

J. H. Smith Recalls Pioneer Days in Texas

Having a \$1,000 bill and being unable to get rid of it is a distinction very few persons enjoy. But it wasn't a pleasant experience for J. H. Smith back in the '80's to ride for days with that bill in his possession, to present it at a ranch after ranch and to have one cattleman after another decline to accept it.

For many years Mr. Smith followed the business of buying cattle over West Texas, driving to Ennis and shipping to Chicago. On one occasion when he was starting out on a buying trip he drew \$2,000 from the Ennis bank and when the cashier offered him half the amount in one bill he thought it would be a convenience. But it proved to be a source of constant fear and worry. Night after night he turned his horse off the road, buried the bill in a shallow hole and made his bed over it. When the buying season was over he tried to get the Ennis bank to take it back but he was turned down with a jovial, "Not on your life Smith. I gave the thing to you to get rid of it". Some time later Mr. Smith was able to prevail on a Waxahatchie bank to relieve him of the \$1,000 "pill".

Mr. Smith was born in Milford, Ellis county, March 4, 1855. In February of '74 he first visited Brownwood which, as he remembers it, consisted of a hotel, a saloon, a jail and a land office. However, the most striking memory he has of early Brownwood is of a unique business of a New Yorker who bought swan hides at \$5.00 and shipped them back east to be made into women's wear called boas. Wild swans numerous in the early days and were, like other wild life, slaughtered wholesale.

Coming on to the present site of Ballinger, Mr. Smith camped for some time with a herd of cattle. One day a man rode in to his camp and asked him to protect his wife and children while he went back to Ft. Worth to attend court. The home of the family was a dugout in the side of a creek bank well hidden from marauding Indians, and there were only two other homes between it and Ft. Concho. During the absence of the man, Mr. Smith kept two fresh horses at camp, one saddled and one hobbled, ready for a dash to the fort in case of an Indian attack.

This was in the days when one man fenced thousands of acres of pasture land and others cut the wire, when every man toted a gun and no man's life was safe. Mr. Smith recalls one gun fight between cowboys and wire-cutters. A company of rangers were sent out to quiet the disturbance and when they arrived on the scene they were met by a band of wire-cutters about five times their man-force. The rangers were made to disarm, given wire-cutting tools and commanded to "cut-wire" --and they did.

But troubles in the great open

Concho Valley Associational B. T. U. Here Sunday

At the last regular meeting of the Concho Valley Associational B. T. U. an invitation was accepted to be the guests of the Robert Lee Baptist Church at their next regular meeting.

This meeting will be held at the Robert Lee Baptist Church Sunday, May 1, at 3 p. m. The Concho Valley Association will render their regular program, and conduct their business as usual.

The Associational B. T. U., and local B. T. U.'s of the Runnels County Association have been invited to be in attendance. Preparations are being made to take care of a large crowd.

Range Applications

Ranchmen who desire to participate in the 1938 Range Program must notify the office of the county agent at once. May 15th, 1938 is the deadline to sign application cards.

Those wishing to use deferred grazing as one of the range practices must notify us not later than May 1st.

Please attend to the above now.

H. E. Smith, County Agent.

Ariel Club

Prudie and Madele Creech were hostesses to the Arieletts Tuesday afternoon when the group observed a program from their year book on personal appearance, directed by Geraldine Sparks. Members answered to roll call with an idea of things that detract from personal appearance.

A social hour followed the program and business session and the hostesses served cake and ice tea. Eleven members of the club attended.

spaces were not the only ones of the early day cattleman. In 1877 Mr. Smith loaded 350 steers at Ennis bound for Chicago. At Denison and Parsons, Kansas they were unloaded, watered and fed and due another rest at Sedalia, Missouri but just before the train reached Sedalia, a strike broke out and the cattle were left on the tracks for almost a week. When they began to die, the citizens of Sedalia broke open the cars and let them loose. The railroad company demanded freight in advance and Mr. Smith lost that and his entire shipment of cattle.

Coming to Bronte in 1901, Mr. Smith has been a resident of the county since. Though advanced in years, he is active and alert and he still has a keen interest in cattle. When interviewed for this article he said to the caller, "When you are ready to go I want to show you something" and what he had to show was a fine, four-months-old calf.

Two Highway Projects Approved In County

The Highway Commission has approved a couple of projects on Highway 158; one being a 2.0 mile section, grading and drainage structures between here and Bronte at an approximate cost of \$49,060.00; the other being bridge and approaches over Oak Creek at an approximate cost of \$50,000.

Bids for paving the road between here and Bronte will likely be called for soon.

Baptist W. M. U.

Mrs. Lee Ramsour, Mrs. G. C. Allen, Mrs. H. E. Smith, and Mrs. J. C. Snead, Jr., were hostesses to the Baptist W. M. U. when the group met at the church Sunday afternoon for the regular monthly mission and social.

A program on Missions Among the Negroes in Africa was planned by Mrs. G. C. Allen who also led the devotional. Mrs. J. C. Snead sang Swing Low Sweet Chariot after which work among the Negroes was discussed in the following topics:

Africa After Fifty Years--Mrs. W. J. Cumbie.

Africa Today--Mrs. Paul Good.

Africa Tomorrow--Mrs. J. N. Adams.

Africa in America--Mrs. Allan Roberts.

The Golden Sheaf--Mrs. Bob Reed.

Mrs. Ramsour then gave an interesting sketch of the life and work of a school mate of her own who has done mission work in Africa and who has just recently returned to Africa.

At the social hour the hostesses served luncheon in the church dining room. Centerpieces for the luncheon tables were vases of rambler roses over reflectors and plate favors were black cut out maps of Africa.

Members of the society present other than those mentioned were Mesdames B. A. Austin, S. E. Adams, B. M. Gramling, Lem Cowley, L. M. Service, W. M. Simpson, Roy Brey, Joe Dodson, Lamont Scott, Miss Ollie Green.

There are no news that would be of interest to the public regarding the survey that is being made for the dam site, only that they are putting in every day up the river. It is reported that another crew will soon be on the job.

W. C. McDonald, local attorney, has been granted license which permits him to practice before the federal courts. Mr. McDonald began practicing law in 1933.

We keep plenty of Fresh Vegetables. Always glad to help you. "Phone us your order".

CUMBIE'S

Amateur Hour

The West Texas Utilities Co. sponsored an amateur program from their advertising car on the streets in Robert Lee Tuesday night. Major Bowes should have been here, he would have found plenty of talent in the youngsters who appeared before the mike. Prizes were given for the best broadcast, which was won by a couple of oldsters, Emory (Doo Dad) Davis and Woodrow Gardner, singing "The Old Oaken Bucket." Another prize went to the "Coke County Rabbit Twisters" in their string ensemble.

Everyone enjoyed it, and it also gave the public an opportunity to see and hear what Robert Lee is producing in the way of musical talent, both vocal and instrumental, among those growing up.

The only thing to mar the pleasure of a pleasant evening was the refusal of Joe Dodson and Paul Good to sing a duet, especially as the crowd was looking forward to this part of the program.

Methodist W. M. U.

The Methodist W. M. S. completed the final lesson in The Radiant Heart when the society met Monday afternoon at the home of Mrs. J. S. Craddock.

Members present were Mesdames W. B. Clift, Marvin Simpson, Frank Kaeding, J. K. Griffith, W. K. Simpson, F. C. Clark, G. L. Taylor, J. S. Gardner. Mrs. Allen Davis and baby of Taft were visitors.

Mrs. W. K. Simpson will entertain the society next Monday.

At The Alamo

Coming Friday and Saturday is a romance of the Old West in Zane Grey's "Born to the West" featuring John Wayne, Marsha Hunt, John Mack Brown and Monte Blue, plus a New Deal Cartoon, also the March of Time.

Sunday and Monday you will see the lovely little French actress, Simone Simon, in "Love and Hisses" with a cast of celebrities--Walter Winchell, Ben Bernie, Bert Lahr, and the inimitable Joan Davis, who is always good for a laugh. Also the "Big Apple," the latest dance craze, or it may turn out to be something else.

Wednesday only, Dick Foran and Ann Sherday in "She Loved a Fireman," plus a 2-reel comedy, "Calling All Kids."

The local chapter of the Order of the Eastern Star will hold the annual public memorial service Friday night in the chapter hall. The presentation will be a reproduction of the memorial service rendered at Grand Chapter. A special invitation has been extended to the Sterling City chapter.

Sixty-four Pupils on School Honor Roll

According to the list released by Supt. G. L. Taylor, sixty-four pupils made the honor roll for the fifth six-week term of the school year, fifty five in the grades and nine in high school.

Senior class: Bryce Stewart Katherine Scoggins.

Junior Class: Zelma Slaughter, Edwina Ross and Josephine Taylor.

Sophomore Class: Maxine Craddock, Katie Sue Good, Hazel Ruth Peays and Jessie Pearl Summers.

Freshman Class: No representative.

Seventh Grade: Billie Sue Brown and Katherine Taylor.

Sixth Grade: Wallace Clift, Agnes Walker, Georgia Bell Martin, Clema Cowley, Ima Faye Landers, Ada Bell Fish.

Fifth Grade: Jerrie Snead, Ruth Ann Taylor, Eddie Paul Good, Ione Davis, Lovenia Long.

Fourth Grade: Jamie Bilbo, Tommie Sue Casey, Mabel Jay, Royal Jordan, Dora Richardson, Barbara Jo Ross, Martha Frances Smith.

Third Grade: Billie Inez Landers, J. C. Wallace, Allene Olsen, D. J. Walker, Joe Snead, Billie Allen, Maine Scoggins, Letta Faye Hawkins, Bobbie Arnold.

Second Grade: Preston Ross, Jo Ann Bilbo, Elsie Elkins, Tommie Joy Denman, Floy Gunnels, Juannell Jay, Ida Bell Eaton, Frances Johnson, Dorothy McDorman, Charlene McCutchen, Winnie Ruth Boone, Yvonne McCutchen, Jack Snead, Stroud Roberts, Charles Fowler, Mildred Wallace, Jo Ann Taylor, Earl King, Bobbie Baker.

First Grade: Clydene Gartman, Doris Petit, Patty Taylor, Gene Varnadore, Maudie Watson, Billie Louise Roberts, Ralph Walker, Frank Preston Lord.

Preaching Dates

You are invited to attend the following services when Bro. Paul Kenyon of Arrington will preach. Sunday, May 8, Mothers' Day, 11 a. m. at Friendship.

