

UTILITY FIGHT THREATENED IN COURT

NEW YORK, Aug. 27 (AP).—Prospects for continuation of the fight against the utility holding company bill, this time in the courts, unfolded Tuesday in Wall Street as power company experts studied the regulatory law signed late Monday by the President.

Legal aids gave close attention to wording of the act to advise utility chiefs how far-reaching they believed the law will be and whether, in their opinion, drastic realignment of utility organizations will be necessary immediately.

One stumbling block which bobbed up right after President Roosevelt affixed his signature to the act was the attitude power company directors should adopt on dividends pending an interpretation.

So far as holding companies are concerned, those high in utility groups were in the dark on whether they might be expected to conserve cash under the theory that such assets belonged to creditors and not to stockholders.

On the other hand, it was believed that if outstanding obligations of holding companies are to be redeemed within a few years, the companies will need extra cash to meet the additional expense of the redemption.

Will Rogers Said--

Editor's Note — Messages with which Will Rogers delighted readers of The Star-Telegram for years prior to his death are being selected at random and reproduced.

Suggested by Miss Blondina Edwards, Spearman, Texas:

BEVERLY HILLS, Cal., Aug. 20, 1929. — With the morning papers stating that we had 11,000 miles of lighted airways, a Zeppelin with 60 people going around the world in less time than a Congressman can make a speech, with 20 more or less beautiful air-headed women, who have exchanged their kimonos for helmets and goggles, with our great navy flier, Williams, tuning up to go 350 miles an hour, and me feeding two Fords and a Buick and 25 head of horses, it just looks like I am out of tune with progress.

Yours, WILL.

P. S.: They are aviators but they are still women. They had only been out 60 miles when they all struck and wanted to have it their own way.

Suggested by E. Glenn Haynes, Trickham, Texas:

Santa Monica, April 2, 1933.—Walter Lippman—you all read him—if you didn't, you ought to. He was a Democrat before the deluge to democracy.

But his writings were so fair and impartial that Republicans used to sneak off around behind the house to read 'em. But, being Republicans, they never profited by his sage advice. But now they read him and weep.

Well, he was out to our igloo and broke cornbread and chili with us the other day. He thinks the green lights are with us, and the only thing that can stop us again is prosperity. (There is nothing that sets a nation back so far in civilization as prosperity).

He is proud of all parties uniting

OUR WILL: *The Life Story Of Will Rogers* By Scott Cunningham

THIRD INSTALMENT.

Will Rogers may not have remembered much he had learned from books at Drungoul School, near Chelsea, Indian Territory, when he began his book learning at the age of 8, but he learned from his full-blooded Cherokee schoolmates a sure cure for hiccoughs. It was to swallow the oil of cloves.

He developed an appetite for the Cherokee dish, "connie hennie," which was made of corn meal that had been dampened and allowed to sour.

A superstition he learned from the full blooded youths was that if you hear a fox bark, you must bark back at him or risk bad luck. Also, that evil spirits hover around water.

Vacation time came, and when Will got back to the old home place, he spent much of the time at the home of colored Dan and Babe Walker on top of a nearby hill. There he found playmates without having to go all the 10 miles to Rab's Creek. They were ebony-colored Charlotte, about Will's own age, and Mac, her slightly younger brother.

Charlotte's father had taught Will the first thing he ever learned about roping. Dan also had taught his daughter, and could she rope? "She could catch a goat with a lariat before I could get my loop made," Will said. After roping a nanny goat, Charlotte would milk it, while Will looked on.

If Charlotte had to help her mother, little Mac and Will would play alone. Sometimes they went hunting with a .22 target rifle. Once when they were on such an expedition when consultation revealed that Will and his companion were hungry.

Ate Poisonous Oak Apples

"I tell you," Willie suggested, pointing to some poisonous "oak apples," "let's eat some of them apple things there."

Mac consented and in 15 minutes the boys were so ill they thought they were going to die. They lay down on the ground and suffered in silence till they were strong enough to go home.

