

By NICK NICHOLS

PURE

Put a the nation's beverage everyone from the youngest to the oldest... Its delicious taste... its healthfulness go together to make it the best of all.

For a Pure Healthful Beverage — Drink Milk

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PUZZLE CORNER

This week's first puzzle is a picture word square. It's not very hard, and you experienced puzzlers should be able to breeze right through it.



Our word diamond is built around PUZZLES. The second line is a picture of the third is a word of ten letters, and the sixth is a word of four letters.

THE ADVENTURES OF PETER PEN



FIRST PALACE

Hurrah! We have passed all the tests of courage—"Into the Cannon," "The House of Spears" and "The Melting Pot." And now we are up to the First Palace.

As we enter, the curtains are drawn back and we see a long hall. There is the smell of incense and the room is hung with many lanterns. On one side of the room soldiers are lined up at attention.

In the far end of the room, under a great canopy, sits a strange-looking man in a long, flowing robe. He looks at us as a long time, eyeing each of us carefully. Pointing to Hans, he speaks: "The one with the unbrushed hair, come forward!"

Hans, his heart going like a tri-hammer, steps forward. The old man speaks again: "My son with the spotted coat, come forward." Hans, who had been looking at the old man with a mixture of awe and fear, steps forward. "What does he want?"

The Spoils of the Angel

A SHORT STORY

By MICHAEL LINDEN

It was Christmas Eve and a cold December wind hit Officer Jerry Conboy as he swung from a Cable-street car at the ferry loop and headed for that part of San Francisco which is South of Market and fringes the Embarcadero.

The rumble of heavy trucks was carried sharply along the pier by the wind which also carried the sound of the hoarse voices of the boss stevedores as they maneuvered their men about the docks. And yet, in spite of all the drabness and dinginess of the place, an intangible something which happens to all Christmas places on a year was in the air the peculiarity of the Christmas season. The meanest lodging house was aglow with Christmas berries, their stems redness marking a floating "is" of splendor in the drabness.

These were familiar sights and sounds to Jerry Conboy himself a son of "South of Market." So was the feel of the Christmas tide. It recalled his boyhood shanty.

As he passed Howard Street a newsboy sang his afternoon wares. "Forty thousand dollar robbery," "Extra! Extra!" "Slug Conboy refusing the paper," "Smile! He knew that the police trap net" consisted of that member of Officer Jack Whelan of his uptown station, and himself.

Had Been Kept Secret

But the news of the Upton robbery was out. That was of interest and importance. For eighteen years the Central Office and newsboy had been keeping it from the wide wings of the newspaper world. Now the difficulties that were the force were augmented by the additional labor that is always attendant when the sapient newspaper men and the host of smart detectives start sifting in the deluge of false tips and meaning less clues.

It was a neat job neatly done. This theft of \$40,000 worth of valuables from the Upton No. 20 downtown terminal in the estimation of Jerry Conboy of the Central Office had done this job. Yet, no section of the city could they afford to overlook.

Officer Conboy's instructions were to work the reports along Polson Street first. He knew these points well. This son of Dan Conboy who for 30 years had been a boss stevedore along the docks. The resort keepers respected Dan's son for many a legitimate kindness he had done them during his five years of patrol work on the city front. Since then his duties at the Central Office had brought him among them frequently. Friends they were to him and friend he was to them. If the quarry was in that lead the Central Office could have picked no better huntsman to bring it in.

Officer Conboy's method of investigation was illustrated when he made his first pass along the Embarcadero below the headquarters of the Riggers and Stevedores Union. A dozen husky gangsters were lined up against the bar partaking of sandwiches and foaming fluid under the Christmas berries showing here and there about the place.

Begins His Rounds

Steve Donovan, yet in his fifties, had saved enough from 30 years slaving on the Pacific Mail docks to buy an interest in that place. Steve was in charge now, and he needed no summons when Officer Conboy took a place well toward the rear of the bar, out of earshot of the customers.

"Well, Mister—what can I do for you?" asked Donovan with a knowing wink.

Officer Conboy spoke in a low voice. "There's been a bad job done, Steve," he said. "Stanley Upton, same was robbed last night. Forty thousand worth of valuable stuff gone. Nobody hurt, the watchman was dragged. It's a mess. You know how the Upton stand about town. Have you heard anything or seen anybody?"

