

LET THERE BE LIGHT
"Loyalty to Your Home Town Costs
Nothing and Yields Vast Returns—
Think It Over!"

Vol. VIII.—No. 30. SPRINGFIELD, N. J., Thursday, April 5th. OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE TOWNSHIP OF SPRINGFIELD. PRICE FIVE CENTS



Rambling Around Town

THE SPRINGFIELD CIVIC LEAGUE met to-night in the week's discussion, and we think "You ain't seen nothing yet!" to say that the league means business, as one would judge by attending a meeting, is putting it mildly. It is evidently desirous to be on the wrong side of the fence, as the impressive members reflect. The news columns in this issue describe the activity in detail to date, but the Rambling Reporter would like to get a few words in sideways... the most important function of a civic league, as its title indicates, is to build up civic spirit among township citizens toward the welfare of all and not just a few persons... if the league is built on this strong foundation it will succeed... otherwise, it will simply end as another "one of those things"...

Hearing to Be Held on Race Track

Public Opinion Invited at Township Committee Meeting Monday
RESULT TO GOVERN BOARD'S ACTION
Residents who live within a half-mile of the proposed location of an automobile race track and stadium at Route 29 and South Springfield avenue have been asked by the Township Committee to appear at its meeting Monday night or to notify the committee in writing as to their views on an application for a permit. About 150 letters were mailed yesterday to citizens within the area.

BAIRD FACTION IS WAGING FIGHT TO ASSUME CONTROL

Legislative Coalition Sought Following Successful Revolt Against State Senators Richards and Powell.
Having won a victory over the Richards-Powell legislative steamroller last week, the rejuvenated David Baird wing of the Republican party is in the midst of an attempt to regain complete party control. Immediate objectives are a legislative coalition that will direct party policy during the remainder of the Legislature's session and agreement on a gubernatorial candidate who can defeat Senator Richards in the Republican primary.

CAKE SALE OF GIRL SCOUTS SUCCESSFUL

Springfield Girl Scouts were most successful in their "cookie sale" last week, having sold 38 boxes of "Doritos" cookies during the week and made the deliveries on Saturday. Prizes were given the members of the troop which sold the greatest number of cookies and first prize went to Karin Nelson, Marie Hoge won second prize and Marie Johnson, third.

BOYS AND GIRLS MAY JOIN AIRPLANE CLUB

Boys and girls of Springfield who are interested and would care to join a proposed Junior Airplane Club, may do so by registering at the Springfield Bicycle and Repair Shop, Morris avenue. At least twenty members would be required as a nucleus of such an organization, the purpose being to determine how many model airplane enthusiasts would join together in a club movement.

POLICE APPREHEND GREYSTONE PATIENT

George De Coursey, 47, of Newton, who escaped from Greystone Park State Hospital, was picked up by Sergeant Searles in Short Hills avenue Monday at 10:30 p. m. after local police had received an airtel description from the hospital. De Coursey, classified as "not dangerous," accompanied Searles to police headquarters, where he was lodged overnight and turned over the next day to Edward Hayes, a guard at the hospital.

SPRINGFIELD MAN INJURED BY AUTO

John M. Hoffack, of South Springfield avenue, was struck at 11:20 p. m. Saturday by a car driven by Reed Hamrick, of 42 Railroad avenue. Hoffack received medical attention. The accident occurred in Morris avenue.

Motor Vehicle Drive Nets \$125 in Fines

Drivers Summoned in State Department Check Up Before Spinning
Motorists apprehended in a State motor vehicle drive in Morris avenue March 21 were summoned to court Monday night before Recorder Everett T. Spinning. Fines totaling \$125.50 were collected on addition-to-cost costs, ranging from as small as \$1 to a \$50 penalty against a Linden motorist, alleged to have allowed a non-licensed driver to operate his automobile.

Jury Favors 70-Year-Old Injured in Township

Edward Fromm is able to collect a \$25,000 verdict awarded in his favor in an unreported Circuit Court action Monday. He will be able to sue for the cost of his injuries to the emergency relief administration, 157 Jefferson avenue, Elizabeth, his present address, to Easy street.

Homeless Man Wins \$25,000 Verdict

Edward Fromm, 70 years old, won the award after his suit for injuries received when struck by a truck on the highway in Morris avenue, Elizabeth, was heard by Judge Frank L. Cleary. The defendant, who failed to appear, were Paul E. & Warren Sasser, of Reading, Pa.

Galloping Hill to Start Play Shortly

Early spring work is going forward at Galloping Hill in anticipation of opening the course for play next Thursday, April 12. W. R. Tracy, engineer and secretary of the Union County Park Commission, stated this morning that the weather conditions, dependent on weather conditions.

Municipal Finance Control Necessary Says Dr. J. H. Lutz

If New Jersey communities are to escape a collapse of government through mounting tax delinquency or a demand for tax reduction of a sort that would properly be called "revolutions," they must have control of their own municipal finances, as provided in Senate Bill 214 is a necessity, Dr. J. H. Lutz declared late last week.

Presbyterian Ladies Plan Turkey Supper

The chapter of the Presbyterian Church Wednesday under the auspices of the Ladies Benevolent Society. Supper will be served from 6 to 7:30 o'clock. Adult tickets, 40 cents; children's tickets, 20 cents.

How to Secure Movie Tickets

Readers will find five names hidden throughout the SUN in this issue. Persons identifying themselves as the names discovered, are eligible for a pair of movie tickets to the Rothstrand Theatre in Summit, absolutely free of charge. There are no obligations. Merely check up your tickets at the office, 10 Flower avenue. Names hidden last week were: Fred Bold, Harold Revors, Everett T. Spinning, Harold Howell and William A. Smith.

Card Party Held by R. O. of A. Camp

A card party followed the meeting of Camp 103, Patriotic Order of America, last Tuesday night in the lodge rooms, 250 Morris avenue. Prizes were won by Mrs. H. Hankins, Harry W. Elder, Mrs. H. H. Hesse, Mrs. Dorothy Walcott, Mrs. Helen Peterson and Mrs. C. Mills. Mrs. Carol Speicher, president, presided at the meeting.

Schools to Get Revenue Under Sales Tax Plan

No Decision Reached After Conference; Would First Provide State Control Over Municipal Expenditures.
A new turn was taken by the sales tax movement in the Legislature Monday when leaders sought support for it on the basis of devoting all the revenue to school purposes. Originally it was proposed that the sales tax revenues were to be devoted directly to municipal governments for their disposal.

COMING EVENTS

- In Springfield and vicinity
Thursday, April 5
American Legion, business meeting, headquarters, 8 P. M.
Thursday, April 5
Card party and dance, auspices Democratic Club, Dutch Treat Tavern, Springfield avenue, 8 P. M.
Wednesday, April 11
Supper, auspices Ladies Benevolent Society, Presbyterian Church.
Friday, April 20
Card party, auspices O. U. of A. M., Spring Hill, Mountain avenue, 8 P. M.
Saturday, April 21
SIRACUSA WILL BE CANDIDATE OF G. O. FOR STATE SENATE
Assemblyman Anthony J. Siracusa Saturday received the unanimous recommendation of the Atlantic County Republican Executive Committee for State Senator. Thomas Taggart, Atlantic City attorney, was unanimously supported by the County Committee for the Assembly vacancy on the Republican primary ticket for Atlantic County.
Joseph Altman, present speaker of the Assembly, was recommended as running mate of Taggart by the Assembly. Other recommendations of the Atlantic County group, which attracted interest throughout the entire state, included: Emerson L. Richards, for Governor; Isaac Bacharach, for Congress; and Kenneth L. Johnson and Misha Shreeve, for the Republican State Committee. United States Senator Hamilton F. Kegan a candidate for renomination, was ignored by the group.
Charles Ash, of Los Angeles, charged in his divorce suit that his wife poured hot grease from a frying pan over his body and she changed her "drooled" her with buckets of cold water as she lay in bed.
Mrs. Nick Woytowich of Chicago recently brought her husband before court on a disorderly conduct charge, alleging that he slept with his shoes on and threw ashes on the floor.
Harold Green.

New Civic League Makes Bow in Township Affairs; Strive for Improvements

William L. McMane to Run For Freeholder

Former Director Announces Candidacy For Post
William L. McMane, director of the old Board of Freeholders for five years, yesterday announced his candidacy for a three year term on the board. He was Summit's representative on the large board for twenty years and served on all its important committees.

Public Hearing On Zoning Thursday

A public hearing on a proposed zoning ordinance will be held Thursday night at 8 o'clock in the Town Hall auditorium by the Planning Board and Zoning Commission. Citizens may be heard on the ordinance at the meeting. Members of the Zoning Commission will be present to explain provisions of the ordinance, revised since a public hearing held last Summer. Members of the board are: Chairman, E. J. Johnson; secretary, Wilfred Weber; Committee: Alfred G. Trumble, Dr. Stewart O. Burris and Mayor Charles S. Cannon.

'Not Grudge Organization' Says Acting Chairman Herbert A. Kavin

SEEK TO INCREASE LOCAL CIVIC SPIRIT
The Springfield Civic League, new township group, is not a grudge organization and "not political," but if we can't get what we want without playing politics, then we shall play politics," declared Herbert A. Kavin, temporary chairman, at a meeting Tuesday night. The league has held three meetings, and thirteen additional members who joined Tuesday night swells the membership to about seventy-five.

Cigarette Believed Cause of Auto Fire

Slight Damage to Machine of Chas. Crutchfield
A carelessly thrown cigarette is believed to be responsible for a blaze which slightly damaged the interior of an automobile owned by Charles Crutchfield, of 91 Brook street, which was parked early Monday at 3:20 A. M. in Morris avenue.

McCAMPBELL WILL BE CANDIDATE TO OPPOSE W. L. DILL

Monmouth County Assemblyman to Seek Office on Platform of Eliminate Property Tax.
Theron McCampbell, insurgent Democratic Assemblyman from Monmouth county, definitely announced Saturday that he is a candidate for the nomination for Governor on the Democratic ticket, thus providing opposition to the primaries to Judge William L. Dill, the man selected by Mayor Hague of Jersey City to be the party's standard bearer in the coming gubernatorial campaign.

BEETLE TRAPS OF NEW DESIGN AT COST FIGURE

TRENTON, April 6—A plan for making Japanese beetle traps that can not be obtained through commercial channels, available at cost to New Jersey farmers, nurserymen and home owners was announced today by the State Department of Agriculture. According to the plan, a committee of three members of the State Board of Agriculture will act as an intermediary between prospective trap purchasers and the manufacturer. It is intended to keep the plan in operation only until such a time as other methods of distributing the trap are in existence. The trap which is to be made available through the committee is the newest and is believed to be the best yet developed. The trap distribution plan has been adopted by the department because many persons in the state have found themselves in previous years unable to obtain satisfactory traps. With the exception that it has been able to put out a limited number of heavy beetle population, the department has had to inform inquirers that traps of improved design were not available to the public.

McCAMPBELL WILL BE CANDIDATE TO OPPOSE W. L. DILL

Assemblyman McCampbell, taking as a slogan "New Deal, New Deal, New Deal," is planning to run on a platform of eliminating the property tax on farms and homes under \$10,000 in value. He also calls for a new state constitution and gives assurance that he is non-committal on the subject of the State's participation in the operation of this time next year.

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DAILY MAIL SCHEDULE Post Office Hours: 6:30 A. M. to 6 P. M. Daily 6:30 A. M. to 1 P. M. Saturday. Incoming—0:35 A. M., 1:55 A. M., 3:25 P. M., 5:25 P. M. Outgoing—2:45 A. M., 4:45 A. M., 6:15 P. M., 8:15 P. M. Only one Mail Saturday.

