



Escapes DEATH CHAIR Five Times

By Roger P. Butterfield

JUSTICE, that stern old lady with the blindfold, scales and sword, has a woman's way of changing her mind. Every now and then she tosses the sword in the air, then her scales wobble out of balance, lifts up the blindfold and winks at the world just to show she's human after all.

Consider the fantastic case of Archie Herron, who for more than twenty-five years has lived under sentence of death in the New Jersey State Prison at Trenton. Five times the day was set for his execution, and each time a reprieve was granted either by the Governor or the Judge who sentenced him. Once the order arrived an hour before he was to be put to death. After the last stay the Judge ordered an investigation of his sanity, but died before it was completed. No one else would order the execution to proceed.

So Herron lived on, sitting so quietly in his cell that almost every one forgot his strange history. New wardens came and went without knowing that he was a condemned murderer. He became a prison hermit, never having visitors nor going out to mingle with the other prisoners at exercise. He spent his days reading, smoking, occasionally singing songs which no one else could understand. The only persons he talked to were a few old guards who had been there as long as he had.

Will Not Be Executed

THE other day, a white-haired man of 75, he was taken to the hospital with a cold, and many persons connected with the prison heard his story for the first time. For him the venture outside his cell was a terrifying experience. He was like some modern Count of Monte Cristo, emerging from his rockbound prison into a changed and bewildered world. The radio beside his bed frightened him so he wanted to run away until a doctor turned it off.

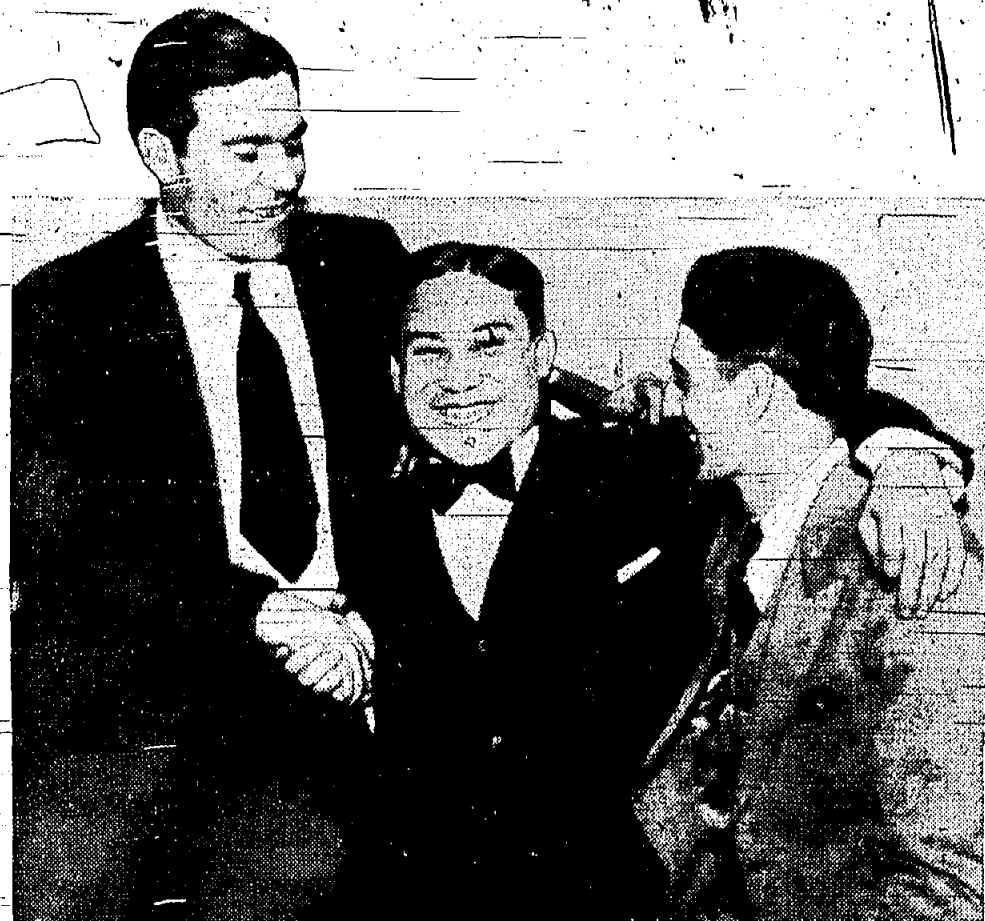
There is little danger at this date that the law will ever make another attempt to exact its penalty in Herron's case. The prison authorities are willing to let him go back to the cell which he has come to look upon as the safest refuge in the world. No one else is anxious to intervene.

Yet the crime for which he was sentenced was a deliberate and sensational murder. Back in 1908 Herron was a blacksmith in Metuchen, N. J., known among the townsfolk as a hard worker and a hard drinker. The Rev. Samuel Pickett, a retired clergyman, had been elected Magistrate on a platform of stamping out drunkenness. One Saturday night he had Herron arraigned before him on that charge and sentenced him to thirty days in jail.

The blacksmith brooded revenge in his cell and on the day he got out went with a loaded shotgun to Pickett's office. Without a word of warning he blew his enemy's head off.

He was convicted of murder in the first degree and sentenced to die the week of September 7, 1908, by Supreme Court Justice James J. Bergen. Then came various appeals and reprieves until June 2, 1910, when Justice Bergen ordered a stay pending determination of Herron's sanity. There is no record that any investigation was ever completed in the matter, and after Justice Bergen's death, Herron was removed from the deathhouse and assigned to the cell where he has clung to life ever since.

Technically he is still under the jurisdiction of the Middlesex County Courts since the stay of execution which Jus-



Samuel Gallo was convicted of murder and Gangi Cero acquitted on a similar charge at a joint trial. Previously both men had been convicted of the murder when they were given separate trials. Cero is shown in the center, being congratulated by relatives.

tie Bergen signed on that June day twenty-five years ago is the only thing that stands between Herron and execution of his sentence. If any official should take it on himself to decide that he is sane, he might be executed within a few days. But no one expects that to happen.

During the quarter century he has been in prison, more than 100 other murderers have been executed.

One of the strangest freaks of justice ever recorded occurred in Boston a few years ago. Two men were found guilty and sentenced to die by different juries for the same murder, though only one shot had been fired and one man was seen fleeing from the scene of the crime. The same bullet and revolver were placed in evidence at both trials.

The victim in this remarkable case, Joseph Fantasia, an Italian, was shot down in a busy street. A man named Lewis Smith was near enough to see Fantasia fall and to see another man run into a nearby shop and ask some one to call him a taxi. Keeping his eye on this man, Smith telephoned the police, who arrived and arrested the suspect just as his car pulled up.

The prisoner turned out to be Gangi Cero, also an Italian, who protested bitterly that he was innocent and a victim of mistaken identity. A revolver was found in the street and the single bullet that killed Fantasia was definitely linked to it. But there was no proof that Cero owned the weapon.

He was convicted, principally on Smith's evidence, and sentenced to die at midnight November 8, 1928. But that afternoon a reprieve arrived and the following March another man named Samuel Gallo was found guilty of the same murder and also sentenced to death.

Gallo's conscience, as it turned out, had been his undoing. He had approached Smith, the principal State

witness, and asked him if he would change his testimony to save Cero's life. Smith, of course, called in the police and Gallo was arrested. He was given two years in jail for trying to interfere with justice.

Cero's execution was only a few weeks away, but he was still held in the Charles Street jail in Boston. One day he saw Gallo in the jail yard. He rushed up and stabbed him near the heart with a knife he had hidden in his sleeve. For a time it was thought the wound was fatal, but there was a hospital next door and expert surgical treatment saved Gallo's life.

Acquitted, but Guilty

CERO now offered for the first time to give his complete story of the murder. He said he and Gallo were in business together selling cheap suits, and that on the day of the murder they were walking side by side when they met Fantasia. Gallo fired the fatal shot, he claimed, and both ran away in different directions.

The authorities put little faith in history until the sudden appearance of a girl named Philomena Romano, a sister-in-law of Fantasia, who had formerly been friendly with Gallo. Apparently she was the cause of the feud between the two men. She said she had seen the murder and that Gallo was the man who fired the only shot.

Then followed Gallo's trial and conviction, which, in view of the earlier conviction of Cero, was adjudged "inconsistent with the course of justice" by the Judge who presided at both trials. He ordered a new trial for the two men together, at which Cero was acquitted and Gallo again found guilty. Cero returned to Italy and the man who gave himself away by trying to help his friend was scheduled to be executed in his stead. But at the last moment, he, too,



Archie Herron Becomes Forgotten Man After Spending Quarter of a Century in New Jersey Prison;

No One to Free Him Now

Meenard Prison at Chester, Ill., after serving twenty-three years for a murder he did not commit. Twice he was offered freedom by the State Board of Pardons if he would confess and clear up the case. He refused and eventually another man on his deathbed admitted he was the real murderer.

In October, 1920, a young man named Arnold Love stood up in a revival meeting in Salem, Ontario, and shouted that he had a sin to confess. He had killed his mother seven years before, he said, and now he wanted to expiate his crime. What made the confession terrible to his neighbors was the fact that his own father had been convicted and executed for the murder soon after it occurred.

One of the most melodramatic cases of this kind comes from Mississippi, and happened back in the 1890s. Will Purvis, a farmer, was convicted of the murder of a witness in a whitecapping case, and sentenced to hang. On the day of the execution the noose slipped from his neck and he fell through the trap unharmed. His counsel contended that he could not be hanged twice, so his sentence was commuted to life imprisonment.

Another Confesses

AFTER he had served two years another farmer, Joe Beard, admitted that he was the murderer and absolved Purvis of all connection with the crime. Soon afterward Beard died. Purvis was freed and eventually voted \$5000 by the State Legislature for his harrowing experience.

