

Have Lunch or a Snack at
HOPKINS
48 N. Pennsylvania St.

ASPIRIN
AT
ITS **BEST**
ALWAYS DEMAND
St. Joseph
ASPIRIN

Eye Troubles

If eye trouble continually persists, don't wait! Consult your eye doctor. To relieve ordinary stoned, irritated, burning, itchy eyes, bathe them with VapoRub. 35 Years success. Praised by thousands. Money refunded if not delighted. Get VapoRub today. (Eye-cup included). At all druggists.

"GET SET FOR FALL"

WITH
WOOLS — CREPES — JERSEYS
AND CORDUROYS
SIZES 7 TO 24½

Girton's Dress Shop
40 West Ohio St.

FOR
SPECIAL 2nd FLOOR
APPOINT- TO
MENTS 6 P. M.

Tel. RI. 4281, 11 A. M. to 5 P. M. SAT.

Advertisement



Mrs. Margaret Blair, 1057 D, East Oregon St., Evansville, Ind., says her husband and three children keep her busy from morning 'till night. It wasn't too long ago that Mrs. Blair thought she had more work than she could handle—said she was tired and nervous all the time but today, thanks to RADACOL, her housework is like a breeze because her system was deficient in Vitamins B1, B2, Niacin, and Iron.

Here is Mrs. Blair's statement: "Before I started taking RADACOL I was nervous, underweight and had trouble sleeping. My food did not agree with me. Seemed like I was jumpy and irritable all the time. My back bothered me a lot and I couldn't sleep, and when I did doze off at night, I would wake up in the morning feeling like I hadn't had a drop of rest. My mother noticed how bad I looked and she suggested I take RADACOL. After I started taking RADACOL I began to notice a difference right away. Now I sleep well—my nerves are steady, my disposition is 100% better and I actually enjoy my food. Life certainly is wonderful—now that I am taking RADACOL.

Get the Wonderful RADACOL

Feeling Yes, do as thousands of other folks have done who have had trouble with indigestion, stomach disturbances (g. a. s., heartburn, sour "risings") after meals, as well as that general run-down condition, if your system lacks Vitamins B1, B2, Iron, and Niacin.

RADACOL is being recommended by many doctors. RADACOL is so amazingly successful because it acts directly to relieve the cause of your trouble when due to such deficiencies. That's the kind of product you want—the kind you should buy—the kind you should start taking immediately.

There Is Only One RADACOL. Don't go through life suffering such fleshly torture from your stomach, when relief may be as close at hand as your nearest druggist. Buy RADACOL today. Trial size bottle only \$1.25. Large family or hospital size, \$3.50. Refuse substitutes. There's only one true and genuine RADACOL.

Copyright 1950. The Leflans Corporation

People Named Smith—

If All the Gags and Wit
Directed at Clan Hit,
We'd Be Groggy as a Nit

Group Gets Its Name From Old English,
Where 'Smith' Was a Smooth Field

America's No. 1 humorist here tells the riotous story of America's No. 1 family—the Smiths. The author of "Low Man on a Totem Pole" and "We Went Thataway" has hit another high in this story about his "own folks." This is the second of six articles from the book, "People Named Smith," published this week by Doubleday & Co.

CHAPTER TWO
THE ORDEALS OF THE SMITHS
By H. ALLEN SMITH

People named Smith have always had to contend with certain annoyances because of the commonness of their name.

Every Smith has the usual story to tell of the smirking hotel clerk.

Another cliche involves the confusion attending the paging of a Mr. Smith in a public place. Far back in my youth I can remember seeing in a two-panel cartoon on this subject. In the first panel a bellboy stands in the center of a hotel lobby and is crying, "Paging Mr. Smith!" In the second panel he has disappeared beneath a great pile of struggling men.

The cough drop gambit has been with us for many decades. "Meet Mr. Smith," someone says, performing a routine introduction. "Trade or Mark" comes the inevitable question, with "I see you've shaved off your whiskers."

The Smiths themselves have a favorite cliché when it comes to discussing the origin of their name. I never knew a Smith who didn't at one time or another, spring it on me; and I, in turn, spring it on others. Here, in 1950, it pops up on an advertising postal card addressed to a John J. Smith in the Bronx. Printed on the back of the card is this message:

DEAR MR. SMITH:
A long time ago everyone was named Smith. As each committed a sin, he was compelled to take another name. Today only a few of us Smiths are left. See Roy C. Smith for your new Chester.

Among other fables dealing with the origin of our name is the one which says we are lineal descendants of Noah, by way of his eldest son Shem. The name went from Shem to Shem to Smith.

And a lady named Sara Payson Willis Parton who called herself Fanny Fern once wrote: "When Adam got tired of naming his numerous descendants he said, 'Let all the rest be called Smith.'

The most readable single volume dealing with the origin of personal names which I have encountered was published early in 1950 under the title, "The Story of Our Names."

It is the work of a Chicago lawyer who has spent more than 25 years studying onomatology, the science of names. And what do you suppose his name is? Smith. Elson C. Smith.

