

Pollyanna and Juanelle the Charming House Frocks \$1.95

HILL'S Dependable Dependable Values. Quality.

BEFORE MINE

THURSDAY PROGRAMS

The National Broadcasting company program for Thursday night follows: 7:30 to 8:30, symphony; 8:30 to 9:30, Memory Lane; 10 to 12, dance music, Trocadero.

The American Broadcasting company program for Thursday night follows: 7:30, artistic ensemble; 8:30, male quartet; 9:30, Nite Club skit; 10:30, opera company; 11:30, piano duo, sax fest; 12 to 12:30, Vio Meyers orchestra.

Portland KGW (420kc) 7:30, NBC; 8:30, features; 9:30, brass band; 11 to 12, dance music. KEX (1180kc) 7, silent hour; 8, ABC; 8:30, Catholic lecture; 9, silent; 9:30, ABC; 11, news, weather; 11:05, ABC.

Salt Lake City KSL (1130kc) 7, old-time dance orchestra; 7:30, male quartet; 8:30, L. D. S. organ and choir; 9, studio program; 10, Amos and Andy; 10:15, Claude Riff's orchestra.

Denver KOA (530kc) 7, serenaders; 7:30, farm program; 8, U. S. Engineers band; 8:30, news of the world.

Spokane KHQ (590kc) 7:30, NBC; 8:30, old favorites; 9:30, features; 10:30, Amos and Andy; 11, brass band; 11, KGW program. KGA (1470kc) 7 to 12, ABC program.

San Francisco KFO (680kc) 7, concert orchestra; 8, features; 9, Nathan Abas, violinist; 9:30, Tommy and Bob; 10 to 12, NBC. KPBC (610kc) 7, features; 10, Amos and Andy; 10:10, Val Valente's orchestra; 11:10, Anson Weeks' orchestra.

Los Angeles KXN (1950kc) 7, orchestra, features; 9, Lubovick trio; 10, Gus Arnheim's orchestra; 12 to 1, dance hour. KFI (640kc) 7:30, NBC; 8:30, features; 9, concert; 10 to 11, NBC. Seattle KJR (970kc) 7 to 12, ABC program.

KOMO (920kc) 7:30, NBC; 8:30, old-time band; 9:30, musical program; 10, brass band; 11, news; 11:15, music. Oakland KLN (880kc) 7, news; 7:30, Edna Fisher, pianist; 8, features; 9 to 10, Hawaiian. KGO (790kc) 7:30, NBC; 9:30, mystery serial; 10 to 12, NBC.

Legislator O. B. Whitaker of Missouri, who lost his voice recently and has found it an advantage to have to commit his sentiments to paper, thinks it might be better if all legislators were dumb, but you might think, from hearing them talk, that most of them were.

Speaking of famous athletes, "I'm always on the team," said the horsefly.

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GOLD BULLETS by Charles G. Booth

SYNOPSIS: Murder, intrigue and romance! A net of circumstantial evidence begins to ensnare Jerry Ogden as the slayer of his father, John Peebles, confident in the innocence of Jerry, who is engaged to marry Lucy, Peebles' niece, vows to find the murderer. In the background hovers the ghost town of Torridity, where Ogden owned a deserted mine which the mining Jerry wished to reopen. Torridity, where the legendary Alex Peterson had reigned 30 years before with his gold-mounted revolvers and gold bullets. Peebles had just bought one of those famous revolvers from Nathan Hyde, who refused, mysteriously and furiously, to tell how he obtained it.

Chapter 3 THE FINGER OF SUSPICION I have seen a good bit of death in my time, but never had it seemed so dreadful as it did at this moment. In the nine years I had known Andrew I had become deeply attached to him—he was, perhaps the closest friend I had—and coming upon him struck down like this... I could feel the danger twisting in my own heart. Blinded with tears, I bent over him. He was done for, of course, but the body was still warm. It couldn't have been otherwise, since I had spoken to him less than five minutes ago. I looked at my watch. It was 27 minutes to ten. I had answered his call at exactly nine-thirty. It had taken me perhaps two minutes to come from my den. The head rested on the right cheek, Andrew's right hand was near the telephone; his left was closed lightly over the receiver at the end of the desk. I recognized the dagger. I pulled myself together. I must call the police and question Og-



Mrs. Hubbard gave a sharp cry and fell back, clutching her throat. den's servants. Of the latter there were three: Hubbard and his wife, and Stimson, the gardener. An uprush of horror forced itself into words. "Jerry!" I whispered. "Why didn't you stop!" Sick at heart, I pulled a bell cord in the corner nearest the desk. The hall door was locked, but the key was in the lock and I

brief space of time at his disposal. Nor could the Hubbards. The library door was locked on the inside, so entrance couldn't have been effected from the hall.

