





BASEBALL

The Newfangles (Mom 'n' Pop)

By Cowan



Police in West Guard Duchess



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS By Blosser



A battery of special policemen is guarding Grand Duchess Marie, niece of the slain czar Nicholas of Russia, during a visit in Oakland, Calif. The duchess' friends became alarmed over her safety when pamphlets attacking the Lomax-off family were circulated in the city prior to her arrival. The pamphlets, 1000 of which were seized by police, derided the entertainment accorded the royal visitor while "thousands of our fellow citizens, in acute distress from lack of food, clothing and shelter."

Proper Labeling Of Texas Market Crops Suggested By Canon

AUSTIN. — Laws establishing definite grades for all perishable agricultural commodities grown in Texas and shipped on a commercial basis, and requiring the sale of such products on the basis of either graded or unclassified are recommended by W. A. Canon, chief of the market division of the department of agriculture, in his annual report, recently filed with the board of control and the governor. "I am not recommending compulsory inspection of any product, as I believe that the grower or shipper should be left free to request government inspection if he desires, but I do advocate that products sold meet certain definite requirements, and that products sold without being graded should be sold on the statement, or marked, if in containers, 'unclassified,'" Canon said in his report. "I believe that such a law would contribute to the packing and shipment of the better grades of products, and the canning, or otherwise disposing of the products not meeting the required specifications. When Texas is producing more of practically all the products than can be disposed of at a profit, it is poor economics to flood our nearby markets with the inferior grades and cause the better grades to be burdened by excessive carrying charges, due to long hauls in seeking a market. This system works to the disadvantage of both the buyer and the seller," Canon explained. An optional inspection service is now operated by the state and federal departments of agriculture but there is no law requiring the labeling of containers of the grade of the product, nor requiring the designation of that which has not been inspected or graded, he pointed out.



MENUS FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY

BY SISTER MARY  
NEA Service Writer  
WITH the picnic season upon us, the question of "how much" becomes important—how many sandwiches, how big a cake, how much salad, how much lemonade and coffee. Outdoor appetites are usually above normal, and for service "a la buffet" larger quantities may be needed. But if the cook calculates on the basis of the needs of her own family, she can arrive at a fair conclusion. The following calculations are estimated for the average occasion but may help in gauging the quantities required for individual needs. One large cake ten inches in diameter will serve 16 persons. One loaf of sandwich bread will make 24 sandwiches which have been cut in half. Two-thirds cup creamed butter will spread both sides of 24 sandwiches. One pint sandwich filling will fill 24 sandwiches. One quart of salad will serve 16 persons. One four-pound chicken will yield about three cups of diced meat. One 2 1/2 pound lobster will yield when boiled enough meat for one quart of salad in combination with other material. One-half pound of coffee and four quarts of boiling water will make enough of the beverage to serve 16 people. One and one-half dozen lemons will make lemonade to serve 20 to 25 persons, depending largely on the size and juiciness of the fruit. One quart of a frozen mixture will serve six to eight persons. When ice cream means the main part of the refreshments a larger serving is needed. One pound of salted nuts will serve 25 persons. One pound of cold-boiled ham will serve six to eight persons, and one pound of meat loaf will provide for about the same number. These suggestions are made with a balanced picnic meal in mind. If baked beans, potato salad, cold-boiled ham, meat loaf, meat sandwiches, cheese sandwiches, pie, cake and cookies are all in evidence with lemonade, ice cream and watermelon for the "grand finale," the quantity of each food should be very small indeed.

