

The CITIZEN-FREE PRESS

Industrial Opportunities — Third largest gas field in Texas; pure water in abundance; glass sand; fine clay deposits; great coal deposits; three railroads; excellent highways; location in center of great, growing market area.

CISCO—On U. S. highway 80 (Bankhead) and 287; on T. P. M. K. & T. and C. & N. E. railroads; supplied by pure water from Lake Cisco, capacity 21 billion gallons; impounded by huge concrete dam; college; fine public schools.

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CISCO, TEXAS, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1934.

NUMBER 14.

Through the Editor's Spectacles
By GEORGE

You can bet your Sunday go-to-meetin' suit that the state highway commission has definitely settled upon Eighth street as the new route for Highway One through Cisco. No announcement has been made of the choice, but signs point to a beginning of work upon the new route shortly after the first of the year. Reasons given for the rerouting over this particular street are the fact that the street has a 100-foot right-of-way, that it would carry the thoroughfare through the city with a minimum of traffic resistance and that it eliminates four sharp curves and gives a straight shoot into and out of the city that will permit swift and easy transit for through travel.

Business men are divided on the plan, of course. An apparent majority seem to prefer the avenue as the route if the commission is obstinate in its purpose to change the course. Their argument is that business will suffer if the highway is removed from a parallel relationship to Main street and that numerous service stations and businesses that cater to tourists will suffer, all of which is true. A change to Eighth street will simply mean that some of my good friends in the service station business, such as Ed and Smith Huestis, and others in the small cafe business will have to change locations to keep their trade with the diverted traffic. On the other hand, the proposed routing will mean removal of the wooden overpass that spans the Katy tracks and construction of a four-lane concrete and steel structure there, as well as the surfacing of the street from city limit to city limit.

It is also argued by those who favor this route as a compromise with their commercial instincts, that unless there is local agreement to its adoption the highway may be taken entirely around the city, as has been done in some cases.

It is not generally appreciated that Highway 1 is a transcontinental route of great importance to the nation, perhaps the most important, and as such bears a distinct relation to the military defense of the country. Speed is a prime military consideration and a highway developed as a military route must be free of every actual and potential obstruction.

We may expect some definite announcement from Austin within a short while.

Three Cisco boys who are employed by the Humble Pipe Line company at Iowa Park, got within 30 miles of home Wednesday night and had to call on father to get them the rest of the way. The boys were Charles Shepard, Judson Russell and Hunter Miller. Inclement weather at Iowa Park brought them a vacation until Monday. They started home in a venerable carryall that suggests skull caps, inked cartoons and sassy smears. About Breckenridge the car developed a balk and after appealing to it in all the methods known to youth, the three put in a call for P. P. Shepard, father of Charlie, who obligingly went after the stranded party and pulled them in.

Bob Mancill found this among his souvenirs. I have seen it before, but the philosophy it expresses is as true today as yesterday and as good for a republican as a democrat.

To his home town paper, a fellow in West Tennessee writes: "Holler Rock Junction, Tenn., May 6, 1931.—Dear Mr. Editor: There seems to be so much talk about our so-called Republican prosperity, I believe 'tis my duty to give my views on same and analyze the situation as far as possible so's we can make up our minds that we had auto change our ways of living and so forth.

I have taken my own case, for instance. I see my mistakes and many others have acted likewise. I bought a Ford instead of a farm and its worn out, but the farm I figured on is still o. k. I invested in a radio instead of a cow, and

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Permit Granted for Carbon Black Plant

Relief Job on Streets Begun Fri.

The relief work project for graveling 42 blocks of Cisco streets, scheduled to begin Monday, was started Friday, several days early.

The work, employing 40 men and five trucks at the outset, began on Third street. Street Comm'r Joe Clements is supervising the project which calls for an eight-inch gravel surface to be laid on the streets.

The cost of the common labor and \$240 of the hire of trucks will be borne by the relief commission. Its share of cost will be \$2,650. The city will pay for the materials used and the remainder of the truck hire, or about \$1,360.

The project is to be completed within 30 days, no relief appropriation being made for a longer period.

Paper Published by High School Seniors

The senior class of the Cisco high school is sponsoring publication of a bi-monthly newspaper, the first issue of which appeared Thursday of last week. Five hundred complimentary copies of the publication were distributed among the students and patrons of the school.

The paper contains eight pages, 8½ inches by 11 inches, three columns wide.

Daskam Stephens is editor-in-chief; Livius Lankford is news editor; Morris Littlepage is make-up editor; Frank Shackelford is sports editor; Deyon Warren scholastics editor; Rubye Thompson is humor and features editor; Nadine Mayhew is in charge of exchanges; J. W. Thomas is business manager; Donald Surles circulation manager, and reporters are Louellyn Clark, Cecil Hudson and J. G. Rupe.

C. C. Duff, associate principal of the high school, and Miss Elizabeth Daniel, instructor in English, are sponsors.

The paper is being printed by the Free Press Pub. Corp., publishers of the Citizen-Free Press.

Mrs. H. T. Wood Dies in Blake Community

RISING STAR—Mrs. H. T. Wood, aged 66, popular matron of the Blake community, was found dead in bed at her home early Tuesday morning when members of the family sought to arouse her. Just how long she had been dead was not determined. Heart failure was ascribed as the cause by a physician. According to members of the family she had retired the night before feeling well as usual and her death was quite a shock to the family.

Mrs. Woods is survived by two children, C. D. Wood, of Brownwood and Miss Lorena, who made her home with her mother. Also one brother, J. M. Moore, of Blake, and the following sisters: Mesdames, N. J. Woods and H. B. Gaines, Brownwood, Emma Foster, Pioneer, and Mesdames H. C. Williams and Ada Palmore, Blake.

Funeral services were held at Blake Wednesday.

Similarity of Names Source of Annoyance

FT. WORTH—Clifford Doggett, of 605 West Central avenue, has been caused embarrassment and annoyance because, by coincidence, he bears the same name as another man who was given the death penalty in Eastland last week in the slaying of L. F. Threest early last August.

The Clifford Doggett who lives in Fort Worth said this week he is not related to the Clifford Doggett involved in the murder and never heard of him until he saw newspaper accounts of the slaying. The Fort Worth Doggett was reared at Burleson.

Ray Gallagher is leaving today to resume his studies at Texas University after a visit with relatives in Cisco.

Blotted Out



George (Baby Face) Nelson, avenger of the slaying of his chief, John Dillinger, who was mortally wounded by the two federal agents he killed in retaliation. The agents were Herman E. Hollis, slayer of Dillinger, and Samuel P. Crowley. Nelson's body was found later, torn by many bullets and wrapped in a blanket in a ditch at the roadside. His real name was Lester M. Gillis.

Annual Banquet Of High School Band Held Thurs.

Thursday night, November 29, the Cisco Lobo Band enjoyed their annual banquet in the basement of the First Methodist church.

The dinner was served by one of the circles of the church. A total of 66 were present, many of whom were ex-members of the band. A number of the exes were from out of town.

The banquet was called to order by the toastmaster, Daskam Stephens, president of the band, and the invocation was led by L. A. Harrison, an ex-member who is now attending A. & M. college at College Station.

A trio consisting of J. Hollis Clark, Billy Kilborn, and Daskam Stephens, and a solo by Miss Evelyn Collum provided the music before the main speaker, Director G. W. Collum, spoke. Mr. Collum was introduced with a speech of appreciation by Lloyd Witten.

Encouragement

Mr. Collum's speech was one of encouragement and instruction. He stressed the point of young people being appreciative of other people and their opportunities in life. Mr. Collum said that the town was rightfully expecting a lot from the band in the coming concert days of spring and summer, and he in turn was expecting full co-operation from the members. The director then introduced an old member of the band, John Peter Huey, who advised the young members of the band to spend a large amount of their time in practicing at home on their instruments. Another speaker and old member of the band, J. Hollis Clark, stressed similar points.

The military uniforms of the band were worn by the boys for the occasion. These annual affairs are enjoyed by every one and they add zest and spirit to the band members.

Immediately after the banquet, the band sponsored a dance at the Humbletown Recreation hall. The music was furnished by Hollis Clark and his orchestra.

Funeral for W. A. Free Held Friday

W. A. Free, resident of Cisco for the past 17 years, died Nov. 30, 1934, at the age of 70 years and 23 days. Mr. Free was born in Alabama Nov. 7, 1864, and came to Cisco from Copper Grove, Texas. He is survived by his wife and two daughters.

Funeral services were held at Green Funeral Home Friday. The pastors of the First Baptist church and the Church of Christ officiated. Interment was made in Oakwood cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott Blair of Ranger were guests Thursday of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Harrell.

Crude Oil Schedules Held Over

The November schedule of crude oil takings in the west central Texas district will remain in effect in December until after the special hearing for the district called for a date in the near future, operators and purchasers have been advised by Deputy Supervisor Omar Burkett.

The instructions were issued by Chief Supervisor Laten Stanberry of the oil and gas division of the railroad commission.

Meanwhile, Burkett called attention of operators to the fact that production reports for November are required to be in the hands of the deputy supervisor's office by December 15. Failure to file this report subjects the operator to severage of his pipe line connection, he reminded.

It is not necessary for the operator to wait until he has obtained his pipe line or purchaser's statement to file his report, since the production report to the commission is based upon gross crude runs by gauger or pumper's measurements, he said. Blank forms for filing the report have been placed with the various chambers of commerce as well as in the office of the supervisor.

Bankhead Act Is Opposed by Farmers

The Citizen-Free Press enjoyed a visit Saturday from Jess Nobles, N. J. Tarver, W. B. Starr and Roy O'Brien. All of these men are well known farmers living in the Cisco country. They were interested in the plebiscite on the Bankhead cotton act, and declared they are opposed to the act. Mr. Nobles and Mr. Tarver, at least, expressed themselves as being anxious to cast their vote for its repeal. "We don't want to be hedged about with government taxes and restrictions that will interfere with us making a living," was the way Nobles expressed himself. So far as the Citizen-Free Press has been able to ascertain this is practically the unanimous opinion of the farmers of this section.

First Killing Frost Occurs Here Friday

The first killing frost of the season fell in Cisco Friday night, 13 days past the average date of November 17 for this section of the state.

The first ice of any consequence appeared during the night. Rainfall during November totaled 3.2 inches, this moisture breaking a serious drought.

R. R. Commission Sets 50c Fair Gas Price

AUSTIN—The Texas railroad commission Thursday determined 50 cents per 1,000 cubic feet a fair burner tip rate to be charged by the Public Service corporation of Texas in the city of Canadian.

An attempt of the city to reduce, by ordinance, the rate of 60 cents to a maximum of 40 cents and a minimum of 15 cents was appealed by the gas company.

Mrs. J. M. Robinson Buried at Eastland

Mrs. J. M. Robinson died at the home of her son, R. B. Robinson, 407 W. 4th St., Nov. 23. Mrs. Robinson was 70 years of age. She was the wife of the late J. M. Robinson who died Jan. 30, 1934. Four children and one brother mourn the loss of their loved one.

Funeral services were held at the home of her son, with the pastor of the Church of Christ officiating. Burial was made in the Eastland cemetery.

Arthur Wende will return to Austin today where he is a student at the University of Texas, after spending the holidays in Cisco.

Loboes Lose Final Game to Traditional Rivals, 20 to 6

The luck of the play that has dogged the Lobo heels throughout the 1934 football season counted heavily against them yesterday as they lost the final game of their season to their traditional rivals, the Abilene Eagles. The Eagles deserve credit for a more consistent brand of football and stronger line play at crucial moments, but the count of 20 to 6 does not by any means tell the story of the afternoon.

Fumbles that cut short brilliant home boy drives and a lighter line helped the Eagles to ring up three touchdowns.

In their very first offensive play of the game, after the kickoff, the Loboes scored. The play was a perfect example of the theory that the best way to score is to take the enemy flatfooted against his own play soil.

Cisco Touchdown

This is the story of that touchdown, and Cisco can afford to make the most of it for the reason that it gives some tangible satisfaction for an afternoon of creditable but otherwise profitless play.

