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LARD 8 Lbs. Mrs. Tucker's, Fresh 98c

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- PEANUT BUTTER, 1 Pound Quart Jar 25c
- MINCE MEAT, 3 Packages 25c
- SWEET CHOCOLATE, Little Dots, 1/2 Lb. Package 22c
- BIRD SEED, French's, 2 Packages 22c
- MUSTARD, French's, Large Jar 11c
- BEANS, Green Cut Beans, No. 2 Cans, 3 Cans 25c
- PEAS, Kurer's Tender Garden, 3 Cans 25c
- PORK and BEANS, 16-Oz. Cans, 2 Cans 11c
- OATS, Moon Rose Brand, with Cup and Saucer, Plate or Bowl, Pkg. 23c
- RAISINS, Seedless, 2 lbs. 18c
- SOAP, Lux or Life Buoy, 3 Cakes 19c
- PINEAPPLE JUICE, 3 Cans 25c
- PINEAPPLE, Fancy Grade, 3 Cans 25c



Market Specials

Home killed meats our specialty

- BEEF ROAST, Rib or Brisket, 12c; Flesh, Pound 15c
- SLICED BACON, Best Grade Northern Sugar Cured, lb. 33c
- SMOKED BACON, Not Sliced, Pound 25c
- SALT JOWLS, Fresh, pound 15c
- CHEESE, Wisconsin Cream, lb. 25c
- OLEO, Fresh, Pound 19c



"This Is a Home Owned Store"

Two Veterans In Congress Battle To Retain Seats

By PRESTON GROVER
WASHINGTON, Oct. 2.—Two veteran members of congress are battling for their seats this election with opponents of widely varied interests.

In Massachusetts, Representative Treadway, 24 years a republican congressman, is opposed by Owen Johnson, writer with a name prominent in literature since the turn of the century.

In Idaho, across the continent, William E. Borah, 30 years a republican senator, is opposed by C. Ben Ross, ex-cowboy, ex-ditch rider, ex-county commissioner, ex-mayor and now governor.

Johnson's first venture into office-seeking, but he has had a hand in politics since he went to the republican convention in 1916 with Theodore Roosevelt, while preserving his amateur standing.

Not so Governor Ross. He has had some kind of public job almost continuously since at 18 he became ditch rider on an irrigation district in pioneer western Idaho.

Johnson, a Yale man, founded a literary magazine upon graduation and since has published novels ("Varmint," "Virtuous Wives," etc.), plays, articles and short stories. He was a republican until prohibition and the Harding administration turned him democratic. He supported Al Smith in 1928.

Ross never finished the sixth grade but claims his "pious Scotch grand daddy," a cattleman, taught him to "go out behind the barn and think things out for myself." At 14 he was managing his father's herds, although there were older brothers. Some of his "behind the barn" thinking led him for a time to take a keen interest in "Coin" Harvey's monetary theories. He also built up a reputation as an economical city, county and state administrator and set up a stout party organization during his three terms as governor.

Johnson's slogan, as told to the New York Herald-Tribune, is "Human rights must come first. Labor must be helped to help itself. Capital must put its house in order."

Ross could go with him on that philosophy but would never allow himself to be drawn out into the deep water of such social subjects as Johnson discusses.

Both Have Tough Foes
Johnson, finding a campaign audience of French speaking people, spoke to them in French. That would be beyond Ross but the Idaho governor can mix with a farm community, wear cowboy "chaps" (leather pants) without looking like a dude rancher, and tell an audience in reasonably grammatical English how to keep state expenses down.

The contrast in candidates exemplifies to a degree the vast diversity of mind and background which seeks to enter the nation's lawmaking ranks. Industrial Massachusetts contrasted with frontier Idaho, six-generation culture against the rusticity of much of Idaho.

But the candidates have at least this in common: to be elected, they must overcome a pair of opponents formidably supported by their constituents from away back.

Coffee Company Aids Flood Sufferers

HOUSTON, Oct. 2.—With the crest of the flood along the rivers of central, west and south Texas still a long way from the Gulf of Mexico, the Duncan Coffee company of Houston today made a hurried survey of Red Cross headquarters in half a dozen centers throughout the flood area to ascertain the probable number of families that have been driven from their homes to become dependent for a time upon Red Cross relief.

L. J. Bland, secretary-treasurer of the company, conferred with President H. M. Duncan by telephone in New York, and announced that Mr. Duncan desired to contribute roasted coffee through the Red Cross to all flood sufferers who could be reached, where there is real need.

Shipments of Bright & Early coffee were dispatched at once to Red Cross headquarters at San Angelo and Waco, where the need was already known. Further shipments will be made to other centers as the needs are discovered and reported. Mr. Bland estimated that several thousand pounds of coffee would be required.

