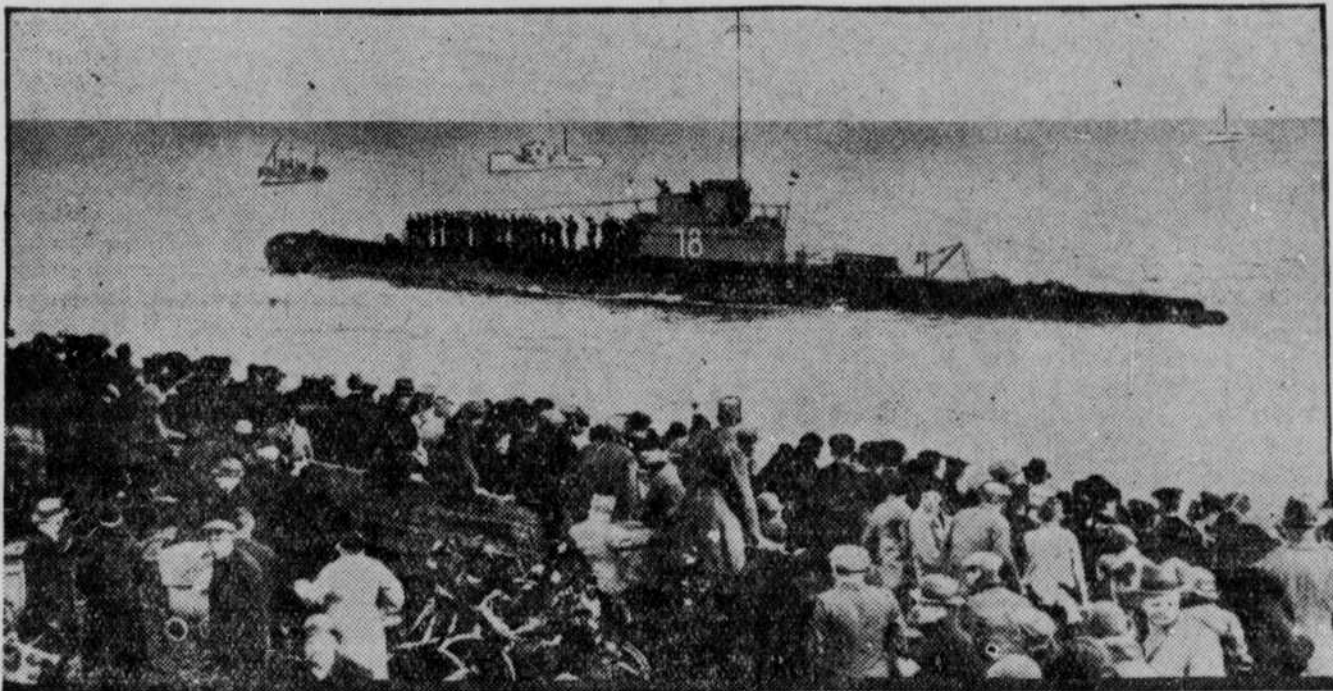


### Entire Maryland Town Sold at Auction



The whole town of Dickeyville, Md. (now a part of Hillsdale), complete with 81 homes, two going factories and the old mansion house, was knocked down at auction for \$42,000. Attending the sale were 200 persons, for the most part residents of the historic community that was founded in 1812. The town had been occupied mostly by the Wethered and Dickey families who used the waters of the fallsway to operate paper and woolen mills. The property was offered by the Maryland Title Security corporation which held it at \$65,000. The purchaser was Arthur Lee Huff, representing the title holding company.

### Dutch Submarine Starts on Long Cruise



Thousands of persons lined the docks at Den Helder, Holland, as the Dutch submarine K-18 left on what is the longest trip ever undertaken by an undersea boat. She will visit five continents on her eight months' cruise.

### Superior Guy

By ARCHY C. NEW  
McClure Newspaper Syndicate  
WNII Service

GUSSIE'S eyes roved over the dining room, appraising her fellow diners discontentedly. She hardly heard the harangue of her dinner partner.

"I'm getting fed up, see?" he snarled at her. "Y' can't even pick 'em any more."

"No?" she sneered, listlessly. "No!" he sneered back. "Look at th' last twice. A shoe salesman without a dime, and then that tough cattleman who sez 'Go ahead and shoot.'"

"Can you beat that?" she exclaimed nudging him excitedly. His gaze followed hers to a clean-cut young man, with a calm, detached air, then entering the room. The new arrival coolly ignored the hat-check girl's arresting greeting, and left the waiter captain standing open-mouthed, as he deliberately wended his way among the tables and sat down at one near the orchestra.

Gussie laughed aloud. "That's a bird I'd love to get. Class, all over! Used to good things; servants don't scare him any."

