

EASTLAND TELEGRAM

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Biggest of All Markets Is Being Neglected

Attention to markets for the national production has of late been so centered on the foreign outlets that a very significant report of the Social Security Board has gone almost without notice.

This report shows clearly, from figures about which there can be no dispute, that the purchasing power of the average American wage-worker is sadly below what it should be. Wages credited to the old-age insurance accounts of more than 30,157,694 covered workers in 1937 totaled \$26,825,366,241, an average of \$890.

Even if this figure had included all wages paid to these workers, even wages above \$3000 (not covered by the act), the average would have been only \$975. Only three per cent of the workers received over \$3,000, and against this must be balanced some \$3000-or-better incomes received from more than one employer, which do come under the act.

So it is fair to conclude that more than 30,000,000 workers worked throughout 1937 (a better year than 1938) for \$890 apiece.

Inasmuch as social workers are unanimous that a family needs \$2000 a year to live in ordinary health and comfort, it is all too plain why surpluses of basic commodities pile up.

People just can't afford to buy them. It is unlikely that the average of the remainder of employed workers is higher than those covered, for those not covered include farm and service workers, whose cash income is notoriously small.

Now there is a market worth developing! Thirty million Americans whose income is less than \$900 a year! What wheat could they consume, what milk could they drink, what cotton could they wear, if that income could be raised even to \$1500 instead of \$900?

Such a move does not necessarily imply quick or arbitrary rises in hourly or weekly wage rates. Many of the people who received the pitifully small average income of \$890 undoubtedly work on impressive hourly and weekly rates. But they don't work enough weeks, or enough days to have received a decent income at the end of the year.

For instance, 4,412,090 employees in 1937 received total wages of less than \$99. That doesn't mean that they are receiving less than \$2 a week; it obviously means that they worked only a few weeks of the year.

One hears talk of the "great Chinese market" which bought just short of \$50,000,000 worth of our goods in 1937.

What is it beside the possibilities of increasing this 26-billion-dollar income of our own lowest-paid people to, say, 50 billions?

At a time when foreign complications are demanding our attention so insistently, we must not forget the really big market which is at the same time our greatest national problem.

TRACK STAR

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for horizontal and vertical words. Includes a small portrait of a man in the center.

Large crossword puzzle grid with a portrait of a man in the center.

SERIAL STORY BORDER ADVENTURE

BY OREN ARNOLD

Yesterday: Safe out of sight of the Barro ranch, Sherry continues his wood cutting act, wondering if Betty loves him after she tells him that Hope had already proposed.

CHAPTER XXV

SHERIDAN STARR ceased being a Mexican woodcutter as soon as night settled over Mexico. "Betty Mary?" he called, when he felt it was safe to start again. "Yes," she answered instantly, from beneath the boxes in the burro cart.

"It's dark now. I think we can make a try for the river." "Can I actually come out of this? Goodness!"

"I apologize. I sure am sorry you had to stay there, but there was no way of knowing who might be observing us, or who—" "Don't, Sheridan! It is I who apologize. I owe you more than I can ever tell. I—I was not uncomfortable. She had crawled out, with his help, and stood near to smile up at him. "I was just—scared!"

He squeezed her arm a little; and somehow this gesture conveyed more than a thousand words might have. She looked quickly up at him again. The big officer was anything but handsome now. He wore a scraggly set of gray whiskers, adroitly glued on. His normally black hair had been brushed with gray, too, especially around the temples. His high-crowned straw sombrero was frayed and torn. His clothing was very old and ragged.

But Betty Mary saw right through the convincing makeup, to the man she really knew. "S-Sherry," she almost whispered it, tremulously. "Yes!"

"I just—I just want you to know I think you are grand! You and Hope. I am well aware that you risked your lives to rescue me."

"Shucks! We were just play acting. Skip it. Anyway, young woman, we aren't out of danger yet. We're still in Mexico."

"Play acting or not, it was wonderful. How did you know to make up that way? It's perfect."

