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TODAY'S NEWS TODAY!

Eastland Telegram

Delivered To Your Home
10c WEEK

UNITED PRESS SERVICE BRINGS LATE NEWS OF THE WORLD TO TELEGRAM READERS

EASTLAND, TEXAS, THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 9, 1935

PRICE TWO CENTS

No. 160

Hamilton and Palmer Will Die at Midnight

GOVERNOR IS NOT TO GRANT ANY REPRIEVE

Appeals Court Denies Writ of Habeas Corpus for Desperado

HUNTSVILLE, May 9.—Death in the electric chair became a certainty today for Raymond Hamilton and Joe Palmer, Texas desperados, convicted of killing a prison guard, as Governor Allred refused to grant them clemency.

The executions will be carried out after midnight tonight. Gov. Allred, in a written statement, issued at Austin, found Hamilton's record of crime "astounding," and sternly asserted that "the criminal element may just as well understand murderers, hijackers, and bank robbers are going to pay the supreme penalty if a jury gives it to them."

His action came after two justices of the Texas Court of Criminal Appeals refused to accept an application for a writ of habeas corpus, tendered them by Miss Camille Openshaw.

Miss Openshaw also visited Gov. Allred just before he issued his statement refusing clemency. She left immediately afterward to return to Huntsville with Katy Jenkins.

Lee Simmons, general manager of the prison system, said he was "glad to hear" that the governor had refused to grant clemency to Hamilton. He added that "our preparations will go ahead as we had planned."

Warden W. W. Waid said Hamilton and Palmer slept well last night, ate a hearty breakfast and faced execution calmly.

Hamilton and Palmer were not notified of the governor's decision.

Centennial Fund Appropriation to Be Made Effective

AUSTIN, May 9.—Immediate effect of the \$3,000,000 centennial appropriation was voted in the house today. The vote was 110 ayes and 22 nays.

The resolution will be sent to the senate this afternoon. If it passes there by two-thirds vote the appropriation and all provisions of the act will be in effect immediately.

Without the resolution the act would be ineffective until Aug. 9. It failed to get a two-thirds vote when first passed and two-thirds vote is necessary for immediate effect.

Twenty Convicts Will Get Paroles

AUSTIN, May 9.—Twenty convicts at the state penitentiary and prison farms will be released for Mother's Day.

Governor Allred announced today that a list of men whose mothers are living has been selected for release. The proclamations freeing them are being prepared.

Bonus Leader Is Looking For Votes

WASHINGTON, May 9.—The leader of the Patman bonus forces in the senate, Senator Elmer Thomas, Dem., Okla., refused today to accept any of the compromises which have been advanced as a means of obtaining votes to override a veto.

While Thomas previously had said if the Patman currency issue bill could not be enacted he would take the next best thing. He said today:

"Once the Patman advocates start yielding, the bonus fight is lost."

His remarks appeared to indicate Thomas was determined to battle further for the votes needed to override a veto of the Patman bill.

Held as Bremer Kidnap Gangster



Suspect in the Bremer kidnaping case, Harry Sawyer, above, was held a federal prisoner in New Orleans, after he and his wife were captured in Pass Christian, Miss. Sawyer is declared to be one of the main members of the Bar-Barker gang and has evaded a federal hunt for more than a year since the crime for which 10 now are on trial in St. Paul.

LEGISLATION MARKS TIME AT CAPITOL

AUSTIN, May 9.—Texas legislation was at a standstill today, while resolutions were rushed through both houses to suspend rules and keep bills alive that otherwise cannot be acted upon in the remaining two days.

The house abandoned efforts to act finally on extending the \$2,000 residence homestead tax exemption to clear the way for bills.

The senate accepted the committee report on tightening cigarette tax collection. It ran into opposition from dry senators on provisions of the bill to get more state beer revenue.

Without reaching a decision senators debated if the beer act should be amended to permit sale within 300 feet of the capitol. A 200 foot dry zone now exists around the capitol grounds.

Alameda Cemetery Working Date Set

Announcement was made Thursday that the annual cemetery working would be held at Alameda on Saturday, May 18, to which the public is cordially invited.

It has been the custom to hold the annual cemetery working on the first Saturday in May each year, but the rains this year caused a postponement in the 44-year-old custom and the working was set for May 18.

BIG BUSINESS AND LABOR IN NEW POSITIONS

WASHINGTON, May 9.—Big business has swung away from President Roosevelt in the past six months and labor is coming closer to the new deal.

Both labor and business are beginning to find the positions they will occupy in the 1936 campaign. Observers expect these trends to continue.

Chairman James A. Farley of the democratic national committee says:

"We never had support of big business, or at least it was passive. We will depend on the masses."

Movements of the American Bankers association and the United States Chamber of Commerce indicate the trend of big money away from Mr. Roosevelt.

HUNGER MARCH HAS REACHED SPRINGFIELD

SPRINGFIELD, May 9.—Seeking to force the legislature to pass bills that will reopen relief stations, "hunger marchers" poured into Springfield today from all sections of the state.

The marchers gathered at the old state arsenal across from the state house and announced they would camp in the city until the legislature ends a deadlock over methods of raising state relief funds to match federal aid.

All but seven of the state's 102 counties exhausted their federal relief funds today. The entire relief burden descended on local and private charities.

Leaders of the hunger marchers characterized their mission as a "starvation siege," and compared it with the bonus army march on Washington three years ago.

The leaders said the marchers will carry on the siege indefinitely.

Ranger Masons Plan a Mother's Day Program

Plans were completed in Ranger for the Mother's Day program sponsored by the Masonic Lodge to be held at the First Baptist church Sunday evening beginning at 8:00 o'clock.

The committee announces that one of the largest crowds of the year is expected and special seats will be placed to take care of the visitors.

Rev. E. S. James, pastor of the First Baptist church, Cisco, will be the principal speaker of the evening. Rev. James is one of the best speakers in West Texas and will bring a message on Mother's Day that will be very interesting.

The Cisco congregation voted to give Bro. James a leave of absence from his church for the occasion and the committee is looking for a large number of the Cisco members to come with their pastor.

A part of the seating capacity of the church will be reserved for visitors from Cisco and other towns.

All churches in the city are cooperating to the extent that services will be dismissed on next Sunday evening so respective members can attend the Mother's Day program.

The tentative program as outlined today is as follows:

Meeting formally opened at 8 o'clock p. m.

Song by the entire congregation under choir leader.

Singing of America.

Musical number by violin orchestra.

Quartet, four young business men of Ranger.

Explanation of meeting and its purpose as viewed by the Grand Lodge.

Violin orchestra number.

Introduction of Rev. E. S. James and address.

Flowers for oldest mother present.

Benediction.

You'd Never Guess—They're Twins



You'd wager your last dollar that this pair of jolly little sailors couldn't even be brothers, but you'd lose, for they're TWINS. Rudolph Rios, left, is a true brunet, while his twin, Umberto, is a pure albino. The boys, born of Mexican parentage on Santa Catalina Island, have aroused world-wide scientific interest.

