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BIBLE SELECTION AND PRAYER April 13, 1929

GREAT CONTRASTS—Who is wise, and he shall understand these things? prudent, and he shall know them?

PRAYER—"God never yet forsook in need, The soul that trusteth Him indeed."

AN INLAND NEW YORK Industrialists and business men in the middle west are already looking forward to the time when a "second New York" will appear on the shores of one of the Great Lakes to handle much of the great inland empire's important export trade.

Eventual opening of the St. Lawrence canal—which is taken for granted in the middle-west—will, it is believed, be a tremendous help to the industry and trade of the interior.

Such lake ports as Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, Toledo and Buffalo are making extensive plans for harbor development. They see a new era of prosperity on the horizon, and are getting ready to make the most of it.

In some sections, particularly the east, the St. Lawrence waterway is not much talked of. But the mid-west wants it, and wants it badly.

THE DEFEAT OF TUBERCULOSIS

The time has arrived, writes Dr. Louis I. Dublin in the April Harper's magazine, when we may look forward to the virtual elimination of tuberculosis as a major problem in public health.

Dr. Dublin quotes figures to support his view. In 1900 the death rate from tuberculosis in the registration states of America was 195 per 100,000 of population.

By 1910 it had dropped to 164, and by 1926 it was down to 84.

More striking yet, he points out, the rate is diminishing at an ever faster rate. The dreaded "white plague" is slowly being brought under control, and that fact represents one of the major accomplishments of the twentieth century.

A Democratic club was held up in New York the other day and \$1500 taken from the card players. This will prove interesting information to the National Committee.

Calvin Coolidge had nothing to say to reporters in New York the other day. Try to find the news in that.

TODAY

By ARTHUR BRISBANE

A Pleasant Bomb Only \$72,000,000 Mr. Coolidge's Work Transplanted Gorillas

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THE story of the "deadly" bomb intended for New York's Governor Roosevelt, exploded, pleasantly. It was an imitation b.o.m.b. manufactured, placed and "discovered" by one whose hope was profit and a glorious memory.

THE Ford company statement, filed in Massachusetts yesterday, says Mr. Ford has on hand \$582,629,563. Not exactly poverty, but seventy-two millions less than Ford had a year ago. This shows that it costs money to change one car to another, rip out great factories, install new machinery.

However, the Ford plant is now producing more than 7,000 passenger cars and trucks per day. That \$75,000,000 will soon be replaced. Two million cars a year should easily yield \$100,000,000 profit, five per cent on two billions.

RESIDENT Coolidge becomes a director in the New York Life company in place of the late Ambassador Herrick.

Such a man as Mr. Coolidge could not remain idle. And he could with difficulty find work more useful than life insurance. It insulates thrift, provides for widows and children.

A FAMILY of gorillas living in the Kivu district of the Congo, where they inhabited a peaceful volcano, killed by Carl Akeley, are now "dwelling," started, in the museum of natural history in New York.

All those that can, should see them.

NOTHING could have made those gorillas, when romping around the volcano, believe that such a place as New York existed, or that they could ever go there. But it does exist and they did go.

That might encourage atheists to believe that there may be something finer than New York and that we may go there, later.

THE United States, producing 4,600 airplanes in 1928, leads in aircraft output.

France in 1928 built only 1,440 airplanes.

Great Britain sells more airplanes abroad than we do.

FRANCE, however, has five times as many fighting planes as we have. Her fighting air fleet is so big it makes Great Britain very polite.

France is the real airplane country, no matter what others may manufacture. Britain is catching up. We lag behind, but that will change.

A GENTLEMAN of the American Defense society, who would only accept immigrants as much as possible like the Puritans, keeping out others, says, "President Hoover doesn't know as much about immigration as some of us."

Mr. Hoover knows a good deal more about immigration than the American Defense society knows.

FORMER SECRETARY REDFIELD, at a luncheon given by L. J. Horowitz, to promote arbitration in place of law suits, said that the word "alloy" that once meant "inferiority"; now stands for improvement.

Steels are made better by alloys, the mixing in of other metals.

Byrd Ship Crew Tells of Peril (Continued from Page One)

aloud could not clear a path," Adams said.