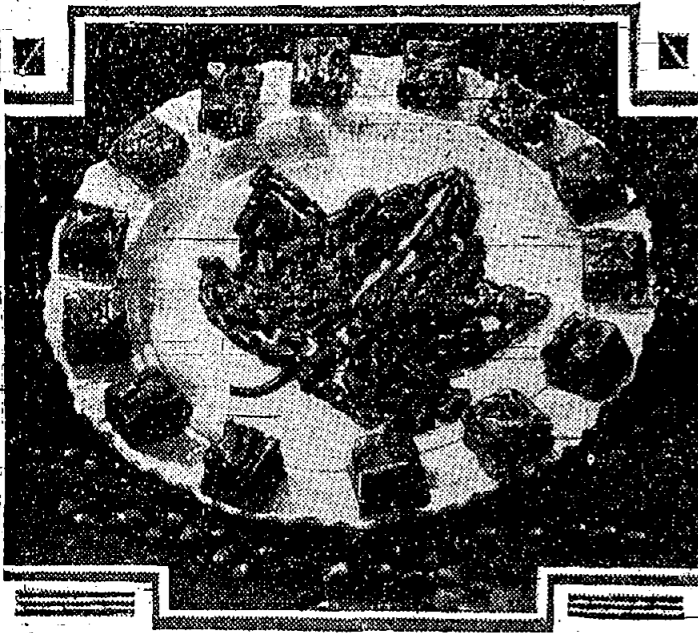
FEATURE ITEMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO WOMEN

Dedicate New Fair Village



St. Patrick's Day demonstrators for Irish Village of New World's Fair, which opens May 26. Mayor Edward J. Kelly (left) of Chicago and Rufus C. Dawes, president of a Century of Progress, help little Patsy Noonan, 8, of Chicago, with the dedication.

Tired of Winter? Give a Maple Taffy Pull to Welcome Spring



WHEN the running of the sap in the maple trees marked the end of winter's grip, even the sternest Puritans celebrated with a maple sugar festival.

This early American custom has always been a party favorite with the youngsters. A maple leaf outlined in tiny lacy bits makes a distinctive table center piece. Here is a fall-to-winter recipe for taffy and a fudge that will be extra creamy. The success of these recipes depends on the use of sweetened condensed milk which is thick and rich. Don't confuse this milk with evaporated milk which is unsweetened and thin in consistency.

Maple Taffy

1 1/2 cups (one can) sweetened condensed milk
1/2 cup maple syrup
1/2 cup brown sugar
1/2 cup pecan nuts broken in small pieces

Thoroughly blend sweetened condensed milk, water, sugar and maple syrup. Put in a sauce pan, heat gradually to boiling point, stirring until the sugar is dissolved. Cook slowly, stirring frequently until the mixture will form a soft ball (235 F.) when tested in cold water. Remove from fire, add butter, but do not stir it in. When lukewarm, beat until it creams, add nuts, spread in a buttered pan. When it hardens mark in squares.

In a heavy pan. Stir over low heat until a hard ball forms when tested in cold water. Cool on a buttered pan. Pull until firm. Stretch into a long rope and cut in pieces.

Maple Nut Fudge

1/2 cup sweetened condensed milk
1/2 cup water
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup maple syrup
1/2 cup pecan butter
1/2 cup pecan nuts broken in small pieces

Thoroughly blend sweetened condensed milk, water, sugar and maple syrup. Put in a sauce pan, heat gradually to boiling point, stirring until the sugar is dissolved. Cook slowly, stirring frequently until the mixture will form a soft ball (235 F.) when tested in cold water. Remove from fire, add butter, but do not stir it in. When lukewarm, beat until it creams, add nuts, spread in a buttered pan. When it hardens mark in squares.

THROUGH A Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

NEW GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE

A WOMAN out West asked a divorce on the grounds that her husband liked neither her country nor her petticoats.

Last our readers doubt our seriousness, the woman's name is Mrs. Leonore Ewald, her husband Thomas Ewald, and the news dispatch on the matter falls from San Francisco.

The first charge in this unique divorce action is that Mr. Ewald criticized the United States, declaring it a "rotten country" and asserting the people and the laws were "no good." He even threatened, says his wife, to take their children back to his own country.

As if that were not enough, Mrs. Ewald insists her husband criticized her petticoats as "not long enough."

"We agree it must be hard for a woman to hear her country criticized. Of course, it's being done every day, even such accredited officials as senators and representatives calling Uncle Sam in his present aspect some very questionable names. So many people are unpatriotic. That may be what ails the country. But of course that makes it no easier for a wife to listen to her own husband running-down-the-dear-old U.S.A. And then to criticize one's petticoats—most of us today call them slips—as being too short! That might very well be the straw that broke the camel's back."

Of course there are other things that some husbands criticize which this husband apparently never touched on, that would be even worse to hear, and which his wife might have credited on the consolation side.

There is, of course, his wife's mother. Or at least her family. Such criticism might be equally exasperating as his unpatriotic attack on the country. It depends, of course, on the intensity of his wife's family loyalty compared to her patriotism. Then he might have criticized her friends. Getting even more personal, he might have criticized her English. That is usually very galling. He might even have criticized her mental equipment—which has been known to have fatal results. And, if he is a particularly irrational man, there are always her looks.

With all due sympathy with this woman, who has certainly had a great deal to contend with—when it comes to a husband addicted to the intolerable brutality of criticism, things might indeed have been worse.

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+ Do You Know? +



Photograph, Canadian National Railway.

THAT the ticker tape machine shown in the photograph is capable of recording 500 characters per minute. It is the latest device installed by the Canadian National Telephone to report stock exchange transactions and in one trading day it can handle 1038 feet of ticker tape and record 150,000 characters. The maximum recording speed of the machine in use before this one was 150 characters per minute. The machine is operated on the typewriter key board principle.



by C.A. Ables, Jr., President

U.S.N.R.

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A Whirlpool of Excitement!

LITTLE AMERICA, ANTARCTICA, March 22 (via Mackay Radio)—Some excitement! Radio reported so we can send our accumulated stories and messages. I helped dig the Polkier plane out of the snow of our blizzard last week, watched it start out on a test flight with Lieutenant Commander Isaac Schlossbach at the controls, and crash on the ice 500 yards south of the administration building. It was completely destroyed except some of the instruments and the motor. The four men in it were bruised but not injured.

Loftoy Clark, our commissary officer, got lost in a blizzard half a mile out of camp and was rescued by Duke Dane, one of our dog drivers. Our new medic, Dr. Louis H. Potaka, from New Zealand, performed a marvelous appendectomy.

Here is some great news for teachers in schools and colleges who are interested in following our adventures and scientific accomplishments, with their classes. I have had a talk with Admiral Byrd about our club, which is now being organized at his suggestion to encourage the development of an American aviation and to promote interest in exploration. I have told him of the 16,000 people of high school age or over who have already joined it, without any cost whatever, and of the large number of teachers of geography, science, aviation and history, who have enrolled their entire classes. He is greatly pleased over our success and he has asked me to tell you that, through the courtesy of the Mackay Radio and Telegraph Company, he will send a personal radio message of welcome to every teacher who enrolls a class.

This is very easy to accomplish. It is only necessary to send to the club headquarters the names and addresses of the teacher and pupils, with a self-addressed stamped envelope for each. If the teacher desires to give out the membership cards and the beautiful and practical 20% x 27 1/2 inch working map which the club provides each member without charge, a list of the pupils and their addresses should be sent with a 3-cent stamp for each, with a request that cards and maps be sent direct to the teacher, who will receive also a personal radio message from Admiral Byrd.

All other people desiring to join this unique organization and receive cards and the free map for marking out the Expedition's various flights and exploration journeys, should follow the same procedure—simply send self-addressed stamped envelope, plainly written, to Arthur Ables, Jr., Little America Aviation and Exploration Club, Hotel Lexington, 46th Street and Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Mother's Cook Book

SERVE BANANAS

BANANAS make delightful salads, fruit cocktails, desserts, ices, and may be served as a vegetable. Bananas should be thoroughly ripe & used fresh. Those a bit green will cook nicely and be wholesome.

Baked Bananas.
Strip the skin from the firm yellow fruit, scrape the banana to remove the strings which give an acrid flavor to the fruit. Cut into halves lengthwise, place in a buttered dish and sprinkle with sugar. Pour over six tablespoonfuls of water and bake in a moderate oven until translucent. For six bananas, use six teaspoonfuls of sugar (brown is best), with a pinch of salt.

Bananas Baked in Lemon Juice.
Cut four large bananas into halves lengthwise and put into a baking dish. Peel two large oranges and divide into sections. Add the sections to the top of the bananas. Sift one-half cupful of sugar over the oranges and add one-half cupful of lemon juice with any of the juice left from the oranges. Bake 20 minutes. Serve hot or cold. Very nice with cold meats.

Banana Fritters.
Remove the skins from eight bananas and cut into halves lengthwise, then into quarters. Sprinkle with powdered sugar, one-half tablespoonful of lemon juice and one-half tablespoonful of grated orange rind. Cover and let stand half an hour. Then dip into the following batter and fry in deep fat. Drain on brown paper. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve.

For the batter—mix and sift one cupful of flour, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of baking powder, add one-half cupful of milk and one beaten egg. Add a tablespoonful of melted butter and beat thoroughly before using.

Bananas fried in butter make a fine garnish for broiled steak. Served with cooked chops they are especially good.

(Copyright)—WNU Service.

Introducing Ma Perkins



EVERY afternoon except Saturday and Sunday comes a break in the endless chain of household tasks. Thousands of women drop whatever they are doing. Thousands of radios snap on. Ma Perkins is on the air.

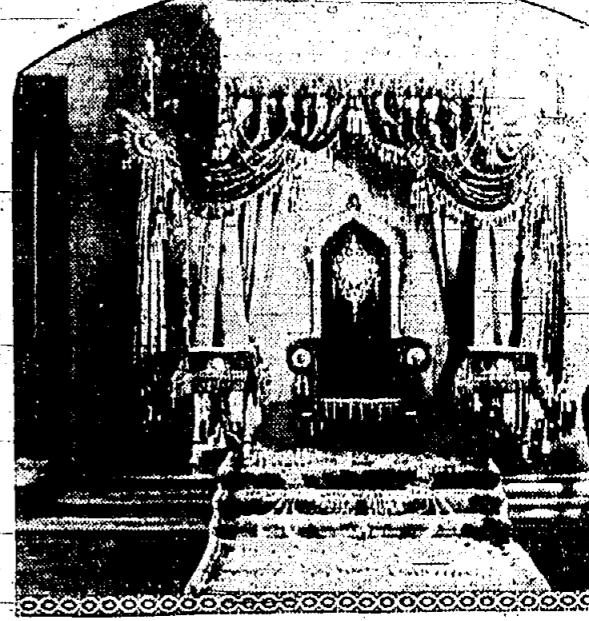
It's hard to tell why so many women listen to Ma Perkins' program. Perhaps it's because "Ma" never preaches or tells them how to do this and that.

But it's more likely because Ma Perkins has come to be a friend. She is as much a part of the life of millions of women as Mrs. Jones or Mrs. Smith across the street. She's real.

And so, "Ma's" struggles to support her children, to keep her house going, and run the lumber business left her by her husband have become their struggles, too. Perhaps in that common bond of sympathy between Ma Perkins and these women lies the real secret of her popularity—of housework forgotten for fifteen minutes, five afternoons a week, in millions of homes throughout the country.

Ma Perkins is on the air every day but Saturday and Sunday, at these times, over NBC stations: For the East, 3 to 3:15 (Eastern Standard Time). For the West, 3:30 to 3:45 (Central Standard Time); 2:30 to 2:45 (Rocky Mountain Time) and 1:30 to 1:45 (Pacific Coast Time). For KSD, St. Louis, 2:00 to 2:15 (C.S.T.).

Throne Room of Emperor Pu



Interior of the throne room, showing the official seat of Emperor Henry Pu Yi of Manchoukuo, who was recently enthroned.

Supreme Court Ruling Upholds New Jersey Milk Board Policy

Decision Involving Two Bottles of Milk and Loaf of Bread Places State Milk Regulation on Firm Basis

By FRED W. JACKSON
Director, Division of Consumer Information
Department of Agriculture, Trenton, N. J.

TWO quarts of milk and a loaf of bread were the subject of nationwide newspaper headlines when the United States Supreme Court recently rendered a decision recognizing the need for state regulation of the milk industry. Focused on this test case involving these two simple foods, so wholesome and health sustaining, was a question of the nation's or state authority on price regulation of milk had been challenged.

State Regulation Upheld

By recognizing the need to assure the public of a safe, uninterrupted supply of milk, the highest tribunal of the land (though the decision rose specifically out of a New York State case) has confirmed the action of a number of the state legislative bodies in their efforts to stabilize the dairy industry. In New Jersey, as well as in other nearby states, regulation of the milk supply has been officially confirmed as necessary to "protect the public health and welfare of the inhabitants of this state."

