





# MORNING STAR

By  
MARIAN SIMS

## REBELLION



WHEN Emily Felton was eight years old she ran away from home with the intention of joining a street carnival.

Her flight was not precipitated by neglect; at home she had every care and attention that a child of eight might expect of wish.

But the street carnival, which held forth on a vacant lot belonging to her father, seemed at a glance to be extremely gay and noisy and unrestrained, and Emily's home was none of these things. It was correct and luxurious, with a great deal of emphasis upon the loftier virtues, such as Duty to One's Parents, and Responsibility to the Poor.

Fortunately, or perhaps unfortunately, the owner of the carnival was not an opportunist. Instead of angling for a reward he immediately found out her name and conducted her back to the paternal roof.

Mrs. Felton was incredulous "Emily, how could you possibly want to leave your beautiful home and go away with those dirty vagabonds?"

In view of his sporting conduct, the owner of the carnival considered this a bit thick. He retaliated.

"If you ask me, there's worse things than dirt."

Frances Felton had the grace to look abashed, but his back was up. He continued his assault.

"Not bein' able to laugh, for instance; or to slip the leash occasionally."

Mrs. Felton bridled. She felt that he was presuming upon the obligation she was under. "You see what happens when a child of eight does slip the leash, as you call it."

"No'm. This is what happens when she don't slip it occasionally." He turned to the tearful Emily. "Did you ever steal green apples, or run away and go wadin' before the correct day to go wadin'?"

Emily shook her head. Until this recent revolt none of the extra-legal pleasures had seemed even a remote possibility.

"Then," he concluded, "that's why you ran away to join a street carnival. If I was you, ma'am," he suggested to Frances Felton, "I'd give her a little more rope."

Mrs. Felton's pretty chin looked stubborn. "I shall be the judge of that." She produced a bill and handed it to him "I'm really very grateful to you."

He took the bill and looked at it thoughtfully. "I wouldn't take this," he said at last, with a disrespectful twinkle, "if your husband hadn't charged us too much for that lot."

When Emily was sixteen the question of college arose. Mrs. Felton considered it judicially with her husband.

"Ardmore is really an excellent school!"

Mr. Felton considered it too. Besides being president of the soundest bank in northern Alabama, he was big and shrewd and twinkling; but he was no match for his wife.

"Ardmore's no pink tea," he demurred.

"I'd like to go to Bryn Mawr," Emily put in, knowing quite well that she would go where Frances decided to send her.

"But Ardmore has almost as high a standard, and it's near enough for us to see you every week or so," Frances pointed out.

That, Emily thought to herself, was why she had put in for Bryn Mawr. Bryn Mawr was twenty-four hours from home, and she

wouldn't have that uncomfortable feeling that her mother was apt to drop in at any time.

Her mother was wonderful, and Emily had no intention of doing anything of which she might disapprove, but college was supposed to foster independence, wasn't it?

Frances Felton didn't think so. Her idea of parenthood was careful supervision until the day when she could commit her daughter, in a state of pristine innocence, to the arms of some fine young man selected by herself. She was plump and pretty and deceptively soft; that type of woman who boasts of not cutting her hair or shortening her skirts because "John won't let me," thereby preserving her own illusion of complete submission.

She expected to rear her daughter in the same illusion; to hand on the torch to a young man of impeccable morals. A decade ago there were a great many women of her type; it is probable that there always will be. And Ardmore was chosen as her daughter's Alma Mater.

The next fall Emily entered Ardmore. She was seventeen, then; slight and dark, with a small, exquisitely chisled face that might one day flame into beauty. Mrs. Felton had selected her wardrobe carefully; excellent garments appropriate for a child of seventeen.

She herself had been married at seventeen, but the fact had escaped her mind, and Emily's clothes, although quite as expensive, were not at all those of a bride.

Edwin Barnes came over the night before she left to say goodby. She had played tennis with Edwin on the Felton court; had gone swimming with him in the Felton pool, but he had never so much as held her hand.

Although he would have enjoyed it very much, Edwin had no idea of holding her hand until he was in a position to ask her to marry him, a fact which had early marked him out as a possible successor to Frances Felton.

He was sober and very reliable. When other young men were drinking heavily and sedulously avoiding the mention of careers, he was quietly finishing up his course at business college and planning to enter his father's wholesale grocery business.

The boys didn't like him a great deal because he cramped their style; not intentionally, but thoroughly. He tried to laugh at their jokes, but it wasn't until everyone else had laughed that he realized they were jokes, and that made him difficult.

With Emily he felt thoroughly at ease, probably because Emily rarely laughed either. She had tried it once or twice with Edwin, but the result was discouraging, and she had relapsed at last into gravity.

They sat in a swing on the terrace, chaperoned by a flood of golden light from the living room window. There was a moon shining, and the air was heavy with the sweetness of a nearby rose garden, but Edwin manfully kept his head and talked about college.

"I understand that Ardmore has the finest swimming pool in the south."

"Yes," said Emily, without enthusiasm. She was watching Edwin's face in the luminous darkness and realizing for the first time that it had a certain delicate beauty. She wished, with a sudden thrill of horror at her own depravity, that he would quit talking about swimming pool and take her in his arms. She had never kissed anyone but her own family, but this sense of closing a door on childhood was doing something to her.

Edwin was watching the small quiet face near his own and longing to do the same thing, but the wholesale grocery business had been very uncertain of late, and the knowledge restrained him.

"Are you going to write to me sometimes?" he asked instead, with a wistfulness that might have betrayed a great deal to one who knew the signs.

Because she sensed that Edwin would never so far forget himself as to kiss a girl until he had proposed to her, and because

tonight she was weary of caution, Emily's voice was sharp.

"What's the use? I'll probably be coming home every week-end."

He didn't insist. That was the worst of Edwin: he never insisted. He put forth a request or a suggestion as tentatively as an insect puts forth its feelers, and at the first sign of opposition snatched it quickly back. Emily wondered idly about the grocery business: surely it required more aggressiveness than that.

"And can I see you when you're at home?"

"Of course. You always have"

Edwin was discouraged. He rose slowly from the swing "Well, you'll want to get an early start tomorrow, so I'd better be going."

At the door of his car he turned and took her hand. "I—hope you enjoy it a lot," he said unsteadily.

She saw in his eyes that he wanted to kiss her, and her small face was suddenly alive and vivid. "I'll try."

He leaned swiftly towards her, and Emily's lashes dropped over shining eyes. Then as swiftly he caught himself and stopped. He pressed her hand, hard.

"Goodby," he muttered, and got quickly into the car.

In her own room Emily rested her forehead against the delicately carved bedpost and closed her eyes. "He's like everything else I've ever known," she whispered wearily. "Careful and safe." Her mouth hardened suddenly. "I wonder if all my life is going to be that way?"

## Chapter Two

### ARDMORE

Ardmore is not far from Elston, Alabama. It is near Birmingham; about two hours' drive, Emily noted, from her own front door. Although she had seen the college before, she was conscious of a vague disappointment as the car bore her and her mother towards main building.

Esthetically, the Ardmore of a decade ago was not very satisfying; it was too prone to ignore the amenities of living for the rigors of learning. There was no architectural unity in the buildings and exchange professors from Trinity or Edinburgh found themselves, to their surprise, quartered in rococo relics of the nineties which the campus, like an enormous amoeba, had absorbed as it grew.

Modernism, except in such courses as were necessary to maintain the school's standing, had not been allowed to rear its head; and its Bible professors taught a doctrine of fire and brimstone while its professors of science conducted discreet experiments with the Mendelian laws of heredity and expounded the Darwinian theory of natural selection.

Smoking went hand in hand with cheating as a capital offense, and automobiles were instruments of the devil for the furtherance of his private ends.

Before committing her child to the college's care Frances Felton had a long interview with the Dean which strengthened her own conviction of the rightness of her choice.

Dr. Markham was a fragile lady of the post-Victorian era who had grown up with the school, and who managed, through the sheer force of her convictions and her unimpeachable gentility, to control five hundred girls without raising her voice.

Freshmen trembled in her presence and were uncomfortably aware of their hands and feet; graduates saw her devotion to her school and her students, and paid her unstinted tribute.

She and Frances liked and respected each other immediately. They saw eye to eye in the matter of training young girls for life. Over a cup of tea in the Dean's immaculate parlor they discussed and settled Emily's future.

"I can't tell you," Frances assured her warmly, "what a comfort it is to know that Emily is in your care."

Dr. Markham smiled. "You are very kind. It is a great comfort to us to have girls like

your daughter at the school. They make it what it is."

Frances shook her head. "Not entirely. No matter how fine a girl is, she needs to be directed."

Dr. Markham sipped her scented tea delicately.

"That is true. Our secret lies in directing rather than ruling. We give our girls more liberty than any other school in the South, on the assumption that they are capable of appreciating it. They know our high ideals and strive to live up to them. It has been very successful."

Frances glanced at her watch, rose and extended a plump hand. "I musn't monopolize your time. You have been more than kind."

It would be inaccurate to say that Dr. Markham shook hands. Rather, she allowed her hand to be taken. "I hope you will come and see us often. We like to feel that parents are interested in our efforts."

"Thank you, I shall," Frances assured her.

She went then to the Freshman Dormitory, an outmoded red brick building with rooms large enough to house a modern efficiency apartment and climbed two flights of stairs to her daughter's room.

Emily was arranging books and pictures. Her face was flushed and dirty and her eyes were shining. This, she had begun to realize, was more nearly freedom than anything she had ever known.

"Are you staying for supper?" she asked gaily.

Frances shook her head. "No. I told William to come for me at five and I fancy he's waiting now. You know I never like to leave your father alone for meals."

Jeffrey Felton was always "your father" when Frances spoke of him to Emily. It was as if she disclaimed any relationship with him outside the paternity of her daughter.

"Well, kiss him for me and tell him I'm expecting a visit as soon as he can get away. Dad, I mean; not William."

Frances looked at her thoughtfully. In her day a girl was pale and tearful over the idea of leaving her home. "You will remember, I hope, dear, that we're expecting a good deal of you?"

The brightness faded. "Of course, Mother."

"I'm sure you will." Frances kissed her with real tenderness and went to her waiting car.

Emily's roommate, whose name was Judith Carroll, arrived later in the evening. It was quite typical of Judith, Emily learned afterwards, to arrive everywhere a little later than everyone else. Her tardiness wasn't intentional: it usually resulted from an unwillingness on the part of other people to let her leave the place she happened to be.

She was tall and slender, with cloudy dark hair and ingenuous blue eyes that hid a knowledge of people and things that few individuals ever have the curiosity or the energy to acquire. She flung her hat on one bed, her coat on the other, took in the room at a glance, and held out both hands.

"How doth the little busy bee!" she chuckled.

Emily succumbed at once. Her smile was a reflection of Judith's. "How do you do?"

Judith flung herself full length on the unmade bed. "Oh, beautifully. I always do: it's a family failing."