"We didn't. There's a stock company on an El Paso stage. One of their actors helped us. Hope was dark and handsome enough to look like a Mex without much change. They had to cover up my mug, though. Come on, let's get going."

"What about the cart, and the burros?" "Aren't worth \$50. I've turned the burros loose to run wild."

TO avoid suspicion, Sherry had driven his cart and Betty Mary parallel with the border, not toward it, so that they now were

still more than three miles from the river. She knew they couldn't ride any further, lest some of Barro's agents detect them. They would be inconspicuous if they walked.

"I can carry you if you get foot weary," he told her. "Those shoes you have were not made for walking in rocks and cactus thorns."

"They're better than the ragged sandals you have on. Anyway, I weigh a lot."

"I'll bet!" He squeezed her arm again. "You ought to be playing dolls. Well, stay right behind me, and act dumb if anybody talks to us."

They saw only a few rural folk but no one accosted them, and after about an hour's walking they came to the Rio Grande. It looked heavenly to Betty not only because of its real beauty but because on the other shore lay the United States.

"It looks wide," she said. "I hope I am not too fatigued to swim that far."

Gallantly, then, Sherry stooped and picked her up in his arms and solemnly waded into the water. She thought it a very strange position in which to assist a girl in swimming, but she realized, trusting him. Before she realized it they were half way across the river.

"Is the swimming—very hard, Mr. Starr?" she asked mockingly.

He chuckled, and held her a little tighter.

When he had put her down on the American shore, with a frank sigh of relief to be on his own soil again, he took off his whiskers and smiled down at her.

"It's the first and maybe the last chance I'll ever have to hold you in my arms," he declared simply.

They had crossed where some flags and willows grew, and they came at once into a farmer's cotton field. Another quarter-mile of walking brought them to a paved highway, and within 10 minutes they were in a filling station telephoning for a car to carry them home.

"There's one important thing I must tell you, Sherry, rather formally. You can use it when you report back to headquarters in Washington."

"What, Sherry? Although I'm not at all sure I shall ever make a report."

"It was that you and I waded right across the international boundary at 9 p. m., unmolested. If we can do it that easy, so can aliens. The boundary is 2000 miles long, and there aren't half enough officers allotted to guard

it. What'd you mean about never making a report, though?" "I just feel that I may never go back to my job. I—I may stay here."

Sherry went a little glum at that.

TWICE today he had deduced from her talk that she might be in love with Hope Kildare. She had saved Hope's life in San Felipe canyon, and such drama can draw two people very close together.

The big fellow swallowed hard, and changed the subject. But gloom had settled on him. He talked very little more until they were back in El Paso, in serious conference with Hope himself.

"I had no trouble," Hope avowed there. "I drove the old rented truck right on into Juarez, across the bridge and into the American officers' hands. Of course they let me in when they recognized me—but they had some fun doing that! I'm sure glad you two made it safely."

They had to explain every detail, and then they had a new plan to effect. After all, Barro was still a threat, and they knew the plans he had for his crossing at New Channel.

"He may or may not change his mind and his date," big Sheridan summarized, eventually. "He'll know that Betty Mary escaped, but he won't know how much she knows. Didn't you say that woman you talked to in his house, Betty Mary, was coming immediately to this side?"

"Yes," said Betty Mary. "Then Barro won't know you talked to her. And she won't know you were a spy. And you didn't talk confidentially to any other servant or anybody, so Barro may conclude that you don't know his plan at all. Even if he did, he may go right on with his plan, thinking he is safe with that many men. He would be, too, if we weren't tipped off; a hundred armed extranjeros and smugglers—gosh!"

"This is Friday night," said Hope. "And he was to send the aliens across on Sunday night, but might change. Knowing he had a big force, we can get a big force too. We would simply have to know when and where on the border to expect him."

"That's certainly a fact!" Sheridan agreed. Then he added, thoughtfully, "But how can we know, for sure?"

They were silent for a long moment, and then Hope Kildare replied: "There's only one answer. One of us, in disguise, must go back to Mexico."

