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YOUTH'S CHANCE

THOUSANDS of college graduates today have their diplomas and their education because the government interested itself in them. There will be more thousands next year.

That is the first answer of the National Youth Administration to the query, "What are you doing for American youth with that \$50,000,000 fund you were handed, to give it a boost?"

A hundred thousand young men and women were able to attend college during the year 1934-35 because the government paid them \$15 a month for work on or near the campuses of nearly 2,000 colleges. This coming year of 1935-36, some 250,000 will be so aided. The NYA has taken over and expanded the work started by the Federal Emergency Relief Administration last year. This is the newest effort to answer the pressing problem of youth, a problem that is answered in Germany by labor camps, and in Italy by the army. The answer means a chance to work one's choice, studying what one wishes. The chance is given only to those who could not otherwise attend.

The plan has been tried long enough to get some idea of how it works. The University of Minnesota, for instance, graded its federal-aid students and found that 72.2 per cent of them ranked excellent or superior, while 92.8 per cent were better than average. That would seem to show that the young men appreciate the opportunity being given them.

Note that for the time being, such young men and women are removed from competition for jobs with the unemployed. The work given them at college, assistantships, community work, surveys, library, nursing, community center direction, research of one kind and another, is generally work not competing with wage-earners.

It is usually work that impoverished colleges would not be doing at all were it not for this youth program.

SUN-TAN

BY NARD JONES

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BEGIN HERE TODAY
JO DARIEN breaks her engagement to BRET PAUL, college athletic star, because Bret objects to her taking a job as hostess at Crest Lake Inn, fashionable summer resort owned by wealthy DOUGLAS MARSH.

Jo goes to Crest Lake, Marsh's eccentric mother dislikes her and causes difficulties. These are increased when PETER FRAGONET, film actor, arrives. Fragonet pays marked attentions to Jo, asks her to marry him as soon as he can secure a divorce.

Bret Paul comes to Crest Lake as life guard. BABS MONTGOMERY, school acquaintance who is jealous of Jo, is also there.

Fragonet leaves and returns when his film company undertakes to make part of a motion picture at the resort. Jo becomes friendly with LOLITA MONTEZ, actress. During a scene on the lake, Lolita narrowly escapes drowning, is rescued by Bret Paul.

Jo learns it was Bret and not Fragonet who saved her life in the sailboat accident. She goes to thank Bret for this, finds him with DILO SAUNDERS, Hollywood extra girl.

CHAPTER XXXII

As the first pink streaks of dawn reflected up from the lake Jo Darien sat upright in bed, wide-eyed and sleepless, and glanced at the clock beside her. It was far too early for activities at Crest Lake, but Jo knew that there was no use touching her pillow again.

She sat for a moment on the edge of the bed, retrieving her scattered and bitter thoughts. Then, as if to brush them away, she pushed trembling fingers across her forehead and got to her feet. Perhaps, she thought, a walk in the woods would straighten her up.

So, just as the day was fully breaking over the tranquil lake and the quiet forest, Jo was tramping briskly along one of the paths. She felt as though she would like to keep on walking forever but, as the thought formed in her mind, she smiled ruefully. "If I kept on walking I'd run into other people—and I suppose they're all about alike, really."

She was, she told herself over and over, a fool to be so upset

because she had found Bret Paul with the Saunders girl in his arms. She had lost nothing, really, for she and Bret had meant nothing to each other since that night in the Fendale apartments when he had upbraided her so fiercely. And yet . . .

And yet (she knew it now) she had always somehow believed that they would mean something to each other again. She knew now that, from the first time she had encountered Bret again at Crest Lake, she had wanted forgiveness. She had wanted him to take her in his arms. She had wanted to get back, somehow, to those idyllic days of the shaded campus when nothing had mattered to her except—Bret Paul.

When Douglas Marsh had told her the bitter truth which meant that Fragonet could not be faithful now, might never be faithful to any one woman, she had realized more than ever what Bret Paul had meant to her. He had been someone who had cared for her and no one else. Someone who cared enough to be fanatically angry when he believed she was doing wrong.

