

Ranger Times

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VOL. XIII RANGER, TEXAS, WEDNESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 3, 1932 PRICE FIVE CENTS No. 213

CHINESE REPULSE JAPS AT HANGKOW

Santiago, Cuba, Rocked By Earthquake Today

PEEPING THRU THE KNOTHOLE

with BILL MAYES
Remarks which drifted over the partition between the editorial office and the mechanical department yesterday afternoon: "Joe, Charlie Daves is ready to loan money for the reconstruction finance corporation now."

12 KILLED AS BUILDINGS IN CITY CRUMBLE

75 Per Cent of Buildings Of The City Damaged A Survey Shows.
SANTIAGO, Cuba, Feb. 3.—A series of earth shocks terrorized this tropical community today and caused damage to many of the buildings of the city.

WEST TEXAS CHAMBER OF COMMERCE DRIVE STARTED IN RANGER

J. E. Meroney, Ranger director of the West Texas Chamber of Commerce and chairman of the membership committee, began a campaign today to raise the quota for Ranger for the organization.

Reassures U. S.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—Speaker Garner of the House of Representatives dined at the White House last night and among the guests was Judge Samuel Seabury of New York, nemesis of Tammy Hall.

GARNER IS A DINNER GUEST OF PRESIDENT

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—The Cleburne Chamber of Commerce today was permitted by the Interstate Commerce Commission to intervene in applications of the Burlington Rock Island railroad to abandon its operations between Hillsboro and Cleburne.

JAPS DENY A DESTROYER IS SUNK IN FIGHT

SHANGHAI, Feb. 3.—The Chinese held off the Japanese attack and drove them back in a battle at the Hangkew harbor of the international settlement.

ARMY PLANES JOIN SEARCH FOR AIRCRAFT

RIVERSIDE, Calif., Feb. 3.—Sixty-three Army planes from March field took off today to join in the search for a missing Century-Pacific airplane and its eight passengers, all believed dead.

70-YEAR-OLD MAN KILLS HIS WIFE AND SELF

SOUR LAKE, Tex., Feb. 3.—A 70-year-old man shot and killed his 50-year-old wife as she lay asleep in bed with their small grandson, and then killed himself today.

JUNIOR RIFLE CLUB TO MEET ON SATURDAY

George Armstrong, instructor for the Junior Rifle Club, announced today that practice would be resumed at base national gunnery in Ranger next Saturday morning and would be continued each Saturday thereafter.

CHINA AGREES, JAPS OBJECT TO PEACE PACT

NANKING, China, Feb. 3.—Official acceptance of the American-British proposal for peace was announced in the foreign office today.

Magnolia Announces 75-Barrel Per Well Output In E. Texas

DALLAS, Feb. 3.—The Magnolia Petroleum today announced that effective tomorrow it would operate its East Texas wells on the production basis of 75 barrels per well daily.

No Joke, He Wed Mother-in-Law

Charles Collings of San Francisco doesn't believe in mother-in-law jokes. He married Mrs. Mary E. Williams, shown with him above, who was the foster mother of the late Mrs. Collings. That makes Collings' sister-in-law his step-daughter.



AMBASSADORSHIP Offered to Mellon

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—President Hoover has tendered the ambassadorship to Great Britain to Secretary of the Treasury Andrew Mellon. Mellon has not decided whether he will accept.

16-Year-Old Girl Nation's Youngest Wheat Farmer

HOISINGTON, Kan.—The nation's youngest woman wheat farmer is 16-year-old Mildred McGinnis. This fall, she prepared 30 acres of wheat ground and planted the grain herself. For four years, she has operated a tractor for her father and prepared the soil for new crops.

