

LET THERE BE LIGHT
Loyalty to Your Home Town Costs Nothing and Yields Vast Returns—
Thing It Over!

WEATHER:
Warmer, probable showers

Vol. VII.—No. 50. SPRINGFIELD, N. J., Thursday, August 23, 1934. OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE TOWNSHIP OF SPRINGFIELD. PRICE FIVE CENTS



Rambling Around Town
FOR DEEP CONCENTRATION lollipops are a better tonic for the nerves than any cigar ever could be, according to some members of the Board of Education...

Morris Ave. "Eyesore" May be Occupied Soon, Townfathers Are Told

Newark Merchant Would Use Vacant Stores For An Open-Air Market
OFFICIALS HAVE BEEN SEEKING CLEAN UP
Springfield's dilapidated "eyesore," the row of five vacant stores in disrepair in Morris avenue at Carter street, may soon be transferred into an open-air market...



WILBUR M. SELANDER

State and National Codes to be Settled

It is reported that differences between New Jersey and national recovery codes will be straightened out following conferences early this week between state and national code officials...

CIVIC LEAGUE PLANS DANCE SEPTEMBER 21

The Springfield Civic League will hold its first of a series of monthly dances on the night of September 21 at the Orchard Inn Restaurant, Route 21...

PASSENGERS UNHURT AS CAR HITS POLE

Two passengers in an auto escaped serious injury Saturday at 2:20 a. m. in Morris avenue at Mountain avenue, when the driver fell asleep at the wheel and knocked a telephone pole...

To Build Roadstand

Building Inspector Reuben H. Marsh has issued a building permit to Neil Powell to construct a roadstand in Route 29.

ABOUT 125 ATTEND SOUTH END DINNER

About 125 persons attended the first annual South End "Invitation dinner" last night at United Singers Park, Fred Mulsung, Arthur H. Smith and Edward Cardinale...

Committee Adopts New Finance Plan

The Township Committee Monday night accepted a proposal of Committee member Alfred C. Trundle, finance chairman, to issue \$15,000 in tax revenue bonds to cover delinquencies remaining from last year...

Tax Revenue Bonds Issued to Divert Money

The Board of Freeholders, in a communication, informed the committee that application for State-aid in paving Baltusrol-Way on the 1935 program, has been referred to the road committee...

Legion Plans Big Time at Installation

By the Legion Reporter
Are we ready, well I guess. Legion, legion, yes, yes, yes. Ready for what? Just "lend me your ears."

Hoffman and Dill Now in Full Swing

It is now reported that former Judge William J. Dill, Democratic gubernatorial candidate, and Motor Vehicle Commissioner Harold G. Hoffman, his Republican opponent for the Governor's chair, are now in record on at least one subject...

ERA Sets Up New Card Index Plan

Data Arranged to Prevent Fraud in Payment of Checks to Needy
NEWARK, Aug. 24.—To safeguard payments of checks to clients of the Emergency Relief Administration where the cash plan is substituted for the food order system in counties and municipalities, a complete card index of signatures and other identification data is being set up at the direction of State headquarters officials...

Gas Station Owner to Appeal Decision

Scott to Fight Complaint of Short Measure
Herman Scott, proprietor of a gasoline station in Mountain avenue, opposite the Baltusrol golf course, who was fined \$25 and \$250 costs by Recorder Everett T. Spinning Monday night on a charge of short measure in gasoline sales...

Gets Prize for Best Garden in "Square"

Entry of Thomas Street Is Adjudged the Winner
Early in the Spring when the local Emergency Relief office was authorized to distribute seeds, plants and fertilizer, Dr. Henry P. Dengler, local health officer, offered a prize of \$5 to the person on relief lists in Springfield Square for the best garden. The relief department was requested recently to act as judges in the contest...

Irvington Man Fined For Drunken Driving

Used Overdose of Aspirin, Defendant-Tells Court
William Vollmer, 42-years-old, a painter, of 73 Forty-first street, Irvington, was convicted of drunken driving by Recorder Everett T. Spinning Monday night in police court and fined \$200 and costs. His license was suspended for two years...

Democrats Plan Trip to Sea Girt

Springfield citizens are expected to be well represented at the Moore-Dill Day at Sea Girt Saturday, when thousands of citizens around the State will gather to honor the Democratic candidates for Senator and Governor...

Summit Post Plans for Picnic Sunday

A large crowd is expected at the Legion picnic of Summit Post to be held Sunday from 10 o'clock until dark at Kuntz's Grove, Berkeley Heights. Games with prizes, dancing and refreshments free to all will provide the day's program...

Summit Girl Fined

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Reports Theft

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Wentz Committee to Meet Sept. 6

The final meeting of the Wentz Fund Committee will be held on Thursday, September 6, at the P. O. S. of A. Hall, 230 Morris avenue, President John J. King announced last night. A report will be submitted by the committee on the trustees to handle funds collected for Robert Wentz and a final accounting held at that time for all money outstanding. The fund now totals \$945.74 and may reach the \$1,000 mark.

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Cow Permit Granted by Board of Health

Russillo Finally Allowed to Keep His Animal
The Board of Health Monday night, upon the recommendation of Dr. Henry P. Dengler, settled a problem of long standing when it granted permission to Thomas Russillo of Main street to keep a cow in the rear of his dwelling, adjacent to the Methodist Episcopal Church. For almost nine months, the board has been discussing the situation...

Blaze Caused by Overturned Lamp

Firemen Tuesday night answered a general alarm in Meekes street at the dwelling of Clarence O. Sargent, where an overturned lamp caused serious damage. Firemen sprayed chemicals on the flames, which had spread through the hallway of the house and in the kitchen. It was not necessary to use any water, as the fire was extinguished by the chemicals.

Republican Club to Open Campaign

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Kiddies Hour at Lake Mohawk

Lake Mohawk, N. J., August 16th.—The "Kiddies Hour" or possibly the "Kidding Hour" might fittingly title the row that the Lake Mohawk Golf Club will present in the Country Clubhouse, Lake Mohawk, Sparta, N. J., at the evening of August 25th. For the past three years, Senior members of the Golf Club have enthusiastically staged an annual minstrel show and dance, but this year it was decided to follow an entire new theme in offering the "Lake Mohawk Kiddies Hour," which in short will burlesque the well-known "Children's Hour" heard every Sunday morning over the radio.

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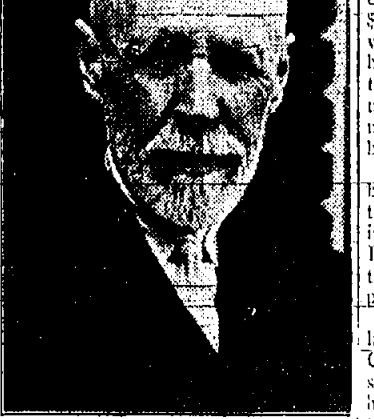
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School Bus Contract To Public Service As Board Rejects Low Bid

Beviano Co. of Linden Was Turned Down Because It Had No Safety Glass
PHILLIPS FAVORS SOMERSET LINE
The Board of Education Tuesday night awarded the bus contract for the 1934-35 school year to the Public Service Co-ordinated Transport for \$5,500. A bid of \$6,100 from the Beviano Bus Service of Linden, lowest of three bids, was rejected on the grounds that the Linden firm did not live up to specifications of the State, under which the contract was to be awarded.

"Grand Old Man" 77 Next Wednesday



WILLIAM HOPPAGE

"Happy Birthday" this week of the following residents of Springfield:
Aug. 24—Rollin H. Morrison.
24—Mrs. E. E. Clayton.
25—Mrs. Charles Phillips, Sr.
25—Harry C. Ross.
25—Mrs. Wilbur W. Parsell.
25—Mrs. Elton F. Chase.
25—Raymond Schramm.
27—Mrs. David S. Jenkins.
27—Thomas J. Hankins, Sr.
28—George Jaeger.
28—Charles C. Corby.
29—Mrs. Clarence Selander.
29—Rev. Wm. Hoppage.
29—Daniel L. Staehle.
29—Frank R. Kohler.

Public Schools to Open September 10

Springfield public schools will open Monday, September 10. Roselle Park and Westfield Senior High Schools, where local pupils matriculate, usually start the school year on the same day as the local system. About 140 pupils from Springfield will attend Roselle Park High this year.

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FEATURE ITEMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO WOMEN

Food Market Advice

THIS week is the first in which the bulk of the vegetables in market comes from New Jersey, Long Island, and the Hudson valley. BEETS, CARROTS, CABBAGE and KALE, PEAS and GREENS and WAX BEANS are at the peak of their seasons and very cheap. The famed Jersey CORN is now arriving and it is comparatively cheap and of better quality than in years. Look for SUMMER SQUASH, EGGPLANT and BROCCOLI are not so cheap, but they add variety and interest to the menu.

The first Jersey TOMATOES, too, have arrived—with the promise of nearly three months of refreshing salads to come. Sliced, seasoned or glassed, with or without lettuce, with vinegar and sugar, French dressing or salad dressing, there is nothing like them.

Meats and Eggs Higher

All MEATS are higher, with beef and lamb respectively more so than pork and veal. Certain cuts are always available at favorable prices. The outstanding value this week is RIB ROAST OF BEEF.

EGGS have gone up a few cents a dozen due to the recent very hot weather. Hot weather tends to decrease egg production and impair their quality. To buy first quality EGGS and keep them cold after they are delivered is the secret of having good eggs at this season.

Cheese Still Cheap

CHEESE has advanced in price less than almost any other food. It is a good summer food—a favorite for sandwiches, an accompaniment to soups, salads and pies, and the foundation of many delicious and quickly prepared entrees, such as omelets, souffles and rabbits.

Ducklings-Broilers Good Choices

The combination of reasonably priced DUCKLING and tart and juicy new APPLES should be almost irresistible at this time of year. The first of the new crop of Florida SWEET POTATOES are in market in

serve with it. CORN or LIMA BEANS singly or in succotash would complete the menu very satisfactorily.

The MIDDLEBURY season is in full swing, but broilers are fairly expensive to serve, considering that about three-fourths of a pound per person is required. Freshly made current jelly from the reasonably priced RED CURRANTS now in market makes a good accompaniment to broiled chicken, and the low-priced NEW WHITE POTATOES—scrubbed for this occasion. New potatoes also bake well and they are now sufficiently mature to mash successfully.

New Apples, Grapes, Bartlett Pears

The STARBUCK, a good-sized cooking apple grown in Jersey, is now in market and reasonably priced. California box GRAPEFRUIT apples are in market. PEARS are fairly plentiful and cheap, and particularly delicious to eat out of hand. RED MALAGA GRAPES are supplementing generous supplies of THOMPSON SEEDLESS GRAPES. They are both popular in fruit cups and salads. HONEYDEWS and WATERMELONS are the best melon variety. The quality of the honeydew is superior but the prices are also higher than they have been. HILLY PEACHES, the earliest fragrant PEACHES, are now in market and will be followed almost at once with ELBERTAS.

