

Texas Senate Kills House Bills to Reduce State Salaries

VETS ASK REFERENDUM



Almost every little boy wants to own a dog, but probably few of them ever get a pet as big as Carl Larson's. This picture shows 'Tukker Highboy,' a prize-winning Great Dane, and his proud little master at the Tuxedo Park, N. Y., Kennel club dog show.

COTTON PICKING PRICE IS RAISED—MORE HELP ASKED

Only Families in Need to Be Employed by Welfare Board Agency Here.

Declaring that pickers could not make expenses at 40 cents a hundred, Clyde H. Garner has succeeded in having cotton growers raise their price to 50 cents a hundred this morning and he wants every available family in the county to report to him in the basement of the city hall.

Cotton growers will hire only families to pick cotton. They will not employ families where only the man is able to pick cotton. Every available family on the list of the Pampa Welfare Board has been sent to the cotton fields, and a call is now being made for families who are not listed with the Welfare Board as dependents, but who are in need of work.

Iowa Farmer Is Jailed for Removing Suspected Cattle

TIPTON, Iowa, Sept. 24 (AP)—J. W. Lenker, one of the farmer leaders in the fight against the state bovine tuberculosis test, was in the custody of Iowa National Guardsmen today, presumably because he had removed his cattle from his farm.

Verdict Withheld in Man's Death

HOUSTON, Sept. 24 (AP)—No verdict had been returned this morning in the death of H. W. Toliver, 42, salesman, whose body was taken from the San Jacinto river yesterday. He had been shot once through the head.

New Order Cuts Production of Oil

KILGORE, Sept. 24 (AP)—Production in the East Texas oil field under the new proration order of the railroad commission continued to show a marked decrease, figures released night by Brig. Gen. Jacob F. Wolters, commandant of the martial law zone, showed.

Don't worry about losing that watch. I'll call the NEWS-POST in the morning and place an ad in the lost department of the classified columns. We'll find the watch all right. PHONE 666.

SINGLE SLICE IN EXPENSES LEFT INTACT

Measure Left Would Reduce by 10 per Cent Money for Witness and Sheriff's Fees; Meaningless.

B L O C B L O C K E D

Retrenchment Group Beaten in Move to Cut State's Expenditures by Three Millions in Biennium.

AUSTIN, Sept. 24.—The senate today killed all the pay reduction bills except the one to make a ten per cent cut in appropriations for witness and sheriff's fees.

Roscoe Man Is Given 18 Months in Federal Prison

AMARILLO, Sept. 24 (AP)—Found guilty of counterfeiting, Thurman T. Hickey, of Roscoe, Texas, was sentenced by Judge James C. Wilson in federal court today to serve 18 months in a government reformatory at Chillicothe, Ohio.

No Trace Found of Escaped Men

No trace of the three men who escaped from the Gray county jail yesterday morning had been reported up to noon today. Information was sent out by the sheriff's office yesterday afternoon a few hours after the break had been discovered.

Steel Corporations Condemned by Green

WASHINGTON, Sept. 24 (AP)—Pondering possibilities of the turn toward lower wages, organized labor condemned the action of the steel corporations yesterday as a betrayal of faith.

Helium Claim Is Heard on Appeal

AMARILLO, Sept. 24 (AP)—Condemnation proceedings of the government to obtain a helium gas rights belonging to the Byrns estate were being held before Judge James C. Wilson in federal district court today.

Dispute in Manchuria Is Moving to Diplomatic Stage of Row

SHANGHAI, Sept. 24 (AP)—The military phase of the dispute between China and Japan in Manchuria apparently was drawing toward an end today and yielding the limelight to the diplomatic stage, which promises a long and bitter argument.

The Home Newspaper in PAMPA Since April 6 of 1907. 24 Years No. 142 6 Pages. Pampa Daily News. Official Newspaper of PAMPA—City of Oil, Wheat, Fine Homes. PAMPA, GRAY COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 24, 1931.

McLean Lions in Program

Musicians Are Presented in Enjoyable Program at Local Luncheon.

The full membership of the Pampa Lions club was present at the luncheon today to hear a program presented by Lions of McLean, Okla.

