

TODAY'S NEWS TODAY!

Eastland Telegram

10c WEEK Delivered To Your Home

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.

Privett Again On Trial In Dunson Slaying

Right at the time when I really need help, here comes a letter from one of my customers in Olden. It's about much better job of writing than I usually do myself that I am going to run it in the column "as is."

Dear "Griping Gus": For five years I have been a regular reader of the Ranger.

Police Probing Every Angle of Kidnaping Case HOPEWELL, N. J., March 21. Col. and Mrs. Charles A. Lirburgh waited today with fortitude for some sign from the person holding their son, while police checked every avenue available for trace of the boy.

Pioneer Citizen of Cheaney Is Dead T. L. Scott, 67, pioneer settler of Cheaney, died Monday morning in the Harris sanitarium in Fort Worth following an illness of several weeks' duration.

Ranger Golfers Win First Match Of 1932 Season Golfers from the Ranger Country Club invaded the course of the "Bill-Co" country club on Sunday afternoon, winning the first match of the season by a score of 10 to 13.

Blizzard Sweeps Into North Texas BOISE CITY, Okla., March 21. The season's worst blizzard raged in Oklahoma's Panhandle and northwestern regions today.

Mrs. Irby Kim To Be Buried Today Funeral services for Mrs. Irby Kim are to be held from the family home in Ranger this afternoon at 4 o'clock with Rev. D. W. Nichol, pastor of the Church of Christ, officiating.

Son of Rancher Is Shot To Death DEL RIO, Texas, March 21.—Funeral services were held here today for W. E. Weathersbee Jr., 26, found shot to death at his home here Sunday.

Unwelcome Guest Invades a Party BAKERSFIELD, Calif.—An invited guest attended Mrs. T. Maline's party for her sewing circle.

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Pittsburgh Belle Weds 'Other Man'



Caroline Jackson Crittenden, society beauty of Pittsburgh, shown above, was engaged to Joseph Kinner Morford, socially prominent law school student, until she made a visit to Tucson, Ariz. There she met Paul Schowalter and married him within two weeks.

JAPAN AND CHINA REACH AGREEMENT

SHANGHAI, March 21.—China and Japan reached a temporary truce in their conflict over control of Shanghai today when both sides agreed to refer details of a peace pact to a joint commission.

Right To Extend Rail Line Refused WASHINGTON, March 21.—The Abilene & Southern railway was refused permission to extend its line from Ballinger to San Angelo by the interstate commerce commission today.

Texan Is Killed In Big Air Crash DALLAS, March 21.—H. H. Campbell, 35, co-pilot of the American Airways plane in which seven persons were killed near Redlands, Calif., will be buried here.

Lack of Funds May Close Park LANSING, Mich.—Insufficient funds may force Michigan to close 20 of its 82 state parks this summer, according to P. J. Hoffmaster, head of the parks division of the department of conservation.

DISSENSION MARKS GARNER MEET IN TEXAS

SAN ANTONIO, March 21.—Bitter wrangling marked the meeting here today of Garner for presidential representatives from the state's 31 senatorial districts.

Texas Paper Is Sued for Libel AMARILLO, March 21.—The News-Globe Publishing company today was sued with papers in a \$600,000 libel suit filed by Dr. Brinkley, goat gland specialist, of Milford, Kan.

Old Diary Tells of Gold Hunt in Old Wyoming CHEYENNE, Wyo.—An old diary, describing a gold hunter's experiences in 1877, has come into the possession of the Wyoming state historical department.

Federal Men Assemble Huge Print Gallery WASHINGTON.—The most ambitious and far-reaching program of scientific criminal identification ever undertaken is being quietly pressed here by the bureau of identification of the U. S. department of justice, according to the Elks Magazine.

Falling Glass Narrowly Misses Several People A glass from a fifth-floor window of the Sam Houston Life building, Ranger, was blown out by high winds Monday morning about 10 o'clock, narrowly missing several passersby.

Ranger Captain Takes Up Polo To Get Thrills FORT WORTH.—For "thrills" Ranger Captain Tom Hickman has taken up polo. Tame, this trading shots with bank robbers, quelling riots and running gauntlets in charge of the veteran ranger, in the service 13 years and now in charge of the North Texas territory, has organized his own polo team.

Golfer's One Drive Costs Him \$1,500 DERRY, Eng.—One drive on the Chevin golf course, near here, cost Harry John Brooks, 300 pounds (\$1,500 at par).