2:45 p. m. bible school and preaching at Edith.

7:30 preaching at Sanco.

August 5th through 14th, Bro. Kenyon expects to conduct a revival in Edith tabernacle.

The Sanco camp meeting dates are July 21 to 31, 1938. Bro. Love and Kenyon will be present. You are invited.

W. E. Hawkins.

J. C. Snead, Jr., was on the jury in federal court in session in San Angelo this week.

Don't forget. Sunday May 8th is Mother's Day--

We have a selection of gifts that would please her.

CUMBIE'S

SHINING PALACE

By CHRISTINE WHITING PARMENTER

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CHAPTER VII—Continued

"Do you know, dear girl, such a proceeding never occurred to me. That may have been because I haven't regarded these things as property to be disposed of in an emergency. They seem a part of myself, Nora, because each one recalls some memory I wouldn't exchange for any amount of gold. But I confess to being rather dumb, all things considered. Your father has a nice taste himself. He would have been impressed."

Don's voice was rueful, and Nora promised: "We'll impress him yet! I'll make the most of these assets in my next letter."

For despite James Lambert's continued silence, Leonora's chatty chronicles of her own doings had been unflagging. They seemed to bridge the gap a little—to bring him nearer.

"And to know that he knows we're well and happy, is something, isn't it?" she asked Don wistfully one day in late September.

"It's a great deal—to a loyal soul like you," he answered, and turned away because the momentary sadness in her eyes had hurt him. "Come on, Nora," he called with cheer from the porch five minutes later. "Tide's out. What say we tramp a mile or two on the hard sand?"

It was an hour later when they discovered the stable beyond the dunes. Its ugly cupola, with tiny windows of red, amber and purple glass, caught Nora's eyes, and turning inland they explored what once had been a homesite.

"House must have burned," said Don, looking into a gaping cellar hole now overrun with fireweed. "A pity the barn didn't go, too, Nora. It's a blot on the landscape."

"But the view from here is glorious. Come and see." Nora was standing before the stable door. "It's queer the owners didn't rebuild after living in such a heavenly place."

"And queerer," grinned Don, his eyes lifting to the cupola, "that those gay, enticing windows have escaped the stone-throwing prowess of some small boy. In a village the same temptation would have been fatal—to the windows, I mean!"

"I never could understand that destructive trait in the youthful male," said Leonora.

"That's only because the youthful female can't hit a target if she tries, my dear. Gosh! Nora, you're right about this view. I never saw a finer stretch of ocean. It's a big barn, isn't it? This doesn't look like farm land, either. Well, we must be getting on if we're to return via the post office and finish our supper before dark."

The postmaster produced one letter. Nora's heart quickened as he held it out, quickened until she saw the foreign stamp.

"Is it from Mr. Venable?"

Don nodded, tearing it open eagerly, for once unmindful of her disappointment.

He read it sauntering along the village street, his wife's hand on his arm preventing him from colliding with trees or light posts. He smiled as he read—chuckled—lost to everything save this message from his friend; and for the moment Nora felt strangely shut out—forgotten. Then Don turned, and she saw that his eyes were shining with some awakened interest.

"I just skimmed through the thing," he told her happily. "I'll read it aloud soon as we reach the shack. Ven writes a bully letter. He wants us to join them in Italy next month, Nora. Says there's no end of things I could do and write about—knows an English editor who's keen for that sort of stuff and will pay well for it—says that Constance wants to know"—Don grinned at the thrust—"if I'm still oblivious to the necessity of filthy lucre! What do you think of the plan, darling? How does a winter at Capri appeal to you? You're sure to fall for Ven and Connie and the youngsters. And they'll love you, Nora. They'll bow right down and worship or I miss my guess. We're foot-loose now. I can't perceive a single reason why we shouldn't do it. Let's go."

And Nora, who was beginning to suspect a good and sufficient reason for staying home, looked into her husband's eager face, lighted once more with the love of roaming that was so much a part of him, and answered gamely: "Let's!"

On a crisp October day some

three weeks later they sailed for Naples. Despite a promise of winter in the air, Nora left the "shack" almost reluctantly; and remembering the dismay with which she had regarded the place a few months earlier, was forced to smile at her changed attitude. But it was home to her now. When the girl asked herself, and with just cause, perhaps, would they have another?

Don, absorbed in eager preparations for the new adventure, felt no regrets—no visible regrets, at least. This hurt Nora a little, foolish though she knew the hurt to be. Perhaps, she mused, her husband would feel differently were he aware of the secret she was guarding. But it must remain a secret until they got away. On that Nora was resolved. Otherwise Don might sense her ridiculous dread of starting out for a foreign country at just this time—might even insist on changing all their plans; and that, she argued, wouldn't be fair to him. After all, hadn't she married this "soldier of fortune" with her eyes wide open? Hadn't she known he'd never be happy tied to a home? And there was no sane reason why they shouldn't go. If she had a mother to be near her here—a sister—but there was no one, not even a father as things stood now. Why should she care?

And like a beacon light, its cheerful rays piercing the fog, was the steady thought of Constance Venable. Leonora was pondering on this one afternoon when she tramped alone up the deserted beach. The shack was in order, ready for their early departure in the morning. Don had accompanied Jim Perkins to the station with their luggage ("Such swell luggage, darling," he said gleefully, "thanks to your father for sending on those steamer trunks!"); and Nora, overcome with what she considered an unwarranted attack of homesickness, was making a gallant effort to walk it off.

Yes, she was thinking as she watched a gull dive gracefully down in search of sustenance, there would be Constance Venable. Don had told her so much about the older woman that she seemed a friend. Constance had had four children. Philip, the youngest, was born abroad. It was silly to worry, even for one minute. Connie would tell her what to do, of course.

Nora moved softly, not wishing to disturb a flock of sandpipers hurrying along in the wake of a receding wave; but at her cautious step they seemed to sense some danger, lifted their wings and "like the famous ladybug," thought the girl whimsically, "flew away home." Watching their swift, sure passage she found herself envying those birds a little. They recalled some words she must have heard in childhood. A verse out of the Bible, wasn't it? "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head."

How true that was of a vagabond like Don! And how long, wondered Don's wife, had those old, old words lain dormant in her brain, waiting to stir at sight of a flock of sandpipers flying to shelter?

Nora turned toward the dunes, wishing (although she couldn't have said why) to gaze on something less restless than the sea; conscious that nostalgia still had the upper hand. Somehow, it must be vanquished before Don returned. Their last honeymoon supper must be a happy one—happy for both of them.

"But I'm pretty tired and shouldn't have walked so far," she told herself as the stable they'd explored not long before came into view, its varicolored cupola windows sparkling like jewels in the sunlight. There was a seat in front of the old barn; a pew from some abandoned church. Why not rest there for a while—feast her eyes on that matchless vista of curving shore beyond the bay—get back her calmness, and then go home to Don?

What a beautiful place! Nora breathed deeply the sweet scent of balsam. How her father would love it! And with this thought she saw into her own heart, facing the knowledge that her reluctance in going so far away lay in the fact that she could not reach James Lambert should he need her. True, she had been curiously unforgiving for one who had forgiven so much in others. In their tragic parting he had been neither fair to Don nor generous to herself. Yet the girl

knew that if anything happened (that fateful "anything" we cannot voice), her father would send for her. She knew that should she fail to come safely through the "valley of the shadow" which lay ahead, he would be at her side—with Don—when the lights went out.

And she was going away, far, far beyond the reach of those steady, comforting hands she loved so dearly. Nora's eyes misted. The lovely, distant shore became a blur. A lump rose in her throat. She could not swallow it; and said, aloud, a valorous effort to pull herself together: "Hold tight, Nora! Don't be a baby. Everything has its price, hasn't it? Did you really expect to avoid paying? Be your age, can't you? Remember you're not a butterfly any more. (It's just as well Dad kept those silver slippers!) Don't you dare cry or I'll be ashamed of you. I—"

She sprang up, startled, hearing nothing, yet cannily aware of an approaching presence. Then she



Don lifted the rusty hasp.

saw Don emerging from between the highest dunes. He waved; came toward her rapidly. Not even that dragging sand, she noticed, could take the lightness from his tread.

"Gee! woman, you gave me the dickens of a scare!" He sank quite breathless onto the old pew, drawing her down beside him. "I actually wondered for a moment (a terrible moment, Nora!) if you'd been kidnaped. Then I discovered your footprints in the wet sand and the rest was easy. But don't you dare run off like this again and leave no message. I've got a—a palpitation! Feel my heart."

"You goose!" said Nora; and at something in her voice Don turned, scanning her closely.

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Nothing. I'm just a little tired."

"Nonsense! I think you're homesick."

"Only—only a bit. We've been so happy here."

He smiled at that.

"Is happiness a matter of location, silly?"

"Of course not, but . . ."

She hesitated, and Don said with mock severity: "Listen to me, Madam. Something has given you the blues—our last day, too! I sha'n't allow it. What does it matter where we are, if we're together? Why, we're going to have a wonderful winter, Nora! Italy. The narrow streets of Capri. Warmth and sunshine. Good friends like Ven and Connie when we want 'em; and always each other, sweetheart. Why are you sad?"

"No reason," admitted Nora, smiling at him. "No reason at all." Then in a defensive effort to change the subject: "Don, do you realize what we're sitting on?"

He turned, stood up, regarding a carved post with interest.

"It looks like—it is a pew out of some old church, Nora. Do you see this carving? It must have been done in the days when carpentry was an art, and a man worked for the love of his task, as we all should now. A real old-fashioned pew, isn't it? Say! can't you imagine the family that used to occupy it? First Mother, then—let's see—aise on Sunday morning in her black silk, followed by three—no— (his eyes were measuring the seat's

capacity) "four kiddies, hushed and important, each one clasping his penny for the contribution box. And lastly, Father—very dignified, you know, and a bit uncomfortable in his Sunday suit—shoes squeaking a little; while some prim old maid (the village music teacher), plays soft music on a melodeon . . . See it, Nora?"

"See it!" Nora's troubles were lost in this picture of Don's imagination. "Why, it's every bit as plain as if I'd been there. Do you know, Don, I—I believe you could write a book!"

Don laughed at the thought, his eyes still on the ancient carving.

"Maybe I could—a book that nobody but you would read. Do you know," he added after a thoughtful moment, "it goes against everything in me, leaving a splendid piece of work like this to be battered by the tempests of a New England winter. Why, it'll be buried in snow for weeks and weeks, Nora! Doesn't seem right, does it—a pew out of an old church? If I knew who owned the thing I—I believe I'd buy it and cart it to the shack. What say we set it inside the barn, dear? This door's not locked. I tried it the other day."

