





**POPULATIONS SHIFTING** The populations of the world's principal continents are shifting in four directions. Today the "center" of population is moving westward in North America, eastward in Europe, northward in Africa and southward in Asia. —Collier's Weekly.


**HAPPINESS** This world is a narrow, sunless one for those who ask everything and give nothing. The pleasure that comes from getting isn't in it with the happiness that comes from giving. Contentment is born only of real service to humanity. —Grit.



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**MOTORISTS WISE  
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SAY, I THOUGHT I KNEW YOU! YOU'RE DIZZY DEAN!

DIZZY DEAN! I'M CLEANED OUT!

—AND I CAN GIVE YOU A SWELL TIP ON HOW TO GET PLENTY OF ENERGY EAT GRAPE-NUTS LIKE I DO. IT'S PACKED WITH THE OTHER THINGS

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ENERGY

THE STUFF THAT STICKS  
BY YOU — EVEN WHEN  
THE GOIN' IS TOUGH



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1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 26



# Germany Again Aims at Military Supremacy See Unknown Mountains in Yukon From Airplane



By WILLIAM C. UTLEY

FEW weeks ago—mid-January, to be exact—all Europe sat on a volcano awaiting the outcome of what was considered one of the world's most important events since November 11, 1918. It was the Saar plebiscite.

"The Saar is a volcano," said students of international affairs. "War is imminent, almost no matter what the outcome. Another war is unthinkable. It will be the end of European civilization."

On January 13, the Saar, as expected, voted to re-unite with Germany. The plebiscite was a peaceful, orderly affair. The volcano proved a dud. Europe breathed easier and returned to its less spectacular war against the depression.

Today—only three months later—Europe sits on another volcano that makes the Saar situation seem like a Fourth of July firecracker that has been left out in the rain. And Europe only sits and talks.

Except Germany. Germany is too busy to talk, too busy tearing up "scraps of paper." You remember what happened the last time Germany tore up a "scrap of paper." That one was the Belgian neutrality treaty. The present one is the armament section of the treaty of Versailles.

Germany has thrown her hat into the ring of struggle for military supremacy. The hat is a steel helmet like soldiers wear when they fire guns that kill people. She is conscribing an army, variously estimated at 540,000 to 750,000. Facing the call to arms are 8,500,000 men and boys.

"You can't do that!" says Great Britain. "You can't do that!" say Italy, France, Russia, Poland, Rumania, Czechoslovakia. Like the man who screams, "You can't put me in jail!"—from behind the bars. The turnkey says, "Tell it to the judge." Germany says, "We've already done it."

Germany's army was limited to 100,000 men by the treaty signed at the conclusion of the World War. That is about equal to the man power of the American army, which will be increased by about one-third under the new defense plans recently announced by our government.

Hitler Hurls Thunderbolt.

On March 16 the reich, spurred evidently by the final fiftful bursting of Fuehrer Hitler's patience with the continued re-armament of co-signers to the Versailles treaty, which has been known to have been progressing for years, broke the reins.

Hitler threw his thunderbolt into the sky over Europe frankly, defiantly and, it must be admitted, courageously.

The Versailles treaty is junked. The old-time German system of universal military conscription is the law of the land. The new German army will rival in size and outdo in training and equipment the army of the Kaiser at the time when the late Theodore Roosevelt said: "With an army like this I could lick the world!"—the army with which the Kaiser couldn't.

There will be 36 divisions in the Nazi army. Each one will number at least 15,000 men. Building of the army, under the direction of Gen. Werner von Blomberg, minister of defense, is to get under way at once. As of old, conscription will begin with young boys who will be prepared for military training by preliminary commitment to the Nazi labor service.

How did the German people take the news? They went wild with joy. The shackles were thrown off. It was the end of political humiliation. It was the return of the incomparable German pride. Correspondents called the delirium "indescribable." Half a million Germans lined the streets of Berlin to cry "Heil!" to their worshiped leader and to watch a military parade in honor of Germany's war dead.

Who won the war, anyway? Germany lost it. Yet in point of numbers, her new engine of war bows to none but those of France and Russia. And authentic sources have it that she will demand an air force equal to that of England or France, with the common level to be decided by that of Russia; the repatriation of 3,500,000 residents of Czechoslovakia and cession of certain Czech territory; a navy of 400,000 tons, and economic union with Austria.

The reichswehr will start with an army of about 875,000, to be increased to 500,000 in a few months, according to the plan announced by Gen. von Blomberg. It is thought that the an-

Left, Defense Minister Von Blomberg and Chancellor Adolph Hitler Pictured as They Reviewed Troops. Right, Top, General Von Blomberg, Who Prepared the Plans for German Rearmament. Below, Type of Youth From Which Germany Will Conscrip Its New Army.

nual contingent will fall somewhere between 300,000 and 400,000, giving Germany a trained reserve of approximately 4,000,000 in ten years. If special training periods are adopted for the next few months—and this has been rumored—and the state police, which number 150,000, and recruits from the storm troops and Nazi labor camps are included, the personnel would reach 700,000 by the end of the present year.

Fighting Airplanes.

Germany, according to correspondents, now possesses between 600 and 1,000 fighting airplanes and is equipped, under stepped-up schedules, to produce new ones at the rate of 125 a month. At this rate it could approach the air strength of France or Russia within a year.

France maintains a peace time army of 600,000 men, as compared with 790,000 in 1914, when it placed an army of 1,800,000 in the field in a little more than two weeks. In addition to the 30 peace-time divisions there are 20 divisions of reserves. There are more than 3,000,000 trained reserves available for fighting.

Although the completion of underground fortresses on the German and Belgian borders would seem to make France safe from attack by land, her army itself is not as well mechanized as it might be. Forty per cent of the artillery is mechanized and one out of six cavalry divisions is motorized and mechanized completely. There are 25 tank battalions, some in the colonies. France has 3,000 fighting planes.

Since 1925 Soviet Russia has expanded its army of 560,000 men to 960,000, the largest in the world. Its war strength could be increased to 2,000,000. Annually it passes into service 800,000 recruits from a contingent of 1,200,000. Mechanization has progressed to a high degree of late years, although the Soviet government has guarded it as a military secret. In two years the air force is said to have increased 330 per cent; in four years the number of light tanks has increased 780 per cent, heavy artillery 210 per cent and machine guns for infantry and cavalry 215 per cent.

The Italian peace time army has varied with the seasons—450,000 in spring and summer, and 270,000 in fall and winter. There are annually about 200,000 called for service. In addition to the regular army 373,000 Fascist militia and 92,000 others are organized on a military basis. From those figures it follows that Italy could put about 900,000 men in the field of battle in case of war. But reports have circulated that Il Duce is even now mustering an army of 1,000,000! During recent months the 1934 air strength of 1,600 planes has been augmented.