Littlepage kicked off to Walter of Abilene who recovered a muffed ball behind his goal line and brought it out six yards. Shytles picked up four yards and Caffery and Barnes stopped Walter at right tackle without gain. The

Dry Forces in Campaign Upon Liquor Traffic

The United Dry Forces against the Liquor Traffic met Tuesday night, November 27, at East Cisco Baptist church.

Rev. W. R. Ivey presided at the meeting. Much enthusiasm was shown.

Several reports from the different communities were heard. W. F. Bruce reported for the committee on information. He said that "each person interested in a clean-up of Cisco should gather information along that line and summarize it that we might consider both 'pro' and 'con'. While there is no doubt that prohibition is right we must try to study the anti-prohibitionist contentions for the fact that we can do more in trying to convince them they are wrong.

"There are a number of people who have been made to believe that prohibition is wrong by the contributions they have read in the papers," he said "but they must not forget that the wets promised to do many things and have not kept the least bit of their promise.

"They said to repeal the eighteenth amendment would increase temperance, but it has been found untrue. Statistics show that there is 25 per cent to 40 per cent more drinking than before the repeal and licensing of the 3.2 beer. Even the Cisco police department tell us that 90 per cent of crime here in Cisco is a direct result of the liquor traffic.

"The Fort Worth police department report that 20 per cent of all fineable offenses are paid by people who are intoxicated, and that there is 30 per cent to 35 per cent more crime in Fort Worth since the licensing of 3.2 beer.

"The wets said to license the sale of 3.2 beer and intoxicating drinks, we would receive more revenue and by that balance the budget. But it has not proved that way. The government is twelve billion dollars deeper in debt than before. Most of all an

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Dallas Contractor Gets P. O. Painting

N. P. Green of Dallas has been awarded the contract for painting the interior of the new federal building, it was announced. The award was made on the basis of Green's bid of \$763. Contract calls for four coats white paint.

Hickok to Build Unit Near Cisco

Abilene quarter punted poorly and Cisco took the pigskin on their 14.

On the first play Caffrey took the ball on a lateral and running parallel with his 14-yard line tossed a high, slow pass to Burnam who took it in a lopsided four yards short of the Eagle goal and ran the remaining distance with an Abilene boy hanging onto his hips.

Groce tried to run over for the point but was stopped.

Score Quickly

But the Eagles lost little time in taking the lead, scoring after Cisco had shown ineffectiveness in their efforts to bring the ball out of their 20-yard zone. Shytles' plunging was a feature of the drive that the visitors' loosed.

The Cisco team got the ball on their own 20-yard line after the Eagles had been forced to punt, and Groce lost 10 yards trying to get around his left end Caffery punted but the wind that swept diagonally across the field carried the ball out on Cisco's 31 yard mark.

With this advantage, the visitors took up a campaign with Galbreath sweeping around left end, behind a swarm of interference, for a first down. Shytles plowed for nine yards and Moser was forced out on the Cisco three-yard

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Scarcity of Water Is Handicap to Drilling

ALBANY—Reliance Oil & Royalty Corp. No. 2, J. H. Nail estate, was drilled into the Bluff Creek sand at 1420 feet and made 30 barrels in 14 hours, proving a shallow pool of considerable size on the Nail ranch, as the well as located approximately one-quarter mile south of the States Oil Co. No. 1 discovery well, and one-quarter mile west of Reliance Oil & Royalty No. 1, being in center of the east line of north ½ of southeast ¼ section No. 133, E. T. R. R. Co. lands, about 8 miles due northwest of the Cook pool.

Tannehill, Kiser & Fleming No. 21, J. A. Matthews is being completed for 50 barrels initial production in the Cook sand at 1106 to 1138 feet in center of north-east ¼ of southwest ¼ section No. 27, E. T. R. R. Co. five miles north of Albany, an extension well to the northeast in their old pool. W. J. Rhodes No. 1, C. A. Gray, in northwest corner of southwest ¼ section No. 208, E. T. R. R. is preparing to drill the Bluff Creek sand, in a much watched test, 2 miles west of production in the Bluff Creek pool. New drilling is being considerably handicapped by scarcity of water supply, and most wells were shut down for the Thanksgiving holidays where no damage would result.

Newspaperman and Family Visit Here

Mr. and Mrs. Mike Guthrie and children, of Kaufman, are visiting the parents of Mrs. Guthrie, Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Metcalf, Katy road master of the Waco division. Mr. Guthrie was a pleasant caller at the office of the Citizen-Free Press Friday, but that is natural, as he has done considerable newspaper work, being connected with the Scripps-Howard publications at one time, and also with the old Fort Worth Record. But he has since reformed, and is enjoying the ease of a farmer's life.

District Governor To Visit Rotarians

District Gov. Tom Taylor of Brownwood will pay his official visit to the Cisco Rotary club next Thursday noon. Gov. Taylor is president of Howard Payne college, Brownwood, and is noted as a humorist with a fund of homespun wit and philosophy that makes him a speaker in great demand.

Please, Mr. Santa Claus

Hello Santa Claus: I am writing this myself. I want a big doll with curly hair, like those at Perry's store, some new skates and a bubble set. I am four years old.

RAYNELL GODFREY, 606 West 10th St., Cisco, Texas.

Rising Star Firm Is Awarded Contract

RISING STAR—In the letting of road contracts in Austin Monday E. F. Bucy & Son, of this city, were the successful bidders on the retopping of the highway west of Rising Star as far as the country club. The Bucy firm also bid in another job of new road in Irion county in the letting.

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» Under the Courthouse Roof »

COUNTY OFFICIALS TO TAKE OFFICE JAN. 1.

Recent canvassed returns of the general election by the commissioners court show that the following will take office January 1st:

- C. L. Garrett, county judge.
C. S. Eldridge, county superintendent.
T. M. Collier, county clerk.
P. L. Crossley, district clerk.
Grady Owen, criminal district attorney.

John White, county treasurer.
W. T. Davenport, surveyor.
Tom Haley, assessor and collector.

Justice of Peace: Milton Newman, precinct 1; J. N. McFatter, No. 2; W. P. Guest, No. 3; B. P. Notgrass, No. 4; J. T. Chapman, No. 5; Joe Wilson, No. 6; G. W. Hardin, No. 7; W. H. Whitworth, No. 8.

Constable: M. N. Seabourn, precinct No. 1; John Barnes, No. 2; S. W. Hendrick, No. 3; J. N. Ellison, No. 4; Joe B. Hicks, No. 6; J. S. Hull, No. 5, and R. Miles, No. 7.

Public weigher: H. W. Phillips, precinct No. 2; R. C. Brown, No. 7.

County commissioners: H. V. Davenport, precinct No. 1; H. C. Crawley, No. 2; R. O. Jacobs, No. 3; Arch Bint, No. 4.

91ST. DISTRICT GRAND JURORS

EASTLAND—Grand jurors selected by the 91st district court for the December term are as follows:

- G. C. Hollifield, Gorman; J. M. White, Gorman route 3; T. E. Bowers, Rising Star; Geo. H. Hipp, Eastland; Grady Pipkin, Eastland; W. J. Spear, Carbon; P. O. Burns, Okra; E. P. Crawford, Cisco; A. H. Henderson, Olden; Mark J. Pelfry, Rising Star; O. A. Kountze, Desdemona; C. B. Pruitt, Ranger; C. E. May, Ranger; S. H. Nance, Cisco; H. L. Vestal, Pioneer; A. L. Gattis, Scranton.

The jury will investigate the alleged shooting of W. S. Garrison in Eastland November 17; Jeph Lowe is charged with murder in connection with the case. The jury convenes December 3rd.

COURT OF CIVIL APPEALS, 11TH DISTRICT

EASTLAND—The following proceedings were reported in the Court of Civil Appeals for the Eleventh Supreme Judicial District Friday:

Affirmed—Citizens National bank of Abilene et al. vs. J. R. Overstreet, Taylor; Fort Worth & Rio Grande Railway Co. vs. R. L. Thompson, Comanche.

Reversed and remanded—Texas Employers Insurance Association vs. R. H. Collier, Wichita.

Cases dismissed—J. W. Madden et al. vs. City of Hillsboro et al.; Hill; Grace R. Carpenter, administratrix, vs. M. A. Hopson et al., Nolan.

Motions submitted—Sylvian Sanders Co. vs. Scurry County, appellant's motion for rehearing; estate of Kate F. Morton et al. vs. Joe Lee Ferguson, appellee's motion for writ of certiorari; Texas Employers Insurance Association vs. Buford Whitesides, appellant's motion for rehearing; J. W. Madden et al. vs. City of Hillsboro et al. vs. W. G. Westmoreland, appellant's motion for permission to present oral argument on motion for rehearing; St. Paul Fire & Marine Insurance Co. vs. W. G. Westmoreland, appellant's motion for rehearing; C. J. Pace, administrator, vs. Otis Miller, county judge, motion for permis-

sion to file petition for mandamus; R. B. Knowles vs. John Robinson, appellant's motion for rehearing; Grace R. Carpenter, administratrix, vs. M. A. Johnson et al., joint motion to dismiss; Dallas Scarborough et al. vs. W. E. Connell, receiver, motion to file transcript and writ of certiorari.

Motions granted—Texas Employers Insurance Association vs. R. H. Collier, appellant's motion for rehearing; estate of Kate F. Morton et al. vs. Joe Lee Ferguson, appellee's motion for writ of certiorari; J. W. Madden et al. vs. City of Hillsboro et al., appellee's motion to dismiss; C. J. Pace, administrator, vs. Otis Miller, county judge, motion for permission to file petition for mandamus; Grace R. Carpenter, administratrix, vs. M. A. Hopson et al., joint motion to dismiss.

Motions overruled—Estate of Kate F. Morton et al. vs. Joe Lee Ferguson, motion for permission to file second motion for rehearing; Texas Employers Insurance Association vs. R. H. Collier, appellant's motion to certify; John O'Neil vs. Frances O'Neal, appellant's motion for rehearing; St. Paul Fire & Marine Insurance Co. vs. W. G. Westmoreland, appellant's motion for permission to present oral argument on motion for rehearing.

Cases submitted—Emil Walsch vs. State of Texas, Stonevale; Western Union Telegraph Co. vs. H. B. Sweeney, Knox; McClaren Rubber Co., Inc., vs. The Williams Auto Supply Co. of Big Spring, Howard; W. C. Moore et al. vs. Jesse W. Rice, Comanche.

Cases set for Friday, Dec. 7.—Washington Fidelity National Insurance Co. et al. vs. Joe E. Cook, Eastland; M. H. Hagaman vs. Farm & Home Savings & Loan Association, Eastland; J. G. Reynolds vs. Volunteer State Life Insurance Co. et al., Taylor; D. A. Rhoton et al. vs. The Texas Land & Mortgage Co., Ltd., et al.; Southland Greyhound Lines, Inc., vs. Mrs. Cora Ashby, Shackelford; West Texas Construction Co. vs. C. E. Yeager et ux., Taylor; L. M. Lindsey vs. Silas W. Ferguson et al., Young.

MARRIAGE LICENSES
J. B. Foster and Miss Edna Mae Griffin, Merkel; Jackson E. Parker and Miss Dixie Blaine, Baird; J. F. Tucker and Miss Nona Frazier, Eastland; Garland W. Fare and Miss Jean Harlow, Pioneer; Travis Reese and Mrs. Sadie Coffman.

COMMISSIONERS COURT
An opinion of Clay, Dillon & Vanderwater, well-known bond attorneys, has been furnished the commissioners court regarding the legality of the county road bonds, recently issued as of February 1, 1934. The opinion found the bonds to be legally issued and binding in every respect, and issued in accordance with the constitution and laws of the state of Texas.