He had seemed so aloof and decent and—end right. And now he was a cheap and common as hundreds of men she might meet and talk with or join in cocktails and cigars. There was another thought lurking at the back of her mind, a thought which sulked and feared the light but which nevertheless was there. It was that Bret may have always been the Bret she had seen last night through the window of the cottage. How was she to know that there had never been other Dila Saunders, even at the university when he was protesting oaty his love for Jo Darien?

Her strong legs, flashing steadily in their whipcord breeches, had taken her far into the woods before she realized that now the sun was almost above the trees. Resolutely she turned and began retracing her steps along the path, watching every moss-grown trunk, every moving leaf, in an effort to keep her mind away from yesterday's events.

Tubby was on the veranda when Jo drew in sight of the Inn. She had evidently been waiting, for she hurried down the slope to meet her friend.

"Good morning, Tubby," Jo cried gaily, masking her gloom. "I'd have asked you to go hiking

with me—but I know how you like to sleep."

Tubby nodded. "Especially on mornings after a dance. What made you skip out so early last night? I stayed until the orchestra put their instruments away."

"I managed to take on a headache," Jo said. "I went out for a breath of air, but that didn't do any good. So I tried sleep."

"Well, you look fine this morning," Tubby told her. "By the way, I went up to your room a while ago and saw a notice on the door saying there was a special delivery letter for you at the desk."

"Special delivery letter? Oh, Tubby. . . I hope nothing's wrong at home . . ."

"That's not likely," said Tubby philosophically. "I never throw a fit unless it's a telegram."

Jo hurried to the desk and received the letter. As she had suspected, it was from Weston, and addressed in her father's familiar handwriting. Feverishly Jo slit open the envelope.

Unable to wait until Jo had finished the letter, Tubby burst out, "Anything wrong, Jo?"

Jo shook her head, hurriedly scanning the letter through. "No . . . it's good news, Tubby!"

Smiling happily, Jo folded the letter and slipped it into the pocket of her jacket. "Dad got his job at the state house. The one he was planning on when he sold the store."

"Say, that's great!" Tubby eyed Jo speculatively. "That means you can go back to the university this fall. You should have saved enough here to just about—"

Jo was shaking her head. "No, Tubby, I don't think I want to go back . . . now."

The other was silent a moment. Then she said, "I can't understand that. Jo, you're way ahead of us who are in school yet. You've found a place in the world—and none of us can know where the devil we're headed once the campus lets go of us."

"That's not it altogether," Jo said slowly. Then, smiling quickly, she added, "But let's have some breakfast, Tubby."

They found the dining room crowded with the movie company Drann and the principals—except for Fragonet—were at one table, and the technical crew grouped around several square tables which had been shoved together. They were all talking ceaselessly, and all seemed excitedly glad that their location work was over and the familiarity of Hollywood was imminent once again.

"I wonder," mused Tubby as

she and Jo found a small table, "where your boy friend is?"

"If you mean Fragonet," Jo said lightly, "I'm sure I don't know."

"He's been keeping very much out of sight since that day he let Miss Montez slip into the lake."

Jo shot Tubby a disapproving glance. "Can't we talk about something pleasant, Tubby?"

"Sure . . . let's talk about what we're going to have for breakfast."

Before they had finished Silas Drann sauntered over to their table to bid them goodbye. Jo was vastly amused at Tubby's discomfort, for she knew that Drann had danced almost exclusively with Tubby the evening before—and she could only imagine the trend of the frank and eccentric conversation. When he had taken himself off, Tubby gave vent to a prolonged sigh.

"That man worries me to death when he's around," Tubby

confesses. "I never know what he's going to say next."

"I should think," remarked Jo, "that would be delightful. With most men you know perfectly well what they're going to say next."

"Sa-ay . . . you've certainly taken on a load of disillusionment the past few days, Jo Darien!"

"Perhaps it's time. Perhaps I've been just a silly young fool of a girl, Tubby."

