



EASTLAND TELEGRAM

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'Incidents' Are Never the Real Causes of War

If you can make any particular sense out of the alarming and conflicting reports about the Japanese-Russian border clashes, and can satisfy yourself from them which side is taking the aggressive, you will be doing a great deal better than most of your fellow countrymen—or, for that matter, than most of the Japanese and Russians.

Nothing in the whole imbroglio seems to make sense. One side relates that the other has been committing wilful and unprovoked attacks; the other denies this and says precisely the same thing about its opponent.

Whether that war will actually develop is beyond the power of human forecasting right now. But the whole tragic business does provide a working illustration of the truth that the immediate cause of a war is never the real cause.

Japan and Russia may go to war now and they may not; but their real quarrel is not the brush between two groups of frontier guards, or the question of ownership of an unimportant and doubtless unattractive little Manchurian hill.

The tragic, fundamental truth seems to be that Asia, huge as it is, just isn't big enough to hold both Japan and Russia—or not, at any rate, under the ideas which their respective governments hold.

A few men in the Kremlin have looked to the future and have seen a particular kind of world taking shape there. If their vision is to come true, Russia must be mistress of Asia.

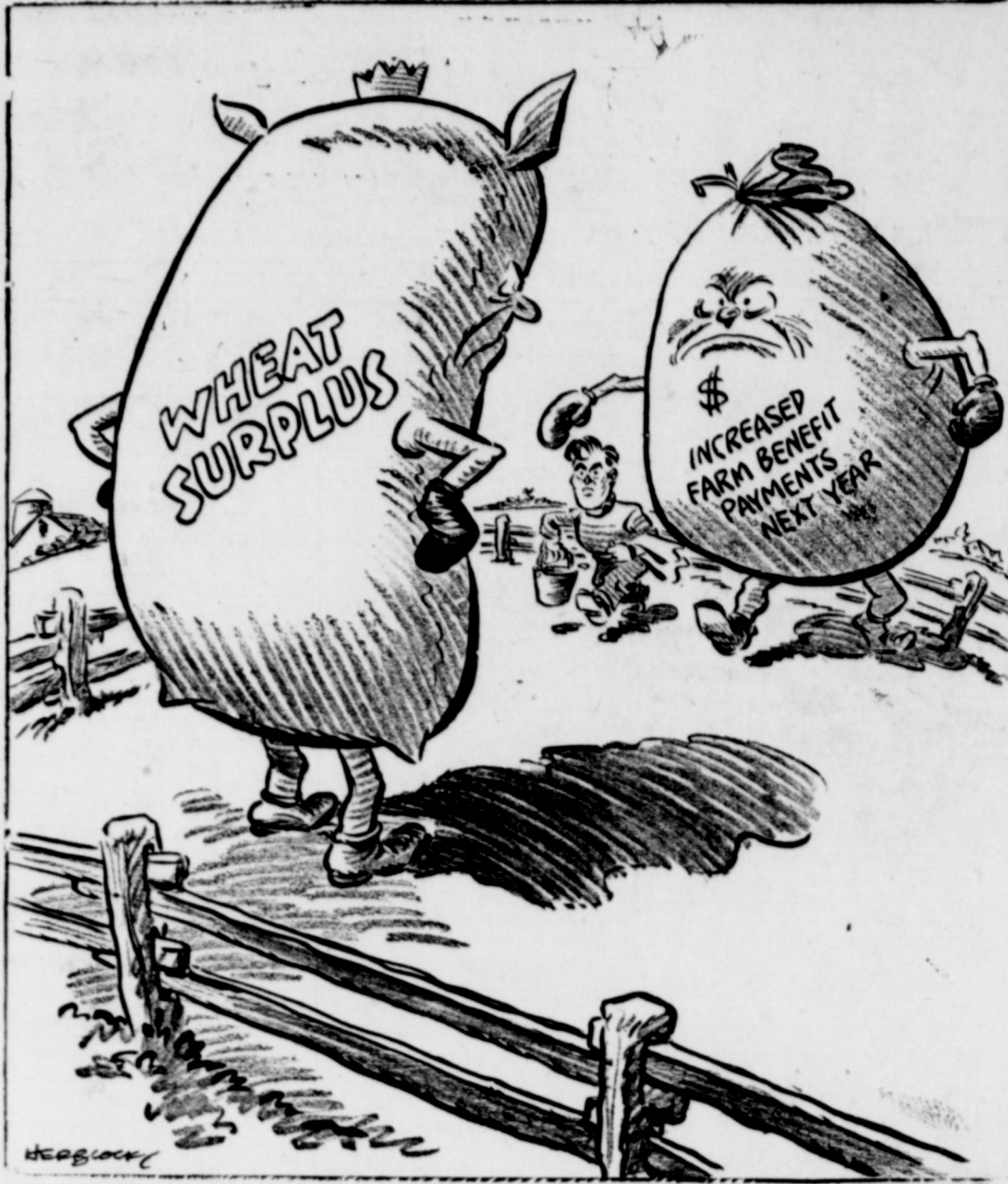
A few other men in Tokio have likewise looked to the future and have seen another kind of world taking shape. And if their vision is to come true, Japan must be mistress of Asia.

