

The Robert Lee Observer

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VOLUME 48

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NUMBER 7

Relatives and Guests at the Stroud Reunion

Below are the names of relatives and friends who were present at the 60th wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. M. Stroud at their home last Thursday:

Children

H. C. Stroud and wife, Stockdale, Texas.

John Stroud and wife, Rogers, New Mexico.

Jim Stroud and wife, Leveland, Texas.

J. T. Franklin and wife, Crystal City, Texas.

Mrs. S. T. Pate, Oil Center, N. M.

R. A. Stroud and wife, Robert Lee.

Eddie Roberts and wife, Robert Lee.

Grandchildren

Chester and Merritt Smith, Corpus Christi, Texas.

Frank Franklin and wife, Crystal City, Texas.

Rufus Stroud and wife, Los Cruces, N. M.

Mrs. J. D. Breakbill, Rogers, N. M.

Mrs. Pauline Burks, San Antonio.

M. J. Franklin, Jr., Crystal City, Texas.

Mrs. G. M. Davis, Robert Lee.

Luda, Wilma and Stroud Roberts, Robert Lee.

Jim Freeman Pate, Oil Center, N. M.

Great-Grandchildren

Sammy Burk, San Antonio.

Maurine, Ione and Addison Davis, Robert Lee.

Rosa Lee Breakbill, Rogers, N. M.

Sisters and Nephews

Two sisters of Mrs. Stroud Mrs. S. F. Garner, Abilene, and Mrs. Jim Cooper, Stockdale.

A nephew, H. C. Garner, a great nephew, Charlie Garner, two great nieces, Miss Lillis Garner and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Springfield and baby, Jerris, of Colorado, Texas.

Friends Present

Arthur Tubb and family, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Keenan, Frank Percifull and family, Oscar Pate and family, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bell, R. L. Hall, H. C. Lowrance

Miss Hester, Mr. and Mrs. Jessie Lowrance, Tom McClatchen and family, Miss Myrtle Hurley, Mrs. G. A. Roe, all of Robert Lee;

Mrs. Mary Roe and children of San Angelo; Dick Adams and family, Del Rio; Luther Keenan, Roswell, New Mexico; Mr. and Mrs. Hix Sturman, San Angelo.

New goods arriving daily at Cumbie's.

The Colorado river seems to be drying up. It has ceased running in many places, and for a distance nothing but a dry river bed greets the eye.

Big Smith Work Clothes
at H. D. Fish Grocery

18 Bales for One Farmer

Rufus Floyd, farming on the J. N. Q. Adams place, has a long start on other cotton farmers of this section. Thursday morning he had brought to gin 18 bales, more than had been brought in so far by all other cotton raisers.

Mr. Floyd has approximately 550 acres in cotton and is using around 35 pickers. Tuesday he brought 5 bales to the gin.

Others who have brought in new bales included A. J. Roe, Mrs. Overall and Alfred Lofton.

W. F. Byrnes has 12 open bales has not begun picking. Just now he is busy harvesting a fine feed crop.

Local Women Honored At Woodmen Convention

Delegates, officials and visitors from the sixteen counties comprising the Laura Furgason district of the Woodmen Circle, gathered at Menard for the convention at the Louis Ball Lodge Tuesday, August 17.

Miss Bessie Dolan, state manager and national representative, Taylor; Mrs. Laura Furgason, state auditor and district manager, San Angelo; and Mrs. Grace Farmer, state auditor, Miles; were distinguished guests. The Blue Bonnet drill team from San Antonio assisted the local and district officers in making the meeting a success.

Entertainment features of the convention included an exhibition drill on the street Monday by the Blue Bonnet team followed by a barbecue supper sponsored by the W. O. W. and a dance at Mission Inn. A sunrise breakfast was given at the Louis Ball Lodge Tuesday and a luncheon at the Bevans hotel with Miss Naomi Brown, Robert Lee toastmistress, and Miss Bessie Dolan, state manager, and Mrs. Laura Furgason, district manager, as principal speakers.

Mrs. W. P. Rooney, Ft. Stockton, was elected district president, and Mrs. Lillian Turney and Miss Naomi Brown, Robert Lee, were included in the district officers.

Mrs. Laura Furgason, San Angelo; Mrs. Ike Murchison, Menard and Miss Naomi Brown, Robert Lee will attend a meeting of state directors of the Woodmen Circle at Abilene Friday, August 20.

Miss Gwendolyn Higginbotham returned Monday from a vacation trip. During her absence she visited in Stephenville, Coleman and Ft. Worth.

Mesdames S. J. Gardner, A. J. Taylor and T. E. Puett visited in Big Spring this week.

Mrs. Millard Meek and children have returned from an extended trip to New Mexico.

Duck and cotton sacks at
Cumbie's.

Enjoyable Homecoming at Edith Last Sunday

Pleasant weather, a good crowd and lots to eat combined to make the third annual Old Settlers Homecoming at Edith Sunday a success.

Frank Dickey of Ballinger gave the welcoming address and L. S. Bird of Sanco made the response. D. M. West of Bronte delivered the main address of the morning. Rev. A. M. Lackey of Valley View sang a hymn of his own composition and Mrs. Jeff Davis of Robert Lee read a brief historical sketch. Others who spoke were Rev. Geo. Tubb of Silver; Rob Boykin, San Angelo, Bert Sheppard of Abilene and Miss Ruth Burson who is secretary for the reunion.

The old-timers voted to continue the homecoming event each year on the third Sunday of August.

School Opens Sept. 13

The local school board meeting Wednesday night set the opening of school for Monday, Sept. 13.

Revised plans for the new addition to the school building were accepted and bids will be received Wednesday the 24th.

The budget for the school year 1937-38 was approved.

Bus drivers were hired as follows: John Brown, Valley View; J. W. B. Robertson, Friendship; E. O. Higgins, Graham Valley.

A committee was appointed to make investigations toward the purchase of new buses.

As yet a janitor has not been hired and the board would like applications.

Edward Earl Pierce, son of Mr. and Mrs. Buster Pierce was knocked down by a passing car Saturday and sustained a bad cut on his left side and arm. A local physician gave treatment and the boy is doing well.

Mrs. W. E. Wilbanks and little daughter moved to Big Spring first of the week where Mr. Wilbanks is employed.

Mrs. Fern Havins was taken to Santa Anna Wednesday for treatment.

De Witt Snead and family have moved to Menard where Mr. Snead was offered a better position in a drug store with a former employer.

Allie Bilbo, who was returning from Water Valley Wednesday night by the way of Bronte, was badly shaken up when his car made a triple somersault this side of Bronte. He was thrown into a ditch where he was found by Dee Walker and B. P. Key and brought to town for medical attention. The car was badly damaged. A blowout caused the accident.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Summers Mrs. A. E. Latham are spending the weekend in Vernon with a brother of Mrs. Summers.

Marvin Nixon

Marvin Nixon, a carpenter who moved here about a year ago, died in a San Angelo hospital Monday from a ruptured appendix. The body was brought back Monday afternoon. Funeral services were held Tuesday morning at the Edith tabernacle and burial was made at the Paint Creek cemetery. Rev. Smith, minister of the Church of Christ of the Apostolic Faith of which Mr. Nixon was an elder, conducted the funeral.

Mr. Nixon was born Nov. 16, 1894. He is survived by his wife, one son, Melvin, and a daughter, Mrs. Alma Smith of Spur, and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Nixon. All were here for the last rites.

W. K. Simpson funeral home was in charge of arrangements.

Improving Store

W. J. Cumbie has built a balcony at the rear of the store to accommodate a ladies' ready-to-wear department. Mrs. Lamont Scott will have charge of the department. She and Mrs. Cumbie returned last Thursday from market where a large stock was purchased. Read their ad in this week's paper.

Epworth Leaguers

Quite a number of the Methodist young people were rustling dots last week to use at the Menard encampment. Those who have gone include Rev. and Mrs. Earl Hoggard, Miss Virginia Griffith, Janie Alice Parrish, Billie and Maxine Craddock, Zelma and Maxine Slaughter, Alta Bell Bilbo, Carleen Clark, Bennie Helen Turney, Dorothy Hodnett, Zela Ruth Adkins, Russell Marie Smith, Jane Taylor and Frank Tubb.

Miss Iva Snead returned last week from Chillicothe where she has been resting for several weeks. She will be at the home of her father, J. C. Snead, Sr. for a while before resuming work in her beauty parlor at Fort Stockton.

Bring me your sewing and quilting. Childrens dresses a specialty. Reasonable prices.

Mrs. Waffler McDorman

Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Allen, Mrs. W. J. Cumbie, Mrs. H. C. Allen and Billie Allen and Jack Snead went to Lubbock Monday where they will attend the druggists convention.

Lily and Chester Puett from Ft. Worth are at home for a visit.

Raymond Puckett of San Angelo was a visitor here Monday.

Always ready to serve you with the best in groceries at

Cumbie's.

Moves to Carrizo Springs

It isn't so unusual for a man to change from raising cattle to raising sheep, from general farming to truck gardening, but the change from stock raising to orange growing is a very different transition.

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Conner are making such a venture. Having sold land in Coke county they had owned for near half a century, they are moving to Carrizo Springs where Mr. Conner has leased an orange grove.

They aren't burning all the bridges behind them. They are moving only a camping outfit and will try it out for a few seasons before deciding whether to buy. Their daughter, Mrs. Green will take care of the home here. Another daughter, Mrs. E. B. Gray, lives in Carrizo Springs where Mr. Gray has charge of the Magnolia Station.

