

The Robert Lee Observer

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Colorado Survey May Be Started Soon

Memories Of The Past

Wrecking the Robert Lee Baptist church has called back memories of the early history and Miss Ollie Green, the only remaining charter member, recalls that the first service held in the building was the wedding of Miss Fannie McCutchen and Mr. Edgar Lockhart which was solemnized before the work was complete. Seats for the occasion were borrowed from other meeting houses and Miss Green played the nuptial music, took her organ from home. Back in the old files of the Observer we went for details of the event which we give in part:

June 15, 1905

"One of the prettiest weddings held in Robert Lee was that of Miss Fannie McCutchen and Mr. Edgar Lockhart which was witnessed by about three hundred guests Sunday evening at 8:30. The Rev. D. M. West of Ozona pronounced the simple and impressive ceremony when the vows were taken that made Miss McCutchen the wife of Mr. Lockhart.

The ceremony was pronounced before an exquisite altar of ferns and lilies-of-the-valley beneath a huge wedding arch. Immediately preceding the entrance of the wedding party, a beautiful wedding march was rendered by Miss Ollie Green. The bride

wore a handsome and elaborately trimmed wedding gown of silk taffeta and carried a bouquet of white carnations. She wore an illusion veil adjusted with orange blossoms.

Miss Lula McCutchen, the bride's cousin, of Bronte, was maid of honor and Miss Lena Smith was attendant. They were gowned in green Lamin silk. The groom's best man was Mr. Gregg Woods of Sherwood and Joe Hall of this place was attendant. The flower girls, who also wore white, were little Misses Willie Barron and Ruth Simpson."

Miss Ollie recalls that Rev. West preached after the wedding ceremony but she says none of the wedding party remained to hear the sermon. And speaking of seats for the wedding reminded her that the members picked cotton to pay for the benches that have done so many years of service. In the July 7, 1905 issue of the Observer we found: "Rev. W. A. Knight pastor of the Robert Lee Baptist church, began a successful meeting Friday night. Rev. Knight is one of the pleasantest and most logical speakers in West Texas."

The members have received many handsome compliments on the new seats recently put in.

Watermelon Jubilee

Stockdale, in Wilson county, held a two-days watermelon jubilee a short time ago. Many noted speakers were present, and it is said fully 8,000 people jammed the little town, making it one of the greatest events of its kind ever held. Hundreds of car and truck loads of fine melons have been shipped from that section this season, and probably many more carloads will be shipped out before the season is over.

Stockdale is rapidly becoming one of the leading melon centers of the state. Not only that, but its famous for peanuts and vegetables of every description, and all of this has been made possible by scientific modern day farming. What was once a cotton country is now devoted to truck farming with the result that it has brought prosperity to the people of that section.

During the fiesta Gov. Allred was presented with a 71-pound melon. It is said that melons are selling for 15 cents a hundred pounds down there, which is somewhat cheaper than here.

But speaking of watermelons, Coke county is hard to beat when the season hits. We may not grow them on such a large scale, but for size and richness of flavor they can't be equaled.

Friends of grandmother Walker are happy to hear that she is now able to be up in a wheel chair. She is in the Shannon hospital where she was taken for treatment after she fell and broke a hip about two weeks ago.

Winfred Baze, who is just out of Tech College, is spending a few days with his parents before leaving for the football training camp at Philadelphia. Mr. Baze has been engaged to play in eleven games this season.

Rial Denman and Bud Thetford returned last week-end from an 1800-mile motor trip through North Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, and Colorado. They say Coke county crops are far ahead of any in the states they visited.

The W. C. McDonald family moved into their new home Monday.

Mrs. Theo Allen visited friends here last week. Mrs. Allen is now working in a drug store in Texon.

Members of the J. F. Hamilton family including Mrs. Hamilton, J. F. Jr., Lois, Melvin, Doris, Louise and Donald, visited relatives here last week and returned to their home in Roswell, N. M., Tuesday. Miss Estaline Denman returned with them for a few days visit with friends. Mrs. Frank Smith is taking Miss Denman's place in the telephone office.

Old Conner Home-place Sold

A recent sale in Coke county of more than usual interest was that of 1031 acres bought by T. J. Holden from S. M. Conner. The land, which was the old Conner home-place for many years, lies eighteen miles up the Colorado highway from Robert Lee and is known as the Silver community. Particularly interesting is the fact that Mr. Conner is the original grantee of 807 acres of the land, 160 acres, a preempted homestead and 647 acres was school land which he leased in 1896 and later bought at \$1.00 per acre.

Mr. Conner recalls that he rode horseback to San Angelo and brought back H. B. Farver of that place to survey his land. "We made that trip horseback and carried his instruments," said Mr. Conner and Mrs. Conner added, "Yes, and I never saw two tired, hungrier men."

The first home of the Conner's was a dugout on the 160 acre homestead and it was there that their second child was born. But on the land they bought later they built the house that was "home" for many years and the birthplace of nine of their eleven children. "The other nine," Mrs. Conner chuckled. "Can you feature it? Taking that bunch to church and now a mother can't go to church if she has two or three."

Two hundred acres of the land Mr. Conner sold is in cultivation and there was once a fine orchard on the place. In looking through the old Observers one will find records of many fine watermelons and baskets of other farm produce presented to the editor by Silas Conner from his farm near Silver. Asked if he had been a farmer, he replied, "Yes, a farmer like a school superintendent or principal is a teacher--I bossed."

Mr. Holden is fencing the place with sheep-proof net wire. Several loads of wire and posts have been trucked out there.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Faith of Decatur, Wise county, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Faith of Mineral Wells, and Miss Janie Escue of Abilene, visited the F. K. Turney family and other relatives here this week.

The Curtis Walker family moved into Mrs. Davis rent house vacated by the W. C. McDonald family when they moved to their new home.

Mrs. Jo Ramsey went to Abilene this week where she has work in a dry-good store. Miss Vivian Roane has taken her place in the bank here.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Eaton of Blanket visited their son, Howard Eaton and family, also the families of S. P. Yantis and Joe Dodson.

Cox-Taylor

A few days ago announcement was made of the marriage of Miss LaVelta Taylor and Mr. Fred Cox, both of San Angelo. The ceremony was solemnized here just after midnight, the Rev. Earl Hoggard officiating.

Mrs. Cox is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Taylor of Robert Lee. She was reared here, is a graduate of the Robert Lee high school and also of the Shannon Hospital school for nurses. She is now night superintendent of nurses at the Shannon.

Mr. Cox is connected with the Pevoto Funeral Home, San Angelo.

Mr. and Mrs. Cox have an apartment at Spanish Courts, San Angelo.

Quite a lot of interest is being manifested in the meeting that is being held at the Church of Christ. Evangelist Rhodes is doing the preaching and the audience increase each night.

Trade goes where it is invited, Advertise!

Money Available for Upper Colorado River Survey

At last it looks as if some activity is going to break loose on the Upper Colorado River dam project before many moons. Press dispatches indicate that a survey should begin within three to seven weeks.

Senator Tom Connally has been assured that the funds for the survey will be appropriated by the War Department, and that field work should start soon.

The Flood Control bill recently signed by the President carries a \$1,000,000 appropriation to be used in preliminary surveys for flood control, and here's hoping that some of it will be used here.

A son was born early Monday morning to Mr. and Mrs. V. V. Wojtek. The baby weighed ten and one-half pounds at birth.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Robertson Sr., are the parents of a daughter born the 16th.

R. E. Harris and family of Crane spent Sunday in the home of his uncle, J. C. Slaughter.

Why He Couldn't Pay

A wholesale house recently received the following letter from a small town business man explaining why he could not pay his bill sooner:

Gentlemen:

In reply to your request that I send a check for my account, I wish to inform you that the present condition of our bank account has made it almost impossible. Nevertheless, I have by a miracle which I shall later describe, been able to bring my account up-to-date.

The reason for my difficulty in sending the check is my shattered financial condition, which is due to Federal laws, state laws, county laws, city ordinances, corporation laws, liquor laws, mother-in-laws, brother-in-laws, sister-in-laws and outlaws.

Thru these laws I am compelled to pay a business tax, amusement (?) tax, head tax, bank tax, real estate tax, personal tax, gas tax, light tax, water tax, sales tax, school tax, income tax, feed tax, furniture tax, luxury tax, excess tax, and carpet tax.

I am forced by the strong arm of the law to get permit for this thing and that thing; I am required to get a business license, a truck license, a driver's license, fishing license, a hunting license, not to mention a marriage license and a dog license.

I am also required to contribute to every organization which the genius of man is capable of bringing into being; to the county relief, unemployed relief; the women's relief, and even

the gold diggers' relief.

I must contribute to every hospital and charitable institution in the city, including the Red Cross, white cross, black cross, purple cross, and the double cross.

At the point of a gun I am compelled to carry liability insurance, accident insurance, burglary insurance, property insurance, life insurance, health insurance, business insurance, unemployment insurance, old age insurance, bank deposit insurance, and seventeen other varieties which I can't remember, until I get my bill for them.

My business is so governed that it is no easy matter for me to find out who owns it. I am inspected, suspected, expected, disrespected, examined, re-examined, informed, required, summoned, commanded, compelled, and fined until I provide an inexhaustible supply of money for every known need, desire, or hope of the human race.

If I, for no matter what cause, refuse to donate to still something else, I am boycotted, talked about, lied about, held up, knocked down and robbed, until I am a complete wreck and my business is a total ruin.

I can tell you honestly that only for a miracle that just happened, I could not enclose this check. The wolf that comes to the door of nearly every business man nowadays, had pups in my kitchen. I sold the pups and here is the money.

Exhaustedly yours,
Exchange.

News Review of Current Events

WAR CLOUDS OVER CHINA

Japs See Little Hope for Truce . . . 13 Senators Hold Court Bill in Balance . . . Steel Mills Smoke Once More

Edward W. Pickard

SUMMARIZES THE WORLD'S WEEK

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New Sino-Japanese Conflict?

WAR between China and Japan was believed almost inevitable as hopes of settling a new outbreak of hostilities by diplomatic means faded out.