HONOR ROLL OF THE RANGER HIGH SCHOOL

The following names appear on the honor roll of Ranger High school for the semester: Alla Ray Kuykendall, Albert Miller, Lee Russell, Maymie Robinson, Ethel Aishman, Lorene Crow, Claire Dyer, Mildred Hill, Virginia Norris, Annie Crawley, Hazel Ervin, Marie Galloway, Ada Mae Hinman, Mary Helen Childs, Charles 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 Pook, Bob King, Helen Clemmer, Hazel Faircloth, Crystal Red, Nellie Barrett, Joe Harper, Rudy Bishop, Wilma Carlisle, Bernice Rower, Lois Snelling, Mildred Stevens, Frank Conley, Travis Wimsell, Tara Mason, Mildred Morman, Arhetta Clark, Leewal 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.

Point Conception and Point Arguello stretch into the Pacific.

It is not the smooth ocean Magellan called "Pacific." Its churning, treacherous currents have claimed some 74 lives and 23 ships in 190 years.

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PACIFIC COAST CEMETERY HAS HIGH SHIP TOLL

April, 1849—S. S. Edith, deliberately beached. No lives lost.
Sept. 30, 1854—S. S. Yankee Clipper, 20 lives, \$154,000 gold lost.
1881—S. S. Julius S. Ray, ship and wheat cargo lost.
1897—S. S. Robert Sudden, lumber vessel wrecked trying to enter San Ynez river, 10 miles north of Arguello.

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Ranger Rotary Club Presents Timely Program

What was considered by the members of the Ranger Rotary club as one of the best programs in some time was put on at the regular meeting of the club today in the form of a discussion of the Chinese-Japanese situation.

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NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC:
Any erroneous reflection upon the character, standing or reputation of any person, firm or corporation which may appear in the columns of this paper will be gladly corrected upon being brought to the attention of the publisher.

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

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MEMBER ADVERTISING BUREAU
TEXAS DAILY PRESS LEAGUE

F. D. HICKS Business Manager, W. H. MAYES JR. Editor
(Editorial by Col. Hugh Nugent Fitzgerald)

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Six months 4.00
One month 75c
One year 7.50

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.

chiefly from the federal budget, shows the number of people employed by 11 of the newer government agencies during the last fiscal year and the totals of their annual salaries.

Table with 3 columns: Agency, No. Employees, Annual Payroll. Includes: Vocational Education, Fed. Farm Board, Fed. Power Comm., Fed. Radio Comm., Fed. Trade Comm., etc.

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 1931, whereas the rest of the country's farmers were 1.93 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.

One hears from time to time that the government's board of mediation which settles or tries to settle labor disputes, is a costly activity. Yet its 30 employees amount to only nine more than are still retained by the old War Finance Corporation and the Railroad Administration—bodies engaged in disentangling the government from its wartime business ventures. Few people realize they still exist.

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.

When one gets to the veterans' administration, however, the picture changes considerably—how much it is difficult to tell. It was formed to take over administration of all forms of affairs affecting the well-being and the perquisites of those who have been service in the nation's armed forces. More than half of its activities are new. But before it was created the government was heavily involved, through several different bureaus, in the work with which the administration deals. Hence, it cannot by any means be entirely charged up as a new activity of the government.

The magnitude of its work, however, is shown by its payroll figures. It employed last year 33,304 persons, which would be nearly half as many as the entire peacetime strength of the navy, or equal to five peacetime divisions of the army. They received in salaries \$57,590,076, or approximately as much as the combined state budgets of Kansas, Idaho, Arizona, Colorado, Delaware, Florida, Montana, Nevada and New Mexico.

Table of Employees
The following table compiled

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. Bullock (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!



HOOK AND SLIDES
By 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.

Rejuvenation
McGRATH is 53 now, but his chances for coming back are not any worse than some others half his age who are training to return to the Olympic wars.

McGrath jumped to another barge which happened to be loaded with bricks.

Murchison, Hussey
AFTER being on the shelf for five years, Loren Murchison declared the other day that Olympic sprint candidates would have to reckon with him.

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.

Ben Hedges, former Princeton all-around star, is high-jumping again, after two years out of training.

McGrath's name was placed upon the roll of honor for that adventure.

Frank Hussey, who made the 1924 Olympic team while still in high school, is another hopeful.

McGrath's name was placed upon the roll of honor for that adventure.

