

great effort, managed to raise his avoirdupois and with the docket book opened, and pen in hand, exclaimed: "Gal, is this yo' first time to be pulled?"

"Yas."

"Well, yuh won't git over 30 days." There was a pause. The officer wrote something down after the name of Marie Jones.

"What's yo' name?" indicating "Shine."

"Mah name am John Washington an' ah has jest been loosed fum de work house dis mawnin' at ten o'clock an' heah am mah papers, an'..."

"Ten o'clock," ejaculated the officer, "tis only eleven o'clock now. let's see them papers."

"H-m-m. And whatcha doing in that house? Whatcha go back fer?" asked the officer.

"Tuh git mah b'longings," explained "Shine."

"Well, the Judge might let you go," decided the officer.

The officer wrote in the docket. "Shine's" eyes twinkled with semi-joy. Marie looked shyly at him with a deceitful smile on her yellow face. Joe shifted in his seat uneasily. Minutes crept away.

"And how about you—this ain't the first time fer you, is it?"

"Well, not exactly," acknowledged Joe, "ah's dun a few little rest ups in heah b'fo' fer rollin' de bones."

The copper looked at Joe with a

frowning grimace after inspecting the 38 special.

Silence reigned, and then still more silence as the big copper looked at Joe and saying not a word. Golla, if he only knew what the copper was thinking about.

Maybe he, too, would only get 30 days. Well, if the officer wouldn't talk he would just have to break this suspense.

"An' officer whatcha think ah'll git?"

"Three years fer carrying concealed weapons."

And with that curt reply the three were led to their cells.

The next morning Marie was the first to be called before the court.

She drew a 30-day suspended sentence and took a seat in the rear of the court to see what would happen to "Shine" and to Joe. "Shine" was reprimanded by the court after the court read the papers and heard the officers' story.

Joe was called before the court and charged with carrying concealed weapons, second offense, pleaded guilty and was sentenced to serve from six months to three years. After sentence was passed he was led back to his cell, sunk in habitude. When the door clanged to behind him he could be heard saying over and over again: "Oh! Lordy, whoa is me! When 'lightnin'' strikes it jest gotta strike me!"

In the meantime "Shine" and Marie were on their way home in a taxi.

"Baby, yuh knows ah was on'y kid-din' wid yuh awl de time," said Marie coyly snuggling up close to "Shine."

"Yes, honey, ah knows yuh was," admitted "Shine," winking at his thoughts.

Back to Mich.



MISS HELEN RHETTA

Dr. Rhetta Wins Daughter's Fight to Reside in Michigan U. Dorm

DETROIT—The new Mosher-Jordan dormitory at the University of Michigan will be open to all co-eds this fall.

This was made known last month when two Detroit students received communication from the university, stating that their applications for the rooms had been accepted and the rooms would be at their disposal when the fall term opened.

The new \$800,000 building that was thrown open to students last fall, created a racial issue when two girls claimed that the university refused to accept them as residents in the new dormitory on account of their color.

On February 1, Senator Charles A.

Roxborough, of the Third Senatorial district, offered a resolution in the senate at Lansing, asking for an investigation of racial discrimination at the university.

At the time Senator Roxborough stated that his resolution was the result of the alleged refusal of Shirley G. Smith, secretary, and Dr. Alexander G. Ruthven, president of the university, to allow two colored girls, regularly enrolled students, to live in the new dormitory. The senator claimed that the girls declared that the refusal was based on prejudice.

The two girls in question were Misses Helen Rhetta, a junior of Baltimore, and Vivian Wilson, of Washington, D.C. The girls filed their applications for admittance in the new dormitory in December, 1929. Toward the close of the school year the girls had not received any word relative to their applications, although it was generally known on the campus that white co-eds were being accepted.

Trip to Ann Arbor

Dr. Rhetta, Baltimore physician and father of Helen Rhetta, aided by Governor Ritchie, of Maryland, made a trip to Ann Arbor to talk the trouble over with Miss Alice Lloyd, dean of women, and President Ruthven.

When Miss Rhetta returned to school last fall she was met at the station by Miss Lloyd and taken to a newly-painted 20-room dormitory for colored students only.

Dr. Rhetta told the news reporter that Miss Helen had received word of the acceptance of her application for a room in Mosher-Jordan dormitory. Her roommate will be a Detroit girl.

Fireproof Wood

Can you imagine wood that will not burn? As a matter of fact there is no known wood that will not burn in the natural state. But Dr. P. G. von Hildebrand, the well known chemist and former German spy who has experimental laboratories at Springdale, near Pittsburgh, Pa., has discovered a way to treat any kind of wood to make it fireproof, as strong as steel and as light as aluminum.

GOOD NEWS FOR THOSE WHO LIKE COFFEE

"I like a good cup of coffee with every meal but I used to suffer when I drank it," says Edward J. Owens, well-known salesman of 86 Falmouth Street, Boston, Mass.

"I would have sick headaches; would belch, leaving a sour taste in my mouth, gas on my stomach, and terrible indigestion."

"I tried many things before my druggist persuaded me to take some Pape's Diapepsin."