There is the cause of this border skirmish, and of the terrible thunderheads which are piling up on the horizon. Two ideas, two visions, two grandiose and far-reaching plans, are in conflict.

Whether the average Russian and the average Japanese knows or cares much about those ideas is beside the point. His job is simply to die for the chosen plan, when the right time comes—which he will undoubtedly do with due heroism.

To understand the cause of this threatening war, it is these conflicting visions and schemes which must be studied, not the details of one isolated clash. They mean no more than did the pistol shot which killed the Archduke Franz Ferdinand in 1914.

Bringing in the Next Heavyweight Contender



Re-Allocation of Auto Licenses Urged To Simplify Cumbersome System

BY GORDON K. SHEARER, United Press Staff Correspondent. AUSTIN.— Texas automobiles will be registered and numbered in a different way in 1940, if the state highway department adopts suggestions of Homer Miller of Austin.

Miller's plan calls for a combination of letters and figures. It would permit larger and more easily read characters without increasing the size of the license plate.

He worked it out after studying a list of the principal cities in Texas. He found that the initial letters of the large cities conform closely to the alphabet.

New Deal Choice in Empire State



James H. Fay, New York deputy collector of internal revenue, is out to take the Democratic nomination away from Representative John J. O'Connor, who helped block much New Deal legislation from his post on the rules committee.

The plan is arousing opposition, too, among officials of the smaller counties, which, under present law, are permitted to retain all of the automobile license fees paid within the county.

If fees are reduced, they say, small counties will lack enough money to keep up local roads.

The gasoline tax is distributed three ways. Two cents a gallon goes to the highway department for roads. One cent a gallon goes into a fund to pay off bonds that were issued by counties and road districts to build roads that later were made part of the state highway system.

The bond retirement fund has accumulated about \$7,000,000. When the cent-a-gallon first was set aside to aid counties and districts in meeting their bond obligations, it did not produce enough for several years to pay the full debt coming due on the portion of the bond issues which a board computed was used on state highways.

Now it brings in more than enough. As a result, county officials are trying to get the bond board to apportion the surplus to them to make up for the years when the fund was low.

BASEBALL CALENDAR

LEAGUE STANDINGS

Table with columns for League (Texas, American, National), Team, W, L, and Pct. Lists standings for various teams like Beaumont, San Antonio, Oklahoma City, etc.

RESULTS YESTERDAY

Table showing results for Texas League and National League, including scores for teams like San Antonio, Fort Worth, etc.

GAMES TODAY

Table listing games scheduled for today in Texas League, American League, and National League.

SISTER MARY'S KITCHEN

BY MRS. GAYNOR MADDOX, N.Y.A. Service Staff Writer

'FOREVER BOILED' need not be the fate of potatoes. Turn to France when you want a few recipes with vivacity.

Pommes de Terre Savoyarde. Cut potatoes in very thin slices. Butter a fireproof dish, put in a layer of potatoes, salt, pepper, and nutmeg.

Pommes de Terre Parisienne. Peel large potatoes and scoop little balls out of them. This is done with a special spoon-shaped utensil.

Tomorrow's Menu: BREAKFAST: Stewed sour cherries, bacon, nut muffins, coffee, milk. LUNCHEON: Cream of celery soup, stuffed tomato salad, Melba toast, fruit bowl, tea, milk.

Pommes de Terre Frites (French Fried). Cut potatoes in thinish pieces about two inches long.

Large advertisement for Camel cigarettes with headline 'GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL!' and illustrations of athletes and a swimmer. Includes text: 'ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER: "/>

VETERAN STAGE ACTOR

Crossword puzzle grid with clues and answers. Includes a small portrait of a man.