AAA Makes Known Procedure To Guide Farmers in Referendum

WASHINGTON.—The Agricultural Adjustment Administration announced today the general procedure under which county and community wheat growers' committees will conduct the national wheat referendum on May 25. The referendum will involve signers of approximately 575,000 wheat contracts in 1,785 counties in 37 states. A separate vote of non-signers will be taken.

The referendum is to be held for the purpose of indicating to the Adjustment Administration the sentiment of wheat farmers generally toward a new wheat program to follow the present one. The question upon which producers will be asked to vote is:

"Are you in favor of a wheat production adjustment program to follow the present one which expires with the 1935 crop year?"

The county and community wheat committees have the principal responsibility in conducting the referendum. The county allotment committee will have charge of the referendum in each county or for several counties if they are formed into district associations. Community committees will have charge of the actual balloting in each community, which in most cases will be a township or similar area.

Wheat section officials have notified state, county and community workers that the balloting is to take place between 9 a. m. and 8 p. m., May 25.

Before the referendum is taken the county allotment committee is to designate in each community the places for balloting and to give public notice of the time for voting.

In exceptional cases, where only a few farmers produce wheat, the county committee may send ballots to these farmers and the vote may be made by mail, but in each case these ballots must be returned by May 25, under tentative regulations. Provision is also made for producers to vote an absent voter's ballot if they will be unable to go to the polling places, provided arranged in advance with the community committee.

The referendum is open to all bona fide wheat farmers. The county committee will furnish to each community committee a register of the wheat farmers who are contract signers. In addition, any bona fide wheat farmers may come to the polls on May 25 and vote, provided he satisfies the local committee that he is eligible to sign a wheat contract. There is no obligation upon farmers to agree to sign contracts, but each one voting must be eligible to sign a contract.

Duties of Local Committee

The local community committee has the responsibility of providing ballot boxes, of giving public notice of the time and place of the balloting, and of conducting the

Eastland Man Goes To Funeral of Kin

Grady Pipkin of Eastland was in Plainview Thursday to attend funeral services of Tom Wilson, a brother-in-law.

Mr. Pipkin left Wednesday when notified of the death.

AIR ARMADA TAKES TO AIR FOR LONG HOP

HONOLULU, May 9.—The navy's air armada started taking off for the Midway Islands at 7:20 a. m., 1:50 p. m., EDT, today.

The aviation part of the war games on the Pacific called for participation of 42 planes in a 1,200 mile trip to the tiny Midway Islands and return. Two hundred officers and men were aboard the planes in units of four to ten men per plane.

The takeoff from Wheeler Field was kept as secretive as possible. Officers surrounded the leave taking with almost wartime mystery as propellers spun all spectators were barred from the field.

The battle fleet left San Francisco Saturday to cruise 5,000,000 miles of ocean. A tight censorship was maintained and reporters on the flagship were not permitted to radio progress of the problem.

Eastland Girl Is One of 75 Members Of Opera Chorus

Miss Opal Harrell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. O. Harrell of Eastland, was one of 75 members of the college chorus of North Texas State Teachers college, Denton, which presented the comic opera, "H. M. S. Pinafore," Wednesday at the school.

Germany to Form New Air Forces

BERLIN, May 9.—Creation of a semi-independent air force at a date yet to be determined was predicted today.

So far since the official admission that Germany has a military air force, no distinction has been made between air and sea planes and flying boats, stationed along the coast of the North and Baltic seas.

Judith Prefers Men of Brawn



Men of might just naturally succumb to the charms of Judith Allen, film actress shown in striking pose in the top photo. Divorced 18 months ago from Gus Sonnenberg, wrestling champion, Judith now is the bride of Jack Doyle, young Irish heavyweight boxer, below. They told their friends the date was June, then slipped into Mexico for a secret wedding.

Seen in Peace Post



Hugh Gibson, (above), American Ambassador to Brazil, may be designated as special United States Representative to the Chaco Peace Negotiations expected to be inaugurated soon at Buenos Aires, it was reported in Washington.

Rev. C. W. Estes Guest Speaker at Strawn Club Meet

Rev. C. W. Estes, minister of the Eastland and Strawn Presbyterian churches, addressed members of the Lions club at the latter town Wednesday.

Attention was called by Rev. Estes to opportunities in this section and the importance of rebuilding honesty and industry.

The Eastland and Strawn Presbyterian minister, who has served in the past year as eminent grand prelate of Texas, delivered a sermon at the eighty-second convocation of the Grand Commandery of Knights Templar at Wichita Falls Tuesday.

Will Finish Work On Field This Week

Completion of leveling and sodding of the Eastland gridiron this week was forecast Thursday by C. A. Hertig, school business manager.

With completion of the ground work, an extensive work relief project will be finished.

France and Italy In Air Peace Pact

PARIS, France, May 9.—Three army pursuit planes sped high over the fields and towns of France today, bearing to Rome a mission charged with concluding the first specific aerial defense alliance in history.

Gen. Victor Denain, air minister, led the mission. With him were two other high government officials.

France and Italy have decided to proceed alone with the new idea of aerial defense treaties. They intend to conclude a treaty which may be incorporated in one with Britain, Belgium and Germany, but as present they will act together.

SENATE IN A CONTROVERSY OVER POWER

WASHINGTON, May 9.—The senate was plunged into bitter controversy over the new deal policy on government ownership and operation of power resources today.

Senator Warren Austin, Vermont republican, who took up the fight last year against administration cancellation of air mail contracts, engaged in a vigorous offensive against proposals to extend the scope of the TVA.

After talking for three hours yesterday, Austin said he still had "plenty to say."

Senator George Norris, Rep., Neb., who charged Austin was conducting a "one-man filibuster," waited somewhat impatiently for the opposition to exhaust itself.

That reminds me...

Outlook is for more rain, clouds swirling around and signs of a better weather. Farmers state that fields are still too wet in most places to do much about it, but there is one thing that we've found out and that is it simply cannot rain too much in this section of the country. So let 'er come if that's the way it's to be.

TO KILL

Every day registrations of new automobiles seem to be on the increase. Certainly this can only mean that things are picking up again and better. Rising prices in commodities have had some folks a little upset, but if it will be remembered before the days of the depression we not only had high prices in lots of things but good wages and good business as well as lots and lots of expansion. Maybe this thing is a little out of balance at it can adjust itself to the best interest of all concerned in time.

Three more shopping days before Mother's Day

Three more shopping days before Mother's Day, and now is a good time to shop around your Eastland merchants and see that you are remembered with something, even if only a little inexpensive trinket of some kind. Those that can afford it can make her happy with something much better. Anyway, remember mother on Mother's Day.

Last Rehearsals Today of Senior Class Production

With one day marking time before their play, "It Happened in Hollywood," will be presented, Eastland High school senior cast members Thursday were scheduled to have final rehearsals.