Methodist W. M. S.

Mrs. G. L. Taylor was hostess to the Methodist W. M. S. Monday afternoon. Mrs. Marvin Simpson and Mrs. F. C. Clark led the lesson, a continuation of the study, Stewardship of Life.

The hostess served a sandwich plate to Mesdames J. A. Clift, A. E. Latham, Frank Kaeding, J. S. Craddock, F. C. Clark, Lizzie Hester, J. K. Griffith, Chism Brown and Marvin Simpson.

A daughter was born Saturday morning to Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Connelly has been named Rosalie Augusta. Mrs. Connelly and baby are at the home of her mother, Mrs. E. E. VanAntwerp.

J. A. Clift went to Robstown last Saturday for a few weeks rest. He may buy some cotton during his stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond McCutchen and Miss Daisy McCutchen were in Del Rio last week visiting in the W. W. McCutchen home. They report that country to be dryer than it is here.

I have it
Cotton sacks and ducking,
H. D. Fish Grocery

ARE YOU GUILTY

A farmer carrying an express package from a mail order house was accosted by his local dealer: "Why didn't you buy that bill of goods from me. I could have saved you the express and you would have been patronizing a home store which helps pay the taxes and builds up the locality."

The farmer said, "Why don't you patronize your home paper and advertise? I read it and didn't know you had the goods I have here."—Exchange.

News Review of Current Events

JAPS TAKE OVER PEIPING

May Return Manchu Emperor . . . Amendments Limit Housing Bill . . . Green Dictates Wage-Hour Measure

Edward W. Pickard

SUMMARIZES THE WORLD'S WEEK

© Western Newspaper Union

Peiping Gets "Protection"

ALTHOUGH Nanking is preparing to wage a destructive war, do not be afraid.

"The Japanese army will protect you."



Emperor Kang Teh

Torashimo Kawabe marched through the city, taking possession of it in the name of Tokyo.

What would be the result of the new Japanese domination apparently begun by Maj. Gen. Kawabe was a matter for speculation. Chinese residents, long since convinced that the inevitable would happen, took it calmly enough. Some of them voiced their belief that the former boy emperor of China, Tsuan Tung (Henry Pu-Yi), since 1934 Emperor Kang Teh of Manchukuo, would return to his throne in Peiping. He would then rule over North China as well as Manchukuo, as a puppet for whom Japan would pull the strings.

Japanese control was extended in Tientsin when the Japanese co-commissioner of the Chinese salt administration announced he had taken over the administration's Tientsin district. This includes the Changlu salt fields, with production valued at \$3,000,000 a year.

New York's Share Cut

SENATOR ROBERT F. WAGNER'S (Dem., N. Y.) \$725,000,000 housing bill was passed by the senate, 64 to 16, but the senator scarcely recognized it when his fellows were done with it.

Senator Wagner and other administration leaders struggled frantically to defeat an amendment by Harry F. Byrd (Dem., Va.) limiting the cost of housing projects to \$1,000 a room or \$4,000 a family unit. Result of the struggle: The upper house, which originally passed the amendment 40 to 39, defeated a motion to reconsider by 44 to 39.

The bill originally called for expenditures up to \$1,500 a room or \$7,000 a family unit. Opponents conceded that the Byrd amendment would prohibit the building of the type of houses Senator Wagner had in mind in New York City, but contended that \$4,000 was enough to spend for housing one family. Persons of extremely low income could not pay the rent anyway, they argued.

Some senators charged that the Wagner bill was designed to afford the bulk of the housing appropriation to New York. This was prevented by the adoption of an amendment by Millard E. Tydings (Dem., Md.) which limited the share of any one state to 20 per cent.

Where Was John L. Lewis?

WILLIAM GREEN, president of the American Federation of Labor, emerged as the administration's favorite son in matters affecting labor as he was permitted virtually to write his own amendments to the house version of the wages and hours bill. The senate had passed the bill, 56 to 23, only after President Roosevelt had called Green to the White House and persuaded him to give lukewarm approval to the measure, with the understanding that the house would amend it.

Southern Democrats in the senate, led by Pat Harrison of Mississippi, bitterly opposed the bill, but their motion to recommit it to committee was defeated, 48 to 36. The same vigorous opposition was expected from Dixie's representatives in the house labor committee, but the "Green amendments" (so called because of the federation president's complete domination of the committee meeting) patched up the essential differences.

The bill, as passed by the senate, would create a labor standards board empowered to set minimum wages up to 40 cents an hour and maximum work weeks down to 40 hours. The house committee had intended to extend the limits to permit the board to set wages at 70 cents and hours as low as 35. Under Green's influence the house com-



A. F. of L's WILLIAM GREEN . . . leaves White House with a smile.

mittee decided to accept the senate provisions on this part of the measure, but the scope of the board was greatly curtailed by an amendment which would permit it to deal only with employers who maintain "sweatshops" and "starvation wages" through fake collective bargaining agencies.

The "Green amendments" in brief are:

1. Board jurisdiction over wages and hours in any industry only if it finds that collective bargaining agreements do not cover a sufficient number of employees or facilities for collective bargaining are ineffective.

2. Acceptance of wage-hour standards established by collective bargaining in any occupation as prima facie evidence of appropriate standards in that occupation.

3. Board cannot alter wage-hour standards already prevailing in occupation in community considered, or establish classification in any community which affects adversely the prevailing standards in the same or other communities.

4. Industries are protected against prison-made goods.

5. "Label provision" of original act is eliminated to protect industry from what is considered a nuisance.

6. Government work is removed from the board's control and placed under the Walsh-Healey act.

Chairman Mary T. Norton (D., N. J.) of the labor committee indicated the bill would be brought up in the house under a special rule and speedily passed.

Senate O. K.'s Court Reform

ALL that was left of the administration's sweeping court reform proposals passed the senate in an hour without a record vote. This was the procedural reform bill for the lower federal courts. It was in the nature of a substitute for the Sumners bill in the house of representatives, and went back to the house for what was expected to be a peaceable conference.

Vice President Garner whipped the measure through, even though Senators Guffey (Dem., Pa.) and Lewis (Dem., Ill.) loudly protested that they wanted to go on record as opposed to it.

The bill, as summarized by Sen. Warren R. Austin (Rep., Vt.), who wrote most of it, included:

Provision making it the duty of the District court, in any constitutional suit between private citizens, to notify the Department of Justice that upon a showing by the attorney general that the United States had a probable interest the government would be made a party to the suit.

Permission for the senior circuit judge to reassign district judges within that circuit for the purpose of clearing congested dockets. (If necessary, a judge may be transferred from one circuit to another.)

Permission for direct appeal to the Supreme court, if 30-day notice is given, from any decision of a District court against the constitutionality of an act.

Requirement that all suits for injunction against the operation of federal statutes to be heard by a three-judge court, including at least one circuit court of appeals judge,

what
Irvin S. Cobb
thinks
about:

Advertising's Value.

VERNALIS, CALIF.—On the train a charming young woman said: "I always read the advertisements whether I want to buy anything or not. Do you think I'm crazy?"

I told her she was the smartest young woman I knew. If I were asked to describe the race in any bygone period since printer's ink came into common use, I'd turn to the advertising in the papers and periodicals of that particular age. For then I'd know what people wore and what they ate and what their sports were and their follies and their tastes and their habits; know what they did when they were healthy and what they took when they were sick and of what they died and how they were buried and where they expected to go after they left here—in short, I'd get a picture of humanity as it was and not as some prejudiced historian, writing then or later, would have me believe it might have been.



Irvin S. Cobb

I'd rather be able to decipher the want ad on the back side of a Chaldean brick than the king's edict on the front.

Running a Hotel.

I'VE just been a guest at one of the best small-town hotels in America. I should know about good hotels because, in bygone days, I stopped at all the bad ones.

The worst was one back East—built over a jungle of side tracks. I wrote a piece about that hotel. It had hot and cold running cockroaches on every floor and all-night switch-engine service; the room towels only needed buttons on them to be peekaboo waists, but the roller towel in the public washroom had, through the years, so solidified that if the house burned down it surely would have been left standing. The cook labored under the delusion that a fly was something to cook with.

Everybody who'd ever registered there recognized the establishment. So the citizens raised funds and tore down their old hotel, thereby making homeless wanderers of half a million resident bedbugs; and they put up a fine new hotel which paid a profit, whereas the old one had been losing money ever since the fall of Richmond.

Poor Lo's Knowledge.

SOMETIMES I wonder whether we, the perfected flower of civilization—and if you don't believe we are, just ask us—can really be as smart as we let on.

Lately, out on the high seas, I met an educated Hopi, who said to me:

"White people get wrong and stay wrong when right before their eyes is proof to show how wrong they are. For instance, take your delusion that there are only four direction points—an error which you've persisted in ever since you invented the compass, a thing our people never needed. Every Indian knows better than that."

"Well then," I said, "how many are there, since you know so much?"

"Seven," he said, "seven in all."

"Name 'em," I demanded.

"With pleasure," he said. "Here they are: north, east, south, west, up, down and here."

Of course, there's a catch in it somewhere, but, to date, I haven't figured it out.

The Russian Puzzle.

UNDER the present beneficent regime, no prominent figure in Russia's government, whether military or civil, is pestered by the cankering fear which besets an official in some less favored land, namely, that he'll wear out in hardness and wither in obscurity.