In Europe Great Britain alone has a professional army. Not including the troops in India, it numbers 140,000, with 125,000 additional officers and men available in case of war. Special experts and technicians number another 20,000 and there is an independent territorial militia of 132,000. A few months ago His Majesty's government announced a building program of 480 planes, to bring the total to 1,320 in five years.

Of the smaller nations on the continent, the peace time army strength is distributed as follows: Poland, 266,000 men; Czechoslovakia, 113,000; Yugoslavia, 107,000; Rumania, 141,000; Spain, 158,000; and Belgium, 67,000.

Leads in Industry.

Germany is the leading industrial nation of Europe. She has great iron and steel industries. Her chemical and automotive plants, added to the iron and steel, make hers one of the great industrial systems of the world. In addition she is noted for her scientists and inventive minds.

These inventive minds are credited with having devised some of the most terrible engines of destruction ever conceived by the mind of man—weapons which could wipe out the entire population of Europe and even threat-

en other continents, without ever leaving Germany.

Most terrible of all is the reported "stratosphere" rocket. This, fired up into the thin air of the stratosphere, is guided by radio, loaded with explosives or germs, and caused to drop to earth, with its load of death and disease.

There is the "Z-ray," so fantastic that it might have come from a modern dime novel. The ray pulverizes all iron and steel in its path, destroys bridges and the structural work of buildings, melts guns, temporarily paralyzes human beings. It requires enormous electrical currents, and special generating equipment for its supply is said to be already completed along the Rhine.

The "Haiser-ultra" bullet, invented by Dr. Max Gehrich, is being turned out in German factories at the rate of 480,000 a day. It will pierce steel armor six inches thick.

Said to be in production in the famed Krupp plant are 2,000 "rotative" guns. These guns, huge cannons, have five rotating barrels and fire 5,000 giant shells a minute.

One of the most deadly of all infantry weapons is the German Stange machine gun. Weighing only 18 pounds, it can be carried and handled by one man. It fires 600 rounds a minute and needs no artificial cooling; when the barrel becomes overheated, it is simply replaced by a "spare" in a few seconds. It will be equipped to use the all-piercing bullet. Heavier motor-driven machine guns, which will fire 1,400 rounds a minute, are also rumored to be under construction.

Noble Sacrifices. All of this great military machine Germany is building under the guise of preserving the peace of Europe and the world. Hitler felt that Germany had made noble sacrifices in carrying out the treaty of Versailles. He claimed the country had carried out all of the requisites of the treaty and had thereby done more than any other nation to uphold the principles of the treaty and its objectives.

The other nations, says the fuehrer, have not lived up to their end of the bargain. They have steadily armed since the treaty, threatening the peace of Europe. In Hitler's opinion, Germany is doing the world a great favor by throwing off the shackles of Versailles, for he says that peace can be maintained only if Germany can defend herself against any nation on the continent. Against all opposition, Germany forges steadily ahead with her program.

Meanwhile the diplomats of the other nations make hurried and frantic "agreements" and "pacts" in each other's capitals, send dignified, if indignant, notes to Hitler. He tosses them aside with the comment that they are not in accordance with the facts. Sir John Simon, British foreign minister, who seems to have taken it upon himself to plead the cause of the Allies, goes to Berlin to talk with Hitler, and sits dumbly by while the fuehrer talks to him—straight from the shoulder. Sir John accomplishes little more than nothing at all. The United States in one breath expresses herself as determined to stay out of European controversy, in another she says she will insist on treaties being kept, including Germany's arms pact with us.

France, in desperation, appeals to the League of Nations to do something about it. The league, as it often has been of late, as it was indeed created to be, finds itself again "on the spot." It has called an extraordinary session of the council at Geneva. There will hardly be a war as the outcome of that. It takes a unanimous vote of the league council to declare war.

More than anything else, the member nations would like to get Germany back in the League of Nations. And Germany will return, says Adolf Hitler, only if she is given back possessions taken from her after the World War.

© Western Newspaper Union

## Expedition Makes Important Discoveries in North.

Washington.—New demonstration of the amazing part that airplanes can play in exploring unknown patches of territory that are still left in the world has just reached headquarters of the National Geographic society here in a report from Bradford Washburn, young American explorer of Cambridge, Mass., only a few days after his arrival at his temporary rail base at Carcross, Yukon territory, Canada.

Mr. Washburn, on his way to explore for the society the tangle of mountains in the extreme southwest corner of Yukon territory, which holds the highest unclimbed peaks on the North American continent, made an immediate reconnaissance from the air, and in a flight lasting less than eight hours discovered an immense unknown glacier nearly 50 miles long and established the fact that famous Hubbard glacier, thought to be 30 miles long, is more than double that length. He also discovered an hitherto unknown range of mountains.

Mr. Washburn's report follows:

To Map Unknown Region.

"The monoplane of the National Geographic society piloted by Everett Wasson of Carcross has returned here after successfully establishing the base camp of the expedition near the tongue of an immense unknown glacier descending eastward for nearly 50 miles into the 'Alek valley' from the peak of Mt. Hubbard, one of the greatest of the unclimbed peaks of the St. Elias range. From the head of this glacier we hope to map a large portion of the hitherto unknown region east of Mt. St. Elias.

"The glacier on which the camp has been located lies some 130 miles west of Carcross and was discovered on a reconnaissance by Wasson, Taylor, Dr. Frank Henderson, eminent geologist of Vancouver, and myself. We flew for a total of seven hours and gigantic cliff of ice and rock without a single climbable angle.

"Between Mt. Hubbard and Mt. Lucania stretches a range of hitherto unseen mountains in which there are at least 20 peaks over 10,000 feet in most amazing mountain masses that I have ever seen, rising to an altitude of nearly 16,000 feet from the flat snow fields of the Hubbard glacier in one

forty-five minutes reconnoitering over 1,000 square miles of mountainous country in this unmapped area of the Yukon.

"Besides the discovery of the huge glacier system on the east and north slopes of Mt. Hubbard, we were amazed to find that the Hubbard glacier, formerly believed to be less than 30 miles in length and thought to end at the divide between Mt. Hubbard and Mt. Vancouver, actually flows fully 40 miles farther into the very heart of the St. Elias range. It grows broader rather than narrower, and finally ends 60 or 70 miles from Yakutat bay at the very base of Mt. Logan.

Find Unknown Mountains.

"Mt. Vancouver appears to be utterly impregnable. It is one of the highest and several even higher than this.