the MAN HUNTERS BY MABEL McELLIOTT

BEGIN HERE TODAY  
SUSAN CAREY, 18 and pretty, works in the office of ERNEST HEATH, architect, JACK WALKER, Heath's assistant, tries to make love to her but is discouraged. Susan lives with her aunt, Mrs. LAMPSON, a well-to-do young woman. At a week-end party given by Ernest Heath, Susan meets a young man, Bob, who is in love with her. Heath informs Susan his wife intends to see her for attention of his attention. Heath means to save the situation, by means of a letter involving Mrs. Heath in an affair with another man. Heath is heartbroken, telling Susan that "MRS. WALKER, who has been showing her attention, has married."  
NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XXIX  
THIS was the moment Susan had dreamed of all these weeks, but now that Bob stood before her there was a curious unreality about it. Her heart pounded painfully. He looked thinner and in some subtle way older. She managed to say calmly, "Will you sit down? I'll see if Mr. Heath is in his office. I'm not quite sure." She knew perfectly well he was not in but she must do something, anything, to delay this man. Wildly she sought about in her mind for a way to keep him talking. Then she felt ashamed. Her hands were icy. She returned to the outer office and looked straight at Bob. "I'm sorry. He's not there," she told him. "He usually is by this time but perhaps there is a message I can take." The young man stood up. No, it was quite all right, he informed her. He would give Heath a ring later. It seemed to Susan that there must be something she could do to detain him. She was starved for the very sight of him yet now that the opportunity lay before her she was like one stricken dumb. They might have been other strangers, these two young people. Dunbar's hand was on the door knob. He was thanking her in meaningless phrases for her trouble. Then suddenly as on that far-off summer day in the restaurant at the Blackstone that spark of understanding flashed between them. Susan caught her breath. The young man stared at her. She was all in brown today. Simple wool frock cut at the neck to show her creamy throat. Little, sensible brown oxford. She waited for the words she felt certain were to follow. "I want to say again that I'm sorry for what happened that night." "There—she had not dreamed it! She looked up at him, her eyes flashing and darkening with the emotion that possessed her. "It's quite all right. It wasn't your fault." The stern lines of his face relaxed. "I was a bit high, I know, but it's no excuse." She wanted to reach out and touch the rough fabric of his overcoat. What she did was to flick her lashes demurely downward and say nothing. "You ran away," the boy accused her. "Why did you do that?" "I don't know. It seemed a good idea at the time." Susan smiled and the old friendliness was re-established. Strange it was, thought Susan, that with some people the most foolish little phrases take on a new and shining meaning. Whatever she said to Bob, or he to her, seemed fresh and curiously their own. "Look here, won't you—" "WHAT he meant to say she was not destined to know because at that instant the rear door was swung open and Mr. Heath bustled in. Heath did not notice that Miss Carey was flushed and bright eyed but then she was a very pretty girl and that was quite natural. Susan had to stifle her disappointment as she watched her employer lead Bob into his private office. She found it impossible to keep her mind on her work. She could hear the low murmur of the two voices and her whole being tingled with excitement. What was it Bob had started to say? She prayed, "Dear God, give me another chance to talk to him!" Her heart pounded. When Pierson returned from lunch she glanced up, scarcely seeing him. He spoke to her twice before she realized the remarks were directed to her. "I said you'd better go to the bank right away. It's almost three," Pierson repeated in a faint acid tone. SHE glanced at the clock. It lacked but 10 minutes of the hour. The voices in the private office still rose and fell. As Susan struggled into her coat she added another prayer to her litany. "Please let him stay until I come back. It's not much to ask." You could not run on La Salle street. People would look at you and think you were mad. But how could one walk sedately and quietly with a heart racing like a wild thing? How slow the teller was behind the bars! With what mad denial deliberation he made the entry. Usually Susan smiled at him and spoke about the weather. Today she did neither. "Hurry, hurry!" Her footsteps kept time with the words. A traffic light delayed her at one corner. The policeman seemed maddeningly slow. It seemed ages before she found herself again in the elevator of the office building. Bob would be there still. He would be coming out of Mr. Heath's room as she took off her hat. They would have just a moment together but he would finish what he had started to say. Susan hesitated before turning the knob,avoring the flavor of anticipation. Then she swung the door open, trying to remember just how she behaved on ordinary days. Quickly she went to the closet and hung away her coat. She would not look in the direction of Mr. Heath's private office. It would all happen easily and naturally. She would be patient. As she crossed the room to give Pierson the bank book she was conscious of the extreme quiet of the place. She would not ask. She would not Pierson looked at her curiously. "The boss said to tell you he'd be back at four." "He's gone?" Susan's voice sounded unreal to her. "Yes. Galloped out with that collar-rod just after you left." The girl's steps went drearily across the room. "Why? Did you want to ask him something?" Pierson couldn't help being inquisitive. "No. It was nothing." Susan said without hope. "Nothing at all." SHE waited for the telephone to ring. The first day she was sure Bob would call. It was perfectly simple because he knew the number. She had so much to say to him that she could hardly wait. Then as the days passed Susan came at last to the realization he wasn't going to telephone. She told herself she was a fool. In her worst moments she was firm and brisk and decided about it. Lots of girls mooned around over a lost love, but not she. The stores began to display reminders that Christmas was at hand. Each time Susan went to the Milton's she found Rose absorbed in mysterious tangle of wraps de china, lace and sachet. Mrs. Milton had confided to Susan in an unguarded moment that Terry intended to give Rose a ring for Christmas. "But I thought she didn't want to be married for ages!" Susan said, surprised. Mrs. Milton's laugh was exuberant. "Don't believe all you hear," she advised. Then her tone dropped, became confidential. "I'll tell you how it was," she said. "Rose has been stringing Terry along—you know all about that—for two years. She kept talking about careers and I don't know what all." "I still don't see—" Susan began, but the other interrupted. "Mrs. Milton warmed to her story. "Well, it was all right as long as Terry played tame duck," she said, relishing the words. "They would have their Sunday and Wednesday dates as usual and whenever the poor boy tried to be serious my fine lady would put him off and talk about her chances of making a trip to Paris. Well, that was all!" Mrs. Milton paused for dramatic effect. "And then what happened?" "Didn't some catie from over his neighborhood make a dead end of Terry? He began to call on every now and then to break a date. Of course I knew what it was all about but Rose didn't. It would take a house to fall on her. I was the one," pursued Mrs. Milton with satisfaction, "to tell her which way the wind blew. My fine young lady didn't like the idea of losing Terry. She went to a little trouble for a change and—well, you see what happened! They'll be married before Lent." "You're glad, aren't you?" Susan asked. "Glad? I should say I am," said Mrs. Milton roundly. "I have no patience with these old maids who hang on to their job forever and think they can keep a beau dangling. Now what I want now to hear," she admonished, "is just such news about you." Susan shook her head. "I'm never going to marry," she said. "Never!" (To Be Continued)

