

## DIVORCE ASKED

For Aid In Politics.

Ohio Senate Group Urges Quiz For Pension Division With Stress On Policies.

Columbus, Ohio, June 30—(AP)—Removal of aid-for-aged administration from politics was urged today by a Senate sub-committee report, which proposed an immediate investigation of the division.

The group asked the Senate Re-education Committee to take up immediately its suggestions "to protect the taxpayers of Ohio, as well as the recipients of pensions."

A bipartisan board to handle the \$30,000,000 yearly paid to 100,000 aged Ohioans was recommended.

The regular session of the General Assembly approved legislation which virtually centralized control of aid for aged in the State Welfare Department.

Henry J. Berroddin, State Old-Age Pension Administrator, declined comment on the recommendations "until I've had an opportunity to examine them thoroughly."

Methods of appropriating funds for pensions were criticized by Senator John Taylor, Democrat, of Cincinnati, committee Vice Chairman.

"This committee should investigate the advisability of adopting a policy of appropriating only the money which is on hand, instead of the present policy of appropriating in anticipation—a policy inconsistent with our social security and unemployment insurance laws," Taylor said.

An investigation of pension grants to persons who do not deserve them; a survey to determine the advisability of establishing a trust fund from which pensions would be paid; a retraining program and legislation to prevent excessive orders for blanket increases in pensions, were among other committee recommendations.

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## YES GIRL

By LOUISE HOLMES

begin here: Linda Shayne meets Nick Corbin on the lake at Northern Pine Lodge. She is a youthful interior decorator, single. He is an architect, married to the adorably beautiful but unattractive Mildred Corbin. Late the night of Nick's and Linda's meeting, Nick, returning home, sees Mildred through a latched window in the arms of another man. Youthful Terry Raymond, with whom Mildred recently has held secret rendezvous, also is staring through the window. Linda clenched in anger. When Nick enters the house Mildred is fully composed. But later, when the other man has fled, she is startled to see a strange new light in her husband's eyes. Nick leaves Mildred the next morning. En route to Chicago he encounters Linda, whose car is broken down, and while driving her into the city, is struck with her simplicity. He tells her, fondly of his five-year-old son, Richie, and asks to bring the boy to see Linda. Mildred, meanwhile, spends the day in pursuit of Nick. Failing to find him, she opens a flirtation with a strange man. At a dinner party Linda meets Terry Raymond and his aunt, Stella Raymond. The former is latter with disappointment at Mildred Corbin's unfaithfulness—to him! Linda's letter informs Linda. To a friend she confides that Linda some day will be Mrs. Terry Raymond! Stella asks will Mrs. Terry Raymond do all she can. Nick Corbin drives to Linda's door the next day. Sunday, with Richie. Now go on with the story.

## CHAPTER 6

NICK and Linda chatted without effort. They discussed books and magazines and politics and screen stars. Nick asked Linda of her work and she grew flushed and excited telling him about it. She even showed him plans of her dream house, something she had never mentioned to anyone before. Nick spread the rough plan on the table and together they bent over it.

He was enthusiastic over it and made a few small suggestions. They forgot Richie until he came to stand beside Linda. She took his hand in hers while she finished a remark to Nick, then smiled down at him.

"I made sumpin'," he announced in a childish treble. Linda looked and exclaimed. On the floor stood an engine made of spoons and buttons.

She sat down beside it where she might more closely examine the masterpiece. Richie pointed out the details.

LIKES RICHIE.

"And what's this?" Linda asked. Interestingly, pointing to a fluffy golden ball above the improvised cowcatcher. "Wait—don't tell me—it's the headlight."

She laughed delightedly. "And this," touching a gray feather which floated backward from the topmost spoke, "is the smoke. Richie," she exclaimed, "it's simply perfect."

"You can 'love it,'" Richie said, pleased.

"Oh, Richie—really?" with appropriate gratitude.

Nick stood above them. Linda, looking up quickly, thought there was something pathetic about his mouth.

"It's wonderful, Mr. Corbin. This boy will go far. I never saw anything like it—"

Richie broke in. "Don't you like my daddy," he asked.

"Of course I do."

"Then why'n't you call him Nick?" Everybody that likes him calls him Nick.

"Well said, old man," Nick laughed.

"All right, I will," Linda agreed. "Sit down here, Nick, and look at your son's creation."

All three sat on the floor and marveled at the fine points of the engine. Suddenly Richie jumped up and ran for his package.

"I brought you a present," he said.

"When I told him yesterday that we were coming to see a girl he insisted on searching the 10-cent store for a gift. I hope you like it."

Nick laughed a little. "You see I always take him some little thing, so he associates calling with presents."

"And I love presents," Linda's golden head bent over the package. Richie beamed excitedly close and Nick filled his eyes with the picture.

SMALL GLOBE.

The gift turned out to be a small world globe, bright blue with countries spattered upon it.

"Lovely," Linda sighed rapturously.

"And here's where you sharpen your pencils," Richie pointed to the small round opening just below South America. His cheeks were scarlet, his eyes danced.

