





# THE QUINTUPLETS FIND THEIR PLACE IN THE SUN



Copyright, 1935, NEA Service, Inc. Directly above the crib, the sun lamp pours down health-giving rays on Cecile and Emelle.



Copyright, 1935, NEA Service, Inc. There is just a bit of the mix about Cecile as she peeks out from behind the hood that hides one eye completely, while Marie, "the Little Madonna," gazes raptly upward with wide eyes. Emelle, right, seems to be practicing "emoting," perhaps with her dark-lashed eyes already fixed on a possible Hollywood career. Here's a real picture of solid well-being and perfect contentment.

## SOVIET SEEKS HIGHER LEVEL FOR CHILDREN

By JOSEPH H. BAIRD  
United Press Staff Correspondent  
MOSCOW, April 15.—The Soviet Union now is conducting a spirited campaign to raise the moral and intellectual level of its more normal children, having nearly liquidated its "bezprizorni"—the wandering, homeless children, who were left parentless during the hard years of civil war and famine.  
The "bezprizorni," mostly amiable, often diseased, have been gathered from the by-ways and put into state schools. Some, of course, were beyond reclamation, but many others have become fairly normal boys and girls capable of useful work. But alarming social conditions have been discovered lately among children who never have left the care of their parents.  
An outstanding case which received wide attention in the Soviet press was that of Nicolai Vinogradov, the young son of fairly well-to-do parents in Ivanovo, a large textile center not far from Moscow. His father was employed in the railroad station. His mother did not work. Nicolai attended school and, as far as could be seen on the surface, was a normal boy. Yet he committed suicide.  
Social workers, probing beneath the surface found the physico-logical reasons for the child's act. His father often came home drunk and beat his son. His mother, tyrannical woman, would not let him play with other children, refused to allow him to study music, for which he had talent, and inspired in him an unhealthy fear.  
Nicolai, a nervous boy, was the target of other children's jibes. He became morose. Both school and home were torture places. So, for nearly two months, he hid away during the day, playing truant from

school. His teacher, an elderly man who took little interest in his work, did not even inquire into Nicolai's absence.  
**Two Sentenced In Case**  
After the boy's suicide, both the mother and teacher were tried before a court. (Accounts do not explain the father was not prosecuted also.) Illustrating the severity of Soviet courts in such matters, the mother was sentenced to two years' imprisonment and the teacher to one year of forced labor. Because of her ill health and shock over her son's suicide, the mother's sentence later was suspended.  
In view of this and similar cases an intensive propaganda now is being carried out by the press and the organization of Young Comsomols to provide more cheerful homes, better schools, more play-parks and libraries for children.

## Air Raid 'Victim' Gets Dogs and Beer

VIENNA, April 15.—A stein of beer and a pair of "hot dogs" resurrected a man "killed" in a sham air raid attack.  
While the whole population of this town, upon orders of the authorities, were locked up in their houses and cellars the air raid took place.  
A large gas bomb fell on the market. A fire brigade man, according to instructions, cautiously approached the instrument and dropped it "dead" when he touched it. This was to mark for the "golden heart" of Alois Huber, a barkeeper who, peeping through his closely drawn curtains was watching the events.  
Forgetting orders, he rushed out straight into the danger zone where the victim was lying. He carried a large mug of foaming beer and a couple of sausages.  
The effect upon the dead man was astounding: the corpse rose, hastily swallowed beer and sausages and fell back again, and the air raid continued.  
**CRAB FISHERMEN HAPPY**  
MOREHEAD CITY, N. C.—Life looks rosy for crab fishermen this spring. Market demand is above average, early catches have been gratifying, and shippers predict an excellent season.

**TEE BOX WANDERS**  
ROCKPORT, Mo.—The Rockport Golf club boasts a wandering tee box. The box from No. 8 tee was found eight miles from its customary resting place when golfers resumed play on the layout this spring. High water last fall in Fock Creek, which adjoins No. 8 tee had carried the box to the George Opp farm.

**PUPILS WILLED CANDY**  
HOLYOKE, Mass.—Anthony Symasko's dying wish was that every pupil in the Mater Dolorosa school be given candy to remember him by. His widow carried out his wish, distributing bags of candy and candy bars, and also pencils with Symasko's name engraved on them.

**BONES IN EVERY AIRPORT**  
LOS ANGELES—Wheeler, two-year-old English bulldog, has bones buried at more than 10 airports in Los Angeles county. Pet of Ted Brown, flying instructor, he digs up a bone at the home airport and takes it along when he goes flying. Brown says the dog has 12 hours in the air.