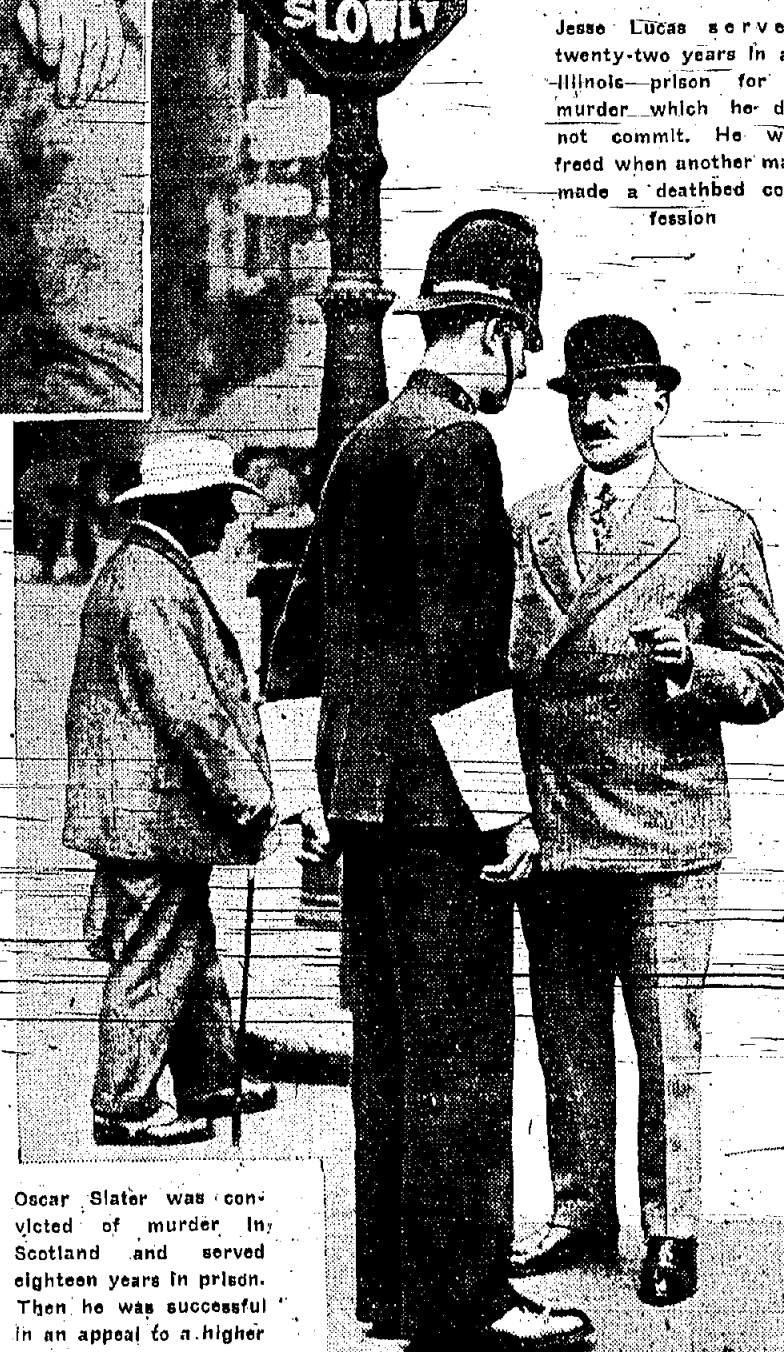
Perhaps the most tragic instance of an execution which was carried out too soon occurred in Chester, Pa., soon after the Revolutionary War. A young girl, Elizabeth Wilson, had been convicted of killing her twin babies by smothering them with leaves. Shortly before her execution her brother, William, obtained evidence indicating that her unfaithful lover, Joseph Deahong, was the real murderer. The brother was galloping from Philadelphia to Chester, a distance of only a few miles, with a reprieve which would have halted her execution when a flood blocked his way in trying to ford the stream. His horse was swept away and drowned and he had to get another. When he finally arrived, he saw his sister already hanging from the fatal tree. She had been dead just four minutes.

In modern times the most internationally famed miscarriage of justice was the conviction of Oscar Slater for the murder of Marion Gleibist, an 83-year-old spinster, in Glasgow, Scotland. This is the case that is supposed to have baffled the detective ingenuity of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, creator of Sherlock Holmes.

Slater was at first sentenced to death, but this was later commuted to life imprisonment. Scottish law at that time did not provide for criminal case appeals, but due to the agitation over his case, a special act of Parliament was passed to set up a Court of Criminal Appeals for Scotland. Writers, lawyers and lovers of justice all over the world were stirred to act in behalf of Slater when it was revealed that the slain woman's maid had identified another man as the murderer, and that this information was kept from the jury at the original trial.

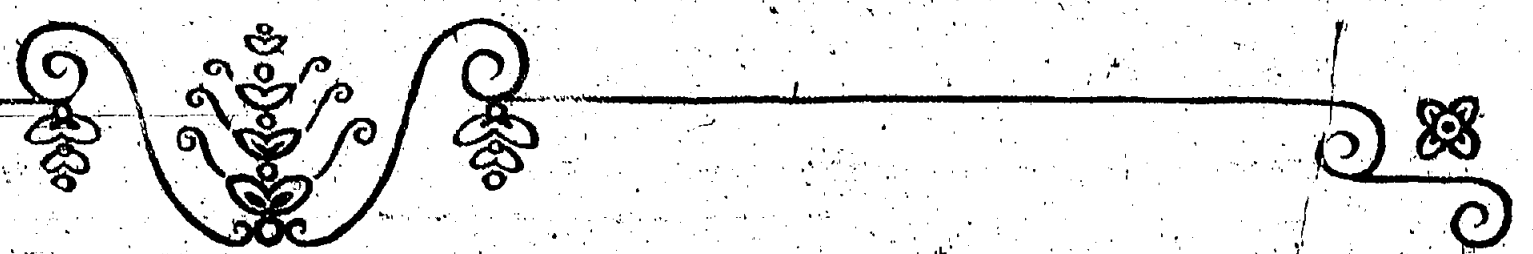
Finally, in 1928, the verdict was set aside and after nearly twenty years in prison Slater was exonerated and freed. He was later voted \$30,000 by the Government and according to latest reports is married to a Kaffir Princess from Basutoland, South Africa, who visited him during his years of wrongful imprisonment.

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Oscar Slater was convicted of murder in Scotland and served eighteen years in prison. Then he was successful in an appeal to a higher court and was freed.

Jesse Lucas served twenty-two years in an Illinois prison for a murder which he did not commit. He was freed when another man made a deathbed confession.



TWO BRIDEGROOMS *by Carolla Dell*

In a Moonlight Dell Myrna Found Love, but It Took an Accident to Get Her Man

MYRNA HASTINGS smiled wanly at a portly woman customer who for twenty minutes had haggled over the price of a set of Quimper plates.

The querulous customer opened a red suede bag, took out a bill and laid it on the counter.

"Oh, well, I'll take them, although they're not exactly what I want," she said, fretfully. "And please wrap them in a hurry. I have an engagement at the tennis courts at 3."

"You're too fat to play tennis."

"That's what Myrna Hastings thought. But what she said was:

"I'll have them wrapped in just a second, Mrs. Judson. Lovely weather for the week-end, isn't it?"

The customer departed, and Myrna sat down wearily on a red and black lacquer stool, near the open window of her Novelty Shop at Grantwood Lake. Her spirits were at low ebb. This was only her third month at the Lake, but already she was exhausted by the work she had taken up so enthusiastically at the beginning of the season. She had been delighted then at the opportunity to make enough money to help pay for an operation which her mother required in the Fall, and to help maintain the New York apartment for her and two sisters.

The three girls, making their own way in the world, had been working hard at uncongenial jobs for which they had no aptitude, counting on the time when they could conduct an antique shop of their own. Myrna was giving the idea a tryout at the Summer resort.

ONLY three months ago, and she had been in such high spirits! Now, glancing with tired eyes around the little shop, with the bright plates stacked on shelves, its sets of gleaming lusterware, shining brass trays, pewter pitchers, tall flower vases, copper incense burners, she was amazed at her own indifference. How could she foresee, in the beginning, how difficult it would prove to be a workaday shopkeeper, loaded down with worries and financial responsibilities, in a hotbed of gay Summer butterflies? Now, as she sat gazing out the sparkling lake, studded with red and green canoes, she began vaguely to realize the cause of her lassitude.

"I'm tired, and I want to play a little, too. I want to wear crisp sports dresses for tennis, and a swaggy riding habit, and a silky dinner dress, and a maroon and tan sweater, with a tan skirt, for hiking. I want to go swimming and rowing and riding. I want—I think—a cavallerie dance attendance on me!"

Myrna Hastings did not, as a rule, indulge in self-pity. But now, tired and hot, worn down by her last aggravating customer, she felt tears burning in her eyes.

"Could you show me that brass sconce over there, please?"

Myrna looked up and saw a tall young man, sunburned, the athletic type, in riding breeches and puttees. He smiled. His brown eyes looked at her with a warm and friendly light in their depths. She took from the hook the sconce he indicated and handed it to him.

"You've been crying," he said, half quizzically, half sympathetically. "That's a futile and depressing pastime."

"It's nothing," she evaded. "Just a headache. It's warm in here."

"Oh," said the customer, dubiously, "so that's the trouble." Then: "Do you think this sconce will please a girl of rather pronounced tastes in things artistic?"

Myrna nodded.

"I think so," she said, "although it's rather difficult to select something of this kind for some one else."

The customer agreed.