(To Be Continued)

SERIAL STORY BORDER ADVENTURE

BY OREN ARNOLD

Yesterday: Betty and the officers confer back on American soil, but it's wonder if Barro will change his crossing date. Someone must go back to Mexico to check on this.

CHAPTER XXVI

FOR a full half hour Sherry, Hope, and Betty Mary talked and argued earnestly about whether one of the officers should go back to Mexico in disguise. It was Betty Mary who argued, almost desperately, against either of them going.

"It is not worth it!" she insisted. "We can take our chances on this side of knowing when Barro starts across, and where. Your lives would be in grave danger over there, I tell you!"

"No doubt," said Hope, laconically. "You might, uh, mention to Washington, when you get the chance, that patrolling the Mexican-American frontier is not a pink tea enterprise."

It was the first hint of sarcasm she had ever heard from Hope Kildare, but she realized that she had it coming. She who had been sent out to reprimand two courageous officers for inefficiency!

Her glance turned down at the table between them. For a long time she said nothing, then finally whispered, "Yes. Do whatever you men think duty requires."

"And now," Hope resumed, "I am the one who should go to Mexico. You, Sherry, were seen as the old woodman. Barro's outfit will have reasoned by now that you took Betty Mary away in the kitchen trash, whereas the butcher in the truck—who was really I—went by everybody unsuspected."

"I could change my disguise!" Sheridan protested.

"I look more like a Mexican, naturally. My features do. A little mustache, and I look like a stranger even to myself. I can slip over there, posing like a lazy peon or maybe a wood hauler or prospector or something myself, and signal you when Barro starts to move. See?"

"He would be in no more danger, Sheridan, than you would directing the fight against Barro." Betty Mary said that quietly. And they all realized it was true. Having been assigned to "get" Barro, Hope or Sherry would doubtless be placed in charge at any showdown.

"All right," Sherry agreed, finally. "Take some of the flares. Strap them to your body under your shirt. Red ones and white ones."

ones. If Barro's force starts toward New Channel, as planned, set three red flares off about 50 feet apart. I'll be watching with glasses in the tower here. Okay?"

"Okay," said Hope, nodding. "I can slip up to a spot on a hillside and shield the flares with my hands, so they won't be visible from his house. They burn about 10 minutes, so you shouldn't miss them."

"Right. Make it two reds and one white, if Barro starts in another direction. But I don't think he will. I think he may change the date, but not the place. New Channel is ideal for him, really. And it is far enough down that it has not been used much if any, so we'll know we wouldn't be guarding there, in any case."

where the Rio Grande left its channel a while back, Betty Mary. Hope explained, "It cut out, in a flood, and moved a quarter mile eastward for almost a mile. There's a lot of rock and trees, and not far from the highway, where aliens could be picked up in cars on our side. It's an ideal place, right enough. For Barro."

FOR Saturday night supper, a total of 126 men and women, mostly men, were served in the ranch and patio of Luis Barro's rambo house. Of this number, 108 were foreigners who had paid heavily to be smuggled into the United States. Several of them had been solicited by Barro's agents as far away as Honolulu. At least half of them were Asiatics, a few were European, the remainder Mexicans. Barro's hired interpreters had been kept busy for a week, as had his servants.

"Gonzales!" Barro snapped, immediately after the Saturday night meal. "Tell the interpreters it is time to move. Explain with care. Nobody is to shoot unless the officers happen to appear. Nobody is to talk, or make noise. The river there is shallow. Wade right across, go direct to the highway. Twelve cars, one bus, one truck will be there to take them right on eastward. But at once now they come single file through the locked offices, for the guns."

Gonzales, Barro's lieutenant, passed the word, and immediately a subdued murmur of excitement crept over the foreigners. The talking rose in a slow crescendo, so that Barro had to order it stopped. But tension was in the air. Even the humblest servant felt it by the time Barro began issuing rifles and side arms.

"The price is \$50 each, American money," Barro coldly informed each man in turn. Ac-

for an average of about \$5 each; some had even been stolen. The protests were vociferous—these people already had been milked repeatedly of smuggling fees! But Barro was hard.

