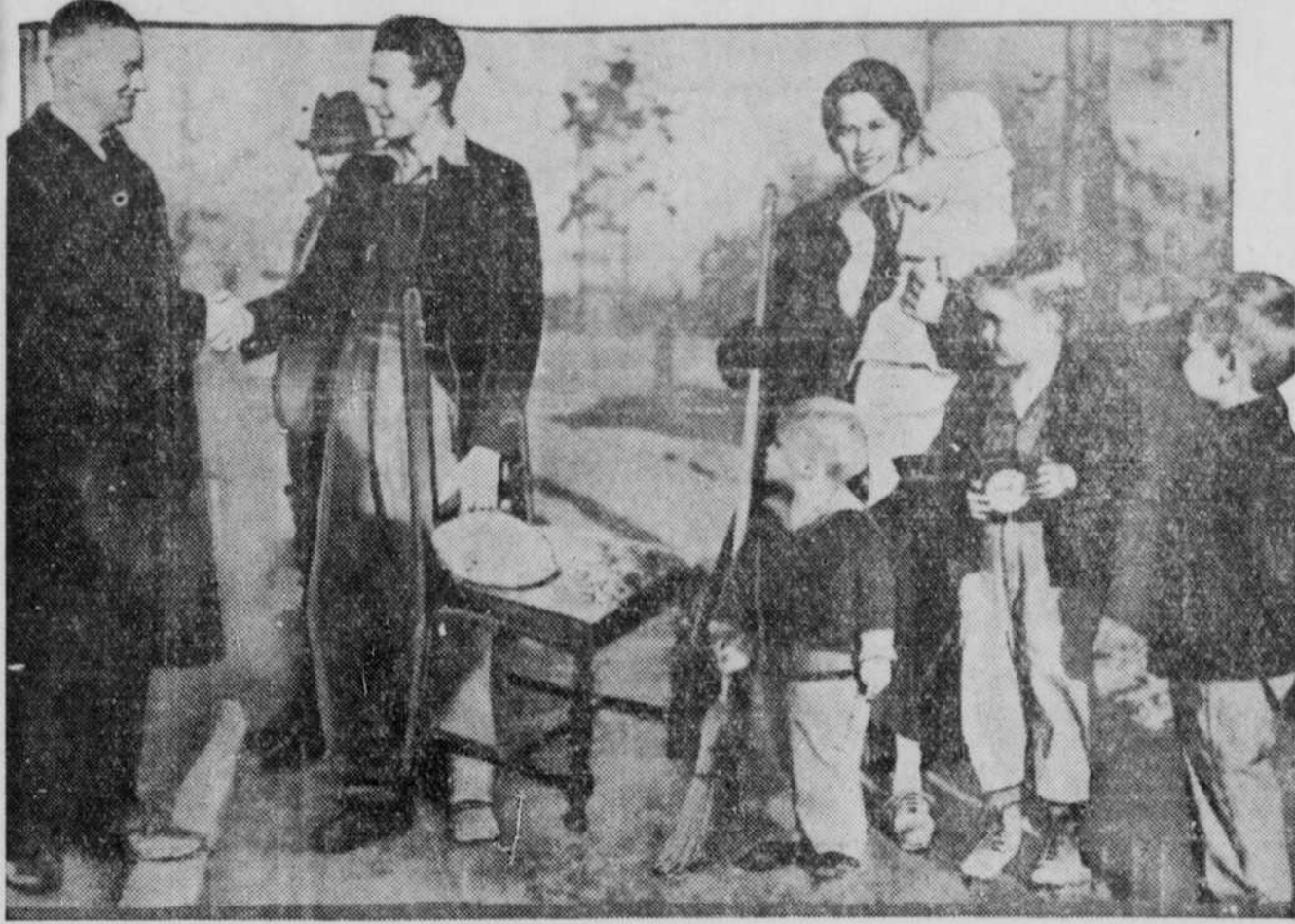
