

MAJORITY OF LINER PASSENGERS ARE SAVED

Dublin Stock Takes Honors At Eastland County Dairy Show Contracts For Courthouse Furniture Being Let

THE CONTRACTS TODAY BY COMMISSIONERS

of 11 Bids Submitted
Furniture, Five Given
Electrical Fixtures.

contracts for only a portion of
furniture and fixtures for East-
land's new courthouse had
been awarded by the county com-
missioners at 2:30 o'clock today.
Bids were opened Monday.
It was said, however, that
contracts covering the remainder
of necessary fixtures doubtless
will be let at once.

furniture and fixtures were
in three classes. Wood
work, which included the pews,
etc., in the court rooms,
etc., in the jury rooms;
furniture, which included
benches, as filing devices and
chairs, and lighting fixtures.
Hoit & Company, Chi-
cago, manufacturers, were awarded
contracts for the wood furniture
and fixtures. Their contract also
covered the repairing and working
up of much of the old furniture
to fit it with the new.
The lowest bid to this bid was
\$13,526 submitted by Law-
Thomas & Company.
The successful bidder on the
furniture was White Speck
& Company, Dallas. This
bid was for \$1,550 for the office
furniture and \$6,903 for the bal-
cony and metal fixtures. All
fixtures must be delivered
within 60 days after the sign-
ing of the contract. All wood fur-
niture which must be manufac-
tured in order and delivered and in-
stalled by the bidder, must be in
75 days from the time of
signing of the contract.
There was a total of 11 bids sub-
mitted on the furniture and five on
the electrical fixtures. All bids
were remarkably close on the class-
ified items.
Hoit & Company are
contractors and are at present
building the new courthouse at
Eastland. They have also fur-
nished furniture for a large num-
ber of hotels recently built in
the Eastland section. The firm
is owned and operated by
H. H. Jones and J. H. Jones.
The men generally
realizing that the respon-
sibility is up to them to take
initiative in law observance,
and until they will the
new Amendment be given
a trial.—W. C. Durant.

Where Factory Blast Showered Death



Explosion of a large quantity of chemical and celluloid had just showered sudden death on 15 persons in the Preble Box Toe Factory, Lynn, Massachusetts, when this photo was taken. Firemen are seen starting the first search for dead and injured. The blast was attributed to a cigarette.

EASTLAND FLOAT WINS SECOND PLACE

The float entered in the Cisco
Armistice Day celebration parade,
which was held Monday morning,
by the Bankhead Poultry Producers'
Association won second place
in its division and was awarded a
prize of \$10.
The float carried out the general
idea of the policy of the associa-
tion, displaying eggs, live turkeys
and poultry.
Eastland had entries in the three
divisions of the parade. One car
was entered by the Chamber of
Commerce, and one by the Eastland
County Fair Association.
The car of the latter organiza-
tion was entered by Miss Gladys
Morton.

PETIT JURORS ARE SUMMONED FOR SERVICE

Petit jurors for the 91st dis-
trict court have been summoned
for the week beginning Monday,
November 19th. Following is the
list of those chosen by the jury
commissioner for that week:
91st district—T. A. Simmons,
Eastland; Robt. Lewis Williams,
Gorman; A. E. Simpson, Cisco;
W. C. Whaley, Eastland; R. F.
Sims, Gorman; C. S. Welch, Ran-
ger; W. Q. Rayford, Olden; R. H.
West, Ranger; J. W. Ray, Cisco;
Lee Webb, Cisco; A. A. White,
Rising Star; A. W. Shugart, Gor-
man; A. T. Shultz, Rising Star;
Tom Whitehead, Cisco; J. B. Shu-
maker, Pioneer; W. J. White, Ris-
ing Star; M. V. Simmons, Olden;
E. E. Sharp, Olden; M. L. Year-
ger, Dothan; O. L. Rutherford,
Scranton; A. M. Eyon, Cisco; J.
L. Whisenant, Eastland; S. E.
Saddler, Rising Star; W. H.
Weeks, Ranger; W. F. Rogers,
Gorman; H. H. Poe, Desdemona;
D. A. Rollins, Desdemona; L. D.
Wright, Ranger; C. A. Richard-
son, Dothan; G. R. Wright, Gor-
man; J. L. Rhyme, Carbon; J. W.
Reese, Carbon; Vig. M. Reeves,
Pioneer; M. C. Williams, Cisco;
J. G. Prater, Eastland; D. C. Wil-
son, Rising Star; L. J. Preston,
Cisco; Babe Woods, Rising Star;
O. L. Pollard, Eastland; E. W.
Pool, Desdemona; A. J. Pippen,
Cisco; Ben Williams, Cisco; C. E.
Pierce, Carbon; L. E. Turner,
Ranger; B. E. Owens, Desdemona;
E. M. Pancake, Pioneer; E. A.
Wilson, Cisco.

Poultry Producers' Association Moves

I. E. Fox, manager for the Bank-
head Poultry Producers' Associa-
tion, with headquarters in East-
land, announced this morning that
the association is now in its new
quarters on North Lamar Street
where it is giving twenty-four
hour service to customers.
The association, which only re-
cently closed a deal by the terms of
which ample finances for carrying
on the business was assured, is
paying top prices for all poultry
and produce.
Equipment for the modern dress-
ing plant is virtually all installed
and the work of dressing turkeys
and chickens is underway.

TEXAS WOMAN FOUND DEAD

By United Press.
OKLAHOMA CITY, Nov. 13.—
The body of Mrs. Nancy Jones, 48,
of Sherman, Texas, was found early
today in her room in the Skirvin
hotel. Mrs. Jones apparently had
died from the effect of a self-ad-
ministered poison.
Indications were that she had
been dead since late Sunday, short-
ly after she registered at the hotel.
A will was scribbled on a post card
on her dressing table.

JUDGE ELZO BEEN APPOINTS TWO LAWYERS TO REPRESENT JORDAN

Judge Tom J. Cunningham,
Eastland, and Lee Cearley, Cisco,
have been appointed by Judge
Elzo Been of the 88th district
court, to represent Fred Jordan,
33, charged with the murder of
Mike Tighe, Texas & Pacific
railroad conductor, on the night
of June 14, 1921.
Jordan, who has been serving a
term in Huntsville penitentiary,
has no funds and it was neces-
sary for counsel to be appointed
for him.
At the present time he is con-
fined in the Eastland county jail.
County Attorney J. Frank Sparks
has not said definitely whether
he will ask that the death pen-
alty be inflicted.
Jordan is purported to have
confessed to his participation in
the crime, which went unsolved

ERATH COUNTY ANIMALS TAKE FIRST PLACES

Eastland County Stock Is
Given Several Second and
Third Places. Buck My-
rick Wins All Jersey
Cow Awards.

Animals owned by Dublin stock-
men carried off high honors at the
Eastland County Jersey Show, held
at Cisco Monday.
E. W. Bradley, Kay Brothers and
T. E. Hughes, all of whom are
owners of high grade cows and
bulls, and who brought their ani-
mals to Cisco for the show, were
the winners of first and second
places in practically all divisions.
There were 75 animals on ex-
hibit, including six of the bulls of
the Eastland County bull circles.
Such interest was shown and
crowds thronged the display lot of
the Delase Motor Company, all of
Monday morning.
Buck Myrick, Cisco, was a suc-
cessful exhibitor, winning all di-
visions of the grade Jersey Cow
exhibits, and second place in the
division for bulls over four years,
with his Sultan Price of Ridge
Top.
J. I. Whisnant, Olden, won sec-
ond in the 2 to 4 year bull division
with his Combination's Noble Fox.
Following is the list of prize
winners:
Bulls, Four Years and Over
First, Kay Brothers, Dublin, Sul-
tana's Noble Fox.
Second, Buck Myrick, Cisco, Sul-
tan Prince of Ridge Top.
Bulls Two to Four Years
First, E. W. Bradley, Dublin,
Jane's Kenridge Combination.
Second, J. L. Whisenant, Olden,
Combination's Noble Fox.
Third, O. P. Weiser, Cisco, Ox-
ford's Agnes Lad of Falfurrias.
Bulls Under Two Years
First, T. E. Hughes, Dublin, Mis-
tletoe Lad's Ruler.
Second, E. W. Bradley, Kitty's
Combination Lad.
Third, Eastland Registered Jer-
sey Farm, Eastland, Sherman's
Noble King.
Grand Champion Bull
E. W. Bradley, Jane's Kenridge
Combination.
Reserve Champion Bull
Kay Brothers Sultana's Noble Fox.
Cows, Four Years and Over
First, T. E. Hughes, Dublin Ox-
ford's Combination Lil.
Second, E. W. Bradley, Dublin,
Combination's Fair Kitty.
Third, T. E. Hughes, Dublin,
Sultana's Sugarst.
Cows, Two to Four Years
First, Kay Brothers, Dublin, Sul-
tana's Noble Spotty.
Second, Eastland Registered Jer-
sey Farm, Polly Marie's Oneida.
Third, B. T. Leveridge, Scranton,
Elizabeth Gamboge Pansy.
Cows Under Two Years
First, Kay Brothers, Dublin,
Princess Lovely Etta.
Second, E. W. Bradley, Dublin,
Oxford's Combination Fern.
Third, Kay Brothers, Sultana's
Little Daisy.
Grand Champion Cow
T. E. Hughes, Dublin, Oxford's
Combination Lil.

May Be Hoover's Secretary



George Akerson, former Wash-
ington newspaper man, recently as-
sistant to President-elect Herbert
Hoover, may be the new presi-
dent's secretary.

Reserve Champion
Kay Brothers, Dublin, Princess
Lovely Etta.
Grade Jersey Cows
Buck Myrick, Cisco, classes, 4
years and over, 2 to 4 years, under
two years, first, first, first and
second, respectively.

Five Children Injured By Crash

HOUSTON, Nov. 13.—Seven per-
sons, five of them children, were
seriously injured when the car they
were going to a funeral was struck
by a switch engine at a residential
district crossing today.
All of the injured received cuts
about the body and the skull of one
of the children was fractured. All
of the children were suffering from
shock.

Brownwood Mayor May Resign After Shooting Affray

BROWNWOOD, Nov. 13.—The
life of Clyde Maner, 21, tire sales-
man, was saved when his wife flung
herself in front of him after he
had been shot through both legs
by Mayor McInnis, 39, late Sunday
on a lonely highway fifteen miles
from town.
This statement was made to the
United Press today by Mr. and
Mrs. Hammond, friends of Maner,
who were with them at the time of
the shooting. Mayor McInnis ac-
cused Maner of giving liquor to his
son.
Maner denied this and was struck
in the face by McInnis, who dropped
his pistol, picked it up and
then shot Maner. Mrs. Maner
stepped in front of her husband,
shielding him, Hammond declared.
Examining trial scheduled for to-
day was postponed until Thursday
pending further investigation by
county officers. McInnis is at lib-
erty under \$1,900 bond on an as-
sault to murder charge.
Possibility of McInnis resigning
as mayor of Brownwood at coun-
cil meeting was seen. He did not
take his place in the lead in the
Armistice day parade and has de-
clined to make any statement.
Maner's condition was slightly im-
proved today.

FORT WORTH MINISTER TO PREACH HERE

Rev. Jack Adair, of Fort Worth,
has accepted an invitation of the
session to preach at the Eastland
Presbyterian church next Sunday
morning. He comes highly recom-
mended by Dr. Burna of Trinity
University and no doubt all the
Presbyterian folk and their friends
will meet this young minister at
the eleven o'clock hour next Sun-
day morning.

Armistice Day A Perfect Day For Marrying

Last Saturday might have
been just Saturday to some peo-
ple, and to others it might have
been just the day before Armis-
tice Day, but to at least 18, it
was entirely something else.
Nine times the heavy red
book in which are kept the
marriage licenses at the county
clerk's office, was brought from
its resting place and opened.
Nine times the noise of a pen
scratching on paper, and the
paper torn from its stub, was
heard.
For nine couples decided that
Armistice Day was a good day
to start upon the troubled sea
of matrimony, and they had to
get their license on Saturday,
say for preparedness sake.

Government Man Hunted As Aid In Train Robbery

FORT WORTH, Nov. 13.—Offi-
cials Tuesday were looking for a
government employe who is believed
to have aided the bandits who
last Friday night held up and ro-
bbed two railway mail clerks on a
T. & P. passenger train of \$53,000,
most of which was later recovered.
Travis H. Wilson, and Otis
Bridges are now under arrest in
connection with the robbery and
Wilson Saturday was identified by
one of the two mail clerks as the
one who held them up.
Miss Bridges was arrested near
the viaduct when she appeared
there shortly after the money had
been thrown from the train as it
was entering the city. The robbers
also jumped from the train there.
Information from the taxicab driver
who took her there resulted in
Wilson's arrest. Both, however,
deny any knowledge of the robbery.