Mrs. Hubbard had come up noiselessly. Her eyes flew to the desk. She gave a sharp cry and fell back against the wall, clutch-

ing at her throat. She began to weep. "You'd better take your wife up to her room, Hubbard," I said. "The police will want to talk to both of you. See if you can find Stimson, then come back here." I watched them slowly mount the stairs. Twenty years they had been with Andrew. I went to the hall telephone and called Deacon. "You'd better come over to the Ogden house right away," I told him. "What's wrong, John?" "Ogden—he's dead! It looks like— I could not pronounce the word. He gave a sharp cry. "I'll be right over, John."

Deacon is a square-built man, square of face, square of shoulder, square of heart and mind. Never have I known personal feeling to swing him from the path of duty as he saw it by so much as the breadth of a grain's toll. He is as inexorable as time itself. If a man has the appearance of guilt he investigates him with meticulous honesty, looks him up if the witness swears it and frees him if it doesn't. In "concealed name" cases, such methods are admirable, but when things are not what they seem and facts contradict themselves, the subtle approach and the comprehension and evaluation of human motives are, in my opinion, more likely to get at the truth. Deacon laughs at me, of course. For this reason I dreaded his appearance. The serious implications of the evidence had not escaped my mind for an instant. I had seen Jerry flying down the drive a minute or so after his father had been stabbed to death. I had called and instead of answering me he had gone faster. That was a fact. But so was my faith in his innocence a fact; that is, it was a fact to me. I knew that Jerry couldn't have killed his father. Deacon liked the boy, too, but his concrete mind would ignore the human element and consider only evidence that could be demonstrated. I decided not to tell him what I had seen. He must dig up his own evidence. Perhaps it wasn't Jerry I had seen after all. No, this wouldn't do. He was in my home every day in various kinds of attire and his flannels were as fa-

milier to me as were my own garments. Besides, an eye for detail has become second nature with me. I then tried to comfort myself with the thought that Jerry would return and explain his precipitous flight. He would, of course! But what was the young fool up to?

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OFFICE CAT By Junius

A man had to laugh when the lecturer asked "Is there a butcher in the audience?" He said there was a chicken in the front row that needed dressing. Mrs. Jones: "I don't believe Helen's young man is just all we thought he was, John." Mr. Jones: "What's the trouble now?" Mrs. Jones: "He hung his hat over the keyhole." Suckers used to be born one a minute, now they're born ten a second. Ask any magician, he knows. Helen: "What's the difference between dancing and marching?" Robert: "I dunno." Helen: "I thought so."

PIE-AND-EAR DAYS Modern Youth (in restaurant): "Isn't this appetizing?" Unsophisticated girl friend: Mildred (jelly): "And shall I return the engagement ring?" Frank: "Oh, no, don't bother; I'll just have the notice of the next installment sent to you."

After all the tumult and shouting, wouldn't it be a rather sour joke on Mrs. Gann if Charlie decided to get married?

Every day some one tries to spoil it all by chirping, "You will have lots of winter yet." Most of us think that but we do not like to be reminded of it all the time. "So you'd like to marry my daughter, eh?" asked the girl's father. "What do you make?" "Nothing, sir," replied the suitor proudly. "I don't even touch the stuff."

Mrs. Naylor—Your house seems so homelike. Mrs. Nextdoor—Do you think so? Mrs. Naylor—Yes, you've got so many of my cooking utensils borrowed that your kitchen seems more natural to me than my own.

PHILADELPHIA, May 8 (AP)—Martin Maloney, papal marquis and one of the foremost laymen of the Catholic church in America, capitalist and philanthropist, died here today. He was 81 years old.



BALL BEARING Lawn Mower \$8.95 14-in. blade. Thonk Lawn Mower, self adjusting, ball bearing. The spring construction takes up any wear on bearings. Made throughout of best materials you are assured of long trouble-free service. CARR FURNITURE CO., Inc. Main 770

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"They're all good cigarettes, chief—but this one is a pippin"

115 B & O MEN TEST 4 LEADING CIGARETTES

"Why should I change?" says the average smoker, when someone suggests another cigarette. "I'm used to my brand... and it's a good smoke."

Of course it's good. Not even Old Man Habit can hold a smoker to a poor smoke. But being used to an old thing often keeps a man from getting acquainted with a better one. That's the reason for these "concealed name" cigarette tests now going on all over the country. To give a man a chance to find out, on the level, which cigarette his taste really does like best.

Look what happened at the Mt. Clare shops of the B & O in Baltimore, the other day. Most of the fellows there had been smoking that old favorite (let's call it Brand Y) for years. But when Chairman of Machinists, James E. Poulton, handed out the four leading cigarettes with paper "masks" over the names, 57 out of 115 picked OLD GOLD as the best cigarette. It was a walkaway for OLD GOLDS!

"That only proves," said a chief mechanic, "that a fellow misses a lot if he gets too set in his ways."



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Coupe	\$1195 to \$1250	\$1395 to \$1450	\$1865 to \$1875
Sport Cars	\$1225	\$1525	\$1925 to \$1950

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