Already he was lifting the rusted hasp—putting his shoulder to the heavy door. Then he turned, and Nora saw that her husband's thoughts were far away from that weather-beaten stable beside the sea.

"I can't help wondering about the man who carved these posts," he observed dreamily. "I can't help thinking how I'd feel myself if, after creating anything so good, it was left neglected in such a place. You see, the chap who did this carving put his heart into it. He must have, or the work wouldn't be so perfect. For all we know, it may have been his masterpiece. And he was carving to the glory of God, Nora—something he thought permanent—something he thought would be a part of that old church long, long after he was gone and perhaps forgotten." Don paused, flushing a little as he met her eyes. "Am—I am I an idiot, Nora, to want to save it for him?"

She answered, rising: "You are a dreamer; but I love you for it, Don."

Don lifted the rusty hasp and putting his shoulder to the heavy door, found it unlocked.

"And you're a marvel to understand," he told her ardently. "Most any other girl would think me crazy. Lend a hand with that end, dear, and we'll have it safe inside in no time. Gee!" (as they laid their burden down) "what a peach of a barn! I'm going to climb into the cupola. I've a longing to look out of those colored windows."

"And risk breaking a leg so we can't start tomorrow?" retorted Nora. "Really, Don, I believe there's no one in the world just like you. One minute you're a thoughtful idealist; then—presto, change! A bit of colored glass transforms you into a little boy!"

Yes, that was Don! Nora was thinking of this when, hours later, she lay trying to sleep, yet unable to close her eyes as she watched a harvest moon brighten the room. That was Don—a dreamer who saw into the hearts of others. His imaginative sympathy might run away with him at times, as it had today, perhaps; but without that quality—without his unflinching capacity for seeing "the other fellow's side," would he be able to regard her father without bitterness?

Her father! Leonora had put the thought of him behind her during the last few hours. Their supper had been a gay affair. A bowl of late purple asters adorned the table; her biscuits were fluffy as could be desired, and even James Lambert would have praised the soup! Since they must rise at six o'clock they had turned in early; but it is one thing to go to bed, and quite another to drop at once into refreshing slumber.

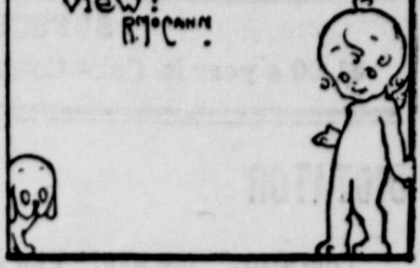
(TO BE CONTINUED)

Dormice Found in Old World

In England and other parts of the Old world, "dormice" are found. These small, squirrel-like animals eat seeds, berries and nuts. They make above-ground nests in bushes, forming them of plant material. When cold weather comes they go into their snug nests, and help keep one another warm by resting close together.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I don't have much society,
My friends are very few;
But that's the way I
get of life
My fine, unbiased
view!



WNU Service.

A Mother's Fidelity

Mute eloquence of a mother's fidelity is her carved effigy, dressed in her own clothes, which stands in an open window of a house in Bruges, Belgium. When her son went to war in 1914, she promised to watch for his return at this window. Refusing to believe reports that he had been killed, she continued her vigil until bedridden, when she had the effigy put in her place.

For many years, she and her son have been dead, but the silent figure still watches the road leading to Liege.—Collier's Weekly.

ARE YOU ONLY A 3/4 WIFE?

Men can never understand a three-quarter wife—a wife who is lovable for three weeks of the month—but a hell-cat the fourth. No matter how your back aches—no matter how loudly your nerves scream—don't take it out on your husband. For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts from the functional disorders which women must endure. Make a note NOW to get a bottle of Pinkham's today WITHOUT FAIL from your druggist—more than a million women have written in letters reporting benefit. Why not try LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND?

Thoughts Are Forces

Each is building his own world. We both build from within and we attract from without. Thought is the force with which we build, for thoughts are forces.

Black Leaf 40

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Romance hasn't a chance when big ugly pores spoil skin-texture. Men love the soft smoothness of a fresh young complexion. Denton's Facial Magnesia does miracles for unsightly skin. Ugly pores disappear, skin becomes firm and smooth.

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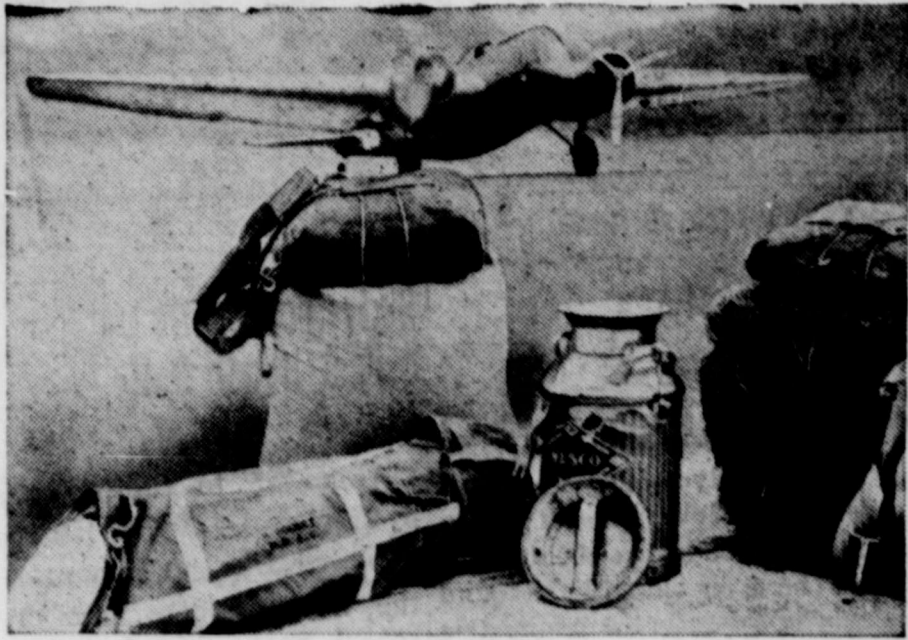
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News Review of Current Events

ANGLO-ITALIAN PACT

Treaty for Friendship in Which France May Join . . .
Roosevelt's Spending Plan Starts Big Battle



Emergency rationing of troops by airplane and parachute was successfully accomplished in Texas by the army air corps during maneuvers. This picture shows metal food container for personnel rations, bale of hay and a 130-pound sack of oats, with parachutes attached, ready to be loaded on the bomb racks of the Martin bomber seen in background.

Edward W. Pickard
SUMMARIZES THE WORLD'S WEEK
© Western Newspaper Union.

Move Toward Peace

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN'S dream of security for peace in Europe through amicable arrangements of the democratic governments with the dictators may yet be realized. Anyhow, consummation of the ideal was brought nearer when Lord Perth, British ambassador to Rome, and Italian Foreign Minister Ciano signed the treaty of friendship which had been under negotiation for weeks. The pact is designed to end the long feud between the two nations, and it is probable France will join in after negotiations with Mussolini already suggested by Foreign Minister Bonnet. The British prime minister, of course, hopes that later Hitler can be brought into the group and that there will be formed a London-Paris-Rome-Berlin quadrangle.

Temporarily, the treaty provides for friendly relations between Britain and Italy in the Mediterranean and the Near East, but it does not go into full effect until "such date as the two governments together shall determine." In other words, Italy must first have withdrawn its troops from Spain and Britain must have recognized Italy's conquest of Ethiopia. The former may be delayed until France has won final victory. The latter depends upon permission from the League of Nations council, which has been asked by Chamberlain.

In essence, the treaty is a promise by each side not to attempt to change the status quo in the Mediterranean or Red sea areas nor to injure each other's interests there in any way.

Ready for Battle

BIG spenders and little spenders lined up rapidly for the congressional fight over President Roosevelt's program for pump-priming and relief, for which he asked congress to provide nearly seven billion dollars. Of the total sum, 4½ billions would be used for spending and lending to speed recovery from the present business depression. The house appropriations committee began hearings on the President's proposals, and administration leaders in both branches of congress laid plans to expedite the passage of the necessary legislation, still hoping for adjournment by May 14. Sam Rayburn said all were agreed on handling the legislation as an omnibus bill. He was confident it would go through the house quickly, and also confident of the defeat of attempts to earmark the recovery funds to assure congressional control over them.

Opponents of the pump-priming led off with vigorous radio addresses by Chairman John Hamilton of the Republican national committee and Senator Vandenberg of Michigan. Hamilton came to the conclusion that "the President and the New Deal are far more interested in priming the polls than in priming the pumps of industry." Vandenberg said the plan, whatever its temporary benefit, would work a "long run disaster."

The priming plan, Vandenberg

said, means trying to spend the country into better times on borrowed money, trying to buy prosperity.

In his message to congress and in a radio talk to the nation, the President proposed three groups of measures. The first involves mainly additional appropriations for the coming fiscal year, as follows:

One billion two hundred and fifty million dollars for the Works Progress administration; \$175,000,000 for the Farm Security administration; \$75,000,000 for the National Youth administration; \$50,000,000 for the Civilian Conservation corps, and the \$1,500,000,000 already made available to the Reconstruction Corporation for lending to business enterprises.

In a second group of measures Mr. Roosevelt asked:

Three hundred million dollars for immediate expansion of the housing and slum-clearance work of the United States Housing authority; \$1,450,000,000 for public works loans and grants; an additional \$100,000,000 for public roads; an additional \$37,000,000 for flood control and reclamation projects already authorized and an additional \$25,000,000 for federal buildings.

A third group listed by the Chief Executive referred to private credit. It involved dusterilization of \$1,400,000,000 of gold and a reduction by the Federal Reserve board of member bank reserve requirements which would add another \$750,000,000 to the credit resources of the nation's banks. With these actions Mr. Roosevelt coupled a simplification of Security commission regulations.

Barcelona in Peril

SPANISH insurgents, having reached the Mediterranean at the port of Vinaroz, spread north and south along the coast and effectively cut off Catalonia from the rest of loyalist Spain. Veteran Spanish and Italian troops, led by Gen. Garcia Valino and Gen. Miguel Aranda, blasted their way into Vinaroz in a single day of severe combat, and Valino then started a northward drive on Tortosa, where important coastal highways converge.