Later, Emily came to know that, too. Judith's family were all fashioned from the same bright metal. "Is there anything I can do to help you unpack?" she asked a little shyly.

Judith ran a hand through the short, cloudy hair and stretched. "Thanks, no; there's nothing to unpack. I intended to get here in time to rescue my trunk from the maelstrom below, but David made me late, as usual. I'll have to sleep on the mattress, but I've fared worse before this."

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Emily familiarizes herself with an entirely new type of person, tomorrow.

Follow This Thrilling Serial "Morning Star" Each Afternoon In The Cisco Daily Press

### The Judge's Corner

By R. W. H. KENNON

#### VANITY OF VANITIES, ALL IS VANITY.

All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full, —Ecc. 1:17.

Neither is the desire of man filled. We may have riches, health, family ties that are most congenial, and the home comforts that would satiate the most fastidious, yet, in the language of the "Preacher," we are not satisfied. The maw of avarice is never appeased. We are constantly striving for those things we have not. If rich, we strive to increase our wealth. If wise, we strive to gain more wisdom. No, the heart of the material man knows no satisfying. Only to become acquainted with the true living God can there be found contentment and happiness. For spirit and flesh are at enmity.

We are wont to seek material pleasures, but these prove to be only vanity also. For as the "Preacher" admonishes us, "these too, are vanity."

I gathered me also silver and gold, and the peculiar treasures of kings and of the providences: I gat me men singers and women singers, and the delights of the sons of men, as of musical instruments of all sorts. Then I looked on all the works that my hand had wrought, and all the labor that I had laboured to do: and behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun.—Ecc. 2: 8, 11.

We are confronted daily with just such instances as is described above. Those who seek after worldly pleasures and rack their brain to devise something new from which they hope to extract amusement and pleasure, yet the heart of man is not satisfied.

From our labors we may amass great treasures in worldly goods, but the more we have the more our heart desires. We get us mansions and live in luxury, but we are constantly seeking larger and better sources to satisfy our desires; we "get men singers and women singers" in the way of securing costly orchestras, private theatricals, racing stables, yachts, high powered cars, but there is no satisfaction in them, for we find these are but "vanity and vexation of spirit."

Consider, if you please, the case of Samuel Insull. His was a miniature empire. His castle would house the population of a city; his grounds filled with the rarest flowers, plants and trees, terraced and cultivated by an army of retainers—in other words, his home was a paradise, yet he found little to satisfy his heart, and his last days must be filled with remorse, for his glory was built upon the life savings of thousands of credulous people who sought to lay aside something for their old age, only to see their savings dissipated in riotous living of the man whom they trusted. Then seeing his end sought refuge in flight, and became a fugitive that his ears might not hear the wail of his victims, and to be hunted down like a criminal.

But why should we strive for those things that perish. Nothing material is real. Substance are those things invisible to the material man, but rather spiritual things. So he that "layeth up treasures on earth" layeth up those things that are fleeting. But he that layeth up treasure in heaven has created a bank account against which there are no hot checks.

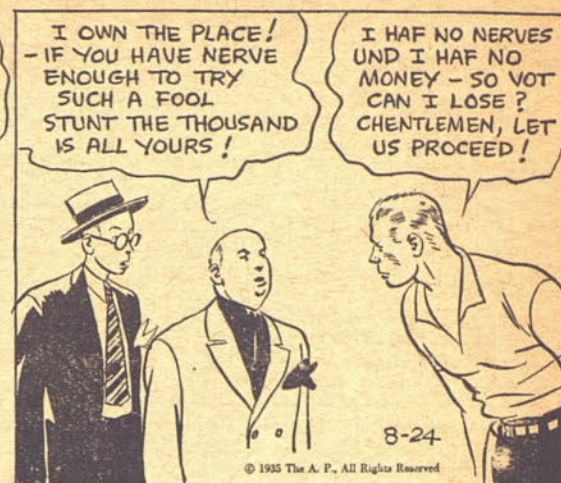
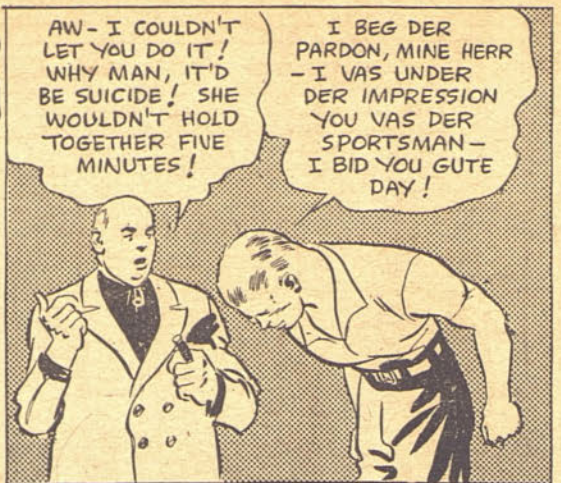
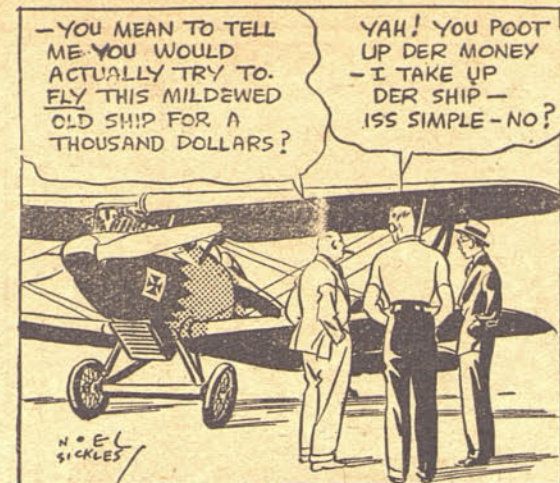
We are admonished in the Scriptures to "seek ye first the kingdom of God and all these things will be added unto you." This being true why need we worry over the material things when God is continually giving us more of the temporal as well as the spiritual things than we accept. God's riches are all around and about us. All we have to do is reach out and get them. This we can do if we will but keep his commandments and do his law.

I read a story years ago that I thought one of the best sermons I have ever read, and which illustrates the point above of God's riches being at our command if we would but reach for them in the right way. This sermon had to do with a derelict ship that had been through a severe storm. Its rudder was lost and its masts were broken and gone. For days it drifted just with the current of the sea. The crew was sick and demoralized, the passengers were starving for both food and water. Finally, when hope of rescue seemed gone and all were in despair, a ship was sighted in the distance. The signal of distress was hoisted, and the ship sighted changed its course to go to the rescue of those on the derelict. When within hailing distance of the rescue ship the passengers sent up the cry of "Water, water. For

### SCORCHY SMITH

(Trademark Registered U. S. Patent Office)

### Nerveless Nomad



### POLITICS AT RANDOM

By BYRON PRICE  
(Chief of Bureau, The Associated Press, Washington)

There are at least a half-dozen reasons why history is likely to take special note of the 1935 session of congress.

Consider the ambitious proportions of some of the monuments erected in eight months of parliamentary struggle:

The social security program. The wealth taxes. The \$4,800,000,000 relief appropriation. The stroke at the utility holding companies. The labor relations act. The prohibition against gold and processing tax recovery suits.

Unlike the temporary buttresses set up by the first Roosevelt congress, most of these monuments are designed to stand for all time. The President and congress have attempted to re-make America, nothing less.

Whether the accomplishments of the session mean the salvation of the country—as some say—or the ruination of the country—as others say—they still remain accomplishments of an extraordinary, perhaps of an epochal, calibre.

**Aims of New Laws**  
It is not easy to arrive at an inclusive phrase, which both sides will accept, to describe the general effect of this legislative program as a whole. Examining the measures one by one, however, certain common characteristics stand out.

One group of the new laws tends unquestionably toward greater centralization of power in the federal government. Another group aims frankly at a levelling of the economic structure, under that stronger central government, by taking away from those who have and adding to the security of those who have not.

To the first group belong the relief policy of this congress, and the policy of closing the door to recovery suits which might hamper the government in executing the economic changes it desires.

To the second group belongs the social security program, the wealth taxes, the utility act, and the New Deal for labor relations—which was urged by organized labor as a guarantee of greater security and better living for workers. It would seem beyond dispute that, by and large, congress has been moving toward a social and economic system closely governed by regulatory measures from Washington, and responsive in many ways to what President Roosevelt has called "the very sound public policy of encouraging a wider distribution of wealth."

**A Precedent**  
How such a venture turns out will be a matter for history, but it is possible that future generations may be interested in this session

for still another reason. Besides passing laws, it set a precedent. Faced with a supreme court decision which struck at the supports of its legislative philosophy, congress went along with a Presidential leadership which advised passage of legislation regardless of doubts as to its constitutionality.

At a moment when even many friends of the administration felt sure AAA would be declared unconstitutional, for instance, a new law was passed enlarging and strengthening AAA.

The precedent of bringing about such a situation may stand, in the end, as one of the most conspicuous of the session's monuments.

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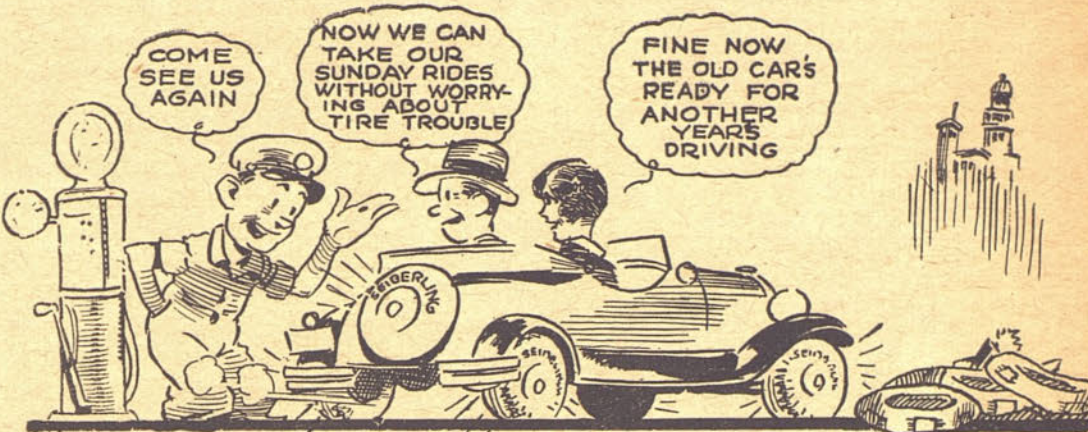
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Mrs. C. W. Trammell Editor

SOCIETY and CLUBS

Phone Numbers 535 and 608

CE Society Meets Friday at Home of Jack Winston

The local Christian Endeavor society met at the home of Jack Winston on West 9th street Friday evening for a lawn party.

German Dance at Lake Cisco Sept. 2

Beginning at 1 o'clock on the morning of September 2 (Labor Day) there will be a German dance at the Lake Cisco Amusement company.