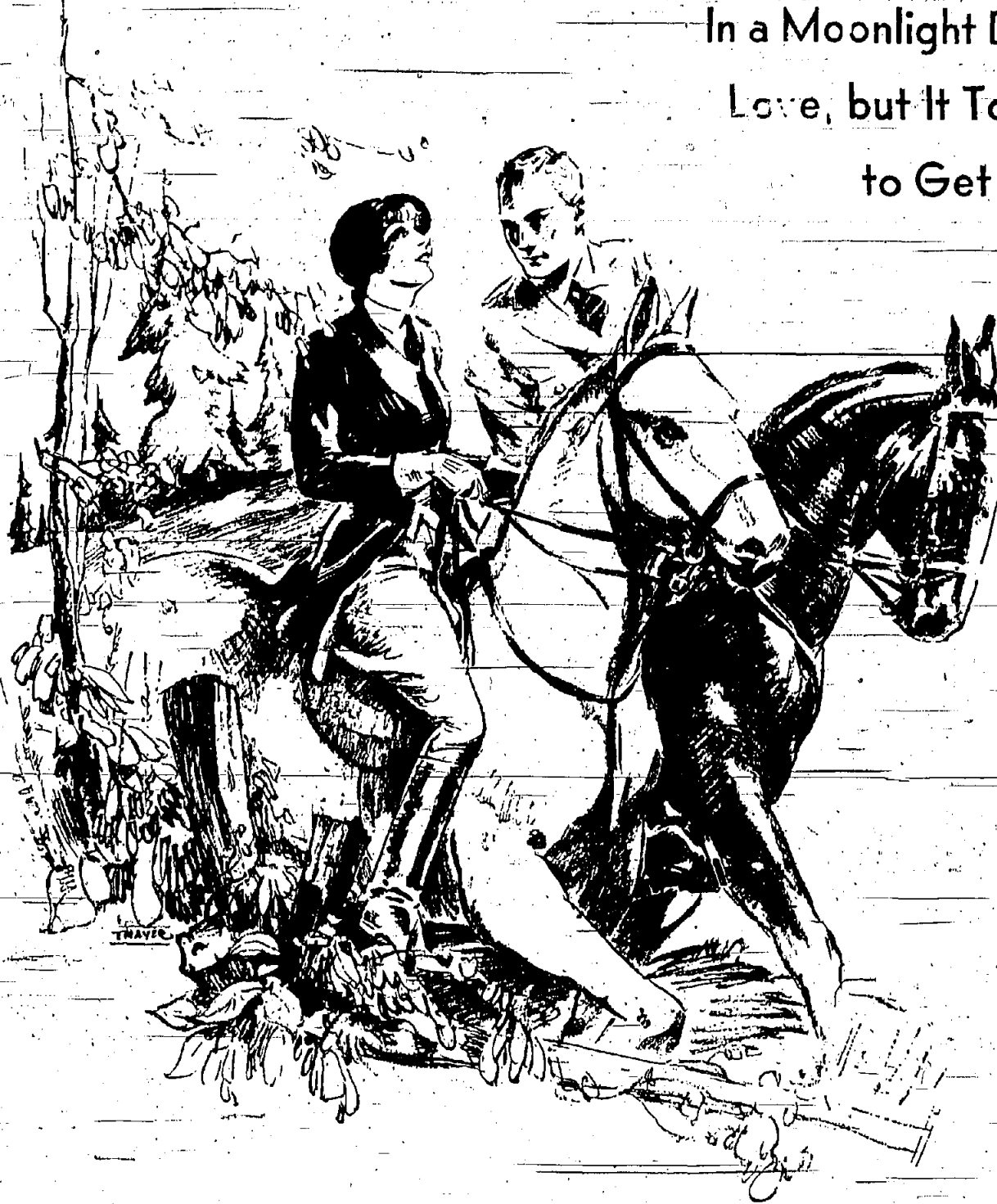
"You're right. I'll bring her in and let her choose it herself. Will your shop be open this evening?"

"Until 9:30." The door clicked after the stranger with the friendly brown eyes.

FROM then on until dinnertime Myrna Hastings had little opportunity for gloom. Customers besieged the little shop: Girls. Dozens of them. Pert blondes. Stately brunettes. Italian-haired girls. Most of them pretty. Many of them accompanied by adoring males who bought everything their white, rapacious fingers fondled. All of them in becoming sports togs.

"How much is this cigarette case?"

"Oh, look, Dorothy, isn't this brass bowl adorable?" "Shall I buy this tea pitcher for Aunt Janey?" "See these darling china cats for the fireplace." "Let's buy this flat dish for nasturtiums." "Hurry, hurry, we'll be late for dinner."



turned away so that her glance might not out between the one passing between these two. She wrapped the purchases in gay orange paper, wound them about with purple paper ribbon.

"There! That's something else to blend in with her color scheme," thought Myrna, not without a feeling of artistic achievement, as she tied the smart little bow. As the door closed behind them, Myrna caught a glimpse of Blythe's beautifully waved blonde hair against her companion's coat sleeve.

"But they're really not married," pondered Myrna, as she made preparations to lock up the store. "He called her Blythe, but introduced her as 'Miss Tennant.' Perhaps they're going to be married. Wonder why I do so much conjecturing about this pair? Enough cooing doves have fluttered in and out of my shop since it opened for my curiosity to have died down utterly about all of 'em."

BUT that night, in her tent at the camp back of the clubhouse, Myrna lay awake listening to the wind rustling the leaves of the tall pines and thinking about her customer called "Riggy."

"Such a silly name for a man like that," she mused, as she thrustly drank in the pungent and fresh night air. "He looks so wholesome and substantial. 'Riggy' sounds like the name of a dancing man. Well—after all, perhaps he is just that."

The next day Myrna had just sold a yellow lusterware vase to a small and glowing brunette when Blythe Tennant entered the shop. She looked fresh and smart in a rose-colored linen frock.

"I want some more things for my home," she said, gayly, adding: "Particularly that chocolate-colored tea set. That one with the mustard border. I'll use that for serving tea on the side porch." Suddenly she grew still more confidential.

"I'm going to be married early this Fall. That's why I'm doing such frantic buying. Riggy says I won't even take time to play with him."

The girl's happiness was infectious, even though, at that precise moment, Myrna was contrasting her event of the Fall with this other, luckier girl's. One carried the odor of ether; the other, of orange blossoms.

"Let me help you select some more things," she offered. "I have some attractive pottery and glass and bronze back in the other room. I was saving them until the stock got low. But I'll show them to you now."

After that Blythe and her cavalier were frequent visitors at Myrna's little shop. They bought everything that attracted the blonde beauty, from hand-painted parrot salt-shakers to big pewter water pitchers. During these visits, Myrna had ample time to study "Riggy," whose last name, she had learned, was Jasperson.

"He's going to make a fine husband," she thought, as she observed his attitude toward the arch little blonde. From the altogether antithetical future bridegroom her thoughts swerved to the prospective bride.

"Decorative and sweet," was her mental pronouncement.

She chanced to glance up just in time, during one of these visits, to see the

"Why, you look better already," exclaimed Riggs as they veined their way along an almost forgotten path through the woods.

Long, shapely fingers of Riggs Jasperson ruffled Blythe's sleek hair, with its carefully arranged water-waves. The girl turned suddenly, slapped his hand playfully. Obviously, they were alone in the world.

"A drab shopgirl doesn't even exist for them," thought Myrna, ruefully. She stepped back a few paces, until she stood before an antique mirror. Then she turned her head slightly to the right, noted her clear-out profile.

"I'm not at all drab," she told herself, a bit triumphantly. "I have nice wavy brown hair, although I have a choppy bob. My skin has an olive tinge, but it's clear. My nose could be a trifle smaller. No—I'm not hard to look at."

TURNING from the mirror and her self-contemplation, a little ashamed at her preening, she found that Blythe had left, and Riggs Jasperson had not. He was laughing, and Myrna wondered what sort of ridiculous pantomime she had staged before the mirror. Women usually behaved like idiots before the glass when they thought no one was observing them.

"You're vain," accused Riggs Jasperson. Myrna shook her head.

"No, I'm not really. But I was feeling low. I had to take stock of my looks just to prove to myself that I'm not an utter washout."

"Low? Another futile state of mind. Want to be unburdened? It may help."

Before Myrna realized what she was doing, she had told him all about her sick mother, the girl, the operation in the Fall, the aspirations connected with her business venture. He, in turn, poured out sympathetic understanding, advice, suggestions.

"But you'll have to shake off that depression of yours if you're ever going to come out from under the load of burdens," he advised in conclusion. "You need to keep physically fit if you're going to make good and accomplish all you plan to do."

After more advice and tactfully proffered assistance in the event that she should need it, Riggs Jasperson turned to leave.

"I'm going riding," he told her. Riding Myrna's own favorite sport, although she couldn't afford it often in New York.

"Are the horses any good?" she asked quickly.

"Fine—do you ride?"

"Yes—when I have time."

"But who's to take charge of my shop?" asked Myrna.

"Close it for an hour or two. You need a midday siesta. You look peaked. I'll tell you what—I'll make a sign for the window. Then you won't lose customers. Got any cardboard and ink or paint?"

She dug up a cardboard box to be used as a placard.

"Where's the ink or paint?"

"Haven't any." Then, with sudden inspiration: "How would my lipstick do?"

Jasperson laughed.

"Resourceful young woman! The lipstick will do. Only—I didn't think you used a messy thing like that."

"I don't—often. But sometimes, after a hot day, my lips look colorless. Just a dab then brings me to life."

"Poor little shopkeeper," murmured Jasperson, laboriously printing out the smudged words:

"Closed until 5 P. M."

"Why do you keep such abominably long hours?"

"Necessity. Profits aren't big enough to allow for much loafing. The longer I keep my shop open the more sales I make."

Impulsively Riggs Jasperson dropped the sign he was working on, and turned to the pallid Myrna, leaning wearily against the counter, little beads of moisture standing out on her forehead.

"Poor kid," said Riggs Jasperson, pressing her hot, moist palms between his cool ones. "I'll tell you what: I'm going to keep shop for you several hours a day while you stay out in the sunshine. You need a bit of tennis and boating and swimming to set you up."

AN HOUR later they were at the stables, with the little ex-jockey who was in charge of them saddling a big brown hunter and another, smaller horse for them. Myrna felt her weakness drop from her like a discarded gown as she shifted the stable doors, watched the different riders mount and ride away.

"Waive on," said Riggs Jasperson, gayly, as they set off at a swift trot. Soon they were away from the dusty highway and out along a wooded trail. The sweet-smelling pines, the slight cool breeze, the little chipmunks that darted out across their path, the sense of nearness of a pleasing companion, the even rest of her horse—all contributed to a feeling of happiness and expectancy that pervaded Myrna's whole being.

Riggs Jasperson, boldly. Myrna felt her face, already flushed from riding, burn still more hotly.

"About me!" she echoed. "Why think of a shopkeeper on a divine day like this?"

She spoke lightly, mockingly. But she was surprised by his manner.

"Yes—about you, Myrna Hastings."

"And what, may I ask, were you thinking about me?"

"I was thinking how nice you are, how self-sacrificing, and what little real pleasure you manage to squeeze out of a hot Summer. And I was also thinking that I'd like to take you to the dance at the club Thursday night."

Myrna hesitated. Then she said: "All right, I'll go. I'll close the shop at 7. And—Miss Tennant—of course she's going to the dance?"

