The Brownsville Herald

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Brownsville Has:

1. A population in 1931 of over 25,000.
2. A mean average temperature of 73.
3. Bank deposits, $8,000,000.
4. Four railroads, seven paved highways.
5. International airport, five air lines.
6. A $6,000,000 deep water port financed.
7. The best climate, soil in the world.

Slav Refugees on the Way

A movement to colonize large sections of the United States, Canada and Mexico with thousands of maladjusted Russian and other Slavic farmers and refugees has been made known by the American Slavic Colonization association of New York. A statement issued said the trust was chartered in New York with capital of 55 million dollars and would have cooperation of scores of eastern European emigrant societies abroad and in the United States and that the cooperative has set in motion machinery to deposit the first group of agriculturalists in North America the coming spring. Concessions for settlement from President Rubio have been obtained and because of American immigration restrictions the first contingent of Slav settlers will be sent to Mexico. Many famous agricultural experts are now in Mexico to establish an agricultural experiment station for research upon crops and land best suited to the needs of the Russian colonists. Heads of great banks and noted officials of European cooperative societies are members of the colonization trust, which is said to have purchased options in Texas for representatives of several American-Slav alliances. Members of these groups are expected to settle in the spring of 1931. How will it be possible for the immigrants from Slav countries to obtain passports or tickets of port entry? Mexico, it is said, promises a hearty welcome with open arms to these refugees from Soviet Russia where communism is the creed of those in power and individualism is as dead as the dodo.

Basic Industries Placing Men On Payroll

Now it is said that 100,000 idle workers will be given jobs building national highways. It is said 200,000 idle workers will be placed on the payroll of railroads and automobile concerns. It is said before the coming of springtime 500,000 workers now unemployed will find themselves on the payrolls the country over. Yes, a job is better than a dole but while looking for jobs those who are worthy and willing to work should be given a helping hand. It is all right for the government to provide money to feed the hogs of the farmer but where the children of the farmer are hungry they should be fed. Why place hog feeding first?

Dethronement of King Wheat In America

After a reign of 86 years in America, King Wheat has been dethroned and corn is his successor. Members of the Chicago board of trade kicked King Wheat from his perch and proclaimed an American farm commodity king of all American gains. Wheat has slumped and corn has advanced in price. In recent months corn led wheat day in and day out. A dead king is a useless king. A live king is the king that appeals to the public. Corn has come into its own.

The Once Over

By R. I. PHILLIPS

TWO CONGRESSMEN AND A STARVING MAN

The scene is a city street. A very emaciated man, obviously in need of food, is appealing for ten cents to get a cup of coffee and a roll.

First Congressman: What does the gentleman desire?

Starving Man: Please, could you help a man get a little something to eat, sir?

Second Congressman: Will the gentleman please repeat his inquiry?

Starving Man: I'm starving, sir. Please could you gimme a dime to get something to eat?

First Congressman: While the request does not come in the regular order, I am constrained to give it consideration.

Second Congressman: I have no objection to a discussion of the proposition at this time.

First Congressman (to beggar): How long have you been starving, my man?

Starving Man: For several weeks, sir.

First Congressman: The reason I ask is that I want to be assured the matter is one that properly comes under this year's business.

Second Congressman (to beggar): You are aware, of course, that the form of your request is slightly irregular.

Starving Man: Please, sir, a dime for a cup of coffee and a piece of bread.

First Congressman: In the event that we act favorably on your petition, where do you propose to obtain this cup of coffee and piece of bread?

Starving Man: I can get it right across the street in that lunch room, sir.

First Congressman: That one with the white front?

Starving Man: No, the one next door with the electric sign.

Second Congressman (to his colleague): I don't know that we should act on this matter without first ascertaining the respective merits of the two lunch rooms. I feel we should know that this dime is going to the place where it will do the most good.

First Congressman (very seriously): Quite so. I would indeed hesitate to act favorably on the gentleman's request without some assurance the money was not to be wasted and that it was to be wisely expended with a mind to proper values.

* * * *

Starving Man (getting hungrier by the minute): Just a nickel, sir, if a dime is too much.

First Congressman (to his colleague): Does the gentleman from Iowa consider a dime too much?

Second Congressman: I am not prepared at this time to say whether a dime is too much or not. I recall the case of a starving man in the state of Minnesota in the winter of 1888. In that case it was subsequently established that a dime was excessive. On the other hand such a sum has been known to be inadequate.

First Congressman: I can appreciate the evils of snap judgments in matters of this kind, but I am inclined to regard this as an emergency in which we would make no mistake in giving the man enough money to get the cup of coffee and the roll.

