

The Brownsville Herald

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MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

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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.

State Woman's Club Building
on the Way

Erection of permanent headquarters for the Texas Federation of Women's clubs in Austin at an early date is said to be an absolute certainty by Mrs. R. F. Lindsey, state president of the federation. She appeared before the delegates of the 55th district convention of federated clubs at Kingsville and urged them to support the work of building the federation's Texas home by subscribing a minimum of \$100 a club. Her appeal met with hearty response, many clubs through their delegates pledging various amounts. A contribution of \$300 by Gov. Ross S. Sterling was announced at the Kingsville session.

In her address Mrs. Lindsey declared Austin the logical location for the home of the women's clubs of Texas; that it is the center of the educational, civic and governmental life of Texas and the only city in the state that really belongs to all of Texas.

Plans for the building were exhibited by the president. They provide for a structure of colonial design of proportions adequate to accommodate executive offices, auditorium, reading and writing rooms for World War veterans, an art gallery, conference and committee rooms, rent space for tea room, flower and gift shops. As for the second floor it is to be provided with over-night rooms and efficiency apartments and the building is to be made self-supporting so far as its maintenance is concerned. President Lindsey stated that the state executive board would meet to approve plans for the building May 11, and its construction would begin about June 1.

Yes, "Austin is the logical location for the home of the women's clubs of Texas." This is a quotation from an address delivered by Temple Harris McGregor in the senate chamber May 4, 1924, to a mass meeting of the citizens of Austin:

"When Lamar stood where now stands the Texas capitol, with an inspiration born of prophecy he said: 'Here should be the seat of empire.' Not the capital of a puny state, but an empire, rich in all the resources of the earth, expansive beyond the dreams of avarice and ambition and whose possibilities taxed the pre-science of prophecy."

That empire Lamar visioned is on the way and "the seat of empire" that he visioned is traveling at a rapid pace. "Build Texas."

Build Austin.

Kansas Wheat Thieves Are
Lifers Now

For stealing wheat from a farm, George and W. P. Swift of Lyons, Kan., must spend the remainder of their lives in the state penitentiary. They were sentenced under the habitual criminal act, the brothers having served short terms in the past in both Kansas and Oklahoma for various thefts. And wheat is selling in Kansas at the very low price level of 30 cents. An incorrigible thief—well he is a perpetual thief. He was born that way.

Elmer Twitchell says: "Business has turned the corner, but it's found it to be one of those streets marked 'Quiet Zone'."

An ideal subject for the slow motion picture people would seem to be the reopening of a suspended bank.

(Copyright 1931, by The Associated Newspapers.)

My commission—and I'm glad you reminded me—expires March 30, 1932, around noon.)

More Staff For Investigations

How about a probe into the oyster cocktail racket? There must be one. Five oysters, a little chipped ice, a piece of lemon and a small glass of catsup couldn't run into 45 cents without some big splurges somewhere.

And, incidentally, wouldn't an inquiry prove that the stuff served in most restaurants as clam chowder constitutes a crime?

Jack Dempsey is in Reno for a divorce. This proves he was sincere when he said he was through with the fight game.

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Our Boarding House By Ahern

NICE MOON TONIGHT, MISTER!
FIVE CENTS TO LOOK AT TH' MOON AN' STUDY TH'
CRATERS! WE SIT DOWN
AN' TAKE A LOOK, WHILE
I EXPLAIN AN' POINT OUT
TH' MARVELS OF TH'
UNIVERSE!

HAW, MY GOOD MAN, I HAVE
SPENT HUNDREDS OF HOURS AT THE
GIANT TELESCOPES OF GREENWICH,
YERKES, LICK AND MOUNT WILSON
OBSERVATORIES, EGAD! ~ BY THAT
YOU WILL KNOW I AM A SCIENTIFIC
ASTRONOMER! ~ DR. HOOPLE IS THE
NAME ~ YES ~ OF THE BERNE,
SWITZERLAND OBSERVATORY! ~

LIM-M-I SAY, MY MAN,
AS A PROFESSIONAL
COURTESY, LET ME
PEER THRU YOUR
GLASS AT THE
ZORISTIC NEBULA!

IN OTHER WORDS, HE
HASN'T A NICKEL

GENE AHERN

4-12

The Once Over

By E. L. PHILLIPS

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT,
ETC., OF THE ONIONVILLE COURIER-BEACON

Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of
The Onionville Courier-Beacon, published daily
at Onionville, Missouri.

For April, 1931.

State of Missouri,)
County of Bledgett,)
Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and
County aforesaid, personally and to wit appeared Luke
Hostettters, who having been duly sworn according to
law, deposes, says, contends, alleges and avers that
he is secretary of the Onionville Courier-Beacon (unless
there has been a merger in his absence) and that
the following is, to the best of his knowledge, belief,
information and hunch, a true statement of the
ownership, management, circulation, general situation,
idiosyncrasies, etc., of the aforesaid publication:

1.—That the names and addresses of the publisher,
editor, managing editor, city editor, radio editor,
society editor, junior, cashier, head telephone operator,
bouncer, complaint receiver and utility outfields are:
Publisher: Luke Hostettters, 23 Whippoorwill Lane.
Editor: Luke Hostettters, 23 Whippoorwill Lane.
Managing Editor: Luke Hostettters, 23 Whippoorwill
Lane.

Business Manager: See above.

(Note: Mr. Hostettters further deposes and says, in
case there is anybody curious enough to read these
statements, that he is also star reporter, foreign cor-
respondent, dramatic critic, advertising solicitor, art
editor, automobile editor, cinema editor, fireman and
engineer. He also helps out in the sports department
when the sporting editor is drunk or otherwise indis-
posed, and he writes most of the financial items, oc-
cidental news, business data and How To Keep Well Col-
umn.)