Several varieties of FISH are unusually abundant and cheap, including COD, HADDOCK, HALIBUT, SALMON, MACKEREL, BLUEFISH, BUTTERFISH, WEAKFISH, PORGIES, CROAKERS and SEA BASS.

Here is a menu made up from foods our experimental kitchen has made.

Jellied Consommé
Braised Bluefish with Lemon Butter
Baked Potatoes—Corn-on-the-Cob
Tomato Salad with Dressing
Bread and Butter
Fruit Cup—Cakes or Small Cakes
Coffee (hot or iced) Milk
*This menu tested and tasted in the A&P kitchen.

Sure! Santa Is at the Fair



Surrounded by snow and ice in the Black Forest at the new World's Fair in Chicago, is the summer workshop of good old St. Nicholas, sometimes known as Ernest Vogel. In this picture Little Johnny Ruffing, of Bellevue, Ohio, and Jerry Schaal, Chicago, dropped in to the workshop at the Fair and found that there really was a Santa Claus

LITTLE AMERICA AVIATION and EXPLORATION CLUB

With Byrd at the South Pole
by C.A. Abele, Jr. President
U.S.M.A.
88



Two of my bosses, Harold G. June, great aviator (left), and Stevenson Corey, supply officer.

LITTLE AMERICA, ANTARCTIC comes in and hangs over the operator's shoulder waiting for the latest report. The performance of every type of gasoline engine under these terrible weather conditions has been simply remarkable.

Everybody here continues in good health and spirits. I now weigh 130 pounds, a gain of 16 pounds since leaving New York. I started to grow a beard but it was of such a disappearing nature that I am now shaving every day—with an electric razor. Dr. Potaka, our doctor from New Zealand, makes a detailed monthly physical examination and says that apparently the Antarctic is doing us all good. The average gain in weight is 3 1/2 pounds per man. Walter Lewisohn, Jr., of New York, our archeologist, however, has gone way beyond that. He has gained 14 pounds. The freedom from colds is miraculous, especially so because the men, upon these rough out of quarters which register 70 degrees into frigid tunnels registering 50 degrees below zero in order to get to the mess hall or do an errand, most of the time without stopping to put on coats or helmets. It's a wonder we aren't all laid up with pneumonia but the absence of germs down here lets us get off scot free.

The club is still open to membership, without cost, and a big free working party of maintenance and membership card will be sent to anybody interested in aviation and adventure who writes me at the American headquarters. Send envelope self-addressed, stamped and payable to Arthur Abele, Jr., President, Little America Aviation and Exploration Club, Hotel Lexington, 48th Street and Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Board Skinner, of Winthrop, Me., Demos, who comes from Washington, D. C., and I worked night and day for three days on the tractor. When I get home I expect to be a real automotive expert. You should be here when one of these tractor rescue trips is on! Until the party passes the dangerous pressure ridges they talk with us every hour, after that every four hours. No matter what we are doing here we all stop when these messages

Ida Cantor, Comedian's Wife, Selects Special V-8



MRS. EDDIE CANTOR, wife of the famous stage and screen comedian, is shown with the youngest of the Cantor family, after enjoying a ride in a Seven-passenger New Era-Ford Sedan.

This car is the product of the New Era Motors Corporation of New York and utilizes the famous V-8 Ford Chassis with special conversions to permit the mounting of a comfortable Seven Passenger body. The body, by the celebrated custom body craftsmen, Le Baron, is of all steel construction, luxuriously upholstered. Two wide forward facing auxiliary seats of the pullman type assure complete comfort for Seven Passengers.

Food Market Advice

Food Found Ample in Drought Report

THERE will be no shortage of food this year, was the encouraging report issued by the government this week. "Crops for canning are normal; fruits and vegetables are abundant. Stocks of grains are large, but shortage of feed will mean that meat and dairy products—such as butter, eggs and cheese—will be scarce. However, they will be adequate for the rest of the year. With the government and the leading food distributors fighting to prevent profiteering on foodstuffs, housewives are assured of fair prices during the fall and winter.

The Market This Week

In line with the government forecast, PORK prices have risen sharply; HAM and BACON are expected to follow. BEEF remains the same, but LAMB has dropped. This week's quarter cull of lamb represent the most-fair money.

Drought and heat are cutting milk supplies, affecting the price of BUTTER and CHEESE. There is a plentiful supply of spring-laid EGGS, so that no one need be affected by uncertainty of fresh egg supplies.

FISH, of course, remains about the same. However, large mackerel and clams are our recommendations for the best fish value in Greater New York.

Fruit Supplies Ample

As a result of the drought in North America, BANANAS, coming in from Central American ports, are a leading value this week. Their price is attractive enough to follow famed restaurateur George Reardon's advice to "go native on bananas" by serving them, fried, broiled, or in ice cream.

There are also ample supplies of home-grown fruits—GRAPES, just coming in to season, are low-priced. CANTALOUPE are very cheap now. PEACHES, however, are higher as the height of the season has passed.

As for vegetables—TOMATOES, coming from nearby truck gardens, are top-notch and cheap. The season is at its best; use them freely. OF the salad vegetables, CUCUMBERS, PEPPERS and BOSTON LETTUCE are cheap. CORN is cheap now and the season is short.

From the above information an expert in cheap and good, our experts have made up the following menu, which should give you the most for your money.

Stuffed Roast Shoulder of Lamb
Braised Potatoes
Stewed-Prune Tomatoes
Corn-Relish
Cucumber Salad
Bread Butter
Scalloped Apples and Bananas
Coffee Milk

*This menu tested and tasted in the A&P kitchen.

Fair Queens Broadcast Beauty



Three Chicago World's Fair beauty queens, Kay Griffith (left), Dorothy LeFeld, and Patricia Marquam (center), broadcast their beauty in the latest of modern methods: television. In the Electrical Building at the Fair, the three girls left time steadily for a tour of the Middle West, carrying invitations to the Fair from President Rufus C. Dawes to the mayors and governors of the towns and states which they visit. Later, they may extend their goodwill tour to more distant points.

The Punch Bowl Returns

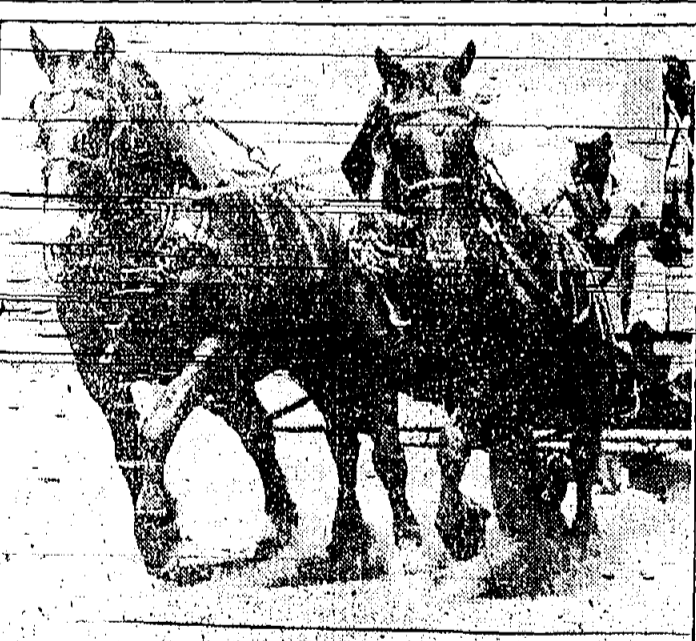


by Jane Rogers

NOT that I reveal it here, what do you think? Over and over again the question is being asked and now we are in process of discovering the answer. The whole of the answer is not yet clear, but one thing becomes increasingly certain. We are seeing a real revival of the punch bowl this summer.

A punch bowl was practically indispensable to the pre-Victorian generation when large numbers of guests were to be entertained, and it is going to prove even more indispensable to the present generation. True, wines and liquors,

Farm Week's Powerful Pullers



Straining, sweating horseflesh pulling with every pound of their strength against a dynamo, in competition at the new World's Fair during Farm Week. The contest, full of action and excitement,

The FIRESIDE PHILOSOPHER

by ALFRED BIGGS

Revenge is a boomerang.
Honesty is the only puller.
How few become masters of their subject.
There is no greatness without goodness.
Don't be good just because you're afraid to be bad.
Less the sorrow of today in the sunshine of tomorrow.
Our acts are signposts showing whether we are on the right or the wrong road.

The FIRESIDE PHILOSOPHER

by ALFRED BIGGS

Winners act while losers talk.
There is no substitute for sincerity.
Without love, beauty is an empty shell.
It costs no more to be pleasant about it.
If you absolutely can't pay, don't let it worry you.
Language conveys thought as well as expresses it.
Write in anger if you must, but don't mail it.

Good Lima Beans Must Be Fresh New Jersey Grown Beans Best

Short Haul to Markets From New Jersey Farms Permits Freshness; Lima Beans Now Canned and Frozen

By FRED W. JACKSON
Director, Division of Consumer Information
Department of Agriculture, Trenton, N. J.

A BOUNTY always brings a rich treat in an abundant supply of lima beans. More lima beans are grown in New Jersey than in any other state, but consumers are not necessarily interested in knowing where some of the best and vegetables are grown as long as the quality is satisfactory.

However, in the case of lima beans it is different. They are highly perishable. They must reach consumers when absolutely fresh and can never be permitted to wilt. The delicious sweet flavor of fresh lima beans is due to the presence of certain sugars but, if the beans are allowed to wilt or rot, then these precious sugars become tasteless, pasty starches. These sugars can never be recovered. Wasting them is a real hazard and so a short haul between producer and consumer becomes the best insurance to protect flavor and quality.

Why N. J. Beans Are Popular

This accounts for the popular demand for New Jersey limas which has been met by growers in the southern counties of the State where favorable soil and environment prevail. Being only a short truck haul distant they can be picked one day and be received fresh by the city storekeeper the next morning.

It is of interest to note that much of the lima bean crop is harvested and immediately rushed to nearby canneries where it is shelled, blanched, and packed in cans, all within a few hours. That freshness which you seek in those you buy now at your vegetable store is soiled and preserved for winter use. In another large plant thousands of pounds of shelled lima beans are frozen in consumer packages by a new process which is becoming of increasing importance

Laughing Around the World With IRVIN S. COBB

To Be Concluded Later

TWO NORTHERNERS traveling in the mountains of Kentucky had gone for hours without seeing a sign of life. At last they came to a cabin in a clearing. The hogs lay in their mud holes, a thin clay-bank mule grazed round and round in a circle to save the trouble of walking, and one-lank man whose clothes were the color of the mule, leaned against a tree and let flies roll onward.