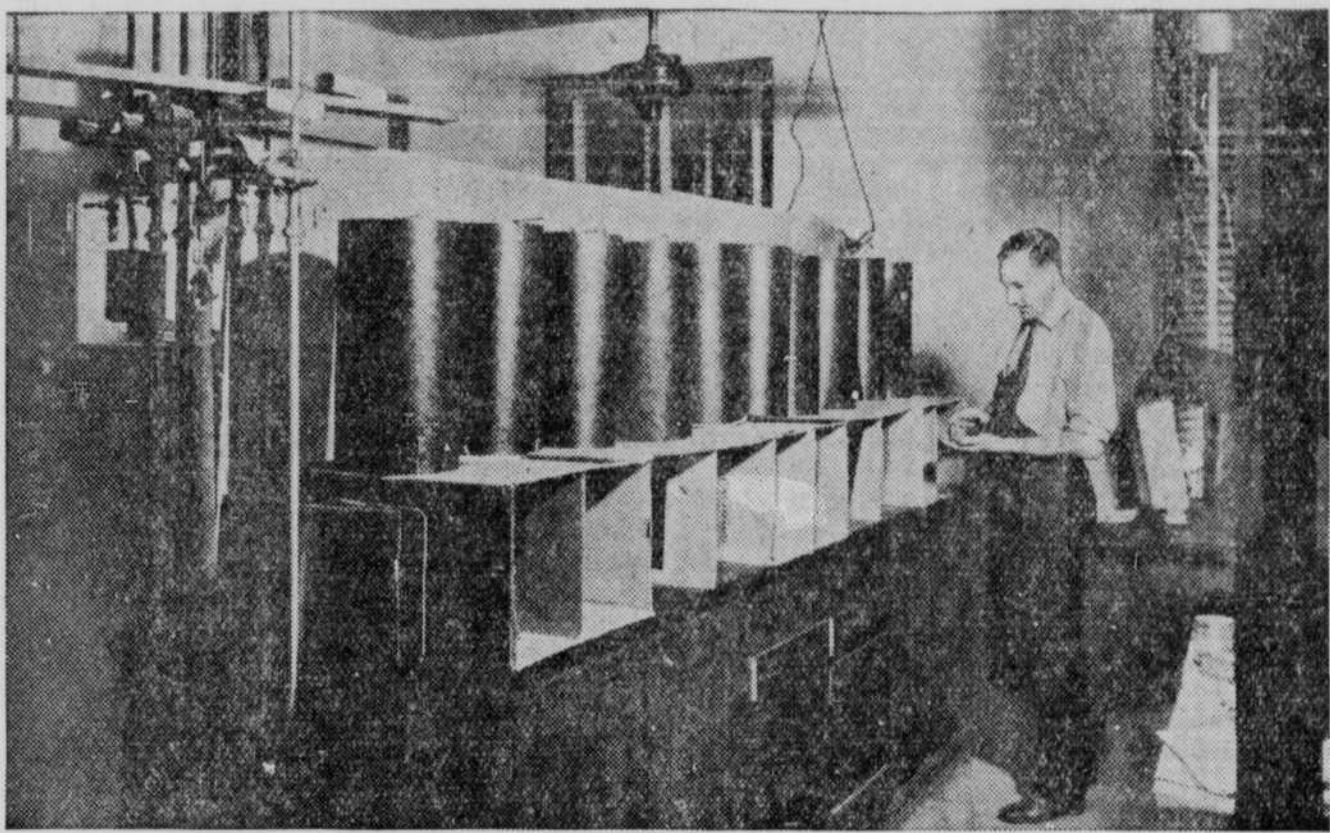


