



Big Spring Daily Herald Published Monday morning and each week except during school holidays...

Weekly Reflection of Thought and Action Of The Student Body THE WHEEL

The Wheel Rolled By Students Of Big Spring High School

Ex-Students Now Enrolled In C.I.A. Pen Message To Former Schoolmates

Dear "Wheel": Stand by for latest announcements, broadcasted from radio station C.I.A. through the discourtesy of the disilluminated future wives and mothers of Texas...

Esdaile, The Star Gazer

Q-What girl does Halbert Woodward like anyhow? A-He has been cooing none recently, but maybe you for an instance...

Queen Today-Tomorrow One Of America's Best Loved Stories "The Face On The Bar Room Floor"

ant things to do when they know that they are left on their own resources for entertainment and can not depend and do not want to depend upon young gentlemen to show them a good time.

RITZ Today, Last Times Carena-Schaaf FIGHT PICTURE See The Actual Blow That Killed Schaaf Also

STANWYCH LADIES THEY TALK ABOUT A Warner Bros. Picture Tomorrow Only What Happens to Second-Hand Kings? See GEORGE ARLISS

Our Strongest Instinct

The instinct of self-preservation is usually a good deal stronger than we realize; so strong, indeed, that it can be impossible to check it.

Give To Library

Probably the center of the student scholastic activities is the library. It stimulates interest in literature which makes life more abundant besides being a necessity in our school life.

Squad Interview As Preparations Made For Journey To State Tourney

The Steers have accomplished their real goal "On to Austin." The next question of importance is what the celebrated Bovines will do on arriving at the capitol gym.

Exchange

WHAT TO DO? Oh, what to do? That has been the continual wail among the members of that high and mighty senior class.

Scholastic Census Taking Is Started

The annual scholastic census-taking has been started by the teachers of the schools. Each year this is carried on in the city school district.

X Marks The Spot

Other gossip columnists work hand in hand with Dan Cupid and point their best efforts toward bringing together two people with a common romantic end.

Campus Chatter

Ahey, you Swabs, thou woin in the weeds, why don't youse be ginerusk and let me in on some of your scandalous insights so I can have something to talk about (being as I never talk).

Uncle Walt And Son Entertain For Basketball Team

Felton Smith, otherwise known as "Uncle Walt," and his son, Felton Jr., entertained the Steer basketball squad with a banquet Tuesday night at their home on Runnels street.

'Give-To-The-Library' Week Set At March 13 To 18 By Principal Gentry

The week of March 13-18 inclusive has been officially declared "Give-to-Library" week by Principal George Gentry of Big Spring high school.

Shots From The Showers

Leaving for Austin tomorrow to compete with 13 other sectional titlists Friday and Saturday, the Big Spring Steers are primed up for the two-day cage classic to determine the champion school boy quintet of Texas.

How CARDUI Helped Weak, Nervous Woman

"I was nervous and weak and my back hurt," writes Mrs. Emma Nichols, of Murfreesboro, Tenn. "I could hardly rest. I had a nervous, weak trembling in the lower part of my body, and a bearing-down feeling. I had read of Cardui and decided to take it. After my first bottle, I felt better and kept taking it. It helped me. I took three bottles, and by then I was much improved and rid of the nervousness, so much so that I had recommended Cardui to my daughters and friends. I think it is a splendid medicine to build up the whole system."

BATTERY AND BODY REPAIRING

J. L. Webb Motor Co. 4th & Runnels Phone 845

Personals

Mary Louise Burns, who was removed to her home last week from the Big Spring High School, was returned there Sunday. She is resting very well.

Mary Louise Gilmour Resigns Staff Place

Mary Louise Gilmour, who until this week has been a typist for the Wheel, resigned her position last Friday. Too many things to occur over time outside the Wheel was the reason for her leaving the staff.

Trustees Of Larger Schools Hold Austin Meeting And Urge Payment Of \$17.50 Per Capita For 1933-'34

That a \$17.50 per capita payment from the state is absolutely necessary for the schools if they are to continue under their present organization for the next year was agreed upon by all the representatives of the thirty largest school districts in the state at the state meeting of members of boards of trustees held February 15 in Austin, Texas.