All General So-and-Soski or Commissar Whatyoumaycallovitch has to do is let suspicion get about that he's not in entire accord with administration policies and promptly he commits suicide—by request; or is invited out to be shot at sunrise.

To be sure, the notion isn't new. The late Emperor Nero had numerous well-wishers, including family relatives, that he felt he could spare and he just up and spared them. And, in our own time, Al Capone built quite an organization for taking care of such associates as seemed lacking in the faith. 'Twas a great boon to the floral design business, too, while it lasted.

IRVIN S. COBB.

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Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



"Horse Versus Man"

By FLOYD GIBBONS

Famous Headline Hunter

"HERE," says Raymond J. Hopper of Roslindale, "is the story of my life's darkest moment."

And I've got to admit that there was one time when Ray's life got pretty dark. It got so dark, as a matter of fact, that even the captain was worried. But I've got to admit, too, that from all the evidence I've been able to gather, it wasn't Ray the captain was worried about.

They're pretty hard-boiled—these captains.

Ray was in the army. Any buck private will tell you that life's dark enough in the army without adventures coming along to make them darker.

But Ray got into the army and into an adventure too. And that gives you a combination of sombre hues that's about two shades darker than an undertaker's hat.

'Twas the Day Before Christmas.

The United States Coast artillery was Ray's branch of the service, and Ray was stationed at Fort Greble, Rhode Island. It was December 24, 1900. Ray remembers the date because it was the day before Christmas. Also, he remembers that it was cold—bitter cold. The mercury was way down below the zero mark and the only things around that weren't frozen were the beans boiling on the cook shack stove.

Fort Greble is on an island. All the supplies come by boat, and the boat ties up at the end of a wharf built out two hundred feet into the sea to reach deep water. Ray says the wharf was about 15 feet wide, with six-by-six timber bolted all the way around the edges.

I suppose that stuff was put there to keep things from rolling off the pier—but it didn't do very well in stopping Ray Hopper.

Ray was down on the wharf juggling supplies for the quartermaster's department. They had given him a horse and a two-wheeled tip-cart. Driving down he noticed that his buddy was working on a small boat pulled up on the shore about a hundred yards from the wharf. He didn't think anything of that at the time—but he thought plenty about it later.

Out of the Cart Into the Water.

Says Ray: "The fact that he chose that particular day and hour and minute to do the job he was working on is the reason why I am alive today."

Ray drove on out to the end of the wharf. The supply boat was tied up there and he started pulling the horse around to back up to it.

As he did, the horse came face to face with a large black boiler that had been left there the day before.

The horse wasn't accustomed to seeing that boiler there. It frightened him. He gave a sudden jump backward.

And then—it happened!

The wheels of the tip-cart rammed up against the six-inch timber that circled the edge of the wharf. They hit it—and went right over.

Ray, on the seat of the cart, was thrown backward. He somersaulted off of the cart and landed head first in about 30 feet of icy salt-water.

"And as I fell," he says, "I saw first the cart and then the horse coming over on top of me."

Ray couldn't swim a stroke. He was dressed in heavy clothing, including a heavy felt army ulster, and that made his chance even slimmer.

The water sent an icy chill through his body. He went down—down. He tried to strike out with his hands to bring himself to the surface—and then there was a kicking, flailing body on top of him, pushing him down even farther. It was the horse!

"I was told afterward," Ray says, "that the horse hit the water on his back, at the exact spot at which I went under. The men on the wharf were sure I would never come up alive. But I did. I came up right beside the horse."

Horse Tried to Climb on Him.

The horse was being dragged under by the heavy cart. Ray came up, right under the heels of the kicking, screaming animal. The horse saw Ray, and tried to climb up on him.

Once more, Ray was pushed down into the green water.

Ray caught a deep breath just before he went under. Then he was down again, with the horse's hoofs beating a frantic tattoo on his back and shoulders. That second time he thought he'd never come up. His lungs felt as though they'd burst before he got to the surface.

He rose slowly—his heavy water-logged clothes holding him down.

And when he did come up, there was the horse again, climbing all over him—pushing him down once more. That time, Ray slid off to one side and didn't go down so far.

Thrashing madly at the water with his numbed arms he fought his way to the surface again. He caught a breath—started to go down again.

This was the third time. And Ray had heard that people who go down for the third time don't ever come up again.

Then, suddenly he felt a hand grasp him by the hair. He was being pulled out of the water—into a boat. And there was his buddy in the boat, hauling him, over the side.

From where he was working he had seen Ray fall into the water. He had launched the boat and come speeding to the rescue.

Before his buddy could row him back to shore, Ray's clothing was frozen stiff. Ice fell off him in little chunks as two men carried him to his quarters. Meanwhile, someone had cut the harness from the horse and he swam ashore.

The boys stripped Ray, gave him a good rub-down and wrapped him in blankets. Inside of half an hour he felt as good as new—and he didn't even catch a cold as a result of his ice-water dunking.

Ray's buddy worried about him for a while—but the captain, apparently didn't. Ray says that when they reported the accident to him his only remark was "Is the horse safe?"

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Crocodiles Build Nests

in Sand by River Bank

When we look at pictures of crocodiles and alligators we hardly think of them as being hatched from eggs that look very much like hens' eggs. But they are, and the eggs have hard white shells, the only difference being that they are more elongated than hens' eggs, writes a correspondent in the Montreal Herald.

The female crocodile lays her eggs, anything up to 60 in number, in a hollow of the sand by a river bank. She does not sit on them, like a bird, but allows the sun to do the hatching.

Some crocodiles, like those that live in the Dutch East Indies, build a nest of leaves, twigs and branches, in which to lay their eggs.

The mother crocodile then retires to a distance, where she watches over the eggs. This is necessary, for monkeys are only too ready to come and steal them. After several weeks a little crocodile comes

out of each egg. When it is ready to come it makes a sound which attracts the mother, and if the eggs are buried in the sand she will at once uncover them.

The baby crocodile then cracks the shell and pokes the tip of its nose through the hole. Within a couple of hours it thrusts its whole body out, and before it is even out it shows its nature, for it will snap if touched. Directly the young crocodiles are out of the shell they are able to look after themselves. They began preying on living creatures suited to their size.

Markings of Human Hand

The shape and markings of the human hand are caused, not by the normal actions of opening and closing, but by a combination of factors far more important. It has been proved that both shape and markings are due to complicated interactions of mind, emotion and health factors. That's why hands reveal one's true

There's Only One

By
Sophie Kerr

© Sophie Kerr Underwood,
WNU Service.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

"All the same," chimed in Mrs. Towers. "It's Mr. Cayne who knows what they've got. He'd miss a dish-rag if it disappeared irregular."

Towers made a warning sign. "He's got a keen eye, Mr. Cayne, that's a fact. Well, Rachel, I guess I better show you the bedrooms. The missis and I have got to get at that stack of dishes in the pantry."

Mr. Cayne's room communicated with his wife's, it was done in black oak and Jacobean linen, heavy and severe. Rachel noticed that there was only one mirror, a relief from Mrs. Cayne's bewildering panels. Then into Holbrook's room, which looked like a girl's—furniture painted white, a gray rug, rose-colored curtains. But there were shelves full of books and Rachel would have liked to read the titles, for these were the only books she had seen in the apartment. Under Towers' direction she folded the bedcovers, laid out slippers, pajamas and dressing gowns, lit bedside lamps. Holbrook had pale gray pajamas piped with rose, Oriental sandals and a dark rose-red brocade robe—Towers snuffed as she displayed them. "His mother likes him to doll up like that," he commented, "not that he needs any encouraging." Mr. Cayne's pajamas were cotton, his dressing gown a worn and weary dark wool. While they were in his room he came to the door. "Is that the new maid, Bert?" he said. "I want to speak to her a minute."

He waited until Towers had gone back to the kitchen. "How are you getting along?" he asked, anxiously. "Have you noticed anything suspicious?"

Rachel tried to be a real detective for a moment. "No, Lena alluded to the thefts indirectly, but Towers signaled to her to be quiet. But that was only because I'm a new servant and they're very loyal to you."

"That's what I told Terriss, that's what I told Terriss."

CHAPTER IX

"Where'll we go?" asked Curt. "This being the maid's only day out per week, I want to give her a time. How about the Plaza and a spot of tea-dancing? Look at me, I have a new suit and necktie, I'll almost do you credit."

"I'm afraid I'll run into my madame and her darling child," said Rachel. "We'd better go somewhere not so grand, though it is a pity to waste all your style. You had your hair cut, too, I notice."

"And the barber flung smelly violet perfumery on me before I could stop him. I've aired myself violently since, but I know I'm still a bit whiffy."

"Oh, perfume! Mrs. Cayne is a gale of gardenia, it almost makes me sick sometimes."

"Rachel, I'm glad to see you!"

"It's like returning to sanity to see you. That's a strange household, Curt. Or maybe I'm strange."

"You're not strange, my dear—but I think—perhaps, in spite of your looking so smart and sophisticated, you've not had a—shall I say—a great variety of experience. We'll go in here for tea; this is quiet. And you tell me why your Cayne family is cuckoo."

"They're not cuckoo, they're only badly adjusted."

"Badly adjusted to one another? You mean they're unhappy?"

"I don't believe they think they're unhappy."

"If they don't know it, then it doesn't matter. There's no reason why you should care whether they're happy or not."