**"First Family" Welcomed to Cumberland**



Charles E. Pynchon of Washington, at the extreme left, manager of the 63 homestead projects throughout the country, is shown congratulating Ed Lister and his family, first Cumberland homesteaders and first family to move into the new stone houses at Cumberland Homesteads, in the Cumberland plateau, seven miles from Crossville, Tenn. The furniture and household articles the family is carrying came from their barn home.

**Uses "Rainbow" to Speed Seed Germination**



Dr. Lewis H. Flint of the Department of Agriculture is pictured in the "rainbow room" of his laboratory where colored lights bring "dead" lettuce seeds back to life. Seeds which fail to grow under ordinary conditions will germinate in 24 hours if soaked for an hour or so and then exposed for a few seconds to sunlight or the proper kind of artificial light. His discovery will save millions of dollars to growers throughout the country.

**Secretary Perkins Gets a Medal**



Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins is here shown receiving a gold medal from Mrs. Roosevelt at the White House, which was awarded to her by the Chi Omega sorority as the outstanding woman in the field of civic achievement for 1934.

**Oldest Twins in United States**



These claimants to the title of the oldest twins in the United States, A. T. McCargar of Burbank, Calif., and A. L. McCargar of Whittier, eighty-four, were guests of honor at the Western division meeting of the United States Chamber of Commerce in Los Angeles. Asked for their recipe for longevity, A. L. said: "Hard work and regular habits."

**Mother Knows Best**

By PAUL M. VEST  
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WNU Service.

THE two of them attracted considerable attention as they entered. Regular nightly visitors at the Silver Slipper had learned who they were.

"Oh, look!" a girl in a green hat nudged her escort. "That's them society swells. Her mother's the De Peyster society dame, and he's that millionaire rubber man's son."

The millionaire rubber man's son overheard the comment and frowned. He was uncomfortably conscious of the interest they created. It annoyed him.

"Good heavens, Grace!" he muttered. "Must we come to this awful place every night? Whatever do you find of interest here?"

The girl fingered the menu and looked idly about. "Oh, I don't know, Von — there's something about it I like. Perhaps it's the music."

"Humph!" was the response. "I never knew you to take such an interest in second-rate music before."

They danced a few times, but Von was utterly bored. "I've had about all I can stand," he complained irritably. "Come, can't we go somewhere else?"

"In a little while, darling," she consoled him. Over her shoulder her eyes met the dark, flashing ones of the orchestra leader. A smile touched the violinist's lips—in a moment the orchestra commenced playing the "Rendezvous Waltz."

As the number ended, Grace excused herself. "Just a moment, darling, until I dab on a bit of powder, and we'll gallop along."

Von couldn't carry a tune and scarcely knew one song from another. Consequently he was not aware that every night, immediately following the "Rendezvous Waltz," his fiancée found it necessary to "dab on a bit of powder." But then Von wasn't a very observing young man. Had he been he would have noticed that the handsome orchestra leader invariably disappeared following the same number.

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In a little alcove back of the orchestra platform, they met: "Oh, Tony . . ." she cried.

He held out his hands to her. In a moment she was in his arms. "Dearest, this can't go on," he whispered. "Break your engagement. Explain things to your mother. Let's have our love out in the open."

She clung to him. "You don't know mother. She—but I promise I'll tell her tonight. And this time I'll not give in to her. . . ."

He kissed her tenderly. "Don't be afraid, darling. What does anything matter, so long as we have each other?"

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Tears glistened in Grace's eyes. "But, mother," she remonstrated. "You don't understand. You don't understand—I love Tony. We're going to be married. . . ."

Mrs. DePeyster raised her patrician head and regarded her daughter in amazed horror. "Grace . . . Grace! Have you entirely lost your mind!" she gasped. "Marry a common entertainer in a cheap cafe. It's grotesque!"

"But mother, what difference does it make what he does if we love each other? . . ."

Mrs. DePeyster drew herself up regally, her dark, imperious eyes blazing. "You are engaged to Von and you will marry him. Enough of this nonsense. Mother knows best!"

The wedding was a brilliant social event. Following the ceremony Grace and Von sailed for Cherbourg on a wedding trip.

Back home again a month later, Grace, for some obscure reason, insisted upon visiting the Silver Slipper once more "just for old time sake," she said.

At their table, Grace glanced disinterestedly at the orchestra leader. How stupid of her ever to have imagined herself in love with such a person.

At first she didn't notice that the orchestra was playing the "Rendezvous Waltz." When she did, she caught her breath sharply. Was that fiddler fool enough to imagine that she was still infatuated with him?

Indifferently, she glanced about the room. Suddenly she gasped and sat up very straight, her eyes on a table tucked away in one corner. The lone woman there was sipping a cocktail and gazing in evident fascination at the dapper, patent-leather haired orchestra leader. It was her mother!