PROBATE MATTERS
Two cases in probate of interest to Cisco people pertained to the estates of the late James Lindsay McMurray and Levi F. Threet. The will of McMurray was filed for probate October 11, and recorded October 29, 1934. This will was one of the shortest on the records of Eastland county,

and was written by the testator, and is as follows:

McMurray Will
'I, James Lindsay McMurray, believing that I am of sound mind and disposing memory, do declare this to be my last will and testament, written wholly by my own hand and hereby cancel and nullify all wills heretofore made.

'I direct that my just debts be paid, the balance of my estate shall be divided as follows: That my one-half, that is community property, shall be equally divided between my own living brothers and sisters. I hereby request that P. R. Warwick be appointed executor of my estate, without bond.

'JAMES LINDSAY McMURRAY'
The first report of P. R. Warwick, executor of the estate of J. L. McMurray, together with the inventory of the estate was filed and approved November 28, 1934. The appraised valuation of the estate given at \$67,672.68, with outstanding debts against the estate of \$18,167.19. The appraisers were A. H. Rhodes, J. H. Reynolds and L. C. Helzel.

O. B. Threet, Administrator
The judge of probate, Clyde C. Garrett, named O. B. Threet as temporary administrator of the estate of the late Levi F. Threet on November 6, which temporary appointment not being contested, the appointment was made permanent on November 28, when the probate judge administered the required oath to O. B. Threet who filed the required bond, as administrator of the aforesaid estate after he had certified that the said Levi F. Threet died without leaving a will. In this date the administrator filed his first report, which was approved, showing the amount of property and kind coming into his hands and disposition of same, consisting of cash and miscellaneous items amounting to \$468.50, amount paid out, \$278.26, leaving a balance of \$190.24.

George Forbes, Vin Gamblin and V. V. McMurray were appointed appraisers of the estate, and instructed all three or either two of them to make an inventory of the property of the estate of Levi F. Threet, both real and personal.
The annual report of Mrs. L. M. Harris, guardian of the estate of Harold P. Alderman, minor, was filed and approved Nov. 27, covering the period from Sept. 15, 1933, to Oct. 13, 1934.

Petty Jury 91st Court
Following is the list of jurors for the fifth week of the December term of the 91st district court, summoned to appear for jury service December 17:

A. J. Hartug, C. I. Woodford, A. O. Hinman, F. D. Hicks, Fred Tibbells, J. J. Kelly, J. M. McEver, S. L. Kilpatrick, Lee Harris, James Higdon, Ranger; C. H. Lawrence, J. P. McCanlies, C. R. Bailey, C. H. Hogan, J. J. Honea, Cisco; Scott Nobles, Carbon; E. A. Boaz, Gorman; R. B. Braley, Eastland; D. C. Allen, Nimrod, Rt. 1; E. R. McCracken, Rising Star, Rt. 1; C. W. Kemper, Pioneer; Ed Allison, Gorman, Rt. 2; A. Neill, John H. Nix, Eastland; O. T. Hubbard, Eastland, Rt. 3; C. H. McBee, Joe Tow, Eastland; Virgil Holloway, Gorman, Rt. 3; W. B. Hooker, Gorman.

Loboes Lose---

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mark. Shytles plunged for the count after Moser had added another yard to his collection. Galbreath kicked goal and the score was 7 and 6.

The Loboes could not get started when they took the ball on the kickoff and Caffrey punted out on Abilene's 31-yard line, a kick of some 60 yards. Abilene was likewise ineffective.

Cisco Drive

As the first quarter ended, however, the Eagles picked up two first downs in a row with Moser getting loose for runs of 10 and 15 yards and Shytles plowing for four yards at a stroke.

Theron Graves went in at left end as the second quarter opened, and pulled Moser from behind his interference in a play that otherwise would have sent the elusive Eagle back flying into an open field for a probable touchdown. King, Eagle sub, obligingly fumbled on the next play, recovering for a ten yard loss. Abilene kicked over the goal and the Loboes took the ball on their 20-yard line.

Caffrey, whose running, punting and defensive play marked him the best man on the field, cut loose with a 15 yard run through a screen of Abilene tacklers. Beasley threaded right tackle for 10 yards and another first down. A nine-yard run by Beasley and a four yard smash at the line by Rylee netted another first down, placing the ball on Abilene's 49-yard stripe. The Cisco drive was halted, however, when Caffrey fumbled when tackled and an Abilene player recovered.

Loboes Recover

Abilene could do little with the pigskin and the Lobo drive regained some of its lost prestige when Rylee pounced upon Moser's fumble on the Cisco 41-yard line.

But the enthusiasm that marked the interrupted campaign was lost and Caffrey was forced to kick after the team had lost several yards to a re-inspired Abilene defense. Even in this predicament, but for the narrowest of margins, the Loboes might have evened the count. The ball had gone over with Caffrey's punt to Walter who ran out on his 43, and on the first play Rylee came racing out into the Cisco right flat zone with Walter's attempted pass bouncing off his fingertips. The mere fraction of a second intervened to prevent the perfect balance that would have sent the fleet Cisco back into a clear field and what would certainly have been a touchdown.

As it was, Walter gained six yards on the next play and Shytles picked up another yard. Forced to punt, Walter kicked to Stansbury who ran 10 to his 20-yard line.

Fumble Aids Abilene

Caffrey smashed a tackle for six yards and Rylee picked up two more yards. Caffrey, tackled behind the scrimmage line, tore loose and rapped out five more yards and a first down. But again a Cisco drive was halted by a fumble and Abilene got possession on the Cisco 39-yard stripe. The fumble was the turning point that led to the second Abilene touchdown. Moser got away

for a 17-yard run soon afterward that carried the ball to the Cisco 12 yard line. Galbreath lost eight yards but Moser passed to E. Jones for ten that put the ball on the Cisco ten-yard mark. Moser spun for almost a first down which Shytles made with a smash to the four-yard stripe. Walter picked up a yard and Moser slid off a mass of players and stumbled the necessary distance across the line. Galbraith's kick was blocked by Caffrey.

Came to Naught

The half ended just as another sparking Cisco drive came to naught in midfield. Rylee ran the kickoff to the Cisco 40, huge Schupoack finally wrestling him down. Walter rode Beasley down after a seven-yard gain and Rylee Dodged and stiff-armed his way through a swarm of Eagles for 12 yards. He was injured in the play and removed, Shackelford, who started the game, taking his place.

Beasley got another yard, Caffrey drove for three and Beasley lost a yard on his next attempt. On an attempted fourth down run, Beasley stumbled and fell. The gun saved the moment for the home boys, however.

Abilene scored their third and final touchdown soon after the second half opened. The Eagles got the ball after Caffrey had kicked out on Cisco's 36, the ball going entirely over the stands with the force of the wind. Immediately the visitors started a sustained drive that finally carried Shytles across the goal in almost the exact spot that the first Abilene touchdown was made. Galbreath's attempt was good this time and the count stood, as finally, at 20 and 6.

Four Yards of Score

But the score did not end the story of the game. Cisco came within four yards of another score a few minutes later. Abilene kicked off and recovered on Cisco's 39 yard line without a Lobo hand being laid on the kick-off. But the advantage, if any, was nullified when a fumble gave the home team possession of the ball on Cisco's 39.

Caffrey smashed left tackle for six and then Beasley cut off right tackle for 36 yards, getting by all but the safety man on the visitors' 23-yard stripe. In two plays Caffrey lost 11 yards but on a tricky reverse cut around the left side of his line to the Abilene five yard mark where he stumbled in trying to dodge a visiting player. A series of plays, culminating in a pass that Stansbury dropped, lost several yards and the Eagles took possession on their own 12 to end the Cisco threat.

Another Abilene advance upon the Cisco goal was halted late in the third quarter. A 15 yard penalty against the visitors aided the defense, however.

The fourth quarter opened with another Cisco drive. Groce picked up four yards and Caffrey lost as

many. The Cisco captain faked a punt on the next play, however and raced around his right end for 12 yards and a first down. The next series of plays lost yardage and although Caffrey unreeled another nine-yard advance the Loboes were forced to punt.

Backs to Goal

Abilene advanced to Cisco's 2-yard line late in the quarter and for the remainder of the game the ball was on top of the home town goal. A blocked punt gave the visitors the ball on the nine-yard line where a series of plays, culminating in an attempted pass, failed as the game ended.

The Cisco line, heavily outweighed by the Abilene forwards, played a good game. Littlepage's play at center, particularly on the defense, was outstanding. So was that of the Graves boys and Merrett and Wende at guards, and Burnam and Sledge at ends. Barnes turned in a good day at tackle Collum and Stansbury, alternating at quarter, gave good accounts of themselves, while Rylee, Beasley, Groce and Shackelford ended their season's play creditably.

First downs were 12 to 9 in Abilene's favor.

Starting lineups: Cisco—Ends, Sledge and Burnam; tackles, Barnes and Thomas Graves; guards, Wende and Merrett; center, Littlepage; quarter, Collum; halves, Caffrey and Shackelford; full, Groce.

Abilene—Ends, E. Jones and Palmer; tackles, Schupbach and Collins; guards, Balfanz and How-

ell; center, H. J. Jones; quarter, Walter; halves, Moser and Galbreath, and full, Shytles.

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Mr. Rafferty's Pearls

By STAN CARLISLE

"If I were you, Mr. Rafferty," said Police Detective Charles Henny, "I wouldn't advise that."

The broad, red-faced man on the other side of the table looked at him resentfully. "Shucks! You wouldn't think that anybody here—?" He indicated the other diners at the boarding house table with a deprecating gesture of a large hand.

"No. But you can never tell what cars it might come to. In any case it's better left unsaid. Crooks get information where you least expect it."

Mrs. Umphries, landlady, paused with a platter of chicken suspended above the head of her son, a slender, not unpleasant youth who of late, the detective noticed, had acquired a furtive manner.

"None of my boarders would be guilty of such a thing," she snapped. She cast a proprietary glance about the table where the six men sat. "Of course, some of them get careless with their board bills—and she fixed the small, bearded man who sat next to Eilers with a significant eye—but none of them would bother Mr. Rafferty's pearls, No sir!"

The little man, who resembled an outworn professional on the bitter edge of respectability, lifted a napkin nervously to his mouth. "If that remark was intended for me," he said, drawing himself into a ridiculous dignity, "you may rest assured the matter will be taken care of. I pay my bills." His eyes smoldered with aggrieved anger.

"That's what you always say," reported Mrs. Umphries who was, nevertheless, quite red of face. She plumped the platter of fried chicken on the table and left the room without meeting the little man's eye.

"Humph!" Royce Umphries exhibited a silly sneer, looking around the table out of the corners of his eyes. "The detective don't think much of the company he keeps, does he?"

Otis Henny, whose skin was bleached to a feminine whiteness and whose thin black hair was plastered to his head until it resembled polished ebony, snickered. Otis was a drug clerk, and Eilers, suspecting him sharply, rekindled distrust he had begun to entertain.

"Henny," he said quietly, "I know much of it." "You broke in Rafferty in a magniloquence, "to ease about it. I ain't afraid of these boys, I'll tell you that. If Mr. Brunner'll give me a couple of his 'sleepin' tablets, I'll go up and turn in after while. That's what I think of these boys."

Brunner nodded hastily under his inquiring look, a quick glance at Henny whose smooth face, under Eilers' covert scrutiny, assumed a mask of unconcern. "Certainly, Mr. Rafferty. I'm out right now, but I'm sure Mr. Henny will get some more from the drug store. Barbitol, isn't that what you call them, Mr. Henny?"

The clerk nodded. "I'll go right over," he said.

The sixth boarder, hitherto silent, now spoke up. He was scots Kramer, a garage mechanic, dyed with the strains of his trade. A peculiarity of face, a drawing down of the right eye from the healing of a cut across the cheek, gave the man a distasteful, not to say baleful look. "Get them strychnine pills for me when you go over, too. I got to kill off some of them damn rats in that garage. You been promising to bring it for a week."

"All right," said Henny testily. He slid his chair back, took his coat and hat from the rack and went out into the street. The others drifted from the table, Brunner and Rafferty upstairs, young Umphries outside, while

Kramer, sucking a toothpick, buried himself in a parlor armchair to read the afternoon paper.

