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Exposition of Old Agencies Blamed For Steady Increase In U. S. Government Payroll

WASHINGTON. — The recent creation of commissions, independent boards and agencies by the government has had comparatively little to do with the steady increase in the government payroll, a study of government employment reveals.

Rather it has been the expansion of old agencies, the various departments constantly extending their activities as government grows more complex—that accounts for the increase. That and the care of world war veterans and similar bodies of government workers who work for Uncle Sam, only 1,592 have been added by the creation of 11 of the most discussed independent commissions and similar bodies of government workers. Their total pay is \$4,591,073, which is a considerable sum, but rather insignificant when compared to \$1,494,000,000 which is Uncle Sam's total payroll.

Employing Agency	No. Employees	Annual Payroll
Bureau of Efficiency	56	\$193,720
Fed. Board of Vocational Education	89	204,680
Fed. Farm Board	877.1	1,143,599
Fed. Power Comm.	46.5	171,100
Fed. Radio Comm.	122	334,100
Fed. Trade Comm.	497	1,005,933
Clark Sewall Comm.	1	12,927
Nat. Advisory Comm.	—	—
on Aeronautics	283	624,935
Board of Mediation	38	145,480
Arlington Mem. Bridge Comm.	30	72,722
Personnel Class. Board	61	177,722
Total	1,891.6	\$4,591,073

MINNESOTA SHOWS BOOST IN FARM CROPS

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn. — The crop statistics report for 1931, recently completed, show that Minnesota farmers last year were 61 per cent better off than in 1911, whereas the rest of the country's farmers were 1.03 per cent worse off.

The gains in Minnesota, the Dakotas, and Montana from 1921 to 1930 grossed four and one-half billion dollars as against the level of 1931 farm production. Americanization of the Minnesota plan, which raised northwest farm wealth seven hundred million dollars in eight years is an important factor in restoring prosperity, according to Frederick E. Murphy, publisher of the Minneapolis Tribune, who has led the northwest's farm industrialization movement.

Publisher Murphy and his farm editor, Charles F. Collison, have presented the story of the Minnesota plan in recent months before such national gatherings as the United States Chamber of Commerce, the American Bankers Association, the National Association of Credit Men, the Federation of Advertising Clubs, and the Life Insurance Presidents' association. The plan briefly is a city-county co-operative effort through which all agencies, federal, state, county, and local newspapers, banks, railroads, industries, and service and civic clubs take active interest in agriculture in their areas. "First we surveyed our farms," said Murphy. "We found successful farmers in every region. Then we urged their methods upon the other farmers faced with the same soil, climate, and marketing conditions. Third, we created an adequate finance fund to permit industrialization of farm methods from choice of crops to methods of marketing."

HARLINGEN—Peterson-Woodruff Oil Co. will soon open their new refinery on Southern Pacific near here. Plant erected at cost of \$25,000.

5,000,000 Names on This "Wet" Petition



It must have been a weighty package that Miss Lenora McAninch, of West Virginia, treasurer of the Modification League, handed to Senator David Walsh (center) of Massachusetts and Senator Robert J. Bulkley (right) of Ohio on the capitol steps in Washington. For she was presenting a petition signed by more than 5,000,000 voters, protesting the Volstead Act.

Might Help Some if the Maid Didn't Feed So Much Cream to the Cat!



HOKY AND SLIDES

Henry L. Farrell

Perennial Matt FROM New York comes the news that the Olympic urge has stirred the blood of Matt McGrath, hero of four Olympics and a deputy inspector now. That suggests at once that one of the Olympic events should be a brick-throwing contest. McGrath surely would win.

A couple of years back, McGrath gave pursuit to an Italian who had just killed a man. The fugitive had jumped onto a barge. McGrath jumped to another barge which happened to be loaded with bricks. The famous Olympic weight and hammer tosser started moving the brick pile, one by one, in the direction of the culprit. As the missiles rained down about the Italian's ears, he surrendered, tossing his revolver into the water. McGrath's name was placed upon the roll of honor for that adventure.

One cold November night, Matt gave 30 feet off a bridge to save a tipsy sailor bent on suicide. For that he received the Congressional Medal. McGrath relates as his greatest thrill watching the Stars and Stripes being raised at London to show that John Flanagan and he had won their weight events in the 1908 Olympic games. A hero then, he went back to Tipperary to see his folks. His mother and father are still living. Matt was the oldest of a family of 11. "I was received heartily," says he, "at great estates where they would have chased me a few years before. I threw the hammer on their fine lawns. And when I got back I was the guest of President Roosevelt at Oyster Bay."

HONOR ROLL OF THE RANGER HIGH SCHOOL JUNIOR RIFLE CLUB TO MEET ON SATURDAY

The following names appear on the honor roll of Ranger High school for the semester: Albert Miller, Lee Russell, Maymie Robinson, Ethel Aishman, Lorene Crow, Claire Dyer, Mildred Hill, Virginia Norris, Anita Crawley, Hazel Mae Ervin, Marie Galloway, Ada Mae Hinman, Mary Helen Childs, Charla Fae Branton, Vivian Lee, Elizabeth Turner, Catherine Wheatley, Neva Mae Richman, Hubert Love, James Nunley, Mattie B. Montgomery, Nadine Porter, Talmadge Carter, Francis Harrell, Roberta Jarvis, Lettie Lou Simmons, Pearl Starr, Mary Alice Yonker, Catherine Martin, Adele Pool, Bob King, Buren Clemmer, Hazel Faircloth, Crystell Head, Nellie Barrett, Joe Harper, Ruby Bishop, Wilma Carlisle, Bernice Rewer, Lois Snelling, Mildred Stevens, Frank Conley, Travis Winsett, Vera Mason, Mildred Norman, Archetta Clark, Leewai Chance, Alma Ree Jones, Robert Jones, Dave Johnson, Robert Kidwell, Hubert King, Robert Rudolph, Wayne Mitchell, David Nichols, Everett Donowho, Dorothy O'Donnell, Cora Campbell. Junior College—Mary Gentry, La Verne Newell, Edward Kiewer, Johnnie Young, Marjorie Buchanan, Pauline Pickett, Dee Preslar, Margaret Yonker.

GRAND PRAIRIE—Grand Prairie State bank acquired lease of building on corner of Main and Center streets and will soon move to new location.

STATE PLANS CELEBRATION 25TH BIRTHDAY

OKLAHOMA CITY, Okla. — Oklahoma will celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary of statehood in 1932.

Elaborate plans have been made for the greatest celebration in Oklahoma history, for Nov. 16, its birthday. Carriage pigeons will be released on that day to carry messages of good will to the world.

OKLAHOMA CAPITOL GETS BATH FOR CELEBRATION

OKLAHOMA CITY. — The Oklahoma capitol is getting its first bath—in preparation for the twenty-fifth anniversary of the state's birth, Nov. 16.

The first use made of the capitol by a special session legislature in 1916 nearly proved disastrous. The building was unfinished and an improvised heating system, consisting of a boiler on the lawn, from which pipes led into the building, was used. Nearly all the legislators caught colds and for a time a premature adjournment was threatened.

The building was finished in 1917, at a cost of \$5,000,000. When it was erected, it was far out in the country, surrounded by unpaved roads.

Parades, ceremonies and fetes will retell Oklahoma history from the day, in 1837, when Allen Wright, governor of the Five Civilized Tribes of Indians, selected the name "Oklahoma" for that plot of prairie land eventually to become a state. Oklahoma is a Choctaw Indian word, meaning "red people."

Step by step, the glowing chapters of the state's history will be relieved. Indian wars, the mad land rush in '89, and the wild days of the first oil booms that started Oklahoma on a turbulent political future in 1907, when it was admitted to the union.

Seven governors have been elected since 1907. Two have been impeached and impeachment movements started against a third.