"No. Blythe is going to motor to Cornish with her aunt, to spend a few days there with friends. Only about sixty miles from here."

So that was it! She was to substitute for Blythe. But why not? Wasn't this crumb better than nothing? To play understudy for Blythe wasn't a role to be spurned.

Thursday night when Riggs and Myrna met on the clubhouse porch at 9, she was pleased when she saw the swift first glance of admiration he gave her. She knew that she was becomingly dressed in her white chiffon frock, her gold slippers and her topaz set, stunning antiques, the gift of an aunt.

They found seats near the door. He groped around, found her hand, held it lightly between both of his. Suddenly he bowed his head, gently swept his lips over the topaz ring.

"You shouldn't do that," said Myrna, sharply, withdrawing her hand and arising.

"I'm sorry," said Jasperson. "I didn't mean to offend. Shall we go in and dance?"

After several dances, Riggs Jasperson suggested that they stroll part way around the lake. He helped her into her crisp little tulle jacket.

"This isn't going to be much protection," he said, "Myrna—do you know that in that filmy white frock, you look ethereal? You remind me of some sort of moonlight sprite I've never seen but often dreamed about."

A cloak of enchantment swathed the night. Myrna was happy. They walked along the wooded path bordering the lake, and her companion asked her many questions about herself, her plans, her family, her philosophy of life, her ultimate goal. And he told her much about himself. He was studying law, expected to enter his uncle's law office the following year. But during all his confidences he never once mentioned Blythe or his approaching marriage.

Myrna began to think the man quaint. After all, she reasoned, a man soon to be married to so charming a girl should rhapsodize over her. But not a word about his romance! He seemed utterly detached from it. Was he simply a philanderer? It was 12 o'clock when he piloted her up the steep and stony path which led to her tent.

ONE evening, shortly after 9 o'clock, just after she had locked up shop and was on her way to the trail which led to the high hill and her tent, Myrna took by mistake a little bypath. She suddenly found herself in "Lovers Cove," a thickly wooded lane which ended abruptly. Myrna, walking into it, came to a realization of where she was when, a few feet ahead of her, she saw a girl and a man. The girl melted into the arms of her companion so that, except for the flash of her lemon-colored frock, a splash of color in the moonlight which "bounced" over them like a benediction, the two appeared as one.

As Myrna paused in embarrassment, not wishing to make her hasty return, the girl raised her head from the man's shoulder, and Myrna saw the lovely, startled face of Blythe Tennant. Her companion spoke:

"What is it, my darling? Did something frighten you?"

And Myrna knew that the voice was not that of Riggs Jasperson. Quickly she turned and fled.

The next morning, feeling tired and listless after a restless night in which her mother and Blythe and doctors were all scrambled together in a nightmare, she was slowly dusting the ship's models she intended to display in the window the following day, when the door opened and Riggs Jasperson walked in.

"I've come to say good-by," he called out, somewhat bluntly. "Going back to the city—duty calls me."

Myrna was at a loss for words. She dared not express her true feelings and so murmured conventional regrets.

Myrna nodded coolly, determined to maintain the role of casual friend.

"Miss you! It was you a great deal while you've been here. I've spent some dusting candles off the hearth. Now I'll have to buckle down to work."

Riggs Jasperson released her hands. Then he, too, spoke casually: "How about a last ride together—this afternoon? Will you go?"

"Of course. What time?"

"At 4. That's a nice, tranquil hour. Sun's not too hot then, either. We'll ride for the rest of the afternoon. What say?"

"I'll love it!"

MYRNA'S thoughts were topsy-turvy the next few hours. What a jumbled mess everything was, she thought. Riggs in love with Blythe, Blythe in love with some one else—and Myrna, Myrna, yes, Myrna in love with Riggs.

That afternoon Myrna and Riggs had the two best mounts in the stables, polo ponies, fresh and spirited. Everything seemed perfect for their last ride together.

The weather was ideal, with just a slight breeze ruffling the leaves of the trees—and blowing Myrna's hair about her pale face. Riggs Jasperson tore a branch from one of the trees, swished it about his horse's ears, which kept filling with tiny, irritating gnats, annoying the animal and keeping him twisting his head from side to side.

"I'm so happy—and so ill-fired miserable," Riggs Jasperson finally blurted out.

"How is it possible to have two such contradictory emotions simultaneously? You can't be sad and glad at the same time."

"Oh, but I can," insisted Jasperson. "I can and I am. I'm happy because I'm with you—because it was my good fortune to meet you here. You and I are harmonious. And I'm sad because this is all to end so soon. I'm going away from you. But I want to tell you right now—"

The sentence was never finished, for Myrna, whose horse had got a little out of hand, so intent was she on listening to her companion, turned around and glanced back just in time to see Jasperson's mount stumble on a stone, try to regain his balance, stumble again, and suddenly sink to the ground. His rider toppled over and appeared to be buried under the horse.

Myrna cried out in terror, quickly dismounted. Swiftly she reached his side, saw that his foot was twisted in his stirrup and, while his body was free of the mount, one leg was under it. Kneeling, she pulled his foot out of the stirrup, pushed and pulled until she had freed his leg. His eyes were closed, his face colorless. Rising, Myrna hastened to the bank of the lake around which they had been riding, scooped up some water in her hat, hurried back and bathed her companion's face, and chafed his wrists. And all the time, distractedly, fearfully, she murmured tender things to him.

Presently two men riders appeared on the path. They reined in and Myrna called out to them to go for help.

"Please get a doctor—quick!"

AS THEY turned back in the direction of the clubhouse, Myrna took off Jasperson's coat, folded it up and, raising his head, placed it beneath. Then she saw that his eyes were open, and that he was looking at her intently.

"Are you badly hurt? Do you think your leg is broken? Are you in great pain?" Myrna's barrage of questions appeared to amuse him. He smiled faintly.

"I'm all right," he said. "Just a twisted ankle. There's a little pain—not much. I'm not happy to worry over a wrenched ankle—now. I heard you, Myrna—I heard what you said to me. I know now that you care for me—you really do. And I thought you were indifferent; that there might be some one else in your life."

Myrna nodded.

"Yes, I care. I do. I can't help myself. I should be ashamed to admit it. But—I care—very much."

Riggs Jasperson tried to raise himself on one elbow.

"Why are you ashamed to love me? Because you're engaged to marry Blythe?"

"Blythe! Why Blythe is going to marry my friend, Dr. Raymond Colbert. He arrived yesterday. Colbert's a famous surgeon. A surprise I was keeping for you. I've arranged to have him perform that operation for your mother any time you want. No need to pay at once—any time within a year or two will do. And then perhaps it won't be necessary. But whatever made you think Blythe and I were in love?"

"A million things," said Myrna, but when she tried to think of some of them she couldn't. She realized now that she had just jumped to conclusions. Jasperson explained:

"Blythe and I grew up together. We're like brother and sister. I'm fond of her, although she's a spoiled little darling. We talk nonsense because we've always indulged in affectionate badinage. Blythe is in love with Dr. Ray. He wanted to come out to the lake earlier, but his practice kept him in town. Blythe's family and mine have always spent our Summers at Grantwood Lake. Naturally it was up to me to help make things pleasant for Blythe. But I'm afraid I deserted her pretty often for you."

They drew swiftly apart as Blythe and the tall stranger, Myrna had seen the night before alighted from a car a few feet away.

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EDITOR MILTON KESHER

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Single copies—5 cents



Communications on any subject of local interest are welcome. They must be signed as evidence 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 publication. All communications sent for publication in the same week's issue, must be in our office not later than noon, Wednesday. Articles reaching us later, will not be published that week. It is important that this rule be observed.

Thursday, May 24, 1934

STRANGE FACTS OF EVOLUTION

Facts of evolution are often strange. Countless years ago, say scientists, the beetles that feed on grains lived outdoors and were able to fly. But when man began to store wheat and other grains in caves, and later in warehouses, the beetles found the food supply so easy to obtain and the surroundings so pleasant the insects lost the power of their wings to fly and they now remain entirely indoors. Thus, comments a bulletin of the Michigan Alkali Company, is seen the effect of an easy life and plenty of food upon granary weevils.

These granary weevils are only about one-sixth of an inch in length, but about one-quarter of their length consists of a long snout by which they bore into the kernels of grain, where they deposit their eggs. Only one of the larvae of the insects will be found in a grain of wheat, but several may be found in a kernel of corn. Why the insects make a totem out of corn,

but not out of wheat, is one of the many interesting unexplained facts of nature.

Grain weevils are found throughout the United States, doing millions of dollars of damage annually, not only to grain in elevators, but also prepared cereals. Food manufacturers often experience difficulty in combating the pests. But now science has come to the aid of food processors, and a new fumigant, malium gas, has been perfected by the Michigan Alkali Company which will destroy the insects and their eggs, but which is not dangerous to human beings. Malium gas is being used not only in the fumigation of foods to prevent insect development, but it is also finding wide use in the fumigation of warehouses, hotels, ships and homes, where safety in use is of prime importance.

HALF MILE OF PRINT

Imagine yourself covering half a mile daily in hops of a sixteenth of an inch.

That is what your eyes do when you read your newspaper, according to M. J. Julian, of the Better Vision Institute. The average metropolitan daily contains approximately half a mile of print, exclusive of illustrations and advertisements, and the average detective novel that you read in the evening is about the same length. Full length novels are three-quarters of a mile and longer; works like Hervey Allen's "Anthony Adverse" reach almost five miles of print. Little wonder that the delicate eye muscles sometimes feel a strain at such a burden of exercise! Many people believe that the eyes glide smoothly along the line of print, so that travel is not at all difficult for them. Mr. Julian says. On the contrary, the eye reads by a series of small jumps, taking in groups of letters or small words in a single jump. Speed in reading varies with training, size of print, light, the difficulty of the text and the efficiency of the eyes, four people in ten being unequipped physically to read as rapidly as they should. If you cannot read easily and rapidly when ordinary print is held from twelve to fourteen inches from your eyes, it is high time for you to visit your eyesight specialist, Mr. Julian says.

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.

The pastor's probationers' class will meet tomorrow afternoon at 4 o'clock in the church.
Sixty-nine members of the Ladies' Aid Society and their friends visited the Little Falls Laundry last Thursday. The trip was made in two buses. The trip through the plant was most interesting and was explained by one of the co-workers, who acted as a guide. It was stated the plant is the largest in the State and 22,000 persons had visited there the past four weeks. The trip was for the benefit of the church.