WOODWARD and COFFEE Attorneys-at-Law

General Practice in All Courts Fourth Floor Petroleum Bldg. Phone 501

DR. GREEN, Easy Dentist

Teeth Cleaned \$1.00 Upper or Lower Set of False Teeth \$7.50 Up Extractions FREE with Best Plates Fillings 50 cents Up Specials For This Week First National Bank Bldg. Work Guaranteed

THURSDAY SPECIAL Ladies' and Men's Felt House Shoes

Good quality felt house shoes with leather heels, tips and soles. In all sizes for men and women. Thursday only, the pair 29c

STORAGE TRANSFER TEAM WORK OF ALL KINDS Joe B. Neel

GLASSES That Suit Your Eyes Are a Pleasure DR. AMOS R. WOOD

DR. GREEN, Easy Dentist Teeth Cleaned \$1.00 Upper or Lower Set of False Teeth \$7.50 Up Extractions FREE with Best Plates

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J.C. PENNEY CO. INC. DEPARTMENT STORE

# They Bring You EVERY DAY



## Efficient AID for ECONOMICAL BUYING

The merchants who advertise in this paper offer you an important service. Their advertisements provide you with a comprehensive **BUYING GUIDE**, the use of which assures you of being able to obtain exactly what you want efficiently and economically. Further, this **Buying Guide** keeps you informed of the latest developments in goods and service . . . a knowledge which contributes not only to efficiency and economy but to health, comfort and prosperity as well.

Because they advertise they do a greater volume of business and are, in consequence, able to offer you what you want at lower price. **AND BECAUSE** every advertisement represents a definite investment . . . an investment which will be lost if it is not supported by customer good-will . . . each advertisement places the merchant under contract **WITH YOU** to keep faith in every transaction. The merchants who advertise deserve your patronage in return for the service they render you . . . and you can give it to them to your profit.

Don't neglect the opportunity which the **DAILY HERALD** advertisements offer you to organize your buying more efficiently and economically . . .



# The DAILY HERALD

# One Love

By LAURA EDU BROOKMAN

**BEGIN HERE TODAY**

Janet Hill is engaged to Rolf Carlyle but they do not have enough money to marry. Janet is Secretary for Bruce Hamilton, advertising manager of Every Home Magazine and Rolf works for the Atlas Advertising Co. Janet insists they must have \$500 in a savings account before they can be married.

Howard Cressy, another employee of the magazine, tries to make dates with Janet but she discourages him.

She hurried home from the office Saturday to prepare a surprise birthday dinner for Rolf. On the way she sees a couple entering the fashionable Brewster Hotel Coffee Shop and she recognizes the young man as Rolf.

**CHAPTER II**

In another instant the girl in the fur coat and the young man beside her had disappeared. Janet had barely seen them, had heard her heart cry out, "It's Rolf!" and was still struggling with the shock when the door of the Coffee Shop closed.

Immediately common sense returned. Of course it couldn't have been Rolf with that pretty, expensively dressed girl. It was some other young man whose topcoat happened to be the same shade of gray as Rolf's, who wore a dark felt at the same angle.

"It was because I was thinking about him," Janet told herself. "Imagine making such an idiot of myself! Why, it couldn't have been Rolf!" She accepted this explanation eagerly, with a sense of relief.

For a moment, thought, she had been startled.

Smiling, reassured, Janet hurried along. A minute or two later she was turning into the doorway of Rolf's Cafeteria. Most of the room-time crowd had lunched and departed. The long room with its innumerable little tables all with gleaming the tops, was not even half filled.

Janet ordered a satisfying lunch—two vegetables, a salad, a glass of milk and for dessert a delicious-looking fruit tart. She carried her tray to a table near the side of the wall and sat down. It was quiet there. Blessedly quiet. Suddenly Janet realized that she was hungry. The hot food seemed delicious and for several minutes she devoured herself to it, thinking only how pleasant it was to eat an appetizing meal in peaceful surroundings.

Then she took a slip of paper from her purse and began checking over the items listed. Her lips first for the pen and pencil set. In parenthesis Janet had set down "55." It seemed a lot; enough even

for the handsome pen and pencil she had visualized as Rolf's gift.