Despite political disturbances, the state has grown from a territory of 258,657 people in 1890, one-third of which were Indians and negroes, to 2,386,040 in 1930, loan money for the reconstruction finance corporation now.

"What's his address? I'll write him for a loan." "I don't know. The White House, I guess."

"Well, my address would be the big house if I didn't pay him back."

"If China and Japan keep on fighting I am going to have to get more U's for this linotype so I can set the names."

"Well, it's a lot easier on the linotype operators than if the war was in Russia. We have that to be thankful for."

Road controversies seem to be under discussion in Texas almost as much as the so-called war in China. Every day in the state seems to think that every important highway possible should be running right through their town. And it is natural that they should think so. But the highway department is trying to build roads where they think they should be built, regardless of whether or not they miss towns here and there.

The Sweetwater Board of City Development is launching a fight on Abilene because Judge Ely, chairman of the commission, lives there and has allowed a road to be designated from Abilene to Sterling City. Sweetwater is very much upset over the fact that the road, known as the Butterfield Trail, misses Sweetwater. So upset are they, in fact, that the Board of City Development has urged its members to send the Butterfield Trail, but it seems Sweetwater is very much concerned.

For the information of those who have not already been informed, Cisco is no longer ending the Oil Belt cage loop. The Lobos forfeited two games, one to Abilene and one to Ellsville. This happened after the Lobos lost four of their five star players because they forgot that it was necessary to attend classes once in a while and were, therefore, flunked.

Cisco slipped down to third place with Abilene and Brownwood in first and second places. The Bulldogs are still safely established in the far corner of the lowest cellar position and seem doomed to spend the rest of the season there.

The first Traylor-for-President club of which we have heard has been established at Ballinger. The Traylor boom seems to have been short lived. For a few weeks practically every edition of every paper carried stories about Traylor and his prospects of becoming a candidate for President. It now seems to have simmered down to a favorite son boom—with Kentucky, Texas and Illinois as states claiming him as a son. Texas, however, has another favorite son in John Garner, who seems to be more of a favorite at present than does Traylor.

DEPRESSION IS BLESSING.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa. — The depression, blamed for everything wrong with the country, may be a blessing in disguise insofar as the creative ability of the American people is concerned, according to Herman Larson, managing director of the Third International Patent exposition, which will be held in convention hall, Feb. 1 to 10.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD



DANDELIONS

NEED ONLY THE FEMALE PARENT IN DEVELOPING NEW INDIVIDUALS. THE MALE CELLS ARE UNNECESSARY.

GEN. JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON
... BORN FEBRUARY 3RD, 1807...
ALTHOUGH A PROMINENT SOLDIER IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMY, HE SERVED AS A PALL BEARER AT THE FUNERALS OF GRANT AND SHERMAN.
THERE ARE 3,500 SPECIES OF FISH IN THE WATERS OF NORTH AMERICA, ALONE.
© 1932 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. 2-3

Food Prices of Mine Boom Days Had Wide Range

RENO. — Among the neglected collectors' items of pioneer western literature perhaps the most amusing works are the menus that were in vogue during the mining boom days. For one thing, the prices quoted now appear imaginative flights of the finest quality: a dish of rice pudding cost 75 cents, or \$1.25 with sauce. Soup ranged in price from 50 cents to \$5, depending on the ingredients, which it is said, depending on the newness of the ingredients.

The true art in such compositions, however, lay in the descriptions of the food. "Low grade hash" cost only \$1 according to one menu, while "18 karat hash" came to \$1.75. Then there was the 634.347, surpassed only by Pennsylvania. The value of its oil output alone in 1928, when oil prices were stable, was \$347,600,000. To this it adds an annual crop worth more than \$200,000,000. The first governor, G. N. Haskell, will be present at the celebration.

Invitations will be sent to President Hoover, Vice President Curtis, cabinet members, all congressmen and the governors of all states.

GILMER—Addition to sewage disposal plant, together with extension of present mains, will call for expenditure of about \$20,000, according to Mayor L. N. Coe.

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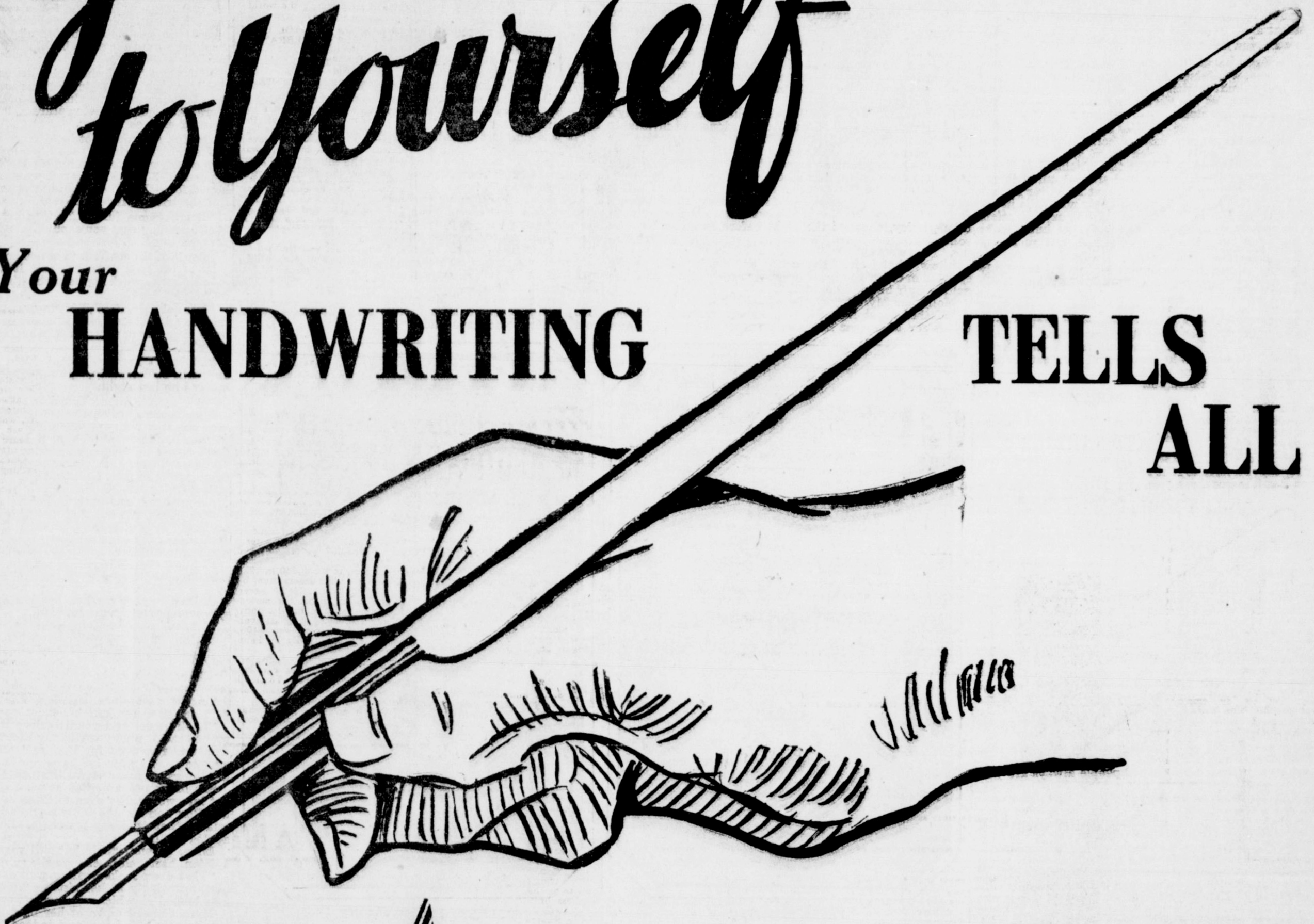
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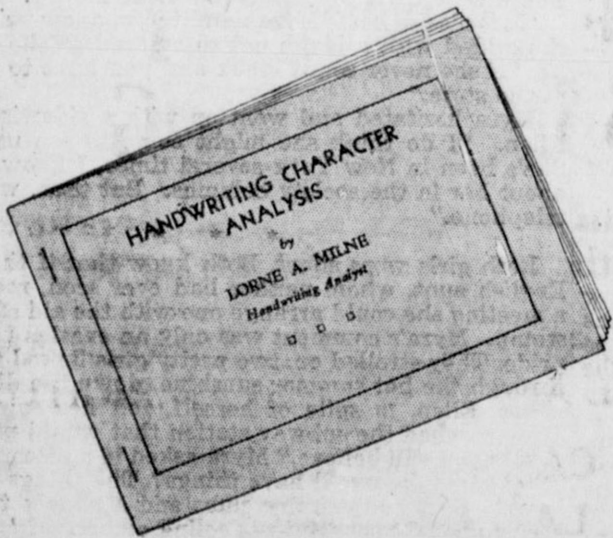
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Your HANDWRITING