Will St. John transacted business in Gorman Saturday.

Those present at the party were Mary Sue Mobley, Jacqueline Porter, Lucille Bacon, Dixie Bills, Helen McKissick, Marie Tune, Olivia McKissick, Mary Ann Winston, Elton Dennis, Roland Hill, Tom Brain Coker, Billy Jack Winston, Frances Bruce, Joe Bob Winston, Darcy Bruce, Bryan Lee Winston, and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Winston.

Complimented by Neighbors With Surprise Party

Mrs. Abbie Daniel and Mrs. W. T. Graham were complimented by their neighbors with a surprise birthday party at the home of Mrs. Daniel.

Honors House Guest With Swim Party

Miss Norma Gene Jones honored her house guest, Miss Dorothy Gene Ross of Hico, with a swimming party Friday.

For the Bridge Player

Costly Finesse Finesse are avoided by the better player unless they are necessary for meeting the contract.

WEST EAST S-J, 10, 9, 6, 2S-8, 7, 5, 4 H-Q, 7, 3 H-9, 2 D-9, 4 D-K, J, 10, 7 C-10, 7, 3 C-J, 9, 5 SOUTH S-A, 3 H-A, K, 4 D-A, Q, 8, 6, 2 C-A, K, Q

three losers in diamonds, making game in diamonds dubious if north should have a bust. And he wanted to play no trump because of the aces and diamond tenace.

West won the trick with the queen and led another spade, which south had to win with the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7)

DANCING TAP, BUCK AND WING, BALLROOM, ADAGIO Classes Tues. & Fri. CHARLES TUCKER Laguna Roof Garden

Personals

Mr. and Mrs. Harris Coats of Moran spent Friday in Cisco.

Oscar Cliett has returned from a business trip in Wichita Falls.

Miss Wilma Mason has returned from a trip to Carlsbad Caverns.

Miss Laura Lu Waring attended the funeral of a relative in Fort Worth Friday.

VISITING HERE Mrs. Winston Wilson who will be remembered as Miss Eunice Martin, and her two sons, Gene and Bobbie, of Little Rock, Ark., are visiting Mrs. J. T. Anderson and Mrs. W. J. Foxworth.

The Notebook

MONDAY Circle 4 of the W. M. U. of the First Baptist church will meet at 4 o'clock with Mrs. W. D. Hazel, 1006 West Sixth street.

TUESDAY Circle 1 of the Baptist W. M. U. will go to Eastland. Circle 2 will meet with Mrs. J. D. Franklin, 1107 West Ninth St. Circle 3 will meet with Mrs. E. R. McPherson, 808 West Ninth street.

Circle 5 will meet with Mrs. Jack Pippen, Humbletown. Circle 6 will meet with Mrs. T. N. Moore, 202 J avenue.

All circles will meet at 4 o'clock. Circle 2 of the Women's council of the First Christian church will meet with Mrs. Rex Moore, 1900 H. avenue at 4 o'clock. There will be a regular meeting of the Woman's auxiliary of the First Presbyterian church at the church at 4 o'clock. Miss Alice Johnson will have charge of the program.

FRIDAY The Cresset Bridge club will meet with Mrs. L. A. Warren, 700 West Seventh street at 3 o'clock.

ANNUAL PICNIC The Sunday school of the First Presbyterian church held their annual picnic at the Lions-Rotary park at Lake Cisco Friday evening. A large crowd was present.

TO SAIL FOR NEW YORK Mrs. Gladys McMurray who has been spending several months visiting relatives in Puerita Rico will sail on September 7 for New York where she will visit for a week before returning to Cisco.

ON VACATION Mr. and Mrs. Horace Condeley and daughter, Elaine, left Saturday for Ruidosa, New Mexico, where they will spend the next two weeks.

VISITING BROTHER Miss Orphia Slicker and E. E. Slicker and sons, Henry and Thomas, who have been touring the western coast are visiting their brother, Homer Slicker, en route to their home in Pennsylvania.

Mrs. M. W. Robbins has returned from a visit in Parks.

Church Services In Cisco Today

GRACE LUTHERAN CHURCH Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. German service at 9:30 a. m. and English services at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. The public is cordially invited to attend.—E. H. RIESE, Pastor.

CHURCH OF GOD (F Ave. and 11th St.) Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. Morning service at 11 o'clock. Young peoples meeting at 6:30 p. m. Evening service at 8 o'clock. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.—REV. C. S. MOAD, Pastor.

HOLY ROSARY CHURCH Morning mass will be at 9 a. m.—M. COLLINS, Pastor.

CHURCH OF CHRIST Bible school at 10 a. m. Service at 11. Evening service at 8:15 p. m.—REV. W. E. MOORE, pastor.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH "Mind" is the subject of the lesson-sermon which will be read in all Churches of Christ, Scientist, on Sunday, August 25, including the First Church at Eastland.

The golden text is: "Who hath known the mind of the Lord, that he may instruct him? But we have the mind of Christ" (I Corinthians 2: 16). Among the citations which comprise the lesson-sermon is the following from the Bible: "To us there is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things, and we in him (I Corinthians 8: 6). The lesson-sermon includes the following passage from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scrip-

Hollywood Sights and Sounds

HOLLYWOOD, Aug. 24—Blanche Yurka, the stage star, once said that if she came to pictures she would like to be in a role so definitely a "character" that she could lose herself—and all self-consciousness—in it.

"And they must have heard of my desire," she says now, "because they brought me 'Madame De Farge.'"

So here is a stage star actually pleased with her first film role, pleased with its proportions and its opportunities, and pleased especially that she plays it in such weird and thoroughly satisfying make-up that on the screen she is a stranger to herself.

THE 'WILD DUCK' WON

Four or five years ago, when Metro was planning filming "Madame X," Blanche Yurka was considered for the part. But, Ibsen enthusiast that she is, and "The Wild Duck," on Broadway, won over the wild call of Hollywood. Now that she is here at last, she likes the movies—"oh, very much."

"And that is one of the interesting things about pictures," she

added. "I mean the way they can 'build up' a character such as Madame De Farge until she is a sym-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7)

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POST ON LAST TRIP TO OLD HOME



While state and nation mourned, the body of Wiley Post, noted flier, was taken from a mortuary in Oklahoma City to Maysville, Okla., the aviator's old home town, for funeral services. This photo shows casket bearers removing the body, which may finally rest in Arlington, to a hearse for the journey to Maysville. (Associated Press Photo)

WHERE DEATH PLANE HIT PEAK



This mass of tangled, fire-blackened wreckage was all that remained of a plane bearing Burnside Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Dick Arnett, all of Indianapolis, after it crashed on Laramie peak near Glendo, Wyo., killing all three occupants. (Associated Press Photo)

Bridge---

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5)

Eventually south had to lead a losing diamond, which east won. A spade was returned and the defense took a heart, a diamond and three spades to set the contract one. South could not get into the north hand.

North, Mrs. Louise Peavey, made no point about the bidding in the post-mortem, but did reprove south for the way the hand was played.

"All you had to do," she pointed out, "was to cover the queen of spades with the ace, then play the ace, king, queen of clubs, then the ace, king and low heart. West would have to take. The king of spades would be an entry to the north hand and the hearts would

be set up.

"The chances are that west in desperation would lead a diamond up to your ace-queen. If he led a spade, the king north would take, two tricks would be won with hearts, the last club would win another trick and then you could make a successful finesse of the diamond queen and play the ace of diamonds for a total of 12 tricks. But by winning the first spade in the north hand you blocked yourself from getting to the north hand later, risking everything on an unnecessary finesse."

Billie Noble of Midland is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brown.

Miss Catherine Collins has as her guest this week, Miss Gertrude Allaire of Kilgore.

SUNDOWN STORIES

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER  
Planting and Watering

Willy Nilly planted the seeds although Top Notch and the bears helped. Christopher took some too in his beak and spread them along the rows Willy Nilly made.

"Now I'm not doing anything," bleated Sweet Face. "Here! Let me help."

The lamp jumped about with happiness to see the meadow being made for him.

"Watch out, watch out," called Willy Nilly. "You are stepping on the places where we've planted the seeds."

"Dear me, dear lamb me," said Sweet Face. "I'm afraid I'm only getting in the way. I'm so helpless. You are all so kind to me."

"Helpless," thought Christopher. "Is not the word for it. That lamb is clever enough to know if you act helpless everyone else will do your work."

"Now we must water the meadow," said Willy Nilly.

"Oh, I'll attend to that," bleated Sweet Face. "you have all done so much to help me. Now just how much water should I use?"

"I'll show you," said Mrs. Quacko Duck. "I'll get my little watering pot at once."

She waddled back in a short time and began to water the field: "You do it so easily," bleated Sweet Face, the lamb, to Mrs. Duck.

"That's good of you to say so, quack, quack," answered Mrs. Quacko.

Before long the watering was finished.

"Why I wanted to do all that," bleated Sweet Face.

"I'm not so sure," cawed Christopher to himself.

Tomorrow—"The Lamb's Rest."

Churches---

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5)

tures" by Mary Baker Eddy: "God is Mind, and God is infinite; hence all is Mind. On this statement rests the Science of being, and the principle of this science is divine, demonstrating harmony and immortality." (page 492).

EAST CISCO BAPTIST CHURCH

Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. Morning service at 11 o'clock. Terrel Coleman and the young people from Eastland Baptist church will have charge of service. B. T. U. at 7 p. m. There will be no evening service as pastor is in revival at Shilo, San Saba county. Good meeting is reported.—REV. T. J. SPARKMAN, Pastor.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. The Men's Bible class will have charge of the morning service. There will be no evening service. Young people will meet at 7 p. m.—REV. J. STUART PEARCE, Pastor.

NAZARENE CHURCH

Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. NYPS will meet at 7:15 p. m. Preaching at 8:15 p. m. Midweek prayer service each Thursday evening at 8:15.—LUTHER PRYOR, Pastor.

FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH

Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. Preaching at 11 o'clock. Sermon subject, "Why Am I a Church Member?" Christian Endeavor at 6:45. Preaching service at 8 o'clock. Subject, "A World Full of Calls." Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.—DAVID F. TYNDALL, Pastor.

FIRST METHODIST CHURCH

Church school at 9:40 a. m. Morning worship at 10:40. The theme for the morning hour will be "Message from the Mountains". Epworth Leagues will meet at 7:15 p. m. Evening worship at 8 o'clock. This service will be evangelistic.—REV. FRANK L. TURNER, Pastor.

Hollywood---

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5)

bol of the vengeful hatred of a whole class. In the stage version of Dickens' story she is omitted entirely, but in the picture they have made her a powerful symbol."

WOULD LIKE MORE

Miss Yurka is frank in admitting that she will be interested in further film opportunities. She would like to be Nancy Sykes in the projected "Oliver Twist"—in fact, she would enjoy a film career alternating with stage appearances.

