

***** Spanish Onion Peddler's Epic Story Is Recounted

NEW YORK.-As an itinerant onion peddler, Juan March used to tie up his daily earnings in his shirttail. He pretty nearly had Spain that way, too, at the start of his war against the republic, which he bankrolls and more or less personally conducts from Rome, where, according to today's dispatches, he is now in residence. Foreign correspondents put the finger on Mr. March as the main financial spark plug of the war, both in its origin and continuance.

Blasco Ibanez is pretty tame reading after even a cursory look at Senor March's career. He is a financial genius, one of the richest men in the world, who never saw the inside of a schoolhouse-that is, as a pupil. At the age of forty, he had a string of twelve banks, steamship lines, newspapers, beautiful estates and Hispana cars, and he couldn't read or write a word-always signing his name with a big

Born in the Island of Majorca, of desperately poor parents, he was a sack carrier in a corn merchant's shop, and then an itinerant peddler. His parents were members of an obscure Jewish sect known as "Chuetas." He went to Africa, as a laborer, and became a grower of tobacco.

In the years that followed, Juan March was trailed, jailed, hounded and persecuted by national and international police around the Mediterranean as a smuggler.

His biographers say that, if the international struggle for control of the Mediterranean should eventually require a more detailed knowledge of coves and inlets than Italian naval maps now supply, Senor March can supply it. He has personally explored them in the dark of the moon, say current news accounts, and could smell his way into any of them blindfolded.

The money rolled in. In the postwar years, Senor March was back in Spain, investing many millions in vast areas of land which made him one of Spain's most imposing grandees, traveling with an entourage of generals and flunkies in Hispana limousines. His was the buildup of Primo de Rivera as dictator.

Quite a few years before the overthrow of Alfonso, the drive for the break-up of big land holdings was gaining momentum, and Senor March, combating it, became the most powerful and resourceful contender for fascism in Spain.

The republic jailed him for eighteen months. Details of his release



ABSENT-MINDED

The university professor, renowned for his absent-mindedness, was also a pretty good sport, and he never minded joining with his students in their various pastimes.

One day he sat down with some of them for a quiet game of cards. It was agreed that each player should start by putting a pound note in the "kitty," and all put in their stakes with the exception of the professor.

Absent-minded or not, the students were not going to let him get away with that, and so they began to argue among themselves as to which of them it was who had not paid.

cents. The professor listened for a moment, and then quickly withdrew one of the notes from the "kitty." "If you gentlemen are going to start quarreling already," he said, "I'm taking my money back."



"Uncle Mose, your first wife tells me that you are three months behind with your alimony.

"Yes, Judge, ah reckon dat am so. But you see it's dis way: Dat second wife of mine ain't turned out t' be the worker that I thought she was gwine t' be."

Asking Too Much

"May I borrow your pen, Bob?" "Certainly." "I'd like you to post this letter

as you go to lunch, will you?" "All right." "Want to lend me a stamp, old

chap?" "Yes, if you want one."

"Much obliged. By the way, what's your girl's address?"-The Beehive.

No Need for Hurry

For years he had been terribly henpecked. One morning at breakfast he said to his wife: "My dear, I had a queer dream last night. I thought I saw another man running off with you." "Indeed!" said his wife. "And,

what did you say to him?" "I asked him why he was running."

Amiable

The shopper was on her way out She Wanted to Be President after leaving her list of groceries to

DUST Movie · Radio *** By VIRGINIA VALE*** CO PHENOMENAL is the Success of National Broad-

THE WALLACE ENTERPRISE, WALLACE, NORTH CAROLINA

STAR

Father of the Dime Novel Bee program that soon it will A FEW years before the open-ing of the Civil war a printer urday afternoon spot to an in Buffalo, N. Y., began issuing a magazine called the Youth's Casket evening hour on the blue netand a little later another, called work.

the Home Monthly. Neither was Apparently the whole country much of a success. More successfeels the urge to compete, for mail ful was his brother who ran a pours in from colleges, from old newsstand and began selling songs people's homes, from women's or. single pages in much the same clubs and orphans' asylums, from fashion as the ballad-hawkers of an volunteer firemen and swanky counearlier day. Then the printer brothtry clubs asking for a chance to er published a number of these songs join the fun.

