

VARIOUS PLANS TO STEAL TIME AND MONEY FROM THE UNWARY

Bankers Association Official Tells How Young People Are Fleeced in "Hokum Pokum" Movie Schemes—The Investor Loses Savings by Listening to Messrs. Slick and Smooth.

By W. R. MOREHOUSE
Public Relations Commission, American Bankers Association

THE fabulous salaries paid stars of the first magnitude, and the publicity of the "movies" naturally create longing in the breasts of thousands of our young Americans to get into motion pictures. Because so many are ready to leave home, and risk everything on a fling at motion pictures, unscrupulous persons have devised ways of fleecing these ambitious young people out of their savings. "Hokum-pokum" schemes of various kinds are used with great success. Fake courses in the art of acting before the camera, fake courses on how to make-up, fake registration gags and screen tests, are among the schemes used to separate these thousands of young people from their cash.



W. R. MOREHOUSE

The pilgrimage to the motion pictures centers by thousands of novices usually ends disastrously for the pilgrims. Naturally a few are successful, but only a very, very few, the ninety and nine meeting with disappointment. The truth is, the number of persons who seek to "break into" the movies exceed the number of available positions by one hundred to one, while in the realm of popular stars it is thousands to one.

Don't be misled by the promises of promoters of hokum-pokum schemes that there is room for all, because this last year over 100,000 young people knocked at the door for admission and were turned away because there was no room on the inside for them. Consult your banker or address the National Better Business Bureau, New York City, for information or advice regarding any enterprise that seeks to gain possession of your money. They will give disinterested counsel before it is too late.

Also let every investor approached by either Mr. Slick or Mr. Smooth with a proposition yielding big dividends remember that such assurances always spell financial danger ahead. To every investor who is inexperienced in making investments, in other words perhaps just a little green and perhaps a little too easy, any offer coming from this source should be like a red flag warning to come to a complete stop.

Such investments as Mr. Slick or Mr. Smooth offer are too good to be true and therefore they are not true. Slick, Smooth and Company are not miracle workers although from their sales talk you would infer that they could make you rich as if by magic. No, they are not miracle workers—just slick and smooth.

The Estate Gag

Twenty-four "estates" representing \$1 1/2 billions of dollars have been used as bait to interest a lot of savers and finally bleed them of their savings. The scheme is built around a supposed search for the heirs to certain phantom estates. At all costs these heirs must be found. Every person who can by any hook or crook, figure it out that he is in anyway related to the deceased are urged by some shyster lawyer or genealogist to send in their names and their life history.

Soon they receive glad tidings telling them that their family tree can be traced back to the deceased, in fact, they are a direct descendant and an heir at law.

Like fake raffles everybody who responds to the search is found to be a winner—in other words an "heir." Here is where the rainbow chaser gets trimmed. Before his claim to the mythical thousands can be pressed so as to insure success a demand is made on him to advance attorney's fees and pay the expense of tracing through his genealogy.



The Pilgrimage to the Movies

heavy loss to them have been worked under the following names:

Baker	\$ 250,000,000
Chadwick	37,000,000
Edwards	90,000,000
Ingraham	500,000,000
Hyde	360,000,000
Jennings	400,000,000
Hedges	250,000,000
Kern	200,000,000
Leak	100,000,000
Shepherd	175,000,000
Trotter	200,000,000
Chase	1,800,000,000
Townley	500,000,000
Webber	50,000,000
Weise	20,000,000

Again, before parting with your money in any scheme you do not know all about consult your banker or a Better Business Bureau.

Martha thoughtfully. "I don't believe in all the years I have known you I ever saw your hands idle—except when they had to be in church," she said.

"Well, I've had something to do to bring up my family," Martha replied. "I used to think of a Saturday night when I sat down with my mending basket it was as bottomless as Baucis' pitcher. You remember that old story we used to love when we went to school? Many a Sunday came near catching me with a needle in my hand." She laughed softly. "But now it is different. Jack has a wife to darn his stockings, Lella darns her own.

and Lloyd won't wear darned stockings, anyway. Complains his feet are tender. So I have only my Warren's and my own."

"I hate to darn stockings," said Mrs. Fancher.

Martha clipped off a thread expertly. "Well, I've hated a good many things I have had to do. Still, hating doesn't give you an excuse for not doing them." She proceeded to put a beautiful darn in her youngest son's sock.

After Mrs. Fancher had returned home Martha sat thinking about the past as she emptied her work-basket.