"Undoubtedly I shall be heartily hated as Madame De Farge," she says. "As Nancy Sykes, I hope, I should be pitied as well as scorned. And perhaps after that I could do a character that might even be loved."

Miss Yurka, tall and regal and blonde, is American by birth and Czech-Slovakian by descent. Her most successful box-office play was "The Squall", but she boasts a great many successes—and failures—in more artistic plays. Her especial favorite among dramatics is, of course, Ibsen, and "The Wild Duck" her favorite play. She is planning to present it to Los Angeles theatergoers soon.

Leading News And Comic Features

— in —

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and

the circus boy with the very little hat and the mighty big heart.

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SPECIAL PLATE LUNCH 35c

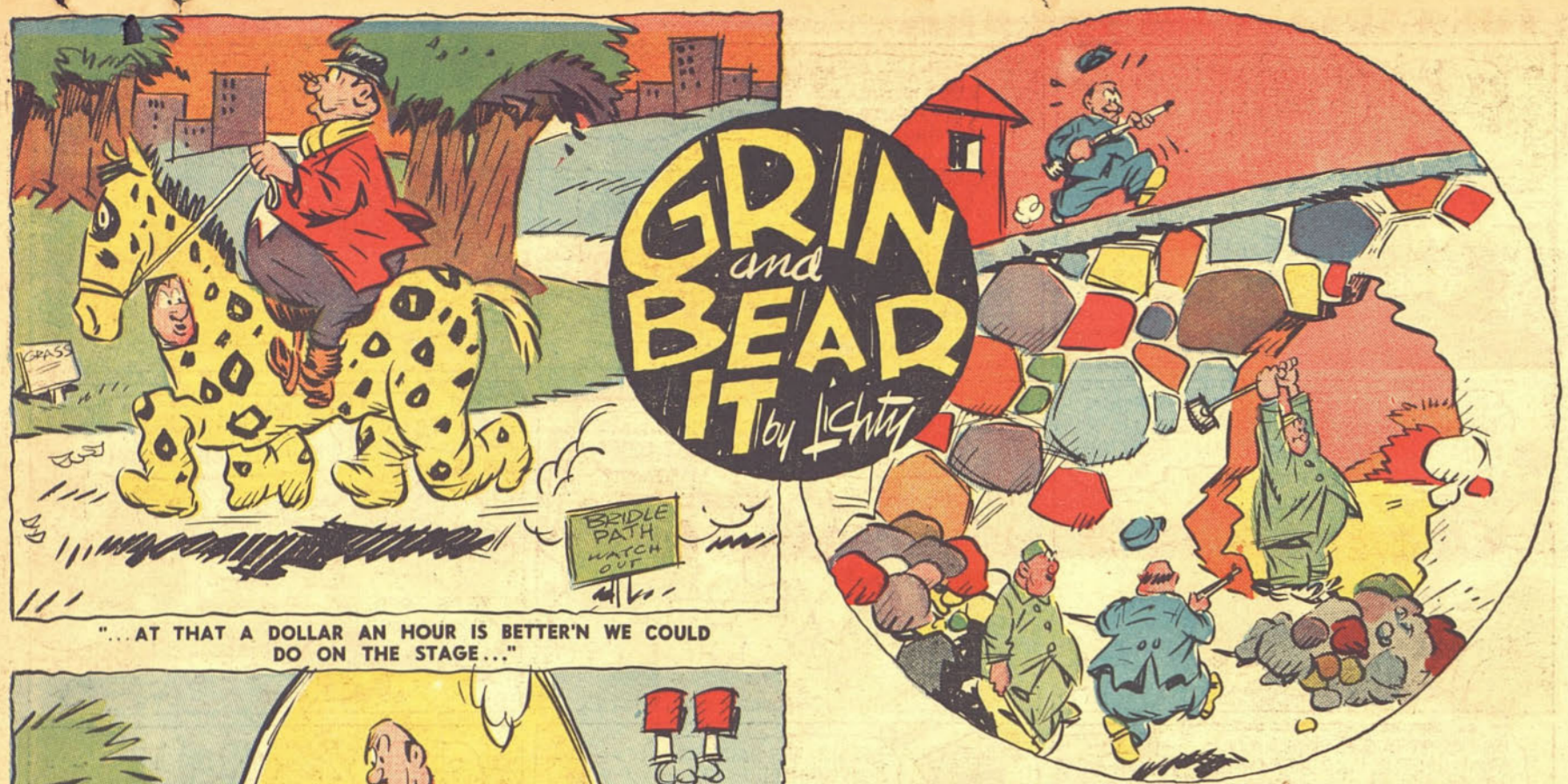
Table D'Hote Dinners 50c 60c 75c

DELICIOUS FOODS COOL AND COMFORTABLE

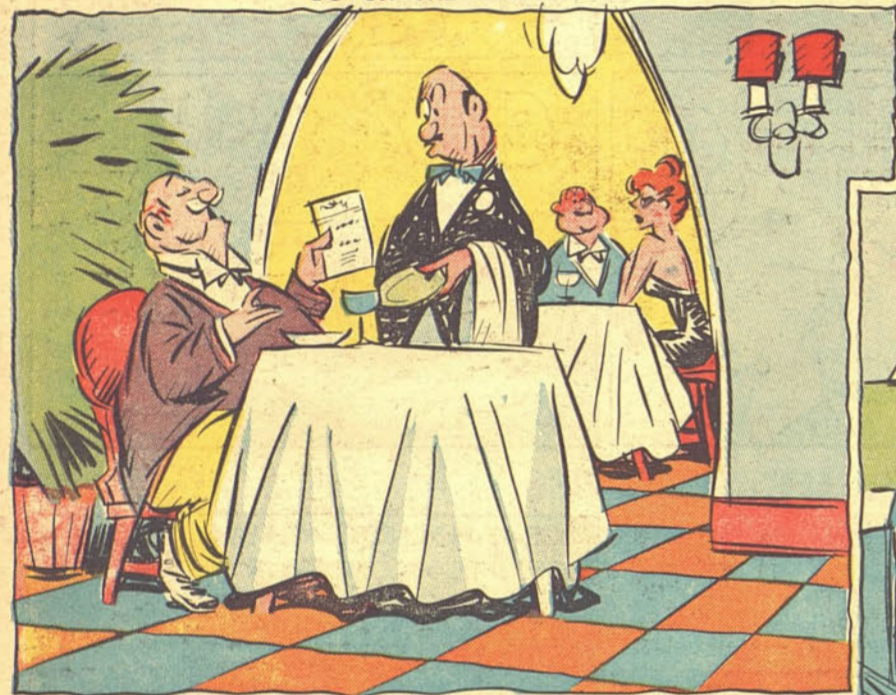
The LAGUNA hotel C I S C O , T E X A S



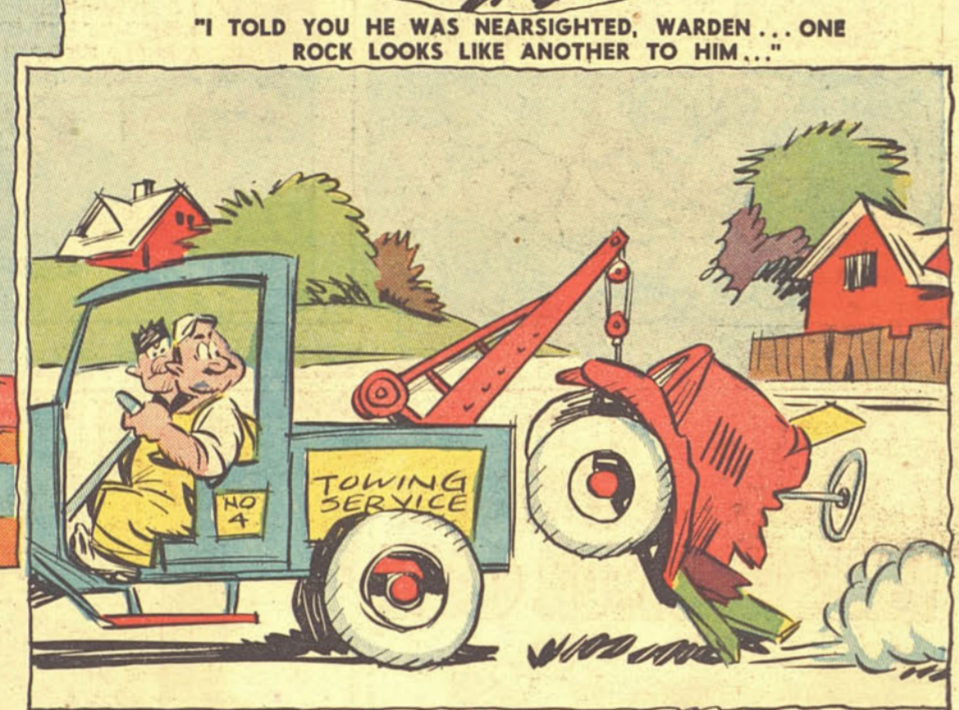




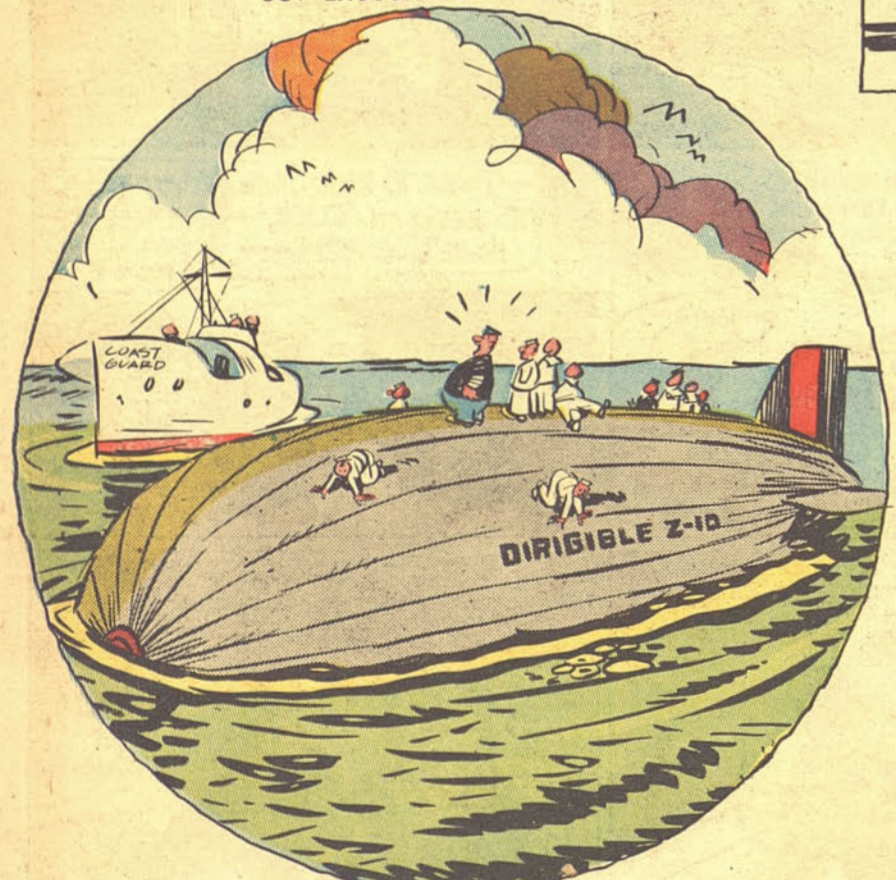
"...AT THAT A DOLLAR AN HOUR IS BETTER'N WE COULD DO ON THE STAGE..."