The detective, left alone, wandered into the parlor likewise and sat down. But he did not read. His mind was occupied with a vague presentment concerning Rafferty's pearls. The bombastic idiot had evidently been telling everybody he met about that necklace. One could trust his egotism to make a display, regardless of the danger that possession of the jewels in a place like this might involve. The man had made it appear he had paid a price for them, but the detective was certain, knowing Rafferty as he did, that he had acquired them in trade; probably had taken them in pawn. At any rate he should have kept his mouth shut until they were in a safer place.

Henny interrupted him presently. The clerk hurried in from the street, noting the detective with a sharp, startled glance. He seemed for a moment to hesitate and then, seeing Kramer sprawled in his seat, tossed the mechanic a small package.

"Here's your stuff," he said with a dry laugh. "Don't say I didn't bring it to you, either."

The mechanic took the package out of his lap and put it casually in a pocket, continuing to read his paper, and Henny went on upstairs. An hour later, while the detective still lounged in his seat, lazily comfortable, Kramer tossed aside his paper, stretched his arms with a great yawn and went up the steps. Back in the kitchen the stir attendant upon disposal of the super dishes subsided and Mrs. Umphries came through the door with a parting glance for the dining room. Satisfied of its neatness she retired into her quarters which adjoined the lobby and Eilers presently heard the radio. He frowned. The woman invariably turned on too much volume, as if the smothering blare of the instrument enveloped her and shut out the nagging worries of her petty realm. He got out of his chair and went into the kitchen for a drink of water.

As he returned he saw the screen door at the front close and a shadowy bulk make its way into the darkness of the farther street. One of the boarders going out for the night, he guessed. He leaned back in his chair, trying to reconcile himself to the radio's volume by surrendering his senses to its cadences.

An hour of this and there was the sound of steps approaching from the stairway and the detective turned from watching the wisps of smoke ascend from his cigaret to see the small, coated man who walked softly across the lobby. Brunner stopped abruptly when he saw Eilers. It was evident he had expected to find the parlor deserted.

"Why, hello," he stammered. "You still up?" "Had a musing disposition on tonight, Mr. Brunner," said the detective with a smile, noting the strained voice of the little man. "You don't usually prowl around at late hours, do you?"

"Well, no," admitted Brunner with a sickly laugh. "Couldn't make up my mind to go to bed. Thought I'd go out in the street and walk around a bit."

The detective nodded and Brunner cast a hesitant glance toward the door. "See you tomorrow." He went through the screen into the street and closed it softly. Eilers looked after him with a frown. The man rarely left his room after dinner. He had been obviously startled and his speech had been fatuous. The detective communicated these reflections to his cigaret with a puzzled stare. Then he grinned. Perhaps the little man had his nights occasionally. His must be a mighty dreary existence at best.

The music in the landlady's room hushed and a dense quiet enveloped the place. There was

not even the sound of a mouse stirring in the cavernous silence. The detective shifted in his seat, vaguely uneasy. He thought of going up to bed. He would have to be on duty early tomorrow. He was making up his mind to the resolution when the thought snapped and he was upon his feet in a flash. It was as though some button in his brain, touched, had instantly stimulated his muscular reflexes into action.

Something was wrong. This great silence before ten was not natural. There was always, even in the depths of slumber, a pulsating feel of life in this house. There was no such feel now; the very air felt momentous, dead, tense.

With every sense vibrant to the instinct of peril the detective was racing lightly up the steps, his thought for Rafferty's room and for the gun he had left in his own. He came upon the landing in the gloomy hallway and as he did so there was the sound of a door being closed and of rapid footsteps upon the carpet. A figure emerged from the gloom into the capacity of the window square at the farther end of the corridor and vanished precipitately even as his shouted word.

"Going down the fire escape," was Eilers' instant thought, adding an idea that he might cut the figure off in a race downstairs and to the rear of the building. Impossible—he would have to circle half a block. He was running after the vanished man instead, leading out the open window and staring down into the blackness where the alley light had been extinguished. He could see nothing. The fugitive had probably darted into one of the innumerable passages into which the alley branched and was well on his escape. Eilers put his whistle to his lips and blew three shrill notes. From the lighted area of street half a block beyond came an answering whistle and the patrolman on the night beat came into the alley on the run.

"Man ran down this fire escape, Hovey. Look for him."

"Okeh, Detective." Eilers hastened back to Rafferty's room. He pushed open the unlocked door and fumbled for the light switch which flooded the room with brilliance. Rafferty lay on his bed, twisted ridiculously in the covering. There was disarray all around, drawers open and contents tumbled and scattered about, clothing hanging on chairs. A drinking glass with a film of fluid in its bottom sat on a chair near the bed.

"Rafferty!" No answer. Eilers reached out to shake the man. To his horror the arm he touched was as stiff as wood. He tore the covering from the man's face. It was twisted in the grimace of a terrible pain; the eyes were set and staring at the vacant wall. Rafferty was dead.

The detective stepped back, stunned. He was conscious, then, of movements behind him and turned to face the startled countenances of Mrs. Umphries and Otis Henny peering from the door. Both appeared to have gotten hastily out of bed, for Henny was in pajamas and dressing gown and Mrs. Umphries bundled in a faded wrapper with her hair twisted like a pickaninny's in curls of paper.

"Dead," announced Eilers, and Mrs. Umphries gave an audible gasp while Henny stared at the detective as if he didn't believe him.

Eilers picked up the glass and examined it. Then he pulled the covers farther back from the dead man, looking for marks of violence. He found none.

"Strychnine evidently," he said. "His limbs are stiff as boards." And as he faced Henny he saw that the man was as pale as a sheet.

"Do you guess—suicide?" The clerk's voice was almost a whisper.

Eilers shook his head. "Not the disposition. Rafferty was too happy-go-lucky, too optimistic. That sort don't." He motioned them back, shutting and locking the door with a key he found hanging from a nail in the room, and went down into the lobby to call headquarters.

"Found a man dead here at Mrs. Umphries boarding house, 2034 Lane," he reported. "Strychnine evidently.—No, perhaps murder. Rafferty—Herbert Rafferty, oil operator. Fool enough to boast about some pearls he had. Let me handle this, Captain. — — — Okeh. Send 'em over." He hung up and turned to Mrs. Umphries who followed him downstairs.

"Headquarters is sending over a couple of men and a doctor. Let me have your pass key. I'm going back upstairs."

The woman nodded, dumb with the shock of the tragedy, and went into her room, returning in a moment with the key.

From the telephone the detective went directly to Kramer's room. Kramer had been the one who received the strychnine from

Henny. Eilers knocked on the door, receiving no answer. Then he recalled having seen the shadowy figure leaving the house after he had gone for a drink of water and concluded it had been Kramer. But to his surprise the door was unlocked. He pushed it open and entered, groping for the switch.

There was a sense rather than a feel of concussion. The dark room swam and the detective pitched forward on his face.

When he came to the room was lighted and Kramer was standing over him, his ugly eyes agape. The man still had his thumb on the light switch. Eilers sat up, putting his hands to his throbbing head and feeling the lump there. "You're under arrest, Kramer," he snapped.

"I didn't do it, Detective. I just come in from the garage."

"The hell you say. Open that door."

Kramer obeyed. In the hallway an officer was posted at the locked door of Rafferty's room. Eilers called him.

"Rainey, take this man downstairs and have him watched. There's a drug clerk here. Henny's his name. Pick him up, too. Doc here?"

"Yes sir, "Give him this key and tell him to go ahead."

When the officer had gone with Kramer, the detective returned to his search of the room which the blow on his head had interrupted. He was not long in discovering the box of strychnine tablets in a bureau drawer. He opened the box, saw that it contained ten tablets, and put it in his pocket. He continued to search the room, opening drawers, lifting the mattress on the bed and going minutely into crooks and crannies of the furniture without success. He gave it up after a while and went to Rafferty's room where the physician was bending over the victim, stethoscope to his ear. The doctor looked up as he entered, removing the tubes of the instrument.

"Strychnine," he said, tersely. "No marks of any violence." Eilers nodded. "Might as well call an ambulance," he said and the doctor agreed, lifting a sheet over the body.

They closed and locked the door and descended to the parlor where two officers kept vigil over Kramer and Mrs. Umphries.

"Find that clerk?" Eilers demanded. The officers shook their heads.

"You want me?" The group turned at the voice from the stair. Henny was coming down the steps with an air of supreme nonchalance.

"Where have you been?" "Upstairs in my room."

"See that you don't leave this one. Rainey, call an ambulance. Then call headquarters. I want to talk to the captain."

The officer went to the telephone.

"Now," Eilers turned to the group, "Rafferty was poisoned with strychnine. Kramer you ordered strychnine from the drug store, didn't you?"

"Yes," exclaimed the garage-man hastily, "but I used it to bait rats."

"Why did you strike me over the head when I entered your room? Why didn't you answer my knock?"

"I didn't do it. I came in from the garage and found you lying on the floor," protested Kramer.

"That's right, Mr. Eilers," substantiated Mrs. Umphries. "Mr. Kramer came in after the officers got here."

"That right, Samuels?" The detective turned to the second officer.

"That's right, Detective." Eilers looked puzzled. "Then there was someone else, unless," and he watched the garage-man sharply. "You went down the fire escape and came back in by the front."

"Here's headquarters, Detective," Rainey broke in. Eilers went to the telephone.

"Captain, have the boys pick up a couple of men for me." He gave descriptions of Brunner and young Umphries, and returned to the group.

Mrs. Umphries protested vigorously, "My boy ain't mixed up in this, Mr. Eilers."

"If I were sure of that, Mrs. Umphries, I wouldn't ask that he be picked up. But someone ran down the fire escape as I went upstairs a while ago. Maybe he'll know something about that."

The detective turned to Kramer. "I found this in your room. There are ten strychnine tablets here."

The mechanic stared at the pasteboard box. "I don't know how it came there, Detective. I used all them tablets Otis brought me puttin' out bait at the garage before I came in tonight."

"Henny," Eilers addressed the clerk, "is this the box of strychnine tablets you brought Kramer from the drug store tonight?"

"It is."

"It's a lie," cried the garage-man. "I took that box to the gar-

age with me and mixed it up in some cheese."

Henny flushed. "Did you give Brunner a box of sleeping tablets?" inquired the detective.

"I did."

"Then they should be in his room. Rainey, take this pass key and search Brunner's room for those tablets. Keep an eye out for a pearl necklace, too. 'Barbital' is the name. Mrs. Umphries will show you."

"How many strychnine tablets did you bring Kramer?" Eilers asked Henny when the two had gone.

"A dozen!"

"What was the grain?" "A quarter. He wanted them to poison rats, he said."

The front door opened to a quick step. It was Hovey. "Detective," exclaimed the patrolman, "I found a man back in the alley there. Looks like a broken leg."

A siren wailed sotto voce in the street and there was the whine of brakes expertly applied. It was the ambulance.

"Doc," Eilers turned to the physician, "you and Hovey head off the stretcher boys out there and bring that fellow in here." The doctor followed the patrolman out the door, and as they left Rainey and the landlady returned from the upper floor.

"Here it is, Detective," said the officer. "The door wasn't locked and this was lyin' on the bed stand." He handed over a drug box and Eilers took it, saw the name "Barbital" scrawled across the lid. He opened it and inspected the large, flat tablets.

"Was this what you brought Brunner?" he asked of Henny. The latter nodded. "It was."

"How many tablets were in the box?"

"A dozen."

"Ummm. There are twelve here. Brunner hadn't used any of them. Henny, when I came down to use the telephone where did you go?"

The clerk flushed. "To my room, I told you."

"What did you do there?" "I put on some clothes."

"Over your pajamas?" "Yes."

"Mrs. Umphries, how long after I went up to Mr. Kramer's room was it before these officers arrived?"

"I'd say ten minutes."

"Did it take you that long to put on your trousers, Henny?" The clerk flushed again. "Well, I didn't particularly hurry."

