

MURDER TERRIFIES

PROMINENT SOCIETY BELLE OF HANGOVER IS BACK FROM TOUR TO SUNKEN HEIGHTS

Stringa Pearls Comes Home on S. S. Ivory; It Floats

NUTS CRACK UNDER STRAIN

Law Passed Prohibiting Shooting of Dogs and Police

Society will again flit about under the leadership of the extinguished Miss Stringa Pearls, prominent society leader of the thriving metropolis Hangover.

Stringa Pearls returned from an expensive tour in Europe. She returned the day after yesterday aboard the newest and largest boat of the Rector and Amble line, the S. S. Ivory, so called because it floats.

In an interview Stringa Pearls said, "I enjoyed by stay in Gilhooley most. The people there all talk a great deal, but never say anything, so I felt right at home. The outstanding thing about Gilhooley is its wonderful hotel known as the Asylum. Here the rooms are all over-stuffed. During my stay in Gilhooley I made the Asylum my home, in fact I really had quite a time getting away from there as they were worried for fear it would not be safe for me to travel about."

"I spent some time in Squitville in the county of Snohomish. Here I visited the famous mansion of St. Peter, where I was very much frustrated by the 600 (Monroe boys) in captivity."

Buy Hohotenango

CRIME WAVE STRIKES

Victim's Bodies Obstruct Traffic on All Main Streets

Last night at exactly 4:00 a. m. the hour when New York gangmen turn their black sedans towards the city center where the nightlife is just breaking (so is the dawn and a few heads more or less,) the mystery man again took the lives of thirteen beautiful victims, leaving no clues behind except a red necktie, a pair of silk stockings, a toothbrush, his name and address, and a set of brass cuff-links.

What shall be done about this beast who chokes his victims with his bare hands? Mothers fear for the lives of their children. Seattle bragged for weeks about its "Street Slayings" but New York will brag for years about its "Alley Assassinations."

Notification of the police did little good because they were all out for breakfast, so the mayor deputized 2000 of his best friends from the bread lines.

Circulars have been sent to all the most progressive countries of the world. It is the duty of each and every one of us to keep at least one eye open for this notorious maniac who strikes in the dark and sends innocent little rabbits to meet their maker.

Who is the Rabbit Killer?

Buy Afghanistan

SLICK SLAYER SLAYS

Hungry Husband Strangles Wife at Breakfast Table

What do you do with that \$2.98 that you save every year on your tooth paste bill? What is more uplifting than a good 5c cigar between classes? Smoke the original El Ropas for a week, then switch to Dan Pykes if you can smoke at all.

PAPER-KNIFE SLAYER IS CAPTURED



Neil McRae, Killer of Four People, in Custody of Police at City Doghouse

AIN'T MURDER LEGAL MAN SWALLOWS BULL

War Debated by the Professors of Buxley College

Last week it was discovered that Slitzzy Pinhead, the popular little crooner who crooned the "Refrain from Spitting" in the latest Broadway hit "Scremo" which showed at Dizzy Dan's Dream Dump on Sow-slip avenue, has been secretly divorced from Sam Snoofer to whom she was secretly wed on September 32, 1861.

Unemployed are Panic Stricken When Man Bites Dog

Hi folks! Going some where to-night, after the Big Show? May I suggest that you attend the Polo tournament now being held in the lounge room of the new Filmore hotel. The management requests all the guests to check their shoes at the desk as the floor is reserved for horses. Just good clean fun.

NEIL M'RAE, 32-YEAR-OLD COMPOSER, SLAYS CADY FAMILY OVER SYMPHONY

"She Tore It Up," Declares Musician, After Dancing Teachers Tumble Out; Calls Marriage a Mistake

Four members of the Frederick Cady family were resting easily at the Hastings mortuary this morning after being brutally murdered with a paper knife, by Neil McRae, prominent local musician.

The complete list of those killed follows:

CADY, Gladys Virginia, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Cady, request your presence at their Fiverside Drive home. Killed by Neil McRae.

CADY, Mrs. Frederick. Age not known. Killed knitting and rocking and singing, by Neil McRae.

CADY, Frederick, president of the CADY International Overhead and Underground Aerial Widget Manu-

facturing Company, the largest of its kind everywhere. Died suddenly. Mr. McRae.

CADY, Homer. No good. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Cady. In perfect health up to time of murder. Also by paper knife.