"The nearest land was Dundas, more than 2000 miles away. It was 29 degrees below zero and it looked like we were in for it. Great icebergs were floating toward us. Then a half mile came up out of the south and a crack appeared in the ice, through which we made our way to open water. It was a miraculous escape."

Returning, they barely made their way out before the Polar winter descended on the desolate region, which would have brought almost certain death.

The had been gone approximately six months.

When they left, Commander Byrd had built substantial huts to keep his party warm during the winter and had buried two airplanes under the snow. The men were also digging tunnels in the snow for themselves and their dogs.

HUMAN races are also improved by alloys, mixture of other human beings.

We need all kinds of humans that mix satisfactorily.

For reasons known to Providence, the Mongolian and Caucasian races do not mix well.

THOSE that gamble in stocks or anything else are foolish and will regret it. But the country is prosperous and business is good.

United States Steel reports at the end of March orders unfilled of 4,419,718 tons, a gain of 266,377 tons for the month. United States Steel went up \$4.25 a share yesterday.

NEW YORK banks called \$10,000,000 in loans for speculation in obedience to law from a "higher source." Money went to 10 per cent.

Foreigners and big corporations are lending money at the high interest rates. Banks, obedient to orders, lend comparatively little of it.

STUYVESANT FISH uses officials that stopped his yacht, looking for liquor, of which he had none. It was a new yacht.

Mr. Fish wants to "protect the rights of yachtsmen."

TO protect the rights of raw boats and other small craft, or ought to be, is more important, in a republic, since there are more of them.

However, republic or no republic, stopping a rich man's yacht seems to create more excitement than breaking into a poorer man's house and killing his wife.

WHAT would an automobile dealer in Klamath Falls do if 10,000 pennies were deposited on his front door step with the request that he run out a brand new automobile?

This is what happened in Dayton, Ohio, when an automobile dealer was confronted by Clarence and George Koener, 16 and 5 years of age, who were desirous of buying a car. It was found that every one of the 10,000 pennies they had saved bore an Indian head, the penny which was superceded in 1905 by the Lincoln head and thereby hangs a tale, says the Christian Science Monitor.

Clarence had carried a route with 72 papers. At first he saved all his cent pieces but the customers gave him so many that he decided to have only the Indian heads. Later on, George grew big enough to help him.

"We went to Dayton banks and asked them for the papers in which they wrap pennies," Clarence said, "and we kept the pennies rolled in packages of 50 at our grandmother's house because she had more room." The boys' father made up the amount necessary for the boys to pay cash for the car, and the pennies were put on display in the town show window of the bank in which the automobile dealer did business.

All of which goes to show that anyone can buy an automobile who will persevere and save his money.

OVER in Ashland the peddler's license is \$100 for one year, and the city council will not issue a license for less than a year.

This is a very fine way to rot around the legal technicalities which the peddlers claim they can overcome, if the council shall charge them an exorbitant license fee for a short period of time. It is very evident that Ashland has been up against the house to house peddlers, and has solved the problem. It would be well for all cities to plan after the Ashland example, "one hundred dollars for one year, and no license issued for less than a year."

FIFTEEN cougars were killed in Oregon in one week, and a total of \$350 was paid out by the state game commission in bounties. It was money well spent.

The humanity of the original story, show the conflict of father-son, the triumph of love and humor of intolerance. Picturesque backgrounds, extending from New York to California delight the eye as the story unfolds, and the musical score as played by Harry Borol and the Pelican orchestra evaporates. Rex Stratton, at the Wurlitzer, offers a medley of "Rose" songs that delight.

Thoughts We've Been Thinking

Another Proof of the D. A. R.'s High Place in Society: Japan Had Better Watch Her Step on Lumber Tariff.

By BRUCE DENNIS

HERE is another instance that daughters of the American Revolution have caused a place in society and also a reason why they are honored and revered by every one who has love for flag and country: At Hillsboro, Oregon, a few days ago the Daughters of the American Revolution placed a memorial tablet on the grave of Joe L. Meek. Mr. Meek was the first United States marshal in the Oregon territory. For 15 years he was a hunter and trapper of the mountains of the territory, but when appointed by President Polk he was in the east. He came west with a new governor, Josepa Lane, arriving on March 2, 1849.

