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SUPER SERVICE

Chapter I

Eddie Pink, timorous tailor and gadget hound, ran a shop near the grounds of Millwood University that was a marvel of medievally ingenuity. One of the devices in the shop, for example, consisted of an old-fashioned bellows connected by means of a number of rubber tubes with pipes of all descriptions filled with tobacco. As the bellows expanded, the pipes smoked. A sign above them read: "Pipes broken in... 5 cents" "Calabash Pipes... 10 cents" "Meerschaum Pipes... 25 cents" "Colored any shade... 35 cents" A second device, to which was attached a number of pairs of shoes, by means of a trundling rotary movement gave the effect of walking. The sign over it read: "Shoes Shined... 10 cents" "Shoes Broken in... 25 cents" It will be seen that Eddie Pink was a man of many devices, and destined for higher things than cleaning and pressing. In all of Millwood, however, only one man appreciated his true worth. That was Butch Carson, perennial student and the despair of the faculty. Butch, however, was forever hopeful of obtaining his diploma.



He pointed the Magneto Finger.

As for the other students, Eddie's customers, they made life one continued torment for him. They discovered, for example, that Eddie was secretly infatuated in Joyce Lannox, a New York night-club entertainer, whom he had never met, but whose pictures, clipped from newspapers and theatrical sheets, lined the walls of his room. And having made this discovery, they gave him no rest. When Butch was there to defend him, all went well, but Butch was not always around. The turn in Eddie's life came when he chanced upon an advertisement of a correspondence course that would teach the lowliest Milquetoast to become a Master of Men. The postman arrived with the precious bundle, containing a book and a phonograph record—the correspondence course!

Man or Mouse

The cover of the book bore the challenging title: "Man or Mouse: Which Are You?" The phonographic instructions informed him that on the first page of the book he would find a coin: "On one side of the coin," the voice went on, "is a man. On the other side a mouse. Whenever you find yourself in a situation that demands courage, confidence, and magnetism, toss the coin. If it comes up a mouse, continue to toss the coin until it comes up a man." And turning to the book, on instructions of the voice, Eddie read: "The secret of character building lies in imagination. If you are insignificant, shy and cowardly, imagine yourself to be the opposite. Courage! Dominance! Nothing succeeds like success. To be prepared is half the battle. No longer will people sneer when you come into a room. They will respect you. But you must act—act—ACT!" There were chapters on the Magneto Finger. Eddie was inspired. He longed to put his newly acquired knowledge to the test. The occasion presented itself

shortly, when a bullying student entered and tried to get a suit he had left for pressing without paying for it. Eddie fixed him with his Magneto Finger: "There will be a charge of thirty-five cents—and make it snappy, you chiselling maggot!" The student trembled, and forked over. But Eddie failed to notice that behind him was standing the threatening figure of Butch who had come out of his room to find out what the noise was about. "Get back to your room," cried Eddie, still the master of men. "You're supposed to be studying your history." Butch obeyed meekly. Much depended upon the results of the examinations. He had been in college for seven years, and this was to be his last chance to win his sheepskins. He was needed at home, where his widowed mother, aided by loyal Claribel Higg, a carnival girl, was conducting a valiant fight against racketeers who were trying to introduce crooked slot machines into Dreamland Amusement Park, founded by Phineas Carson. To circumvent the diabolical professors, who had hitherto invariably thrown Butch for a loss, Eddie devised a portable telephone, where-

by he could communicate with Butch in the classroom. The fatal day arrived, and all went well—Butch assuming his professors with his amazing display of erudition—until the dean asked this question: "Mr. Carson, at the close of the world war, what was the American national debt?" "The War Debt" Unfortunately at this moment a boy entered Eddie's shop and made inquiry about a bill. "It came to \$1.75," Eddie said to the boy. This answer came to Butch via the microphone. "One dollar and seventy-five cents," Butch answered confidently. "No, eleven million dollars," Eddie yelled. "You're crazy," the boy in his shop yelled back. "Eleven million dollars for laundry. Besides, I didn't get the top of my pajama suit." "I gave you three shirts, three drawers, four pair of socks and a pair of pajamas with no top missing," Eddie insisted. "And in the classroom the dean was repeating: "Well, Mr. Carson, once again—what was the national debt?" "Three shirts, three drawers, four pairs of socks and a pair of pajamas with no top missing," Butch answered. "One of us is becoming confused," said the Dean. "I asked you what was the national debt and drawers at the close of the world's pajamas." "I beg your pardon," interrupted one of the other professors. "Your question was—what was the American national laundry debt at the end of the shirts and drawers." "Gentlemen! Gentlemen!" said the Dean sternly. And to Butch—"Don't let them upset you, Carson. The question was whose pajama tops was missing when the national debt was closed at the end of the world's sock." Discretion impels that a veil be drawn over the rest of this scene...

