

The FLAPPER WIFE

by Beatrice Burton ©1925 NEA SERVICE INC.

THE STORY SO FAR:
Gloria Gordon, beautiful flapper, marries Dick Gregory, a struggling lawyer. Her idea of marriage is fun and fine clothes, but no work or children.

She refuses to do her own housework, and hires a maid. But Dick has to let the maid go. Gloria has swamped him with debts for her clothes and a new car.

She becomes infatuated with Stanley Wayburn, an actor. When he leaves town to go to New York, Gloria follows him. But he spurns her. Then she tries to get a job as a chorus girl, and fails. She begins to realize how homesick she is, how lonely for Dick.

When she comes home to him, he takes her back, but not as his wife. Gloria wonders if he is not in love with his secretary, Miss Briggs. Dick stays out late one night. Gloria is sure he is spending the evening with Miss Briggs. But next day she learns he was at the home of Dr. John Seymore, who had killed himself because of his wife's love affair with Jim Carver.

A few days after Dr. Seymour's suicide, Jim Carver's engagement to a young college girl is announced. May Seymour decides to leave town. She begs Gloria to go with her. But although Gloria is unhappy with Dick, she refuses to go. But finally she does leave him, and goes back to her parents' home. One day she meets Dick on the street. With him is Miss Briggs.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY:
Gloria's one fear was that the two might see her.

Quickly, as if she were fleeing, she ran across the sidewalk, and into a drug store. She sat down at the soda fountain and ordered a chocolate sundae.

When it came, the sight of it made her ill. She paid her check and hurried out into the fresh air and the sunshine.

Thank goodness, Dick and Miss Briggs were nowhere in sight! "I suppose they're having lunch somewhere, together," Gloria thought, with a pang of self-pity. She walked along, not knowing or caring where she was going.

Then a poster outside a moving picture theatre caught her eye. "Jealous Wives"—the words flamed out on it.

Gloria smiled grimly to herself. "I'm one of them," she thought. "I think I'll go in, and see what it's all about."

She went into the dark, cool cavern of the theatre. She sank gratefully into a chair. "Ah, it was good to be here, alone! Away from her mother's disappointed eyes, her father's kindness, from Aunt Dorcas' sharp tongue—away from everybody.

There was no sound in the theatre except the whirring of a huge electric fan in the center of the ceiling. Down in the orchestra pit, the organist was turning the leaves of his music.

The picture flashed on the screen.

Against it Gloria could see the silhouette of a man who sat directly in front of her—Dick!

She leaned over to touch him upon the shoulder. Then caught herself. No, he would have to come to her! She was through begging him to take her back.

But there was a certain cold comfort in the thought that he was not with Miss Briggs, at any rate. She must have merely walked out of the building with him on her way to lunch.

Gloria was glad of that. The thought that Dick could give her up for a plain woman like Susan Briggs had added to her cup of bitterness. Perhaps, after all, he didn't care so very much for her.

Suddenly Dick shifted a little in his seat. Gloria held her breath. Suppose he should turn around and see her there! He would think that she had followed him into the theatre.

No, he mustn't think that. She would never give him another chance to think she wanted him to take her back. She was through!

Softly she slipped from her chair and walked out of the twilight of the theatre.

But a great loneliness dropped down on her like a cloud, as she went out into the thronged street. How lonely a crowd could make you feel. Gloria turned away from the center of the town. She walked along familiar streets. She knew where she was going. Home!

Not to her mother's house, but to the little place that had been Dick's and hers! She was going to that forbidden place—the one spot on the whole wide earth where she felt at home.

How cozy and happy the little green and white house looked as Gloria came down the street toward it! It seemed to twinkle a welcome to her with all of its shining windows.

But in the center of the green lawn was a real estate agent's "For Sale" sign. Gloria had a sudden impulse to pull up the sign, as she might have torn a weed out of the lawn.

"Hello, there, lady!" a voice hailed her. Her neighbor, Mrs. Donberg, was leaning out of one of the second-floor windows of the house next door.

"I was thinking of calling up the real estate people to ask them to show me through your house," she said in her shrill voice. "But now that you're here you can let me in. I'll be right over!"

Gloria eyed her coldly. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Donberg," she said, "but I haven't any key with me. I— I just came to pick some of the roses in the back yard. Were you thinking of buying the house?"