The play, given each year by the graduating class to raise money for a request to the school, is declared one with all earmarks of a successful production.

Certain time for the presentation has been set at 8 o'clock Friday night in the school auditorium. Ticket sales were reported brisk with indications that the play would be presented before a capacity audience.

Members of the cast are John East, Bailey Hinton, Harry Watts, Curtis Terrell, Joan Johnson, Betty Kissingner, Eloise Ligon, Bill Sitterwhite, Lewai Chance, Kathleen Cottingham, Mary Frances Hunter, Orvel Harrell.

Director of the production is Mrs. H. C. Ammerman.

Arranges Program For Mother's Day

Special features of a musical program for Mother's Day observance at the non-denominational 9:49 Bible class were being arranged Thursday by Mrs. T. J. Hays, musical director for the group.

The class, composed of Eastland business men, meets each Sunday at the Methodist church.

Members of the Booster class will be posted at doors of the church to provide red and white roses for those who attend the 9:49 group meeting, Mrs. Haley announced.

M. M. Collie will sing "Mother of Pearl," a quartet will sing one selection and a reading will be given, Mrs. Haley stated. Judge Hickman class teacher, will give the lecture for the Mothers' Day program.

Members of the Susan Steele class, Martha Dorcas and Booster class of the Methodist church have been invited to attend services of the 9:49 class.

Oklahoma Farms Buck By Storms

OND CREEK, Okla., May 9.—Farmers took stock of damage to homes and barns here today after a night of high winds in which many were injured.

The estimate of damage had been made as a survey was still in progress. The loss of livestock was reduced and feed was scattered over the area as was timbers from barns and outbuildings.

EASTLAND TELEGRAM

Published every afternoon (except Saturday and Sunday) and every Sunday morning

Member Advertising Bureau — Texas Daily Press League
Member of United Press Association

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

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Obituaries, cards of thanks, notices of lodge meetings, etc., are charged for at regular advertising rates, which will be furnished upon application.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Eastland, Texas, under Act of March, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATE

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World Comes To Bat At Tenest Moment

Whatever else you may say about the present moment in world history, you at least have to admit that is exciting. It is exciting for much the same reason that a baseball game is exciting when you have the bases full and the town's best fencebuster coming to bat; nobody knows just what is going to happen next, but whatever it is, it is bound to be something spectacular.

Sinclair Lewis brought this out admirably in a recent article in Good Housekeeping magazine.

In the uncertainty of the present he sees youth presented with the greatest of all challenges.

"When all of youth that has been born in 1885-1935 shall have had its chance, this half century may perhaps be put down as the noblest in history," he remarks. "But to take that chance, youth must not be afraid to show itself, not as perpetually clever and shiny and speeding, but as filled with the awkward, faith-dipped simplicity which is the quality of greatness."

"It must not be afraid of anything—for just ahead of us may lie the world's most vicious war or the benign curbing of cancer and tuberculosis; another Shakespeare, or another scourge of Dillingers in low places and Kreugers in high; a flight to Mars, or a descent into an ocean of lava; a peaceful world nation, or a world shattered into 10,000 bandit tribes."

And then he adds this significant comment:

"There are two equal sins for a thinker or a doer in this year of 1935: to despair of the noble future of mankind; and to believe that this savage race, mankind—so much more savage than the tigers, because we kill not just for meat, but for our highest ideals—can be made all sweet and holy just by a few fine phrases."

A size-up of this kind is worth re-reading and thinking about. For while nearly all of us are painfully aware of the disastrous things that may happen to the world during the next generation, we often forget that it is equally possible for truly magnificent things to happen.

The world may go up as well as down. It has cut its moorings and is off on one of the most momentous trips it has ever taken; if the prospect is frightening, it can also be encouraging.

Too much optimism at a time like this is silly—and so is too much pessimism. If we can temper optimism with a sane realization of the difficulties ahead and an iron determination to make things work out for the benefit of mankind as a whole, this time may be known as the prelude to the greatest era of advancement in the history of the race.

Our Military Leaders See Their Shadows

President Roosevelt did the right thing in squelching those overambitious army officers who had so much to say about American "war plans" in this hemisphere.

An army strategist is apt to say almost anything, of course, and it would be foolish to attach too much weight to the whole affair. And yet it is a timely warning of something that we usually fail to realize—the fact that militarism is a growth not confined to Europe and Asia, after all. We have our own share of it, and it's time we realized it.

Consider, for instance, the ideas which Brig. Gen. F. M. Andrews, chief of the new General Headquarters Air Force, spread before a congressional committee recently.

We must, said General Andrews, keep our eyes on Newfoundland, the French islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, Bermuda, the Bahamas, Jamaica, Trinidad, British Honduras and the lesser Honduras. Any or all these places would make dangerous enemy air bases in the event of war; we must keep them under surveillance, be ready to bomb them if we find air bases being developed on them, and be prepared to seize them by main force "if the situation is sufficiently vital to require it."