The subject of the Christian Endeavor service Sunday night at 7:30 o'clock will be "The Everyday Use and Abuse of Money." Luke 19:12-13, 16, 17; 1 Tim. 6:10.
The annual meeting of the parish will take place tonight at 8 o'clock in the chapel. Members of the church and congregation are invited to attend.

The hike and picnic of the Junior Choir, postponed last Saturday, will take place this Saturday at the Millburn Reservation. The group will leave the chapel at 10:30 and take a box lunch. Mrs. Arthur Lamb, choir director, will accompany them. Children of the Sunday school and teachers are invited on the picnic.

Plans for the fall meetings were outlined at the executive meeting of the Ladies' Benevolent Society, held Monday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Arthur Lamb, president, at 27 Rose avenue. Chairmen of the committees were appointed as follows: Mrs. Benjamin M. Woodruff, chairman of the October committee; Miss Celia Laiders, November committee; Mrs. William R. Richardson, January; Mrs. E. M. Marshall, February; Mrs. Everett T. Spinning, March; Mrs. Thomas Cushing, April; and Mrs. Croydon Palmer, May. Events listed are a luncheon for the opening meeting in October; a gift store to be held in November; and a winter-leave luncheon and fifteen demonstrations in December.

Mrs. Spinning was appointed to assist Mrs. J. P. Anderson at the benefit bridge to be held June 5 at Mrs. Anderson's home in Baltusrol Way.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL
Raymond E. Neff, Pastor
Sunday School, 9:45 A. M.
Morning Worship, 11 A. M.
Epworth League, 7:00 P. M.

The sermon by the pastor Sunday morning will be appropriate to Memorial Day.
"Missionary Day" will be observed at the Epworth League service Sunday night at 7 o'clock. The league hopes to have Dr. Chang, a Korean student at Drew University, speak.

About 150 leaguers attended the group rally held in the lecture room Saturday evening. The local league was host. Each group put on a "stunt" and Union Village league was judged the winner. The group from South Orange conveyed a sketch from the play they are giving in their church in the near future. Snaps provided fun for the remainder of the evening and refreshments were served.

The local league will attend the Epworth League spring convention to be held in the Roselle Methodist Church Saturday afternoon, June 2, starting at 2:30 o'clock. There will be classes, annual election of officers, recreation period, and after supper there will be talks by interesting speakers.

Rehearsals for a play to be given the last of June will begin next week. It will be staged in the lecture room and admission will be 25 cents.

The annual election of the Board of Trustees will be held tonight at 8 o'clock. Three members are to be elected. Church members are invited to attend.
A meeting of the official Board will be held in the lecture room tomorrow night at 8 o'clock. All members are requested to be present.

ST. JAMES CATHOLIC
Rev. Thomas P. Larkin, rector.
Rev. John Duffy, assistant rector.
Masses Sunday, 7:30, 9:30 and 11 A. M.

W. A. McCARTHY
44 Salter St., Springfield
Millburn 6-2895-J
C. Arthur Smith

COAL ALWAYS GOES FURTHER
It's miles ahead of other fuels. And because it gives MORE heat per ton, your heating bill costs a lot less per year—saves money—Cal.

Spend a Day on LONG ISLAND SOUND
Sail to BRIDGEPORT
On the Palatial Steel Steamer MAYFLOWER
WEEK \$1.25 ROUND TRIP
\$1.50 SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS
(Children's Fare, 75c Every Day)
Daily, including Sundays, from May 26 to September 23.
Dance Orchestra...Cafeteria...2 Hours at Seaside Park, Bridgeport...A Cool and Delightful Trip.
Leave Lackawanna Terminal, Hoboken, 9:45 A. M. Returning, leave Bridgeport 4:30 P. M. Arrive Hoboken, 9:15 P. M. (Daylight Saving Time)
Take Advantage of Lackawanna One-Day Round Trip Fares. Rail and Boat Tickets On Sale at All Lackawanna Stations from Dover East. Phone Local Lackawanna Agent for information.
Steamer Mayflower Co., Inc. LACKAWANNA

W. A. McCARTHY
44 Salter St., Springfield
Millburn 6-2895-J
C. Arthur Smith

Sunday School following 9:30 mass.
Week-day Masses, 7:30 A. M.

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.

"The Value of the Trinity" will be the subject of the sermon by the rector at the Sunday morning service at 11 o'clock.

Mrs. Schramm and Mrs. Thomas Hankus, Sr., will meet with their card club tomorrow night at the home of Mrs. Philip Pierman in Wyoming.

Mrs. Jennie Moore, of Maplewood, was a week-end guest at the home of Miss Katherine Kessler, of 57 Short Hills avenue. Mr. and Mrs. William Hinners and Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Hinners, Jr., of Brooklyn, spent Sunday at the Kessler home.

Bernard Beckman, of 57 Short Hills avenue, was in Atlantic City over the week-end, where he attended the annual horse show.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gaddis, of 23 Brook street, have had with them

for three weeks Mrs. Gaddis' brother, William Pope, of Newarkville.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard W. Brady and young son, Wendell, of Morris Plains, spent Sunday with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mark M. Brady, of 24 Main street.

Sunday guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George E. Hall, of 33 Linden avenue, were Mr. and Mrs. Emanuel Tomson and son, of Millford, and Miss Bessie Wambold, of Mountain Lakes.

Miss Juanita Gross, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Gross, of 70 Tooker avenue, was guest of honor at a miscellaneous shower given Tuesday evening by the Optimistic Eight Club at the home of Mrs. Margaret Benner in Hillside. Decorations were in pink. The gifts were concealed under a large pink crepe paper umbrella, which was attached to a chair decorated in the same color. Bridge was enjoyed during the evening. Guests included the Misses Evelyn Hoffman, Marian Phillips, Lida Plant, Elsie Deary, Lillian Scott, Ruth Hinze, Grace and Helen Freeman, Edna Smalley, Elizabeth Hinze, Mr. Charles Smith and Mrs. Gross, from Springfield; Misses Thelma Dowling, Mary and Kathryn McCormack, of Irvington; Lois Gross and Margaret Mason, of Maplewood; Marjorie Cain, Marjorie Berger, Miriam Wagner, Eunice Schickel and Mildred Schneider, of Newark. Miss Gross' marriage to Howard Mason, of Maplewood, will take place in the fall.

The Grosses expect to leave Saturday for a week's vacation at their cottage at Belmar.

The annual memorial service of Fidelity Court, Order of the Amaranth, will be held tonight in the lodge rooms in Millburn. A card party will follow, with Mrs. Grace Frisberger in charge. Members and their friends are invited to attend. Tickets are 35 cents.

Miss Edith Jakobsen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Neil Jakobsen, of Mountain avenue, left today to attend "Spring Day," which is being held at Cornell University over the week-end.

Miss Jakobsen, who attends Montclair State College, was elected president of Kappa Delta Phi at the election Friday.

Mrs. James T. Siedley is entertaining her dinner-bridge club at her home, 30 Bryant avenue, today. Members are from Long Island, New York and Morris-town.

The Silver Fox Patrol of Troop 66, Springfield Boy Scouts, will hold a card party tomorrow night in the Legion Rooms, in Morris avenue. Admission is 25 cents. William Krenke is patrol leader and other members are Donald Buell, Richard Kohler and David Anagnus.

Mrs. Robert B. Ferguson, of 71 Short Hills avenue, attended a luncheon meeting of the Alumnae College alumnae Monday at the American Woman's Association Club in New York. Mrs. Ferguson, president, presided at the meeting. She was appointed delegate to the Alumnae Council and closing of the college, to be held in June at St. Thomas, Ontario.

Miss Eunice Bohl, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred R. Bohl, of 365 Morris avenue, spent the week-end in Barrington, Vt. Another daughter, Miss Edith Bohl, visited in Glen Gardner over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Bohl entertained John Kilmeyer, of Harrisburg, Pa., and Zella George, of Hartford, Conn., students of the Practical Bible Training School, of Bible School Park, Binghamton, N. Y., following the services of the Students' League of Many-Nations Monday at the Millburn Baptist Church.

C. Z. Alexander, of the Fuel Sales Corporation, in Morris avenue, and his family, of Fanwood, are occupying the Frank E. Meisel house, at 127 Bryant avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. George Martin, of 46 Clinton avenue, are visiting their parents in Wilmington, Del.

PERSONAL MENTION

About People You Know

Personals and other society notes may be left either at the SUN office, 10 Elmer Avenue, or with Miss Helen Terry, social reporter, 357 Morris Avenue. Tel. Millburn 6-0763-M. The SUN phone number is Millburn 6-1256.

Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Wood, of 16 Warner Avenue, will spend the week-end with friends at Bassett Park.

Mrs. Lincoln Wood, Jr., of 238 Morris Avenue, who has been quite ill for the past three weeks, is recovering.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Gridley and children have returned to their home at 38 Colonial terrace after spending a few days with friends at Richfield.

Miss Maxine Ern, of 21 Keeler Street, was a week-end guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Shinn, of Lake-wood.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur W. Parsell, of 33 Henshaw Avenue, entertained a card club Saturday evening. Members present were Mr. and Mrs. William Behl, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Layng and Mr. and Mrs. James Price.

Miss Mabel Smith was hostess to her bridge club Tuesday evening at her home in Milltown-road. Members include the Misses Maxine Ern, Carolyn Reger, Bertha Parsell, Eleanor Schmitt, Lida Plant, Mollie Seimor and Mrs. Howard Day.

Mr. and Mrs. George D. Spinning and young son, Harold, of Morris turnpike, accompanied by Mrs. Harold Yocum, of Madison, motored to Manhime, Pa., over the week-end.

Miss Dorothy Spinning, who is in training at Orange Memorial Hospital, spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Willis H. Spinning, of Morris turnpike.

Miss Lillian Weber and Ernest Beck, of Bloomfield, were recent guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Albert A. Schramm, of 110 Lyons place.

