

The GOOSE WOMAN

by REX BEACH

Fifth Installment.

SYNOPSIS: Amos Ethridge is found murdered in a country lane with a crude cross of twigs on his breast and scented sheet of note paper in his pocket. He was the richest man in his state with power and influence enough to make himself a candidate for Governor. With his death came hints of an unsavory private life, of wronged women and betrayed husbands and fathers who had reason to wish him dead. There was also a powerful secret political organization opposed to him. . . . Mary Holmes, called "the goose woman" by newspaper reporters, lives nearest the scene of the crime on a small chicken farm. . . . Gerald Holmes, her talented young artist son, has been befriended by the murdered Ethridge, and is engaged to another of Amos Ethridge's proteges. . . . Hazel Woods, lovely and brilliant young actress, has been helped to success by Ethridge. She lives in a small cottage owned by Ethridge. . . . Jacob Riggs, eccentric old-time actor, now a doorman at the theatre where Hazel Woods plays, has appointed himself her guardian and lives in a room over her garage.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Here, Gerald realized, was the Westland attitude of mind. He resented it, but at this moment he was in no mood to argue the matter, so he turned away. Argument, he knew, affected old Jacob disagreeably; it provoked him and excited more strongly his fanatical religious ideas and prejudices.

This Jacob Riggs, by the way, was a character. If a man may be said to smell of the theatre, he did, for he had been born and reared back stage, and it was his boast that the only crib he had ever known was the top of a Taylor trunk. The traditions of the profession were real to him, its stars were actual stars—fruitless, effulgent creatures that soared

ed through an atmosphere reserved exclusively for heavenly bodies. Their art and their persons were sacred; defects they had none. His world revolved about the West Theatre and its center was the stage door where he held sway—that is to say, his material world. He dived also in a spiritual world, a world of distorted biblical quotations. An unusual type of doorman was Jacob. The stage crew, mindful of the fact that he had been a second-rate singing and dancing comedian in his prime, irreverently referred to him as "the song-and-dance saint."

There were times, however, when Jacob proved himself to be anything except saintly to her. He had a frayed and ragged temper and he took enormous, if sometimes ill-founded, dislikes to people. On the other hand, his likes were equally decided and he had odd ways of showing them. He had taken a tremendous fancy to Hazel Woods, for instance, and, as he put it, he had adopted himself as "her guard-eeen." The first she had known about it was when he moved his belongings into the vacant room over her garage and without consulting her in the least announced his intention of establishing himself as a permanent addition to her household. Argument, protest, had failed to budge him. There he stayed. He dismissed the caretaker employed by the actual owner of the premises, and himself cut the grass, attended the flowers, and generally took charge of things for Hazel.

Gerald had not waited long when he heard the rustle of a figure approaching and Hazel came running towards him with her hands outstretched.

"Jerry!" she cried. "I'm so glad! You've been gone for ages! Let me look at you." She faced him towards the light. "Why, you look—dreadful! What is it?"

"Nothing! I—it has been a try-

ing week." He tried to smile, but his face felt stiff. "I wasn't sure whether you'd want to see me— He answered her startled, inquiring glance by saying: "It's all so new! I'm not used to it yet. And then, too, those newspaper stories about my mother—"

"Silly!" Miss Woods slipped a gloved hand into the crook of his arm and snuggled her shoulder intimately against his. "Is that all? Well, I'm glad you're back. I've a thousand things to talk about. Come along. We're going home and we'll have a bite to eat there. Where's the little blue oil stove?"

"It's outside at the curb."

"Want to ride home with us, Jacob?" Hazel inquired of the doorman. "Jerry's fireless cooker will carry four or five."

The old fellow grinned and



"You poor boy," she said, taking him tenderly in her arms.

shook his head. "I gotta lock up. I'll be along later."

"Think of you driving an actress home in your own car!" the girl ran on as she and Gerald left the theatre. "Don't you feel rich and wicked?"

"Not as rich as I did before I paid my garage bill. I'm afraid I'll have to call this car my 'blunder-bus.'"

"Nonsense! You're going to make lots of money."