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FORMER APPEALS COURT JUDGE IS FREED ON CHARGE OF TRYING TO DESTROY BUILDING BY FIRE

BRECKENRIDGE, March 21.—Judge W. R. Chapman of Abilene, charged with the murder of Oscar Pruitt charged with the murder of Melvin Dunson in Ranger about two years ago was called to trial in the 91st district court this morning.

Trotzky Expresses Views On Effects of War Between The Japanese and Soviet Russia United Press. and it could develop only if Japan, with consent of stronger Allies, provoked it.

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Brothers Battle



Victor McLaglen, shown in top picture, is being sued for \$90,000 personal damages by his brother, Leopold McLaglen, as a result of one of Victor's emphatic remarks.

Ranger Rifle Range Opened On Sunday The American Legion Rifle club of Ranger held the official opening shoot of the season Sunday in spite of a high wind that made pistol, rifle, and shotgun shooting somewhat uncertain.

Plane and Two People Fall into The Ohio River STEUBENVILLE, O., March 21. Wrecked parts of the mail and passenger transport which left Columbus for New York were found along the banks of the river here today.

Mexicans Appeal For Aid To Quash Band of Bandits MEXICO CITY, March 21.—An appeal for federal aid to quell an armed uprising of "fanatics" in the state of Queretaro, where soldiers fought a pitched battle with bandits who wrecked and attacked a fast passenger train with American passengers aboard, was reported today in news dispatches received here.

Second Sentence Given Today In Kidnaping Case WARREN, O., March 21.—John De Marco of Youngstown, alleged racketeer, today was sentenced to from one to 20 years in prison on a charge of harboring a kidnaped boy in connection with the abduction of James DeJute Jr., 12, Niles, O., schoolboy.

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JURORS BEING SELECTED IN MURDER TRIAL

First Trial Reversed By The Appeal Court On Account of Error. Both sides announced ready when the case of Oscar Pruitt charged with the murder of Melvin Dunson in Ranger about two years ago was called to trial in the 91st district court this morning.

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WEATHER West Texas—Fair, colder except in Panhandle; freezing in southwest and east-central portions tonight.

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Business Institute Of Business

(Continued from page 1)
Mr. Stanley will give two lectures each night on subjects of salesmanship, merchandising and public contact.

Every morning during the institute, a special class on advertising will be held to which everyone who is interested in this sub-branch is invited.

Anti-Trust Suits Arguments Draw Small Crowds

AUSTIN, Texas, March 20.—\$17,850,000 anti-trust lawsuit, loaded with political possibilities and fought by an aggregation of lawyers whose daily cost runs into many thousands of dollars, is attracting the "poorest" of an attraction offered since Travis county's modernistic courthouse was occupied last year.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

- This paper is authorized to make a following announcements, subject to the Democratic primary election July 23, 1932:
Judge 88th District Court: J. D. BARKER.
BURETTE W. PATTERSON FRANK SPARKS.

The Newfangles (Mom 'n' Pop) By Cowan



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS By Blosser



BEWARE THE COUGH OR COLD THAT HANGS ON

Persistent coughs and colds lead to serious trouble. You can stop them now with Creomulsion, an emulsified crocote that is pleasant to take. Creomulsion is a new medical discovery with two-fold action: it soothes and heals the inflamed membranes and inhibits germ growth. Of all known drugs, crocote is recognized by high medical authorities as one of the greatest healing agencies for persistent coughs and colds and other forms of throat troubles. Creomulsion contains, in addition to crocote, other healing elements which soothe and heal the infected membranes and stop the irritation and inflammation, while the crocote goes on to the stomach, is absorbed into the blood, attacks the seat of the trouble and checks the growth of the germs. Creomulsion is guaranteed satisfactory in the treatment of persistent coughs and colds, bronchial asthma, bronchitis and other forms of respiratory diseases, and is excellent for building up the system after colds or flu. Money refunded if any cough or cold, no matter of how long standing, is not relieved after taking according to directions. Ask your druggist. (adv.)

Advertisement for KC Baking Powder. Text: 'The subject of the lesson-sermon was "Matter" in all Churches of Christ, Scientist, Sunday, March 20. Psalms 46:10 furnished the golden text: "Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth." The following passage from the Bible (II Peter 3:10, 13) were included in the lesson-sermon: "The heavens shall pass away with a great noise, ... the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up. Nevertheless, we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." Embraced in the service were also the following citations from "Science and Health and Key to the Scriptures" by Mary Baker Eddy, pages 267, 572: "Every object in material thought will be destroyed, but the spiritual idea, whose substance is in Mind, is eternal. The offspring of God start not from matter or ephemeral dust. They are in and of Spirit, divine Mined, and so forever continue. ... Under the supremacy of Spirit, it will be seen and acknowledged that matter must disappear." Another advantage of the depression is that you aren't told at every turn that you can't stand prosperity.'