"Yes," it was a squeal of delight at her dumfounded belief.

"I must see," Nick provided the pencil and they held their respective breaths until the miracle had been accomplished.

"Didn't I tell you—didn't I tell you?" Richie was bursting with male pride at having sought to please the opposite sex and succeeded.

Linda drew him close to her side. She brushed his soft cheek with her lips and he snuggled his head against her.

"You darling," Linda pulled him into her lap.

Looking at them Nick thought, "It's like a dream come true, a dream I had almost forgotten."

Suddenly they all started. A flash of yellow light filled the room for an instant. It was followed by a low growl of thunder. Even as they watched the room grew dark.

"What's that noise?" Richie demanded, not moving from the shelter of Linda's arms.

"That's the wagon that brings the rain," she laughed. "Would you mind closing the window, Nick?" It was as if she belonged there, almost as if the three of them belonged together.

Nick's sensitive soul expanded with gratitude that he was allowed to close Linda Shayne's windows. It was more than gratitude, something he couldn't explain, a feeling of contentment and peace and an almost forgotten happiness.

The rain came in torrents, it wept down the window panes, the trees twisted and writhed.

Nick said, as the three of them watched the storm, "Looks like we'll take in a picture instead of the zoo, old man." Richie flattened his nose against the pane.

"I'm stayin' with Linda," he said. "She might want me to sharpen a pencil or sumpin'."

## JASPER

—By Frank Owen



"That's enough joy-riding now—hop back in the bowl and let's beat those eggs!"

made a mistake it isn't fair to blame the Lord. I'm sure He never intended the human race to close its eyes, throw up its hands and go off the deep end in the important matter of matrimony.

"If Mildred had turned out to be the girl you thought she was you would have felt very kindly toward nature's laws."

Nick nodded with a shame-faced grin. "Which satisfactorily proves my first point," he said. "I was 24 years old and in my right mind, and I made a fool of myself."

"Married a girl and then tried to make her over to fit my idea of what I thought she should be. After a thoughtful moment he asked, 'Ever been in love, Linda?'"

"Never to the point where I was past using my head."

"Then you know nothing about it. What will you do when some man sweeps you off your feet?"

"Perhaps I'm the cold, stony-hearted type," Linda found this putting of love on the table and dissecting it rather exciting.

"I doubt it. Some day nothing will matter but one man. You think of him every minute of the day and night. He will show you paradise one moment and break your heart the next."

"Oh, Nick—please—it sounds dreadful." She was half laughing. "Really I'd rather not."

Nick laughed confusedly. Evidently he too had been somewhat

drunk, Linda?" Richie asked interestedly.

"He said he didn't like pretty girls," Linda laughed.

"What made him say that?" Nick asked gruffly.

"I don't know," shrugging. "He apologized later."

"I've had a nice time," he said and kissed her. She held him close. "And will you come again?"

"Tomorrow," he said promptly. Nick carried a vision away with him, the old dream, the dream of every man. A tender loving woman with the freckles on her hair and his child in her arms.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.) (Copyright, '37, Register-Tribune Syndicate)

## MAN BACK IN JAIL

After Attempt To Sell Ring—Police Doubt Prisoner's Story.

Released from the Workhouse only Tuesday Carl Johnson, 29 years old, 435 Army Avenue, was back in jail again yesterday.

Detectives Adolph Mezger and William Wobbe, placed on the trail of Johnson after they heard he was trying to sell a \$10 Masonic ring, found him with a prospective customer at Post Square and Elm Street. Asked where he got the ring Johnson told the officers he found it in refuse at the Workhouse incinerator. He said a guard told him he could keep it. Mezger and Wobbe found this statement to be false.

Convinced the ring was stolen the detectives are trying to locate the owner. Meanwhile Johnson is detained.

VALUABLE WATCHES TAKEN Youth, 15, Is Turned Over To Juvenile Authorities.

A fifteen-year-old boy was turned over to juvenile authorities yesterday after confessing to Detective William Rathman that he stole two watches valued at \$115, and 32 cents last Sunday, from the home of Hughie Fisher, 263 Kilgour Street. Rathman suspected the boy after Fisher told him that he had gone fishing last Sunday and had used worms which he had hired the boy to dig. The boy told Rathman he sold the watches for 35 cents.

WOMAN HELD IN SLAYING. Municipal Judge William D. Alexander yesterday referred to the grand jury the case of Juanita Watson, 28 years old, Negro, 622 West Ninth Street, who is charged with murder in connection with the shooting of one of two men killed early Friday in a fight in the Harmon Inn, 656 West Sixth Street. The victims were Eugene Alderman, 31, Negro, 528 Clark Street, and William White, 41, Negro, 753 West Fifth Street. She said that she and White were struggling for a pistol when it discharged, wounding him fatally. She said she did not know how Alderman was killed.

## CHILD

Tells Officer "Daddy Is Going To Kill My Mother"—Armed Man Is Under Arrest.