"Then pass on without, and be killed!" he barked at them, and his interpreters translated in kind. Most of the men paid and took their guns, forced into it here at the showdown. A few of the women aliens bought arms too.

By 8 p. m. horses had been led out in strings from the corrals in the rear, and the aliens were being given further last-minute instructions.

"Is no saddle he-e-e-ere!" one thick-necked European rumbled, discovering that fact.

"Back!" Barro snapped, also in English. "Translate it for all of them, Gonzales!"

That brought more growls of protest. But when leaders began to move off, the aliens all mounted as best they could. There was a great deal of confusion for the ensuing half hour. Some horses bucked and had to be discarded. Some women began crying from fear and from sheer nervousness. Three men, wrought to the breaking point, began fighting and one was discharged. Barro's henchmen moved swiftly to quell these disturbances.

And yet, in the end, Barro's genius as a leader was manifest. By 9 o'clock the cavalcade of armed aliens and smugglers was filing off into the night, heading south.

SOON after dark on this same Saturday night, the radio operated by the United States Border Patrol from its headquarters in El Paso cracked a call for which every federal officer in the upper Rio Grande area had been waiting.

"Alabaster. . . Alabaster. . . All cars, alabaster. . . All cars, alabaster. . . Equator. . . Equator. . . Equator."

The voice was the same toneless drone to which the Border Patrol Force was accustomed, but the code information it gave was far from routine.

The cryptic message was a quiet but highly significant mobilization order, for men who had been instructed as to their procedure since dawn.

Betty Mary Jordan, sitting near the radio man in his headquarters room, realized that his drawing words would bring about 35 courageous men together within an hour, and that commanding them would be Sheridan Starr.

"Oh, God, please take care of him!" she whispered there, too low for anyone to hear.

(To Be Continued)

X-Ray Expert Is Eastland Visitor

Alfred B. Greene of Oak Terrace, Minn., executive secretary of the American Registry of X-Ray Technicians, was a visitor Thursday and Friday in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Maxey of Eastland. He was on his way to Waco to attend a convention of the Texas Society of X-Ray Technicians.

CLASSIFIED

"PIANOS" WHO WANTS A BEAUTIFUL PIANO AT A BARGAIN? We may have in your vicinity within a few days, a lovely baby grand piano; a small upright; also a spinet. You may have any of these pianos by taking up small weekly or monthly payments. Wire, phone, or write: BROOK MAYS & CO., Dallas, Texas.

WANTED at once, Model-T touring car. See party at Eastland Bakery.

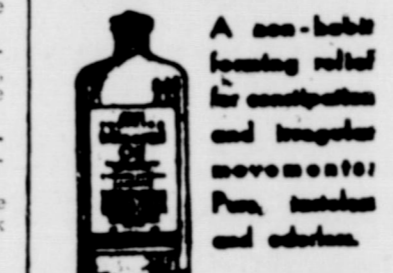
BOARD and ROOM, meals 30c. Sunday 35c. 305 North Daugherty. —MRS. A. M. STOKES.

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ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES Texas Electric Service Co.

First Aid for Constipation

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Corner Drug Store Eastland

Hamner Undertaking Co. Phones 17 and 564 DAY OR NIGHT AMBULANCE SERVICE

FRESH LOAD OF WINTER GARDEN VEGETABLES

PLENTY OF THEM!

- CABBAGE lb. 5c
TOMATOES lb. 10c
BEANS 2 lbs. 15c
NEW SPUDS . . . 2 lbs. 9c
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CUCUMBERS . . . lb. 5c
ONIONS 3 lbs. 5c
OKRA lb. 15c
PEPPER lb. 15c

CARROTS, BEETS and Fresh CORN,

3 For 10c

A Plentiful Supply of Texas and California CITRUS FRUITS!

BANANAS

10c and 15c Per Pound.

The Green Grocery and Fruit Market Fruits and Market

A French actress wants to re-strain the screen's Ann Sheridan from using a title she claims to have originated. She says humph to Ann's oomph.

