

Daily Cross-word Puzzle

ACROSS

- Enliven
- Stately 18th century dances
- Reduced in rank
- Fuzzy
- Amaz
- Pygmalion fairy
- Go up
- Symbol for tellurium
- Parcel of ground
- Sole of nitric acid
- Aeriform solid
- White particle
- Eccelesiastical court
- Wearies
- Scottish river
- Resume
- Card game
- Compulsion
- Disfigure
- Unclasp
- Reunite
- Vessel for making a beverage
- Unhappy
- Measure land measures
- Delightful regions
- Old
- Veranda
- Large knife
- Excitation from an infection

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

A	T	O	M	S	I	R	E	L	A	M	E
D	I	M	E	A	D	O	R	E	E	B	O
A	L	I	T	B	O	L	E	S	S	U	R
M	E	T	A	B	O	L	E	P	A	S	T
P	E	T	S	R	I	S	E				
L	A	T	H	E	S	D	I	S	I	M	P
O	N	T	I	O	N	D	I	V	E	S	R
P	E	O	R	C	A	N	E	S	G	I	R
P	E	N	S	O	R	E	R	P	R	O	S
S	T	A	R	T	L	E	D	P	L	A	N
F	E	L	S	A	L	O	P				
S	E	R	A	P	E	S	L	I	P	P	E
E	R	I	C	G	L	I	D	E	L	A	I
L	I	F	T	E	I	D	E	R	S	E	S
F	A	T	S	E	E	D	E	R	S	E	T

DOWN

- Monkey
- Deaf
- Propagating
- Teeter
- Body of Jewish law
- Female sand-piper
- Departed
- Sea anemone
- Ferrous again
- Assort
- East Indian coin
- Bitter retch
- Small round mark
- City on the seacoast
- Consisting of tiles
- Metal-bearing rocks
- Rock or cliff; southwestern U. S.
- Old word meaning to oppress
- African dice
- Be present at
- Fish spaw
- Brilliant
- Self-esteem
- Etymology
- Face
- Procession
- Prison
- Check
- Symbol for rabies
- At home

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
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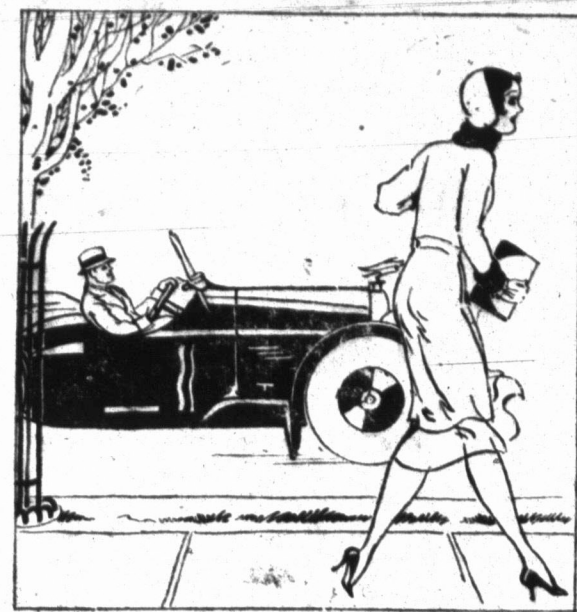
INTIMATE REVELATIONS



MODEST MAIDENS



GLORIA



The Plot Thickens!