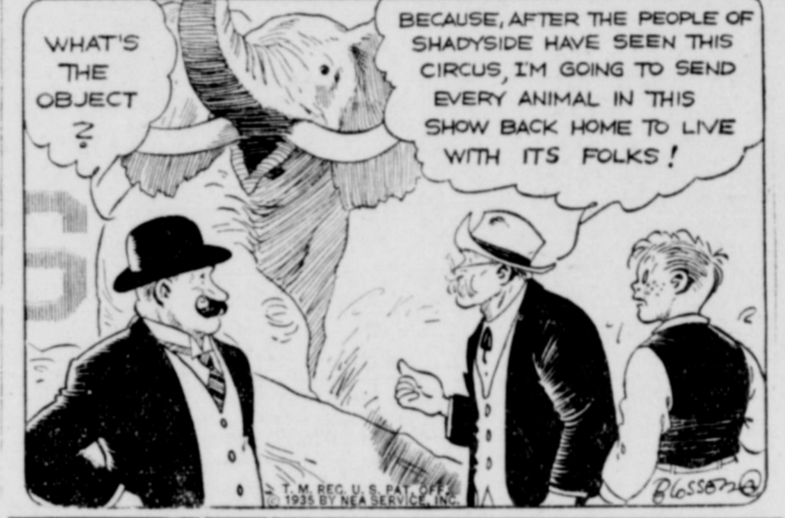
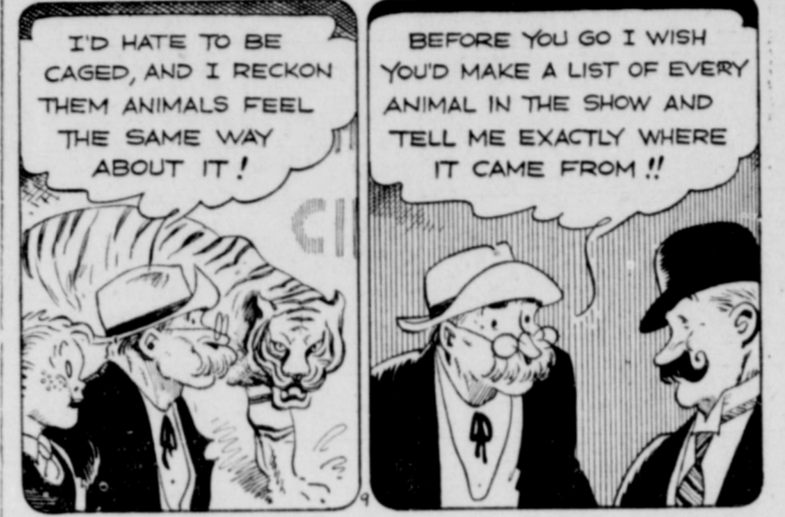
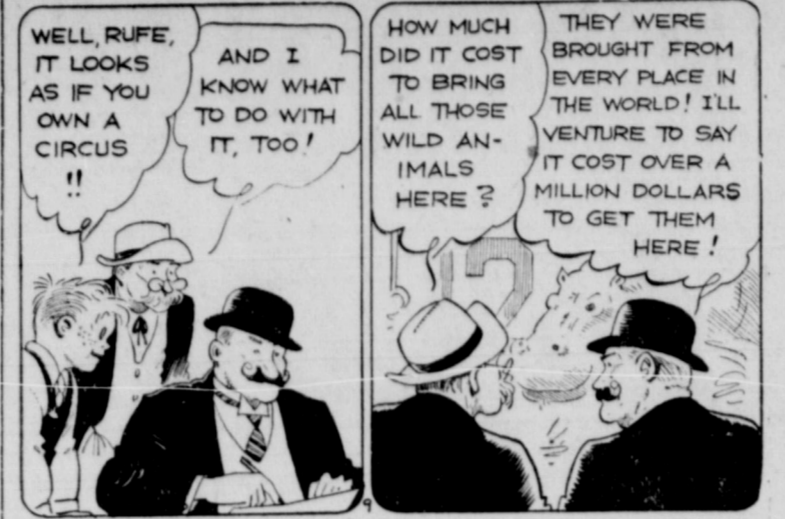
Nor is that all. Other army officers urge Congress to establish a huge air base in the Great Lakes border. They admit that Canada probably is not meditating war on the United States; but they point out that if any "hostile power" lodged itself in Canada, it would be within easy raiding distance of our great industrial centers.

Now all this is very little less than vicious. It represents militarism in its worst sense—the attitude of mind that sees everything in terms of military equation and ignores all the supremely important intangibles of international relations.

One of our greatest assets is the fact that we enjoy friendly relations with our neighbors. The Canadian border has gone unfortified for a century. The average American no more expects trouble from Newfoundland or Bermuda than he expects Pittsburgh to attack Cincinnati.

But such facts mean nothing to a militarist. There is foreign soil at our doorstep; it must be the soil of an enemy; let us spend huge sums and lay elaborate plans to repel attack, even if it means replacing international friendship with suspicion, fear, and dislike!

FRECKLES and HIS FRIENDS—By Blosser



Rebus Puzzle

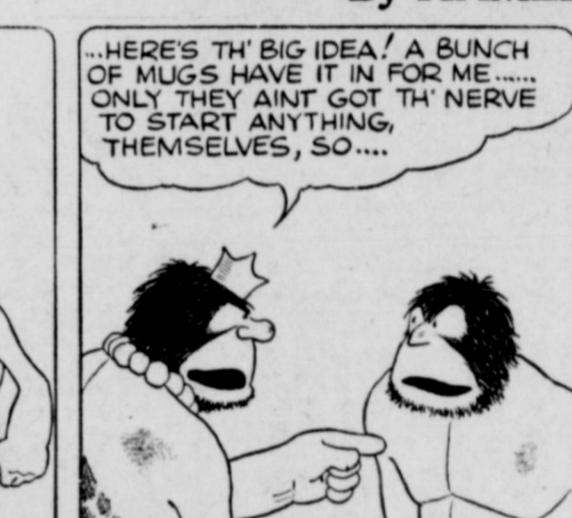
Rebus puzzle grid with clues and answers. Includes a grid with numbers 1-35 and a list of words to be placed in the grid.

MARKETS section with a list of stock prices and market data. Includes a small graphic of a person's face.

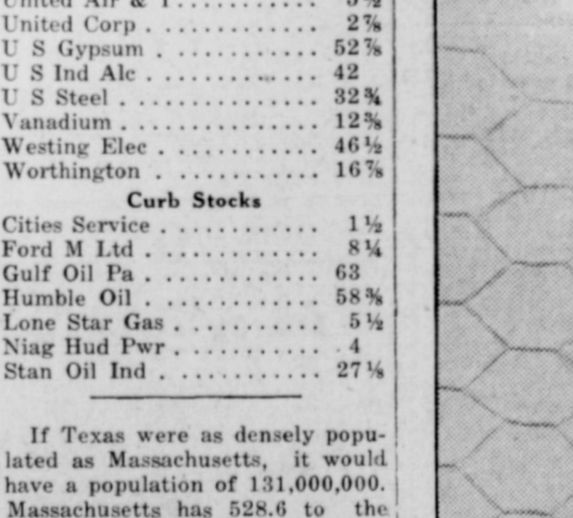
The Newfangles (Mom 'n' Pop)



By Cowen



ALLEY OOP - - - - - By HAMLIN



SPRING FLOWER



Starting out with the same batting punch that kept him at the top of the American League heap for several weeks in early 1934, Rollie Hemsley, above, St. Louis Browns' catcher, is leading the junior loop's batters a merry chase. The playboy of the Browns is battling Jimmy Foxx for swatting honors.

Casualties at the Battle of Jacinto were: Texans, 6 killed; wounded, 630; Mexicans, 630 killed; 208 wounded, 730 captured.

Advertisement for HANES shorts, featuring a man in shorts and text describing the product.

Advertisement for SAMSON BAK UNIFORMS, featuring a man in a uniform and text describing the product.

Advertisement for ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES, featuring a man and text describing the products.

Large advertisement for LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES, featuring a man and woman and text describing the product.

at the Battle of... Texans, 6 killed... Mexicans, 630... 730 captured.



headwork from making an ordinary head neckerchief slide on up to the art of beading a "rabbit foot" charm. Silver craft, which has always been very popular in camp, will come in for its share on the program. On visitors days, scouts will have an opportunity to display their handicraft work. The instructors have announced that prizes will be offered for the best workmanship. Scouts, you can not afford to miss this camp. See your scoutmaster now, and have him help you make plans for attending.