"There hasn't been a soul around here who could have done it," Donovan replied earnestly. "I tell you, Jerry, my boy. You know I would. And then in a louder tone he added, "Have something?"

Officer Conboy was satisfied. He declined the refreshment and swung out into the street.

Many Interviews

There were similar interviews in the next half-dozen resorts, but no results. The waterfront was honestly surprised and unknowing. That was as Officer Conboy had expected.

It was in no hopeful mood, therefore that the officer found himself in the neighborhood of Stuart and Polson. The turn which he made to the left was almost mechanical. So deep was he in thought that he was hardly aware of the name of that side street into which he turned. It might have

The Spoils of the Angel

A SHORT STORY

By MICHAEL LINDEN

ance and a change of life. At the end of a spiritual discourse as eloquent as ever preached from a Cathedral pulpit, he conquered. The words went home. The perturbed young soul was won.

"All right," said young George Moore. "I'll go."

"Come on, then," exclaimed Jerry as they moved out of the shadows in which they had stopped, and turned toward the church.

"Wait a minute," came the reply. "I can't tell my mother I'm sick. I've got to go home."

But before they had taken more than a few steps a sharp whistle pierced the air. The two lads turned. It was "Slug" Hansen, George Moore's Tunc again resumed its perturbed look.

"Where you going, George?" asked "Slug" Hansen as he joined the two lads but never deigned to notice Jerry Conboy.

"I'm going to confession," "Confession," "Slug" Hansen sneered. "Seems to me you are always going to confession. You must be awful bad." "Slug" had a very rudimentary idea of the Sacrament of Penance, gained chiefly through his association with Catholic youth. His regard for priests and nuns, however, had been increased by the fact that he had often been befriended by them. When his mother was dying Sister Serena had often come to the sick shack where she lived and ministered to the woman in her last moments. A priest, too, had come once and he had talked to the boy long and seriously about Our Lord and the angels and the reward of the good. But that was now several years ago and evil associations had since ruined fair hopes.

"We all have to go," said George Moore. "Tomorrow's Christmas, you know."

"I don't have to go," answered "Slug" Hansen. "I guess you're no gooder than I am."

George Moore's face winced at this. "I'm going to the pool room to rack balls," he said. "Come on up, regeneration through true repentance."

"No, I can't go. What'll I tell my mother?"

"Say you got sick and had to come out of church. Tell her anything."

Voice Grows Fainter

Jerry Conboy moved toward the church. "Come on, George," he cried. "Come on."

"Wait a minute," came the reply. "I can't tell my mother I'm sick. I've got to go home."

And the young soul was again filled with doubts and misgivings as the power of grace waned within it.

"I can't tell my mother I'm sick," he pleaded with the obdurate "Slug." "I can't tell her a lie."

"Well, get sick. I'll give you a Durham. That'll make you sick. You know how it did last week."

"Come on, George," Jerry Conboy's voice was fainter as he made example his final argument and proceeded toward the church. "I'm going to confession."

He did not know it, but on Christmas Eve in 1937, a soul caught in the meshes of the world-old struggle that Magdalen and Augustine had won. But the soul of George Moore had lost.

(Continued on Page 7)

RIDDLES

The Riddle Man wants to see all the boys and girls who have been sending him riddles. He'll be glad to see them and will give them a prize for their best riddle.

1. Did you ever hear the story of the boy who was afraid of the dark? What's a good thing to do when you're afraid of the dark?
2. What's the best way to get strawberries? Ruth Schmitt.
3. What do you do when you want a drink in the night? Hudson.

CORRECTION

Willie: There was a bridge over the house last night. Teacher: And what did your father do under those circumstances? He was under the bed.

ALL ABOUT CATS

A grammar school boy has written the following composition on cats. Write that are missing for boys to mail. Name and address on envelope. Be sure to include the name of the school and the name of the teacher.

MEANFUL NUMBER

Teacher: "What did you do in your vacation?" Student: "I went to the beach and riding in a boat."