He explains that people did not begin acquiring surnames until about the year 1000 and that these names derived generally from four sources: Localities, occupations, fathers' names and descriptive or personal traits.

Smith is almost but not quite exclusively occupational in origin.

There are a few Smiths whose ancestors had nothing whatever to do with working in metals; their name derives from the fact that in Old England they lived near a smooth field, which was called a smooth field.

The famous Smithfield region of London, where knights of old slew one another in tournaments and where heretics were burned, got its name not from any member of our family, but from the fact that as a field it was smooth. Meaning not bumpy.

The occupational origin of the name Smith has always been obvious but there is a point which helps explain how the Smiths happened to become a multitude. Most people assume that a Smith is a "shoer of horses," a

Refreshed 28th
Returns to Drills3d Week of Pre-Cycle
Training Begins

By MARION CRANEY
Times Staff Writer

CAMP ATTERTON, Oct. 2—Fresh from a week-end crammed with first pay since activation and half-day passes to neighboring Hoosier towns, GIs of the 28th Division returned to training.

Only noticeable change about the camp during the last week was the gradual increase in WACs in on-the-job training, which is similar to regular Army basic training. After six weeks of pre-battle instruction, the division will swing into combat tactics.

Included in the daily routine are after-dinner exercise and games and films on military lore. Although no overnight passes are being issued, except in emergency, a 10th of the division is allowed out one week-night each. Another 40 per cent is granted weekend passes—20 per cent on Saturday and Sunday each.

Soldiers of the 28th Division today settled down to their third week of pre-cycle training, which is similar to regular Army basic training. After six weeks of pre-battle instruction, the division will swing into combat tactics.

Included in the daily routine are after-dinner exercise and games and films on military lore. Although no overnight passes are being issued, except in emergency, a 10th of the division is allowed out one week-night each. Another 40 per cent is granted weekend passes—20 per cent on Saturday and Sunday each.

She constantly laughs before him about him being an "old man." She's always talking about his age, and flirting with him, though harmlessly, I think. She's always saying she's bored with her husband's close friends, men and women his age. I really think she gets a terrific thrill out of going around with sophisticated people, but they're beginning to dislike her for her flippancy. And her husband is beginning to hunt for people who appreciate him for being the wonderful man that he is.

Carrying tales wouldn't bring the two together. They don't need gossip. They need to realize their love for each other and to understand each other.

That brother-in-law of yours may be lax in being friendly with young crowds where your sister is comfortable and unafraid. Taunting tell him you think she'd like to show him off with couples of her age. If he did some things she wants to do she might forget all about that 15-year difference in their ages.

the town hall a second time. Here, after another siege of coaxing and threatening, he announced that their real punishment was about to begin. They were to go to jail.

Silently the little ones obeyed. But when they arrived at the now-familiar town hall, no one could make them change a word of their story. Life imprisonment, torture, death—none of these dreadful things mattered. What did matter was being true to the lady.

"Come along!" he snapped. "We've wasted enough time already!"

The town jail was a dismal place, dark and grim-smelling, and the children drew back in dismay as the Administrator stopped before a large cell filled with rough-looking men whose bearded faces bore the stamp of evil.

"Why, we've got company!" cried one suddenly, as the heavy barred door opened, then slammed behind the children. "And what company?"

"You!" jeered another. "Since when do they send us babies?"

"Oh, but these aren't babies! They're pickpockets—good ones. I remember the boy well."

"That's right. And I saw one of the girls at the fair in June. Came here, little ones. Tell us how they caught you!"

"Yes. Speak up, children. You're among friends now."

Loud laughter greeted this remark, and for a moment the youngest stood by the door in silent bewilderment. Then Lucia took courage. No, she and her cousins were not pickpockets—or any kind of criminals. Instead, the three of them were from the country, and they had seen a heavenly lady these times. On each of her visits she had asked them to say the Rosary devoutly, and to make many sacrifices for sinners. She had also told them a secret, but as yet they could not share this with anyone.

"Think that over!" sneered the Administrator, as he locked the three in a large room of his house. "If you have any sense at all, you'll do what I tell you."

The children looked at one another fearfully. How terrible to die away from home! And the lady! What about her? It was almost noon, and she had told them to be at the Cova de Iria...

The children looked at one another fearfully. How terrible to die away from home! And the lady! What about her? It was almost noon, and she had told them to be at the Cova de Iria...

"Our parents will never see us again!" she sobbed. "They'll never hear any more about us!"

Francisco and Lucia tried to comfort her. "Let off this to Jesus for poor sinners, as the lady told us to do," they said. And speaking for all three, Francisco recited the now-familiar words:

"O Jesus, it is for Your love, for the conversion of sinners and in reparation for the sins committed against the Immaculate Heart of Mary."

"And for the Holy Father, too!" put in Lucia, wiping her eyes.

The prayer brought the children some relief. And the Administrator's wife—a kind and motherly soul—also did what she could to help, bringing food, drink and picture books to the three little prisoners. But the next morning the Administrator burst in there with new threats.