"Before returning to Carcross we made several photographs of Mt. Hubbard and the glaciers east of it, on

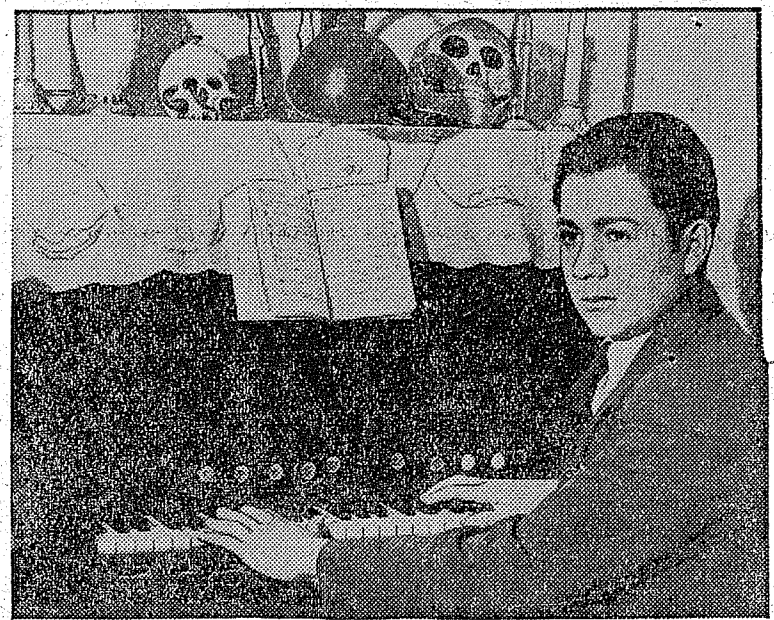
## Blood Feud Nearly Wipes Out Village

Belgrade.—The village of Tigan in Albania has been almost entirely depopulated as a result of a blood feud of long duration with a neighboring village. For every man of the neighboring village killed by the men of Tigan, several males of Tigan were killed. Many families have lost all their menfolk, and the population of the village is only 20 per cent of what it was 40 years ago, when the feud began.

one of which our base is now established. These pictures are being used now to formulate our future plans of exploration of this magnificent mountain country which is probably the last utterly unexplored region in North America.

"After the base is permanently established on the glacier at an altitude of about 3,000 feet, we will advance camp as rapidly as possible to the divide at its head, 10,000 feet high and 40 miles away, from which the major part of our mapping and photographic work will be done."

## "Skull House" Raided by Bunko Squad



A house of mysterious happenings, where skulls gleamed in the darkness, thumpings jarred the walls, and weird organ music greeted the ears of victims who paid to communicate with the "spirits," was exposed recently by the Los Angeles bunko squad. Scores of the credulous, mostly Mexicans, are alleged to have been victimized. The picture shows an attendant seated at the skull-decorated organ.

## Claim First Vineyard Was Planted by Noah

He Was a Frenchman, Wine Tasters Are Told.

Paris, France.—That Noah was a Frenchman and planted the first vineyard is a foregone conclusion in the minds of a group of devout wine-tasters who have just organized a society here called "The Knights of the Wine-Tasters."

Too much attention, they aver, has been given to the exploits of Monsieur Noah and his Ark enterprise, and not enough publicity to the fact that it was he who first sowed the seeds of the beverage that has made France famous and intoxicated the world.

The new-founded order of the Knights of the Wine-Tasters honors three people—Noah, the first wine grower; Bacchus, the god of wine; and St. Vincent, patron saint of wine-growers.

"Our emblem," a member said, "is a wine-taster, or tiny glass tube resembling a miniature pipe which professional wine-tasters use when determining the respective virtues of the fruit of the vine.

"Of course, water drinking is counted as a misdemeanor, and naturally all water drinkers are barred from membership in our order," he continued. "In fact, in our ritual there are some pretty bitter things about water drinkers and particularly about American prohibitionists. Our criticisms, however, are cordial. We are very frank, but not malicious. We meet only in wine cellars and we have a grand master and a grand lodge. We hold our conclaves by candlelight."

Thus the Americanization of France

## HER INSIDES RIGHTED



Sidney Eisenberg, eleven years old, of Lewistown, Pa., is now able to take light nourishment after an operation in which her stomach was moved from her chest back to where it belongs.

continues. Secret orders heretofore have been practically nonexistent in France. There are no college fraternities, no Knights of Pythias or Columbian, or anything else. The Masonic order was the only exception until the present founding of "The Knights of the Wine-Tasters."

Although outsiders may discuss the virtues of the new order with members, no outsider is permitted to witness the initiatory ceremonies. There are no press conferences allowed. The ritual is said, however, to resemble the ancient investiture of a knight by his king, and it is known that at all meetings the knights must wear the distinctive uniform of the order and recite all the pass-words and give the high-signs before the wine-tasting begins.

## Astronomers at Harvard Study Craters of Moon

Cambridge, Mass.—Harvard astronomers have trained their telescopes on the dark side of the moon, hopeful that their studies will explain the presence on the moon of the familiar large lunar craters.

The observation and research are being directed by a woman, Miss Dorrett Hoffleit of the observatory staff.

What the astronomers are looking for are huge sparks caused by the impact of immense meteors on the moon's surface. The meteoric impact theory is believed to account for the great system of rays or white streaks which radiate from the craters on the moon, some of them 150 miles across.

## Endurance Mark Is Set by Oklahoma Gas Well

Holdenville, Okla.—A gas well at Dustin, near here, has been producing in abundance for almost 24 years.

No other gas well in Oklahoma, as far as is known, has produced gas in commercial quantities for this length of time.

The well was drilled in 1911 and still has a pressure of 275 pounds. The community of Dustin, near the well, enjoys an abundant gas supply from this well, and also basks in the comfort of gas at 31½ cents per 1,000 cubic feet. Every well drilled in the area has produced gas in commercial quantities.

## Wholesale Barbering

Vorvallis, Ore.—Every six weeks a squad of 25 barbers make it a field day and attack the tollage of children at the W. C. T. U. children's farm home near here. The tonsorialists deploy among the seven dormitories and trim the children free of charge.

## Silver Star Decoration

The Silver Star ranks next below the Distinguished Service Cross as a decoration for valor. The Purple Heart ranks next below the Distinguished Service Medal, which is the highest decoration for meritorious service not involving personal bravery.

## Texas Trees to Spread Fame of Sam Houston

Dallas, Texas.—The fame of Texas will be spread throughout the United States through the planting of trees from the home of Gen. Sam Houston at Huntsville.

Six hundred pecan trees already have been planted on school grounds throughout Texas and now trees are to be planted in the largest American cities.