As Gerald helped the speaker into her seat he could not resist planting a hasty kiss upon her cheek. "Oh, careful!" Hazel cast an apprehensive look over her shoulder, but at the same time she clutched his arm in a way that thrilled him. After a while she said: "You didn't write me, once! I'd like to know how you are going to explain that?"

Gerald answered, seriously: "That's what I had in mind back yonder. Our engagement doesn't seem real. It's like a dream. I wondered if you really meant it; if you actually cared for me. Then, too, those wretched newspapers! I told myself you might change your mind—"

He heard an incoherent but eloquent and thoroughly satisfying exclamation from the girl at his side. She drew closer and the sensation of her body actually against his rendered him dizzy. It was quite a task to drive it; it required stern determination to keep both hands on the steering wheel.

Even during these few moments Gerald had become aware of some subtle change in his fiancée. She had never welcomed him, even before old Jacob, with such uncooled affection as tonight. He had courted her at little parties, over restaurant tables, on the street or in public places when other people were close by, and he had never actually had her to himself for more than a moment or two; but tonight he was taking her home. For supper! He knew that the one maid she kept "slept out, and hence for once he could anticipate a real, lovers' tete-a-tete, free from interruption. The prospect was enough to render him careless of traffic rules.

It seemed to him that Hazel had never appeared so lovely as when she snapped on the lights in her hall, dropped her light wrap, and turned to him with shining eyes. Her lips were parted, her face was eager; she held out her bare arms. It was joyous, impulsive gesture of surrender; her look, her attitude, was one of complete abandon. She melted into his embrace, warm, fragrant, throbbing; her lips clung to his and he could feel her tremble in response to his ardor.

After a while the girl withdrew herself, she disappeared into the dining room. Gerald slowly filled his lungs. He came out of his ecstasy when he heard her in the pantry, and he followed, volunteering to lend her a helping hand. But she laughingly refused his aid.

"No. You must sit down and tell me all about your trip, and how the editors liked your drawings, and what they said, and what you thought about me, and that I'm an adorable actress and the most beautiful creature in the world—and that you love me wildly, insanely."

This was an order easily filled to the very letter. While the girl came and went, Gerald talked, answered her breathless interruptions, interrupted her. He watched her with adoring eyes. When she nuzzled his cheek he detained her long enough for a caress, and when she finally succeeded, despite his interference, in setting the table, he drew two chairs up side by side.

Probably they ate something, but neither of them could have told what it was.

Hazel was indeed a different girl from what she had ever been before. During his absence her love, it appeared, had suddenly burst from the bud into full bloom. The miracle would have made Jerry completely happy except for that hideous thing in the back of his mind. He tried his best not to be ignored, the more openly in word and deed this girl confessed her love, the more his secret distressed him.

"What ails you, dear?" she asked him finally. "You're in trouble of some sort."

He hesitated, then he broke out: "Yes, I am—frightful trouble!"

Instantly Hazel's hand closed over his, concern leaped into her eyes; her tone changed as she urged him to tell her what it was.

"I suppose I must tell you, but it's like cutting my own throat."

"Why, Jerry?"

"I swore I wouldn't, couldn't, and all time I knew I'd have to. Tonight, of all nights!" He shook his head and groaned.

The girl eyed him in growing alarm. She had become quite pale when she inquired: "Is it something about us? You don't want to marry me?"

"Oh, nothing like that. I haven't done anything either."

"Then it can't matter—"

"Wait! I drove out to see my mother this evening about the Ethridge case."

"Oh, please don't!" Hazel cried, sharply. "Please don't let's talk about that. I can't bear to—to have it mentioned."

"I've got to talk about it. You see, I knew how she must feel about the way those reporters had treated her, and I was afraid it would set her to drinking again—afraid she might say something or do something to make matters worse. You've been awfully sweet about her, Hazel. Not one girl in a million would have been as charitable."