Emperor Hirohito

The Japanese war office, Chinese soldiers fired upon the gendarmes and opened up with trench mortars against the Japanese contingent at the Yuanping station. This action allegedly compelled the Japanese to make a night assault, costing 20 lives, in order to occupy the towns of Lungwangmiao and Tungshingwan. It was said the Chinese troops had also advanced into these points. Officials of the Hopei-Chahar council claimed the Japanese moves were in open violation of the truce. They further accused the Japanese of conducting night army maneuvers, using real bullets instead of the blanks ordinarily employed in maneuvers. As Emperor Hirohito and Premier Fumimaro Konoe conferred with military leaders and the cabinet, the Japanese people frantically prepared for the war that loomed.

China's Nanking government gave orders to Gen. Sung Chieh-yuan, commander of the North China forces, that his army was not to retreat for any reason, but was to be prepared to make the "supreme sacrifice" to hold its position until Gen. Chiang Kai-shek should arrive over the Peiping-Hankow railroad with 50,000 fresh troops.

China's demands for a truce were considered intolerable by the Japanese government. They included:

1. Japan must assume responsibility for the "incident."
2. Japan must express regret.
3. Japan must pay damages to the Chinese and submit guarantees against such incidents in the future.
4. Japan must counter demands at first reported to be accepted by the Chinese, later repudiated by them. These were:
 1. Withdrawal of all Chinese troops from the area about Marco Polo bridge.
 2. Punishment for "the Chinese responsible for the conflict."
 3. Adequate control of all anti-Japanese activities in North China.
 4. Enforcement of measures against communism.

As the fighting continued in the Peiping area, with no hope of an effective compromise on the two nations' demands, war seemed the probable result.

Struggle in the Senate

TWELVE Democratic senators and one Farmer-Laborite were believed to hold the fate of the administration's substitute for the original bill which would increase the number of Supreme court justices to 15. The administration was certain that the bill would receive at least 39 votes, with 49 necessary to a majority. Forty-three senators were definitely committed against it. Thirteen were still uncommitted as the battle raged on the senate floor and in the cloakrooms.

The twelve uncommitted Democrats were: Andrews (Fla.), Bone (Wash.), Brown (N. H.), Caraway (Ark.), Duffy (Wis.), Johnson (Colo.), Lewis (Ill.), Murray (Mont.), Overton (La.), Pepper (Fla.), Russell, Jr. (Ga.) and Wagner (N. Y.). Lundeen (Minn.) was the Farmer-Laborite.

The substitute for the original Ashurst bill provides for appointment of one new justice each year to every justice remaining on the court after reaching the age of seventy-five years.

It was believed "at public opinion would decide the commitment of the senators "on the fence." If it becomes apparent that public opinion is against the substitute as it was against the original bill, it is likely that the administration leaders in the senate will propose an amendment preventing the substitute bill from including present members of the court. This would postpone the enlargement of the



George Gershwin: Dead at 38.

court until some new appointee becomes seventy-five.

C. I. O. Steel Grip Loosens

THE grip of the C. I. O. continued to loosen in the steel strike as three big independent steel corporations—Republic, Bethlehem and Youngstown Sheet & Tube—reported more than two-thirds of their idle mill hands had returned to work. This covered plants in Ohio and Pennsylvania. Inland, the fourth of the steel independents, announced that it was operating with its normal force of 13,000 in Indiana since it and the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee signed a compact with the state labor commission. Steel production in the Youngstown, Ohio, area, one of the principal scenes of strike violence, climbed to 76 per cent of capacity, 3 per cent above the start of the strike.

The Youngstown Sheet and Tube plant in East Chicago, Ind., announced that it would open to 7,000 employees without benefit of written agreement with the C. I. O. A Youngstown vice president forcefully denied that the company had made any agreement with the steel affiliate of John L. Lewis' organization, as Gov. Clifford M. Townsend had publicly announced.

Mr. Eden Has a Plan

PLANS to maintain the non-intervention patrol of Spain in a fashion that will satisfy all the nations concerned and insure against the spread of the Spanish borders have blown about like papers in a storm. And when you get right down to it, that is about all they have amounted to.

Now Anthony Eden, Britain's foreign secretary, has come up with a new one, as deft and pertinent as any which have gone before it. It provides for the full re-establishment of land and sea control of movements of men and arms into Spain. French and British warships would patrol the coastline with German and Italian observers aboard (the Fascist nations, indignant over the Leipzig incident, have withdrawn from the patrol.) This arrangement would operate only until a permanent scheme could be worked out, placing observers for the non-intervention committee in all non-Spanish seaports and airports from which men and supplies might leave for Spain, and in all Spanish ports to see that none landed there. After that, the sea patrol would be abolished.

Mr. Eden's plan, of course, would not work without the approval of the Nazis and Italians.

Obituary in Blue

GEORGE GERSHWIN, composer who lifted jazz music up to the level of the classics, died suddenly in Hollywood after an operation for brain tumor. He was thirty-eight. His "Rhapsody in Blue" was famous among the world's music lovers, his opera, "Porgy and Bess" one of the most individually American of all musical works. His "Swanee" sold more than 2,000,000 copies, his musical comedy score, "Of Thee I Sing," was a Pulitzer prize winner, and some of his compositions, such as "Strike Up the Band," "Soon," and "Somebody Loves Me" were sung and danced to by millions. Many prominent critics called him the most original force in American music

Rebels Fall from Madrid

SPANISH rebel forces which took Bilbao after the city's first successful siege are still finding Madrid a tough nut to crack. In a two-day battle the loyalist forces broke through the siege lines about the city, captured the villages of Villaneuva de la Canada and Brunette, and threatened to cut the besieging rebels off from their main forces. So nearly successful was the attempt to rout the rebel forces that the latter were forced to admit new troops might have to be withdrawn from other fronts, delaying temporarily the drive on Santander, next rebel objective on the Biscayan coast. The loyalists were reported to have recaptured 100 square miles of territory about Madrid.

Meanwhile, the fall of Bilbao was expected to add 150,000 refugees to the constant stream pouring into loyalist Valencia.

Bingham's 4th of July

ROBERT WORTH BINGHAM, United States ambassador to London, became the third prominent American to bring down the fury of Nazi Germany's officialdom and press when, in an Independence day speech before the American society in that city, he declared Uncle Sam had been forced by the dictator countries to join Britain in an armament race. Mayor LaGuardia of New York and Cardinal Mundelein of Chicago had been other recent Nazi targets.

The ambassador was quoted as saying: "There must be some (of the dictatorships) who realize that they have imposed upon the British commonwealth and the United States an armaments race."

"We did everything in our power to avert it, but it is a race, and the British and ourselves must inevitably win. I admit the strongest argument that can be made for dictatorships—they offer a better method of preparing for war. But I am sure that democracies provide a better way to finish a war."

The Nazis charged that the ambassador had insulted Germany and Italy with his "arrogance and ignorance." Voelkischer Beobachter, the official newspaper, added: "If there is any talk of defense, then we should speak of defense against the arrogant and teacher-like attitude of the defenders of western ideals."

Navy Hunts for Amelia

FOUR ships of the United States navy, with attendant airplanes; two ships of the Japanese navy, and a British freighter scoured the vast wastes of the South Pacific in an effort to find and rescue Amelia Earhart Putnam, America's No. 1 woman flyer, and her navigator, Fred Noonan. The pair had been forced down before completing the 2,570-mile hop from New Guinea to Howland island, a "leg" of their "round-the-world flight."

Signals received from the hapless flyers were so weak that it was impossible to tell whether they were afloat at sea or marooned on some tiny island, and as the days passed it became doubtful that many of the radio messages which served as clues for the searchers were from the two at all.

So alarmed was the world at the loss of Amelia and her companion, the United States even sent out the giant aircraft carrier Lexington with 98 planes aboard, which, it was said, could explore an area of 36,000 square miles in five or six hours.

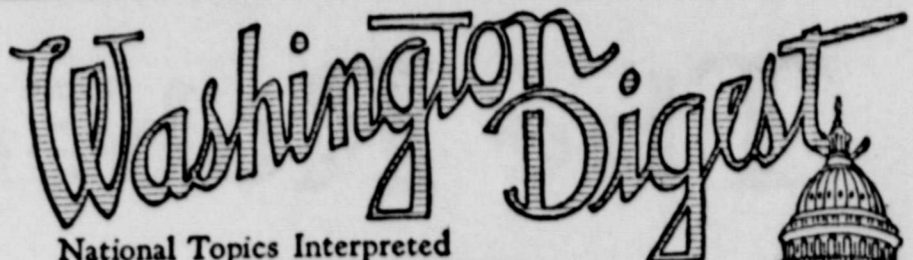
Triple Split for Palestine

PALESTINE would be split into three parts and British mandate over the whole country ended, according to suggestions made by the royal commission on Palestine and delivered to the British government. The commission was formed a year ago to find some way of putting an end to Arab-Jewish riots.

Under the new plan, about two-thirds of Palestine would be converted into an Arab state and about one-third into a Jewish state. A small territory, including the holy cities of Jerusalem, Bethlehem and Nazareth, and a corridor to the sea, would be given to Great Britain as a permanent mandate. It is claimed that the plan would remove the Arabs from Jewish domination, give the Jews a home and protect Christian shrines.

Lewis Scans the Sea

JOHN L. LEWIS sought to expand the scope of his Committee for Industrial Organization by invading the maritime industry. With Harry Bridges, west coast longshoremen's leader, he sought to unify scattered maritime unions in one big industrial organization dominated by the C. I. O. The American Federation of Labor already has two strong unions in the maritime field, so this action brings Lewis into another point of friction with William Green's organization. The nation has 250,000 marine and coastal workers.



National Topics Interpreted

by William Bruckart

National Press Building

Washington, D. C.

Washington. — This article shall be devoted not to politics nor to affairs of the government of the nation exclusively but to the future—the future leaders. It shall be, to that extent, a discussion of fundamentals about which I think there can be no controversy.

Future Leaders

First, let us take a quick survey. In the Capitol building of our own nation there is raging a bitter debate between two schools of political thought. The question is whether there shall be a law passed that will give to the President of the United States the power to appoint additional justices to the bench of the Supreme court when and if present sitting members reach the age of seventy-five and refuse to retire from active work.

