

UNITED PRESS SERVICE BRINGS LATE NEWS OF THE WORLD TO TELEGRAM READERS EASTLAND, TEXAS, WEDNESDAY EVENING, MARCH 30, 1932

PRICE FIVE CENTS

No. 130

INEQUAL TAKINGS ARE ATTACKED

Speaker Garner is Again in Thick of Tax Fight

HOUSE TAKES ACTION UPON TAX MEASURES

Levy Placed On Returns Of Corporations Now Consolidated. WASHINGTON, March 30.—Speaker Garner today threw himself into the thick of the tax bill struggle with a speech from the house floor urging adoption of a way and means committee amendment placing a levy on consolidated corporation returns.

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Texas Electric Moving to New Ranger Office

The Ranger offices of the Texas Electric Service company are being moved to the new location in the Sam Houston Life building, formerly occupied by the Citizens State bank.

Services Held For Mrs. J. H. Beard

Mrs. James Henry Beard, widow of James A. Beard, deceased, and mother of James A. Beard of Eastland, died Monday, March 28, 1932, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. S. A. Cowan of Baird, Texas.

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WEATHER: Fair, colder, frost tonight. Thursday fair and warmer in north.

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SIX CANDIDATES FILE NAMES IN EASTLAND ELECTION

Six Eastland men have allowed their names to be filed as candidates for vacancies on the city commission which will be held Tuesday, April 5. The time limit has passed for the filing of names and no more names may be accepted for printing on the regular ballot.

Eastland Rifle Club Has Good Shoot Sunday

A good attendance was present at the American Legion Rifle Club shoot which was held Sunday afternoon, March 27, at the local range.

L. B. Hawkins Is Speaker Before Ranger Rotary

L. B. Hawkins of Breckenridge presented an inspirational address before the Ranger Rotary club at the regular weekly meeting today.

Hightower Case Decision Is Due

AUSTIN, March 30.—A decision on efforts to bar Cisco high school from football contests of the Texas interscholastic league for one year is expected late today.

Drug Victims Arouse Police

LONDON.—Attacks on women and girls by men who surreptitiously drug them and carry them away have reached such alarming proportions that Scotland Yard plans to send out a squad of plain-clothes women detectives.

McKeown Bill Is Scored By Wilde

FORT WORTH, March 30.—Claude C. Wilde, executive vice president of the Independent Petroleum Association of Texas, today branded the McKeown oil control bill now before congress as a "backdoor" method of controlling Texas output for the benefit of other states.

Baconrind Laid To Rest Today

PAWBUKA, Ok., March 29.—Baconrind, naughty champion of the Osage, began the journey to the happy hunting grounds today.

ALLOWABLE IN TEXAS FIELDS WILL BE MADE

Hearing Before State Railroad Commission Held Today. AUSTIN, March 30.—Attacks on alleged unequal takings of oil under the state railroad commission proration and conservation order, marked the opening today of hearings preliminary to issuance of new allowable orders for all Texas oil fields except Van, East Texas and the Panhandle.

WILDCAT IS BROUGHT IN NEAR LULING

LULING, Texas, March 30.—Oil sprayed over the countryside for an hour today as Bob Rose's No. 1 J. M. Pierce wildcat well, two miles west of Luling, came in unexpectedly.

Monument Will Be Unveiled At Veterans' Grave

Unveiling monument to the late Thomas C. Foster, a Spanish-American War veteran, who lies buried in Flatwoods cemetery, will be held on Sunday afternoon, April 3, 1932, at 2 p. m.

Lindbergh Case Is At Standstill

NORFOLK, Va., March 30.—The Norfolk trio negotiating with a group of supposed kidnapers for the return of the Lindbergh baby today reported "No developments."

Albany Man Dies In Automobile Crash

BRACKENRIDGE, March 30.—W. E. Williams, 53, of Albany, was killed instantly six miles east of Caddo today when his car overturned.

FAIR FOUND 27 NUGGETS

GRANTS PASS, Ore.—Twenty-seven gold nuggets, totaling in value about \$100 were found by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Burns of Lenard during a week's prospecting along Grave Creek.

George B. Terrell Files For Congress

DALLAS, March 29.—George B. Terrell of Alto, former state commissioner of agriculture, today filed for place No. 1 in the Democratic congress-at-large race. The only other to file for this place is Eskine Williams of Fort Worth.

Vertical text on the left margin: POLLY CIRCUIT, DUMAS AVENUE, etc.

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"I'm Heart-free" If you want to know more about me watch for the new serial, "The Man Hunters," beginning today on page 3.



"I'll be Seeing You" When the new serial, "The Man Hunters" begins I'll be seeing you every day. The story is starting today on page three.



