

THEATER CALENDAR

RIALTO THEATER—Wednesday and Thursday "LOVE HONOR & BEHAVE" With Wayne Morris, Priscilla Lane, FREE DISHES. Friday and Saturday "DAUGHTER OF SHANGHAI" With Anna May Wong, Philip Ahn, Larry Crabbe. TIVOLI—Wednesday Only "THE LAST GANGSTER" With Edward G. Robinson, Rose Stradner. Thursday Only "THE SPY RING" With William Hall, Jane Wyman, FREE DISHES. Friday and Saturday "WARICH" With Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer.

ROYAL THEATER—Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday "ABNEGACION" Spanish Talking Picture. Friday and Saturday "BOOTS AND SADDLES" With Gene Autry. AZTECA—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday "LAS CUATRO MILPAS" Spanish Talking Picture. Thursday, Friday, Saturday "DON JUAN TENORIO" Spanish Talking Picture.

MEXICO—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday "LA PALOMA" Spanish Talking Picture. Thursday and Friday "GENERAL SPANKY" Our Gang. AMATEUR NIGHT

MIND Your MANNERS

TEST your knowledge of correct social usage by answering the following questions, then checking against the authoritative answers below: 1. Is it ordinarily good manners to invite a husband to dinner without also asking his wife? 2. May an invitation to a formal dinner be given over the telephone? 3. May one accept a dinner invitation with a qualification such as "if I don't have to work late?" 4. Is it a good idea for a hostess at a buffet supper to have small tables about? 5. Is it a good idea to serve some hot dishes at a buffet meal? What would you do if— You are having dinner with friends and nothing has been planned for the evening's entertainment— (a) Stay and talk to them all evening? (b) Leave about half an hour after the meal is finished? (c) Make a move to go soon after dinner, but stay if you feel your hostess is disappointed by your suggestion?

ANSWERS 1. No. 2. No. 3. No. 4. Yes, or provide a tray for each guest. 5. Yes. Casserole dishes are a good choice. Best "What Would You Do" solution—"b" as a general rule, although "c" is sometimes wisest, for some hostesses are really disappointed if their dinner guests don't sit and talk all evening.

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CALM YOUR NERVES! Oklahoma City—Mrs. Ruth Williams, 317 N. Douglas St., says: "I was nervous, tired and upset, and had headaches and backaches associated with functional disturbances. After taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription my appetite improved, my strength returned, and I was relieved of functional disturbances." Get it, in liquid or tablets, at your drug store today.

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Article 19



On April 21, 1934, Jacob Maged, tailor, of Jersey City, N. J., was arrested for violation of the New Jersey State Recovery Act—the State's "NRA." He was charged with asking five cents less for pressing suits than the forty-cent minimum of the state code. He agreed to conform to the code and a judge suspended a fine of \$100 and thirty days in jail. Above, on April 23, he hanged the Blue Eagle in his window.

Roosevelt

(Continued from Page 1) visions could be reinstated within any locality in which 85 per cent of the members of the trade agreed to do so; (c) the only program of enforcement contemplated was the use of the Blue Eagle.

IN addition, the various States were urged to adopt State industrial recovery acts to cover local trades and industries. One unhappy result of this was to cause much duplication and overlapping between State and Federal codes and between State and Federal courts.

CONFERENCE OF JACOB MAGED For example, in the spring of 1934, Jacob Maged, a tailor of Jersey City, New Jersey, was convicted and sentenced for violating a code which had been adopted under a statute of New Jersey, a counterpart of the N. T. R. A. This code fixed a minimum price for the service of pressing, and Mr. Maged's offence consisted of doing pressing work at five cents under the code minimum price.

Whether out of ignorance or design, a very large section of the press at the time reported the incident as one occurring under the Federal N. I. R. A. itself, rather than under the local statute, and trumpeted it as an illustration of the extremes to which the N. I. R. A. had gone, and of the way Federal authority was creeping into local business.