Another crossword puzzle grid with clues and answers.

SERIAL STORY

HAYWIPE HOUSE

BY EDWIN RUTT

Yesterday The Restorator first becomes a haywipe house, what with songsters, musicians and now Miss Fenimore, who turns out to be a neurotic kleptomaniac.

CHAPTER XIII

"KLEPTOMANIAC?" cried Sally in dismay. "Well that's the last straw. What on earth are we going to do with her?"

Kinks pondered. Sally's agitation might have been increased had she known that, at the precise moment when Mr. Bull Griffin was informing them of the loss of his revolver, an unlovely individual was sneaking into the Preston grounds. He wore a cloth cap pulled over his eyes and his pitted face bristled with a three days' growth of rust-colored stubble. Mr. Red Scala was a henchman in the gang headed by the Little Cheese. And he had driven the car which had pursued Messrs. Griffin and Spaldini into the Pennington-Parker Restoratorium.

Because one Nick the Ferret, his companion on that occasion, had been so impudent as to stop a bullet with his right shoulder, they had been obliged to retreat. But after driving Nick the Ferret back to the city, Mr. Scala had returned to Connecticut the following night. Mr. Scala had an excellent reason for wishing to track down Bull Griffin.

Entirely due to one or two accidents that smacked of the double-cross, Mr. Scala had incurred the displeasure of the Little Cheese. Wherefore, it behooved him to get back into the good graces of his liege lord. And the best way to do this, Mr. Scala knew, was to assist materially in the rubbing out of Bull Griffin.

From a minor and disloyal member of the Griffin gang, Mr. Scala had learned that Bull had interests in New Haven. And since the minor member had informed him that Mr. Griffin had not returned to the Bronx on the day following the shooting near Winstock, Mr. Scala concluded that Mr. Griffin still lurked in the Nutmeg State.

Accordingly, for several days, he had reconnoitered in the vicinity of New Haven and in the surrounding country. And this afternoon his efforts had been rewarded. Driving on the main highway, with the cloth cap well



Nick, the Ferret

down over his eyes, he had been amazed to perceive Messrs. Griffin and Spaldini ambling unconcernedly along the road. Mr. Scala had stopped his car and watched from afar. To his surprise they had turned off on that little side road which ran to the house where the gun battle had taken place.

It was all he wanted to know. Sacking furtively out of Mrs. Preston's garden, he slunk along the river to his car. Climbing hastily in, he headed for New York.

The reason that Mr. Scala did not shoot Mr. Griffin from the shrubbery and so divide the glory of his demise with no man is simple. Mr. Scala was not an honest-to-goodness gunman. He was an informer.

By nightfall Mr. Scala was reposing in a dimly lit room over a dimly lit ginmill in that witching section of Greater New York known as Queens. Across from him, the center of a small group of lantern-jawed, indigo-chinned characters, was the Little Cheese.

THE Little Cheese looked like something that appears to the disordered brain during a delirium. He was no more than five-foot-three and the Creator might have had a rain-barrel in mind when He designed him. His shoulders were broad, but rounded. His chin looked like one of the Florida keys. His skin was swarthy and full of furrows. In the dictionary sense of the word he was cockeyed. And to add to the general nightmare, he wore a bristly mustache of gleaming black which he habitually caressed with a forefinger the size of a clothespin.

"You say you seen dat mug Griffin?" he inquired of Mr. Scala.

Mr. Scala told all. At the end of his recital the Little Cheese uttered a "pah" of disgust. "Whyn't you give him da wolks den an' dere?" he demanded.

Mr. Scala, no mean self-excuser, went into a lengthy explanation as to why he had not given Bull Griffin the works "den an' dere." "Anodder t'ing," said the Little Cheese, when he had done. "Youse guys didn't ought to of let him git away da odder night. He spat irritably into a brass cuspidor. "Youse lugs is a bunch of neels. Dey ain't none of youse c'n shoot fer nuts."

There was unexpected opposition to this doctrine. It came from a small, dark-eyed man. "Says who?" quoth the small, dark-eyed man.

This daring soul was none other than Nick the Ferret. Nick the Ferret was pretty fed up. Not only had he failed to drill Mr. Griffin, but Mr. Griffin, or his man Friday, had successfully drilled him in the right shoulder. True, it had been but a surface wound. But it had stamped ignominy all over Nick the Ferret. Wherefore Nick the Ferret was in no humor to discuss shooting. Particularly bad shooting.