The Daughters of the American Revolution never forget the men who did things worth while in the early days.

WHEN Japan decided to raise the tariff on lumber from our northwest entering her country she certainly did not realize how many women of the north-west wear silk dresses, silk underclothing, and silk hosiery. All of the silk come from Japan. As a retaliation measure it will be easy enough to raise the duty on Japanese silk.

WHEN William Miles Randall tasted the fly-bite in the county jail a few days ago he was a little ahead of time for fly season is not here yet. Judging from the last few cold days.

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RICH GIRL & POOR GIRL & RUTH DEWEY GROVES

SYNOPSIS Mildred Lawrence, stenographer at the Judson hotel, has her fox fur snatched from her in a crowd, but Stephen Armitage catches the thief and returns the scarf. He asks to take her home. Not wishing to seem ungrateful, she invites him to dinner.

Their evening is spoiled when Pamela Judson, daughter of Mildred's employer, phones her to return to duty. Stephen escorts her to the hotel, where Pamela recognizes him as the gentleman who had sold her a car. She snubs Mildred and tries to lure Stephen away by pretending she wants to buy another car.

Then Pamela meets Huck Connor, who becomes infatuated with her, and she amuses herself by playing with both men. When Stephen favors Mildred the manager asks her to be careful of Pamela will have her discharged. But this may not be so easy, as her brother, Harold, is in love with Mildred. He is rather a workaholic, and Mildred wrings him around with Huck's crowd and permits him to call at her home in order to keep him from them. While he was there Stephen phoned.

Stephen had experienced a definite reaction in regard to Mildred. Rather tolerantly regretted at first of what appeared to be the end of their blossoming friendship, he found after a night of sleeping on it that he did not want to let her go.

Of course it wasn't serious, the way he felt about her. No more serious than was his feeling for Pamela. Mildred wasn't so amusing as Pamela, either. He didn't quite know why he was attracted to her. She was just a nice girl, while Pamela . . . well, Pamela kept a fellow guessing. You never knew what she would do next. It was exciting.

But a fellow didn't want excitement all the time. It was painful being with Mildred. He guessed he'd better see her again and fix things up.

And then, when Mildred had evaded him, he grew determined to see her.

She couldn't put him off, either, although she told him she didn't feel like seeing anyone that night. Stephen was impatient.

"Oh, all right," Mildred gave in, "if you want to."

She thought her indifference might cause him to change his mind. She hoped he would stay away. At least she told herself she did, but her eyes already had grown brighter and the weariness that had lain like a film over her sensitive features was gone when she returned to the living room. In its place was a look of transport that brought a scowl to Harold's visage.

"Who was that? Jack Gilbert?" he said sarcastically. "Look out or you'll melt before he gets here."

Mildred went over to see if she could get more volume out of the radio.

"No one in particular, jealous," she said lightly, but the overtones of her voice were joyous in spite of her effort to keep it level.

"In that case I suppose you won't leave that devilish invention in the next five minutes and rush off to change your dress while I sit here and twiddle my thumbs," Harold mocked.

Mildred turned with well-feigned surprise. "Why, how did you guess I'm just roasting to death in this jersey?" she asked innocently.

"I'm good at guessing," Harold told her. "But I don't have to guess now. You ought to learn to play poker, Mildred. Your face is as open as a deck of marked cards."

Mildred walked over to a window and opened it. "But it is hot," she maintained naively.

Harold came over beside her. He put an arm swiftly around her and Mildred felt the trembling of his fingers as he pulled her to him.

"I'd give half my life if you would put on an expression like that for me," he burst out passionately.

He had buried his face in her hair and Mildred heard his sob.

"Oh, don't, don't," she cried, and put her arms around his neck.

"They stood there, like that, quietly, for a long moment. Then Harold lifted his face and smiled. The smile tore at Mildred's heart. "Love's a damn fool thing," Harold said bitterly.

Mildred looked at him steadily and her eyes grew misty with tender sympathy. "I've an idea it might be very sweet," she said softly. "But I guess you and I won't find that out, Harold. We aren't lucky."

Harold uttered a harsh laugh. "What are you worrying about?" he asked. "You burst out like a midsummer garden of roses just because some guy telephoned that he's coming up. Well, what do you suppose he's coming for? If you feel like that about him you've no need to worry over your luck."