"She isn't the only woman in the theatrical profession who has fallen on hard times and—gone back. You shouldn't feel so ashamed—"

"You don't know her. I never knew her until tonight. I've never known her until tonight. I've had a pretty bitter, pretty unhappy experience for a young fellow. I

was convinced that she had talked or would talk so much that they'd call her a witness, put her on the stand—Well, that would mean the whole wretched story, understand? Publicity! Gossip! Scandal! Lord knows it's going to be hard enough for me to face what has already come out. If it weren't for you I think I'd run away from Westland. I found that she had been drinking. We always quarrel when she's like that. She misconstrues everything I say, resents everything I do; something devilish and cruel comes out in her. I suppose she must have some maternal affection for me, somewhere, but she succeeds in concealing it mightily well. It was the same as usual tonight. We had a terrible row. She broke out finally and told me how she hated me and why; told me why she has always stood in my way and tried to strangle whatever talent I had. Oh, it was hideous. You're the only person to whom I shall ever reveal what she told me: I've got to tell you, no matter what the consequences."

Gerald repeated in a few short sentences the story he had heard from his mother's lips. It was not a pretty story; he made no effort to soften it. "Imagine hearing a thing like that from—your mother! I try to tell myself it's a nightmare; that she didn't say anything of the sort or that she was lying. But she wasn't lying. Worst of all, she confessed casually, without the slightest feeling, that she had been—bad! That's the hardest to bear. She was a bad, a guilty woman! I—don't feel as if I could ever look anybody in the eyes again." He dropped his head into his hands.

Hazel rose and crossed the room to a window. She stood there staring out into the blackness for some time. Jerry raised eyes, bleak with suffering, dark with apprehension; after a while he got heavily to his feet.

"I can't blame you," he said huskily. "She said no nice girl would marry me. I feel like a criminal to hurt you, but—I was desperate. I snatched at an hour of happiness. I—"

He choked, then he made blindly for the hall. Hazel turned, ran after him.

drawn him back to the couch upon which they had been sitting. "You poor boy!" she exclaimed. When she tenderly put her arms about him; a wave of relief swept over him; he completely lost control of himself and gave way to his grief. He hid his face upon her shoulder. Like a mother she comforted him. "Nothing is going to make any difference with me, so long as you love me. She told you that no nice girl would have you and you believed her, did you? You foolish, sensitive Jerry! As if you were responsible for her sins! For that matter, I'm not a 'nice' girl; I'm a wicked actress." The speaker actually laughed, as if in relief.

"It's—more than a disgrace. I haven't any name to offer you."

Jerry's words were tremulous.

"Sh-h! Is it your fault that you're a 'love child'? Why, my dear, that's where your genius comes from and I adore you. Nothing can shame that. You're going to be an artist—oh, I know it!—and I can help you; I can make you become great. No man ever succeeded or

failed very greatly, ever became very good or very bad, without a woman to help."

Jerry clutched the girl fiercely and she took delight in the pain of his embrace.

Concluded Next Issue

The more one admires himself, less he thinks of others.

FREE BOOK

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Local Happenings

Mr. and Mrs. Tyrus King were visitors in Hamilton Saturday.

Mrs. Leola Helms of Iredell was in Hico Tuesday shopping.

ROSS SHOP, Jewelry, Watch and Clock Repairing. 22-1tc

Mr. and Mrs. I. J. Teague were in Valley Mills Sunday visiting parents and other relatives.

Mrs. Dorine Hannah and Mrs. George Carlton of Hamilton were visitors in Hico last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Bell and two daughters of Groesbeck were in Hico Sunday visiting friends.

Mrs. W. T. Williams and Mrs. Al Waldrop of Carlton were in Hico Wednesday shopping.

Miss Minnie Lockett of Abilene, most of the week here, guest Mrs. May Petty.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. McCullough and children spent the week end in Goldthwaite with their parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Welborn were visitors in Temple and Waco Sunday.

C. W. Bates of Waco spent the week end here with his wife and children.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Pennix of Port Worth were in Hico Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Cleo Elkins.

Houston White of Hamilton was business visitor in Hico last Friday. Mr. White is a candidate for sheriff for re-election.

Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Wolfe, Jane and Tom Herbert Wolfe and Ann persons were visitors in Waco Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Starnage and Mrs. N. C. Strange of Iredell were here Tuesday visiting Mr. D. W. Appleby.