Refuses to Make Statement

"I have no statement to make," said Mr. McRae "Gladys tore up the manuscript of my second symphony so of course I killed them. I used the paper knife Uncle Charles gave me several years ago. It is a beautiful knife made of bone. First I killed Gladys, who said I should never be allowed to write any decent music. She and the rest of the family had more than a thousand ugly phonograph records when we lived in Livingston and I was greatly surprised when she told me that she wanted to become a pianist a month or two ago. I told her I was glad her taste had improved, for we went to two or three concerts, and she seemed to enjoy them. I thought it was my duty to give her piano lessons. She is not a studious girl, but I thought it was just her early training in Livingston that retarded her. I should have seen she was just awful."

Cady Was an Old Fool

"Cady, her father was an old fool, terribly bent on impressing you with the importance of unimportant things. There will be a wonderful ceremony at the Widget factory when the directors confer over his death. He died very placidly."

"Radio machines drive me crazy and Homer had one. He had the nosiest kind made. When she wasn't at home, Mrs. Cady would broadcast hymns somewhere and we would receive them over the radio. Horrible voice anyway."

Mr McRae is a handsome man, 32 years old, and lived alone just off Washington Square until he moved to the house Gladys had had redecorated.

No date has been set for the trial as it will take a lot of time. The courts are crowded and some cases wait for years.

Home Town Not Surprised

McRae Was Always Peculiar Livingston, Ngl.—Livingston residents who heard tonight of the killing of all the Cadys by Neil McRae did not express themselves as surprised at the news as young McRae was known here as a peculiar chap. Old citizens recalled tonight that as a small boy he rarely played with other boys, but was always off by himself. Hundreds of Livingstonians trooped out tonight to stand morbidly around the old McRae home where the murderer was born and grew up.

Washington Calm, But Officials Retire Early

Washington, D. C.—So far as the outsider could see, Washington gave no sign tonight that it was affected by the murder of the Cadys in New York by Neil McRae. At the same time one or two minor social affairs were cancelled, and officials went to bed early tonight without saying much. This fact alone was considered significant.

JAY GOLDE SAYS EUROPE'S AFFAIRS IN ROTTEN SHAPE

Back to the Old Country Slogan Undermining the Proud Youth of Today

In his concluding statement, Jay Golden says the situation over there is deplorable—or something. Do they get prizes for limericks—No! Do they get Pep and Grapenuts for breakfast—No!

Jay Golde Do they have jig saw puzzles—No!! Do they have soap that is 99% pure—No!!

Why even the bankers are in disguise—they have had their hands in their own pockets for the last week or so.

By the by, speaking of Congressmen—George Wasington threw a dollar across the Delaware, but that is nothing, Congress threw millions of them across the ocean. They're going to take the eagles off the money and put on ducks so they can

(Continued on Page Two)

Stranger, Who Appears Out of Nowhere, Is Arousing Much Interest Because of His Conspicuous Attire

Curiosity, speculation, and other human inheritances have been aroused in inhabitants of this city by the presence of a mysterious stranger, who has suddenly appeared out of nowhere and seems to have the same destination in view. Attention was first drawn to this mystery man by his conspicuous attire of dirty cords and a brown suede jacket.

On being questioned by one of the local police as to his name and occupation, the stranger informed him he was Thirsty, the musician.

MYSTERIOUS MOSE

This was corroborated by members of the City Water department, who said that a man answering his description has been seen loitering around the fire hydrants playing the Taps.

Some of the old-timers around these parts insist that Thirsty is the "spittin' image" of the promoter of the Widget corporation, whom they well remember. They fear that he is up to his old tricks of watering the stock, so the order has gone out to watch all hydrants, wells, and soft drink parlors.



Reward Now Totals \$4.44; in Pool by Business Men

Contributions toward the \$976,842.76 reward offered by local "By America" business men for the capture of the infant who stole a counterfeit two-bit piece from the dead pocket of Mr. Cady now totals the grand sum of \$4.44.

Four pensioned police officers were discharged from active duty when they failed to retain all of Mr. Cady's counterfeiters for police of Chief-Victor Holly's private use.

Sleight Hand, prominent garbage collector, entered an Athens-bound marathon runner's sightseeing tour exactly 100 seconds after the Gazette-Post-Tribune-Times - World's minute-man reporter had held Gladys McRae's hand for a short time by the stop watch.

Pat Murphy, 256 pound police heavyweight champion, was hot on Sleight Hand's trail at the last report. Local horse-racing fans bet heavily on Sleight Hand to come in last in the race, especially since the lucky two-bit piece was used to fill

(Continued on Page Two)

Two "Hotcha" Girls From Snappy Super Downtown Music Production "Itty Bitty" Pep Cady Murder Case

Court was called to order this morning with a bang. Judge Cessizzizziziz missed his chair.

After the usual gum, peanuts, and popcorn were passed out the court was called to order.