C. J. SPARKS MOVES TO ARIZONA

Mr. C. J. Sparks, superintendent
Presbyterian Sunday School, has
accepted employment by the Wentz
Oil Corporation and has gone to
Arizona in that work. His family
remain in Eastland for the present.

(Continued from Page 2)

RESCUE CRAFTS PICK UP NEARLY ALL PASSENGERS

On Radio Message States All
But One Life Raft Had
Been Picked Up By
Ships.

By United Press.
NEW YORK, Nov. 13.—Rescue
steamers by 1:30 p. m. today had
picked up from lifeboats, rafts,
wreckage or in lifebelts 205 of the
339 passengers and crew of the
liner Vestris, which sank yester-
day some 240 miles off the Virginia
cape.
Cruising not far from the spot
where the ship yielded its \$2,500-
000 hull and \$2,000,000 cargo to a
stormy Atlantic were a battle-
ship, coast guard cutters and sev-
eral steamers, all intent on finding
additional survivors who had
abandoned the water-logged liner
at 1:28 p. m. Monday.
Twenty-four hours after passen-
gers and crew left the vessel, 134
remained unaccounted for although
one radio message said that all but
one life raft had been picked up.
There were at that time 33 pas-
sengers and 90 members of the
crew aboard the steamship Ameri-
can Shipper, 63 aboard the steam-
ship Myram, 21 aboard the steam-
ship Berlin, and eight on the bat-
tleship Wyoming.

Dirigible Prepared To Fly

WASHINGTON, Nov. 13.—The
dirigible Los Angeles is being pre-
pared for a possible flight from
Lakehurst to the scene of the Ves-
tris disaster late this afternoon or
tonight. If all the passengers and
crew of the stricken steamer are
not accounted for before sunset,
the Los Angeles will set out from
Lakehurst at that hour for the
scene. Aircraft are especially valu-
able in spotting objects in the
water.

SHANGHAI, China, Nov. 13.—

Scores of Chinese passengers
were killed, many by drowning,
when the British steamer Hsin
Chi was leaking off the island
Tai near Foochow, advices re-
ceived here today said.
The steamer went aground off
the island and was surrounded by
small pirate craft. The ship car-
ried 900 Chinese and a small
number of foreigners, including
several Anglo-Americans.
All foreigners arrived safely at
Shanghai today. Part of the pas-
sengers were rescued from the
water.

Mavericks To Meet Enraged Loboes At Dam City Saturday

Eastland Aggregation Will Play Last Game of
Season Against Strong Cisco High School
Team. Game Set For 3 O'Clock.

Very much as if it is go-
ing to be a hard week-end for the
Mavericks.
More than that, it looks as if
it is going to be a harder week-end
for the Mavericks than that.
The small aggregation, sore
battered with Class A heavy
battles this year, will meet the en-
raged Loboes Saturday after-
noon at 3 o'clock at Cisco.
It will be the last time this year
the battered red and black
crew will have to go up
against the pounding of the heavy
men of title chasing
the last time this year
the Mavericks will enter
the underdogs.
It will be the last time this
year that the Eastland team will
be going to work an almost per-
fecting machine against a su-

Former Police Officer Arrested

By United Press.
BORGER, Texas, Nov. 13.—
Three men, one a former Borger
policeman, are under arrest at Stin-
nett today as suspects in connec-
tion with a robbery at Plainview.
They are also held for Oklahoma
officers who say they are wanted
in that state. One of the suspects
served as a Borger policeman
about two years ago.

CHURCH CONFERENCE CALLED FOR WEDNESDAY

A church conference to be held
at the First Methodist church
Wednesday afternoon at 3:30
o'clock, has been called by the Rev.
Frank E. Singleton, pastor.
The purpose of the meeting, the
Rev. Mr. Singleton said, is to per-
fect the church roll. All members
are urged to attend the session.
(Continued on Page 2)

Bulldogs Eliminate Loboes From Heated Oilbelt Title Race

Record Crowd Sees Ranger Down Favorites by
13 to 0. Lee Hamett, Garland Hinman,
Bear Brunt of Bulldogs' Attack.

By BOYCE HOUSE
A battling band of Bulldogs, in-
spired by the tradition that Ran-
ger always plays its greatest
game of the year when the Cisco
Loboes are confronted, lived up to
the lofty legends of the past by
out-fighting their powerful op-
ponents and winning a deserved
victory, 13 to 0. Almost 8,000
spectators—the greatest crowd
that ever witnessed a high school
game in West Texas—cheered as
the side of battle swayed back
and forth.
For the second season in the
history of Ranger High, a Bul-
dog eleven eliminated Cisco from
the district title race, Garland
Hinman, huge end and tackle, had
a tremendous part in yesterday's
victory just as he had in those
two wins over the Loboes back
in 1926. The giant captain, hand-
capped by injuries, played with
the fury of a wounded tiger. As
his old injuries were added to,
he was removed from the game
near the close of the first half
after the two touchdowns had
been put across but when the
Loboes came back, fighting mad,
to open the second half, Hinman
was flung into the fray and Cis-
co's menace was destroyed.
The first quarter was "all Ran-
ger." The Maroon machine got
the jump and kept that advan-
tage. The play was entirely on
Loboe soil though not until near
the end of the quarter was the
ball put across the Cisco goal
line. Ranger kicked off. Cisco
tried two plays with moderate
success and then Kellogg punted.
A 15-yard penalty retarded the
Ranger attack but "Arkansas"
McLaughlin pulled down Ham-
mett's first pass of the game—a
short toss that he carried 17
(Continued on Page 2)

TIMES PUBLISHING CO., Inc.
Publishers
EASTLAND TELEGRAM
RANGER TIMES

MEMBER ADVERTISING BUREAU TEXAS DAILY PRESS LEAGUE

Published every afternoon (except Saturday and Sunday) and every Sunday morning.

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.

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Eastland, Texas, under Act of March, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Single copies	\$.05
One week, by carrier	.20
One month	.75
Three months	2.00
Six months	4.00
One year	7.50

RESCUE CRAFTS PICK UP MOST PASSENGERS

Passengers and crew had been landed by Capt. Hollesen and were reported to have been menaced ashore by hostile islanders while the pirates attacked the ship from the sea.

A Chinese gunboat saved the remaining passengers but the pirates looted the ship and escaped.

By United Press.
Anxiety Felt.
ST. JOHN'S, Newfoundland, Nov. 12.—Grave anxiety was felt today for fishing fleet off Newfoundland as a northeasterly gale swept the coast. Twenty coastwise fishing schooners left St. John's two days ago on a northward trip and so far only three were reported to have reached harbor. The storm has interrupted telegraphic communication.

By United Press.
NEW YORK, Nov. 12.—A majority of the passengers and crew of the stricken steamer *Vesper* apparently have been saved after floating for sixteen hours on the churning waves of the Atlantic ocean off the Virginia coast.

Up and down the Atlantic coast today radios flashed the good news that rescue operations were proceeding rapidly and at 6:30 a. m. one of the steamers engaged in picking up survivors reported that all the lifeboats and emergency rafts which had put off from the *Vesper* yesterday afternoon had been accounted for.

Nearly a dozen crafts of various sizes today were near the scene where the *Vesper* went down. Radio operators on the ships were busily engaged in fishing out the news of the rescue.

From these messages received by the U. S. naval radio and marine corps it appeared that at least five lifeboats, each with a capacity of 57 passengers had been picked up as had at least one emergency raft containing an undetermined number of survivors.

At 7:30 a. m. the Radio Marine Corp received a message indicating the steamer *Myriam* had 53 survivors aboard and it was believed that the American shipper had picked up even more in the floating lifeboats.

The *Vesper*, en route from New York to Rio de Janeiro, carried a passenger list of 129 and a crew of 210 and of these 339, it was believed nearly all had been saved. No actual casualties had been reported up to 8:15 a. m.

Smith To Speak

By United Press.
NEW YORK, Nov. 12.—Governor Smith whose voice became known to millions of radio listeners in the presidential campaign, tonight before the microphone again sought to deliver a parting message to the American people.

What the "happy warrior" will say, now that the political battle of 1928 has passed into history, has been a closely-guarded secret.

Governor Smith would make no comment beyond the remark that his speech would be extemporaneous.

John J. Raskob, chairman of the Democratic committee, was emphatically silent.

There were rumors, however, that Governor Smith wanted to soften the hard feeling left by the campaign but he would appeal to the people to forgive and forget the resentment stirred up by the religious issue and that he would say his farewell to the political arena with a wish of "best luck" to President-elect Herbert Hoover in solving the problems of the next few years.

Formal abdication of his leadership of the Democratic party and his plan for party harmony and re-organization, all will be part of the speech, it is expected. It will be broadcast 8 to 8:30 p. m. Eastern Standard time from New York.

DRILLING REPORT
Report for November 12, 1928, follows:
Dung Bros. & Alexander, Inc. Voodoo Bay, Texas, intention to shoot Nov. 11, 928. J. S. Armstrong No. 62. Curling Survey, Sec. 151, Brown county, 20 quarts to be used. Present production 25 bbls.

OUT OUR WAY



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY.

SOCIETY

MRS. W. K. JACKSON EDITOR

WEDNESDAY
Poetry class, 10 a. m., Community Clubhouse, Mrs. Scott W. Key, lecturer.

Public Library open 2 to 5:30 p. m., Community Clubhouse.
Civic League, 3 p. m., Community Clubhouse. Children present program to be directed by Miss Sue Rumph; Children's Book Week Observance.

Rebekah Lodge, 7:30 p. m., in I. O. O. F. Hall.
Presbyterian church choir practice 7:30 p. m., in church.

ALPHA DELPHIANS ENJOY FINE PROGRAM
The Delphi Chapter presented the first program on the *Odyssey* Saturday afternoon with preparation reading and text reports given by Miss C. W. Hoffman, J. A. Campbell, J. C. Day and W. H. Madden, who gave two numbers, the program closing with general discussion of all topics by the club, which referred to the preponderance of references in literature to the *Hillad* or to the *Odyssey*.

Mrs. N. N. Rosenquest, president of the Delphians gave a very splendid and lucid explanation of the lesson.

During the brief business session Mrs. Rosenquest appointed Miss B. M. Colby, and W. B. Colby, hostesses for the meeting of November 24th when two lessons will be combined, and program, Early English Literature given with that of the *Saxon and Norman* element, will be presented by Misses, Luther Bean, E. T. Murray, W. T. Outward, Grady Owens, Karl F. Page, N. N. Rosenquest and Miss Sallie Motis.

The second program will be a continuation, but will carry the outline of history into deeper paths.

This will be presented by Mrs. P. I. Parker, N. N. Rosenquest, E. C. Satterwhite, H. O. Satterwhite, H. S. Spencer, W. E. Stallter, J. B. Johnson and W. C. Baker.

The programs are becoming more and more interesting, opening a line of study not usually found in other club programs.

Mrs. John Harrison was appointed critic, for the next two program meetings, Mrs. A. J. Campbell was club hostess for this week's session.

Those present Saturday: Misses, W. J. Horrington, W. H. Madden, D. J. Finley, J. C. Day, Grady Owen, A. J. Campbell, W. A. Hart, J. B. Johnson and N. N. Rosenquest.

CHURCH SOCIETY DAY
For the first time in the history of Eastland's church societies, there passed one Monday on which but one organization met, that of the Women's Missionary Society of the Baptist church. Despite the fact that the church women had many interests that day, including the big convention of Baptists now in progress in Mineral Wells, the society met in the church as usual, for their Bible lesson, which was taught on this occasion, by Rev. O'Neil, who substituted for Mrs. W. T. Turner, absent on account of attending the convention, as one of the speakers.

The program opened with the hymn, "I Love to Tell the Story," followed by prayer from the lecturer, whose address was based on the 6th Chapter of Genesis.

The lesson was closed with prayer by Mrs. J. B. Overton. The few that were present appreciated the beauty of the service, which was presided over by Mrs. S. C. Walker, chairman of Circle 4.

There was no business transacted at this session.

Members present: Misses, J. B. Overton, Lindsey, Amsel Owen, John Norton, O'Neil, Walker, J. A. Campbell, Miss Sallis Morris, and Rev. O'Neil.

The W. M. S. will hold their regular union meeting in the church next Monday afternoon.

