

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF DOUGLAS COUNTY, NEBRASKA

Notice: Mable E. Bonner, plaintiff vs. Herbert N. Bonner, defendant. To Herbert N. Bonner, non-resident defendant. You are hereby notified that on the 19th day of April 1934, Mable E. Bonner as plaintiff filed her petition against you in the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska, the object and prayer of which was to obtain a divorce from you on the ground of DESERTION. That said petition appears at Docket 303 Page 68 of the records of the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska.

YOUR RADIO

(Continued From Page One) Theodor Metcalf, Omaha C. A. Sorenson, Lincoln Geo. W. Sterling, York DEMOCRAT Wn. B. Banning, Union Terry Carpenters, Sottsbuffs Roy L. Cochran, Lincoln Frank L. Klipping, Wayne Mrs. Maud Nquist, Osceola Eugene O'Sullivan, Omaha W. F. Porter, Lincoln John F. Rohn, Fremont J. G. Stroble, Nebr. City Did you vote for Roosevelt or Hoover in 1932? Is this your first year to vote? What County do you vote in? INSTRUCTIONS FOR VOTING: You can vote for only one candidate of each office and you must vote for both candidates of the same party. EXAMPLE: If you vote for Democratic candidate for senator you must vote for a Democratic candidate for Governor. Same rule applies if you vote Republican.

SPECIAL TO CHICAGO

(Continued From Page One) Sun. night was witnessed by a large crowd. Services were beyond description. On Sunday night, July 29, from 11 to 12, Chicago time, and from 10 to 11 Omaha time, Elder J. E. Greenfield will give her miracle healing over station WIND. FREE SCHOLARSHIP (Continued From Page One) do everything possible to bring up to normal.

The Alumni must assume a larger responsibility to increase student enrollment because the present university Administration has been making very feeble efforts in this direction, even neglecting for the past two to publish the regular University catalogue upon which hundreds of prospective students depend upon for guidance and inspiration and have written to the university to obtain the Alumni secretary said. Mr Jones concluded by saying that "more than twenty thousand dollars have been lost to Howard through mismanagement and paid for luxuries at Howard during the past two years, a small part of which amount would have been published and mailed these catalogues which would have resulted in increased enrollment. "Unlike most college presidents who are continually before audiences advocating to qualifications of their prospective universities, said the Alumni secretary, "Howard's President appears before audiences but always either defending a single appeal for students for Howard university."

ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCED Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Chleborad of 4423 Leavenworth St., announces the engagement of their daughter Marie to James P. O'Brien, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. O'Brien, 131 N. 35th St.

Miss Chleborad, a graduate of Technical High School, achieved the distinction of being the editor of the School's Quarterly Annual. At the present time she is employed as a clerk in the Municipal court. Mr. O'Brien is the assistant public defender of Omaha and Douglas County. He attended Creighton University College of Arts and Commerce and graduated from Creighton University School of Law, where he received a degree of Bachelor of Law. He is a member of the Junior Chamber of Commerce and a alumnus of the National legal fraternity of Delta Theta Phi.

The Heat Wave Was Interrupted Wednesday Night By Cool Winds And Light Show ers.

IF YOU WANT TO READ REAL NEWS—READ THE OMAHA GUIDE

DOINGS AMONG THE HOTEL AND D. C. WAITERS On the 2nd of this month, Mr. Chester Hodges had a birthday.

ONCE REPRESENTED RACE IN HALLS OF CONGRESS



CAN IT BE DONE? YES IF YOU'LL EXERCISE YOUR CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS A NEW DEAL FOR THE NEGRO

ONE REPRESENTATIVE IN THE HOUSE OF CONGRESS AT WASHINGTON FROM EACH STATE, AND SIX U. S. SENATORS FROM THE STATES WHERE THE NEGRO CONSTITUTES ONE-HALF OF THE POPULATION. YES, IF THE NEGRO WILL REGISTER AND VOTE NOW, HE WILL MAKE THIS ASSURED FOR AT LEAST OUR CHILDREN IF NOT, AT AN EARLIER DATE. THE NEGRO THAT FAILS TO REGISTER AND VOTE, BECAUSE HE IS NOT DIRECTLY BENEFITED BY PAY, PROMISE OR A PO-

LITICAL JOB IS A SLACKER ON HIS CHILDREN'S FUTURE RIGHTS, AND HIS NEIGHBOR SHOULD CONSIDER HIM OR HER A DETRIMENT TO THE COMMUNITY IN WHICH HE LIVES, AND TO THE COUNTRY. YOU CAN ONLY PRESERVE THE RIGHTS YOU NOW ENJOY, THAT OUR FORE PARENTS AND ABOLITION FRIENDS BLEED, PRAYED AND DIED FOR BY REGISTERING AND VOTING EVERY TIME THE POLLS OPEN, FOR THE MAN WHOSE RECORD STANDS OUT PARAMOUNT IN THE INTEREST AND JUSTICE TO ALL HUMANITY.