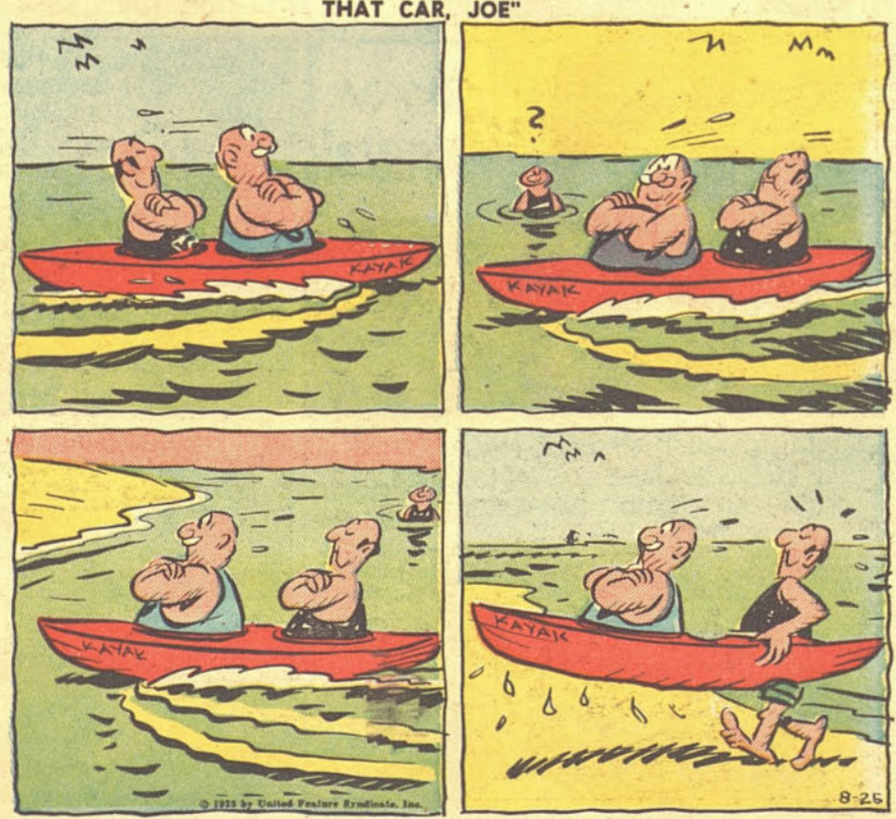
"ADD THE BILL UP AGAIN, LOUIS... I HAVEN'T GOT ENOUGH FOR A TIP..."



"YOU FORGOT TO RELEASE THE BRAKES ON THAT CAR, JOE"



"NO... WE AIN'T IN DISTRESS... WE'RE JUST TRYING TO FIND A LEAK..."



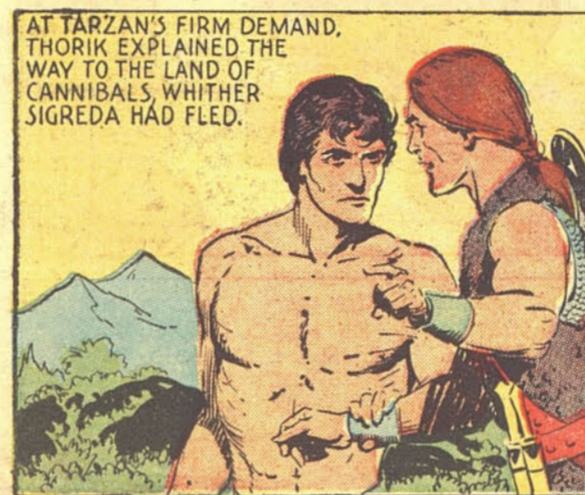
# CISCO DAILY PRESS

CISCO, TEXAS, SUNDAY, AUGUST 25, 1935

## Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

CONDAMNED



AT TARZAN'S FIRM DEMAND, THORIK EXPLAINED THE WAY TO THE LAND OF CANNIBALS, WHITHER SIGREDA HAD FLED.



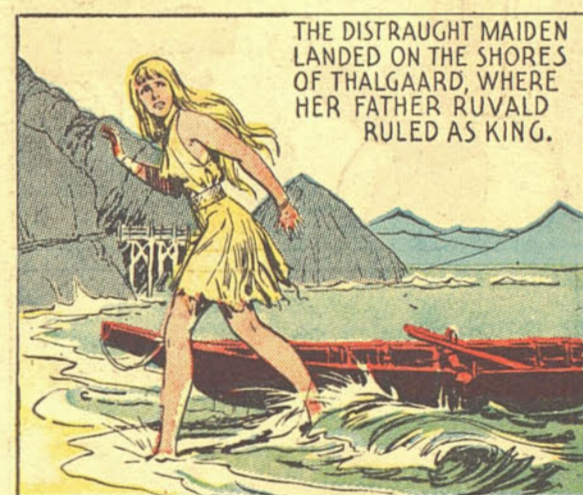
"I SHALL GO WITH YOU," THORIK PLEADED; BUT TARZAN SHOOK HIS HEAD. "I TRAVEL MORE QUICKLY ALONE."



SWIFTLY HE TOOK UP THE TRAIL AND CAME TO THE INLAND SEA, WHERE HE SAW SIGREDA, FAR AHEAD, IN A SMALL BOAT.



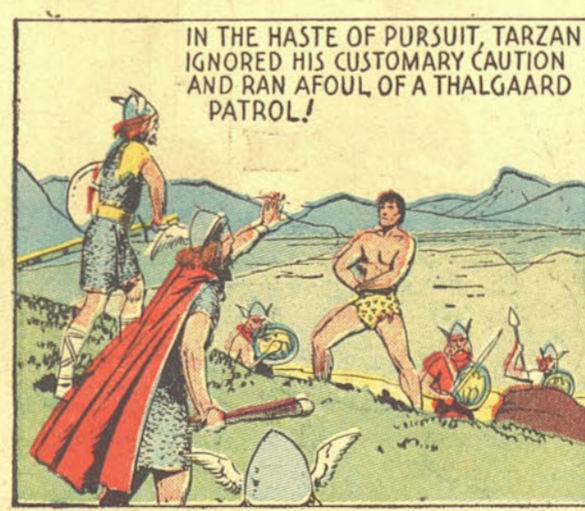
WITHOUT WAITING TO SEEK OUT ANOTHER BOAT, TARZAN PLUNGED INTO THE WATER AND FOLLOWED HER.



THE DISTRAUGHT MAIDEN LANDED ON THE SHORES OF THALGAARD, WHERE HER FATHER RUVALD RULED AS KING.



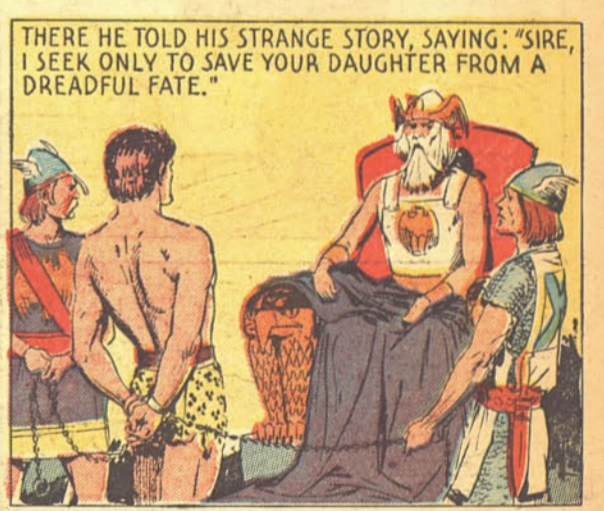
STEALTHILY SHE TRAVERSED THE TOWN, SLIPPED PAST THE FRONTIER GUARD, AND VANISHED INTO THE DARK JUNGLE!



IN THE HASTE OF PURSUIT, TARZAN IGNORED HIS CUSTOMARY CAUTION AND RAN AFOUL OF A THALGAARD PATROL!



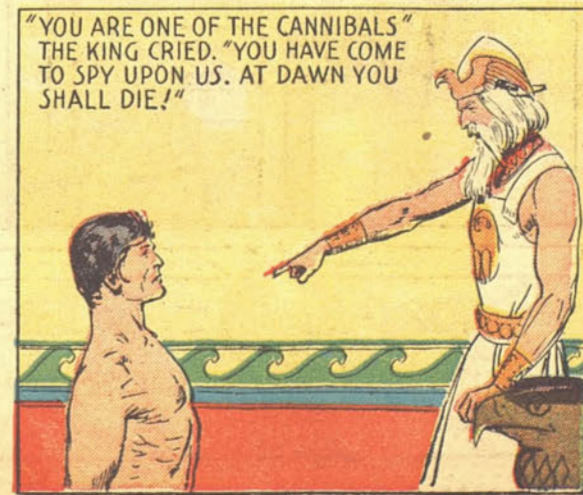
HE FOUGHT WITH THE FURY OF A BEAST, BUT AT LAST HE WAS OVERWHELMED AND BROUGHT BEFORE THE KING.



THERE HE TOLD HIS STRANGE STORY, SAYING: "SIRE, I SEEK ONLY TO SAVE YOUR DAUGHTER FROM A DREADFUL FATE."



KING RUVALD LAUGHED, FOR HE BELIEVED NO WORD THE BRONZED GIANT SPOKE. THEN HIS BROW KNITTED GRAVELY.



"YOU ARE ONE OF THE CANNIBALS" THE KING CRIED. "YOU HAVE COME TO SPY UPON US. AT DAWN YOU SHALL DIE!"



TARZAN KNEW THEN THAT THE KING HAD PRONOUNCED DOOM NOT ONLY UPON HIM, BUT UPON SIGREDA, HIS OWN DAUGHTER!

NEXT WEEK: RED ERIK'S RAID

# ELLA CINDERS

By BILL CONSELMAN and CHARLIE PLUMB

## Chris Crusty

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF GIVING THE BABY A QUARTER TO PLAY WITH CHRIS? DON'T YOU KNOW MONEY HAS GERMS ON IT?

HE'S A PEST!

THE MAN NEXT DOOR WANTS TO SHOW ME HIS TROPHIES. HE DOES A LOT OF HUNTING AND HAS EVERYTHING STUFFED!