TELLS ALL



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By LORNE A. MILNE



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The dime-a-dance girl

BY JOAN CLAYTON

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CHAPTER I

A milk wagon rattling along Pine street brought Ellen Rossiter wide-awake. The Rossiter apartment was five floors above the street, but Ellen thought irritably even in the moment of waking that the clanking below was sufficient to wake the dead.

It was going to be another scorching day. The girl's face, rosy from sleep, was faintly damp and her thick tawny hair was live and beautiful with heat curls. She was conscious only of discomfort as she thrust it back and rolled over hastily to look at the clock.

Only 20 minutes to seven. Twenty blessed minutes more. Ellen stretched luxuriously, assured herself that the alarm was set for seven, and snuggled down again. She was closing her eyes she noticed that the adjoining bed was empty. Myra had already risen and slipped quietly from the room. Ellen had sleepily decided that her sister intended to bathe before leaving for the library when she heard from the kitchen Myra's voice raised high in expostulation. Something was wrong again. Ellen did not know quite what, but that particular note in Myra's always meant trouble.

"And trouble in the Rossiter household meant inevitably a difference of opinion between Myra Rossiter and Molly Rossiter."

Ellen sighed, tossed back the sheet and in one leap was out of bed. She grabbed a green cotton crepe negligee and streaked for the bathroom. The door was locked. Michael, aged 12, was inside. The one male of the family, the adored and spoiled little brother, he had special prerogatives and was not timid in enforcing them.

"I'm studying," he called out.
"In the bathroom?"
"In the tub."

He added plaintively, "I'll get out if you want me to. Only it's so cool in here and I'm always being interrupted no matter where—"

"All right, darling. Stay where you are for 10 minutes. But after that I'll have to rout you."

Ellen Rossiter was three days past 20 on that morning in late July—three days past 20 and already beginning to be afraid that the wild and careless dreams of her teens would not be fulfilled in her twenties. It was money, of course. The Rossiters had more than their share of good looks. From Molly Rossiter who had once been Molly O'Reilly, the prettiest girl in the whole of County Cork, to baby Mike, but they had nothing else.

The three children—Myra, the oldest, and Ellen and Mike—had from their father their thick copper hair and wide, thick-lashed blue eyes, and from their mother their creamy skin. The peculiar, arresting way they walked and stood, the nervous movements of their hands, the confident, arrogant ease with which they faced the world—all those were Rossiter ways, as Molly, who was a Rossiter by marriage, said so often. The unobscured air of distinction that was shared by all of them was from their father, too. It was Charles Michael Rossiter who had given them an unmistakable look of race.

There was no denying that the young Rossiters were unlike the young Blacks downstairs, or the young Riordans in the basement, or the Shannenbergers who sprawled through the two floors above. They were different and suspect. Ellen had often reflected bitterly, as people always are who have a past and no future.

But Molly Rossiter, an intractable optimist, had never once admitted the secret fears of her two daughters. Even when she had her crying spells she always insisted hysterically that her children were better looking than any of the English Rossiters, better qualified to move in that mysterious world whose doors had been shut to them abruptly when Charles Rossiter, unable to forget green English fields and misty country English mornings even in the love of his wife and children, had closed his eyes and died of a common cold.

There once had been money. Myra at 26 could remember surroundings quite different from the down-at-heel Brooklyn apartment, could, with a pang in her heart, remember the glorious years before her father's death, the soft spoken servants, the gleam of candle-light on old silver (sold long since), and rugs so deep that all sound of footsteps was lost in them.

Charles Rossiter had met Molly O'Reilly on a trip to Ireland. He had married her before his father and mother and many brothers and sisters could rush in to point out the impossibility of marriage between the fourth son of Lord Harmstead and a tenant farmer's daughter.

They had never forgiven him that. They were, as anyone except Molly Rossiter would admit, scrupulously fair. Charles' share of the Harmstead estate had been settled upon him at once. The condition was that he leave England. His father and mother had refused to meet his bride. And Charles Rossiter, stiff-necked with pride, had been glad enough then to leave England. He had come to America and had never gone back. He had often longed for England but no one of his brothers or sisters had ever learned that. No one of them had shown the slightest interest in what he might have been thinking during those long years of exile. No one of them except his youngest sister, Myra, for whom his eldest daughter was named, had shown in the years following his death any recognition of the fact that he had left a family. His sister Myra, perhaps held back by the pressure of her brothers and sisters, had never seen any member of his small family but she did from time to time send boxes of clothing, discarded by her own daughters.

On that August morning Charles Rossiter had been dead 12 years. His death took place three days before his only son was born. He could never have foreseen that his two beautiful daughters would be forced to work, the one at an underpaid job in a public library, the other as an underpaid salesgirl in a great department store. He had left a sufficient sum to bring up his children in comfort, to educate them, and to provide for the life time of his young wife.

But Molly Rossiter, dazed with grief, had seen that money slip from her irresponsible hands within two years. Ellen could remember only as of something dreamed those days when money was not a daily problem, a daily topic of conversation. She had gone to work at Barclay's department store when she was 14. She was still there.

As she walked to the kitchen she wondered a little hopelessly if she would always be there.

When she entered the small, heated room where the blue-checked linoleum had long since retreated into the corner, her mother turned from the stove. Molly's pretty, frowning face was flushed and set in line of determination. Ellen sighed again. She was afraid that her mother had hit upon another disastrous scheme which would make them all rich.

Myra was seated at a chipped porcelain table, her chin resting upon her elbows, the morning paper spread out before her. Her head, with its smooth braids of hair, lighter

and less warmly colored than Ellen's, was bent over the society columns. But her mouth was set and mutinous and "Myra and I have about decided—" Molly Rossiter began firmly.

Myra looked up quickly at that. "We haven't decided anything, Mother," she interrupted in her long-suffering voice. "You only suggested—"

Both of them looked toward Ellen. Ellen crossed to the stove, relieved her mother of the eggs and began to beat with furious energy so that the yellow foam leaped up the blue sides of the bowl. Molly had been ready to pour them into the skillet.

Ellen was the one natural cook of the household. Molly's cooking was always overdone or underdone and invariably too highly seasoned. Myra, perhaps in compensation for her mother's lavish hand, never seasoned enough. Whatever she sent to the table came with the slightly indefinite taste common to second-rate hotels.

In the strained silence Ellen added to the omelet a few grains of pepper, a great deal of salt and a dash of paprika for the looks of the thing. She walked to the window to take parsley, chopped the night before, from a box-like contrivance suspended outside and serving as a refrigerator.

"Now what is it?" she asked the combatants, as she sprayed in the crisp green sprigs of parsley and poured the golden fluff into the hot skillet.

