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A PAPER FOR ALL THE PEOPLE

VOL. I. PORT ANGELES, WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, AUGUST 20, 1935. No. 38,

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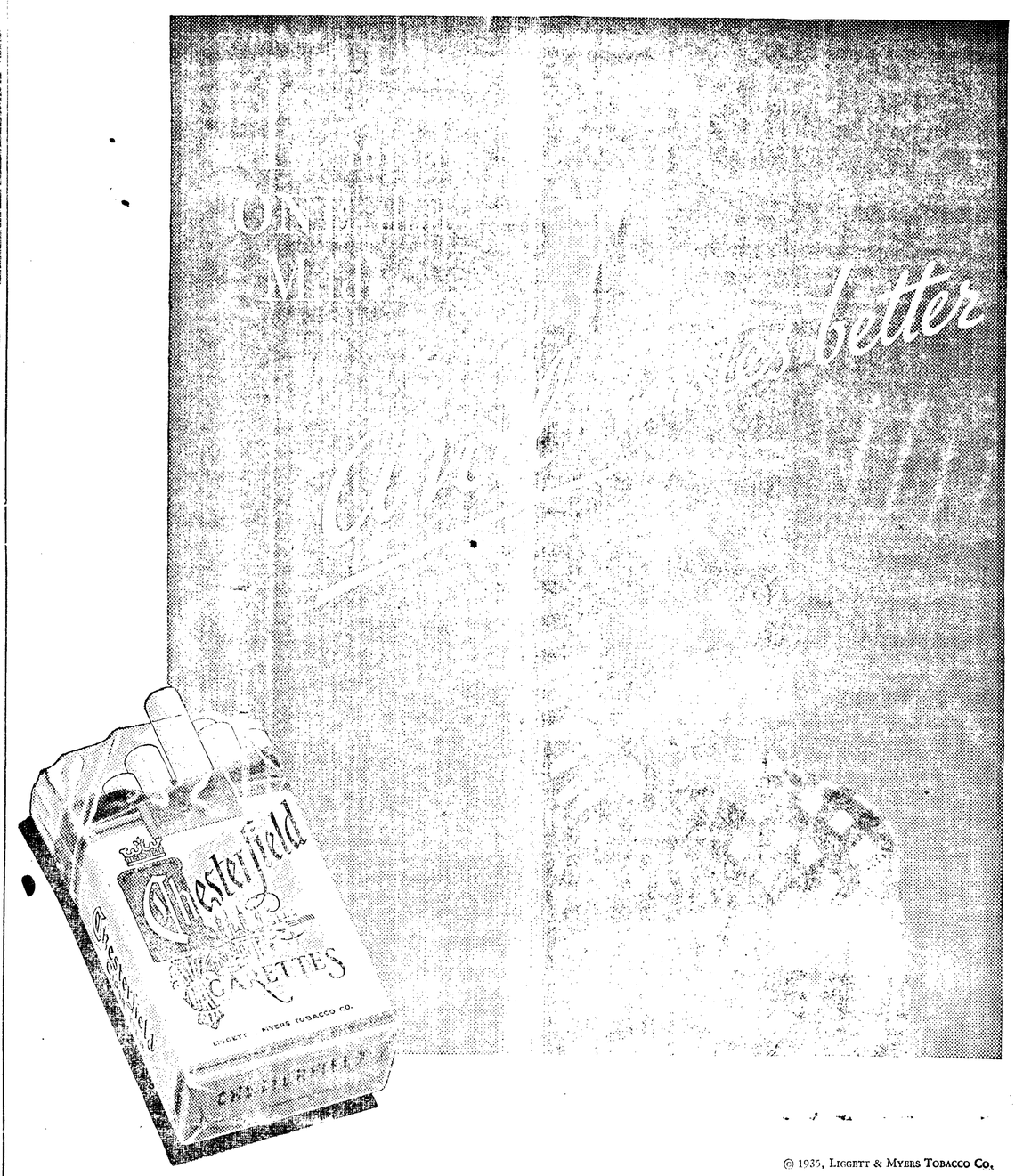

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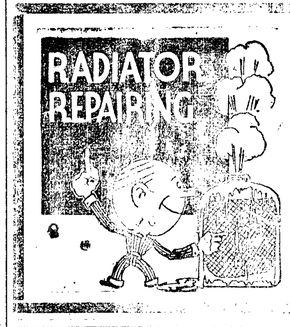

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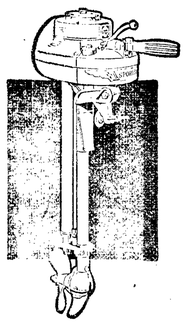
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Todd Cycle Shop

CHAPTER XI—Continued

—15—

Campo Ragland whirled. "I'll never what?" he demanded in a strange taut voice, like the ring of overdrawn steel.