"How do you do?" said one of the Northerners.

"Howdy."

"Pleasant country?"

"The Native shifted his gaid and grunted.

"I lived here all your life."

The native spat noisily.

"Not yet," he said languidly.

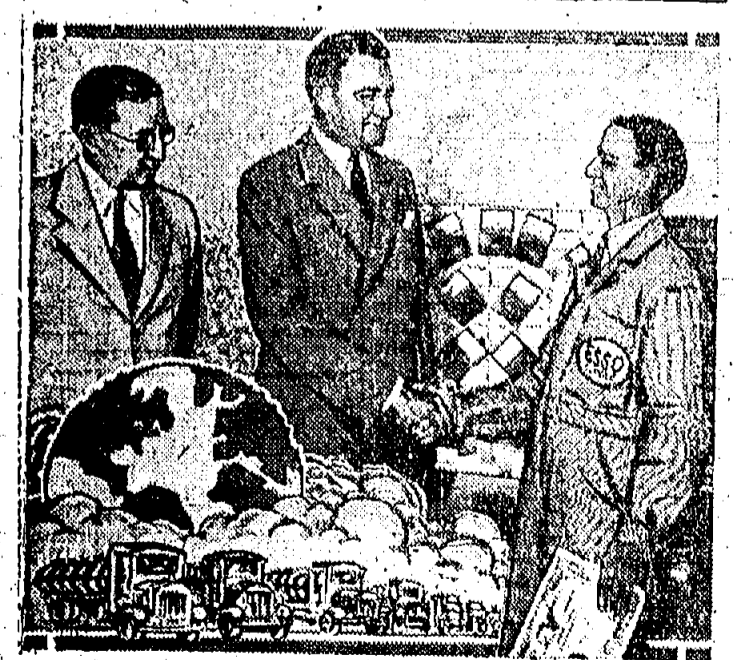
(American News Features, Inc.)

Ride Ancient Tandem to Fair



The first tandem bicycle to have been ridden to the Chicago World's Fair since the Columbian Exposition was pedaled from Newark, N. J., by Charles T. Toland, Jr., 18, son of an investment banker of that city. The boys dragged the machine from the attic of their home where it had been for 50 years, tinkered a bit with it, and used it to "spin around the home town. One day they found themselves 45 miles west of Newark, thought it a good idea to continue on to the Fair, and 8 days and 2 hours later reached the gates. The Wings of a Century management invited the boys to join Jane Kermit, the bloomer girl in the pageant, and Edward Denny, her partner, in their part of the afternoon performance.

Seventy Four Centuries Without an Accident



MORE than seventy four centuries of accident-free driving were represented in a recently concluded safety record established by 165 motor tank salesmen of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. As the result of many years of education in the cardinal principles of highway safety, these drivers traveled upwards of sixty six million miles and drove a total of 7420 years without a single accident. This is believed to be a new world's safety record. Pictures show J. B. Minchew and J. E. Skehan, company executives, presenting a certificate of merit to Walter Chaplin, one of the men who made possible this remarkable record.

MY CAVEMAN

By Leroy M. Gore

Danny Cupid Converts Percy
From a Sissy-Into a Red-Blooded
He-Man and Rewards Him With
the Show-Girl of His Dreams

PERCIVAL MADISON shoved a dollar, two dimes and a nickel through the opening in the plate-glass ticket window at the Igloo Theatre. "An orchestra seat, near the middle, please."

The peroxide blonde behind the window snatched her gum to the other side of her mouth without missing a stroke. She eyed Mr. Madison furtively. "Say, mister, not that it's any of my business, but ain't you seen this show nine times already—including the Saturday matinee? Am I crazy, or are you?"

Mr. Madison was a tall, pink-checked young man with curly, yellow hair and finely chiseled features which wouldn't have looked out of place in a collar advertisement. He blushed. "Yes," he admitted. "There's something fascinating about 'Her Secret Love,' don't you think?"

The gum-chewing cashier scooped up the currency and passed a green ticket out to him. She shrugged. "Maybe you fascinate easy. One look at this show is that much too many for most folks. 'Her Secret Love'—closes Saturday, y' know."

Mr. Madison nodded sadly. "I know, too bad."

The peroxide blonde shook her head as he walked away from the window. "Nuts," she muttered. "Plumb loco. And him so young and handsome!"

BUT the peroxide blonde was wrong. Mr. Madison was perfectly sane—at least as sane as a young man ever is in the throes of his first great love. For eight days now he had courted Miss Eabette La Fleur, although no one knew it except Mr. Madison. Least of all, Miss La Fleur. Miss La Fleur was the ingenue who hopped around the stage saying inane, soppy, sentimental things in that melodramatic nightmare, "Her Secret Love."

Of course, Mr. Madison didn't know that the things Miss La Fleur said were inane. He didn't suspect that "Her Secret Love" was probably the most insufferable atrocity perpetrated upon the theatrical public in a generation. He would have been positively insulted if one had even hinted that Miss La Fleur was a bum actress and that she couldn't have made the grade with the Claxton Local Dramatic Club at Squash Center, Neb., if nature hadn't endowed her with a pair of scandalously provocative black eyes and a face and figure which novelists have to conjure out of their imagination because they never hope to encounter such perfection this side of Paradise.

Yet all these things were painfully and indisputably true. The dramatic critics, for once, were in unanimous agreement, and the theatregoers revealed a positive mania for staying away from "Her Secret Love" in huge numbers. Fortunately, Mr. Madison didn't read the newspaper criticisms, and frankly, it wouldn't have made the slightest difference to him, what the critics said about the lamentable weaknesses of Miss La Fleur's "act." After witnessing nine consecutive performances, he didn't have the faintest idea what "Her Secret Love" was all about, although he could have described in minute detail Miss La Fleur's every dainty gesture—her dazzling smile, her pathetic sighs and the delightful manner in which her twinkling feet crossed the stage.

For two blissful hours Percival sat in the dark theatre and made imaginary love to Miss La Fleur. He swooned off the dastardly money lender who was about to gobble up her father's farm; he perfectly annihilated the wicked banker's son, who threatened her family with the poorhouse if she persisted in her refusal to wed him; and just before the final curtain, Percival crushed her to his manly chest and planted a lingering kiss upon her luscious lips.

If Percival had been a bolder young man he certainly would have besieged the stage door, armed with a bouquet of assorted roses. If he had been worldly wise he would have forgotten her promptly and sought romance in some more convenient quarter.

But Percival was neither bold nor worldly wise. Despite the ardor with which his imagination made love to Miss La Fleur, he conceded miserably that her mere presence would have left him embarrassed and stammering, if not actually speechless.

FOR all his impressive physique, Percival was afflicted with woeful timidity. Aunt Ernestine had attended to that. Aunt Ernestine, who had reared him with a firm hand and a misundestanding heart—Aunt Ernestine, who had shielded him from worldly temptations and lured him for so many years to the simplest problems of social intercourse left Percival baffled and defeated.

During his high school days the football coach had coveted Percival's 170 pounds of bone and muscle, but Aunt Ernestine would have none of it. He had never engaged in a healthy fist-



fight in all his life, never "dated" a girl, never stayed out later than 10 o'clock without ample excuse in all his twenty-four years.

Aunt Ernestine very likely would have stamped into the Igloo Theatre that very night and dragged him out by the ear had she suspected his perfidy, but she had not the slightest precedent for disbeliever in her nephew's story that a sudden rush of business required his services at the Izzwich-Levy Wholesale Company. Never before had Percival deviated from the truth.

Even now his conscience hurt him a little when he thought of his scandalous conduct—but not for long. Eabette La Fleur had practically crowded all of Aunt Ernestine's careful teachings out of his mind.

Percival stumbled out of the theatre in a pleasant daze, lying over and over those brief, delicious moments when Miss La Fleur had occupied the stage. He was still a little drunk with romance when he backed his roadster out of his parking space without his customary cautious, backward glance. The crash of metal meeting metal, and the jarring force of the collision, which almost dislocated his neck, combined to rouse him.

Percival climbed out of the roadster nervously. He felt weak and a little nauseated. He hoped that the victim of his carelessness would be reasonable, but he feared the worst.

Percival was relieved to observe that the damage to the other automobile, a dingy, green touring car of ancient design, was insignificant. One fender, apparently, had been severely dented, although the blemishes upon the body were so numerous that it was rather difficult to tell offhand just which ones resulted from this particular crash.

The two occupants of the car were already examining it. One of them, a skinnily, gaudily painted lady, turned upon Percival fiercely. Her voice was sharp and nasal. "Where didja think you were going? You'd better give me a hundred bucks on the spot, or you'll pay through the nose. A hundred bucks will hardly cover the repair bill, but

Percival staggered a little dizzily. It was apparent that the lady could have purchased at least four similar disreputable vehicles for that price. "But that's—eposterous!"

The woman's companion, an enormous bulk of a man with dark, sinister features, strode up to him menacingly. "Insult a lady, will you? Well, mister, we won't settle now for less than two hundred."

"But I had no intention of insulting her," Percival gasped. "I carry ample

Snatch Hallihan was giving ground. "Aw, can't you take a joke?" he whined. "Let's see how your sense of humor is."

Mike retorted. He poked the gangster in the jaw.

insurance. If you will only give me your name and address—"

PERCIVAL saw the fellow's huge, hairy fist coming, but he was so paralyzed by terror that there wasn't a thing he could do about it. He sprawled upon the pavement, clutching his right eye with both hands. "Oh! Oh! Oh!" he moaned.

At this moment another voice, a familiar voice, broke into the conversation. "Lay off, you big mug, or I'll lay you among the sweet peas."

Percival ceased moaning and opened his good eye cautiously. What he saw reassured him immensely. There was nothing spectacular in the appearance of Mike McCarthy, assistant sales manager of Izzwich-Levy. He was a red-headed, freckle-faced Irish youth, a bit under-normal height, but broad of shoulder. He looked almost indolently small threatening the big fellow, but the big fellow was giving ground. "Can't y' take a joke?" he whined. "Let's see how your sense of humor is," Mike retorted.

He poked the big fellow in the jaw. Percival closed his eyes tight. Bodily conflicts always made him a little sick at his stomach. He was glad when the fat officer of the law pounded up a moment later. "Hey, you two fellows. Who do y' think you are, Beer and Carnera?"

Mike grinned. "Evening, Flannigan. Snatch and his new moll here are up to their usual strong-arm tricks. As a citizen and taxpayer, I demand that you throw them in for reckless driving."

"You can't throw me in! The big fellow protested, suddenly alarmed. "It's her car."

The girl whirled upon him angrily. "You big pooka! To think I almost fell for you!"