"Well, we'd love to have it. It's a little bigger than ours," Mrs. Donberg answered. Gloria knew perfectly well that she had no thought of buying the house. "She just wants to look through it, to see all my things! The big busy-body!" she told herself

angrily, as she walked around to the back yard.

She didn't want Mrs. Donberg poking around her house! She didn't want anyone to look through her house! And the thought that someone would presently buy it and live in it was unbearable to Gloria.

Why, it belonged to her—that house! She had picked out every scrap of wall paper in it—every stick of furniture! What right had Dick to sell her house?

"I'm going in," Gloria made up her mind, suddenly.

On the grass lay a clothes pole. Gloria put the sharp iron end of it under one of the sunroom windows. Using it as a lever, she finally managed to get the window open.

She laughed aloud when she stood in the sunroom. "No wonder there are so many burglars, if housebreaking is as easy as this!" she thought.

She sat down at the piano and ran her hands lightly along the keys in the opening bars of Offenbach's "Barcarolle."

"No," she thought, springing up. "I'd better not play that thing. It always makes me want to cry."

She knew that she was on the very edge of tears.

Who would have thought, a year ago, that she could ever have felt this way about a silly old house?

Gloria looked around her. There was Dick's chair—and the reading

lamp swung above it. There was the little red smoking-stand she had given him. The tray on it was filled with fine gray ash.

She closed her eyes. She could see him sitting there, with a book in his hands, smoking his old pipe!

Ah, it wasn't the house that Gloria was homesick for, she knew, at last. It was Dick she wanted! Dick!

She dropped into his chair, and laid her head back against the brocade where his head had rested. Tears filled her throat, burned, burned behind her closed eyelids.

"I mustn't cry!" she told herself. "I mustn't let myself feel this way about him! It's going to break my heart, if I do."

But the house was alive with Dick. The table where he had made little marks by knocking out his pipe, the writing desk, the magazines piled on one broad arm of his chair spoke of him.

Gloria shook herself, and went upstairs. Her feet made no sound upon the steps. She felt dreadfully alone.

On the threshold of Dick's room she paused. His bed was still just as she had left it—made up with clean linen and the best embroidered pillow-cases. He had not slept at home then, at all! He must be living again with Mother and Father Gregory.

Gloria looked into the clothes-closet. Yes, his clothes were all

gone. The top of his dresser was bare. The drawers were empty. The books had been taken from the little bookcase that stood beside Dick's bed.

But on it stood a large framed photograph of Gloria herself in her wedding dress. So Dick had not cared to take that along with him to his father's house!

"Well, who could blame him?" thought Gloria. "I don't suppose he has very many happy memories of me, after all."

Now that she stopped to think of it, there had been more storm than sunshine in their life together.

"And the whole thing has been my fault," Gloria told herself sternly. It was the truth—and it hurt.

She turned to look at herself in the glass, as a judge might have looked at a prisoner.

She put herself on trial. She knew she had done none of the things a good wife ought to do for her husband.

She had never taken care of his house—never looked after his comfort. She had told him bluntly that she would never give him a family. Children were too great a bother.

She had not even been utterly faithful to him; hadn't she let Stanley Wayburn make love to her?

As Gloria stood there before the glass, the telephone rang. It startled her. She had supposed

Dick would have had the phone taken out of the house. He must have forgotten it.
"Hello," she said.
"Hello, Gloria," May Seymour answered her. "So you didn't leave home after all?"
"I did," Gloria said. "I just came

back here this afternoon for a few minutes—to get some things I had forgotten. I'm staying at my mother's house, you know."
"Wait there for me a few minutes, will you?" May asked. "I'll be home after all!"
(Continued on page six.)

Have a heart for your stomach!



Don't overwork it by "stuffing" and eating between meals.
Try WRIGLEY'S when you want "just a snack."
It will soothe and satisfy your taste craving, allay thirst and feverish mouth, calm the stomach, ease your tired nerves.



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"After every meal" for digestion

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In deep frying, they noticed that Crisco put a rich brown on croquettes and doughnuts.

They noticed, too, that an egg fried in Crisco looked as delicately delicious as a poached egg—the white unscorched and the edges of the yolk set like a full moon in an ivory circle.