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AT THE STRAND

Adapted from the New York play by Elizabeth A. McFadden, hit of the current season, Paramount's picture version of "Double Door" comes Sunday to the Roth-Strand.
"Double Door" features a strong cast, including Evelyn Venable, Sir Guy Standing, Kent Taylor and two members of the original Broadway cast, Mary Morris and Anne Vere.
It is a thrilling, fast moving and suspenseful story of the sinister effects of an erratic spinster to retain control of the destiny and fortunes of one of New York's oldest and richest families.
It tells how Miss Morris, as the fanatical spinster combats her brother's marriage to a young and beautiful girl, attempts to destroy their marriage happiness.
A final desperate coup that breaks her own power, in which she tries to murder the girl, furnishes the material for the many tense and gripping dramatic situations which will thrill the audience.

The cast also features Colin Tapley, "Search for Beauty" contract winner, who is outstanding in his

LEGAL NOTICE
Thomas Harold Lee, or To Whom it May Concern: TAKE NOTICE, that I shall sell at Public Auction on June 11, 1934, at 10 a. m. at the Springfield Reapner & Tool Company, Seven Bridge Road, Springfield, New Jersey, one Nash Coupe, 1929, Serial No. B12857, Motor No. B25501.
I shall sell the above described motor vehicle for B. Nolte & Son (Garage), who holds the same by virtue of an Act for the Better Protection of Garage Keepers.

GEORGE D. SPENCER, Bailiff for Lienor, 1885-Vaux Hall Road, Union, N. J.

Ernest Reeve

Ernest Reeve

MUTUAL

Choice Food Values

For a Successful Picnic

Make doubly sure of its success by buying all your food products from MUTUAL. Here you are sure of quality foods that are so essential to good picnics—and our low prices for economy budgets. No picnic is complete without good Ginger Ale. Pomeroy Ginger Ale is offered at an unusual price this week. Take a case with you.

Full case of 12— **89c**
Pint bottles
POMEROY BRAND GINGER ALE
Large 28-oz. bottle 10c—Plus Deposit

Picnic Suggestions

Kraft's Cheese Velveeta 1 1/2 lb. pkg. 15c
Boned Chicken 2 1/2 lb. 30c
Gruyere Cheese 6 oz. pkg. 29c
Deviled Ham 1/2 lb. 10c
Peanut Butter 1/2 lb. 29c
Paper Napkins 3 pkg. 25c
Cut-Rite Wax Paper 1/2 roll 38c
Sweet Mixed Pickles 6 oz. jar 27c
Dill Pickles 6 oz. jar 21c

Uneda Bakers' Products

Arrowroot Biscuits Each Package
Five O'Clock Teas
Butter-Thins
Graham Crackers
Sky Flake Crackers **10c**

Beverages and Candies

Lime Rickey POMEROY 1/2 gal. 10c
Ginger Ale POMEROY 2 1/2 gal. 25c
Hoffman's Beverages COGNATE ASSORTMENT ALWAYS ON HAND
Perrier Water 12 oz. bot. 19c
Grape Juice IDEAL BRAND 1/2 gal. 25c
Grape Juice WELCH'S 1/2 gal. 35c
Coca Cola 6 bot. 25c
Maraschino Cherries 5 oz. bot. 13c
German Sweet Chocolate 1/2 lb. 8c
Nestle's Chocolate Products
Almond Chocolate 1/2 lb. 15c
Semi-Sweet Chocolate 2 1/2 lb. 25c
Plain Chocolate 2 1/2 lb. 25c

IDEAL BRAND OLIVES

STUFFED PLAIN
3-oz. bot. 12c 4-oz. bot. 9c
6-oz. bot. 17c 12-oz. bot. 27c
12-oz. bot. 29c 24-oz. bot. 35c

Fresh Produce

FANCY RIPE PORTO RICAN

PINEAPPLE each 10c
ORANGES—CALIFORNIA-VALENCIA doz. 25c
ASPARAGUS JERSEY large bunch 19c
SPINACH FRESH TENDER KENNY 3 lb. 10c
RHUBARB JERSEY 4 bunches 10c
CUCUMBERS CRISP AND TENDER 3 for 10c
RED RADISHES crisp bunch 2c

HELLMANN'S MAYONNAISE

8-oz. jar 16c 16-oz. jar 28c 32-oz. jar 49c

MUTUAL STORES

NEW POTATOES FLORIDA 5 lbs. 17c

GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES 2 pks. 17c

HORMEL HAMS QUARTER SIZE 79c
VELVO JELL ASSORTED FLAVORS 3 pkgs. 13c
CREAM OF MUSHROOM SOUP CAMPBELL'S 3 No. 1 cans 25c
NOODLE WITH CHICKEN SOUP CAMPBELL'S 3 No. 1 cans 25c
BRILL'S E-Z FREEZE DESSERT 1/2 gal. 10c
CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S STEWS LAMB, BEEF & PORK No. 2 can 19c
BROADCAST CORNED BEEF HASH No. 2 can 10c
STRAWBERRY PRESERVES IDEAL BRAND 8-oz. jar 10c
KIRKMAN'S SOAP CHIPS 2 1/2 lb. pks. 29c
IVORY SOAP 98/100% PURE 4 quarter cakes 15c

Meat Department Specials

PRIME RIB ROAST BEST CUTS 1 lb. 23c

LEGS OF SPRING LAMB—BONE-IN 1/2 lb. 25c
FANCY FATTED FOWL ALL SIZES 1 lb. 21c
SUGAR-CURED HAMS ALL POPULAR BRANDS WHOLE OR HALF 18c
LOIN-SPRING LAMB CHOPS GENUINE TONY 1/2 lb. 39c
HORMEL SPICED HAM SLICED 1 lb. 33c
ALL BOLOGNAS and FRANKFURTERS 1 lb. 23c

RENUZIT

French Dry Cleaner Just Dip and Rinse 2 gal. can 1 gal. can **98c 55c**

BRUNSWICK MOTOR OIL

100% Pure Paraffin Base 2 Gallon Sealed Can **\$1.17**

THRIFT-LUBE MOTOR OIL

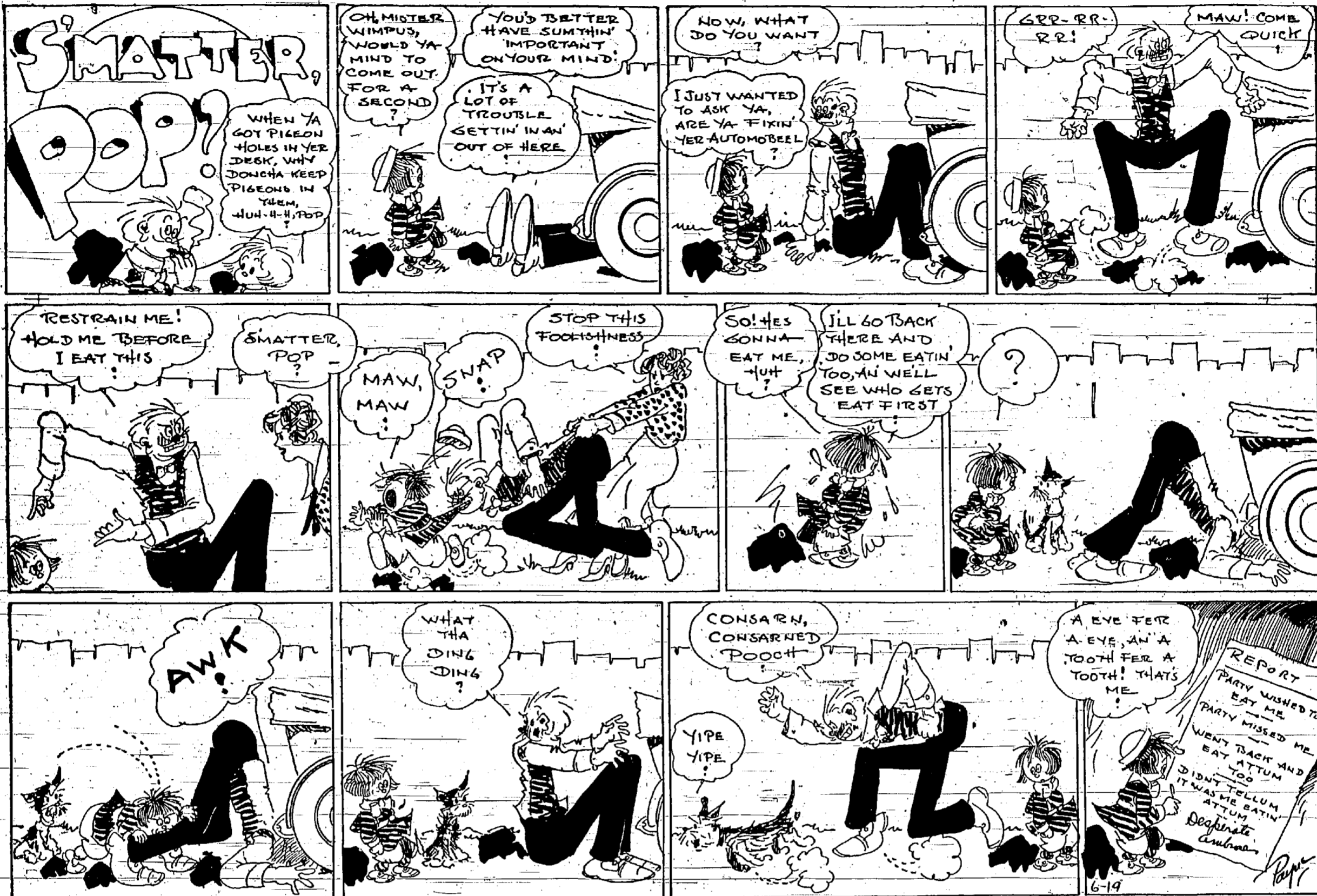
Paraffin Base 2 Gallon Sealed Can **79c**

BALLANTINE P. O. N. RHEINGOLD and RUPPERT BEER

3 Bottles, 25c; 6 Bottles, 50c; By Case, \$2.00 Plus Deposit
FREE DELIVERY IN CASE LOTS
C. BUCKALEW, JR.
247 Morris Avenue Phone Millburn 6-1474

EXTRA SPECIAL Seeber's Rising Sun and Schultz's Beer

\$1.75 Per Case Plus Deposit
3 Bottles 23c
6 Bottles 45c



HONEYBUNCH'S HUBBY

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By C. M. PAYNE



LATEST WORLD NEWS PICTURES



PULITZER PRIZE WINNERS FETED—President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University with four of the winners at the dinner in New York at which the prizes, awarded by the Advisory Board of the Columbia School of Journalism, were announced. Left to right, Royce Brier, reporter; Robert Hillyer, poet; Caroline Miller, novelist; Dr. Butler; and Tyler Dennett.