THEY FIT LIKE A FRECKLE

Gentlemen, if you want a new feeling of comfort and spruceness, step into a pair of HANES Crotch-Guard Shorts. Here's a knit garment that fits as close as a freckle. Nothing to flop or droop! An all-round Latex band rests lightly on your waist . . . adjusting itself to your slightest movement. The seat is as comfortable as an easy chair. And the HANES-Knit legs fit you snugly, without binding. The special reinforced HANES-Knit Crotch-Guard gives you gentle athletic support and a convenient, buttonless fly-front.



HANES SPORTS CROUCH-GUARD SHORTS 35c & 50c

Business Is Good This Year WE KEEP IT THAT WAY BECAUSE WE KNOW IT TAKES QUALITY AND VALUE TO HOLD

- BACON, Star Home Sliced lb.
BACON, Korn Gold 1 lb. pkg.
BACON Squares, Sugar Cured lb.
BACON, No. 1 Dry Salt lb.
BACON, Morrell's Tendered lb.
HAMS, Center Slices lb.
HAMS, Picnics, 4 to 6 lbs. avg. lb.
HAMS, Roast, Choice cuts lb.
BABY BEEF STEAK lb.
FRYERS, Fresh Dressed Each
HOT BARBECUE, Cooked Daily lb.
JOWLS and BOLOGNA lb.
ROAST, Shoulder Cuts lb.
PORK HAM or CHOPS lb.
SAUSAGE, Homemade lb.

PHONE 70 OWNED AND OPERATED BY S. L. (LEON) BOURLAIN Market Located in A. & P. Store

LYRIC

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FACE CONSTANCE BARRY FAYE BENNETT KELLY TAIL SPIN

AND Popeye in "ALLADIN'S WONDER LAMP" A 21-Minute Technicolor Cartoon!

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MacDONALD in M.G.-M's mighty BROADWAY SERENADE with LEW AYRES

WINNER TAKE ALL TONY MARTIN GLORIA STUART HENRY ARMETTA SLIM SUMMERWELL

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PIGGLY WIGGLY

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TOASTED
POPPED
WHEAT Per Pkg. **5c**
CAMPBELL'S
TOMATO JUICE
3 14 Oz. Cans **19c**

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RIO OP A **GRAPEFRUIT JUICE** Ex. Lge. 46 Oz. Cans **25c**

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- PORK ROAST Lb. 18c OLEO 2 Pounds 25c
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- SUGAR CURED BACON IN PIECE Pound 19c

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- DEL MONTE TUNA 2 Cans 35c
- APPLE BUTTER, White House, 57 Oz. Jar . 33c
- HYPRO THE THRIFTY 2 QUART SIZE 29c
- CORN FLAKES 3 LARGE PACKAGES 25c
- CANDY BARS Mild and Mellow Mr. Goodbar 2 10c Size 15c
- PEAS HAPPY VALE No. 303 Cans 8c SCHRIEVER'S A-1 2 No. 2 Cans 25c
- PINEAPPLE JUICE, 3 Cans 25c
- FANCY QUEENS OLIVES 14 Oz. Jar 29c
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- SUNKIST LEMONS DOZEN 15c
- EXTRA FANCY WINESAP APPLES 2 Dozen 25c
- CARROTS, RADISHES, GREEN ONIONS, MUSTARD and TURNIP GREENS— 3 BUNCHES 10c

- SLICED BACON Lakeview 22c Corn King 29c
- HENS Pound 18c
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- LONGHORN POUND 19c
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HORLICK'S Malted Milk Small 37c Large 69c Apple Sauce White House No. 303 Can 9c Ivory Flakes Reg. Pkg. 9c For the Baby's Clothes!