Hurrying to the home of Mrs. Minnie Ruark, 1103 Spring Street, early yesterday after Mrs. Ruark's small son appeared half clad at Reading Road and Broadway and said that "my daddy is going to kill my mother," Patrolman John Rice found James Ruark, 44 years old, 1405 Race Street, in the hallway, armed with an automatic revolver.

Mrs. Ruark said that since separating from her husband two years ago, he has molested her, and on one occasion pointed a revolver at her. She said she refused to open the door for him when he appeared at her home early yesterday.

Ruark was charged with carrying concealed weapons and abuse of his family.

GIRL BITES POLICEMAN After Rampage At City Hall—Sent To Workhouse.

Margaret Williams, 19 years old, Negro, 423 Wade Street, who went on a rampage yesterday at City Hall, breaking a window and biting a policeman, was arraigned later before Municipal Judge William D. Alexander on charges of malicious destruction of property and disorderly conduct. She was sentenced to 13 days in the workhouse and fined \$13 and costs on the destruction charge, and fined the costs, suspended, on the disorderly conduct count.

The girl, who police said had been drinking, appeared at the Police Court Clerk's office for a warrant. Refused one because she did not have proper facts, she broke a \$10 window. Percy Craig, night clerk, called police.

After being taken to Central Station, she bit Patrolman Albert Hoff on the right hand.

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TWO THINGS

THE NEIGHBORS Should KNOW



Bonita: Will you please let in a poor bewilted wanderer who craves the cool serenity of your smile and your air conditioned room!



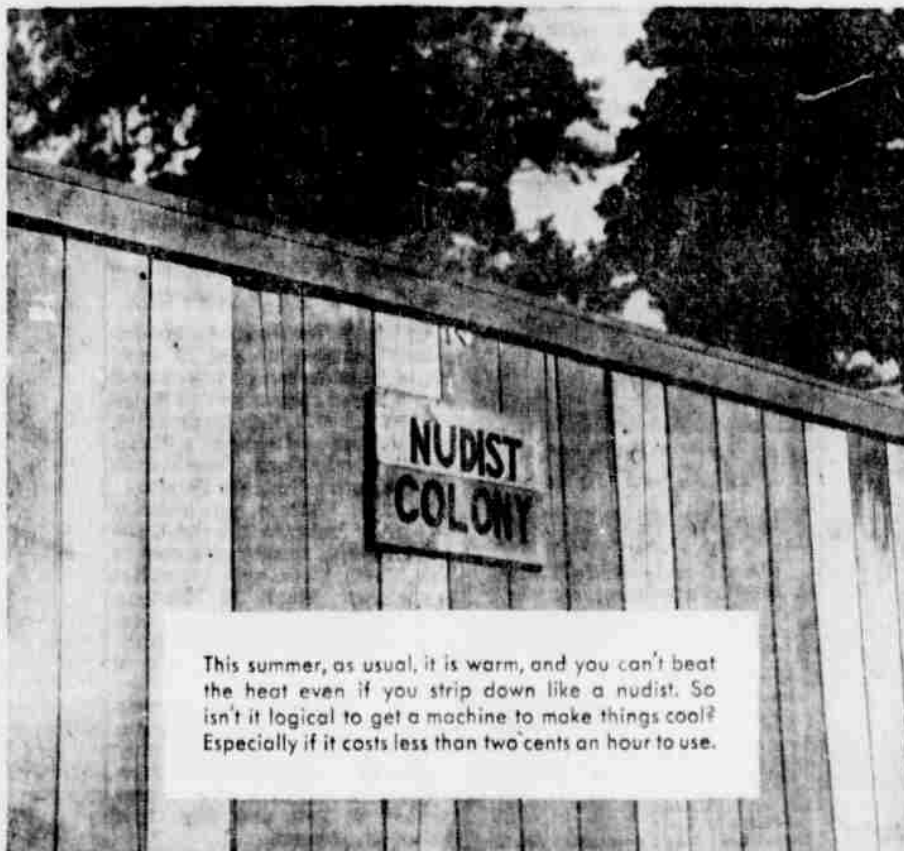
Bonita continues: This IS quite a dinkus! Honest to goodness, it's so hot over at my place that if I wasn't such a stylish stout I would have tried to crawl into the hydrator. Say, did you know that this extravagance of yours has provided a badly needed new topic for the whole neighborhood?



Madge: Well, as usual, there are a couple of things that the neighborhood doesn't know. One is that one of these air conditioning things costs a great deal less than you might think. Really less, I suppose, than Jim and I would have spent on that trip. This way, we will be comfortable all summer.



Now, Bonita, doesn't this make sense to you? Last winter, as usual, it was cold. What did you do? Certainly you didn't sit around the house bundled up in furs like an Eskimo. No, you started up a furnace which is really sort of a machine for making warmth.



This summer, as usual, it is warm, and you can't beat the heat even if you strip down like a nudist. So isn't it logical to get a machine to make things cool? Especially if it costs less than two cents an hour to use.

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