The case today was the Cady murder. Witnesses of the previous day were again questioned according to their movements of the fatal night, but no nw leads seemed to be forthcoming.

As the jurors were becoming rather bored and the audience restless, the judge rose to call time out for a game or two of crap, when suddenly a current of electricity shot through the audience. All heads turned simultaneously toward the rear entrance.

Framed in the doorway were two females. The taller of the pair was a dashing brunette with luscious red



The Two Hotcha Girls

lips and jet black hair, dressed in a close fitting red gown, and the other wore a becoming grey outfit, and a cockey little grey turban to match. They, swaggered down the aisle accompanied by patrolman B. R. Higginson. Higginson claimed these hotcha gals were seen two seconds after the murder in Mac Rae's apartment.

The first to be sworn in was the

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The Northwest Viking

The Weekly Happenings

WHO CARES WHAT HAPPENS THIS WEEK

OPHELIA ENTERS A CROSS-COMPLAINT IN SEVENTH DAY OF DIVORCE PROCEEDINGS

Charges Hamlet with Aesthetic and Moral Infidelity

CHARGE REFUTED

Hamlet and Ophelia Contracted for Film Leads

WALTER WHISTLE BLAMED

The court of Judge MacDuff echoed today with charges and counter charges in the case of Hamlet and Ophelia, belligerents in the most widely publicized divorce case of the season.

In a cross complaint Ophelia had charged the estranged spouse with moral and aesthetic cruelty. He continually used baby talk in her presence and called her endearing names in a mocking manner.

It has been rumored that Ophelia's relations with Moran Ravanno have been on a more intimate basis than their apparent "just friends" attitude would seem to indicate.

Mrs. Hamlet in a private and confidential interview with a representative of this paper said that she would file suit against Walter Whistle for publication in his column of The Slander which led directly to strained relations with her husband.

Both Hamlet and Ophelia have been offered substantial movie contracts and there are those who characterize their estrangement as a mere publicity stunt and say that they will be remarried sometime in June.

By By Baby

GALS IN COURT

(Continued from Page One)

This caused some consternation owing to the fact that neither the lawyers nor the judge could decide how to deal with this new factor, the audience departed and the court adjourned.

WIDGET PREFERRED ROCKETS SKYWARD

Peppy Trading After Turnover Pleases J. P. Mergan

Despite Mr. Cady's death at the hand of his assassin at 9:60 1/2 p. m., the Widget stock took a sharp descending rise at 10:01 p. m.

Five midget Widgets were overturned by strikers at the company plant late today and this brisk turnover sent the Widget quotation price up to a new high for the year with preferred stock listed at \$1.00 1/2 per thousand shares.

EUROPE ROTTEN SAYS JAY GOLDE

Ducks on Money Instead of Eagles, Says Financier

(Continued from Page One)

swim home. The money has been over there so long that it was a foreign accent.

Did I see the Champs d'Elyssys? Yeah, sure, but he ain't champ no more. He got licked in his last fight.

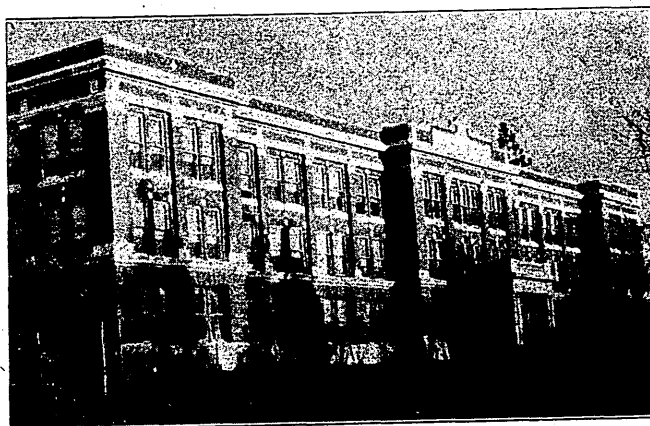
Did I see the Alps? No, they weren't at home when I called.

La Fayette is the only Frenchman America admires, in act he is the only one who has ever come across.

The people are getting so lazy in Europe that they are feeding old razor blades to the cows and pigs so they won't have to grind their own meat.

While in Europe I was highly honored. My wife was presented to the king and of course I notified the papers. Two days later 6,000 husbands wrote in and asked me if I would persuade the king to take theirs also.

Burning Gin Razes Famous Home



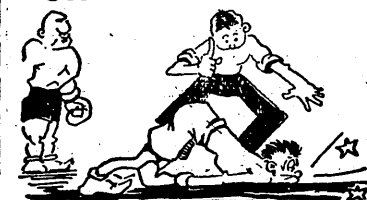
A lighted match and a practically empty gas tank got together yesterday afternoon with the aid of an absent-minded professor, Rudolphus Z. Adonius, and completely destroyed Mehitable Adonius's summer cottage at Siwash Flats.