The dime-a-dance girl By Joan Clayton

BEGIN HERE TODAY
Ellen Rossiter, beautiful 20-year-old, falls in love with Larry Harrowgate, young artist whom she meets at Dreamland, a dance hall where she works as hostess. Larry is engaged to Elizabeth Bowers, debutante, but pays attention to Ellen until his fiancée returns from Europe. Believing Larry is lost to her, Ellen agrees to marry Steven Barclay, 57 years old and wealthy, who has paid hospital expenses for her brother, Mike, injured in a street accident. Ellen knows such a marriage will provide for her mother, Molly Rossiter, and make it possible for her sister, Myra, to marry Bert Armstead. Barclay has been married and divorced. Scandal accompanied his divorce from Leda Grayson, dancer, and, fearing this talk may be revived, he and Ellen agree to keep their marriage secret until they sail for Europe. Barclay wants to settle a fortune on Ellen but she persuades him to wait until after the ceremony. Barclay's lawyer, Symes, regards Ellen as a gold-digger. In a double marriage in a small Connecticut town, Barclay and Ellen and Myra and Armstead are married. Barclay and his bride drive to his Long Island home. Ellen reads in a newspaper that Larry's engagement to Elizabeth Bowers is broken. That night Barclay suffers a fatal heart attack. Doctors, nurses and Symes, the lawyer, arrive. Symes tells Ellen papers have been stolen proving Barclay's divorce and therefore her marriage is not legal. To avoid scandal she relinquishes all claim to the fortune. Only Fergus, the butler, knows of her presence in the house that night. Ellen learns Larry Harrowgate is Barclay's nephew. Ellen goes home, committed to keeping her marriage secret to protect Barclay's honor and her own. NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER VII A week later Ellen called on Symes. He had telephoned to say he had received the license. The week following Steven's death had been a cruel test of the girl's courage. Myra, Molly and Bert all had helped. Even Mike with his constant, fretful appeals for amusement had helped. Life and the everyday demands of living had caught her up and whirled her onward. She was a trifle pale that crisp fall day but her blue eyes were clear and steady and her sweet mouth could smile. Symes looked at the girl and saw that she was changed. There were courage and bravery in her face now, courage and bravery that were definitely, unmistakably adult. "You're looking well," he said inadequately, and stopped and said no more for a space. "It's been a hard pull, I know," he continued abruptly, "but everything's gone well. You've seen the papers, of course?" "I have," she said. Much had been printed about Steven's death and about Steven's will. A sharp legal battle was anticipated between his sister, Mrs. Elliot Barclay Harrowgate, and Leda Grayson Barclay whose divorce had been so recently set aside. No news of Ellen had appeared—no suggestion that another woman had been with Steven when he died. Headlines chronicled the death at St. Agatha's Hospital. Headlines announced that Leda Grayson Barclay, the widow, had arrived too late, speeding by plane from Mexico. "I wanted to go to the funeral," Ellen announced forlornly as Symes pulled up a chair for her. "That would have been the sheerest folly," he pointed out, quite his legal, business-like self again. "You've been so sensible about everything else, I'm surprised to hear you say that." Ellen forced a valiant, apologetic smile. He looked away with the consideration she had found so unexpected, then looked back at her. Her hands were steady and her eyes were dry. "I'm sensible about that too—now," she said quietly. "I've wanted to tell you and here's my chance," Symes began in awkward haste. "If there's anything you need I'll be glad to be of assistance." "The square Rossiter chin lifted. "There's nothing at all," Ellen said quickly. "I've always made my own way and I still can. I've been a parasite long enough. Monday I'm going back to work." "Not on Monday." "Yes—Monday." She checked herself to add, "Don't be alarmed. I wouldn't dream of returning to the store. Lorene came to see me and said she'd try to get my place back for me, but I couldn't do that. There'd be too much gossip and speculation—besides my brother-in-law works there. I wouldn't want to chance anything coming up that might hurt him." "Nothing will come up," Symes replied a little uneasily. He rose, walked silently to the end of the room and back. He bent over his desk before he spoke again. "Well, here it is." He fumbled in a drawer, produced a document and tossed it to Ellen. The paper opened outward beneath her fingers. She was looking at the license which announced on Sept. 3 the marriage of Steven Barclay to Ellen Rossiter, witnessed by Myra Armstead and Molly Rossiter, signed by Rev. Mr. Cyrus Southey. Ellen read the words with fascinated, fearful eyes. Suddenly she tore the document once across. "Stop that," Symes called sharply. "I'm going to tear it up," she said. "You must do no such thing! You might need it terribly some time. If the fact that you were alone with Steven the night he died ever comes out can't