Much as I regret the necessity of saying it, the continued insistence upon this misstatement by a certain type of newspaper owner and columnist, long after the truth had been fully explained, that this New Jersey case concerned a violation of the local and not of the Federal statute, constitutes a glaring example of perversion of news.

PLANS TO CONTINUE The original N. I. R. A. expired by its own terms within two years on June 16, 1935. After the resignation of General Hugh S. Johnson on September 24, 1934, the National Industrial Recovery Board had been created an ad hoc and an exhaustive review of N. I. R. A. operations. A program had been prepared for legislation and also for internal reorganization if activities of N. I. R. A.

The program of reorganization was intended to provide for a coordination of general administrative policies; to slow down and settle N. I. R. A. operations in order to bring about a more efficient handling of business; to review and revise code provisions of doubtful wisdom; to work toward a smaller number of enforcement cases by reducing the principal causes of non-compliance, chiefly in unenforceable codes; to eliminate the handling of labor disputes in N. I. R. A. and transfer them to national and industrial labor boards.

The legislative program which had been worked out would have removed a great many of the features of the original N. I. R. A. found to be objectionable or unworkable in practice. Included in it were a more definite statement by the Congress of the administrative authorization and delegation of power to carry out the purposes of the Act, and a provision that codification should be limited to those business actually engaged in interstate commerce or so substantially affecting it that the protection of interstate commerce required code protection.

OSCILLATING

Peter Leyendecker was yelling right and left at the seniors as they fought the Tigers last night. Jane Swisher would hold her breath and cross her fingers every-time Jack Smith would buck the line at the game. Billie Almond was having quite a time keeping Evelyn Story and Betty Jean Clingenpeel from fighting each other last night.

****J. S. Westbrook is one of Laredo's most loyal and kindly persons who is always glad to work for the growth of Laredo and Webb county.

Laura Alegria was quite worried about her Math 9 test yesterday morning.

And Alberto de la Chica acted as if he didn't want to have those two half-day holidays Friday and Monday—through him out.

The four stars above indicate a person of sterling quality who is really worth knowing.

stating his desire that "the full power" of the NRA be exerted to this end, and that it "brings the facts" before Senate and House committees to accelerate action in the proposed extension of NRA beyond June 16th.

Meanwhile, a less publicized test of the N. I. R. A., the Schechter "sick chicken" case, reached the Supreme Court an assumed monumental importance far beyond its immediate issue, which was an NRA attempt to regulate the trade among poultry dealers. By unanimous decision, on May 2, 1935, the Court decided in favor of the Schechters, and declared the National Industrial Recovery Act an illegal Federal regulation of industries not included under the interstate commerce clause of the Constitution, and an unconstitutional delegation of legislative powers to the President.

Shorn of its code-making and code-enforcing authority, the NRA was virtually disbanded as an agency and continued only in skeleton form. One of the purposes and functions of the extended skeleton form of N. I. R. A. after the Supreme Court decision was to review past data and to determine what further steps could be taken.

By August, 1935, sufficient data had accumulated to serve as a possible basis for a new legislative program to protect labor standards and to eliminate unfair business competition. Moreover large groups within both labor and industry were looking for assurance that renewed consideration would be given to these problems.

Conferences of representatives of labor and industry were called in Washington in December, 1935, by Major Berry, as Coordinator for Industrial Recovery. As a whole, industry did not respond very cordially; some industries sent representatives, but the major sections of American industry merely sent "observers," with instructions to watch but not to participate in any deliberations.

Nothing substantial ever came of this third phase of N. I. R. A. as extended.

(Distributed by Union Feature Service, Inc.)

Easter Cruise

BY MARION WHITE Copyright, 1938, NEA Service, Inc. Dick laughed. "The old man certainly waited to finish his last rubber." As the first launch drew up to the platform, Mr. O'Hara stood up confidently and managed to lift an uncertain leg. The fact that it lifted and the launch and landed securely on the platform was nothing short of a miracle. Now a seaman steadied him and started him on his way up the steps, where another member of the crew came forward to meet him. The first launch backed off, making way for the second. Mrs. O'Hara still imperiously attractive in her immaculate white suit, stepped over and started up. Her husband was near the top.