THEY were still wrangling when Mike climbed in beside Percival in the roadster. "Bea' it!" Mike whispered. "That was mighty nice of you, Percival, said when they were a block away from the scene of carnage. 'I-I suppose you think I'm an awful baby.' 'You're all right,' Mike assured him. 'The trouble is, you haven't been around much. A fellow like Snatch Hallihan might shoot you in the back, but he wouldn't sock you in the eye, if he

thought you might sock right back at him."

"Snatch Hallihan?" Percival gasped. "The—the gangster?"

Mike nodded. "Yeh. The baby snatcher. I probably shouldn't have ruffed him tonight, but I'm that way—I fight first, and think afterward. If he's mad enough, he might have me beat up."

"Or—or shot in the back!" Percival suggested.

Mike extended a package of cigarettes. Gingerly, Percival took one and permitted Mike to light it. "Let's forget that mug for tonight," Mike said, carelessly. "It really isn't any of my business, Madison, but I've been wondering about you. I've noticed how you steer clear of the girls. You're not a woman hater?"

Percival felt very devilish smoking the cigarette until it choked him. He tossed it aside. "You—you won't laugh at me?"

Mike shook his head. "Well, my folks died when I was just a boy—you see, and I've been raised by my aunt. She's pretty strict."

"You're dry behind the ears, aren't you?" Mike demanded.

"I—I suppose so," Percival conceded, "but I just never got over taking orders from her. She still thinks I'm a baby, you see."

Mike nodded. "I understand. Well, don't think I'm trying to woo you away from your aunt, but I have a date for you tomorrow night, if you want it. I'm taking Claire Winslow"—a leading lady in "Her Secret Love"—to the Myers party. Thought you might escort Babetta La Fleur. She's the ingenue, you know."

Did Percival know! He almost ran the roadster over the curb, so terrific was the shock to his nervous system. They waddled down two blocks before he could muster his powers of speech. "I—I'll go!" he said huskily.

NEXT morning Abe Izzwich summoned Percival to the office. Abe was shriveled and wrinkled, but he had a sharp tongue in his head, and his favorite pastime, on those rare occasions when he wasn't in conference with his partner, Sol Levy, was to pour out his wrath upon poor, defenseless, timid Percival.

But this morning Percival didn't approach the office with his usual dread. He bounded up the stairs almost gleefully. Abe Izzwich would take off his hide, eh? Percival Madison, the fellow who was taking Babetta La Fleur to the Myers party!

Percival almost hoped he would be insolent enough to excuse a poke in the nose. Mike's summary treatment of Snatch Hallihan had given him an idea, and Abe looked like a reasonably safe sparring partner. Aunt Ernestine positively would have swooned if she had glimpsed the vicious thoughts racing through the theoretically pure and un-

sullied mind of her nephew at the moment.

Abe's small, bright eyes glowed dangerously. "Madison," he snapped, "why ain't that St. Louis order out? What you doing down there in the shipping room, practicing for one of them slow motion pictures? What you . . . ?"

Ordinarily, Percival would have blushed, swallowed his Adam's apple several times and stammered out an apology, but not today. He rose to his full height and shook a menacing finger in his superior's face. "You know why those orders aren't out, Mr. Izzwich. It's because you're too tight-fisted to give me enough help."

Abe almost swallowed his cigar. His eyes stuck out of their sockets so far you could have hung your hat on them. "You—you impudent young whippersnapper!"

"No names, please," Percival retorted severely. "If you don't like the way I'm running the department, you can lump it. I can go to the National people any time with a \$20 rise. Good day, Mr. Izzwich."

The reference to the National Wholesale Company was, of course, an unvarnished falsehood, but it was a good exit line. Abe was still chuckling ten minutes later when his partner came in. "By golly, Sol," he chuckled. "We're going to move that young Madison up to superintendent when Jones leaves next month."

"But that Madison fellow has a yellow streak running up his back!" Sol protested. "You said so yourself."

"Mebby he had yellow down his spine," Abe conceded, "but he got it re-decorated."

AUNT ERNESTINE strolled into Percival's bedroom that evening as he was adjusting the tie which went with his brand-new dinner-clothes, smuggled into the house two hours earlier. She paused just inside the door, gasped, weakly and leaned against the wall for support. "Percival! Where are you going in that get-up?"

Percival picked up his new bathing suit and crammed it into his bag. "To the Myers party," he announced calmly.

Aunt Ernestine crossed her arms. Her shoe beat an angry tattoo upon the floor. Her expression was grim. "You're not!" she declared. "Why, I've heard some of the women smoke at those parties. No nephew of mine . . ."

Percival plucked her up bodily and carried her, kicking and screaming, to her own room down the hall. He tossed her upon the bed none too gently, walked out of the room, and locked the door. "If you're a good girl," he said, "I may let you out before I leave."

Mike was ready when Percival arrived at his apartment. "The girls will call for us in Claire's car," he explained. "Have a drink?"

Percival sipped some wine. It warmed him so pleasantly that he had a second glass.

Miss Winslow's car was a long, expensive sedan. Mike took the wheel and Percival climbed into the back seat beside Miss La Fleur when the introductions were completed.

Babetta, he discovered on closer inspection, was even more beautiful than she had appeared on the stage. He forgot to be embarrassed. "You may not know me," he said, "but I know you. I've seen your performance nine times."

Babetta laughed. It was a pleasant laugh, like silver bells tinkling in the distance. "So you are the young lunatic the girl at the ticket window was telling us about. I don't know whether it's safe to be with you or not. After all, you apparently have a tendency toward insanity, and your eye is black."

Percival blushed. He had forgotten about that moment of his altercation with Snatch Hallihan. "Oh, that. A mere scratch. You see, I was returning home from the theatre last evening when three vicious thugs attacked me. I gave two of them a good pummeling, but the third escaped."

Mike snickered. "I believe the boy could do it tonight," he mused.

"I know I'm afraid to be with you now," the girl declared. "When she rolled her dark eyes that way Percival kept his blood pressure under control with difficulty. . . . Cozeman!"

"The talk shifted to this and that. . . . dangled, swimming. 'Do you swim, Mr. Madison?' Babetta wanted to know. Percival was still in the grip of his reckless mood. He smiled condescendingly. 'Oh, I swim some, but diving is really my sport. They wanted me for the Olympic team, but I couldn't get away.'"

As you may have suspected, Mike's wine was very old and very mellow. "The girl gasped audibly. 'You must give us an exhibition tonight. The Myerses have a splendid pool.'"

Percival's heart sank. Exhibition! He'd never been in a pool in his life! He couldn't quite see a way to wiggle out of the situation. A black eye would scarcely disable a champion diver."

PERCIVAL had just got into his suit when Myers spotted him and came trotting over. Percival looked for a place to hide, but found none. "Babetta has just been telling me that you've agreed to put on an exhibition. Unfortunately, our diving board is only ten feet above the pool. . . . hardly high enough for a championship demonstration."

"No," Percival agreed eagerly. "Hardly."

"So," Myers finished triumphantly, "we've put up another board at the top

of the tower . . . twenty-five feet high."

"Don't do it, you chump," Mike begged.

"I can't let them down," Percival said defiantly. "I promised."

Babetta put a soft hand on his arm. Her eyes were troubled. Likely Mike had told her what a liar he was. "Please, Percival. Don't do it . . . for me."

Percival started up the ladder. "I'm doing it for you," he said, ". . . darling."

Well, what difference did it make if he did break his neck? Babetta knew what kind of a liar he was. . . . Maybe when they dragged him out of the pool, white and cold, or however a water-soaked corpse looked . . . she'd understand then just how much he loved her.

Resolutely Percival stood up and walked steadily ahead, keeping his eyes on the end of the springboard. He hesitated at the edge for only a moment. Gosh! He was a long ways to the water! He leaped into midair, trying to imitate the graceful sweep of the expert divers he had seen in the movies. Then suddenly his arms and legs were hopelessly tangled together. Some one screamed in the distance. Then he struck something hard . . . a block of cement, maybe . . . with terrific force.

MINUTES later he opened his eyes. He felt terrible . . . as though the skin had been scraped off his stomach just before he was run through a winger. Mike, who had just pulled him out of the water, was astride his stomach, pumpling out his lungs. Babetta was bending over him. Tears were streaming down her cheeks. "Thank heavens!" she murmured fervently.

"I—I think I'll change my clothes," Percival said weakly.

He struggled upright. His legs and arms felt like they might drop off any minute. He hobbled up the stairs to the second floor and changed to his dry clothes slowly, painfully. He lingered in the room. How he hated to go downstairs. What a kidding he had coming. Expert diver! Ugh!

THINGS were strangely quiet below. Percival walked over to the window. His heart leaped to his throat at what he saw . . . three husky, sinister figures with guns in their hands just below the window . . . the bathers lined up along the pool, their hands high in the air, their faces pale with terror. One of the rough-looking intruders was speaking.

Percival knew that voice. Snatch Hallihan! "We ain't here to take your jewels. All we want is that smart lad, Mike McCarthy. Step out, Mike. You're gonna take a ride, a ride which . . ."

They were talking Mike—for a ride! Percival knew what that meant. He'd read in the papers about gangster murders. A wave of cold fury gripped him. So—they planned to shoot Mike down like a dog, eh? . . . He looked desperately around the room. There was nothing which might serve as a weapon except his own hair brush. He seized it from the top of his bag and leaped out of the window.

Percival's marksmanship was perfect. He landed squarely astride Mr. Hallihan's shoulders. They dropped to the ground together—the force of the fall was too much even for Mr. Hallihan's robust constitution. He lost interest temporarily in the proceedings.

Percival saw a pair of ankles close to him. He seized them with his left arm, pulled hard. The astonished gunman dropped to the ground. A split second later the hair brush crashed into his skull. He joined Mr. Hallihan in dreamland.

Percival suddenly felt weak and sick, but he struggled upright to meet the charge of the third gunman . . . too late. Something exploded on his forehead. For the second time within the half hour the lights went out for Percival.

He floated back to consciousness on a blissful cloud. Finally he heard some one sobbing. He opened his heavy eyelids with an effort. He knew then what had awakened him. Babetta was kissing him upon the lips and his cheeks were wet with her tears. He closed his eyes again in a happy hope that she hadn't noticed him open them. "Percival," she sobbed, "tell me you're all right!"

Percival opened his eyes again. "Maybe you'd better keep on kissing me," he whispered, "just to make sure I don't have a relapse."

She stroked his cheek and rocked his head back and forth. "If it hadn't been for your heroism my Mike might have been killed."

Percival didn't like that. My Mike! "Your Mike?" . . . doubtfully.

She laughed, a little hysterically. "Of course you don't know. Mike is my brother. He's always picking out safe escorts for me."

"B—but your name," Percival protested.

"You can imagine," she retorted, "how glamorous 'Mary McCarthy' would look on a billboard."

Percival sighed blissfully and relaxed in her arms. "Maybe Mary Madison would look better . . . in the door of one of those little cottages out in Wilbershire Addition."