- BABY FOODS — ASSORTED FRUITS AND VEGETABLES Heinz, Gerber's, Clapp's, Libby's 2 Cans 25c
- Clapp's Chopped Foods FOR GROWING CHILDREN 2 Cans 25c

- FRESH TOMATOES 2 Pounds 25c
- SUNKIST ORANGES 2 Dozen 29c
- TEXAS STRAWBERRIES LARGE GRAPEFRUIT 3 FOR 10c FRESH CUCUMBERS LB. 7 1/2c
- SPUDS 10 Lbs. 18c

SCOTT CO. **KRAUT** LARGE NO. 2 CANS **5c**

CRACKERS Evergood Slightly Salted 2 Lb. Box **13c**
COMPOUND FLOUR 4 LB. CART. **35c** 8 LB. CART. **68c**
TEXAS KING 24 LB. BAG **59c** 48 LB. BAG **\$1 15**
PIPKIN'S PIGGLY WIGGLY

PURE CANE **SUGAR** 10 LB. Bag **45c**

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We Reserve the Right to Limit Quantities

FRI.-SAT., MAY 5-6

PIGGLY WIGGLY

PIGGLY WIGGLY

"OUT OUR WAY" - - - - - By Williams



"OUT OUR WAY" - - - - - By Williams



70 Tests Indicate New Drug Aids Pneumonia War

By United Press

CINCINNATI, O.—Attaches of Children's Hospital here plan to use a drug called sulfapyridine in treating pneumonia in children as the result of encouraging tests in conjunction with the Cincinnati College of Medicine.

A study of 70 cases, in half of which the drug was used, showed the new treatment shortens the course of pneumonia in children by three to four days. It is believed to have been the first such test in this country.

"By statistical analyses it was demonstrated that the fall in temperature and the clinical recovery was significantly earlier in the sulfapyridine group as compared with the grip whose members were not treated with sulfapyridine," the report said.

If further studies bear out early hopes for the discovery, it may mean substitution of sulfapyridine for the many serums now used in treatment of pneumonia. The drug, like sulfanilamide, is usually administered by mouth, very seldom by injection.

The division of the 70 cases into two groups, to one of which sulfapyridine was administered, the other of which was treated by older methods, was not made at random; The research workers tried to have both groups equally representative so far as age, members, severity of individual cases, sex of the patient, and similar factors were concerned.

In analyzing results the scientists compared those factors and the later data on time of clinical improvement, significant fall in temperature and clinical recovery.

"An analysis of these factors is especially important in studying pneumonia in early life since the case fatality rate is so low that it cannot be employed as a criterion for comparison," the report said.

For example all of the patients in both groups in this study recovered from their pneumonia."

Results of the experiment were reported coincidentally with another report from Children's Hospital, published in the Journal of the American Medical Association, describing treatment of pneumococci meningitis with sulfanilamide.

Pneumococci meningitis is caused by the spinal fluid becoming infected with pneumonia germs and it ordinarily has a mortality rate approaching 100 per cent.