FRIENDS ENJOY DELIGHTFUL OUTING
A jolly party of friends of whom each family was accompanied by their children, motored out forty miles from Eastland, on the Salt Fork of the Brazos River Monday, where they enjoyed a real Armistice Day holiday.

The woods were lovely and the ground underfoot springy from the carpeting of luxuriant leaves. The bright camp fire browned their delicious fish brought up from the river, dripping and cold, to accompany great hamper of lunches brought from receptacles in the cars, which held everything delicious that could be carried for outdoor, and spread for the picnic.

All of the members of the party continued their trip to Crystal Falls, with the exception of the Shelby J. Smith, who returned to Eastland.

Those included were: Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Horley and children; Mr. and Mrs. Teatsorth, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Boggers, Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Childress and child; Miss Beulah Speer, Miss Sallie Boland, Rev. and Mrs. H. W. Wrye, Mr. and Mrs. Shelby J. Smith and child, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Roper, and Mr. Wilmoth.

FINE DEMONSTRATION GIVEN
The Church of Christ gave a wonderful and interpretative lesson on the contour and terrain of Palestine, at their class in demonstration held Saturday afternoon for the children, which was repeated Sunday evening for the benefit of the men and women of the church.

A splendid informative description was presented in a very interesting manner, by Mrs. J. R. Boggers, who introduced the hearers to the opening of the story of the twelve tribes of Israel, with the line of study that will engross the attention of the class for the next two months.

The long demonstration table was laid with the bas relief of Palestine, the mountains, lakes, and the two seas, Red and Dead, with the colored backgrounds of forests, tribes moving, and in fact a faithful reproduction of the study in hand.

The twelve tribes of Israel were here regarded as one nation, and to regain the land they must overcome the seven nations inhabiting the territory they intend to choose for their future homes.

The children were assembled in the auditorium by Mrs. E. D. Huxley, where a brief song service was engaged in as an opening to the demonstration, which was attended by fifty very interested children.

A HIGH FLYER AT A TENDER AGE
Billy Guy Patterson, a manly young chap of the age of one year and two months, descended from the deep azure sky that overhung Ranger Monday, from his first airplane trip, and though morally reinforced by the attendance of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Patterson, had seemingly no need for their protection, as he went up crowing and came back laughing his delight over the funny things he saw "up-side-down."

His sea or air legs were exceedingly steady after he negotiated the ground, a little more so than those of his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Patterson were calling on their old friend, Howard Woodall, flyer of Fort Worth, and would have enjoyed having him

That is Cisco's predicament. The Lobos wanted to win from the Ranger Bulldogs, and the Lobos thought perhaps they would, but the Ranger Bulldogs also wanted to win, and thought perhaps they might. They did.

Games like that make it hard on the teams that come the following week-end.

Coaches, using no uncertain terms that comes threelashard terms, tell their players what they think of them and their ability. They humble them, cut them to shreds with short and snappy words, and have them hating themselves and everyone else.

Then when another team crosses the white-lined sod, it is a contest to see just how much of that madness can be worked off.

And that is the predicament of the Eastland Mavericks.

Cisco has a football machine. Although Monday's game with Ranger has been characterized by some as "the downfall of Chile"—Little, it is to be expected that the same Chile Little, shall rise again to slash off gains. He utterly failed to do anything against the Bulldogs.

From end to end, the Lobos outweigh the Mavericks. The Lobos backfield outweighs the Maverick backfield. But that is not an unusual occurrence this year. Nearly all teams that the Mavericks have encountered outweighed them from end to end.

The Mavericks are in fairly good shape and it is expected that every man will be in condition for the game Saturday.

It will be the last team the Lobos meet before the annual Thanksgiving battle between the Big Dam city and the Abilene Eagles.

BULLDOGS ELIMINATE LOBOS FROM TITLE RACE

(Continued from page 1)

yards. Another exchange of punts followed and then, after Hammett had gone off tackle for seven yards, the Bulldog quarterback hurled a pass to Hinman who crashed tacklers aside like a mad elephant going through a jungle but was brought down after a 27-yard advance to Cisco's 11-yard line. Two offside penalties again hurt and Cisco won the ball on downs on the Lobos' 30-yard line.

Bulldogs Score.
Another exchange of punts, and then Cisco fumbled and a Maroon-clad warrior recovered on Cisco's 18-yard line. Two plays gained only a yard but Hammett again took to the air with "Arkansas" as his target, this time for a 12-yard gain. Hamilton made four yards to the one-yard line and Hammett went off tackle for the first touchdown. Ranger had scored on Cisco since Armistice day, 1925. Hammett sent the ball sailing squarely over the crossbar, on a dropkick, while the Ranger stands were crazy with joy.

Kellogg—who was the hero of the game for the vanquished—took G. Hinman's kickoff and nearly went through the entire Ranger team. The run was 40 yards. The well-known "punt exchange" followed and then Little, the celebrated Cisco halfback, returned Hammett's kick 31 yards. He was almost clear of the Ranger team. He was downed only 23 yards from the Bulldog goal line. But on the 15-yard line, the threat ended when Hammett intercepted a pass.

The ball was promptly booted far down the field and Kellogg, after handling the ball on four plays—one of them an offside occasion—punted. Hammett reeled off 18 yards around end—Ranger's longest running gain of the game. He had to kick and he booted the pigskin 44 yards over the goal line. Kellogg kicked right back but he punted only 20 yards—and those two plays shed dazzling light upon one of the chief reasons why the Bulldogs won—the punting of the Ranger quarterback in comparison with the kicking of the Lobo field general. For Kellogg could not kick the ball out of his end of the field while Hammett, on almost all occasions, could be relied on to boot out of danger.

They Score Again.
And here we have the freak play of the game. It was near the close of the first half. Hammett threw a pass for 21 yards that Little caught with both tried for. They "fought" the ball and as it was deflected, Garland Hinman caught it and ran the remaining 15 yards for a touchdown. And that ended the scoring for the afternoon.

However, the Lobos gave the Bulldog fans lots of worry in the remainder of the game. The Gold and Black eleven opened the second half with plenty of fireworks. Miller, for all his bulky build, a speedy man, took the kickoff and raced 30 yards. He tore loose from tacklers and was nearly free. With the ball on Cisco's 37-yard line, the Big Dam team got busy. Eddleman ripped through the line for eight yards. Little made nine yards off tackle; Kellogg circled end for six yards and Little cut back through tackle for 14 yards. With the ball on Ranger's 26-yard line, Garland Hinman was sent back into the battle. And the drive was halted on the 18-yard marker, with McLaughlin intercepting a pass. Hammett sent the pigskin sailing out of bounds on a 42-yard punt.

The Lobos again went on the warpath. Starting on their 23-yard line, Little raced 10 yards, then Kellogg contributed a beautiful sprint off tackle in which he twisted and dodged 22 yards but this drive could get no closer than the 24-yard strip for Cisco dre a 15-yard penalty. After the Lobos regained possession

of the ball on Hammett's punt, Kellogg cut back through tackle, was downed, rolled to his feet and sidestepped for 27 yards to midfield as the third quarter ended.

Kellogg a Dandy Lad.
Keeping up the momentum, Kellogg, alternately passing and running, worked the ball to the 25-yard line but there the one-man attack was stopped.

Ranger was playing safe football—two running plays and then punting—so Kellogg soon began all over again. He circled right end for 11 yards. On the next play he went around the other end for seven yards. Eddleman hit the line for good gains, then Kellogg threw an 11-yard pass to Little but Ranger gained the ball on downs on its own 32-yard line. And that was the last flare of Cisco's fire. The remainder was naught but dying embers, that glowed more and more feebly, at last to die out in cold ashes as the game ended. The Lobos' hopes for 1928 had perished.

Every member of the Ranger team played a vital part in the victory. Some of their names are mentioned in preceding paragraphs. But there was "Turkey" Hinman, who was in the thick of the battle. Many times, he and his kinsman, Garland, hit the Lobo ball-carrier simultaneously and 400 pounds of muscle is quite a load of T. N. T. to be hit with. Mitchell rose to great heights. So did Bumpers who was backing up the line. Horton played a steady game, and so did Love and Bohannon. Hamilton and Whitehall broke up the Cisco air attack and Mills, Tully and Bowden turned back the dangerous speedsters.

The early lead that Ranger ac-

quired, followed by the second touchdown, caused the Bulldogs to play largely a conservative game while Cisco forced to desperate efforts, made 10 first downs to five for Ranger. The game, remarkable in many ways, was perhaps most remarkable of all for penalties—Ranger being assessed 135 yards, the length of the field and a third over for good measure. Cisco was penalized 40 yards.

Starting Lineups:
RANGER 13 King Love Mitchell
CISCO 0 King Love Mitchell

666
is a Prescription for Colds, Grippe, Flu, Dengue, Bilious Fever and Malaria. It is the most speedy remedy known.

YOUR PHOTOGRAPH
Makes an ideal Gift
BRUBAKER'S STUDIO
Phone 600

Watch Our Windows for BARGAINS
BARROW FURNITURE COMPANY

MONUMENTS
We manufacture and sell high grade Monuments at reasonable prices.
EASTLAND MONUMENT CO.
909 West Commerce, Eastland

HICKS RUBBER CO.
COLD PATCH
50c CAN 20c
2 CANS FOR 35c

DAY CLASSES
In session from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.
EASTLAND BUSINESS COLLEGE
405 So. Seaman Phone 619

EAT Banner ICE CREAM
"It tastes better"

RADIO
EASTLAND STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY

THE MEN'S SHOP
Where SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES Are Sold

CLEANING — PRESSING ALTERATIONS AND REPAIRING NEATLY DONE
QUALITY DRY CLEANERS
Phone 680

USED CAR BARGAINS
Priced for quick selling
WHIPPET SALES COMPANY
PHONE 605
JACK WILLIAMSON, Mgr.

PROTECT
Your Car—Have It Painted NOW—Let us give you estimate.
BIDA'S SUPERIOR
Auto Paint, Top & Body Work
East Commerce

Resources Over
ONE MILLION DOLLARS
Texas State Bank
Strong—Conservative—Reliable

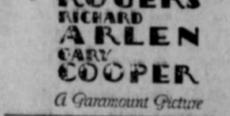
CONNELLEE

LAST SHOWING TODAY



WINGS
WITH CLARA BOW
CHARLES (Lucky) ROGERS
RICHARD ARLEN
EARL COOPER
A Paramount Picture

STARTING TIME
1:15 - 4:15 - 7:15 - 9:30
TOMORROW



CORINNE GRIFFITH
in
OUTCAST

BILLS
Tailoring Co.
Phone 57

J. H. CATON, M. D.
Now doing general practice of medicine in addition to X-Ray and Electro-Therapy.
401-2 Exchange Bank Bldg.
Phone 391

DR. R. ELISE THOMAS
Eastland's Lady Chiropractor
Office over Corner Drug
Telephone 383
Residence Sikes Bldg.

EVERYTHING MUSIC
EASTLAND MUSIC
"On the Square"
Mrs. Hilmyer
Copeland Dependable
Refrigerators

AUTHORIZED PERMANITE
Service Station
Parks Service Station
510 W. Commerce Phone

Dodge Bros. Motor Cars
and
Graham Trucks
DEE SANDERS MOTOR
South Seaman East

DR. E. E. TOWNSEN
Special attention given
EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT GLASSES FITTED
Office 201-3 Texas State
Office Hours 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.
Office Phone 248 Night Phone

A Direct Suction
Ball Bearing
General Electric
Vacuum Cleaner
for
\$24.50
\$4.50 Down - - -
\$2.50 Per Month

Texas Electric Service Co.