"Stick around, Joe," she advised, "we're going badger huntin' tonight."

Timing her exit with the stranger's, she followed him later into the lobby. Pausing before the locked door of the public stenographer's office, he glanced irritably at a small card on the door. "Back at 8:30. Leave name and room number on this pad." In a flash, Gussie was at his side, and with a possessive grip on the door-knob, turned to face him brightly.

Ah, the stenographer! He stared at her fixedly. "Are you permitted to come to guests' room? I have some letters."

"Oh, yes," she assured him, with a quick nod. A brilliant thought flashed on her, and she reached for the pad. "Leave your name and room number. I—I have to check it."

"Oh, boy!" she gloated to Joe a minute later, gleefully exhibiting a stenographer's pad and pencil. "Now, we're all set. Gimme twenty minutes' start!"

"Are you nuts?" hissed Joe. "You're no—"

"Dumb cluck, you mean?" She smiled at him derisively. "Correct!"

The door to 808 was ajar, but Gussie rapped, demurely. The guest, John Burns, crossing the room with some collars, saw her in the doorway.

He waved her to a low easy chair. "Sit down here. You'll find it very comfortable." Leisurely, he drew up a large armchair, between her and the door, facing her. Taking a sheaf of papers from his pocket, he said, matter-of-factly, "Take a letter!"

He paid little attention to her as he droned ahead. Better so. The meaningless curlicues on her pad might have given him quite a shock. As he finished, and turned his attention to a file at his elbow, Gussie rose, stretched herself senuously, and with pad in hand, perched on the arm of his chair. He glanced up with some surprise as one slender, silk-clad leg dangled uncomfortably close to him, and with elaborate carelessness, her arm stole around the back of his chair.

"So-o?" came a snarling voice at his back, "that's the way you double-cross me, hey?" Joe, with gun leveled, entered the room, closing the door carefully behind him. "Well, you dig mutt, talk up. Whatchat doin' in here, with my wife?"

Burns was fumbling with his file, and Gussie, leaning closer, threw both arms around him convulsively, meanwhile eyeing the newcomer with convincing terror. Quite slowly and deliberately, and showing pained surprise, he disentangled himself from her embrace, wriggled out of his chair, and his gaze met that of the "outraged husband."

"What are you doing in here?" he demanded, ominously. "Get out!" "Well, I'll be d—d!" screeched Joe, hysterically, and flourishing his gun threateningly. "It's gonna cost you plenty, see? And I ain't goin' until—"

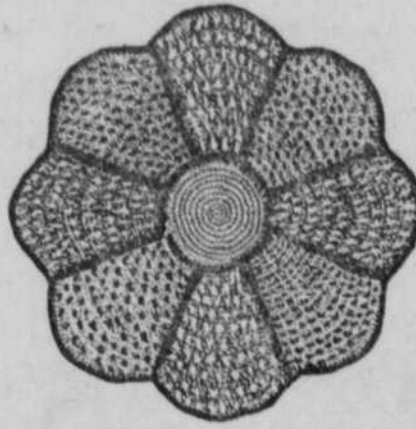
Burns, with one rapid leap, brought his open hand to the rat's face with a resounding slap, sending him reeling. Following up the slap, he grabbed the gun, thrust it into his own pocket, and, then, grasping Joe firmly by the scruff of his neck, dragged him to the door, and hurled him into the hall. Dusting his hands contemptuously, he closed the door and turned to face the now truly terrified girl.

"Sorry you had to witness that," he told her, apologetically. "But I certainly owe you a debt of gratitude." She stared at him. "Sure was game of you, throwing your arms around me to protect me from that hold-up man. But, then, I wasn't afraid of him."

"And—and you're not sore at me?" gasped Gussie, eyeing him half in admiration, half in stark disbelief. "You—you're not gonna turn me in?" She trembled, violently. "How much do I owe you?" he asked seemingly ignoring her questions good-naturedly. "Here," he fumbled with her writing pad, "write it down here. You see," he smiled wistfully, "I'm totally deaf."

### "DRESDEN PLATE" CROCHETED RUG

By GRANDMOTHER CLARK



In Colonial days patchwork quilts and rag rugs were very popular. During the past 3 or 4 years patchwork quilts have been the leading item of interest for home art needleworkers. In 1833, when the crocheted rag rug in quilt design appeared, women all over the country took great interest in this new and beautiful way of making rag rugs. The old rugs were either round or oval, crocheted row after row until desired size was obtained. Changing of colors was the only variation. In quilt design rugs many beautiful combinations are possible and the work is really interesting.

Illustration above shows the "Dresden Plate" rug, named after the Dresden Plate or Friendship quilt, a pattern that every woman knows. This rug is another popular pattern, measures 34 inches and can be made from 40 oz. of Grandmother Clark's rag rug strips or 32 oz. of "Linkraft," the new woven material for rag rugs.