He hadn't known quite how beautiful she was when she kissed him. "I—I'm sure it would . . ." she smiled him again, and added in a whisper . . . "my caveman!"

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Springfield Sun

"Let There Be Light"

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EDITOR MILTON KESHEN

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Communications on any subject of local interest are welcomed. They must be signed and evidence of good faith. Unsolicited letters will not be published. The SUN reserves the right to print only those articles which it feels are worthy of publication.

Thursday, August 23, 1934

A SERIOUS PROBLEM

Alleged "Red" activities in New Jersey, now being probed by a legislative investigating committee, present a more serious problem than is generally thought. Just how much truth there is in the numerous charges launched against supposed Communists is a matter of considerable question at the present time, but it is up to the citizens of this state to see that the question is answered.

The old adage, "where there is smoke there is fire," generally holds true, and the probers should be given all possible aid in their efforts to find out just what is happening.

Assemblyman Douglas V. Aitken, of Cumberland County, a member of the investigating committee, at a recent meeting declared the "Communists" have caused the burning of barracks and warehouses and have opened headquarters in both Vineland and Bridgeton. These are serious charges, but not half as serious as the rumor now in circulation that Communists are agitating laborers in the canning industry in South Jersey, where it is said they hope to succeed in causing a strike.

In some lines of industry a strike is not always such a serious matter as far as the public is concerned, but in the canning industry it might lead to countless difficulties. During the vegetable harvest season, the canning industry must move at high speed and should a strike occur at that particular time, when it is alleged to be planned, the entire crop might spoil before the men could be gotten back to work.

What can the public do about the situation? Well, for one thing they can see that honest officials are elected to public office. To be successful, any Communistic move must have the aid of political allegiances. If this made impossible through election of sincere public officials, there would soon be little danger in the situation.

A COMMENDABLE ENTERPRISE

Full support by municipal officials and citizens should be given to the promoters of the Stevens-Centenary of Transportation Progress in New Jersey, a state-wide celebration planned for the fall.

The observance is to attract industries, possible future residents and travelers to New Jersey, as well as to promote united effort among present residents of the state for making the most of potentialities now confronting them. Such an event, which obviously is in the best interests of the state, should certainly receive the wholehearted support of all public officials.

The observance, which is named in honor of the memory of Col. John Stevens, of Hoboken, New Jersey's greatest pioneer transportation engineer, will

WHAT THE SUN ADVOCATES

- 1. Believing that the following improvements are vital necessities to nourish Springfield's betterment and substantial progress, the SUN advocates:
- 1. A high school.
- 2. Removal of dilapidated buildings which are unsightly.
- 3. Sidewalks wherever needed.
- 4. Encouraging clean factories, to increase the taxable.
- 5. An active Board of Trade to stimulate "Buying in Springfield."
- 6. Postal-carrier delivery.
- 7. Reduced bus fare within town limits and to Millburn R. R. station.
- 8. Full time position for the township clerk's office.
- 9. Set of Building Zones, before township is developed.
- 10. A county park.

be celebrated in various municipalities throughout the entire state. Each municipality entering in the celebration will stage a program featuring the particular type of transportation for which is most widely noted. New Brunswick will feature water transportation, Newark air travel, Trenton highway transportation, etc. It is estimated that the Newark and New Brunswick celebrations alone will attract more than 5,000,000 people.

Organizations which have already pledged cooperation in this unusual program include the New Jersey State Legislative Conference Committee, Public Utilities Commission, State Hotel Association, State League of Municipalities, State Association of Real Estate Boards, State Historical Congress, and the city commissioners of Newark, New Brunswick, Camden, Trenton and Atlantic City.

JEWELER DEFIES NRA

Since assessments have been laid upon individual establishments in various industries for the purpose of raising funds for code enforcement, a great many establishments have failed to pay the amounts demanded by their code authorities. So far as we know, no legal steps have been taken to collect these assessments up to the present time, although such action has been threatened.

A case which may bring the assessment matter to a show-down is that of Levy & Son, manufacturing jewelers of New York, who have given notice that they refuse to pay an assessment of \$100 levied on their establishment by a jewelry code authority. In a letter they say:

"We are in receipt of an invoice for \$100 for a contribution to maintain the code authority of the jewelry industry. We do not intend to pay it. In fact, we refuse to pay it. We have been in business for over 46 years. We intend, as long as our money is invested in our business, to run it on the same high standards as in the past. We absolutely refuse to take any advice or direction from the NRA. This firm will spend \$1,000 to fight the payment of this \$100."

It will be interesting to see what General Johnson will say or do about this direct challenge to his authority. A good many business men are wondering whether the NRA can really compel the payment of these assessments. It seems that the Levy case might provide a clear-cut test in the courts.

IMPROVED MUNICIPAL FINANCES

That the worst is over as far as the financial condition of the majority of New Jersey municipalities is concerned was indicated in the recent report of Walter R. Darby, state auditor of municipal accounts.

Although Darby's statement showed total assets at the close of the fiscal year, based on income on hand and anticipated, to be less than at the close of the previous fiscal year, the actual cash condition showed an improvement. Also, an appreciable improvement in tax collections over the previous year was noted.

The improved condition in tax collections has been attributed by many to the new system of quarterly tax collections, initiated this year to aid financially distressed municipalities. However, there are several other factors which should be given some credit for the cheering situation. Among these are the operation of the Home Loan; the acquiring of properties by insurance companies, building and loan associations and mortgage companies. As it is the properties that were delinquent in the past that are being taken over by these institutions, better tax collections obviously result.

Although the improvement in the tax situation is most encouraging, it must still be remembered that during the three or four years of poor tax collections a great volume of delinquencies and, in many places, a corresponding volume of tax revenue paper outstanding has accumulated, all of which must be straightened out before our municipalities will be able to boast very loudly about their financial condition.

PERSONAL MENTION

About People You Know

Personals and other society notes may be left either at the SUN office, 10 Flermer Avenue, or with Miss Helen Terry, social reporter, 357 Morris Avenue, Tel. Millburn 6-0763-M. The SUN phone number is Millburn 6-1256.

Miss Elin Anderson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Anderson, of Baltusrol Way, spent the week-end with friends at Mantoloking.

Mr. and Mrs. Dean Widmer and little daughter, Nancy, of Meisel Avenue, motored to Sparrowbush, N. Y., over the week-end where they were guests of Mr. Widmer's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Howell Dean.

Miss Betty Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Smith, of 12 Short Hills Avenue, spent the week-end at Manasquan. Her sister, Lorraine, is spending a month there.

Miss Dorothy Plant, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Plant of 340 Mountain Avenue, is home after vacationing for five weeks at Lake Waukegan, N. H.

Miss Esther Bendersky, of 326 Main Avenue, with friends of Roselle and Cranford, will leave tomorrow on a motor tour of New England and Canada. They will stop at Martha's Vineyard, St. John's, New Brunswick and in Quebec, returning after Labor Day.

Miss Isabel Jacobus of 155 Bryant Avenue, was maid of honor at the wedding Friday of Miss Edna Army of Rahway and E. Grier Shaffer of Cranford. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride's father, Charles Army at 27 St. George Avenue, by the Rev. William H. Behrens of Cranford.

Charles F. Heard, Carlyle Richards and Edward Chivaron, Jr., spent the week-end at Mantoloking. Dr. Max H. Shack of Morris Avenue, is spending three weeks at Bradley Beach. His sister, Clarice, has returned from a visit there.

Postmistress Belle H. Smith is enjoying a three weeks' vacation. With her husband, C. Arthur Smith, she left Saturday by motor for Chicago where they will visit the World's Fair. They will also visit in Iowa and Michigan.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Zoeller and the former's mother, Mrs. Charlotte Zoeller, of 25 Severna Avenue, have returned from a two weeks' vacation at Stony Brook, N. J.

Miss Marian Phillips, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Phillips, of 82 Battle Hill Avenue, is leaving Saturday for Saugatuck, Conn., where she will remain over Labor Day. Her brother, Frank Phillips, who has been taking a summer course at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, will return home tomorrow for a vacation, prior to resuming his studies at that institution the end of September.

Mr. and Mrs. John Courtney of 19 Marion Avenue, with friends from Newark, visited in Ocean Grove this week.

Miss Margaret Richards, of 19 South Maple Avenue, was the guest of friends at Budd Lake, Sunday.

Mrs. Charles F. Smith of Flermer Avenue, who underwent an appendicitis operation Saturday at Overlook Hospital, Summit, is reported to be doing nicely.

Dr. and Mrs. Walter Perry and two daughters, Evelyn and Isabel, of 60 Linden Avenue, are vacationing at Culver's Lake.

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Township Clerk and Mrs. Robert D. Treat of Bryant Avenue, and Mr. and Mrs. Howard M. Crowell and the latter's brother, Wall Chism, of Salter street, will motor tomorrow to Orr's Island, Me., for a two weeks' vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Christian Schmitt and daughter, Miss Eleanor Schmitt of Washington Avenue, and Mr. and Mrs. Guy M. Shew and daughter, Miss Janet Shew, of 58 Battle Hill Avenue, motored to Wilkes-Barre, Pa., over the week-end.

Miss Grace James, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur E. James, of 135 Touker Avenue, has returned from a vacation at Point Pleasant, N. J., where she will visit Mrs. Schmidt's mother until after Labor Day.

Mr. Chief Charles Pinkava is enjoying a vacation this week. Mr. and Mrs. Erwin L. Meisel of Meisel Avenue, spent the week-end at Lake Mohawk.

Miss Anna Wagner of South Springfield Avenue, and Miss Henrietta Busch of Newark, who is spending the summer in town, spent several days this week in Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Staehle and children, Arthur, Jr., Daniel and Margaret, of South Maple Avenue, left Sunday for a month's motor trip to Cleveland.

Mrs. B. A. Feisch and daughter, Jane, of East Orange, were recent guests of Miss Anna Weis, of Hillside, and her mother, Mrs. Weis, returned recently from a week's stay at Belmar.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Parsell, of 31 Maple Avenue, had as a guest of 32 Avenue Terrace, are visiting Mrs. Parsell's cousin, Miss Florence Parsell, of Indiana.

Miss Phoebe Briggs of Morris Avenue, is spending two weeks as the guest of Mrs. Amy Kingsbury of Purling in the Catskills.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert D. Briggs of Flushing, L. I., are guests of Mrs. John S. Quick, of Morris Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Ronald G. Pannell and their two sons, Alan and Glen, of 32 Avenue Terrace, are visiting Mrs. Pannell's parents, Rev. and Mrs. John S. Burton, of Wharton.

Mrs. Richard Reeve and family, of 64 Mountain Avenue, had with them over the week-end, Mrs. Reeve's grand-daughter, Miss Gladys Cain, of Englewood.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Anderson of 36 Maple Avenue, are entertaining the latter's sister, Miss Helen Quackenbush, of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Schramm of Morris Avenue, announce the birth of a son, Saturday, at Overlook Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Eberle and family of Touker Avenue, accompanied by their nephew, John Young, of Philadelphia, spent last week at Wildwood.