"You—you'll never deliver up Kentucky Jones!"

Campo's voice rose to a thunder.

"And why will I not?"

"Because—when you do—I'll tell them all the—the truth!"

Her father's face went empty as he stared at his daughter, as if faced by an enormity too great for him to comprehend. For a moment he wavered as if his mind refused comprehension, like a horse refusing a jump. "What truth?" he managed to get out at last. "What are you talking—"

Jean's voice broke, all but hysterical, cut him down. "You—you know—what truth! If I tell what I know, it's you that'll be hooked for the murder of Mason!"

Watching Campo, Kentucky saw the boss of the Bar Hook fold up. All the strength and aggression went out of his wide lean shoulders, and a ragged palsy came into his hands. "Why, Jean—" he faltered; "why—Jean—Jean—"

His daughter stood rigid, shoulders up, and arms stiff at her sides, her eyes wide with the glazed brilliance of frozen waterholes as she watched her father. Then her breath caught in her throat, and she began to sob brokenly; and her face streamed with the tears that had been held back for so long.

"Child, child," said Kentucky softly, "you didn't need to do that!"

Jean cried out, "Don't talk to me! Don't—"

The telephone ripped the quiet apart with a whirring clamor.

Kentucky stepped to the phone and took the receiver down. "Well?"

"Who's that?" came the small voice over the wire.

"Kentucky Jones, at the Bar Hook."

"This is Floyd Hopper. Kentucky, you sure got me up in the air. There ain't any question about it—Sanders was killed with the gun that was found in his hand!"

"Well?"

"It's your move, Kentucky. By G—d, it sure is time this thing was cleared up! What goes on here, man? Put a name to it!"

Jean said in a strangled sort of voice, "Is that the sheriff?"

"Just a minute, Hopper," Kentucky said, and turned to Jean.

"What—what are you going to do?"

"What can I do? Your father has stampeded us all. If I'd had another week I could have gentled this thing, but now the whole works has blown up under us. All we can do is try to ride it through to a finish, now!" He turned back to the phone. "Are you there, Hopper?"

"Yes, I'm here."

"Go get Ted Baylor. Arrest him if you have to, but get him. Give

"I'll Never What?"

a deputy the job of keeping hold of him, and don't let him out of your sight until this thing is cleared up!"

"I've already got Ted Baylor," came the sheriff's voice from Waterman. "I had that from Campo before you called. What's the matter with you fellers out there?"

For a moment Kentucky Jones faltered, and his face went blank, but he spoke to the phone again. "All right. Then go out to the 88 and get Bill McCord. When you've got both Ted Baylor and Bill McCord, bring them out here."

"What if Bob Elliot wants to come along with Bill McCord?" the sheriff asked. "McCord is Elliot's foreman. Elliot'll probably want to come along and stand by."

"If Elliot wants to come, let him. I don't care what Elliot does. You bring Baylor and McCord. When you've done that, I'll give you the man that killed Mason."

"Which of 'em is it?" the sheriff demanded.

"Hold the rope a minute." Kentucky turned to where Campo Ragland sat. "Campo," he demanded, "why did you send for Ted Baylor?"

Campo Ragland, returning slowly from the distances, stared at Kentucky a moment, almost as if without recognition. Then he got up and walked toward the door, slowly and unsteadily, like an aged man. His voice was hardly more than a whisper. "To h—l with you," he said; "To h—l with you all."

Kentucky turned back to the phone. "I said," came Sheriff Hopper's voice, "which one of 'em is it?"

"Neither one," said Kentucky. He hung up the receiver.

CHAPTER XII

—

THE long dusk of the winter rim had given way to night, star bright and frostily clear, before a car was heard upon the Waterman road. Kentucky Jones walked out alone in shirt sleeves.

"Where's Campo?" Sheriff Hopper demanded, climbing out from behind the wheel.

"He's here. Come in."

Into the light of the kitchen Sheriff Floyd Hopper now herded the four other men who were with him. They were Ted Baylor, whose eyes were alert and watchful, and perhaps slightly puzzled in a poker face; Bill McCord, grimly expressionless; Bob Elliot, looking sardonic and self-sufficient; and a blond Norwegian-faced young deputy named Willie Helmar.

"You'all just have a cup of coffee and make yourselves at home," Kentucky said. "Sheriff, Campo and I would like to talk to you a minute, here in the other room."