"So, good treatment won't make you talk, eh? Well, we'll try something else." And he bundled all three off to the town jail where he and several fellow-thieves spent the morning threatening and scolding.

Jacinta hesitated. "We... we know the language."

"And the vira," put in Lucia.

"Fine. Then let's forget our trouble for a bit."

In a moment the prison cell was quite a different place, echoing to the gay songs and dance rhythms of the Portuguese countryside. One of the men took Jacinta for his partner, and to the accompaniment of the wheezing harmonica, the clapping of hands and stamping of feet, whirled her about the room. But she was so small that presently he had swung her up on his shoulder, continuing the dance alone.

Jacinta's eyes sparkled as the music grew louder and faster and everyone joined in song. Then suddenly her face clouded. The Administrator had said that she and her companions must die if they did not tell the lady's secret. And surely dancing was no way to prepare for heaven...

"Please put me down!" she begged.

Puzzled, the man looked up. "Why, what's

Annual School Bus Inspection Begins

Indiana state police today began annual inspection of some 5500 school buses which transport 245,000 Hoosier school children. Officials were confident most vehicles would meet the required safety standards.

"The current checkup will find the fleet in its best condition since the school bus safety law was enacted in 1933," said State Police Capt. Arthur M. Thurston. Last year's check found many vehicles unsafe and defective. Buses which do not meet state

"Say It With Flowers"
Lucille King
FLORAL CO.
3837 E. 10th St. BL-2417

• **WINKLER • GAR WOOD • LUTY**
LOW AND HIGH PRESSURE
OIL FURNACES
AND CONVERSION BURNERS
• EACH JOB INDIVIDUALLY ENGINEERED •

Consumption of Oil Guaranteed
We Have Tanks, Burners and Furnaces
BUY NOW AND AVOID THE RUSH

Free Estimates—36 Mos. to Pay
OIL CONTRACT GUARANTEED

ACE AUTOMATIC HEATING CO.
809 Ft. Wayne Ave.—Day or Night... Phone LI. 2313

the matter, little one? Don't you like dancing?"

"Oh, yes! But I've had enough." And taking a medal from her neck, she asked to have it hung on a nail in the wall.

"All right. But why don't you want to keep on wearing the medal?"

"I... I want to pray. And I can do better if I look at the medal."

So the man set Jacinta on her feet, then hung the medal on the wall. Immediately the child knelt down—hands folded, eyes raised to the holy symbol. Lucia, Francisco and a few of the prisoners did likewise, and soon the prison cell was echoing to another unusual sound: childish trances telling the praises of the Blessed Virgin, accompanied by a chorus of deep-pitched voices. Even those who took no part in the little service listened respectfully, for a certain spell had been cast upon the motley group by the young strangers from Fatima. There was no doubt about it, they told themselves. These were remarkable children. They really believed that a heavenly lady had told them to recite the Rosary daily, so that God's anger at a sinful world might be appeased.

However, Francisco was not without a certain distraction. Pausing for a moment in his prayer, he nudged a man standing near him. "Sir, when we pray, we take off our hats," he whispered.

Abashed, the man removed his battered headpiece and threw it on the floor. At once Francisco picked it up and laid it on a nearby bench. "That's better," he said gravely.

At his wit's end, the Administrator finally sprang to his feet and strode toward the children. "Listen!" he roared. "Either tell me what I want to know, or each of you will be fried in oil!"

Instinctively the three drew back. "But we've already told you the truth!"

"The truth! Listen, you stubborn little fools! What nonsense was this? Then one man shook a warning finger at Lucia. "Don't make the Administrator angry, little girl. He can cause you lots of trouble."

"Yes," put in another. "And don't talk to him about heavenly things. Rather, him with some other kind of story."

Jacinta twisted her hands nervously. "Jacinta began to cry. She had also told them a secret, but as yet they could not share this with anyone."

Great tears were streaming down the face of the 7-year-old girl. "I can't tell you, sir."

"You can't? We'll see about that. Guard!"

The door opened, and a very ugly policeman appeared. "Yes, sir?"

"Is the oil ready?"

"Yes, sir. Boiling."

"Good. Take this one and throw her in."

"Yes, sir. Right away, sir."

Francisco looked at Lucia. "What do we care if they kill us?" he murmured. "We'll go right to heaven." Then, taking off his cap: "Let's say a Hail Mary for Jacinta so she won't be scared."

Pale and trembling, Lucia nodded. She was already praying as earnestly as she could.

Presently the door opened a second time and another guard appeared. "Well, that's one of you fried," he declared briskly, wiping his hands. "Now, Francisco, it's your turn. What's that secret you say the lady told you?"

"Then take him away!" roared the Administrator. "Let him share his sister's fate!"

Once again the door slammed, and Lucia found herself alone with the Administrator. He looked at her scornfully. "Well; are you going to tell or not?"

The little girl swallowed hard. "No, sir. I'd rather die, too."

But on the minutes passed, and there was no sound from the hell outside