INSULL RETURNS—Samuel Insull (center), indicted former Chicago utilities magnate, surrounded by reporters aboard the Customs cutter that met the liner bringing him home from Europe, and carried him to shore to be put aboard a train in New Jersey and rushed to Chicago to stand trial. At right of him, his son Samuel, Jr.; at left, Burton Y. Berry, U. S. attache at Istanbul, Turkey, in whose custody he was brought back home.



ON AMERICAN SOIL AT LAST—The long battle to bring Samuel Insull (front) back to the United States to stand trial in Chicago on indictments in connection with the collapse of his vast utilities empire, comes to an end as he sets foot on American soil at Fort Hancock, N. J., where he was landed by the Customs cutter that went out to meet the liner on which he was brought home from Turkey. Behind him, Burton Y. Berry, U. S. attache at Istanbul, who was his custodian.



NO DILLINGER—James C. McNeil, 26, Indiana University graduate, who, with another youth, James E. Wood, was apparently spurred by the example of desperado John Dillinger to try to break into the outlaw game. They landed in jail in Indianapolis on Federal charges of blackmail and extortion. Both hail from Paragon, Ind., not far from Dillinger's home at Mooresville.



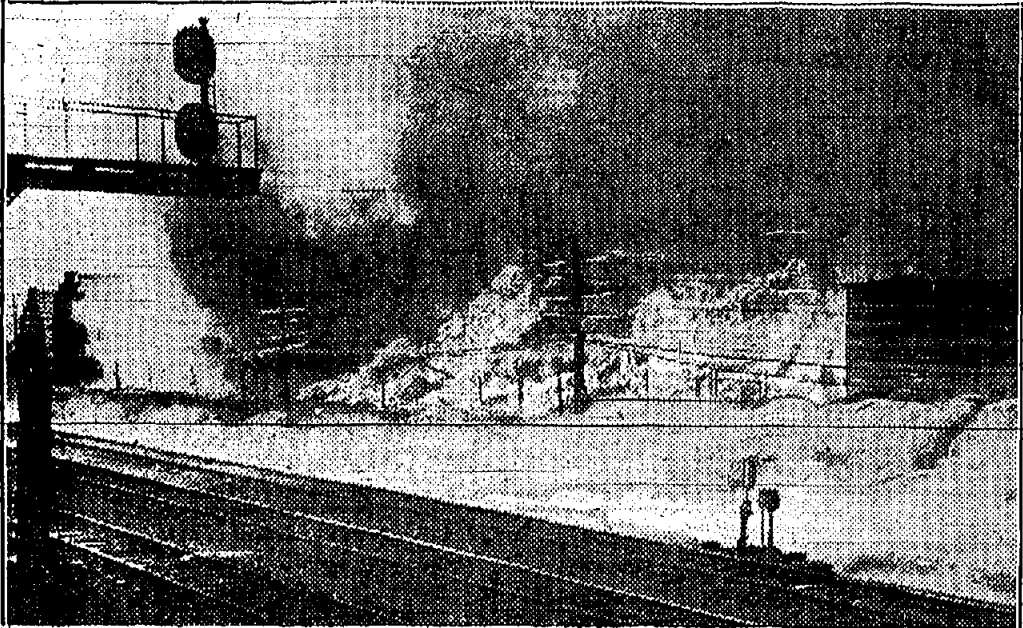
SOCIALIST DEMONSTRATION IN MILWAUKEE—The Socialists of Milwaukee postponed their May Day celebration, but when it took place, it was a whopper. Thousands of demonstrators are seen massed before the City Hall at the end of a mighty parade.



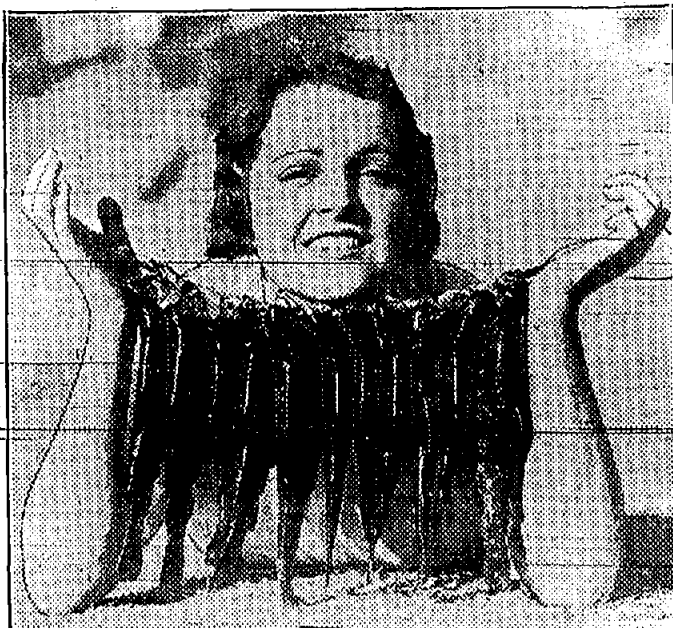
RENOUNCES WAR—Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, noted New York clergyman, who, in a recent public address, pledged himself never again to support another war, "directly or indirectly." Recalling his experiences during the World War, he reproached himself for counseling soldiers before they went over the top, and offered "penitent reparation" to the Unknown Soldier.



RESCUED RUSSIAN EXPLORER ARRIVES IN U. S. A.—Dr. Otto Schmidt (right), leader of the Soviet expedition of 103 men, women and children who were stranded on an Arctic ice floe for two months after their ship sank, is shown as he arrives in San Francisco. Center, Prof. George Ushakoff, commander of the airplane squadron which rescued the party in small groups. Left, Soviet Consul General M. G. Galkovitch.



\$500,000 FIRE—Spontaneous combustion caused this roaring fire that consumed four warehouses at Lyndhurst, N. J. Stored raw cork, raised to an inflammable pitch by hot weather, burst into flames.



CALIFORNIA TROUT SEASON OPENS—This pretty maiden, Miss Jewell Teagarden, is holding part of a catch made near Los Angeles as Southern California's fishermen and fishermen women turned out by the hundreds for the opening of the trout season.

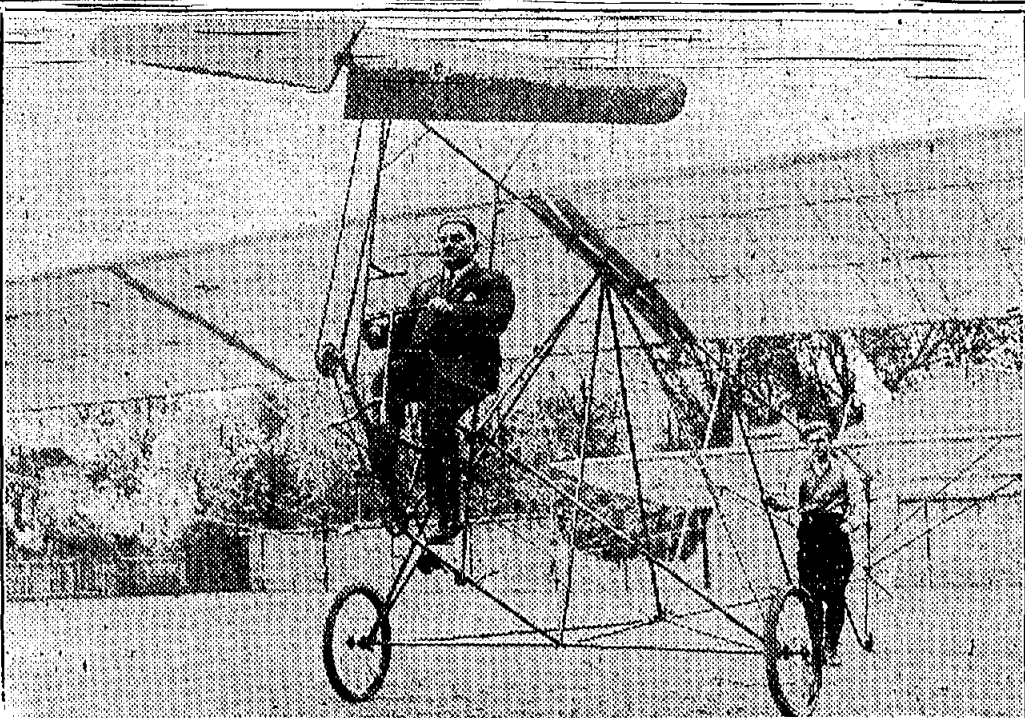
EXPECTS VINDICATION—Samuel Insull, brought back to the United States from Europe to stand trial in connection with the collapse of his utilities empire, is shown speaking for the newsmen at Princeton, N. J., before being put aboard a train for Chicago. He was confident he would be vindicated.



IRVIN COBB BECOMES MOVIE ACTOR—The noted author (left) is shown being coached in screen technique by Frank Butler, scenario writer, at the Hollywood studio where he is to be starred in a series of short humorous films for which he himself will write the stories.



REPROACHED BY HOOVER—Stanley Arnold, a student at the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia, who received a letter from former President Hoover reproving him for making a bet with his classmates that he could obtain an exclusive interview with President Roosevelt for the student paper. The ex-President was reported to have warned him "impatiently for seeking such publicity."



A BICYCLE OF THE AIR—A strange looking motorless glider recently tested near Berlin, Germany. At the controls is Herr Zscheler, the inventor. The frame resembles that of a bicycle, and the craft is powered and propelled by foot pedals.



QUAINT DUTCH SCENE—A picturesque windmill lends to the beauty of this lovely view of a narcissus field in bloom near Haarlem, Holland.