in a pamphlet called "The Dime Paul Wing, who conducts the pro-Song Book" and it sold so well that gram, travels around the country at they decided to move to New York top speed, broadcasting from here city and publish other books for ten and there, drawing such crowds of fans you would think it was Robert

-*-

Taylor making a personal appear-Thus it was that a great American institution was born, for these ance. brothers were Erastus F. and Ir-

By Elmo @ Western

Newspape Union

If Carole Lombard is not already win' P. Beadle and they were the "Fathers of the Dime Novel." They one of your favorite stars, she will took into partnership another nabe as soon as you

tive of Buffalo, Robert Adams, and see "Swing High, for the next three decades there Swing Low." She is came from the presses of Beadle so beautiful, so inand Company and Beadle and Adgratiating, such a ams a perfect flood of little books good sport that you (the Pocket Library, the Half-Dime just want to climb Library and the Dime Library) to up to the screen and thrill the souls of American boys shake Fred McMurand to fill the hearts of American ray for nearly parents with fear that their sons breaking her heart. were being corrupted, beyond all This picture may do no end of damage hope by these "yellow-backs." and cause innumer-

How groundless that fear was is shown by the fact that some of the for Carole never most distinguished Americans of today grew up on a reading diet of Beadle's dime novels. Exciting and thrilling those stories may have been (opening, as so many of them

did, with "Bang! Bang! Bang! Three shots rang out and another redskin bit the dust") but they were also highly moral. For the Villain was always foiled, Virtue always triumphed and it is doubtful if a single boy ever was ruined by reading one of them.

Irwin Beadle retired from the firm in 1862, Robert Adams died in 1866, and his two younger broth-

ers, William and David, succeeded him. With them as partners Erastus Beadle carried the dime novel to the heights of its success. He continued in the business until 1889. Then he retired with a fortune built Young America. He died in 1894too early to realize that certain of the little "yellow backs" which he sold for a dime would later sell for hundreds of dollars because they

items"1

are "Americana" and "collectors'

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Marion Claire, who for the past two years has been trouping around

Lost and Found By CHARLOTTE B. SILLS © McClure Newspaper Syndicate. WNU Service.

NAN RUGGLES, spending the summer at her uncle's camp. looked lazily out at the pine trees from the sleeping porch where she lay.

A cool breeze was blowing, and she could hear the water lapping casting company's Spelling on the rocky shore of the lake. Larry Manners, next door, was playing be transferred from its Sat- his mandolin dreamily and somewhat, Nan thought, absent-mindedly.

It was such a nice, lazy kind of afternoon that Nan wished that she had not promised herself that she would work. But she had, so she sat up on the bed, yawned, stretched her brown arms and said, almost aloud:

"Oh, bother! Typing on a day like this!"

She gave a last longing look at the sky, shining blue above tall straight pines, and the lake, dark blue, the way she especially loved it, with icy little whitecaps. Soon her typewriter clicked a bustling little staccato to Larry's music. Nan did publicity work; everything she wrote helped, and she needed the money. When she had worked for nearly

an hour, she put in a clean sheet of paper and began a letter to the girl with whom she shared a studio in Boston.

"Bab, dear," the letter began, "I am in love. Of course you would guess it. But I am not just in love with Larry Manners, I love him so much that it hurts. And he doesn't care a bit about me, except that he likes to argue with me and beat me at tennis. I'm always wanting something I can't have, but this is the worst yet-"

Her paper caught in the roller and Nan took it out to see what was the matter. Oh, Nan! Come for a "Nan!

swim."

nags, never whimpers, never rages. There was Larry under the trees in his bathing suit. It may have been five minutes, but was probably only four, before Nan was in her bathing suit. She ran down and joined Larry and they swam out to the raft. This was a wobbly affair that the boys next door had made; it tipped over when one climbed on it, and when one sat on it, one was in the water up to the waist, but this did not bother Nan and Larry. They sat there and talked until flattering, gives the break rethe waves began to dash over them. As they climbed up on the dock skirt. The fitted top and flaring and walked up to the camp, a stiff wind was blowing and Nan shivered. But she noticed that the magazines had blown about the porch and she stopped to pick them up. With them she found a piece of the copy she

had been working on. "This must have blown away mightily pleased with the way her from my work-shop," she explained, print has turned out. She chose smiling, and ran into the house to

dress. Larry walked away slowly, thinking of the picture she made in her red bathing suit, her short black hair blown about by the wind.