They say of Hussey that he was burned out by too much competition in high school. Yet he is said to be more physically fit now than he was in his high school days.

RANGER HIGH SCHOOL NOTES
MISS JEWELLE JUDD
Editor

Ranger Bulldogs Win Over Cisco Lobos.
The Ranger Bulldogs won over the Cisco Lobos at the Ranger-Cisco game played in Cisco Tuesday night. The score was 33 to 16.

Ranger-Brownwood Game Thursday Night.
The Ranger Bulldogs will play the Brownwood Lions Thursday night. The game will be played in Ranger.

Miss Hazel Davis is able to attend school after an extended illness.

West Texas Clinic.
Mrs. H. J. Glenn of Ardmore, Okla., underwent an operation this morning.

Rev. Nichol Delivers Talk To Students.
Rev. D. W. Nichol presented a very interesting talk to the high school student body at chapel Tuesday.

At Ranger Hospitals.
Mrs. H. J. Glenn of Ardmore, Okla., underwent an operation this morning.

Simmons Choral Club To Present Program Thursday Eve.
The Ranger Junior college will sponsor the program to be presented by the Simmons Choral club, Thursday, Feb. 4, at 8 o'clock.

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.

GRIPINGS
By GUS

This column is published as a daily feature and may not be construed as representing the editorial views of this paper. What follows is merely what one man thought at the time it was written, and the writer reserves the right to change his mind concerning any subject, without notice, explanation or apology.

According to a news story in one of the state papers this morning, Justice of the Peace Newman has been enjoined by the federal court from proceeding further with the suit where in C. F. Shepperd wins \$1.43 from the gas company.

Interesting sidelights on the public welfare committee meeting held yesterday afternoon at the Chamber of Commerce would necessarily include that we have at least found out what folks are interested in. It's football. The discussion of the Boy Scout situation was in a diffident and insouciant manner. The discussion of the possibilities of a bank being secured for Eastland was more enthusiastic. But when we gathered around for a little ball session after the meeting proper had closed, we talked about football.

There were no lawyers present, so we didn't hear anybody object to the talk because it was irrelevant, incompetent and immaterial. And it is really neither of the three. If we could get Eastland folks all to direct their efforts toward having a football team, we would at least have succeeded in getting them together, which no one has successfully been able to do heretofore on any undertaking.

Sam Butler, elected chairman of the committee, is a friendly object of the Quaker. He said, "All I know about the Boy Scouts is to let them have a truck occasionally and make a \$50 donation to help finance them." That's being honest. Many a man would sit up and try to tell the scouts how to run their business when the speaker knew as little about it as Sam Butler admitted he did.

My suggestion on the banking situation would be something like this: Let's let some guy with a bunch of money have a gambling concession here. Let him bank the game and permit all comers to play. Give him protection so he wouldn't be hijacked. Then make him cash checks and keep plenty of change on hand for his part of the contract. Then we'd have all the benefits of a bank with the exception of checking accounts and at the same time not have to contend with hot checks.

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THIS CURIOUS WORLD



W. C. Bedford Is Candidate For County Clerk
W. C. Bedford of Desdemona announced today that he would be in the race for county clerk, subject to the action of the democratic party.

VALVES GROUND!
If the valves in your car are grinding we can do it for you. WORK GUARANTEED!
Quick Service Garage
Phone 23 Ranger, Texas

Betty Jane Break
Speed's Bakery
Ranger

TRUE'S PAINTS
For every paint need!
Pickering Lumber Sales Co.
Ranger

Helpful Service—
If you cannot get your head properly adjusted call us and we will send a man out to do it for you. There is no charge for the service.
TEXAS-LA. POWER CO.

OYSTERS Receive FRESH DAILY
CITY FISH MARKET
Ranger, Texas

SPECIAL PRICE ON Children's Haircuts 25c
(High school students included)
GHOLSON HOTEL
BARBER SHOP
Basement of the Gholson

OUR OWN Patterns, 15c
Every Pattern Guaranteed
HASSEN COMPANY
Ranger, Texas

WASH DRESSES
Guaranteed Fast Colors
Special 49c
United Dry Goods Stores

Specialized RADIO SERVICE
Batteries, Tubes, Accessories
Phone 60—Ranger
EXIDE BATTERY CO.