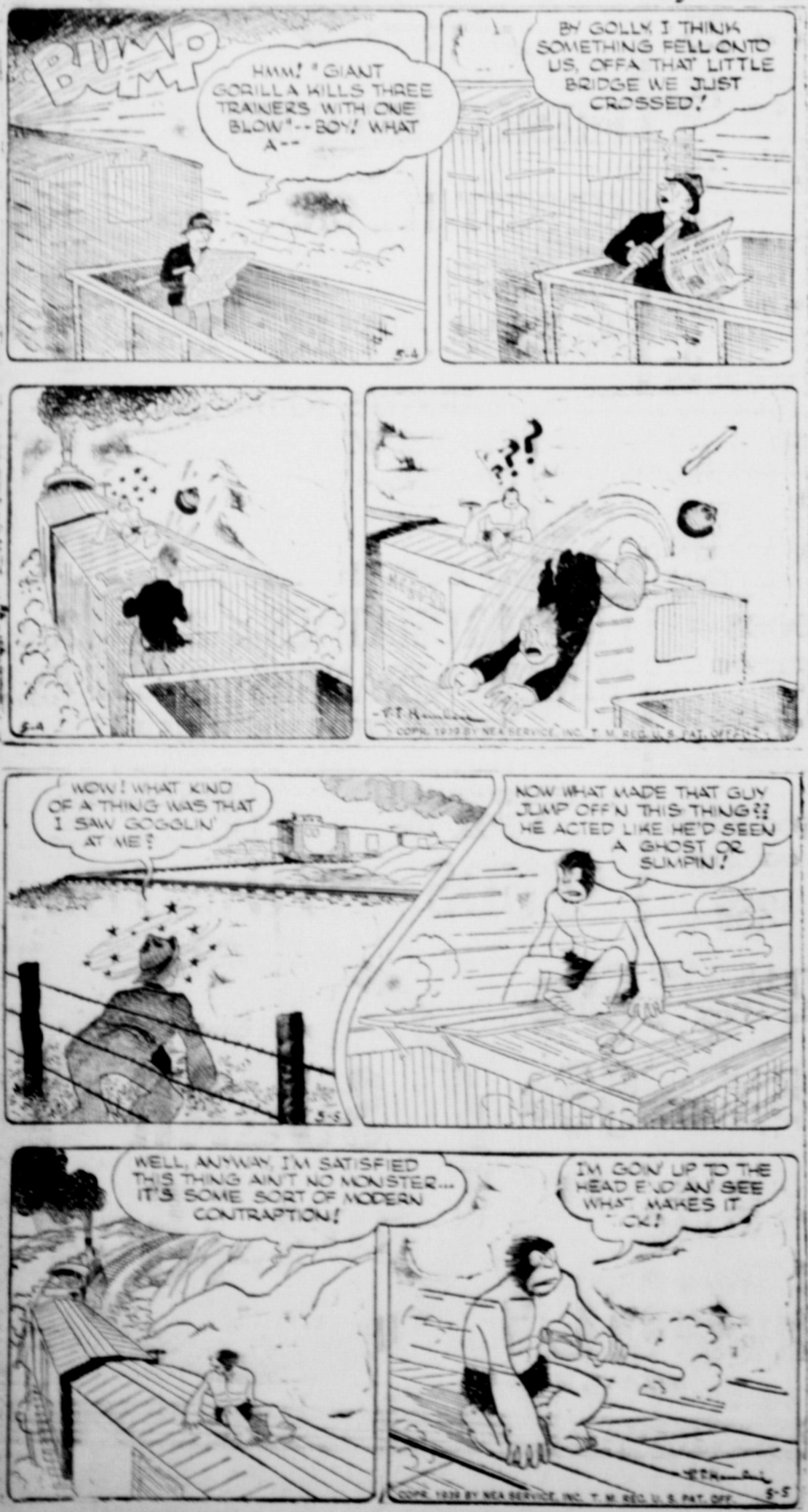
The Medical Journal reported results of treating three of six patients with the drug. Those treated recovered while those who were not died. The mortality rate in this small series of cases, therefore, being prepared showing all public roads in the State.

"It may be surprising to learn that prior to this survey there were in existence reliable road maps of only 27 counties," Montgomery stated. There were fairly reliable road maps of 75 counties, unreliable road maps of 101 counties, while the remaining 51 counties had no road maps.

The Highway Department is now engaged in preparing accurate road maps of all counties, showing both State highways and county roads. These maps also show all dwellings, schools, churches, and other structures visible from public roads.

The Highway Planning Survey, conducted by the Highway department in co-operation with the U. S. Bureau of Public Roads, Director of the Planning Survey is G. G. Edwards, and F. Thayer Stoddard is Bureau of Public Roads representative, Montgomery stated.

ALLEY OOP - - - - - By Hamlin



RED RYDER - - - - - By Fred Harman



HAPPY RELIEF FROM PAINFUL BACKACHE

Many of those gnawing, nagging, pinching pains people blame on colds or flu are often caused by tired kidneys—and are relieved when treated in the right way. The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisons waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 2 pints of urine each day, and about 3 pounds of waste.

Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and bladder don't work well, poisonous waste matter collects in the blood. These poisons may start backaches, rheumatic pains, loss of energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffing under the eye, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

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