The dime store was on the list—for candles and a glass top to replace the broken one on the coffee percolator. The cut-rate flower shop next for a half dozen pink roses—little ones that wouldn't last long but would be just right in a low bowl on the table. The roses would cost only 50 cents. Then there was the meat market and the grocery and all the things that must be bought to prepare the birthday dinner.

Janet went over the list. No, there was nothing she had forgotten. Two-fifteen now. She must hurry!

Four hours later Janet Hill stood before the two-burner gas stove stirring cream sauce, trying at the same time to keep an eye on the steak broiling in the skillet that sat some two securely over the other blaze. The asparagus, cooked, was propped as near as possible to the heat to keep it from chilling. A steaming coffee pot posed perilously at the corner of the tiny shelf, serving both as kitchen table and a support for the gas stove. Dishes, tea towel, a paper sack, knives and spoons littered the improvised kitchen.

For a moment Janet stopped stirring to push a strand of hair back from her face. She was warm and her nose was shining. The last minute, with everything to be done at once, was always confusing. Rolf would come any time now.

Rolf would come any time now. There he was now—the buzzer on the bell downstairs pressed three times in rapid succession. Janet's "apartment" was on the second floor and Rolf could make that single flight in record time.

A sharp rap at the door—Janet leaving the stove, risking ruin of the dinner to answer—a slim, tall figure and a booming voice in the shadows.

"Oh, Rolf—!"

It was a brief greeting. Janet hurried back to retrieve the cream sauce and the steak. The young man tossed aside his hat and topcoat indolently. Yes, it was a gray topcoat and a felt hat exactly the same shade as the young man who entered the Brewster Coffee Shop had worn.

Janet was too busy to notice that she had disappeared behind the screen that shut off the "kitchen" from the rest of the room. The young man, left to himself, dropped into an arm chair. He produced cigarettes, lighted a match, applied it to a cigarette and leaned back comfortably, watching the curling smoke drift ceilingward.

"Busy today?" Janet called.

"So-so." Suddenly Carlyle noticed the table with its bowl of

ross to tell candidly. "Say, what's the idea? Looks like a party."

Smiling, Janet emerged from behind the screen. "It is a party, Rolf. Don't you know what day it is? It's your birthday! I wanted to surprise you."

"Birthday—say, I'd forgotten all about that. How'd you know? How'd you happen to remember?"

"I've remembered ever since—oh, for months and months. Something you said one day last summer. Are you really surprised? I thought it would be fun to have dinner here together tonight. Just you and I. Rolf. We're going to have a birthday cake."

The sentence was lost as she made a frantic dash for the stove. In time to prevent serious damage she turned off the blaze. Five minutes more and the platter of steak, the asparagus, the salads and the crisp, golden rolls were on the table.

"You light the candles," Janet said as she untied the blue and white apron. Her face was glowing and pink from the heat, her hair a tangle of curls. There was no time to think of that now. That dinner must be eaten while it was hot.

Just for an instant they stood here together. The room behind them was dark. The candlelight—flickering and uncertain—cast a pale golden radiance over the table, disguising the cheap dishes and worn lunch cloth. The scent of the Atlas company (bringing copy to be inserted in the Every Home Magazine) that Rolf Carlyle had first seen Janet Hill. There had been a few words between them. Carlyle had found occasion to drop into the Every Home office on other errands. After the evening when he first persuaded her to have dinner with him the courtship had moved swiftly. In a little more than a month Janet Hill had promised to marry Rolf Carlyle.

All that had been nearly a year ago. Janet, during those months, had learned to care more and more for Rolf. Not once did it occur to her that he could feel otherwise.

The birthday dinner proved a success. The steak was tender, cooked exactly as Rolf liked it. The salads were crisp and the rest of the simple menu as appetizing.

Janet thought, "This is how it's going to be some day—when we're married. This is the way we'll have

dinner every night!"

She hadn't been listening and Rolf was talking about something at the office. Suddenly the girl laughed.

"Oh, Rolf—" she said, "the silliest thing happened today. I was coming by the Brewster Coffee Shop and I saw an awfully pretty girl. She was with a man in gray and for a minute I was sure it was you; I—I was certain of it!"