ALL THE LATEST RECORD HITS
Clyde H. Davis
Jewelry—Music—Radio
Next Door to Hassen Co.
Ranger

WE BUY PRODUCE
'M' SYSTEM
GROCERY & MARKET
Ranger, Texas

Golden, Florida
Arcadia Theatre Bldg., Ranger
Cat Flowers, Pot Plants, Novelties, Seeds and Bulbs, Onion Plants, New Stock

\$25.00 REWARD!
For return of one Dalton Adding Machine No. 3—104,647
One Underwood Typewriter No. 5—1,821,059-P
BURTON-LINGO LUMBER CO.
Phone 61 Ranger, Texas

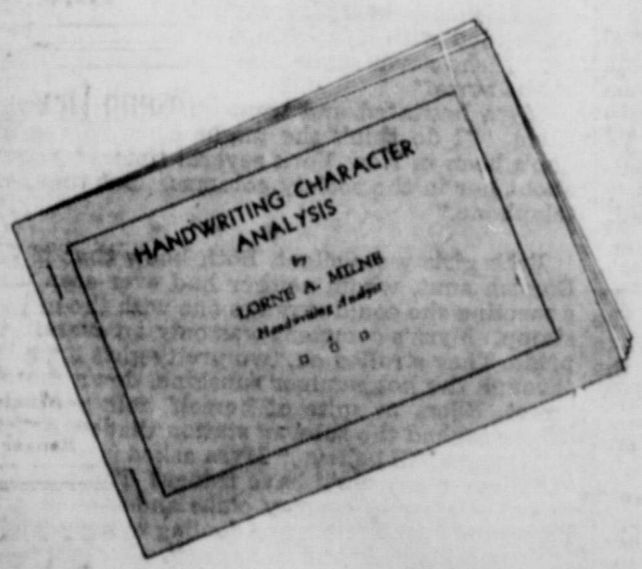
Get Wise to Yourself

Your HANDWRITING

TELLS ALL



What your handwriting is . . . you are. Rich man, poor man, lawyer, chief—future success or ultimate failure—your handwriting gives you away like no other expression of character can. And what's more, it gives your friends, your business associates, your lover or your enemies away too! Learn about yourself and others by taking advantage of this paper's Handwriting Analysis offer, TODAY! Lorne A. Milne, Handwriting Expert, ordinarily charges \$5 each for these analyses but they may be had by you and your friends for only the small sum of 10 cents, just enough to cover handling costs. Mail this coupon, NOW.!



Above is a facsimile reproduction of 3 1/2 x 5 1/4-inch booklet, which you will receive with your own personal handwriting analysis enclosed. It is more than the usual reply to an offer of this kind. It is something you will want to keep.

USE THIS COUPON!

YOUR HANDWRITING ANALYZED

By LORNE A. MILNE



By special arrangement, this paper is able to offer to its readers, the services of Lorne A. Milne, noted graphologist. Mr. Milne has received as high as \$5.00 for an analysis similar to the one you can obtain through this offer. Don't fail to avail yourself of this rare opportunity of getting your handwriting analyzed.

Follow Directions Carefully

Please submit the enclosed sample or samples to Mr. Milne for analysis. With EACH sample, I enclose a STAMPED SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE and 10 CENTS in silver, to cover handling charges.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Phone _____

PLEASE CHECK ONE BELOW

I am a Reader By Mail I am not a Reader
Subscriber Carrier for Subscriber

Write in the space below the words: "This is a sample of my handwriting," or seven to ten other words. You may submit samples of handwriting on a separate piece of paper if you desire.

NOTE



Due to the volume of replies, we cannot undertake to notify you if you fail to comply with directions. READ THE DIRECTIONS again! then mail this coupon.

LORNE A. MILNE
Handwriting Expert,
Ranger Times.