Easy to Smile



'Hello, Mr. Cameraman' smiles says that's easy to do. And here's the happy picture that was presented by newly-wed Dorothy Stone and her husband, Charles Collins, as they arrived in New York from London, where they were married just before their boat sailed.

GANG SURVEY IS BROADENED

Confession of Jack Jones Results in Gathering of Many Officers.

HOUSTON, Sept. 24 (AP)—Evidence against members of a gang with contacts robbery activities reaching into many Texas cities was being pieced together today by officers questioning Jack Jones, Earley McGonigal and J. H. Johnson in connection with the early killing of John Chertis, ex convict, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Alva (Keggy) Jones.

Chertis was believed slain and his body thrown into the Brazos river after he and 'Keggy' Jones quarreled over the division of loot obtained in a holdup of the Union Planters National bank of Memphis, Tenn. last May. Jones and his wife supposedly were killed in reprisal for the Chertis death.

Two Young Men Killed in Plane

TULSA, Okla., Sept. 24 (AP)—An airplane crash here last night killed two young men, Fred Krebs, 25, of Omaha, and Dave Howard, 20, of Tulsa. Howard was at the controls when the ship apparently went into a tailspin from an altitude of about 200 feet. John Armstrong, airport manager, said.

Five Divorces Are Granted by Ewing

Five divorces have been granted by Judge W. R. Ewing in 24th district court. Two suits were dismissed. The judge started hearing non-jury suits late Tuesday afternoon.

Quality Cleaners Opened in City

Announcement was made today of the opening of Pampa's newest cleaning plant, the Quality Cleaners, located at 104 1-2 North Cuyler street at the rear of the Superior barber shop.

Roads Flooded by Terrific Downpour

Sunshine was a welcome relief today from clouded, uncertain weather. Late yesterday a sudden terrific downpour brought an inch of rain.

SALESMAN HELD IN DEATH OF YOUTH

CORPUS CHRISTI, Sept. 24 (AP)—Corpus Christi officers were en route to Dallas today to take in custody John A. Hill, burglar alarm salesman, arrested there last night on a warrant charging him with murder for the slaying of Alford Stenbach, 20, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

The skeleton of the Cincinnati youth's body was found Sept. 2 ten miles south of Corpus Christi. He has been shot and struck over the head. Apparently he had been slain last May.

Farmers in West Texas Happy as Loans Extended

STAMFORD, Sept. 24 (AP)—Farmers in 67 counties in West Texas were jubilant with announcement from the West Texas Chamber of Commerce that the federal government had consented to extensions on crop production loans for those on whom repayments at maturity would work an undue hardship.

Shout Down Substitute

A minority report of the resolution committee which declared for the prohibition question was read by Lloyd Kain of Nebraska, and received an unfriendly demonstration.

Oklahoman Will Die for Killing

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MODIFYING OR REPEAL URGED BY MAJORITY

'We Want Beer' Shouted as Men Vote for Resolution, 1,008 to 394; Commander Sets Precedent.

BONUS DEFEATED

Cash Payment Plan of Texas Feared as Endangering Aid for Disabled and for Nation's Needy.

DETROIT, Sept. 24 (AP)—The American Legion National convention today asked congress to submit repeal or modification of the present prohibition laws to the states with the request that each state submit the issue to its voters.

The vote was 1,008 to 394.

The resolution, read by Dr. Neil D. Williams of Missouri, chairman of the committee, was received with a loud demonstration in which were mingled cries of 'we want beer!'

DETROIT, Sept. 24 (AP)—The American Legion national convention today rejected a resolution endorsing the immediate payment of bonus certificates at face value.

The vote was 902 to 507. The convention by acclamation then adopted a resolution calling upon every able-bodied veteran to refrain from 'unnecessary burden on national, state, or municipal government.'

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THE WEATHER

WEST TEXAS: Partly cloudy, probably showers in north and extreme west portions tonight and Friday. OKLAHOMA: Partly cloudy, probably scattered showers in north portion tonight and Friday.