Will Koonce of Rising Star was here Tuesday for a short visit with Randall Brothers and Mrs. L. H. Norton.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Shelton of Iredell spent the week end here with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Shelton and Mr. and Mrs. R. Thomas.

PALACE

HICO

THURS. FRID.— Fred Astaire with Ginger Rogers in *The Musical Hit* of the season.

"FOLLOW THE FLEET" Comedy

THURS. MAT. and NIGHT— George Bancroft with Ann Southern in **"HELLSHIP MORGAN"** Comedy

FRID. MAT. & MON. NITE— **\$\$\$ BUCK NITE \$\$\$** Elenore Whitney and Tom Keene in **"TIMOTHY'S QUEST"** COMEDY

TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY— Larry Richman, Rochelle Hudson, Walter Connolly in **"MUSIC GOES ROUND"** COMEDY

THURSDAY & FRIDAY— Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMuray and Robert Young in **"BRIDE COMES HOME"**

Spring Cleaning Time

WATCH OUT FOR THE MOTH

Bring Your—

DRAPERIES, SMALL RUGS, PILLOW TOP, TAPESTRIES, ETC.

We Know How

BILL AND DICK

City Cleaners

Fairy Hico Charette

Misses Martha Porter and Sylvia Rockwell, students of C. I. A. at Denton spent the week end here visiting Miss Porter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Porter. Miss Rockwell's home is in Houston.

Ben Loden and family of Waco, John D. Lowe and family, and Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Lowe enjoyed dinner and an Easter egg hunt at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Loden Sunday.

Rev. E. E. Dawson, Arthur Burden, Mrs. J. W. Dohoney and Mrs. Bob Jenkins were in Mineral Wells Wednesday attending the State Sunday School Convention. They remained until after the evening session.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. McCullough were in Waco most of the week attending the Lumbermen's Convention. They were met there by Mr. and Mrs. Paul McCullough of Goldthwaite, who also attended the convention.

Mrs. J. M. Adams and Mr. and Mrs. R. Adams went to Fort Worth Sunday after Mrs. Mark Workman who will spend several days here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Adams, recuperating from an appendicitis operation.

Mrs. C. W. Gribble left last Saturday for her home in Houston after several days stay here in the S. A. Clark home. She was a sister of Mrs. S. A. Clark and was called here on account of the latter's illness.

Miss Mattie Clark left Sunday for Lubbock to resume her duties as teacher in the Lubbock schools, after spending the past two weeks here having been called on account of the illness and death of her mother, Mrs. S. A. Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Duncan of Dallas spent the week end here, guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Crump. Mr. Duncan is Mrs. Crump's son. They were also guests of Mr. Duncan's uncle, Sam Grubbs, also of Hico.

Doris Gamble, a student of Randolph Field at San Antonio, is spending a few days here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Gamble, recuperating from an injured knee. He expects to return to his post of duty in a few days.

Mrs. B. N. Strong and son of Walnut Springs, Toy Jones of Waco, Miss Vella McIlhenny of Iredell, Dine Farmer and son of Stephenville were guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Jones of east of town.

Mrs. P. G. Hays and her brother-in-law, F. E. Ragsdale spent the week end in San Marcos visiting Mrs. Ragsdale, and Miss Alma at a hospital where Alma was being treated from injuries suffered in an automobile wreck week before last.

Raymond McCarty of Shreveport, La., came in Saturday and spent the week end here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. F. McCarty. His wife and daughter, Sylvia Ray, who had been here on an extended visit accompanied Mr. McCarty back to Shreveport Sunday.

George Powledge spent the week end in Dallas and Henderson with relatives. His aunt, Mrs. Mattie Powledge of Henderson accompanied him home and is spending several days in the L. A. Powledge home. She is Mrs. Powledge's sister.

Emory Gamble, Moody Durban and Jack Thomas, students of State University at Austin spent the week end here with Emory's parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Gamble. Mr. Durban's home is in Nashville, Tenn., and Mr. Thomas resides at Fort Worth.