The dime-a-dance girl

BY JOAN CLAYTON

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INC.

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 wake 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 exhortation. 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 unconscious 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 thru 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 incurable 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 runs 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 corners, 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



LARRY HARROWGATE

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

"I was married at 17. And Myra here—"

"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 in 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 untaxed 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 Astorbilt 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."

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

Nine years before she had fallen in love with Bert Astor. She still loved him. But his job at the library was not steady. She had worked so hard at the library, so hard that she had started; to see Ellen lose the freshness of the love as she waited for an impossible \$35 a week to climb 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 eyes blazing, "that you should have to take this job, and 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 it didn't have to work nights at the library and we could go."

"It's not fair at all," Myra persisted unhappily. "You fair that you should miss so many of the things other girls have. Theater parties and clothes and dances, dinner parties and their burlesque."

"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 from falling in love. Isn't that one of the things that 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 to give and never will have anything. He's just one of those men who make a lot of money. Still, if I loved him I don't believe I'd 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. "Aunt Myra's 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—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 robbed me of nine years of my life. If there had been money under heaven for Bert and me to marry when we wanted to, by now I'd have had a home—children—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 late Bert had seemed oddly restless and changed, bored with talk of that far-away marriage. She laughed nervously and 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 ever looked on whichever cousin wore it."

Myra glanced down at her light-blue voile, beautiful, cut, freshly laundered and indeed becoming to her blonde hair.

"I wouldn't have bought it," she said. "I don't like a sleeveless. 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 pressed by her own words, a vision of gay and pretty girls 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. "Ever since she added with a laugh not so amused as she meant to be, "if she never sends black and you have to wear blue 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 written her in the society columns. But then, we haven't had 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-dollar stamp. Myra's comment was only an evasion to save 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 sink. They reached the subway station that would part them.

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

"Something's bound to happen. Our ship will come some day. It may be just around the corner," Ellen responded vaguely, forced cheerfulness.

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

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

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

"Oh Myra, Myra!" Ellen protested staunchly. "What your sense of proportion? All this because I'm going to work at night for a few weeks! Of course things will be better. We're only having our hard times now instead of forever. It's been hardest on you. But you'll be married 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 thru the turnstile.

Myra at 26 had all the maturity that Molly would lack.

(To Be Continued)

BIG TELESCOPE MAY FIND NEW STELLAR PLAN

By United Press.
SAN FRANCISCO.—Belief that new stellar system, millions of light-years away from the earth, may be discovered with the new 100-inch telescope to be erected at Mount Wilson, was advanced here recently by Dr. Willem de Sitter, astronomer at the University of G. H. Hayden, Holland.

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

"I doubt if anything resembling our 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 present 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.—A heroic rescue of two men trapped in a burning launch was called by residents today after the death of Glenn Hall, 14, a young boy who was one of the other hunters were forced to leap from their burning boat. The boy died of his injuries.

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

Glenn died this month, when he was 14, through the ice of Georgian Bay.

DRUGS... YOUNG OR MIDDLE-AGED

...not!" Max—"I am Tom Shaking for my... and with her... when I... it is many... believe I... now since... took Dr... Favorite... said... of... W. S. St... but she remembers... distinctly what a wonderful benefit of love was to her then. I am sure the... Prescription will do all that... Pierce claims and I do not hesitate... to any ailing woman... or middle aged." All druggists... you want free medical advice write to... Pierce's Prescription

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

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

Judge 88th District Court: D. BARKER.

Sheriff: IRVING FOSTER (re-election)

District Clerk: L. (Lewis) CROSSLEY

County Clerk: C. C. BEDFORD

Classified Advertising Producing Results

SPECIAL NOTICES
 BETTE OIL WAVE, \$1.00; Miss Johnie Moore, Walnut st., Ranger.

C. L. ERVIN, exclusive for Baldwin Piano Co. Phone 411 Main st., Ranger.

LOAN TO LOAN on automobiles. C. E. MADDOCKS & Co., 101 Main st., Ranger.