Molly and Myra Rossiter spoke simultaneously. "Mother spent half the rent money yesterday buying things for Mike that he doesn't need," Myra said. "And



ELLEN ROSSITER

it was plain she did not really see the printed words. Her eyes were full of angry tears.

"He might have said something about Ellen's working in a cheap dance hall, too!"

"The things were on sale," Molly explained eagerly. "Two pair of pants for what I usually have to pay for just one. I saved so much on them that I thought I could splurge a little. So I bought him some books he's been wanting for ever so long and a new cap and some underwear." She added defensively, "You wouldn't want Mike to go shabby, would you?"

Ellen tested the omelet and lowered the flame beneath it. She turned off two flames which had been burning needlessly before she spoke.

"No, I wouldn't," she said patiently. "But how are we going to pay the rent? Tomorrow is Saturday but we already owe the grocer nearly all my salary. And Myra's isn't due for 10 days yet."

She did not suggest that the suit which Mike had not really needed would deprive her of a business dress which she did need.

"That's just it," Molly crowed, seizing her chance. "I have a marvelous idea for you. There's an ad in the morning paper from a dance place named Dreamland. It's a pretty name, isn't it? They want girls for dancing instructors. Look—here it is. I marked it for you."

Ellen looked. Among classified advertisements, ringed in pencil, was a call for dancing instructors. But she knew Dreamland. She had passed it often on her way to work. And, although she had never been inside, she knew that "dancing instructor" was a polite name for a girl hired to dance with unattached men at a small payment for each dance—a taxi dancer. They did, in fact, call those girls taxi-dancers.

"The best part of it," her mother continued breathlessly, "is that you might meet a really nice man that way. I can't imagine why girls as pretty as my two haven't flocks of rich men trying to marry them. When I was young it was certainly different."

Ellen was uncomfortable as she was always uncomfortable when her mother talked that way. But Myra was frankly angry.

"New York isn't Ireland," she said flatly. "Rich men may grow on bushes there, I don't know. But rich men in New York marry rich girls. They don't meet any other kind. If you're thinking that Ellen might meet John Astor-bit at Dreamland, Mother, it just shows you don't know such places. The only result of Ellen's trying to work at night as well as all day would be that she would break down her health. And then where would we be?"

Molly Rossiter smiled mysteriously and, with characteristic optimism, overlooked all drawbacks.

"You can't tell how such things will happen," she remarked, still smiling. "I met your father in the most unexpected way. If we both hadn't happened to be at the same place that one night we'd never have met at all. "It was at a dance, too," she concluded triumphantly.

Ellen laughed. "Don't try to marry me off so soon," she pleaded. "After all," she added, "I'm only 20. I might be "Yes, I've been engaged to Bert ever since I was 17—nine years," Myra conceded bitterly. "And perhaps by the time I'm 70 we'll have enough money so that he and I can hobble to the altar."

The very blackness of the picture she drew was irresistibly funny. All three of them burst out laughing. For a moment they were like children and Molly Rossiter was the youngest of the three.

When Ellen succeeded in dragging Mike from the bathroom and his book, when they were all seated at breakfast, the subject arose again. Where was the \$60 for rent coming from?

"It was due last Tuesday and this is Friday," offered Molly.

She had half forgotten by now that the money had been dissipated by her fault. Ellen was willing she should forget it. But not Myra.

"I'll go to Mr. Farnham and explain," she said, her lips straight, her eyes stern. "We just have to cut down on everything till we get the money again. But one thing's sure—Ellen can't carry two full time jobs."

"I'm not sure—" Ellen began.

"It's all wrong," Myra fiercely stopped her. "Mike could make as much selling papers after school as you could dancing all evening."

"Mike can't do that," Molly burst out in alarmed haste. "He's carrying double school work now. You know what your father would have said."



LARRY HARROWGATE

touring Europe with my husband by the time I'm 21."

"I was married at 17. And Myra here—"

"He might have said something about Ellen's working in a cheap dance hall, too!"

It was an old difficulty, Molly's partiality for her only son. She was pathetically anxious that he should miss nothing because of his father's death, pathetically anxious that he should have what other boys had. To that end she was willing to make any sacrifice. She saw no reason why her daughters should not do the same.

Before Myra's indignation could force a real quarrel, Mike himself clamorously interrupted. He was wildly eager for the freedom of the corner news-stand and for the chance to earn his own money. But Ellen entered a firm denial and his protests died. He knew he would not get around Ellen. She looked sharply at his eyes, heavy with fatigue.

"Did you go to bed at nine last night?" she demanded. Mike and his mother exchanged a guilty look.

"He was in bed," said Molly hastily.

She and Mike shared the same bedroom. Ellen knew then that Mike had persuaded his mother to leave the lights burning while he studied. But she was too tired to bring that up. She folded her napkin, tucked it into the heavy silver ring left over from better days, and rose from the table.

"I'll go at noon to see about getting that job," she announced in a tone that settled the matter. "I dance well enough so there shouldn't be any trouble. There's no use arguing, Myra," she said to her sister. "There's a limit to cutting expenses. We've reached it. We can't cut down any more without giving up eating entirely and the rent must be paid. I can carry both jobs until we catch up."

"I knew that was the thing to do," said Molly in deep satisfaction. But a moment later she added wistfully, "I'm sorry, Ellen, that things are so hard for you. But I still think that at Dreamland you might—"

Ellen checked her. "Don't be so romantic so early in the morning, darling," she begged and wished again that Molly understood things better.

Molly reached out and tousled her son's curly head. "When you get through school you'll make us all rich, won't you, son?" she asked. "Then our troubles will be over."

She really believed this. Mike, wriggling with pleasure, bursting with pride, believed it, too. But as Ellen looked down at her 12-year-old brother she thought the time when they would all be rich was a long way off.

Myra and Ellen were fonder of each other than sisters usually are. They were proud of their friendship and glad to be together. Both of them worked a great deal harder than most girls and because of their mother's childish irresponsibility they had early been forced to take up the burden of keeping the family together.

Myra at 26 had all the maturity that Molly would lack

at 66. That morning after breakfast she dressed so she could walk the three blocks to the subway. All her indignation spilled out again as she turned arms and walked along Pine street, cruelly shabby hot summer sunshine. She felt a fierce, burning rage that her young sister should miss so many pleasant things of life. She felt also a fear that Ellen would step into the same blind alley she herself had ped into at 17.

Nine years before she had fallen in love with Bert. She still loved him. But his job at the library, they both worked was almost as poorly paid as her. Myra had seen the first rapture of love wear away in years of endless waiting.

She felt she could not bear to see Ellen start in the that she had started; to see Ellen lose the freshness of love as she waited for an impossible \$35 a week to clear a possible \$50. She feared what Molly had innocently hoped for—that Ellen would meet someone at Dreamland. But she tried to hide that fear.

"It makes me furious," Myra began fiercely, her blue eyes blazing. "that you should have to take this job, work yourself to death just because—"

"Boo!" Ellen scoffed. "I'm not an old lady. It might be a lot of fun, you never can tell. It would be grand if you didn't have to work nights at the library and we could both go."

"It's not fair at all," Myra persisted unhappily. "Not fair that you should miss so many of the things other girls have. Theater parties and clothes and dances, dinners at the right places."

"Oh, don't fuss so, Myra," Ellen was silent a moment and then said casually, "Tom Shannenberger asked me to marry him last night."

"You didn't, Ellen! You didn't!" Myra's slim, brown fingers tensed on Ellen's arm; her face was stiff with apprehension.

"No, I didn't accept him, if that's what you mean. I don't love him," Ellen responded carelessly. She added, "It seems to me that you're awfully anxious to keep me from falling in love. Isn't that one of the things that other girls do?"

She glanced innocently at her sister.