ROLLO ROLLINGSTONE



THE ODD JOBS MAN



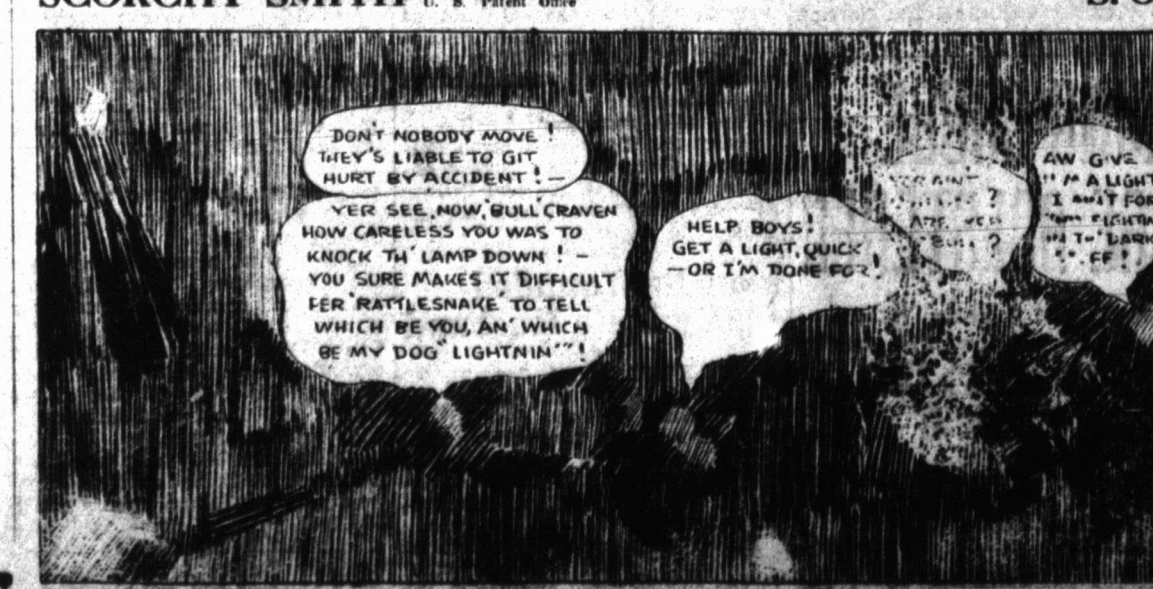
COLONEL GILFEATHER



HOMER HOOPEE



SCORCHY SMITH



S.O.S.



by JULIAN OLLENDORFF

by BRUCE BARR

by OSCAR HITT

by DICK DORGAN

by FRED LOCHER

by JOHN C. TERRY

FOR GINGER'S SAKE

BY **ETHEL HUESTON**
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BEGIN HERE TODAY
Life in the little town of Red Thrush, Iowa, was too unexciting to suit GINGER ELLA TOLLIVER, so she conceived the idea of organizing a Junior Country Club and thus saving the younger set from complete boredom. Accordingly she arranged for the purchase of the Mill Rush farm, a 10-acre tract with an old rambling house on it, and she arranged with JENNY BROOKS and her husband, blind BENNY BROOKS, to act as chaperone.

The idea was that the club was to be exclusive. No parents allowed—and no children. The motion was heartily seconded by Ginger's intimates, all of them, leading spirits in Red Thrush—EDDY JACKSON, WESLEY MEEKER and PATTY SEARS.

Ginger was the daughter of a minister and the stepdaughter of a very wealthy woman, the former PHIL VAN DOORN.
The farm and farm house bought, Ginger proceeded with a general overhauling in which all the high school kids of Red Thrush enthusiastically assisted. Furnishings were donated, Eddy Jackson even gave an old mare, named Mrs. JACKSON. And then the leading spirits proceeded with the formal organization of the club.

It was agreed that the purpose was to have a good time. And one day, while the rehabilitation of the old house was going on, Ginger was in the kitchen of her home making cookies, assisted by GOOBY, the cook, when a shadow fell across the doorway.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER VII
"I beg your pardon, madam," said a pleasant low voice, "but how would you like to exchange a good square meal of the sort that would be expected of a kitchen whose ex-haltation is an aroma so completely delightful, for a small crayon portrait of yourself—similar to this sketch I have here?"