NICK THE FERRET felt safe in offering his superior a bit of back-chat by virtue of the fact that the Little Cheese's position as head of the gang was none too secure at the moment. Of late there had been dissension in the ranks; vague murmurs of rebellion. None knew "t'is better than the Little Cheese. And none better knew the remedy. What he needed completely to reinstate himself with his cohorts was the opportunity of accomplishing some spectacular deed with his own hand. And here it was, ready-made and on the counter. Very suddenly the Little Cheese made up his mind. He took a breath and addressed Nick the Ferret.

"I says so, dat's who," he snarled. "An' just to give youse baboons da lowdown on who's wot aroun' here, I'm gonna go up dere Friday night an' rub out dis Griffin lug meself. An' you—dis thrust the clothespin-like finger at Red Scala—"you're drivin' me an' showin' me da layout."

A respectful silence greeted this announcement. Nick the Ferret broke it.

"Oh, yeah?" he sneered. "Wot's da matter wit' goin' tonight?"

"Can't," said the Little Cheese briefly. "Dey's a meetin' of da Greenpoint Social an' Literary Club."

(To Be Continued)

Accused Doctor at Wife's Graveside



Accused of murdering his wife and hiding her body in a vegetable cellar, 34-year-old Dr. William F. Lamance sat dejectedly at his wife's graveside in Williamsburg, Kan., shortly before he was taken to jail in Linneus, Mo. Shown next to the one-time amateur boxer is his mother, Mrs. Lora Lamance, and next to her, Mrs. Adella Duvall, mother of the dead woman.

Citrus By-Product Industry Growing

By United Press  
WESLACO, Texas.—Final reports of the Growers Industry Committee, one of two committees established to administer state and federal citrus marketing agreements, reveal that 29,700 cars of Lower Rio Grande Valley grapefruit were disposed of during the 1937-38 season. Of the total of 11,880,171 standard boxes of grapefruit marketed, 6,443,532 boxes were shipped into commercial fresh fruit channels. 113,605 boxes were moved by express, 125,000 boxes were consumed locally and 5,139,661 boxes were used by citrus by-products industries. Into smaller channels flowed 27,415 boxes, while only 30,558 boxes of grapefruit were dumped as culls unfit for use. A total of 3,576 cars, or 1,430,346 boxes of oranges were disposed of during the season, the report said.

"OUT OUR WAY" - - - - - By Williams



"THE BIG STIFF!"

A War Minister Among the Boys



Keeping up the morale of the "Tomnies" is just as much a part of British War Minister Leslie Hore-Belisha's job as administering the gigantic armament program now in progress. And here he is shown accepting a light for his cigaret as he fraternizes with a group of soldiers, with whom he is generally popular. The photo was taken as Hore-Belisha watched territorial army maneuvers at Salisbury Plain, England.

Questionnaires submitted at the close of the season by the committee to 400 citrus fruit distributors, jobbers, wholesalers and other handlers revealed the general opinion that prices received for Valley citrus fruits could be increased by limitation of shipments to size 96 and larger, to No. 2 grades or better, and by proration of shipments.

It may take workers nearly a year to create the San Francisco exposition's million-dollar relief map. Lots of people have worked on relief longer than that.

FRECKLES and HIS FRIENDS By Blosser



TRY / WANT-AD—IT ALWAYS PAYS!

ALLEY OOP - - - - - By Hamlin



MYRA NORTH, Special Nurse - - By Thompson and Coll



By HARRY GRAYSON

BY HARRY GRAYSON  
Sports Editor, NEA Service  
THERE is no question but there has been a scarcity of major league talent in recent years. This is especially true of pitchers and catchers. But we have the reports of Ray Chalk of Indianapolis and other minor league managers and big league scouts that a bumper crop of material will be ready for delivery within two years. Heading those ready for next season is the fantastic Charley Keller of Newark. Col. Jacob Ruppert, Yankee owner, believes the Maryland collegian will round out the finest outfield to play baseball since the celebrated Red Sox combination of Speaker, Hooper, and Lewis. The Riffes have another corking flycatcher in Walter Judnich of Kansas City, and still another and younger one in Frank Silvanic of the Akron, O. Junior Yankees. San Francisco has the best Pacific Coast League prospect in a 19-year-old shortstop, Bill Lillard, who is hitting .349. They have an excellent outfielder in Brooks Holder, but next to Bill Lillard the coast player most sought is Schoolboy Fred Hutchinson, boy wonder Seattle pitcher.

