

RARE BOOK TELLS STORY OF FIRST CONTINENTAL HIKE

A Rare Volume Tells of the Ventures of Cabeza de Vaca. Claremont, Cal., April 3.—(P)—A rare volume containing the story of what purports to be the first trans-continental foot journey of a white man in the conquest of North America, is the latest addition to the William Mason collection of Western Americana in Pomona College library.

The book tells of the adventures of Cabeza de Vaca, Spanish explorer, in journeying through the southern section of the United States between the years 1528 and 1536, and of his explorations in the River Plata countries of South America after his appointment as governor of the region in 1540.

An expedition of which Vaca was a member, left Spain in 1527 headed for Florida and Louisiana. It was wrecked on the Florida coast. Fifty survivors drifted to the coast of Texas in ruderly constructed boats and made shore November 6, 1528. All but fifteen died of disease or starvation and these became slaves of the Indians.

By a stroke of good luck, Vaca stayed off threatened death for himself and companions by posing to the Indians as a divine leader, usually being able to cure minor maladies.

After six years, Vaca, with two companions, escaped. They reached the coast of California and turned southward arriving at Mexico City, July 24, 1536.

As a reward for his exploring services Vaca was appointed governor of the provinces of the Rio de la Plata in South America. Here he incurred the jealousy of his contemporaries and was sent back to Spain in irons, remaining in prison six years awaiting trial. Eventually, he was exiled to Africa.

Two separate editions of the first portion of the book are known to be in existence—one in the New York Public Library and the other in the British Museum at London.

Are Directies Worth Saving?

Salvation Army Bulletin. One of the mottoes of the Salvation Army is "A man may be down but he is never out." In other words, the Salvation Army believes that every man possesses the power of resilience, though not all may know it.

Some have been shown how to "come back" but the great trouble is that too many do not have the patience to show them. The better self in man must be aroused. He must be made to understand that behind the clouds of despair that darken his life, God's glorious sun is shining and that his existence will not be a continuous nightmare unless he wills it to be such.

The trouble with too many is that instead of God Samaritans they are priests and Levites who pass on the other side, while their brethren lie helpless in the mire. Here and there, perhaps, there is a true Samaritan to lend a helping hand, to help the man who is down regain his manliness, to make him a worthy member of society instead of a menace that every directie is. However, these altruistic people are all too rare and their noble work has counted for little.

It was not until the Salvation Army was formed that any organized effort was made to rescue the human directies floating aimlessly about the ocean of life, with no harbor to sail into, with no pilot to guide their course, a menace to those who would lead the best of lives.

For more than half a century the Salvation Army labored under the greatest of handicaps. "Why waste time on these directies?" they were asked. "Why bother with these bums?" was the sneering inquiry put to them. The Salvationists had their sincerity questioned. They found themselves ridiculed and mocked and even stoned, and yet, in spite of all their persecutions, in spite of all the jeers, in spite of all the stones that were cast the Salvationists continued their work of rescue among the most miserable of the earth's creatures.

No man, no woman had sunk so low into the depths of life's degradation and vileness that he or she was deemed unworthy of being saved. No slum was too dirty for the Salvationists to enter. Where crime was thickest there the dumping of the Salvation Army bums drove the most wretched of the rattling of the tambourines was most spirited and the pleading was the loudest and most convincing. Society had neglected them, but the Salvation Army did not neglect them.

The war was ended, however, the work of the Salvation Army on the battlefield of life is not ended. That work must go on—will go on because the world now recognizes the need of such an organization; an organization that knows no denomination, whose creed is to win souls for God. That is why men no longer scoff at the Salvation Army. The war at least has taught us one thing.

Bright Sayings of Parents. "Things were very different when I was young." "That's mean trick; you must get that from your father's side" (or "mother's side," according to who is speaking).

"The world is going to the dogs." "Now, if I could have my way—"

"Children don't know how to obey any more; they all think they know more than their elders. Some of them know it."

"Have a place for everything and put everything in its place. Now help me find my specs, will you? I can't see to find them without them."

"Who's been taking this machine out without telling me? The gas tank is as dry as a bone and I left it full. I'm going to see who's boss in this house."

"Money, money, money—always coming to me for money! You must think I am the U. S. mint. What did you do with the money I gave you last fall—or was it last spring?"

"Now one of the youngsters has gone off to that party with my new hat. I never get the first wear out of anything. I'm going to buy an outlandish green hat next time and see if they'll have the nerve to cabage into it."

"I give up—it's too much for me. Have your way."

GREASE PAINT DROPPING OUT AS MOVIE COSMETIC

Elars May Now Appear Before Camera Without Grease and Cosmetics. Hollywood, Cal., April 3.—(AP)—Since the beginning of the motion picture industry, grease paint in a multitude of forms has ruled the screen. Now suffering film folk and also suffering film fans are seeking its overthrow.

Improved cameras, better lighting and more sensitive film are making it possible for the stars to appear before the lens without reinforced layers of grease and cosmetics.