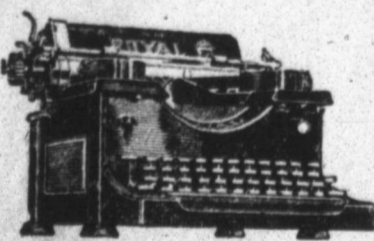
"What?" asked Gooby, who was a direct woman.
"I merely wondered," continued the pleasant voice, "if you would not like to have a small crayon sketch of yourself, by myself? Like this, I assure you I am quite good. I studied at the best schools in Philadelphia and New York. I won a three years' scholarship in Paris and I have the very best of recommendations. In exchange for a square meal, with as much of the culinary fragrance as I can assimilate."

"Do you mean," inquired Gooby, "that you think you could make a picture look like that and look like me?"
The voice coughed deprecatingly. "Alas, that even the divinest of the arts should be thus circumscribed," it mourned. "But one of this general size and style at an rate—a likeness of you—and it must be a very good dinner. Why, a true patron of the arts would pay 25, 50 dollars for a sketch like this done by an honor student of three fine art schools!"

"I think he wants something to eat," said Gooby apologetically, turning to Ginger.
Ginger had heard.
She slipped across the room to her flat-heeled sneakers and set the mixing-bowl on the table with a resounding thud.
One who knew Ginger could instantly have interpreted the smoldering fire in her fine blue eyes.
"You want to do a portrait for your dinner, do you?" she inquired coldly. "All right. Do me!"
She rolled the white sleeves purposefully high above her elbows and sat grimly down, arms folded, sternly before her in the table.
"Go ahead!" she commanded. "Do me!"

The man on the porch wasted no time. He opened the screen door and placed his portfolio on the table and silently took from it a large pad

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"Why, you're not at all bad looking!" he said in a tone of great surprise. "Not bad looking!" repeated Ginger. "Well, I rather hope I'm not."

of paper and a couple of thick pencils, which he sharpened with meticulous care.
Ginger watched him blackly, said nothing.
He was tall and slim and sunburned. He wore no hat and his dark hair was lightly ruffled from the wind. He wore heavy English ruggies, much travel worn, and thick woolen socks. His knicker suit was of a light pattern and a loose weave, the coat more than a little aged.

His shirt, of what is commonly called a soft sports style, appeared not to have been ironed, as indeed it had not, he was using it out himself each night.

His hair, Ginger was surprised to notice, was quite black and showed no gray at the temples, nor the thinning on top that she had vaguely expected. His pointed, well-trimmed black beard of silky texture was also untouched with gray.

As if entirely oblivious of her cold and unfavorable appraisal, he pulled a chair up to the table and sat down, tipping it back under him and the two rear legs, his left foot

propped beneath to hold it steady. His right foot he balanced nicely on the rung of the chair by the heel of his shoe, thus elevating his knee to improve an easel for his drawing pad.

When he had rubbed down the point of his pencil to satisfaction he looked at Ginger for the first time, looked at her with quick and searching intenceness as an artist must. And he became aware that in spite of her grim expression and her somewhat shrewish manner, caricatured though she was by the ugly red handkerchief and her white arms fiercely akimbo, her eyes were of surprising seraphic beauty; her face, although flushed from her labor, creamy white and delicately featured; her throat slim alabaster.

"Why, you're not at all bad looking!" he said in a tone of great surprise.

"Not — bad looking!" repeated Ginger. "Well, I rather hope I'm not. Most people consider me extremely good looking. Extremely! Look at my mouth. Could an artist

paint a better bow? It's better with lip-stick, but I always lick it off when I get to work. Look at my eyes—there's a blue for you. And see how my lashes curl up. Not bad looking!"

"Of course I'd rather be a brunet if I could choose," she added, in a tone that was almost friendly, "but as blonds go, I'm supposed to hold my own."

"Oh, you—you're frank about it," he said faintly.
"Why not? It's the truth, isn't it? You admitted that you are a good artist, didn't you? If you were good looking, would you be above saying so?"

"Why, am I such an eyesore as all that?" he asked in some amusement.
"Oh, you're all right," she said kindly. "I probably won't be bragging about my looks either when I am your age."