But the effort proved too much. The energy required to climb had borrowed too much power from his legs and his foot slipped. True, a seaman was in front to catch a hold, but Mr. O'Hara was a heavy man. Back he went, down the stairway, and the dead weight of his body struck his wife with sudden force.

On deck passengers gasped as they heard a splash. They held their breath in a long moment of suspense. Then, from the center of the widening circle of small ripples, they saw Mrs. O'Hara's head appear, her hair clinging to her face in long, straggly strands, her spotless white hat still on her head but not so spotless, and pushed down in front so that only her mouth showed. And this mouth worked convulsively, as if she would shout forth her vengeance, but the oily water surrounding the ship had filled it too full for words.

On the stairway, where he now stood upright and secure, Mr. O'Hara glanced down upon his wife's unfortunate plight. There was distress, dull but sincere, written in his expression. And he put himself out to assume an attitude of gallantry; he bowed from the waist unsteadily but graciously, as if to say: "Madam, I'm sorry I stepped on your foot."

Like a plump white rubber duck slowly deflating, the woman floundered about in the water. Strong arms reached out for her, but she was beyond their reach. There was only one thing left to do. One of the crew tossed out a life preserver and Mrs. O'Hara was dragged to the platform, dripping and grimy. She stood up, still imperious. Then, with a last flourish of dignity, she proceeded up the steps, from whence her husband had disappeared in a miraculously short moment. She walked past the gaping passengers, her head high, her eyes burning in wild arrogance. And as she walked, water oozed out of her shoes and dripped from her clothing, leaving a trail for memory.

"Dick shook his head, chuckling. "Let me give you one bit of advice," he offered. "Don't play bridge with her tonight!" Standing at the rail they watched the quick and efficient weighing of ship's huge anchor, the closing of the gangway. In a remarkably short time the Empress was under way again, moving slowly away from the island where so much had happened in the last few hours.

Dick spun his cigarette far out into the water, and they returned to their chairs. For a while they sat there quietly, watching the Bermuda shore line fade more and more into the distance. Joyce wondered when she

would ever see it again; she thought too of the grief they had left behind them, the loss of Obadiah Jones' boat. Evidently Dick's thoughts were on the same subject, for presently he said, simply: "I saw Obadiah this morning." Joyce brightened. "It's so glad you did, Dick!" she said heartily. "I was just thinking of him. It took him seven years to buy the boat." He nodded, thoughtfully. "And seven seconds to rip the bottom out of it, because I was in a hurry to get to a dance."

"How did you find him?" "I asked for him on the wharf. One of his friends told me where he lived. Boy, I felt like a heel when I went in the door! You'd think the boat was part of the family; even the thinnest pick-a-ninny was crying about it." "It was their livelihood, I suppose." "More than that. It was the one possession which gave them importance and pride. I'm sure they felt much about the boat as one of us might feel about losing our home, or the business we'd built up over a period of years."

"What will they do now?" "Slowly, a little sheepishly, he reached into his pocket and brought forth a note, handing it over for Joyce to read. "Dere Lady . . . we thank you for the new bote and god bless you . . . She looked up in quick astonishment. "I don't understand, Dick—" "I gave Obadiah that hundred-dollar-bill you wouldn't take." "Oh, Dick!" There was a sudden catch in her voice. So this was his secret mission! Then, to hide her emotion, she added, crisply: "You probably paid a great deal more than that."

He shook his head. "Very little Obadiah knew a splendid bargain in a second-hand boat with more speed, so he said, than the old one." Joyce looked at him steadily. "Dick Hamilton," she said sincerely, "I think you're one of the most thought-

ful persons I've ever known." "Nuts!" he said, and his face reddened. He reached across the chair and took her hand. "Joyce—" His voice was strangely vibrant and something in the blue depths of his eyes sent her blood coursing. "Do you—"

But he did not finish. Someone was standing before them. They started guiltily.