# The DARK BLOND

By CARLETON KENDRAKE © 1935 NEA SERVICE, INC.

**BEGIN HERE TODAY**  
MILlicent Graves, secretary to GEORGE DRINGOLD, finds her employer in his office dead. JARVIS HAPP, a stranger, offers to help her. He sends her to a beauty shop where she is transformed into a brunette, then takes her home, introducing her as his secretary. She meets HAPP's son, NORMAN; his stepson, ROBERT CAISE; HIS, HAPP; and VERA DUCHENE, Mrs. HAPP's maid.  
That night a note under her door informs Millicent, "The woman in black crime is here." Millicent sees the woman, tries to follow, but loses her. Millicent goes to the chauffeur's quarters. The chauffeur is dead from a bullet wound.  
Next morning SERGEANT MAHONEY takes charge of the case. He questions Millicent. Bob Caise tells Millicent that if she does not give him the notebook containing Dringold's confession within 30 seconds he will tell the police what he knows about her.  
**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY**  
CHAPTER XXVIII  
MILlicent stared steadily at Bob Caise and said, "You and I might as well have a showdown on this."  
He looked up from the watch in his hand. "You're damn right," he told her. "You've played a run-around game with me long enough. I want that notebook." He glanced once more at the watch, then he pushed it into his pocket. "Time's up," he said.  
"You insist," she said, in a voice she thought might have a sufficient amount of disdain in it to convince him, "in thinking that I am a girl the police are referring to as the Murder Girl. I really would like to know on what you base your assumptions."  
"Forget it!" he told her. "I was guessing before. I know now."  
"And even if I were the Murder Girl," she said, "I can't understand what you would want with my shorthand notebook."  
"Never mind understanding so much," he told her. "You and I are having a showdown. I want that book."  
"Why?"  
She was growing defiant now, feeling that she could at least stand up for her rights with this man and call his bluff. For some reason she felt that it was a bluff.  
"I'm going to tell Sergeant Mahoney you're the girl the police are looking for."  
"Do you think he'll believe you?"  
"He'll believe me to the extent that he'll start giving you a third degree, and it won't be long before he finds out the right answers."  
"And then what?"  
He laughed sneeringly. "Being mixed up in one murder," he said, "it won't take the police long to figure that you're connected with the other one."  
"There is absolutely no evidence," she said, "to connect me with Mr. Dringold's murder except certain circumstantial evidence that can be readily explained."  
"Sure," he told her, "and there's no evidence to connect you with Felding's murder except some circumstantial evidence that can be explained. But, sister, you just try explaining away two sets of circumstantial evidence and see what happens. You've been mixed up in too many murders to give me a run-around. I want that book, and I want it . . ."  
The door burst open. Vera Duchene, her eyes glittering, pushed her way into the room. She paid no attention whatever to Millicent, but turned savagely to Bob Caise.

"You poor deluded damn fool!" she said.  
"Don't butt in on this," Caise told her. "I'm having a showdown."  
She laughed bitterly and said, "A sweet time to have a showdown. She holds all the trump cards."  
"She doesn't hold anything," Caise told her. "What are you beefing about?"  
"You," she said, "went in and smashed that whisky flask. I suppose you thought you were being a bright little boy, didn't you?"  
"What if I did? The thing had fingerprints on it."  
"And you thought they were mine!"  
He said nothing.  
"I told you they weren't mine!" she half-screamed. "I told you I didn't know anything about Felding's murder. But you wouldn't believe me; you thought I was stringing you along. You thought those were my fingerprints on that whisky flask, and you busted in there and smashed the whisky flask. Why you poor, incompetent fool! Those were her fingerprints. She was the one who had been in there. With that evidence against her, we'd have been out in the clear. It wouldn't have been necessary to fix a single thing. But you jumped at the conclusion that I had been lying to you when I told you I hadn't been there. You've destroyed the only real evidence there was against her."  
For a moment Bob Caise was jarred. He stared at Vera Duchene with crestfallen countenance. Then slowly the stubborn light welled up in his eyes once more and he whirled to face Millicent.  
"Never mind," he said to Vera Duchene over his shoulder. "I've got all I want on this girl."  
"What do you mean?"  
"I mean that she's going to do what I tell her to, and I'm telling her right now."  
VERA DUCHENE spoke hastily. "Listen," she said, "that Sergeant Mahoney is after me. He's going to drag me over the coals. I don't care what else you're working for, this comes first. You know what's going to happen if he starts getting inquisitive. We've got to shut-out that some way. I want you to make her swear I was with her last night."  
Caise said to Millicent, "She was with you. Do you understand that?"  
"I understand nothing of the sort. She was not with me."  
"Okay," he said. "I'm tired of being strung along. You're all finished, baby."  
He turned on his heel and started for the door.  
Vera Duchene dragged him back. "No, no! she said. "We've got to make her throw in with us. She's in a key position."  
Millicent knew she should keep quiet, knew it even while she was speaking, but there was something about this woman which irritated her beyond endurance. She said, very distinctly, "It happens that it's too late for me even to entertain such a proposition. Sergeant Mahoney knows you are holding my muddied clothes. He sensed that you were holding them for a purpose, and he figured out just what that purpose was. I think he knows exactly where you were last night, and exactly what you were doing."  
Had she suddenly exploded a bomb in front of them their faces