Mehitable was entertaining at bridge during the fire, and local firemen carried her from the bungalow just after she had dealt herself 13 hearts.

Aside from the two residents, 501 rats and numerous dark insects vacated the basement and bedrooms and hurried to safety.

Buy Timbaktu

BEGIN WINGS OF THE NORTH IN TODAY'S GAZETTE-POST-TRIBUNE-TIMES-WORLD



A Smashing, Gripping Serial by Pfyodersky Michnickkoff

Scene—A shack.

The story opens on a wintry blang day (blank because there was no date on the calendar—Feb. 31.)

The villain, Teakwood Flint, a hard character, enters on the scene. Knock, Knock, (he knocks on the door).

Little Nell comes to the door. Teakwood Flint brushes her aside and sweeps the room with a glance. Little Nell bristles and casts her eyes about.

"So you can't pay the mortgage?—Well, I guess I'll have to take your grandma," cries the villain.

"Oh, don't take my grandma," responds Little Nell, as she deftly picks her teeth with a fork.

Just then there was a sound, Knock, Knock—(someone knocked on the door).

"Who's there?" grated Teakwood Flint very elastically. (He had just got through doing a long stretch).

"It's my father" squealed Little Nell, bouncing up and down on her rubber soles.

"What do you want?" snarls the villain.

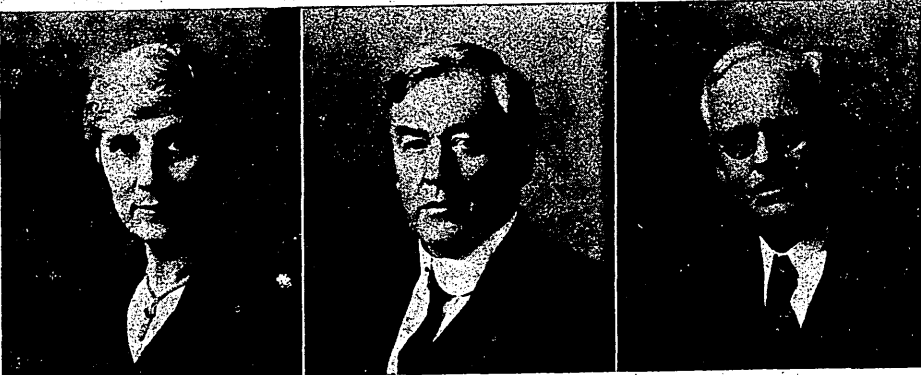
"I have come to pay the mortgage," cries the father.

"Well, I guess I will be going, then," says Teakwood.

Grandma's voice in the distance—"Hey, aren't you going to take me along?—I'll sue you for this, you dog!"

(Not to be continued)

Control Board of International Wiget Association Holds Special Meeting at Municipal Dock; Unusual Program Features Brilliant Instrumental Duet and Vocal Solo



PORTHOS

ATHOS

D'ARAMIS

Due to the death of Fred Cady, the world's largest manufacturer of overhead and underground aerial widgets, the board of directors consisting of Sara Schlink, Benito Bippy, Gertie Ganoo, Elmer Deloo, and Ezra P. Neglup, held a special meeting this morning down at the municipal dock.

This was one of the best conferences of the year according to Mr. Deloo of the traffic department and more business was transacted than expected. In fact, arrangements were made for the hiring of several new artists for the art factory.

A very unique program was held, in which that charming Mrs. Dirty—I mean Gertie—Ganoo rendered a vocal solo: "Locked in the Stable with the Sheep" by old Scotch. She was accompanied by Miss Hester Hey of the office force. Elmer Deloo and Ezra Neglup played a bass horn piccolo duet. It is surprising how rapidly Mr. Neglup has advanced in his music. It has been scarcely two months since he first took up the bass horn but then he clipped a coupon from the Moonrise Weekly and has been studying with the Hooey and Blooey Correspondence schools

of Everett ever since.

Shortly after this splendid program, iced tea and pretzels were served and the members of the board discussed the possibility of buying a coffin for Fred Cady, deceased. It was decided finally that such an important member of the firm certainly deserved a very elaborate funeral.

A committee was appointed to confer with the Hobo Max Mortuary for arrangements.

Several other committees were appointed to plan for the International Widget Convention which is held here in Bellingham the first week in August of 1933. It is expected that at least two million representatives from all over the world will attend this large affair. Plans are being made which would give Ghandi the key to the city, a can of red paint, and a ten-bristle brush.