Beaumont at Oklahoma City. AMERICAN LEAGUE Standing of the Teams Club— W. L. Pct. Chicago 13 4 .765 Cleveland 10 4 .714 New York 9 7 .563 Boston 9 7 .563 Washington 10 8 .556 Detroit 7 10 .412 Philadelphia 4 12 .250 St. Louis 2 12 .143

BASEBALL

TEXAS LEAGUE Standing of the Teams Club— W. L. Pct. Beaumont 18 9 .667 Oklahoma City 15 9 .625 Galveston 16 10 .615 Houston 13 12 .520 Fort Worth 13 13 .500 Tulsa 12 12 .500 San Antonio 9 13 .409 Dallas 5 22 .185

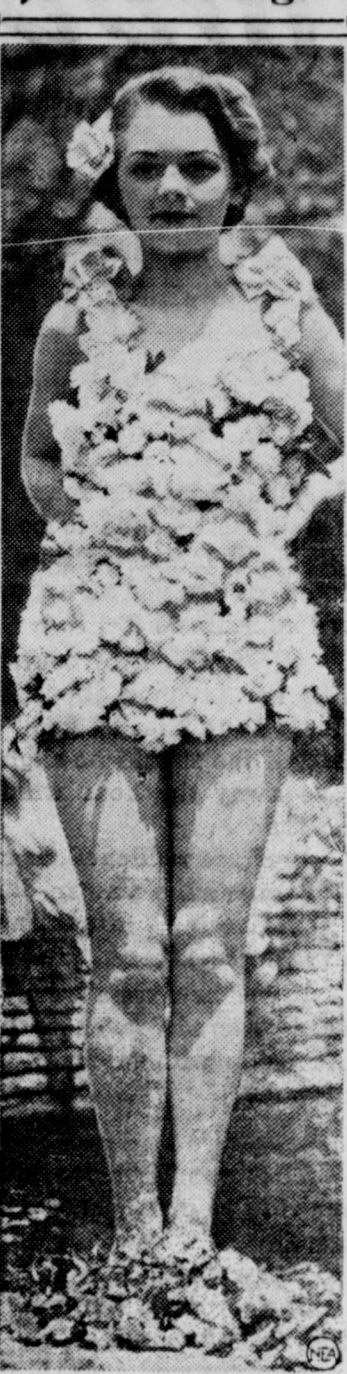
Yesterday's Results Chicago 7, New York 4. Cleveland 2, Boston 0. Philadelphia 7, Detroit 6. Washington 10, St. Louis 9. Today's Schedule Washington at Detroit. Philadelphia at St. Louis. New York at Cleveland. Boston at Chicago.

Yesterday's Results Chicago 7, New York 4. Cleveland 2, Boston 0. Philadelphia 7, Detroit 6. Washington 10, St. Louis 9. Today's Schedule Washington at Detroit. Philadelphia at St. Louis. New York at Cleveland. Boston at Chicago.

NATIONAL LEAGUE Standing of the Teams Club— W. L. Pct. New York 11 3 .786 Brooklyn 11 7 .611 Chicago 8 7 .533 St. Louis 8 8 .529 Pittsburgh 9 11 .474 Cincinnati 8 10 .444 Boston 6 10 .375 Philadelphia 3 10 .231

Yesterday's Results Cincinnati 15-4, Philadelphia

Future's Rosy for Her Reign



Probably this wasn't just what the song writers had in mind as "A Garland of Old-Fashioned Roses" a couple of decades ago, but Margaret Walk is a distinctly modern miss. She's glimpsed here in her regal raiment as queen of the annual rose festival at Santa Rosa, Calif.

4-5. New York 3-6, Chicago 1-2. Boston 12, Pittsburgh 3. Brooklyn 3, St. Louis 2 (12 innings). Today's Schedule Pittsburgh at New York. Cincinnati at Brooklyn. Chicago at Boston. St. Louis at Philadelphia.

The number of cattle on Texas farms and ranches increased almost 1,000,000 head from 1930 to 1935. During the same period the number of chickens rose more than 2,000,000.

Texas holds second rank to New York as the greatest export state in the union. Texas leads all others in export of raw materials; New York being leader in manufactured goods.

Just 160 years ago the Americans feared the British were coming. Now we hope they'll come across.

"OUT OUR WAY" - - - - - By Williams



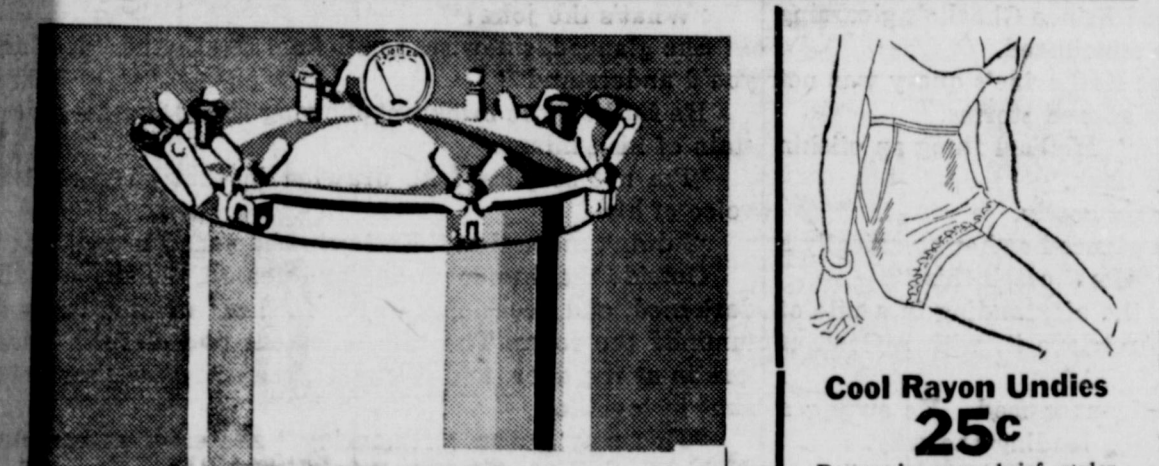
The "New Orleans Grays," organized in 1835, was the first military unit organized on American soil to go to the aid of the settlers who had decided to throw off the yoke of Mexican tyranny. Adolphe Stern, former alcalde of Nacogdoches, outfitted the company of 50 men.

The deepest oil well in the world is in Reagan county, Texas. It reaches a depth of two miles.

WATCH KIDNEYS SAME AS BOWELS

Wash Out Your 79,200 Feet of Kidney Tubes Your bowels contain only 27 feet of intestines, yet the kidneys contain nearly 10 million tiny tubes or filters which would measure 79,200 feet—48 laid end to end. Therefore, it is just as important to watch the kidneys as the bowels. Kidneys are working all the time and are one of Nature's chief ways of taking the acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Healthy persons pass thru the bladder 2 pints a day and get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter. If you pass less than this, your 79,200 feet of kidney tubes may be clogged with poisonous waste. This is a danger signal and may be the beginning of nagging backache, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swollen feet and ankles, rheumatic pains and dizziness. Kidneys should be watched closely and need cleaning out the same as bowels. Ask your druggist for DOAN'S PILLS, an old prescription which has been used by millions of kidney sufferers for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help to wash out your 79,200 feet of kidney tubes. Get Doan's Pills at your druggist. © 1934, Foster-Milburn Co.