On the path through the woods, "The Jolly Twelve" are having on leading to the Manners camp, he Tuesday. stooped and picked up another piece

YAN STYLE show De Luxe for De | (32 to 44 bust). Size 16 requires A Ladies on this De Lightful 5% yards of 39 inch material. It requires 21/2 yards of ribbon for Spring day! Betty Ann feels just a bit the tie belt. Pattern 1983 is for sizes 36 to 50. most elegant of the three for her Size 38 requires 5% yards of 39 inch material. With the short housecoat is superlative. She has "skirts" like the ladies in the sleeves it requires only 5 yards feminine yesterdays; her basque of 39 inch material. is form-fitting; her sash has a bow, and her sleeves puff. The il-

Parading the Fashions

1285

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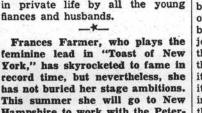
The character she plays is going to be held up as a model for behavior in private life by all the young fiances and husbands. -*-Frances Farmer, who plays the feminine lead in "Toast of New

able family rows,

record time, but nevertheless, she has not buried her stage ambitions. This summer she will go to New

up by the dimes and nickels of part. Even Lupe had to admit in Morris had the looks and physique for the part, but she still held out that he would never be able to give the Tarzan yell. Whereupon some old meanie said that in that case

the producers would hire the same yeller who howled for Johnny.



Carole

Lombard

Hampshire to work with the Peterboro Players. -*-The rest of Hollywood may believe that Glenn Morris, Olympic decathlon winner, will make an ideal Tarzan, but Lupe Velez holds firmly to the belief that only Johnny Weismuller can effectively play the

are obscure, but, when the jail doors swung outward, the real troubles of the republic began. According to dispatches of last August and September, Senor March's bank in Palma, on Majorca, was the financial mainspring of revolution, and Palma was the entrepot not only of planes, cannon and munitions but of the African Riffs, being landed on a coast which he knew from Gibraltar to Istanbul.

A lot of blood has flowed under the bridge since he peddled onions, but, at fifty-seven, there probably isn't an onion or a cannon peddled around the Mediterranean that he doesn't know about.

. . . Low-Down on Kipling.

FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER. a good reporter who became an author, snapped into the old-time routine when he saw that Kipling story lying around loose in Vermont. His published account of why Kipling left America, after his thundering row with his brother-in-law: looks like the Freudian key to the poet's impassioned dislike for this country.

That passage in his memoirs about the hallowed peace of Canada and the hell-hole just over an invisible line seems to require some such explanation. His rancor, in this connection, always has suggested some most unhappy experience here. Mr. Van De Water fills us in, and the story is still good after forty years, One can be more charitable toward Kipling, after learning of his troubles with the reporters.

Mr. Van De Water is a good choice to cover the literary beat. He is a grandson of Marion Harland, the novelist, who was Mary Virginia Hawes Terhune. Her children are Albert Payson Terhune, Christine Terhune Herrick and Virginia Terhune Van De Water, all well-known writers. Educated at New York university and Columbia, Mr. Van De Water was a reporter and editor on several New York newspapers and later a New York literary critic.

He is the author of seventeen novels and a vast deal of critical writing, taking time out for fishing with the slightest provocation. He has a summer home in Vermont and that's how he came to run down the Kipling story.

Consolidated News Features.

be delivered. Suddenly she turned and said, coldly: "Never mind the cranberries, Mr. Dugan. I see the cat is sleeping on them."

"Bless you, ma'am! She won't mind me waking her up!"

Strategy

"Billy, did you take your codliver oil?" "Yes, mum. It didn't taste so nasty this morning." Mother (suspiciously)-Oh, are you sure you took it? "Yes, mum. I couldn't find spoon, so I took it on a fork."