Mrs. Porter regarded them tolerantly, her eyes bright with understanding, a faint curl to her lips. "I've looked all over for you, Richard," she chided. "We're ready to start the swimming events for the children, and you're one of the judges, you know."

He hedged. "Let me out of it, Mrs. Porter," he pleaded. "I'm no judge."

She pretended a shocked bewilderment. "But you promised me. I can't get another judge at this last minute."

He sighed, resignedly, too well-mannered to refuse further. "Come along, Joyce?" "No, I don't think so, Dick." There was a look in Mrs. Porter's eye which almost said: "I dare you to."

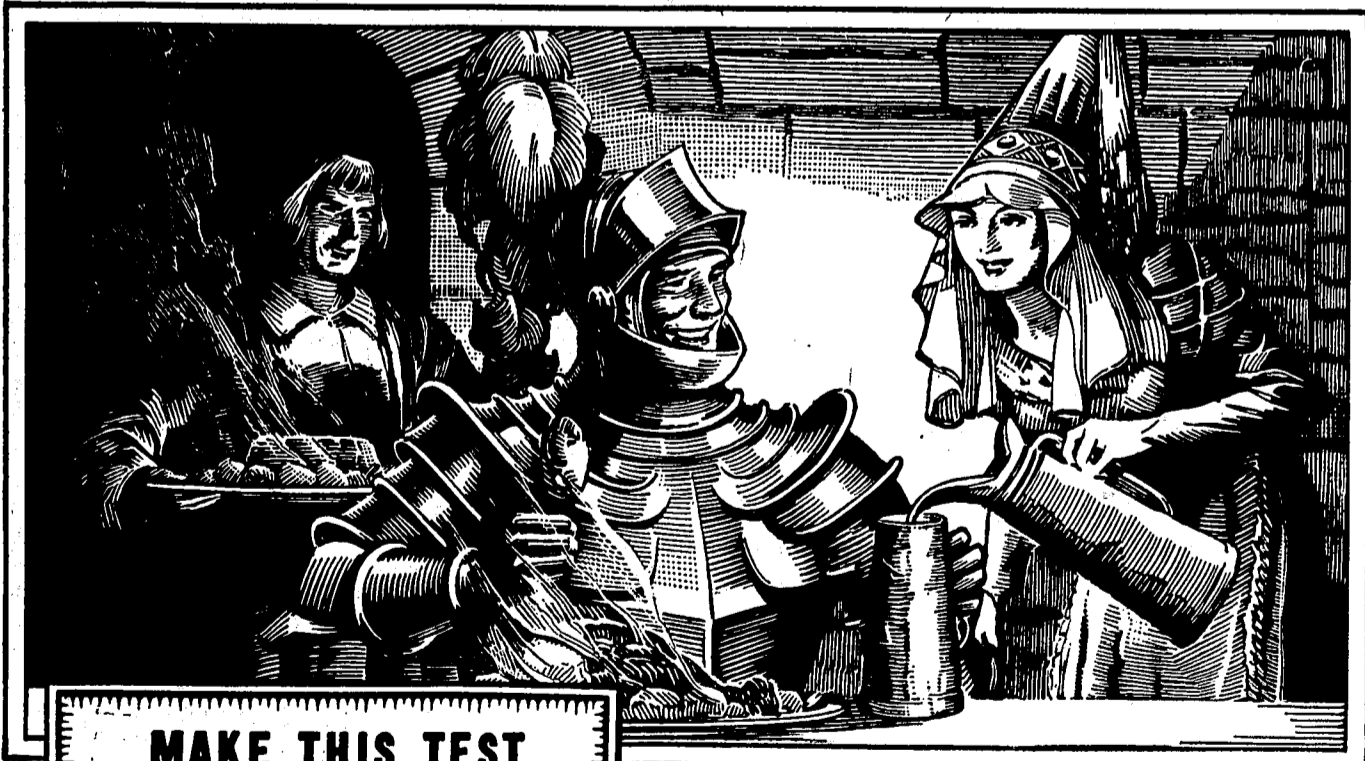
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