* * * *

Starving Man (now quite weak): Please sir!

Second Congressman (to his colleague): I yield to no man in my reactions to want and woe, but, I think nothing would be lost by deferring action for another day.

First Congressman (tartly): This is not a time for parsimony. From the majestic mountains of the Far West to the surf-beaten stretches of the great Atlantic there is .....

Second Congressman: I object to this appeal to the grand stand.

First Congressman: If the gentleman says I am appealing to the grand stand he is a liar.

Second Congressman: I defy you, sir, to repeat that [illegible]

First Congressman: Buffoon!

Second Congressman: Coward!

(They continue this while the starving man slowly expires at their feet.)

He Was Only Fooling

Mr. Will Hays's warning to the movie picture men that crime must not be played up in the pictures is being followed, you may have noticed, by the greatest run of crime pictures in history.

One of life's major mysteries is why it should ever be necessary to take a vote to prove a congressman's seat valiant.

The more you read about those frame-ups of innocent women in the New York court of inquiry, the more you realize that some of the courts there must be located in the type of buildings generally referred to as low frame structures.

Murder At Bridge

by ANNE AUSTIN, author of "THE BLACK PIGEON," "THE AVENGING PRIDDY" and "MURDER BACKSTAIRS"

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Juanita Selim is murdered at bridge; four days later Dexter Sprague is also murdered during a bridge party at the Tracey Miles' home. Police think both were killed by a New York gunman, to avenge the death of "Swallow-tail Sammy" Savelli, "Bonnie" Dundee thinks the murders were committed by one of six people, guests in both homes at the time of the murders.

Nita banked $10,000 since her arrival in Hamilton, which the police think was her pay for double-crossing Savelli, and which Dundee thinks is blackmail. The possible case against Flora Miles is strong. He reasons it this way: After paying blackmail to Nita, Flora sees a note to Nita on Tracey's stationery, and thinks Nita has told her secret. In desperation, she shoots her, hides the gun on the secret shelf in the guests' closet, and returns to destroy the note. Finding it is from Sprague, she faints in horror just before the body is discovered. Miles, who returns later to the Selim house to take Lydia, Nita's maid and heir, home with him, has opportunity to remove the gun, if Flora has confessed her crime. He himself could have killed Sprague from the outside just after his guests leave if Sprague is threatening to expose Flora.

Dundee learns that Miles was rushed into the engagement by Flora, an intensely passionate girl, who scared off her prospective suitors. Penny Crain assures Dundee he is on the wrong track. Arriving in New York, Dundee asks at the store where Nita bought the dress that was her shroud, for the date of the sale.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

.. .. ..CHAPTER XLI.. .. .. ..

The white haired smartly dressed buyer accepted the sheaf of photographs Bonnie Dundee was offering. "I'll do my best, of course," she began briskly, then paled and uttered a sharp exclamation as her eyes took in the topmost picture. "This is Juanita Leigh, isn't it? . . . But—" she shuddered, "how odd she looks—as if—"

"Yes." Dundee agreed gravely. "She was dead when that picture was taken. Did you know Mrs. Selim?"

"No," the woman breathed, her eyes still bulging with horror. "But I've seen so many pictures of her in the papers. . . . To think that it was one of our dresses she chose for her shroud! But you want to know when the dress was sold to her, don't you?" she asked, brisk again. "I can find out. We keep a record of all our French originals and of the number of copies made of each. . . . Let me think! I've been going to Paris myself for the firm for the last 15 years, but I can't remember buying this Pierre model. . . . Oh, of course! I didn't go over during 1917 and 1918 on account of the war, you know, but the big Paris designers managed to send us a limited number of very good models, and this must have been one of them. Otherwise, I'd remember buying it. . . . If you'll excuse me a moment—"

When she returned about 10 minutes later, Miss Thomas brought him a pencilled memorandum. "This Pierre model was imported in the summer of 1917, several months in advance of the winter season, of course. Only five copies were made—in different colors and materials, naturally, since we make a point of exclusiveness. The royal blue Leigh in January, 1918. I am sorry I cannot give you the exact day of the month, but our records show the month only. I took the liberty of showing a picture of the dress to the only saleswoman in the department who has been with us that long, but she cannot remember the sale. Twelve years is a long time, you know."

"Indeed it is," Dundee agreed regretfully. "You have been immensely helpful, however, Miss Thomas, and I thank you with all my heart."