An attempt was made to get the Sol Duc taken off its usual run during the convention week, and have it ply from here, to Canada for the convenience of the delegates to this gigantic widget convention. The committee also drew up a resolution

that all would attempt to aid in getting the Sol Duc for that week.

A resolution for a national holiday in honor of our departed Fred Cady was drawn up and will be sent to President Hoosevelt.

Buy Burmese

DO YOU WANT \$976,842.00?

?

(Continued from Page One)

a small cavity in Mr. Hand's throat just before the starting gun.

Sam Inskull is taking care of the reward money in Athens. In today's paper Sleigha Hand had given five collar buttons and two stage-money bills to Mr. Inskull for his contribution toward the reward.

A "KERNEL" MOSELEY TREAT IS MIGHTY NEAT

Come See!—

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New Sweaters \$1.95 and \$1.25

New Skirts \$2.95

at WAHL'S

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The Danger Line

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Whatcom County Dairymen's Association

Phone 314

NATIONAL WIDGET WEEK CELEBRATED ANNO DOMINO 1492

Nation-wide Widget Sale to be Feature of Celebration Who-Cares

Great preparations have been made in the last two weeks for the greatest event of the year, the celebration of "National Widget Week," from February 32 to 37. During the week parades, free movies, free taxis, free street cars, free ice-cream and free candy will feature the programs.

The celebration will begin Monday night with the big parade led by Mr and Mrs. Widget and all the little Widgets. Large crowds are expected, to see little Johnny Widget do his tight-rope walking stunt during the parade.

Follies to Perform

Tuesday night, under the direction of Sam Rooster president of the Widget Comapny the people will be treated to a play put on by the "Widget Follies of 1933."

Wednesday and Thursday will be devoted to games and shows to which every one will be admitted free through the courtesy of the Widgets. Friday and Saturday will be declared national holidays and no one will work. A big parade will wind up the celebration Saturday night.

This is the first annual celebration of the "Overhead Underground Aerial Widget Company." It's been in business for one year.

LETTERS to the GREATEST MAN on EARTH

DEAR EDITOR: The Gazette-Post-Tribune - Times-World.

I'm going to bring suit against your paper to shorten it's name. My son, age 6, who stutters, grew up to be nineteen years old before he could tell us the name of the paper in which he read an article.

Love Papa, Podunk, Arizona. Buy Gallase

Dear Editor: The Gazette-Post-Tribune - Times-World.

My attention has been called to the birth of a son and I wish you would publish the announcement in your column.

Sincerely a Mother, Sumas Idaho. Buy Czechoslovakia

Dear Editor: The Gazette-Post-Tribune - Times-World.

I am notifying you that I am quitting your paper. I have been a subscriber for the last 39 years, in fact ever since your first issue came out in 1927. When a paper makes a gross error such as printing the name of my mother-in-law, Mrs. T. J. Gazon instead of Mrs. J. T. Gazon, I feel it is time for the citizens to rebel.

Joe Squish, Kalamazoo China.

OBITUARIES

FITCHETBOTTOM, Horace Y., passed peacefully away at St. James Infirmary last night at 13 seconds past 12 o'clock Western Standard Time, (when you hear the musical note.) Doctors today confirmed the report that Mr. Fitchetbottom swallowed a widget while preparing it for the noonday meal.

PYORSKYDROUMFOSKY, BY-ormfitchaliknoff, I., kicked the bucket last night. Mr. P— formerly worked for the Widget Manufacturing Co., but was let out because of the depression. Yesterday, while on his daily bumming tour, he was asked his name by a lady at her

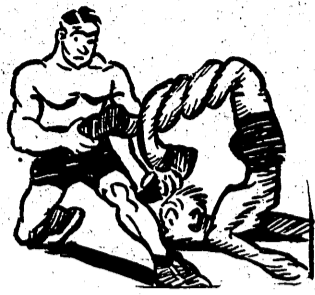
back door. Afflicted with a slight case of stuttering, Byormfitchariknoff starved to death on the last syllable.

MACARONI, Curley, chronological age 60, mental age, 16. Scotch, grave-digger is resting at Sunnyside mortuary. Macaroni died in a local restaurant while attempting to inhale a bowl of spaghetti. He was trying to make an appointment, and Spaghetti, I mean Macaroni, with only six yards to go, made a three-yard dash but was downed on the goal line and hurled to the ground, where a fractured skull proved fatal.

Yes Sir!