GIANTS are said to have given Chattanooga \$25,000 and two players for Ray (Cowboy) Honeycutt. Ted Williams, tall and eccentric home run manufacturer of the Minneapolis Millers, returns to the Red Sox next spring. Cleveland sent Bill Zuber to Milwaukee in exchange for another of its pitching prospects, Ken Jungles. Buffalo has a sharp-looking southpaw in Fred Archer, ob-

WASHINGTON LETTER

BY RODNEY DUTCHER  
NEA Service Staff Correspondent  
WASHINGTON—Men who bite dogs are less unusual than Wall Streeters who praise New Dealers. Hence perhaps the most extraordinary document in Washington is the farewell note from John W. Hanes to Jerome Frank. Hanes, Wall Street big shot, was appointed to SEC over New Dealer protests and recently promoted to assistant secretary of the Treasury. Frank, corporation lawyer who has brain-trusted and litigated for the New Deal from its beginning, is the SEC commissioner who wrote "Save America First" (sub-title: "How to Make Our Democracy Work"), opposing New Dealer output. "Dear Jerry," wrote Hanes. "Not the least of my sorrows at leaving SEC is the thought that I shall not see you daily while at my desk in the Treasury. "Never have I been associated with anyone whose mind and personality I found so stimulating. Your judicial and fair-minded approach to our many problems has completely won my admiration." Frank, framing that one for his office wall, replied in kind. Wrote he: "My admiration for your integrity, intelligence, and good sense has steadily grown. You are to me a constant reminder that America need not despair of the ability and willingness of certain of its business leaders to help this country by the use of constructive imagination to find lasting prosperity for its millions of citizens." Payoff Commissioner Frank, whose mind Hanes found so stimulating and who often is called "Washington's most brilliant" re-

THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson



ANSWER: Botanists class the tomato, technically, as a berry, and, as such, it would be classed also as a fruit. The Bureau of Plant Industry says, however, that the tomato is a vegetable, and is popularly and commercially classed as such.

### 16,800 Children In Texas Benefited by A Federal Program

AUSTIN.—Some 16,800 Texas children under 16 years of age

#### CLASSIFIED

FALL CHICKS PAY! We sell only quality chicks. Bring your eggs Saturdays for custom hatching. Frasier Hatchery, Ranger.

ANTIQUe GLASS: Special price. Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday.—MRS. A. D. DABNEY.

CHOICE SEED OATS. First crop certified Nortex oats, 40c bu. R. E. DOWNTAIN, 3 1/2 mi., Breckenridge Hwy.

FOR SALE: Marton Valley school board will accept sealed bids for the Yellow Mound school building; Bids will be opened September 7th.

"WILL SELL my baby grand piano stored in Eastland at sacrifice rather than ship." Address M. C. SMITH, P. O. Box 861, Dallas, Texas.

FOR SALE: Helpy Self Laundry, 711 E. Walker, Breckenridge, Texas. Steam system; good business; terms.

#### Political Announcements

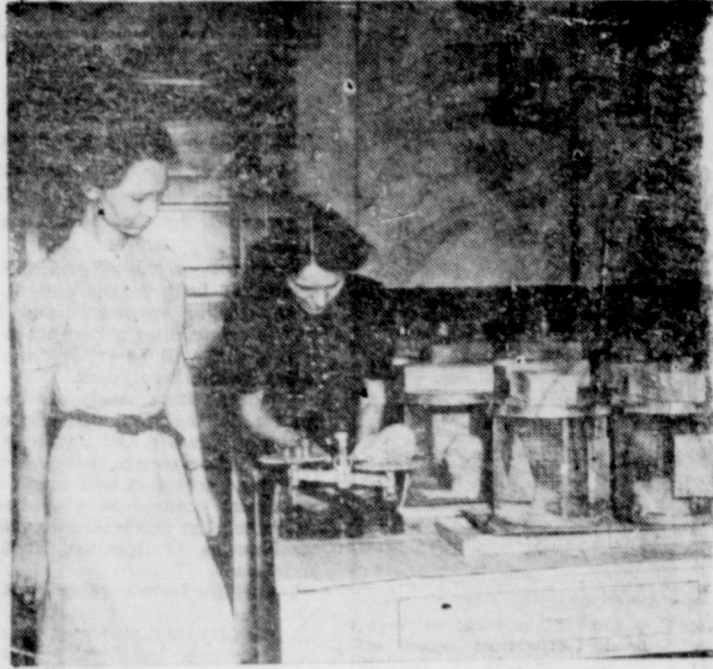
The Eastland Telegram is authorized to publish the following announcements of candidates for public offices, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries:

For Floridian Representative: 107th District Eastland, Callahan Counties. Wayne Sellers. Omar Burkett.