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Crisco—for homes that want the best in cooking.



Crisco is the trademark for a superior shortening manufactured and guaranteed purely vegetable by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A.

The Groceries And Meat

used by Mrs. Ida Chitwood today at The Daily Telegram Cooking School, in Eastland, were purchased at

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If you'll look close at Light Crust Flour, you'll see that it is finer, silkier, whiter and richer than ordinary flour. Baking results prove this is true. Mrs. Chitwood's demonstrations at the cooking school will explain why flour is important in YOUR baking results. Ask your dealer for genuine Light Crust Flour.

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Dist'd by: WALKER-SMITH CO., RANGER

Light Crust Flour

ANT AD COSTS ARE SMALL—AND THE RESULTS ARE BIG

GORMAN NEWS BRIEFS

GORMAN, Sept. 21.—The Gorman free fall fair opened this morning and will close tomorrow night. The Rising Star and Gorman High school football teams will play here Tuesday afternoon.

Rev. W. B. Pierce, who recently accepted a call to the pastorate of the Baptist Church here, arrived the latter part of last week and filled the pulpit Sunday.

Arrangements have been made whereby Howard Payne College of Brownwood will have a department of their extension work in Gorman this coming year. J. M. Macon, a member of the Gorman High school faculty and an alumnus of Howard Payne, will have charge of the work.

Workmen are now engaged on the Townsend & Bishop building, remodeling it for the use of the post-office, which will be moved into it as soon as the repairs are completed and the new postoffice fixtures arrive.

Work is progressing nicely on the new gas line being laid from wells near Desdemona into Gorman. Bill and Scott Parr have gone to San Diego, Cal., where they will re-enter the United States navy, the former to finish his enlistment and the latter to begin a second term of four years.

Misses Claire and Hannah Purdy and Elizabeth Decar of Abilene were here for the week-end visiting relatives and friends.

Marvin Blair was an Eastland business visitor Wednesday.

CARBON NEWS BRIEFS

CARBON, Sept. 21.—Misses Lela and Thelma Davis have gone to Caddo, in Stephens County, where they will teach school.

Ben Comalander has gone to Abilene, where he will attend school. Mr. and Mrs. Lester Burford have moved to Eastland, where Mr. Burford has a position.

F. M. Wood and family have moved to Carbon from the Center Point community south of town.

Miss Jewell Hutchins of Gorman was a recent guest of her sister, Mrs. Claude Stubblefield.

Floyd and Seth Gilbert have gone to Austin, where they will enter the state university.

Our school, which opened last Monday morning, is progressing nicely.

Mrs. McFall, formerly of the Long Branch community, has moved to Carbon for the benefit of the school.

David Howard and Miss Minnie Lee Williams were married Friday at the home of Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Vaughn, Mr. Vaughn officiating. The groom is in the employ of the state highway department and is well known in the community. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Fannie Williams and was reared in this community.

Frank E. Thomas of Fort Worth was here the latter part of last week, endeavoring to close up a lease on some acreage south of Carbon on which some oil operators he represents plan to drill some test wells for oil.

DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK

By E. R. Waite, Secretary Shawnee, Okla., Board of Commerce.

That tremendous savings are made by thrifty buyers who read the ads and shop where the best buys are to be found.

That the advertisements show the unrivaled ability of the stores that advertise to give their customers desirable and worthy merchandise at prices that satisfy.

That when you buy from the stores that are persistent advertisers you take no chance.

That the people who do not read the advertisements do not know what is going on; they do not realize what a mistake they are making.

That they live their lives, but overlook the fact that they could live a whole lot better if they read the ads. Reading the ads would show them where they could buy more for less.

That real economy in purchasing merchandise is not the original price paid, but the good buy is where a fair price is paid for a good article which will give good service.

That merchants who advertise persistently must sell goods to the same people month after month. Their merchandise must be good and their advertising truthful or their reputation for square dealing, likewise their business, would go to the "bow-wows."

The surest way to get satisfaction is to buy advertised merchandise from the merchants of your home city.

LAST NOTICE

For the benefit of those who have the yellow coupons, entitling them to the beautiful frame with their portrait to fit, with five 4x6 portraits, all in folders, we will extend the limit to the 25th of this month, so hurry and bring in your coupons.