Such supervision as is provided for in the New Jersey law presents a huge task as the policy of the New Jersey Milk Control Board has been to establish practices and prices fair to producers, distributors and consumers. In setting prices the members of the board, according to Chairman William B. Duryee, have been confronted with many difficulties and few precedents.

Milk is "Best Bargain"

In discussing present price schedules, Mr. Duryee recently stated: "The Milk Control Board is not unmindful of its obligations to consumers as well as to the industry itself. We appreciate the role of both the producer and distributor in providing this indispensable food for the public. The favorable decision of the Supreme Court has actually placed an even greater responsibility on our Board in fix-



WILLIAM B. DURYEE
Chairman of the Milk Board

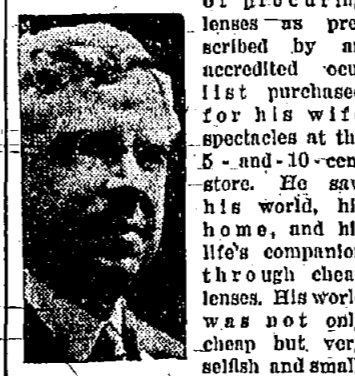
ing fair and just prices. To consumers, I would like to point out that in the present period of rising food prices, milk remains outstanding as one of the consumers' best food bargains. Poured for pound or quart for quart, milk is unsurpassed and indispensable compared to any other food.

"Too often many use only the cream content as the yardstick to measure the quality milk. I am told that the 'quarter-day' dietum recommended by health authorities for every child is not based on its cream content. Actually, the diet of many of our under-nourished is lacking principally in minerals, especially calcium and phosphorus. Milk is exceptionally rich in these minerals most commonly needed. Trends in ready-to-eat foods have made milk, with its valuable minerals, vitamins, protein, as well as butterfat, the foremost of the protective foods."

HOW BIG IS MY WORLD?

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

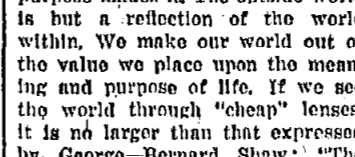
An argument for a decree of divorce was that the husband instead of procuring lenses as prescribed by an accredited oculist purchased for his wife spectacles for the 5- and 10-cent store. He saw his world, his home, and his life's companion through cheap lenses. His world was not only cheap but very selfish and small.



If we look at the heavens through a telescope we are lost in the immensity of space. When we see the hidden part of the universe revealed through the microscope we are aware of greater mysteries than we ever dreamed could be segregated in so small a space. A New York capitalist was recently asked his opinion of a certain man. He replied: "I cannot understand his popularity. He isn't so rich." His world was doubtless as big as a dollar, and no larger. A college professor who had spent all his life in an academic environment was asked his opinion of a certain student. He replied: "No big name in the grade." The professor's world was as big as a grade student, many of whom have failed in life's venture because they were not able to make practical use of their knowledge. A group of young men applied for a position in a large manufacturing plant, to each one of whom was put the question, "What do you expect to do here?" One of the young men replied, "To become head of the department." He got the job.

One's world is as big as his life's purpose makes it. The outside world is but a reflection of the world within. We make our world out of the value we place upon the meaning and purpose of life. If we see the world through "cheap" lenses, it is no larger than that expressed by George Bernard Shaw: "The longer I live the more I am inclined to believe that this earth is used by the other planets as a lunatic asylum." If we see the world through lenses clean, clear and polished, with adequate preparation and self-discipline and a commanding purpose, the world will be as big as we want to make it. Emerson writes, "That only which we have within can we see without. If we meet no gods, it is because we harbor none."

© by Western Newspaper Union.



In ancient Rome no man was considered "refined" until he had indulged in Sody. When the Romans tired of them, they kicked them out.

Your Teeth and Your Health

By DR. J. M. WISAN
Chairman, Council on Mouth Hygiene, New Jersey State Dental Society

Dental Examinations

IF the writer were asked the question: "What dental operation is performed with the least risk?" the answer would be the examination.

The cause, well, one could mention a number. Unfortunately, many people have the impression that the dental examination ought to be free—"sort of thrown in." Apologetically, as a dentist, I must admit that members of my profession are responsible for this attitude.

"Free" Examination

Knowing what I do about dentists and dentistry, if I were a layman seeking dental services, I would certainly avoid the dentist who promised free examination.

Without exaggeration it may be said that the examination is exceedingly important; just as significant as is the physician's diagnosis in treating disease.

The Dental Cosmos, a dental journal of high repute, recently (February, 1934) commented editorially as follows:

"All the attention and effort in recent years in the direction of preventive dentistry has apparently been directed toward the improvement of what we believe to be one of the most neglected phases of dental practice—the mouth examination."

What can the dentist learn by carefully and scientifically diagnosing mouth conditions?

To mention a few items:—
Are there any infected teeth that are apt to cause systemic disease?
Are the gums normal? Is pyorrhea present?
Are the tissues of the cheek, tongue and lips normal?
Do the teeth meet properly during the process of chewing?
As for children's mouths—
Has the enamel developed with or without defects?
Are the teeth irregular?
Do the gums show any sign of malnourishment?
Have all the decayed places, small as well as large, been discovered and treated?

Advantages of Thorough Examination

When the public is aware of the advantages of the thorough dental examination, dental conditions will immeasurably improve. But it must be remembered, that a competent dentist cannot afford to give a good examination without charging for it. The cost to him in time and outlay for such items as x-ray is too great. A dentist who gives a free examination is probably giving a very poor one.

Swagger Tweed Suit



Jodelle elaborates the swagger tweed suit with intricate sewing, a new skirt treatment and her individual loose neckline on the blouse.

Britain's Youngest M. P.



Miss Jennie Lee, the "baby" member of the British parliament, now visiting in the United States.

PERSONAL MENTION

About People You Know

Richard G. ... of 3 Bryant avenue, has been postponed because of the illness of Mrs. Burd's daughter, Jean.

group gave flowers on Good Friday to Mrs. Beck, Mrs. Beck, Mrs. Gowandock, Mrs. Eckerman, Mrs. Rainier and Mr. Reeves, of Millburn, and Miss Adams, Mrs. Brante and George W. Parsell, Sr., of Springfield.

Mrs. Orla Ste Marie, of Main street, who has been ill for several weeks at the home of her aunt, Miss Grace Barber, in Orange, has returned home and is reported to be somewhat improved.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex E. Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. George W. McLaughlin and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Moulton, of Millburn, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Beyer, of Westfield.

FROM FILMLAND By Sydney Swiller (Movie Editor) "Hello! Is this the Paramount Pictures Public Department? If Mr. Al Wilkie in 'May I speak to him, please? Thank you."

AMERICAN STORES CO. Here's A Treat! Serve as a breakfast fruit or dessert... luscious Bartlett Pears. These Pears are the famous "Lake County" variety and are grown in the north central part of California.

ROTH STRAND SUMMIT Telephone Summit 6-3900 FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, APRIL 6-7 "CAROLINA" With JANET GAYNOR AND LIONEL BARRYMORE.

Mrs. Cecil S. Jenkins, was hostess to her card club Tuesday evening at her home in Keeler street.

Mrs. Charles A. Mundy, of 46 Severna avenue, entertained a tea and dessert Tuesday for the benefit of the Past Matrons and Past Patrons Club, O. E. S., of the State of New Jersey.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy H. Geib and daughter, Adeline, of Keeler street, have returned from a visit with relatives in Harrisburg, Pa.

BURN ANTHRACITE America's Best Hard Coal Every Ton The Same Prompt Delivery! Code Prices KOPPER'S SEABOARD COKE FUEL SALES CORP.

Del Monte ASPARAGUS TIPS square can 22c Del Monte TOMATO JUICE 3 cans 23c Lipton's Tea 1/2-lb. 21c 1/2-lb. 39c

I'm Mrs. MODERN and I wish to say "Once you have cooked electrically... the modern way... you will never be satisfied with other methods."

ASK THE MAN NEXT DOOR ABOUT PLYMOUTH'S New Ride ALREADY thousands have ridden in the new Plymouth. They have been amazed at a riding smoothness never known in any car before!

Victor Bread The Economy Loaf—chosen by many Our Three Favorite Blends—Choose One ASCO Coffee lb. 23c

Jersey Central Power & Light Co. Special Offer for April Only NO INSTALLATION CHARGE

MORRIS AVENUE MOTOR CAR CO. PLYMOUTH AND CHRYSLER SALES AND SERVICE 155 Morris Avenue Tel. Millburn 6-0229 Springfield, N. J.

TUNE-IN To the ASCO Orchestra and the ASCO Tenor over Station WNEW every Fri. 11.30 a.m.

Springfield Sun

"Let There Be Light"
Published every Thursday at
Brookside Bldg.
10 Flemer Ave., Springfield, N. J.
BY SPRINGFIELD SUN
PUBLISHING CO.
Telephone Millburn 6-1256

Entered as second class matter
under an Act of March 3, 1879.
EDITOR: MILTON KESHEB

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advance.
Single copies—5 cents

Communications on any subject
of local interest are welcome. They
must be signed, an address of good
faith. Unsigned letters will not be
published. The Sun reserves the
right to print only those articles
which it feels are worthy of publi-
cation.

Thursday, April 5th, 1934

Auto Race Track Hearing

CITIZENS will be given an opportunity Monday night at a public hearing to express to the Township Committee their opinion on the proposed automobile racetrack and stadium in Route 29 at South Springfield avenue.

When a similar horse racing application was made last year, agitation later was leveled at delay by township officials, although the project proved to be nothing more than a bubble. This time, red tape is being removed and the finance committee, to whom the matter was referred, will bring the matter to a head.

"Speedy consideration at this time may lead to slow headaches later, so that the Township Committee should practice deliberate judgment before jumping to grant a permit. Mob rule should not determine the course to be followed, nor should failures of almost every other track in this vicinity prejudice the case. What we in Springfield are concerned with is the prospect of the proposed Springfield track, its advantages or disadvantages.

An editorial in the SUN last week opposed the permit. This newspaper is independent in its views and offers to our readers an opportunity to also express opinions, just as the editor has taken the liberty to take a pot shot against "noisy and smelly automobile racetracks as detrimental to a community."

There are many fine points on both sides of this issue. Those in favor of granting a permit may point to the advertising Springfield would receive if a track were built here, an impetus to employment and business, increased taxes on the property affected, and a few other reasons, provided the permit is granted.

On the other side of the question, those against granting a permit may criticize the type of advertising an automobile racetrack adds to a residential community's advantages, especially if it brings the type of element police must always keep watch on, particularly after racing hours. Furthermore, those opposed to an automobile racetrack may cite the added expense for police protection, not allowing for direct service at the grounds, paid for by track authorities, but at other points in town. Then, supposed higher taxes come in for a reduction elsewhere if nearby property owners should seek reduced valuations due to a racetrack so close to their land.

Perhaps the majority of citizens consider these reasons as the general, too vague or immaterial. Those who know and can see ahead visualize danger in granting a license to build a racetrack, which proves costly to rescind but simple to allow. An example of this is furnished in the "problem stores" in Morris avenue, where legal expense to con-

SPRINGFIELD
Population—1533, 4,560 (est.)
1923, 1715. Assessed valuations,
1933, \$3,458,319. Tax rate, 1933,
Township, 33.06; state and
county, 1.06; incorporated, 1867;
settled early in 1700s.
Springfield is essentially a
township of homes. It is 55 minutes
from New York City on the
dixie line, 1 1/2 hours by West-
road and has excellent bus con-
nection to Newark, Elizabeth,
Summit and Paterson. The rail-
road stations at Millburn and
Short Hills are less than a mile
from Springfield Center. The
Rahway Valley Railroad has a
freight station in Springfield,
commercial and industrial pur-
poses. State Highway 29, 5.5
miles in length, is convenient to
New York City, 100 miles by
car, when completed. Numerous
auto and county highways pass
through the township. It has
good streets, water, gas, electric-
ity and a newly opened sanitary
sewer system. Of interest is
Revolutionary history with the
historic Presbyterian Church
where Rev. James Caldwell
preached the first sermon in
the month of the battle of
Springfield fought on June 23,
1780. Several colonial landmarks
are to be seen in Springfield,
one of the oldest communities
in Union County.

What the SUN Advocates

1. A high school.
2. Removal of dilapidated buildings which are "sore-spots."
3. Sidewalks wherever they are needed.
4. Encouraging clean factories to increase the ratables.
5. An active Board of Trade to stimulate "buying in Springfield."
6. Postal-carrier delivery.
7. Reduced bus fare within town limits and to Millburn R. R. station.
8. Full time position for the township clerk's office.
9. Set of Building Zones, before township is developed.
10. A county park.