"All right," Hopper said.

"You fellers sure are a secretive bunch," Bob Elliot grumbled, warming his hands over the stove.

"Come on in, if you want to, Bob," Kentucky said. "You might just as well sit in on this."

Elliot accepted, following as Kentucky led the way through the main living room to a little room at one side.

Campo sat in a corner. His heavy desk was pulled diagonally across in front of him, as if he were at bay there, futilely barricaded. From beneath the sweeping dome of his forehead his eyes regarded them as redly as the eyes of a dog in firelight. Suddenly Kentucky wondered if Campo's evident sense of standing stubbornly at bay had been caused more by himself and Sheriff Hopper than by the now far-off woman who had made him fear a showdown upon Mason's death—so fear it that he was held in a paralysis of indecision while Jim Humphreys was killed, and Lee Bishop, and the 88 herds poured over his range.

In the shadows of a recessed window-seat Jean Ragland sat.

Sheriff Hopper said, "Howdy, Campo; howdy, Miss Ragland."

Campo flicked him a glance, then dropped surly red eyes to his thick freckle-blotched hands.

Kentucky Jones began the making of a cigarette. "Seems like we been a little bit disorganized out here, Hopper," he said. "The fact is Campo and I haven't seen eye to eye on this, in all things."

Sheriff Floyd Hopper waited; and Bob Elliot crossed his legs and laced his fingers together.

"It seems," said Kentucky, "that Campo became convinced that I did away with Old Ironsides myself."

There was a sharp silence here during which Kentucky Jones finished and lighted his cigarette. Hopper turned a questioning glance on Campo. "Yes?"

Ragland glanced at Kentucky Jones, but did not speak.

"Everybody's known all along," Kentucky said, "that I was out here at the Bar Hook just before snow flew on the day Mason was killed; and I've admitted it. Assuming for a minute that I could easily have got hold of the weapon that killed Mason, the next thing needed against me was my reason for this act of unseemly violence. Campo found out where I did have a good reason—and naturally figured that he'd come to the end of the trail."

"You admit you had a reason for killing Mason?" Hopper said:

"I'm not denying that I had," said Kentucky. "Come to find out, that was one of the reasons that Campo Ragland wanted Ted Baylor brought out here. Ted is one of the very few that know that Mason turned me down on a renewal that I'd counted on—and like to broke me."

"You sure are free-handed about making a case against yourself!"

"Campo was overlooking a couple of things," said Kentucky. "It's true that you can show I was broke by Mason. But what about all those other cowmen that Mason had to close down on? To those men Mason's decisions meant salvation or ruin—exactly as to me. He could not carry us all. In digging up a reason for me to kill Mason, Campo only dug up a motive that forty or fifty rimrock cowmen would own to."

"I see what you're driving at," said Hopper. "Maybe Mason did have such an enemy, or six of them, or fifty; the fifty of them weren't having no barbecue at the Bar Hook the day Mason was killed."

"So I gathered," Kentucky admitted. "But bear in mind this—if any one of the fifty had been there, he might have gun-whipped Mason. There's been an awful lot of wearing of guns in the rimrock the past ten, twelve months, what with riders hoping for a chance to shoot a coyote, or a rabbit—with a .45 slug! Cowmen's minds can work that way only about so long before something boils over and busts."

"Yes," Hopper admitted. "I was looking for it all right; but when it come to killing Mason—"

"He was a right ambitious victim," Kentucky agreed; "but there were big reasons for killing him, too. When you build up pressure like that you can figure on an explosion. But it was the gun smoke in the history, and the pressure of the bad times, that wiped out John Mason—and incidentally Zack Sanders."

"And Jim Humphreys and Lee Bishop," the sheriff put in.

"That's partly true," Kentucky allowed; "the killing of Humphreys and Bishop sure do make up an angle of this thing. It took two things to kill off Humphreys and Bishop—the smoky feeling between the brands before Mason's death, and Mason's death itself. Humphreys and Bishop were killed in the weirdest d—n one-sided range struggle that has ever been seen on this or any other range."

The sheriff said slowly, "Mason's death comes first. But don't you ever think, Elliot, that I've forgotten the funny look of this so-called range war that's rubbed out Humphreys and Bishop. Everybody knows you've swamped Campo's range; and Campo's hardly raised his hand against it. I'll tell you plain, Elliot, if it turns out that Bishop and Humphreys were killed in the kind of shenanigan it looks like, I'll—"

Bob Elliot reddened. "I didn't come here to talk about range rights," he said, "but if you want a showdown on that, I'm ready any time. As long as there's been cattle on the rim, or on the Bake Pan either, no brand has ever leaned any harder against another brand than the Bar Hook has borne down on the 88. If Campo's pulled in his horns, maybe it's because he knows that the rights of the 88 are going to be backed up for a change."