Grace couldn't tear her horrified eyes away. The number ended and she watched her mother leave the room; the orchestra leader suddenly disappeared.

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It was scandalous! It was shocking! It was one of those Sunday supplement things—"Society Leader Marries Cafe Entertainer." The four hundred were aghast.

"Good Lord!" Von gasped at the breakfast table as he scanned the lurid headlines in the paper. "A common fiddler—how could she?"

Grace's eyes were noncommittally on her grapefruit. "I . . . I guess mother knows best. Von. . . ."

**Results Achieved in Drive on Illiteracy**

Announcement that the national government had mobilized 40,000 unemployed teachers this winter in a drive on illiteracy revives interest in census figures on illiterates, that is to say, persons who cannot write any language.

In 1930 the United States had 4,283,000 illiterates, or 4.3 per cent of the population 10 years old and over. That was a large decline from the 6 per cent who were classified as illiterates when the census of 1920

was taken, but in Alabama four years ago 12.6 per cent of the inhabitants more than 10 years old were illiterate. In Louisiana they numbered 13.5 per cent, in Mississippi 13.1 per cent and in South Carolina 14.9 per cent. The high percentages in the southern states were due largely, of course, to the negro population. Only 2.3 per cent of Missouri's inhabitants could not write, a reduction from 3 per cent in 1920, and between the census counts our negro population had increased through a migration from the South.

In New York four years ago the number of illiterates was 389,000, or 3.7 per cent. Illiterates constituted 3.5 per cent of the total inhabitants in Massachusetts, 2.3 per cent in Ohio, 2.4 in Illinois and less than 1 per cent in Iowa, the smallest percentage in the country. Illiterates in the white population in 1930 numbered 2,407,000, a decline from 4 per cent in 10 years. Illiteracy among negroes declined from 22.9 per cent to 16.3 per cent in the decade, leaving a total of 1,514,000.

These figures show that illiteracy is decreasing at a rather rapid rate in all classes of the population and in all parts of the country. But they also show that the total number of persons who cannot write is surprisingly large for a nation where education is compulsory, a fact which is explained, of course, by immigration and our negro population. And among the young foreign born the percentage of illiteracy is small, though large among adults of this class.

That a large number of adults can be taken out of this classification by a drive directed by the government is not certain. But it will give work to thousands of unemployed teachers, whose plight is particularly distressing, and it will surely give some further momentum to the decline in illiteracy.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**POT HOLDER SET IN THREE PIECES**

By GRANDMOTHER CLARK



Pot holders are necessary in the kitchen, and it's just as easy to make an attractive pot holder as a plain one. They are interesting and easy to make, in spare time, and some should always be worked up ready to take as a gift when a trifle is wanted in a hurry and you know it will be appreciated.

Package No. A-S is composed of three pieces. Two pot holders and one container. When made up, the holder is visible through door, as shown above. The holders are placed in pocket through top opening. The material is stamped and stenciled in colors, ready to be made up, and the lines may be outlined if desired. Directions are also given how to put it together.

Send 15c if you want the set.

Address—Home Craft Co., Dept. A—Nineteenth and St. Louis Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Enclose a stamped addressed envelope when writing for any information.

**Bright Boy**  
"Where's your pencil, Alf?"  
"Ain't got one, teacher!"  
"How many times have I told you not to say that? Listen: I haven't got one, you haven't got one, we haven't got one—"  
"Well, who has all the pencils?"

**Strides Being Made in Conquest of Disease**

Among the major disease plagues of the world, fourteen practically could be wiped out of existence if scientific knowledge were put into practice, according to "The Advance of Science" (Doubleday, Doran and company), a new book about recent scientific developments, edited by Watson Davis, director of Science Service. The fourteen diseases are smallpox, diphtheria, yellow fever, malaria, typhoid fever, scurvy, beriberi, pellagra, rickets, hookworm disease, rabies, tetanus, and tularemia.

