

Shoes Must Have Air .- Do not keep your shoes in the boxes in which they were delivered. Shoes require air to preserve them and they should never be kept in an air-tight box. Keep them in a shoe bag.

. . .

A Darning Ball.-A discarded electric light bulb makes a good darning ball. . . .

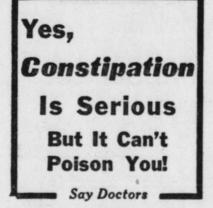
Inexpensive Stew .-- Chop two onions and a large carrot finely, and cut a pound of neck lamb into small pieces. Put into a saucepan with one cup macaroni broken into small lengths, cover with warm water and season. Let it simmer gently for one and a half hours.

. . .

Removing Blueing Spots.-Blueing spots on white clothing can be removed by boiling in clear water.

Serving Omelets. - Omelets should be placed on hot platters to keep them from falling.

Save Table Surface .- If you will place a folded cloth under a dish which contains foods to be beaten you'll find the table surface will be saved many marks and the dish will be kept steady.



Modern doctors now say that the old idea of oscore setting into your blood from constip-stion is BUNK. They claim that constip-stion is BUNK. They claim that constip-set on the digestive tract. This nerves pressure is what causes frequent blious or the setting a leepless nights, coated out divergent of the set of the set of the setting a leepless nights, coated on the setting a leeples nights, coated on the setting a leepless nights, coated on the setting a leeples nights, coated on the setting a leeple setting a setting and setting on the lee and the setting on genile but QUICK ACTION. That why YOU should insist on Adlerika. This fibriest intestinal tract. Adlerika relieves adderika acts on the stomach as well as the stomach GAS at once and often removes over a congestion in half as hour. No the setting in the setting of the setting and often setting on the set on the set on the set on the set on the stomach GAS at once and often removes over a congestion in half as hour. No the setting in the set on the stomach GAS at once and often removes toward congestion in half as hour. No the set on the stomach of the set on the set on the set on the set on the stomach of the set on the set on the set on the set on the stomach of the set on the set on the set on the set on the set of the set on the set of the set on the set of the set on the set of the set on the set of the set on the

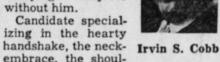


Species of Candidates. SANTA MONICA, CALIF.-It takes all kinds of candidates

to make up this world. Maybe that's why the world seems so overcrowded.

There's the candidate who belongs to all the secret orders; if he left

off his emblems, he'd catch cold; knows every grand hailing sign there is; hasn't missed a lodge brother's funeral in years; can hardly wait for the next one to die. No campaign complete without him. Candidate special-



embrace, the shoulder-slap, the bear-hug, the gift of

remembering every voter by his first name, and the affectionate inquiry regarding the wife and kiddies. When he kisses a baby, it sounds like somebody taking off a pair of wet overshoes. Usually has a weatherbeaten wife needing a new hat.

Strutty candidate who's constantly leading an imaginary parade of 50,000 faithful followers. Loves to poke his chest away out and then follows it majestically down the street. A common or standardized species.

. . . Biblical Wisdom.

IN THE Book of Nahum, Chapter II, I came upon this verse:

"The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways; they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings."

Those Old Testament prophets certainly peered a long way into the future. Because I traveled by night through a main thoroughfare leading from Los Angeles to the sea and vice versa, and I knew what Nahum was describing.

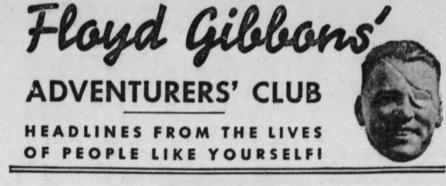
But not even an inspired seer of the Bible could imagine a record of traffic mortality so ghastly as the one we've already compiled in this year of grace 1937 A. D. (automobile destruction)-or a people so speed-mad.

. . .

How to Fight Japs.

WHENEVER we have a Japanese war scare, I think of Uncle Lum Whittemore, back in west Kentucky, who loved to dispense wisdom as he hitched one practiced instep on a brass rail and

THE CENTRE REPORTER, CENTRE HALL, PA.