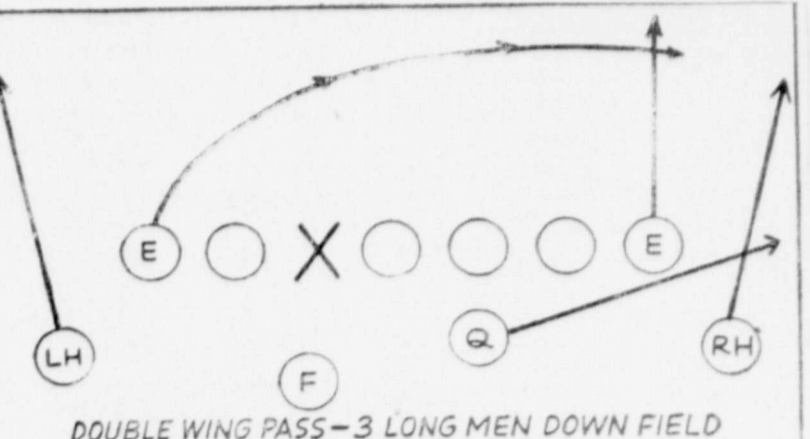
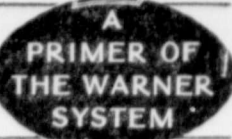
RETAGGE INDIAN RUN

ENID, Okla. (AP)—Boy Scouts re-nacted the historic Cherokee run when they settled at their new camp on the Great Salt plains, 35 miles west of here. The boys lined up and on signal dashed for the camp. The first to arrive staked "claims" on spots favored for camping.

Look in the Classified First.

WINGBACKS

by TINY THORNHILL



DOUBLE WING PASS—3 LONG MEN DOWN FIELD

(Eleventh in a series of 12 daily articles prepared by the coach of Stanford's Rose Bowl champions in collaboration with Russ Newland, Associated Press sports writer.)

While Stanford passes, started either from the single wing or double wing formations, may look pretty much the same to spectators there is considerable difference in the football technique.

From the double wingback setup we can get three long men down the field; that is, three receivers in position for long distance throws. In the single wing formation usually only two long men are down.

In either case, however, there are five receivers available.

On the double wing pass, the fullback usually does the throwing. The left and right halfbacks and the right end go down for the long shots, the quarterback "spots" for a short whip to the right and the left end may cut over to the right side to a position somewhat longer than the quarterback.

There are many variations of this passing play from the same

formation. All are good if they work. (Tomorrow: Lateral pass from reverse).

TAFFETA FOR AFTERNOON

PARIS (AP)—Fur and taffeta are combined in an afternoon ensemble, the dress in brown taffeta, and the pocket brown kidskin lined with the silk. Another combination is a dove grey velvet dress and jacket worn with a cape of brown dyed fitch. The dress has a fur collar to match the cape. Fur collars are often used on afternoon dresses to link them up with their coats or the coat trimmings.

JOSHUA TREES SAVED

TWENTY-PINE PALMS, CHH. (AP)—The weird Joshua trees of the southwestern desert have come into their own. A presidential proclamation has created a national monument near here, embracing 825,340 acres of typical desert flora and geological formations. It is known as the Joshua Tree National monument.

PAINT, WALLPAPER AND AUTO ACCESSORIES

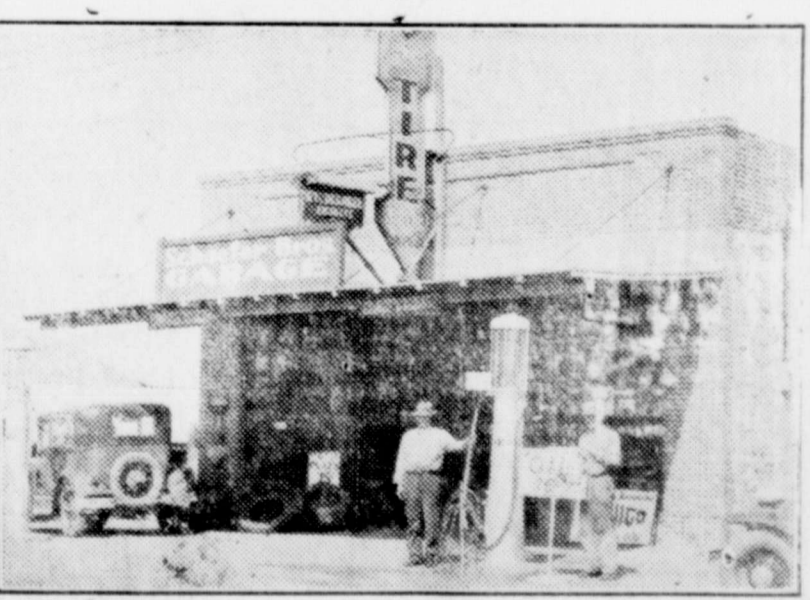
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- Good House Paint, gallon \$1.89
- White Lead, 100 lbs. \$12.00; 1 lb. 18c
- Wall Paper as low as, per roll 4 1/2c
- Fast Color Wall Paper, per roll 6 1/2c
- (Sold With Borders)
- Hard Drying Floor Varnish, gal. \$1.75
- One Pound Putty 10c
- One Pint Turpentine 10c
- Cold Patch with Cement 9c
- Furniture Dust Cloth, large 12c