In early days, faces were done in yellow to make them photograph lighter. Since then they have passed through most of the colors of the rainbow, and some actors even using blue and purple paints to gain better effects.

Women with their finer skins and lighter coloring fared well enough but the "he-men" of the thrillers were wont to be reflected with faces of ghastly pallor but with necks and rns that photographed as shocking challenges to soap and water.

But even with the technical improvements made, detouring of King Grease Paint is not without a struggle. Actors recruited from the stage are hard to wean from the grease pot. They blush at the facial nudity of acting a part without a mask of paint.

The announcement of Cecil De Mille that he will produce his next picture without grease paint being used by any of the players stirred some protest, more of it, surprisingly, from the men than from the women.

Allan Dwan in directing the Paramount picture, "Sea Horses" had a cast including Florence Vidor, Jack Holt, William Powell, George Bancroft and others that used no makeup.

Other film folk who have dropped the use of makeup for the screen include Ester Ralston, Mary Brian, Betty Bronson, Theodore Roberts, Wallace Beery, Jane Novak, Eva Novak, Ernest Torrence, Raymond Hatton and Alice Terry.

"Can I go to the funeral of Tony's father on Saturday?" asked little Bobby of his mother, directly after returning home from school.

"But, Bobby," protested his mother, "this is only Monday. Surely they aren't going to keep his body that long."

"Of course not," Bobby retorted indignantly. "Why, they aren't going to hang him till Friday."

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Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calms, without soreness or irritation.

"Buchanan and His Boys" to Make Third Trip to Alaska

A bachelor who has no boys of his own, but who is god-father already to 120, is George E. Buchanan, a wealthy coal merchant of Detroit, who is inspired with the idea that a trip to Alaska by a normal, wide-awake boy is a liberal education for that boy—an experience that will be of great value to him in after life.

Mr. Buchanan has already helped 120 of such boys to go to Alaska, and there is enough Scotchman and Sparan in him to know that a trip like the Alaska trip should be earned. In order to make it fairly easy for ambitious boys, Mr. Buchanan in Detroit and elsewhere offers to pay one-third of their expenses; one-third is to be earned by the boy and the remaining one-third is to be paid by the parents, who, of course, must consent to the trip. Each trip is carefully arranged and supervised by the god-father of the boys and

the idea, and he tells them how to earn the money. The parent puts up a similar amount, and the boy may repay Buchanan at his leisure. Last year the youngest plucky boy on the trip was Lawrence Kelly, aged 11, who wanted to know who "whitewashed the Canadian Pacific Rockies," because when his train arrived at Banff, there was snow on the mountain tops. However, before Lawrence got through with the trip through the Canadian Rockies, and up to Alaska and back via "Princess" Steamer, he knew a whole lot about the United States, its neighbors and its possessions. And that is Buchanan's idea. Tell them the glories of America, and let them get character, thrift and business education by earning a trip to Alaska— "Seward's Folly," the gold of which alone has more than paid the original purchase price.

About 50 boys are working for the July trip to Alaska, selling coal, coal baskets, pencils, etc. Most of them earn their money in Detroit, but last year, when the second trip was personally conducted by Mr. Buchanan, his brother, and Jack Miner, noted Canadian naturalist upon whom the wild birds call without fear at his home in Ontario, one boy was from Alabama, two were from Ohio, one from Kentucky and seven from Canada. The others, 11 in number, were from Detroit and vicinity.

George E. Buchanan makes no claim to being a philanthropist. His idea is that if a boy wants this wonderful trip to Alaska, he will enjoy it more and get more out of it if he actually earns one-third of the money for the trip, \$125.

Buchanan advances another \$125, the parent puts up a similar amount, and the boy may repay Buchanan at his leisure. Last year the youngest plucky boy on the trip was Lawrence Kelly, aged 11, who wanted to know who "whitewashed the Canadian Pacific Rockies," because when his train arrived at Banff, there was snow on the mountain tops. However, before Lawrence got through with the trip through the Canadian Rockies, and up to Alaska and back via "Princess" Steamer, he knew a whole lot about the United States, its neighbors and its possessions. And that is Buchanan's idea. Tell them the glories of America, and let them get character, thrift and business education by earning a trip to Alaska— "Seward's Folly," the gold of which alone has more than paid the original purchase price.

Lawrence Kelly, the youngest boy on the trip, is shown in a photograph with his father and other boys. The ship, the Princess Alice, is also shown.

George E. Buchanan, a wealthy coal merchant of Detroit, is shown in a portrait. He is the god-father of 120 boys.

Koch Cancer Foundation Plans to Treat Thousands Without Pay

Systematic Warfare Against Dreaded Cancer Started With Koch Antitoxin As A Weapon. PLEDGED to treat not less than 20,000 cancer patients without cost during the present year, the Koch Cancer Foundation has opened its headquarters at 942 Madison Avenue, New York City.

The decision to extend this help to those unable to help themselves was reached at a recent meeting attended by a number of physicians from all over the country which led to forming the Koch Cancer Foundation which has been privately endowed for this work. Among the doctors present were W. E. Dewey of Los Angeles; Lorenz L. Dill of Logansport, Ind.; Frederick Dugdale of Boston; C. Everett Field of New York; Elnora C. Folkmar of Washington, D. C.; W. Wallace Fritz of Philadelphia and A. W. Hoyt of New York.