THAT MYSTERIOUS KEY



Visitor-I'm sure I have the key of activity. to your unfortunate position, my poor man.

Prisoner-I sure hope 'twill fit the lock to this cell, sir!

Skeptical Porkers

Judge-Do you consider this defendant a reliable man? Has he a Washington and appeared before good reputation for truth and veracity?

Witness-Well, to be honest with you, your honor, that man has to failed to win that right just as she get somebody else to call his hogs failed to get anyone to take her at feeding time. They won't be- Presidential candidacy seriously. lieve him.

Fruitless Search

Mrs. Higgs-'Erbert's got very keen on gardening since he got his allotment.

Mrs. Simon-Is that so? Mrs. Higgs-Yus, 'e bought one of them 'cyclopaedias, and I caught "im looking all through the o's to see 'ow to grow 'ops.

Head Work

"Are you the head of your house?" inquired the visiting relative. "I am," answered Mr. Meekton. "How do you know? You have little to say."

"True. But a voice is located in had one of the world's greatest the throat. The intelligent listening personalities among us"! is done with the ears."

SHE wanted to be President of the country with "The Great Waltz," has been signed to play there was a forlorn hope it was Bobby Breen's mother in "Make a that ambition of Victoria Clafin Wish." Schulberg has signed Lenore Woodhull. Ulric, who was so good as the vi-

She started under the handicap of cious grafting friend of "Camille," being born in Ohio to a family that to play in "The Great Gambini." A girl in her 'teens named Wyn was not only poor but disreputable. And neither she nor her sister, Tennessee Clafin (or "Tennie C." Cahoon who has had considerable success on the New York stage has as she wrote it) ever tried to rebeen signed by Columbia, who have also nailed the veteran Dick Arlen trieve the family reputation. Indown to a contract to keep him from stead, both of them added several gallivanting off to England again. shocking items to Puritanical Amer--*ica's low estimate of the Clafins.

For those audiences that like For one thing they went in for spirchills and fever, horror and susitualism and, what was worse, they pense, blood and thunder, there are became free love advocates.

two new pictures just made to or-Victoria first married Dr. Cander. "The Soldier and the Lady," ning Woodhull but soon discarded an RKO picture which is really that him for Col. James H. Blood, a old classic of spine chillers, "Michhandsome and distinguished Civil ael Strogoff," is the more spectacuwar veteran and a kindred spirit, lar since it introduces army scenes whom she later married. Tennesmade in Europe. More intimate, but see went to New York and won the less blood-curdling, is "Love From admiration of Commodore Vandera Stranger," which stars Ann Hardbilt who set her and her sister up ing and Basil Rathbone. It is a as brokers. Having thus entered story of a mild young woman who the business world, the sisters set wins a sweepstake prize and marout to prove that women were just ries a fiend who has dispatched sevas capable as men in other lines eral wives via morbidly-contrived

murder.

They began publishing Woodhull and Clafin's Weekly and with it Victoria started her own "boom" for President. She ran for that high office on a platform of women's rights-and kept right on run-

vanced views on many subjects.

Eventually Victoria settled down

has been kidded so much about his ballooning figure that he has taken up tennis in an effort to reduce. Inci-dentally, did you hear his old friend Harry Barris on his program? And ning for many years. She went to wouldn't you love to see him in a picture with Bing? . . . Basil Rath-bone, as I kept reminding myself all the judiciary committee of the

house of representatives to demand through his horrifying antics in "Love the right to vote. Of course, she From a Stranger," keeps 86 kinds of tea on hand at his house so as to have just the flavor he wants of an afternoon . . . All Hollywood swooped

down on the Selznick-International So she finally gave up the attempt, discarded Colonel Blood and studios to watch the Coronation scenes in "The Prisoner of Zenda." And then Madeline Carroll broke up went to England where she acquired another husband, as did her sister. the scene by whispering to Ronald Colman just as the hundreds of extras Then both of them disowned free love, won their way into English in the procession got under way, "Don't look now, but I think we are society and for many years published a magazine devoted to ad-

being followed." © Western Newspaper Union.