Miss Alma Ragsdale, student at San Marcos College, who was injured in an automobile wreck several days ago, was brought to her home here Wednesday to recuperate from her injuries. Her mother has been with her since the accident, and she returned to Hico also. The Barrow ambulance, driven by George Christopher, went after them. Alma's many friends in Hico hope for her a speedy recovery.

J. P. Rodgers, Sr., and daughter, Thoma went to Dallas Thursday to take their daughter and sister, Mrs. Ada Christopher, who will visit there for a time before returning to her home in Kansas City, Mo.

J. T. Dix, who has been relieved from carrying his mail routes for the past few weeks on account of an operation returned to his duties Thursday morning. He takes credit for starting the rain, since it had not rained a drop while he was absent. After wishing for rain while same would not inconvenience him all during his absence from his routes, it would seem that he would be disappointed at the beginning of a downpour upon the very morning of his return. However, he, along with the rest of the populace, seemed thankful for some wetness.

Notice Turkey Growers! Attention is called by County Agent T. D. Craddock to the meeting of turkey growers to be held at the court house in Hamilton on Thursday, April 23, at 2:30 in the afternoon. There will be an outside speaker and Mr. Craddock urges all turkey growers to be present as there will be valuable instructions and discussions.

Helping Hand Class Met At Park Tuesday, April 14
The monthly social meeting for April of the Helping Hand Class of the Methodist Church was a picnic given Tuesday, April 14, at the park. All old business was quickly dispatched, and the attention of all was turned to a bounteous picnic spread of sliced country ham, assorted sandwiches, pickles, potato chips, cookies, and iced tea.

Owing to widespread sickness only half of the class attended.

The following members were present: Mesdames Jim D. Wright, George Stringer, M. W. Whigham, Lee Autrey, Annie Waggoner, Wyatt Malone, John Dix, Clifford Langham, Tom Munnerlyn, Chester Stanford, Bessie Warren, Hattie Norton, Lusk Randals, A. Leeth, Dick Hollis, and Miss Jessie Garth. Guests of the class were Mrs. Hampton and Miss Lucille Garth.

Mrs. John Haines Honored With Birthday Dinner Thursday
Mrs. John Haines was agreeably surprised on Thursday of this week when her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Ollie Davis entertained with a dinner at their home in honor of her 49th birthday anniversary.

Those present for the affair were Mrs. J. C. Barrow of Hamilton, Mrs. J. B. Russell and daughter, Mrs. George Stringer and son, Mrs. Annie Waggoner, Mr. and Mrs. Orlan Poteet and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. John Haines and Miss Nell Haines.

Clairette M. D. Club Met With Mrs. Burette Stanford
The foundation dress pattern was cut. "In order to get a perfect fit of the sleeve the threads should run straight up and down and straight across the material," said Miss Ellen Steffens, at the meeting of the Home Demonstration Club held at the home of Mrs. Burette Stanford April 10.

The house was called to order by Vice President Mrs. J. G. G. G. and after a brief business session, several subjects were discussed.

Arrangements for the sack supper, April 24, were made, and all candidates are especially invited. The proceeds are to help finance a delegate to the Short Course.

Three new members were added to the club: Mrs. W. T. Stanford, Mrs. Glynn Lee, and Mrs. Montgomery.

Those attending were Mesdames J. G. G. G. G., Mrs. J. G. G. G., Mrs. A. E. Denman.

Two visitors were present, Mrs. H. Mayfield and Mrs. Arthur Lambert of Millerville.

The next meeting will be April 24 with Mrs. W. F. Johnson.

Mrs. C. W. Bates Hostess To Bridge Club Tuesday
Mrs. C. W. Bates entertained Contract Bridge Club members at her home Tuesday afternoon of this week when cut roses and pot plants adorned the open rooms.

At the conclusion of the games, an ice cream was served to Mrs. Brents Witty and Mrs. Charles Baker, Jr. of Hamilton, Mesdames Jackson, Mings, Petty, Ogle, Teague Wolfe, Holford, Woodward and Misses Emma Dee Hall and Irene Frank.