EVERYTHING HE SHOOTS HE HAS STUFFED AND MOUNTED! HE EVEN HAS A LITTLE SQUIRREL AMONG HIS TROPHIES!

DON'T FOOL YOURSELF, A GERM COULDN'T LIVE ON MY SALARY!

I GET MY GREATEST PLEASURES FROM HUNTING I'VE KILLED THINGS ON EVERY CONTINENT! TAKE THIS PORCUPINE, FOR INSTANCE!

NO, YOU TAKE IT!

I SHOT HIM WHILE HE WAS ASLEEP. HE'D HAVE GIVEN ME A TERRIFIC BATTLE IF HE'D BEEN AWAKE! IT COST ME \$15 TO HAVE HIM STUFFED!

AND THIS BOAR WAS PLENTY TOUGH! I SAW SOMETHING MOVING IN THE BUSHES AND FIRED. WHEN I APPROACHED THE SPOT I STUMBLED OVER HIS DEAD BODY!

HE HAD A SLUG IN HIS HEAD FROM THIS GUN! I RAISED IT CAREFULLY WHEN I SAW HIM AND ---

WHAT DID HE DIE OF?

BANG

GEE, I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED! THERE'S THE PHONE - WILL YOU ANSWER IT?

R-R-R

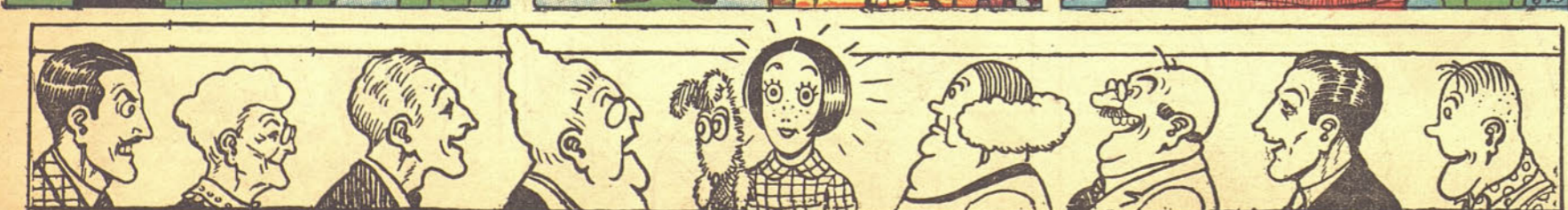
SHE SAYS DARNED RIGHT YOU DID --- THAT BULLET RAISED CAIN WITH OUR BEST MATTRESS!

IT'S MY SISTER! SHE SAYS THAT BULLET TORE THROUGH THE SIDE OF OUR HOUSE!

HA-HA - THAT'S A GOOD JOKE!

ASK HER IF I HIT ANYTHING THAT I CAN HAVE STUFFED!

ENOUGH TER JOLLY WELL PUT US ON HEAVY STREET!



## THE CAPTAIN and THE KIDS

By R. BIRKS

HUH?

PENGUINS OF LOAD A AFTER IM? POLE SOUTH THE TO WAY THE THIS IS! AH-OY!

STRANGER I DONT KNOW VOT YOU ISS SAYING BUT YOU VONT GET ANYWHERE PADDLING DOT BOAT BACKWARDS!

NONSENSE!

ALSO YOU GOT DER CLOTHES ON WRONG?

SINCE EVER BACKWARD ME MADE ITS AND CHILD A AS BEAN MY BUMPED I SEE YOU!

YOU TALK LANGVICH BUT YOU DONT SAY SUMTING. COME MIT TO DER DOCTOR!

ENGLISH PLAIN UNDERSTAND YOU CANT, GRACIOUS GOOD!

SOMETHING DO, MUD THAN THICKER IS SAP THIS, DOC. LISTEN!

HM-M - I SEE!

STOP IT!

KID A AS NOODLE THE ON SOCKED, SUSPECTED I AS, AH!

RIGHTO!

THE GENT IS O.K. CAPTAIN! A TAP ON THE COCO AS A CHILD HAS MADE HIM A BIT BACKWARD, THATS ALL!

FISH POOR!

DOC

EVEN TALKS BACKWARD! JUST WANTED TO KNOW THE WAY TO THE SOUTH POLE! HE'S AFTER PENGUINS!

WISE CATCH?

OBLIGED MUCH!

TACK ON SIT GO!

## HAWKSHAW the DETECTIVE

### CONCLUSION OF THE ASTOUNDING PLUSHBOTTOM CASE

by WATSO

OLD PLUSHBOTTOM'S HIT THE HAY - SO HAVE ALL THE SERVANTS, EXCEPT ME - HAR! HAR!

THE MOON'S GONE DOWN - NOW TER CALL ME PAL, TOBY - IN - PST! TOBY - THE COAST IS CLEAR!

LOOK FAST AN' SOFT PEDAL!

OKAY PROFESSOR!

HERE'S PLUSHBOTTOM'S SAFE - I WATCHED HIM WOIK THE COMBINATION TO-DAY -

- TWICE TO 75 AN' THEN TO ZERO, AN' "CLICK" SHE'S OPEN -

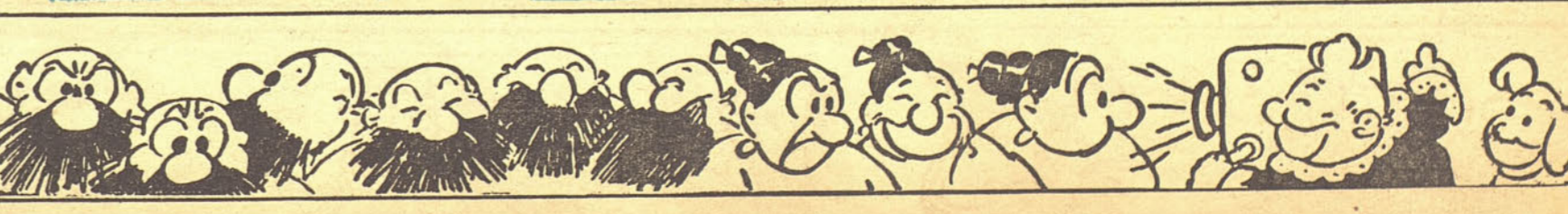
'OT DOG, PROFESSOR - YOU'RE A FOX!

AN' OH WOT A SWELL HAUL O' BIG BILLS! 50'S AN' 100'S! ABOUT 70,000 SMACKERS, OR I'M A LIAR!

I KNEWED OLD PLUSHBOTTOM KEPT PLENTY O' JACK IN THE HOUSE, BUT I DIDN'T EXPECT NO SUCH A HAUL, TOBY!

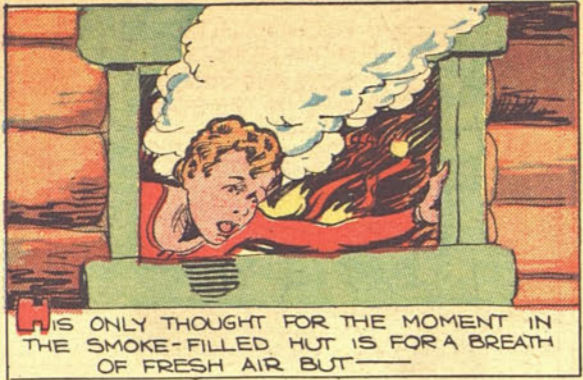
YOU SAID IT, PROFESSOR - THE HAUL YOU'RE GOING TO GET IS TO HEADQUARTERS! YOUR PAL, TOBY IS ALREADY TAKEN CARE OF! YOU SEE I OVERHEARD YOUR PLANS TO-DAY, AT YOUR HANG-OUT!

OKAY HAWKSHAW - THE PATROL IS HERE!

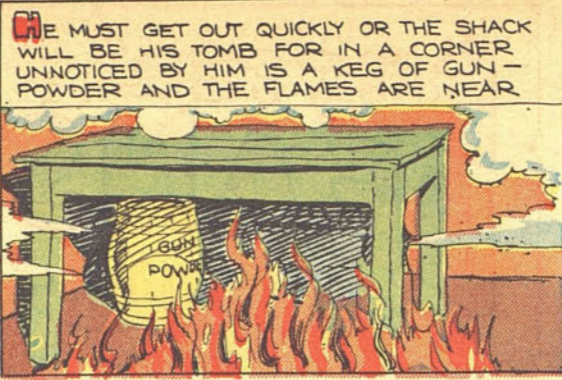


# Broncho Bill by Harry O'Neill

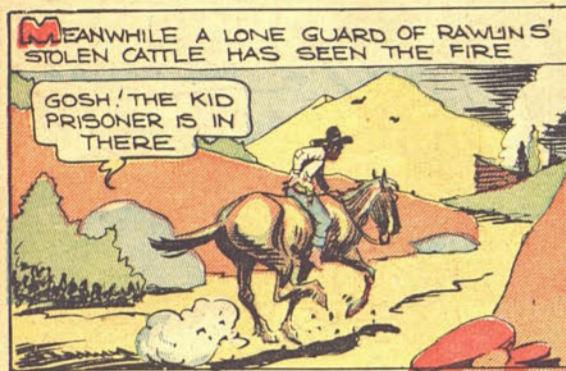
WHILE RAWLINS HURRIES BACK TO THE MASKED RIDERS' CAMP TO REMOVE HIS YOUNG CAPTIVE, BILL IS HAVING A NARROW ESCAPE IN THE BURNING PRISON SHACK.



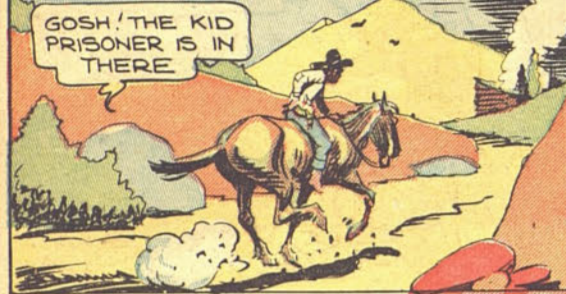
HIS ONLY THOUGHT FOR THE MOMENT IN THE SMOKE-FILLED HUT IS FOR A BREATH OF FRESH AIR BUT—



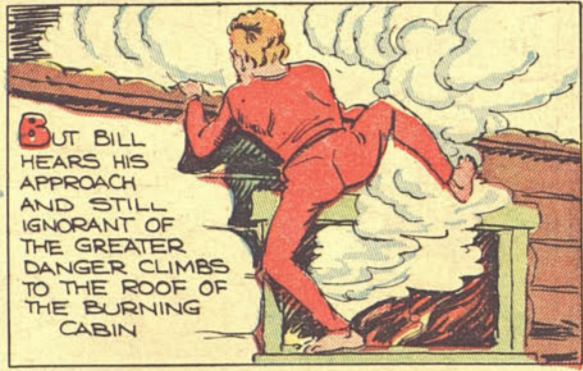
HE MUST GET OUT QUICKLY OR THE SHACK WILL BE HIS TOMB FOR IN A CORNER UNNOTICED BY HIM IS A KEG OF GUN-POWDER AND THE FLAMES ARE NEAR.