It would be so expensive that nothing short of volunteered civic pride on the part of the owners, would ever relieve the unsightly condition, unless local taxpayers were assessed to fight the case. Yet, these same taxpayers would stand up and sing the praises of something which could ultimately be more of a "white elephant" than a block of undesirable empty stores.

The most satisfactory solution in granting a license to promoters of this racetrack, would be to have them put up a suitable bond guaranteeing that they will live up to the rules and regulations, strict if you please, that the Township Committee so provides. Under no other condition, should a license be granted.

With the Bowlers

LACKAWANNA LEAGUE		
TEAM STANDING		
W. L. Aver.		
Springfield B	50	25 932.40
Millburn Rec.	48	27 915.68
Summit A	43	32 899.36
Springfield A	38	37 913.71
Millburn Bowl. C.	36	39 886.29
Madison	33	42 867.21
Chatham	31	44 871.29
Summit B	21	54 856.3

SERINGFIELD		
Roe	175	212 171
Nichols	201	174 157
Moore	141	152 162
Barnett	165	153 166
Thornton	214	186 234
Totals	896	877 915

SUMMIT B		
Bonnell	181	181 182
Loane	189	190 211
Brewster	152	184 218
Boehmer	146	213 157
Patten	153	183 197
Totals	821	951 967

SPRINGFIELD A		
Lambert	203	148 167
Morrison	159	138 175
Schmidt	148	160 212
Huff	175	177 181
Parse	189	142 127
Totals	874	765 862

CHATHAM		
Carley	176	181 156
Humes	132	150 170
Sacco	143	157 145
Strong	175	140 157
Higgins	200	173 138
Totals	826	801 767

MUNICIPAL LEAGUE		
Republican Club	28	14 717.45
Minute Men	25	17 735.70
Independents	24	18 723.44
Ames	23	19 732.70
Eagles	19	20 701.21
Wattle Hill	12	27 622.50
Fire Dept.	11	31 714.17
Forfeits last match.		

INDIVIDUAL AVERAGE		
W. L. Aver.		
1. W. Parsil	83	202.43 208
2. Thornton	84	195.50 256
3. C. Morrison	84	191.44 246
4. H. Parsil	78	191.17 245
5. H. Smith	84	191.10 255
6. Huff	84	189.10 253
7. KesheB	79	187.18 259
8. Jaekel	48	187.6 245
9. Cais	84	186.19 255
10. Marcantonio	84	186.7 256
11. R. Morrison	84	185.82 247
12. H. Widmer	78	183.18 237
13. D. Widmer	46	183.15 255
14. Gaddis	79	182.5 253
15. Dow	84	181.74 256
16. Bjoerstead	54	181.36 229
17. D. Bunnell	81	180.70 250
18. MacIntosh	84	180. 241
19. H. Baker	84	179.26 231
20. W. Baker	27	177.23 258
21. Bauer	47	175.4 234
22. E. Smith	78	174.58 263
23. Siles	77	174.48 278
24. Trundle	80	171.71 245
25. H. Bunnell	84	170.76 246
26. Sarge	52	170.21 234
27. Beck	79	169. 231
28. Penn	21	166.5 201
29. Dambres	72	165.36 242
30. Caggiano	75	165.23 236
31. L. Parsil	21	165.19 213
32. W. Gaddis	80	159. 224

CASH for OLD GOLD and SILVER
If you have old gold, either solid or plated, or silver of any kind, bring it here and receive what you are justly entitled to in cash.
Government license No. 1533 for buying and selling gold.
Mullen's Jewelry Store, Inc.
375 Springfield Avenue, Summit, N. J.

LITTLE PEN-O-GRAMS



Classified Ads

REPUBLICAN CLUB		
Bauer	177	164 132
Trundle	180	180 211
Cain	193	167 207
Huff	253	178 204
Total	803	689 754

ACMES		
C. Morrison	182	187 173
W. Gaddis	134	165 224
H. Smith	226	247 231
Thornton	234	225 256
Total	776	824 884

MINUTE MEN		
KesheB	152	138 206
H. Baker	192	178 198
Dow	193	137 196
E. Parsil	193	240 215
Total	730	693 815

INDEPENDENTS		
Marcantonio	171	173 188
B. Bunnell	163	158 133
J. Bunnell	199	212 236
R. Morrison	192	184 195
Total	728	727 752

FIRE DEPT.		
Jaekel	179	155 173
Bjoerstead	199	186 229
Doerries	168	168 163
Caggiano	150	150 150
Total	696	659 720

EAGLES		
W. Baker	162	162 162
MacIntosh	233	200 167
Beck	153	203 162
W. Parsil	210	216 202
Total	758	781 693

Having been a member of the alimony club in jail six times, William Rubens of Chicago told Judge Sabbath he couldn't pay his former wife because he couldn't get out long enough to earn the money.

Thieves entered the public safety building in Tacoma, Wash., and stole jewelry from the purse of Mrs. A. Eppst, employee of the police department's women's protective division.

SEND IN YOUR NEWS
Readers of "The Sun" are invited to send in news.
Clubs, organizations, lodges and other bodies are also extended an invitation to make use of the columns of this newspaper.
There is no charge for news items. The only requirement is that the article be signed. Your name is not published. This is required as evidence of good faith.
When writing news, be sure to mention the proper names in full, the place and when.
"The Sun" is your home town newspaper. Help make it more interesting.
Address your envelope to the SUN and mark News in the lower left-hand corner.
To insure publication, all articles must reach the SUN office, 10 Flemer avenue, not later than Wednesday at 10 A. M. Articles may also be telephoned to the office, Millburn 6-1256.

Teachers

You can earn several hundred dollars this summer, and you can secure a better position and a larger salary for the coming year. Complete information will be mailed on receipt of a three cent stamp. Send for it today.

Rural Schools and City Schools
Summer Work and School Year Positions
CONTINENTAL TEACHERS AGENCY, INC.
1850 Downing Street, Denver, Colo.
Covers the ENTIRE United States
"Thanks for sending me so many good positions to apply for, over 30 during the first five days I was enrolled."
—An Illinois Teacher.
SCHOOL OFFICIALS—We can put you in touch with the very finest teachers. Our service is free to you.

CHURCH NOTES AND AFFAIRS

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN
Rev. Dr. George A. Liggett, pastor.
Sunday School, 9:45 A. M.
Morning Service, 11 A. M.
Christian Endeavor Society, 7:30 P. M. in the chapel.
Four babies were christened at the Easter service Sunday morning. They were William Collins, son of Mr. and Mrs. William A. Smith, of 44 Keeler street; Nancy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Cook of Warner avenue; Duncan Douglas, of Millburn and Molly Ellen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hocker of Elizabeth. Twenty-seven new members were received into the church.
A meeting of the Home Department will be held at 2:30 o'clock tomorrow afternoon at the parsonage. Lessons for March will be studied and discussions will be led by Mrs. George A. Liggett, Mrs. Arthur Lamb, Mrs. G. Pierson and Mrs. Henry Geisen. Essays on the description of the Tabernacle in Bible times were called in yesterday and the judges, James M. Duguid and Henry Geisen, will decide the winning contestant. The award of one dollar will be made to the winner at the Christian Endeavor meeting Sunday at 7:30 p. m.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL
Rev. Charles Waldron, acting pastor.
Sunday School, 9:45 A. M.
Morning Worship, 11 A. M.
Epworth League, 7:30 P. M.
A desert meeting of the Ladies Aid Society will be held Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the home of Mrs. Thomas Larsen at 29 Keeley street. Mrs. Elmer Sicles, president, will be in charge. The Seventy-eighth annual session of the Methodist Episcopal Church will convene next Thursday morning at 10 o'clock at St. Luke's Methodist Church, Newark, and continue until Monday afternoon, April 16.
The conference anniversary of the Woman's Foreign Missions Society will be held on the occasion of a service in the Christian Endeavor Baptist Church. The service will start at 2:30 o'clock. A very interesting program has been arranged. Oscar M. Beck will be the principal speaker and a young lady from Japan will sing.
Members of the congregation are awaiting with interest the appointment of a new pastor to the church which will be made at the conclusion of the conference. The Thursday evening prayer service will be held in the lecture room tonight at 8 o'clock.

ST. JAMES CATHOLIC
Rev. Thomas P. Larkin, rector.
Rev. John Duffy, assistant rector.
Masses Sunday, 7:30, 9:30 and 11 A. M.
Sunday School following 9:30 mass.
Weekday Masses, 7:30 A. M.
The meeting of the Rosary Altar Society scheduled for last week will be held Monday night at the home of Mrs. Frank Sale of 188 Tooker avenue.
ST. STEPHEN'S EPISCOPAL
(Protestant) Millburn, N. J.
Rev. Hugh W. Dickinson, rector.
Holy Communion 8 a. m.
Church School and Bible Class 9:45 a. m.
Morning service—11 a. m.
Vespers, 5 p. m.
Rev. Benjamin M. Washburn, D. D., Bishop Coadjutor of Newark, will make his annual official visitation to the church on Sunday afternoon at 5 o'clock. Bishop Coadjutor of Newark will make his annual official visitation to the church on Sunday afternoon at 5 o'clock. Bishop Washburn will preach and administer the rite of confirmation.

100% Lehigh Anthracite COAL
Fresh Mined, Free Burning, 25 to 30% Less Ash Than any Other Coal
SPECIAL \$11.50
Mixture of Grade A Nut and Pea Coal Mixed
CERTIFIED WEIGHT
Try a Ton and Be Convinced
W. A. MCCARTHY
INDEPENDENT DEALER
Member N.R.A.
44 Salter St. Springfield
Millburn 6-2895-J

MUTUAL

Foods of Superior Quality

PRIME RIB ROAST lb. 19c

LEGS of LAMB

CHOICE GRADE **21c**

STEAK SALE

PRIME TOP ROUND lb. 25c
PRIME SIRLOIN lb. 27c
PRIME PORTERHOUSE lb. 29c

MEAT PRICES ARE EFFECTIVE THURSDAY, FRIDAY & SAT. ONLY

"MEAT from Mutual" means the finest that money can buy. Only the choicest grades are ever offered to our customers. We pride ourselves on the highest cleanliness of our meat departments and we invite our customers to inspect our ice-boxes to see for themselves the modern, sanitary conditions that exist there. Visit a Mutual Market today and see for yourself the many superior services that are offered in addition to rock-bottom prices.

Watch for Next Week's Super-Special!

ASPARGUS

large bunch **25c**

FRESH PEAS

2 lbs. **19c**

MUTUAL STORES

BEECH-NUT CONFECTIONS

CHEWY GUM—Becher's, Peppermint, Spearmint and Wintergreen. 5c
CANDY MINTS—Wintergreen and Peppermint. 3 pkgs 10c
FRUIT DROPS—All flavors. 3 pkgs 10c

YOUNG Alan Stanchfield hung up his office coat and began to whistle "Valencia," loudly and cheerily, for he had an air of fun.

At the first note the rest of the bank—Mr. Costigan out front, behind the imitation onyx wall and the imitation mahogany desk with "Manager" on it, and Richard Halliday behind the grating where he and Alan worked side by side—the rest of the bank started as if it had heard the bell on Spindrift Point—that people bring a few hectic times a year as a sign that another tyro swimmer had got too far out and needed help. But Alan didn't notice.

"So long, fellow slaves," he said. "See you tomorrow," and went out through the open side door into the bright, clear afternoon.

"Well," said Mr. Costigan, rising and shaking down his trousers to get the wrinkles out of them. "What do you think of that?"

Richard Halliday reached for his hat. "Hum," he said. "The first time he's whistled since."

Mr. Costigan nodded. "Yep, since it happened."

Down the street, between round brown, old Captain Mountain and the flat, blue, painted-looking sea; between pink and buff and yellow houses with harlequin hedges of blossoming lantana, sleek and shiny hedges of dark-green, the proms, or great, spiky, violet-colored hedges of violet nishlehaba; between palms and pepper trees, hibiscus bushes and Japanese honeysuckle, sheaves of roses, waterfalls of Bougainvillea—all that sometimes utterly lovely paraphernalia that goes to make up Southern California at its best—went Alan, setting the bland Pacific air adrift with his time.