Send 15c to our Rug Department and get our book No. 24 showing 20 different crocheted rugs in quilt design in colors with illustrations.

Inclose a stamped addressed envelope when writing for any information.

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

### No Mending at Home

Little Sadie, visiting a neighbor, was carefully watching the preparation of a chicken for the Sunday dinner. She quite approved of the procedure until the neighbor began sewing up the fowl; then, shaking her head, she declared: "Goodness me! we never have to mend our chickens like that."

### LIST OF HOAXES FILLS BIG BOOK

Compilation Seems to Prove Barnum Was Right.

That old saw credited to Phineas T. Barnum, of circus fame, to the effect that "there's a sucker born every minute" is more or less upheld by a huge volume on "Hoaxes, Forgeries, Swindles, and Impositions" which now rests in the library of the University of Wisconsin.

Compiled and written by Curtis D. MacDougall as partial fulfillment of his work for the degree of doctor of philosophy from the university, the 596-page book lists and contains information on some 400 hoaxes, forgeries, and swindles which have been "pulled" on the human race during the past 2,500 years.

Among the more modern hoaxes reviewed in the book is the Drake estate swindle. This swindle has been worked by many different individuals. In every case the victim is informed that he is the lawful heir to the ill-gained wealth of the notorious buccaner, Sir Francis Drake, of the sixteenth century. The unanimous exponent of the news, of course, has to be reimbursed for his legal activities, and the litigation which follows is likely to become as expensive as the purse of the victimized "heir" permits.

Besides the more modern swindles and hoaxes, the book also contains lists and descriptions of ancient forgeries and hoaxes, and religious and literary hoaxes and forgeries. It describes the make-believe imposters of the ages, historical fakes, political tricks, scientific hoaxes, art fakes, journalistic hoaxes, swindles, and various kinds of puffery.

In discussing the imitance of hoaxes, MacDougall points out that his survey seemed to show that people feel it is not disagreeable to be fooled provided one does not discover what has happened.

"But once started, a hoax is difficult to stop," he explains. "Some intended to achieve only a temporary result cause flurries of popular excitement far beyond the anticipations of the originators. Others, even though exposed, through ignorance or intention, continue to spread. When the truth finally becomes generally known, the 'damage' wrought by the falsity has become institutionalized and is impossible to change."

"Crowds have milled and rioted, governments have been threatened and overthrown, both peacefully and by violence, international relations have been strained, and wars have been fought as the result of hoaxes," he continues. "Scholars have met in serious conclave, or have traveled to all parts of the earth, navigators have sailed the seas, audiences have filled halls, the stock market has risen and fallen, newspaper offices have been raided and closed, court trials have dragged on for months, merely because some individual or individuals had to have his or their joke."

But the hoaxers themselves remain virtually unaffected. MacDougall points out. A few have gone to prison or in some other way have been made to regret their actions. The vast majority, however, never have been brought to trial, either because of indifference toward them or because of the absence of any legal means by which they could be indicted. Many have been honored and respected even after their actions have been exposed, while others enjoy posthumous reputations, he maintains.



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### Senatorial Secretaries Are Ready



This group of attractive secretaries and stenographers of senators was found by the camera man chatting on the steps of the Capitol in Washington, waiting for the new congress to convene. Left to right, the girls are: Dorothy E. Duffey and Flo Bratton of Senator Barkley's office; Mary Ve Haardt and Betty Haardt of Senator Ashurst's office; Mary Love Henry, senate guide room; and Josephine Sterling from Vice President Garner's office.

### POST FOR SEA HERO



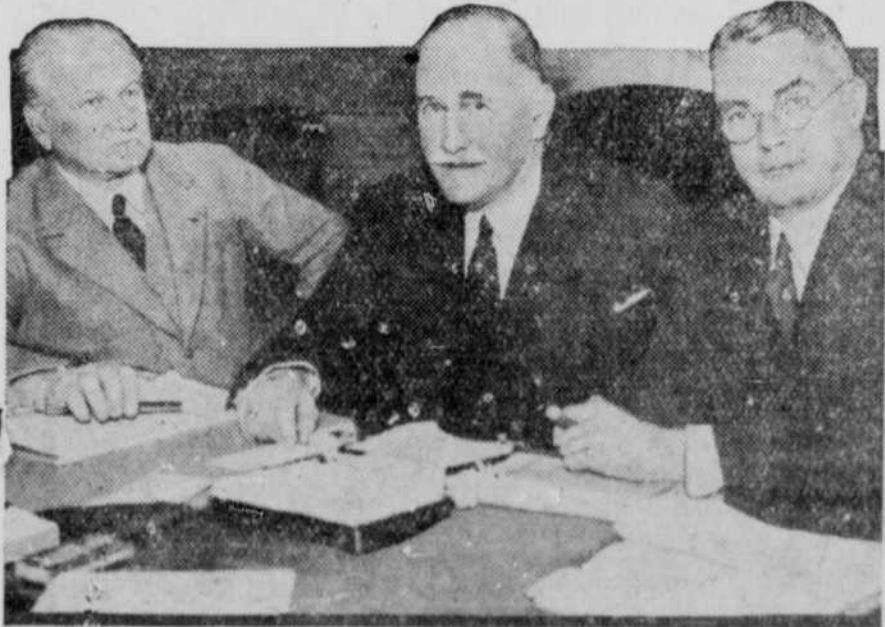
President Roosevelt drafted Capt George Fried, hero of numerous thrilling sea rescues, for a top post in the federal steamboat inspection service. He was named the supervising inspector of the bureau of navigation and steamboat inspection service of the Commerce Department, with headquarters in New York.