Mesdames Gamble and Wolfe Entertained At Country Club
Mrs. B. B. Gamble and Mrs. H. N. Wolfe were joint hostesses at a party at the Bluebonnet Country Club Saturday evening in honor of Emory Gamble, Jack Thomas and Moody Durban, who are students of the State University, who were Easter holiday guests in the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Gamble.

The living room at the club house took on an Easter appearance and punch was served to all present.

About thirty invited guests were in attendance.

E. H. Persons
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Swift's Jewel	8 lb.	92c	Carton
SHORTENING			
Swift's Premium	Not Sliced		Lb.
BREAKFAST BACON		28c	
Brer Rabbit			Gallon
PURE CANE SYRUP		55c	
Folger's	2 Lb. Can	White Swan	Can
Coffee	54c	Pk.-Beans	4c
Pie	No. 2 Can	Canned	No. 2 1/2 Can
Peaches	8c	Kraut	10c
APRICOTS	GALLON		49c
Pure Aluminum	6-Qt.	Wheaties	25c bx.
Tea Kettle	1.50	Shirley Temple	Free
3lbs good Coffee		Pitcher	
Pure Granulated		In Cloth Bags	
SUGAR	25 lb. Sack		\$1.25
Sun Brite	3 Cans	Rubbing	Pint
Cleanser	13c	Alcohol	15c
Refund Bot. Return 5c.	Qt.	White Swan	Pints
Ginger Ale	20c	Gr. Juice	15c
Puffed	Pkg.	Cooking	1/2 Lb.
Wheat	10c	Chocolate	10c
STRAWBERRIES	2 Boxes		15c
Crisp	2 Bunches	Well Filled Out	Lb.
CARROTS	5c	GREEN BEANS	10c
Fresh, Tender	2 Bunches	Garden Fresh	Lb.
TURNIPS & TOPS	5c	ENGLISH PEAS	6c
Young	2 Bunches	Finest	Lb.
GREEN ONIONS	5c	NEW SPUDS	4c
GRAPE FRUIT	3 For		10c
1 doz. BANANAS		} 25c	
15c pkg. VANILLA WAFERS			

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Visit Our Soda Fountain

Porter's Drug Store

PHONE 4

News Of The World Told In Pictures.

Parents Might Well Set the Example



Traders Ins. Co. Safety Service

Parents often tell their children to be sure to play on the sidewalk, and if they must cross the street, to be sure that a car isn't in sight and then to use the crosswalk. That's good advice in any family and in any man's town. But how often do parents do the things which they tell their children mustn't be done? Parents frequently are seen dragging their children across streets against red lights or right across in the middle of the block. It is wondered what children sometimes think of their parents. Five minutes after some parent has "laid down the law" he can become a BIG HYPOCRITE. Last year there were more than 1,500 children under the age of four who were killed and 34,000 who were injured in automobile accidents. More than 3,200 between the ages of 5 and 14 were killed and nearly 140,000 were injured. It is important to teach young children to have safe habits and equally important for grownups to practice what they preach.



THE MODERN RURAL KITCHEN

In most photographs of modern kitchens electric equipment is illustrated. There are about five million farm homes in this country where electricity is not available. This photograph shows that those homes beyond electric lines have not been overlooked so far as modern equip-

ment is concerned. The modern oil range shown here is as attractive as any stove to be found in a city kitchen, and the refrigerator, which harmonizes with it in line and color, also is operated by the heat from kerosene, requiring no outside connection of any kind.

Summer Sport Suit . . . Spectator or Active



NEW YORK . . . Here is a front and back view of a summer jacketed sport suit which bids to be popular this season. The dress was designed by Gladys Parker, illustrator and worn by Mrs. Alfred Wegman 54. The material is Silvelite, a Mount Airy cloth.

Where Houston Celebrates Winning of Texas Freedom

Houston will be host to thousands April 12-21 when the San Jacinto Centennial Celebrations hold forth for ten gala days. Visitors will witness colorful parades and pageants, and an entertainment highlight will be a public ball on Main Street in front of the site of the old capitol of the Republic of Texas. On San Jacinto Day 100,000 will participate in a pontifical field mass and other ceremonies to be broadcast nationally over both major networks. At the right is the gigantic shaft to be erected on the battlefield in honor of the heroes of Texas' struggle for liberty.