But he broke it off at the end of the block, where the houses stopped and the park began, and sniffed the air like a bird dog. "By golly," he said, "it's the flare!"—which is the forerunner of spring in that part of the world—where the long, gray fingers of the rain first stroke the burned-up ground in what is elsewhere the fall, and cause that inconspicuous bit of orange to come out like the town crier and announce to all good native sons who have noses that, whatever the calendar may say, Nature is about to strut her old, tremendous stuff again.

As it happened, Nature was strutting her stuff, too, inside of Alan.

"Holy snapping turtles!" he said. "What a day for a swim!" And got the feel of gold, green sea-water all over him, and the old glorious tingle of tremendous physical exertion, and broke into a half-run toward home and his bathing suit. And then, suddenly, he stopped short, realizing that something enormously important had befallen him: For the first time since Dalton's examination, he had forgotten his heart.

He had not expected to forget it ever, for two hours on end, as long as he lived—since his continued existence depended upon remembering it. And now, a month and a half after he had learned the truth about it, he had forgotten it, for a whole day.

And for the first time, too, he had even forgotten—he sank down on a bench overlooking a green slope of the park and the Douglasville-covered Community House, which was one of the spruce little town's many prizes—he had even forgotten Ann Felicity.

He sat at the crepey-looking Douglasville-covered Community House, waiting for the old Bill Mitchell, editor of the Soufflet Headlight, passed him the time of day on his way home, he didn't hear him. And he didn't see the flowers.

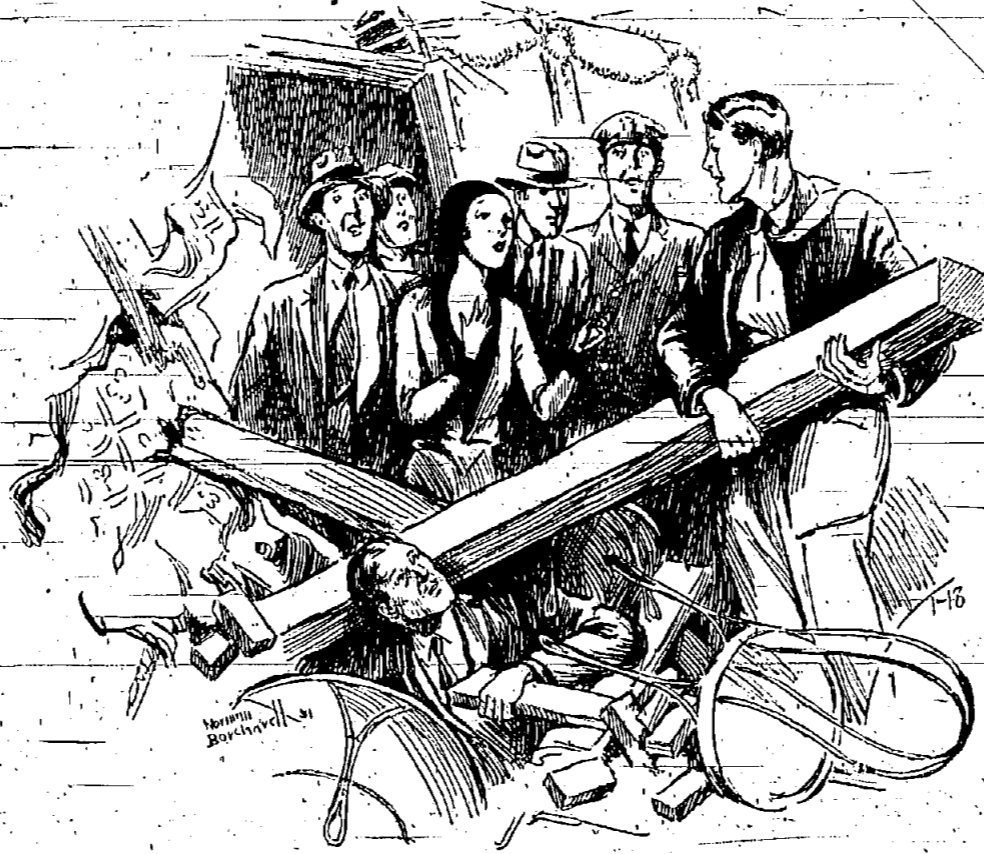
HE saw a white-enamelled room, and himself in a mirror, stripped to the waist, very pink and strong-looking, sitting on a little stool opposite Dalton's full, good-looking face, with its little, wing-like, fair mustache, its confident, deep-spring, quick, blue eyes and sensitive, likable mouth backed by the roundish, intelligent head, set on a powerful neck about which hung just now the stethoscope that had done the trick, while Dalton's kindly, regretful words pared him down to somewhat less than half a man.

"No more swims, Alan, and no more tennis—that's flat. No more hikes and no more boxing. No more violent exercise of any sort God knows." He got up suddenly and walked to the window and looked out. "God knows I hate to shoot it at you, like this, old fellow, but you see it's enormously important. If you remember, you may get along almost as well as any one, but if you forget and so much as run for a street car—Well, you mustn't, you know. You see, I don't dare minimize the danger—so much depends on your knowing the truth."

"I wanted the truth," Alan said a little absently. "I can stand it," and began getting back into his clothes.

Ann Felicity & The Bad Heart

By Alma and Paul Ellerbe



Alan never had strained his heart like this when it was well.

ber, you may get along almost as well as any one, but if you forget and so much as run for a street car—Well, you mustn't, you know. You see, I don't dare minimize the danger—so much depends on your knowing the truth."

"I wanted the truth," Alan said a little absently. "I can stand it," and began getting back into his clothes.

"I'd urge a consultation if I thought—"

"Nothing to that. If you don't know you're the best man on the coast, everybody else does."

Dalton came over to him and put his hand on his shoulder.

"There was comfort in the feel of it, and the brain behind the keen, kind, blue eyes, had saved the lives of more people in Seaciff than you'd ever have guessed from the doctor's youth."

"When—whenever I can help you stand it, you know."

"Yep," Alan said. "I know, Jim. Thanks, old son," and went out into the sunshine—an Othello whose occupation was gone.

For he had been, as it happened, almost exclusively an athlete.

BORN frail and bitterly resentful, he had so intelligently put in his twenty-four years at the task of turning his body into a good piece of mechanism that he had made it perhaps the best thing of the sort anywhere about. Any one in Seaciff—except the tourists, who made up a majority of the population and didn't count—could have told you that it was he who had walked off with the Tennis Club championship five years running, and won the four-mile swim from the hotel pier to the Cove against all comers, including Herman, the life guard, and had once kicked a policeman twice his size for kicking an old colored man; that he was, in fact, the town's crack athlete. It would be marvellous news that Alan Stanchfield used to so much as run for a street car.

But the person it concerned most was Ann Felicity Worthington.

He went on down to her on Spindrift Point, where she was waiting for him with Mary Taylor and Nat Carstairs. The four of them had planned to go in Nat's car to the hotel four miles out of town for a swim in the open-air heated pool. They were his best friends, perhaps—if you counted out Jim Dalton—but they didn't know there was anything the matter with his heart. He had been so sure himself that there wasn't. Had expected Dalton to call it indigestion or something like that. And now the three standing there sharply outlined against the sea were like a silhouette of the old happy, hearty life he was never to lead again; Ann Felicity as delicately and gracefully fashioned as the tobacco tree that grew beside her; Nat, long and thin and powerful as a pair of garden shears, and Mary plumpish and jolly-looking even in outline; Nat stood beside the car.

"She's raring to go," he said. "Hop in, everybody. Get your bathing suit?"

"No," said Alan. He had started with it, and forgotten it—and most other things—in the doctor's office. "Fact is, old man, I can't go. I didn't know it in time to telephone, but Mr. Costigan wants a statement the first thing in the morning, and—"

"Of all poky things, said Alan Felicity, stepping into the car—how can we get in his place?"

It happened that she was being cool to him just then, and that he wasn't to take the least little thing for granted; too much having been granted, she thought, the week before; and their relationship progressing, if at all, by those pendulum swings of feeling.

"I've something I'd like to tell you, Ann Felicity, if you don't want to go too much."

She looked at him quickly. He knew she thought he wanted to ask her to marry him, and that she didn't intend to give him the chance; and that she thought he ought to know it and not try. Not yet. Not on this swing of the pendulum.

Alan, having known her always, had her as a friend. It was this lover business that had given him his tentativeness.

When her friends peeped her, she stayed behind and let Nat and Mary go and swim without her. Sat down beside him in the grass, with the town behind and the sea before, and said to him:

"Now, old boy, what in H? 'Cause I don't believe that H? about the bank. That bank is a lauffer's paradise."

"Well," he said as lightly as he could, "it's not the end of the world—or anything, but Jim Dalton says I've got to quit swimming, and—"

"Quit swimming? For how long?"

He didn't dare look at her, in her little, sleeveless, yellow dress, with the soft tendrils of yellow hair wind-blown about her face. He looked, instead, at the slender, orange-colored, trumpet and drooping leaves of the tobacco tree—let like a mosaic into the pale blue of the sky above her.

"Well, he thinks it would be better if I quit for good. And he wants me to give up tennis and boxing and all that sort of thing. Says it's—er—er—it may be all foolishness, but he thinks it would be too much for my well, for my heart."

"Your heart?" she said, in a sharp, frightened voice. "I didn't know you had a heart!"

He laughed a little shakily. "No more did I. But he—Well, there's no use beating around the bush about it. He says I'm to for a sort of old-man existence from now till the end. My plan's to much as run for a street car. Funny line-up, isn't it, for a fellow like me?"

If she had beat him to it in the moment that followed, everything would have been different, but for just at that moment she couldn't speak. She put out her hand to him, but he pretended not to see it, and it sank among the grass.

And then he turned her. His half-junked heart turned over, and he went cold. He shook so that he twined his hands among the grasses to hide them. The girl's little, grave, sweet face was like a bud that had bloomed. He knew suddenly that if he asked her now, she'd marry him. He knew that if he just sat there without saying anything, she'd marry him.

He wanted her in every way that a man can want a woman, and he wasn't a man any more—only half a man. And so he stumbled desperately after words that would save her—quick—while he could.

"It's—er—it's lucky," he said, "that I hadn't—hadn't fallen—in love with you, isn't it?"

A WIDE, bleak silence spread out over the world. The sea went a long way off and broke without sound upon cliffs no bigger than ant hills. Alan Felicity was like some one he used to know, or a person in a play. A white, pinched look had come into her face. She was saying something about being sorry about his

heart. It was all he had left her to say.

After awhile—since he didn't speak, couldn't speak—she said it again.

And then, being a woman, she got some sort of conversation going between them, halting and ghostly and lame, and he got up suddenly in the middle of it, and she rose, too, and they walked back to town.

Their talk, as they went, was like the sound of the dry ripples of stranded kelp that broke in little, meaningless expostions, beneath their feet.

Well, he thought, there on his bench in front of the Community House, what else could he have done? What else could he do now if he had that moment to live over again? He had lived it over again a hundred times—in his mind, trying to see himself let her say she'd marry him; when he knew she'd be doing it just for pity; trying to see himself weak and broken, accepting just her sympathy where he had always had her admiration, and he just absolutely couldn't.

If it hadn't been so predominantly his strength that had attracted her, she loved it. When ever he showed it, she was thrilled. She couldn't help it. He had had some idea to keep from trading on that. To keep from inventing occasions to show what he could do. To keep from sweating around a bit. He had done his best not to.

But when she had turned her ankle that time when they were scrambling about on Captain Mountain, where there wasn't even a bridle-path, and he had carried her, a couple of miles in his arms as easily as if she had been a lamb of something—well, he had gone home walking on whipped-up air instead of the concrete sidewalks of his native town. (He had asked her then! But he couldn't have taken advantage of what might be just a mood and passed away—and room never knew it had passed!)

He never had spoken a word of love to her. He'd been waiting, afraid to spill it all by speaking too soon. There was something in her that was shy and wild. It got frightened if you pressed it too closely. Ran away, and you didn't see it for days and weeks. One week he thought she loved him, and the next that she'd never loved him. He had thought, that day on the cliff, that she'd never loved him. He couldn't let her say she'd marry him with that in his heart.