Rachel backed quickly away from her indiscretion. "No, of course not, but I don't like it."

"Rachel, are you developing a social conscience?"

"Don't make fun of me when I'm enjoying my day out and the lovely soak I had in my own tub and fluffing up my hair and putting on my best frock to have tea with my boy-friend."

"Your boy-friend thanks you for that word."

"I should have said one of my boy-friends, though I gather that in the best servants' circles it is considered bad form to have more than one."

"But what about the burglaries? Nothing happened?"

"Nothing so far. And I don't believe the Towerses did them. Mr. Terriss thought maybe they'd been speculating, or had bought some

property and were stuck for taxes, or were sending money to old parents on the other side, but none of that's true. They've got a great big solid savings account and some government bonds. And the chauffeur and his wife are the same, all four of them are terribly snooty about these little suburban lots some of their friends have bought. They say it's a sucker's game—isn't it funny?"

"Are you sure they're not kidding you?"

"Yes, I am. They like me, Curt, and they think I'm one of them. Besides, I've seen the bank books, Lena showed them to me and urged me to begin to save, too. They're really sweet, Curt, they're all concerned over my poverty and thriftlessness. We get along awfully well. And you ought to see me in my uniforms—gray poplin in the morning and a nifty gray taffeta in the afternoon, with a little tricky dotted swiss apron and collars and cuffs. If I had a long-handled duster I could go on the stage and sing in musical comedy. And my manner is marvelous. Yes, madame, no, madame, of course you're right, madame. When I leave I'm going to get my picture taken in my afternoon outfit; Vinco could sell it to somebody who makes maids' uniforms for a bunch of money."

"I notice that neither your appearance nor your ego has suffered. Apparently you're the belle of the servants' hall. So why all that wail about returning to sanity and a strange household?"

Rachel armed herself with caution. "Maybe you're right about my never having had much experience. And then maybe it's because I'm looking at the Cayne family from within and beneath. But—they're all wrong. The son wants to be an artist and his father won't hear of it. The mother sides with the son and what I've noticed is that they don't sit down and drag all their thoughts and feeling to the surface the way my—mother—and I always did; they hide them and fight subterraneanly, scoring infinitesimal points, or else they have raging arguments—and—oh well, it seems so petty and so unnecessary. And it gets them nowhere."

"It's a very usual situation, I should say. You're taking it too seriously. You're there to find out who stole the cigarette box and Mrs. Cayne's ring and not to practice amateur psychiatry. Why bother about the family quarrels?"

She turned the matter away lightly. "I don't really take it very seriously, Curt, but I'm there under their roof and Towers and his wife talk about them all the time and it does seem a pity."

"Lots of things are a pity. It's a great pity you won't have dinner and go to a show with me—there's something I could weep about."

"Go ahead and weep, I am sorry, but Pink and I are having dinner together and afterwards Terriss is coming so that I can report to him fully—"

Curt chuckled. "You sound so important and Sherlockish! A full report oughtn't to take so long. How about it if I call up a little after nine? We could take in a late movie and split a herring at a night club. Don't you realize how much I've missed you?"

"How you flatter, mister! I'd love to gad around a bit, but there again—suppose I run into my esteemed employers and they see I'm leading a double life? Not so good."

"I'll call up anyway. You haven't any other date?"

"No." She knew he was thinking of the man she had talked of wanting to evade. She had not seen Oliver Land nor heard from him since the night he had staged his trick to get money from her and she wondered what Curt would say if she told him about that.

He began to talk about other things and kept it up all the way down to the apartment. "Remember, I'll call you up about nine-thirty," he said as he left her, "and I'll find some place not infested with Caynes for us to go."

Pink had just come in, she was on the crest of the wave, her immediate superior in her department was about to be transferred and Pink was heading for his place through a dire mesh of office politics and intrigue. She was far too absorbed in her own affairs to want to know about Rachel's and Rachel was glad enough of this, for Pink's curiosity once aroused was as far-reaching and thorough as her enthusiasm for her opinions.

Rachel sat still and seemed to listen while Pink sparkled and gestured, but she was busy with her own thoughts. The apartment's studied bareness and simple old furniture had never looked so good to her. "I had to learn that by contrast," she thought, "I took it for granted before. Like simple food and Pink's table manners and no heavy perfume about and Pink, even when she's raging, isn't thoughtless of other people's feelings. It all belongs together. Curt belongs, too. But most of all Anne. Curt was right, I've had no variety of experience. Well, I'm getting it now."

Terriss was in time, dry and blank as before. Pink gave him one look and came to instant decision. "I'm going over to the Steeles," she said. "Back about half past ten. What time do you have to check in at your job, Rachel?"

"Before twelve. But Curt Elton—"

"Oh—a date with Curt! Well, phone me at the Steeles and say good-bye."

A gleam in interest showed in Terriss' eyes as Pink departed. "That young lady is very full of pep," he commented; then recalling himself to business: "Go ahead, Miss Vincent, give me a general



"Why Bother About Family Quarrels?"

outline and I'll take up special points as they come along. Don't tell me what you think, but what you've actually seen and heard. You said over the phone the other day that the butler and cook both have bank accounts. How do you know?"

"Lena showed me their books. They're in the Bowery Savings bank. He has eight thousand and she has over six thousand. They've each got five thousand dollars' worth of government bonds; I saw those, too. They save practically all their wages. They each carry a thousand dollars' worth of straight life insurance to have real nice funerals, Lena said. I wrote down the numbers of the bank books after I'd seen them."

"Have they talked about the thefts?"

"Towers not at all, Lena very little and when she does it's in hints about the disgrace of being wrongly suspected and how, if it wasn't for Mr. Cayne, they'd find another place. They simply worship Mr. Cayne. That I'm sure of."

"But they don't care so much for the missis, do they?"

"No—I don't believe they do."

"She's sharp with them, makes them stand around?"

Rachel chose her words. "She requires a great deal of service and she doesn't realize how much work a few extra orders can make."

Terriss frowned. "Mr. Cayne may be easy for his help to work for, but he makes it hard enough for me. He wouldn't let me crack down on the servants, and he's never let me say a word to Mrs. Cayne. I'm a young man. Either of them would kick of the thefts before me."

"No, not a word. Mrs. Cayne is very careless with her money, she has a great deal of it and she leaves it about where anyone could pick up a piece or two. The safe where it's supposed to be kept isn't locked half the time. Mr. Cayne

showed it to me one day when she was out. It's a joke, you could open it with a bent pin."

"Do you think Mrs. Cayne even knows about the thefts? I asked Mr. Cayne, but he made me an answer that was neither yes or no, and showed that he didn't like the question. So I was stopped there."

"Why, I don't know, Mr. Terriss, I never thought but that Mrs. Cayne knew about them, but it's true—she might not."

"Has the son any intimate friends, any young fellow he pals around with who's at the house very often? Or has Mrs. Cayne got any of these female hangers-on that most rich women have, in and out, familiar, getting presents of her old dresses and the like?"

"Not that I've seen. The son's had young people in twice for cocktails, in the afternoon before his father got home. Mrs. Cayne goes out a good bit, but it's usually to some big beauty establishment, she's—she's awfully interested in keeping fit."

Terriss looked at Rachel with curiosity. "Does she and Mr. Cayne get along pretty good?" he asked.

"They don't agree about the son, but I only get this second hand, Mr. Terriss, from what Towers and Lena say."

Terriss considered. "The son don't go to school?"

"That's the trouble between Mr. and Mrs. Cayne. Mr. Cayne wants him to go to college or at least to a business school and he wants to go to an art school and his mother sides with him, so this winter he's gone nowhere. He's awfully spoiled."

"A rich brat, hey?" Terriss considered again. "If I could only talk plain man-to-man stuff with Mr. Cayne! But he won't stand for it. You're doing all right, Miss Vincent, you're not half as dumb as I'd expected. Now you fly at it for another week and concentrate on the family's friends, specially the boy's. Get their names and addresses if you can, the names any way. Don't let up on the servant's either; they may be slicker than I think, and their having bankbooks don't prove anything. Ask 'em about pawnshops, tell 'em you've got something you want to hock, show 'em an old piece of jewelry or something to back it up. If they give you any names slip right out and phone me what they say. Ask the chauffeur and the laundress too. The whole four may be in cahoots. See if they've got any private phone numbers written down anywhere and copy 'em for me."

Then Rachel said something she had not meant to say, but which she knew, now, had underlain all her answers to his questions. "I don't like doing this, Mr. Terriss. I wish I needn't go back."

"That's what I've been expecting," said Terriss, slowly and gloomily. "I guessed all along it was just a kind of a whim. Young people nowadays got no guts, they don't want to do a job thorough. Any little fancy they take it's a reason for quitting and letting you down. I've been leery of you all along, Miss Vincent, I didn't believe you could stand the gaff. But I did think you'd last longer than three weeks."

"I'm sorry—" she began, but he waved his hand and went on talking.

"When I was young a job of work you undertook had to be finished, whether it was fun or not. Fun! I'm sick of the word. You thought all this would be a great big lot of fun and now you see there's some actual labor and thinking involved and that scares you. Okay, you can quit right now, in fact you'd better quit if you're that way."