Franco's next great objective was Barcelona. His forces were beginning a new movement against that city from the west, and his naval and air fleets left their bases to cooperate. After Barcelona falls, as it seems likely to do, Valencia will be attacked; and then Franco plans a final effort to take Madrid.

Dr. Townsend Pardoned

DR. FRANCES E. TOWNSEND, carrying a pair of socks and a typewriter, arrived at the jail in Washington, ready to serve his thirty day term for contempt of congress and become a martyr. But the old age pension planner was informed that President Roosevelt had pardoned him. The pardon was issued upon the urgent request of Representative C. Jasper Bell, chairman of the investigating committee before which Dr. Townsend refused to testify.



Senator Vandenberg



Gen. Valino

DIZZY DRAMAS—Now Playing—"BA-A-A!"

By Joe Bowers



What to Eat and Why

C. Houston Goudiss Discusses LAXATIVE FOODS ★

Nationally Known Authority on Food Shows How Right Diet Can Help You to Avoid Health Hazards of Faulty Elimination

By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS

6 East 39th Street, New York.

THOUSANDS of men, women and children are alive today because we have learned how to prevent many types of infections and how to cure diseases which once caused untimely deaths.

We have reason to be proud of the achievements of science in fighting disease and lengthening the span of life. But we should be ashamed of the fact that hundreds of thousands of individuals are not getting the most out of life—indeed they are not realizing half their potentialities—because improper eating and faulty habits of hygiene cause them to suffer from that great evil of civilization—constipation.

EVILS OF CONSTIPATION
Someone has called constipation the most deadly disease, and while this may seem like an extreme statement, it becomes justifiable when one realizes the untold misery and wretchedness that may result when food residues remain to stagnate and putrefy in the body.



Constipation muddies the complexion, dulls the eye and befogs the brain. It causes a general feeling of discomfort and fullness in the abdomen, lack of appetite, bad breath, coated tongue, a feeling of lassitude and a tendency to become easily fatigued.

By weakening resistance, it opens the way to numberless diseases. Serious complications, such as irritation of the appendix, may occur as a result of the friction of hard masses of waste against the delicate walls of the intestine. Piles have frequently been laid at the door of faulty elimination.

Do you wonder that I consider prompt, regular elimination the keystone of good health.

Its importance is readily understood when you consider the processes by which food is digested and absorbed.

FATE OF FOOD IN THE BODY

From the mouth, food passes down the esophagus into the stomach, where it is penetrated by the gastric juice. It then passes into the small intestine where it is

Have You a Question?
Ask C. Houston Goudiss
C. Houston Goudiss has put at the disposal of readers of this newspaper all the facilities of his famous Experimental Kitchen Laboratory in New York city. He will gladly answer questions concerning foods, diet, nutrition, and their relation to health. You are also invited to consult him in matters of personal hygiene. It's not necessary to write a letter unless you desire, for postcard inquiries will receive the same careful attention. Address him at 6 East 39th Street, New York City.

mixed with the secretions of the liver and the pancreas. Here the nutritive elements are absorbed by minute, hair-like tubes which line the intestinal walls. These tubes converge into the blood vessels and lymphatics which transport nourishment to all parts of the body.

Undigested residues pass into the large intestine or colon, where they are normally moved along by a series of muscular contractions known as peristalsis, and finally evacuated.

The amount of the evacuation varies in bulk with the amount of indigestible roughage contained in the food. When there is insufficient bulk to promote normal peristalsis, waste accumulates and we have the condition known as constipation with all its resulting evils. Bacteria prey upon the stagnating material, producing poisons which may be absorbed by the body.

There is not the slightest excuse for allowing this condition to develop. For the misery and wretchedness of constipation may easily be avoided by including in the daily diet sufficient laxative foods, that is, those rich in fiber or cellulose.

BULK OR FIBER ESSENTIAL

Because of their fibrous framework, plant foods are our chief source of cellulose or bulk, and therefore, our greatest aid in promoting normal elimination. Vegetables and fruits are sworn foes of constipation, and unrefined cereals are also extremely valuable.

SOME LAXATIVE FOODS

Foods with an exceptionally high residue include raw fruits, especially those with skins and seeds; dried fruits, as apricots, prunes, figs and raisins; raw vegetables; such cooked vegetables as onions and leafy greens; the legumes, that is, dried peas and beans; whole grain cereals and bran.

Among the vegetables, don't overlook cabbage, lettuce, celery, spinach, brussels sprouts, string beans and green peas.

Foods which tend to form a little gas in the intestines, including spinach, onions and cauliflower, are also useful stimulants to intestinal movement.

In addition to providing cellulose, the acid fruits, such as oranges, lemons and grapefruit, act as a mild stimulus to increased peristaltic motions.

NEED FOR VITAMIN B

Another important factor in promoting normal elimination is vitamin B, which has been shown to be essential for good muscular tone and activity of the digestive tract. Investigations with experimental animals have demonstrated that it requires twice as long to empty the large intestine when the diet is deficient in vitamin B.

Yeast, egg yolk, milk, whole grain cereals, liver and green leafy vegetables are good sources of this vitamin.

LIQUIDS ESSENTIAL

A sufficient quantity of liquids is likewise necessary to prevent the contents of the lower intestine from becoming too hard for easy evacuation. In addition to water, the diet should therefore contain an abundance of milk, fruit juices and other beverages. Acidophilus milk and buttermilk are especially beneficial.

Fats and oils, used in moderation, act as gentle lubricants.

REGULAR HABITS

It is most important to eat at regular hours and to establish regular times for evacuation, as this is a great aid to body rhythm.

Guard carefully against over-eating, for this practice is a frequent cause of constipation. When the digestive system is over-worked, none of its functions can be efficiently performed.

The homemaker is largely responsible for safeguarding her family against the dangers of faulty elimination. For she has it in her power to plan meals that will help normal individuals to avoid the curse of constipation.

Questions Answered

Mrs. B. T. M.—Do not worry if your child prefers the egg yolk to the white. The white is chiefly protein, and he can easily obtain protein from other foods, especially milk. But the yolk contains an abundance of minerals and vitamins in addition to protein and fat. Nutritionists have determined that the inclusion of one egg yolk daily in an otherwise adequate diet is an effective method of balancing the intake and output of iron in a child's diet.

Miss S. B.—No, the generous use of cream cannot be considered as a substitute for taking milk as a beverage or in cooked dishes. Cream is much higher in fat and contains less protein, minerals and vitamins, with the exception of vitamin A. Cream deserves to be included in the dietary for its vitamin A content, but it should not replace milk.

Mrs. A. McK.—Strawberries contain vitamins A, B and C. Recent experiments indicate that they rank with citrus fruits and tomatoes as a source of vitamin C.
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WHEN YOU CLEAN HOUSE USE O-CEDAR—THE POLISH THAT CLEANS AND PRESERVES YOUR FURNITURE



More women use O-Cedar Polish than any other kind—for furniture, woodwork and floors. It CLEANS as it POLISHES

O-Cedar POLISH MOPS · WAX

Only GOOD MERCHANDISE

Can Be CONSISTENTLY Advertised BUY ADVERTISED GOODS

FOR SALE OR TRADE!

Fifty bushels of Acala cotton seed, same as I sold last year.

Price \$1.25 a bushel or one bushel of Acala seed for three bushels of ordinary seed.

Call me at my home in Robert Lee, or see me on the street Sat.

FRED McDONALD, Jr.

Robert Lee High School

STEERLINE

News of the week

Senior Reporter, Bob L. Davis,
Junior Rep., Gail McCutchen
Soph. Rep., Prudie Creech
Freshmen Rep., Geraldine Davis

Senior News

The Senior invitations have come in, but preparation for the Banquet has delayed their being sent out.

Senior characteristics:

- 1 Fay's "swanky" style.
- 2 Edna's pretty "putts".
- 3 Melrose's cunning curls.
- 4 Patsy's merry mind.
- 5 Ed's "sophistication".
- 6 Joyce's reckless romance.
- 7 Buford's barbarian brains.
- 8 Grace's lovely eyes.
- 9 Gene's "helpful habits".
- 10 Bob Lee's "sappy" sayings.
- 11 David's "dryness".

- 12 Beatrice's neutrality.
- 13 Bryce's "dignity".
- 14 Buford's 'contagious smile'.
- 15 Lawrence's narrow mindedness.
- 16 Finell's 'rock captivating'.
- 17 James' 'Budweiser' and 'goobers'.
- 18 Dick's 'entangled love affairs'.
- 19 Doris' model mouth.
- 20 Lorene's jealous joys.

The Senior class is left in complete "isolation" now since Ed (Tully) Hickman is gone to Tulane University for a brief visit.

Freshman News

Oh-boy, and were our report cards fixed with nice grades this six weeks?

Troy, who was the little blond

you tried to walk home with Monday evening?

Norma, who is the guy you are going to kiss Bessie for? hum! Norma Dale, can't you make up your mind which seventh grader you want?

Oh Dumpie, I would not call nine o'clock early, (not saying whether night or morning).

Shorty, you must learn better than to make some certain fish girl jealous.

Is there any fish who recognizes this statement? "All you do is to stick your nose in people's business". Eh Norma?

Maxine, I wouldn't throw paper wads at certain fish. You know what one said in Junior Business.

No father has yet been able to figure out why his own daughter didn't pick the same kind of husband her mother did.

Administrator's Notice

Estate of Joseph Webb, Deceased, No. 461, in County Court of Coke County, Texas.

Notice is hereby given that I, J. K. Griffith, administrator of the Estate of Joseph Webb, deceased, have this day filed my application in writing in the above entitled and numbered cause for an order of the County Judge of Coke County, Texas, authorizing me as the administrator of the estate of Joseph Webb, deceased, to make and execute an oil, gas, and or mineral lease, upon such terms as the court may order and direct, of the following described real estate belonging to the estate of the said Joseph Webb, deceased, to-wit: The Northeast Quarter (NE 1-4) of Section or Survey No. Two Hundred Thirty-eight (238) Block No. two (2), H. & T. C. Ry. Co., Abstract No. 1671, containing 161.5 acres of land, more or less; Said application will be heard by the County Judge of Coke County, Texas, at the court house in the city of Robert Lee, Texas, on the 10th day of May, A. D. 1938.

Witness my hand at Robert Lee, Texas, on this the 27th day of April, A. D. 1938.

J. K. Griffith,
Administrator of the Estate of Joseph Webb, Deceased.

Administrator's Notice

Estate of Thomas Webb, Deceased, No. 435, in County Court of Coke County, Texas.