"Rattlesnake Kate" By FLOYD GIBBONS Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO, EVERYBODY:

Get this one right hot off the waffle iron, members of the Adventurers' club. It's about a brave, hard-fighting, quickthinking woman.

Lots of people think women aren't brave. But when it comes down to a case of life or death, just watch 'em. And then, throw in the life of a baby to fight for and-well, you'll find that old Rudyard Kipling was right about the female of the species.

Why, this adventure is so absolutely out of the ordinary, that I hardly believed it myself, when Mrs. Kate Slaughterback, Fort Lupton, Colo., told it to me.

This is what happened in 1925, on the twenty-eighth day of October. You know what kind of a day that would be out in Colorado. Animals moving around everywhere, storing up food or making for winter quarters. Little snap in the air-migratory wild fowl coming down from the north bound for the warm waters of the tropics.

Well, early that morning hunters had been banging away before daylight at the mallards and canvasbacks that were stopping over for the night in a lake away out in one corner of the Slaughterback ranch. Kate Slaughterback knew from experience that the hunters wouldn't bother to follow the crippled birds, so she decided to ride out and pick off a few unfortunate stragglers for supper.

There Was a Huge Snake Coiled.

She saddled up the old pinto. Got down her .22 Remington, lifted three-year-old Ernest into the saddle and swung up behind him. Off they went, across the fields to the fence that separated a pasture from the boggy lake. Kate hopped off the pony to open the gate. And, right there

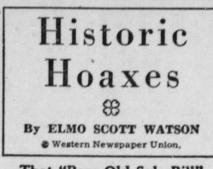


Kate Fought Rattlers for Two Solid Hours.

at the gate post, coiled up and ready to fight anything that came alongwas a huge rattlesnake.

Didn't bother that Western woman much. She stepped back to the pony, took the rifle out of the saddle and blew the head right off that cocky reptile.

But he had his gang with him. No sooner had that rifle



That "Rare Old Sale Bill" A BOUT every so often some newspaper records the fact that "a sale bill of an auction held nearly a century ago is the rare possession of John Jones of this vicinity." Then it reproduces the contents as follows:

Having sold my farm and am leaving Oregon Territory, by ox team, will offer on March 1, 1849, all of my personal property, to-wit: All ox teams, except two teams, Buck and Ben, and Tom end Jerry; two milk cows, 1 gray mare and colt, pair oxen and yoke, 2 ox carts. 1 iron plow with wood mole board, 800 feet of poplar weather boards, 1,000 3-foot clap boards, 1,500 10-foot fence rails, 1 60-gallon soap kettle. 80 sugar troutbs. feet of poplar weather boards, 1,000 3 foot clap boards, 1,500 10-foot fence rails, 1 60-gallon soap kettle, 80 sugar troughs, made of white ash timber, 10 gallons of maple syrup, 2 spinning wheels, 50 pounds mutton tallow, 20 pounds of beef tallow, 1 large loom made by Jerry Wilson, 300 poles, 100 split hoops, 100 empty barrels, 1 32-gallon barrel of Johnson-Miller whiskey. 7 years old; 20 gallon of apple brandy, 1 40-gallor copper still, oak-tanned leather, 1 dozet real books, 4 handle hooks, 3 scythes and cradles, 1 dozen wooden pitchforks, one-half interest in tanyard, 1 32-caliber rifle, builet moid and powder horn, rifle made by Ben Miller, 50 gallons of soft soap, hams, bacon, lard, 40 gallons sor-ghum molasses, 6 head of fox hounds, all soft-mouthed, except one. At the same time I will sell my negro slaves, two men, thirty-five and fifty years old; 2 boys, tweive and eighteen; and two mulatto wenches, forty and thirty-six years old. Will sell together to same party as will not separate them. Terms of sale: Cash in hand, or note to draw 4 per cent interest with Bib McCon-nell's security. My home is two miles south of Versailles, Ky., on McConn's ferry pike. Sale begins at 8 o'clock a. m. Plenty to drink and eat.-J. L. Moss. That sale bill is interesting only

That sale bill is interesting only because its publication is a modern echo of the beginning of the bitter dispute which once shook the nation-the anti-slavery crusade. For it originated in the mind of some Abolitionist propagandist and it was widely circulated as an example of the horrors of slavery. Although the insinuation was that other slaveowners were not so thoughtful and would willingly break the hearts of their slaves by separating husband from wife and sons and daughters from their parents when the "unfortunate blacks" were put on the auction block.