Campo Ragland spoke for the first time. "Rights!" he said bitterly. "Rights!"

Sheriff Floyd Hopper said angrily, "You're a funny one, Elliot, to bring in talk about rights!"

"You said yourself," Elliot answered, "the Bar Hook has folded up."

They all turned their eyes to Campo Ragland; but the boss of the Bar Hook was rolling a cigarette with slow meticulous care, and he did not contribute any observations.

Sheriff Floyd Hopper swung restively in his seat. "I can't understand it," he said. "I can't understand it."

"You'll understand it now," said Kentucky Jones, "I can tell you exactly why Elliot has thought he could shove his beef all over Bar Hook range in full peace and comfort."

Bob Elliot said, "If the idea is to sit here half the—"

"Let him alone, Bob," Hopper snapped.

Kentucky Jones looked Elliot over with a cool unfriendly eye. "I'll tell you another little thing that happened the day Mason was killed," he said. "Bob Elliot and Campo Ragland were riding the Bake Pan range; and it happened that they met on that ride."

"Where did you get this?" Hopper put in.

"Partly," Kentucky said, "from Elliot himself."

Elliot said, "I'll be d—d if—"

"Will you be still?" said Sheriff Hopper. "What then, Jones?"

"Elliot was armed; Campo Ragland was not. It seems to be a kind of custom with the 88 to take advantage of a situation like that—as Lee Bishop and I found out one day in a little conversation we had with Bill McCord. Naturally, I wasn't there when Ragland and Elliot met; but I can tell you that what happened was this—Elliot gave Ragland such a cussing out as you couldn't expect any man to stand for, or put up with."

"Is that right, Campo?" the sheriff demanded.

Campo Ragland gave a grunt which might have been an affirmative; it did not appear to be a denial.

"Campo Ragland," said Kentucky Jones, "told Bob Elliot that he would kill him before the day was out."

"He's guessing now," said Bob Elliot.

"Yes, guessing," conceded Kentucky Jones.

Campo Ragland said unexpectedly, "Yes, by G—d—but he's guessing right!"

Kentucky Jones nodded. "Sure I'm guessing right! Up here in the Frying Pan country there's an old lion hunter called Old Man Coffee; and he says—"

"To h—l with Old Man Coffee," said the sheriff. "What happened then?"

"Just at the moment," said Kentucky Jones, "I can't tell you exactly what happened then; but I can tell you something different, of a very curious interest. On the wall of this house used to be a chromo—an enlarged snapshot—of a man sitting on a horse. You'd look across the room at that little picture, and you'd say to yourself, 'Why, Campo has hung up a lens study of Bob Elliot.' Then maybe you'd look closer; and you'd see that it wasn't Bob Elliot at all—but a representation of John Mason."

Sheriff Hopper said, "You mean—you're saying—"

"Bob Elliot knew that sometimes, sitting his horse in a certain way and at a certain distance, he and

There Was a Ringing Crack.

John Mason looked strangely alike; and Campo had promised to kill Elliot that day. Elliot knew that Campo did not dare to take a chance on what a jury might make out of that."

"You're suggesting that Campo Ragland killed Mason by mistake, taking him for Elliot?"

"I'm suggesting that it could be made to look that way; and that Elliot was able to hold that over Campo—and that was why Elliot dared swamp Bar Hook range."

"You mean that he ran a bluff that he could bring Ragland to trial for the murder of Mason?"

"You can call it a bluff," said Kentucky Jones, looking at Bob Elliot, "or you could call it a kind of silent blackmail, if you want."

Bob Elliot jerked forward in his chair as if he would come to his feet. "Why, d—n your eyes," he said, "if you think I'm going to sit here and take—"

"You'll sit there," Kentucky Jones said coolly, "and you'll take it, and you'll like it. You'll take it because you're yellow, clear down to the roots. And you haven't forgotten the night I knocked you kicking and squalling, in the sheriff's office at Waterman."

Bob Elliot's face went white, and his eyes took on a squinting slant. His lower lip dropped loose away from his teeth. "Why, you—"

"Yellow," Kentucky repeated, "clear down to the roots."

An inarticulate blasphemy strangled in Elliot's throat. Sheriff Floyd Hopper made a clutch at Elliot's belt, but missed his hold, as Elliot sprang at Kentucky Jones like a quirted horse.