He further says deposes and contends that he acts
type, mails out the bills, solicits classified ads, helps
deliver papers, settles all fights with readers, and
last spring, personally laid a new pine floor in the
business office.

2.—That the owners and their names and addresses
are:
Luke Hostettters.
Mrs. Luke Hostettters.
Uncle Lew Whaples.
Col. Steve Puddicombe.

(Note: Luke Hostettters started the paper and got
his wife, his uncle and Colonel Puddicombe to put
in some money. Uncle Lew Whaples hasn't spoken to
the family since. Colonel Puddicombe, who used to
run the bank and library stable, was the heaviest
bucker, as he was accounted on the proposition when
stewed. Business is rotten and no dividends have
been paid. Mrs. Hostettters gets tickets to most of
the lectures and picture houses. Uncle Lew is given
seats to the best shows. Colonel Puddicombe always
gets seats to the circus for his entire family, which
includes seven boys. He is also allowed to use the
room market "Foreign Editor" for poker, pinochle and
bridge games.)

3.—Mr. Hostettters further says and deposes that
there are no stockholders who do not appear, and has
no reason to believe or suspect that any other person,
corporation or association is interested or would be
interested on a bet.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of
April, 1931. HEMINGWAY PROUT.
(Seal)
Notary Public

(My commission—and I'm glad you reminded me—
expires March 30, 1932, around noon.)

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Our Boarding House By Ahern

MAD MARRIAGE

by LAURA LOU BROOKMAN

Author of "HEART HUNGRY," etc.



where it's cooler but I don't suppose she'll go.

"You're here yourself for quite a while?" Gypsey spoke casually, wondering if her voice betrayed her trepidation.

"Indefinitely."

WHAT had this other girl come for? Gypsey knew very well it was not merely to discuss the heat and Aunt Ellen's health. There was some other purpose back of Marcia Phillips' visit. She was puzzling over the problem when Marcia's voice broke in again.

"Forest City has been very good for me," she said languidly. "I suppose I'm sentimental about the place. My happiest days have all been spent here." She eyed Gypsey narrowly. "Oh, don't be shocked! I suppose it's not the conventional thing for a young widow to say, but it's quite true. I've known more happiness in this little town than elsewhere."

"I like the town myself," Gypsey agreed. Why must everything she said to this sleekly beautiful creature sound so banal?

"Do you really? I didn't know. I thought you might be anxious to get away."

Gypsey shook her head. "We're not planning on going soon."

For an instant she thought Marcia had dropped her pose and that a look of pure hatred gleamed from the gray-blue eyes. If she was correct the look disappeared as quickly as it had come.

Marcia picked up a palm leaf fan from the table and fanned herself indefinitely.

"What are your plans?" she asked quietly.

"Why—why I don't know. Just the usual thing, I guess. Jim hasn't been able to arrange a vacation because there's so much work and the other partners have been away. Later perhaps we may go."

"I see," said Marcia. She need

tated a moment, dropped the fan and studied its design. "How long have you been here?"

"Four months. We came the first week in March."

Marcia nodded. "You and Jim haven't known each other long before your marriage, had you?"

"Not so very long."

"That's what I understand. Of course, Jim and I have been friends almost as long as I can remember. He used to carry my books from school. Jim was older but he never seemed to like any of the older girls so well. We used to go to parties together too. Oh, there are so many things I remember—picnics, football games, moonlight drives."

Gypsey made no reply. She was contrasting Marcia's slim and pimply with her own grins and smile.

"You know, the neighbors—we scarcely see each other." Marcia continued after a moment. "I thought you promised to come to call."

Gypsey's cheeks had lost their color. Her eyes studied the other girl intently. "Jim told me," she said.

"He told you to come to see him?"

"I told him you used to be seen together."

Marcia straightened in her chair.

"That's right," she said. "We were engaged four months ago. Since a foolish little lover—querel—something about dancing with another man at a party—made me give him his ring. The next thing I heard Jim was married. His pride was hurt. Brock Phillips had been urging me to marry him for months. In a reckless moment I agreed. Brock

also would be retired in a comparatively few years."

The plan, prepared by Myron C. Taylor, chairman of the finance committee, calls for compulsory retirement at the age of 70. Officers may retire voluntarily, or at the request of their superiors, at 65.

The pension plan provides that

THE pending bill is on the

end of the docket where it

had left it. Gypsey sat down beside it. A pair of Jim's socks layed

the pile of laundry. She thought of that other time again when

Aunt Ellen had ripped out the stitches she had so painstakingly put in another pair. How

many socks she had mended since

then?

Mechanically she threaded a needle but she did not set to work.

"Jim couldn't have known about it?" Gypsey inhaled in a strained voice.

"Because you took him away. You did!" Suddenly the gray-blue eyes blazed. "I came here today to tell you something. You've got to give up Jim Wallace. You have his name all right but I'm the one who has his love. You've got to give him to me."

"I don't understand!"

"Oh, you do. You know Jim Wallace never cared for you. He only married you because he was jealous and angry. At the very first time he was listening to the marriage ceremony I was the one he was thinking off. I tell you Jim loves me and I love him. You're got to go away—divorce him."

"You want me to divorce Jim?"

"Of course. It's the only way to make things right."

GYPSET was silent, looking down

at the floor. Her antennae had been alert to bring about this transformation.

She could give up Jim to such a sleekly beautiful creature as Marcia.

She looked over the pale woman and saw her mistakes. How ever she had made it for Marcia! Her own impersonal manner, her testing that she had no real claim on Jim had provided the opportunity Marcia was watching for.

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