RECHARGED Batteries, Loflin Hotel, Ranger.

ROOM FOR RENT 800M—Nice, clean, private adjoining bath; garage; rent. 309 Mesquite st., to enjoy 694, Ranger.

HOUSES FOR RENT HOUSE—Close in. 220 5th st., Ranger.

POULTRY, PET STOCK SALE—Tubercular tested fowls. Dr. Bob Hodges, phone 777, Ranger.

Door to Post Office

WOLF'S The Woman Who Cares! Eastland

WOLF'S I'm getting my new... and electrical... Appliances... Electric Service Co.

The Newfangles (Mom 'n' Pop)



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 held 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 "in 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



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 productions 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 Egyp't. An expert Egyptologist told him the skull dated back to about 2,000 B. C.

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."

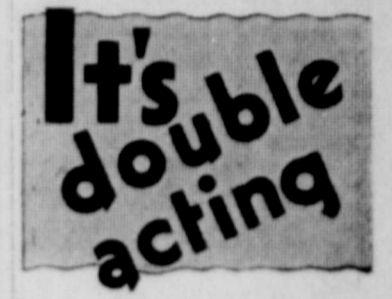
Sailors Landed in Crisis



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.

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.



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

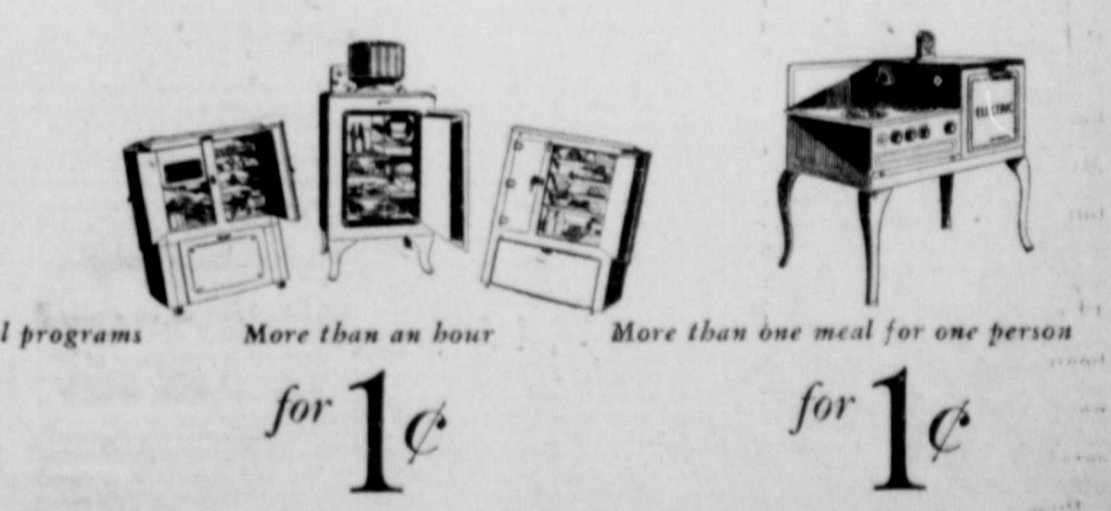


"Sweets for the Sweet"
 They're certainly worth the price...

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.

... but where do you get more for your money than in buying Electric Service?



More than two beautiful programs for 1¢
 More than an hour for 1¢
 More than one meal for one person for 1¢

TEXAS ELECTRIC SERVICE COMPANY

COLUMBIA NOW PLAYING

Help Twelve in "BAD COMPANY" with Richard Cortez Comedy—"EASY TO GET" AESOP'S FABLES

SOCIETY and CLUB NEWS

ARRITTA DAVENPORT
Editor

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. Refreshments were passed in late afternoon to the party group. Mrs. A. H. Blackwell will entertain the club at her home next Tuesday afternoon.

Ruth Class Luncheon Is Held With Mrs. Snyder as 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 10 o'clock. Preceding the serving of the preliminary course a business session was called to order with Mrs. Davis offering prayer.