"I didn't mean that," said Rachel. "I only meant—I wasn't looking for fun, and well—I've tried honestly to do what you want, but I don't think I'm any good at it, it seems so hopeless—"

He was tremendously disturbed, his careful mask gone. "It's not hopeless at all. You're doing fine didn't I tell you so? I didn't intend to speak so severe, Miss Vincent but I was taken aback, and disappointed! I sized you up to have character! Ah, character and class! I realize you're not a trained operator, but you got sense! You got a good memory! You know how to please people. Look at what you've done with that butler and cook in this little time! Don't say you're quitting on me when you're doing so well."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Dish-Drying Is a Picnic With These

More fun than a picnic . . . drying dishes with these cross-stitched towels. Put color into them with cotton floss, and you'll have the gayest, gladdest set ever! Here's pick-up work that fairly flies for each motif's in 8-to-the-inch crosses. Think what a welcome gift just a pair of these would



Pattern 5858

make at bridal shower or housewarming. But chances are you won't be willing to part with a single one of this handy set. In pattern 5858 you will find a transfer pattern of six motifs averaging 5 by 7 inches; material requirements; color suggestions; illustrations of all stitches used.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle Household Arts Dept., 250 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y.

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

Favorite Recipe of the Week

Refrigerator Ice Cream

- 1/2 package (scant 1/2 cup) ice cream
- 1 sweeter (vanilla, strawberry, lemon, maple, or chocolate flavor)
- 2 tablespoonfuls sugar*
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup cream, whipped

Combine ice cream powder and sugar. Add milk very gradually, stirring until dissolved. Fold in whipped cream. Turn into freezing tray of automatic refrigerator, setting control for lowest freezing temperature. Stir when frozen 1/4-inch thick on sides and twice more at 20-minute intervals. Freezing time: about 3 hours. Makes about 3/4 quart ice cream.

*With chocolate ice cream powder, use 1/2 package (scant 1/2 cup) and 4 tablespoonfuls sugar.

For about 1 1/2 quarts ice cream, double recipe above, using full contents of package. Freeze in one or two trays 3 to 6 hours, depending upon amount of cream in trays and freezing speed of refrigerator.

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

Foreign Words

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WNU—L 33—37

Sentinels of Health

Don't Neglect Them!

Nature designed the kidneys to do a marvelous job. Their task is to keep the flowing blood stream free of an excess of toxic impurities. The act of living—life itself—is constantly producing waste matter the kidneys must remove from the blood if good health is to endure. When the kidneys fail to function as Nature intended, there is retention of waste that may cause body-wide distress. One may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel tired, nervous, all worn out.

Frequent, scanty or burning passages may be further evidence of kidney or bladder disturbance.

The recognized and proper treatment is a diuretic medicine to help the kidneys get rid of excess poisonous body waste. Use Doan's Pills. They have had more than forty years of public approval. Are endorsed the country over. Insist on Doan's. Sold at all drug stores.

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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.

Threats of War

The fact that Russian army aviators recently made a non-stop flight from their own country to the western coast of the United States does not mean a thing to the average citizen. But when, after the feat is accomplished Russia boastfully announces that "We have demonstrated Russia's ability to successfully attack by plane the capital of any other nation," then Mr. Average Citizen is apt to set up and take notice.

Russia's boast sounds very much as though she is lifting a chip to her shoulder, and may in time to come invite this country to knock it off. And the American people are not interested in invitations of that nation. That a great war, possibly a still greater one than the world has yet witnessed, is in the making, no one doubts. With Italy, Germany, Japan and Russia working as never before to build up armies and navies, and munition factories working night and day, it is difficult to see how war can much longer be averted. That this country would eventually become involved is also a matter of general belief.

While no one wants the United States to stand idly by and fail to make all necessary preparations to protect herself, everyone does hope that a way will be found, when the lid blows off and the Old World again goes on a rampage, that this country will be able to remain out of it. Threats such as Russia makes can very well go unnoticed. It is going to take a pretty strong invitation next time to get the U. S. to enter into hostilities against any other nation. But it is comforting to know that she will not be found unprepared as she was in the World War, and also worth something to know that her experience in that titanic struggle will serve to stand her in good stead now.

The San Angelo mail now leaves on the receipt of the mail from Bronte and the mail from San Angelo arrives an hour earlier. Mrs. Russell, postmistress advises that the office will remain open Saturday afternoons until the San Angelo mail is up.

Members of the American Legion are figuring on an enjoyable celebration in San Angelo, starting Saturday. The city is appropriately decorated for the occasion, and thousands are expected to the four-days festivities.

The Robert Lee gins will soon be running full blast. Cotton is opening fast, and pickers will soon be in demand.

New and Renewals

The following have subscribed and renewed their subscription to the Observer the past few days:

J. J. Yarbrough, D. P. Key of Robert Lee, and Archie T. MacDonald, McPherson, Kansas.

Strange Medicines

Probably no science has been evolved from a greater mass of early superstition than that of medicine. Still, it is said that some of the oldtime prescriptions may possibly have had a certain curative value although appearing ridiculous at first glance.

A recent writer declares that the broth of red ants was once used for intestinal disorders, and that modern research finds that the formic acid in ants is a strong antiseptic, which may have killed intestinal germs.

Some believe that the sting of bees and wasps relieve rheumatism. These insects also secrete formic acid, the injection of which through the "stinger" may possibly have a beneficial effect.

Baked toad, ground to powder, was used by the Greeks as a remedy for heart disease. Chemists find that there are certain alkaloids in the skin of a toad which act as a heart stimulant.

Some other old alleged remedies have not yet been satisfactorily explained, however. Among the innumerable ones may be mentioned tying a pickled herring to each leg for dropsy; eating a dried and powdered magpie in the pocket or sleeping with a black cat for rheumatism; various incantations for the removal of warts and so on.

Considering the mystery which formerly surrounded most diseases, it is not surprising that equally mysterious remedies have been suggested and applied. And while we have made amazing progress in medicine and surgery, the highest skill is still baffled by a few maladies that have been studied since the dawn of civilization.

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ROBERT LEE, TEXAS



Only PERFECTION has HIGH-POWER burner speed, cleanliness and precise regulation

When you buy a new stove, it lasts a long time. Why not have this lovely modern High-Power Perfection oil range? It is the very latest thing in modern beauty, convenience and dependable performance. There is no faster, cleaner stove than a High-Power Perfection. All High-Power burners do every cooking task, from the gentlest simmer to a sizzling broil, perfectly. Come in and let us demonstrate the quick response and steady control of High-Power burners. We'd like to tell you more about this beautiful new Perfection. You'll be surprised at the reasonable price when you see its cream-white, or pure white, porcelain finish.

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25,000 people a day "hang up" too soon*

*25,000 people a day in the Southwest "hang up" before the called party has a chance to answer his telephone.

- To get more answers to your calls:
1. Be slow to hang up when calling.
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SAN ANGELO TELEPHONE COMPANY

NOTICE

Notice, is hereby given that City Drug Store, 23 Austin Ave, composed of a partnership the same composed of G. C. Allen, F. V. Allen and H. C. Allen doing a drug business in City of Robert Lee, Texas has applied to Texas Liquor Control Board for a Pharmacist Medicinal Permit.

For Sale--Four wheel trailer priced at \$15.00.
Boyd Yarbrough.

STEADY WORK-GOOD PAY

Reliable Man Wanted to call on farmers in Coke County. No experience or capital required. Make up to \$12 a day. Write McNESS Co., Dept. S, Freeport, Illinois.

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.

Notice To The Public:

As Set forth in section 409 of the Public School Laws of Texas: "When any "School Bus" vehicle stops, every operator of a motor vehicle or motorcycle approaching the same from any direction shall bring such motor vehicle or motorcycle to a full stop before proceeding in any direction; and in event of such "School Bus" vehicle is receiving and/or discharging passengers, the said operator of such motor vehicle or motorcycle shall not start up or attempt to pass in any direction until the said "School Bus" vehicle has finished receiving and/or discharging its passengers. Any party who violates any of the provisions of Section 1 of this act shall, upon conviction thereof, shall be fined not less than ten (\$10) dollars nor more than five hundred (\$500) dollars, or confined in the county jail not to exceed ninety (90) days, or both such fine and imprisonment; provided, however, that if death results to any person, caused either actually or remotely by a non-compliance and -- or violation of any of the provisions of this act, then and in that event, the party or parties so offending shall be punished as is now provided by law.

THE ABOVE NOTICE is given by order of the County Board of Education of Coke County, Texas.

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- Screen Book 1 yr
- Silver Screen 1 yr
- True Contensions 1 yr
- Woman's World 2 yrs

Group B—Pick One

- American Fruit Grower 1 yr
- American Poultry Journal 1 yr
- Blade and Ledger 1 yr
- Country Home 1 yr
- Dixie Poultry Journal 1 yr
- Farm Journal 1 yr
- Good Stories 1 yr
- Home Arts Needlecraft 1 yr
- Home Circle 1 yr
- The Home Friend 1 yr
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to our store and will carry a complete line of ladies ready to wear, of which Mrs. Scott will have charge. She has just returned from market and new goods are arriving daily, and to make room for these goods we are offering bargains listed below.

For Friday and Saturday, August 20 & 21

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All \$1.95 Dresses, for **\$1.39** All \$1.00 Dresses **75c**

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W. J. CUMBIE'S

Notice to Debtors and Creditors

The State of Texas, County of Coke. To those indebted to, or holding claims against the Estate of S. N. Robertson, Deceased:

The undersigned having been duly appointed administrator of the Estate of S. N. Robertson, Deceased, late of Coke County, Texas, by McNeil Wylie, Judge of the County Court of said County on the 5th day of August, A. D. 1937, hereby notifies all persons indebted to said estate to come forward and make settlement, and those having claims against said estate to present them to him within the time prescribed by law at his residence, Robert Lee, Coke County, Texas, where he receives his mail, this 7th day of August, A. D. 1937.