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The Wrong Murderer

By HUGH CLEVELY

SYNOPSIS: Terence Mahony has learned that an attempt is to be made to kidnap Elsa Little, film star, at the Casino Ball. Terence knows that Ambrose Lawson, respected friend of the Littles, is behind the plot. So he goes to the ball, joins in the kidnapping through a clever ruse, and then turns on the kidnapers and rescues Elsa. Meanwhile Lawson has announced Elsa's disappearance to Mr. Little, and Little has called the police. A knock is heard at the Little door.

Chapter Seven MURDER

Mr. Little left the room. Lawson waited. His dark eyes were glowing, and his fists were tightly clenched. All his muscles were taut with suspense. From inside the study he heard the front door open. Mahony's voice sounded in the hall.

"I've brought Miss Little home. She's unconscious. But I don't think there's much wrong with her."

Lawson's tensed muscles relaxed. Now he knew the worst. In the hall he heard Mr. Little's voice, hoarse and indignant.

"What does this mean? What have you been doing to her? Elsa! Elsa! What's the matter with her? Has she been hurt?"

Through the slightly open doorway Lawson could see a black-garbed monk in the hall, with Elsa in his arms. So that was what Mahony had done—pretended to be one of his own men. In that case he had probably carried out this business single-handed. And if so, there was hope for him yet.

He glanced around him quickly. Hanging over the mantelpiece was a small, sharp-pointed, ornamental dagger. He picked it up and crouched against the wall of the room, just inside the doorway.

Mahony saw the light in the study and made for the study door. "She was kidnapped by your friend Lawson," he said grimly. "I managed to get her away from his tongs. Now for heaven's sake stop squawking; pull yourself together and try to be useful."

He thrust open the study door with his foot, entered the room, and crossed to a small sofa. He did not see Lawson crouched against the wall. Mr. Little entered almost immediately behind him.

"Lawson!" he exclaimed in an incredulous tone. "Lawson! I don't believe..."

His voice died away abruptly in a choking gurgle as Lawson's knife slid neatly into his back below the shoulder blade, piercing to the heart.

Mahony heard Mr. Little gasp as he was laying Elsa down on the sofa. He turned quickly, just in time to see the back of a tall figure vanishing through the doorway. The door slammed to as Mr. Little, already dead, subsided in a heap on the floor.

Mahony stepped quickly forward and bent over Mr. Little. The hit of the knife sticking out of his back made clear what had happened. The front door of the house slammed. From outside came the sound of a car engine accelerating. The sound faded.

Mahony withdrew the knife from Mr. Little's back, found some

brandy, and tried to revive him. But a couple of minutes' effort showed him that it was useless, and he abandoned the attempt and paused to consider what his next move should be.

Again the front door-bell rang shrilly.

"Oh, damn!" said Mahony, and went to the window and looked out. On the front door-step stood a policeman.

From the sofa came a long, shuddering sigh. Elsa moved



"Lawson!" Little exclaimed in credulously.

slightly; she stretched out her arms in the manner of one awaking from sleep, and opened her eyes wide. The sound of a movement from Mahony caused her to look in his direction.

As yet she had not fully recovered from the effect of the drug; she had a dazed, sleepy look. Her blue eyes, wide open, stared at Mahony's masked, cowed figure with a bewildered question in them. She hardly seemed to know

where she was, or how she got there.

The front door-bell rang again, insistently. Elsa looked away from Mahony towards the door. Her glance encountered the still, ghastly form of her uncle lying stretched out near the door. The knife, bloodied up to the hilt, was by him on the carpet.

She shrank back; her eyes opened wider; her hand went to her mouth in an instinctive gesture of horror and dismay. Then her mouth opened wide; she was about to shriek.

Mahony sprang forward, grabbed her two wrists, and shook her slightly.

"No, stop it; you're not to," he said in a commanding voice. "Shrieking won't help."

"She did not shriek. She did not even struggle."