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UNITED EFFORTS OF NEWS CAMERAS OF THE WORLD BROUGHT TO READERS DAILY

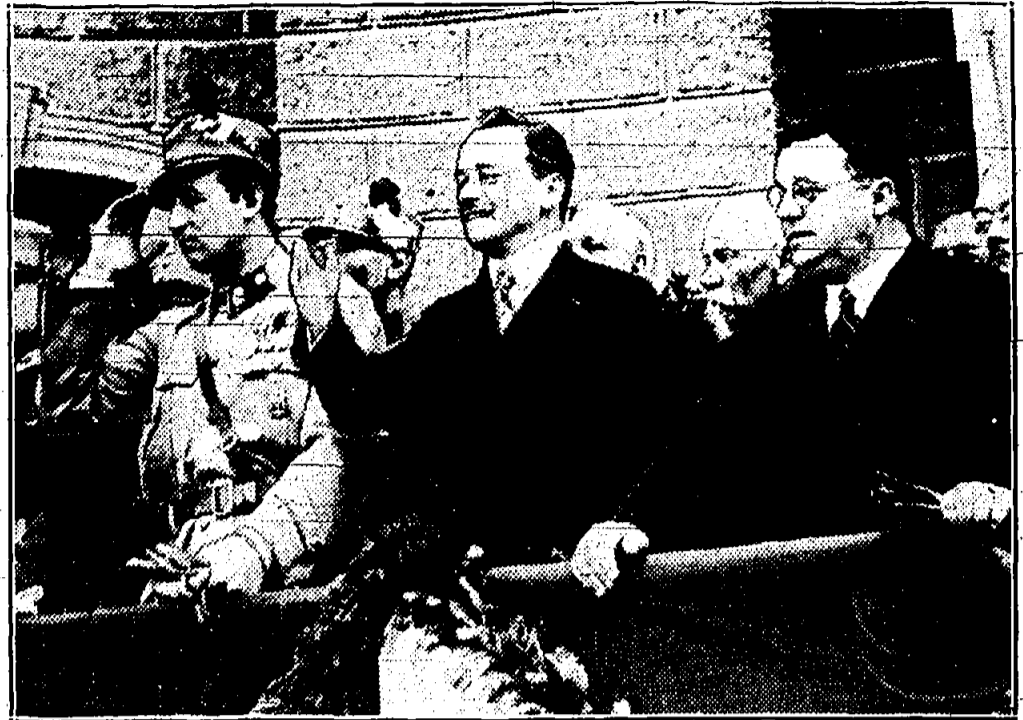
LATEST WORLD NEWS PICTURES



BREAKS 39-YEAR RECORD—Gene Venzke, noted University of Pennsylvania miler, finishing a three-quarter mile race against time in 3 minutes, 23 seconds, to beat by five-tenths of a second the American record set by Thomas B. Connett in 1895. Venzke's record run was made during the annual Alumni Day exercises at the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia.



COPS BATTLE STRIKERS—The scene during a fierce clash between police and striking truck drivers in Minneapolis. One striker is seen lying in the street after being felled by a policeman's club. Scores were injured in this and other riots. Communists joined the forces of the embattled truck drivers.



AUSTRIA'S "DICTATOR" AT POLITICAL RALLY—Chancellor Engelbert Dollfuss (center), who recently became Austria's legal dictator under the new Constitution, with Vice-Chancellor Prince Starhemberg (left) and Mayor Rehr of Salzburg as he attended a political rally in Salzburg.



CARUSO'S SON AND BRIDE—Enrico Caruso, Jr., son of the late famous operatic tenor, and his lovely bride as they arrived at a movie premiere in Hollywood.



INDIAN GIRL HONORED—Lillian Saul, Choctaw Indian maiden of Muskogee, Okla., who for the second successive year was named Queen of Health in the annual contest held at the University of Kansas at Lawrence. She received a 100% mark in every test and is the only girl ever to be awarded the title in two successive years. She is a student at Haskell Institute, the world's largest Indian school.



CONGRESSMAN ARRESTED—Representative Francis H. Shoemaker, Farmer-Laborite of Minnesota, who was arrested in Minneapolis during a clash between police and striking truck drivers. Alleged to have defied an order to move on when found mingling with the strikers with a broom handle in his hand, he was charged with disorderly conduct. The Congressman has recently figured in other encounters with the law in Washington.



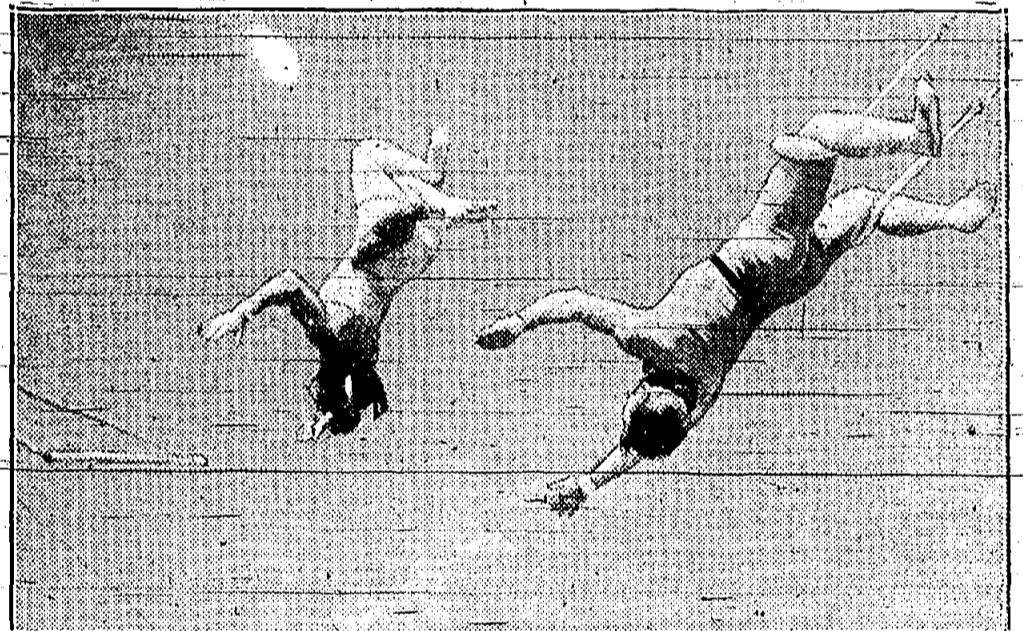
AMERICAN STORE WRECKED BY CUBAN BOMB—The demolished front of the Electrical Equipment Company in Havana after a bomb explosion that ruined a large portion of the stock. The perpetrators of the terroristic attack on American property were unknown.



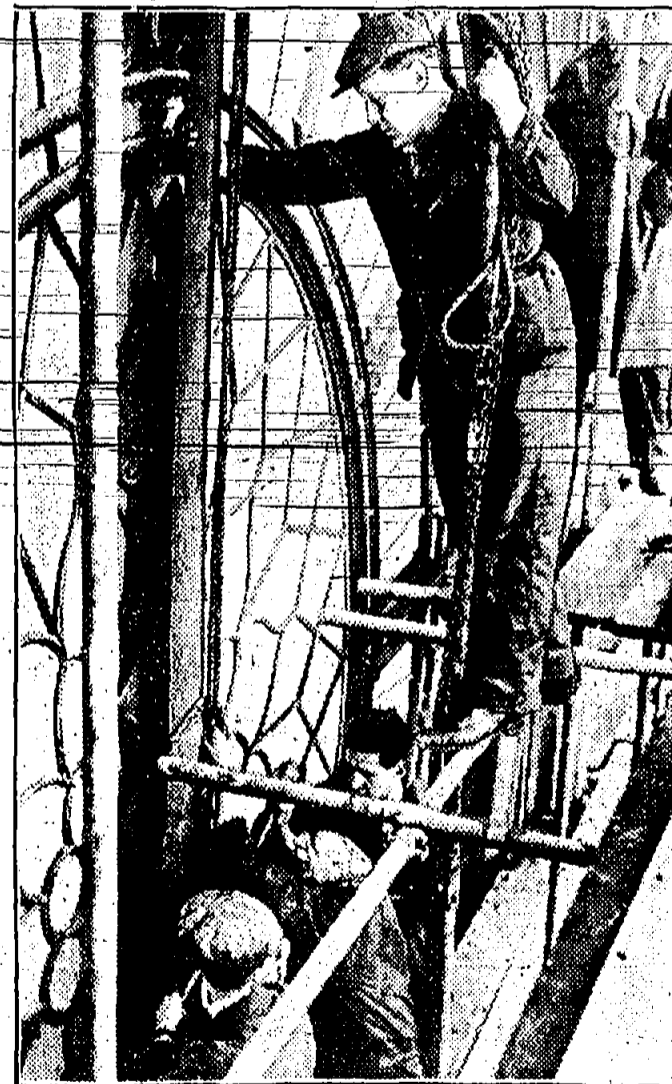
FRENCH LEADER—Adrien Marquet, who occupies the minor post of Minister of Labor in the French Cabinet but who is said in political circles to be Premier Doumergue's chief advisor. His counsel is said to have more influence with the Premier than that of any other member of the Cabinet, which includes six former Premiers.



AN HONOR FOR THE "BABY CONGRESSMAN"—Representative Joseph P. Monaghan of Montana, who is the youngest member of Congress, being only 28, receives the gavel from Speaker Henry T. Rainey as the House honored him by placing him in the Speaker's chair for an afternoon.



HIGH ON THE TRAPEZES—A pair of flying trapeze artists executing one of their daring stunts high in the air at the first annual Screen Actors Guild Frolic in Los Angeles.



BIG BEN SILENT FOR FIRST TIME IN YEARS—Workmen removing one of the giant hands on the famous clock on the British Houses of Parliament which has boomed out the hour for Londoners since 1858. It was stopped and taken to pieces for a thorough overhauling.



JAPANESE PRINCE INSPECTS BRITISH ARMAMENTS—Prince Kaya (left) of Japan inspecting one of the units of the mechanized British artillery during a recent visit to the army base at Aldershot, England.



VICTIM OF MAIL BOMB—Myrton L. Genung, clerk in the dead letter postoffice in Washington, D. C., who was critically injured when a bomb in a suspicious package he was examining blew up in his hand. The package was addressed to some one in the Balkans. Genung's life was despaired of after his arm had been amputated at a hospital.



WHERE MAIL BOMB EXPLODED—F. H. Bushby, chief of the dead parcel division of the postoffice in Washington, D. C., standing beside the desk at which a bomb in a package addressed to some one in the Balkans exploded in the hands of clerk Myrton L. Genung, who was critically injured. It was said to have been hidden in a hollow copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

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