Sound of footsteps on the walk

outside interrupted them. Hovey and the doctor preceded two white-coated ambulance men into the room. The latter carried a stretcher and Mrs. Umphries with a shrill cry ran toward it, bending over her son whose pale face was twisted with pain.

"Babby, baby!" she cried. "What on earth's happened?"

"I reckon—it's broke," moaned the boy between clenched teeth, gripping his right leg with both hands as if trying to choke off the pain. "Doc, for god's sake, can't you do something?"

"Put him on one of the tables in the dining room," the physician directed the stretcher bearers.

"Get some pillows and a quilt. Some of you." He was busy with a hypodermic needle as he gave directions. A few minutes later the youth, lying upon a padded table top was easier under the influence of an injection while the physician worked over

the injured leg with splints from the ambulance. The boy gritted his teeth furiously as the doctor worked with the injured limb, while his mother, her face white, stood at his head, gripping his hands.

The ambulance men, under Eilers' directions, went up the stairs and returned with a sheeted body, carrying it to the ambulance.

"Detective," exclaimed Hovey, "I saw a man run up the fire escape in the alley just before I found this kid. Looked like that slick-headed chap I seen in here."

"What?" "I was down at the far end of the alley lookin' for the bird you sent me after and I saw a man run out of the street toward the fire escape. It was dark in the alley but I got a good glimpse of him in the street light and run after

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4

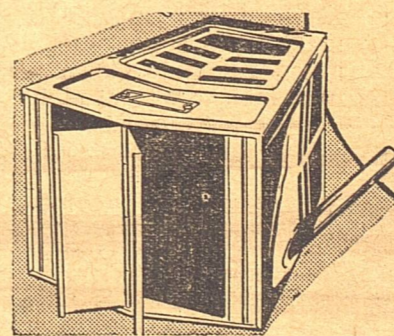
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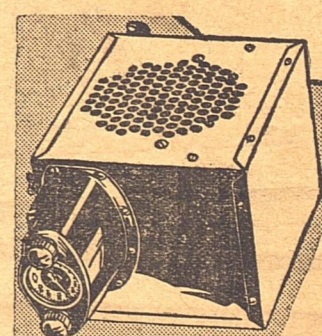
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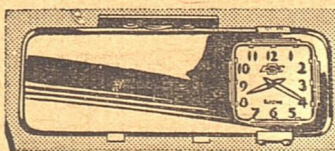
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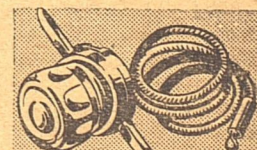
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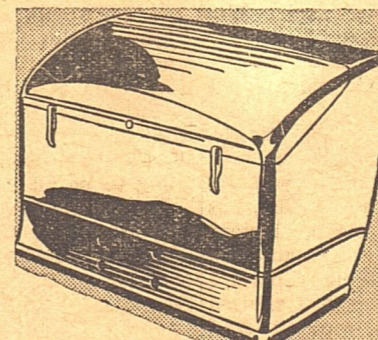
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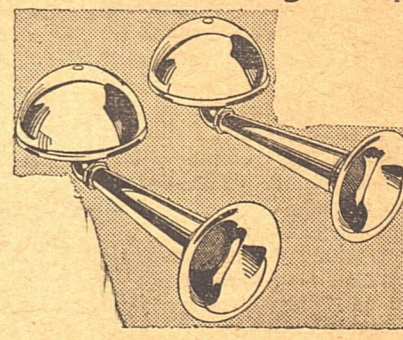
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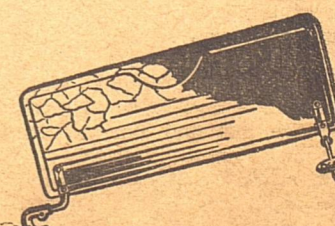


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BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY

*** I am come that they might have life, and have it more abundantly.—John 10:10.

Why limit life to just a few short years, which seem so filled with sin, and pain, and tears? Life is not found in matter—place or thing—but in the wondrous thoughts his angels bring; thus more abundant life each day appears.—**MABEL RODOCKER.**

What is your life? It is shallow if you have not learned to know yourself. It is narrow if you have not discovered the relation between yourself and your fellow human beings. It is on a level, indeed, if it does not reach upward and beyond this material world of sense impressions and does not bring you in touch with the eternal God.—**CLIFTON D. GRAY.**

THE relief administration will make and distribute thousands of mattresses as one of its projects. Already cotton is being shipped to Eastland for these beds to be made for this district. Contract has been awarded to J. A. Cameron of the Independent Mattress factory of Cisco.

Using Relief Projects Unfairly

But these beds will not be made here. Cameron was required to move to Eastland and his concern will make the government beds there for distribution.

There has been something not altogether reassuring in the negotiations for award of this contract. Several months ago Mr. Cameron was approached and, allegedly, given assurance that he would get the contract. Later an Eastland man was given a trial, but the capacity of his plant, it is understood, was not ample for government requirements. It was decided to give Cameron a tryout and cotton was shipped, ostensibly, to Cisco. But for some latent reason the shipment was diverted to Eastland and unloaded there. Cameron was informed from Austin that this cotton was directed to be shipped to his plant here and that he should secure a building to store it. This was done.

But the upshot of the situation is that Cameron has been required to move to Eastland to make the beds for which he has been given contract.

Just why should it be necessary that a contractor move his plant a distance of a mere ten miles between two communities of similar characteristics as respects the manufacture and distribution of mattresses. Do you know the answer? Do do not.

THE Citizen-Free Press has no criticism to make of another town in securing projects, relief or otherwise. Had an East-

land plant obtained the contract the situation, so far as we are concerned, would have been well and lovely. But to remove a business from one community to another for no apparent economic advantage appears both to be using relief administration to discriminatory ends and to be permitting unreasonable influence to enter into this administration.

Cisco has not suffered lately in the distribution of county relief funds. The county administration in locating and approving projects has done well by this community and the Citizen-Free Press acknowledges the good work that is being done by local administrators and congratulates them and their assistants for the excellent work they have done and are doing. It is our understanding that they have nothing to do with the location of these mattress factories. They have certainly kept themselves above petty, small town jealousies and attitudes and have performed their duties impartially.

IT is understood that Cameron will move enough of his equipment to Eastland, or install new equipment there, to take care of the government contract. But, fortunately, the Independent Mattress Factory will continue to be operated in Cisco, not as a government project, however.

PERHAPS half a loaf is better than no bread, but if the sentiment expressed by the national commander of the American Legion, is shared by the majority of the members of the organization which he has the honor to head, it will not be accepted, and a fight looms in the next congress on the question of paying the adjusted compensation in full.

Senator Pat Harrison, of Mississippi, who is said to be very close to President Roosevelt, has given it out that if the "proponents of paying ex-service men's certificate will agree it is likely that congress will pass a measure to pay the needy ex-service men immediately." Those who are paid in full, and are on the relief rolls, will be dropped from the rolls, the senator said. It is understood the national commander disapproves this method of side-tracking the demand for payment in full of the adjusted compensation, but whether or not the majority of the legionnaires are of this opinion is not known.

Senator Harrison's proposal was given out right after his visit to the president, and is taken as a tentative admission that the president will favor such a settlement.

Also it is an indication that the leaders believe something must be done to quiet the legionnaires are not going to stay out of politics always, and should they become active it is probable they will be a more powerful political factor than were the G. A. R. during the years following the civil war.

JUST why President Roosevelt has stood out against paying the veterans' certificate, while dispensing funds with a lavish hand to other less worthy causes, is not apparent. If it were a fact that an administration of economy was being sponsored a larger number would endorse his stand against paying the certificates, but as he has launched on a campaign of putting money into circulation, there are many who believe the legionnaires should be paid. Certainly they will aid in distributing the money they receive from their certificates, and would remove a large number from the relief rolls, not only by directly dropping many veterans who are now being given relief, but indirectly by causing others to find employment by reason of this added sum to the circulating medium. It would remove several hundred from the rolls in Eastland county, and be a great stimulant to business in general. Then it would settle a very troublesome problem that is destined to cause congressmen and senators many wakeful nights.

Rafferty--

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3

him, but just then I stumbled over this chap lyn' by a gas meter and moanin'!"

"By the way, where is Henner?" exclaimed the detective, noting the clerk's absence. Rainey are you asleep?"

The officer started, red in the face. "I thought he was here, Detective." He began a hurried search of the lobby and adjacent rooms. "He must be gone. I swear I didn't take my eye off him two minutes."

"Fine officer you turned out to be," snapped Eilers. He strode to the foot of the stairs. "Samuels!" The officer above answered.

"Did anyone come up there?"

"No, sir."

"Scout around the block, Hovey." Then he checked himself. "No. Wait a minute. From which end of the street did he run into the alley?"

"From the left, sir."

"I see." Eilers' voice dropped to a musing tone. He stood a moment as if deep in some problem of introspection.

"Hovey, you and Rainey take Kramer to his garage. Pick up some of the rat bait he said he put out and carry it to headquarters. Tell the captain I want it analyzed at once. Samuels and I will watch things here. Keep a sharp eye out and hurry. You might find something else."

The three departed, Kramer apparently as willing as the officers.

Eilers turned to the injured youth who, his injury now dressed, was lying quietly on the table

soothed by the influence of the narcotic in his veins.

"Royce, what were you doing in Rafferty's room when I came upstairs tonight?"

The boy's face blanched even whiter and he made a desperate gesture of a hand. His mother broke in angrily.

"You ain't goin' to mix up my boy in this."

"Please!" Eilers motioned her into silence.

"I didn't take them, Mr. Eilers. Honest I didn't," the youth pleaded.

"Do you know Mr. Rafferty was killed tonight? Do you know he was dead when you were in his room?"

"Dead?" The boy's voice like his face, was blanched.

"This might mean serious trouble for you, Royce. You'd better come clean."

"I'll swear I didn't do it, Mr. Eilers." Young Umphries was almost terrified. "I'll tell you the truth. I did go into his room, but I thought he was asleep. I went to the picture show to get up nerve and when I came back I went up the fire escape. I wanted his pearls, but I couldn't find them. When you came up I ran down the fire escape and fell over a gas meter. That's how this happened."

"Why did you want Rafferty's pearls?"

"Because—because—" he looked appealingly at his mother, who stood white-lipped, staring at her son, obviously too overcome by this revelation of the delinquency of her offspring to utter a syllable. The boy plunged on in desperation: "I took some money from the store, Mr. Eilers. I

just borrowed it, that's all. I wanted those pearls so I could put it back before the boss caught up with me."

"I see." Eilers nodded as if the youth's story impressed him. "While you were lying by that meter, Royce, did you see anyone go down the fire escape? Come clean, now. You're in a pretty bad spot, if you but knew it."

The youth looked around at the group in some evident indecision and then nodded, eying the detective doubtfully.

"Who was it?"

"It was Henner," said the boy in a tense voice.

"In what direction did he go?"

"Toward the drug store."

"How long was he gone?"

"I don't know. It wasn't long. I was hurtin' so I couldn't keep track of any time. But it must have been about five minutes."

"All right, Royce. That's all," said the detective. "You better try to rest, now. Everything is going to be all right."

He left the boy with his mother and the doctor and went upstairs where Samuels still guarded the corridor. "Watch the front, too, Samuels. Let me know when Hovey and Rainey get back. Think I'll search these rooms."

But as he had anticipated a minute inspection of that occupied by Henner failed to reveal anything of value and the detective was leaving it to go into Brunner's quarters when the telephone downstairs rang. He ran down the steps and jerked the receiver from the hook.

"Hello, Detective?" It was Rainey's voice at the other end of the wire.

"Yes."

"We got that drug store bird."

Nature and Human Nature

By W. F. BRUCE

Loud Speaker

The philosopher came down to earth when he said, "What you do sounds so loud I cannot hear what you say." The thing that amplifies the words that we speak is made up of acts with which we accompany them. If you have read the Sunday School lesson for this morning you have read Paul's commendation of the Thessalonian Christians. Their consistent living was magnifying the force of his message and enlarging the field of his mission.