FEDERATED STORES
Are links in a chain of individually owned stores in buying and advertising.
TATE'S
East Side Square

CONNER & McRAB
Lawyers
Eastland Texas

WHIRLWIND

BY ELEANOR EARLY

IS HAS HAPPENED

Thorne, recently widowed, a dramatic and harrowing with an old sweetheart, wrence. For 10 years she that John slept in Flan-eld . . . Having mourned ly, she gave herself up to distractions. Sybil has affairs and been tragic-ly her dearest friend, Mabel, who is apartment. Sybil finds John Law-ence the war he has been of amnesia. Mabel knew Roer Caldwell, a real est. When he sees Sybil he nconscious. Upon being his memory returns. leaves them alone, and Sybil if she still loves shows her a wedding ring, her that he is about to ed. She begs for time to ings over—and they talk and life. Finally he takes his arms, and kisses her comes in the room at that with a tray of coffee es, and the conversation general. At last Sybil now ill John looks, and vol- to drive him home. have gone, Mabel small white box with a ring in it. John had drop- ing it to Sybil. It is he has purchased for his

CHAPTER XLIV

ipped the ring experi- on her third finger. At and joint it stopped abrup- ly, she transferred it to her middle joint. She walked to and held her hand under ment shade. hundred," she murmured. "Seven hundred, if it's cent. Maybe more. It cost a thousand." moved her hand slowly to light. "I wonder if she's care about him." at her finger in her mouth, it back and forth. Her red and swollen. When very wet, she pulled the has thin fingers, whoever C. B.—now I wonder." platinum all right," she or Sib!" ut it back in the box, and behind the clock over s. Then she gathered up s and glasses and carried the kitchen. up a lather of pleas- she washed the fragile and for the first time in her life forgot to hold the love goblets to the light to their amethystine translu- Mabel was pondering des- Presently the little girl airs came up with Teddy. bel, wringing her glas tow- usly, hung it on the rack, ion made. Sybil came in she was ily determined. here, Sib. I want to show thing. Look! It's a ring- ing ring. John Lawrence wedding ring. His initials t. thrust it defiantly at Sybil. ow it, Mab. What's all the ent? He's got a right to wedding ring, hasn't he?" course he has. That's just label was blustering. "But, little nut, you don't want igned up with him. Let him the girl he bought the ring, e don't get a good man now, e don't know when you're id you ages ago that Roger was heaven's little gift to remember? The day we Weston at Schrafft's, met him that day. I a homebreaker, Sib, when let him marry his old And Sib—Sib, dear—go ed call up Craig. Don't tell the other man tonight. Tell you want to see him. Tell 'll marry him, dear. And tonight—before there's n with your pretty hero on the grave. John Lawrence may have ay wonderful when you m. But 10 years can make out of a knight. And every ing anchorage. John Law-rence any. He's gone the tell you. And you've had ough. He'd only break art. He has C. B. now. keep her. Please, darling, of this affair before it s, you. John Lawrence make anything but trouble Rem-ber the premoni- had? You said some- thingful was going to hap- pened. laughed. dear, your solicitude amus- Anybody'd think I was ed, the way you talk. Sup- ar beloved Jack disappear- day. And suppose, after ured him as dead, 10 case, and Johnny came ng home again? You would- pl him like a hot potato, you? Even if you knew he ther lady in the offic- yourself, Mab. You know d, that you wouldn't." John the fair, Sib. You John's new personality— he's led—the girl he has e things intrigue you. interest is stimulated. But here a romance now it's go- a frowsy affair—and climatic, if you're ask-

ing me." Sybil plunged her hands deep in the pockets of her beaver jacket.

"I'm not," she said pointedly.

Mabel stooped to rearrange the magazines on the table, and Sybil saw the tell-tale flush she sought to hide mounting on her cheeks. Mabel always crimsoned when she was angry. She adjusted the bookends and changed the position of a book or two. When she had recovered her composure, she straightened up.

"Listen, Sib," she began, "and I don't care whether you like it or not. I stood by and saw you make a fool of yourself over Richard Eustis. And I kept more or less quiet. You got yourself in a pretty tight jam, and I helped you carry it. We've been close enough for me to say what I think I ought. I've a right to expect you to listen to me. Now you're going to take a little straight dope—and get as mad as you please—and be darned. Of course you'd do what you want anyhow. But, for my own satisfaction, I'm going to get a couple of burning truths off my chest."

Sybil dug a compact from an inside pocket, and powdered her nose leisurely. Then she produced a raspberry lipstick.

"Shoot, Mab," she concurred amiably. "Only don't let's sound like a couple of ham tragediennes."

Mabel bit her lip angrily. "You're absolutely insulting," she remarked evenly. "Will you please put down that powder and rouge until I get through talking?"

Sybil slipped the ring in her bag, and sank comfortably into her great chair near the fireplace.

"I beg your pardon, dear," she murmured. "Honestly I didn't mean to be rude."

She swung one slim knee over the other, and reached a dainty foot to the blaze.

"Oh, gosh, Mab. I've got a drop stitche! Look at that. And a brand new pair of stockings too. Gee, that makes me mad—the very first time I've worn them. Five dollars. . . How much did you pay for those you have on, Mab? They're lovely and sheer."

"I beg your pardon, dear," she murmured. "Honestly I didn't mean to be rude."

She swung one slim knee over the other, and reached a dainty foot to the blaze.

"Oh, gosh, Mab. I've got a drop stitche! Look at that. And a brand new pair of stockings too. Gee, that makes me mad—the very first time I've worn them. Five dollars. . . How much did you pay for those you have on, Mab? They're lovely and sheer."

"I beg your pardon, dear," she murmured. "Honestly I didn't mean to be rude."

ing me." Sybil plunged her hands deep in the pockets of her beaver jacket.

"I'm not," she said pointedly.

Mabel stooped to rearrange the magazines on the table, and Sybil saw the tell-tale flush she sought to hide mounting on her cheeks. Mabel always crimsoned when she was angry. She adjusted the bookends and changed the position of a book or two. When she had recovered her composure, she straightened up.

"Listen, Sib," she began, "and I don't care whether you like it or not. I stood by and saw you make a fool of yourself over Richard Eustis. And I kept more or less quiet. You got yourself in a pretty tight jam, and I helped you carry it. We've been close enough for me to say what I think I ought. I've a right to expect you to listen to me. Now you're going to take a little straight dope—and get as mad as you please—and be darned. Of course you'd do what you want anyhow. But, for my own satisfaction, I'm going to get a couple of burning truths off my chest."

Sybil dug a compact from an inside pocket, and powdered her nose leisurely. Then she produced a raspberry lipstick.

"Shoot, Mab," she concurred amiably. "Only don't let's sound like a couple of ham tragediennes."

Mabel bit her lip angrily. "You're absolutely insulting," she remarked evenly. "Will you please put down that powder and rouge until I get through talking?"

Sybil slipped the ring in her bag, and sank comfortably into her great chair near the fireplace.

"I beg your pardon, dear," she murmured. "Honestly I didn't mean to be rude."

She swung one slim knee over the other, and reached a dainty foot to the blaze.

"Oh, gosh, Mab. I've got a drop stitche! Look at that. And a brand new pair of stockings too. Gee, that makes me mad—the very first time I've worn them. Five dollars. . . How much did you pay for those you have on, Mab? They're lovely and sheer."

"I beg your pardon, dear," she murmured. "Honestly I didn't mean to be rude."

ing me." Sybil plunged her hands deep in the pockets of her beaver jacket.

"I'm not," she said pointedly.

Mabel stooped to rearrange the magazines on the table, and Sybil saw the tell-tale flush she sought to hide mounting on her cheeks. Mabel always crimsoned when she was angry. She adjusted the bookends and changed the position of a book or two. When she had recovered her composure, she straightened up.

"Listen, Sib," she began, "and I don't care whether you like it or not. I stood by and saw you make a fool of yourself over Richard Eustis. And I kept more or less quiet. You got yourself in a pretty tight jam, and I helped you carry it. We've been close enough for me to say what I think I ought. I've a right to expect you to listen to me. Now you're going to take a little straight dope—and get as mad as you please—and be darned. Of course you'd do what you want anyhow. But, for my own satisfaction, I'm going to get a couple of burning truths off my chest."

Sybil dug a compact from an inside pocket, and powdered her nose leisurely. Then she produced a raspberry lipstick.

"Shoot, Mab," she concurred amiably. "Only don't let's sound like a couple of ham tragediennes."

Mabel bit her lip angrily. "You're absolutely insulting," she remarked evenly. "Will you please put down that powder and rouge until I get through talking?"

Sybil slipped the ring in her bag, and sank comfortably into her great chair near the fireplace.

"I beg your pardon, dear," she murmured. "Honestly I didn't mean to be rude."

She swung one slim knee over the other, and reached a dainty foot to the blaze.

"Oh, gosh, Mab. I've got a drop stitche! Look at that. And a brand new pair of stockings too. Gee, that makes me mad—the very first time I've worn them. Five dollars. . . How much did you pay for those you have on, Mab? They're lovely and sheer."

"I beg your pardon, dear," she murmured. "Honestly I didn't mean to be rude."

ing me." Sybil plunged her hands deep in the pockets of her beaver jacket.

"I'm not," she said pointedly.

Mabel stooped to rearrange the magazines on the table, and Sybil saw the tell-tale flush she sought to hide mounting on her cheeks. Mabel always crimsoned when she was angry. She adjusted the bookends and changed the position of a book or two. When she had recovered her composure, she straightened up.

"Listen, Sib," she began, "and I don't care whether you like it or not. I stood by and saw you make a fool of yourself over Richard Eustis. And I kept more or less quiet. You got yourself in a pretty tight jam, and I helped you carry it. We've been close enough for me to say what I think I ought. I've a right to expect you to listen to me. Now you're going to take a little straight dope—and get as mad as you please—and be darned. Of course you'd do what you want anyhow. But, for my own satisfaction, I'm going to get a couple of burning truths off my chest."

Sybil dug a compact from an inside pocket, and powdered her nose leisurely. Then she produced a raspberry lipstick.

"Shoot, Mab," she concurred amiably. "Only don't let's sound like a couple of ham tragediennes."

Mabel bit her lip angrily. "You're absolutely insulting," she remarked evenly. "Will you please put down that powder and rouge until I get through talking?"

Sybil slipped the ring in her bag, and sank comfortably into her great chair near the fireplace.

"I beg your pardon, dear," she murmured. "Honestly I didn't mean to be rude."

She swung one slim knee over the other, and reached a dainty foot to the blaze.

"Oh, gosh, Mab. I've got a drop stitche! Look at that. And a brand new pair of stockings too. Gee, that makes me mad—the very first time I've worn them. Five dollars. . . How much did you pay for those you have on, Mab? They're lovely and sheer."

"I beg your pardon, dear," she murmured. "Honestly I didn't mean to be rude."

ing me." Sybil plunged her hands deep in the pockets of her beaver jacket.

"I'm not," she said pointedly.

Mabel stooped to rearrange the magazines on the table, and Sybil saw the tell-tale flush she sought to hide mounting on her cheeks. Mabel always crimsoned when she was angry. She adjusted the bookends and changed the position of a book or two. When she had recovered her composure, she straightened up.

"Listen, Sib," she began, "and I don't care whether you like it or not. I stood by and saw you make a fool of yourself over Richard Eustis. And I kept more or less quiet. You got yourself in a pretty tight jam, and I helped you carry it. We've been close enough for me to say what I think I ought. I've a right to expect you to listen to me. Now you're going to take a little straight dope—and get as mad as you please—and be darned. Of course you'd do what you want anyhow. But, for my own satisfaction, I'm going to get a couple of burning truths off my chest."

Sybil dug a compact from an inside pocket, and powdered her nose leisurely. Then she produced a raspberry lipstick.

"Shoot, Mab," she concurred amiably. "Only don't let's sound like a couple of ham tragediennes."

Mabel bit her lip angrily. "You're absolutely insulting," she remarked evenly. "Will you please put down that powder and rouge until I get through talking?"

Sybil slipped the ring in her bag, and sank comfortably into her great chair near the fireplace.

"I beg your pardon, dear," she murmured. "Honestly I didn't mean to be rude."

She swung one slim knee over the other, and reached a dainty foot to the blaze.

"Oh, gosh, Mab. I've got a drop stitche! Look at that. And a brand new pair of stockings too. Gee, that makes me mad—the very first time I've worn them. Five dollars. . . How much did you pay for those you have on, Mab? They're lovely and sheer."

"I beg your pardon, dear," she murmured. "Honestly I didn't mean to be rude."

ing me." Sybil plunged her hands deep in the pockets of her beaver jacket.

"I'm not," she said pointedly.

Mabel stooped to rearrange the magazines on the table, and Sybil saw the tell-tale flush she sought to hide mounting on her cheeks. Mabel always crimsoned when she was angry. She adjusted the bookends and changed the position of a book or two. When she had recovered her composure, she straightened up.

"Listen, Sib," she began, "and I don't care whether you like it or not. I stood by and saw you make a fool of yourself over Richard Eustis. And I kept more or less quiet. You got yourself in a pretty tight jam, and I helped you carry it. We've been close enough for me to say what I think I ought. I've a right to expect you to listen to me. Now you're going to take a little straight dope—and get as mad as you please—and be darned. Of course you'd do what you want anyhow. But, for my own satisfaction, I'm going to get a couple of burning truths off my chest."

Sybil dug a compact from an inside pocket, and powdered her nose leisurely. Then she produced a raspberry lipstick.

"Shoot, Mab," she concurred amiably. "Only don't let's sound like a couple of ham tragediennes."