Kentucky hunched low, then straightened out the whole length of his body behind his left hand. There was a ringing crack, as if a bone had broken, and an instant's confused tangle. Then Bob Elliot was lying on his back, breathing hoarsely, staring at the ceiling with blank eyes; and Kentucky Jones stood over him, nursing his left hand in his right.

Hopper said in a low exasperated voice, "You baited him into that, Jones."

"I was counting on his temper," Kentucky said. "Lord, I thought it would never break!"

Hopper's voice rose angrily, "If you got me out here to make fools of us all—"

"Shut up," Kentucky snapped at him, "we've got work to do. I—"

"You've talked all around and about, and over the bush," Hopper said bitterly. "And you end up with nothing more to the point than a cheap brawl. You've wasted enough words to—"

"Not one single word," Kentucky contradicted him. "I had to go all over that so that you would understand what is going to happen—what I hope is going to happen now. Campo! Hold this range hog here when he comes to—put a gun on him if you need to."

"All right."

Jones caught Hopper's arm and dragged the sheriff after him to the door.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WASHINGTON NEWS ITEMS OF INTEREST

Brief Resume of Happenings of the Week Collected for Our Readers

Prescott — Wheat in the Prescott district is running 30 bushels to the acre and is ahead of early estimates. Warm weather is ripening the grain fast.

Tekoa — Pea harvest has started in the Tekoa district, and many boys have been put to work by seed companies that hold contracts. In that district peas are an important crop, with over 10,000 acres seeded.

Chewelah — Three babies in 25 minutes were responsible for the near arrest of Dr. M. B. Snyder of Chewelah as he speeded through the business section of the town at 80 miles an hour in order to keep pace with the stork.

Olympia — Co-operative fruit packing and marketing organizations have been held exempt by the state supreme court from the ½ of 1 per cent levy imposed on gross revenues of corporations by the state business tax law.

Wenatchee — Although not offering season contracts at the figure, dealers at Wenatchee are paying $40 a ton for apricots. The cherry crop will exceed the estimates made at the beginning of the season and may reach 224 cars.

Aberdeen — D. Hutchinson of Brooklyn, near here, fell down a well onto a stick of dynamite with sufficient force to explode it. He escaped with superficial injuries and walked away from the Aberdeen general hospital after receiving first aid treatment for bruises to his arms and legs.

Almira — Harvest is beginning in the "south country" here with club and No. 5, both winter wheat, running about 15 bushels an acre. The average yield of this district is about 12 bushels. Harvest is expected to be in full swing within the next two weeks. Old-timers state that many fields will yield 40 bushels an acre.

Clarkston — A 72-foot tower and a cable across stream and a well and shelter housing metrical instruments is being constructed on the Snake river about five miles below Clarkston to test the river for navigability, water power, irrigation and flood control. The work is being done by the United States geometric survey.

Colville — A fifth dividend of five per cent, amounting to about $4500, will be paid at once to depositors of the Hunters Exchange State bank, by J. E. Bailey, special deputy supervisor of banking, the liquidator. The bank suspended September 21, 1931. An order authorizing the dividend was signed here by Superior Judge D. H. Carey.

Waterville — Between 50 and 60 head of cattle have died in Douglas county within the last three weeks as a result of forage poisoning. Water hemlock and larkspur were largely blamed but in the districts those two plants cannot be found. County Agent E. L. Harms has asked Washington State college for help in finding the cause of the deaths.

Disque — This tiny hamlet is the scene of great international activity, which has been going on since early this year. It is in the form of an international checker match conducted by Allen Worrell, 19-year-old amateur radio operator, with a fellow amateur in Guatamala. Each youth makes one move a night, whenever they can get their messages through. So far Worrell is one man ahead and hopes by careful maneuvering to win the game sometime next January.

Seattle — A gigantic cooperative movement by the Washington state apple growers to eliminate large freight costs to the Atlantic coast through operation of their own ships was reported under consideration. While refusing the use of his name, a Seattle man who has been in close contact with apple growers and shippers in the central and eastern part of the state, said such a movement is well under way and purchase or construction of two large refrigerator ships is contemplated as the first step in the program.

New $75,000 Hospital Dedicated

Dayton — The Brining Memorial hospital, built at an approximate cost of $75,000 with money donated by John Brining, pioneer, and state work relief funds, was dedicated July 21. Equipment and furnishings valued at more than $10,000 have been provided by individuals and groups, and the institution will be the property of Columbia county and the city of Dayton.

Gulls Eat Crickets

Pasco — Like the sea gulls which are enshrined in Salt Lake City history, a horde of the birds from west of the mountains is solving Franklin county's Mormon cricket problem. An estimated 300 gulls are devouring what crickets survived the week's intense heat. A small army of men has been engaged in fighting the crickets all summer. Bridges across the Snake river have been guarded to prevent their spread.

