Deep-Sea Fishermen Do

All that is hooey, asserts Philip Wylie in Cosmopolitan.

It is high time somebody told the ruth. Deep-sea fishing ought to be a national sport for men, women and children, instead of an occult profession with a few Trojan devo-

tees.

I know. I have fished for yellow-tail off Catalina island, and caught yellowtail. I have hunted tuna off Montauk point, and caught tuna. I have heaved 60-pound amberjacks from the reefs off the Florida Keys

from the reefs off the Florida Keys and brought leaping sailidsh into my boat in the Gulf stream. I have fought interminably with large sharks accidentally lured to my line. Once I did battle with a sea llon—and lost, since he weighed a few tons.

It adds up to a fairish amount of, deep-sea fishing. But I don't know, one reel from another: I can't possibly guess whether my line is a

one reel from another; I can't pos-sibly guess whether my line is a twenty-four thread, or a thirty, or-a nine. I don't know how to cut balt or put it on the hook. My friends in New York spend'more money in a-week of night-cub and theatergoing than I have ever spent in a week of fishing—and none of them is rich. Finally, I am not a muscle man, or a courageous one.

The millions who would like to go out on the sea and fish but do no

out on the sea and his but do not dare are the dupes of the literature of angling. Ever since Izaak Wal-ton made it smart for fishermen to be literary, angling authors have turned fishing into something fabu-

turned asing into something fabu-lous, dangerous, esoteric; something that would knock your eye out—and that in consequence makes them seem men of circumstance.

seem men of circumstance.

The Painting "Spirit of '76"
The old man who posed for the figure of the drummer in the painting "Spirit of '75" did not live to see the picture completed—he was so feeble. He as the faad to faad M. Willard, born in Bedford in August of 1383. Williard originally called his painting "Yankee Doodle." But when the painting was taken to Boston for exhibition after it was praised at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia in 1876, the name began to change. And here is why: A feeble-minded fellow of Boston was known as "Yankee Doodle." In an attempt to prevent snickering remarks connecting the masterpiece with the unfortunate fellow, a civil eader of the town suggested that a

with the unfortunate fenow, a cave leader of the town suggested that a subtitle, "Spirit of "76" be added to the original. It was, and eventually "Spirit of "76" became the title by which the painting was known.

United States uses Much Cocoa United States uses about 40 per cent of the world's cocoa, gets most of it from Africa, where cocoagraising is carried on by the most primitive methods. Natives still carry two 80-pound "headloads" of cocoa beans for a day's trek from plantations to trading post.

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EDITORIALS

Education Problems
(Exchange)
Education is the process of raining the maturing individual padjust himself to the demands

Christian Science Monitory in training the maturaing individual of training the maturaing individual of the common in the history complex and the time available for actual schooling is search outline of much training personal outline of much training and personal outline of much training personal personal outline outlin

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BELOW THE BELT 88

By JANE HARVEY
ssociated Newspapers. -WNU Ser

IM FERRY ate his breakfast in the immaculate kitchen of the old farmhouse with great relish.

Je the old farmhouse with great relish.

"Sausage sure is good this year, Ann. Never ate better!" Sitting opposite him in her trim. unfad-hebe print, with her bobbed hair pushed back from her bow. Ann was good to look at. Lim's eyes drank her in, but he made a proper strain of the property of the prop

"Paint hasn't pecled a bit!" delared Jim defensively. "Wood is
all protected."
"Jim, that old brown paint is an
eyesore. I hate it!"
Ann made the mistake of losing
her temper.
No Ferry stood up to a temper:
the period of the street of the street of the
broth aroused Ann from her lethargy. She opened the door to Jim's
Aunt Saroh. "What's up!" asked the old lady.
"What's up!" asked the old lady.
"What's up!" asked the old lady.
"Ann Sarah, how can I make
Jim paint the house white!"
"Well-he wants to do that. Your
robest in the
"Well-he wants to do that. Your
problem is how to make him want
to paint the house white!"
"But I can'!!" declared Am.
"Goodness kows. I've tried."

"But I can't!" declared Arm "Goodness knows, I've tried."

"Goodness knows, I've tried."
"Well-if I'd spent all hat time
on those lovely perennial beds I'd
have the house painted white with,
green shutters if it took a leg and
a ladder!" declared Aunt Sarah
sententiously.
"It just ain't any use your giving
in to Jim Ferry so early in the
game. If I had my life to live over
Ann laughod at her aunt's vernacular, which she knew was the
direct influence of a liberal radio
colucation.

direct influence of a liberal radio colucation.

"I've saved money enough to buy the paint myself," continued Ann, "but labor is so terribly high."

"You got plenty of long ladders," irrelevantly. "You painted all this lovely orange breakfast set, didn't you Ann?"

lovely orange breakfast set, didn't you, Ang?"
"You don't mean—"
"But I do. House painting is much the same. Take at least three coats to cover. I'll warrant you won't have to put on more'n one alone!"
"The Ferrys all carry their pride in the region of their solar plexuses and that sure would be a knockout blow."

and that sure would one is anomanous.