Mother's Day! SUNDAY, MAY 12TH



LAST TWO DAYS! FRIDAY and SATURDAY Wards Free Cooking and Canning School Under Supervision of J. F. Wynn of National Cooking School Montgomery Ward & Co. cordially invites everyone to attend these demonstrations of the proper use of the Pressure Cooker. Free Prizes Daily! Special Prices on All Pressure Cookers During the Demonstration

No Rings! It's \$22.95—Wards Finest Chiffon 100 It's exquisitely sheer, has a satiny, smooth dull finish and is a flattering fine-gauge. Full-fashioned, dainty French heel and cradle foot—and no rings! Save!

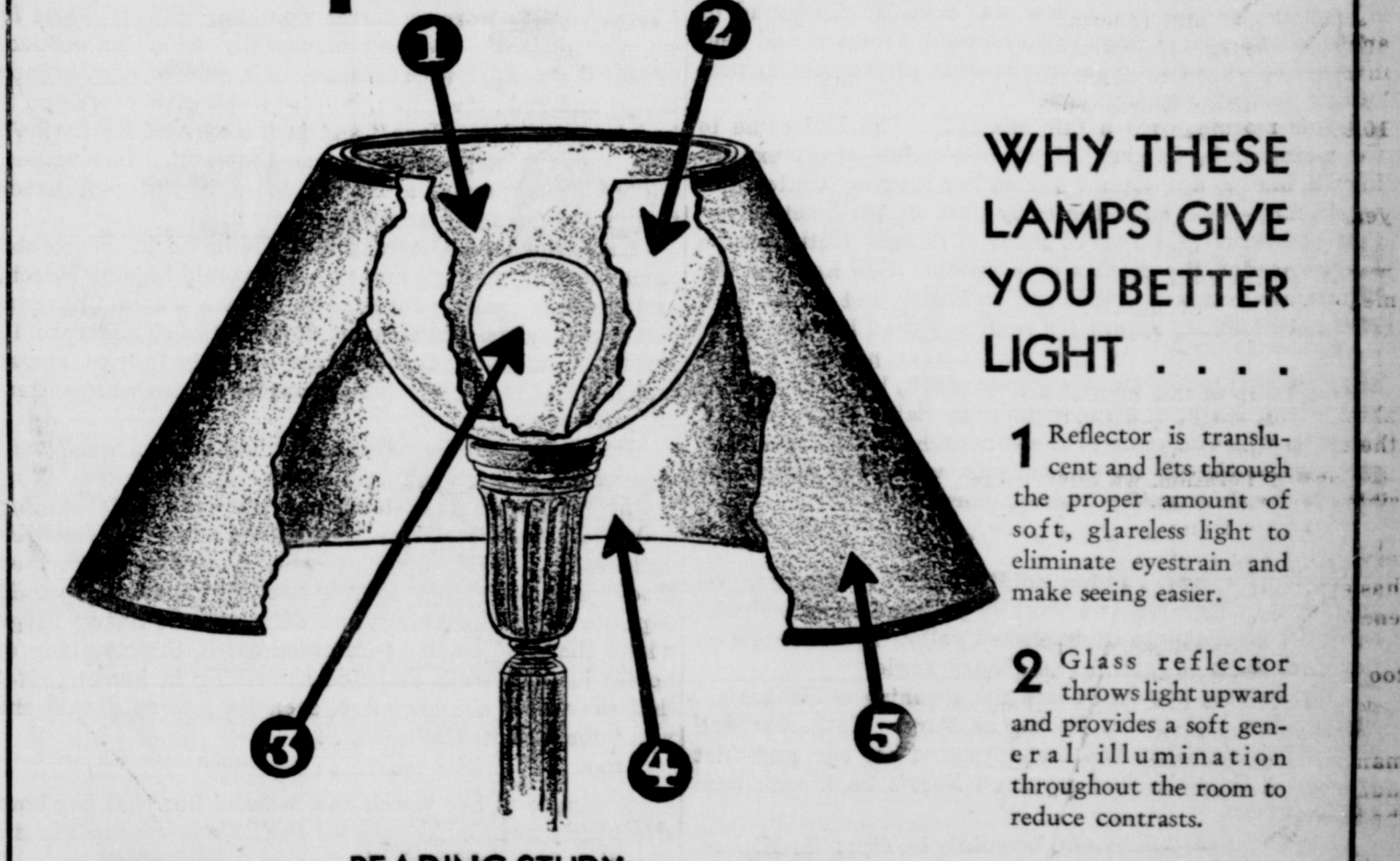
You Save on Wards Special Quality Washer \$47.95 \$5 Down, \$5 Monthly Small Carrying Charge More quality features than in other washers priced far higher! Tri-vane agitator, wash-board action walls, 6-sheet porcelain tub!

MONTGOMERY WARD 7-09 Main Street Ranger, Texas

DANCE at the BAKER MINERAL WELLS EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT Fine Music Delightful Floor High Standards You'll Enjoy a Week-End Vacation at the Baker

Foot-Power Console \$26.95 Long shuttle action, 3/4 size head, counter balanced drive, Walnut-finished cabinet.

"Eyelaxation"



WHY THESE LAMPS GIVE YOU BETTER LIGHT 1 Reflector is translucent and lets through the proper amount of soft, glareless light to eliminate eyestrain and make seeing easier. 2 Glass reflector throws light upward and provides a soft general illumination throughout the room to reduce contrasts. 3 New three-way lamp globe with three lighting intensities at the snap of a switch . . . 100, 200 and 300 watts from the same globe. 4 Shade is lined with light-reflecting material to give the maximum illumination for reading or studying. 5 Shade is wide enough to distribute light over the entire working area. You can read normally without leaning to get under the light.

READING STUDY LAMPS \$6.95 Reading-Study lamps are available in several styles, but all have the distinguishing features of a scientifically designed lamp to give adequate illumination and protection from glare. Try one of these lamps tonight and you'll be convinced that they decrease eyestrain. FLOOR MODELS \$8.95 Floor lamps of similar design also use the same principles of proper lighting. Both indirect and semi-indirect lamps supply a general room illumination and also glareless light for reading or studying.

TEXAS ELECTRIC SERVICE COMPANY J. E. Lewis, Mgr.

Summer Sweethearts

By Mabel McElliott © 1935, NEA Service, Inc.



BEGINNING A NEW SERIAL OF MODERN YOUTH IN GAY VACATION COLONY

CHAPTER I

It was July, the hour 8 o'clock in the morning. Locusts sang in the high elms bordering the winding road which capped the ridge of hills. The deep blue sky was brushed over with wisps of clouds, and there was in the air a threat of the intense heat which would presently brood over the whole countryside in the quiet of midday. A bridge path wandered through the stillness, and there was a church-like hush in the deep places, where brooks ran over copper colored stones and toads hopped in the long grass.