FUTURE LEADERS OF RACE

As each generation makes way for its successor the direction of affairs passes to those who follow. Difficult as the process appears, there is an inevitable transfer in government, industry and the professions of those who are prepared to take over the responsibility. From the graduates of these dark years must come the rulers of the country. It seems impossible just now, but this is what has always happened.—Boston Sunday Globe.

Week's Supply of Postum Free

Read the offer made by the Postum Company in another part of this paper. They will send a full week's supply of health giving Postum free to anyone who writes for it.—Adv.

Religious Ratios

If the population of the world, approximately 2,000,000,000 people, were reduced proportionately, according to religious faith, to 100 persons, the Columbus University Press has estimated, there would be 38 Christians, 19 Confucianists and Taoists, 12 Hindus, 11 Mohammedans, 10 Animists, 8 Buddhists, 1 Shintoist, and 1 Jew.

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Fellow-Feeling

Those with a "past" are usually more charitable toward the sins of others.

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When in the Northwest

HEATHMAN HOTELS

In the hub of Portland, Oregon's shopping and theatrical center... these two splendid hostelries offer you every comfort and luxury at extremely moderate cost.

BEST IN THE WEST

Portland's newest and finest hotels....located in the hub of the shopping and recreational district ...are the unquestioned, choice of experienced travelers.

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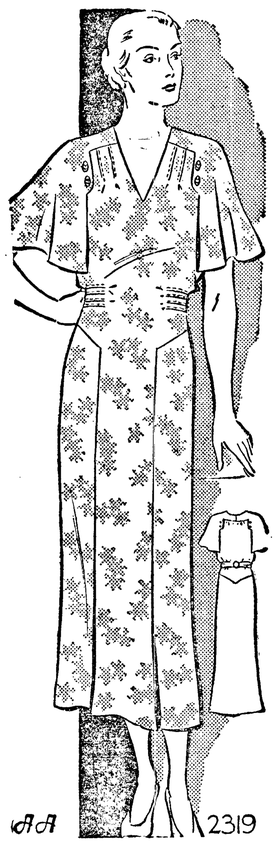
BIDS DEFIANCE TO HOT WEATHER

PATTERN 2319



The hot weather brings us to the problem every woman of generous proportions must cope with—how to keep cool and fresh looking on those wilting days? Well—Looking Cool goes a long way, and pattern 2319, with its loose, easy cape sleeve, soft treated waistline gives you a mighty cool outlook on life. And very flattering, too, are the graceful folds of the cape that does wonders to equalize proportions. The darts over the bust and at the waistline cleverly contrive to avoid a too-fitted look at the strategical points. Pick a summery printed voile or other sheer.

Pattern 2319 is available in sizes 16, 18, 20, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 takes 3¾ yards 39 inch fabric. Illustrated step-by-step sewing instructions included.

Send FIFTEEN CENTS (15c) in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this pattern. Write plainly name, address and style number. BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

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Smiles

FASHIONS IN WORDS

"What has caused you to change your mind?"

"I haven't changed my mind," answered Senator Sorghum. "I have only deferred to my fan mail and revised my rhetoric."

Aren't We All?

Teacher asked for sentences using the word "beans."

"My father grows beans," said the bright boy of the class.

"My mother cooks beans," came from another pupil.

Then the third piped up: "We are all human beans."

Bargain

"Do you favor government ownership?"

"Of course," said Mr. Dustin Stax; "if I can dictate the prices at which the government buys and have a hand in financing the deal."

Chances

"I see my favorite movie actress is going to marry a magician."

"Wise girl! It will take a magician to get along with her."