Pecan trees are to be planted on the state capital grounds at Baton Rouge, La., in New Orleans park; in Forest Park, St. Louis; Anacostia park, Washington, D. C.; Central park, New York; Franklin park, Boston; in Philadelphia and other places.

The tree planted in Philadelphia will be a cedar elm, and all others will be red elms in sections too far north for pecan trees to be planted.

Each tree will be marked with a plaque with the words, "General Houston Texas Centennial Tree."

## TO STUDY NEW DEAL



H. G. Wells, noted English author, is visiting the United States to get a close view of the workings of the New Deal. He was a luncheon guest of President Roosevelt at the White House recently.

## Pastor's Will Requests Burial in Wooden Box

Los Angeles, Calif.—Because of the "sinfully large sums that are spent in disposing of dead bodies," the late Rev. Edward Bell Haskell asked that he be buried in an ordinary board box.

His will, making the unusual burial request, was on file recently in Probate court.

Haskell, a former Congregational missionary who died January 9, left an estate valued at \$12,500. Mrs. Elizabeth E. Haskell of Clairmont, his widow, was the principal beneficiary.

## He Walks to Keep Young

Fitchburg, Mass.—Charles Palfreyman, ninety-three-years of age, walks five miles or more daily to "keep myself young."



# YU'AN HEE SEE LAUGHS

By SAX ROHMER

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## SYNOPSIS

Matt Kearney, young American living in London, says good-by to his sister Eileen, on board the Wallaroo bound for Colombo. The Wallaroo is conveying £2,000,000 in gold to Australia. Kearney meets Inspector Dawson Haig, of Scotland Yard, very much in love with Eileen. Haig is convinced opium is concealed in Jo Lung's warehouse. Called to other duty, he delegates Kearney, with Detective Norwiche, to visit the place and find out what he can. While in the warehouse Kearney picks up a notebook. Yu'an Hee See, Chinaman, whom Haig has long been seeking as the leader of a band of international thieves, is at Jo Lung's. Discovering the loss of his notebook, he sends two of his followers after Norwiche and Kearney, one of whom he realizes must have picked it up. Soon after leaving Kearney Norwiche is murdered. Haig is puzzled over cryptic notes in the book, referring to stops to be made by the Wallaroo. While he is poring over the book, a monstrous creature enters, seizes it, and escapes.

## CHAPTER III—Continued

It had been removed that night under the very noses of the police and was now safe from their curiosity!

In the luxuriously appointed little cabin of the cruiser, Yu'an drew from the pocket of his furled coat a string of blazing fire opals, roughly threaded on waxed silk. He threw them around the long slender throat of his companion.

"Tonight, I can afford to be generous," he said. "They suit you, Orange Blossom, who are all fire and ice."

Dawson Haig pressed irritably again and again upon the bell beside the wicket gate of Jo Lung's warehouse door. His light blue eyes sparkled dangerously. Believing that the elusive Big Chief, having caused murder to be committed upon the person of a Scotland Yard officer, was about to elude him again, he was prepared to stick at nothing.

Then the wicket gate opened, and a neatly groomed and imperturbable Levantine stood before them, staring with apparent surprise past Dawson Haig, and the detective sergeant to where a group of plain-clothes officers and two uniformed men might be seen in the narrow street.

"Good evening," he said, smiling in apparent confusion. "I'm afraid you have alarmed me."

"Indeed," said Haig. "I'm sorry. I am a police officer, and I hold a warrant to search these premises."

"Really!" the Greek exclaimed. "But on what grounds have you obtained this warrant?"

"Harboring a man wanted for murder!" was the grim reply. "Come on, Warrender."

Haig turned to a group of men who had followed him in, and:

"Along the yard," he ordered. "Bear to the left and you'll find a door. Through it and into the warehouse. There are five small cases there, consigned from Birmingham per R. M. S. Wallaroo to Sydney. When you find them—let me know."

"One moment!" Polodos was the speaker.

"Well?" Haig turned to him as two men set off. "What is it?"

"Only this," the Greek continued smoothly: "Your suspect cannot very well be hidden in one of the small cases you speak of! And the door in question is permanently locked. The warehouse beyond is leased by Messrs. King. Are you sure, Inspector, that your warrant extends to their premises?"

Dawson Haig stared at the speaker. That official red tape which trammels the movements of an officer of the Criminal Investigation department danced before his eyes visibly, and he stifled language unsuitable to the occasion, as:

"H—I, Inspector!" came a hail from the far end of the yard. "There's a door here, but it's locked. Are we to smash it?"

"No!" Haig shouted. "Come back. It doesn't matter, anyway. They'll have had the stuff out by now."

In due course the search party reached that business-like office upstairs, and:

"You see," said Polodos, smiling and pointing to a number of books open on the desk. "I was hard at work. The staff, of course, has been gone for hours."

Dawson Haig stared into liquid dark eyes, as unreadable as the riddle of the Sphinx. A sudden wild urge rose to his brain—to take this slimy hypocrite by the throat and to choke him until he coughed up the truth. But:

"I'll just glance over your accounts, Mr. Polodos," Haig said.

Outside in the Chinese quarter, at four points unperceived by the police, blue lights were burning, for no orders had been given to extinguish them. When, half an hour later, the search party left the treasure house of Jo Lung, Dawson Haig drew Warrender aside.

"Take charge, Warrender," he said, "and stand by. Wait for me here. I've bungled this job badly."

He set off through deserted streets. And presently he found himself in a mean little yard with three doors opening upon it . . . that yard from

which the one who laughed, the Chinese woman, and two shadows had come out an hour before. All three doors were closed. No light was visible.

There was a constable on duty. "You're absolutely sure," Haig challenged, "that nobody has gone in or come out?"

"Positive, sir."

"Carry on," Haig snapped.

He suspected this to be the Big Chief's private entrance. But if he dared to force it he would be in bad trouble. He muttered savagely, and walked away.

The light of a gray dawn was stealing through the Temple.

"Well, Matt," said Dawson Haig, "you asked me to let you know, so you have only yourself to blame!"

Kearney nodded, smiling: "I'm glad you came. And we're both used to late hours. Fill your glass and go ahead."

"Comes to this," Haig continued. "I should have started by covering the rat-run out of Three Colt street. I only suspect—but all the same I'm moderately sure—that the leakage was there. But if King Rat is inside he won't get out! Every hole is stopped. Unfortunately, I think King Rat has slipped away again."

"The horror with the tusks undoubtedly followed you—God knows how—for the memo book. . . . Yes! stroke your throat! You're lucky to have one intact. Incidentally, so am I! Those cunning devils must have spotted poor Norwiche for a police officer. They tackled him first, you see—failed to find the notebook, and then came after you."