Sing, Jean, Sing



NEW YORK . . . Above is youthful Jean Dickerson, operatic coloratura, who is being sponsored by the famed Lily Pons of the Metropolitan . . . and presented in a recent recital here.

Knox . . . of ILLINOIS



Republican Presidential Possibility

Congressman Poet Laureate



WASHINGTON . . . Congressman J. S. McGroarty of California (above), may be given the title of honorary poet laureate of the U. S. . . . Representative Monaghan of Mont., introduced the resolution.

Opposes Capper



WICHITA, Kas. . . . Dempster O. Potts (above) original Townsend Club leader in this state, has announced himself a candidate for the seat of the veteran Senator Arthur Capper in the U. S. Senate at the Fall elections. Potts is an attorney.

10,000 Gallstones



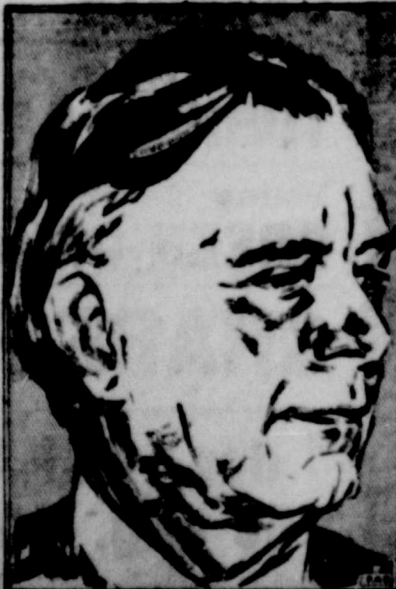
PHILADELPHIA . . . Mrs. Dora Kurtzman (above), is feeling quite all right, now that a hospital operation here, removing over 10,000 gallstones, has proved successful. A report is to be made to medical associations.

Vandenberg . . . of MICH.



Republican Presidential Possibility

Borah . . . of IDAHO



Republican Presidential Possibilities

JOE GISH



She Tosses Discus



LOS ANGELES . . . Marguerite "Mike" Coswell, 19 (above), can run 100 yards in 12 seconds. She can also toss the discus right around the world mark for women of 143½ feet. She is a Junior College entrant for the 1936 Olympic games.

Cotton Lace Frock



CHICAGO . . . The girl with a budgeted wardrobe could easily be inspired at the Spring Cotton Carnival in the Merchandise Mart here. Shown is a navy blue cotton lace frock with plaque collar and cuffs that will retail this season at about \$3.95.

"Hitler's Secret Loves"



BERLIN, Germany . . . Miss Leni Riefenstahl (above), beautiful German screen star, is the heroine featured mentioned in the "Hitler's Secret Loves" story published in Paris last Sunday.

AUTO-ODDITIES

WORSE THAN WAR!
MORE LIVES WERE LOST IN THE UNITED STATES BY AUTO ACCIDENTS IN THE LAST 5 YEARS THAN WERE KILLED OR DIED OF WOUNDS IN BATTLE IN THE A.E.F. DURING THE WORLD WAR.

NIGHT FAR MORE DANGEROUS THAN DAY—
RECORDS SHOW THAT MANY MORE ARE KILLED IN ACCIDENTS AFTER DUSK THAN DURING DAYTIME.

SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL
IN A RECENT MAGAZINE ARTICLE SAYS — "FIFTY MILES AN HOUR IS FAST ENOUGH FOR ME"—HE HAS DRIVEN HIS RACING CAR AT THE RATE OF 300 MILES AN HOUR. WHY MUST YOU GO FAST?

IT TAKES ON THE AVERAGE 24 FEET TO STOP A CAR GOING 20 MILES AN HOUR — 97 FEET TO STOP A CAR GOING 40 MILES AN HOUR — AND 152 FEET TO STOP A CAR GOING 50 MILES AN HOUR.