you see how valuable a marriage license might be to prove your own—innocence?" "I'd never use it!" Ellen declared passionately. "I couldn't!" Symes did not respond. There was a long silence. He sat down again, his eyes avoiding her eyes. "What are you keeping back?" she asked in a clear, even tone. "You've heard nothing of Fergus, have you?" he questioned deliberately. "What made you ask that?" "Nothing especially," he answered, troubled by the steadiness of her glance. "I just wondered because it happens that your presentiment concerning Fergus was correct. He's a rogue—pr or so I believe." Ellen's frightened eyes did not waver. "It appears," Symes continued, clearing his throat, "that it was Fergus who stole the papers proving Steven's divorce and turned them over to Leda Grayson. Fergus was the only person who had access to the safe." The lawyer spread out his hands. "Of course we'll never prove it. However, I've come to the conclusion that Fergus is dangerous." "What could he do?" the girl whispered. She looked again at the marriage license in her hands. "If you're going to worry," Symes responded, "I'll be sorry I mentioned him. I only did it because I thought you should be warned." "In the unlikely event he is able to locate you, in the unlikely event he does turn up, just ignore anything he says or, better still, refer him to me. I'll settle him quick enough. Blackmail's actionable!" Symes continued to regard her. "Don't you see now why you should keep the license for your own protection?" She said nothing at all. "You have the advantage of being confident. A real advantage in many ways. Fergus's only interest in you would be getting money. When he learns you haven't any he'll leave you alone." Ellen looked around the order-desk, whipped a match from a holder, struck it and applied the glowing end to her marriage license. Symes made no move. She held the burning paper until the flame came too near her fingers. Then she walked to the half open window, released the paper and watched the tiny flame drift downward 20 stories toward the street. "That's so I won't be tempted to use it," she said, turning around again. "If there was any nobility in my running away with you that morning, which I'm beginning to doubt," she explained slowly, "it was in trying to prevent people from imagining that Steven thought so little of my honor and his own that he would contract a shabby, fraudulent marriage. That marriage license—I suppose I suppose I might have used it to prove I was innocent but it would have been used at his expense." "Aren't you afraid," Symes asked gravely, "that the day may come when you'll wish you hadn't been so reckless?" "Terribly afraid. That's why I burned it." "I can't understand your viewpoint." "I don't entirely understand it myself," said Ellen thoughtfully as she sat down again. "I imagine I'm rather like an ostrich—so determined that part of my life is over that I've come almost to believe it never happened. From the day after Steven's death when I took off my wedding ring I've almost believed he and I never went to a little town in Connecticut and were married. I remember him as he was in the store, not as my husband." "At the same time," she persisted, "I know I don't want any life-lines like that marriage license. If the thing ever comes out—if anything ever happens—I'll just have to let people think what they will think. It will be my punishment for what?" "Punishment for what?" "For marrying Steven when I didn't know it was a marriage license. If the thing ever comes out—if anything ever happens—I'll just have to let people think what they will think. It will be my punishment for what?" "Punishment for what?" "For marrying Steven when I didn't know it was a marriage license. If the thing ever comes out—if anything ever happens—I'll just have to let people think what they will think. It will be my punishment for what?"

The Big News is on the inside pages too. Probably you read the front page of your paper first. But think how soon you forget the "news of the day"—and how long you enjoy the things you buy because of some item in an advertisement. Almost always, there is big news for you somewhere in the advertising columns of this paper. Look for it. Here's a piece that tells how to make a nicer angel food cake—a note on the new models of the car you hope to buy next—news of fashions and furnishings, of hardware and hats. . . Interesting, intimate, often dramatic news that really concerns you and yours. Remember that size alone is not a measure of value. Often an advertisement in small space will offer just what you want at a saving. So form the good habit of reading the advertising section of this paper carefully. It will save you time and money. It will make your home healthier, wealthier, happier. Read and you will find! IMPORTANT When you ask for a product by name, as a result of advertising, do not accept a substitute—substitutes are offered not as a service to you, but for other reasons.

STAINLESS Same formula . . . same price. In original form, too, if you prefer 20¢ for COLD'S VICKS VapoRus OVER 1/2 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