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- Farmer's Meat Market**
2329 WILLIAMS STREET PHONE 786
- Empire Stores, Inc.**
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- Puget Sound Bottling Co.**
818 11th STREET PHONE 535
- Howard Mills**
1511 CORNWALL AVENUE PHONE 421
- Leopold Hotel**
"HAVE YOUR PARTIES HERE"
- Bellingham Bay Improvement Co.**
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- Washington Market**
1111 Harris PHONE 463
- B. B. Furniture Co.**
"Everything to Furnish Your Home"
- Bellingham Candy Co.**
1215 E. R. PHONE 172
- Wahl's Department Store**
Owl Pharmacy
HOLLY AT CORNWALL PHONE 723
- Harrington's Coffee Shop**
OPPOSITE POST OFFICE
- Student's Co-op**
- Whatcom County Dairymen's Assn.**
DARIGOLD PRODUCTS
- Mell's Sandwich Shop**
NEXT TO MT. BAKER THEATER
- J. P. Woll**
OPTOMETRIST

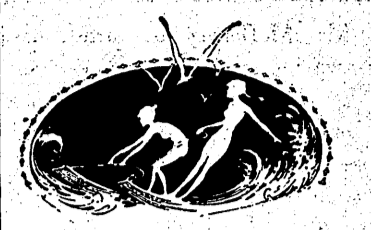
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Bellingham, Wash.
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BLUE CROSS — A Standard grade of toilet tissue. Unbleached Selling at 5 rolls for 25c . . . a better value than any other tissue at the same price.
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COPS IGNORE CRIME WAVE

Mr. McBeaver, our artist, has drawn for us a picture representing very well the present crime situation in our large American cities. Why does Mr. McBeaver take such an interest in the crime situation?

Mr. McBeaver doesn't give two whoops about the crime situation. Mr. McBeaver is only interested in the weekly salary he gets from the International Bicentennial Amalgamated News Syndicate Service.

But, getting back to the crime situation. Do our police care about the murder of an entire family from a small town? Do the forces of law and order mind the annihilation of the president of such a firm as the Widget Mfg. Company, Inc.?

No, they do not. All they care about is a game of pinocle with the boys in the back room of the station.

Why are we interested, as a member of the International Bicentennial Amalgamated News syndicate in the murder of the family of the Widget Mfg. Company, Inc.? Or are we?

We are. We as a member of the International Bicentennial Amalgamated News Syndicate, have always been first and foremost in crusades for everything from split skirts for feminine horseback riders to full dinner pails for the tired business man.

And now we crusade against crime. This thing has been going on too long. The police have too long been ignoring the growing cancer in our side. We, as whole-hearted Americans, feel that we MUST get at the root of the thing.

WE HAVE IT! It is the foreign element in our fair city. It is the sons of Italy (the sons of guns) who are corrupting the morals of our cities with their speakeasies and blind pigs and pink elephants.

DO WE WANT THESE EXTRA-TERRITORIALS TO COME HERE TO FEED US RUM AND BAD MOONSHINE AND GIN? DO WE WANT OUR CHILDREN TO RUN WITH THE DARK SKINNED BABIES OF THE SOUTHERN EUROPEANS? DO WE WANT THEIR LIQUOR IN OUR HOMES?

No, we don't! We want our law-breaking done fairly and squarely. We stand for democracy and for high tariffs and for lots and lots of things!

Speaking of high tariffs, what has Congress done to relieve the working man of the burden of life, an attempt at life, on low wages paid to him by the moguls of big business? How can the moguls of big business help it if foreign commodities manufactured by European workers paid next to nothing are sold in American drug stores at prices far less than he can afford to sell for and keep his wages up?

What can we do about this, as citizens of the commonwealth and regular subscribers to a paper that is a member of the International Bicentennial Amalgamated News Syndicate service? What may we do to relieve the honest American

worker of his burden? There are only two answers. Check the one preferred and send to His Excellency, The Superintendent of Distribution of Public Garbage, Bureau of Sanitary Service, Washwashwick, Ill.

- a. Technocracy
- b. Technocracy
- c. BUY AMERICAN!

Do you want American made products made in America by American labor from American materials? Do you want honest construction, honest distribution, and honest advertising?

TRY AND GET IT!

To get back to the crime situation. We don't mind a few killings as long as it stays in the family, but when the members of one family kill the entire personnel of another family, a rich family at that, something must be done about it. What do we know? Maybe we will have the same situation as there was in Kentucky up until the war came along to settle all difficulties.