Matt Kearney shuddered.

"They were warned in some way, or Eddy would have netted them on the way back. These people are artists—one must admit it. That display of day books and ledgers was surely intended to lead up to the one entry—the one to which the Greek drew my attention."

"You mean the sale, some time after poor Norwiche and I were there, of a set of opals to a mythical customer?" Dawson Haig nodded.

"For the considerable sum of two thousand pounds in cash," he added savagely. "Which cash, when I challenged him, the Greek produced from the safe. Infernally clever. Damnably, poisonously clever. I'm skirting the edge of this case, Kearney. I'm a thousand miles from the heart of it."

"Personally," Kearney confessed, "I'm very uneasy about those entries in the memo book."

"Not half so uneasy as I am," said Dawson Haig. "Something you have told me tonight has given me a clew . . . perhaps too late! That squealing laughter. It was the Big Chief you heard—King Rat! Any doubt I ever had about his real identity, you have settled! I know now whom I have to deal with."

"I'm afraid I don't follow."

"You remember I went to Singapore a year back? I was following a clew which I hoped would lead to the breakthrough of a big drug ring—and I knew

that the one who laughed, the Chinese woman, and two shadows had come out an hour before. All three doors were closed. No light was visible."

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"I'll just glance over your accounts, Mr. Polodos," Haig said.

"The marquis had been shot in the throat just prior to the break-up of that old regime under which he held his commission as admiral of the fleet! His vocal chords were affected. The incredible laughter I heard was the laughter of Yu'an Hee See!"

"You mean that—?"

"I mean that Yu'an Hee See is Big Chief—King Rat! And he was at Jo Lung's tonight. It was his memo book that you picked up. You have heard how it was recovered!"

"But, what happened—in Singapore?"

Dawson Haig finished his drink and shrugged his shoulders.

"On my way back to Johore Bahru," Haig replied. "I was ingeniously lured into a Chinese 'bath of feathers'—that's all!"

"Bath of feathers?"

"Exactly, Kearney! It's too late to go into details. Incidentally, though, I got out again . . . and there was no possible connection between this dastardly attempt and my call on the marquis! I failed, old man—failed miserably. My name with the chief was mud. Yet, you see, I was on the right track. Yu'an Hee See was in Limehouse tonight. Yu'an Hee See directed the murder of poor Norwiche! I know, now—because you heard him laughing."

"Good God! Haig! an idea . . . he may be sailing in the Wallaroo!" Dawson Haig nodded—and grinned.

"I hadn't overlooked that possibility. Detective Sergeant Durham sails in the Wallaroo as far as Marseilles."

"I'm glad of that," said Kearney.

"Most blandly," he said, "the Greek gentleman at Jo Lung's referred to their establishment in Stamboul, tonight. He was safe. There's about as much chance of getting justice in Stamboul as of finding a gold mine in Shoreditch. But the Stamboul branch, as well as that in Limehouse, doesn't deal exclusively in stolen goods, or even drugs. The marquis is interested in a third industry—possibly based upon Stamboul but probably not. Yu'an Hee See is the biggest slave trader in the East!"

Eileen, a light sleeper, was awakened by the revolutions of the screw of the Wallaroo. She jumped out of bed and peeped out across a deserted deck. That dreary panorama of the Lower Thames was slipping by, a drab and desolate picture.

She watched for a while, then closed the shutter and turned up the light. The panic of waking alone in that gray morning had left her. As she sat there smoking and reflecting upon a hundred and one things, but chiefly upon the problem of whether she should write to Dawson Haig as she had said she would do, or whether she should wait to see if there was a letter from him at Marseilles, she became aware of something . . .

Some one—some one who had a regular, heavy tread—was pacing the deck on which her stateroom opened. As he passed and re-passed, she experienced a rising curiosity respecting his identity.

No doubt a fellow passenger, unreasonably awakened, as she had been, and who, despairing of further sleep, had gone out for a walk.

Presently she heard his returning footsteps approaching from the after end. She turned off the light, pushed the shutter aside and peeped out.

She saw the promenade—a big man in a double-breasted blue overcoat; a man who wore a bowler hat, and who glanced aside with what seemed like definite curiosity as he passed her door. He was fresh complexioned and had blue eyes—very friendly looking blue eyes.

There was nothing in the least degree alarming about him, except that he seemed to be interested in her cabin. Eileen reclosed the shutter and turned in. And Detective Sergeant Durham, noting that her light had gone out again, passed along B deck to another cabin which interested him. Opening a heavy door he stepped into a cross alleyway, then turned left into another running forward and aft.

## CHAPTER IV

Some passengers on the night cross-channel steamer from Boulogne noticed a gray motor cruiser which passed them in a dead calm sea about halfway across. Her extraordinary turn of speed excited their curiosity.

They must have been even more intrigued could they have witnessed the arrival of this mysterious craft off the French coast.

Stealing through the haze of a gray and cheerless dawn, the mystery boat edged in, point by point, in the direction of Boulogne.

Stern on to the flat beach it lay, showing no lights, its propellers turning lazily. Presently a boat came out from a shadowy inlet. Two rowers labored at the oars, and very shortly drew alongside.

Those five small square cases which had come from Limehouse were transferred from the motor cruiser to the boat. Orange Blossom then stepped gingerly into the little craft, supported by Yu'an Hee See, who followed her.

Finally came Jo Lung. As the boat swung away:

"You will receive your orders tomorrow," said Yu'an Hee See rapidly in Chinese.

A yellow face surmounted by a woolen cap peered down from the deck of the cruiser, and:

"I hear, my lord," the man replied, and disappeared.

There came a whirr of powerful engines, a deep forceful churning, and the gray streak shot away southwest, swiftly to be swallowed up in morning mist. The two rowers bent to their oars.

Some distance up the little creek a landing stage projected, and beyond might be seen the roof of a wooden hut. At this landing stage the party disembarked.

Yu'an Hee See stood staring out through the open doorway of the hut until the men had carried in all five boxes. A board was quickly pried up. Its removal enabled a larger section of the floor, a concealed trap, to be lifted. Rough wooden steps led down into darkness. The Chinaman watched the boxes being stowed in their hidden cellar. When the work was completed and all traces of this hiding place concealed again:

"Come," he said to the woman, "we have no time to delay."

Perhaps half a mile away, guarded by a clump of funeral trees, a small farm might be seen. The woman was ill-shod for the journey, and clung to her companion's arm, silent and fretful. Jo Lung walked behind.

They crossed a weed-grown courtyard. Jo Lung unlocked the door of a broken-down barn.