Now don't ask me about to candles, because I am just as dumb about it as you are. All I know is that had me to work in his place at the Field Club. The waiters out there were struck down when they heard about the birthday party. Oh well, I saved at least eight cigars anyway. If 10c cigars, look what he is ahead—5c, oh no.

Mr. Solomon Bell, Pres. of the U. P. boys is back in town, and let me tell you, this man is placing himself as an outstanding leader. He reports good work and 100% cooperation while on the trip. You remember I told you he went West in the interest of his men. Well, his task is not over, but his foundation is in, and you can see that there will be some thing set up soon. Thanks Mr Bell.

Mr. Simon Harold gave me some very good news today, he has full charge again down at the C. of C. No, don't get me wrong, the girls still have the jobs, but the head lady has been relieved of her position, and Mr. Harold carries the keys. Mr. Harold stuck to this ship, and who knows that after she crosses Saturday to remain so, until Sept., that when she pulls anchor that she won't be named by colored waiters again, let's ope.

I am wondering if you know that Mr. C. Vaughn was up at Lake Okajoi. Well, he really slipped one by me. Still I hadn't seen any swell lips among the waiters lately. I am sure N. Jackson, and a few others wish it was a year round job. I don't know if this would fit in so well with the ladies and Mr. Sherron. Good luck Comodore.

Here you are, Mr. W. Booth has moved out of Dundee at last. He is now located on 25th St., between Caldwell and Hamilton. Some drop, still the difference in cash may make up for the vast difference. He can now purchase Neck Bones, etc., when in Dundee, those stores don't carry them. O. K. Booth.

I am trying to make up me a theme song for my weekly broadcast over this station, G U I D E, but I don't seem to put anything together but "Rock Abye Baby." Oh well, I am at least doing what one of the late songs says do, "Practice what I Preach." I may have to ask you to write one for me, as this is your held at Des Moines, Iowa, Sunday, column anyway, and you can't expect

me to sing one song and write another. "Smiles."

Mr. Theo. Thomas, head waiter at the Field Club is receiving very good remarks of his good work, and the service he is giving out there. Member after member seems to hold him high, and time and time again tell their visiting friends of his ability. Keep it up Mr. Thomas.

Listen waiters, on next Monday Monday night, July 30, 10 p. m., the Waiters Association will hold a stag and bridge contest. We will have cigars, cigarettes, beer and sandwiches for your enjoyment, so don't miss it. We also wish to put two bridge clubs in our Association, so as to be able to play one night a week, and prepare ourselves so as to be able to stand out in this class of sport. Now please come out and let's put this program over. All waiters ask a fellow waiter, and we will have a gay time, the time—Monday, July 30, place, Mid-Center Hour 10 P. M.

Haven't heard from the down town boys this week, only to hear that the crew is still manning the ship, under their powerful leader, Mr. Branch.

I must sign off with regret, but listen in over this station next Saturday for your news among the waiters, and until then, your Pal Hopie, bids you all good night.

Helen Delores Sherwood, 15 of 2870 Corby St. on July 21, was overcome by illuminating gas. It is reported that the gas had been escaping from a defective jet on the gas stove. Mrs. Sherwood, who had left home at 10 a. m., returned home, smelling the gas, investigated and found her daughter lying on the floor. Police were notified, officers Keene, Phelan, Stipe, Knutson and Dr. Atwood, responded to the call, also the fire department inhalator crew. She was attended at home by Dr. Atwood and the inhalator crew, and then taken to the hospital in the police ambulance.

THE FOURTH ANNUAL CENTRAL STATES GOLF ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENT

The fourth annual Central States golf association tournament will be August 12th over the hazardous Grand View golf course. Several players are expected to participate in this tournament. Among them are: Jack Howard, winner of this year's tri-city champion

ship: John Baker of Fort Dodge, Iowa, runner up in the Ft. Dodge Junior City championship; Eugene Rummans, Missouri State and Kansas City champion; George Johnson, Lem Russel, George Mc Clain, Kansas City stars; Jess Hutton, G. Murray of Todd of Des Moines, Iowa.

President Bailey, of the Topeka, Kansas Golf Club, has promised to bring a host of young stars from Topeka. Sam Shepherd from St. Louis and Pesny Murray of Minneapolis, Minnesota, are determined to lift the Association Championship from Chas. P. Howard of Des Moines, three times the winner.

The Association Championship will be divided into two flights: the Championship flight and the second flight. Omaha; James L. McGuire and Roy Prizes will be given for the winner and runner-up in each flight as well as a medal prize for the low medalist in the first eighteen holes. The tournament is a thirty-six hole medal play affair.

The Association's annual meeting will be held at the Grand View golf course Sunday, August 12th at twelve o'clock noon.

LANDING THE JOB

By Paul Jay

In these days when jobs are at a premium perhaps you'll be interested to know about a couple of folks I met the other day way out in Wyoming. One of them was a boy, the other an old man. They both had jobs and they had made them themselves.