Speaking of the war debts, are we going to let the nations of the world make us pay the piper and pay—and pay—and pay for the whole war? Are we going to stand back and let them have all the fun of a nice big war without joining it until the last minute, and then pay for the whole kaboodle? Are we to let the shrewd diplomats of Europe tell us that they fought with soldiers while we fought with money? Are we going to let the brave boys of the A. E. F. stand at home without a bone or a bonus to chew on while we blithely say to Europe, "Go ahead, you can have all the old bills we were going to collect from you. We were only funning about the payment!"? Are we? NO, WE ARE NOT! NOT AS LONG AS THERE IS ONE WRITER OF EDITORIALS ON THE STAFF OF THE INTERNATIONAL BICENTENNIAL NEWS SYNDICATE SERVICE WHO IS ABLE TO DRAW BREATH! And think how it would lower our taxes!

NO! THERE WILL BE NO LET-UP. TO THE LAST MAN THE EMPLOYEES OF THE INTERNATIONAL BICENTENNIAL AMALGAMATED NEWS SERVICE SYNDICATE ARE CHAMPIONS OF THE RIGHTS OF THE PEOPLE! WE ARE GLAD AND PROUD. EACH ONE OF US

TO BE CITIZENS OF THIS GREAT NATION OF OURS. WE WILL NOT SEE ITS STANDARD SO LONG RAISED ON HIGH SULLIED BY THE WILES OF CLEVER FOREIGN DIPLOMATS! WE WILL LIVE AND DIE FOR THE FLAG! THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE FOREVER! HOO-RAAAAAAY!

But to get back to the crime situation. We cannot let the lives of our citizens and their children be endangered by the bullets of gangsters. We cannot permit ten murders (the Lady episode, found in chapter four, and several others; see next week's issue) to occur on the same night. We must insist on their being spread out over a period of time. So many bullets in the air at the same time, and the first thing we know we will have a shortage of lead. WHAT WOULD WE DO THEN TO LOAD THE ENDS OF OUR BILLIARD CUES?

A word about shortages. What we need is shortages. There is too much of everything. There is nothing that will relieve oversupply so much as two or three good healthy shortages. That and only that, is the way to end the depression. In the meantime we must all do our bit to feed the jobless and the hungry.

Are you getting more pay than you need? Why don't you send us a check to go to the Unemployed Editor's Fund? Did you know that there are 976,93 editors out of work in each and every state in the union? Did you know that if laid end to end they would all shout in unison, "I have always done as I have seen best to aid and defend the common man and I would like to write a book!" Did you? You didn't, did you! You may think Mr. Tchecknivacrachnikoff, head

statistician of the statistics bureau of the International Bicentennial Amalgamated News Syndicate service for those figures. Thank you, Mr. Tchecknivacrachnikoff!

Speaking of statistics; they show us that 1,638 stenographers out of every five buy their own stockings. There is some hope for American self-respect yet!

But back to the crime situation. Mr. McBeaver has drawn us a fine picture of the situation as it exists today. More and more the meshes of organized crime are drawing tight around the pulse of our city. Theivery, robbery and murder, the three demons of the metropolis, are already attacking Justice. And is Justice blind? Does she see what the dirty bums are up to? She does not, and John Law lies in the corner in an alcoholic stupor!

We, the Gazette-Post-Tribune - Times - World take it upon ourselves as honest, fearless leaders in this fight for the supremacy of law and order and 4% beer to inform the unseeing lady of the ghastly fate that awaits her at the hands of the three dastards who are even now about to attack.

AWAKE, JUSTICE! LIB-

ERTY, ROUSE! SNAP OUT OF IT, JOHN LAW! THIS NATION SHALL NOT PERISH FROM THE EARTH AS LONG AS THERE IS A BICENTENNIAL AMALGAMATED NEWS SYNDICATE TO KEEP IT FROM DOING SO! COME, CITIZENS, DO YOUR PART—AND YOURS—AND YOURS TO QUELL THE WAVE OF CRIME AND DEGRADATION THAT IS SWEEPING THE BEAUTIFUL FACE OF THIS WESTERN PORTION OF THE WORLD!

This beautiful land of ours! O, how cruel it would be to deface it with heinous crimes and bill boards. Lets keep the highways of our country clean and attractive. Let us protest, to the last man in all the millions here, against the slander against nature found in the countless cigarette, chewing gum and Sixteen Star, Malt, advertisements found along the road; the open road, that is no longer open. How can we enjoy the vistas once to be seen so readily by the tourist, if immediately on the left is a sign, "Dance and Dine at Dippy Dan's. Free oil check, free air, free water, frte napkins, towels and toothpicks."

Millions are spent annually on the upkeep of beautiful thoroughfares throughout the United States. Smooth, hard-surfaced roads interlaced from the stony shores of the Atlantic to the gentle, rolling waves of the Pacific. And for what? So that we can see signs urging us to buy "Nertzly Peanuts, the Chocolate Covered Bits of Sunshine".