OUR COMIC SECTION

Events in the Lives of Little Men

FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin
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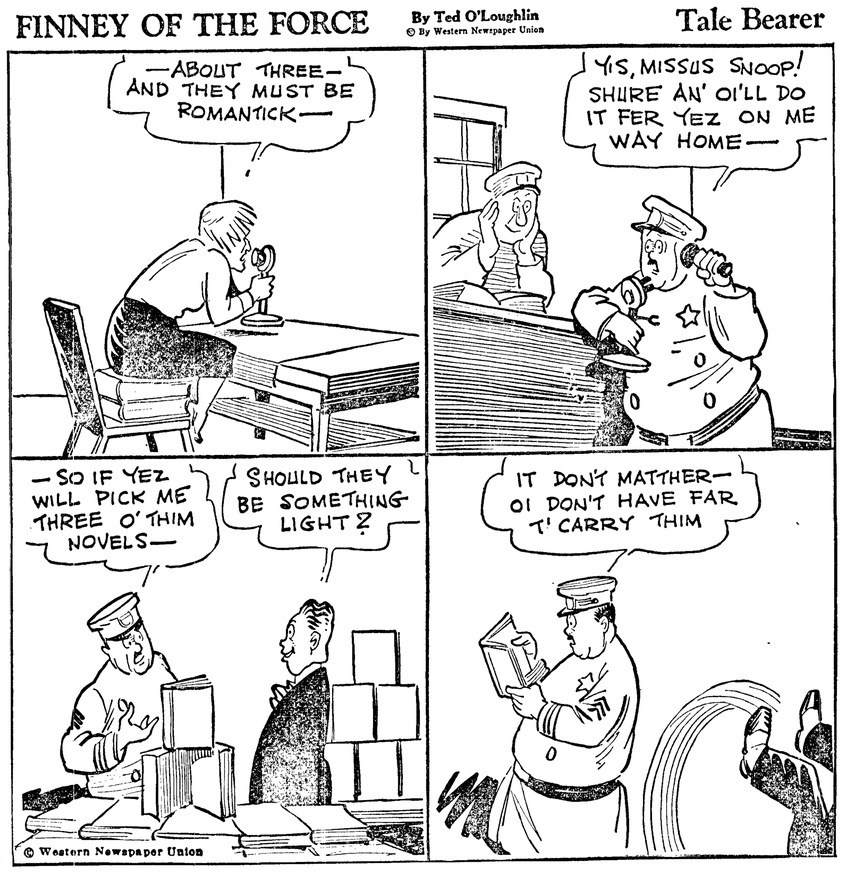
Tale Bearer



THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne
© Western Newspaper Union

Tramp Trade

Islanders Firm in Unbelief

Forced to Admit Existence of Four "Outsiders," but Placed No Faith in Explorers' Wild Stories of World's Teeming Millions.

Four young explorers from Cambridge university—a surveyor, an ornithologist, a zoologist and a botanist—recently visited Grimsey island, on the Arctic circle, 35 miles from the north coast of Iceland; before these four Englishmen arrived the 115 inhabitants of the island, who live on the fisheries and the birds which breed on the island, might—by a little stretch of the imagination—have believed themselves the only inhabitants of the earth, says the New York Sun.

Assuming such a belief, it is easy to imagine the astonishment with which the Grimsey islanders would listen to tales of the outside world—to stories of the hundreds of millions of persons who dwell on the globe.

This is by way of introduction to the story of the meeting of the council of the elders of Grimsey, held on the day after the departure of the explorers for England; by a fortunate chance the minutes of the meeting were blown out of the council chamber window and borne down to the temperate zone by a freak of an Arctic gale; here they have been translated and a portion set down for the information of all concerned.

The meeting apparently opened in stricken silence. Then Eg-Wak, eldest of the elders, rose sadly and said: "Yes, you may well say this is a severe blow to us all. You all know that we have lived here for generation after generation secure in the faith that we were the only persons on this earth. Tradition said so; legends handed down from father to son said so; and our eyes told us so, for wherever we looked we saw nobody but Grimsey islanders.

"Then—and may the day sink in the sea forever—these four appeared and though they could not speak our tongue, they were of a likeness to us and they told us they were men, like us. They managed to make us understand this, and even that there were as many more back beyond as there are fish in the sea.

"This is an unsettling doctrine. I, for one, decided last night that this was a collective apparition, unusual only in that it appeared to 115 persons at once. You may say that the four strangers were convincing; so is a dream convincing. I think that we can return to our old faith that we are the only inhabitants of the world and not trouble ourselves about a bad dream."

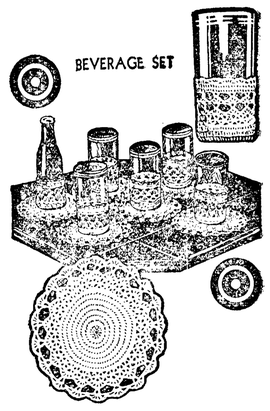
Next to speak was Blub-veek, a man of mature and thoughtful middle age. He said: "I wish that I could think it was a dream, but not once in my life have I been able to pinch the figures in a dream, or to watch them eat fish, or to hear them laugh. No, I am convinced that these were men, like us, and not the figures of a dream. But even so, I do not know what we should do. I am like a boat adrift."

Next to rise was Slek-dik, from the minutes evidently renowned for his ability as a compromiser. He said: "I, too, am sad that ancient traditions, going back to the birth of these northern lights, are shaken by the steps of four men. But I, too, am aware that these men were flesh and blood, like us.