MEANWHILE A LONE GUARD OF RAWLINS' STOLEN CATTLE HAS SEEN THE FIRE.



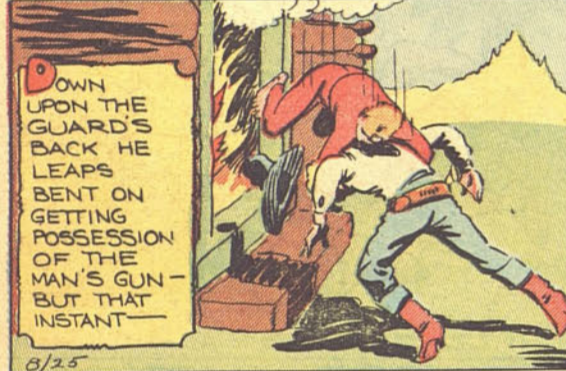
GOSH! THE KID PRISONER IS IN THERE.



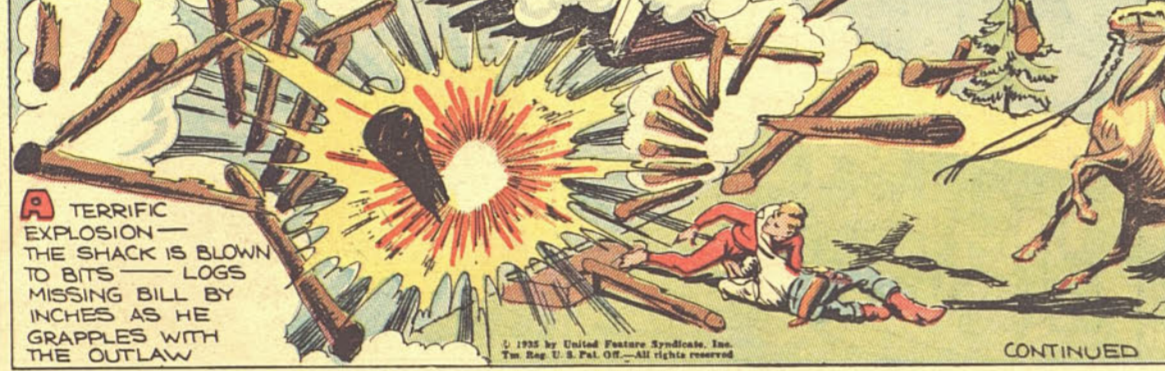
BUT BILL HEARS HIS APPROACH AND STILL IGNORANT OF THE GREATER DANGER CLIMBS TO THE ROOF OF THE BURNING CABIN.



THAT BOY'S A GONER BY NOW!

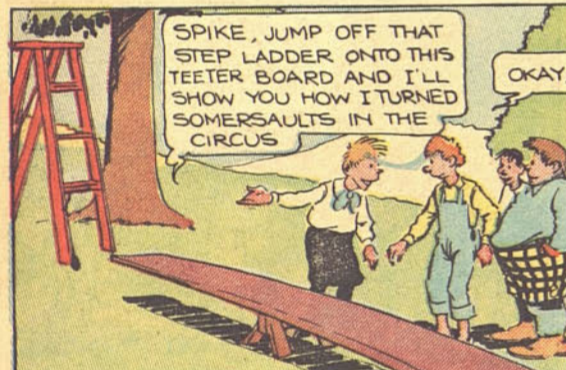


DOWN UPON THE GUARD'S BACK HE LEAPS BENT ON GETTING POSSESSION OF THE MAN'S GUN— BUT THAT INSTANT—



A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION— THE SHACK IS BLOWN TO BITS— LOGS MISSING BILL BY INCHES AS HE GRAPPLES WITH THE OUTLAW.

## BUMPS



SPIKE, JUMP OFF THAT STEP LADDER ONTO THIS TEETER BOARD AND I'LL SHOW YOU HOW I TURNED SOMERSAULTS IN THE CIRCUS.



BUMPS I'LL BE NEEDING YOU TO HELP SHINGLE THE ROOF TODAY.



BRING UP THE BUNDLES OF SHINGLES WHEN I CALL FOR 'EM.

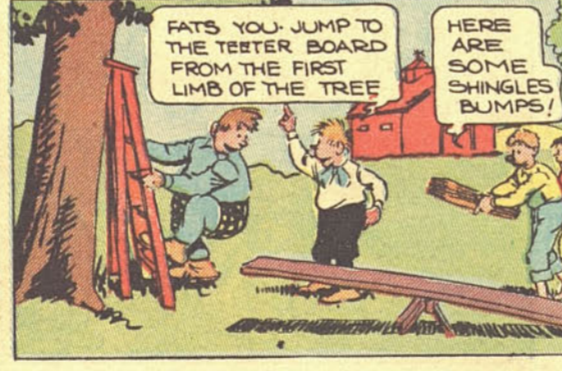
HOLY SMOKES! I WAS JUST PRACTISIN' MY ACROBATICS!



I'M READY NOW!

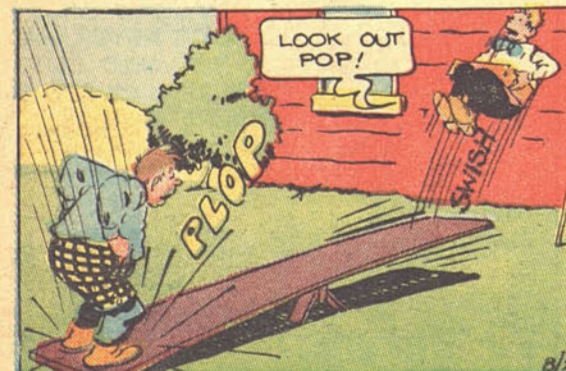


STOP ARGUING AND HURRY! CERTAINLY YOU MUST CLIMB THE LADDER YOU CAN'T FLY— CAN YOU?

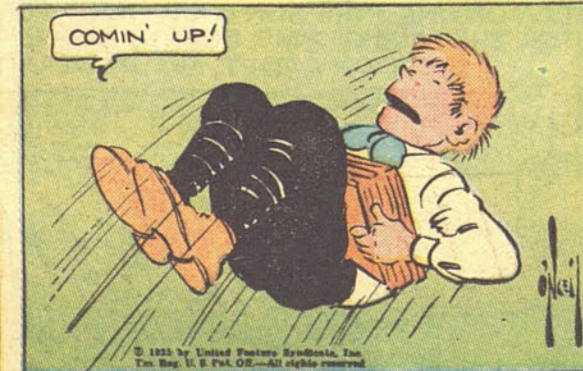


FATS YOU JUMP TO THE TEETER BOARD FROM THE FIRST LIMB OF THE TREE.

HERE ARE SOME SHINGLES BUMPS!



LOOK OUT POP!



COMIN' UP!



HERE'S THE FIRST BUNDLE!



8-25 FEATURING **DYNAMITE DUNN** by Slimuz

**Joe Links**

JOE'S GOLFING REPUTATION HAS GONE SO HIGH THAT HE'D HAVE TO BE BORN QUIN-TUPLETS TO ACCEPT ALL THE OFFERS FOR PERSONAL APPEARANCES THAT ARE FLOWING IN.

MORE JOE!

"WORLD'S GREATEST GOLFER," OR NOT, YOU CERTAINLY SHOULD BE ABLE TO STAY HOME ONE DAY IN THE WEEK!

BLANCHE YOU KNOW BELONG TO MY PUBLIC.

WHAT DO WE DO TODAY, J. WELLINGTON BUNK?

WE'RE GOING TO THE ULTRA-EXCLUSIVE WOWSER WOMEN'S CLUB— IT'S THE FIRST TIME A MAN'S EVER BEEN ALLOWED IN THERE!

NOW YOU TAKE THE CLUB LIKE THIS.

OH MR. JINKS, YOU'RE SO SMART.

IT GIVES ME THE GREATEST PLEASURE TO PRESENT YOU WITH THIS CUP, MISS PEACHY.

OH THANK YOU, MISTER JINKS.

ONE AT A TIME, GIRLS—I WON'T SKIP ANY OF YOU!

ALL THOSE SWELL GIRLS AROUND AND US THE ONLY GUYS THERE— WHAT A BREAK?

YEAH, AND WHAT A SCOP?

I HAD A NEWSREEL CAMERAMAN IN A TREE JUST OUTSIDE THE GROUNDS AND HE GOT PICTURES OF THE WHOLE THING... THE FIRST ONES EVER TAKEN!

BLANCHE!

BLANCHE, YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING KIND OF PALE LATELY. I THINK YOU OUGHT TO TAKE A MONTH'S VACATION AWAY FROM ALL THESE BRIDGE PARTIES, TEAS, AND MOVIES!

WHY JOE!

WHY JOE!

## DIVOT DIGGERS

FRIENDS, ROMANS AND GOLFERS, MEET HENRY HAZARD, GOLF INSTRUCTOR TO HIS MAJESTY, KING BOZO OF BOZONIA!

HOORAY!

LIVE LONG HENRY HAZARD!

COME CLEAN, BILL WHAT'S THE BIG JOKE?

JOKE NOTHIN'! HERE'S HIS CONTRACT AND LOOSE CHANGE IN ADVANCE!

10,000 BUCKS!

BUT HENRY, YOU MAY BE A WIZARD, BUT NOT AS A GOLFER!

SHOW YOUR STUFF!

WITH YOUR KIND ATTENTION I WILL ENDEAVOR TO SOCK THE BALL FROM TREE TO TREE, TO ROCK TO CUP! AT LEAST, I'LL TRY.

POOR HENRY!

PLAIN CLUCKO!

JUST FOLLOW TH' DOTTED LINE!

POW!

SOCK!

HOORAY FOR HENRY HAZARD!