There, a vision of blue enamel and gleaming silver plate, appeared a large French touring car. Jo Lung disappeared into the gloomy shadows of the barn, while the others made themselves comfortable in the car. When Jo Lung returned, he wore a blue and white uniform with a smart, peaked cap.

"Paris," said Yu'an Hee See—"straight to headquarters."

"The fact remains," said Dawson Haig, "there isn't a scrap of evidence to connect the establishment of our friend Jo Lung with the murder! If we could have produced the notebook . . . it might have proved to be a hanging matter for somebody. But, legally, it's valueless as evidence."

Kearney nodded. They had just finished lunch in a Strand grillroom. He sipped his coffee thoughtfully. Two days had elapsed, and little or nothing had been done.

Dawson Haig lighted a cigarette. "That it contained valuable clues is proved by the steps taken to recover it. But these clues, or what you and I can remember of them, frankly convey very little. In the next place, I certainly had a glimpse—a horrifying glimpse—in your rooms, of the murderer of Norwiche. But, as you have pointed out, my description might be that of anything from a ghost to a wild animal!"

Kearney laughed. "That's true enough," he admitted.

"You have seen the medical report on Norwiche? The doctors agreed that he was bitten by a long, curved tooth. So far, no one has been able to identify an animal possessing quite such teeth. . . ."

In short, the establishment of Jo Lung with valuable property stolen from all over the world, with its so-called burglar alarms, and other novel features, must carry on as usual entirely undisturbed by Scotland Yard!"

He looked up, his keen blue eyes gleaming savagely across the little table.

"In spite of the fact that one of the most dangerous criminals in the world used the place as his London base, and that some hired killer of his murdered one of the best men in my department only two nights ago! Not to add that a consignment of drugs, which may have been worth several thousand pounds, was lying about there under our very noses—but, you may take my word for it, is there no longer!"

"That horrible laughter I heard would certainly point to the fact that Yu'an Hee See in person was at Jo Lung's on Friday night."

"I'm almost certain," Haig snapped, "he was on the dock when the crates were removed from the Wallaroo! He was the fur-coated man who slipped through the gates just before I spoke to you! He drove straight to Jo Lung's!"

He sighed, knocking ash from his cigarette.

"The remote possibility that he may himself be joining the ship at Marseilles, I have dealt with, as you know. Durham is on board. But his first message was admittedly not encouraging. It merely consisted of the words 'Nothing to report.' I take this to mean that there is nothing suspicious about the occupants of the cabins mentioned in those mysterious notes."

"One of which is Eileen's!"

"I know," Haig groaned, "and I can't get that fact out of my mind. I have checked the curious entry relating to 'Suleiman Bey's.' Paris notified us this morning that there is a certain restaurant of that name near the

Moulin Galette. I'm going across this afternoon. I should like to locate Jo Lung. The inquiry is at a standstill here. . . ."

The Restaurant Suleiman Bey, adjoining the Place Pigalle, seemed to be a quiet little place, with sleepy, curtained windows and a glimpse, when the door was open, of a narrow counter where Turkish coffee might be purchased by weight. Beyond was a curtained door.

The night was wet, and patrons were few, but presently two men entered. The one who led, a gaunt, pale-faced fellow, had something of the appearance of the traditional artist, notably a shock of graying dark hair, a small mustache, and a straggly beard.

Since real painters have long since fled that district, his appearance was no doubt illusory.

He was accompanied by a man who might have passed for an American

tourist. He was buttoned up in a white waterproof, and keen blue eyes were visible through the lenses of tortoise-shell-rimmed spectacles.

Apparently the artistic gentleman knew the place well, for he nodded to a stout lady who stood behind the counter, raised the curtain in the opening beyond, and the two entered a long, rectangular room.

Faded plush seats lined one wall, broken by a buffet and a draped opening. A number of tables were covered with check cloths, badly holed where cigarettes had been laid upon them; and a little stair at the further end led up to a curtained doorway.

Only six customers were present: four of these around a table near the staircase, two upon the settee. The new arrivals ordered coffee.

Their order was taken by an Arab waiter, very daintily dressed. As he departed, both stared without apparent signs of interest, about the room: The group of four by the staircase, three men and a woman, might readily be classified, in view of the reputation of the Restaurant Suleiman Bey as a meeting place of advanced Communists.

The two men seated on the settee were of a different type. One, a slight, dark-faced fellow, might have been a Portuguese. He constantly glanced with uneasy curiosity in the direction of the stairway. The other was a thickset, debauched-looking man of fifty-odd, smoking a dirty old briar pipe, who stared straight before him at the opposite wall. He might have been Dutch—or German, although, as a matter of fact, he was Scotch. He badly needed a shave; and except that he constantly ordered more brandy, his presence in such a spot seemed unaccountable.

"Nothing seems to be happening," said Dawson Haig.

"Nothing ever does happen here," replied M. Ballon. "Plots are made and perhaps carried out, but as they are never carried out in Paris"—he shrugged—"what do we care?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Early Settlements in Greenland

In the Tenth and Eleventh centuries Norse sea rovers, starting from Iceland, made small settlements in Greenland and pushed as far as the coast of New England or possibly Nova Scotia, in transient visits. But the Greenland colony was obscure, the country was believed to form part of Europe, and the records of the farther explorations were contained in sagas which were only rediscovered by modern scholarship. Throughout the Middle Ages legendary tales of mythical lands lying in the western ocean were handed down. The true discovery of America, as historically recorded, was October 12, 1492, when Columbus landed on the island of Guanahani, now identified with Watling island, in the Bahamas

## Lights of New York

by L. L. STEVENSON

At sixty, the small and wiry Jules Judels is the oldest attaché in point of service, of the Metropolitan opera house. He came to America from Amsterdam when a lad of fourteen and got a job as cash boy in a clothing store at \$3.00 a week. In 1881, he went to the Metropolitan as call boy and thus became an assistant to his father in getting the stars of that day to rehearsals on time. Thirty-two years ago, his father resigned and the son took his place. Not until Gatti-Casazza took the reins of the opera did he attain the title of "master of rehearsals" which he has held ever since. The title was given him by Giuseppe Bamboschek, then Gatti-Casazza's secretary. But even with the title, the work remained the same. In addition to getting the singers to rehearsals on time, he has to get them aboard trains when the opera travels.

In the old days, his job, Judels recalls, was much more strenuous than it became after the arrival of Gatti-Casazza. Melba, Jean De Reszke and other great of those days either did or didn't appear at rehearsals or they came late. The principal excuse was that they had not been notified and then the master of rehearsals was the one on whom the blame fell. He recalls the first rehearsal held with Toscanini. One of the singers, Meltschik, who had a principal part, did not appear. Judels went to the nearby hotel in which she lived to investigate. He found that letters shoved under her door went right on under her bed. Despite her protests, he led her by the arm to the opera house.