THE feel of her—happy as a bird, eager as a puppy, as tender as his mother was, the love-like thing that had ever come into his world—had ached in him ever since like a wound, waking or sleeping—until today. And today he had forgotten her. Today, all day, he had been carelessly happy. Something seemed to have happened inside of him. Something, maybe, that was kin to the rebirth of the larvae. Somewhere, away down in the parched, psychological depth of him, it seemed to have rained. If you were a half-man, you were a half

man, and in time you accepted it.

He wondered if perhaps in time he might not also accept the loss of Ann Felicity and really, for months and years, forget her, as he had forgotten her for a while today—since life goes on and on.

And then plump, little kind-hearted Mary Taylor came by and told him—quickly and sort of off-handedly, because she thought it would be easier for him that way—that Ann Felicity had engaged herself to Jim Dalton and would be married in the spring; and passed on, again; and he knew he'd never forget her.

Sometimes that's the way the big things come—as casually as the flock of a loaf. Mary Taylor in a blue dress coming toward him down the street, and he thinking less than nothing of it. Getting up to speak to her. Thinking maybe he'd walk with her a little way. And then Mary telling him—with that neat, light despatch—as one would kill a wounded animal—to put it out of pain.

"I'm the only one who knows. They'll tell you, of course, as soon as they tell any one; but I thought it might be—that you'd like it better if—I told you in advance."

Mary giving his arm a quick, comradely squeeze and hurrying off again, knowing there was nothing to say and kindly not trying to say it.

He made his way slowly down to the beach and walked back and forth just out of reach of the waves until long after the sun had set and drawn after it all the color out of the sky, forgetting his dinner. He felt pretty much as he would have felt if his mother had decided that she didn't care for him any longer as a son, or the earth beneath his feet had told him he'd have to go somewhere else to live, or his hand had gone off and left him to mope in his lot with another.

He found that he hadn't expected this any more than he had expected death. Funny—he hadn't known it—but what he had expected still, somehow, in spite of everything, was some day to marry Ann Felicity. It amazed him to discover that, and frightened him, and turned him cold.

He came back up the slope; not because he had to go somewhere, and because he had a dim idea that maybe if he forced himself to go among people—if he took this standing up and in company.

Ahead of him flared the light of the Pink Periwinkle; a burnished and glittering soft-drink place, with its door wide to the cool, sweet night, and from it flowing the strains of "When the Red, Red Robin Comes Bob, Bobbin' Along" the scarping of feet, and talk, and laughter. The old crowd, eating after-dinner ices and dancing to Nick's phonograph, before they went on to the movies. He could tell Jessie Stephenson's high-pitched, slightly off-key laugh and the hard-pleasant rumble of Nat Carstairs' heavy bass. He hadn't been seen

among them since Dalton had teased him.

Suddenly he determined to go in. Mainly because anything seemed better than being alone. He had to face this thing some day.

He bit down hard on his pain and stepped out.

Better Jim Dalton, he thought, than another man. Far better—if he were honest—Jim than himself. Jim was a coming man, while he was—well, a going man—or a gone man. Jim could always look out for her, give her what she needed, whereas he, with his busted heart—

When he got to Nick's place, he'd turn in as naturally and simply as he could. They were a good bunch, and they'd make it easy for him.

But when he got there, he saw through the window Dalton and Ann Felicity vis-a-vis at one of the tables, and his courage ran out of him.

To get it back, he stopped just outside the light and pretended no interest in the dim intricacies of what had once been the basement of Harwick's Fish Market, next door. The place had been demolished to make room for a gift shop upon which work had not yet begun, and all that remained was a rubble of broken bricks, some twisted pipes, and a forlorn, old, listed stove, down in the bottom of a deep hole.

They served his purpose. He stared at them unseeing for a moment or two, took a long breath, and marched himself through the open door.

"Hello, Alan," said everybody, and went on dancing and eating and sucking up through straws and chattering.

They really were a good bunch. It must have been rather like Napoleon's ghost, but nobody turned a hair.

Nat and Mary danced up and stopped beside him.

"Fourth world's greatest movie! This season at the Manhattan tonight," Nat said. "Better come on over." And danced off again.

Dalton pulled up a third chair, and Ann Felicity moved hers to make room for him. His first swift glance showed him that she was slimmer and paler than he had ever seen her.

"Have a Nick's Special," Dalton said. "All the best people eat 'em now."

His clear, honest, blue eyes met Alan's with unusual gentleness. Alan could see him seeing himself in his shoes. He simply had to get his hands on Alan. He reached under the table and gave him a little pat on the knee.

"He's one damned good scout," Alan thought, even in the midst of that first meeting with Ann Felicity.

"I haven't seen you," she said, "for ever and ever! How are you, old thing?"

He joked and laughed with the rest of them, and ate his Nick's Special, and tried not to feel the air between him and Ann Felicity throbbing with life. Did she feel it, too? A vein in her temple seemed to beat in time with it. He had the overpowering feeling that they had never been so closely bound together.

He knew that if he ever stopped talking, he'd never be able to start again, and so he talked a great deal very rapidly and laughed a lot. His face in a mirror looked flushed and excited. He wished he hadn't come in. It was just a little more than he could get away with. He thought his friends saw that, too, and were sorry for him. Dalton kept watching him and saying things to help him out.

He never knew afterward how he happened to let them all go off for the night and leave him back with Dalton and Ann Felicity; he wasn't quite responsible that night. At any rate, one moment the place was swarming with people like a tree full of black-berries, and the next they had all gone, and Dalton had stepped across the store to ask Nick how his sick baby was. The air was all of the sound of Alan's voice talking, talking, he didn't know about what.

And then Nick asked Dalton if he wouldn't keep an eye on the bar for a minute, and stuck his feet on his head and went up the street, and Dalton began turning over phonograph records and summing to himself, and Alan opened talking suddenly, and his eyes met Ann Felicity's.

The shock that went deep down into him almost unthink of him. Nothing was real but their relationship. You couldn't drop a thing like that any place but it now. He knew that the reality of it it shone in his eyes. He couldn't help it—with the same certainty shining back in her eyes—and the same look on her face it had ever that day on the cliff—only even that day any pity in it now. Maybe there never had been it. Maybe she gave a soft little cry of love for him, just as if Dalton hadn't been there at all.

They sat looking at each other for one strained moment and then it happened—a coughing, tearing, crash, a thud or two, the

trickle of broken glass, and the splashing of water from a severed pipe, all at once. And the plaster fell, and the floor crumpled down into the hole where the fish market used to be, with half the roof pulled after it. But the lights had escaped and continued to shine.

Alan looked at his feet, but he wasn't much excited. Somehow it didn't make much impression after what had been happening inside him. Ann Felicity was safe.

And then a wind from the sea blew in where the wall had been and cleared the air of dust, and he saw that Dalton was pinned to the floor by a couple of littered metal chairs, and a dislodged beam from the roof that lay across them, with its farther end buried in a pile of bricks and timbers. He didn't look hurt, just scared. His eyes were fixed in a sort of frozen look upon the beam a scant twelve inches above him. The thing had happened just in time.

And then Alan's black hair lifted, and prickles came out all over him, as he saw that it hadn't stopped. It was still settling chairs—scrambling—down the stairs as it came.

He looked around for something to prop it with. There was nothing at hand. He looked at the massed debris weighing down his other end. He could never get that off in time. If the beam was to be stopped—provided it could be stopped—there was only one way—at the end that Dalton had made quite clear—with Ann Felicity leaning through his armpits like a black! He felt one swift jab from the front of it, if. Then he stepped forward and bent over.

But Ann Felicity wound her arms about him and pulled him away.

"No, no, no!" she said. "You stop! I can't let you. I—I'll get help!"

He broke away from her. "You'd be too late."

She slipped past him through the open door, shouting for help. He wondered with a sort of inner equality, just how they'd find him when they all got there. Then he bent down again and found himself looking into Dalton's live blue eyes.

"They almost stopped him from them," and Dalton's voice, short and sharp and quick with fear, thrust him upward—like a hand.

"You can't lift it! Let it kill you. For God's sake, man," as Alan crooked his hands, "don't try. I tell you, I know, and you can't!"

For one second Alan unweaved, and there was a queer sort of sob for all concerned. "I've got to!" he said, and locked his hands carefully beneath the end of the beam.

"Listen!" said Dalton sharply. "It's you she loves! Couldn't you see it?"

But Alan had closed his mind "Shut up, Alan!" he begged. "You mustn't make it harder!"

He spread his legs wide apart and shifted his feet until he had them just right. Slowly and carefully he let all his muscles into the task—legs, arms, back, shoulders—straining until the veins stood out on his forehead and perspiration broke out all over him, until his breath was coming in quick gasps and his heart beating like the bell of a fire engine; until the big beam that had been sinking slowly and inexorably was slowly coming up again; until he thought his arms would be torn from their sockets and his heart ripped out of his breast. He expected the warm blood to come gushing from his panting mouth at any moment and the two of them to go down together. He had never strained his heart like this when it was well. And then he stopped thinking at all and became blind, concentrated, single-impulsive force, existent only in a dim beam of wood a few feet higher up.

It came slowly, up and up and up. Until at last he stood erect, with the beam between his hands, and his heart beating in swift, furious lunges—as a man's heart ought to beat when he calls upon it in its extremity for all its strength. And then he stopped thinking at all and became blind, concentrated, single-impulsive force, existent only in a dim beam of wood a few feet higher up.

And then he realized that the place was full of people, and Ann Felicity with shining eyes and that Dalton had scrambled up—scrambled—beside her with a face whiter than the plaster dust that covered him, and that all of them were watching him in a kind of spell, and he laughed. He raised the big beam higher yet, to feel all through him what he could do, and flung it off to one side with a crash that shook what was left of Nick's place from stem to stern.

And then with his chest heaving, the sweat streaming down his face, his wet hair matted on his forehead, and his coat split in the seams, he held out his hand to Dalton.

"Guess you must have made a mistake, huh, Frank God?" And Dalton, with that upper lip of his that was famous for its stiffness trembling a little, took his hand and said soberly,

"The worst I ever made in my life—Frank God!"

And after the moon rose, it was a lover and his lass who walked on round brown old Captain Mountain, between the ancient desert and the changeless sea, with the full of the small spring, the flare, and their hearts full of the sort of thing that has, alas, never yet been shared in words.

(Copyright, 1931, Bell Syndicate.)

FILM SNOW—
"SNOW" IN THE MOVIES IS CORN PRESSED AND FLAKED.

CACTI COUNTRY—
OF THE 202 U.S. SPECIES OF CACTI, 96 GROW IN THE STATE OF TEXAS

ELECTRICITY FROM LIGHT—
ELECTRICITY HAS BEEN PRODUCED BY PLACING DIAMONDS IN POLARIZED LIGHT.

WNU Service

UNUSUAL FACTS REVEALED—by "Movie Spotlight"

RALPH BELLAMY NEVER EMPLOYS A CHAUFFEUR. HE HAS DISCOVERED THAT HE CAN MEMORIZE HIS LINES MOST EASILY AT THE WHEEL.

SHIRLEY GREY—
LEADING LADY OF COLUMBIA'S "ONE IS GUILTY" ATTRIBUTES THE BEAUTY OF HER BLONDE HAIR TO A WEEKLY CASTOR OIL SHAMPOO—

RITA LA ROY WAS SOLE HEIR-ESS TO AN ESTATE IN SCOTLAND, BUT WHEN SHE LEARNED SHE HAD TO PAY 25,000 POUNDS (ALMOST \$125,000) IN BACK TAXES SHE DECIDED NOT TO RECLAIM THE ANCESTRAL HOMESTEAD!

ALTHOUGH THE PICTURE AND THE SOUND ARE TAKEN AT THE SAME TIME, THEY ARE RECORDED ON TWO DIFFERENT STRIPS OF FILM.

Odd-but TRUE

BALDNESS
DOES NOT EXIST AMONG FULL BLOODED NEGROES

WEATHER PROPHETS ARE PREDICTING A WORLD WIDE DROUGHT IN OR ABOUT THE YEAR 2000—
—AND ACCORDING TO THIS DEPARTMENT'S RESEARCH, THESE PREDICTIONS HAVE BEEN ABOUT 90% CORRECT!

IN INDIA
CHILDREN ARE MARRIED SO YOUNG THAT TOYS ARE GIVEN AS WEDDING PRESENTS

SCIENCE HAS NOT YET DISCOVERED THE CAUSE OF LOVE

BAD ADVERTISING

GOVERNMENT CHECK ADVERTISING

SOARING TO NEW HEIGHTS

"No matter how carefully he covers his tracks, a panhandler is easy to follow."