Mabel bit her lip angrily. "You're absolutely insulting," she remarked evenly. "Will you please put down that powder and rouge until I get through talking?"

Sybil slipped the ring in her bag, and sank comfortably into her great chair near the fireplace.

"I beg your pardon, dear," she murmured. "Honestly I didn't mean to be rude."

She swung one slim knee over the other, and reached a dainty foot to the blaze.

"Oh, gosh, Mab. I've got a drop stitche! Look at that. And a brand new pair of stockings too. Gee, that makes me mad—the very first time I've worn them. Five dollars. . . How much did you pay for those you have on, Mab? They're lovely and sheer."

"I beg your pardon, dear," she murmured. "Honestly I didn't mean to be rude."

ing me." Sybil plunged her hands deep in the pockets of her beaver jacket.

"I'm not," she said pointedly.

Mabel stooped to rearrange the magazines on the table, and Sybil saw the tell-tale flush she sought to hide mounting on her cheeks. Mabel always crimsoned when she was angry. She adjusted the bookends and changed the position of a book or two. When she had recovered her composure, she straightened up.

"Listen, Sib," she began, "and I don't care whether you like it or not. I stood by and saw you make a fool of yourself over Richard Eustis. And I kept more or less quiet. You got yourself in a pretty tight jam, and I helped you carry it. We've been close enough for me to say what I think I ought. I've a right to expect you to listen to me. Now you're going to take a little straight dope—and get as mad as you please—and be darned. Of course you'd do what you want anyhow. But, for my own satisfaction, I'm going to get a couple of burning truths off my chest."

Sybil dug a compact from an inside pocket, and powdered her nose leisurely. Then she produced a raspberry lipstick.

"Shoot, Mab," she concurred amiably. "Only don't let's sound like a couple of ham tragediennes."

Mabel bit her lip angrily. "You're absolutely insulting," she remarked evenly. "Will you please put down that powder and rouge until I get through talking?"

Sybil slipped the ring in her bag, and sank comfortably into her great chair near the fireplace.

"I beg your pardon, dear," she murmured. "Honestly I didn't mean to be rude."

She swung one slim knee over the other, and reached a dainty foot to the blaze.

"Oh, gosh, Mab. I've got a drop stitche! Look at that. And a brand new pair of stockings too. Gee, that makes me mad—the very first time I've worn them. Five dollars. . . How much did you pay for those you have on, Mab? They're lovely and sheer."

"I beg your pardon, dear," she murmured. "Honestly I didn't mean to be rude."

OBERNDORFF IN PLEA FOR REAL CONCILIATION

German Signer of Armistice Fears Peace "Saturated With Hatred"

Editor's Note:—Count Alfred M. F. F. von Oberndorff is the son of an old Bavarian noble family. He was in the German diplomatic service attached to the staff of various German embassies and legations in Europe until he was appointed German minister to Norway in 1916. In 1918 he became German minister of Bulgaria. There he received the commission to represent his country as one of the delegates in the armistice negotiations. He is now living privately in Munich.



Bruce Barton

Herbert Hoover's favorite stories—the anecdotes and situations that coax the cheeriest chuckles from the normally serious-minded president-elect—are related for the first time in the Cosmopolitan by Bruce Barton, personal friend of the future occupant of the White House.

These stories reveal a side of the next president not yet known to the American people. They disclose a Hoover not quite jovial, perhaps, and certainly not a Hoover of boisterous gaiety, even in moments of relaxation. But they do show a human and fun-loving disposition, beneath the Quaker quirk of his character, that would seem to insure, despite his efficiency, a somewhat less solemn atmosphere around the executive mansion than has existed under the administration of President Coolidge.

Because of his diverse activities in all parts of the world it is natural that Hoover's "best stories" should have an international flavor. There is, for instance, the one about the surrender of the Montenegro armies to the United States Food Administration. No novelist ever imagined a more romantic and dramatic yarn than that of the capitulation of these war-torn forces to a young lieutenant in Hoover's organization.

Then there is the story of how Archduke Ferdinand of Hungary, seeking to set himself up as Emperor, suddenly found himself "on the skids" through the action of an American to whom archdukes meant less than nothing.

Herbert Hoover's favorite stories—the anecdotes and situations that coax the cheeriest chuckles from the normally serious-minded president-elect—are related for the first time in the Cosmopolitan by Bruce Barton, personal friend of the future occupant of the White House.

These stories reveal a side of the next president not yet known to the American people. They disclose a Hoover not quite jovial, perhaps, and certainly not a Hoover of boisterous gaiety, even in moments of relaxation. But they do show a human and fun-loving disposition, beneath the Quaker quirk of his character, that would seem to insure, despite his efficiency, a somewhat less solemn atmosphere around the executive mansion than has existed under the administration of President Coolidge.

Herbert Hoover's favorite stories—the anecdotes and situations that coax the cheeriest chuckles from the normally serious-minded president-elect—are related for the first time in the Cosmopolitan by Bruce Barton, personal friend of the future occupant of the White House.

These stories reveal a side of the next president not yet known to the American people. They disclose a Hoover not quite jovial, perhaps, and certainly not a Hoover of boisterous gaiety, even in moments of relaxation. But they do show a human and fun-loving disposition, beneath the Quaker quirk of his character, that would seem to insure, despite his efficiency, a somewhat less solemn atmosphere around the executive mansion than has existed under the administration of President Coolidge.

Herbert Hoover's favorite stories—the anecdotes and situations that coax the cheeriest chuckles from the normally serious-minded president-elect—are related for the first time in the Cosmopolitan by Bruce Barton, personal friend of the future occupant of the White House.

These stories reveal a side of the next president not yet known to the American people. They disclose a Hoover not quite jovial, perhaps, and certainly not a Hoover of boisterous gaiety, even in moments of relaxation. But they do show a human and fun-loving disposition, beneath the Quaker quirk of his character, that would seem to insure, despite his efficiency, a somewhat less solemn atmosphere around the executive mansion than has existed under the administration of President Coolidge.

Herbert Hoover's favorite stories—the anecdotes and situations that coax the cheeriest chuckles from the normally serious-minded president-elect—are related for the first time in the Cosmopolitan by Bruce Barton, personal friend of the future occupant of the White House.

These stories reveal a side of the next president not yet known to the American people. They disclose a Hoover not quite jovial, perhaps, and certainly not a Hoover of boisterous gaiety, even in moments of relaxation. But they do show a human and fun-loving disposition, beneath the Quaker quirk of his character, that would seem to insure, despite his efficiency, a somewhat less solemn atmosphere around the executive mansion than has existed under the administration of President Coolidge.

Dr. Caldwell's 3 Rules Keep You Healthy

Dr. Caldwell watched the results of constipation for 47 years, and believed that no matter how careful people are of their health, diet and exercise, constipation will occur from time to time regardless of how much one tries to avoid it. Of next importance, then, is how to treat it when it comes. Dr. Caldwell always was in favor of getting as close to nature as possible, hence his remedy for constipation, known as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, is a mild vegetable compound. It can not harm the most delicate system and is not a habit forming preparation. Syrup Pepsin is pleasant-tasting, and youngsters love it. It does not gripe. Thousands of mothers have written us to that effect.

Dr. Caldwell did not approve of drastic physics and purges. He did not believe they were good for human beings to put into their systems. In a practice of 47 years he never saw any reason for their use when a medicine like Syrup Pepsin will empty the bowels just as promptly, more cleanly, and gently, without griping and harm to the system.

Keep free from constipation! It robs your strength, hardens your arteries and brings on premature old age. Do not let a day go by without a bowel movement. Do not sit and hope, but go to a druggist and get one of the generous bottles of Syrup Pepsin. Take the proper dose that night and by morning you will feel like a different person.



J. C. Caldwell, M.D. AT AGE 83

Get a bottle today, at any drugstore and observe these three rules of health: Keep the head cool, the feet warm, the bowels open. For a free trial bottle, just use special coupon below.

FREE BOTTLE

Mail to "SYRUP PEPSIN," Monticello, Illinois.

Please send bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin to try, entirely FREE.

Name _____

St. _____

P. O. _____

OBERNDORFF IN PLEA FOR REAL CONCILIATION

German Signer of Armistice Fears Peace "Saturated With Hatred"

Editor's Note:—Count Alfred M. F. F. von Oberndorff is the son of an old Bavarian noble family. He was in the German diplomatic service attached to the staff of various German embassies and legations in Europe until he was appointed German minister to Norway in 1916. In 1918 he became German minister of Bulgaria. There he received the commission to represent his country as one of the delegates in the armistice negotiations. He is now living privately in Munich.

Because of his diverse activities in all parts of the world it is natural that Hoover's "best stories" should have an international flavor. There is, for instance, the one about the surrender of the Montenegro armies to the United States Food Administration. No novelist ever imagined a more romantic and dramatic yarn than that of the capitulation of these war-torn forces to a young lieutenant in Hoover's organization.

Then there is the story of how Archduke Ferdinand of Hungary, seeking to set himself up as Emperor, suddenly found himself "on the skids" through the action of an American to whom archdukes meant less than nothing.

Herbert Hoover's favorite stories—the anecdotes and situations that coax the cheeriest chuckles from the normally serious-minded president-elect—are related for the first time in the Cosmopolitan by Bruce Barton, personal friend of the future occupant of the White House.

These stories reveal a side of the next president not yet known to the American people. They disclose a Hoover not quite jovial, perhaps, and certainly not a Hoover of boisterous gaiety, even in moments of relaxation. But they do show a human and fun-loving disposition, beneath the Quaker quirk of his character, that would seem to insure, despite his efficiency, a somewhat less solemn atmosphere around the executive mansion than has existed under the administration of President Coolidge.

Herbert Hoover's favorite stories—the anecdotes and situations that coax the cheeriest chuckles from the normally serious-minded president-elect—are related for the first time in the Cosmopolitan by Bruce Barton, personal friend of the future occupant of the White House.

These stories reveal a side of the next president not yet known to the American people. They disclose a Hoover not quite jovial, perhaps, and certainly not a Hoover of boisterous gaiety, even in moments of relaxation. But they do show a human and fun-loving disposition, beneath the Quaker quirk of his character, that would seem to insure, despite his efficiency, a somewhat less solemn atmosphere around the executive mansion than has existed under the administration of President Coolidge.

Herbert Hoover's favorite stories—the anecdotes and situations that coax the cheeriest chuckles from the normally serious-minded president-elect—are related for the first time in the Cosmopolitan by Bruce Barton, personal friend of the future occupant of the White House.

These stories reveal a side of the next president not yet known to the American people. They disclose a Hoover not quite jovial, perhaps, and certainly not a Hoover of boisterous gaiety, even in moments of relaxation. But they do show a human and fun-loving disposition, beneath the Quaker quirk of his character, that would seem to insure, despite his efficiency, a somewhat less solemn atmosphere around the executive mansion than has existed under the administration of President Coolidge.

Herbert Hoover's favorite stories—the anecdotes and situations that coax the cheeriest chuckles from the normally serious-minded president-elect—are related for the first time in the Cosmopolitan by Bruce Barton, personal friend of the future occupant of the White House.

These stories reveal a side of the next president not yet known to the American people. They disclose a Hoover not quite jovial, perhaps, and certainly not a Hoover of boisterous gaiety, even in moments of relaxation. But they do show a human and fun-loving disposition, beneath the Quaker quirk of his character, that would seem to insure, despite his efficiency, a somewhat less solemn atmosphere around the executive mansion than has existed under the administration of President Coolidge.

Herbert Hoover's favorite stories—the anecdotes and situations that coax the cheeriest chuckles from the normally serious-minded president-elect—are related for the first time in the Cosmopolitan by Bruce Barton, personal friend of the future occupant of the White House.

These stories reveal a side of the next president not yet known to the American people. They disclose a Hoover not quite jovial, perhaps, and certainly not a Hoover of boisterous gaiety, even in moments of relaxation. But they do show a human and fun-loving disposition, beneath the Quaker quirk of his character, that would seem to insure, despite his efficiency, a somewhat less solemn atmosphere around the executive mansion than has existed under the administration of President Coolidge.

Herbert Hoover's favorite stories—the anecdotes and situations that coax the cheeriest chuckles from the normally serious-minded president-elect—are related for the first time in the Cosmopolitan by Bruce Barton, personal friend of the future occupant of the White House.

These stories reveal a side of the next president not yet known to the American people. They disclose a Hoover not quite jovial, perhaps, and certainly not a Hoover of boisterous gaiety, even in moments of relaxation. But they do show a human and fun-loving disposition, beneath the Quaker quirk of his character, that would seem to insure, despite his efficiency, a somewhat less solemn atmosphere around the executive mansion than has existed under the administration of President Coolidge.