Notice is hereby given that I, J. K. Griffith, administrator of the estate of Thomas Webb, deceased, have this day filed my application in writing in the above entitled and numbered cause for an order of the County Judge of Coke County, Texas, authorizing me as administrator of the estate of Thomas Webb, deceased, to make and execute an oil, gas, and or mineral lease upon such terms as the court may order and direct, of the following described real estate belonging to the said estate of the said Thomas Webb, deceased to-wit: The South One-half (S1-2) of Section or Survey No. Two Hundred Thirty-eight (238), Block No. 2, H. & T. C. Ry. Co., Abstract No. 1671, containing 323 acres of land, more or less; Said application will be heard by the County Judge of Coke County, Texas, at the court house in the city of Robert Lee, Texas, on the 10th day of May, A. D. 1938.

Witness my hand at Robert Lee, Texas, on this the 27th day of April, A. D. 1938.

J. K. Griffith,
Administrator of the Estate of Thomas Webb, Deceased.

Mrs. H. E. Smith was a delegate from here to the P-T-A. convention in Del Rio this week. She went by bus from San Angelo in company with representatives of San Angelo P-T-A. units.

Isn't this the real problem of Beer --and almost it's only problem?

THERE ARE people, of course, who steadfastly and sincerely believe beer to be intoxicating, or its use sinful, harmful, or a first step toward use of "hard liquor."

Just as sincerely we hold that the weight of the evidence is overwhelmingly against them...that beer is a mild, wholesome food beverage...and that "there is nothing more promising to combat the evil of too much alcohol than the opportunity of drinking good beer."

No...it is not in beer itself, we believe, that its gravest problem lies, but in those conditions, undesirable to us all, which sometimes surround its sale.

How should that problem be handled... by brewers, by retailers, by consumers, and by the public authorities? On its handling, we believe, depends the ultimate success or failure of the art and science of brewing, with all its manifold contributions to human pleasure and happiness and to the farm and industrial welfare of this country,

In that belief, a short time ago the Brewers Foundation was organized... to align the brewing industry with forces working for the public good in this country.

Our underlying motive... to perpetuate and promote our industry... is of course obvious. But equally obvious, we hope, is the fact that our interests coincide with the public interest.

Important progress has been made. Brewer-members of the Foundation already represent nearly half the production of beer and ale in the United States; and these members are

pledged, individually and collectively, to the Brewers Code, one significant clause of which is as follows:

"We pledge our support to the duly constituted authorities for the elimination of anti-social conditions wherever they may surround the sale of beer to the consumer."

Being practical men, we promise no miracles. We cannot immediately or effectively "police" the quarter-million points where beer is sold (nor, to be fair, have we legal authority in many cases to do so). Nor can we, immediately, bring about full compliance with the law among all retailers, nor honest enforcement by all authorities.

But a beginning has been made...and we do promise that you will see results from it.

How far we can go, and how soon, depends very much on ourselves...but partly also on you.

Public opinion, once aroused, can operate to bring about honest enforcement of existing laws. Restriction of your patronage only to legal, respectable retail outlets can and will operate to raise retailing standards. Public preference for the products of Foundation members* will bear witness of your approval both to members and to cooperating retailers, and will encourage them to renewed efforts.

This is, therefore, at once a statement of our objectives and an appeal for your support, without which we must fall short of our high hopes. We urgently invite your full and sympathetic cooperation,

UNITED BREWERS INDUSTRIAL FOUNDATION

21 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

Correspondence is invited from groups and individuals everywhere who are interested in the brewing industry and its social responsibilities.

*Identified in the advertising of members by this symbol



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.

DICTATOR

"Dictator," me eye! The idea of comparing Roosevelt to Mussolini and Hitler as a dictator is like comparing an eagle to a couple of tumble bugs.

You never heard of Roosevelt driving the Jews out of the country and forcing them to leave their money and property behind so that he could swipe it.

You never heard of Roosevelt closing all the churches except those that suited him--putting the preachers in jail and shooting them for pastime.

You never heard of Roosevelt closing up all the Masonic Lodges, shooting the masters, wardens and brethren, or put them in jail.

You never heard of Roosevelt killing the niggers and taking their land away from them as Mussolini did the Ethiopians, or taking over a whole nation as Hitler did Austria.

Dictator, did you say? A parrot can be taught to say "dictator," but the parrot can't be taught to realize that he is uttering a lie when he says, "dictator." Are you a parrot?--Uncle Bill in Sterling City News-Record.

It has almost reached the point when rain is not news any more. Fine rains continue to fall over the county. However, the rains have been much heavier in some localities than in others. But take the county as a whole, prospects are better than in several years. Range is fine, cattle and sheep are fat, plenty of stock water out, and the grain looks promising. No serious illness in the community, everyone happy and contented. Come to Coke!

Dr. R. J. Warren
DENTIST,
811 San Angelo National Bank
San Angelo, Texas
Ph. Of. 4429 Res. 38182

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

We are authorized to announce the following Candidates for the office next above their names, subject to the action of the Democratic Primary, July 23, 1938.

All Announcements Strictly Cash.

COKE COUNTY, TEXAS

For County Judge

McNEIL WYLIE

(re-election)

J. C. JORDAN

ROY BREY

For County & District Clerk,

WILLIS SMITH

(re-election)

For Sheriff, Tax Assessor and Collector.

FRANK PERCIFULL

(re-election)

F. E. MODGLING

For County Treasurer,

Mrs. B. M. GRAMLING

MYRTLE L. HURLEY

IRVAN H. BRUNSON

(re-election)

O. W. CHAPMAN

For Commissioner Prec. No. 1

H. C. VARNADORE

(re-election)

For Commissioner Prec. No. 3

T. R. HARMON

(re-election)

For Public Cotton Weigher, Precinct No. 1

WALTER McDORMAN

Dr. W. A. GRIFFIS

DENTIST

410 Western Reserve Bldg.

Dial off. 6895 - res. 5864-2

San Angelo

Robert Massie Co.

Phone 4444 Day or Night

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

AND EMBALMERS.

SUPERIOR

AMBULANCE SERVICE

State Health Department

"Few conquests of science have been so spectacular and complete as the rout of diphtheria. And this victory has most firmly established the value of serum treatment both in its preventive and curative phases. However, toxin-antitoxin or its successor, toxoid for immunization, and antitoxin for timely cure, are brilliant achievements of which the general public even yet are not fully aware," states Dr. Geo. W. Cox, State Health Officer.

"As indicated, toxoid is the immunizing or preventive agent now usually employed, however, three to four months are required for the body to develop immunity. At that time the Schick test is applied to determine the results of this preventive treatment. This harmless and painless procedure is performed by injecting into the upper layers of the skin a minute drop of the diphtheria toxin. Your doctor can tell from this whether or not your child is immune.

"However, when a case of diphtheria exists, antitoxin is the only treatment that will save life. Also, to be effective, it must be given early and in large doses. Delay is usually caused by parents failing to realizing that any sore throat may actually be diphtheria.

"The means are at hand to fight diphtheria to death, but it cannot be done without a hundred per cent cooperation of parents. May Day, the Child's Health Day, will soon be here and one of the best ways to observe it would be for parents to have their children immunized against diphtheria."

We can't hope for much in the way of prison reform in this country until we take to sending a better class of citizens to prison

San Angelo's Leading Store

For Men and Boys.

SALE!

OF YOUNG MENS AND STUDENTS SPRING SUITS

VALUES \$24.75 to \$32.50

\$19.85 with two pants

VALUES \$19.75 to \$27.50

\$9.85 extra pants \$2.00

Thursday Thru Monday Only

S & Q CLOTHIERS

127 So. Chadbourne -- San Angelo

Former Robert Lee Girl In College Revue

Chosen because of its campus success, the freshmen show at Texas State College for Women, in which Miss Benny H. Turney, formerly of Robert Lee, but now of San Angelo appears, was presented this week at the West Texas Chamber of Commerce meeting in Wichita Falls Tuesday night, April 26.

Around 5,000 people witnessed the college revue. Most prominent among the celebrities there for the meeting were Mayor LaGuardia of New York City and Tom Connally.

It has about reached the point where instead of parents thinking their children need a chaperone the children think the parents need a guardian.

Showdown Due

There can no longer be any possible excuse or reason for delaying a thorough and impartial congressional investigation of the Tennessee Valley Authority.

The now discharged Chairman of the Authority, Arthur E. Morgan, has long demanded such an investigation, charging that it would disclose serious irregularities and "internal politics" in the management. Leading newspapers and publicists have pointed out time and time again that matters have passed the stage where anything but an open investigation could satisfy the public interest. No less a person than U. S. Senator McNary has has been unable to get accurate information as to its program and costs.





Here's the car

with a **QUIET**  **V-8 engine**

that hundreds of happy

owners  say gives 22

to 27 miles per gallon 

 AN LOOK AT THIS!

DELIVERED IN ROBERT LEE

\$701.35

EQUIPMENT INCLUDED

(Taxes Extra)
Price quoted is for 60 H.P. Coupe, illustrated, and includes transportation charges, gas, oil, oil bath air cleaner, and all the following:
2 bumpers, with 4 bumper guards • Spare wheel, tire, tube and lock
• 2 electric horns • Cigar lighter and ash tray • Heat indicator • Speedometer with trip odometer • Headlight beam indicator • Built-in luggage compartment • Silent helical gears in all speeds.

Built in Texas by Texas Workers

The Thrifty '60' FORD V-8

NOTICE

The Robert Lee School Board will accept bids on the Valley View school house, Piano and seats, now located in building. Building to be moved off of present location.

Bids will be opened at our regular session May 2nd, 1938 at eight o'clock p. m. You may bid on all three or either one of them separately. We reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

Board of Education
J. S. Craddock, Pres.

Coke Motor Co.
AUTHORIZED FORD DEALERS



WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK.—Gen. Saturno Cedillo, the feudal chieftain of the province of San Luis Potosi, is moving out of the ruck as the No. 1 menace to the Cardenas administration, according to all one can glean at this crossroads.

A friend of this writer, an oil operator who has reasons for remaining anonymous, brings news from Mexico that the big, swarthy Mestizo, the most conspicuous hold-out on the state agrarian program, is gaining a following in a long sweep of Mexican provinces, and, in this view, dissident factions will swarm in behind him.

He has the friendship and backing of various foreign interests, according to my informant, and around his huge, stolid, grim person there is gathering powerful opposition to the government.

