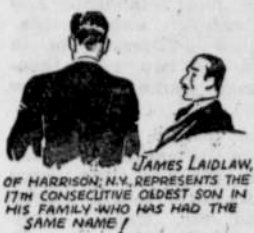


But It's True



JAMES LAIDLAW, OF HARRISON, N.Y., REPRESENTS THE 17TH CONSECUTIVE OLDEST SON IN HIS FAMILY WHO HAS HAD THE SAME NAME!

THERE WERE NINE DIFFERENT UNITED STATES PENNIES COINED IN THE YEAR 1909!



(THANKS TO DAVID FRANKFORT, BROOKLYN, N.Y.)



LARGEST NEWSPAPER EVER PUBLISHED...
THE LONGVIEW, TEXAS, DAILY NEWS, OF MAY 31, 1936, CONSISTED OF 360 PAGES, WEIGHED SIX POUNDS.

Bedbugs are really very nice things to have around, if you do not happen to be rather vain. They eat food particles, wool-dust and other contributors to the general untidiness of the house.

It was in 1909 that the Indian-head penny went out and the Lincoln-head penny came in. The great number of coins was because of difference in incidental markings.

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK...
By Lemuel F. Parton

Modern Damon and Pythias.

NEW YORK.—Kid McCoy, at sixty-five, is twenty years older than Harry Bennett, but for many years their's has been a Damon and Pythias friendship. Bennett, commander of Henry Ford's militant home guard against labor unions, learned about fighting from McCoy. He was a sailor when Ford bought some wooden boats from the government.

They threw in Bennett, along with boats, and Ford found it a good bargain. He became a personnel officer at the Dearborn plant, becoming, in time, as the years slipped off the conveyor belt, the head of the Ford "protective" organization.

In 1932, McCoy finished a confinement of seven years for having shot his sweetheart. By this time, Bennett had a yacht and a castle on the Huron. For old times' sake, he gave his friend a \$6-a-day job and a gold badge, explaining, plausibly it seemed, that his organization included a limited number of former convicts, and that there was no reason why it shouldn't if they behaved themselves and did their work. McCoy, helping expand and direct the "service men," now enters a serene old age, fit and vigorous, younger than his years, doing the work he likes best.

Bennett was "Sailor Reese" in the years when he was a lightweight boxer in the navy. It was in 1896 that McCoy became world welter-weight champion, by defeating Tommy Ryan. It was years later that the young sailor entered his New York gymnasium and told him of his ambitions as a boxer.

McCoy trained Reese, without charge. It has been frequently on record in the newspapers that Reese became lightweight champion of the navy. However, this writer, scouting information among such lightweight navy champs of twenty-five years ago as Sam Robideau, Joe Fisher and Paddy Mills, has been unable to pick up his trail.

Where Sailor Reese knocked off and Harry Bennett took over is equally elusive. A curtain is drawn over the beginnings of this particular Alger story—the story of a boy who makes good by watching a clock—to see that the other lads punch it.

Current news reports reveal Bennett and McCoy as working in a deep, inaccessible basement of the

Administration building, deploying an army of "college athletes, former prizefighters and ex-convicts," both ready to wade in with the hired men as emergency swamper if need be.

Bennett is small, agile, muscular and given to direct action. For pastime, he practices pistol shooting, reads mystery stories and goes hunting.

The Troublesome Doukhobors.

The story of the Canadian Doukhobors might make a good study for Robert Allison Parker, author of the recently published "Father Divine," and a specialist in Messianic psychology. They remain shaggy, nude and obdurate, with their leader, Peter Verigin II, again having jail troubles in British Columbia.

He is the head of an organization supposedly owning about \$10,000,000 worth of property, but the court confirms his jail sentence for vagrancy. His huge, barrel-chested father, with whiskers like a percheron's uncurled fetlocks, was killed in a train wreck in 1924, and Peter II came over in 1927 to head the sect, the Russians having jailed him for heresy and released him on the condition that he leave the country.

He is big and bewhiskered and commanding, like his father, but parades in the nude, and other eccentricities had brought the law on the Doukhobors, and he has done little but fight off writs and processes. He was saved from deportation by a Halifax judge in 1933.

The Doukhobors, or "spirit wrestlers," as they sometimes call themselves, are a strange hold-out in the modern lock-step. They'll catch step, if they are just allowed to shed their clothes.

Youth on the Bench.

Nine years out of college, Charles Poletti becomes a justice of the Supreme court of New York, at the age of thirty-three. He is the son of a stone-cutter in Barre, Vt. He dickered for an old Ford, traveled and sold maps to get through high school, and tended furnaces and waited on table to get through Harvard. He finished law school in 1928.

Several of his nine years were put in at the Universities of Rome and Lyons and at the League of Nations. Then he got a job in the illustrious John W. Davis law office and became general counsel for the Democratic committee in 1932. A year later, Governor Lehman made him his legal adviser. He is short, sturdy, dark, galvanic, of Italian parentage and boiling over with energy.