But Tubby shook her head dubiously. She didn't like to see Jo so bitter, so set against everything. It wasn't she knew, the true Jo Darien. Tubby wondered what had happened now; and she wondered, too, if something might happen soon to shake Jo loose from her bitterness. Tubby had her own ideas about what that something would be, but she kept her own counsel this morning. Her friend hadn't been very open to advice or suggestions recently.

As she sat trying to think of

something which might lift her from her mood, Babbs came flitting into the room and caught sight of girls instantly. Babbs brightly to Jo's "Good morning" and gave not the slightest greeting was entirely new.

"Mind if I join you?" asked cheerfully.

"Please do," Jo invited cordially.

"I'm not sure I can say anything," Babbs told them. "You see, I'm rather late."

"After last night? She's taking up the menu. I suppose it will wear off while."

Tubby made a dash for the party until the last minute, and I didn't see any usual last night. At least that would make my appetite for breakfast.

OUT OUR WAY

By "Cowboy" Williams



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



ABOARD TEN-SPOT'S PLANE



GOSH! DID YOU HEAR THAT?



IT'S MY OWN BOAT..



ALLEY OPP



HEY, CARDY—YOUR ARMY



HEY, CARDY! WAIT!



GRRWUG!



NOW, HE HAS GONE TO DOOM, NO DOUBT! SOME MATTER OF TIME TILL THEY DRAG ME OUT!



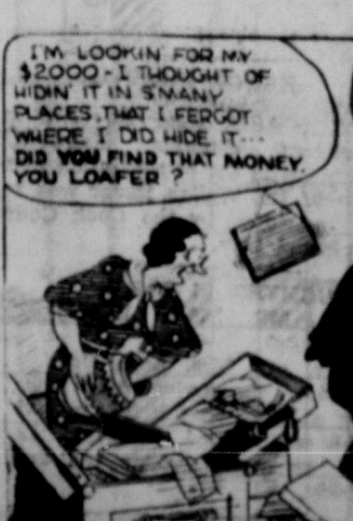
THE NEWFANGS (Mom 'n POP)



WHAT'S THE GIANT IDEE OF WRECKIN' THE HOUSE?



I'M LOOKIN' FOR MY \$2000—I THOUGHT OF



ME!!—I'LL TELL YA—HOW ABOUT



YOU WORM! THET SOUNDS AS IF YOU



Owls Drop Final Scheduled Tilt To Wellington Gassers, 11 to 9

The Memphis Owls stalled before reaching the end of their Red River Valley League schedule and was pushed in by the Wellington Gassers yesterday.

The Gassers took a poor baseball exhibition at Fair Park Stadium, 11 to 9, to retain a chance to force the Owls into fourth place for the Shaughnessy playoff before their schedule ends. The Gassers have games with Childress and Paducah remaining on their schedule.

Memphis started well yesterday, breaking a 1-all tie registered in the first frame with another run in the third.

Young Lefty Blanchard was pitching good ball, keeping pace with the veteran Jack Knight of Wellington. But in the fifth his support broke and the visitors chased in six runs on four hits, including a homer by W. Wilson and a triple by Knight, at hit batsman and a pair of errors.

Thus apparently assured of victory, the Gassers started to drift in, but the Owls countered with a three hits and a pair of free tickets for four runs in the seventh, sending Knight to the bench. R. Morgan stopped the rally and completed the game, although he was hit harder in the last three innings than was his predecessor.

Blanchard gave up only nine hits, which was fair hurling for the day since all moundsmen were pounded lustily, but his teammates made four miscues.

Double plays stopped the Owls' threats on four occasions. Sims and Moore shared "honors" by hitting into a pair of double plays each. Moore hit into the first in the third, when R. Morgan doubled unassisted, and again in the sixth. Sims stopped the four-run seventh-inning rally by knocking into a double play, and he repeated in the ninth after the Owls had scored two runs and had a fair chance of overcoming the Gassers' lead.

Brisbin pulled the prize play of the game when he attempted to steal home in the eighth after the pitcher, Catcher Sims was holding the ball in his hand, behind the plate, but at that Brisbin came within a few feet of reaching home before Sims noticed him.