In Spain, a bitter political warfare moves on apace. It is over the question whether Communism of the Russian sort or Fascism of the Italian brand should be the dominant influence in the government of that nation.

In the Far East, along the Russian border, troops of the Japanese emperor and of the Russian dictator, Stalin, glared at each other. Their controversy also involves political bases. That controversy also is complicated by economic conditions. It is a powder keg.

Back in Europe, we find a dictator, Hitler by name, persecuting citizens of Germany almost without end. A political question there is involved and it is complicated deeply by religion and race. Hitler and his minions seek to destroy, first, the Catholic church and, second, the Jews.

Somewhat set off by the great Alps, although woven intricately into the whole picture, is another distorted and disturbing condition. In Italy, Mussolini, having most of his people under his steel boot, is now preparing for new crusades. He has ordered all steel producing units in Italy to increase their production to the maximum so that war material will be available. Mussolini wants more territory; he wants to expand the influence of Fascism and he wants to build a gigantic world power in a military way with Rome as the center and with him as the head.

Through many years residents of Washington and visitors to the capital of the nation have gloried in a greensward that borders the Potomac river within the District of Columbia. It is a justly famous park, made more beautiful by such stately structures as the monument to George Washington and the great citadel of beauty erected to the memory of Abraham Lincoln. And, to add to this beauty is the vista across the river where stands in grandeur the beautiful home that was the residence of Robert E. Lee—maintaining throughout the years the respect that a nation has for a great military leader. It reposes, or seems to repose, in peace and quiet as do the thousands of men who rest in the hillsides of Arlington National cemetery.

Building for Future

In this peaceful setting for ten days, more than twenty-six thousand boys—the leaders of the future—were congregated in a National Jamboree of the Boy Scouts of America. Tents were everywhere. Uncounted boys in the khaki shorts, which is their uniform, flitted about the city or held various maneuvers or staged dramas of the ages in a great arena. Among them was a sprinkling, and the number was not more than a sprinkling compared to the boys, of the scoutmasters and mature men who constitute the leadership of this great army of youth.

I hope I may be forgiven for interjecting here an expression of my personal feelings. It has been my lot to work hard from the time I put off swaddling clothes. The work I have done and the experiences I have met had a tendency to make me callous, somewhat cynical. But I must confess that on half a dozen occasions as I wandered through this tented city, I gave thought to my own boyhood and to two boys for whom I am responsible, I felt a swelling of pride, a satisfaction of heart, that I live in a nation which has given me the right to liberty and progress.

Moreover, there came to me the thoughts of the future of my own two boys and the millions of others just like them—future leaders of a nation that holds forth such possibilities as are best evidenced by the encampment of those twenty-six thousand then within the range of my vision.

Then, no tribute to these future leaders of our nation and to the nation which bred them can or will be complete without mention of

Tribute to West

Dr. James E. West, Chief Scout Executive. Dr. West was an orphan boy. Worse, he was a cripple. And to add to these handicaps, there was a period in his early life when the keenest medical minds said he could not live and if he did live would be a hopeless invalid.

But Dr. West was made out of the same mold from which came the founders of our nation and from whom, as founders, the traditions and the methods known now as the American way have grown.

It was Dr. West who devoted, indeed, dedicated his life to the organization and development of the Boy Scouts of America. It is now an organization of more than two million boys and there are some six million who can be called alumni because they have grown too old to remain in the ranks of active Boy Scouts.

I mentioned earlier that this was an army of peace, an army devoted to the maintenance of American traditions. No better proof of this need be given, if any were needed, than the notorious fact that representatives from the three totalitarian states—Italy, Germany and Russia—are missing from the encampment. In two of those states the Boy Scout movement has been superseded by a dictator's decree which forces regimentation and militarizing of the youth. They are being trained for war. Happily most countries still pin their faith to the virtues summarized in the Scout law—the boys promise not to die but to live, not to cringe but to blossom, by holding themselves ever trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, clean, and last but not least to maintain a reverence for God.

So, I think I can be pardoned for the feeling I have that in this encampment lie the seeds of a continued free America, waiting the time to take root and bloom into manhood. It is from these and from these alone that we can hope to maintain in our beloved nation a political system which warrants neither Communism nor Fascism; which desires liberty and peace and which challenges the cockeyed theories that government must care for the people rather than the people care for their government.

It seemed to me, therefore, to be something of a sour note that the National Youth administration which set up a hideous looking, box-like structure near the center of the capital city from which literature could be distributed to the Boy Scouts. This structure looked for all the world like a soft drink stand at a cheap carnival.

Cabled dispatches from Russia indicate again that the dictator, Stalin, is determined to rid the Soviet of anyone and everyone who may be opposed to him. The official announcements of the so-called Soviet government tell of the "liquidation" of numerous individuals who have objected to Stalin's tactics or who are seeking to revise the Soviet system. "Liquidation" in Russia means that those individuals were executed by a firing squad. A dead man can cause no harm to the aspirations of a dictator.

The Stalin administration arranges for the "liquidation" of its opponents by coercion of confessions and this is followed up by what the Soviet calls a trial in a court of justice. The courts of justice are owned and controlled by Stalin; they decide as they are told to decide and there is no such thing as an impartial court in Russia because the government owns the courts and names the judges who are to do the government's bidding.

Private advices from abroad seem to show that there is a very serious uprising underneath the surface in Russia. Thousands of Russians have grown tired of having one man determine whether they shall live or die and they yearn again for a system of courts which will determine their guilt or innocence in accordance with honest evidence presented and not in accordance with the way the governing clique wants justice administered.

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There's Only One

By
Sophie Kerr

© Sophie Kerr Underwood.
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. Rachel learns that her real mother was beautiful eighteen-year-old Elinor Cayne, 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. Anne decides that it is time for Rachel to learn more self-dependence. Rachel makes arrangements to stay in New York with "Pink," a keen, vivacious girl absorbed in her job. Anne leaves provision for Rachel's finances in case of need and leaves for Europe. Rachel, bent on seeing her real mother, looks up Elinor Cayne's number. Rachel learns the Caynes are not yet in town. Pink takes Rachel to dinner at Tom and Rhoda Steele's where she meets Oliver Land, a shabby genteel young man out of work who suggests that she apply for a job as a photographer's model for advertising illustrations. He agrees to introduce her to the head of an agency. Rachel is not entirely happy with Pink Matthews. Her desire to see Elinor Cayne increases. Through Oliver Land she meets Louis Vinco, is hired as a photographer's model and succeeds on her first assignment posing for furniture advertising. Oliver makes her feel her indebtedness to him. On an assignment, Rachel meets Curt Elton, a young friend of Vinco's. She learns that he is a country newspaper man spending a year in New York. For experience he takes a number of different jobs, planning to return home later to edit the paper his father left. That evening she receives flowers from him. She phones Mrs. Cayne's home but is rebuffed because she will not give her name.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

"I can get almost anyone for anything, but this stumps me. It's a ticklish proposition, the girl's got to act the part perfectly and not let the other servants get on to her—don't lose any time, Miss Vincent, please."

Rachel seized the card and her make-up bag and turned to go, but Curt ran after her. "Will you meet me for a bite of lunch before we go to the auto place? Where we had tea yesterday is handy—I'll be waiting."

Rachel nodded and almost ran out, for Vinco was looking at her sternly. He didn't, she knew, encourage friendships between his men and girl models, saying he'd prefer they hated one another. But she supposed Curt, as an old friend, had certain privileges.

After work he was waiting, as he had said he would be. "You were awfully nice to come," he said. "I went round to Vinco's early hoping I'd see you, but I didn't know I had such a friend in that photographer. A swell guy, that."

"I was glad to come," said Rachel. "I've been so bothered and worried about such a lot of things I need to be with somebody who can get along as easily as you do. But listen here—we must go Dutch on this lunch. We're both working people, it's not fair to—"

"To what? I asked you to lunch, didn't I? And I'm going to pay for it."

"But I mean—that's just a social convention—it really isn't fair."

"I'll discuss that with you some other time. My Lord, do I look like the kind who invites a girl to lunch and tells her to pay her check? Don't annoy me, Rachel. You don't mind if I call you Rachel, do you? Because I'm going to do it whether you mind it or not. Here, have a minute steak and some mixed salad, and please don't tell me you're dieting, for if you do I'll order the biggest baked potato in the world and force it down your throat."

"I'd like a minute steak. I didn't get any breakfast to speak of this morning and I'm worn out wearing ermines."

"That's the girl." He gave the order and put his elbows on the table and looked over at her straight. "What's bothering you? A man?"

"Among other things, but he's not the chief bother. Don't let's talk about it, I might cry, I feel so sorry for myself."

"All right. But if I can do anything, here I am and I mean it."

"You can't do anything."

"No, it's an eternal truth of this crazy world that we've got to get ourselves out of our own jams." He dropped the subject there. "Vinco was telling me a queer thing this

morning when you came in. One of the big private detectives asked him to find a girl who could go into a rich family as a maid to get some dope on what's going on in it. It's this way. Somebody in the house is stealing the missis's jewelry—a piece now and then, things she doesn't wear much, and occasionally a piece of silver goes, a cigarette box or a candy dish. Her husband wants to plant a servant in the house without his wife knowing anything about it; it seems she's nervous and not very well and he thought a woman would be best. Gee, I wish they wanted a man. I'd hop to it like nobody's business. Wouldn't I make a swanky butler!" He grinned over at her ingratiatingly. "Modom, the carriage waits. 'Ave a drop more Scotch, milord!"

"Who are these people?" asked Rachel, idly. "D'you know their name?"

"As a matter of fact, I do, though I don't suppose Vinco would want it noised about. They're fairly hot society numbers, very Park avenue and so forth. The old man's got plenty of what it takes, apparently. Cayne is the name—Peter H. Cayne—why, what's the matter—"

"Say that again," cried Rachel. "Say that name again!"

Curt looked at her in surprise and did not answer, so she repeated her question: "What was their name—not Peter Holbrook Cayne—the people who live at six-forty-three Park avenue?"