J. A. CLIFT,
Administrator of the Estate of S. N. Robertson, Deceased.

City Cafe

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Caters to Your Appetite with
**Well Prepared
Well Seasoned
Food**
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EAT HERE NEXT TIME!

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THE THRIFTY "60"

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DELIVERED IN ROBERT LEE
Price includes transportation, charges, front and rear bumpers and spare tire. (Taxes and License Plates extra.)

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October 4-9 Set as Dates For West Texas Fair

ABILENE, Aug. 14. -- West Texas' most recent developments will be on exhibit here Oct. 4 to 9, when the West Texas Fair, dormant since 1930, opens its gates.

Purpose of the fair this year is to show West Texans the continued rise of industrial possibilities in this section of the State along with the steady increase

in agricultural production since depression days. For that reason, a free fair will be held with admittance to the grounds as well as exhibits without charge to the public.

Combined with a various educational program, a pageant, "Arabian Knights," with a cast of more than 400 heads the entertainment arrangements.

If you lend a friend five dollars and you never see him again, it's worth it.



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ROBERT LEE, TEXAS

Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted
by William Bruckart
National Press Building Washington, D. C.

Washington.—President Roosevelt stated to the newspaper correspondents in his press conference the other day that crop control must be brought back. He said it with some emphasis. Within a few days before that, he had given his approval to a bill placing a minimum on wages and a maximum on hours in which labor could work in industries whose productions enter into interstate commerce.

The President was not specific as to details of the legislation in either case but it is important to note that he has reaffirmed his position on these two principles for it is to be remembered that both the NRA and the AAA were thrown out by the Supreme court a long time ago, and the President seeks now to restore them in another form.

This circumstance would seem to confirm assertions that have been made in various quarters lately that the President wants to maintain a "planned economy" for this country. It would seem that he is determined to go ahead along those lines and that his program for reorganizing the Supreme court was a part and parcel of the scheme. In other words, the President's new declaration about crop control and wages and hours and his support of the Wagner housing bill represent a return to the original theories which he held for "remaking" our nation.

After discussing these circumstances pro and con with proponents as well as opponents in the congress, the conclusion is inescapable that Mr. Roosevelt and his advisers are headed into new ground. They desire evidently to make the federal government the most important factor in our national life and to set aside little by little the functions of state and local governments by their course of action.

Undoubtedly there is strong argument for the policies they have adopted; certainly, there are many functions which the national government can perform more effectively and more efficiently than they can be performed by state governments, and equally, it is true that some phases of our national life should not be subjected to the influence of state lines. On the other hand, there surely is valid reason why Washington bureaucrats should not be allowed to interfere in the daily practices and convictions of individuals.

The reason I believe all of this is so important now is that always there has been a tendency of federal functions to expand. To say this in another way: Federal officials from the lowest to the highest seem to be equipped with a particular faculty for delegating to themselves additional authority as soon as they are accorded power. What the country should fear then, it seems to me, is the steady encroachment upon the rights of states and thereafter the rights of individuals. Perhaps I should have reversed the order and should have said, first, encroachment upon the rights of individuals and, second, thereafter encroachment upon the rights of states.

Now, there are those persons in considerable number who believe sincerely that the federal government is the agency through which all public functions should operate. I cannot agree. Rather, long experience in Washington convinces me that the old, old argument for state rights—so long one of the tenets of the Democratic party—has too much merit to be overturned without consideration for the effects of the new theories.

To get down to cases in application of the principles discussed above, let us consider the wages and hours bill. That measure shows how this encroachment takes place and gives a rather clear picture of the expansive nature of federal policies.

The wages and hours bill first creates a labor standards board. It is circumscribed by certain limitations which say that it cannot fix wages above forty cents per hour nor can it reduce the number of working hours per week below forty. Further, a great number of lines of work are exempted from jurisdiction of the board—work of a seasonal character, farm labor, labor in certain specified industries which obviously cannot be subject to regulation without destruction of the business itself. Besides these restrictions, there is an implied warn-

ing in the bill against sudden or abrupt changes in business practices that would dislocate industrial operation or curtail employment.

These delimitations would seem to leave the board without a great deal of authority. Such, however, is not the case. Among those industries remaining under jurisdiction of the board, there is yet as much power as obtained under NRA and its codes which were so hidebound and so inelastic that thousands of firms were in open rebellion against the restrictions unless they were able to pass on the higher costs resulting from these restrictions, to the public. That is, unless they could make the consumer pay the added cost, they faced eventual bankruptcy.

I do not say that the labor standards board as now conceived will go as far as the NRA codes but experience with the present national labor relations board indicates that the public should expect the maximum exercise of power instead of any middle of the road policies. The labor relations board has become a festering sore on private initiative. Business interests everywhere, while being pounded on the back by the administration to employ more workers, are kept in a constant state of confusion by the bias of the board. This is the board which was designed by Senator Wagner, of New York, to maintain peace between labor and employers. If the labor standards board can use discretionary powers accorded it and can proceed in correcting abuses of labor as rapidly as is "economically feasible," it may be able to develop better conditions in industry. But such language as the words "economically feasible" are subject to all kinds of interpretation and if the membership of the labor standards board happens to include some radical labor leader, most anything will be economically feasible.

It is from such quirks of law that bureaucrats expand their powers.

But there is yet another phase of this policy that demands consideration. While the United States is one unit under the federal government, it is made up of a number of sectional units and each sectional unit comprises a number of states and even each state in some cases embraces subdivisions where practices in business and living traditions are as different as day and night. A regulation as to the fairness of hours or wages in New England may be, and probably would be, wholly inapplicable in Alabama or Georgia. A regulation that would operate satisfactorily in Pennsylvania may be, and probably would be, completely sour in the Pacific coast states. Yet this board cannot administer its regulations on a piece-meal basis; they must apply to the whole country and it is only fair to assume from the existing facts that whereas rulings may be advantageous to some sections of labor, they might completely destroy other sections of labor. The same results can be expected from the effects of these rulings on the employees, except that where the effect is adverse on employers businesses can be driven into bankruptcy—and the jobs they provided disappear.

Another Phase

The initial operations of the board and the law probably will not create a great deal of dissension. But there will be disgruntled groups of workers and there will be dissatisfied employers who will seek exemption or changes or special consideration by regulation. In some cases, obviously, the board will issue new rules. As likely as not those new rules will upset some other group or region or section and they will demand consideration. Just here, it might be recalled how under the AAA crop control law, wheat, cotton and corn were originally considered but tobacco had to have protection and rice and potatoes and peanuts, and every other farm product had its champions battling for consideration before the supreme court held that the law with its processing taxes was an invalid delegation of power by congress. Therefore, while I may be "seeing things" concerning the labor standards board and the new proposal for crop control, the records surely support my statement that anytime the federal government starts a new policy it begins at the same time to enable expansion of federal power far beyond the original concept of a program.

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IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

Lesson for August 22

THE PLACE OF RELIGION IN A NATION'S LIFE.

LESSON TEXT—Exodus 25:1, 2, 8, 9; 29:43-46; 40:34-38.
GOLDEN TEXT—Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord. Ps. 33:12.
PRIMARY TOPIC—The Meeting House.
JUNIOR TOPIC—The House of the Lord.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Why a Nation Needs Religion.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Place of Religion in a Nation's Life.

The nation of Israel was under the direct government of God—a theocracy as distinguished from a monarchy, or a democracy. God spoke to them through his servant Moses, but his relationship to the people was far more intimate than that of a distant power delivering laws through a representative. God dwelt in the midst of his people, and today we consider how he made provision for a place in which to meet with them, for a holy priesthood to minister before him, and made known his personal presence by a manifestation of his glory.

I. A Place to Meet God (Exod. 25:1, 2, 8, 9; 29:43-46).

Every place of worship, whether the tabernacle in the wilderness, or a church on a busy city street, testifies to the fact that man is indeed "incurably religious." He is a spiritual being, made by God for fellowship with himself. He is never satisfied until he meets God.

The pattern or plan for the tabernacle was given by God (v. 9), and was to be followed in every detail. But note that the people were to make a willing offering of all that was needed for its construction. God gives man the glorious privilege of partnership with him. Shortsighted and foolish is the man who grumbles because the church needs money. A father might just as well grieve because his children outgrow their clothing. Thank God if your church is alive and growing, and be glad for the opportunity to buy it some "new clothes."

Sacrificial gifts and faithful building according to God's plan, brought to completion a place of meeting which God sanctified and accepted.

II. Priests to Minister to God (vv. 44, 45).

Note, first, that they were men called of God. Those who stand to minister to him for the people dare not appoint themselves, or seek an appointment by men. They must be "God-called."

They were also sanctified, or ordained, by God. Only as men act in true recognition of God's selection and setting apart of his chosen servants does ordination have real meaning.

Finally, notice that the priests were "to minister to" God. His servants are to serve him, and thus to meet the need of the people for whom they speak. They are "put in trust with the gospel," and therefore to "speak; not as pleasing men, but God" (I Thess. 2:4). If you have that kind of a pastor, praise God for him, and give him your earnest support and encouragement.