He is a self-made fighting man who served his apprenticeship in various minor work-outs, before the big upheaval of 1910, when old Porfirio Diaz was overthrown. He joined this revolt, but called himself a "conservative revolutionist."

He never liquidated his personal army, now numbering about 10,000, and his autocratic state is firmly encysted in the constitutional commonwealth. When he resigned as secretary of agriculture on August 16, of last year, it was reported that he had made a truce with President Cardenas, but that talk seems to have been premature.

He was a member of the National Revolutionary party committee of 1934, which drafted Mexico's six-year agrarian and economic plan.

My friend picks Senors Cardenas and Cedillo as the two strong men of Mexico, one being driven left and the other right by the present social tension.

THE Swiss bell-ringers, the one-armed trap-drummer, the circus ring-master and all such supposedly busy and preoccupied people are just snoozing along compared to Dr. Morris Fishbein, goal-keeper against medical quacks, heresies, panaceas, innovations, utopias and unsanctioned experiments.

When Dr. James H. Means, retiring president of the American College of Physicians, drops a few provocative words about self-imposed medical reform, they scarcely hit a press wire before Dr. Fishbein swings a devastating counter-assertion.

Dr. Fishbein is elaborately equipped and organized for timely blasts against any encroachment of subsidized or socialized medicine. As editor of the Journal of the American Medical Association, with headquarters in Chicago, he commands a large staff of secretaries and assistant secretaries, trained like a fast ball club to field any challenge or dissent.

He is undoubtedly the most highly publicized medical man in America. He woffs hundreds of exchanges and eight or ten medical books every week.

Finds Time for Fights on Quacks lectures, speaks on the radio, reviews books, writes books and, always enjoying a fight, keeps up a fast running fight against the quacks.

When he finished Rush Medical school, at the age of twenty-three, he had the choice of becoming a pathologist for the state of Indiana, or an assistant editor of the Journal of Medicine.

He chose the latter. Mrs. Fishbein, who was Anna Mantel, serves through the war with him, traveling with him and assisting him in the biggest and busiest job of medical journalism ever attempted. They have three children.

Dr. Fishbein, plump, affable, bald, and forty-eight years old, also is deep in art, music, literature, the drama, bridge, golf and public affairs.

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Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



"Ice Age in the Bronx"

By FLOYD GIBBONS Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO EVERYBODY: For a long time I've been telling the cockeyed world that you don't have to go places to find adventure. I remember once saying that you could get more thrills just by sticking around your own home town than you could by signing up with Admiral Byrd for one of his exploring trips to the South pole.

And now, here comes John Standmann of the Bronx to tell me I was right about that South pole business. Admiral Byrd went down into the Antarctic to study the ice age, but Jack Standmann stayed home and studied another ice age—in the Bronx.

The Admiral loaded up a boat, signed on a crew, and sailed away toward the South pole, but Jack just put on his coat and a pair of gloves and, in ten minutes, found a spot that was just as cold as anything the Byrd expedition was able to dig up in a year's stay way down there at the bottom of the world.

It was in June, 1932, which is a doggone strange time for a man to go Arctic adventuring in the Bronx. Jack was working in an ice-cream factory and that more or less explains everything. The plant was a new one, and a lot of new-fangled machinery had been installed in it. One of the machines was the big steel conveyor that carried packaged ice-cream into the freezing chamber. That machine was the special bane of Jack's existence. The freezing chamber was a long tunnel where the temperature ran around forty below zero. Moisture used to gather in there and turn into ice. During a week's time, enough of it used to collect so that there was danger of it stopping the machinery. Then, Jack found himself facing a job he didn't like very well.

Working in Forty Below Zero.

The job was to crawl inside the freezing tunnel and hack and chip out all the ice. It was a chore that took every bit of two hours, but it had to be done a little at a time, for no man could stand that 40 below zero temperature for more than 20 minutes at a stretch. It couldn't be done



Jack Was Pulled Out of the Freezing Tunnel.

while the plant was operating. It had to be done after closing time. The result was that Jack had to work overtime, and most of the evening at it.

On this particular day, the plant had been working overtime itself. The minute the machinery stopped running Jack put on a lot of heavy clothes, slipped his hands into a pair of thick warm gloves, and crawled about 30 feet along the belt conveyor into that freezing tunnel. He worked as fast as he could, but he had been in there only about a quarter of an hour when his clothes were frozen so stiff that he could hardly move about and his gloves were so hard and brittle he could scarcely use his hands.

He had just about decided to crawl back and thaw out when suddenly he heard the door of the tunnel open, saw the lights go out, and then heard the door slam shut again.

Locked in the Tunnel to Die.

It was cold enough in that tunnel, but Jack suddenly went colder. He knew all too well the meaning of that slamming door. The light switch was just inside it. The watchman, not realizing that anybody was in there, had turned out the lights and locked the tunnel door. Even with the door open, Jack couldn't have groped his way out of the tunnel along the perplexing maze of conveyor belts. He had been abandoned in that freezing hole—to die.

Jack started to yell—he yelled until he was hoarse. But it was like yelling in a vacuum. The walls of the tunnel were insulated and sound proof. He began to crawl along the tunnel, his clothes freezing to the steel at every foot of the way. His gloves were as stiff as boards. The cold was penetrating to the very marrow of his bones. Pretty soon he would begin to get sleepy—and then—

Nearly Crazy With Horror.

It wasn't a pleasant subject, but Jack couldn't help thinking about it. Would they find him dead in the morning? Another idea struck him—a grisly, ghastly thought. When morning came, they would start the conveyor, and his stiff, dead body would be ground to pieces by the cogs of the great steel belt. Out of that machine, built to deliver the fixings for parties and the makings for kids' ice-cream cones, would come a sickening mass of frozen and lacerated flesh—flesh that had once been Jack Standmann.

A prey to thoughts like that, Jack almost went crazy. "It's hard to explain the honor of freezing to death in a pitch-dark tunnel," he says. "In my frenzy I imagined I had been in there for hours. I knew I'd be as stiff as my own gloves long before morning. But suddenly it occurred to me that I might try knocking on the wall."

Jack didn't have much hope that that would work. The walls were too thick. But at one point—a place where a cold storage compartment adjoined the tunnel, the wall was not insulated at all. And at that point he started hammering with all his strength. Would anyone go into that compartment? Would anyone hear his frantic signal?

Jack pounded for a long time. His body and face were numb, and his flailing arms were the only parts of him that had any feeling left in them, when suddenly, the lights went on. Someone yelled to him, and Jack doesn't remember whether he answered or not. But presently he felt himself being lifted out of the tunnel and carried out into the warm June air.

Well sir, if anybody in the Byrd expedition had any adventure as thrilling or as nearly fatal as that, I haven't heard of it.

Copyright.—WNU Service.

Porcupine's Quills

The porcupine's quill equipment is indeed the secret of its survival. It has no speed, no keenness of eyesight or smell, no cunning, but it does have between 20,000 and 40,000 daggers, each more poisonous than the sting of a wasp. The point of each quill is polished and very keen. Then come the barbs, over a thousand of them, which begin to stick out when they enter warm flesh, like the barbs on a fish hook.

South American Tongue Twisters

The following are pronunciations of some South American names: Asuncion (Ah-soon-se-own), Bahia (Baa-ee-yah), Barranquilla (Bare-ran-keel-ya), Buenos Aires (Bwa-knows-eye-race), Cartagena (Cartay-hay-na), Iguazu Falls (Ee-quasoo), Iquitos (Ee-key-toes), Llama (Yah-mah), Liao-Liao (Yow-yow), Magalanes (Mah-gal-yea-nayes), Rio de Janeiro (Ree-oh day zhah-nay-row), Toquilla (Tow-kell-ya).

AROUND the HOUSE



Preserving the Oilcloth.—Bind the edges of oilcloth used for table coverings with bias tape. This will keep the edges from tearing or becoming ragged.

Hemming Sash Curtains.—Make the hems of sash curtains the same at the top and bottom. You can then use them either end up.

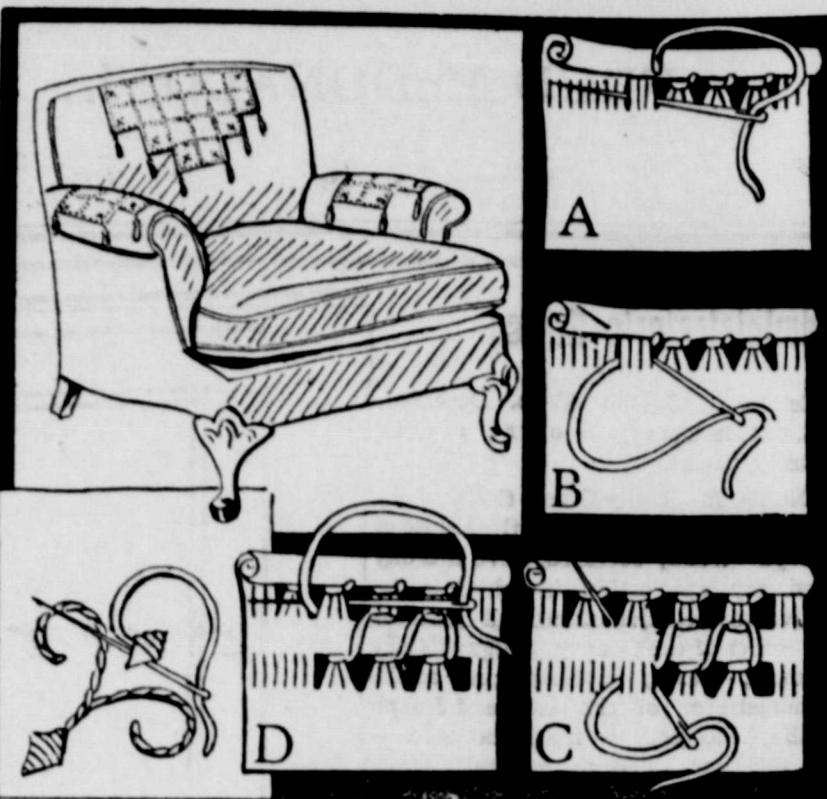
Preparing Baked Potatoes.—Baked potatoes look much nicer if scooped from the shell, mashed with butter, pepper and salt, a well-beaten yolk of an egg, then

placed back in the half shell and browned in the oven. They not only look nicer, but taste better.

Rinse Silks Well.—Silk underthings should be washed in water that is barely warm, and should be rinsed in at least three fresh rinsing waters.