"Do you know them?" asked Curt, warily.

"No, but I know of them—my mother knows them, at least she used to know Mrs. Cayne."

"Damn it, I ought to be kicked. As if I wasn't old enough never to mention names!"

Rachel thought fast. She must convince him, but tell nothing.

"Don't worry, it's all right. I was just surprised—mother was telling me something about Mrs. Cayne only a little while before she sailed. I won't say anything, honestly."

"I talk too much," said Curt.

Rachel laughed. "Please don't worry. I'll never mention it to a soul. But—I was just thinking—"

"So beautiful girls do think! News to me."

She wondered what was the best way to approach the sudden thrilling idea that had seized her. "Do you believe—do you think I might take the detective job?"

"You! Not a chance! You couldn't make up as a housemaid to save your life! And you—" Curt shook his head and repeated, "Not a chance."

"Look here, suppose I tell you something. I'm not so crazy about this modeling stuff and the girl I live with is pretty well fed up with me and I certainly am with her—and—just there's a man who, that is, I'd just as soon make it impossible for him to see me—and this would be so exciting! Be sensible. You thought you'd be a good butler, why wouldn't I be a good maid? I know all about housework. Speak to Mr. Vinco, won't you?"

It was plain that this plea moved Curt, but he hesitated.

"Yes—but—they'll have to have a girl who knows something about the detective business, they wouldn't take a greenhorn who's simply looking for a little excitement."

"You could put it up to Mr. Vinco and let them do the deciding."

"He won't want to lose you as a model."

"He probably wouldn't mind, temporarily. And he loves feeling he's important and can get anything for anyone who asks him, you know it."

"What makes you so anxious? You act as if it was jam on the cake. If it's this fellow that's bothering you, I can tell you a dozen ways to settle him without going to all this trouble."

"How very very clever we are with other people's business! Oh, but clever!"

"Don't be fresh to your kind ol' Unc' Curtis. I suppose it would be sort of fun for you, a job like that. I tell you, I'll speak to Vinco, I'll say I spilled the beans to you and you want to try it. I don't think there's a Chinaman's chance you'll land it—"

"Don't let's worry about that. Will you speak to Vinco right away, today? Don't dawdle, please, or somebody else will grab it."

Curt looked at his watch. "You order dessert and I'll go phone to Vinco this minute."

"But what do you want for dessert?"

"Anything you like, only I want a large cup of coffee."

Rachel ordered baked apples and the coffee and then waited, rigid with suspense, until Curt came back. "You were gone an age! What did he say, hurry, tell me?" she begged.

"He thinks you're crazy, but he's going to send for the head of the detective agency and talk it over with him. His name's Terriss, by the way, and a very good egg; runs the most reputable business in the city, won't touch scandal-sheet stuff. Baked apples, swell! For such a flossy-looking girl you have nice homely tastes. And listen, we've got to hurry or we'll be late at the auto shop."

"When will I see the detective agency man?"

"Tomorrow morning, half past nine, at Vinco's. And Vinco says he wants you to finish up your next appointments for him, provided, of course, you land the other job."

"Oh, but I will, of course. Oh, it was awfully kind of you, Curt. I'm so grateful."

"Wait till you see what happens before you go too grateful. I'm not a bit sure I ought to have done this. You may come up against something pretty disagreeable, but if you



"You Poor Kid, I Know You're Dead," He Said.

do and you need any co-operation, or connivance, you just remember that I'm on the doormat outside waiting for the signal. Now I'll pay the check and we'll push off."

"I do wish you'd let me pay for my lunch."

"I told you before not to annoy me with such remarks."

They had to work late, for the photographer was grimly set on making no mistakes this time, so there were takes and retakes and adjustments and checking up on each detail between poses. She had to change from the light sport costume needed in the picture to her own clothes, but Curt waited for her and was there in the shadows of the studio entrance. "You poor kid, I know you're dead," he said. "I've got to dash uptown or I'd take you home. Are you still set on this housemaid stunt?"

"Yes, at least I'm going to find out what it's all about."

"Then if you don't mind I'll come round in the morning and join the conference. I want to know what it's all about, too, I feel responsible for getting you into it."

"Oh, will you? That makes me feel heaps better—thanks ever so much, Curt! You're a lamb!"

By the time she reached home she wasn't so tired, expectation had begun to come back and with Curt to stand by she would be surer of herself. The flat was empty, Pink had left a note saying she had gone to dinner with a man from her office, so Rachel put on house pajamas and foraged for bread and milk and fruit in agreeable solitude. Just as she sat down to eat the doorbell trilled.

"Oh damn!" she said aloud. "Wouldn't you know that would happen!"

It was Genie Moore from across the hall and Genie was in a great rush. "Isn't Pink here?" she asked. "What a nuisance! I wanted to borrow a hat, I've got a swanky date for the theater and Harlem and he said specially not to dress, this frock is all right but I haven't got a thing to put on my head that looks festive or eveningish."

"Neither have I," said Rachel, looking coldly at Genie's selfish blonde prettiness, "and I can't lend Pink's things when she's not here."

"Oh, that's all right. I'll take what I want. Pink won't mind." She walked into Pink's room and began to rummage, coming out a moment later with Pink's new white beret. "This is just what I want, how lucky she didn't wear it."

"Lucky for who?" asked Rachel. Genie laughed. "Lucky for me, sweetness and light. Tell Pink I'll bring it back in the morning."

"You can tell her yourself. Pink's not crazy about lending her hats."

"She won't mind," said Genie, undisturbed. "I'll tell her."

"That'll start another row with Pink, I suppose," thought Rachel, returning to her bread and milk. "She'll think I did it purposely because of my evening dress. A good thing I'm getting out of here. Genie's a horrid little moocher."

She ate slowly, thinking of the morning and her own mother, and with this came thoughts of Anne. How would Anne feel about all this, wouldn't it seem as if Rachel had been ungrateful and deceitful? Anne wouldn't want her to go into Elinor Cayne's house, Rachel was sure of that, and she began to wonder if she could avoid telling Anne. But that would be shameful, cowardly. A second ring of the bell startled her.

"I suppose Genie's come back for slippers and an evening coat," she thought, as she opened the door. But Genie was not there, it was someone below at the street entrance who was ringing. Rachel pressed the electric opening button and then went out on the landing to discover Oliver Land coming up.

"I was near by and thought I'd take a chance," he said. "It's been a grief's age since I saw you. Where's the girl friend—out? That's good, I always have a feeling she'd like to spit on me. Those are smart pajamas, very becoming—and look at you, sitting here alone eating bread and milk, funny!"

"What's funny about it?"

"The most beautiful model in the city ought to be out whooping it up." His face was white, his queer gray eyes were bright and malicious and he didn't seem quite steady on his feet.

"Sit down and stop staring at me," said Rachel. "I'm going to finish my humble meal. I'm hungry."

"I'm hungry, too," said Oliver, "it's quite a while since I ate." He sat down suddenly, folding up, thin and broken.

Rachel was terrified, but she ran to his aid, pulled him back in the chair, held salts under his nose and as he stirred and coughed, she brought a glass of sherry, the only liquor in the apartment, and this she dribbled into his slack, half-open mouth. As she did it she noticed how very thin he was, his collar loose on his neck, his arm a bone in a flapping sleeve. "He's starving," she thought. "He's starving! Oh, this is dreadful, dreadful!" She tried to lift him farther up in the chair, but he came alive and pushed her away.

"Sorry," he murmured apologetically, "I'm making a nuisance of myself. Don't bother—"

"Lie down on the sofa," begged Rachel. "I'll help you. Come along, it'll be better for you to lie down and I'll get you something hot to drink."

He staggered to his feet and with Rachel helping managed the half dozen steps to the sofa. "It's my head," he whispered, "it's queer."

She left him and ran to the kitchen. Thank goodness she hadn't used all the milk. As soon as it was hot enough she brought him a cup of it.

"Now try to drink this," she coaxed, "it's just what you need. Wait, let me hold it." She supported his head and he sipped the milk.

"I'm sorry," he said again, weakly. "I ought not to have come."

"But what's the matter? Are you sick? Where's Bill? You two are so—"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IMPROVED
UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL
SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By REV. HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST,
Dean of the Moody Bible Institute
of Chicago.
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Lesson for July 25

LESSON TEXT—Exodus 12:21-28.
GOLDEN TEXT—The Lord thy God hath chosen thee to be a special people unto himself.—Deuteronomy 7:6.
PRIMARY TOPIC—Ready for the Journey.
JUNIOR TOPIC—Ready to Start Home.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—How God Prepares a People.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Equipped for a New Era.

"Let my people go"—such was the word of the Lord to Pharaoh through Moses and Aaron. "Who is the Lord, that I should obey his voice to let Israel go? I know not the Lord, neither will I let Israel go"—thus hardened Pharaoh his heart. The issue was so drawn for one of the great struggles of history. On one side was a bold and mighty monarch with all the resources of the empire of Egypt, and on the other an unorganized multitude of slaves. No, wait, on the other side was Almighty God! The outcome was never in doubt and through the unspeakable horror of the plagues we come to consider the last of the ten, the death of the first-born, with which is joined the establishment of the Passover.

The Passover is of sufficient importance to justify careful study simply as the perpetual feast of Jews, but to the Christian it is also a most blessed and instructive type of Christ who is, according to Paul, "our passover" (1 Cor. 5:7). Let no one who studies or teaches this lesson fail to point to "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1:29).

I. A Lamb Slain (v. 21).
The sacrifice appears, a gentle, submissive lamb, a male without blemish, which is separated for the giving of its life that the first-born in Israel might be saved.
Notice that God's instructions were explicit, and were to be obeyed if there was to be redemption. There are those in our day who would substitute any and every other method of salvation for God's revealed plan. They talk about character development, the redemption of the social order, peace and politics, and forget the Lamb of God.