"If you could just tell me—confidentially of course," Miss Thomas whispered, "What sort of clue this dress is—"

"I don't know myself!" the detective admitted. "But," he added to himself, after he had escaped the buyer's natural curiosity, "I intend to find out!"

* * *

Before he could take any further steps along that particular path, however, Dundee had an appointment to keep. After arriving at his hotel that morning, he had made two telephone calls. He smiled now as he recalled the surprise and glee of one of his former Yale classmates, now a discouraged young bond salesman, with whom he had kept in touch.

"You want to borrow my name and my kid sister?" Jimmy Randolph had chortled. "Hop to it, old sport! But you might tell me what you want with such intimate belongings of mine."

"You may not know it," Dundee had retorted, "but young Mr. James Wadley Randolph, Jr., scion of the famous old Boston family is going to visit that equally famous school, Forsyte-on-the-Hudson, to see whether it is the ideal finishing school for his beloved young sister. Barbara.....She's about 15 now, isn't she, Jimmy?"

"Going on 16 and one of Satan's prize hellions." Jimmy Randolph had answered. "And the family would be eternally grateful if you could get Forsyte to take her, but make them promise not to have any more chorus girls who plan to get murdered, as directors of their amateur theatricals. Bab would be sure to be mixed up in the mess. . . . I suppose that's the job you're on, you flat-footed dick, you?"

The second telephone call had secured an appointment at Forsyte school for "Mr. James Wadley Randolph, Jr., of Boston," and Dundee, rather relishing his first need for such professional tactics, relaxed to enjoy the 10-mile drive along the Hudson.

It was a quarter to 12 when his taxi swept up the drive toward the big, gray-stone, turreted building, sedately lonely in the midst of its valuable acres.

"Miss Earle says to come to the office," a maid told him when he had given his name, and led him from the vast hall to a fairly large room, whose long windows looked upon a tennis court and whose walls were almost covered with group pictures of graduating classes photographs of amateur theatrical performances, and portrait studies of the alumnae.

A very thin, sharp faced woman of about 40, with red-rimmed eyes which peered near-sightedly, rose from an old-fashioned roll-top desk and came forward to greet him.

"I am Miss Earle, Miss Pendleton's private secretary," she told him, as he took her thin, clammy hand. "I should have told you when you telephoned this morning that both Miss Pendleton and Miss Macon sailed for Europe yesterday. We always have our commencement the last Tuesday in May, you know. . . . But if there is anything I can do for you—"

"I should like to know something at first hand of the history of the school. Its—well, prestige, special advantages, curriculum, and so on," Dundee began deprecatingly.

* * *

"I should certainly be able to answer any question you may wish to ask, Mr. Randolph, since I have been with the school for 15 years," Miss Earle interrupted tartly.

"Then Forsyte must take younger pupils than I had been led to believe, Miss Earle," Dundee said, with his most winning smile.

"I was never a pupil here," the secretary corrected him, but she thawed visibly. "Of course, I was a mere child when I finished business school, but I have been here 15 years—15 years of watching rich society girls dawdle away four or five years, just because they've got to be somewhere before they make their debut. . . . But I mustn't talk like that, or I'll give you a wrong impression, Mr. Randolph. Of its kind, it is really a very fine school—very exclusive; riding masters, dancing masters, a golf 'pro' and our own golf course, native teachers for French, Italian, German and Spanish. . . . Oh, the school is all right, and will probably not suffer any loss of prestige on account of that dreadful murder out in the Middle West—"

"Murder?" Dundee echoed, as if he had no idea what she was talking about.

"Haven't you been reading the papers?" Miss Earle rallied him, with a coquettish smile. "But I don't suppose Boston bothers with such sordid things," she added, her thin lipped mouth tightening. "Miss Pendleton was all cut up about it, because Mrs. Selim or Juanita Leigh, as she was known on Broadway, had directed our Easter play the last two years, and the reporters simply hounded us the first two days after she was murdered out in Hamilton, where a number of our richest girls have come from—"

"By Jove!" Dundee exclaimed. "Was the Selim woman connected with this school, really? . . . I only read the headlines—never pay much attention to murders in the papers—"

"I wish," Miss Earle interrupted tartly, fresh tears reddening her eyes, "that people wouldn't persist in referring to her as 'that Selim woman.' . . . When I think how sweet and friendly she was, how—how kind!" and to Dundee's surprise she choked on tears before she could go on: "Of course I know it's dreadful for the school, and I ought not to talk about it, when you've just come to see about putting your sister into the school, but Nita was my friend, and it simply makes me wild—"

"You admired and liked her very much?" Dundee asked, forgetting his role for the moment.