"You mean—you thought you saw me—?"

"You must have a double. Honestly, I'd have sworn—but then of course I know it couldn't be!"

Janet laughed and Carlyle joined her. Somehow the man's laugh was not so convincingly mirthful as the girl's.

"Funny," he agreed. "You don't think I've taken to lunching at the Brewster, do you?"

"Oh, of course not. But honestly it did look like you—"

The talk drifted to other things. Janet brought the dessert and the coffee. It was while they were drinking the fragrant golden beverage that Carlyle said carefully: "Janet, there's something I want to talk to you about."

(To Be Continued)

**Lovely Luncheon Is Given Tuesday Club**

Mrs. M. K. House was hostess for the Tuesday Luncheon Club at the Settles Hotel giving one of the prettiest spring luncheons the club has ever enjoyed.

The favorite color of Saint Patrick and Irish emblems prevailed in the decorations of the table, in the place cards, and in the little tapers at each place which harmonized with the place cards and were presented to the guests as favors.

The guests of the afternoon were Mrs. C. B. Blomshield and three out-of-town friends of Mrs. Spence, Mrs. Chas. Holland, Cannon and Kenneth Cox, of San Angelo. Mrs. Blomshield was the highest scorer.

Mrs. W. W. Inkman made high for club members. Other club members present were: Mrs. J. Y. Robb, M. H. Bennett, Fred Keating, Tom E. Helton, E. V. Spence.

Mrs. Helton will be the next hostess.

There is no doubt that she was prejudiced. To his employers, Dwight Kendall and Jim McPhail, who owned the Atlas Advertising Agency, young Carlyle was a beginner with a fair chance of working in the business. People liked Carlyle—and that was an asset. He had the brains too, if he'd settle down and apply himself. Rolf had worked at the Atlas office for a year and a half. During the two years he had attended college Rolf had sold advertising on the college paper. He had landed the job with the Atlas company when Frank Dennison, a friend, had given it up to join the staff of the Gazette. Hired at \$30 a week and given routine office duties, Carlyle had earned two raises since. He had three accounts now for which he was responsible and occasionally was allowed to try his hand at writing advertising copy for some of the more important clients.

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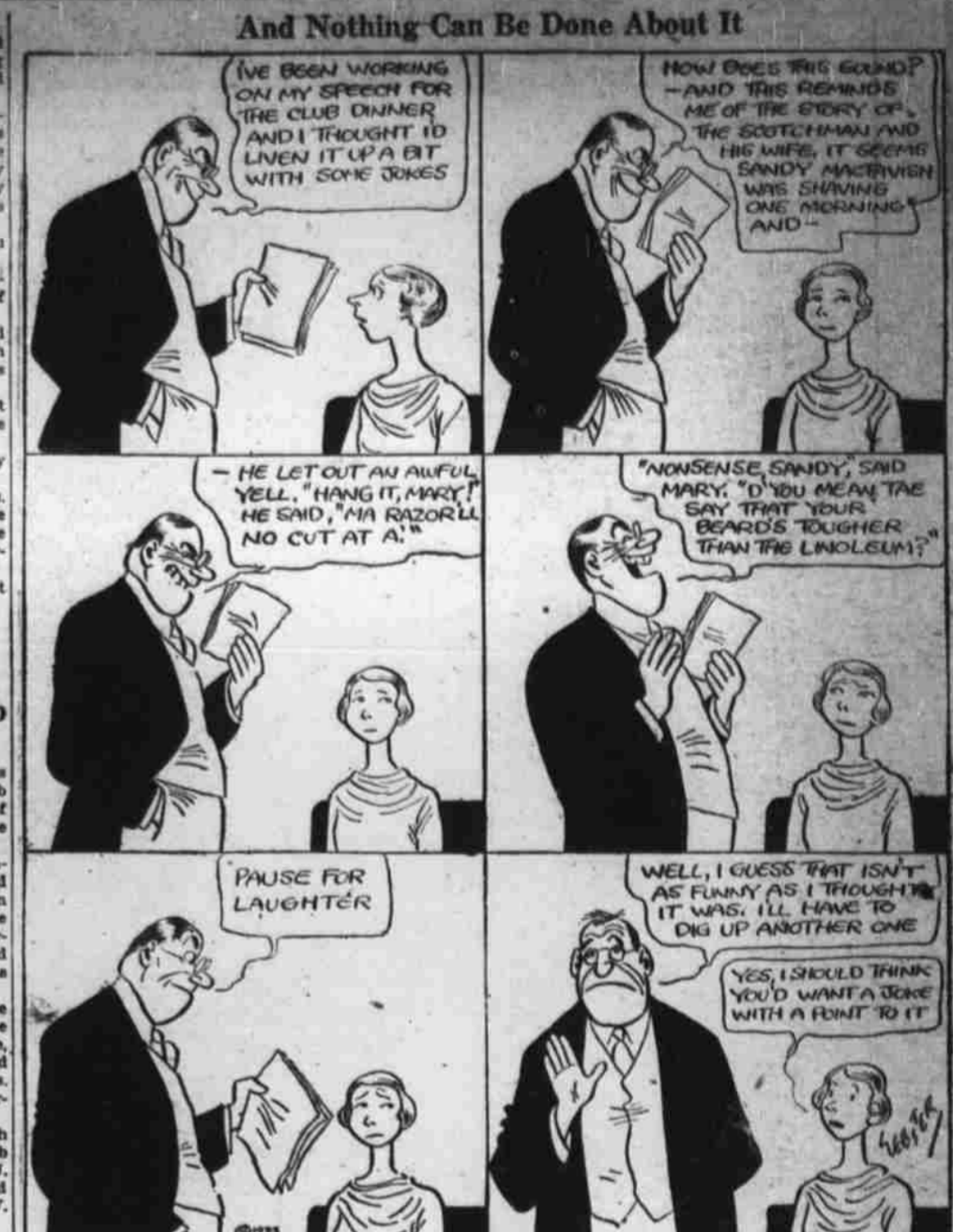
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Love's Labor Lost by Wellington