Copyright, 1934, by Kay Enterprises, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved. PAUL ARNOFF

SOARING TO NEW HEIGHTS

THE BIG BATTLE

Copyright, New York World-Telegram

GABBY GERTIE

LET'S RESCUE THEM!

RECOVERY INDUSTRY

PAID LABOR ORGANIZER

Leave the Wagner Labor Board Bill under the Bridge at 12 mid-night or else

NO U. S. PAY OFF.

The Family

WAVE-DOOPLE WENT DOWN!

GAY! WHERE GET ALL TH PEP. JAY?

REST, BOY! REST AND PLENTY OF IT!

VEGGIE! I'M KEEPIN' REGULAR HOUSE NOW—OFF TH SOCIAL LIFE FOR TH TIME BEIN!

YOUR WIFE'S GOTTA TOWN, EH?

NO! SHE'S IN TH HANDS OF HER DENTIST NOW!

SCHOOL DAYS — By DWIG

I DON'T CARE WHETHER YOU GO WITH ME OR NOT, CAUSE I'D ONLY GET ONE SHOT OUT OF THREE AND ONLY A THIRD OF THE SQUIRRELS. BESIDES, I'VE ONLY GOT ABOUT FORTY SHELLS—GO IF YOU WANT TO, THO

LET'S GO, JIM—I'LL GO IF YOU WILL—HUNTING LASTS ALL DAY AND A LICKIN'S OVER IN TWO MINUTES

YES, BUT THEM TWO MINUTES FEELS LIKE TWO YEARS!

NIMROD OR MINERVA?

DOROTHY DARNIT

I AM GOING TO ASK MARY'S FATHER FOR HER HAND TONIGHT I SEE SO MANY CHUMPS SUPPORTING WOMEN THESE DAYS THAT MARRIAGE LOOKS LIKE A CING TO ME

PERFUMS

SO HERE I GO, AND I BET I'LL HAVE CIGARS, CANNED GOODS AND A RACE HORSE NAMED AFTER ME—I'LL BE IN THE MOVIES I'LL ADMIT MY LOCKS HAD A LOT TO DO WITH IT

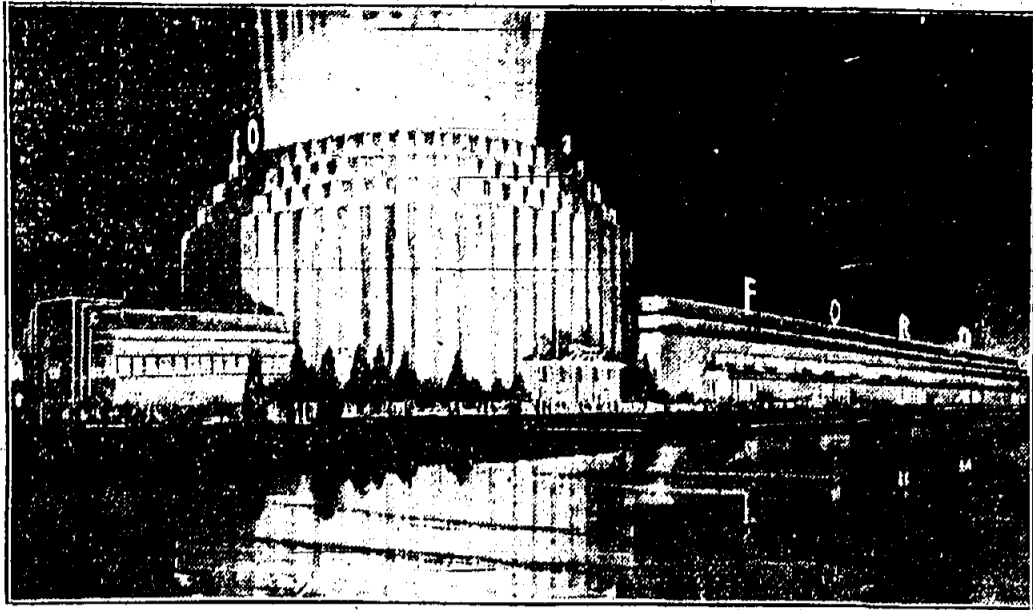
MARY'S MOTHER JUST TURNED UP WHERE DO YOU COME IN?

OH I EXPECT MARY'S FATHER TO BE IN BACK OF ME THIS TIME—

BY JINGO—HE WAS IN BACK OF ME—

C. McMANUS

Ford Building Under Construction at New Fair



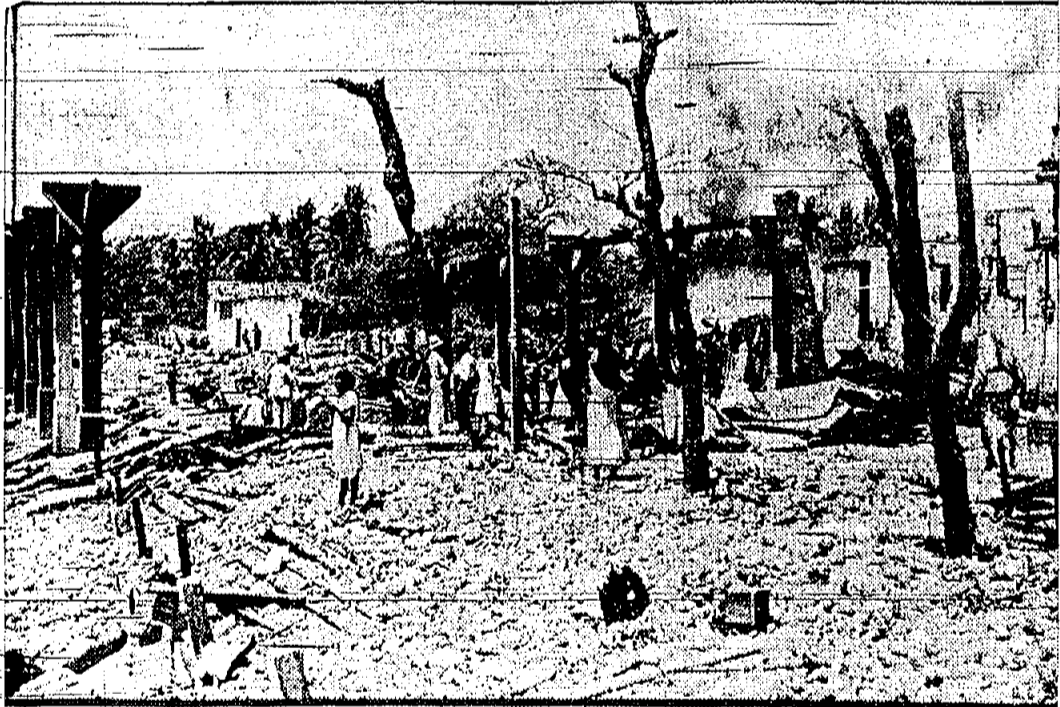
Ford contributes giant structure to 1934 Century of Progress. Shown here is a conception by Hugh Ferriss, noted New York artist, of how the Ford Exposition building, now being erected at the Chicago World's Fair, will look at night in its blaze of light, after the Fair opens May 26. The building is 900 feet long and ten stories high at its center. It faces on a five-acre park fronting on Lake Michigan. Albert Kahn of Detroit is the architect, and Walter Dorwin Teague of New York, industrial designer, is in charge of interior display. Ford Park will have 10,000 seats for free concerts.

"What It Really Is Like" in San Juan



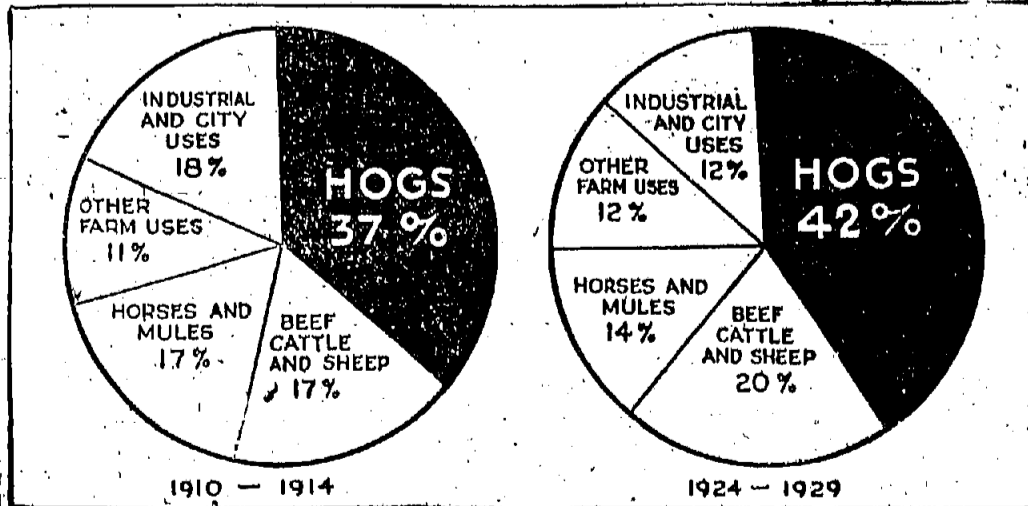
WHEN Mrs. Roosevelt was inspecting living conditions in San Juan, Puerto Rico, she asked the camera man to make this picture "to show really what it is like." She is standing at the edge of a pool of dirty water swimming with flies in the center of La Perla, one of the slum streets.

After Seven Tons of Dynamite Exploded



Refugees going over the spots where once their homes stood as they vainly search for their loved ones and endeavor to salvage what little is left following the explosion of seven tons of dynamite aboard a freight train in the port of La Libertad, San Salvador. Over 200 persons were killed, at least 1,000 others injured.

THE USES OF CORN



HOGS now consume nearly one-half of the annual corn crop in the United States. Most of the corn released by the slaughter of eleven million head of hogs and mules on the farms and in the cities during the past two city years has been diverted to hog feeding. This chart indicates the necessity for an adjustment in corn production, at least sufficient to correspond with any reduction in hog numbers. A substantial reduction in corn—the main feed supply for hogs—will help bring the supply of hogs into better balance with effective demand and it will help raise the purchasing power of corn. If corn production is not reduced by an amount sufficient to compensate for the reduction in hogs, corn supplies available for other purposes will increase substantially; corn prices will decline with respect to other livestock, and eventually production of more livestock will be stimulated to higher and less profitable levels. But the Agricultural Adjustment Act seeks a net reduction in agricultural production, not a shift. A change of corn, therefore, is the important key to the corn-hog production problem. The sound solution is to scale down the production of both corn and hogs.

All-America Bridge Champion



David Burnstine and Shepard Barclay

ANNOUNCEMENT of the "Big Ten" in contract bridge for the past year shows David Burnstine of New York as the Champion of champions. He heads the list of Collier's all-America team by a wide margin. In the photograph he is shown with Shepard Barclay, bridge editor of Collier's, who makes the official selections from the year's tournament. Burnstine is the living answer to the question of whether bridge can be learned from books. He began studying bridge eleven years ago, reading everything he could find in the Boston Public Library. He started applying this book-knowledge and has now completed the greatest winning year in the history of the game. He holds a greater number of championships than any other living player. He is 34 years old and pronounces the last syllable of his name "steech."

Gift From Lebanon Starts for U. S.



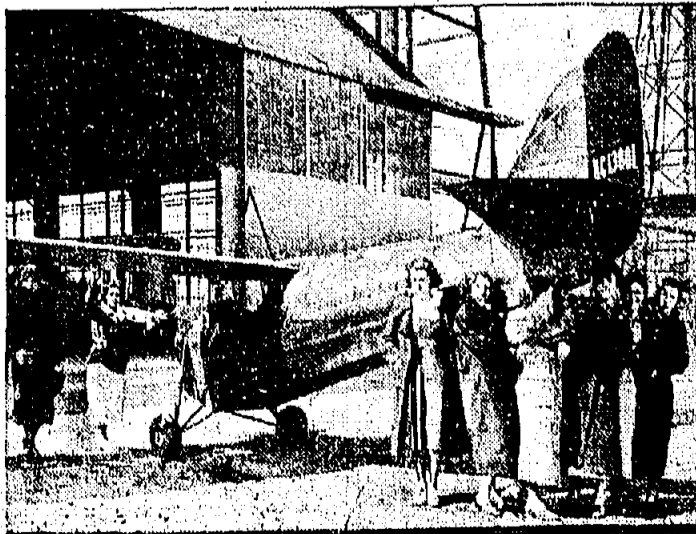
A young cedar, now ten feet high, from the grove from which Solomon selected wood for the temple in Jerusalem, starts on its journey to the White House lawn in Washington, where it will be planted.

