

Wheat Futures

Stocks Stage

NEW YORK, July 12.—Today's closing prices:					
Al Chem & Dye	165	Coml Solvent	10	Natl Dairy Prod	10
Alkalis Stores	9	Comwhl & Sou.	1 1/2	National Dist.	26
American Can	95 1/2	Consol Edison	31	Natl Power & Lt	8
Amer For Power	2 1/2	Consolidated Oil	8	Northern Pacific	8
Amer Power & Lt.	4	Corn Products	60 1/2	Packard Motors	3
Amer Rad Std San	12	Curtiss Wright	5	J C Penney	91 1/2
Amer Roll Mills	13	Douglas Aircraft	69 1/2	Phillips Petrol	33
Amer Smelt & Ref.	43	Du Pont de N.	151	Press Steel Car.	8
Amer Tel & Tel.	165 1/2	Elec Power & Lt.	7 1/2	Pub Service N.J.	38
Amer Tobacco	84	Eric RR	1 1/2	Pullman	27 1/2
Amer Water Wks.	9	General Electric	16	Safeway Stores	43
Anaconda	25 1/2	General Food	45	Shawmut Bank	11
Armour III	9 1/2	Genl Motors	44	Shell Union	11 1/2
		Goodrich Tyres	28	Sau. Cal. Edison	27

Ball & Obbo	4%	Hudson Motors	4%	Standard Oils	4%
Baldwin	4%	Illinois Central	11%	Stand Oil Calif.	26%
Baldwin	22%	Insap Copper	11%	Stand Oil N.J.	2%
Baldwin	26%	Int Harvester	57%	Studebaker	7%
Baldwin	26%	Int Nickel Can.	47%	Sun Oil	2%
Baldwin	26%	Int Paper & P. P.	32%	Timk Rock Bear.	40%
Baldwin	26%	Int Tei & Tel.	61%	Trans-America	6%
Baldwin	26%	Johns Manville	70%	Union Carbide	77%
Baldwin	26%	Kennecott	35%	United Aircraft	31%
Baldwin	26%	Libbey-O-Ford	46%	United Airlines	11%
Baldwin	26%	Log & Myers B.	107%	US Rubber	47%
Baldwin	26%	Lewis	42%	US Steel	42%
Baldwin	26%	Monty Ward	52%	Walworth	5%
Baldwin	26%	Nash Kelvins	61%	Western Union	21%

the soil and these eggs on hatching give rise to tiny worms which make their way between the husk and the nut to the basal scar where they bore into the nut itself.

A spray of lead arsenate applied to the trees before the eggs hatch will kill many of the tiny worms as they make their way to the nut. The spray should contain some spreader

pounds of lead arsenate to 1 gallons of water. It should be applied as soon as possible now and should be done thoroughly covering all nuts and foliage. A Rieder advises.

FROM TREE CAMP

LIBERTY — Eugene Shutt worth has returned to the Co camp in Monument after

to the spray solution of 3½ cents.

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For All Needs*

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By CLIFF STERRETT

A cartoon illustration by Cliff Sterrett. It depicts a man in a suit running away from a large, angry crowd. A speech bubble from the man says, "I WOULD CONSIDER PLAYIN' A HALF-BREED FER IT." The crowd is represented by a large, dark, swirling mass of people. The man is running towards the right, away from the crowd. The background is simple, with some trees and a building visible in the distance. The cartoon is signed "STERRETT" in the bottom right corner.