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what **Irvin S. Cobb** thinks about:

The New NRA Bill.
SANTA MONICA, CALIF.
—They do say the new NRA bill, as drawn by the Gallagher and Shean of the administration, Messrs. Corcoran and Cohen, is more sweeping than was the original NRA.

Even Gen. Hugh Johnson, once as conversational as Mrs. Astor's parrot, but lately exiled amid the uncongenial silences, crawls out from under a log in the woods with lichens in his hair, but the lower jaw still working smoothly in the socket, to tell how drastic a thing it is.



Irvin S. Cobb

Critics assert this legislation will cover business like a wet blanket over a sick pup, and point out that the number of sick pups benefited by being tucked under wet blankets is quite small. However, these fussy persons belong to the opposition and don't count. Anyhow, they didn't count much at the last election except in Maine, Vermont and one backward precinct in the Ozark mountains.

Visiting Ancient Ranchos.

UNDER the guidance of Leo Carillo, that most native of all native sons, I've been visiting such of the ancient ranchos as remain practically what they were before the Gringos came to southern California. You almost expect to find Ramona weaving in a crumbly patio.

What's more, every one of these lovely places is lived on by one of Leo's cousins. He has more kin-folks than a microbe. They say the early Carillos were pure Spanish, but I insist there must have been a strong strain of Belgian hare in the stock. When it came to progeny, the strain was to the Pacific coast what the Potomac shad has been to the eastern seaboard. It's more than a family—it's a species.

And a mighty noble breed it is—producing even yet the fragrant essence of a time that elsewhere has vanished and a day when hospitality still ruled and a naturally kindly people had time to be mannerly and the instinct to be both simple and grandly courteous at once.

Privileges of Nazidom.

THE German commoner may be shy on the food rations and have some awkward moments unless he conforms to the new Nazi religion. But he enjoys complete freedom of the press—or rather, complete freedom from the press. And lately another precious privilege has been accorded him.

He may fight duels. Heretofore, this inestimable boon was exclusively reserved for the highborn. But now he may go forth and carve and be carved until the field of honor looks like somebody had been cleaning fish.

This increase in his blessings makes me recall a tale that Charley Russell, the cowboy artist, used to tell:

"The boys were fixing to hang a horse thief," Charley said. "He only weighed about ninety pounds, but for his heft he was the champion horse thief of Montana. The rope was swung from the roof of a barn. Then they balanced a long board out of the loft window, and the condemned was out at the far end of it, ready for the drop, when a stranger busted in.

"Everybody thought he craved to pray, but that unknown humanitarian had a better notion than that. In less'n a minute he came inching out on that plank and there wasn't a dry eye in the crowd as he edged up behind the poor trembling wretch and slipped an anvil in the seat of his pants."

IRVIN S. COBB.

©—WNU Service.

AROUND the HOUSE Items of Interest to the Housewife

Fire Prevention.—To avoid fires keep all cleaning cloths that have been treated with oil in a covered metal container.

Preserving Broom.—Soaking a broom in boiling salt water every two weeks will help preserve it.

Picking Raspberries.—Red raspberries will keep better if picked early in the morning.

Cheese Molds.—Pour 1½ cupfuls milk over 2 cupfuls soft breadcrumbs; add 3 well-beaten eggs, 1 heaped cupful grated

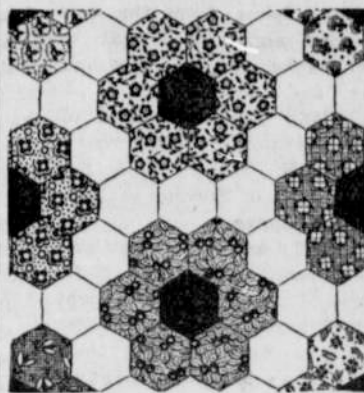
cheese, 1 teaspoonful salt, pepper to taste, and 1 tablespoonful melted butter. Pour into buttered molds and bake from 20 to 30 minutes in a moderate oven.

Keeping Peeled Apples.—Peeled apples can be kept white until used by keeping them immersed in water to which a little salt has been added.

Removing Peach Stains.—Fresh peach stains can be removed from linen with a weak solution of chloride of lime.

Washing White Gloves.—White gloves can be kept white by washing them after each wearing with a soft brush and a pure soap. WNU Service.

Single Patch Forms a Gay Flower Quilt



The quilt of olden-time lives again—the popular "Grandmother's Flower Garden." Made of one patch throughout it's a fascinating and amazingly easy quilt to piece. There's endless chance for color variety for each flower is to be in different scraps. In pattern 5802 you'll find a Block Chart, an illustration of the finished block in actual size, showing contrasting fabrics; accurately drawn pattern pieces; an illustration of the entire quilt; three color schemes; step-by-step directions for making the quilt; and exact yardage requirements.

To obtain this pattern send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle Household Arts Dept., 259 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y.



Of Good or Evil
What a day may bring a day may take away.



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CHEW LONG BILL NAVY TOBACCO



LIFE'S LIKE THAT

By Fred Neher



"She thought if she hid my clothes I'd have to stay at home!"