JOE GISH

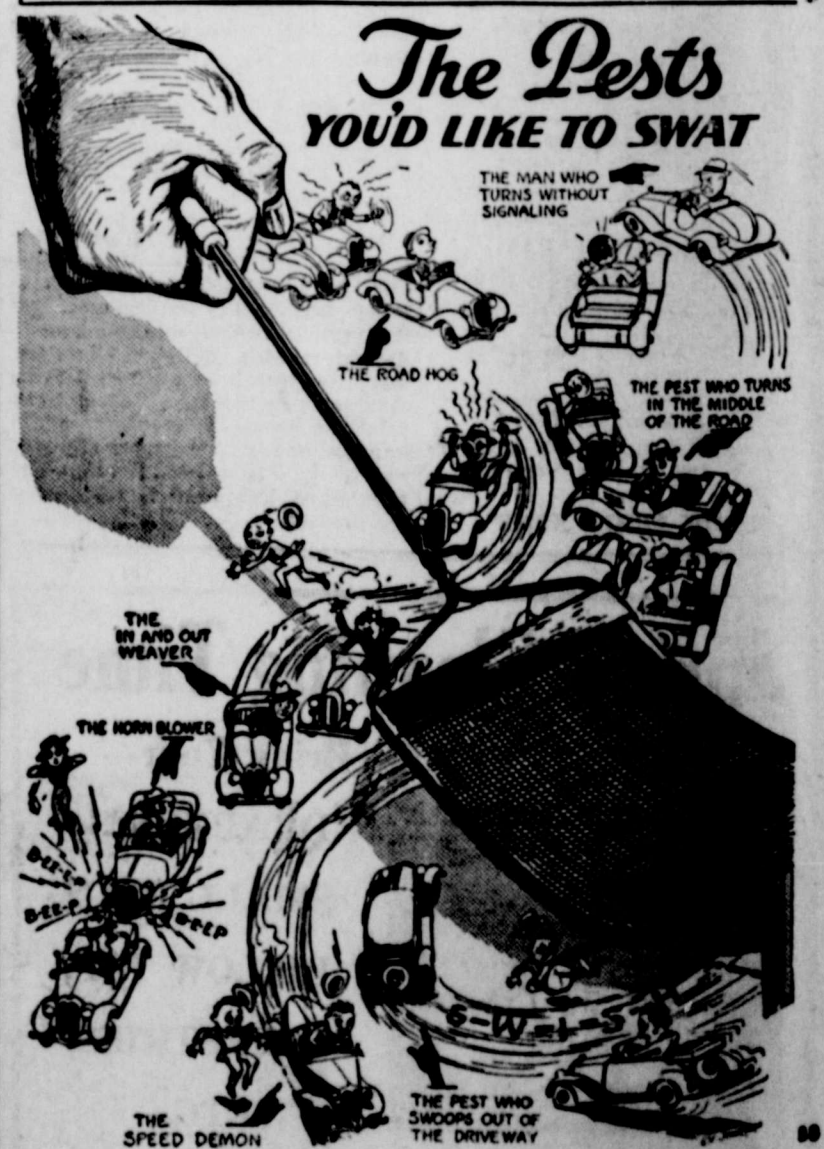


Schools for Adults



ST. LOUIS . . . C. R. Reed (above), Superintendent of Minneapolis, Minn., schools, is a staunch advocate of night schools for adults, like those in his city where 9,000 adults are enrolled.

Depopulating the Roads of Pests



Most drivers have had the feeling that they would like to run the careless driver right off the road. Including the road hogs, the weaver, the snatcher of seconds at red lights, the speed demon, the driver who never signals—and also the horn blower.

Many a time a driver has been heard to say, "I wish I had a 10-ton truck to chase the pests off the road." But there is a better way to get rid of the pests. And that is to have a sufficient force of police on the main roads. A policeman patrolling the road can make almost a goody-goody out of the most dangerous driver.

Until people grow up in their use of motor vehicles, it seems to be necessary to provide many with watchmen. Here's something funny about the "pests you'd like to swat." There are so many of them, at various times, that if all were driven from the highway, there would be practically no one left. Who are the pests of the road, anyway?