ED'S STUDIO

MARSHALL.—Additional motor busses for city transportation here have been ordered by the East Texas Public Service company.

DALLAS.—A district meeting of the Texas Independent Telephone association was held in this city Wednesday, September 16. R. B. Still of Tyler is president of the association and L. S. Gardner of Waco, secretary.

WACO.—A celebration in the form of a housewarming event was held here last week in the occasion of the Texas Power and Light company occupying new and commodious offices and sales rooms.

LANCASTER.—Arrangements are being completed here for supplying natural gas to the people of this city from the gathering lines of the Lone Star Gas company.

Texas' Leading Life Insurance Co.

desires a high-class representative in Ranger and Eastland. State full particulars about yourself in writing to T. W. Vardell, President.

Southwestern Life Insurance Co.
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Paramount Salad Dressing
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FREE Cooking School

AMERICAN LEGION BUILDING

Baking methods change. There is constant improvement—new discoveries. Better ways. The baking ideas employed by the good cooks of yesterday are no longer used by the better cooks of today.

A noted Domestic Scientist will tell you all about the very latest of baking methods. She will prove to you with actual baking results that baking success is merely a matter of knowing what to do and what to use.

MRS. IDA CHITWOOD

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CALUMET THE WORLD'S GREATEST BAKING POWDER

Most modern and up to date of all leaveners. Meets every demand for economy, purity, and wholesomeness.

After you've seen the results produced with Calumet, you'll be anxious to try it. After you've tested it, you'll be just as enthusiastic as the millions of housewives who use it.

Cook Book FREE

88 pages beautifully illustrated in colors. The most comprehensive cook book ever published. Mail slip found in pound can to CALUMET BAKING POWDER CO., CHICAGO, and this book will be sent to you absolutely free.

EVERY INGREDIENT USED OFFICIALLY APPROVED BY U. S. FOOD AUTHORITIES



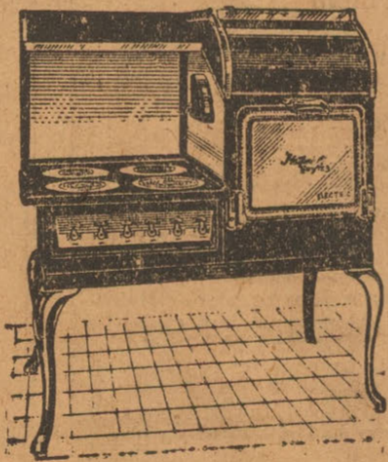
Best By Test

SALES 2% TIMES THOSE OF ANY OTHER BRAND

Mrs. Chitwood

Features

THE HOTPOINT AUTOMATIC RANGE



(Oven Temperature Control) at the

TELEGRAM COOKING SCHOOL

Eastland

Convenience is a magic word to the housewife of to day. She is ever hunting for the more convenient ways of doing the "daily dozen" of Household duties. The "HOT-POINT ELECTRIC RANGE" meets all requirements of the kitchen. Instantaneous heat regulation is just one more of the many advantages of the "HOT-POINT ELECTRIC RANGE."

Even distribution of heat and the maintenance of a steady, even temperature places the "HOT-POINT" OVEN in the lead and assures it of first place among other types of baking apparatus.

OIL CITIES ELECTRIC COMPANY

There is a HOT-POINT RANGE to fit every need and every pocketbook

THE FLAPPER WIFE.
 (Continued from page three.)
 right over. I want to talk to you."
 "All right," Gloria replied listlessly. "Only hurry. I want to get out of this place. It's spooky."
 The truth was that she didn't want to see May. She didn't want her in the house. She wanted to be alone there, for a while—to think things out.
 She heard May laugh mirthlessly. "Spooky?" she repeated. "If you think your house is spooky, you ought to spend a night here in mine. It's fairly haunted. Goodbye."
 Gloria shuddered as she hung the received up on its hook. She won-

dered how May stayed there in the house where Dr. John had killed himself!
 She ran downstairs to see if there were any cigarettes in the silver box on Dick's smoking stand. May loved a smoke, occasionally.
 There were a half dozen cigarettes in the box. Gloria stood looking at them, for a minute. Then she picked them up and threw them into the empty grate.
 No, she made up her mind, she would never smoke again! She was through doing the things that Dick said no nice woman would do!
 Even though he should never know

OUT OUR WAY



BY WILLIAMS

GIRL DECLARED DEAD IS BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE

By United Press.
 SCHENECTADY, N. Y., Sept. 21. Physicians are watching with more than ordinary interest the case of Delia Kassell of this city, who, after being declared dead, was restored to life in a hospital here Saturday by an injection of adrenalin.