"True, we can no longer believe ourselves the sole inhabitants of the earth, but the difference is slight. What we have discovered is that there are, in fact, four other persons in the world, but that they are such dreadful liars that it is impossible to believe a word they say. Therefore we may admit their existence unofficially, but officially we shall pay no attention to them and it will be absolutely unnecessary to worry about the millions and hundreds of millions. They are simply made up."

NEW AND USEFUL CROCHET DESIGN

By GRANDMOTHER CLARK



This beverage set can be crocheted at very little expense. It consists of six six-inch tumbler doilies and six cups to hold glasses. The crochet work is simple and the inexperienced should have no trouble crocheting it. It's practical and also adds to the refreshment service appearance. If not wanted for your own use give it a thought as a gift for someone who will appreciate it. It is a very popular number with crochet workers who are ever on the lookout for something useful in novelties.

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Tea may be little more than the name implies—tea accompanied by toast, muffins and cakes, while a high tea offers, in reality, a meal served earlier than a dinner would be. A choice of several meats, salads, breads of various kinds, cakes, a sherbet or ice, and tea and coffee or other beverages are usually offered the guests.

High Standard of Living

The people of New Zealand have, it is said, a general material standard of living higher than that of any country in the world.

Demand for Panama Hats

Ecuador's leading industry is the so-called "Panama" hat. So great is the demand that the manufacturers are never able to fully supply it.

Heat of Sun's Interior

How hot the interior of the sun may be is estimated variously from 20,000,000 degrees centigrade to 100,000,000 degrees.

Donkey Before Horses

Hundreds of years before wild horses were tamed the donkey was being used as a beast of burden.

Discovered Appendicitis

The cause of appendicitis was discovered by two American doctors less than 50 years ago.

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From New Orleans to Shanghai is 15,191 statute miles.

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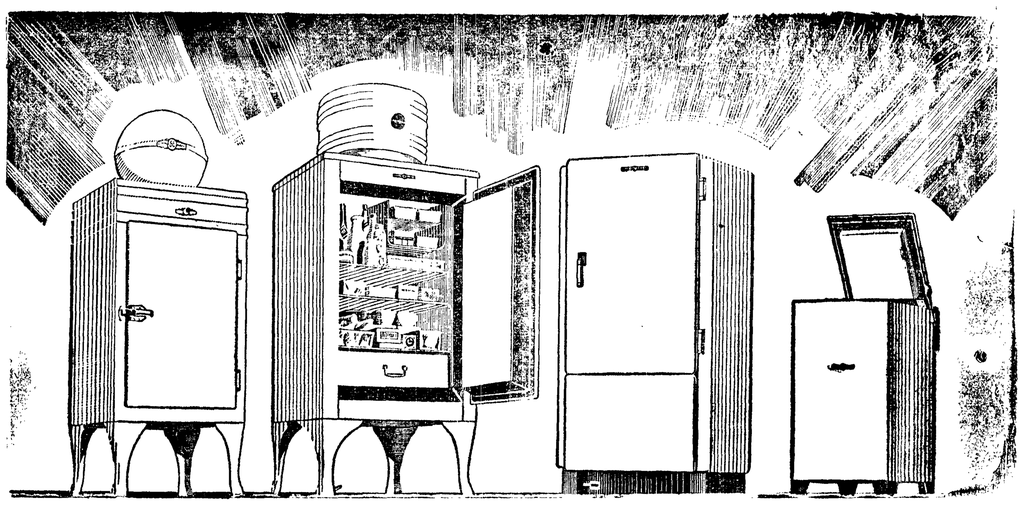

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Showing of New 1935 G-E Refrigerators
All with "ageless" sealed-in-steel mechanism—All with 5 Years Performance Protection

THE NEW 1935 G-E refrigerators are on display this week—a dozen models to select from—*any style! any size! any price!* All three types of refrigerators are here to see and to compare . . . Monitor Top, Flatop and Liftop models. Beautifully styled . . . equipped with all the modern convenience features . . and, most important, all powered with the "ageless" General Electric sealed-in-steel mechanism that carries 5 years performance protection for only $1 a year.

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Look to the mechanism first . . . that's what determines how long and how well a refrigerator will serve you.

Today, hundreds of thousands of G-E sealed-in-steel mechanisms are as good as the day they were bought five, six and seven years ago. In "hot spots" all over the world . . . where temperatures stand at 100° to 120° for weeks at a time . . . this matchless mechanism performs unfalteringly year after year.

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