The box score:
Wellington A B R H O A E
Brisbin, M-rf 4 2 1 1 0 0
H. Wilson, cf 2 2 1 4 0 0
Horton, c 5 1 1 7 0 0
Morris, 2b-ss 5 1 0 2 5 2
R. Morgan, ss-p 5 1 1 3 1 0
D. Morgan, lb 5 0 0 9 0 0
W. Wilson, 3b 5 2 3 0 1 0
Strong, rf-2b 4 1 0 1 3 1
Knight, p-lf 4 1 2 0 2 0
Totals 39 11 9 27 12 3
Memphis A B R H O A E
Thompson, lb 5 2 2 9 0 0
Maddox, cf 4 1 3 4 0 0
Sims, c 5 0 0 9 0 1
Tunnell, 2b 4 1 2 1 5 1
Moore, 3b 3 1 1 1 1 0
L. Marcum, lf 3 1 1 1 0 0
Berryman, ss 3 1 0 0 1 2
Stewart, rf 2 0 0 0 0 0
J. Marcum, p 2 1 1 1 0 0
Blanchard, p 4 2 2 1 2 0
Totals 35 9 11 27 9 4
WELLINGTON 100 061 021-11
MEMPHIS 101 000 412-9

Two base hit—Blanchard. Three base hits—Knight, Tunnell. Home runs—H. Wilson, W. Wilson. Sacrifice hit—Maddox. Left on bases—Wellington 4, Memphis 3. Double plays—R. Morgan (unassisted); Morris to R. Morgan to D. Morgan; Strong to Morris to D. Morgan; Morris to D. Morgan. Wild pitch—Blanchard. Hit by pitched ball—by: Blanchard (H. Wilson). Struck out—by: Knight 5; R. Morgan 1; Blanchard 7. Base on balls—off: Knight 2; Blanchard 4. Hits and runs—off: Knight 4 and 4 in 6; R. Morgan 7 and 5 in 3. Winning pitcher—Knight.

An auto trailer designed to shelter three persons while touring and camping, and measuring less than ten feet long and six feet wide, is now available.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

We buy beer bottles, white or amber. New Deal Beer Garden 80-3c.

WANTED—Unincumbered married woman for housekeeper in farm home. Phone 104M, or call at 1613 Brice. 80-3p.

LOST—In postoffice, bunch of keys on ring. Return to Democrat for reward. 83-3c.

FOR SALE—Modern six-room home, 509 N. 10th St. Hardwood floors, east front, garage. Bargain. Do not bother tenant, call owner. Also young Jersey milk cow. Mrs. Emma Ray, 820 N. 12th St. 83-3p.

THE STANDINGS

TEXAS LEAGUE

Sunday's Results

Beaumont 6-10, Tulsa 1-6.
Fort Worth at Houston, rain.
Galveston 4, Dallas 3, night.
Oklahoma City 8-5, San Antonio 7-2, night.

Standing

Clubs	W.	L.	Pct.
Oklahoma City	73	57	.562
Beaumont	71	57	.555
Galveston	69	59	.539
Tulsa	68	62	.523
Houston	64	65	.496
San Antonio	60	68	.469
Dallas	55	74	.426
Fort Worth	53	72	.424

Monday's Schedule

Dallas at Galveston.
Fort Worth at Houston.
Oklahoma City at San Antonio.
Tulsa at Beaumont.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Sunday's Results

Brooklyn 7-3, Boston 5-2.
Pittsburgh 5-3, Cincinnati 4-4.
Philadelphia 2, New York 0.
Chicago 3, St. Louis 2.

Standing

Clubs	W.	L.	Pct.
New York	67	38	.639
St. Louis	63	40	.612
Chicago	67	43	.609
Pittsburgh	58	51	.532
Brooklyn	48	57	.457
Philadelphia	48	58	.455
Cincinnati	47	60	.439
Boston	27	77	.260

Monday's Schedule

Cincinnati at Pittsburgh.
Only game scheduled.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Sunday's Results

Philadelphia 8-5, New York 4-4.
Cleveland 10-7, St. Louis 7-7.
Second tie, called end of 11th, darkness.
Washington 4-4, Boston 2-5.
Detroit 4, Chicago 1.