Get a bottle today, at any drugstore and observe these three rules of health: Keep the head cool, the feet warm, the bowels open. For a free trial bottle, just use special coupon below.

FREE BOTTLE

Mail to "SYRUP PEPSIN," Monticello, Illinois.

Please send bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin to try, entirely FREE.

Name _____

St. _____

P. O. _____

Short Course in Plumbing Offered

By United Press.

COLLEGE STATION, Nov. 12. The first annual short course in Texas for plumbing instructors opened today at the A. & M. College of Texas for a two weeks period. The course is open to any one engaged in or interested in the training of plumbing apprentices or journeymen and such work as will be of aid in helping to develop courses for the latter will be given. Outstanding men in the industry, from other institutions are related professions, will take part in the instruction.

The department of industrial education of the college will have charge of the course with the state department of industrial education and the bureau of industrial teacher training of the University of Texas co-operating. The mechanical engineering, architectural,

FOR DIAMONDS of better quality and watches of the highest standard.

R-U-BUY-C H. HAMPTON, Jeweler West Side Square

Blankets

ALL WOOL DOUBLE BLANKETS 70x80 SPECIALLY PRICED \$4.95

GREEN'S

Successor to L. KLEIMAN

TREAT YOURSELF RIGHT

You do not treat yourself right unless you come, see and compare our prices.

We have much to offer the thrifty shopper—a big stock at low prices, convenient shopping and plenty of parking space.

Treat yourself right, come see for yourself.

Nemir's

Walk Two Blocks To Low Prices.

See The New FALL DRESSES AT WHITE'S "The Ladies' Store Complete" Successor to the Ladies' Shop

CARS WASHED CLEAN and 100% ALEMITE GREASING BOHNING MOTOR CO.

Those Who Buy AT HOME AND BANK AT HOME—HAVE A BETTER HOME WE APPRECIATE YOUR BUSINESS

Exchange National Bank EVERYBODY'S BANK

Announcing---

EFFECTIVE TODAY

PRICE REDUCTION

ON DODGE BROTHERS CARS

Victory and Standard Six Passenger Cars, outstanding at their former prices. With These Reductions

The Most Extraordinary Value in History

Dee Sanders Motor Co.

DODGE BROTHERS CARS—GRAHAM BROTHERS TRUCKS

405 South Seaman St. Phone 626

FORT GRIFFIN'S RUINS A PLACE OF INTEREST

West Texas Landmark Once Scene of Surging Activity.

By TROY MORRIS.
Crumbling buildings, scattered corals, broken bottles and dishes, uprooted officers' quarters, chimneys standing as silent sentinels, while the houses they warmed have long since crumbled into the dust, or the native stones scattered haphazard over the countryside, the parade ground, overgrown with grass and fast intruding mesquite bushes. All ruins, all decay, all silent, and all devoid of habitation. That is Fort Griffin in Shackelford county today.

Standing on what was once known as Government Hill, which covered a space of not less than 15 acres, are the remains of this once important and imposing fort. Here regiments of soldiers were stationed for the safety of the fast advancing civilization. Of its hundred or more houses, there is yet but one intact—the old mess hall.

CLASSIFIED 'ADS

Bring Quick Results
2c per word first insertion
1c per word for each insertion thereafter
No ad taken for less than 30c

7-SPECIAL NOTICES

SHAMPOO and more, \$1.00. Marina Beauty Shop, 209 West Moss, Phone 671.

COME to Carbon to get your second-hand furniture, also gas cook stoves and heaters. Jordan's Second-Hand Store.

7-SPECIAL NOTICES

WANTED—500 turkey pickers. Apply Bankhead Poultry Association, 306 North Lamar, Phone 249.

8-ROOMS FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Close in nicely furnished bed-room. Phone 55 or 305 West Plummer.

FOR RENT—Furnished or unfurnished. Call at 105 East Valley St.

9-HOUSES FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Light housekeeping rooms, furnished, newly painted and papered. Private entrance, garage. 909 So. Bassett.

FOR RENT—Four-room modern home, furnished, paved street. Garage. 102 N. Ammerman, Phone 529.

11-APARTMENTS FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Three room furnished apartment, private porch, garage. At corner of Commerce and Walnut.

FOR RENT—Newly furnished large front bedroom, with or without board. 205 South Ostrum Street.

FOR RENT—Furnished apartment, 312 South Seaman.

FOR RENT—Three-room furnished apartment, newly papered and painted, private bath, garage. 612 W. Plummer.

FOR RENT—Apartment, 305 North Oak St. Information. Call Walker, Phone 124.

FOR RENT—Three and two-room furnished apartments with private bath, desirable location. See Mrs. Lucy Gristy, 791 Plummer, Phone 343.

FOR RENT—2 and 3 room apartments, nicely furnished. Lights, gas and water furnished. Garage. Phone 526 or call at 710 West Patterson.

FOR RENT—1 four-room furnished apartment, 1 six-room modern home. Both on Seaman Street. Phone 28.

13-FOR SALE—Miscellaneous

FOR SALE—Four thoroughbred Hereford bull calves, 6 months old. Also Saddle Pony, H. Brelsford, Jr. Tel. 72 or 341.

14-REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

CLOSE IN, nice four-room bungalow to trade, will take good car as part payment.
Two nice lots on Dixie Street to trade on good car.
J. C. DAY REALTY CO.
Office Phone 64
Res. Phone 353

23-AUTOMOBILES

DIRECTORY of service stations including TEXACO Gasoline and Motor Oils—
Horned Frog Service Station Eastland Nash Co.
Hurt Gasoline Station Eastland Storage Battery Co. Quality Service Station Carbon Motor Co., Carbon. Cowan Filling Station R. J. Raines
Midway Station, 4 miles west Joe P. Low, 5 miles north Eastland Motor Co.
Texaco Jones, phone 123

FOR SALE—1925 Dodge Roadster, 6 balloon tires, new Duco paint and new top. Motor A-1. R. M. Martin, Phone 14.

Its ovens are yet in good repair; its shingled roof has seemingly withstood the onslaught of the elements and decay of time. It stands as a monument to its builders; it stands as a reminder of the deeds of the early days of the west.

It is true that the walls of the officers' quarters yet stand. But this building is a charred ruin, fire having destroyed it long after the soldiers had marched away. There is a strange tale connected with its destruction. It is said that soon after the soldiers had deserted Fort Griffin, a hermit took up his abode in this structure, and lived there unmolested by man. He was a strange old man, small of stature, snow white hair, and a grizzled beard which completely hid his face, while from deep sockets faded blue eyes peered out at the world. He was a peculiar creature—a human being that inspired fear, and seldom during his lifetime was the old fort visited. An unseen force seemed to impel people away from him. His year was many; he had seen the world; he had lived among his fellowmen, but apparently had not found it to his liking, so he lived alone and brooded, some heavy sorrow seeming to weigh down his frail shoulders. Time passed, and he became a landmark. Then one morning men passing along the road saw the building he occupied a smoking ruin. They investigated. From the ashes they unearthed the body, burned and charred beyond recognition. The cause of the fire and the manner of his death remain a mystery. It was said by some that while he was asleep and he awoke the building burned while he was asleep, and by others that he was murdered for the money that was reputed to have been hidden away, and the murderers had burned the building to hide their crime.

In front of the officers' quarters is the parade ground. A level piece of land, which before the mesquites sprang up, covered possibly ten acres of ground. The officers' quarters, the corals and the mess hall are on the east side of this, while on the west there are more numerous, and it is likely that the soldiers were billeted on this side. There are yet old fireplaces standing with no semblance



Shows Style

Now that so many girls are allowing their hair to grow again, this style of "bob" is to be seen, in increasing numbers, on Fifth Avenue daily. The lovely New York girl, illustrating the new style, is Myrtle Miller, of 325 West 89th Street.
She says, "I am certainly delighted that my hair has gotten so much fluffier and more vigorous. And I am not troubled with dandruff any more. At the time I started letting my hair grow, I began caring for it, the way which is all the rage among New York girls, now; and I attribute its improvement to this method. All I do is put a little Danderine on my brush each time I dress my hair. It makes my hair each to arrange and holds it in place. It soothes my scalp and keeps it and my hair so clean, I don't need to shampoo more than twice a month now. All my friends admire the way Danderine makes my hair look so bright and sparkling."
Danderine does more to bring out the natural color, the gleam and lustre of your hair, than shampoos or brillantines. It removes all dust, grime and oily film from the hair—tones and refreshes the scalp, gets rid of dandruff. All drug stores have the big 25c bottles. A delicately fragrant necessity for the well-groomed girl!

FOR SALE

Well improved filling station to be sold at a bargain.
One five-room house, just outside city limits. 100x150 feet. \$800.00.
Beautiful east front residence lot on south Seaman, priced right.
One seven-room home, price reduced to sell. Owner leaving.
One four-room home, \$1,000.
One home on paved street, will take in good car.
MRS. FRANK JUDKINS
Office, Room 512 Texas State Bank; Residence, Phone 398-R.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

TO DATE NO ONE HAS YET FOUND OUT WHAT OSCAR'S BIG SECRET IS!!!
HE HAS BEEN INQUIRING THE DISTANCE TO ARABIA...
NOW WHAT IN THE WORLD DOES THIS DO WITH HIS BIG SECRET? WE SHALL SEE! WE SHALL SEE!

MOM'N POP

POP, THAT OLD SWEATER WAS ALL FADED AND FRINED AROUND THE EDGES. EVERY TIME YOU LEFT THE HOUSE WEARING IT WAS HUMILIATED TO DEATH, SO I GAVE IT FOR THE RUMMAGE SALE AT THE CHURCH.
GREAT CAESAR! DON'T YOU KNOW THAT I NEVER LOST A MATCH-PLAY WHEN I WORE THAT SWEATER? EVERY ONE OF MY GOLF CUPS I WON WITH THAT BABY STRETCHED OVER MY BACK.

of buildings near them, while farther on, and on the very outer edge of the post, there are the ruins of a once imposing structure. In the three walls that are yet intact, there are numerous windows, devoid of frames. The windows are large, while the single door is low and narrow. Beside the door is a fireplace built into the wall. It is a small affair, but sufficient to heat the big building, which is of native stone, and plastered with red clay. The north wall of this building has crumbled, and from indications the other three will soon follow.

Back of this building is a corral built of rails. On the ground we found a gate hinge. It was not like the hinges we know, but a huge affair, that when closed looked like the mouth of an alligator, while drilled through it were numerous holes, as many as twelve to the side and placed in rows of three.

A little way from the mess hall, on the east side, are the ruins of what was once a barricade, built of rock and logs. In the enclosure were many ruins. There was the foundation of a house, a stone walk, a huge cistern, a cast iron stove broken into a thousand pieces with only the squat legs remaining intact, and over the entire space was scattered glass—the pieces of hundreds of broken dishes, on which the designs were clearly visible, while interspersed with this was the glass from bottles of various hues. Under a large and aged mesquite we dug into the earth with a pointed stick, and some six inches under the surface we unearthed a peculiar shaped glass bearing all the colors of the rainbow. We were very careful for we had found a souvenir, but as we brought the relic to the surface it slipped from our hands and broke into a hundred pieces. We continued our explorations, and Mother Earth yielded to us squat whiskey bottles, black, green and red, fancy carved long necks—the type of bottle that our grand father knew. A little farther on we came to a pile of horse shoes which had never been used, but left piled in one corner of the enclosure. The rock wall completely surrounds an acre or more of ground, and was well laid and braced with logs. It does not take a very vivid imagination to see the block house, and bristling from the low wall, vicious looking cannon, for in all likelihood, it was here that the main defense of the post was stationed.