Katharine Strykhurst walked her mare through the woods, slowly at first, later spurring her to a more daring gait. The beautiful Katharine was frowning this fine morning. Her dark, exquisitely arched brows almost met over fine eyes of an intense dark blue. Her fair hair, fine and silky, with a sheen of authentic gold in its deep waves, was brushed straight back from her brow and gathered into a knot at the nape of her neck. Her white linen bodysuits, her casually open white shirt, set off her looks to perfection. Yet there was something almost startling in the contrast between the darkness of those eyes and the fairness of her skin and hair. Katharine, in fact, was a mass of contradictions, and was occasionally proud of it. She was at once proud and humble, arrogant and gentle; her spirit suffered keenly because of the contrariness of her warring emotions.

This morning was a fair example. She had come to the riding club—Michael Heatheroe's club—fully expecting Michael to accompany her on her morning canter. For weeks now—ever since the early part of April, actually—that had been the accepted order of things. Katharine no longer needed the service of a groom. She handled the little mare now with spirit and authority, but it had been Michael's habit to mount his roan and lead her along the paths. This particular morning another pupil had been at the stables before her—a plumb, dark, lusciously pretty girl whom Katharine recognized as Sally Moon, one of the girls who had gone to the same school Katharine had attended in the village of Innicoek, which lay below her now in the shimmering haze of morning.

Katharine had nodded coldly to Sally who was resplendent in breeches and brightly polished boots and who wore the most absurd of crocheted yellow sports berets on her dark mass of curls, at an absurd angle.

The colored boy had come out, grinning at Katharine, leading the little mare known as Fury. Katharine had shut off the ignition, had leaped out of her car, and (not without a flourish) had mounted Fury's back with ease and elegance.

She had heard Sally say languidly to Tips: "Is Michael coming?"

Out of the corner of her eye, Katharine had been aware that Tips had nodded in the direction of the stables, whence Michael Heatheroe was at that moment emerging. The sun caught the crest of his red hair and made it gleam. Katharine felt her heart plunge, right itself. It was insane—this is the way her traitorous nerves always behaved when Michael first appeared on the scene. A perfectly ordinary young man in riding clothes, she told herself, proudly and scornfully: that was all he was.

Michael had greeted her with an unself-conscious smile.

"Sorry I can't ride with you. I've a lesson." He had thrown a glance in Sally's direction, and Katharine had forced her stiff lips into the semblance of a smile. Naturally he would ride with Sally Moon, if she were a beginner.

Katharine threw up her handsome head with an impatient gesture, going over the brief scene again.

"I'm quite, quite mad," she confided to the silent aisles, riding by. Certainly it was none of her business if Michael had a new pupil. He needed all he could get during the spring and summer season. All the summer people went back to the city the first of September, leaving Innicoek shuttered and silent. No, Michael had to look to his own affairs while summer people rented big houses on the bay and along the lanes.

Some men liked Sally Moon's type; there was no doubt about that. Sally was luscious, sun-kissed, like a peach that had ripened over-long. Her chocolate-colored eyes slid in all directions, especially in the direction of whatever man happened to be about. She had a way of siding up to men, half bold, half coy.

"I can't—I won't compete with that sort of thing," Katharine Strykhurst confided aloud to the world and

was startled at herself. Who was asking her to compete with Sally? What on earth was she raving about?

She began to laugh, and with the first rippling sound her black mood slid from her shoulders. What a fool she was, making a mountain out of a molehill! Michael was her friend, a tall, rangy young man with a slow smile and a caressing note in his voice for everyone. Sally was only a small town coquet with too much makeup on and a trick of making every triangular conversation seem a competition in sex.

In a good humor now, Katharine galloped the mare the last few paces of that stretch of lane which would presently cross the Shore Road which was Innicoek's main artery. This far out, it was a broad ribboned highway, flanked by red and white gas stations and an occasional mammoth sign. A mile or two back from the Sound, it became Innicoek's Main Street, with tall maples shading old white houses with green shutters. Further down still was the bank, the white-painted church, the library, Miss Matilda's nursery school, and a grocery store. Innicoek was an old village, sleepy, comfortable, leisurely. Katharine often said, with passion, that she hated it.

She lived in one of the oldest and largest of the stone houses down on the Point. It was set in the midst of park-like acres. Its Norman turret was hung with ivy, and in summer clematis dropped mournfully from its portico. Within it was dark with seasoned oak, eastern rugs, bronze lamps and red velvet hangings. Twenty-five years ago it had been a "show-place," and in the eyes of Katharine's trim, modern stepmother it was that still. Her father, white-haired, portly, a lawyer down in the city, never thought of changing anything about it.

Katharine said to herself that she hated it. When she came into her mother's money—that would be next March, and she was looking forward to it—she would find herself a gay, modern apartment down in the city and would furnish it in the modern manner—tweedy fabrics, chairs fashioned of chromium tubing, angled tables with glittering mirrored surfaces.

Her father and her stepmother had no idea what went on under those smooth fair brows. Inwardly Katharine seethed; outwardly, at least, she was calm. This riding club of Michael Heatheroe's had given her a much needed outlet lately. When things palled on her, when life seemed "too utterly poisonous" to bear another minute, she would slip into her riding things and drive over to Shady Ridge where the good smell of trampled earth, the stamping of horses in their stalls satisfied something in herself. Not that she would acknowledge, even for a minute, that she was interested in Michael.

A glance at her watch now warned her that her hour was nearly ended. She spurred the little horse back in the direction from which she had come.

Fury paused obediently now at the intersection of the bridge path and River Road. Michael had taught her to do this and, even though Katharine's touch on the bridle urged her on, she hesitated, nervously pawing the red earth. Katharine, roused from her thoughts, stared unseeing for a moment into the eyes of the girl in the little green car which had drawn up as Fury emerged from the green tunnel.

"Zoe Parker! When did you get back?"

The car door slammed and Zoe ran forward uttering shrill cries of greeting. Zoe, Katharine told herself critically, was really lovely. Those glittering white teeth, that charming warm blush of sunburn, those bright dancing eyes! Pity Zoe was such a crashing fool!

"Hel-lo, darling!"

Zoe was in white linen with a vest of dark blue linen, dotted in white. Her shoes, her hat, her gloves were all unbelievably crisp.

"You look smart!"

"Thanks. You do, too, darling!" Zoe cried. "We just got in last night. I was going to call. How are you and what've you been doing?"

"Oh, the usual," Katharine drawled.

"I'm crazy to see everybody," Zoe declared. Everybody knew that Zoe's ambitious mother had whisked her to Europe in May in order to avoid a scandal about Gibbs Larkin. Gibbs was 35, handsome in a thoroughly dissolute way, insouciant. Zoe had fallen headlong in love with him, with all her lightning impetuosity. Gibbs, people said, would never marry. He was one of those eternal bachelors who sip sweets where they will. Zoe had recklessly and defiantly been seen with him every place.

These girls who fall so wildly and recklessly in love, thought Katharine, contemptuously!