Growsome Laboratory Experiment



Weird laboratory experiments to discover a modern "elixir of life," by stirring puppets' hearts with death, were pronounced a scientific success by University of California savants recently—even though the dogs died. Doctor Cornish announced that the experiments will be continued and a strenuous effort made to add "consciousness" to the restored heart action. This, he said, might cause life to be prolonged for a considerable period, perhaps indefinitely.

Students Build and Fly Own Plane



This group of ambitious girl high school students of Tarzook, N. J., built the plane they are shown rolling from the hangar, from the parts furnished by the board of education as part of their aviation course. Now they are learning to pilot the craft. There are but twenty-two girls in the class of eighty-four, but the coeds won eight of the ten awards for the highest grades last year. They receive the same instruction and take the same examinations as do the boys.

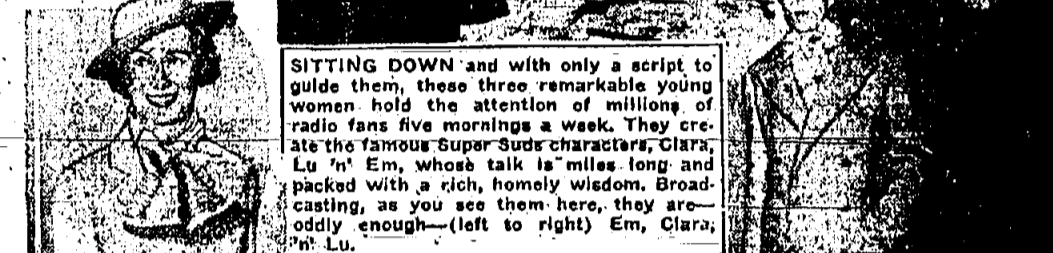
THE Camirror



RAIL NEGOTIATIONS: Joseph B. Eastman, center, Federal Coordinator of Transportation, started his attempt to compromise the deadlock between railroads and the railroad brotherhoods, by conferring with a group of rail chiefs.



JEANIE COOKS TO MUSIC: Jeanie Lang, radio ingenue of the popular Powder Box Revue is crazy about cooking and naturally loves music. An admirer has given her a compact Atwater Kent for her kitchen and the star now invariably cooks to music. Also, she admits being an ardent follower of the crime broadcasts of the police.



WASH DREAMS COME TRUE: Mary Looker clasped in the arms of her mother, Mrs. Mary Altiera, from whom she was kidnapped fifteen years ago. Mary came to Chicago recently and found her mother.

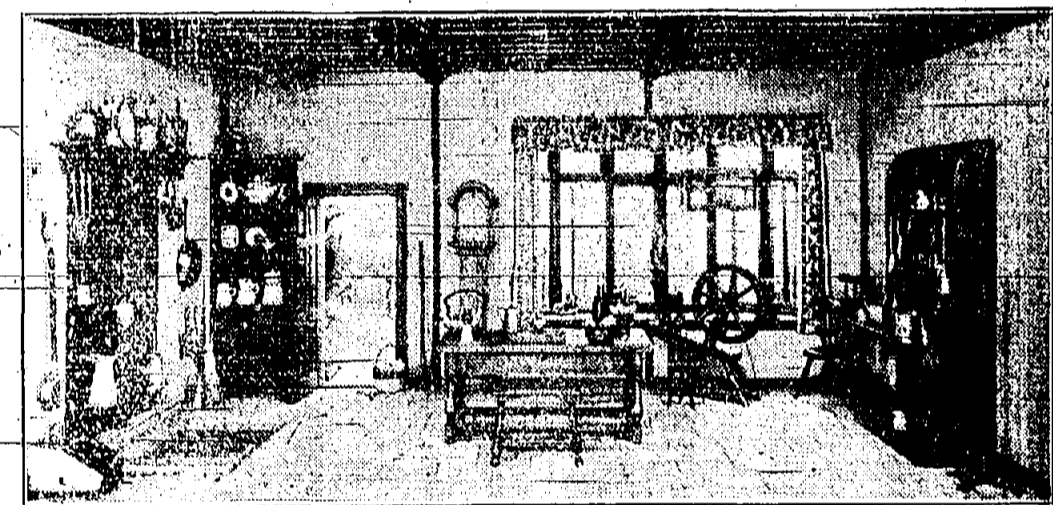
SITTING DOWN and with only a script to guide them, these three remarkable young women hold the attention of millions of radio fans five mornings a week. They create the famous Super Suds characters, Clara, Lu 'n' Em, whose talk is miles long and packed with a rich, homely wisdom. Broadcasting, as you see them here, they are ardently enough—(left to right) Em, Clara, 'n' Lu.



MISS MIRIAM HOPKINS GODMOTHER TO NEW PERFUME: Miss Miriam Hopkins pictured in the role of being a godmother to a new perfume, Bouquet Letheric, the "Daytime Fragrance." Miss Hopkins wears a light weight tweed suit in a soft shade of gray, with a matching hat of rough straw in the style of a wide-brimmed Breton sailor. Bright color is introduced into the ensemble in the light blue and gray striped scarf, which is short and crisp.

AIDS SON IN FIGHT FOR LIFE: M. and Mrs. Paul Dubonnet, millionaire vintner and his wife, known to Broadway as Jean Nash, "The Best Dressed Woman in the World," Mrs. Dubonnet arrived to lend her support to the son of a girlhood marriage, Andrew Kirwin, when he faces the Federal Court on the Dean Brothers for \$5 games case. That's what Jerome Herman (Dizzy) Dean, charged with murder, left, and brother, Paul, announced at the Car-dor on the high dinal training camp.

For New Fair's Exhibit of Miniatures



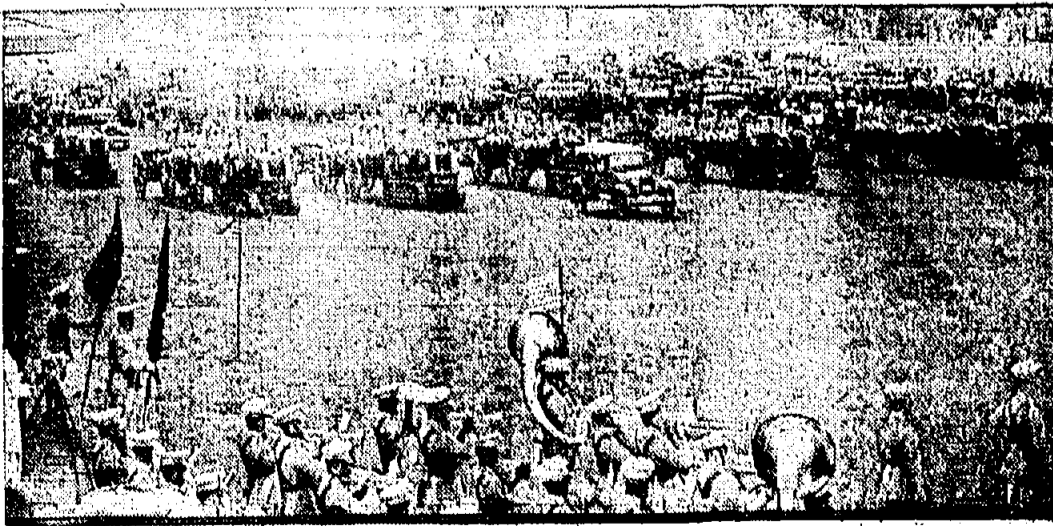
Brittany—Kitchen in Miniature at Edison Memorial building when the World's Fair, Twenty-four of these Fair—opens in Chicago—May 26 from a collection made by Mrs. they rooms will be shown in the old They are about three feet long and James Ward Thorne of Chicago.

CWA Workers March on Washington in Protest



Led by Norman Thomas, nationally famous Socialist leader and Presidential candidate in 1928 and 1932, some 500 CWA workers from the metropolitan district of New York, came to Washington to file protests with the President and with Harry L. Hopkins, director of the national emergency relief organization, against discontinuance of the CWA work relief.

Picturesque Review of Hawaiian Division



Motorized units of the Eighth, Ninth, Eleventh and Thirteenth field artillery regiments make impressive spectacle as the parade takes place in the shadow of Hawaiian mountains at Schofield barracks, Honolulu, America's largest military post and home of the army's only complete division.

NOTICE OF SPRINGFIELD TAX SALE

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, that the undersigned, the Collector of Taxes, of the Township of Springfield in the County of Union, will on the twenty-seventh day of April, 1934, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, in his Tax Office in the Municipal Building, Springfield, New Jersey, expose for sale the following described lands situated in the said Township of Springfield, on which taxes or assessments for the year 1932, together with interest and costs, remain unpaid and in arrears.

Table listing property owners, addresses, and tax amounts for the Springfield Tax Sale. Columns include Owner Name, Address, Block, Lot, and Tax Amount.

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Any of the aforesaid tracts or lots may be redeemed by the payment to the undersigned before the sale of the amount due thereon, including interest at eight per cent., from July 1, 1933, and the costs of advertising.

Legal Notice

PUBLIC NOTICE OF PUBLIC HEARING

PROPOSED ZONING ORDINANCE. The Zoning Commission of the Township of Springfield, Union County, N. J., will sit between the hours of 8:00 and 10:00 P. M. in the auditorium of the Municipal Building on Thursday, April 12, 1934, for the purpose of hearing all who wish to be heard on the subject of the proposed zoning ordinance which this Commission has prepared and submitted to the Township Committee.

Those desiring to familiarize themselves with the ordinance and accompanying map, may inspect them at the office of the Township Clerk; the Township Engineer, J. P. Plummer, and the office of the secretary of the Zoning Commission, Room 29, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 3:00 P. M. on the following days: All business days between March 30th to April 11th, inclusive.

By order of the Zoning Commission. WILFRED WEBER, Secretary, Township of Springfield, Union County, N. J., March 27, 1934.

Table listing financial details for The Brookside Corporation, including assets, liabilities, and capital.

Wonder Bar Booked At Strand Theatre. Al Jolson and Big Cast of Stars In Extravaganza. A new approach to a motion picture musical number has been attempted in "Goin' to Heaven on a Mule," which Al Jolson sings in the first National screen version of "Wonder Bar," which comes to the Roth-Strand Theatre this Sunday and Monday.

FOR YOUR LAWN and GARDEN at these low prices it will be worth while to FERTILIZE and insure yourself of success and enjoyment in your garden. Bonemeal (Steamed and raw) per 100 lbs. \$2.50. Sheep and Goat Manure, per 100 lbs. \$2.50. Lime Hydrated, per 50 lbs. 55c. Lime Pulverized, per 80 lbs. 85c. Peat Moss, large sized bale \$2.50. Grass Seed, 5 lb. bag \$1.19 and up. Yellow Onion Sets, 2 lbs. 55c. Best On Market. Don't Waste Time, Effort, Money—Use the Best Seeds. We Carry Tested Seeds at Low Prices. Springfield Feed & Fertilizer Co. 206 MORRIS AVENUE Phone Millburn 6-0809 COMPLETE LINE OF PET SUPPLIES

Honest Values FOR YOUR OLD GOLD. BRING YOUR OLD GOLD IN TO MR. ROBERT DAY WHO WILL TEST, WEIGH, HONESTLY APPRAISE, AND PAY YOU. Highest Cash Prices. FOR YOUR DISCARDED JEWELRY, RINGS, WATCHES, PINS, CHAINS, ETC. GLASS FRAMES, DENTAL GOLD, ETC. WHITE AND GREEN GOLD PURCHASED. Do Not Sell Your Old Gold to Strangers Who Call —

Newark Bears Play Home Next Thursday. To Begin Exhibition Series at Ruppert Stadium. (Special to THE SUN) CLEARWATER, Fla., April 4.—That famous battle cry, "Hater up," will soon be heard at the Ruppert Stadium, for inside of a week the exhibition season of home games for the Newark International League Bears will begin.

SALES and SERVICE LA FRENIER MOTORS. Authorized Dealer for MILLBURN AND SPRINGFIELD. Millburn 6-0347. 518 MILLBURN AVENUE MILLBURN, N. J.