To Retain Juices in Meats.—To keep flavor and juices in meat when baking or frying, expose it to extreme heat first, then reduce the temperature and cook more slowly.

HOW to SEW By RUTH WYETH SPEARS



Italian Hemstitching for a Chair Set

THE chair set shown here is made of an even meshed cream linen, marked off in squares of Italian hemstitching. Tiny scrolls in outline stitch with two diamonds in satin stitch are embroidered in all the outside corners. The scroll motif is shown at lower left. The tassels are made by raveling strips of the material and then rolling them.

The chair back piece measures 15 by 10 inches finished, and the chair arm pieces 7½ by 7½ inches. Allow ¼-inch at all edges for the rolled hems. The hemstitched squares measure 2½ inches. Mark them in pencil. The method of hemstitching the rolled edges is shown here at A and B. Remember that a moist thumb always helps in rolling an edge evenly. Italian hemstitching is really just two rows worked together as shown at C and D. To prepare the rows, draw two threads, skip four and then draw two more.

Readers who have received their copy of Mrs. Spears' book on Sewing, for the Home Decorator, will be pleased to know that Book No. 2 is now ready. Ninety embroidery stitches; fabric re-

pairing; also table settings; gifts; and many things to make for yourself and the children. If you like hand work you will be pleased with this unique book of complete directions for every article illustrated. Postpaid upon receipt of 25 cents (coin preferred). Just ask for Book No. 2 and address Mrs. Spears, 210 South Desplaines St., Chicago, Ill.

WHY Punish YOURSELF WITH ROUGH-ACTING CATHARTICS?

Don't take cathartics that act like dynamite! Don't punish your taste with nasty, bitter medicines just because you want relief from constipation. It's all so unnecessary!

Next time you need a laxative, try Ex-Lax! It gives you a good, thorough cleaning out—but smoothly, easily, without throwing your eliminative system out of whack, without causing nausea or stomach pains. And Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate!

For over 30 years, Ex-Lax has been America's favorite family laxative. Now it has been Scientifically Improved! It's actually better than ever! It TASTES BETTER than ever, ACTS BETTER than ever—and is MORE GENTLE than ever.

Equally good for children and grown-ups. 10¢ and 25¢ boxes at your druggist.

Now Improved—better than ever! EX-LAX THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Love of a Child Better to be driven out from among men than to be disliked by children.

FOR CUTS MOROLINE Large Jar's 5¢ and 10¢ SNOW WHITE PETROLEUM JELLY

CHEW LONG BILL NAVY TOBACCO 5¢ PLUG

GUIDE-BOOK to GOOD VALUES

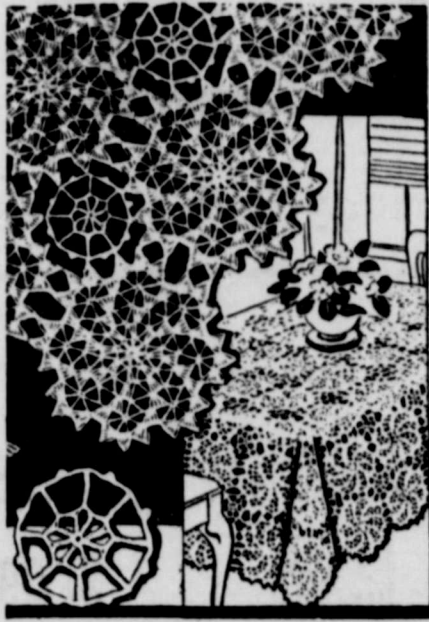
When you plan a trip abroad, you can take a guide-book and figure out exactly where you want to go, how long you can stay, and what it will cost you. To save you time, the obliging author has marked especially interesting places with a star so that when you land in Europe, you know exactly where to go and what to look at. The advertisements in this paper are really a guide-book to good values... brought up to date every week. If you make a habit of reading them carefully, you can plan your shopping trips and save yourself time, energy and money.

Our Presidents

Thomas Jefferson and John Quincy Adams were elected by the house of representatives. Grover Cleveland, son of a Presbyterian minister, succeeded Chester A. Arthur, son of an Episcopalian minister. Zachary Taylor did not hear of his nomination until one month after the convention adjourned. Thirty-one men have served as Presidents of the United States. Herbert Hoover was the first President born west of the Mississippi river. He was born in West Branch, Iowa.

Medallions Easily and Quickly Made

These two medallions . . . the small one very open to set off the spirals of the larger one . . . can be used to form any number of lovely household treats . . . dinner cloths, bedspreads, scarfs, or



Pattern 1651

dollies. Delightful pick-up work . . . so easy to do, your crochet hook will just fly from one to another. Pattern 1651 contains directions for making a 6 1/2 inch and a 2 inch medallion (size in string) and joining them to make a variety of articles; illustrations of the medallions and of all stitches used; material requirements; a photograph of medallions.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle, Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York. Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

Hard Nut to Crack

Despite the vast literature on seeds and seed dispersal, the botanical world does not yet know how Brazil nuts propagate naturally, because they grow—in groups of about a dozen—in a hard, thick, woody case which, so far as is known, can only be opened by the hand of man.—Collier's Weekly.

Now Real Economy!

1 doz. St. Joseph Aspirin . . . 10c
3 doz. St. Joseph Aspirin . . . 20c
8 1/2 doz. St. Joseph Aspirin . . . 35c



Watered by Tyrants

The tree of liberty only grows when watered by the blood of tyrants.—Barere.

WNU—L 17—38



Only Newspapers bring the news of vital interest to you

Headlines may scream of death and disaster without causing you to raise an eyebrow. But if your son gets his name in the paper—that's real news! It isn't by accident that this paper prints so many stories which vitally interest you and your neighbors. News of remote places is stated briefly and interpreted. Local news is covered fully, because all good editors know that the news which interests the readers most is news about themselves.

Now is a good time to learn more about this newspaper which is made especially for you. Just for fun ask yourself this question: How could we get along without newspapers?

KNOW YOUR NEWSPAPER

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

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

Lesson for May 1

FOLLOWING VISION WITH SERVICE

LESSON TEXT—Mark 9:14-29. GOLDEN TEXT—All things are possible to him that believeth.—Mark 9:23. PRIMARY TOPIC—When Only Jesus Could Help. JUNIOR TOPIC—At the Foot of the Mountain. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Living Up to Our Knowledge of Christ. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Following Vision with Service.

One of the lessons that seems hard to learn and to keep constantly effective in the life of a Christian is that mountain-top experiences of spiritual uplift are not an end in themselves but a preparation for service. All too often we come to regard such times of peculiar blessing, whether in the privacy of our own room, or in the great conference of Christian workers, as something which should glow warmly in our own hearts, making us glad in the Lord, and not as a background and preparation for ministry to others. One might just as well hope to feed the physical body constantly without any work or exercise and keep in good health, as to feed the soul on good things, do nothing for God or fellow-man, and still avoid what someone has called "spiritual dyspepsia."

The writer has just attended a most unusual and blessed Bible conference, the leaders of which rightly apprehended this truth. Evangelism was the matter chiefly in mind, but instead of announcing the theme of the week's meetings as "Evangelism" the program presented it as "Preparation for Evangelism." That is sound spiritual sense. We came not to discuss evangelism itself so much as to prepare ourselves to go out and evangelize. God help us to do it!

Jesus rightly characterized the time in which he lived as

I. A Faithless Generation (vv. 14-19).

"Jesus found in the valley disputing scribes, a distracted father, a demon-possessed boy, and defeated disciples." The unbelief which called forth the rebuke of Jesus "is revealed in different phases. There were the scribes, willful and persistent unbelief; there was the father, unwilling unbelief; there was the boy, irresponsible unbelief; and there were the disciples, unconscious unbelief. The whole atmosphere was an unbelieving atmosphere" (Morgan).

As we look at that depressing picture of long ago, let us consider ourselves lest we also be tempted to "limit God" by our faithlessness. The most casual reader of Scripture cannot help but see that God seeks out and honors faith, and as we begin to study God's Word with care we realize that the fundamental of all fundamentals is really to believe God. Some Christian men and women are living out a tremendous testimony for God by fully believing Him and His Word, but many of those who profess to follow Him actually make Him appear ridiculous before the world because their unbelief makes Him out to be a "small" God instead of the infinite, eternal, omnipotent God.

II. The All-Powerful Saviour (vv. 23-27).

The keynote of our first division might well have been the sad words "they could not" in verse 18. But now the Son of God has come and the new keynote is the inspiring words of verse 23, "all things are possible to him that believeth." There is no problem too difficult for our Lord; there is no sorrow too deep for His comfort; there is no challenging opportunity too great for His enabling power.

III. Prayer the Connecting Link (vv. 28, 29).

The disciples in chagrin at their inability to deal with the difficulty of the demon-possessed boy, having witnessed the power of Christ in delivering him, begin now to realize that evidently even though unconscious of it, they had come into the powerless position of unbelief.

What a solemn warning there is for us in the experience of these followers of the Lord. Like the termites who destroy the very life and strength of wood—and yet leave it apparently whole, only to crumble in dust when it is put under the pressure of daily use—there are spiritually destructive influences which all but unconsciously destroy the virile strength of the Christian. Prayerlessness is the most effective weapon of Satan at this point. Without prayer there is no power. Real problems are not successfully met nor are opportunities grasped "but by prayer."

ASK ME ANOTHER ?

A Quiz With Answers Offering Information on Various Subjects

The Questions

1. How is the date of Easter determined?
2. By what name is the Chinese philosopher K'ung Fu Tze usually known to the Western world?
3. What were the "Three Estates" in France prior to the Revolution?
4. Who makes the laws for the District of Columbia?
5. How many lawyers are there in the United States congress?
6. How much raw silk does the United States import?

The Answers

1. It is the first Sunday after the full moon on or next after March 21.
2. Confucius.
3. Nobles, clergy and common people.
4. Congress.
5. Seventy-one out of the ninety-six senators and 249 out of 435 representatives are lawyers.
6. During the calendar year 1937, 57,815,573 pounds of raw silk was imported, with an import value of \$106,594,358.



All That's Left Untaxed

If people will morbidly attend murder trials, why not charge them \$1 admission? Utopia is impossible because we are not Utopians. We ought to know that.

Sentiment Is Their Ticket

People "let themselves in" for a good part of their troubles. A grouch salvages only one privilege: He doesn't get picked on.