"Yes, I did! And Miss Pendleton liked her, too. And you can imagine how clever and popular she was, when a wonderful woman like Mrs. Peter Dunlap, who was Lois Morrow when she was in school here, admired her so much she took her to Hamilton with her to direct plays for a Little Theater. . . . Why, I never met anyone I was so congenial with!" the secretary went on passionately. "The girls here snub me and make silly jokes about me behind my back and call me nicknames, but Nita was just as sweet to me as she was to anyone—even Miss Pendleton herself!"

* * *

"Were you with her much?" Dundee dared ask.

"With her much? . . . I should say I was!" she asserted proudly. "I have a room here, live here the year 'round, and both years Nita shared my room, so she would not have to make the long trip back to New York every night during the last week of rehearsals. We used to talk until two or three o'clock in the morning—" Say!" she broke off, in sudden terror. "You aren't a reporter are you?"

"A reporter? Good Lord, no!" Dundee denied. In all sincerity. Then he made up his mind swiftly. This woman hated the school and all connected with it, had grown more and more soured and envy-bitten every year of the 15 she had served there——and she liked Nita Leigh Selim better than anyone she had ever met. The opportunity for direct questioning was too miraculous to be ignored. So he changed his tone suddenly and said very earnestly: "No, I am not a reporter, Miss Earle. But I am not James Wadley Randolph, Jr. I am James F. Dundee, special investigator attached to the office of the district attorney of Hamilton, and I want you to help me solve the mystery of Mrs. Selim's murder."

It took nearly 10 precious minutes for Dundee to nurse the terrified, but obviously thrilled woman over the shock, and to get her into the mood to answer his questions freely.

"But I shan't and can't tell you anything bad about Nita!" she protested vehemently, wiping her red-rimmed eyes. "The papers are all saying now that she got $10,000 for double-crossing some awful racketeer named 'Swallowtail Sammy,' but I know she didn't get the money that way! She was too good—"

"From Nita's confidences to you, do you have any idea how she did get the money?" Dundee asked.

Miss Earle shook her head. "I don't know, but she got it honorably. I know that! . . . Maybe she found her husband and made him pay alimony—"

Dundee controlled his excitement with difficulty. "Did she tell you all about her marriage and divorce?"

Again Miss Earle shook her head. "The only time she ever spoke of it was last year—the first year she directed our play, you know. I asked her why she didn't get married again, and she said she couldn't—she wasn't divorced, because she didn't know where her husband was, and it was too expensive to go to Reno. . . . Of course she may have found him or something—and got a divorce sometime this last year, and this money she got was a settlement—"

"She must have got a divorce, since she was planning to be married again to a young man in Hamilton," Dundee assured her soothingly.

"The way everybody puts the very worst interpretation on everything, when a person gets murdered!" Miss Earle stormed. "If poor Nita had belonged to a rich family, like the girls here, they would have spent a million to hush up any scandal on her! . . . I've seen it done!" she added, darkly and venomously.

(To Be Continued)

Out Our Way . . . . . By Williams

C. M. T. C. TO OPEN JUNE 19

Campaign For Enlistments Will Begin About February 1

SAN ANTONIO, Jan. 15.—(AP)—The Camp Bullis Citizens' Military Training camp for the coming season will be held from June 19 to July 18, according to announcement by Lieut. Col. Emmet B. Harris, C. M. T. C. officer for the Eighth Corps area.

Colonel Harris is planning to start the annual procurement campaign for the corps area on Feb. 1.

Although no definite word has been received from Washington relative to the quota, letters are being prepared by Colonel Harris contemplate the same number of applicants as last year, when 2000 was set as the quota for the Eighth Corps area. Should the quota be the same, Camp Bullis will again be the largest in the corps area with 1000 students to be trained.

The camp at Fort Sill will be the second largest with approximately 800 students. The Fort Logan camp will have 400 students from the Eighth Corps area and 50 students from the Ninth Corps area. Fort Riley quota is expected to be 150 and Camp Stephen D. Little, 250.

The camp will not be held at Fort Warren this year, the students who would ordinarily go there being assigned to Fort Logan, Colo.

Dates for the other four camps have been set as follows: Fort Sill, July 2 to July 31; Fort Riley, June 4 to July 4; Fort Logan, June 19 to July 18, and Camp Little, July 24 to August 22.

The temperature of the moon is said to vary from 258 degrees Fahrenheit, when the sun is shining on it, to 243 degrees below zero when away from the sun.