Standing

Clubs	W.	L.	Pct.
Detroit	66	37	.641
New York	59	42	.584
Chicago	52	47	.525
Boston	54	49	.524
Cleveland	51	51	.500
Philadelphia	42	54	.438
Washington	44	59	.427
St. Louis	35	65	.350

Monday's Schedule

Open date.

Misses West and Boswell Attend Shower at Canyon

Miss Betty Dale West and Miss Helen Boswell went to Canyon this morning to attend a shower this afternoon at the home of President and Mrs. J. A. Hill, given for Miss Wilma Jones, bride-elect of Joe Hill Jr.

Miss West will visit friends in Hereford during the week and return to Canyon the latter part of the week to attend the wedding of Miss Jones and Mr. Hill, which will take place at Canyon Sunday. Miss Boswell will return home Wednesday.

Miss West and Miss Boswell were students at W.T.S.T.C. the past year and plan to enroll at the beginning of the fall term.

Miss Tommie Noel Entertains With Swimming Party

Miss Tommie Scott Noel entertained a group of friends Friday evening at Brookhollow Country Club with a swimming party and picnic supper.

Those attending were Annie Ruth Williams of Chillicothe, Jeanette Watson, Martha Thompson, Ouida Read, Anna Beth Leverett, Bobbie Clark, Dorothy Sue Fultz and Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Noel.

Although designed to fit tightly, modern disc-type hub caps often become loose and rattle, due to dents and rough handling. This can be remedied by stretching a quarter-inch-wide rubber band over the inner rim of the cap to act as a washer.

Motor vacationing by Americans abroad shattered all records during the first six months of 1935.

Where Pair Clung on Death Brink



Trapped on the steep, precipitous granite sides of Half Dome, shown here at the left towering 2300 feet above the floor of Yosemite national park, a man and a woman clung desperately as 10 forest rangers attempted rescue. Miss Elizabeth Lorimer, 23, of Chico, Calif., and Robert Pate, 35, of Ingleside, Calif., lost their way when they tried to descend from the summit, lighting brush fires to summon aid. Rescue from below was impossible, so rangers carried ropes to lower themselves down the peak in the effort to save the pair.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson

IF THE SUN WERE A TENNIS BALL, THE EARTH COULD BE REPRESENTED BY A GRAIN OF SAND, 23 FEET AWAY! AND, IF THESE TWO OBJECTS WERE PLACED AT NEW ORLEANS, THE NEAREST STAR, REDUCED TO THE SAME SCALE, WOULD BE ANOTHER TENNIS BALL, AS FAR DISTANT AS DULUTH, MINN.

THE GARBAGE OF NEW YORK CITY IS VALUED AT \$1,000,000 A YEAR AS FERTILIZER AND HOG FEED.

LOBSTERS ARE REAL BLUE-BLOODS! THEIR BLOOD PIGMENT IS NOT HAEMO-GLOBIN, BUT HAEMO-CYANIN, A BLUE COPPER COMPOUND.



Telephone service is available to motorists traveling over Swiss Alpine highways, so that in case of emergency they can promptly call a garage, a physician or the police.

A species of cat which does not know how to mew is found in South Africa.

The coldest temperature ever recorded on the earth was 90 below zero.

WAIT!

Don't Buy a Penny's Worth of Ladies' Ready-to-wear Until You See Tomorrow's Announcement of the Big

BANKRUPT SALE

of the entire high-class stock of the Sylvia Smart Shoppe

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

Mrs. Jack Boone returned this morning from a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Martin, at Temple and her sisters at Robstown and Houston.

Mrs. Victoria Morrow arrived yesterday from Bonham for a visit here with her brother, Frank Phelan, 903 Bradford Street.