Standing on Government Hill and looking to the north one views the flat low country below, seen in the distance the winding Clear Fork of the Brazos, with its back-ground of low rolling hills, while nearer at hand, the scene is one of peace and quiet, the panorama restful to the eye, yet in the years gone by it was not thus, for Griffin was one time an important trading point, and the headquarters for buffalo hunters. It was peopled with every manner of humankind. Sharpe's rifles and Colt's six shooters were the supreme law of the land. It was a town filled with tumultuous life; a town where men died young. It was a product of the early days, and with the passing of those days Griffin gradually drifted into a sleep from which it has not yet awakened. But as we have said it was a thriving metropolis in the early seventies from which great caravans moved forth, loaded with buffalo meat and hides, as many as one hundred thousand skins being shipped yearly. It boasted of ten saloons that never closed their doors, and if there were any churches they are never spoken of. There was an "eating joint" in this town then that was the equal of any to be found on the outside, and the meals that it served, and its strong, black coffee were spok-

ARABIA? WHY I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE IT IS!
I'LL JUST KEEP ASKING TILL I FIND SOME-BODY THAT KNOWS!
YOU DON'T HAPPEN TO KNOW HOW FAR IT IS FROM HERE TO ARABIA, DO YOU MISTER MULLIGAN?
DON'T BELIEVE I DO, MY BOY!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

W, COME TO POP! WE'VE GOT LUCKY SWEATER. BA-BEE! I'D BE STYMIED FROM THE START OF ANY MAN'S GOLF GAME UNLESS I HAD THE HELP OF THIS OL' STAND-BY.
THIRTY CENTS, PLEASE.
NO, I NEVER KNEW A WOMAN WHO COULD UNDERSTAND THESE THINGS— BUT THIS IS MY LUCKY SWEATER.
POP, YOU'RE BEYOND A HERE YOU HAVE THREE NEW, CLEAN SWEATERS STILL YOU CLING TO OLD, FADED, MOTHER-RAG LIKE A MISER TO DIME.

of buildings near them, while farther on, and on the very outer edge of the post, there are the ruins of a once imposing structure. In the three walls that are yet intact, there are numerous windows, devoid of frames. The windows are large, while the single door is low and narrow. Beside the door is a fireplace built into the wall. It is a small affair, but sufficient to heat the big building, which is of native stone, and plastered with red clay. The north wall of this building has crumbled, and from indications the other three will soon follow.

Back of this building is a corral built of rails. On the ground we found a gate hinge. It was not like the hinges we know, but a huge affair, that when closed looked like the mouth of an alligator, while drilled through it were numerous holes, as many as twelve to the side and placed in rows of three.

A little way from the mess hall, on the east side, are the ruins of what was once a barricade, built of rock and logs. In the enclosure were many ruins. There was the foundation of a house, a stone walk, a huge cistern, a cast iron stove broken into a thousand pieces with only the squat legs remaining intact, and over the entire space was scattered glass—the pieces of hundreds of broken dishes, on which the designs were clearly visible, while interspersed with this was the glass from bottles of various hues. Under a large and aged mesquite we dug into the earth with a pointed stick, and some six inches under the surface we unearthed a peculiar shaped glass bearing all the colors of the rainbow. We were very careful for we had found a souvenir, but as we brought the relic to the surface it slipped from our hands and broke into a hundred pieces. We continued our explorations, and Mother Earth yielded to us squat whiskey bottles, black, green and red, fancy carved long necks—the type of bottle that our grand father knew. A little farther on we came to a pile of horse shoes which had never been used, but left piled in one corner of the enclosure. The rock wall completely surrounds an acre or more of ground, and was well laid and braced with logs. It does not take a very vivid imagination to see the block house, and bristling from the low wall, vicious looking cannon, for in all likelihood, it was here that the main defense of the post was stationed.

Standing on Government Hill and looking to the north one views the flat low country below, seen in the distance the winding Clear Fork of the Brazos, with its back-ground of low rolling hills, while nearer at hand, the scene is one of peace and quiet, the panorama restful to the eye, yet in the years gone by it was not thus, for Griffin was one time an important trading point, and the headquarters for buffalo hunters. It was peopled with every manner of humankind. Sharpe's rifles and Colt's six shooters were the supreme law of the land. It was a town filled with tumultuous life; a town where men died young. It was a product of the early days, and with the passing of those days Griffin gradually drifted into a sleep from which it has not yet awakened. But as we have said it was a thriving metropolis in the early seventies from which great caravans moved forth, loaded with buffalo meat and hides, as many as one hundred thousand skins being shipped yearly. It boasted of ten saloons that never closed their doors, and if there were any churches they are never spoken of. There was an "eating joint" in this town then that was the equal of any to be found on the outside, and the meals that it served, and its strong, black coffee were spok-

en of in remote places. It was the only one, and remained the only one until the end.
As one goes down into the valley he passes the old jail, if we may call it such. It is a tiny building not more than seven or eight feet square, built entirely of stone, even to the roof, which is in a wedge shape. The space for one man, yet, when Griffin was in its heyday, as many as eighteen have been placed within—packed like sardines until they could not move and hardly breathe. It is a landmark, and will long remain such.

Away from the road, over in a pasture, is a large two-story rock structure. Tradition tells us that it was the first Masonic Hall built west of Dallas. The old building is still in use, the people of the community using it for a church. We viewed it, and high up close to the roof, on the outside, is a stone plate on which is carved the Masonic emblem and the figures 1872.

This hamlet is in the lowlands, and it is said that some years after it was established a disastrous flood almost wiped it from the map. The story as we have it is as follows:
In the spring of 1876 the Tonkawa Indians, who had their village located on the banks of the Clear Fork, suddenly commenced to move to higher ground, without any apparent cause. The settlers became curious and asked the chief the reason of the sudden flight.
"Much big flood," grunted that individual.

The white men laughed long and loud, as there had not been enough rain to wet a man in his shirt sleeves. The Indians completed their moving by May and thing-roked along until the fifth of June. On that night the heavens were clear, and a full moon bathed the landscape in its mellow and sedative light. There was no hint of disaster, no hint of rising water.

NEED NATURE'S WARNING TO AVOID PENDING ILLS
When headache, weakness, ragged nerves, poor appetite and low vitality warn you that you need an invigorating, strengthening tonic, try the big dollar bottle of

St. Joseph's G.F.P. The Woman's Tonic

ARABIA? NOW I WONDER IF THAT'S A TOWN IN THE NEXT COUNTRY? YOU MIGHT ASK AT THE AUTO CLUB, THEY'D KNOW!
THANKS, MISTER MULLIGAN—MEBBE THEY'LL HAVE SOME MAPS THEY'D GIVE ME, TOO!!

SUITS FILED

Jerome T. Heermans vs. P. B. Goodwin, receiver, et al, trespass to try title.
Motor Dealers Credit Corporation vs. P. H. Hutchins.
J. L. Brashear vs. R. B. Dawson, et al, trespass to try title.

NO OVERCHARGING.

By United Press.
MIDDLEBROUGH, England.—A four-course lunch for sixpence (12 cents) is the feature of a new restaurant recently opened hereby Mrs. May Curtis.

But only poor workmen and school children can eat there. The menu for this cheap meal is:
Soup, beef pudding or stewed rabbit with Yorkshire pudding, and three vegetables, rice pudding, cakes and tea.

Some of Mrs. Curtis' customers find they cannot afford sixpence a day for lunch so she gives them a plate of vegetables, a little Yorkshire pudding and sometimes a little meat and charges them a penny (two cents).

Mrs. Curtis, who is a well known

local benefactress, is her mission to the family, who do all the waiting at the new restaurant.

CHEAP TRANSPORT

LONDON.—Until an Iam Vincent Cauchi, 5 near, had for several "seeing England," at possibly a record for a

When Cauchi wanted where he went first a Messrs. Cook's travel and bought a shilling suburban station. The the name of the local the use of chemicals

the name of some dis-

"We Believe In Eastland"

The City of Schools in the Land of Opportunity

FOR INFORMATION CALL 519

"STRIKING NOW"



Did you fill your space on this page not—why not? It's up to you. Boost campaign is going fine. "It won't be long now."

You will be surprised when this page appears in the Eastland Daily Telegram—the number of merchants, firms and professional men, manufacturers—and whole sale houses listed, showing the Eastland Booster Spirit—as well as showing the buying public that they don't have to leave their home to obtain the necessities of life. We are doing our part in the campaign and are making it as easy as we can for those chosen for this page. Think it over—can we count on you to boost Eastland? Take a trip with us—you'll win—in the Miracle City of Texas

"We Believe in Eastland" in the Land of Opportunity

Sports Matter

BY FRANK GETTY
Press Sports Editor
How becomes apparent that
Frank Navin acquired the
of Eusey Harris and made
manager of the Tigers, the De-

To Have Free Reign
is to have free reign, or
ing approximating that
of affairs, in the matter of
up his new club this win-

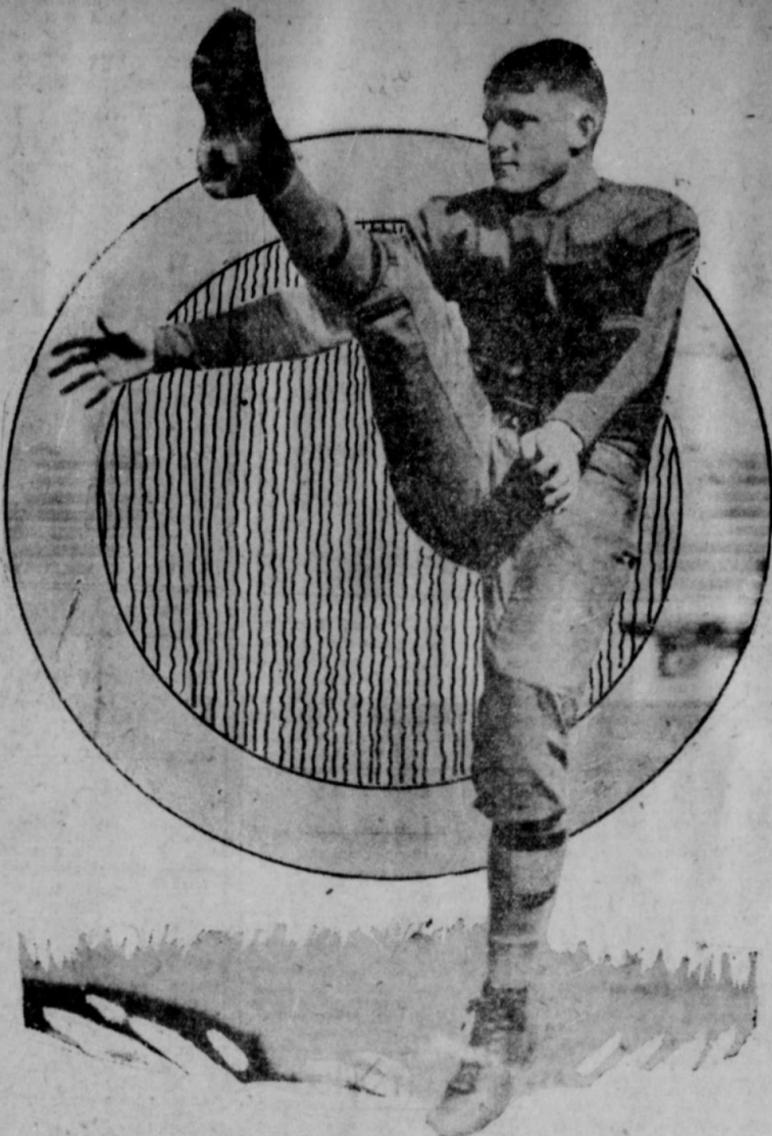
Can Talk Trades
Ball, the winged magnate,
so much of Manush that
the baseball writers who se-

John Johnson has been referred
the best outfielder on the
Coast last season, there are

Seals seem to be in a afir
make some money by sell-

MARRIAGE
LICENSES
Lay and Zena Mat Martin,
Streight and Faye Wil-

Southwest's Greatest



REDMAN HUMME, S. M. U. Dazzling Triple Threat Star

DO YOU KNOW THAT—
George Godfrey, the Black
Menace heavy-weight, has open-

dinner, jellied cider salad, whole
wheat bread, Indian pudding,

While children under school age
should not be allowed to eat the

Chocolate Tapioca Pudding
Two cups milk, 4 tablespoons

Heat milk to scalding point. Add
tapioca and chocolate and stir

READ THE WANT ADS

DODGE PRICES
ARE REDUCED

Dec Sanders of the Dec San-
ders Motor Company, Eastland
dealers in Dodge Brothers cars,

Did You Ever
Stop To Think?

G. B. Dealey, publisher of the
Dallas (Texas) News, says:
That with things moving as

Lindbergh bagged an antelope
from an airplane the other day
some kind of publicity stunt?



ALFRED
HILD
Texas Boy Was
Nearly Ruined

Thousands of children are rob-
bed of their birth-right of health
and happiness by awful constipa-

MODERN
Dry Cleaners and Dyers
Send it to a Master Cleaner

EASTLAND NASH CO.
Sales and Service
Telephone 212

THE FERGUSON CLINIC
Internal Medicine, Diseases of
Children, Hydrotherapy and

Have you visited the new
Furniture Store
EASTLAND FURNITURE
EXCHANGE

USED CARS
Worth the Money
SUPER-SIX MOTORS CO.