One wouldn't realize the man was blind until you noticed the way he handled his cane. He stood so erect. The glasses he wore concealed the fact that the luster of his eyes had dimmed. There was something about him that caught your attention at once. I followed him and the boy who walked beside him as I happened to be going in the same direction they were. They turned into an office building entered a doctor's suite. From there they made their way to a lawyers' room. When they were leaving the building I noticed them again and asked a friend of mine who they were. "It's very evident you're a stranger here," he said. "Everyone in town knows Bill Crampton. Used to be a college professor up state. Lost his sight. Wasn't much he could do so he started selling National Geographic magazines. It's high priced and you'd think it'd be pretty hard to sell but Bill's made a go of it. He's got a lot of regular customers who give him their subscriptions

every year. He travels all over the state. Makes a good living he told me the other day. You see the magazine is fine for reference work. I keep all mine. Have them bound every year. Bill worked out this end of the business too. He dickered around with a lot of book binding companies until he got a good price. Now all his customers send their magazines to this one company to have their binding done. He makes pretty good on this one too.

"Not so bad for a man who is blind is it? The boy? Oh, that's Tom Philbrick's kid. Say if there was only one job to be found any place in town that boy'd get it. First time Bill Crampton came here young Tom happened to see him on the street. Of course, Ben wasn't familiar with the town and had some trouble finding the places where he wanted to go. Know what Tom did? He watched him for a while and then he went up to him and said, "I live are in town. Know everybody. Don't you want me to take you around?"

Tom landed the job and he's had it ever since. Every year Ben let's him know when he'll be in town and he's always right at the depot to meet him. It's strange to see Ben. He'll put his hands on Tom's shoulder and say, "Well you've grown a good deal since I was here last. "Suppose I'll soon be losin' you. You'll be goin' into business for yourself someday."

Those are two just every day folks like you and me. Didn't do so bad did they? My wife has a friend who's built up a splendid business selling the bread and rolls she makes. No she hasn't become independently wealthy but she owns her own home and she's lot better that the old timer I drive.

A couple of girls who were neighbors of ours used to make the best fudge I ever tasted. It was rich and creamy and flavored just right. Well during vacation the girls wanted some thing to do and what was more to the point they wanted some money. So one day they made up a big batch of fudge and started out with it. They had wrapped each piece in wax paper and inside the wrapper had put a slip with their telephone number on it. They made the rounds of the neighborhood, leaving a sample at each house. You know one piece of really good candy tantalizes you and makes you want to reach for the second piece. Well those girls weren't any more than home from their delivering trip when the phone began to ring and as far as I know it's been ringing ever

since. The girls are in high school now and from the proceeds of their business they buy all their clothes and ave an extra penny to spend for a good time once in a while.

Talking about house to house canvassers. Do you know what I'd like to be able to do some day. I'd like to help every one who comes along. The poor, tired old man who wants to sharpen knives and scissors, the lady who sells ammonia, the little girl with the tissue paper flowers and the boy with vegetables. Nor would I forget all the folks who have lead pencils and shoe strings to sell, thread and buttons moth exterminators and brushes of every known variety. Of course, I'd have to draw a line someplace. I couldn't hardly patronize all the washing machine, electric refrigerator and automobile salesman and when it comes to the very obliging lady who insists on giving every member of the family a facia I might be forced to decline her services. Oh, there's one man I forgot. The gentleman who sells cemetery lots. His is a perfectly legitimate business but with most of us concerned with the task of living that we give but little thought to the six feet of earth where our weary bodies will rest when life is ended. Now that election is in the offing there's to caller too who solicits your vote.

Why, I ask should life ever become dull or uninteresting with such a host of folks awaiting the pleasure of your company just outside your front door? You never know when you wake up in the morning whether it will be a prince of a pauper who will

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honor you with a call. But whether it be one or the other they're all pretty much alike. For that matter we are all. We're all brothers if we only knew it. Today or tomorrow you or I may be forced to join the bread winning battalion of house to house canvassers and if that time should come let us hope there'll be kindly souls who will welcome us warmly.

Perhaps at times we are a little impatient with the folks who ring our doorbells but we shouldn't be. Wait until I tell you what happened the other day. My wife prides herself on being a splendid housekeeper and of course for more reasons than one I have always admired the face, but somehow the other day she forgot to order breakfast food. When the children got up in the morning there was no cereal on hand. As a result there was more than one howl of protest, however the matter was soon mended. There was a ring at the doorbell. I hurried to answer it. A khaki-clad boy handed me a package of cereal. It didn't prove to be a manna from heaven but under the circumstances it served the purpose very nicely.

at KRUG PARK, SUNDAY JULY The Omaha Guide Office 29th, 1934 EVERYBODY WELCOME KANGAROO COURT BENEFIT PICNIC GET YOUR FREE TICKETS TO THE KRUG PARK — Big Picnic at —

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