"He's just coming because he lives in a hotel and misses his home," Mildred said, trying to deny both to Harold and to her self that Stephen's visit could have a portentous meaning.

"Don't you believe it!" Harold declared warmly. "It's you he's coming for. Who's going to waste his time on pacific atmosphere unless there's a girl in it that he wants?"

Mildred shook her head. "No, you're wrong, Harold," she said. "This is Stephen Armitage, and if you must know, I'm certainly not the girl in his young life."

Harold put his hands on her shoulders and held her firmly, though she had tried to move away. "If you mean Pamela," he said tensely, "don't let her worry you. She plays with every new man she meets. She's even putting the spell on Huck Connor."

Mildred's eyes blazed. "That's just it! She wants them all. But I should think that you, as her brother, would put a stop to her having anything to do with Mr. Connor. I tell you he isn't right!"

"You oughtn't to say that unless you know something against him," Harold objected. "He seems O.K. to me. Take his drinks and his losses like a gentleman, as they used to say. Pretty decent sort with the girls, too. I watched Pamela work. She tried her darndest to make him start something, but he kept as cool as any man could."

"Oh, well . . ." Mildred desisted of convincing him that Huck was dangerous. He could have no conception of a man whose emotionalism was buried so deep that a pretty girl could not awaken it against his will, she realized.

"I suppose you'd like to ask me to go," Harold said as Mildred hesitated over warning him any further against Huck.

"Oh, no," she answered quickly, "please stay."

Harold scowled darkly. "Want to play me against Armitage?" he asked suspiciously.

"Don't be so stupid," Mildred told him impatiently, hoping he wouldn't want to make an issue of the matter. She feared to have him go now, after the scene that had been through, for that his jealous, hopeless mood would lead him into disaster. But she knew if he guessed what was on her mind he would go.

"I tell you Mr. Armitage is nothing more than a mere acquaintance to me," she said earnestly.

"Then you might have told him you were just starting for China or Hawaii."

Mildred smiled. "Having no serious designs upon either you or Mr. Armitage, I didn't see why we couldn't have a party," she said sweetly. "Got busy and see if you can't bring in something amusing on our set while I change, will you? That's a dear."

"Dear enemy from now on," Harold crumbled. "I still think I'm a sap to stay."

"A fine friend you would be to leave," Mildred called back from the door. "So . . . Mr. Armitage might meet you on the way out and think I'd cleared the deck for him."

"Wouldn't that be too devastating?" Harold jeered, but Mildred was gone. "A mere acquaintance! A string of ha-ha's."

His sarcasm failed to ease the ache in his heart, however, and when Mildred came back, looking charming in the new dress

she had bought to wear to the theatre with Stephen, Harold cursed Stephen Armitage silently and thought: Suddenly he knew that he couldn't stay and watch her being agreeable to him.

"I'm going to clear out," he said firmly.

Mildred vainly urged him to stay, but in her heart she knew she'd rather be alone with Stephen.

Still, she worried over Harold until Stephen rang the doorbell, then she completely forgot him.

She opened the door herself, for her mother was busy with incoming in her room. She said good evening just as she would to anyone at all who wasn't unwelcome, but Stephen was something in her starchy eyes and flushed cheeks that spoke a warmer welcome.

Mildred put out a hand and he took it. Then he kissed her. She did not utter a sound or squirm from his grasp, but when he released her she caught her breath and stood off from him in wordless confusion while she fought for calm.

Stephen looked at her questioningly. His impulsive act had surprised him as well as her. He had not planned to kiss her. She had looked irresistible, and he had not resisted. He expected anything then except what actually happened.

"I'm sorry you did that," Mildred said quietly, and Stephen had sense enough to know that she meant it. It made him feel awkward, and the awkwardness was uncomfortable. Being uncomfortable, he said the wrong thing.

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Are You Staying Home

from the lack of a comfortable and competent car? Are you exposing the family in the old "buz"? Do you get any "kick" out of driving with all the rattles and bangs and lack of power and pep?

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USED CAR

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Buick Sedan

1926 Master 4-door. In first class shape, extra good tires. Well worth the price.

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1927 Master. Fully equipped, very good tires. This car does