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

paper is authorized to make following announcements, subject to the Democratic primary on July 23, 1932: Precinct No. 1: BARKER. Precinct No. 2: WETTE W. PATTERSON. Precinct No. 3: FOSTER (re-election). Precinct No. 4: (Kid) HAMMETT. Precinct No. 5: (Lewis) CROSSLEY. Precinct No. 6: (Bill) McDONALD. Precinct No. 7: BEDFORD. Precinct No. 8: (Eastland) COCKRILL. Precinct No. 9: (Pony) HARRISON. Precinct No. 10: McFATTER. Precinct No. 11: COOPER, Sr. Precinct No. 12: MOORE. SPECIAL NOTICES: VES guaranteed, \$1 up. Loflin Hotel, Ranger. EY TO LOAN on automobiles. C. E. MADDOCKS & Co. HOUSES FOR RENT: 7-room house, with papered and painted. 1207 Desdemona blvd., Ranger. 4-room completely furnished house, 423 Mesquite. APARTMENTS FOR RENT: Apartment, close in. 220 Ranger. TRANSFER & STORAGE: Phone 117. RAILROADS: Singer sewing machine in condition; \$60. Leher Motor Co., Ranger. CARS FOR SALE: Four 3-room houses, and lots; \$100.00 each; or all four. Apply 639 Ranger. AUTOMOBILES: 1931 Model AA sedan cab and stake body; a bargain; \$375. Leher Motor Co., Ranger. Chevrolet coupe, in condition; \$350. Levellester Co., Ranger. C. J. Sidaine and Co. Electrical Appliances. Electric Service Co.

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