EASTLAND COUNTY
LUMBER COMPANY
Good Building and Rig

MICKLE HARDWARE AND
FURNITURE COMPANY
Distributors of dependable, up-

Hooks and Slides

Where Are the Big Guys?
The slump that Fred Barratt,
Ohio State center, suffered in the

Here They Are

It is a pleasant social gathering to
discuss players with good coaches
and players of other teams and

Menu For The Family

BY SISTE RMARY
BREAKFAST — Apples, cereal,
cream, rice griddle cakes, sirup,

RIGHT LIVING
IS 90%
RIGHT
EATING

Advertisement for Calumet Baking Powder, featuring a can of powder and the text 'THE WORLD'S GREATEST BAKING POWDER'.



A Sour
Stomach

In the same time it takes a
dose of soda to bring a little
temporary relief of gas and sour

"I'll say so —
Chesterfield"



Mild enough for anybody
... and yet they Satisfy*

* A MILD cigarette—genuinely mild—mild
enough for anybody—yet it has real taste
and character.
Chesterfield represents all the appealing qual-

WHAT PECAN DEVELOPMENT MEANS TO WESTERN TEXAS

By A. W. WOODRUFF.

If you will take your state map of Texas and begin a mind-journey, with the southern tip of Brewster county as your starting point; hop across a space caused by a piece of Mexico poking up into the Big Bend of the Rio Grande and continue eastward along the southern borders of Kinney, Uvalde and Medina counties into a straight line to about the thriving city of Cuero; then turn north and travel through Bastrop and Temple; make a northeasterly slant through Waco, Dallas, McKinney and Denison to the Red River; follow the course of that famed stream to the southeast corner of the Texas Panhandle; then north, west and south around that vast domain to Winkler county, and west again to El Paso, and thence back "to the place of beginning," as legal descriptions have it—after all that traveling you will have enclosed roughly what is known as West Texas.

Some there will undoubtedly be who will question the accuracy of these boundaries; but this is a pecan story and for its purposes that lay-out is close enough. Within the great inland empire thus sketched originated some of the finest pecans the world knows, and from the alluvial lands of the watercourses, and the fertile benches of the higher land, will come more, and increasingly more, of the succulent nuts that have already spread the fame of the Texas pecan to the four corners of the earth.

From the counties embraced in this suggested area, or many of them, comes an annual production of millions of pounds of—wild pecans. Each year they are gathered and shipped to all parts of the United States. More pecans grow in this state than in all the rest of the world combined. Incidentally, pecans are not native anywhere except in the United States and Mexico.

With all this vast tonnage; with the fertile soils and climatic con-

ditions that produce these nuts so bountifully as a natural resource, Texas is far behind some other states in growing the papershell varieties. It is not necessary to elaborate the reason here—the fact remains; and this is particularly true of West Texas. Yet men who have devoted 50 years or more to pecan growing do not hesitate to say that our pecan trees constitute the greatest natural potential resource we have; the tremendous money maker of the future.

Is State Tree.

In passing it may be noted that a good many Texas citizens, and some newspapers as well, seem to overlook the fact that the pecan is our state tree; so named by a special legislature, some 20 years ago, at the instance of a woman, Miss Katie Duffan, a gifted newspaper writer. She had the vision that the men of Texas seemed to lack. Having adopted the pecan as our state horticultural emblem, most people seemed to think that there the matter should rest, so all hands went about their accustomed ways with little thought given to the gigantic bonanza that we have, in a manner of speaking, "in our midst."

From official sources we gather that in the, approximately, 150, counties that, for the purposes of this story, makes up West Texas, there are about 150,000 farms, big and little, with an average in cultivation of about 76 acres. On nearly all these cotton is a principal crop.

Now suppose West Texas people were to take that—again approximately—11,400,000 acres of cotton land and plant it to papershell pecans, 60 feet apart, 12 trees to the acre. That would give us 136,800,000 trees, and Mr. Landowner would have plenty of room to grow cotton between them if he felt that he simply had to grow cotton. He could do this for upward to 10 years without either the trees or the cotton interfering with each other.

In the course of six or seven years—or even in five years—we could expect to get an average production of 10 pounds per tree—more likely from 25 to 50 pounds—of big papershell pecans that now sell around 50 cents a pound; but even at 10 pounds to the tree, on the average, our crop should be worth in round numbers more than six hundred million dollars.

Cites California.

Sounds like a pipe-dream doesn't it? But it will happen some day—no, it will not "happen," it will be brought about by the intelligent efforts of progressive citizens of West Texas. Because:

West Texas needs these pecan growers—real pecan growers. West Texas needs a lot of them; not only men who will grow pecans, but women who will grow pecans; boys and girls who will grow good pecans, not "peweeses."

California receives millions of dollars each year from the propagation of the Persian, or English walnut. It was foreign to the soil of California when they started the industry. Yet only a few people in West Texas grow papershell pecans—the nut that was born here in our soil and is better by 100 per cent than the walnut.

West Texas needs a lot of pecan orchards, real pecan orchards of papershell instead of a vast number of wild trees that produce little, hard-shelled nuts.

West Texas needs one or more papershell pecan trees in the front and back yard of every home. "Have you a little pecan tree in your home?" Likely not.

West Texas needs a hundred thousand five and 10-acre orchards growing papershell pecans, instead of serving merely as a roosting place for cattle—and that's not knocking cattle either.

West Texas needs West Texas people to grow these pecans; but if they will not do it, then people from other states are needed who will grow them.

10,000,000 Acres.

West Texas needs to promote and develop a real pecan industry, instead of the present haphazard affair that some people fondly imagine is a pecan industry. She needs an annual crop of pecans that can be standardized, graded and sold as a staple.

West Texas has 10 million acres or more of soil that is potentially pecan land. Anywhere in West Texas that you can grow good cotton you can also grow some variety of papershell pecans.

West Texas people should realize that there will never be an over-production of good pecans, because the pecan is, first of all, a valuable food, not a luxury. The world will never have too much high class food; and another reason is that the entire world is a potential market. Everybody on earth will eat pecans if and when they can get them, because everybody likes them.

The biggest pecan crop the country ever knew was consumed by about a per cent of our population; that is, of the United States. If that crop had been divided pro rata, each citizen of this country would have had less than two ounces of pecan meats as his supply for one year.

West Texas people need to know that a person does not have to be a "pecan expert" in order to grow good pecans; that it doesn't require any made-to-order type of soil. What it does need is mostly a developed pecan industry in West Texas will mean—greater riches, more good homes, thousands of opportunities for the boys and girls who, from generation to generation, will take over the management of this big business we call our country. It will mean that those who plant now will enjoy some of these benefits while they are on earth. The right age for one to plant pecans is anywhere between the ages of 8 and 80, or even earlier or later.

Anyone who expects to live five years longer can get some of this benefit if he will plant now.

Other states are already doing it successfully. Other parts of Texas have made a good beginning. It is not more difficult to grow good pecans than to grow other crops. It adds to profits and increases land values tremendously. As an advertisement says:

"Eventually, why not now?" Interest, ambition and a little elbow grease.

Good for 500 Years.

West Texas people need to realize that in planting a pecan orchard they are helping to establish an industry from which they will

Governors Console Injured



Between halves of the recent Alabama-Wisconsin game, Governors Graves of Alabama and Zimmerman of Wisconsin paid their respects to Milo Labratovich, star Wisconsin tackle whose leg was broken on the opening kickoff of the game. The Alabama governor is shown at the left here, with Zimmerman in the center, and Arlie Mucks, former Olympic weight thrower, standing behind Labratovich. Labratovich, after having his leg placed in a cast, watched the game from the sidelines in a wheel chair.

enjoy profits while they are on earth, one that will add to the prosperity of generations yet unborn. The pecan is one of the hardest and most thrifty of all fruit producers. Trees are now bearing in West Texas that in-

form pecan men estimate to be anywhere from 500 to 1,000 years old; that were bearing nuts years before Columbus ventured out on his famous voyage of discovery.

Nobody knows how long before that time those trees were growing, because nobody but a gentleman named Methuselah ever lived long enough to write the life history of a pecan tree, and there were no pecans when Methuselah lived.

What did he want—pumpkin.

CAMPBELL IN AIR

By United Press.

LONDON. — Capt. Malcolm Campbell, one of Britain's automobile speed kings, is Britain's latest aviation fan. He has ordered a Gypsy-Moth light airplane.

The plane will be named "Blue Bird," after Captain Campbell's famous racing automobile. Campbell intends to use the plane for aerial surveys in various parts of the world, and attempt to discover a natural speedway on land, that will permit speeds up to 250 miles per hour.

Captain Campbell has had extensive experience in flying. He was a pilot in the Royal Air Force during the war, but has not been flying recently, so will probably take a refresher course and take out an "A" license, which civilians must possess before flying solo.

In Chicago contiguation schools courses in the use of force and make-up have been started. Maybe that rule should be changed to read, 'ritin' and rougin'.

A man in England complained because his wife threw a custard

AERIAL BUNKER
RED BLUFF, Cal.—Fred Ellwood, local banker, nearly made a birdie in a golf game the other day. He sliced a drive into an oak tree and the birdie's nest. Ellenwood, the tree, shook the ground and sank the hole in eight.

SPECIALS

From the Men's Furnishing

MEN'S SHIRTS

One lot of men's shirts of cloth and percale in pretty designs, sizes 14 to 17. Collared styles and priced only

\$1.00

MEN'S UNIONS

Knit unions that will fit and knit to wear, ankle length, long sleeve, full cut, a good winter weight bleached union, \$1.25 value

98c

MEN'S HATS

One lot of men's dress hats tans and greys in turn-down snap brims, all new styles a real value, for this special

\$3.95

SWEATERS

Whether you wish a or slip-over style, stock is complete, pretty styles and for men, women children. Priced as as—

98c up to \$5.00

Fagg's
Dry Goods Clothing

PRICE SLASHING

EASTLAND'S FIRST

CERTIFIED QUITTING BUSINESS SALE

ALL RECORDS WILL BE BROKEN FOR VALUES —PRICES AND SELLING

SPECIAL Wednesday
500 Yards 15c DRESS GINGHAMS 9 A. M.
5c

Be on time as this 500 yards of fine dress gingham in new patterns will go fast. Limit 10 yards to customer.

THE BOSTON STORE

The Boston Store Dissolves Partnership and Closes Out Entire \$75,000.00 Stock in a Genuine Bona Fide SWORN STATEMENT COPY OF SWORN STATEMENT QUITTING BUSINESS SALE

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN—
THE STATE OF TEXAS
COUNTY OF EASTLAND

Before me, the undersigned authority, on this day personally appeared I. Moldave, known to me, who, being duly sworn, on his oath deposes and says:

That the partnership heretofore existing between I. Wolf and I. Moldave and known as THE BOSTON STORE is to be dissolved and discontinued.

That the above action is to take effect as soon as the firm can be liquidated.

For this purpose the entire stock of THE BOSTON STORE is to be placed on sale at reduced prices and liquidated immediately as soon as possible.

And that this sale shall be a bona fide sale of all merchandise at prices substantially lower than regular prices and that each sale price shall be a genuine saving to the purchaser.

And that this sale shall be for no other purpose than the above stated reason.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 3rd day of November A. D. 1928,
(Signed) THE BOSTON STORE
By I. MOLDAVE
(Seal) G. M. BROGDON,
Notary Public, Eastland County, Texas
Backed by Facts and This

We fully realize that this stock must be slashed in price in order to accomplish our aim. The Boston Store is quitting business. The stock must be sold and our only chance to save money is to sell it quick.

THIS MEANS SACRIFICE—

Time is money to us so out goes this stock at a sacrifice that offers you the greatest saving imaginable on high class fall and winter merchandise.

For Your Trip Or A Gift To Him Or Her

PEERLESS GLADSTONES AND TRAVELING CASES

Guaranteed genuine cowhide with steel frame, 3 pockets in divider, leather lined, hand sewed welt seams with a lifetime guarantee. A 22-inch case in black or cordovan.

A CONVENIENCE FOR CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS

A small deposit will reserve one of the Peerless cases for his or her Christmas gift.

TATE'S FEDERATED STORE

Demand

BAYER

ASPIRIN

The whole world knows Aspirin as an effective antidote for pain. But it's just as important to know that there is no genuine Bayer Aspirin. The name Bayer is on every tablet on the box. If it says Bayer, it's genuine; and if it doesn't, it's not! Headaches are dispelled by Bayer Aspirin. So are the pain that goes with them; even neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism promptly relieved. Get Bayer—at any drug store with proven directions.

Physicians prescribe Bayer Aspirin it does NOT affect the heart

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacturers of Monach, Germany