"Oh, Ellen, it's not that and you know it's not!" Myra protested helplessly, half-laughing. "It's only—Tom Shannenberger can't even support himself. He has nothing now and never will have anything. He's just one of those men."

"I know that. Still, if I loved him I don't believe I'd let it make any difference," Ellen said seriously.

A little pucker marked her low, broad forehead. Her eyes were sweet and thoughtful.

"I know money is important," she conceded. "Awfully important in lots of ways. But when you think of love"—she flushed youthfully—"why all at once it's just nothing."

"Ellen," Myra spoke with desperate earnestness, "money is so important in love that without it—some money I mean, not a lot—love itself is nothing."

"I don't for a minute believe it!"

"Look at me and you'll believe it. Lack of money has robbed me of nine years of my life. If there had been any way under heaven for Bert and me to marry when we wanted to, by now I'd have had a home—children—all the things a woman wants. Instead—"

She broke off, appalled at what she had been about to put into words. Not even to Ellen could she admit that of late Bert had seemed oddly restless and changed, bored at talk of that far-away marriage. She laughed nervously, apologetically.

Ellen, uncomfortable but still vaguely holding her own opinion, hastened to change the subject.

"That dress looks awfully well on you," she said, looking approvingly at her sister. "Better, I'm sure, than it ever looked on whichever cousin wore it."

Myra glanced down at her light-blue voile, beautifully cut, freshly laundered and indeed becoming to her pale blondness.

"I wouldn't have bought it," she said. "I don't like short sleeves. But it has certainly been handy."

"That's the trouble with things given to you," Ellen agreed. She added loyally, "Still it's nice of Aunt Myra to keep on sending things. Most of them are scarcely worn."

She sighed a little at the vision of joyous youth presented by her own words, a vision of gay and pretty girls who could discard their frocks because they were tired of them. There were certainly points to having money.

"It is nice of her," Myra admitted in a low voice. "Even," she added with a laugh not so amused as she meant it to be, "if she never sends black and you have to wear black at the store."

Myra hesitated and went on with a sidewise glance at Ellen. "I do think she might come to see us sometime. She's been in New York several times, I know. I've read about her in the society columns. But then, we haven't a telephone."

Both girls were silent. Both knew that if their wealthy English aunt, whom neither had ever seen, really desired a meeting she could arrange one with the aid of a two-cent stamp. Myra's comment was only an evasion to save their pride. They strolled on, two pretty girls linked arm in arm, through the hot summer sunshine, down the dirty, shabby street. Ellen, in spite of herself, felt her spirits sinking. They reached the subway station that would part them.

"Do you still believe," Myra asked in a discouraged way, "that some day we'll have things? The things our cousins have? Cars and country clubs and a chance to enjoy being young? Or are we just fooling ourselves?"

"Something's bound to happen. Our ship will come in—it may be just around the corner," Ellen responded with vague, forced cheerfulness.

"That ship sank long ago," Myra said sharply, her bitterness and anger returning in full force. "We sank with it. How are you and I ever going to get married? Where are you going to meet a man good enough for you?"

"At Dreamland, maybe," Ellen flippantly tried to stop her sister. But Myra ignored the interruption.

"I believe we'll always be spending every nickel before it's earned. It'll be like this forever. Mother will get older and more irresponsible. Bert and I will go on and on. Mike will grow up and get the same sort of job we have. It's just no use trying."

"Oh Myra, Myra!" Ellen protested staunchly. "Where's your sense of proportion? All this because I'm going to work at night for a few weeks? Of course things will get better. We're only having our hard times now instead of later. It's been hardest on you. But you'll be married first thing you know and forget how long it was. Just wait."

"I'm 26."

"Then don't act as if you're 96." Ellen ran down the subway steps and plunged through the turnstile.

(To Be Continued)

BIG T. MAY STE

SAN FRANCISCO... a new stell... light-years... may be dis... 200-inch tel... Mount Wil... vision" by... astro... per... Leyce... Ho... "Recent... lead us to... universe fr... its hitherto... astronomers... greater than... may be infi... "I doubt... human life... other plane... able that m... be able to... to other pla... The prop... scope, twic... largest tel... ent, will b... by instrum... again, Dr. c...

Young VICTOR The heroic trapped in recalled by the death o Glenn wa duck hunte from their heard thei In spite o oushed out and dragg men from f Glenn di fell throug Bay.

FOR WC 0

Texas speaking to wife, and wii consent, w say that it is years now she first too Pierce's Fa Prescription L. D. Rec 1215 W. St quite distinct it it was t "Favorite Pi Dr. Pierce to recommen young or mi If you wa Dr. Pierce's C as usual Dr. Pier

POLI ANNO

This pap the followi jet to d election Ju For Judge J. D. B. For Sherif VIRGE For Distric P. L. (1 For Count W. C. B

Clad Adv Brin

7-31 RINGLET guaranteed 321 Walnut Mrs. C. agent for 117, 411 N

V MONÉ mobiles CO., Rang BEAUTIFI only \$1. L BATTERI \$1; 2 day Oak Stree Shop, 6-1

BEDROOM home, ad, reasonable Phone 604

SMALL B S. Austin 22-POU

FOR SALI milch cows, 420, Range

Next W For the 1

Frigidair Ap Texas Elec

BIG TELESCOPE MAY FIND NEW STELLAR PLAN

By United Press.
 SAN FRANCISCO.—Belief that a new stellar system, millions of light-years away from the earth, may be discovered with the new 200-inch telescope to be erected at Mount Wilson, was advanced here today by Dr. Willem de Sitter, astronomer at the University of Leyden, Holland.

"Recent findings," he said, "lead us to a conception of the universe free from the finite limits hitherto imposed upon it by astronomers. The universe is greater than we ever imagined. It may be infinite."

"I doubt if anything resembling human life will be found on any other planet, but I think it probable that man, in the future, may be able to travel from the earth to other planets."

The proposed Mr. Wilson telescope, twice as powerful as the largest telescope in use at present, will be eventually superseded by instruments twice as large again, Dr. de Sitter predicted.

Young Hero Dies In Icy Waters

By United Press.
 VICTORIA HARBOR, Ont.—The heroic rescue of two men trapped in a burning launch was recalled by residents today after the death of Glenn Ball, 14.

Glenn was 12 when two Toronto duck hunters were forced to leap from their burning boat. The boy heard their cries.

In spite of a mid-winter gale, he rushed out in his father's rowboat, and dragged the half-conscious men from the water.

Glenn died this month, when he fell through the ice of Georgian Bay.

FOR WOMEN... YOUNG OR MIDDLE-AGED

Texarkana, Texas — "I am speaking for my wife, and with her consent, when I say that it is many years now since she first took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription," said L. D. Reed, of 1215 W. 5th St., "but she remembers quite distinctly what a wonderful benefit it was to her then. I am sure the Favorite Prescription will do all that Dr. Pierce claims and I do not hesitate to recommend it to any ailing woman, young or middle aged." All druggists.

If you want free medical advice write to Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y. Send 10c for an acquaintance package of Dr. Pierce's Prescription.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

This paper is authorized to make the following announcements, subject to the Democratic primary election July 23, 1932:

For Judge 88th District Court: J. D. BARKER.

For Sheriff: VIRGE FOSTER (re-election)

For District Clerk: P. L. (Lewis) CROSSLEY

For County Clerk: W. C. BEDFORD

Classified Advertising Bring Results

- 7—SPECIAL NOTICES
- RINGLETTE OIL WAVE, \$1.00; guaranteed. Miss Johnnie Moore, 321 Walnut st., Ranger.
- MRS. C. L. ERVIN, exclusive agent for Baldwin Piano Co. Phone 117, 411 Main st., Ranger.
- MONEY TO LOAN on automobiles. C. E. MADDOCKS & CO., Ranger.
- BEAUTIFUL Permanent Waves, only \$1. Loflin Hotel, Ranger.
- BATTERIES RE-CHARGED for \$1; 2 days free rental. Call 66, Oak Street Battery & Welding Shop, Ranger.
- ROOM FOR RENT
- BEDROOM—Nice, clean, private home, adjoining bath; garage; reasonable rent. 309 Mesquite st., Phone 604, Ranger.
- HOUSES FOR RENT
- SMALL HOUSE—Close in. 220 S. Austin st., Ranger.
- 22—POLITRY. PET STOCK FOR SALE—Tubercular tested milk cows. Dr. Bob Hodges, phone 420, Ranger.