No, citizens, anything but that! What we want is scenery to look at while we drive off embankments, thus doing our bit to create jobs for unemployed ditch diggers!

Someday they'll be sorry, for the International Bicentennial Amalgamated News Syndicate is on their trail! We will get the lice who dirty up our highways with their billboards, just you wait and see! The imperialism of big business is due for a fall! The International Bicentennial Amalgamated News Syndicate service never fails to get its man.

As for imperialism. We must watch the movements of a certain Asiatic power carefully. They will be out after our blood next. What they want is the Island possessions of the United States in Pacific waters. And what will the American sugar manufacturers say to that? What do we want with Island possessions in the Pacific? Why do we admit their products into the States duty-free?

BECAUSE A FEW OF THE BIG SHOTS DOWN IN WALL STREET WANT TO MAKE LOTS A DOUGH ON THEIR FILTHY SUGAR FARMS ON THEM THERE ISLANDS! THAT'S WHY. DO THEY CARE ABOUT THE SMALL AMERICAN SUGAR GROWER? DO THEY CARE WHETHER AMERICAN COOKIES ARE SUGARED WITH GOOD, HONEST, AMERICAN SUGAR GROWN ON AN ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC? NO! ALL THEY CARE ABOUT IS THE GRAND SLAM THEY MADE IN BRIDGE LAST NIGHT! (I made a grand slam last night, too, that's why I feel so good today—EDITOR) IS THAT JUSTICE TO THE HONEST AMERICAN FARMER? IS THAT JUSTICE TO THE AMERICAN SUGAR-COOKIE EATER?

But the crime situation, the crime situation. We must face the facts on this issue. It is not an issue to be met by crooked politicians and political grafters. It is an issue to be met squarely by the straightforward citizenry who subscribe to papers who are members of the International Bicentennial Amalgamated News Syndicate service.

So subscribe to the Gazette-Post-Tribune-Times-World and join in the fight against crime. Hop on the band wagon. (20c per month, \$9.00 the year).

Justice at the hands of Crime



New Yoik Day by Day by Day

By Ho-Ho MacIntodd

DIARY OF A MODERN PEPYS: Up early. Methinks the Spring has sprung by the hay-like smell of the flowers on my wife's new Easter bonnet. Poor wretch, 'tis a shame that women have such little taste for head-gear.

Twiddled around the house, scanning through piles of un-answered correspondence. Came upon a letter from Anny Harrington, boyhood sweetheart in the home town of Plinksburg, Indian. Ha—glad to see that Anny still loves me!

Came a cablegram from Duc dees Grace in London. Wouldn't it be a great thin to flit around like a duke? Twoodle-de-dool! And came later a flash from Hollywood and my good friend Tallulah Bankhead, who, I think is the one beautiful brunette in cinema.

Upon my wife's arising, did get thorough-going rebuke for the dismal de-arrangement of my wardrobe in the clothes closet. Hung my tail and crawled into a corner, all the while feigning hurt sadness. Did let my wife, poor wretch, make gridle cakes from French corn grain for breakfast, to soothe my feelings. Women are such dumb creatures.

Tonight I attended a theatre party with the Earnest Hutchinfields, the Chauncey Butterfords and Nathaniel Albert Granningshime III. After hasty consultation we decided to put in an appearance at Channing's show-house to see Maude Hampson, Broadway's latest actress-success, in "The Sophisticated Woman."

The play centers around Miss Hampson, a beautiful doll with big,

brown eyes. It is the day of her marriage to a wealthy steel baron and her maid is helping her into the bridal costume, when the door bell rings and the butler brings in the card of a Mr. Ritchfield Hoosenburg, who incidentally, is her third husband, coming to get paid up on his back alimony. Just as he is shown into the room, the groom enters. Wicker chairs and grand pianos fly! The curtain falls. What a play, folks! What a play!

Afterwards, did go up town to the Harlem district where we quaffed tomato juice at "Black Town's" newest night club. Was surprised to see Ruth Carlton, the retired spinstress-actress, at an adjoining table.

It is indeed miraculous to see how the early-morning crowd floods north to the black man's hangout,

after the theatre. The club proprietors have resorted to ingenuity in billing novelty performers who have an appeal that is noticeably lacking in the down town resorts.

Only tonight, the manager informed me that his star crooner was procured from the jungles of darkest Africa where she got her practice by yelling danger signals to the husbands of the tribe, when they were on head-hunting expeditions.

Did arrive at the apartment just as the brilliant red rays of a morning sun were sparkling on the highest pinnacle of the Empire State building.

Note from an Arkansas weekly: "MacIntodd says he has a pain in the back—must be getting old." Yes, Jacob, just old enough to gout-about. Ha! Ha!