Miss Kassell, an adult, was admitted to the hospital suffering from a ruptured appendix. She was reported recovering when apparently without cause signs of rapidly approaching death were noted by attending nurses.

Dr. Fred M. Gailey was called, but before his arrival, the girl was pronounced dead. The physician also believed the girl dead, but nevertheless prepared a dose of adrenalin, which he injected into the heart.

Within a brief period of time the girl gave a cough and became completely conscious.

"I feel as though I had caught a cold," she said.

This is the first time, so far as known here, that an adult has been brought back to life by the injection of adrenalin, although there are a number of cases of infants being so revived.

Miss Kassell is apparently on the road to complete recovery, so far unaware that she had been declared dead.

WHEN EDISON RUBBED HIS OWN, NOT ALLADIN'S LAMP

Somewhere among the 155,000 models in possession of the United States patent office is the original of Thomas A. Edison's incandescent lamp. Edison himself told the story, according to The Mentor, of how he had underestimated the value of his product.

After obtaining the patent he began negotiations with a company to manufacture the electric lamp. On the night preceding the conference that was to settle the terms he talked with his wife about the price he should ask, and they agreed it should be \$2,000.

Next day, when asked how much he wanted, Edison cleared his throat,

getting ready to mention \$2,000. But the manufacturer misunderstood.

"Would \$100,000 advance royalty do as a start?" he asked.

"Oh, sure," Edison stuttered as his throat filled up again. "Sure."

Edison has more models on display than any other inventor; naturally enough, since he has more patents to his credit than anybody else, his record running unbroken with inventions every year since 1869.—From The Mentor.

DALLAS FIRE CLAIMS NUMBER OF VICTIMS

DALLAS, Sept. 21.—Frank Smith, his wife and his stepson, Tom Sisco, were probably fatally burned and three other persons were slightly injured in a fire which wrecked two rooming houses on Crockett street early Sunday morning.

A score of roomers crept from the burning buildings by fleeing to their night clothes.

JELLYBEAN BANDIT TO ENTER INSANITY PLEA

DALLAS, Sept. 21.—An insanity plea was to be entered by counsel for J. L. Dailey, jellybean bandit, charged with shooting Allen Penniman during a holdup here several weeks ago, when the trial opened here today. Penniman was near death for several days but has recovered. The state will ask the death penalty for Dailey.

DEAD WOMAN SAID TO HAVE COMMITTED SUICIDE

WAUKEGAN, Ill., Sept. 21.—Arthur Holt, 48, assistant sales manager for the Consumers company, was detained by police today in connection with the death of his wife, Lillian, aged 50. Mrs. Clara Harey, 21, daughter of the Holts, was also examined.

Mrs. Holt was shot to death in the family home at Fox Lake last night. Holt and his daughter declared the woman committed suicide after a quarrel.

FLORESVILLE—\$40,000 bond issue voted for improvement and extension of waterworks system.

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 THE SHOPPING CENTER OF RANGER

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Values for Boys

Here are Suits for youngsters of high school age at a price that invites a visit here. Many Suits are offered with extra trousers.

\$18.50 UP

Boys' Suits

Another unusual value in which we feature Suits with long trousers and knickers. They're great values; ages 3 up.

\$14.95 TO \$19.50

it, she would become the kind of wife he had always wanted her to be! (To be continued.)

CISCO NEWS

CISCO, Sept. 21.—Plans are going forward for the completion of the new Baptist church, work on which was started here some time ago, and it is stated that actual construction should be under way by Oct. 1.

The public road known as the Cisco-Grapevine road, and leading from Cisco into the community southeast of town, has been recently worked under the direction of County Commissioner Bert Britain and is in splendid condition.

The Cisco Lobos easily defeated the Howard Payne team in a game at Cisco last Friday. The score was 25 to 0.