It is not easy to imagine moral conduct described in words that are devoid of the corresponding acts to illustrate them. But here Paul admits moral action so forceful that no words are needed. So, he says, "our gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Spirit, and in much assurance." The condition to which Paul seems to credit this force is the manner of those who had anything to do with the words—whether the speaker or the hearer, each had been a doer of the word. This made a chain of power; Paul accompanied his message by "The manner of men we showed ourselves for your sake;" then they in turn became a pattern "to all that believe."

Although the world is full of books and periodicals today, we are still reading actions more than we are words. We are convinced of a man's belief in social justice when we see him going out of his way to see that his fellow has his rights even though he himself may cut short his own. The most convincing testimony to one's Christian experience is to see it at work among one's fellow men. How many a splendid sermon has been nullified by the conduct of the preacher. One may even have an earnest belief in his heart but have it closed in with a dead wall of misbehavior. Inconsistent behavior serves as a muffled to the best word one may speak; but consistent behavior serves as an amplifier that sounds it out all the region around.

—W. F. BRUCE.

"Good," exclaimed Eilers in an elation he could not conceal. "Bring him here. Did you find the rat bait?"

"Yes. Funny thing. This bird was lookin' for it, too."

"Well, have Hovey take samples of it to headquarters. Tell him to have it analyzed and telephone me a report."

Ten minutes later Rainey put in appearance at the boarding house with Henner and Kramer. The drug clerk was sulky in the extreme, but Kramer appeared to be deeply interested in the strange proceedings.

"Have a seat, Mr. Henner," the detective invited him with a trace of irony. "We seem to be having a pretty time keeping up with you tonight."

Kramer could contain his curiosity no longer.

"I want to know what you meant by stealin' the key out of my room and huntin' my rat bait," he demanded of Henner. The clerk cast him a contemptuous glance out of the corners of his eyes.

"That will be all, Mr. Kramer," said the detective quietly. "I think the matter will be explained soon enough. We'll wait, if you please."

The garageman subsided into silence, staring at the clerk.

Twenty minutes later the telephone rang again and the detective answered it. Hovey was calling. "I see," said Eilers after he had listened a bit. "Thanks, old man. Where? Tell the boys to keep him in sight. Don't make an arrest until I get there. See?"

He hung up, turned to Henner.

"It's all over, Henner. Too bad your efforts to throw suspicion on Kramer didn't work, but at that you're a pretty fast worker, and you've got a pretty good arm." The detective felt tenderly of the lump on his head again. "Any one who can dress, unlock a couple of doors, knock out an officer, make a trip to the drug store for Barbitol tablets, not to speak of running up and down a fire escape and switching boxes of drugs—all in ten minutes—is a pretty fast fellow. Too bad it didn't pan out. That rat bait had morphine in it instead of strychnine. But I guess you knew that."

Henner said not a word. His face was the color of putty and he kept his eye on the floor.

"You can tell your story to the federal boys."

The clerk shrugged. "Smart dick," he sneered, "aren't you!" "There should be some consolation for you in that," said Eilers, smiling. "Come on, boys. Well drop Mr. Henner by headquarters. We've got one more call to make before we finish."

First, Second, Third Place Winners In Annual Moran Fair Announced

MORAN—Following are first, second and third place winners in the various departments of the Moran fair held Friday and Saturday, November 23 and 24:

Fancy Sewing
Quilts—1st, Mrs. J. W. Pritchard; 2nd, Mrs. John Kane; 3rd, Mrs. John Kane.

Child's Work—1st, Quilts, Mary Ellen Ward; 2nd, Apron, Clara Mae Wood; 3rd, Pillow Cases, Mary Ellen Ward.

Pillow Cases (colored)—1st, Mrs. Will Townsend; 2nd, Mrs. John H. McGaughey; 3rd, Mrs. S. H. Sherman.

Pillow Cases (white)—1st, Mrs. T. L. Terry; 2nd, Mrs. John H. McGaughey; 3rd, Mrs. John Kane. Luncheon Sets—1st, Miss Clara Overby; 2nd, Mrs. John Kane; 3rd, Miss Faye Brewster.

Handkerchiefs (colored)—1st (black and white), Mrs. H. C. Jones; 2nd, Mrs. H. C. Jones.

Handkerchiefs (white)—1st, Mrs. H. C. Jones; 2nd, Mrs. H. C. Jones; 3rd, Mrs. H. C. Jones.

Dresser Scarf—1st, (colored), Mrs. John Kane; 2nd, Mrs. John Kane; 3rd, Mrs. S. H. Sherman.

Crochet—1st, Mrs. John Kane; 2nd, Mrs. Bert Overby; 3rd, Miss Hazel Garlitz.

Tatting—1st, Mrs. Jay Terry; 2nd, Mrs. S. E. English; 3rd, Mrs. H. F. Hammond.

Colored Embroidery—1st, Mrs. Jay Terry; 2nd, Mrs. S. H. Sherman; 3rd, Miss Faye Brewster.

Collection of Canned Goods.
Class I, Canned Vegetables—1st, Mrs. Edith Burns; 2nd, Mrs. Elmer Hudman; 3rd, Mrs. Elmer Woods.

Class II, 2 qts. Canned Fruit—1st, Mrs. Elmer Woods; 2nd, Miss Geraldine Jones; 3rd, Miss Faye Brewster.

Class III, 2 qts. Fruit Sweet Pickles—1st, Miss Geraldine Jones; 2nd, Mrs. Bert Brewster; 3rd, Mrs. Roy Sharrack.

Class IV, 2 qts. Vegetable Pickles—1st, Mrs. Elmer Woods; 2nd, Mrs. Cole Jackson; 3rd, Mrs. Bert Brooks.

Class V, 2 pts. Relish—1st, Mrs. Ida Leftwich; 2nd, Mrs. Bert Brewster; 3rd, Mrs. Bert Brooks.

Class VI, 2 pts. Preserves—1st, Mrs. Dee Bumpers; 2nd, Mrs. Finis Garrett; 3rd, Mrs. Cole Jackson.

Class VII, 2 glasses Jelly—1st, Elmer Hudman; 2nd, Mrs. Elmer Hudman; 3rd, Mrs. Dee Bumpers.

Single Entries Canned Goods
Vegetables—1st, Mrs. John

turned their machine toward a section of the city which fell away from the pretentious business district into a jumble of tawdry shops and cluttered dives. At an intersection Eilers drew the machine to the curb and spoke briefly with the officers there, following his pointing arm. Then he moved the car ahead a couple of blocks and again drew it to the curb.

He left it, the officers following, and walked half a block toward one of those signs familiar to improvident salaried men and bridge-haunted wives. A sallow light spilled over the three gilded balls, and within the dull glow of shaded lamps was reflected from an ordered mass of bric-a-brac ranged along the walls and piled in glassed cases. Some of it fell with emphasis upon the man in a black skull cap bending in occupation with the handful of pearls he was examining through a jeweler's glass, and upon the dismal little figure humped upon the case before him, as deeply interested in the examination as the first.

Eilers entered so softly that neither was aware of his arrival. The pawnbroker shook his head. "Five dollars is all. These are imitations. Worth about \$25 retail new," he said, and the detective saw the start of dismay that trembled through the pitiful, huddled figure of Brunner.

"But," he cried, and then turned with the swiftness of a startled rabbit. For a second, as he regarded the detective, the man's weak face was a picture of fright. Then he smiled, a sickly, hopeless smirk.

"Five dollars," he whispered, and then in a tone of more confidence. "They can't do much with a man for taking five dollars, can they, Mr. Eilers?"

The detective shook his head slowly. He felt a great compassion for this pitiful old man. "But murder Mr. Brunner, is a different thing," he said with the pity in his voice.

Brunner caught the edge of the glass case with a convulsive gasp. His mouth fell open and he stared at the detective.

"Murder?" he whispered. "Maybe it won't go too hard at that, Mr. Brunner," said the detective gently. "Perhaps you wouldn't have given Mr. Rafferty that sleeping medicine if you had known it was the strychnine that Henner had intended to give Kramer instead of the morphine he had brought for you. Even dope peddlers get confused sometimes. Let's go."

Pritchard; 2nd, Miss Georgia English; 3rd, Mrs. Bud Brooks.

Fruits—1st, Mrs. John Pritchard; 2nd, Mrs. Cole Jackson; 3rd, Mrs. Weldon Causey.

Vegetable Pickles—1st, Miss Christine Barber; 2nd, Mrs. Weldon Causey.

Relish—1st, Mrs. Weldon Causey.

4-H Club Girl's Work
Whole Tomatoes, 1 qt.—1st, Miss Christine Barber.

Tomato Juice, 1 pt.—1st, Miss Christine Barber.

Vegetables and Field Products
Black-eyed Peas—1st, W. H. Brewster.

Maize—1st, W. H. Brewster. **Crowder Peas**—1st, W. H. Brewster.

Bunch Butter Beans—W. H. Brewster.

Wild Goose Peas—W. H. Brewster.

Bell Peppers—1st, J. A. Hayward.

Hot Peppers—1st, Mrs. Will Townsend.

Sweet Potatoes—1st, Jim Noland.

Rugs
First, Mrs. Andrew Morris.

Plain Sewing
Child's Dress—1st, Miss Georgia English; 2nd, Mrs. Roy Sharrack.

Girl's Dress—1st, Mrs. John H. McGaughey; 2nd, Mrs. W. O. Ingram.

Boy's Shirt—1st, Mrs. E. E. Harris.

Quilts, Plain Pieced—1st, Mrs. Jno. Kane; 2nd, Mrs. J. W. Pritchard; 3rd, Mrs. Bert Brooks.

Old Ladies' Quilt—1st, Mrs. D. C. Jackson; 2nd, Mrs. Terry.

Poultry—White Leghorns.
Old Pen—1st, Mrs. Jack Marchbanks.

Wyandottes
Cock—1st, Ben Morrison. **Hen**—1st, John Palm.

Cockerel—1st, John Palm. **Pullet**—1st, John Palm.

Old Pen—1st, John Palm. **Young Pen**—1st, John Palm.

Rhode Island Reds
Cock—1st, Leroy Terry. **Hen**—1st, Leroy Terry.

Cockerel—1st, Ben Morrison. **Pullet**—1st, Bert Brooks.

Old Pen—1st, Leroy Terry. **Young Pen**—1st, Ben Morrison.

Barred Plymouth Rocks
Young Pen—1st, Ben Morrison.

Buff Orpingtons
Old Pen—1st, C. D. Mauldin.

Grand Champions
Cock—1st, Cornish Game, W. W. Causey.

Hen—1st, Wyandotte, John Palm.

Cockerel—1st, Rhode Island Red, Ben Morrison.

Pullet—1st, Wyandotte, John Palm.

Old Pen—1st, Leroy Terry.

Turkeys—Bronze
Young Tom—1st, Mrs. Jack Marchbanks.

Young Hen—1st, Miss Maggie Ruth Overby.

Flowers
The following ribbons were awarded on flowers.

Cut Flowers
Single Rose Bud—1st, Mrs. W. M. Freeman.

Single Chrysanthemum—3rd, Mrs. Tucker.

Collection Chrysanthemum—2nd, Mrs. Ben Pennell; 3rd, Mrs. Jim Strickland.

The Judge's Corner

By R. W. H. KENNON

"TAINTED JUSTICE"

"A suspicion abroad in the land that justice is tainted is more dangerous to the public peace than the liberty of a thousand 'bad men,'" writes Raymond Moley to Governor Merriam, of California, in requesting him to pardon Tom Mooney, serving a life sentence in connection with the "preparedness day" parade in that state, "before the supreme court is compelled to enter upon the task of establishing the legal justification for a review of the case." Moley was one of the original members of the "brain trust," and a confidant of President Roosevelt. Moley said he was writing as a "professional student of criminal justice," and was forced to believe that Mooney's trial "was tainted with perjury to such an important degree that his conviction was unfair in the light of Anglo-American traditions of jurisprudence."