II. A Blood Salvation (vv. 22, 23).
The act of faith in marking the lintel and the doorposts with the blood, brought salvation to the families of Israel. Had they waited until they could reason out the philosophy of their promised redemption, or had they shrunk from the blood as their covering, their first-born would have been slain. It was when the destroying angel saw the blood that he passed over them.
Many there are in our time who speak disparagingly of the blood of Jesus Christ, but it is still the only way of redemption. "Without shedding of blood there is no remission."
It lifts an age that is so base and sophisticated as ours to attempt to cover its dislike for God's way of redemption by suddenly becoming too cultured and sensitive to hear of the blood of the Lamb of God shed on Calvary's tree for our cleansing from sin.

III. A Perpetual Memorial (vv. 24-28).
God wants his people to remember. We, like Israel, are to remember the bondage from which we were delivered. Down through the ages the Jews have kept the Passover. Our Hebrew neighbors do it today. Let us honor them for their obedience to God's command and at the same time seek to point them to the One who is the true Passover, Jesus Christ.

IV. Christ Our Passover (1 Cor. 5:7).
Let us add to the assigned lesson text this New Testament passage which speaks of our Lord Jesus Christ as "our passover . . . sacrificed for us."
The bondage in Egypt was terrible in its afflictions and sorrows, but far more serious is the bondage in which men find themselves under sin and the rule of Satan. Surely there is need of divine redemption, and there is none to bring it to us but the Lamb of God. He was the One who without spot or blemish (1 Pet. 1:19) was able to offer himself in our behalf that in him we might find "redemption through his blood" (Eph. 1:7, Col. 1:14).
"Is the blood upon the house of my life? Is the blood upon the doorpost of my dwelling place? Have I put up against the divine judgment some hand of self-protection? Verily, it will be swallowed up in the great visitation. In that time nothing will stand but the blood which God himself has chosen as a token and a memorial. The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanse us from all sin" (Joseph Parker).

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.

Fake Insurance

The postoffice department is now moving against one of the meanest of all rackets and one which quite a few people around Robert Lee doubtless are numbered among the victims. A fight is on to wipe out the promotion of fake insurance organizations which cost the American public thousands of dollars annually. The shysters who run these rackets pretend to sell insurance, although they are careful not to use the word. They sell their policies to anyone, without requiring medical examinations, and welcome prospects up to the age of 85. Since few people bother to read their insurance certificates carefully the jokers in these policies usually are overlooked. As a result, benefits are seldom paid to the beneficiaries. "Before you invest, investigate," is an excellent rule for the buyer of insurance. While the postal authorities are driving these crooks out of business, the rule is commended to the attention of every person who contemplates buying insurance. There are plenty of old reliable insurance companies that you can place your insurance with with perfect safety.

It Makes One Dizzy

Whatever it may bring in the way of enjoyment, summer is always a season of confusion for any motorist who ventures into strange territory, as more and more are doing each year. Traffic rules and regulations are just one grand tangle, and no matter how careful the driver, he is an exception if he can drive all day in strange territory without violating from one to a dozen rules. There is no uniformity in traffic regulations in this country, and there never has been. Each town and city has its own regulations, and some located in a dozen miles of each other are exactly opposite. It makes a motorist dizzy trying to read all the warning and direction signs and attempting to do the right thing in the right place at the right time. Maybe some of these days Uncle Sam can be persuaded to take over the job of providing the nation with uniform traffic rules. Only then will a summer vacation trip become what it is supposed to be -- a source of real pleasure and enjoyment.

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That is what is covered in our *Weekly News Review* feature each week. It is an interpretation of the events of each week that are making the history of the nation and the world.

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Old Settlers' Reunion

The Tom Green County Old Settlers' Association will hold their Third Annual Reunion at Christoval on Friday July 30, and all people who have lived in Tom Green county 30 years or in Tom Green and an adjoining county are eligible to membership, and all heads of families are asked to bring a well filled basket of cooked eatables to serve on the tables with barbecued meat and iced tea and coffee.

We want you. Please come and meet some old friends you have not seen in years.

Hon. Lon A. Smith, Railroad Commissioner, and others will speak.

Program, Old Fiddling and Square Dancing at night.

Yours Sincerely
Frank C. VanHorn.

The new front that is being added to the Roe buildings has helped the appearance of them wonderfully.

The world will be ready to end when there are no more people grabbing for more even after they've got their share.

Mrs. Charles Escue and son returned to Abilene Sunday after visiting here a few days. Mrs. J. W. Turney who came here with them remained at the home of her son Dr. Turney.

Speaking of the weather, the past few days it has been a bit showery but no rain to speak of in this locality. A heavy rain was reported between Silver and Colorado City Wednesday.

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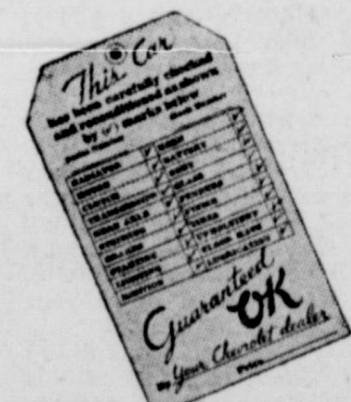
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Robert Lee Texas

Why take a Chance?

Walter D. Hood, chief of enforcement for the Motor Transportation Division of the Railroad Commission, offered assistance of inspectors working under him to suppress sheep stealing. He also advised livestock men not to contract with truckers for hire unless they are able to show their permits. In case a bootleg trucker has a serious accident, the shipper is liable to be held responsible for damages under the law, he said.

Let Truckers who are Licensed under the Railroad Commission do your hauling.

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OLD PAPERS
10c A ROLL
AT THE OBSERVER
OFFICE.

State Health Departmet

Texas loses more than three hundred of its children each year from one preventable cause, according to State Health Officer Geo. W. Cox. Diphtheria, that ever present menace to children, was responsible in 1936 for 351 deaths.

No parent would allow his child to run in front of trains or automobiles, but many allow them to run the danger of contracting diphtheria. Prevention of diphtheria in children is a simple matter of inoculation with toxoid.

If you have a child six months old or more, take him to your family physician and ask to have a Shick test made to determine whether the child is susceptible or immune to diphtheria--for 75 to 90 per cent of children under twelve years of age are susceptible.

Information that as high as 90 per cent of all children under 12 are susceptible was gained from Schick tests carried out on thousands of children during the past decade, and indicates that young children should receive immunizing treatment against diphtheria without a preliminary Shick test. Such a test should, however, be carried out six months after preventive treatment, to make certain that immunity has been established. In older child-

ren and adults, a preliminary Shick test is adisable, since immunity may already be present.

Diphtheria immunization is accomplished by the injection of toxoid. Your doctor can tell if the immunization was successful by giving you the Shick test four to six months after the last treatment of toxoid. It takes that long for protection to develop.

There is no guess work about toxoid, it is a safe and proven preventive. The wise and cautious parent will take his child to the family doctor now, before school opens, and have him protected against the danger of contracting diphtheria, by immunization with toxoid.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cox of San Angelospent Sunday with her relatives here. Mrs. Cox was formerly Miss LaVelta Taylor.

That Chicago magazine editor who has set out to find the perfect husband can be assured by every Robert Lee woman that he needn't waste time hunting for him in this neighborhood.

A Vermont judge says the tendency of the average man in court is to lie. And so it is when he goes fishing.

The hardest job some families have is to keep the wolf from the garage door.

HOW NEW YORK FAIR MOVES BIG TREES BY HUNDREDS



NEW YORK (Special).—As the housewife repots geraniums or the gardener moves berry bushes, so does the New York World's Fair 1939 Corporation transplant stately trees from five states to the 1216½-acre exposition site. The Fair's landscape engineers explain that the moving of the big trees differs from the replanting of small shrubs only in the matter of size, and that modern mechanical aids make possible the creation of a mature-looking park on the newly made land of Flushing Meadow.

Shown at the top of accompanying photographs is a grown maple that has just been restored to upright position after a 120-mile ride on a specially-built truck.

Note truck's winch and the secure balling of earth about the tree roots. In the centre is a 35-foot Norway maple, 12 tons weight, moving the last few yards to its new home by means of the forward gear of a modern tree mover. All trees shown, a number of the 474 veterans moved this spring, are new to the great expanse of filled land. The Fair will move 10,000 trees and 250,000 shrubs.

Shown, just above, on the bay hunter is Harvey D. Gibson, President of the Manufacturers Trust Company and Chairman of the Fair's Finance Committee. Up on the handsome grey and speaking to a landscape engineer is Grover Whalen, President of the Fair Corporation, during a horseback tour of the site.



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COKE MOTOR CO.
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what Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

Third Term Ballyhoo.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.— After a president has been re-elected it's certain that some inspired patriot who is snuggled close to the throne will burst from his cell with a terrible yell to proclaim that unless the adored incumbent consents again to succeed himself this nation is doomed.

Incidentally, the said patriot's present job and perquisites also would be doomed, so he couldn't be blamed for privately brooding on the distressful thought. You wouldn't call him selfish, but you could call him hopeful, especially since there's a chance his ballyhoo may direct attention upon him as a suitable candidate when his idol says no to the proposition. He might ride in on the backwash, which would be even nicer than steering a tidal wave for somebody else.

Political observers have a name for this. They call it "sending up a balloon." It's an apt simile, a balloon being a flimsy thing, full of hot air, and when it soars aloft nobody knows where it will come down—if at all. It lacks both steering gears and terminal facilities.

Modern Prairie Schooners.

WE'RE certainly returning — with modern improvements — to prairie schooner days when restless Americans are living on wheels and housekeeping on wheels and having babies on wheels. Only the other day twins were born aboard a trailer. And—who knows?—perhaps right now the stork, with a future president in her beak, is flapping fast, trying to catch up with somebody's perambulating bungalow.

So it's a fitting moment to revive the story of early Montana when some settlers were discussing the relative merits of various makes of those canvas-covered arks which bore such hosts of emigrants westward. They named over the Conestoga, the South Bend, the Murphy, the Studebaker and various others.

From under her battered sunbonnet there spoke up a weather beaten old lady who, with her husband and her growing brood, had spent the long years bumping along behind an ox team from one frontier camp to another.

"Boys," she said, shifting her snuff-stick, "I always did claim the old hickory waggin wuz the best one there is fur raisin' a family in."

Pugs Versus Statesmen.