Mrs. Grace Duke returned yesterday from a visit with relatives at Sayre, Okla.

Mrs. E. B. Palmer went to Dimmitt yesterday for a visit with her daughter, Mrs. W. H. Witt.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Roberts spent the week-end here with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Roberts and Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Denny. They are leaving today for Abilene to make their home. Mr. Roberts has been with the State Highway Department for the past several months.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Thompson and children of Clarendon, and Mr. and Mrs. George Thompson and children of Hedley visited their parents and grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Thompson, here yesterday. A picnic supper was enjoyed by the Thompson family, it being the birthday anniversary of G. M. Thompson.

Robert Johnson of Giles is visiting his cousin, Harrison Cope, here.

Mrs. G. T. Foster of Giles is visiting in the home of Mrs. Ida Cope this week.

Tom Draper, Bill Beckum and Charles Weir were visitors in Amarillo yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott Webster and children and B. Webster arrived yesterday for a visit with relatives and friends at Eli and Memphis.

Mrs. J. B. Chitwood and son, Joe Jr., and Mrs. Charles Oren returned yesterday from a visit at Walters and Medicine Park, Okla.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Motley of Hollis, Okla., were guests in the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Casel here yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Denny of Childress visited his mother, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Denny, yesterday. D. L. C. Kinard and son, Cearley Read, spent yesterday in Chillicothe. Miss Bobbie Clark and Miss Annie Ruth Williams accompanied them and were guests in the home of Mr. and Mrs. V. O. Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Van Winkle and son, Ross; Mr. and Mrs. Don Van Winkle and daughter, Jo Ann, and Mr. Fultz' mother, Mrs. R. Fultz, of Petroila, were guests in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Fultz, 720 West Cleveland Street, Saturday and yesterday. They were en route to Mobeetie for a visit with relatives.

Mrs. Ike Cupp of Erick, Okla., accompanied her sister, Mrs. Grace Duke, home for a visit yesterday.

Lester Grimes, salesman at Rosenswasser's Dry Goods Store, left yesterday to attend a merchandising school in Dallas, in session for two weeks.

J. W. West left today for Lubbock to attend the football coaching school at Texas Tech this week.

Doubly Serious About Career



Two heads are better than one when they're as pretty as Marson's and there's serious work ahead. The little Mexican star, whose twinkling toes won her international fame, has a reason for sober reflection. She's in Hollywood to make her debut as a dramatic actress in a picture built around a glamorous bandit of the gold rush days of '49.

Henry Goodpasture of Clovis, N. M., is here to spend his vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. O. Goodpasture.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Wilson and family returned last night from Trinidad, Colo., where they visited Mrs. Wilson's sisters over the week-end.

Miss Peggy Stephens of Brownfield is here for a visit with

friends and relatives. Miss Imogene King and P. Bralley went to Lubbock morning after their school. Jim Horton, who will be in the Jim King home for definite time.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Brumley are here for a visit with her mother, Mrs. Boswell.

Miss Vallie Harrell, daughter of W. T. S. T. C., returned yesterday morning after a visit since Thursday here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Harrell. Mrs. A. T. Lokey and Mrs. Bobbie Hamilton, yesterday at Newlin with Lokey's mother, Mrs. L. C. Lokey, and sister, Mrs. T. C. Lokey.

A new pneumatic tool using an electric vibrator to loosen and remove scale from mobile radiators against is held.

A discarded started motor power plant of a midsize auto built from scrap and 12-year-old Schenectady

PALACE

Last Times Today SHIRLEY TEMPLE

in "OUR LITTLE GIRL"

also Comedy and Musical

RITZ

Last Times Today Helen Gahagan

Randolph Scott

"SHE" Musical Novelty

SAVE TIME AND MONEY GO BY BUS!

Four Schedules Daily Each Way.

Direct Connections for All Points East and

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Leave Memphis at 7:25 p. m.

Arrive Oklahoma City at 5:30 a. m.

For information call 500 or 685M

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WANTED

Good, Clean Cotton Rags 4c lb.

Memphis Democrat