Next Door to Post Office
WOLF'S
 For the Woman Who Cares!
 Eastland

Frigidaire and Electrical Appliances
 Texas Electric Service Co.

The Newfangles (Mom 'n' Pop)

MY HEAVENS, YOU KIDS!!

WELL, I DON'T CARE! CHICK IS SO JEALOUS OF BIG CAMP 'TUBERBLUE THAT IF I SO MUCH AS REFER TO HIM, HE GOES HAYWIRE.

HA! HA! HA! AREN'T MEN FUNNY THAT WAY? BUT I'LL GET OVER IT.

WELL, HE'D BETTER AND SOON, 'COZ I'LL GIVE HIM A REASON TO BE JEALOUS!

NOW, GLADYS, HONEY, DON'T BE FOOLISH. A GOOD MANY YOUNG WIVES HAVE GAMBLED WITH HAPPINESS BY DELIBERATELY MAKING THEIR HUSBANDS JEALOUS—AND LOST!

WHAT SORT OF FAITH HAS CHICK IN ME, WHEN HE'S SO UNREASONABLE?

A JEALOUS MAN LOSES ALL REASON AND DON'T YOU GO AND DO THE SAME THING—ONE OF YOU MUST KEEP YOUR SENSES!

GEE, MOM, YOU'RE A BRICK! YOU ARE ALWAYS STEADYING THINGS OUT FOR ME!!

Arguments Heard In Cerf Kidnap Case By Court

By United Press.
 AUSTIN, Feb. 3.—Arguments were submitted today in the court of criminal appeals here in the case of Currie W. Caldwell, given a 12-year sentence at Corsicana on conviction of kidnaping Robert Cerf, 25-year-old son of a wealthy Corsicana banker. A ransom of \$15,000 was paid.

Caldwell's conviction is attacked on numerous grounds, Cerf, according to his testimony, was hailed by the driver of a coupe in Corsicana about 11:30 p. m. on Dec. 9, 1930, as he was going home from a drug store and offered a lift. He got in the car, he said, without recognizing the driver who turned his head.

Later, masked men jumped on each side of the car. One flashed a pistol in Cerf's face and put a hand over his mouth. The car was driven to Dallas and he was placed in an apartment, guarded by a man. After spending a night there, he was taken from the apartment in an automobile, put on a street, told to close his eyes until the car was out of sight, and then go to the interurban station to return to Corsicana.

The defense contended that Cerf was an accomplice of the four alleged abductors and that he could have attracted help many times. A refusal of the trial court to charge the jurors on the possibility of his being an accomplice is one of the grounds on which a retrial is asked.

The appeal attacks also the validity of the state statute against an assault committed by a person "masked" or "in disguise, contending that the phrases are too vague and indefinite. It was charged that Caldwell was acting in concert with Jimmie Nash, Oliver Clapp and Charles R. Russell, the claim being that Nash and Clapp were the masked men who got on the car and that Russell was the car driver and also the guard left in the apartment with Cerf.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS By Blosser

JUST KEEP HIM QUIET FOR A FEW DAYS AND DON'T LET TOO MANY OF HIS FRIENDS SEE HIM... NOT TOO MUCH COMPANY, IN OTHER WORDS!

ALL RIGHT, DOCTOR... I'LL SEE THAT NOBODY SEES HIM, UNLESS IT'S VERY IMPORTANT...

THESE ARE BUSY DAYS FOR OSCAR... WITH HIS PAL, THE DOODLE, IN THE SICK IN BED...

I GOTTA GO OVER TO FRECKLES HOUSE A COUPLE TIMES A DAY AT LEAST, OR I'LL BE LONESOME FOR ME!

OH! BUT I JUST GOTTA SEE HIM... THIS IS IMPORTANT, MISSUS MCGOOSEY!!

WELL... I'LL CONSENT TO THIS ONE MORE VISIT FOR TODAY... BUT NO MORE!

IF I THOUGHT FOR A MINUTE THAT IT WASN'T IMPORTANT, I'D NEVER LET YOU SEE HIM...

I WOULDN'T THINK OF BOTHERING, IF IT WASN'T IMPORTANT... I SHOULD SAY NOT!

I JUST WANT TO TELL YOU THAT IT WAS GROUNDHOG DAY YESTERDAY, BUT I DON'T KNOW IF HE SAW HIS SHADOW OR NOT.

Weather Bureau Saves the Movies Thousands Yearly

By United Press.
 NEW YORK.—Advance weather reports issued by the U. S. Weather Bureau daily are as indispensable to the welfare and efficiency of motion picture production as they are to aviation and modern agriculture.

Indeed, were it not for the forecasts rendered each day here, picture making at eastern studios would be pretty much of a haphazard proposition. And thousands of precious dollars would be wasted annually.

Except on rare occasions, exterior shooting requires the brightest of sunlight, only when it becomes necessary to film night scenes during daylight hours are leaden skies a joy and blessing to director and cameraman.

Newspaper readers can scoff at the weather man all they want and brand his daily bulletin unreliable, but studio officials have found 90 per cent of his predictions correct. This average, incidentally, was not struck from just a month's, or a year's experience. It came after more than a decade of production.

When a picture unit is scheduled to make exteriors in or around here, or even on the studio lots, the weather bureau's advice is solicited before the expensive procedure of setting up equipment is begun. If the report is unfavorable, outdoor shooting is postponed until another day. No chances are taken.

TRAIN JUST BLACKENS EYES
 By United Press.
 HOQUIAM, Wash.—G. W. McNew was run over by a Northern Pacific locomotive. When the train passed, he jumped to his feet with a black eye.

STAINLESS
 Same formula... same price. In original form, too, if you prefer.

2¢ for COLDS
 24¢ for VICKS VapoRus
 OVER 15 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

Paralyzed Man Walks Thru Aid Of His Nurses

ASTORIA, Ore.—Layne Sheffield believes in miracles—but he's afraid to go to sleep to test his belief.

In September, while working on top of a telephone pole for an electric light company, he slipped and fell to the ground. Conscious, Sheffield found he could not move his right leg. His back was paralyzed.

Taken to a hospital, physicians diagnosed his case and after two months' treatment were forced to classify him as "permanently disabled."

It was pretty tough for Layne. A young man, used to an active life, he hobbled about the hospital on crutches. His future life looked dreary indeed.

Attending nurses took pity on the young man, and against the warnings of dubious doctors, decided to make one last attempt to bring life into that paralyzed leg.

One of them steadied him in an upright position while another held the injured member out from his weight forward onto the dead body. Layne was told to bring limb.

Layne followed the ritual carefully for days without appreciable results. Suddenly the miracle happened. A feeling came into the leg. Gingerly he put more weight on that side.

He took a step. The leg held. Layne Sheffield threw away his crutches. He could walk!

"I can't believe it yet," he says. "It must be true—and still I'm afraid to go to sleep at night for fear it is all a dream."

Sailors Landed in Crisis

Outbreak of actual strife between Japanese and Chinese forces in Shanghai caused U. S. marine and naval forces to be ordered into action to help to protect the city's international settlement, where Americans, British and other foreigners live. Here are members of a bluejacket landing force, pictured during trouble in Shanghai.