(To be continued)

In the Smithsonian Institute in Washington is a collection of hand-woven bags, towels, and table linens made by a rural North Carolina woman, Mrs. Finley Mast, of Valle Crucis, who died several months ago. The woman who likes to cook can begin now to make strawberry jam for sale, Mrs. Morris continued. Later she can make blackberry and peach jam, tomato ketchup, and Chili sauce. Motorists like to stop at roadside markets for fresh eggs, fruits, vegetables, flowers, fruit juices, butter, and the like. These markets are becoming more popular over the country every year.

Oregon Has Mint; Never Made a Coin
The Dalles, Ore.—Oregon has a United States mint that never coined a dime. Constructed here in 1868 at a cost of \$100,000, the mint was to be used in handling the heavy flow of money-ore from Idaho and Oregon mines—at one time estimated to be approximately \$12,000,000 annually. The mint had just been completed, with H. A. Hogue appointed superintendent, and D. M. French named as disbursing officer, when the mines were exhausted. The "mint" was converted into a grain warehouse.

Paris "Mosquito" Plane Cheaper Than an Auto
Paris.—Matching England's "flying flea" and "sky grasshopper," France produced another "insect airplane" recently, a 30 horse power "mosquito" Farman ship selling for \$1,200, less than the price of most French automobiles. The plane has a wing spread of 24 feet, a speed of 100 miles hourly and can take off in 150 feet and land in 210. The plane has room only for the pilot, fuel and a limited amount of baggage. At its cruising speed it consumes little more than two gallons of gasoline an hour.

WRANGLE ISLAND TO GET MODERN TOUCH

One of Its Inhabitants Has Ordered a Motorcycle.

Washington.—Arctic foxes and polar bears on Zemlya Wrangelya (Wrangle Island) may soon prick up their ears at an unfamiliar roar as this lonely island, 300 miles north of the Arctic circle, acquires its first motor vehicle. One of the inhabitants is reported to have ordered a motorcycle.

"Just why any nation should want Wrangle Island is not apparent at one's first approach," says the National Geographic society. "Nevertheless the United States, Great Britain and Russia have laid claim to it at various times." "It lies in the Arctic ocean about 100 miles off the coast of northeastern Siberia and in winter is usually surrounded by glistening white and green sea ice. To reach the island was almost an impossibility until a few years ago. Now its few visitors can push northward in summer across Long strait in an ice-breaker. Sometimes the ship follows cautiously narrow channels of water while on all sides stretch milling ice masses that boom, grind, and crack ominously.

Rescue the Stranded.
"In January 1914 the Stefansson expedition ship, the Karluk, was crushed like an eggshell by the opening and closing of the ice, and sank about 65 miles from Wrangle Island. The survivors lived on the island until rescued in September. In 1933 the Soviet ship, Cheluskina, set out with supplies and a group of scientists to replace the handful of men and women then living on the island. Ninety miles off Cape Yankarem, Siberia, a wall of ice 80 feet high crashed against the ship, split, and sank it. The 104 passengers stranded on the ice were all rescued within two months by airplanes from the Siberian mainland.

"Wrangle Island is approximately 60 miles long and 17 miles wide. Approached in winter, it would hardly be reassuring, appearing then as a bleak, white ice floe. But if one were snug in furs and speeding behind a lively dog team, he might find an interesting drama unfolded on the snow-covered island. Shapes, thought to be moving snow drifts, would turn out to be polar bears. Snowy owls would fly silently. And one might see tiny white lemmings, tunneling in the snow, pounced on by Arctic foxes with fluffy white fur.

"Should trans-polar air routes ever become commercially important, Wrangle Island, with its position, and its natural plateau, might be a strategic air base for flights connecting northern America with northern Asia, and northern Europe. Proposed flights from the mouth of the Mackenzie river, Canada, to the mouths of the Kolyma and Lena rivers which penetrate Siberia, could both be broken advantageously by stop-overs at Wrangle.

Grabbed for Britain.
"In 1921, Stefansson, believing the island would be a valuable air link between Great Britain and the Far East, sent four men and an Eskimo seamstress to hold it for Great Britain. After three men disappeared, and the fourth died, the woman was left alone on the island to be terrified by its polar bears. By trapping foxes and shooting seals and birds, she managed to survive until rescued in 1924. Her rescuers left 13 Eskimos and an American on the island. A Soviet expedition removed these and in 1926 replaced them with a colony of six Russians and about 50 Chukchi settlers.