**THIS RED TAPE SIMPLIFIES THINGS!**

**WRIGLEY'S DOUBLE MINT CHEWING GUM**

TO OPEN UNWIND

## Germany

**HORIZONTAL**

- Who was the leader of the German Reformation?
- Inflammation of the ear.
- Irene, goddess of—?
- Practical unit of electrical capacity.
- Credit (abbr.).
- Makes torpid.
- Exclamation.
- Tense.
- Bird.
- To ventilate.
- Popular.
- Tennis fence.
- Aneloped.
- Unsaturated hydrocarbon.
- Fish.
- Taste and odor.
- Loads as freight.
- Genus of catlike mousing.
- Common to both sexes.
- Self.
- Kimono sash.

**VERTICAL**

- Above.
- Examination.
- Derby.
- Small shield.
- Corded cloth.
- Way.
- Japanese fish.
- Wrath.
- Employment.
- Hypothetical structural unit.
- Rough crooked tree.
- Narrow sloping passage.
- A shower.
- Grew old.
- Either.
- To emit bright light.
- Lubricated.
- Law.
- Japanese house (variant).
- Cavity.
- To observe.
- Final.
- 2000 pounds unit.
- Yellow bugle plant.
- Adverbial negative.
- Three-toed sloth.
- 62 Either.

**Answer to Previous Puzzle**

11. LULIANT 12. SPACIC 13. NINES 14. ADOLPH 15. HILF 16. FOOTER 17. ERE 18. PETIT 19. SC 20. RED 21. GAP 22. SC 23. OOR 24. COTED 25. DADO 26. MAN 27. CHAIRED 28. OYES 29. RE 30. READER 31. IN 32. EARL 33. IN 34. TART 35. NOD 36. AAS 37. AID 38. WEE 39. TADS 40. ZOONS 41. BIA 42. FARM 43. LOTMENT

**DIANA DANE** Trademark Reg. Applied For U. S. Patent Office

**SCORCHY SMITH** Trademark Registered U. S. Patent Office

**HOMER HOOPEE** Trademark Registered U. S. Patent Office



PA'S SON-IN-LAW by Wellington



DIANA DANE by Don Flowers



SCORCHY SMITH by John C. Terry



HOMER HOOPEE by Fred Locher