SYNOPSIS

It was bad enough when Toni Goddard's father became bankrupt, but when her fiancé, the socially prominent Brock Milbank, eloped with Jessica Payne, it was almost more than she could bear. However, the homely philosophy of an old fisherman gives Toni hope. He compares his life to that of a fisherman's net, and, though tough, torn and patched, though torn, it is mended and put to sea again, adding, "There's healing in work!" So Toni goes to New York in search of work. Weeks pass and she finds none. Then one day, Bridget, an old apple vender, suggests that Toni try for the chorus of the New Gallic Casino, telling her to ask for Cassie. Toni goes to Cassie, the latter's mother, in Cincinnati, tent her. She gets the job. The night before she is to go on, she watches the performance. A dark, handsome man, sitting nearby, stares at her. Toni recognizes the advances of "Fatty" Gusheim, her director. She now lives with Cassie. One evening she meets her room-mate's boy friend, Herman, whom she recognizes as the man who stole her diamond necklace and then substituted disreputable looking cat fur for it. "Fatty" discharges Toni and she splits with Cassie because of her accusation of Herman. A Mr. Niklas engages Toni as a drawing-card for a new night club, but he is vague as to her duties. There is considerable controversy about Niklas, which Toni cannot detect. An exclusive restaurant, he points out, wealthy Harriet Brewster and tells Toni he desires her to become a patron of his club, adding, "Where she goes, the rich crowd follows." Toni gasps when she looks at Miss Brewster's escort. He is the handsome man who stared at her at the Casino. Very lonely in her loneliness she had thought of him. He is wealthy Guy Halstead-Flagg. Niklas awaits his publicity man, Lou Steiner.

"Hi! That makes it perfect!" Again his eyes swopt her as though she were a race horse or a dog, thought Toni. "She's got points, Nicky. She's an aristocrat. See her hands—the way she fingers that jactrian throat of hers. I've got it. Name's prophetic. Marie Antoinette and the guillotine!"

In her embarrassment, Toni had been fingering a slim chain about her neck. To Lou Steiner, the gesture suggested something more.

Niklas demurred. "But the movies and the stage have played that out. Lou thought a minute.

"Listen." His eyes snapped. "That old fool of a Lou Steiner's much more to his queen, so she up and got her a lover, Count Something-or-other, and according to the record he was a darn good-looking chap. A foreigner, if I remember, with big deep-set eyes like Miss Goddard's. Nicky!"—he rapped the table sharply. "What say we recreate her as their descendant?"

Toni thought: "He is quite mad!"

"I am an American," she began. Niklas's suaveness vanished. He said sharply: "The kind of work I offer you demands understanding, Miss Goddard. Please understand that the night clubs are already surfeited with society singers, what you call home-products. Novelty is a first essential. I can go out on Broadway and get girls by the score. It was the knowledge of the French language, your rendition of French songs, that interested me, primarily. Whether you could be trained to look the role of queen's descendant remains to be decided."

It was a distinct snub. Fearful that she would lose the part, Toni said quickly: "I understand. It shall be as you say."

With a tug at the heart, a kind of desperate nostalgia, she realized the worlds that now separated her, socially as well as financially, from that happy day.

lover? Repeat that." He looked over his shoulder, for fear someone might be listening. But the buzz of conversation, the clink of glasses and rush of waiters, completely covered their talk.

"Why not present her as a newly imported beauty of the Old Régime of France? It wouldn't be difficult to set the rumor going that the girl has royal blood in her veins. She has the air, Nicky. In the thousands town it wouldn't be hard to swing it that she's a direct descendant of Marie Antoinette—on the left-hand side," he finished with a wink.

Niklas said: "Ah! The whispering campaign!"

"Exactly. More star material has been put over by gossip than by anything else. Glamour, Nicky! Mystery! Get me?"

"Her name?"

Lou Steiner gave Toni another swift glance. "The Goddard would be dropped, naturally. She doesn't have to have a last name. Antoinette! That's pretty. That's appropriate. The club is being decorated to set the scene. Fresh cheese, with a garden and a fountain in the middle. Say, why not name it *Le Chateau de la Marquise*? She's the chataleine, get me? The owner of the castle! I see peacocks, illuminated water, fete like they had at the Petit Trianon in the days of her ancestress, the queen at Versailles!"

"When I look at Antoinette, there is no resemblance between her and the poor, guillotined Marie. And she's fingering her throat again. Look, Nicky, I do believe," cried the press agent, giving himself over to his dream, his eyes shining, "that the spirit of the dead queen is in her, remembering the sharp feel of the ax!"

"Good-bye," said Niklas. And to Toni's amazement, there was no light of humor in his brilliant black eyes. He added, practically: "Naturally it will depend on the audi-

ity and new ideas.

Else he would not have lasted with Niklas.