Business Failures Gain 26 Per Cent

AUSTIN, Jan. 15.—(AP)—Increase of 26 per cent in the number of business failures in Texas in 1930 was noted in a report compiled by Irene B. Williamson of the bureau of business research of the University of Texas. The number of failures totaled 649.

Liabilities of failing concerns aggregated $14,505,000, an increase of 66 per cent over 1929. Eight banks failed during 1930 as compared with two during 1929. The report pointed out, however, that only one bank defaulted in the last quarter, although there was an epidemic of bank failures in other states during that period.

Eighty-three firms failed during December, almost double the number failing in December, 1929. Indebtedness of failing companies was 54 per cent greater than in December, 1929.

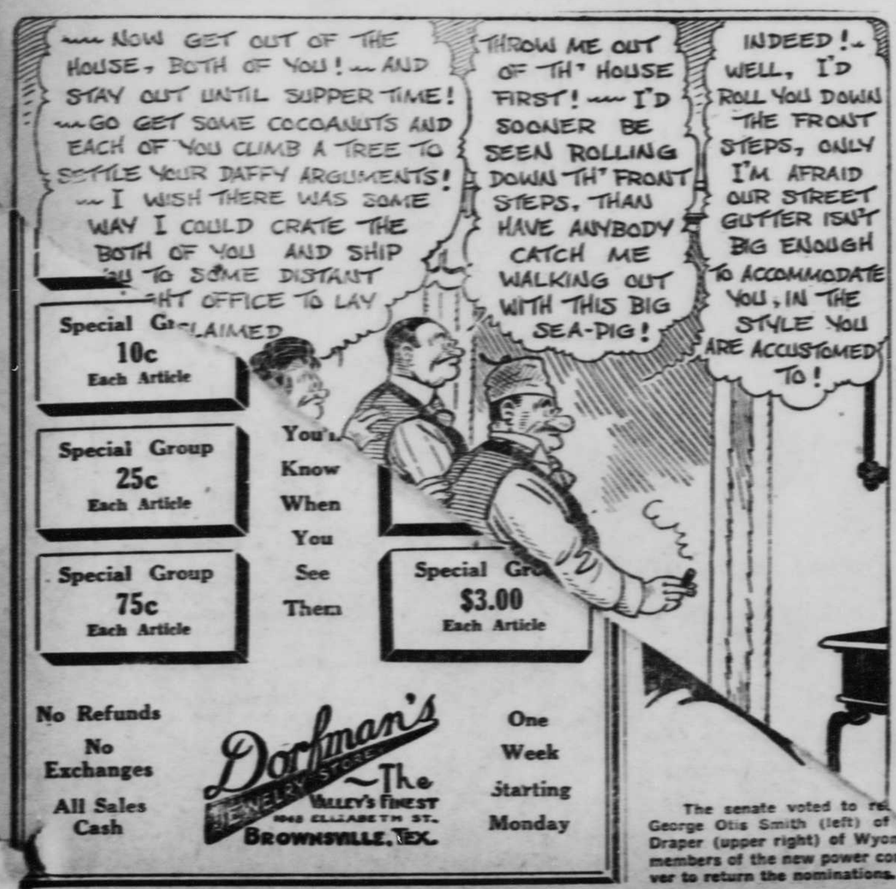
SHOCKING FOR WHALES

LONDON, Jan. 15.—The Anglo-Norwegian whaling fleet reports a satisfactory catch this season after using the electrical harpoon for the first time. The new harpoon is shot into the whales and electrocutes them. The catch produced more than $250,000, and was secured in one week.

A Way to Stop Attacks of Fits

Reports are received of an astonishing treatment that epileptics with has proved successful in stopping their attacks. R. Lopez, Apt. 48, 133 E. Wright, Milwaukee, Wis., has been supplying sufferers with this treatment. He now wishes to reach all those who have not been helped and to do so is making the startling offer of a generous treatment free to all sufferers. Anyone afflicted should write for this free treatment at once, giving age. adv.

Our Boarding House . . . . By Ahern



The senate voted to reject George Otis Smith (left) of [illegible] Draper (upper right) of Wyoming [illegible] members of the new power commission [illegible] ver to return the nominations.

STICKERS

A park was laid out as shown in the diagram. Four men started walking from the circle, one around each path. The first walked two miles per hour, the second three miles per hour, the third four miles per hour and the fourth five miles per hour. If they started at nine o'clock [illegible] the morning and kept on walking, at [illegible] time would they all meet at the circle?