William F. Koch, A.M., Ph.D., M.D., the discoverer of the cancer antitoxin bearing his name has thus described its action:

"The antitoxin is a synthetic chemical product," he said, "and is not a serum or substance derived from the cancer itself. In this it is entirely opposite to the vaccine used for smallpox inoculation. The antitoxin we use for cancer takes from four to six months to make.

"A cancer is, of course, the means taken by the body to protect itself against a certain germ and the trouble is that the protective effort does not cease until it has caused the death of the sufferer. Cancer kills because it is stronger than the system of its victim.

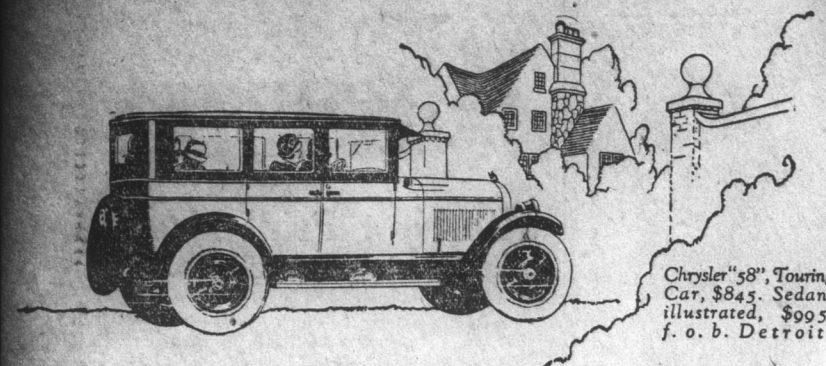
"Our antitoxin gives the patient the strength needed to resist the cancer. It not only destroys the cause of the cancer but destroys the cancer itself. We have had many cases as young as seventeen years and as old as eighty-six and the antitoxin has worked perfectly in both.

"However, it must be remembered that a vitally important part of the intensive treatment, which lasts for twenty weeks, is the diet. We insist that our patients shall be without any waste matter in their bodies. Before the treatment is administered and for weeks after, according to their reactions, they are kept on a diet of fruit and vegetable juices. It has been proved that the closer the patient adheres to the diet the quicker is his recovery.

Dr. Folkmar, who has worked closely with Dr. Koch for some years, told of a number of successful cases in the District of Columbia and said that she was using the Koch treatment wherever possible. "I find it effective," she said, "in every form of cancer from the most trivial to the most severe. Suffering is relieved soon after the treatment is given and full recovery ensues in a remarkably short time. In all the years I have been interested in cancer I have never seen anything as remarkably efficient as the Koch antitoxin.

Arrangements are being made to establish Koch Cancer Foundation clinics all over the country. The medical records compiled by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company show that every ninth girl, and every eleventh boy in this country is a cancer victim. From this it is estimated that there are at least 4,000,000 active cases of cancer in the United States.

Trans-Atlantic Liner "Ryndam" to Circle Globe With 450 American College Students. Leaving New York September next, the "Ryndam" will visit thirty foreign countries within the following eight months. College credit for courses. Students are being enrolled from all parts of the country through the University Travel Association, Inc., 11 Broadway, New York.



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Calgary's 1926 Stampede to Be a Record Breaker

Stampede event photos and descriptions: Field Marshal Earl Haig, Guy Weadick, Salute Yer Partner at Calgary, Riding a Wild Steer, Clean Off the Ground.

Calgary's greatest kick during the year is the far renowned "Stampede." The five days from July 5 to July 10, 1926, will be filled with as many thrills as a whole year's broncho busting movies. While pictures tell part of the story, to see the real thing is by far the better part. To stare at an intrepid cowboy trying to milk a wild cow; to gasp when they start company with great speed; to burrah when the wild rearing and bucking broncho is finally trotted round the ring by a stunningly handsome salaried sweeping off his sombrero with a magnificent gesture to the fair ladies in the gallery, is to experience the thrill of a life time.

Henry Ford is responsible for the latest innovation for the 1926 Stampede. Since he began his campaign to revive the old-time dances, the musical art of fiddling has sprung to the fore. Guy Weadick, the "guy" who started the "Stampede" idea years ago, has announced three large cash purses to be offered to the three "That's just hit! We farmers are gettin' it in the neck—everything depends on the farm, you know—and we can't make ends meet no longer." "Too bad," I commiserated. "What have you and your boys been doing this winter?" "Nothing much." "Don't you sell butter or milk?" "There ain't no money in cows." "How about poultry?" "There ain't no money in chickens."

Whereupon Old Man C. A. Lamity took a big claw of Brown Mule spout—looked out into the bright and beautiful spring day with unappreciative eyes and said, "Well, I been here since mornin'—must be gittin' home now." "Oh, don't hurry." "Hain't been in no hurry. So long." "So long."