LEAP YEAR INCREASES DATES
 EXCELSIOR SPRINGS, Mo.—The matron of the girl's dormitory at the William Jewell College reports that the first real sign that it is leap year has been noticed. She said that more than twice as many girls are having dates on Friday nights than did last year.

CALF IN HAYSTACK THREE WEEKS

By United Press.
 ALTUS, Ok.—A calf that was given up for stolen after it had been missing for three weeks was found under a haystack on the farm of E. E. Milner, near Olustee. The calf had grown thin and very weak, but survived, it was believed, by eating the straw which was moist.

It's double acting

First—in the dough. Then in the oven. You can be sure of perfect bakings in using—

KC BAKING POWDER

SAME PRICE FOR OVER 40 YEARS

25 ounces for 25c

MILLIONS OF POUNDS USED BY OUR GOVERNMENT

"Sweets for the Sweet"
 They're certainly worth the price . . .

When you buy her some candy and when she receives it, you both know that sweets are well worth the money they cost.

But how about electricity? Have you ever stopped to figure how much electric service you get for the price of a piece or two of candy? Consider the examples below. Where does a penny buy more of the things that make life happier—for you or for HER? Electricity is cheap—use more of it.

More than two beautiful programs for 1¢

More than an hour for 1¢

More than one meal for one person for 1¢

TEXAS ELECTRIC COMPANY

SOCIETY and CLUB NEWS

ARRITTA DAVENPORT Editor Phone 224 Ronger

Club Hour Is Spent Quilting

Members of the Happy Hours club spent a busy and enjoyable afternoon yesterday at the home of Mrs. Laura Melton when they devoted the hour to quilting.

Ruth Class Luncheon Is Held With Mrs. Snyder, Hostess

The Ruth class of the Central Baptist Church was entertained with an attractively planned luncheon given at the home of Mrs. R. H. Snyder Tuesday at 1 o'clock.

Each member answered the roll call with a memory verse from the Bible. All officers gave detailed reports for the work done during the past month.

The following members were in attendance for the affair: Mrs. Bonds Martin, J. B. Houghton, Thelma Hayden, R. O. Bray, R. L. McCleskey, J. E. Ozz, H. E. Barney, Dan Neveill, A. L. Murrell, R. A. Williams, G. M. Rogers, O. S. Driskill, H. S. Packwood, T. D. Collins, O. A. Rhoades, Ben Whitehouse, C. D. Coe, Clyde H. Davis, C. C. Cash, C. E. Kirby, and T. L. Dupree.

Mrs. Bruce Presides

Mrs. L. L. Bruce, president of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Central Baptist Church, presided at the meeting held at the church this week.

Reports from all circles showed successful and interesting work has been accomplished during the last month. A shower of "prints" will be sent to Buckner's Orphans Home in the near future.

Legion Auxiliary Meeting Thursday Evening

Members are asked to be present for a Legion auxiliary meeting to be held at the hall Thursday evening at 8 o'clock.

Constitution To Be Studied At Ivy Leaf Study Club

Mrs. Ben F. Rigby will lead the subject on "Constitution" Thursday afternoon when the members meet at the Masonic hall for the regular weekly lesson.

Mrs. McGee Presides At P-T. A. Hour With Dr. Logsdon Giving Feature Talk on "Health"

Mrs. McGee, president of the Cooper school Parent-Teacher association, presided at the meeting Tuesday afternoon, calling the hour to order at 3:45.

Program leader in charge, Mrs. Hugh Russell, introduced the numbers composed in the interesting hour in an impressive manner. A short play given by the pupils of the first grade proved quite entertaining.

Dice Hunch Wins Negro Acquittal

NEW YORK.—James Morton, negro, who prides himself on his ability with dice suddenly interrupted the selection of a jury to try him as a fourth offender to instruct his counsel: "Challenge jurors seven and 11."

Attorney George Starke challenged the jurors on his client's hunch and Morton, who faced life imprisonment, was acquitted. "Just a natural," he grinned.

SAME HOUSE HOME OF SIX GENERATIONS

NORWAY, Me.—After sheltering six generations of one family, a homestead built by Benjamin Herring in 1878 was sold recently to a neighboring farmer. Originally a log cabin, it was remodeled in 1799.

FLIERS TO ATTEND SCHOOL

SAN ANTONIO.—Reserve fliers will start to school at Kelly Field here within the next two weeks to study navigation, meteorology, gunnery, aerodynamics, engines and photography. The school will last through May.

VICK'S COUGH DROP

We hoped for in a medicated with restin before.

OUT OUR WAY



THE SAFE SIDE

Forces Form For Another Battle Over Short Hair

DETROIT.—With the battle over bobbed hair waged and won these many years past, opposing factions are now pitting for war as to whether hair shall be straight or curly.

Those artists of New York, like Antoine and Dumas, have said the sophisticated woman over 25 must wear her hair straight, but Emile Beauvals, of Washington, D. C., president of the National Hairdressers and Cosmetologists association, begs to differ.

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Reuvals added that 1932 will show a much softer and wavier effect, starting three to five inches from the part, and ending in rolled ringlets.

So there you are. If milady is hair-conscious in 1932, she will wear the locks at least an inch longer on the back of the neck and brush them across the head, to end in curls behind the ears.

OZARK CITIZENS CLAIM Longevity Records

NEOSHO, Mo.—Many residents in the Ozark section of Missouri think it should be advertised as a place where people live to a ripe old age.

There are two persons here over 90 years old, and a negro who lives near here is 109. Several years ago a club was formed by residents in the section who were over 90.

Mrs. Margaret Wedeking recently celebrated her 100th birthday.

SISTER MARY'S KITCHEN

BY SISTER MARY NEA Service Writer

RESEARCH workers have experimented with sauerkraut quite extensively during the last few years and their conclusions have established an excellent reputation for this cabbage product.

Many fashionable restaurants serve sauerkraut cocktails and they are rapidly gaining popularity on the home menu.

The canned kraut is merely drained from its juice and the juice is thoroughly chilled and used just as it is with whatever seasoning that may be wanted.

It homemade or bulk kraut is used, put a pound in a coarse sieve. Pour three-fourths cup of cold water through it and press out the juice.

When it comes to the kraut itself, an excellent and inexpensive meal can be provided if sauerkraut is served with spareribs and dumplings.

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Sauerkraut and Dumplings One pound kraut, 2 pound spareribs, 1 cup flour, 1-2 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons baking powder, milk.

Monday's Menu

BREAKFAST: California grapes, cereal, cream, potatoes, mashed in milk, crisp breakfast bacon, toast, milk, coffee.

LUNCHEON: Baked cheese, bran bread, prune pudding, milk, tea.

DINNER: Roast loin of pork, baked sauerkraut and mashed potatoes, creamed Salisbury, salad of mixed greens with French dressing, apple pie, milk, coffee.

Two cups sauerkraut, 2 cups mashed and seasoned potatoes, 1 tablespoon lard, buttered crumbs.

Melt lard in kettle, add kraut and cook thirty to forty-five minutes. Put a layer of kraut in a buttered baking dish, dot with bits of butter and cover with a layer of mashed potato.

Cover with buttered crumbs and bake thirty minutes in a moderate oven. Serve from baking dish.

YOKAUM—Yokauk creamery opened recently.

LYRIC

Paramount Pictures NOW PLAYING LOUISE DRESSER MINNA GOMBELL

'Stepping Sisters'

10 Admission to Everyone

RANGER Personal

Miss Lois Landtroop spent yesterday in Iredell, where she attended the funeral of her grandfather.

Mrs. J. W. Penn of Cisco was a visitor of this city Tuesday.

Shanks Lipscomb of Fort Worth is spending a few days in Ranger.

E. A. Ringold, who was removed to his home, West Main street, this week from the West Texas Clinic and Hospital, where he has been a patient for the past four weeks, is doing very nicely.