He laughed a little, but as he was already making deft sure strokes on the block of paper he did not bother to reply.
Ginger leaned far across the ta-

ble toward him and there was grim determination in her manner.
"Listen," she said, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself—bumming meals from house to house like this. A man of your age, and not without ability! Certainly you've got a good time! Well, one of the courses they made me study to broaden my mind when I wouldn't go to college was one on society in general. I had to read a book on Dependents, Defectives and Delinquents."

"What's that got to do with me?" "Everything," she said firmly. "For you're one of them. It told all about you—the book did."

"Any woman who hands out food to a hobo over the back porch is absolutely contributing to his moral delinquency. She's as bad as he is. Every man has a right to a living wage and proper living conditions. It says in the book that every man can earn a living if he is willing to work. You would be amazed at what it says about men like you in Dependents, Defectives and Delinquents."

"Now, I don't care anything about having my portrait done. I am not one of those soft and spineless women who contributes to the moral delinquency of her fellow beings. But I just made up my mind to tell you what's what and make you ashamed of yourself."

"Perhaps you've never had a chance to study that sort of thing, and don't realize that at your age you should be able to retire and live in quiet comfort for the rest of your life with your children and grandchildren about your knee—the generation at a time, of course—and all of you—er—living on your income. You—you would be a bonded gentleman if you had lived up to your opportunities instead of resorting to degradation and—er—beggary. You—"

The stranger within her gazing had entirely given up his drawing. Through some sentences he had been gazing at her in speechless amazement.

(To Be Continued)

Virginia's prize winning ton-litter of pigs this year tipped the beam at 2,337 pounds.

North Carolina sweet potato growers are standardizing on one or two good brands.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS TO MEET AGAIN FOR ARMAMENT REDUCTION

GENEVA, Jan. 22. (AP)—The nations of the world will gather once more, in the last week of January, 1932, in a general conference for the reduction of arms on land, on the sea and in the air.

The council of the league of nations set that time for a general disarmament conference tonight after four days of debate during which the German demand for a meeting in November of this year was overruled.

No decision was reached as to the man who will be chairman. During the public and private meetings of the council the name of Dr. Edward Benes, the Czechoslovakian, has been proposed, but the Germans objected to him and there was a suggestion, so far purely informal, that Ambassador Charles Gats Dewes be asked to accept the job.

The British and the French held out for a conference next year instead of some time later this year and the majority of the other delegates held to the opinion that at least 12 months would be necessary to prepare for a successful conference.

The council did not decide definitely where the conference would be held, but Arthur Henderson, the British foreign minister, said it probably would be at Geneva. This and the selection of a chairman will be decided next May when the league council meets again.

The task of preparing for the conference is still a formidable job even after the past decade of activity paving the way for it. A draft disarmament convention has been prepared, but this is only an outline and the most difficult part is to fill in the actual figures.

The agricultural extension service of Nevada urges sheep and cattle men to use wheat instead of corn for emergency winter feeding.

Assessed valuation of farm lands in Georgia ranges from \$2.27 per acre in Charlton county, to \$242.57 in Fulton county.

WITNESS IN CASE

Dr. J. C. McKean was in Pampa yesterday as a witness in the Harry Brandt case. Brandt was the Skelly-own merchant, who was treated at the Worley hospital, following his being wounded by one of three hi-jackers who attempted to rob him in his store at Skellytown, January, 3.

Margaret Kaul left the Worley hospital Thursday.

Cases filed in 114th district court Friday, No. 206, M. A. Craft et al versus Eddie Moors, Curtis Douse, late is attorney for the plaintiff.

Two thousand five hundred black walnut trees have been planted this fall by 34 club members in Caldwell county, N. C.

Using the extension service formula, C. P. Hilburn of Bladen county, N. C., produced 1,388 pounds of tobacco on an acre which he sold for \$3,922.

A Going Concern?

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\$150
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