"This is Miss Antoinette Goddard, the young lady of whom I spoke," said the promoter, watching the expression of his publicity man.

Low's reaction was unaccountably correct. If he didn't see possibilities in the girl, the deal would be off.

"Antoinette!" repeated the new comer, turning his eyes full on Toni. "Happy coincidence! An Empress! Got the ah, Nicky. Bright boy! You're some picker!" And he seated himself with a flourish.

Toni consumed creamed mushrooms, watching the pair. Niklas's words about attracting the rich man from the South had been vastly disturbing.

Lon Steiner ate and drank. Despite his evident enjoyment of the delicious food, Niklas was aware that his press agent missed nothing in the demeanor of the girl.

"And now to get down to business," he said, when coffee was served. "Miss Goddard speaks excellent French, as I informed you, Low. She has a sweet throaty voice."

What matter if they did give her new identity, weave some story round her, since her old life was swept away as chill winds sweep the leaves of autumn? A new beginning? Why not? Let Toni Goddard disappear as, from her mind and ear, must fade Brock Milbank forever!

"You said Miss Goddard is new to New York? No family? Friends? connections? No one to give her away?" the press agent asked out.

"That's right," said Niklas.

"Anyhow," said Lon Steiner, appraising her keenly, "we'll make a change or two in her appearance. I suggest her hair be made blond. The one of the brows changed, and dyed black, for a start. There's that new shade of green powder—gives the eyes a sparkling transparency—she's a bit slaty. We can use the eye make-up around the eyes, maybe a touch of silver on the lashes, and bright rose lipstick. Huh?"

Niklas weighed this in silence. The press agent went on: "My idea to create glamor, mystery about her. Get the town talking."

"What," asked Niklas, "was your idea about Marie Antoinette and her

over" repeat that." He looked over his shoulder, for fear someone might be listening. But the buzz of conversation, the clink of glasses and rush of waiters, completely covered their talk.

"Why not present her as a newly imported beauty of the Old Régime of France? It wouldn't be difficult to set the rumor going that the girl is a royal belle in her vein. She is, as the air, Nicky. In this enormous town it wouldn't be hard to wing it that she's a direct descendant of Marie Antoinette—on the left-hand side," he finished with a wink.

Niklas said: "Ah! The whispering campaign?"

"Exactly. More star material has been put over by gossip than by anything else. Glamour, Nicky! Mystery! Get me?"

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Lou Steiner gave Toni another swift glance. "The Goddard would be dropped, naturally. She doesn't have to have a last name. Antoinette! That's pretty. That's appropriate. The club is being decorated with a fountain in the middle garden and a fountain in the middle. Say, why not name it *Le chateau du la Marquise*? She's the chataine, get me? The owner of the castle! I see peacocks, illuminated water, fetes like they had at the Petit Trianon in the days of her ancestress, the queen at Versailles! When I look at Antoinette, there's a close resemblance between her and the poor, guillotined Marie! And she's fingering her throat again. Look, Nicky, I do believe," cried the press agent, giving himself over to his dream, his eyes shining, "that the spirit of the dead queen is in her, remembering the sharp feel of the ax!"

"Good night," Nicklas, and to Toni's amazement, there was no get of humor in his brilliant black eyes. He added, practically: "Naturally it will depend on the audi-

He paid the check. They were bound to depart. Toni's heart hammered. Not because of the imminent wedding that meant so much to her, but because of what was. But because, in leaving the Oval Room, they must pass the table where Guy Halestead-Flagg sat with Miss Brewster!

Would he recognize her?—she wondered. Would there be any likelihood of introduction, business being uppermost in Mr. Niklas's mind?

Her hopes were dashed when the dress agent suggested they slip out through the bathroom directly behind the door, for that was the smartest night notice Toni before her transgression, thus possibly spoiling the scheme of the new identity.

Mr. Niklas seemed to demur. The dress agent whispered to him, but she overheard: "Lola's out there in no lobby."

"Oh, very well, then." They made their exit by the bathroom.

Toni thought: "What's the mystery of Lola?"