Monkey Cotton Pickers

IN 1934 the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce at Victoria, Texas, received a letter from the executive editor of a publishing company which said: "I have instructions from a very prominent national magazine to dig out and write up the story of some man who imported monkeys some years ago and attempted to train them to pick cotton. My search for the facts



A certain rather exclusive club had replaced its familiar blackcoated staff with young and, in

some cases, pretty waitresses. One day a member who had been strongly opposed to the change arrived at the club for lunch.

"How's the chicken?" he asked an attractive waitress rather gruffly.

"Oh, I'm fine," she replied perkily. "And how's the old pelican himself feeling?"

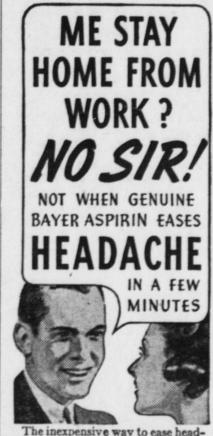
Magistrate (to talkative prisoner)-Will you stop talking and allow me to get in a short sentence?

Knew the Plea

A little boy at the local school speech day came forward on the platform and began to recite.

"'Friends, Romans, country-men-lend me your ears," he began.

"That must be the Smythe boy." said one of the listening mothers, with feeling. "They're always trying to borrow something."



The inexpensive way to ease head-aches — if you want fast resultsis with Bayer Aspirin.

The instant the pain starts, simply take 2 Bayer tablets with a half glass of water. Usually in a few minutes relief arrives. Bayer tablets are quick-acting because they disintegrate in a few seconds — ready to start their work of relief almost immediately after taking. It costs only 24 or 34 to relieve most headaches — when you get the new economy tin. You pay only 25 cents for 24 tablets about 1 / apiece. Make sure to get the genuine by insisting on

Cruel Punishment Hatred is self-punishment .-- Hosea Ballou.

GET RID OF BIG UGLY PORES

PLENTY OF DATES NOW...DENTON'S FACIAL MAGNESIA MADE HER SKIN FRESH, YOUNG, BEAUTIFUL

Romance hasn't a chance when big ugly pores spoil skin-texture. Men love the soft smoothness of a fresh young complexion. Denton's Facial Magnesia does miracles for unsightly skin. Ugly pores disappear, skin becomes firm and smooth.

Watch your complexion take on new beauty Even the first few treatments with Denton's Facial Magnesis make a remarkable difference. With the Denton Magic Mirror you can actually see the texture of your skin become smoother day by day. Imperfections are washed clean. Wrinkles gradually disappear. Belore you know it Denton's has brought you entirely new skin loveliness.

EXTRAORDINARY OFFER

EXTRAORDINARY OFFER -Saves You Money Tou can try Denion's Facial Magnesia on the most liberal offer we have ever made-good for a few weeks only. We will send you a full 12 or. bottle (retail price \$1) plus a regular sized box of ismous Milnesia Walers (known throughout the country as the original Milk of Magnesia tablets), plus the Denion Magic Mirror (shows you what your skin specialist sees)..., all for only \$11 Don't miss out on this remarkable offer.



Your **AdvertisingDollar**

BUYS something more than space and circulation in the columns of this newspaper. It buys space and circulation plus the favorable consideration of our readers for this newspaper and its advertising patrons. Let Us Tell You More About It

with his free hand fought the resident flies for the tidbit of free lunch which he held in his grip.

One day a fellow asked Uncle Lum, who had served gallantly in the Southern Confederacy until a very hard rainstorm came up, what he'd do if the yellow peril boys invaded America.

"I'd hunt me a hollow tree in the deep woods," he said. "Yes, son, the owls would have to fetch me my mail. I been readin' up on them Japs. They're fatalists." "What's a fatalist?" demanded

someone. "Near ez I kin make out," stated

the veteran, "a fatalist is a party that thinks you're doin' him a deep pussonal favor when you kill him." . . .