into a placid existence as the Lady Energy in Playing Piano Bountiful of a small town in Wor-The amount of energy expended cestershire and became known as by a person while playing the piano "a social reformer who suffered for varies greatly with different comviews now generally accepted." positions. A study of the subject When she died in 1927 at the age of shows that the per-minute energy ninety, the vicar who preached her required to play "Tarentella" by funeral sermon told his hearers, Liszt, is 150 per cent more than 'We have been privileged to have that required to play "Songs Without Words," by Mendelssohn.-Collier's Weekly.

of paper. "The wind is certainly blowing

By evening the wind had died down and myriads of stars shone over the lake. The Winthrops' new log cabin was furnished and they were having a big house-warming. Larry stopped to take Nan over in the canoe. Nan had told her uncle to tell Larry that she had a headache and couldn't go. Larry, surprised and disappointed, took the canoe back and reluctantly went to the party alone.

casually at the paper.

"How quiet Larry is," everyone said. They all missed Nan, too.

As the jazz from the phonograph on the Winthrop porch floated over to her through the trees, Nan, who really did have a headache, was prowling with her flash-light under the pine trees. She had looked everywhere for the letter to Bab, and couldn't find it, and had decided that the wind had carried it off. But who had found it?

noyed, she gave up the search and went to bed.

She dozed fitfully, then, toward morning, fell into a heavy sleep. ODDS AND ENDS-Bing Crosby When she awoke, her first thought was of the letter. Her cheeks burned as she dressed hurriedly. She was too nervous to think, but Nan had one comforter for all her troubles - her flivver. Whenever anything went wrong-and Nan's life had never been easy-Nan went off in the little car and thought things out. She had bought it with the scant sum her father had left her, and it had been a more faithful friend than her father had ever been. Now as she started the engine, all she could think of was Larry.

What fun they had had when she taught him to run the flivver-Larry, who had a new big car every year! And now she had spoiled everything through her carelessness.

was going, Nan drove on. Finally she stopped by old Tumble Brook, and threw herself down in the tall grass. Here, an hour later, Larry found her.

As they tore the letter into little pieces (Nan insisted), and watched them float down the stream, Larry said:

"Gee, Nan, I've been crazy about you all summer, but if I hadn't seen that letter, I might never have got up the nerve-"

Pattern 1285 comes in sizes 12-20 (30 to 40). Size 14 requires 33/4 things about," he thought glancing yards of 39 inch material. Pattern 1282 is for sizes 14-20

lusion is so perfect that she is

about to reach for smelling salts

Matrons Have Vanity, Too.

Mama, very young for her

years, can not resist styles that

bring more compliments her way.

The no-belt feature of this one is

definitely new, and does wonders

for the figure a bit past the slim

stage. The continuing collar,

which in soft pastels is always

quired by the all-in-one waist and

bottom make for style plus com-

fort, a demand matrons, even

Parties and Picnics.

making up her mind to have a

housecoat, too; though she is

this style because the fitted, brok-

en waist line and front seamed

skirt are so very slenderizing.

She's on her way to the 4-H meet-

ing now and has only stopped

to remind Betty Ann of the picnic

The Patterns.

Winifred on the left is privately

though youthful, always make.

or a sprig of old lavender.



SO THEY GET ALONG

sleep?'

ating.

World-Herald.

relieves HEADACHE quicker because it's liquid... already dissolved

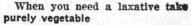
Private Conscience No person connects his conscience with a loud speaker.

Give some thought "Does your husband talk in his

to the Laxative you take "No, and it's terribly exasper-Constipation is not to be trifled He just grins."-Omaha with. When you need a laxative,

you need a good one. Black-Draught is purely vegeta-

ble, reliable. It does not upset the stomach but acts on the lower bowel, relieving constipation.



DEPARTMENT

MISCELLANEOUS



Bragga-Does your wife use your razor to open cans? Docio-Oh, yes, of course, but I use her best powder puff for a shoe polisher.

Soldiers make good husbands, says Sergeant-Major Sam; they're trained to be tidy. Then why is their dining room always a mess?

Contains No

Arsenic of Flu



For Sale by Reliable Dealers

Too miserable to care where she

More and more worried and an