Gatti-Casazza introduced the system of morning telephone calls, a check-up which did away with the excuse of not having been notified, and thus made Judels' job easier. Caruso was always on time, he said. Lily Pons would be a bit late on occasions. Rosa Ponselle appears right on the minute and so does Lawrence Tibbett. This season, the opera has made only one trip and thus the train end of his job has been inconsequential, though strenuous in the past. It is the intention of the master of rehearsals to stay on the job until he is retired.

An incident which Adela Rogers St. John, the writer, related shows that Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt has taken to Washington the simplicity of her New York home. Miss St. John called the White House recently and much to her surprise, Mrs. Roosevelt answered. She asked Mrs. Roosevelt if she made it a practice to answer the telephone and the first lady of the land replied that she frequently did because there were so many people around the place that none answered it as a regular job. Twice this writer has called the Roosevelt home in New York and Mrs. Roosevelt has answered.

That reminds me of one day when I endeavored to get in touch with the secretary of one of the biggest steel companies in regard to a rumor. The man who answered replied that the secretary was out and asked what I wanted to know. I told him and he replied that there was no need to try to get the secretary since there was nothing to the rumor. He was certain of that because he was the president of the company.

During a recent case before the Court of Appeals, a prominent lawyer and a judge got into an argument. The judge, irritated, declared: "That's not the law. Isn't that right?" Whereupon the lawyer replied suavely: "It was the law until you spoke, your honor." The tension was relieved—and the attorney won his case.

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## Village's A1 Finances Get Unexpected Boost

Cincinnati, Ohio.—Glendale, a suburban village, has been in such good financial condition throughout the depression that it hardly knew what to do with \$6,426 coming to it unexpectedly from its allotment of Ohio sales tax receipts.

Villagers own so much in stocks and bonds that the town levies no real estate tax. Income from the intangible tax meets all requirements.

Village officials decided to use their sales tax moneys to improve streets and extend sewers.

## Steers Replace Mules

Mobile, Ala.—Steers instead of mules will be used on Alabama rehabilitation farms in tilling their 1935 crops. This plan last year reduced the rehabilitation cost of \$100 per family. About 10,000 steers will be used.

## Blind Student Types Way Through School

East Palestine, Ohio.—Vance C. Stuller, twenty-six, totally blind since eight, was among those sworn into the Ohio bar recently by Chief Justice Carl V. Weyandt, of the State Supreme court.

Stuller took his law work at Ohio State university, studied previously at Capitol university, Columbus, and the Ohio State School for the Blind. Though he knows Braille, he went through Capitol and State by having students read to him. He earned part of his way through school typing for students who have their eyesight.



## Southwest of Kearney

Mr. and Mrs. Caleb Petty and family of Liberty spent Sunday with her mother, Mrs. Myrtle Searcy.

Floyd Petty of Liberty spent Sunday with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Sabens.

Mr. W. P. Skaggs and Helen and Mrs. M. F. Sabens attended a Terracing Demonstration at the Donald Pharis farm, Monday.

Miss Ruth Skaggs, who teaches at Henrietta, Mo., spent Sunday with Mr. W. P. Skaggs and Helen. Miss Skaggs has been re-elected to teach at Henrietta next year.

Lloyd Searcy, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Searcy, fell off his horse at school last Thursday afternoon, and broke his arm just above the elbow. He was taken to Kansas City to have it set.

Mrs. Lewis Tapp was shopping in Kansas City last Friday.

Greeting Cards of all kinds Birthday, Get well, Congratulations, etc. Chas. L. Smith's.

Your guttering and sheet metal needs taken care of at the Klepper Hdw.

Excitement! Duncan's Pre Easter Sale! Smart New Hats from \$1.00 up at Mrs. Duncan's Millinery, Liberty, Missouri.

Mr. Chas. Bush and family were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Bush.

Miss Hazel Fry who is attending school in Kansas City, visited home-folks over the week end.

Mr. B. A. LaBarr of Montrose, Col. is visiting his brother, Charles LaBarr and family.

WANTED:- Man to start in business selling widely-known products to satisfied consumers. Complete line. Largest company; established 1889. BIG EARNINGS. No capital or experience needed. Write for free particulars. Rawleigh's, Box Mod-307-1, Freeport Illinois.

Thursday- Friday, April 18-19

## The Little Colonel

with Shirley Temple and Lionel Barrymore

Saturday, April 20

## Wings in the Dark

with Myrna Loy and Cary Grant

Sunday-Monday, April 21-22

Maurice Chevalier in

## Folies Bergere

## PLAZA THEATRE

LIBERTY, MO.

Mr. and Mrs. Laverne Dagley spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Barr.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Lafoon called on Mr. and Mrs. John Crossett in Excelsior Springs, Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Porter and Mr. Tevis Gow visited friends in Cameron Sunday afternoon.

The Courier would like to have a correspondent from near by communities

## Groceries and Fresh Fruits

Tomatoes, No. 1 can	.09
Corn, No. 2 can	.12
Peas, No. 2 can	.12
Lar e Post Toasties	.10
Rolled Oats	.09
Grapefruit, .05 each, 6 for	.25
Onions, 2 bunches	.05
Radishes, 2 bunches	.05
Oranges, dozen	.30
Rhubarb, .10 lb., 3 lbs.	.25
New Potatoes per pound	.07
Cobblers, peck	.50
Lettuce, per head	.06
Raisins, .10 lb., 3 lbs.	.25
Dried peaches, 2 lbs.	.25
Prunes, per pound	.05
Sugar 10 lbs.	.53
Bananas, per dozen	.25

We buy Cream and Eggs

## C. E. Holman

Kearney, Mo. Phone 146

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your home with the new 1935

## IMPERIAL WASHABLE WALLPAPER

now on display at our store.

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## QUICK DRYING Utilac Enamel

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LIBERTY, MO.

## YOUR CHILD AND THE SCHOOL

By Dr. ALLEN G. IRELAND  
Director, Physical and Health Education  
New Jersey State Department of Public Instruction

## Learning Health For A Purpose

The idea is not new, but it took an ingenious teacher to put it into effect.

The place was a small high school. To make up standard teams nearly every student had to participate. Their opponents, the larger schools, had the advantage in numbers and facilities. But the spirit was there, so they set out to make up for their shortcomings. And they did it by making a thorough study of healthful living.