With creepy joy Will waited for dusk and the ghost story Babe and her husband had promised to tell him. Sitting on the floor of their house, with back against the wall, he listened many a time to an account that chilled his spine.

Often when the story was finished he was afraid to walk the dark mile to his home, and then Dan would go with him.

Thus the Summer went.

Willie had a good time when he

during this pilgrimage of back from ga-ga. He thinks that America will not only remain on the gold, but will remain on its feet.

Which is more important.

Yours, WILL.

BEVERLY HILLS, Cal., June 1, 1931.—Poor Texas Guinan and her gang were just unfortunate. She happened to hit France right after the American mayors, so France says: "One show troupe at a time is enough for us." Give Tex credit; she wouldn't have delivered a chamber of commerce speech at the unknown soldier's tomb.

But there is not much sympathy for Tex. Anybody who makes a living off "suckers" should never have to leave this country in a professional capacity.

Yours,

WILL ROGERS.



Here is Will in a new role—that of a skipper of a river steamboat. "Steamboat 'Round the Bend" was Will's last picture. Irving Cobb, the famous humorist, also plays a prominent role.

was with his family for his Winter vacation, too. How good it was to come home to meals of "conhutchy" and "curd," and home-made sorghum molasses. How he loved "cracklins" and "chitlins" and the hickory-smoked ham out of his father's smoke house! And corn pone made of corn meal, hot water and salt.

"My old daddy always had corn pone at every meal," Will later wrote. "He said it was only high-toned folks that eat light bread. He called it 'wasp nest' and thought it was just for the heathen."

There came a time soon when Will wanted to be home all the time and he gave the Drungoul teacher so much argument that the schoolmarm was probably as happy as he when he realized his wish to quit. However, his mother told him, he would have to enter school somewhere else.

Will Unruly, Is Sent Home

May, Will's youngest sister, was going to the Harrell Institute for Girls at Muskogee, Indian Territory. The school was headed by the Rev. T. F. Brewer, who had a son Will's age. Glad to be supervising his own son's education, and to have at least one boy companion for him, Rev. Mr. Brewer admitted his son Robert and Clem Rogers' son to the Harrell Institute.

Will got along better with his schoolmates than with his teachers.

The school wrote his mother: "Your boy is unruly. He likes to argue with the teacher too much. He will have to change or we shall be obliged to send him home."

If Will thought he was going to get out of going to school he was mistaken. He was soon placed in the Cherokee Seminary at Tahlequah. He won a reputation there for

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being a great singer, a clog-dancer, and always a cutup.

Colored Sim Rogers of Rab's Creek saw Will when in Tahlequah on a trip for freight, and reported to the boy's mother about him. "Yas'm, he set up on a box and read t'me. Ever' time I seen him he was goin' about quiet-like; I never seen him in no deviltry."

Will's Mother Dies in 1890

This news pleased Mary Schrimsher Rogers. She had hoped her boy would be a Methodist preacher, and if he was growing studious he might yet become one. With no church near enough to attend, she was still religious in thought and deed. Not a Christmas passed but she gave generously to the poor. If neighbors were ill, Mrs. Rogers was always the first to get in a buggy and go to see them.

It will be easy, then, to understand how concerned were all who knew her when in May, 1890, she fell ill.

The family physician, Dr. Lane, was in Vinita and could not be reached, so a new doctor was engaged. He diagnosed the case as dysentery, and went to work to lower the fever. He failed. Her pain became so great that only morphine would ease it.

It was more than a week before the favored Dr. Lane arrived.

"You're too late, doctor," the stricken woman told him.

"No," objected the other; "you'll get all right."

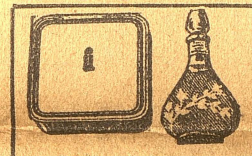
It was the evening of the twenty-seventh. The next morning the mother of Will Rogers was dead.

(TOMORROW—Will outsmarts Dr. Woods).

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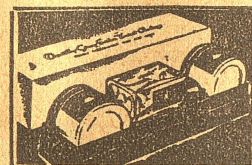
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