A man may be proud of his "superiorities," but it may be only his glands.

A Time for Anger

"Always a soft answer" is poor philosophy. Anger, righteous anger, is as important and necessary as lightning is to cleanse the atmosphere.

"Reading makes a full man," as Bacon said, and observation makes an original one.

When a young man sows his wild oats he often mixes too much old rye with them.

Hidden Benefits

Few housewives realize the underlying advantage of the use of a good light-oil furniture polish! Most polish is used only for the luster it bestows on the chairs, tables, piano, woodwork in the home. Rubbing the polish on cleans the furniture—works up a glow—and the outward effect is fresh and sparkling! But that is only part of the housewife's reward. For out of this domestic routine comes definite benefit to the furniture! A reputable polish, with a light oil base, does what is known as "feeding" the finish. The "massage" causes the oil to penetrate, seep into the pores of the wood—just enough to lubricate—and keep it healthy! Here, it is important to note that cheap polishes are made with a heavy oil base—and are "greasy" and unpleasant to use. The best polish—made with a fine light-oil base—is never greasy. Applied on a damp cloth (according to directions), it is neat to use and proves a boon to the furniture! Lack of polishing—or the use of a poor polish—will cause the finest wood to dry out, crack, split—for wood is a product of Nature and needs a certain amount of oily moisture. So polish the furniture regularly! Use a quality oil polish—it pays! For not only does the furniture look better—it is better! Its life is preserved!



Proof
Dictor—What can be the cause of that crowd over there?
Demog—I can't imagine. Vulgar curiosity, I presume.
Dictor—Let's go over and see.

Unreasonable
Cuthbert—I don't understand your father.
Roberta—Why, dear?
Cuthbert—Because he tells me not to lose sight of my object in life—and then he kicks when I call on you seven nights a week!

THAT EXPLAINS IT



Jimmy—You're always in my mind.
Jenny—No wonder I'm lonely.

Diner (to waiter)—Could I see your menus for the past week? I'd like to get the recipe for this wonderful hash.



Pure as Sunlight

Motor oil free of every impurity . . . acid-free . . . that is the scientific achievement of Quaker State's four great, modern refineries. The finest Pennsylvania crude oil is transformed into a perfected lubricant, so pure that motor troubles due to sludge, carbon and corrosion are wholly overcome. Your car will run better, last longer with Acid-Free Quaker State. Retail price, 35¢ a quart. Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pennsylvania.



"I CAN ROLL 'EM NOW TO BEAT ALL—AND EVERY CIGARETTE SMOKES EXTRA MILD,"

SAYS AL HAZARD

AL HAZARD is painting some good advice to motorists, while he gives some good tips to "makin'" smokers. Al speaking: "Gettin' a quick, neat 'makin' smoke is no trick at all with Prince Albert. That crimp cut sets right—doesn't bunch up or spill out. And that's why P. A. draws good, and smokes slow and cool. Plenty mild, too, for such rich-tastin' smokes. I say, if you smoke for pleasure, smoke Prince Albert." (Good advice for pipe-smokers too!)

Copyright, 1938, H. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



70

Roll your own cigarettes in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert

PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

ALAMO THEATRE
ROBERT LEE TEXAS

FRIDAY & SATURDAY, April 29th & 30th
The Romance of the Old West Lives Again in Zane Grey's
"BORN TO THE WEST"
with John Wayne - Marsha Hunt
John Mack Brown - Monte Blue
Plus "New Deal" Cartoon - Extra! Latest "March of Time".

SUNDAY 1:30 & MONDAY, May 1st & 2nd

DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S GREAT NEW MUSICAL!



WALTER WINCHELL · BEN BERNIE · SIMONE SIMON
She sings! She sings!
LOVE AND HISSSES
Directed by Sidney Lanfield of "Wake Up and Live" fame
GORDON & SEYMOUR LEVINE PRESENT

Also "The Big Apple and News"

WEDNESDAY ONLY, May 4th (?)
Dick Foran - Ann Sheridan
in
"SHE LOVED A FIREMAN"
Plus "Calling all Kids" a Two-Reel Comedy.

SPECIALS FOR FRIDAY & SATURDAY
APRIL 22nd & 23rd
THE RED & WHITE STORE
CALL FOR YOUR H & E PROFIT SHARING STAMPS

R & W MILK, 3 tall cans or 6 small cans	19c
R & W CORN FLAKE, two packages	15c
Crystal Pack SPINACH, Three no 2 cans for	25c



1 Green Stamp and 15c for each piece of Silverware.

R & W FLOUR 6 lb sack 39c 12 lb sack 49c 24 lb sack 89c	
Early Riser COFFEE, Ground or whole bean 1 lb pkgs. for	15c
B & W PEAS no 2 can for	14c
R & W PINEAPPLE, crushed or tidbits two 8 oz cans for	15c
Salome's Colored Distilled VINEGAR, 25 oz bottle	10c
R & W Co. Gent. CORN, two no 2 cans,	25c

PRUNES, Fresh no 10 can for	29c
Brimful PORK & BEANS, 16 oz can	5c
R & W FLAV-R-JELL, assorted flavors, 3 pkgs	14c
Goblin HOMINY, No 300 can	5c
TOASTS, Cheese Crackers, 1 lb box 19c: 6 oz box	13c
TOMATOES, Texas Pinks 2 lbs for	15c
ONIONS, New Crop Bermudas, 3 pounds for	10c
163 Delicious APPLES, dozen	18c
New & Smooth SPUDS, 10 lbs	17c
NEW RED SPUDS, 2 lbs	6c

W. J. Cumbie
Remember to call for Green Stamps!

Card of Thanks

We wish to express our appreciation for the helpfulness and sympathy shown us by our many neighbors and friends during the illness and death of our husband and father,
Mrs. W. K. Hood,
Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hood
Mr. and Mrs. Ocie Duncan,
Miss Addie Pearl Hood,
Keith Vane Hood,
Dorothy Fay Hood.

Mrs. W. M. Simpson, Mrs. Lamont Scott and Mrs. J. S. Craddock were among those from here who attended a tea given by the Progressive Club at the home of Mrs. Carrie Williams in Bronte, Thursday afternoon.

Ed Hickman, Robert Lee's star track man of this season, is the guest of Tulane University this week-end. It is generally understood the athletics high-ups of the school are giving him a sizing up in view of signing a contract for next year.

Mrs. A. J. Whitely of Fort Worth and George Calder of Dallas are here with their brother, J. W. Calder who has been seriously ill for some time. Mr. Calder's condition is thought to be critical.

Houston Smith spent several days this week in Austin conferring with members of the State Board of Agriculture in an effort to get a raise in the cotton and feed base of Coke county.

Rev. and Mrs. Fred DeLashaw were summoned to Coleman Monday as witnesses in a case of drunken driving on the Barkhead Highway.

Mrs. Robert Hester was taken to a hospital in San Angelo Sunday to be treated for a heart ailment. She is said to be improving.

Classified Column

New Dresses & Hats
for Ladies at
CUMBIE'S

Watch for Texas Triple Cola.

STRAYED--2 motel faced cows Brand "JO Bar" on left hip, notify Mrs. M. J. Gartman Robert Lee

"I dare not risk a failure" says Miss Jessie Hogue (conducting San Angelo Cooking school). "That's why I chose Red & White Flour"--Cumbie's

For Service
Jersey Male
see H. D. Gartman
or Phone 3902

Coming Soon--Texas Triple Cola.

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 Mr. McElreath, Box 33, Dallas, Texas.

See the batiste pajamas & night gowns--price 98c at Cumbie's

PLAY SAFE
Let us Sinclair-ize your car for Summer driving

We prepare your car for safe summer driving as its manufacturer recommends.

TRANSMISSION and DIFFERENTIAL drained, flushed and refilled with correct Summer lubricant.
FRONT WHEELS pulled and packed with fresh lubricant.
CRANKCASE drained, flushed and refilled with the correct grade of de-waxed and de-jelled Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil.
RAIDATOR cleaned of rust and scale to prevent over-heating.
CHASSIS lubricated according to car's manufacturer's instructions.

FOR ALL THE ABOVE SERVICES. COME IN TODAY.
Gas, Oil, Flats Fixed, Air & Water
Candy, Gum, Cold Drinks, Tobacco

Coleman-Jordan Service Station

M SYSTEM

Features for - Friday & Saturday

Another load of unchilled
BANANAS, 2 dozen **19c**

Fresh LIMES, doz **10c** ; Fresh & Tender CARROTS, 3 behs **5c**

Texas GRAPEFRUIT, by the bushell **\$1.09**

Bulk DATES, 2 lbs **19c** ; Fresh Texas TOMATOES, 1b **5c**

Albatross FLOUR Made from the Best Kansas soft Wheat
24 lbs. 75c, 48 lbs. 1.39

Family size cans Red Pitted Cherries, 2 for **25c** ; 13½ oz can DelMonte Tomato Juice, **5c**

Swift Jewel Shortening, 4 lb carton **39c**
8 lb carton **78c**

CRYSTAL WHITE SOAP, 6 bars for **23c**

PALMOLIVE SOAP, per bar **5c**

SUPER SUDS, Red or Blue package large **19c** small **9c**

CANDY BARS 3 for **10c**

START YOUR SET TODAY

FREE

WHILE THEY LAST
ICED TEA GLASSES

LIPTON'S TEA
YELLOW LABEL

4 FREE WITH 1 lb. **83c**
2 FREE WITH ½ lb. **43c**
1 FREE WITH ¼ lb. **23c**

Hubinger's Gold-N-Sweet and Silver Sweet Syrup
½ gal can 29c-gal **49c**

K-B Steam Exploded Rice or Wheat, pkg **9c**

A new and splendid product
APPLE JUICE, 3 for **25c**

24 oz jar **PEANUT BUTTER, 19c** ; Boone county Pumpkin, 2 no 2 cans **15c**

Nancy Hank PEACHES, They're good 4 cans **29c**

H Small cans Soup 3 for **25c**
I 2 large cans **25c**
N cooked Macaroni 2 cans **25c**
Z Fresh Cucumber PICKLES, jar **19c**

IN OUR MARKET Chuck ROAST, 1b **14c**
BACON, Clover Sli. 1b **26c** Ground Meat 2lbs **23c**
Seven STEAK, 1b **15c** Pork Sausage 2lbs **35c**
STEAK, Round - Loin - T-Bone, 1b **13c**
SALT PORK, Fine for Boiling 1b **15c**

Bring us your Poultry and Eggs.