"I believe you should pardon him because it is more important that the processes of justice maintained on an elevation stained by error or corruption than that a 'menace to the peace of the state' be kept behind bars."

Mooney's case has been before the public practically since his conviction, and does some of the leading jurists of the nation. Moley is one of the few members who have interest in this self in a pardon for this known convict, and the upon which Moley gives preference from some of the have thought his pardon be made, and probably the reason why some of day criminals have not been convicted.

THAT "AUSPICES BUG"

Again the "auspices bug" has appeared in Cisco. And again the good women and men of this city have been induced to put on a local talent entertainment—not so much for the benefit of a local organization, as purported—but for the benefit of outside promoters. The promoters generally get the lion's share of the proceeds, while the local men and women are worked to put on the show.

"O Professor," I believe called the entertainer staged here for the local Eastern Star chapter, by the way, it was a fitable entertainment worth the time, labor as the chapter's share of proceeds were twenty-three dollars and a few cents, I am told. The gross proceeds being \$127, but there was plenty expense—there always are in such cases—as was expected. The promoter are entitled to compensation for their services, of course, but what has always been a mystery to me why will local people become incited by the "auspices bug?"

His bite is never satisfactory, a share that is diverted to the local organization is never in keeping with the time and trouble devoted to these entertainments. I would be cheaper for the players to go down in their pocket and make a donation outright from the financial angle.

Until this last "auspices" entertainment we had begun to be lulled into an assurance that they were no longer in flower, but were mistaken, but we hope this has cured the people of propagating the bug in this community. And from expressions from some of the leaders of the Eastern Star chapter we believe they will be slow to listen to the promoter when they come around with their glowing tale of the financial possibilities of the next "auspices show."

It Isn't Your Town -- It's Yours

If you want to live in the kind of a town you like, you needn't slip your clothes in a grip.

And start on a long, long hike. You'll only find what you left behind.

For there's nothing that's really new, it's a knock at yourself who knock your town; it isn't the town—it's you.

Real towns aren't made who're afraid. Lest somebody else gets a sack when everyone works and noob, shirks.

You can raise a town from the dead.

And if while you make your personal stake your neighbors can make on too.

Your town will be what you want to see; it's your town—it's you.

Trammell Editor

SOCIETY and CLUBS

Phone Number 535



Pick Ups

Various local clubs, social as well as civic, are finding themselves in the midst of the usual argument and discussion concerning the giving of Christmas parties, exchange of gifts among members, and amounts set as maximum expenditure for such gifts.

Not too enthusiastic must the hostess be who finds herself the one upon whom the party is thrust when she knows her time to be well crowded with preparations for her own family's Christmas shopping and celebration.

It has been the policy of one small club to follow a plan whereby much merriment and fun is occasioned at the Christmas party, and a little happiness sent elsewhere.

Mrs. Poe Hostess to Baptist Circle 1

Mrs. Parks Poe entertained Circle 1 of the First Baptist church at her home on C avenue, Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. H. S. McDonald Entertains 1920 Club

Members of the 1920 Bridge club were guests of Mrs. Homer McDonald Thursday afternoon when she entertained at her home, 700 West Fifth street.

Willie Compton and Cecil McBeth Wed

Miss Willie Gentry Compton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Will Compton, and Cecil McBeth, were married Wednesday evening in the home of the Rev. M. L. Agnew, who performed the ceremony.

U-WAY BEAUTY SHOPPE

Will successfully wave Dyed, Bleached or Abused hair. Be certain of deep, lasting curls with every wave with our new styles and latest permanents...\$2.50 Up

Dr. H. Brown Weds Miss Lady Watt in Morning Ritual

In a beautiful ring ceremony, solemnized at 6 o'clock Wednesday morning, Miss Lady Frank Watt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Watt, of Roscoe, was married to Dr. Howard Brown, formerly of Cisco, now of Mineral Wells.

The ceremony was said by the Rev. G. W. Parks before an altar of ferns and greenery in the presence of only immediate relatives of the couple and a few invited guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Muller Celebrate Golden Wedding Anniversary

Surrounded by children and grandchildren, relatives and friends, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus J. Muller celebrated their golden wedding anniversary at Washington, La., with a banquet Saturday.

Humble Bridge Meets With Mrs. Jas. Moore

Members of the Humble bridge club were guests Wednesday afternoon of Mrs. James Moore.

Kilgore Visitors Honored at Bridge

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Wilkins entertained with bridge Wednesday evening complimenting Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Hull of Kilgore, who formerly made their home in Cisco.

Mrs. Cate Leader of Discussion at Club

A round table discussion of "Achievements of Women in the Past Century," led by Mrs. J. B. Cate, featured the meeting Friday afternoon of the Twentieth Century club.

Gifts of Books Are Sought By Public Library

National Book Week, December 2-6, will be observed by the Twentieth Century club with open house each afternoon from 3 to 5 o'clock and from 7 until 9 in the evening at the Cisco Public Library.

Personal

Mrs. C. A. Farquhar has returned from Big Springs where she visited her daughter, Mrs. Allan Boone.

Mrs. W. H. Hays spent Thanksgiving with Mr. Hays in Comanche.

Mrs. Frances Gillespie of Abilene is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Frank Blackstock.

Miss Mary Catherine Fedlinger, of Abilene is the guest of Miss Doris Surles.

Mrs. R. Daw of Houston, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. I. Moldave, and Mr. Moldave.

Miss Adele Anderson, who attends Sul Ross at Alpine, is spending the week-end here.

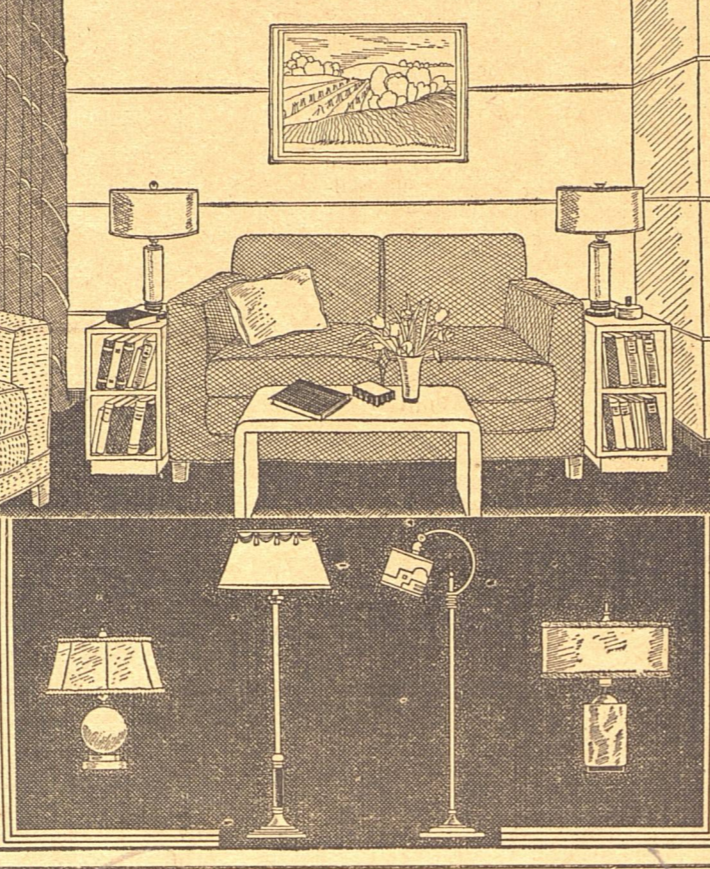
Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Barnhill had as their guests Thanksgiving, S. Elkins and Mr. and Mrs. Will Self, of Tishomingo, Okla.

Mrs. Hugh Wagner and daughter, spent Thanksgiving with Mrs. Wagner's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. D'Spain.

Mrs. Ula May Wilkerson and two children of Dallas were the guests last week of Mrs. Wilkerson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Evans.

Making The Home More Livable

—With End-Lamps for the Davenport



Work of Art is Praised at Book And Play Club

Expressing the opinion that Sinclair Lewis' latest book, "Work of Art" is actually his "work of art," his masterpiece, Mrs. Chas. Sandler gave an excellent review and resume of the book Tuesday evening before the Book and Play club in session for its monthly meeting at the Laguna hotel.

Denying that this production has any of the obscenity or offensiveness that many readers charge as characteristic of some of Lewis' previous novels, Mrs. Sandler described "Work of Art" as clean and morally acceptable.

Quoting passages illustrative of Lewis' superb descriptive powers, Mrs. Sandler brought out the principal characters as live personages before her audience.

This book, as are all books reviewed by this club, was borrowed from the Cisco Library. Mrs. Elliott Bryant will discuss the novel chosen for the next meeting of the club, "Lamb in His Bosom."

A short business session, presided over by the president, Mrs. J. A. Bearman, preceded adjournment.

Present were: Mesdames J. C. McAfee, J. A. Bearman, Elliott Bryant, Chas. Sandler, L. Baurgh, J. D. Vernon, M. E. Goldberg, M. A. Wright, and Miss Ida Mae Collins.

The Notebook

The Pivot bridge club will meet Thursday at 2:30 with Mrs. A. C. Green, 1000 West Seventh street.

Miss Ester Hale will be hostess to the club Thursday evening at 8 o'clock.

The Music Study club will meet Monday afternoon at 4 o'clock at the clubhouse with Mrs. Ernest Hittson in charge of the program, subject to be "Oratorios."

Thursday "42" club will meet at 3 o'clock with Mrs. W. H. LaRoque, 812 West Twelfth street, hostess.

The Woman's Missionary Society of the First Christian church will meet Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the church.

Circles of the First Presbyterian church will meet as follows: Circle 1 with Mrs. P. R. Warwick, West Twelfth street, Tuesday at 3 o'clock.

Circle 2 with Miss Alice Johnson, West Sixth street, Tuesday at 3 o'clock.

Circle 3 with Mrs. Mose Johnson, Tuesday at 3 o'clock.

West Texas Utilities Given Endorsement

ABILENE — In no uncertain terms the voters of Abilene, on Saturday, November 24, gave their approval and vote of confidence to the West Texas Utilities company in a special election to determine the attitude of the citizens toward (1) the building of a municipal plant, (2) the granting of another franchise to an individual, and (3) the attitude of the people toward their present electric rates for service furnished by the West Texas Utilities company.

The question of municipal ownership was defeated by a majority of over 3 to 1 with 1269 voting against a municipal oil engine plant and only 397 voting for it.

The vote clearly indicated the public sentiment in Abilene and gave a splendid endorsement to the West Texas Utilities company's policies.

Carl Wilson of Leuders is visiting his parents.

The Delphian club will meet Monday morning at 9:30 at the clubhouse with Mrs. W. G. Powell as hostess.

The Cresset bridge club will meet Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock

at the home of Mrs. J. B. Pratt, West Sixth street.

The Wednesday Study club will meet at 4 o'clock at the Federated clubhouse.

The First Industrial Arts club will meet Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the Federated clubhouse.

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Advertisement for Kayser Hosiery, Elite Beauty Shop, and Dean Drug Co. with various product listings and prices.

Advertisement for Altman's 'SMART WOMEN'S WEAR' featuring a 'Clearance! Fine Fashions' sale on coats, suits, and dresses.

The Rural Housewife

Being News of Progressive Eastland County Farm Women Who Are Making Happy, Comfortable Homes in the Best Place of All to Live.

Conducted by
MISS RUTH RAMEY,
Co. Home Dem. Agent.

BEDROOM IMPROVEMENT

Improve the bedroom and arrange in order to meet the needs of the family from the standpoint of health, comfort and beauty is a goal Mrs. J. W. Tune, bedroom demonstrator for the Peak Home Demonstration club will complete during the year's program. In addition to this Mrs. Tune will make a mattress for herself and show the other club members how this can be done at home. Mrs. Tune will assist the 14 co-operators in the club to complete the goals, make a tufted bed spread, arrange the room, removing all unnecessary furnishings. Her room will have a general change made as given above and this room will be the pattern room of the community and the public will be invited to see this when the year's work has been completed. Mrs. Tune starts with her demonstration January first.