IT'S confusing to read that poor decrepit Jim Braddock, having reached the advanced age of thirty-four or thereabouts, is all washed up, and, then, in another column, to discover that the leading candidates to supply young blood on the Supreme court bench are but bounding juveniles of around sixty-six.

This creates doubt in the mind of a fellow who, let us say, is quite a few birthdays beyond that engendered wreck, Mr. Braddock, yet still has a considerable number of years to go before he'll be an agile adolescent like some senators. He can't decide whether he ought to join the former at the old men's home or enlist with the latter in the Boy Scouts.

Quiescent Major General.

SOMETHING has gone out of life. For months now no general of the regular army, whether retired or detailed to a civilian job, has talked himself into a jam—a raspberry jam, if you want to make a cheap pun of it.

Maybe it's being officially gagged for so long while on active service that makes such a conversational Tessie out of the average brigadier when he goes into private pursuits and lets his hair down. It's as though he took off his tact along with his epaulettes. And when he subsides there's always another to take his place.

You see, under modern warfare the commanding officer is spared. He may lead the retreat, but never the charge. When the boys go over the top it's he out in front waving a sword? Not so you'd notice it. By the new rules he's signing papers in a bombproof nine miles behind the lines and about the only peril he runs is from lack of exercise in the fresh air.

IRVIN S. COBB.
©—WNU Service



© New York Post.—WNU Service.

Worse Teamwork Shown by Baseball Bosses Than Help

SO MANY things are being blamed upon the weather nowadays that it is a relief to consider Brooklyn's Dodgers. Since those athletes probably would continue to drop decisions even if they were performing within the shadow of the South pole, this collection of logic is dedicated to persistent customers who annually must be beset by chills while the heat is being turned on elsewhere.

Plainly, what is wrong with the Dodgers—as well as with such better favored clubs as the Red Sox and the Indians—is that even worse teamwork is displayed by the bosses than by the hired help. Until the front offices can be made to understand the necessity for co-operation as well as for sustained and intelligent planning, World series must continue to be played at the Polo grounds, at Yankee stadium, and in such other heaven-favored spots.

By this I mean that there are entirely too many straw bosses floating around in the Cleveland, Boston (American league) and Brooklyn offices. There is such an abundance of managers—both of the business and field variety—that there is no real central authority.

Instead of being Bill Terrys, Branch Rickeys or Connie Macks, these bossy gentlemen have become Jack Horners. Too many of them are too eager to poke in their thumbs and pull out the plums. Then, with that "Oh, what a great boy am I" refrain still on their lips, they duck out of the back door as soon as some one discovers that a mess has been made out of the pie. Such confusion, of course, is nothing new in this combination of sport and business that is called baseball. For instance, there are the White Sox. When the lamented Charles Comiskey was in his prime the team made money and won pennants. As he became older he slipped into a mingling of uncertainty and stubbornness that caused him to lean too heavily upon poorly equipped volunteer advisers. For years then, and after his death, the White Sox neither made money nor won pennants. Now a happy understanding between field and office is bringing success again.

There also are the Giants. For almost twenty-five years John J. McGraw was the supreme authority and the club was one of baseball's grandest successes. Then some of the players discovered that it was not impossible to go over the "Old Man's" head. The next pennant was not won until Bill Terry, who would not accept the job until granted full and unquestioned control, had become manager.

Other examples bob quickly to mind. Bucky Harris, who managed two pennant-winning teams under the overlordship of Clarke Griffith in Washington, was not a success in Boston. Marty McManus, for many reasons very popular with the fans, was separated from Red Sox managerial duties ahead of Harris. During the several seasons since he has taken over the same rap, Joe Cronin may have yearned for the peaceful days when he merely had to fight over signs and trades with his father-in-law.

Similarly, there is Cleveland. Billy Evans, the business manager, and Walter Johnson, the manager, had a pretty time there, while pennant dreams faded in the heat of their feud. Then a new business manager and a new manager drew the black spots.

In mentioning this, though, I have no desire to be unkind to the various gentlemen who have devoted their years — at salaries considerably more handsome than the results? — to the executive end of the game. I merely am stating facts that are very well known.

NOT IN THE BOX SCORE:

JIM TEN EYCK Jr., younger son of Syracuse's old man of the river, is reported in line for that crew coaching job at Princeton. . . . A special act of congress provides that the Coast Guard must be available to patrol courses wherever boat races are held. . . . To celebrate his latest wrestling reunion with Jack Curly, Promoter Jack Pfeiffer has submitted to a hair cut. . . . Is it true that Dixie Howell of Rose Bowl fame is due to rejoin the Tigers any day now? They say he is burning up the Texas league.

All reports to the contrary, Bill Bonthron will not attempt another comeback. Bonnie's business is too good and his home life too happy for him to monkey with fate. His workouts are simply to ease the heart that was three times its normal size when he graduated from Princeton in 1934. From now on he'll merely be in the stands applauding while others are setting track records.

Note to the eminent editor Marcus Griffin—"Why do you keep insisting one of our present day New York boxing commissioners is copying a page out of the book of a lamented predecessor in the job? Don't you know that celebrated gentleman never put anything in writing?" . . . Add scenes I like: Mothers greeting tall bronzed Yale and Harvard sons in the Mohican lobby on the night of the annual boat race. . . . Add scenes I don't like: The way sports writers are letting baseball magnates get away with their plans for ditching that All-Star baseball game the fans like so well.

Navy football followers are out on one of the earliest yardarms, many of them already claiming the Eastern championship. Incidentally, they have something more than rumor and the customary handsome donation from congress to support them this time, too. Last fall's plebe team was one of the strongest in years, the line is heavy, replacements are powerful and Young Bill Ingram ranks with the best triple threats.

Larry Snyder, Ohio State track coach, predicts there will be several 7 foot high jumpers in a few years and also 15 foot pole vaulters. . . . Two of Snyder's high jumpers, Dave Albritton and Mel Walker, have cleared 6 feet 9 3/4 inches. . . . Purdue and Notre Dame, who divided a two year series in football a few seasons ago, will play another game at South Bend in 1939.

Bill Dinneen, in his 28th season as an American league umpire, never has missed a game. . . . Gene Sarazen plans to compete in the Japanese open golf tournament this summer. . . . Lee Grissom, the Cincinnati Reds' contribution to the National league's All-Star pitching staff, never had a baseball in his hand until seven years ago. . . . Milton Berle, the giggle gagster, is taking boxing lessons from Mushy Callahan, former junior welterweight champion. . . . Jack Johnson believes he can outbox Joe Louis right now. . . . Braddock thought so, too. . . . Hank Greenberg of the Tigers has bet \$100 that Jimmy Foxx of the Red Sox will finish the season with an average of .320 or better.

Nap Lajoie, the old Cleveland second baseman, used one bat throughout his brilliant major league career. . . . It now is on exhibition at a Louisville bat factory. . . . Ace Parker, Duke university's all around athlete who has been sent to Atlanta by the Athletics, will return to school in February to receive a degree. . . . Rowing costs Harvard from \$15,000 to \$25,000 annually. . . . Bill McWilliams, the former De Paul athlete who began the season with Los Angeles, has replaced Dixie Howell of Alabama and Rose Bowl fame at third base for Memphis. . . . Sammy Baugh is playing semi-pro baseball at Pampa, Tex.

They say in the locker room—that Gene Sarazen still sticks to his opinion that



Gene Sarazen

Sammy Snead will be the greatest golfer of all time whenever the boys try to break him down. . . . That Frank Walsh, the Chicago - born pro once was given no chance to live after suffering a fractured skull when his auto wrapped itself around a pole. A few months later he was a finalist with Olin Dutra in the 1933 P. G. A. test at St. Paul. Also that Walsh's father, who brought five golfing sons into the world, never has had a golf club in his hand and will see his first movie when Parnell gets to Chicago. He was one of Parnell's followers during the Irish revolution. That Johnny Goodman, who used to be a little fellow himself, told Frank Strafaci to get plenty of sleep. If he wanted to put on weight, Johnny is up to 170 now and never gets less than nine hours a night. . . . That Johnny Farrell's favorite color is green.

AROUND the HOUSE Items of Interest to the Housewife

Browning Biscuits.—Biscuits can be given rich brown tops by brushing the tops with a pastry brush dipped in milk before placing them in the oven.

Cooking Cabbage.—Cabbage should be cooked only until tender when tested with a fork. Too much cooking results in changed color and an indigestible product.

Disagreeable Odor.—The smell of new paint has a very bad effect on some people. To minimize it, fill a pail of water and sprinkle in it some hay and one or two onions, freshly sliced. Stand this in a room newly painted, and much of the smell will be neutralized.

When Drawers Stick.—Black lead or black lead pencil rubbed on the edges of a drawer which has become swollen from heat will enable it to be opened and shut quite easily.

Meat Pinwheels.—Biscuit dough, left-over meat chopped with onion, carrot and parsley. Spiced tomato gravy. Make your favorite biscuit dough and roll out fairly thick. Spread the meat mixture over the

surface, leaving an inch margin of dough uncovered. Then roll up dough and meat together, and slice off pinwheels. Grease a shallow pan and lay in the pinwheels. Bake in moderately hot oven until done, about 30 minutes.

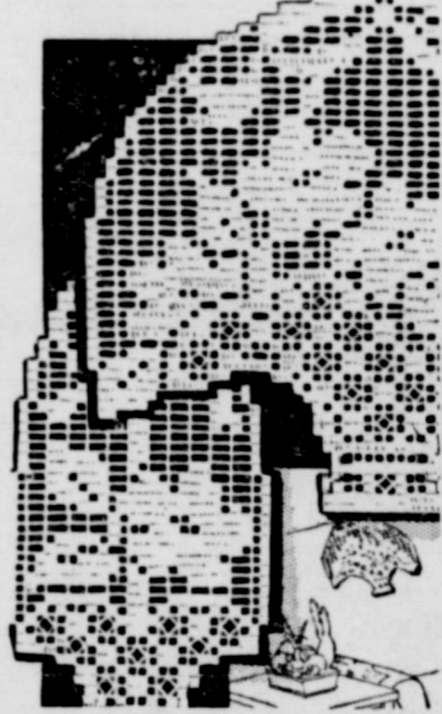
Turnips Au Gratin.—For this tasty dish half-cook turnips in boiling salted water, then cut into fairly thin slices and drain well. Arrange in layers in a buttered fireproof dish, and cover each layer of turnip with grated cheese, a seasoning of pepper, and some little dabs of butter. The last layers should consist of breadcrumbs sprinkled with grated cheese and dotted with butter. Bake in a moderate oven until well browned.