She had married at seventeen to escape from her father's new wife, a harsh, coarse woman, who, in addition to her newly acquired family, had three children of her own. Warren Wells had loved her and though he had been poor he gave her a peaceful shelter and protection. In time she had learned to love him dearly. He had died when her oldest son was twelve.

There had been four children and little enough to support them on. Until Jack was eighteen she had known great poverty, but because she had the wit that turns even a cheap soupbone into a porterhouse and mushroom meal her children had not suffered nor her neighbors suspected.

Her children had that same wit inherited from her, and soon Jack and Lella and Lloyd were doing for themselves and helping her a bit with Warren, the youngest. Now she and Warren were alone and they were both living comfortably on Warren's salary.

A slender woman, with white threads in her black hair, direct-gazing dark eyes and thin red lips was Martha. Life had faded her, repressed her, numbed her impulses and cooled her ambitions.

"May be I would do better if I had it all to do over again—and may be I wouldn't do so well," she summed up.

She was stirring up biscuit for supper when Warren came home a bit earlier than usual. Warren was twenty-two, a fine, handsome young fellow. He leaned against the kitchen cabinet and watched his mother reflectively.

Martha looked up at him, reading his face with her keen mother eyes. "What is it, son? Out with it." Warren flushed.

"I'm engaged to Helen Dodge," he said.

For an instant Martha's motions were arrested. The biscuit-cutter dropped from her capable fingers. Warren engaged! Her baby boy! Well, it was natural, and Helen was a nice girl. Jack had married at the same age. Lella and Lloyd, the twins, had been gone a long time in the city, where they lived single lives in the business world, Lella as private secretary, Lloyd as a business manager.

They did not need her. But Warren did; that is, he had. She smiled to hide the quiver of her lips.

"I congratulate you, son. When shall you bring her home?"

"We're going to be married soon. I can't wait long for Helen. You don't mind, mother? It will be just the same for you after she comes, you know, except that we'll be happier."

"Sure." Martha reached up her face. He kissed her, fondled her a bit. "Now run away. You're holding up the process of supper-getting."

Helen was coming soon! Warren did not know what that would mean to his mother. Helen would be mistress of the house. She would simply have to step down and out. She glanced about the neat kitchen. Of course, Warren had supplied the house and everything in it. She really was only his housekeeper until Helen arrived.

She whistled all the time the biscuits were baking and the steak broiling. She was a good cook, none better. But she knew that Helen had been particularly well trained. Helen wouldn't need to learn from her. Oh, well! She could always go visiting. Wasn't that what old women always did when they were no longer useful at home—go visiting?

"But I am not an old woman yet," her heart shrieked fiercely.

After supper Warren went to spend the evening with his fiancée and Mrs. Fancher came in for her second visit that day. Being an old friend as well as a next-door neighbor, Mrs. Fancher came whenever she pleased, always sure of hearty welcome.

"I hear Warren and Helen are engaged," she said. "Helen's mother just hinted it to me over the telephone. She is very much pleased. She looked at Martha closely.

"I'm pleased, too," Martha returned, diving into her mending basket, still full of Warren's socks. Naturally Helen would want to darn his socks herself. Without doubt Warren would no longer need her tender mothering.

Hoover At Ten



A photograph of the Republican presidential candidate taken at about the time of his mother's death.

SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Columbia.
T. R. MOSMAN, Plaintiff,
vs.
NEODIA E. MOSMAN, Defendant.

To Neodia E. Mosman, the above named defendant: In the name of the state of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit on or before the expiration of six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, which said first publication is made and dated the 23rd. day of August, 1928, that being the time prescribed by the Court in an order for publication of this summons; and if you fail to appear and answer the com-

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plaint, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: for a decree of absolute divorce dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between the plaintiff and defendant, and for such other relief as to the court may seem proper.

This summons is published by order of the Honorable John Phillip, Judge of the county court of Columbia county, state of Oregon, duly made, dated and entered on the 21st. day of August, 1928.

LESTER SHEELEY, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Residence and Postoffice Address, Vernonia, Oregon.

Date of First Publication August 23, 1928.