D. L. James of the United States department of agriculture has been in Cisco for several days inspecting the poultry and dairy plants here.

GREENVILLE—Contract soon to be awarded for construction 1,000,000-gallon reservoir, north of here, on Sabine river.

ON THE RANGE AT RANGER

By THE FENCE RIDER.
 (Items for this department must be phoned in to the Fence Rider, by 12 o'clock daily in order to insure their insertion. Don't be bashful. Jingle the telephone bell.)

No, fellows, we can't have it this way all the time. Can't use the whole paper to boost the game. There are a few other small items in the news of the day, such as court-martials an army man, a murder here and there, a mob or some small matters. But this time, as the season was just opening, the enthusiasm just hatching, the people just coming out of it after those village baseball games down around Dallas and Fort Worth, the Fence Rider asked for and got that big spread—and the ticket sales went up about four times what they did at last year's first game. Nothing skippy about that. Now it's on and we all know about it, we're going to turn out next Friday and have our big time with that Clyde bunch, without its being necessary to spread it all over the front of our home paper.

Everybody is saying, "Viva, Chief Murphy and Bandmaster Underwood," since these men did so much to help out the boosters. And as to the pep squad itself—led by Alworth and Miss Hall and Miss Lonsdale, weren't they the big noise?

The Fence Rider strayed way off his range Saturday night after the game. The noise scared the old brone and he ran away to Fort Worth for a spell and there hasn't been time to verify that rumor that Coach Cherry has entered his whole team in Mrs. Chitwood's cooking school down in Eastland so they'll learn how to cook Clyde's goose!

Jay Walker is not a jaywalker, although he did block the traffic a bit, when he came down the pike Saturday.

Aubrey Jameson, that head line-man, is really a Ranger man. But nobody ever yet accused him of being anything but a straight shooter when it comes to running the lines.

Everybody has his faults. Even the Fence Rider had one once—a little one and, oddly enough, it was the same kind Harvey has—the fault of trying to do it all. Harvey has enough in his punts and his head-work to let some of the other fellows handle the ball who have a little more distance-making stuff in them perhaps than even he. And he did miss one good chance to make it 23 to 0 by not kicking that field goal in the third quarter and losing all in an effort to get the touchdown himself. But everybody forgave him for it.

When the old brone reached Mineral Wells the Fence Rider found the fellows over there clumping because Ranger had got its first game over and they hadn't been able to book one. However, next Friday, they hope to have Denton normal scrubs and are sure of North Texas A. & M. the Friday following.

California Chocolates
 Just Received—A Big New Stock of THE FOUNTAIN Lamb Theatre Bldg.

THIS NIGHT may convince you
 Sallow skin is more than skin deep. For that tired, worn out listless feeling, keep your stomach, liver and bowels free from indigestion, biliousness and constipation.
Chamberlain's Tablets will keep you clean inside. Take two tonight. They will not make you sick and you will feel good tomorrow. Only 25 cents.
 Sold everywhere

Road district No. 1 DeWitt county to vote on \$250,000 bond issue, for construction of new highway from Hochheim to Yoakum.

NOTICE

On account of Our Style Show conflicting with the County Fair dates, we have decided to postpone the Style Show from Sept. 23rd and 24th to Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 29 and 30.

This will give all of us an opportunity to attend the County Fair and then see the Style Show, too. Besides, it will give us more time to make complete preparations for the biggest Style Show we have ever put on.

Remember the new dates—Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 29 and 30.

JOSEPH DRY GOODS CO.
 "Ranger's Foremost Department Store"

AT THE COOKING SCHOOL
MRS. IDA CHITWOOD
 uses exclusively
Pecan Valley Coffee
 "The Flavor You Favor"
 Your Grocery has it
 Distributed by
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CONNELLY THEATRE EASTLAND
 Showing Today and Tomorrow
LIBERTY THEATRE RANGER
 Admissions 25 and 50 cents

As the Civil War united the North and South—Lincoln joined the East and West with the transcontinental railroad.

The Three Musketeers
Buffalo Bill

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The Girl *The Boy*

Presented by William Fox
 A JOHN FORD production
 Blazing the trail of love and civilization!
 Direct from one-year's run in New York

"I Stood Up—I Admit it—and Cheered"