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 class visiting committee reported 89 visits, five calls, and one letter. Plans were made to entertain with another auction sale to be held at the home of Mrs. C. D. Cox, Olden, Feb. 12. The business session was presided over in an interesting way by the vice president, Mrs. C. C. Cash.

The following members were in attendance for the affair, Meses. Bonds Martin, J. B. Houghton, Thelma Hayden, R. O. Bray, H. L. McCleskey, J. E. Ogg, H. E. Barney, Dan Neviell, 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. Cox, 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. The devotional was given by Mrs. H. H. Stephens, together with the reading of the minutes which were approved.

Various matters of marked importance were presented for the round-table discussion. 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. The society will meet in circles next Monday afternoon, for the study at 2:30.

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 members meet at the Masonic hall for the regular weekly lesson. All members are asked to attend.

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.

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."

SAME HOUSE HOME OF SIX GENERATIONS
NORWAY, Mo.—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.

VICKS COUGH DROP
... All you've hoped for in a Cough Drop—medicated with ingredients of VICKS VAPORUB

OUT OUR WAY



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. Their older daughter was the guest of Mrs. Walter Clark's daughter, Ann, and son Bobby was the guest of Mrs. James Horton's son, Horace, during the Perkins' absence.

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. A wonderful feast is anticipated in the recital to be given by Wilda Drago and students. The Drago quartette will be presented. This form of chamber music will be a delight to those with musical appreciation.

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 club will meet as the year book states on Feb. 11, and also on Feb. 25. This last session will be given over to a visit to the Twentieth Century club in Ranger. The next date of club meeting is set for March 10, and the following dates are announced in their order: March 24, April 7, April 21, May 5, May 19, and June 2. The program in year book set for Feb. 25 has been changed to date of Thursday, June 2.

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 sides will entertain the winning circle, on Monday afternoon, in the church parlors, following a Bible lesson, to be conducted by Rev. W. H. Maston, at 2:45 p. m., in the church auditorium. The losing side, Mrs. Lee Bishop, chairman Circle No. 2; Mrs. W. J. Herrington, chairman Circle No. 3, and Mrs. H. L. Young, chairman Circle No. 4, will compliment Circle No. 1, Mrs. Frank Lovett, circle chairman with a musical program and tea hour.

Pythian Sisters Met Monday Evening
The Pythian Sisters met Monday evening at the home of Mrs. Artie Liles. The members spent most of the evening quilting on their quilts. At the close of the evening delicious cake and hot chocolate was served to Meses. Hayden Fry, Ross, Slaughter, Davis, Roark, Johnson and hostess.

Complimented With Stag Party
Mrs. Ed F. Willman complimented her husband with a surprise stag party on his birthday Tuesday evening. Auction "42" was enjoyed at two tables. P. L. Harris was awarded high score prize. Mr. Willman was presented cigars and handkerchiefs.

Missionary Society Met Monday Afternoon
The Woman's Missionary society of the First Christian church met Monday afternoon at the home of Mrs. J. A. Beard.

The meeting was called to order by the president, Mrs. C. A. Peterson, following with a song, after which Mrs. M. C. Franklin led in prayer.

Following the business session the meeting was turned over to Mrs. D. J. Fiensy, program chairman for the afternoon.

The following program was presented:
Song, "I've a Story to Tell to the Nations"; devotional, theme "Immortal Money," Luke 12:16-21; Mrs. M. C. Franklin; prayer, Mrs. J. E. Wood; topic, "Security for the World Poverty"; "Farmers of Japan Are Reached," Mrs. K. F. Page; song, "In the Garden"; "Hungry Porto Rico," Mrs. John Rawson; "Slave Owner Christian," Mrs. Grady Owen.

At the close of the program, "Neath the Old Olive Tree" was

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. 2. Yarr is from Dabob, Wash., and Miss Killen is from Chicago.

song by Mrs. E. R. Johnston and Mrs. Grady Owen, with Miss Jeanne Johnston as accompanist on the piano.