The principal of that school told me that every pupil knew and observed the rules of nutrition. Smoking was taboo. Dances and parties were shortened, more study was done at school, and the radio was turned off at a stated hour when the importance of sleep was learned. Candy and sodas were definitely out. Colds received early care. In brief, it was just a case of common sense application, without overemphasis. Anyway, it worked.

Next week Dr. Ireland will discuss the large subject of playground accidents and how to avoid them.

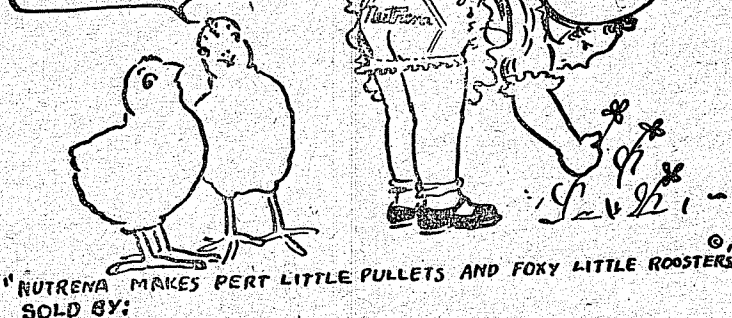
Misses Laura and Lorraine Tapp, Margaret Sue Holt and Marjorie and Patty Ferril spent Sunday with Mrs. Kenneth Dagley.

## WE APPRECIATE

The nice trade you are giving us and we will continue to supply you with FFOG goods at very LOW PRICES.

## Major Food Store

MY GOODNESS, PERT, LOOKIE THERE!  
THOSE NUTRENA GUYS  
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You will be pleased with my painless method of adjusting the spinal column for the elimination of the cause of disease and sickness.

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Parker Bldg. LIBERTY, MO.  
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## COULD NOT DO HER HOUSEWORK



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## WEAK AND SKINNY MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

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Pounds of firm healthy flesh instead of bony skeletons! New vigor, vim and energy instead of tired listlessness! Steady, quiet nerves! That is what thousands of people are getting through scientists' latest discovery—the Vitamins of Cod Liver Oil concentrated in little sugar coated tablets without any of its horrid, fishy taste or smell. McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Tablets, they're called! "God Liver Oil in Tablets", and they simply work wonders. A little boy of 8, seriously sick, got well and gained 10½ lbs. in just one month. A girl of thirteen after the same disease, gained 3 lbs. the first week and 2 lbs. each week after. A young mother who could not eat or sleep after baby came got all her health back and gained 10 lbs. in less than a month.

You simply must try McCoy's at once. Remember if you don't gain at least 3 lbs. of firm healthy flesh in a month get your money back. Demand and get McCoy's—the original and genuine Cod Liver Oil Tablets—approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Refuse all substitutes—insist on the original McCoy's—there are none better.



## TIRED, WORN OUT, NO AMBITION



HOW many women are just dragging themselves around, all tired out with periodic weakness and pain? They should know that Lydia E. Pinkham's Tablets relieve periodic pains and discomfort. Small size only 25 cents.

Mrs. Dorsie Williams of Danville, Illinois, says, "I had no ambition and was terribly nervous. Your Tablets helped my periods and built me up." Try them next month.

Lydia E. Pinkham's  
TABLETS



## JUNGLE TRAILS ARE HARD TO NEGOTIATE

### Penetrated Only in Quest of Ruins and Chicle.

Washington.—Central American jungles are penetrated only by archeologists in search of ruins and chicle-bleeders looking for chewing-gum ingredients, the Carnegie institution believes.

For twenty years, institution scientists have invaded the jungles in quest of the complete story of early Central American civilization.

Dr. Oliver G. Ricketson, Jr., Carnegie staff member, penetrated the heart of the Guatemalan jungles to study ruins of an ancient Maya site. He has recorded impressions gathered while traveling through the region.

Doctor Ricketson visited the ruins of Uaxactun, in the north central portion of the department of Peten, Guatemala. The ruins lie in a dense, high jungle which today is devoided of all permanent habitation between Peto, Yucatan, on the north, and Flores, Guatemala, on the south.

#### Travel Conditions Difficult.

"So difficult are conditions of travel," he said, "that we may safely say the only people who penetrate the region are archeologists in search of ruins and chicle-bleeders in search of the indispensable ingredient of chewing-gum—the gum derived from the latex of the sapote tree."

Although Uaxactun lies only 120 miles in an air line from Belize, British Honduras, Doctor Ricketson said the journey generally consumes a week or more.

Three or four days are needed to ascend the Belize river in a 60-foot launch and five days more are spent on mule-back. Twelve or fifteen miles is considered a day's journey during

the "dry" season. Location of "aguadas," or water holes, the scientists said, also is a factor on determining the length of the journey.

#### Feels Suffocating Sensation.

As the outsider enters the jungle he undergoes a suffocating sensation, not from the heat, but from the subdued, green light and still, silent air.

Contrary to popular opinion, Doctor Ricketson pointed out, the monotony of the jungle trail seldom is broken by animal life, except, possibly, for the wail of a howler monkey. Bird life, however, he said, is plentiful.

Snakes are well represented, but Doctor Ricketson again refuted popular opinion by saying that snakebites are gained only by treading upon the reptiles.

"In fact," he concluded, "life in the jungle is a great deal safer than in one of our modern cities—the only enemies being malaria, fever and intestinal infections neither of which are even remotely liable to prove fatal with our present-day medical equipment."

#### Teams Gather Pests

Chardon, Ohio.—It's heads and tails with teams in a pest-eliminating contest here. The team having the largest number of tails of mice, rats, moles, groundhogs and weasels and the heads of crows, hawks and owls, will be declared winner of the competition.

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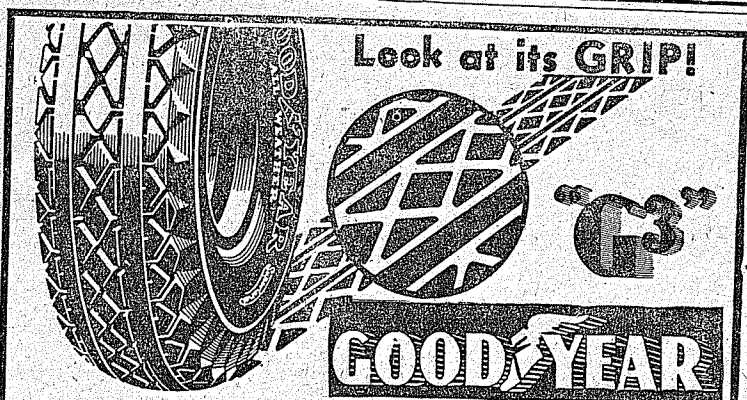
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