(To Be Continued)

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MICKEY MOUSE

UNABLE TO GET RID OF THE NOOSE THE "BLOT" PUT AROUND HIS NECK, MICKEY STARTS FOR HOME, ONLY TO BE PINCHED AS AN ATTEMPTED SUICIDE! POLICE CHIEF OHARA COMES TO HIS RESCUE.

THERE Y'ARE, MICKEY! YOU'RE OUT OF THAT JAM, ANYWAY!

THANKS, MR. OHARA! AND I'M STILL IN THIS CASE WITH BOTH FEET!

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LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

Mrs.

IT'S A CINCIN-- YOU KNOW A MAN-- AN EX-CONVICT WHO KNOWS ANNIE ROONEY'S PARENTS ARE ALIVE!! THIS GUY, WARDE, IS A MULTI-MILLIONAIRE AND HE WANTS TO ADOPT--

ANNIE-- NO PARENTS' CONSENT-- NO ADOPTION--

BUT AFTER WARDE SAID YOU HED LEARN YOUR STORY, YOUR STORY WAS FALSE

THAT LUCKY OUT-- WHY ANY B WARD CHASED A BIT--

TOOTS AND CASPER

TOOTS, THIS IS DONALD, MY YOUNGEST SON-- AH, HEH, NOW IF CASPER WILL EXCUSE US WHILE WE HAVE A FEW

SO GLAD TO KNOW YOU!

HELL-- I WOULD!

THIMBLE THEATRE—Starring Popeye

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THERE ARE CLOUDS
OVERHEAD WE ARE
RUNNING INTO A
RAIN AND I HAVE
NO RAINCOAT

I DO NOT LIKE
THE LOOK OF
THE CLOUDS

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The Guy Who'll Crack the Ice!

I'M DURN GLAD YE ARE -- THINGS ARE COOKIN' MIGHTY BLACK! HE BLOT'S SUNNIN' WILD -- EVEN GRABBIN' CAMERAS FROM PEOPLE ON THE STREETS IN BROAD DAYLIGHT!

THE W... ON JU...

lowers Holds a Business Conf...

WOULD BE HIS HARD BEFORE HE FOUND RYTHING FD BE EN- A VACATION WITH IF OF WHAT PAID US -- YOU LL WARDIE WHAT UNSE PLAIN

REMEMBER -- DO IN WRITING -- ON THE PHONE -- M TO YOU -- ALL Y THE ANSTERING PROOF THE K ARE

What a Surprise Casper Gets!

HEY! WHAT ARE YOU THREE SPOW-WOWING ABOUT ANYWAY? IN ON IT AND MAKE IT A FOU

By WALT DISNEY

LE POLICE DEPARTMENT'S
E PAN - EVERYBODY'S
N, ON US
ONCE!

GETTIN'
HOT, IS IT?
DOSSONE IT THAT
BLOT CAN'T GET AWAY
WITH THIS
FOREVER!

WELL, BE CAREFUL, LAD -
HE'S PLENTY SLICK
AND SHARP!

SO'S AN ICICLE
--TILL Y' TURN
ON THE HEAT!

By BRANDON WALSH

PUT ANYTHING
T TALK OVER
E WARDE COME-
DO IS TELL WARDE
STRANGERS HAS
PARENTS ARE
E... I'LL DO THE
REST!

--NO-- I DON'T TRUST MRS. FLOWERS... BUT SHE
CLAIMS SHE KNOWS ANNIE'S PARENTS ARE ALIVE-
IF THAT'S A FACT-- OF COURSE, I'LL HAVE TO HAVE
THE PARENTS' CONSENT BEFORE I CAN ADOPT
ANNIE-- SHHHH-- HERE SHE COMES
NOW

DARRYL
MEASURE

KIS
WALT DISNEY

By JIMMY MURPHY

CASPER, IT'S ALL SET! TOOTS
IS GOING TO MARRY MY SON!

TOOTS

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF ALL THIS?
JIMMY MURPHY

IT WAS A RAINDROP, OLIVE. IT IS STARTIN' TO RAIN BUCKTISFUL

YAS, THERE IS ANOTHER RAINDROP

SLOSH