Supervising Principal Fred J. Hodgson, Mrs. Hodgson and their two children, Jean and Robert, of Touker Avenue, were in Red Lion, Pa., over the week-end. Leonard Haerter and family of St. Louis, Mo., are guests at the Hodgson home.

Elton Chase and family of Lyons place, are moving Saturday to Mantoloking.

Harry Selander and son, Howard, of Lyons place, spent last week at Atlantic Highlands.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hall, of Perry place, have returned from the shore.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Herbert Higgins of 28 Keeler street, have returned from Trowbridge Farm, Kyserick, N. Y., where they spent two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Frank Jakobus of Henshaw Avenue, were guests of friends at Bay Head, over the week-end.

Bootleg Booze Fight Continues Actively

Following a quiet two-hour conference between two men a simple agreement was reached doubling the strength of the army fighting the bootleg booze industry which is said to be the greatest single enemy at the present time to the New Jersey taxpayer. State Alcoholic Beverage Commissioner D. Frederick Burnett, and Commander John D. Pennington, supervisor for the Fourth District of the Alcohol Tax Unit, Department of Internal Revenue, were the men who reached the agreement.

The agreement reached was simply to integrate the work of the two departments, to coordinate activity of their forces in the way to protect the legitimate liquor industry and destroy racketeers and tax chiselers. After the conference held in Burnett's office, the State liquor czar announced his department and Pennington's immediately would start working in through coordination.

"This in effect, if not numerically, will double our strength against the illicit booze industries and liquor tax evaders," Burnett said.

"Up to now, in the busy-busy of our organization, our departments have overlapped and one has often duplicated the work of the other.

"This condition would have continued as long as the departments worked as separate units, without any system of coordination of effort.

"Pennington is a straight shooter. We feel we can work with him and will," Burnett declared.

S. Costa and several college chums have been enjoying a ten-day stay on Costa's boat, which is anchored at Beach Haven.

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Prudence CORNED Hash med. can 13c large can 23c

Comet Brown Rice Flakes 2 pkgs 17c

Telleys Tea GREEN LABEL 14c 15c 30 Tea Balls 29c

Nectar Teas 15c 30 Tea Balls 29c

Bosco THE THREE FOOT DRINK 25c

Cigarettes 2 packages 25c Carton of 10 pkgs. or 4 tins of 50. LUCKY STRIKES; CHESTERFIELDS; OLD GOLDS; CAMELS

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FRESH-CATCHED MACKEREL lb 7c

WHEAT BREAD 7c

Low Regular Prices on Quality Canned Goods

Tomatoes STANDARD QUALITY 3 med. cans 25c

String Beans STANDARD QUALITY 3 med. cans 25c

Sweet Corn STANDARD QUALITY 3 med. cans 28c

New-Pack Peas STANDARD QUALITY can 11c

Crosby Corn ASP FANCY CREAM STYLE med. can 13c

Peas RELIABLE or BROCKPORT BRAND can 19c

Flour GOLD MEDAL 24 1/2 lb. bag \$1.27

Flour HECKER'S, PILLSBURY'S 24 1/2 lb. bag \$1.23

Flour SUNFLOVER All-Purpose 24 1/2 lb. bag \$1.05

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SHEBA'S SECRETS

to be
REVEALED



By Aubrey L. Thomas

ARE the eyes of this modern age soon to gaze on the glories of a desert Atlantis over which the fabled Sheba ruled centuries ago?

Reports that two Frenchmen, Andre Malraux and Captain Edouard Cornillon-Molinier, actually had flown over a ghostly city whose towers and temples rose above the sands of the Arabian desert have brought the question to the lips of archaeologist and layman alike. The same meager report brought likewise a story of bravery and courage which verges almost on the foolhardy.

It was nearly 3000 years ago that the Queen of Sheba stepped into history when she paid her famous visit to King Solomon. When she left Jerusalem, with 120 talents of gold and other gifts bestowed on her by David's son, the door of history swung shut behind her.

From that day to this the Queen of Sheba, whose very name is unknown, has been one of the most glamorous and most mysterious as well as the most intriguing heroines of all time.

Her own beauty and wisdom coupled with the fabled wealth of her kingdom captured the imagination of the ancients as it has the moderns. Reference to her is to be found in the Talmud and in the Koran, in addition to the Bible.

Brave Desert Perils

FOR centuries bold men have braved the terrific heat, the deadly sand and the untamed Bedouin in search of her capital city, but unsuccessfully. Legend has it that the city itself was destroyed some time about the sixth century of our era.

And now have come two young men in an airplane which gave them seven-league eyes as well as boots and found what they believe to have been Sheba's city, possibly one of the greatest archaeological prizes of history. How correct their surmise is remains to be seen; but their dispatches have aroused thrills of anticipation in all of those who believe that even this modern day and age may learn something of value from a civilization which passed out of existence centuries ago.

Andre Malraux is a young novelist and Orientalist and is this year's winner of the Goncourt Literary Prize. Captain Cornillon-Molinier is a French Army flier. Malraux, with some experience in exploration in Indo-China, became interested in the legend of Sheba. He studied the Arab sources and became convinced there was a more important city buried under the sand than Mareb in the Yemen region on the east coast of the Red Sea. Mareb, some archaeologists thought, was Sheba's capital, although a search of the inscrip-

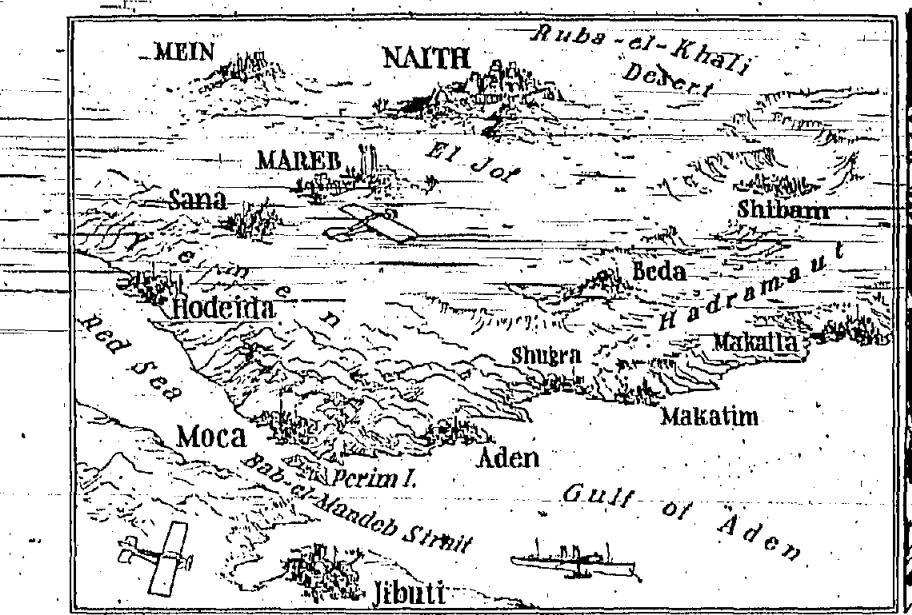
tions failed to reveal any trace of her name or exploits.

Malraux induced his friend, Paul Louis Weiler, to lend him an airplane and, with Captain Cornillon-Molinier as pilot, left Paris, telling friends they were off on an exploring trip to the south of Arabia.

Then came the message telling of their discovery of what they believe to be Sheba's capital.

"Leaving Cairo in our single-motored Farman plane, we flew to Jibuti via Assuan, Wadi Halfa, Khartoum and Port Sudan," Malraux reported later. "We made Jibuti our headquarters. With fuel enough to last eleven and one-half hours, we started on a search for the Sheban city.

"Flying toward Bab el-Mandeb Strait, we passed over the Island of Perim, followed the east coast of Yemen and then over Moca and Hodaida, in Yemen. Reaching Sana, which is the capital of Yemen, we found it enveloped in a dense fog and made our way toward Mareb,



This graphic map shows the country over which French aviators flew and possibly discovered the lost capital of the Queen of Sheba

which some scientists believe to be the lost city of Sheba, but the ruins we saw there consisted of only two columns and a huge pile of stones.

They refused to believe these ruins were all that were left of the great Sheban civilization and consequently decided to fly farther. Seen they reached the area of El Jof and the desert of Rubs-el-Khali.

"Flying out of a volcanic valley, we were bewildered by the extraordinary sight which met our eyes," continued

Discovery of Her Long-Lost Capital Forms Another Link in Chain of History

Malraux. "We saw the ruins of a great city spread out beneath us. There were huge buildings and towers of several stories, each smaller than the one beneath it.

"The city appeared so white it seemed to us as though all of the buildings were of marble. A wall in ruins surrounded the city, which lies on a hill of volcanic stone, the black color of which rendered the city's whiteness more brilliant. This must have been the city of the living."

"As was the general rule in towns of ancient days, near it was the city of the dead, where the tombs lie in rows, some large and some small. There seemed to be between 1500 and 2000 of them. About forty were much larger than the others, which leads to the belief they were the tombs of great men. Some of the tombs were black and bright, as if made of slate."

"They descended as low as 800 feet in order to make sure it was not a mirage and that their eyes and imagination were not playing tricks on them. Convinced of the actuality of what they saw, they felt it was the ruins of a civilization which had been lost century upon century ago.

"Circled, at this low altitude," Malraux continued, "we were bewildered by the marvelous sight and forgot our fuel was limited. We were in danger of being forced to land in impossible country. Also we were fired upon from the ground by fierce Bedouins, a few of whose tents we saw pitched before the city's gates. Fortunately the plane was not hit."

Captain Cornillon-Molinier said that in addition to the bulgits of the Bedouins they had flown through a sandstorm for five hours and when they reached

headquarters at Jibuti there was not a drop of gasoline left in the tank.

The city, if it should prove to have been Sheba's capital, will yield untold treasure. The treasure, however, will not be the silver and gold with which the Queen is reported to have been so richly blessed. All of this, was either carried away by the inhabitants, seized by their conquerors or looted by the Bedouins during the centuries they have been the desert's guardians.

Rather the explorers expect to find inscriptions, arms, household utensils which will tell the archaeologists who these people were and enable them to reconstruct their daily life. It is not at all improbable that the tombs may yield treasure every bit as rich as have those of the Pharaohs.

What a life it must have been if the legends about the beautiful Sheba hold only a small kernel of truth! Even the legends themselves are as colorful as the Thousand and One Nights and not unlike them. Sheba's throne, so they say, measured eighty-cubits in length, forty cubits in width and was thirty cubits in height, shining with rare jewels set in gold and silver.