For District Clerk: John White. Claude (Curley) Maynard.

For Constable, Precinct No. 1: Ben Pryor.

### 52 Rats--Not a Scream



King Rodent's Reign over helpless femininity is on the wane. Instead of emitting the usual panic-stricken screams, calmly with fifty-two of these white rats three hours daily, weighing, feeding and making various tests on them. Miss Frances Welch, Denton, (left) is giving Texas-grown sweet potatoes to one group and Irish potatoes to another, in an effort to determine which food is more beneficial. Miss Allie Mae Tipps, Wichita Falls, is demonstrating the effects of the best possible diet for farm families in comparison to the average diet.

have benefited under the national social security act through the division of child welfare since this state's program of child welfare services was approved in March, \$11,159.00, which when matched by federal funds and state resources assist in the monthly care of more than 600 children within their own communities and, in many instances, with their own people. It has been estimated that it costs \$24.85 a month to keep a dependent child in a state institution, whereas the care of a dependent child under supervision in its own county is one-half that amount. In addition to these five county units, six district headquarters have been established. Important studies have been made in the development of an effective program in adoptive pro-

cedure, prevention of delinquency, 1936, by the federal children's bureau, it was revealed by the state board of control, in connection with this week's celebration of the third anniversary of the enactment of this federal legislation.

This program is under the direction of Mrs. Violet S. Greenhill, chief of the state division of child welfare, and Mrs. Norma Rankin, director of child welfare services, whose staff of 35 combat the problems confronting Texas children left destitute by the breaking up of homes through death, sickness or other parental incapacities, by behavior problems in home, school, community, from physical or mental handicaps.

Five county units have been established wherein local funds were raised to the amount of

### Rambling With The Rambler

BY WAYNE WALLACE

The future of America, in fact of the entire world, lies in the air. Since the Wright Bros' first flight in 1903, man has accomplished more in the air than the birds have since the dawn of creation. Ships can now fly higher, stay up longer and move faster than any other thing that traverses the air. Like any other new invention, aviation was scoffed at freely during its infancy but the men who pioneered it had vision and they never gave up. The result of their foresight has been prodigious. Today we have flying hotels bringing the inhabitants of the world closer together. They are immense in size; yet streamlined and compact to the final degree.

From the very beginning aviation was faced with the problem of building airplanes in such a manner that they would suffer from air resistance as little as possible, and this despite the fact that the air offers less resistance, normally speaking, than does land or water. Ships in the air had to be on the move if they remained aloft. Thus it was necessary to construct them strong enough to carry a heavy load; yet offer as little space for wind resistance as possible. Aviation, through necessity, became the leading exponent of modern streamlining.

No other feats attempted by man have brought to him the dangers that have been his lot since he learned to fly. Yet the result of this has been the production of a race of heroes. When

#### Eastland Personal

Robert Hinrichs of Wichita Falls visited Sunday in the home of his father, E. Hinrichs.

Joe Jackson of Fort Worth is here visiting friends and relatives.

Miss Maurine Lawrence from Oklahoma, is the house guest of Mrs. Phillip Russell.

man took to the air he left his native element and he had to learn to do things in a new and strange manner. If he failed to cope with the situation he found death riding by his side. But there were others to carry on and profit from the mistakes of those who went before them. In time, science took notice and the danger of experimentation was greatly reduced though not done away with completely. The art of flying has progressed rapidly but it still has a long way to go before it is perfected.

Aviation has abounded in adventure. From a twenty thousand foot ceiling men of steel nerve and grim determination have plunged airplanes earthward just to prove the theories of others correct. Many of them have died amid the thundering roar of a blasting motor, whistling air and sickening crash but through their death they have opened up doors undreamed of by primitive man. Others have lost in blinding storms, ice coated wings at one time meant disaster, faulty instruments caused many to lose their way, but one by one these faults are being corrected and with each step man arrives a little closer to the goal dreamed of by the pioneers of flying.