They chatted for a few moments longer, making an engagement to meet that afternoon.

"Has she 'got over' Gibbs?" Katharine wondered. She

did hope Zoe would spare her the confidences. These love recitals were bound to be boring. Katharine prided herself on her imperviousness to the grand passion. Love was stupid. It tied you all up, got your feelings confused. There was no sense to it.

All of which, of course, had nothing whatever to do with her feelings about Michael. She and Michael had simply been friends, good comrades, and it was perfectly natural she should be slightly miffed when he so casually gave away the hour which had been sacred to her for months.

Her face reddened, as she waved goodby to Zoe.

"What's the matter, darling?"

"N-nothing," Katharine lied, valiantly. "Just a heat wave, I guess."

It was because she had been annoyed to have used the word "sacred," even to herself, in connection with her friendship with Michael. What was the matter with her anyway?

That was Thursday morning. On Friday she went for her ride as usual, and Michael was there, tall, lean and casual.

"Mawnin'!"

She smiled at him with just the right degree of casualness. "Good morning."

He tightened a strap, patted Prince Charlie's gleaming flank. "Storm comin' up!" he announced.

"Oh, do you think so?" But Katharine's query was not the usual feminine flutter. She adored storms.

"Maybe I'd better take this," Michael flung an oilskin slicker across Prince Charlie's back.

"Not for me," Katharine said coolly.

The red-haired young man glanced at her quizzically a moment, then called to Tips: "Start, catch this!"

The slicker sailed through the air, landing in a pile of hay. The colored boy ran to retrieve it, with a flash of white teeth in an ebony face.

"Just as you say," Michael announced. He swung a long leg over his western saddle, leading the way.

The trees ached overhead in a vacancy of silence. In the dim interstices where the sky could be seen there were patches of angry clouds. From the west rose a rumble of deep thunder.

You won't mind gettin' wet?"

He looked back at her over his shoulder, his gentle voice courteous as usual.

Katharine laughed. "No, why should I?"

The deep roll of distant thunder increased. They crossed an open meadow with a river meandering alongside and an orange flash of lightning lashed across the sky. Suddenly they were again in the woods, the horses wading carefully through the shallow stream and plunging up the muddy banks.

Now the rain came down, suddenly, in torrents, in violent sheets. For the main part, the trees protected them, but soon the path again crossed a civilized road, a main highway. Great angry peals of thunder sounded, and the sky was made livid by the almost continual flashes of lightning. The horses were nervous. Fury danced and winced, refusing to proceed.

At the side of the road was a small blue-roofed cottage which had once housed a district school, and later an amateur radio station. It was unoccupied now. At the rear was a rude shelter for horses. Michael, without consulting Katharine, cantered back to her and, seizing Fury's bridle, led the nervous little animal under cover.

"We'd better stop here a minute," he said quietly. "It's foolhardy to go on just now."

Michael helped her to dismount. Then he tied both Fury and Prince Charlie to the rude rail of the shelter and quieted them with his reassuring voice.

"We can go inside, if you like," he told the girl, after a particularly vicious flash of light. "I had to stop here last week in that cloudburst—remember? I had a party of kids. They were scared stiff."

He pushed open the door, disclosing a narrow room with a bricked fireplace and some battered school benches. Someone had evidently built a fire. There were the remains of logs, charred and broken, in the grate.

"Cheerful place," Katharine commented dryly.

He glanced at her curiously. "It's not so much. Here—let me dust that thing off. You can sit down."

"I'd better not," Katharine hugged her arms about her.

Michael knelt, making shift, with a bundle of twigs at the side of the fireplace, and the remains of the logs. Presently he had a blaze going. The west wind whipped

in at the open door and Katharine shivered, in spite of herself.

"Well, go on—lecture me—" she said, looking down at him.

The tall young man turned from the grate, dusting his lean, long fingered hands.

"For what?"

She regarded him coolly, lighting a cigaret with fingers that shook a little.

"Oh, for being stubborn—not taking the slicker—" "Oh, that!"

He turned back to the fire, appearing to forget her. Suddenly Katharine felt rage sweep her. To be ignored like this was strangely maddening! She inhaled deep frowning angrily at the absorbed young man, who bent so solicitously over the fire. She knew well enough what Sally Moon—or Zoe Parker—would do on such an occasion. Sally would whimper a little and shiver and wistful, and there would be a good deal of argument about accepting the man's coat. Michael didn't have a coat, that didn't matter. He ought at least to show some human concern about her. Why, she might have pneumonia.

Katharine, struck suddenly by the utter nonsense her reasoning (she almost never had a cold), laughed aloud.

"What's the joke?"

She glanced, sidewise, at Michael Heatheroe. "Nothing you'd understand!"

He flushed, the brick tint showing above the deep duster of his sunburn.

"I'm not so slow," he drawled in that easy western voice of his.

"I didn't mean that," Katharine hastened to say.

Outside the thunder rolled and pealed, the sky stead darkened, and occasional angry flashes of lightning lumed the room. The rain, obedient to a dervish will, bore in at the door, and Michael closed it. Now they were shut in together.

"This may go on all morning," she said, at random wishing only to break the silence.

"Oh, I don't think it will. It's lifting now . . ."

But she had the feeling that he, too, wasn't thinking what he was saying. Were both of them a little muddled from a mere thunderstorm this summer morning?

"Fury doesn't like it," he said, of the lightning. "She's nervous."

"Just like a woman," Katharine said scornfully.

Her tone roused him.

"I've known plenty of men who didn't like storms either."

"Oh, but have you?" Katharine mocked him. So devil of perverseness seemed to possess her. She wanted to startle, shock, annoy him—stir him out of his usual acceptance of her.

"Sure enough!"

She stared at him, drinking in very line of his face, quizzical gray eyes with the little laughter wrinkles etched around them. Michael was—how old? Twenty-eight? His shoulders were broad, his waist slim, like a true horse man's. She knew, she told herself, dozens of men better looking, smarter, better educated in every way. Why earth did she bother with him?

"You don't think much of us around here, do you?" she pursued, scarcely knowing what she said.

"You all—people in Innicoek?"

"Yes. You think we're all spoiled children—or something." Her tone was hateful and she knew it, but for life of her she couldn't change it.

Michael stared at her thoughtfully. She had an pulse, almost irresistible, to reach up and rumple that red crest of hair, from which the stubborn curl had so fully been ironed only that morning.

"Folks around here have been mighty nice to me."

"Nifty nice!" She mocked his soft, easy drawl.

Suddenly she felt both her hands imprisoned, in a grip of steel. Grey eyes darkening like the stormy skies without looked into hers.

"You don't—you mustn't . . ."

"Mustn't what?"

The treacherous tide within her warmed her heart. Was this surrender, of which she had heard so much?

But Michael Heatheroe dropped her hands, releasing her as suddenly as he had seized her. "I beg your pardon," he muttered. "You sure made me mad, Miss Strykhurst. I guess I forgot myself . . ."

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