Her neighbor to the northeast was Judah, over which King Solomon ruled. Whether Sheba went to Jerusalem to pay tribute or whether it was curiosity which took her is not known. But the two rulers met and the story of that meeting as handed down in Jewish tradition is colored with the same imagery as is to be found in the commentaries on the Koran. Both versions bear a striking resemblance, and in both spirits, animals and other creatures appear as the servants of Solomon.

Sheba Visits Solomon

THE Jewish tradition as set forth in the Second Targum to Esther, as in the version to be found in the Koran, says it was a bird which directed Solomon's attention to his fair-rival of the south. The bird told in the land of Sheba dust more precious than gold and silver was like the dirt in the streets; the trees dated from the Creation and waters came direct from Paradise, from whence came also the garlands the people wore.

It was the bird which carried Solomon's letter under its wing to the Queen. In it the King commanded her to appear before him, otherwise his hosts of beasts, birds, spirits, devils and demons of the night would take the field against her.

The Queen, however, did not heed their advice, just as Queens have done before and since her time. She loaded ships with costly woods, precious stones and pearls. She gathered together a thousand boys and girls "all born in the same hour, all of the same height and appearance and all clothed in purple" and put them on board. She gave them a letter to take to Solomon in which she told him that although the journey from her capital to Jerusalem usually took seven years to accomplish, she would hurry to obey his mandate. He could look for her within three years. This was quite a concession from a Queen of Sheba.

Solomon, in his turn, sent a youth "like the dawn" to meet her and to conduct her to his presence. On her arrival in Jerusalem he received her in a glass house.

Legend has it that when it came time for Sheba to return home Solomon gave her 6000 wagonloads of beautiful fabrics, jewels, myrrh, cassia, oils and like luxuries.

Will the discovery of the city in the Arabian desert by the two intrepid Frenchmen give the stamp of authenticity to these legends? Will the Queen of Sheba become a historical figure rather than a fable?

The answer may be forthcoming within the not too distant future.

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Battling a WITCH

for Sweetheart's Love



Selena Bernstel may believe in hexes, but evidently does not fear black cats. She is the sweetheart of Albert Shinsky, but will never realize the culmination of her romance.

Selena Bernstel Will Not See Her Romance Fulfilled, for a "Hex" Murder Lands Her Lover in an Insane Asylum

By Richard Powell

THREE years of waiting for her "bewitched" sweetheart to respond to her caresses, then three days of glorious mutual love. And now pretty Selena Bernstel, 20-year-old brunette, of near Mahanoy City, Pa., sees the shadow of an insane asylum fall across her lover, Albert Shinsky, 24, committed murder. Raining a "charmed pumpkin" ball into his shotgun, he fired from the cover of black night. Mrs. Susan Mummy, 54, reputed "witch of Ringtown Valley," clutched her side and fell dead. Albert danced a gay jig through the forest, for the evil spirit which had paralyzed his energies for seven long years had fled. Now he could make love to his girl as a man should, without the ghostly face of Mrs. Mummy creeping between them.

Bewitched Seven Years

AND so another weird case is added to the annals of "hexes" in Pennsylvania. A hundred boys often tried to stamp out the witch-doctor's superstitions in certain parts of Pennsylvania. Whenever they think the beliefs are dead, up from the marsh of superstition drifts the vapor of another crime.

"The old woman bewitched me," said Albert Shinsky in his confession to police. "It was seven years ago, and our farm was next to hers. The cows I was milking broke her fence and strayed through. She came by and glared at me. She hissed: 'I'll get you for this. You'd better watch out.' Then as she glared I felt my skin bit and get cold. An-ley hand brushed over me.

"For two weeks, nothing happened. Then one night I woke in a cold sweat. I near froze at what I saw. 'There on the window sat a big black cat. Its eyes were green and looked like they were lit from inside. It spit at me, crawled close.

"Then I saw it didn't have a cat's head. It had the witch's head, Mrs. Mummy's head. It began leering at my side and I couldn't move. In the morning I didn't have any scars, but still that awful pain. Twice a month the cat would come. Then Mrs. Mummy

started coming, too. She was always dressed in awful black stuff and stood at the foot of my bed glaring at me.

"I lost all my energy. I couldn't keep a job. After a while I tried asking powwow doctors for help. Five of them didn't help me. They said to stick pins in my wrist, but it didn't make the cat and the witch go away. Then a powwow doctor, who is dead now, told me what to do. When they came at night I was to repeat a certain phrase. It worked all right, only sometimes I was so scared I couldn't get the words out. When I did, they went away."

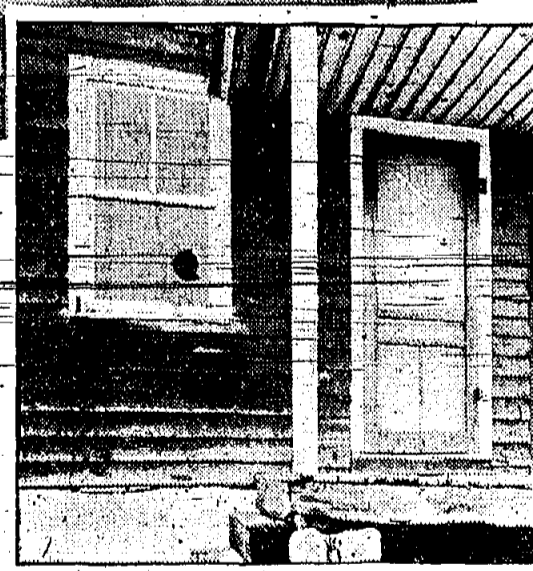
"Young Shinsky, according to 'hexer' beliefs, was both under the spell of the evil eye and the 'hoodledoodle baby.' Despite its laughable name, the hoodledoodle baby is a grim object. Made of clay, the miniature image represents the person under the spell. The witch doctor pokes pins in the image and the pain is transmitted to the victim.

Meanwhile, Albert Shinsky met Selena Bernstel. It was at a dance in Ringtown, and the girl saw him sitting with a giggling head in a corner. For the dancer's who swirled past he had no chance. Girls who rolled their eyes at him received no response. But Selena thought he looked interesting.

"I took a liking to him right off," Selena said in an interview. "Sure he was quiet, but he was so good-looking and well dressed. The girl who introduced me, whispered that he was just queer. When I started to talk to him he would hardly answer. Something

Albert Shinsky calmly declared to police officials that he killed Mrs. Mummy because she had "hexed" him. That as soon as she was dead a great relief came to his mind.

Here is the window in the Mummy house through which Shinsky fired the "pumpkin bullet" that killed Mrs. Mummy.



Here is the lonely home of Mrs. Susan Mummy in the hard-coal mining region of Eastern Pennsylvania. It was here that she was slain by Albert Shinsky because he believed that she had cast a "spell" over him.

Finally, I told him I was going to get another fellow. Albert cried awful and pleaded with me not to desert him. I was the only friend he had, he said. Well, I couldn't have left him anyway. Something about him had too strong a hold on me. When we went to the movies, often he'd fall asleep with his head on my shoulder. I'd stroke his head and cry and cry and not even see the picture.

"Things began happening to me at night, too. About twice a month I'd wake up and see Albert just as plain standing at the foot of my bed. He held his side, his face twisted in pain and he held out his other arm to me. When I stirred his figure left. Each time I found that he'd had one of those terrible visits from the cat or the old woman. 'She was dressed in black, with a white light outlining her body, leering and leering at him.

"Once he told me that the witch made him go to her cabin every now and then. He would feel paralyzed and could only move toward her place. He said he begged and begged her to lift the spell, but she wouldn't. I asked him several times to marry me. He always said the witch wouldn't let him."

Fires Through Window

THE young girl fought desperately against this evil force that tore her sweetheart from her and made him mad. She gave him a drink in water. One powwow doctor had told him the spell might break if his girl did that for him.

"Albert Shinsky stood it as long as he could, he confessed. Then one Saturday night he decided to kill the witch. When he left the girl after a dance she had no inkling of his purpose. He loaded his shotgun carefully with the "pumpkin" ball which a powwow doctor had advised him to use. He drove near the ramshackle Mummy cabin on the outskirts of Ringtown. In the yellow square of the window he saw two figures, but they were indistinct. Then Mrs. Mummy's adopted daughter, Tuvelia, came in with another lamp. She set it on the table. Albert saw old Mrs. Mummy leaning over to dress a callus on the foot of a boarder, Jacob Brise. The gun shook in his hand and he almost went away.

"Then," Albert confessed, "a split came down out of the sky. It was one of those that haunted me. It whispered to shoot, and then we would both be free. I held the gun steady and fired. Mrs. Mummy clutched at her side and fell. Then I felt free and light and happy. I rushed around to the other side of the cabin and fired again to scare the two inside."

Tuvelia and Jacob Brise sat there all night beside the dead body, afraid to move. Late Sunday afternoon they reported the murder to the police.

Meanwhile, Selena found her wildest hopes coming true. "We went to the movies that Sunday night. I was tired and fell asleep on his shoulder for a change. When I woke up he was kissing me. Was I surprised? It had always been the other way with us. Then Monday night we came home from the show and Albert insisted we sit up in the yard until 3 in the morning. He was cuddling me and laughing all the time. He kept talking about how happy we were and how well the moon was. I knew something must have happened because he was so changed. He wouldn't tell me what, and I was too dizzy with gladness to care."

Meanwhile, County Detective Louis Buono started work on the baffling case. He learned after a few days that Albert Shinsky's car had been seen near the cabin on the night of the murder. On being questioned, Albert confessed. He did not break down or weep.

"I'm glad I did it," he stated. "Now I can face anything. I am a man again. After what I went through for seven years the electric chair doesn't scare me. What I went through was torture."

Investigators learned to their amazement that many inhabitants of Ringtown Valley agreed with Albert Shinsky, that Mrs. Susan Mummy practiced hexery. The country is wrapped in low, blue mountains between the folds of which lie the cabins of farmers and miners. They while away the bitter winter evenings with gruesome tales and since Albert Shinsky killed the "witch of Ringtown Valley" scores of tales have come to light about her doings. People were afraid to speak before.

Cannot Marry Now

SELENA BERNSTEL was admitted to see her sweetheart in a tiny cell in the Schuylkill County Prison shortly after his arrest. In full view of the guards she flung her arms about him and gasped in delight at his hugs.

She cried: "Albert, I'll marry you this very second if they'll let us. Oh, it's been so long that we couldn't be together. I've missed you so long. And, dear, I understand why you killed that awful old witch. I'll testify for you or anything. It's so good to see you happy and free from all that terror. Let's get married right away."

"No, honey," Albert smiled. "We have to wait. It wouldn't be right now. But don't be afraid for me. I'm all right, no matter what happens. Last night I had my first real sleep in seven years."