Heating the Oven.—Open the oven door for a minute soon after the gas has been lit and you will find that the oven will get hot much quicker. By doing so you let out the moisture that always collects when the oven is not in use.

To Clean the Piano.—Use the suction cleaner to remove dust from the inside of the piano, and clean the keys with a soft cloth moistened with methylated spirit. Polish with a chamois leather. WNU Service.

Baskets of Lace For Chair Set

Isn't it exciting to think that with your own crochet hook you can fashion a chair or buffet set as lovely and practical as this basket design? A bit of string helps do the trick, giving it durability beyond compare. Even a beginner can do this simple filet



Pattern 1437.

crochet, the design set off in open stitch. Pattern 1437 contains charts and directions for making the set shown; material requirements, an illustration of all stitches used.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

Finds Way to Have Young-Looking Skin at 35!



IT'S utterly wonderful how quickly this scientific cream takes away "age-film"—in only 5 nights! At 30—35—40 even, women now thrill to rose-petal soft, smooth, youthful clear skin! This Golden Peacock Bleach Creme acts the only way to free skin of dull, ugly, old-looking film of semi-visible darkening particles! A revelation for ugly blackheads, surface pimples, freckles, too! Try it! Get Golden Peacock Bleach Creme at any drug or department store, or send 50c to Golden Peacock Inc., Dept. K-325, Paris, Tenn.

You Stand Alone

As you start upward in your career you get slaps on the back; at the top, you get none.

IT'S "Filter-Fine" MOROLINE SNOW-WHITE PETROLEUM JELLY

Their Time Comes When thieves fall out, honest men get their own.

666 checks MALARIA in three days COLDS first day SALVE, NOSE DROPS Headache, 30 minutes.

Try "Rub-My-Tim"—World's Best Linalool

ASTHMA

Sufferers are receiving instant relief from H.M. A-1, a doctor's prescription, compounded by registered pharmacists. MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED. Three weeks supply \$1.00—Postpaid. WESTERN PHARMACIST Lubbock, Texas 1512 10th Street

CHEW LONG BILL NAVY TOBACCO



LIFE'S LIKE THAT

By Fred Neher



"I always look . . . there might be an old maid there."

STAR DUST
Movie • Radio
By VIRGINIA VALE

EVELYN DAW is going to play the lead in her very first picture, and as if that were not enough to make her Hollywood's Cinderella of the week, she tops it by being a girl who can keep a secret.

For six months she has known that she was going to be given a big screen opportunity and she hasn't told a soul. Even so, when she learned that her big chance was to be nothing less than prima donna opposite James Cagney in Grand National's "Something to Sing About" she nearly swooned. Victor Schertzinger, well-known composer and the motion-picture director who gave Janet Gaynor her first chance and Grace Moore her second, is responsible for Evelyn's opportunity.

Carole Lombard still has a sleek town car, a limousine and a roadster or two, but she isn't using them much these days. Every afternoon when she finishes work at the studio, up drives a station wagon all filled with fishing paraphernalia and driven by Clark Gable and off go the two most irrepressible merry-makers of Hollywood. She claims she likes the station wagon better than the limousine and she'd rather go fishing than attend a fashionable party. Clark agrees with her.



Carole Lombard

Two newcomers to Hollywood are setting Hollywood fashions and everyone is wondering just how far these new trends will go. Sigrid Gurie, the exquisite young Norwegian actress whom United Artists imported to play opposite Gary Cooper in "The Adventures of Marco Polo" goes in for simplicity. Louise Hovick, most famous of strip-tease artists in her burlesque days when she was known as Gypsy Rose Lee, goes in for conservatism.

Nick Foran's brother Jimmy graduated from Princeton medical school just a few weeks ago and walked right into a contract to act in pictures for Universal. Buddy de Sylva, who is producing a musical extravaganza called "Merry Go Round," saw Jimmy doing some impersonations of Washington politicians and was so amused he persuaded him to postpone his career in medicine for a while.

Grown-ups in Hollywood may plead for a chance to watch Robert Taylor or Joan Crawford or Luise Rainer at work, but children unanimously beg to be allowed to visit the Grand National lot. There is a reason, or rather a lot of them. Grand National is rapidly acquiring a zoo made up of the most talented animals in Hollywood.

Opal Craven, known to radio listeners from coast to coast as "the Lullaby Lady" of the Contented Hour, has been appearing professionally in the entertainment world since she was seven. With Frank Black and the Continentals she shares top billing on this concert program that has run without interruption for more than five and a half years. In private life Opal Craven is the wife of a prominent Chicago insurance man. She began singing lullabies in real earnest about a year ago when her husky son was born.



Opal Craven

ODDS AND ENDS—Joan Crawford's idea of grand fun is to go down to a radio station when her husband or one of her friends is broadcasting and join the mob of offstage notes. . . . M-G-M has found a way to finish Jean Harlow's last picture "Saratoga," using only long shots of a double. The preview audience approved mightily. . . . Paul Robeson lifts his magnificent voice in song in "King Solomon's Mines," making this giddy thriller a picture not to be missed under any circumstances. . . . And don't miss any of Edgar Bergen's shorts with his priceless dummy, Charlie McCarthy. Incidentally, his Sunday night radio program with W. C. Fields almost makes up for Jack Benny's absence from the airwaves, doesn't it?

© Western Newspaper Union.

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB



HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!

"Curly Hair"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO everybody: Well, sir, here's a yarn about a fine, thick head of hair. Now if that sounds strange, let me remind you that this isn't the first time a head of hair has busted into literature. There's a yarn in the Bible about a head of hair that is now famous all over the world. I mean that crop of wool that gave Samson the strength to fight whole armies over there in Palestine, until Delilah got out the shears and clipped it off.

This head of hair we're going to tell about today isn't quite so famous as Samson's, but it's been through almost as much excitement. It never figured in any of those wars over there in Palestine, but it did strike a blow for the Irish cause in the Black and Tan revolution in 1918.

That head of hair belonged to Thomas O'Donnell, and Tom is today's Distinguished Adventurer and the lad whose tale we are telling. Tom's hair was thick and curly back in 1918 when he was twenty years old and a soldier in the Irish Republican army. "I was proud of it then," he says, "and I seldom had a hair cut, so it was quite long." And Tom lived to see the day when he was not only proud of that hair, but doggone thankful for it as well.

You know that Irish revolution wasn't fought like most wars. Guerilla tactics were the order of the day. The Irish couldn't scrape together enough men to line up their army and fight the English in the open, so they just got together in small bands that could strike and then scatter before the English could catch up with them. The lad you saw working around the farm in the afternoon might be one of the bunch of raiders who fought the "Tans" after darkness had fallen. In fact, that lad might have been Tom O'Donnell himself, or maybe his brother, for both of them did a bit of night prowling whenever word came of a chance to hit at the enemy.

Boys Had Fire in Their Hearts That Night.

And one day in April, 1918, the news was spread about that the English were sending a force to be stationed at Tiebrid, County Tipperary, near the farmhouse where Tom lived with his brother and his dad. The force was to occupy a big mansion on top of a hill and orders came from



Sure enough, it looked like a woman there in bed.

Irish Rebellion headquarters that the mansion must be burned before the English had a chance to get into it.

About sixty of the boys went out that night, and Tom and his brother were among them. They carried gasoline five miles across the fields, and burn that mansion they did. Then they scattered before any large force of English might catch up with them.

The flames of the burning building were visible for miles around. Military detachments started closing in on the place, but the boys knew short cuts through the bogs. Tom and his brother got home safely, floundering through mud in a pouring rain. Tom's brother went straight to bed, hiding his wet clothes under the cot he slept on, but Tom sat up to make himself a pot of tea before retiring. The tea was barely ready when he heard a lorry full of soldiers pull up on the road outside the house.

Soldiers Wanted to Find Out for Themselves.

Quickly Tom put out the light. He left the pot of hot tea on the table and hurried into the room where he and his father slept. He had a gun, and if they caught him with that—well—they'd shoot him, that's all. He jumped into bed besides his dad, clothes and all, and tucked the gun in beside him. Then he told his dad to let the soldiers in.

In another minute the soldiers were in and all over the place. "Has anyone been out of the house tonight?" they demanded. Tom's dad said no one had been out. But those soldiers were taking nobody's word for it. They began to search the place. Then one of the officers noticed the hot tea on the table. "Who has been making tea?" he wanted to know.

Tom's dad said no one had made any tea—everyone had gone to bed early. But there was the tea, and his story certainly sounded fishy. Those soldiers began to search every crack and corner.

Tom Becomes His Father's "Wife."

In Tom's brother's room they found a lot of wet clothes, and that was plenty bad. It meant Tom's brother would go to jail for taking part in the night's doings. But Tom's brother had no gun, and Tom had. If they found that gun, Tom would be shot, and maybe his brother would, too. And it looked as if those soldiers were bent on finding everything in the house that night.

They were coming toward Tom's room now, and under the blankets, shivering in his wet clothes, Tom could hear them. And then Tom had an idea. It was a slim chance, but it might save him. Tom ran his fingers hastily through his hair, brushing it back in a sort of pompadour. Then he buried his face in the pillow and pulled the bedclothes up around his face so that only his long curls showed over the top of the counterpane. And just as he finished, an officer came walking into the room.

"Get up there," he roared. But Tom didn't move. And at that moment, Tom's dad came in, saw the long hair hanging down over the bedclothes—and got the idea. To the officer he said, "That's my wife, sir, and she's very deaf."

The officer took a closer look. Sure enough, it looked like a woman there in the bed. He didn't know the neighborhood very well, and it's a good thing for Tom he didn't. Any one of the people in the countryside might have told him that Tom's dad lived alone in that house with his two boys. But for all that officer knew, Tom's dad was telling the truth.