Hollywood Fashions.

SOME envious style expert says Hollywood fashions are too gar-

ish. If he's talking about Hollywood males, I say they're just garish enough. If they were any more garish than they are, visitors would have to wear blinders, and if they were any less garish, Italian sunsets would stand a chance in the competition. And I want the championship to stay in America.

Billy Gaxton picks out something suitable for a vest to be worn to a fancy dress party and then has a whole suit made out of it. Bob Montgomery's ties are the kind that I buy in moments of weakness and then keep in a bureau drawer because I'm not so brave as Bob is; and also I keep the drawer closed because I can't stand those sudden dazzling glares. And Bing Crosby is either color-blind or thinks everybody else is. But his crooning is mighty soothing. And so it goesred, pink, green, purple, orange, sky-blue and here and there a dash of lavender.

Our local boys gladden the landscape with the sort of clothes I'd wear, too-only my wife won't let me. Stop, look, listen! That's our sartorial motto, and these jealous designers back east can kindly go jump in a dye-pot.

IRVIN S. COBB. @--WNU Service.

Home of the Celt

Little reference is made to Brittany in the ancient classics, save that Pliny speaks of it as the "Looking-on Peninsula," with its eye and vision set upon the Atlantic, and Caesar tells something of the fighting qualities of the Veneti who inhabited the southwestern seacoast. As is well known, it is the home of the Celt, and neither the highlands of Scotland nor the west of Ireland, nor Wales can produce a finer type of that ancient race that dowered Europe with a civilization long before Homer sang of the Greek gods.

cracked—no sooner had the snake sounded his dving rattle than another angry whir-r-r sounded from the tall, dry grass.

Another warning sounded from the left-still another from a different direction.

Three glistening, thick-bellied rattlers slithered into the open and toward Kate.

The Remington cracked three times in quick succession and three sets of rattles beat out a death-tattoo on the ground.

Mrs. Slaughterback reloaded her rifle. She looked up quickly in the direction of a strange sound-a sound like the rustle of the wind among ripe corn.

First five-then ten-then twenty or thirty rattlesnakes were undulating into the open IN BATTLE FORMATION. Their pointed heads were erect-their fangs darting. They were ready to avenge their companions in the interrupted migration.

Still the nerve of the ranch woman held steady. She realized she could not kill twenty or thirty savage snakes with her little rifle. What she wanted was a stout club. There was only one in sight. Kate chuckled as she saw that the club was stuck into the ground and bore a sign, "No Hunting-Keep Out."

Fought Dozens With a Club.

She plucked that stake out of the ground. Smashed off the sign and turned to tackle the serpent army.

Her eyes met a horrible sight. There were no longer twenty or thirty attackers. They were sliding noiselessly in from all directions. Right and left, behind and before-she looked into venomous eyes that blazed green like an endless row of traffic lights. She was surrounded.

The first rattler to reach her coiled to strike. Kate swung, the club, barely three feet long, and the dying tail flicked her hand. On came the others. Some circling. Some darting in.

Little Ernest was crying in the saddle. Brownie-the pony-was trembling. If he should rear, the baby would be thrown among the snakes.

Kate was afraid then-afraid for herself and her little boy. She redoubled her blows. A rattler sprang clear of the ground. Kate caught it with her club as a baseball batter would swing on a home run.

Another rattler sprang. It missed her hand by a half inch. She could feel its breath as the jaws snapped. A sound behind her. Coiled and poised for a thrust at her stockinged leg was another foe. She struck backward. The snake uncoiled, its head crushed.

The slithery chain of reptiles seemed endless. . They darted and struck from all sides. The club thudded hundreds of times. Dying snakes writhed in piles. Kate, hardly moving from her tracks, fought on-fought for two solid hours before she climbed painfully, nerve wracked, back into the saddle.

Her Nickname Well Earned.