III. The Presence of God (Exod. 29:45, 46; 40:34-38).

He dwelt in the midst of his people. Christians also know what it means to have "God with us," for such is the very meaning of the name "Immanuel" (Isa. 7:14; Matt. 1:23). He it was who as the living Word "became flesh and dwelt among us" (John 1:14).

For our further instruction and blessing let us observe that when God dwelt with his people his glory "filled the tabernacle" (v. 34). Is that true of our churches? Have we so loved God and so fully yielded ourselves and our churches to him that he is free to fill the place with his glory?

The word "abode" in v. 35 is significant. What blessed peace and assurance must have come to Israel when they knew that God had come to abide with them. In this world of transitory things we need such an anchor for the soul—God's abiding presence.

But God's people must move on. There are victories to be won, a promised land to take. So we read that the cloud arose when they were to move forward, and when it was not taken up, then they journeyed not until the day that it was taken up.

The Psalmist tells us that "the steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord" (Ps. 37:23). I believe it was George Mueller of blessed memory who inserted three words—"and the steps." The man, or the church, or the nation, that trust God, will have both "steps" and "stops" "ordered by the Lord."

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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, youthfully clear skin! This Golden Peacock Bleach Cream 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 Cream at any drug or department store, or send 50c to Golden Peacock Inc., Dept. L-325, Paris, Tenn.

For They Think Ares (the god of war) hates those who hesitate.—Euripedes.

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.)

Peace With Reason Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.—Collins.

QUICK! STOP CHILLS AND FEVER!

Take This Good Old Medicine for Malaria!

When you've got chills and fever, you want real and ready relief. You don't want to go through the usual old misery.

Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic is what you want to take for Malaria. This is no new-fangled or untried preparation, but a medicine of proven merit.

Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic contains tasteless quinine and iron. It quickly relieves the chills and fever and also tends to build you up. That's the double effect you want.

The very next time you have an attack of chills and fever, get Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic and start taking it at once. All drug stores sell Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic, 50c and \$1. The latter size is the more economical.

Your Advertising Dollar

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

Uncle Phil Says:

Calm With the Calm

The silentest thing is a bomb until it explodes. Don't peck and pound at conditions when they're calm.

The world's real revolution is the steady change to a better and fuller sense of humanity in the hearts of men.

There are people whose presence is imposing to other people; and when they know it and live up to their appearance, they do well in life.

He who laughs last will tell the anecdote wrong when he repeats it. Proof of the Value

The value of time is most vividly shown in what the universe has made of itself.

If a man has had to dig for his success, you may still see some of the mud on his fingers.

Belief may be one part credulity and all the rest a desire to get something.

A man who can hang on to a dollar can provide for a wife. The two will have food on the table.



Hugh Bradley Says

© New York Post.—WNU Service.

Let Guest Columnist Johnny Farrel Tell of Golfing Thrills

(Hugh Bradley presents as his guest columnist this week Johnny Farrel, king of the fairways a decade back who continues on as one of our foremost golfers. One of the most popular of all the pro troupers, the Balducci hero tells of the trials and thrills that have come to him on his way down the tournament trail.)

By JOHNNY FARREL

WHEN Hugh Bradley asked me to be his guest columnist this week, that made me smile. Because, Hugh, I know as much about pounding a typewriter as you do about pounding a golf ball.

Speaking of smiling, though, a lot of people have asked me why I always seem to be smiling when I get in a tough spot out there on the fairways. That's easy. Ever since I first started playing golf up in Westchester shortly before the war, I've told myself to keep smiling. For I think that's the answer to golfing success. When you're cheerful and smiling you are relaxed and easy, your swing doesn't freeze and you're able to keep your club in a flowing groove.

I can remember standing on the eighteenth green at Olympia Fields in Chicago in 1928. It was one of those typically hot mid-summer days in the Midwest. In front of me was an eight-foot putt. Bobby Jones had just holed out for a birdie and, in order to win that thirty-six-hole playoff for the National Open championship, I had to drop that eight-footer. There was a crowd of 10,000 golf-crazed enthusiasts jammed around the green.



Johnny Farrel

Payoff Putt Is Easy When You're Not Grim

Everything hung on that putt. I wouldn't let myself think of what it meant to me. Do you know, Hugh, what I was thinking of? I remembered a story I'd heard in the locker room the night before—the one about the duffer who had a new caddy. You've heard that—how he kept telling his caddy to pick up those divots, and when they got back to the clubhouse the caddy turned the duffer's bag upside down and, looking very seriously, as grass chunks tumbled out, said, "Here are your divots, boss, but what I want to know is what you are going to do with them?"

That made me laugh as I thought of it. I wasn't tight and grim, and so it was a simple matter to sink that eight-footer and win the Open crown.

Everybody thinks that was my greatest golfing thrill. But it wasn't. There have been a lot of them—and disappointments, too. But the biggest thrill of all—but wait a moment, let me tell you of some of the higher moments.

Playing in my first open at Inverness in 1920—it was the first for Jones, Sarazen and Diegel, too. I've been in every one since then, but I've never felt the same thrill as when I walked up to that first tee at Toledo. Qualifying in my first British Open—at Troon in Scotland in 1922. That was the worst storm I've ever played in, and the gales were howling around my head at about ninety miles an hour. Sarazen, who was National Open champion at the time; Long Jim Barnes and inimitable Harry Vardon all failed to make the grade in the teeth of those blustering winds.

Those are only some of them. The greatest of all, though, was in winning the \$5,000 first prize at La Gorce in Florida in the winter of 1928. I was way back going into that last round. I was the 1st man in and I knew what I had to get to win. And on that stiff par 72 course I turned in a 30-33-63, nine strokes under par, to take that prize—the biggest in tournament history—by a single stroke.

NOT IN THE BOX SCORE:

THE wrestling war is on again with the Dusek brothers crossing Toots Mondt and thinking of joining Bowser and Pfeffer in New York. Moe Bloom, who ranks close to the top of the East's soccer referees, was born in Scotland, educated in Wales and married a Manchester lassie. Contrary to press reports, Lightweight Champion Lou Ambers' bit for fighting Pedro Montanez is a flat \$30,000 instead of \$65,000.

University of Southern California, with Ken Carpenter, Olympic discus champion in best form, may be the Pacific coast's top football team this fall. Sol Strauss, the eminent Twentieth Century fight club attorney, has only one complaint concerning his recent trip to England. He is peeved because the country which originated the sandwich does not make them thick enough. Harry Voiler, the fight movie man, wires that he has just spent 60 G's fixing up his Miami Beach hotel. John Gorman, Brooklyn baseball business manager, is to be congratulated for encouraging home talent and appointing the able young Babe Hamberger as his traveling assistant. During his amateur soccer days, Danny Devlin, now associated with Mickey Walker, was an Irish International.

Rudolph Caracciola, who won the German Grand Prix, averaged 82,5618 miles per hour over this most famous of European road courses. While winning the Vanderbilt cup here on July 5 Bernd Rosemeyer's average was 82,564 miles per hour. That ought to prove something about the Roosevelt Raceway providing faster time for its auto racers, according to Publicist Steve Hannagan. Keep an eye on little Helen Rains, the swimmer. She weighs about eighty pounds and is only twelve years old but she's doing mighty well racing Erna Kompa and the rest of the big girls.

Orville Paul, one armed semi-pro, pitches to the Cardinals in batting practice. Bill Killefer and Lefty O'Doul, Coast league managers, put on a milking contest prior to a recent game. Colleges in Turkey have adopted crew racing. Barney Ross is the only fighter allowed to train at the exclusive Grossinger club in the East. Boston Red Sox teammates call Bing Miller Uncle Tom. Knoxville of the Southern association has released Beattie Feathers, Bear half back, for failure to hit. Carl Hubbell has beaten the Pirates 33 times and lost only 13 to them since entering the National league.

Jockey Johnny Gilbert, who rode the Arlington Classic winner, wears a little gold idol in his cap for good luck during the running of a race. Owner Jock Whitney gave it to him. Pitcher Larry French spends his spare moments studying astrology and is one of the world's most superstitious ball players. Three weeks before Tommy Farr ran out on Max Schmeling, Syd Hull the Harringay promoter who thought he was sponsoring the match, gave him a present valued at 35 pounds. It was a traveling bag which Tommy found very handy on his trip over here to meet Joe Louis. So badly was the California sensation, Bob Nestell, beaten in his last fight that he is still in retirement on his chicken ranch. The guy who did the beating was Bob Pastor.

Freedom From Bull Pen Aids Gomez Pitching

Lefty Gomez's return to form this year is attributed to his abandonment of bull pen work. It has helped him conserve his strength for his regular turn on the mound. Last year he was warming up every other day for relief work and his record reflected it. St. Louis Browns ran a tryout camp at Johnstown, Pa., recently. Boys, seventeen to twenty-one years old, more than five feet nine inches tall and weighing more than 150 pounds were eligible.



Lefty Gomez

Horton Smith says that the British P. G. A. did far more than could reasonably have been expected in extending courtesy and paying bills for the American Ryder cup team during their recent trip to England. Britons met the team at Plymouth and had first class reservations for the ten players, five wives, and the manager on the ride to London. The party was registered at the Savoy hotel for a day with all bills paid by the British. Sixteen berths on the fast train from London to Southampton were given the players and they footed the bill, including caddy fees and transportation to the Southport links. "This record speaks for itself," says Smith.