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LESTER SHEELEY

Attorney-at-Law
Vernonia, Oregon

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Lodge Notices

Mountain Heart
Rebekah Lodge No. 243
No. 243, I.O.O.F., meets every second and fourth Thursdays in W. O. W. hall, Vernonia. Visitors always welcome.
Mrs. Myrtle John, N. G.
Mrs. Hazel Thompson, Sec.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS

HARDING LODGE 116
Meets every Monday at 8 P.M. in Grange hall.
R. M. Aldrich, C. C.
Harry Culbertson, KRS

Woodmen of the World

W. O. W. Vernonia Camp No. 655 meets every Wednesday night at 7:30, at the new W.O.W. hall. Visiting members welcome.
ROBERT LINDSAY, C. C.
L. M. ESCUE, CLERK.

A. F. & A. M.

Vernonia Lodge, No. 184 A.
F. & A. M., meets at Grange Hall every Second and Fourth Thursday nights.
Visitors Welcome
Levert Goodin, Secretary.

American Legion

Vernonia Post
119, American Legion. Meets second and fourth Tuesdays each month, 8 p.m. W. H. Hurley, Commander.

Order of Eastern Star

Nehalem Chapter 153, O. E. S.
Regular communication first and third Wednesdays of each month. All visiting sisters and brothers welcome.
Catherine McNeill, W. M.

American Legion Auxiliary

Meets first and third Mondays of each month at the Legion Hall.
Mrs. Mark E. Moe, President.
Mrs. E. H. Washburn, Secretary.

I. O. O. F.

I.O.O.F.—Vernonia Lodge No. 246 meets every Tuesday night at 8 o'clock, in Grange hall. Visitors always welcome.
John Glassner, N. G.
H. E. Stevenson, Sec.

St. Helens—Salmon fishing season has paid fishermen about \$40,000.

MARTHA'S MENDING BASKET

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

MARTHA WELLS thrust her hand into a sock, scrutinized the holes revealed and resolutely set to work upon them with her darning needle. Mrs. Fancher, her next-door neighbor, watched

FINNEY OF THE FORCE

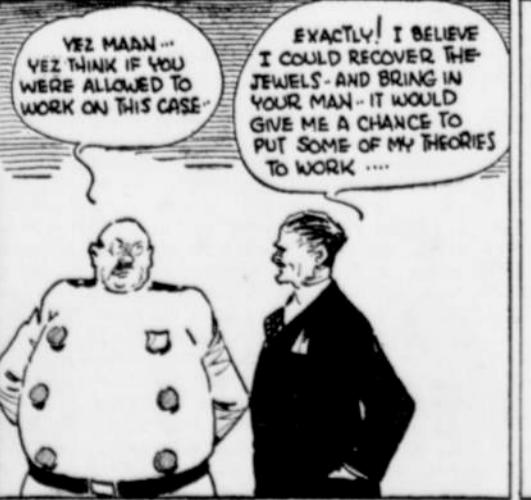
By F. O. Alexander



YOU WERE WAN AV THE GUESTS AT THE CRICKET CLUB PARTY WHICH WAS HELD UP AN DAYPROVIDED AV SOME \$50,000 AV GEMS AN \$2,000 IN CASH!



CAN YOU GIVE US ANY INFORMATION THAT YOU BELIEVE WUD AID US IN THE ARREST AV THIS MAN?



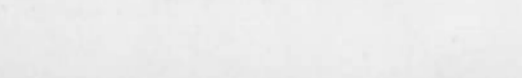
NOT AT THIS TIME, CAPTAIN—HM! I'LL TELL YOU WHAT, THOUGH—FRANKLY SIR, I AM A MAN OF LEISURE, YOU WOULD SAY—LIVING ON A MODERATE INHERITANCE—AS A HOBBY, I'VE MADE A STUDY OF CRIMINOLOGY, POLICE METHODS AND SUCH—YOU UNDERSTAND?



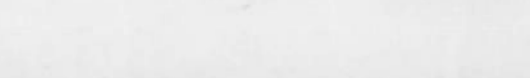
VEZ MAAN—VEZ THINK IF YOU WERE ALLOWED TO WORK ON THIS CASE?



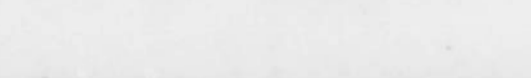
EXACTLY! I BELIEVE I COULD RECOVER THE JEWELS—AND BRING IN YOUR MAN—IT WOULD GIVE ME A CHANCE TO PUT SOME OF MY THEORIES TO WORK....



THERE IS A RAYWARD AV \$5000....



ALL I ASK IS A FREE REIN—NO SUPERVISION—THAT YOU WITHDRAW POLICE ACTIVITY ON THE CASE FOR A SHORT TIME—



Free Rein