GUILTY LIPS

by LAURA LOU BROOKMAN Author of "MAD MARRIAGE" ©1931 BY NFA SERVICE INC.

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Pretty Norma Kent, 20-year-old secretary in a law office, marries Mark Travers, son of F. M. Travers, millionaire real estate dealer, after the father has sworn to cut Mark off without a penny if the marriage takes place. Mark and Norma have known each other only a few weeks.

The story opens in Marlboro, middle-western metropolis. Christine Saunders, Norma's roommate, and Bradley Hart, Chris' employer, are witnesses at the wedding. Before this Norma has repeatedly refused to marry Bob Farrell, young lawyer of whom she is fond as a friend. Mark sells his expensive roadster to get money for the honeymoon. He and Norma go to fashionable Blue Springs. There Norma meets Hollis Stone, and it is evident from the girl's manner she has known Stone before. For some reason she seems to fear him.

One night Mark loses heavily in a card game. The young couple are almost penniless. Mark borrows \$500 from Stone and he and Norma return to Marlboro. They stop at an expensive hotel and Mark sets out on a round of pleasure-seeking with his wealthy friends instead of hunting a job. One evening he introduces Norma to Natalie Price, debutante who has long hoped to marry Mark. As their funds dwindle the young couple move to a furnished apartment. Mark begins to hunt work seriously. He is unsuccessful until Chris Saunders helps him get a job as salesman in Bradley Hart's advertising company. This lasts only a week because Mark fails to make any sales.

Again Mark hunts work. The situation begins to grow serious. Finally he secures employment as floorwalker in a department store. Mark comes home Saturday of the first week and when Norma meets him announces, "I've got a surprise!"

Norma said again. Almost such loveliness seemed a secret thing. "Glad you like them. Do you by any chance recall what day this is?"

"What day? Why—oh, Mark, you didn't think I could forget?"

"Well, then, don't I get at least one little stinky kiss for remembering? It isn't every husband who's so hot about bringing his wife flowers on their wedding anniversary. Two months ago tonight we made that little trip to Woodbury. It doesn't seem like two months ago. Well, honey, don't I get that kiss?"

He had been talking without noticing the change which had come over the girl's face. Suddenly instead of coming nearer Norma backed away.

"Mark!" she cried in a startled voice. "The flowers—you didn't—oh, you didn't take the money you got from the store to buy flowers!"

Horror, shrewd conviction, sardonic colored the girl's tone. And as she said the words she knew with terrible assurance they were true. Roses—beautiful, utterly useless roses instead of the rent money!

"Oh, Mark, how could you do it? How could you?" Norma exclaimed. Spots of angry color showed in the girl's cheeks.

Well, say—! Mark too stepped backward, measuring Norma with a glance. "So this is the thanks I get? Bawl me out, why don't you? Say it so all the neighbors can hear you! I thought you would like the damn flowers. Throw 'em out the

window if you feel that way about it. Here—!"

He caught up the silver box, would surely have hurled it to the street below if Norma had not stopped him.

She clasped one end of the box. "You can't do that!" she declared. "Are you crazy? Oh, just when I thought everything was going to be all right this has to happen!"

"Let go of that!" Mark was wrestling the paper container from her. "I'll get rid of these flowers, I tell you. You'd better let go!"

It was a warning. With superior strength he snatched the box from the girl. In doing so he twisted her wrist, hurting it.

Tears came into Norma's eyes. "Oh!" she cried. "You have hurt me! Oh, Mark—!"

His remorse was instant. For a moment Travers stood watching her. Then he threw the flowers to the floor. "Say," he said, "will you please tell me what the hell all this is about anyhow? I didn't mean to hurt your wrist. I'm sorry. Now what in God's name is the matter anyhow?"

Norma sank into a low chair. She held her injured arm, rubbing it to ease the pain. Instead of answering she turned her face away, began to weep silently.

Travers stood it as long as he could. "Listen," he said, "I told you I didn't mean to hurt you. I

said I'm sorry, didn't I? Well—what else can I do?"

"You—you don't have to do anything!"

"Then what are you so sore about?"