Well sir, the British soldiers might have been tough on the men, but they didn't drag women out of bed in their night clothes, and this one didn't insist on Tom's getting up. The soldiers finished their search without finding any more incriminating evidence, and they went off taking Tom's brother with them. He got a sentence of eighteen months in an English prison, but Tom, who faced a far worse fate, got out of it entirely because he had a quick wit—and a thick, curly head of hair.

© WNU Service.

For Discriminating People



NOW is the time for all smart women to come to the aid of their wardrobes. Sew-Your-Own wants to lend a hand, Milady; hence today's trio of mid-summer pace makers.

At The Left.

A trim little reminder that careful grooming is an asset anywhere, anytime, is this frock. It features simplicity. Its forte is comfort. Make one version in cotton for all purpose wear, another of sports silk for dressy occasions. You'll praise the cool cut of its short sleeves and softly rolled collar. Yes, Milady, you'll enjoy making it.

In The Center.

Here you have a light and breezy ensemble that's the perfect attire for Society. It has cosmopolitan dash, refinement, and engaging charm. Once more you'll be the subject of complimentary tea table talk with your delightfully slender silhouette. Make it of sheer chiffon or more durable acetate. You'll have a hit in either.

At The Right.

The little lady who likes unusual touches in her frocks will go for this new dress and pantie set. It has the chic of mommity's dresses plus a little-girl daintiness that is more than fetching. Wrap around styling makes it easy for even the tiniest girl to get into and it's quite a time saver on ironing day. A splendid idea is to cut this pattern twice and be assured of little sister's all summer chic.

The Patterns.

Pattern 1237 is designed for sizes 34 to 46. Size 36 requires 4 3/4 yards of 35 inch material plus 3/4 yard contrasting for collar. Pattern 1333 is designed for sizes 36 to 52. Size 38 requires 7 1/4 yards of 39 inch material. The dress alone requires 4 3/4 yards. To

line the jacket requires 2 1/4 yards of 39 inch material.

Pattern 1322 is designed for sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Size 6 requires 3 1/4 yards of 35 inch material plus 5 1/2 yards of ribbon for trimming as pictured. 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.

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THIRSTY?
MAKES 10 BIG GLASSES
KOO LAID
THE SUPPLEMENTAL DRINK WITH VITAMIN D
5¢ AT GROCERS

Wherever You Go in Texas
ABILENE DALLAS EL PASO LONGVIEW LUBBOCK
Look For a PLAINVIEW
HILTON HOTEL
\$2 - \$2.50 - \$3
Never Higher

Squeezed From Her
Many a girl on receiving a proposal is hard pressed for an answer.

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.)

WNU—E— 20-37

HELP KIDNEYS
To Get Rid of Acid and Poisonous Waste
Your kidneys help to keep you well by constantly filtering waste matter from the blood. If your kidneys get functionally disordered and fail to remove excess impurities, there may be poisoning of the whole system and body-wide distress.
Burning, scanty or too frequent urination may be a warning of some kidney or bladder disturbance.
You may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous, all played out.
In such cases it is better to rely on a medicine that has won country-wide acclaim than on something less favorably known. Use Doan's Pills. A multitude of grateful people recommend Doan's. Ask your neighbor!
DOAN'S PILLS

Favorite Recipe of the Week

Freezer Ice Cream.
1 quart milk
1 package ice cream powder (vanilla, strawberry, lemon, maple, or chocolate flavor)
Add milk very gradually to ice cream powder, stirring until dissolved. Pour into freezer can; place in freezer and pack mixture of cracked ice and salt around can (use 8 parts ice to 1 part salt). Turn slowly for 3 minutes, then rapidly and continuously until frozen. Makes 1 1/2 quarts ice cream.
Any of the following may be substituted for milk in this recipe: 1 quart rich milk or light cream; 1 cup cream and 3 cups milk, or 2 cups evaporated milk and 2 cups milk or water.
*With chocolate ice cream powder, add 3/4 cup sugar.

Peace Is More Glorious

It is not enough to preach peace by talking of the horrors of war; for men are so made that they prefer horrors to dullness. You must persuade them that peace means a fuller and more glorious life than war, if you would make them desire it passionately.—A. Clutton-Brock.

ALAMO THEATRE
ROBERT LEE, TEXAS

COOL CONDITIONED AIR

FRIDAY & SATURDAY, JULY 23 & 24

"MAMA STEPS OUT"

with Guy Kibbee - Alace Brady

Also Comedy

EXTRA - MARCH OF TIME.

SUNDAY & MONDAY, Shows at 2 p.m. & 3:45 p.m.

Jean Harlow - Robert Taylor in

(Jean Harlow's last complete picture before her death)

"PERSONAL PROPERTY"

with Reginald Owens, Plus Comedy and News.

WEDNESDAY ONLY, JULY 28th

Fred MacMurray - Gladys Swarthout in

"CHAMPAGNE WALTZ"

Plus 'House Cleaning Blues' Comedy.

TEXAS THEATRE
COOL! BRONTE, TEXAS COOL!

FRIDAY & SATURDAY, JUNE 23 & 24

"BULLDOG DRUMMONDESCAPES"

with Ray Milland - Heather Angel

Plus Popeye in 'Hold the Wire.'

TUESDAY ONLY, JUNE 29th

Fred MacMurray - Gladys Swarthout in

"CHAMPAGNE WALTZ"

Plus 'House Cleaning Blues' Comedy.

Specials For Friday & Saturday

JULY 23 & 24

at **CUMBIE'S**

THE **RED & WHITE** STORE

Solome's VINEGAR, full qt jars	15c
B & W APPLE BUTTER, qt jar	19c
R & W GRAPE JELLY, 16 oz jar	23c
R & W PRESERVES, Ass't. Flavors, 16 oz jar	23c
Gold Crown CHERRIES, 3 oz battle	8c
R & W GRAPE JUICE,	pints 18c quarts 35c
R & W PEPPER SAUCE, 3 oz bottle	8c
R & W CATSUP, 14 oz bottle	17c
Del Dixi PICKLES, 16 oz sour	17c
16 oz sweet	26c
SUN SPUN SALAD DRESSING, pints	14c
quarts	38c
R & W TOMATO JUICE, 13 oz cans, 2 for	15c
R & W CORN FLAKES, large pkg	9c
R & W SOAP, 6 giant bars	25c
Maxime SOAP, 3 bars	14c
R & W MARSHMALLOWS, 1 lb cello	17c
Standard Tomatoes, no 2 can 3 for	19c
BANANAS, Nice Golden Fruit, Doz	17c
Spuds, California Burbanks	lb 2 1/2c
BELL PEPPER, Fancy ome Crown,	lb 5c

W. J. Cumbie

AN INSPIRATION

"Teach us to drive through life without skidding into other people's business. Help us to hear the knocks in our own motor and close our ears to the clashing of other people's gears. Keep alcohol in our radiators and out of our stomachs. Open our eyes to the traffic signs and keep our feet always on the brakes that we may stop before we go too far.

FOR SALE

Six Star Pen Pedigree Leghorn roosters. Ready for service. Hatched by M. Johnson, Bowie, Texas. Good as money can buy. M. H. Havens.

Many of the resettlement projects launched by the Federal government, aimed toward rehabilitating supposedly unhappy people in straitened circumstances, have gone far astray of their original altruistic objectives. Real American citizens do not wish to be regimented on model farms, or in neatly arranged flats and apartments as if they were a pack of rabbits. Dyed-in-the-wool Americans would rather live in a tin hut down by the railroad tracks than to be ensconced in a barracks-like dwelling, the very completeness and detached coldness of which would sweep away the last vestiges of personality and individuality.

We pay 12c pound for heavy hens. Also highest price for cream. Robert Lee Produce Company.

Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Denman of San Angelo spent Sunday here.

For Sale--Ten six-week-old pigs. See Dr. Turney.

Sign on a filling station: "Federal and State Taxes Collected Here. We Also Sell Gasoline and Oil."

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. B. Overall, postoffice, Sanco, Texas.

Rotan, in Fisher county, is fast becoming an oil center. Several good wells have been brought in, and the town and country is teeming with activity. Many oil men are of the opinion that the main oil pool is where the town stands. Leasing of lots within the city limits is active, as well as acreage.

Mrs. Lois Whitzett and Mrs. Lucille Sterling are visited their parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Yantis.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Trent of Hamon, Okla., visited last week the family of Mrs. Trent's sister, Mrs. Frank Smith.

Taking everything in general, this section of the country is in the best condition for years. The feed is made, cotton is fine, no pests at work, and some say they will be ready to start picking by August 15, the watermelon and cantaloupe crop is the best ever. This is one time Coke county has all the coons up one tree, and if Paul's hounds decide to leave them alone, everything will be lovely.

PHONE US YOUR LOCAL NEWS

'M' SYSTEM

Grocery & Market

LETTUCE,	3 firm heads	10c
LEMONS,	490 size doz.	19c
CARROTS,	3 bunches for	5c
Crowder PEAS,	3 lb for	10c

Tomatoes,
No 2 cans 4 for 25c

POST TOASTIES, 3 regular pkgs
Kellogg's CORN FLAKES
or Ralston CORN FLAKES, 25c

Jefferson Island SALT, 5c pkgs 2 for 5c

Heinz CUCUMBER PICKLES, per jar 19c

Curtis Grapefruit Juice, 4 - no 2 cans 25c

Peaches or Apricots, Evaporated, 2 lb 25c

Hearts Delight PEACHES, Sliced or Halves 2 no 2 1/2 cans 35c

King Solomon SARDINES, 2 tall cans 15c

Fruit Jars, quarts 75c doz, pints, 65c doz.

Gal. PEACHES, 41c

5 lb Bag OATS, 19c

SALMON, Message Brand a good buy, can 10c

Heinz TOMATO JUICE, 4 cans, 25c

Extra High Patent
Admiration Flour, 48 lb 1.77

Market Specials

SALT PORK,	lb	19c
LONGHORN CHEESE,	lb	19c
Fore Quarter STEAK,	lb	15c
SLICED BACON,	lb	27c
RIB ROAST,	lb	12c