"Let me go," she said. Mahony let go her wrists, and she rose from the sofa and dropped to her knees by her uncle's side. She still had a dazed air. Over her uncle's body she looked at Mahony.

"You... you've killed him," she said in a low voice.

"No I haven't," began Mahony. "I..."

Again there was the sound of a car drawing up outside the house. Mahony broke off his speech abruptly, cursing himself for a fool. What the devil was the good of hanging about trying to explain things? His only sensible course of action would be to get away as quickly as possible.

Elsa would certainly remember having been kidnapped by a masked man dressed as a monk. He himself was masked and dressed

as a monk, and her uncle was murdered. It would be impossible to explain his presence in the room and clear himself of a charge of murder without telling all he knew about Billy Ross.

And even if he told all he knew about Ross, there was a good chance that he would not be believed, for he had no proofs of his story.

The front door-bell began ringing again. Mahony wasted no more time arguing with Elsa. He ran across the room, wiped the dagger quickly on his robe, opened the door, crossed the hall quickly, and opened the front door of the house.

On the front door-step stood a constable. Another man had just got out of a car and was mounting the steps to the front door to join him. By the light that streamed from the open door, Mahony recognized the new arrival as Lawson.

"Hallo!" said Lawson in a surprised voice. "Who are you? And where's Miss Little?"

His intention obviously was to pretend that he knew nothing of

Elsa's deliverance from the kidnapers or of her uncle's murder. (Copyright, 1936, Hugh Clevely)

Inspector Kennedy takes charge of the Little case, tomorrow.

CHRISTENS COURSE WITH ACE

LONGVIEW, Tex. (AP) — Mrs. Sylvester Dayson swatted a ball off the tee of the new Premier Refining company golf course here, the first ball hit on the course. It dropped in the hole, 147 yards away, for an ace.

Rattlers Bar Door Of Kansas School

RULETON, Kans., Oct. 2. (AP) — For once the pupils at District No. 17 school had no desire to dash out the school room door—seven rattlesnakes had crawled into the entry way.

As soon as the snakes were sighted the farm youngsters grabbed books and everything else at hand and pelted them at the rattlers. They killed four of the rattlers and the other three escaped.

The humerus is the longest bone in the upper extremity—the bone of the arm.

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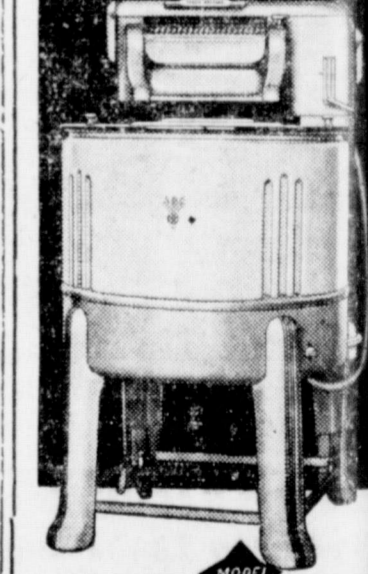
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"It must," Johnny says, "be some gigantic fish—
"Its hasty departure is all that I wish."
And Puff wants the ocean to get smoother quick,
"Or else," he declares, "I'll get awful seasick."

REG'LAR FELLERS Qualified Generosity By Gene Byrnes

HERE! I'LL GIVE YOU THE BIGGEST HALF OF MY DOUGHNUT

WHADDYA KNOW ABOUT JIMMIE DUGAN? HE HAD A DOUGHNUT AN' WHEN I AST IM FOR HALF HE GAVE ME THE BIGGEST HALF!

AIN'T MANY FELLERS LIKE JIMMIE DUGAN WHO'LL GIVE YOU THE BIGGEST HALF

A FELLER WHO WOULD DO THAT WOULD GIVE YOU HIS SHIRT!

PLEASE GIMME ANOTHER DOUGHNUT MOM WHEN THAT ONE YOU GAVE ME FELL IN THE MUD THERE WAS ONEY A LIL PIECE I COULD EAT AN' I HADDA GIVE THE REST AWAY!

THE CLANCY KIDS The Pleasure of Giving. By PERCY L. CROSBY

I CAN ONLY GIVE YA A LIFT TO THE TOP OF THE HILL, BILL.

THAT SUITS ME 'CAUSE I'M GOIN' THAT WAY

KEEP FEEDIN' HER GAS, BILL, AN' I'LL STEER IT.

NOW WE'RE GOIN' GOOD, BILL.

I GOTTA GET OFF HERE, TIMMIE. THANKS FOR THE RIDE.

DON'T MENTION IT.

I DON'T MIND GIVIN' A RIDE TO A FELLER WHO 'PRECIATES IT.