The girl's words came between sobs. "I—I'm not sore. I didn't—didn't ever think you'd—strike me though—"

"I didn't strike you and you know it! All I did was merely take hold of your arm. If you want to call that striking go ahead!"

She heard his footsteps, heavier than usual moving toward the kitchen. Norma didn't want to be left alone. She got to her feet and followed.

"What do you want?" she asked, leaning against the side of the door.

"Well, I was thinking of drinking a glass of water. Any objections?"

He drew the water from the tap, filled a tumbler and raised it to his lips. Norma hesitated, then said:

"Listen, Mark, you must have known it was terribly foolish to spend money on flowers when there is the rent to pay next week. Those roses cost at least \$10. We won't have a cent now! I thought we could manage to pay \$15 each week instead of the \$20 all at once. Mrs. Tracey said they pay their rent that

way so I know it's all right. But now the money's gone. We'll have to move. They won't let us stay here and how can we get another place—?"

Hot tears blurred everything before her. A great, round teardrop fell half way down the girl's cheek and lingered there. Mark set down the tumbler. His face was a shade paler.

"Gosh!" he said almost to himself. "I did forget the rent. But they can't put us out. I'll—I'll do something—!"

He returned to the living room. Hands in pockets, he strode to the window and back again. The elegant box from the florist shop now battered and its contents scattered heaped, lay on the floor.

Norma stooped to pick up the roses. She carried them to the kitchen. There was no vase and no other receptacle in the apartment tall enough to hold these stately stems. Mark saw her arranging the flowers. "Why don't you toss 'em out like I wanted to?" he asked.

"You certainly don't want the things around here!"

"Why not?" My Lord, you ask me "why not?" when you practically threw a fit the minute you saw them. Why not? Say—I guess it's a good laugh at that! Why should you want anything to remind you of the day you married me? I guess you'd like to forget it, wouldn't you?"

"You know it isn't that, Mark! You know it didn't have anything

to do with the anniversary. It's because we've got to find some way to get the rent paid—"

"Sure!" Go ahead and tell me just what kind of a poor sap I am! Can't even earn enough to keep a roof over your head, can I? Eight hours a day walking around in that crazy house telling fat old women where to buy undergarments! And what do I get for it? Thirty-five bucks a week. That's the kind of a dub you married, Mrs. Travers! You'd be better off if you'd never seen me, wouldn't you?"

Norma's anger was bristling dangerously.

"At least I earned my own living!" she retorted. "I paid my debts and I didn't have to borrow from anyone either. You talk as

though you're sorry you married me!"

"I don't hear you doing any cheering about the matter!"

"Oh, Oh!" Norma's little fists pounded the arm of the tapestry chair. Suddenly her temper flared white hot. "Why didn't you say you wanted to be rid of me? You

(See STORY, Page 5)

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NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXIV

"Can I look now?" Norma demanded. Her two hands were clasped tightly over her eyes and she was smiling. "Oh, I can't wait! Do let me look now!" she begged.

"Just a minute there! Keep those eyes closed until I say 'Ready.' Now—hold your hands out!"

Something bulky, something made of paper was placed in the girl's arms. A box, she was certain. Yes, a big box thought it wasn't in the least heavy.

"Mark, what on earth have you got here?"

"Did I say 'ready'?" Keep those eyes shut! Lord, but you're a hard one to manage. Now wait a minute—there, I guess you can look. Ready!"

Norma opened her eyes. She blinked them. "Why, Mark Travers—flowers! Oh, it must be flowers—gorgeous ones! I've never seen such a big box. Why, why Mark—!"

Fully four feet long was the silver gray box in the girl's arms. The crest on the cover she recognized as the symbol of the most exclusive flower shop in Marlboro.

Impulsively Norma slipped the lid back. Green transparent wrappings inside. Deep scarlet showing through them.

"Oh, how beautiful!"

She had drawn away the wrappings. A dozen roses, violet petalled, of that magnificent shade that blends flame with crimson, lay revealed. Their leaves sparkled with dewy moisture. They were long-stemmed, patrician blossoms. Their fragrance bathed the girl in heady, spiced sweetness.

"They're — they're beautiful!"

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