Mrs. S. L. Golden has recovered from several days' illness.

Mrs. D. M. Copeland returned to her home in Dallas yesterday after a week's visit as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Johnson.

Miss Martha Wetzel, teacher in Ranger high school, returned Monday night from Comanche, where she was called to the bedside of her father, who has been seriously ill.

FIVE EGGS IN ONE

SEATTLE, Wash.—Mrs. Frank Meagher broke an egg. Inside was a second shell. Inside this one was five yolks and whites.

SOCIAL AFFAIRS and CLUB NEWS

MARY ELIZABETH HARRIS Editor Office Phone 500 Eastland

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph M. Perkins spent the past three days in Oklahoma City. They were accompanied by their little daughter, Dorothy.

The Music club has devoted its usual formal club procedure and will meet Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock in the community clubhouse, instead of on their usual day, Friday, as customary.

The Thursday Afternoon Study club has re-set several club dates as a mistake was made in the original form, which resulted in confusion where other club meetings were concerned.

The Woman's Missionary society of the Baptist church, under presidency of Mrs. S. C. Walker, has closed a membership attendance contest of two months, and the losing contest will entertain the winning circle, on Monday afternoon, in the church parlors, following a Bible lesson, to be conducted by Rev. W. H. Muston, at 2:45 p. m., in the church auditorium.

The Pythian Sisters met Monday evening at the home of Mrs. Artie Liles. The members spent most of the evening quilting on their quilts.

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To Wed Irish Grid Star



Rosemary Killen, above, planned to become the bride of Tommy Yarr, captain of the 1931 Notre Dame football team, in Chicago Feb. 8. Yarr is from Dabob, Wash., and Miss Killen is from Chicago.

An announcement was made stating that on Monday evening, Feb. 15, the missionary society would sponsor a banquet to be given for the members of the church and their families which is to be held in the Sunday school room of the church in the building where the Friendship class holds its regular class meetings.

At the close of the meeting Mrs. Beard, assisted by Miss Wilma Beard and Miss Jeanne Johnston, served refreshments of chicken salad, olives, sardines, chips, ice box cookies, nuts and coffee to the following members: Mmes. C. A. Peterson, M. C. Franklin, E. R. Johnston, Fred Mackey, John Rawson, Grady Owen, D. J. Fiency, J. H. Caton, K. F. Page, E. E. Wood, T. L. Cooper, J. H. Gilbreath, and guests, Mrs. Mary McCall of Columbus, Kan., and Miss Jeanne Johnston.

The next meeting will be held Monday, March 7, at the home of Mrs. Hyatt at Olden.

Refreshments of frozen salad on lettuce, cheese niblets, salted pecans, date bars, hot chocolate with whipped cream was served.

Those present were Messrs. Ollie Duckett, W. F. Davenport, P. L. Harris, Elmo Hill, W. W. Kelly, L. J. Lambert, Jess Richardson, and honoree, Ed F. Willman.

Mrs. Willman was assisted throughout the evening by Mrs. W. W. Kelly.

Condition Improved. Jerry Bob Jones, son of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Jones, who has been ill for the past several days, is reported as greatly improved.

DAUGHTER IS BORN. Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Johnson of Ranger announce the arrival of a daughter at the West Texas Clinic and hospital this morning.

Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Had bad dizzy spells

Afraid to leave house... feared awful dizziness would make her keel over. She needs Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in tablet form.

"Choosey" People like the way they TASTE..

IT'S just what you'd expect. People who enjoy the good things of life... are constantly looking for something better to eat and drink... and smoke. Something that's out of the ordinary.

In cigarettes this better taste can come only from finer ingredients. Chesterfields are more satisfying to the cultivated palate... because there's never any attempt to skimp on Turkish leaf.

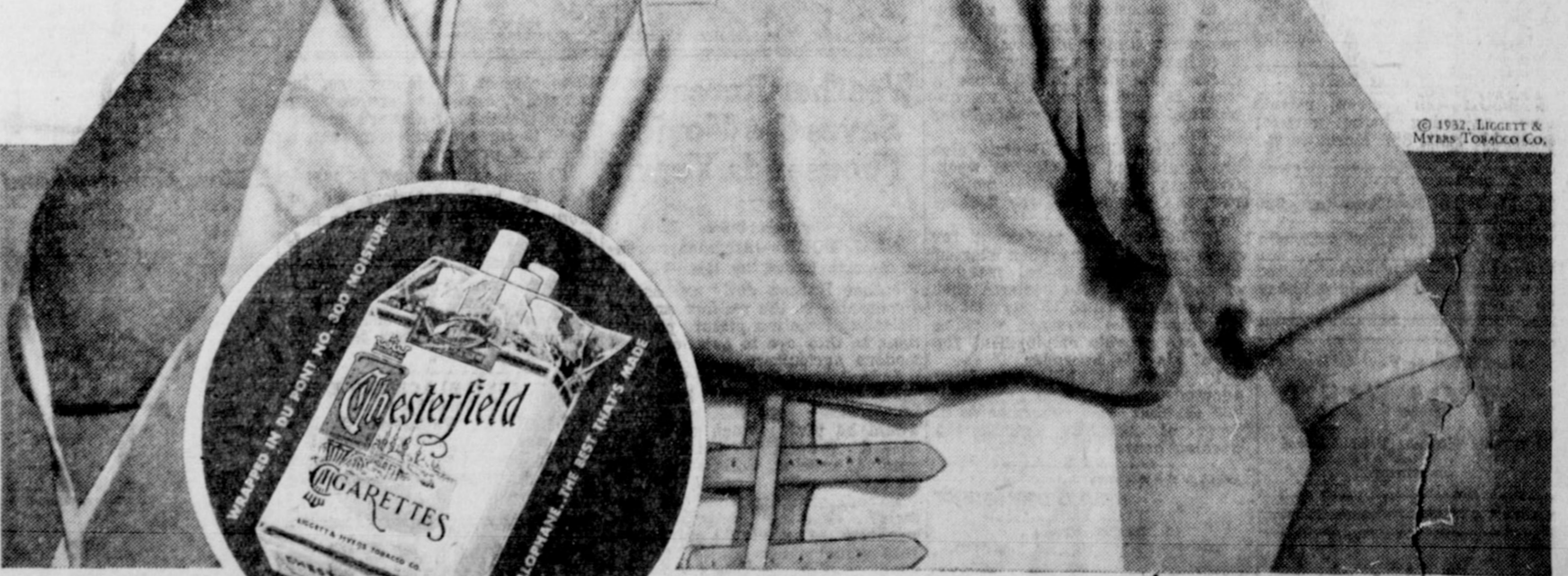
These more expensive... more richly flavored Turkish tobaccos are added with a generous hand... and 'choosey' people... everywhere... like the result.

In fact Chesterfield's new way of mixing tobacco flavors and aromas is really equivalent to creating an entirely new kind of tobacco... one that combines the best qualities of Turkish and fine Domestic leaf.

Perhaps you've noticed that the paper in Chesterfields is whiter... purer. Thousands of dollars were spent on research to perfect this paper. It burns without any taste or odor of its own. A detail, of course. But it adds immeasurably to your enjoyment.

Smoke Chesterfields whenever you like... They're mild and pure. They'll never tire you as an over-sweetened cigarette might easily do. Day in... day out... Chesterfields taste right. Light up and see for yourself. They satisfy!

Listen in... Hear the Chesterfield Radio Program. Nat Shilkret's brilliant orchestra and Alex Gray, popular baritone. Every night, except Sunday... Columbia Broadcasting System... 10:30 E. S. T.



THEY'RE MILDER THEY'RE PURE • THEY TASTE BETTER • They Satisfy

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VOL. 13

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This column feature and representing paper. Who one man has written, and right to chi any subject, tion or apol

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