PALACE

NOW PLAYING

Carole LOMBARD
Fred MAC MURRAY
John BARRY MORE
"TRUE CONFESSION"
Hugh HERBERT
"THE OCTOPUS"

LENTURY

NOW PLAYING

Miriam HOPKINS
Ray MILLAND
"WISE GIRL"
CHARLIE CHAN
MONTE CARLO
WARNER BROS.

TEMPLE

STARTS SATURDAY

SHE LOVED A FIREMAN
ZANE GIBBS
THUNDER TRAIL
Chas. Bickford

REGENT

NOW PLAYING

ALICE FAYE
KEN MURRAY
AND OSWALD
"YOU'RE A SWEETHEART"
BUILDING "DRIMMOND REVENGE"

CAPITOL

NOW—TWO HITS
ALL SEATS 12c to 6c

"SUBMARINE D-1"
PAT O'BRIEN
GEORGE BRENT
BLOSSOMS ON BROADWAY
SHIRLEY HORN

Always A Great Show at Schunes!

RIVIERA-DIXIE LIBERTY-STATE

SUN. THRU TUES. "DOUBLE WEDDING"
SUN. THRU TUES. "DEAD END"
SUN. THRU TUES. "45 FATHERS"
WED. THRU MON. "CAMEO"
WED. THRU MON. "LAKE"
WED. THRU MON. "GRAND"

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30

THE DEFINITION

HORIZONTAL

- 1 To decorate
- 2 Burial vault
- 3 Serious
- 4 Wet
- 5 Annoy, irritate
- 6 Steamship (Abbr.)
- 7 Price
- 8 Dismantled
- 9 Musical note
- 10 The smallest state (Abbr.)
- 11 Wise man
- 12 Places
- 13 Paid (Abbr.)
- 14 Diversion of a drama
- 15 Exclamation
- 16 Kind of flower
- 17 Nearest
- 18 An insect that stings

VERTICAL

- 1 Extensive trip
- 2 Lists
- 3 To change location
- 4 Theme, subject
- 5 Used with "either"
- 6 Foundation
- 7 Lust
- 8 Vegetable dish
- 9 Strike
- 10 A children's game
- 11 Part of verb "to be"
- 12 To cancel over
- 13 Where the sun rises
- 14 To haul slowly
- 15 A merchant's establishment
- 16 Court (Abbr.)
- 17 Chopping tool
- 18 The sun god

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

- 1 The explorers are Byrd, Peary, Clark and DeBiar.
- 2 FINE
- 3 LAND - tend - lead - less - SEAS
- 4 Cold, over, Len's, and dram.
- 5 How, how
- 6 BULLY (a) (b) (c)
- 7 Crossword Puzzle Solution.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

P	M	A	V	A	Z	M	
U	P	O	N	M	O	S	E
M	A	D	A	Y	T	O	
A	R	T	R	A	G	E	
B	A	G	G	A	G	E	
F	O	R	G	A	T	S	
A	L	S	O	E	C	H	
A	L	S	O	E	C	H	
G	S	P	I	R	E	W	

INDUSTRY AND THRIFT ARE THE FOUNDATIONS OF PROSPERITY

213th Semi-Annual Statement

January 1, 1938

ASSETS	
Loans secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate situated in Rochester and vicinity	\$34,818,561.42
Loans secured by pledge of Depositors' bank books and Bonds legal for Savings Banks	56,188.40
United States Bonds	14,018,889.92
State, City and Municipal Bonds	1,821,617.65
Railroad Bonds	6,187,484.48
Public Utility Bonds	1,328,680.00
Investment in Savings Banks Trust Company and in Institutional Securities Corporation	428,150.00
Bank Buildings	1,869,351.38
Other Real Estate owned by the Bank	2,889,911.60
Interest now due and accrued on Loans and Investments	680,837.84
Other Assets	874,480.82
Cash in our vaults and on deposit in other banks	3,250,093.33
	\$67,855,457.03
LIABILITIES	
Due Depositors	58,048,300.77
Interest earned on the above deposits since the last dividend	96,800.00
Other Liabilities	86,961.65
Amount reserved for Taxes	266,203.74
This leaves a SURPLUS (Investment Value) of	9,357,190.87
	\$67,855,457.03

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