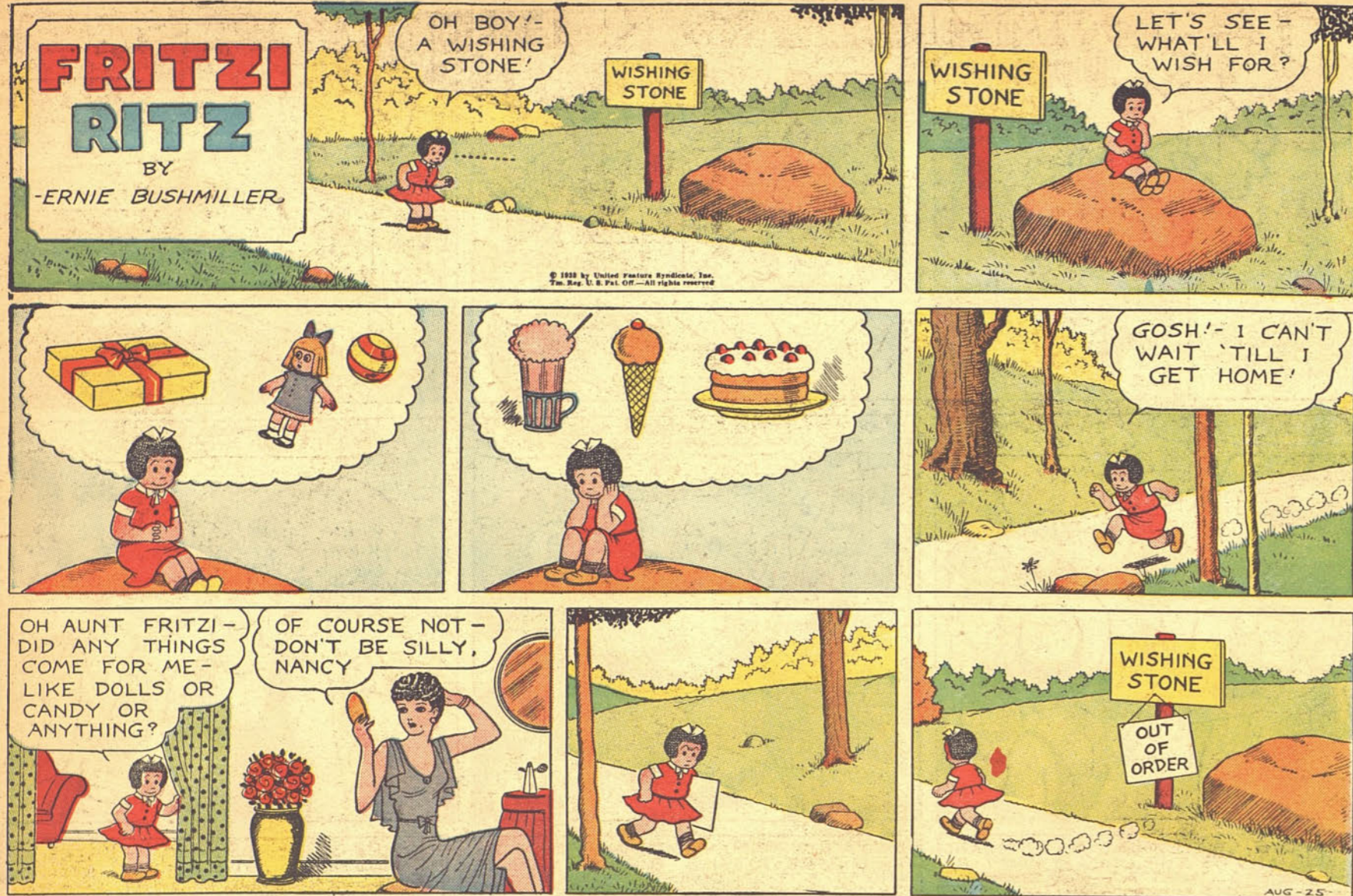
PRO DUB TO KING BOZO!

FOR HENRY HAZARD, PRESIDENT!

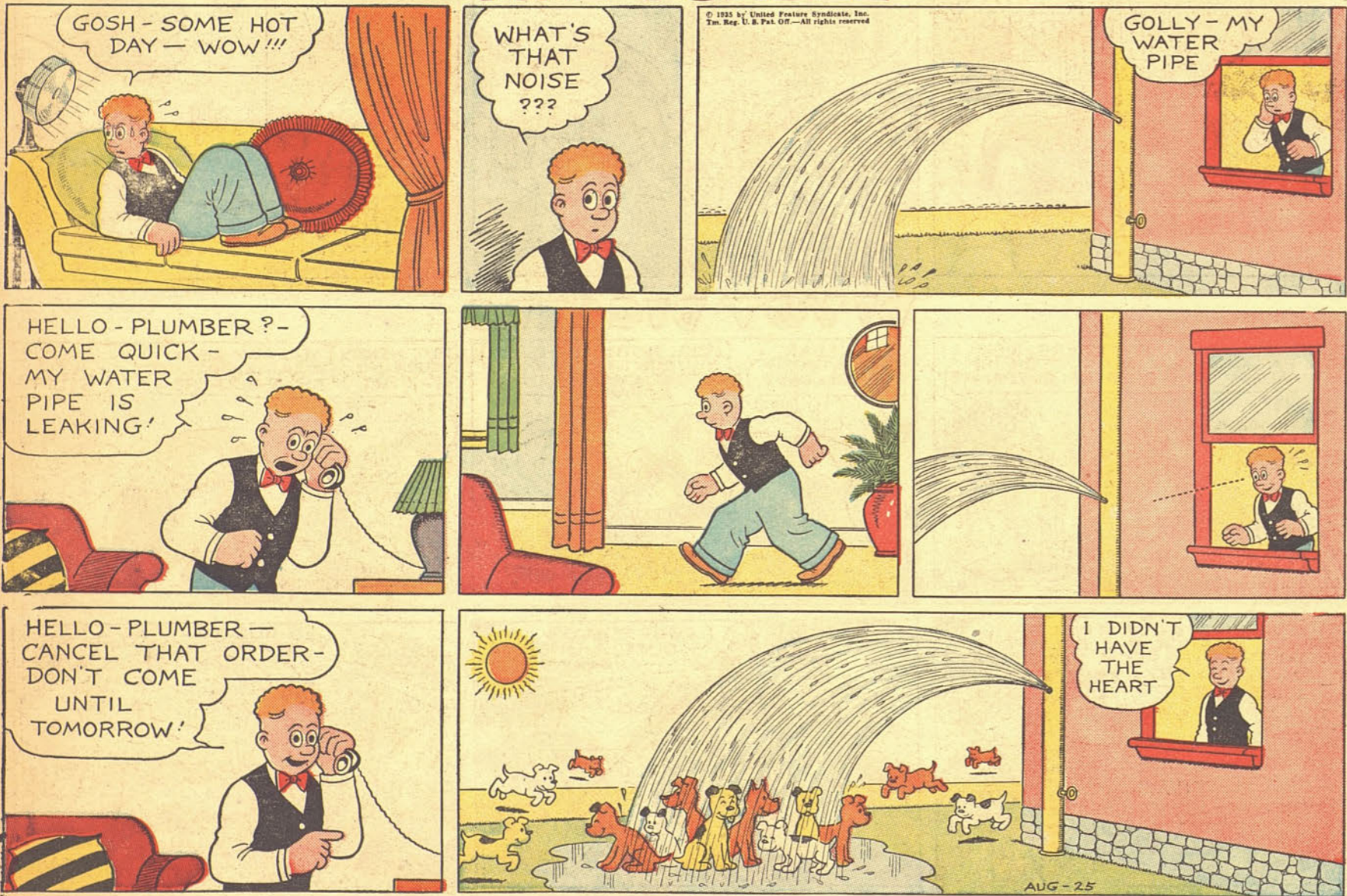


# FRITZI RITZ

BY ERNIE BUSHMILLER

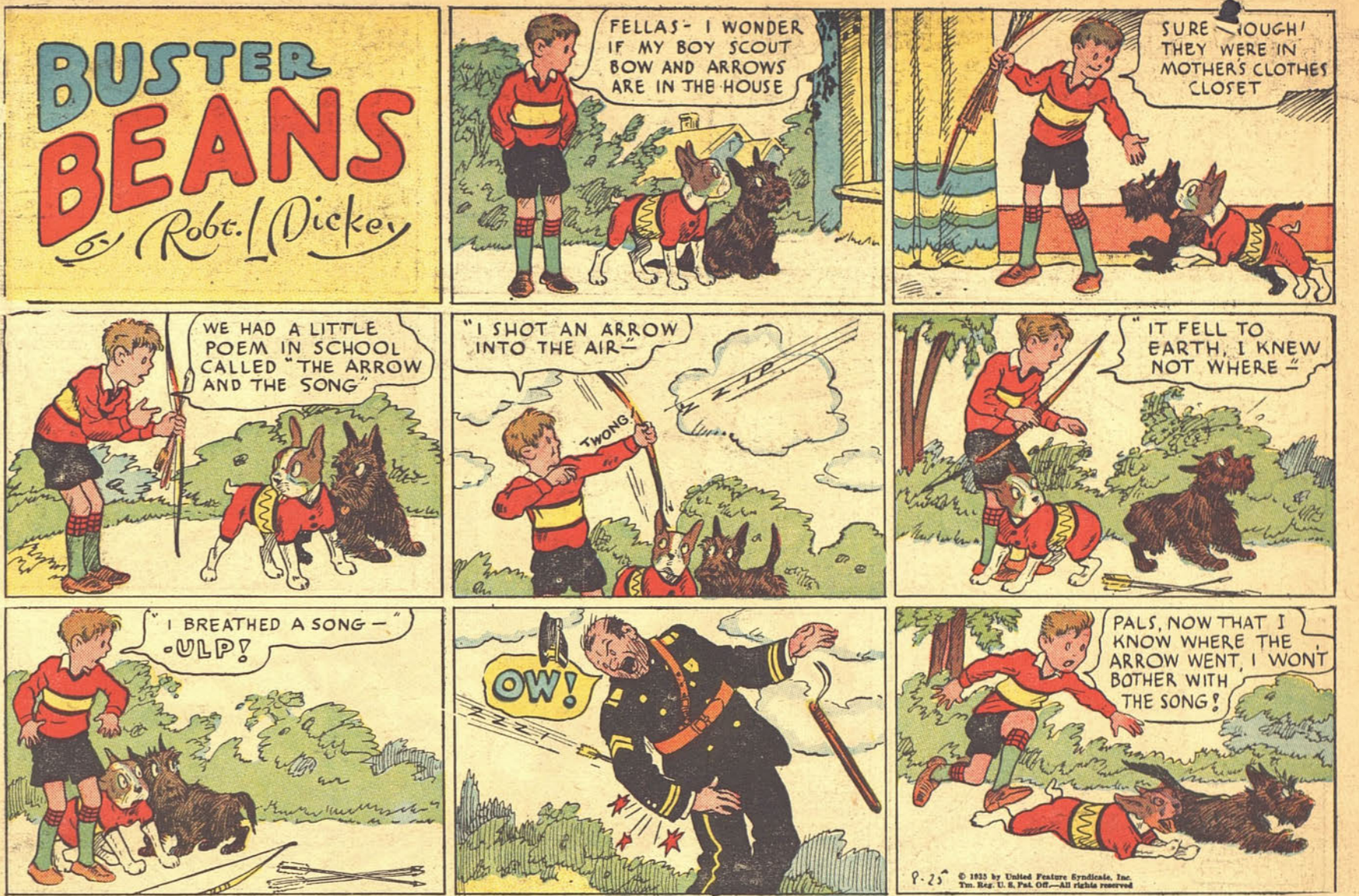


# PHIL FUMBLE



# BUSTER BEANS

BY ROBT. DICKEY



# BUCKY and his PALS