As I have said before, Aviation has produced a race of heroes. Many of them have met untimely ends but their unconquerable courage will always be an example to the rest of us. Some of them are still alive and are still working in the interest of making aviation safer for humanity. Her latest hero, of course, is 31 year old "Mistake" Corrigan, the young man who, with a twinkle in his eye, told the world an incorrectly set compass caused him to span the Atlantic Ocean instead of flying to California where he presumably intended to go. It is little wonder that the courage of this man captured the world. With an old plane that had seen better days he literally flew into the hearts of men. What though his plane was not equipped with all the latest instruments, what of the fact he had not permit to fly the ocean or even a pass-port, he clearly demonstrated to the world that all heroes are not of the past, that a man with determination can accomplish wonders. And he's the type of man that belongs to avia-

### Hello in 'L. A.'---Goodby in Africa



Distances are strictly comparative for Sir Hubert Wilkins, famed explorer, and Lady Suzanne Wilkins. They're pictured in Los Angeles before sailing for Melbourne, Australia, where they will tranship for South Africa, Sir Hubert proceeding from there to the Antarctic with the Lincoln Ellsworth expedition, and Lady Suzanne returning to New York.

tion. It is men such as he, Lindbergh and the rest that make it easy to predict a future for flying.

But while there are many heroes there are also many who cannot be classified as such. They are ones who are using airplanes for the purpose of exterminating the human race. They are the ones who fly above helpless people and drop bombs down upon them. Such men must be contended with in every phase of life. They are the ones who strive to undo all the good that their fellow men endeavor to accomplish. They would make of aviation a means of serving their own selfish purpose and even if in so doing they destroy civilization or at least set it back hundred of years, it is of little interest to them. Just so long as their own selfish ends are successful they are satisfied.

However, it may be that aviation will outsmart them. It will make stranger into friend. Perhaps it will even show man the folly of war and that after all,

all men are human. At least let us hope that such will be the result.

Odds and ends: In 71,799 years, a Florida professor says, the earth will freeze to a solid ball, quite a weather predictor I would say. . . . These wars that have no beginning, apparently have no end. . . . Many people pass out advice that they themselves would do well to follow. . . . Unfamiliar faces are often strange. . . . Dieting seems to be a losing proposition, while sunbathing is just a bare exposure. . . . Politicians are always on the run; if they are not running for something they usually are running from something. . . . Whaling a boy can hardly be called a fishing game. . . . Endeavoring to produce something brainier than the mule should prove a disappointment as anything smarter than a mule should have too much sense to work like a mule.

Comes news of a flag-pole painter whose wife solicits business for him. He's a steeplejack and she's a steeplechaser.

Only four sizes of eggs—large, medium, pullet, and peewee—are recognized by a new Massachusetts law. Of course there are smaller sizes, but you can hardly recognize them.

#### New LYRIC

LAST DAY DANILLE DARRIEUX DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR. "RAGE of PARIS"

TUESDAY - WEDNESDAY

Barbara Stanwyck HERBERT MARSHAL IN "ALWAYS GOODBYE"

With Ivan Hunter - Biunie Barnes and Caesar Romero

Balcony . . . . 15c

#### ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES

Texas Electric Service Co.

#### Hotel Garage

MAGNOLIA PRODUCTS HAL JACKSON, Mgr. Storage and Tire Service West Main Phone 42

For COMPLETE Markets and Financial News THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

Relied upon by business men and investors everywhere. Send for free sample copy. 44 Broad St. New York

# There'll be a hot time in the ol'town THIS WEEK!

Many people will suffer unnecessarily from heat this week. They will fuss and fret and fan themselves as they scurry from counter to counter and store to store, looking for something.

Save steps, these hot days. Sit down in the shade of a cool porch. Glance through the advertisements in the newspaper. Find what you want before you go to buy it.

That's what advertisements are for. You can trust the advertisers to tell you about bargains in the ads. You can save money and minutes and many a headache if you read the advertisements—and heed them.

# "The McMartins are back!"

Brown as berries . . . looking healthy and eager. They've just returned from a two weeks' vacation by a mountain lake.

But how could they afford that kind of vacation? Well, you see, the McCartins know how to save—by buying wisely.

They're well-informed young people. They regard the advertisements as important news. News that enables them to spend with intelligence and thrift.

A thoughtful reading of the advertisements is a pleasant daily obligation that will repay you by opening the way to good times and better living.