AROUND the HOUSE Items of Interest to the Housewife

For a Delightful Odor—Add a drop of perfume to starch as it cools and children's dresses, which require starch, will have a delightful fresh odor.

Keeping Apples—Apples will keep longer if rubbed over with a little glycerin, which can be washed off before the apples are used.

When Using Soda—To prevent the soda taste in foods in which soda is used as a leavening agent, dissolve the soda in a small amount of liquid called for in the recipe before mixing it with the other ingredients.

Sparkling Glasses—To get a beautiful sparkle on cut glass, wash in cold water to which a few drops of ammonia have been added. Dry and polish with clean tissue paper.

Testing Fish—If fish is fresh and has been properly refrigerated from the time it was caught, it will have a little odor. If it has a strong odor do not serve it. Let your nose and eyes tell you whether or not it is usable.

Scalloped Apples—Three apples (chopped), one-half cup sugar, one-quarter teaspoon cinnamon, two tablespoons lemon juice, grated lemon rind, two cups buttered crumbs, one-quarter cup water, one-quarter teaspoon nutmeg. Melt the butter and add the crumbs. Mix the sugar, spice and lemon rind. Put one-quarter of the crumbs in the bottom of a buttered baking dish; then one-half of the apples; sprinkle with

one-half of the sugar and spice. Repeat, sprinkle the lemon juice over this and put the remaining crumbs on top. Bake 35 to 45 minutes. Cover during the first part of baking.

Cooking Salt Meat—Salt meat, to be tender, requires longer boiling than fresh meat.

Keeping Cut Flowers—To help prolong the life of cut flowers, wash the vases thoroughly with soap and water, and scald them.

"Quotations"

The time is still far off when the growth of American industry will have reached a state when it can be said that the job is done, that there are no longer any business frontiers.—Charles R. Gay.

The fruit of the free spirit of men do not grow in the garden of tyranny.—Stanley Baldwin.

The more leisure we have, the more likely we are to go to sleep mentally and to see our civilization become a back number.—Dr. Jay B. Nash.

Far too much of many persons' lives is put in by using others' thinking.—Governor Cross.

At least 50 per cent of a man's success depends upon his wife.—Dr. Robert N. McClurry.

Hot Weather is Here— Beware of Biliousness!

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

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

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Our community includes the farm homes surrounding the town. The town stores are there for the accommodation and to serve the people of our farm homes. The merchants who advertise "specials" are merchants who are sure they can meet all competition in both quality and price.

JOYS and GLOOMS



YOUR MONEY BACK... IF SWITCHING TO POSTUM DOESN'T HELP YOU! MANY people can safely drink coffee. But many others—and all children—should never drink it. If you suspect that the caffeine in coffee disagrees with you... try Postum's 30-day trial. Buy a can of Postum and drink it instead of coffee for a full month. If... after 30 days... you do not feel better, return the Postum container top with your name and address to General Foods, Battle Creek, Mich., and we will refund

purchase price, plus postage! (If you live in Canada, address General Foods, Ltd., Cobourg, Ont.) Postum contains no caffeine. It is simply whole wheat and bran, roasted and slightly sweetened. It comes in two forms: Postum Original, the kind you boil or percolate... and Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup. Economical, easy to make, delicious, hot or iced. You may miss coffee at first, but you'll soon love Postum for its own rich flavor. A product of General Foods. (Offer ends Dec. 31, 1937.) DON'T BE A GLOOM... DRINK POSTUM!

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George O'Brien in (A Different Type of Western)
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with Cecilia Parker. Plus "Its a Greek Life" color cartoon
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worst) Also many other interesting features.

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with Marjorie Lord - Patricia Wilder
Plus Color Comedy and Fox Movitone News.

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"TOP OF THE TOWN"
with Doris Nolan, George Murphy & a cast of thousands
Plus Comedy and News.

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with Ray Milland - Wendy Barrie. Plus Comedy.

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"GREEN LIGHT"
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CALL FOR YOUR H & E PROFIT SHARING STAMPS.

Brimful PORK & BEANS, 16 oz can,	each	5c
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Standard TOMATOES, no 2 can	each	5c
R & W FLAV-R-JELL, asst. flavors,	each	5c
CRACKER JACKS, mystery pack	each	5c
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Beverly POTTED MEAT, 1/4's 3 cans for		10c
FLY SWATTERS, Rubbernecks	each	10c
Del Dixi PICKLES, Sour or Dill, 8 oz bottle		10c
Lipton's or R & W TEA, Orange Pekoe 1 1/2 oz pkg.		10c
R & W RICE, Blue Rose, 12 oz pkg		10c
Saxten BLACKBERRIES, New Crop, No 300 can		10c
Spuds, Colorado Whites	10 lb	17c
ENGLISH PEAS, Fresh and Green,	per lb	10c
CARROTS, Colorado extras	per bunch	4c
LETTUCE, Calif. Ice Berg,	each	3 1/2c
GRAPES, Calif. Thompson Seedless,	per lb	10c
LEMONS, Calif. Sun Kist 490's	doz.	23c

Remember to call for Green Stamps

W. J. Cumbie

Livestock for Sale--100 ewes
\$2 per head. Have more sheep
for sale at \$3 to \$5 per head.
See Mark Nasworthy, San
Angelo, Texas.

Mrs. E. B. Creech and daughter,
Madelle, and Mrs John Williams
visited in Sherwood Sunday
as the guests of mother and
grandmother of Mrs. Creech,
Mrs. Dozier and Mrs. Wigzel.

Let us serve you with first-
class groceries at lowest prices
at Cumbie's.

Misses Christine Glenn and
Charline Morrow are in Taft this
week, the guests of Mr. and Mrs.
Allen Davis.

For Sale--50 bushels of good
white corn in ear,
B. W. Shropshire.

Mrs. Roy Brey and daughter,
Maxine went to McKinney last
week to attend a reunion of her
father's family. They will be
away for some time and Mr.
Brey expects to join them in
another week.

For Sale--3 burner oil stove,
see Mrs. Jodie Williams.

Mrs. Minnie Hare of Swear-
ingen, Texas, and Burt Duncan
and family of Denver, Colo. are
visiting their mother, Mrs. P. J.
Duncan.

I have the Rugs. Come and
see them.

H. D. Fish Grocery

Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Jay and
grandson, Aldman Jay, of Van
Alstyne, visited the families of
their sons, Raymond and Sam,
Saturday and Sunday. Also here
from VanAlstyne were Mrs.
Louise Tate and son Millard
Skipworth and Mrs. Skipworth
and her new grand daughter,
Willie Sue.

If you are going to have a
water well drilled, see me for
prices. Good machinery.

Bonnie Mundell

Jake Milhollan of Big Spring
visited Mrs. Jeff Davis last Sat-
urday. Mrs. Davis hadn't seen
him since he was a boy, and she
said it made her feel old.

For Sale--200 head of young
ewes.

Noel Adams

Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell and
daughters, Doris and Mildred
Fern, visited with the M. H.
Havins families and other rela-
tives here last week-end. Mrs.
Mitchell is a niece of Mr. Havins
and a daughter of his older bro-
ther, Rev. Jim Havins.

Wanted to Buy -- a farm of
about 200 acres. Mostly grass
land preferred. Pay \$1,000
cash, balance terms. Clyde
Barber, Hobbs, N. M.

The Douglas S nead family
moved last week to Mrs. Roe's
farm home west of town.

Mrs. DeWitt Sneed returned
Monday night from Brownwood
where she attended a reunion of
her family, some of the members
coming from Boston. All of the
family were together for the first
time since the first children mar-
ried and left home thirty-five
years ago.

Card of Thanks

We take this opportunity to
express our sincere thanks and
appreciation to our many friends
for the kind deeds and sympathy
shown us during the recent illness
and death of our husband and
father.

May God's richest blessings
rest upon each of you.

Mrs. M. D. Nixon and children

'M' SYSTEM

A Modern Grocery & Market

Cotton pickers, - Bring us you bills.
They will receive our prompt attention.

Thompson Seedless GRAPES, 4 lb 25c

LEMONS, nice size doz 15c

SPUDS, 10 lbs. 18c
Colorado

Jefferson Island SALT, 5c pkgs 2 for 5c

Tomatoes,
No 2 cans 4 for 25c

SPINACH, no 2 can 4 for 25c

Old Dutch Cleanser, 4 for 25c

Everfresh PRUNES, a real prune, 2 for 15c

KRAUT, No 2 1/2 cans, 3 for 25c

Peaches, gal can 41c

P & G SOAP, giant bars, 5 bars 16c

VIENNA SAUSAGE, 5c

POTTED MEAT, 2 for 5c

SUGAR, 10 lb pure cane
in paper bags 49c

Swift Jewel **LARD, 8 lb. 89c**
ctn.

Message SALMON, 10c

Meal, 5 lb 18c
10 lb 33c

MOPS, 15c

Phillip's PORK & BEANS, 1 lb can 5c

Schilling's TEA a real tea at 1/4 lb pkg. - 15c
a real price, 1/2 lb pkg. - 29c

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES, 3 pkgs 25c

Imperial Brand **FLOUR,** 24 lb 79c
48 lb 1.59

SARDINES, 2 tall cans for 15c

Market Specials

Loin STEAK, lb 20c

T-Bone STEAK, lb 20c

Fore Quarter STEAK, lb 15c

SLICED BACON, lb 29c

RIB ROAST, 2 lbs 25c

Longhorn CHEESE, lb 20c