### MAY SUCCEED FARLEY



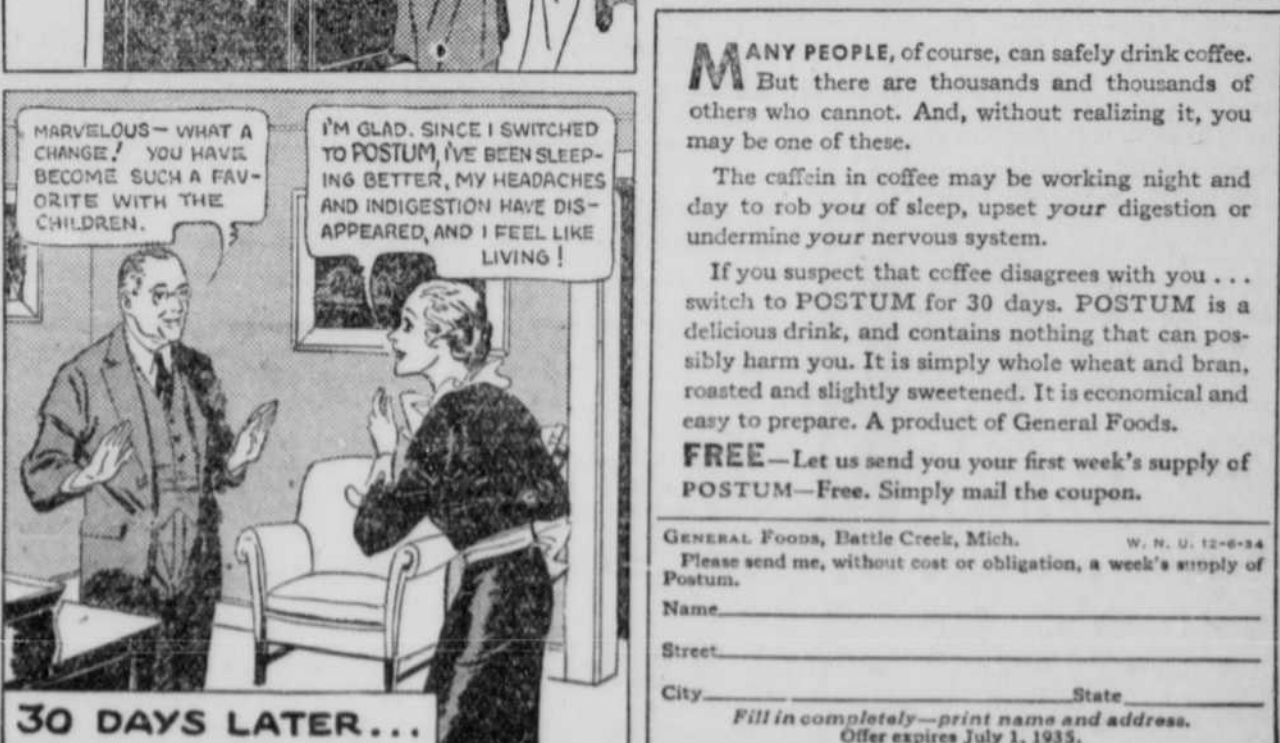
W. W. Howes, at present first assistant postmaster general of the United States, who is slated to succeed Postmaster General James A. Farley, when the latter steps out of the cabinet within the next few months, according to reliable information.

### New Heads of Armour & Co.



Advances in the office family of Armour & Co. were given these executives at a meeting of the board of directors. They are, left to right: Frederick H. Prince, Boston capitalist, who was named chairman of the board of directors; Robert H. Cahell, who was made general manager; and Philip L. Reed, executive vice president, who was named to the finance committee.

## Mr. COFFEE - NERVES . . . he gets expelled from school



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