Among the diseases which Mr. Davis finds not yet "conquered" are cancer, pneumonia, bubonic plague, cholera, measles, leprosy, encephalitis, influenza, infantile paralysis, typhus fever, meningococcus meningitis, tuberculosis, arthritis, scarlet fever, Rocky mountain spotted fever, undulant fever, and psittacosis, or parrot fever.—Literary Digest.

**MURINE**  
FOR  
**YOUR EYES**  
A Few Drops Every Night and Morning Will Promote a Clean, Healthy Condition!  
At All Drug Stores  
Write Murine Co., Dept. W, Chicago, for Free Book

To quickly allay skin irritations or hurts, depend on soothing  
**Resinol**

SAVE MONEY HERE. Guaranteed DOUBLE-EDGED RAZOR BLADES 50 for 50c postpaid. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Center Sales Co., Smith Center, Kansas.

**BYERS BROS. & CO.**  
Good Live Stock Com. Service  
Stock Yards—OMAHA

**Mr. COFFEE—NERVES finds out who is boss**

WHAT'S THE MATTER ETHEL... HAS THE OLD CROUCH BEEN ON A RAMPAGE AGAIN?  
SAY, THEY'VE GOT A NERVE! LISTEN—THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT YOU!  
YES... AND I CAN'T STAND HIS TANTRUMS MUCH LONGER! I'VE A NOTION TO LOOK FOR ANOTHER JOB!  
I'LL GET A HAT THE BOSS HAS COFFEE—NERVES! MY FATHER HAD IT ONCE... BUT HE GOT RID OF IT BY CUTTING OUT COFFEE AND SWITCHING TO POSTUM!  
AW—COME ON—PAY NO ATTENTION TO THOSE GABBY WOMEN!  
THEN I WISH THERE WAS SOME WAY WE COULD GET THE BOSS TO TRY POSTUM!

THOSE GIRLS MAY BE RIGHT! I HAVE FELT CROSS AND IRRITABLE... AND I'VE BEEN HAVING HEADACHES AND INDIGESTION!  
SO WHAT? WHAT DO YOU CARE FOR THE IDLE GOSSIP OF A BUNCH OF CATTY WOMEN?  
HELLO WIFEY... SAY, WILL YOU PLEASE ORDER SOME POSTUM? I'M GOING TO TRY AN EXPERIMENT!  
CURSES! HE FELL FOR IT! THOSE MEDDLING GIRLS KNEW I COULDN'T STAY HERE IF POSTUM CAME ALONG!

DEAR, YOU'VE BECOME MY OLD SWEET HUSBAND AGAIN, SINCE YOU SWITCHED TO POSTUM!  
WHY SHOULDN'T I BE? MY HEADACHES AND INDIGESTION HAVE DISAPPEARED, I'M SLEEPING LIKE A TOP, AND I FEEL SO GOOD I COULDN'T BE CROSS.

**30 DAYS LATER...**

**M**ANY PEOPLE, of course, can safely drink coffee. But there are thousands and thousands of others who cannot. And, without realizing it, you may be one of these.

The caffeine in coffee may be working night and day to rob you of sleep, upset your digestion, or undermine your nervous system.

If you suspect that coffee disagrees with you . . . switch to POSTUM for 30 days. Postum is simply whole wheat and bran, roasted and slightly sweetened. It is a delicious drink—and contains nothing that can possibly harm you. It is economical and easy to prepare. A product of General Foods.

**FREE**—Let us send you your first week's supply of POSTUM—FREE. Simply mail the coupon.

GENERAL FOODS, Battle Creek, Mich. W. H. U. 15-20-34  
Please send me, without cost or obligation, a week's supply of POSTUM.  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Fill in completely—print name and address  
Offer expires July 1, 1935

**HEADS ENGINEERS**



Ralph E. Flanders is the new president of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers. He is a manufacturer and economist of Springfield, Vt., and also a member of the business advisory and planning council appointed by Secretary of Commerce Roper.

**NEW 'CRACK DOWN' MAN**



G. Stanley Arnold, San Francisco attorney, who is the new special assistant attorney general in charge of NRA litigation. He occupies a new position created to bring the Justice department and the NRA into closer co-operation in the enforcement of NRA codes.