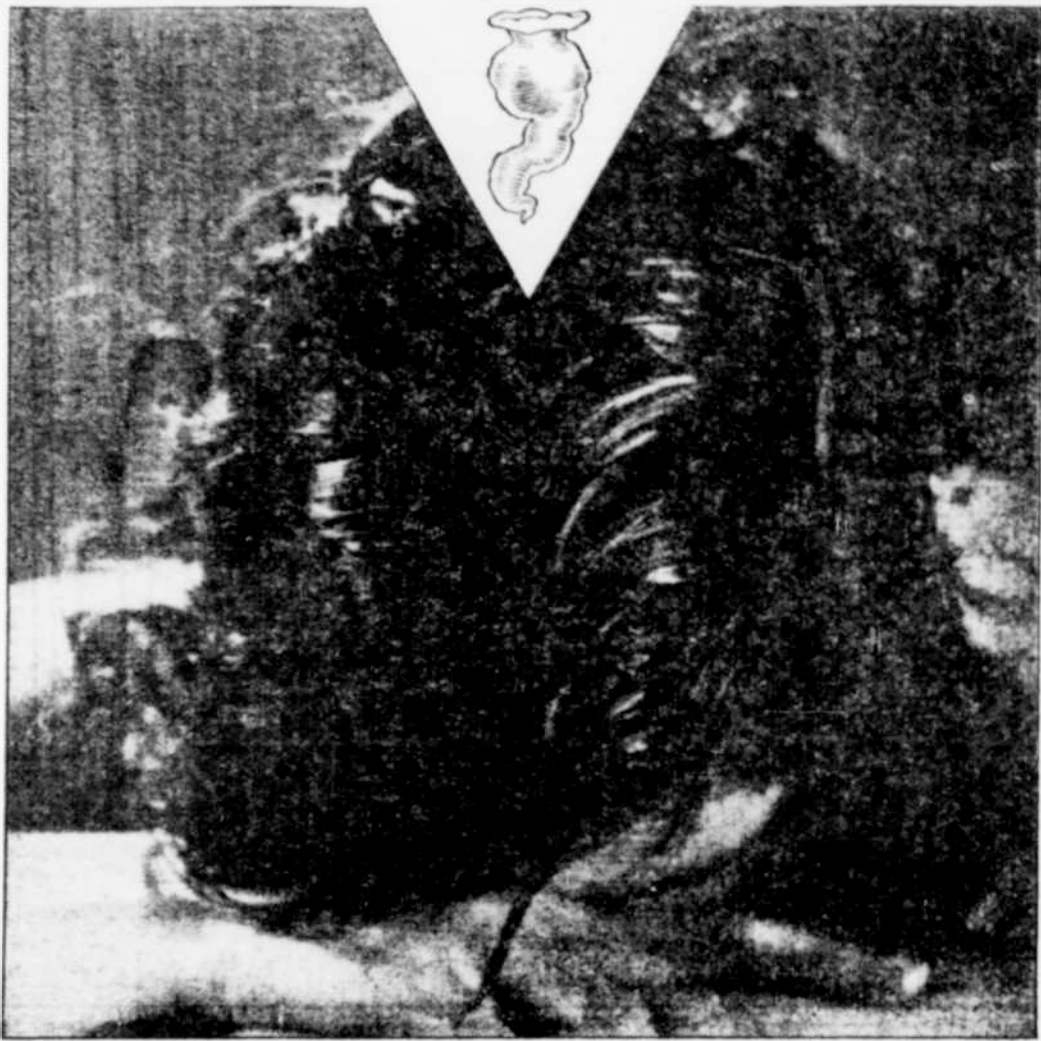
"I have a better appetite. Now, I can drink coffee even late at night, eat lobsters, pork or anything I want and sleep like a baby."

Get a package of these candy-like tablets from your druggist. They stop heartburn, gas on stomach, belching, nausea, headaches or any other symptom of indigestion soon as the trouble starts.

PAPE'S DIAPEPSIN



LAZY GLANDS



Don't fool yourself! DANDRUFF is the sign of a FOULED SCALP. You can't brush away or wash away PORE FILTH or SCALP SCALE. There is only one remedy—stimulate the lazy glands.

Dandruff is our national shame because people ignore the truth about their hair. Dandruff is a scalp disorder. Soap and water can't cure a sick scalp.

Forget surface treatments and get down to the glands.

All hair is nourished by tiny glands, deep in the scalp. When they don't open, your hair starves, gets dry and brittle, and in time falls out. What hair is left loses color. But instead of "touching up" hair that's streaked or off-color, try gland stimulation. Faded locks will come back like magic! *Pigmentation will revive the natural color of any hair not completely, permanently gray.*

Start the stimulation of those lazy

glands tonight. The only way to wake them is by massage. Use the finger-tips, dipped in Danderine, to cut through gummed pores and hardened secretions. The first treatment will end dandruff. The first week will loosen the tightest scalp. Two weeks will give the hair new life and promote vigorous coloring and growth. If you don't believe Danderine makes the hair grow, measure a lock before you begin treatment!

If your hair is so dead it will scarcely hold a wave, or your scalp is granular and greasy from wasted secretions, stimulate the lazy glands with Danderine and see what happens before you have used up one thirty-five cent bottle!

DANDERINE

35¢