"The hardships of Wrangle Island are no novelty to the Chukchi inhabitants whose relatives thrive on the Arctic shore of the Siberian mainland only 100 miles farther south. Making their living by hunting walrus and seals, or farther inland, by breeding reindeer, many Chukchi families are wealthy, and are occasionally visited by Soviet and American traders. This accounts for the finding in their skin-covered huts of things like phonographs and back copies of American magazines.

"According to one Arctic explorer, Wrangle Island is one of the most promising spots in the polar region for self-support. Although it lacks trees, driftwood washes up on its beaches, providing fuel and building material. Its minimum winter temperature is 20 to 40 degrees warmer than that experienced by many farmers near Yakutsk, Siberia. The island's hills are largely bare rock, but their bases and the low lands are covered with lichen, moss, and stunted vegetation that would supply grazing for herds of reindeer.

"Wild life is abundant. On sunny summer days the ice off shore is noisy with the snorting of walrus, and the barking of seals basking in the sun. Thousands of niches in cliff-face rockeries are filled with sea birds. Sea gulls, ducks, and cormorants congregate on white sand and pebble spits, while flocks of geese fly overhead."

"Safety First" Charged With Traffic Violation

Los Angeles.—Into Municipal Judge Carns' traffic court went a man charged with a traffic violation. "What's your name?" demanded the court. "Safety First, your honor," the defendant answered. "I didn't ask you for a traffic slogan," Judge Carns returned with some asperity. "I want your name." "Safety First," said the man firmly. "Say, are you trying to kid me?" the court exploded. But Safety First wasn't kidding, though it took him some minutes to convince Judge Carns his name really is Safety First. He was cited for driving an automobile with a defective windshield and, when he failed to appear in court, was taken in on a warrant. Judge Carns gave Mr. First a \$2 suspended sentence with the admonition that he "pay attention to the traffic regulations hereafter and live up to your name."

Doctors Shortest-Lived in Britain's Professions

London.—The shortest lived professional men in Britain are doctors, according to studies under way here. On the average they have about 60 years of life. "I suppose the mortality among doctors is due to the nature of their work," Doctor Anderson, secretary of the British Medical association, explained. "They are called out at all times of the day and night, and in all weathers. They are more exposed to the dangers of infection than other people, although every precaution is taken. They require iron constitutions to carry out the duties which fall to the average practitioner."

Sure-Fire Bill Collector
Vienna.—An idea for obtaining quick payment of accounts has been evolved by the Innsbruck Gas and Electricity works. It is handing out lottery tickets to prompt payers, and today there is not one outstanding gas or electricity bill in town.

Familiarity
"We must permit ourselves no illusions," said the severe economist. "Nonsense," rejoined Senator Sorghum. "Who wants X-ray picture of a favorite acquaintance?"

Bones of Czars' Victims Are Uncarried in Moscow

Moscow.—A grisly memento of the blood-stained history of Red Square in the days of Ivan the Terrible and other czars fanned for their cruelty was unearthed recently by subway workers digging the second line of the Moscow "metro." Eleven skeletons, eight of them standing upright and the others lying over them in a well 50 feet under the old orthodox monastery on a side street just off Red Square were unearthed. The well was filled with sand and the position of the skeletons and other circumstances indicated they were persons who had been buried alive.

The skeletons were so old they crumbled to dust at the slightest touch. This, together with the depth underground at which the discovery was made, showed they had been there several centuries. Archaeologists and historians will study them in an attempt to identify the period.

Gunsmith Keeps Secret
Omro, Wis.—William Statego, fifty-six-year-old popular Omro gunsmith, constantly refuses to divulge his secret formula for making guns. "Most of my methods are old, fashioned after those used in the making of the gun used by Daniel Boone," he says.

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Many Ways For Rural Women To Earn Money

On almost every farm is a wealth of material which may be turned into a source of profit by country women who like to make things with their hands. There are so many ways of earning extra money that every woman can find something to suit her taste, said Mrs. Cornelia C. Morris, extension economist in food conservation and marketing at State College. She told of an ingenious girl in Rutherford County who uses rye straw to make table mats, hot dish mats, and fans. Hooked rugs and braided rugs sell well if the colors are pleasing. There is an increasing demand for handcraft articles, Mrs. Morris stated: good baskets and brooms of native material, buttons and buckles made of maple and applewood. Buttons made of nuts are lovely accessories for sweaters and knitted suits. Honeysuckle and oak splits make beautiful baskets. People like to buy melon-shaped baskets and egg baskets like grandmother used, Mrs. Morris pointed out. There is a growing demand for the old handicrafts of the colonial days. Wool, cotton, and flax may be woven into exquisite coverlets, wall hangings, and rugs.

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