FOOL PROOF PASTRY

Pastry can always be flaky, light, and tender if made by the following recipe recommended by Mrs. W. I. Dixon, farm food supply cooperator of the Bass Lake Home Demonstration club:

On third cup water (hot or cold) one half teaspoon salt, one half cup shortening, one and one-half cup flour. Mix shortening with the water then add other ingredients and roll for crusts. A little flour will have to be sprinkled on the board. This will make one

two-crust pie or three nine-inch crusts. Mrs. Dixon says this will keep in the ice box for several days and is still light and tender.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH
Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. Subject for the sermon at the 11 a. m. hour will be "Why I Believe in the Divinity of Jesus." Mrs. A. L. Foster will sing. At 7:15 the pastor will preach on "What Think Ye of Christ." B. T. S. meets at 6:15. Wednesday evening at 7:15 the YWA girls will present a playlet and pageant. The women of the WMS will observe this week as the quarterly week of prayer with services each afternoon at 3, Wednesday excepted.—E. S. JAMES, Pastor.

FIRST METHODIST CHURCH
Sunday school at 9:30. Theme for the morning sermon at 10:50 o'clock will be "The Cross." Epworth Leagues meet at 6:15 and evening services will begin at 7 o'clock. Mrs. W. B. Statham and Lory Boyd will sing a duet at the morning services.—FRANK L. TURNER, Pastor.

FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH
Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. The subject of the sermon for the morning hour will be "Go Ye." Christian Endeavor will meet at 6 p. m. and evening services will begin at 7. The evening subject will be "Not Far From the Kingdom." Prayer meeting at 7 p. m. Wednesday.—DAVID F. TYNDALL, Pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. by the pastor. Presbyterian Young Peoples League will meet at the regular hour.—J. STUART PEARCE, Pastor.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH
First Church of Christ, Scientist, of Eastland, authorized branch of The Mother church, The First Church of Christ, Scientists, of Boston, Mass., holds services every Sabbath morning at 1 and each Wednesday night at 8. Testimonies on Christian Science healing may be given at the Wednesday evening meetings. Sunday school convenes at 9:45 a. m. All of these services are held in the church edifice at the corner of Lamar and Plumer street.

"Ancient and Modern Necromancy, Alias Mesmerism and Hypnotism, Denounced" is the subject of the lesson-sermon which will be read in all Churches of Christ, Scientist, on Sunday, December 2.

The Golden Text is: "Beloved, follow not that which is evil, but that which is good. He that doeth good is of God; but he that doeth evil hath not seen God."—(III John 1:11).

Among the citations which comprise the lesson-sermon is the following from the Bible: "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong."—(I Corinthians 16:13).

The lesson-sermon includes also the following passage from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" by Mary Baker Eddy: "In a world of sin and sensuality hastening to a greater development of power, it is wise earnestly to consider whether it is the human mind or the divine

mind which is influencing one... Mortals must find refuge in Truth in order to escape the error of these latter days." (Page 82).

Dry Forces--

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

unbalanced program will not balance a budget.

"They have licensed the greatest evil that could have been pronounced upon America. They are selling the souls of men and women for a few dollars. He who sells the souls of men, sells the rose of our mothers' cheeks, sells the happiness from many homes, sells the clothes from the children's backs, sells food from the table of starving children, and yet they must have a few dollars for themselves."

The first speaker of the evening was Rev. Luther Pryor, pastor of the Church of the Nazarene. He made a stirring talk from I Timothy 6:10—"For the love of money is the root of all evil."

He declared that the love of money was the main reason the intoxicating drink was licensed to be sold. For the love of a few dollars the temperance rules have been blotted out.

Other speakers of the hour were Rev. W. R. Ivey, J. B. Wright, Rev. Martin Agnew, Rev. T. J. Sparkman, G. M. Meglasson, John Tickner.

A prohibition rally is being planned. The public is cordially invited to attend and all pastors are requested to be present at each meeting.

The next meeting will be December 11, 1934, at East Cisco Baptist church.

Anyone desiring information from this organization was directed to see or call, O. L. Mason, Joe Clements, Dr. W. F. Bruce.

YOU CAN SAVE MONEY BY PAYING TAXES NOW

The city of Cisco will accept the payment of delinquent taxes for all years up to and including the year of 1933, without penalty and interest until March 15, 1935.

J. B. CATE, City Tax Collector.

Specs--

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

the radio gives static instead of milk.

I am feeding five nice hounds which answer to the names of Red, Red Wing, Slobber, Jake and Bayrum, instead of five pigs. I had our piano tuned instead of the well cleaned out. I spent all my cash in 1928 and used my credit in 1929 and traded up my future wages on installment in 1930, so hard times caught me in hard shape last Fall.

If I had spent my last \$10 for flour and meat instead of gas and oil, I would have been o. k. I built a nice garage last year instead of covering my barn, and I loafed in a mountain two weeks instead of being in the pasture fixing it so's my cow won't get out, but she is dry and mortgaged to boot for two blankets my wife bought from an agent instead of paying the preacher.

I am on a cash basis now, but ain't got no cash. I am tied to the end of my rope and the man I am working for is busted on account

of nobody wouldn't pay him and his cotton won't sell 'cause nobody won't buy cotton clothes; all the gals wear slick silky stockings and silk underclothes right here in our cotton patches. I had \$4 saved up for a rainy day, but it turned dry and I spent the \$4 for two inner tubes.

I tried hard to make both ends meet with a turnip patch, but when I got turnips ready to sell everybody else was selling turnips for nothing and the market was glutted. I am worried plum to the bone and my wife's kinkfolds are coming over next Tuesday to spend two weeks.

Write or phone if you hear of any relief from the government coming down my way. I am willing to be either a Democrat or a Republican for a few weeks if that will help out any.

Yours truly in pain,
MIKE CLARKE, R. F. D.

I heard this story over the radio the other day:

"This shotgun is a family heirloom."

"Indeed."

"Yes. It's been handed down from wedding to wedding."

Personals

Mrs. R. W. Mancill left this week with Mrs. J. A. Bearman for California where she will visit friends.

Miss Lois Pulley, Miss Ova Brown, and Miss Marguerite Spencer, students of Texas Tech, are returning to Lubbock today after a visit with their parents in Cisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert LeClaire of Breckenridge are spending today in Cisco, guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Collins.

Mrs. C. H. Parish has returned from a two months visit in Tyler and Hubbard.

Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Campbell of Abilene were guests yesterday of Mr. and Mrs. P. P. Shepard.

Dr. and Mrs. G. M. Stephenson had as guests during Thanksgiving Dr. and Mrs. Paul C. Williams and Dr. Palmer Wigby of Dallas. Dr. Williams and Dr. Wigby are of the Baylor hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Parry of Fort Worth were visitors in Cisco yesterday en route to Baird. Mr. Parry formerly lived in Cisco.

Mrs. Arthur Mitchell and Mrs. O. L. Dixon of Cross Plains spent Friday in Cisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl H. Evans and Mr. Evan's mother of Fort Worth, were holiday guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Evans.

Mr. and Mrs. John Plexico of Brownwood are guests of Mrs. Plexico's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Evans.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Elliott had as their guests during the Thanks-

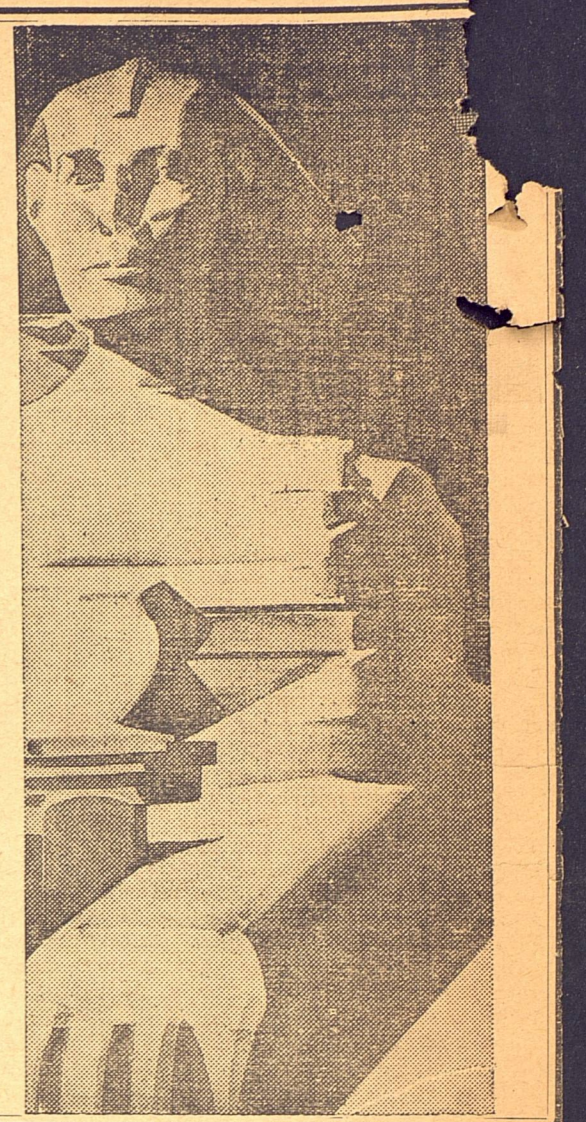
WITHSTANDING The Test of TIME

Sphinx-like in its permanence and dependability, through good times and bad, here is an institution you can rely on in all matters pertaining to your personal or business finance. Our record over a long period of time in taking care of investors, borrowers and depositors speaks for itself and justifies all the claims we make for service and help to those who call on us. Make it a point to investigate today. Come in and meet our staff, talk to our officers. You'll find most courteous treatment and efficient co-operation.

First National Bank

In Cisco, Texas

THIS IS THE BANK THAT SERVICE IS BUILDING



PALACE

Sun.—Mon.—Tues.
3—Big Days—3

FOUR GIRLS SHARED YOUR LOVE IN "LITTLE WOMEN" NOW YOU'LL GIVE IT ALL TO ONE!

ANNE OF Green Gables

With Anne Shirley as "Anne" Tom Brown O. P. Heggie Helen Westley

FRIDAY NIGHT At 9:00 P. M.
BANK NIGHT \$25.00

Feature Picture WARREN WILLIAMS —IN— "The Howling Dog"

NEXT "Happiness Ahead" with DICK POWELL

The Christmas Parade Is Starting Early

All signs point to a merrier season this year. You'll want to shop early to get the advantage of the best selection.

When you look for something for Her, Mr. Man, be sure to inspect our new line of dresser sets, particularly a beautiful cameo design.

Not in years have we been privileged to offer so complete and charming a display of Holiday Goods. We have Gifts for everybody at a price for every purse.

Try Us First

Moore Drug Co.

Nyal Service Drug Store SERVICE — QUALITY

700 Avenue D. Phone 99

Gift-Wear for Men

Shirts, ties, hosiery, handkerchiefs, mufflers, gloves, pajamas, robes, underwear—most anything a man wears and likes to get for Christmas is here in a colorful, choice array. Bring your list with you—shop leisurely among this new merchandise and discover how many men's gifts you can select with only a moderate amount of spending. We have searched the best markets to get you real values and gifts that will be appreciated. Remember, first come—biggest selection and value.

A Gift From Garner's Means More.

Jno. H. Garner's

THE DEPENDABLE STORE

Cisco's Big Department Store

Where now, little man— Europe, Africa, Asia the Americas?

To listen in on the modern programs from all parts of the world is a part of every young man's and young woman's education today. See that your children are given the opportunity to absorb and enjoy these radio treats. You'll be surprised how their interest "peps" up with a good radio.

Special Christmas Showing in Beautiful Cabinet and Com-pacts

\$19.99	\$29.95
\$39.95	\$44.95
\$54.90	\$69.95

Three Great Lines to Select From,
R-C-A VICTOR
ATWATER KENT
CROSSLEY

LONG AND SHORT WAVE SETS

Jno. H. Garner's

"RADIO HEADQUARTERS"