Brownie darted for the ranch house. Mrs. Slaughterback tumbled from the saddle, clasping little Ernest. Her hands were raw flesh and blisters-her eyes bloodshot and her face swollen,

Her amazing adventure spread like wildfire through the Colorado country. Down from the cities raced newspaper reporters and photographers.

Then the boys lined her up beside her grisly foes. Cameras told the true story of her kill.

ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY RATTLESNAKES.

I said to her, "I hear your friends have a nickname for you now-

'Rattlesnake Kate.' "

"Heavy" Water Explained

Bryce Canyon National park is "Heavy" water has attracted 55 square miles in size and has wide scientific interest. Like ordibeen under jurisdiction of the fed- nary water it is composed of two eral government since it was first parts hydrogen and one part oxynamed a national monument in 1923. gen, although its hydrogen has an The "canyon," which in reality is a atomic weight of two instead of one, great horseshoe-shaped amphithea- the usual atomic weight of hydroter three miles long and two miles gen. This difference makes propwide, was named after Ebenezer erties altogether distinct from those Bryce, a Mormon pioneer who set- of ordinary water. At first a scientled there in the early seventies. It tific curiosity, it is produced on a is filled with a myriad of fantastic commercial scale for the treatment figures cut through the pink and of cancer, using special nickel steel white limy sandstone of the Paun- and pure nickel in manufacturing saugunt plateau.

seems to indicate that this experiment was made somewhere in the vicinity of Victoria."

The Chamber of Commerce man wrote back to the editor and told him the real story of the cotton picking monkeys. It was this:

Back in 1884 Editor Jeff McLemore discovered that his Victoria Advocate was going to be mighty short of news one week. So he set his imagination to work and when the Advocate came out no one was more surprised than was Ranchman James A. McFaddin to learn that he had imported a large number of African monkeys and was training them to pick cotton for him.

But he had a good laugh over the story, as did his friends and as did the readers of the Texas Siftings at Austin, when the yarn was reprinted in that paper. Everyone recognized the story for what it was -a hoax. But 50 years later it bobbed up again as a "true story"thereby resembling so many other "true stories" which we hear every day. . . .

Were Their Faces Red!

POLITICIAN is always willing to oblige a constituent, else he's no politician. So when several high government officials in Washington during the Hoover administration received a letter from Ithaca, N. Y., they were glad to comply with the request in it. It said that a group of Cornell students were going to hold a dinner in honor of the sesquicentennial of the birth of "Hugo N. Frye, a little-known patriot of central New York who has been deprived of the fame that should be his for his part in the organization of the Republican party in New York state." Wouldn't these officials send messages to be read at the dinner?

They would indeed! One of them wired, "It is a pleasure to testify to the career of that sturdy patriot who first planted the ideals of our party in this region of the country. If he were living today he would be the first to rejoice in evidence everywhere present that our government still is safe in the hands of the people." Others paid like tribute to this "pioneer Republican."

And then their faces grew exceedingly red when it was revealed that there never had been a real Hugo N. Frye. That was the name used by the editors of a humor column in the Cornell Daily Sun in publishing their flippancies in that newspaper. Another pronunciation of his name is "you go and fry," which, in the student slang of those days, was the equivalent of "O, go and lay an egg" or "Go and sit on a tack."

Sometimes a politician can be just little bit too obliging!



virtually L cent a tablet

Good Work

There's many a good bit o' work done with a sad heart .-- George Eliot.

Beware Coughs from common colds That Hang On

No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold, or bronchial irritation, you can coid, or bronchai inflation, you can get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with any remedy less potent than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble and aids na-ture to soothe and heal the inflamed mucous membranes and to loosen

ture to soothe and heal the inflamed mucous membranes and to loosen and expel the germ-laden phlegm. Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, try Creomul-sion. Your druggist is authorized to refund your money if you are not thoroughly satisfied with the bene-fits obtained from the very first bottle. Creomulsion is one word—not two, and it has no hyphen in it. Ask for it plainly, see that the name on the bottle is Creomulsion, and you'll get the genuine product and you'll get the genuine product the relief you want. (Adv.)



equipment to safeguard its purity.

"Yes," she said. "And I'm proud of it."

Canyon Named for Mormon