Ann gasped; Aunt Sarah went on.

"Ifm and his Unle Mart are going on a hunting trip for three days next week. Get in training right now and you'll make a lotta progress in three days."

Ann Ferry's eyes shone.

"Aunt Sarah, you're a brick! I'll do it."

do it."

Long after Aunt Sarah's cane
went tip-tapping down the walk Annplanned her campaign.
She ordered white paint to be délivered on the first morning of Jim's

At lunch she said to Jim:
"What am I to do while you're
away?"
"Oh, as you please," he laughed,
glad that she had not returned to he paint question.
"Put that in writing," laughed

Ann.
No sooner had Jim and his Uncle

No sooner had Jim and his Uncle
Mart left the driveway than Aunt
Sarah appeared; a few moments
later the paint arrived.

Ann in Jim's overalls and cap
helped unload and she and Jim's
aunt poured and repoured the lovely
white paint as they had seen the
workmen do, until they had a
smooth mixture in Ann's brand-new
mop pail.

smooth mixture more pail.

The brushes had cost Ann a little more than she had figured and the green paint for the shutters was still in the future, but Ann Joyfully mounted the ladder and started her

work.
"Heights don't make you dizzy,
Ann?" called Aunt Sarah, a little
frightened now that her plan had worked. "Not a bit!" called Ann from her

top round.

That night Ann ached from her head to her toes. She neglected to mention to Aunt Sarah that the smell of paint made her a bit faint

at times.

Aunt Sarah hobbled over to watch
the progress of her plan. Ann's
one hired man looked up at the stender figure and went chuckling about
his manifold duffes.

At the end of the third day Aunt
Sarah waited impatiently for Ann to
cerne down.

Monkey Steals Baby
Stealing a baby from its cot in
Kalawila. Ceylon, a monkey
elimbed to the root, and rocked the
infant to sleep as it had seen the
mother do. The similan was lured
from the tot and shot. The baby
was rescued unharmed. come down.
"It's getting too dark to see,"

she cautioned and Ann finally crawled earthward. "Land sakes, you .look peaked!" scelded Aunt Sarah. WEST POINT PARK

the cautioned and Ann finally rerawled earthward.

"Land sakes, you look peaked":
scrided Annt Sarab,
"Well, the whole front of the house,
"Well, the whole front of the house,
is covered," siphed Ann, with little of joy or triumph in her tones. "The leadyn a bit till ill 's time of years and Annt Sarah hobbled homeward and Ann hobbled inside.

Annt Sarah hobbled homeward and Ann hobbled inside.

There were too many things that needed limmediate attention to addressly and the properties of the bride.

"Ann supper It was pitch dark when he came,"
"Ann turned to answer him, stretched out her lame arms to eatch hold of a chair and accomplished an old-fashiened and complished and complished an old-fashiened and complished an old-fashiened and complished and complished an old-fashiened and com

just that I'm so tired from painting the house."

"Painting the house!" gasped, from Banks avenue Saturday. The Jim.

"If had to be done," see the object that suggested an with bim on the farm near Howell.

other complete fadeout.

"Never mind, dearest," he rail months past have been occu hastened to reasure her. "Don't pying the Barnum house on West faint again and I'll paint it royal moore avenue, moved Friday to purple or—" with research. When the Farmington.

purple or—" "White, dear, with green shut-Melvin Stromoski of Wayne, wa the guest of his grandmother, Mrs Albert Martin, Saturday. ters."

"Green as grass!" he echoed,
and Ann, with victory in sight, snuggled a little closer and murmured
to his bewilderment something
about a blow below the belt.

Albert Martin, Saturday.

Robert Hunter, accompanied by his sister and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Johnson, and Mr. and Mrs. Harold McVicar, left Saturday for an over-the-Fourit fishing trip. with headquarters at Mr. Johnson's cottage near; one of the lakes in the Lansing district. Not Have to Be Experts
The person who does his fishing
ria books and magazines has the
mpression that in order to catch a

lakes in the Lansing district.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Eastman of
Muskegon Heights called Sunday
on the former's brother. James
Eastman, on their way home after
attending the funeral of a cousin
in Port Huron. impression that in order to eath a tuna or a sailfish or even a mackerel, one must be, first, a supersidentist with a vast technical knowledge of gear and equipment; accord, a millionaire who can finance large expeditions for the sake of a single fish; and third, a clow of the converse of the sake of a single fish; and third, a clow of two norver, motybedraum; law of the sake of the sake

Miss Esther Middlewood called a her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. corge Middlewood of Detroit, George Middlewo Thursday evening.

Mrs. Gertrude Gribbell and son Bruce of Jackson, Michigan, were Fourth of July guests of Mrs. Ethel Middlewood.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Skeets, tiac and daughter Martha Carol, and trip,

son Thomas Junior, of Deyton, Ohio were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Shermas. William H. Zwahlen and son, William D. helped to swell the crowd at Briggs Stadium Monday, to see the Tigers win two games.

Mrs. Earl Redding visited Pontiac last Wednesday, on a business

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