# the man HUNTERS

BY MABEL McELLIOTT



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## CHAPTER I

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Susan put the ironing board into place and plugged in the cord. She rooted out the dress in its towel wadding and sprinkled it anew. Her fingers flew and her breath came faster. Aunt Jessie hadn't wanted her to go to Rose Milton's party. That was the real reason she hadn't ironed the pink organdie. Aunt Jessie was always doing things like this. She had forgotten what it was to be young and spent most of her time trying to repress the natural youthful impulses of her niece.

But Susan would not let her conquer. She was young and

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Eddie muttered in her ear that Ben was "kind of a socialist or something." A freak, Susan decided. But a rather interesting freak. And how he could play!

As the evening wore on Susan's eyes brightened and the flush in her cheeks deepened. She was having a good time! It was too good to be true. At 11 o'clock she jumped up, startled. Mrs. Milton and a colored woman were beginning to serve supper, but Susan dashed into the bedroom and retrieved her wraps from the mountain of coats on the big bed.

Rose dawdled after her. "Honestly, do you have to go?" Susan pulled on her gloves. "Oh, you know Aunt Jessie! She would have the police out searching for me if I stayed any longer."

"It's a shame," Rose said, "but I'll get one of the boys to take you home. You mustn't go by yourself."

"Don't bother," begged Susan. She had visions of a long walk home with a bored young man who would be annoyed at being dragged away from the feast.

When she arrived at the front door she found Ben Lampman there, hat in hand. "Rose said you were going—do you mind?" he stammered.

"It's very kind of you," said Susan, politely. But she was rather appalled at the prospect of walking eight blocks with young Mr. Lampman who thought woman's place was in the home. He and Aunt Jessie would get along rather well.

However, Ben spared her any more harangues. He talked desultorily of music, of what he wanted to do. He dreamed of having an orchestra of his own "like White-man's." Susan could sympathize with this.

"I think that would be wonderful," she told him enthusiastically.

"Do you, honestly?" He was almost pathetic in his desire for approval.

"Yes, I do." And then Susan told him about her struggles with the demon, shorthand and her fear that she would never conquer what Aunt Jessie called "the business world."

Ben Lampman growled, "Stick with it. You'll be successful, I can see that. Don't mind what I said tonight about girls working. I know that's behind the times. From what you tell me you've got a hard row to hoe with this aunt of yours. You've got to strike out for yourself."

Susan flushed and stammered loyally. "Aunt Jessie is all right. She just doesn't understand."

Now they were at her doorstep. The little house looked shrouded and secretive. For a minute Susan was terribly nervous. What if Aunt Jessie should be waiting up, should call out, "Come straight in this minute, Susan Carey!" She had been known to do that.

Ben Lampman grasped the hand feverishly. "I want to come and see you sometime," he said.

Susan felt a distate for the young man's ardor. "I—I don't know," she said vaguely. "Maybe, some time."

"I'll telephone," he promised as she ran up the stairs. Aunt Jessie called out, "Who was that you were talking to?"

She crept into her room, turned on the light and moved about as softly as possible, making ready for bed. After she had hung away the pink dress and slipped into her worn old dressing gown she stood for a long time staring at herself in the mirror. She traced the wing-like stroke of her black brows. She widened her gray eyes and smiled at the effect.

Was it true—did she really want to be a business girl? Or was she just kidding herself because she wasn't popular with the boys as Rose Milton and most of the other girls were?

She didn't know. This young man, Ben Lampman, had disconcerted and annoyed her. Yet his obvious admiration had salvaged a sort of spot in her ego. What had he meant by saying he knew she'd be a success?

Susan yawned and just then Aunt Jessie, to whom every creak and whisper in the little house spoke as plainly as a child to its mother, called out. "For heaven's sake, Susan Carey, stop primping in front of the mirror and get to bed. You've got to get up in the morning."

Oh, the morning! As if she'd forgotten the sarcastic shorthand teacher and the difficult tests there would be next day. Susan thought of Ben Lampman and squared her shoulders. "I'll pass those tests," she said sturdily. "And I'll get a job and make money and put in an oil burner for Aunt Jessie and get a silver fox for myself. I'll show them!"

Who it was she meant to show Susan didn't quite know. Perhaps the neighbors who often said, "Poor Jessie Carey! She's been burdened all her life with her brother's child!" Perhaps it was that ruddy, fair-haired boy at Block's shorthand school, the one who had been expelled from college.

Irrelevantly Susan wondered what Robert Dunbar would have thought of Rose Milton's party. He probably would have been bored to death. Dancing to the radio, eating brick ice cream from a golden oak dining room table, would probably not fit in with his ideas of gaiety.

"Wonder what he's really like," Susan speculated just before she dropped off to sleep.

She had no notion how soon she was to know about that!

(To Be Continued)

THE CAPITAL-CITY'S LEADING HOSTELRY

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