In Albert Shinsky's pillow rested a snapshot of his attractive sweetheart. The photograph replaces the pillow feathers that he had used for years, on the advice of a powwow doctor, in a vain attempt to keep off the witchcraft. No longer does he have to keep a board under his mattress. But his romance with Selena will not have its culmination. He is in an insane asylum.

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LATEST WORLD NEWS PICTURES



HOME FROM ALASKA—After a 10,000-mile tactical flight to Alaska, ten high-speed bombardment planes landed at Bolling Field, Washington. Here are some of the flight officers as they stopped off in Seattle. The commander, Lieut. Col. H. H. Arnold, is fourth from the left, standing.



GEYSER OPENS STREET—When a 48-inch water main burst in Brooklyn, N. Y., it ripped up the pavement and poured thousands of gallons of water into basements in the neighborhood. Householders went without water when the supply had to be shut off. Here are workmen avoiding a tangle of cables as they start repairs.



PRESIDENT'S LIKENESS—Following the custom of hanging portraits of the Governors of New York State in the Governors' collection of the New York State Historical Association, above is shown a reproduction of the painting by Mrs. Natalie Johnson Van Vleck of President Roosevelt which he has presented for the collection. The painting was done in Washington.



"WHERE'S ELMER?"—No. Mrs. Charles Hayes of Alta, Ill., is not trying to attract the attention of the flyers in the picture above. Photo shows her as she won the prize as champion "husband-caller" at the Chicago World's Fair.

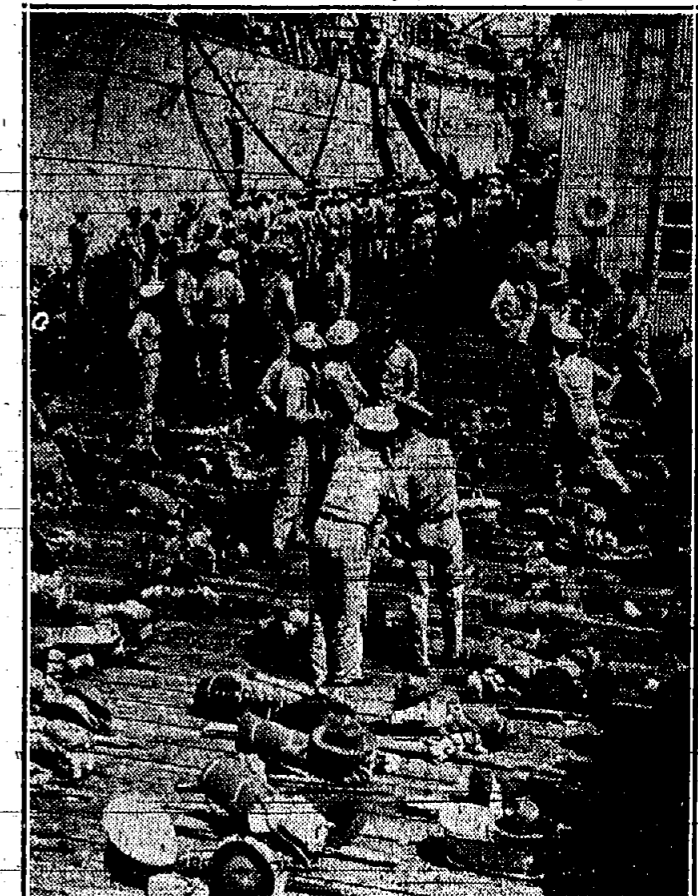


DEAN—Adolph J. Sabath of Illinois, who by the death of Speaker Rainey becomes dean of the Congressional House. Born in Czechoslovakia, by right of seniority he might become Speaker but he is not a candidate.



STAGE STAR—Beatrice Lillie, English stage star, as she sailed from New York City for a visit with her young son in England. Miss Lillie is, in private life, Lady Peel, but in public she prefers to be known by her professional name. While loyal to her own country she says she loves America and Americans and she plans to return some time in September.

COURT DRAMA—Bernice Beauchamp Pickrell, 19-year-old daughter of Robert Pickrell, Gilroy, Cal., rancher, who brought an unexpected and dramatic climax into the inquest of her father's death by screaming from the witness stand that she shot him. Up to the time of this amazing statement sheriff's deputies and other investigators were convinced Beauchamp had died by his own hand.



"LEATHERNECKS" HOME FROM HAITI—Here is the last detachment of United States Marines to return from Haiti, where the Marines have been stationed for the last 12 years, as they landed at Hampton Roads, Va. Some of the 400 arrivals were mustered out of service and others were assigned to Marine bases throughout the country.



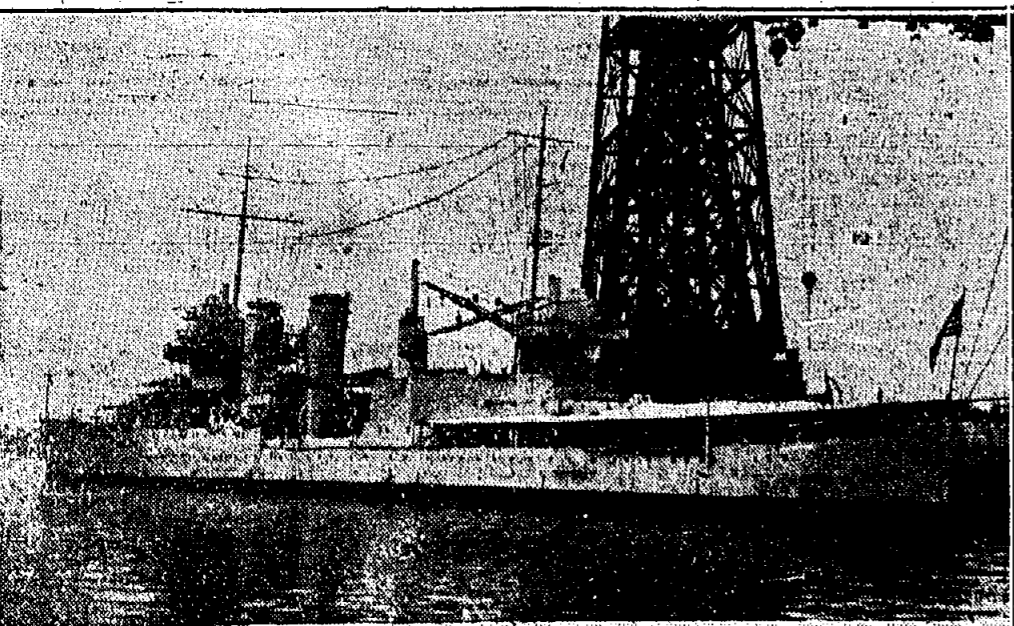
BEATEN—Charles L. Waugh, a St. Louis, Mo., attorney, who went to Camphersville, Mo., as a representative of bondholders to bid on 12 farms put up for sale for non-payment of taxes. Photo shows what the angry farmers did to him. But when he would not identify any of them, no arrests were made.



GOUGHAN'S MAYOR SEES BALL GAME—In the midst of finding ways and means to meet municipal expenses, Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia of New York City took time off to attend a Yankee-Tiger game. Here he is in the press box.



THREE MEDIATORS FOR MINNEAPOLIS STRIKE—F. A. Donaghue, left, the newly appointed mediator of the National Labor Board, went into conference immediately upon his arrival in Minneapolis, with the Rev. Francis J. Haas and E. H. Dammigan, the other two Federal mediators, to discuss means of bringing to an end the truck strike in Minneapolis.



NAVY SCOUT COMMISSIONED—With brief ceremonies the U.S.S. Tuscaloosa, fifteenth of the eighteen 10,000-ton cruisers authorized by the London Naval Treaty, was turned over to her commander, Captain John N. Ferguson, at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, as shown above.



MAN MOUNTAIN CRASHES—And when they lifted up "Man Mountain" Dean, 317-pound wrestler, at the Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles, they found George Zaharias, his opponent, under him with four crushed ribs. Here are shown Lupo Velez and Johnny Weissmuller congratulating him.



A PRIZE—DOESN'T HE LOOK IT?—Behold Invader's Treasure, owned by E. J. Brooks and judged the best bulldog in the show staged in New York City under the auspices of the American Kennel Club. His owner was presented a great silver cup and the Treasure showed his pleasure by uttering several guttural wows.

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PARTY TO FOLLOW D. OF A. MEETING

A meeting party will follow the regular meeting of the D. of A. at the Municipal Building...

ROTH-STRAND SUMMIT, N. J.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY, August 24, 25

"SHE WAS A LADY" with Helen Twelvrees and Donald Woods

"MAN OF TWO WORLDS" with Elissa Landi and Frances Lederer

EXTRA! Betty Boop Cartoon

SUNDAY and MONDAY, August 26, 27

"PARIS INTERLUDE" with Otto Kruger and Una Merkel

"ELMER and ELSIE" with Geo. Bancroft

TUESDAY-WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, August 28, 29, 30

"GRAND CANARY" with Warner Baxter and Madge Evans

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PLAYGROUND NOTES

The meanest man in town slapped me on the back yesterday and with a nasty little smile he thoughtfully reminded me that there were only eighteen more days until the opening of school...

The distinct absence of the drought on Thursday and rain in its stead caused the watermelon-eating contest to be held Friday...

The attraction Monday was the bike race. This event was captured by none other than the Mighty Mite, Jack Towers...

Tuesday saw the annual tug of war and what a war it was. Why practically tug me off my feet (Ooow!) Although there were no distinct sides, this was real fun...

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Linden Head Man



PAUL HARTWELL, presiding judge at the Linden Kennel Company track at Edgar Road and Park Avenue, Linden, just over the Elizabeth line on State Highway No. 25, where greyhound races are being conducted nightly with the exception of Sundays...

Ben Andrews Is Center of Attraction

There is no greater attraction at any man's racetrack than Ben Andrews, that swift greyhound which has been playing the star role at the Linden Greyhound Race Track since it opened its meeting.

Ben Andrews has started five times in the last two weeks and four times he has come in the winner, once to equal the world's record for the Futurity distance, which is 70 yards longer than a quarter of a mile...

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Bears Nearing Goal of League Pennant

With the International League flag practically flaunting them in the face, the Newark Bears are determined they will not be overhauled by any of their competitors in the final two weeks of the race...

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Mutual Food Values

THIS WEEK'S MUTUAL QUALITY SUPER-SPECIAL SUNKIST CALIFORNIA ORANGES 15 for 25c THURS., FRIDAY and SAT., ONLY

WHEAT CREAM BRAND FLOUR 24 1/2 lb. bag, 99c

BUTTER-CUP EVAPORATED MILK 4 largest cans 23c

BRUNSWICK 100% Pure Pennsylvania MOTOR OIL 2 gallon 99c Plus 6c tax

MUTUAL STORES GORHAM'S SILVER CREAM 1 lb. 25c KIRKMAN'S CHIPS 1 lb. 15c

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