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, saratoga chips, ice box cookies, mints and coffee to the following members: Meses. C. A. Peterson, M. C. Franklin, E. J. Johnston, Fred Maxey, John Rawson, Grady Owen, D. J. Fiensy, 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 Meses. 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 announced the arrival of a daughter at the West Texas Clinic and hospital this morning.

Forces Form For Another Battle Over Short Hair

By United Press.
DETROIT.—With the battle over bobbed hair waged and won these many years past, opposing factions are now grinding 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 Beauvais, of Washington, D. C., president of the National Hairdressers and Cosmetologists association, begs to differ.

"Straight hair has been out of style for centuries," Beauvais told the Detroit organizations, "for there are so many women who cannot wear it that way because the hair is of too fine a texture or too scanty to stay well groomed. As all women want to be attractive, a style is needed that is adaptable to all."

Beauvais 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 mildly in 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 14 Longevity Records
By United Press.
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 99 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

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. Persons who particularly enjoy a "sauerkraut dinner" must gain infinite satisfaction from a review of its merits.

Many fashionable restaurants serve sauerkraut cocktails and they are rapidly gaining popularity on the home menu. Simple to prepare and serve, they make healthful appetizers for dinners and luncheons.

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.

If home-made 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. Chill and season with lemon juice, salt and a dash of paprika.

A Hearty Winter Meal
When it comes to the kraut itself, an excellent and inexpensive meal can be provided if sauerkraut is served with spareribs and dumplings. This is hearty fare for a nippy evening, but it supplies an abundance of mineral salts and vitamins at small cost. If the dinner begins with a cream soup and ends with a fruit pudding with kraut and dumplings for the main course, a well balanced and nourishing meal is served.

Welters are often liked with kraut, but spareribs are usually chosen on account of their high fat content. Cabbage is lacking in fat, so this factor is most economically supplied by the pork.

The following recipe will serve four persons.

Sauerkraut and Dumplings
One pound kraut, 2 pounds spareribs, 1 cup flour, 1-2 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoon baking powder.
Put spareribs in a kettle with water to half cover and cook slowly for one and one-half hours. Add canned kraut and cook thirty minutes longer or until the kraut looks "clear." Mix and sift flour, salt and baking powder. Cut in milk to make a soft dough. Drop from tip of spoon into kraut. Cover closely and cook ten minutes. Serve at once or the dumplings will fall.

Potatoes and kraut served in combination make a change from the usual order of things.

Sauerkraut and Potatoes
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. Continue layer for layer until all is used. Cover with buttered crumbs and bake thirty minutes in a moderate oven. Serve from baking dish.

ORANGE—First Christian church building being improved.
YOAKUM—Yoakum creamery opened recently.

ARCADIA

Last Day "STEPPING SISTERS" A 1932 Comedy of Errors!

RANGER Personals

Miss Lois Landtroop, sister of the late Mrs. J. W. Penn of Corsica, visited this city Tuesday.

Shanks Lipscomb of Fort E. A. Ringold, who was in the West Texas State Hospital, where he has been a patient for the past four weeks, doing very nicely.

Mrs. S. L. Golden has returned from several days' illness. Mrs. D. M. Copeland returned to her home in Dallas yesterday after a week's visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Johnson.

Mrs. C. G. King has returned from a visit with relatives of Breckenridge. Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Dyer of Fort Worth, formerly of this city, are Ranger business visitors.

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

FIVE EGGS IN ONE SEATTLE, Wash.—Mrs. Mcagher broke an egg inside a second shell. Inside the five yolks and whites.

"Choosey" People like the way they TASTE.

ITS 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 skip 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 offend you as an over-sweetened cigarette might. They taste right. Light up and see for yourself. They satisfy!

Listen in... Hear the Chesterfield Radio Program. Nat Shilkret's brilliant orchestra and Alex Groves popular baritone. Every night, except Sunday, on Columbia Broadcasting System... 10:30 E. S. Time.

Had bad dizzy spells
Ahead to leave home... feared awful dizziness would make her keel over. She needs Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in tablet form.

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