## Let Us In On The Joke, Yvonne



Copyright, 1935, NEA Service, Inc. Gracious, what a big girl Yvonne's getting to be! Here she is with Nurse De Kiriline as they laugh together over some joke known only to them. Look at those sturdy, active little legs, and the real merriment in Yvonne's shingling eyes. See, life's fun, isn't it?



Copyright, 1935, NEA Service, Inc. No longer is the daily "artificial sun" period a chore to the Dionne quintuplets. Now they enjoy it. With only a towel about the head as a hood to protect the eyes, Yvonne, left, roguishly tries out her new tooth on her thumb, while Annette's grave eyes reflect peace and satisfaction.

## THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson

**A HORNBILL, IN FLIGHT, SOUNDS LIKE AN AIRPLANE.**

**NO ONE KNEW THE NATIVE LAND OF THE COMMON LILAC UNTIL 1828, WHEN IT WAS REPORTED IN WESTERN RUMANIA.**

**FORMIC ACID WAS MADE, AT ONE TIME, BY DISTILLING RED ANTS!**

NEWCOMERS in the Malay country can be deceived quite easily by the roar of the hornbill's wings. One of these great birds soaring overhead gives a most convincing imitation of an airplane. The noise is due to the rush of air through the stiff wing quills.

## WHAT KIND DID YOU GET?

When Mrs. Brown tells Mrs. Smith about the new car, Mrs. Smith is pretty sure to ask, in genuine, friendly interest, "What kind did you get?" With a new piano, a hot-water heater, or a package of pastry flour, it's likely to be the same. For names mean something to every wise woman.  
The name of any commercial product is of interest only because its maker has Made It Mean Something . . . has made it stand for definite qualities in the public mind. And that very fact provides one of the greatest helps to better living. If you're a regular reader of advertising, you know what you are getting—and you get your money's worth.  
There is no element of risk in the purchase of any article advertised in the columns of this newspaper. So make the advertising columns your guide. They will save you time, money and effort . . . and bring you better things.



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Finger Waving, Permalents—  
**2 for \$1.00**  
And Up  
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Ask at Cotton's Service Station about their new plan.  
**Cotton Service Station**  
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One month milk to all customers, New and Old. It's easy—We will explain.  
Also Price Reduced on—  
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**CISCO DAIRY**  
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The only Distributors of Grade A Pasturized Milk in Cisco.  
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Be Protected in a Strong Company. Let Me Talk Your Insurance Problem Over With You.  
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Fails to restore gray hair, rid dandruff, stop hair from falling out.  
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Club Breakfast ..... 25c  
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SANDWICHES, CHILI, HOT DOGS, HAMBURGERS, PLATE LUNCHES, TOBACCOS, CANDY & DRINKS.  
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**ELECTRICIAN**  
Will do any kind of wiring and electrical work  
**JIMMIE CAGLE**  
1511 West 5th. Street  
Let us figure your next job of printing. Our job printing department is equipped to serve your needs.—Phone 88

## SISTER MARY'S RECIPES

BY MARY E. DAGUE  
NEA Service Staff Writer

**CONTRAST** in color, texture and taste is the keynote of a successful dinner—especially a Lenten dinner.

Here's a dinner that, properly done, is as good to look at as it is to eat. It is composed of broiled baby flounder with lemon butter, buttered string beans and Long Branch potatoes, crisp and apple salad, rhubarb shortcake.

In case you don't find baby flounder in your market choose any firm white flaked fish. Even the small pan-fish found in fresh water will do.

Clean food and wipe as dry as possible. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and place in a well oiled broiler. Broil on fish side first. Then turn and broil on skin side just long enough to make the skin brown and crisp. When the flesh flakes easily the fish is done. To remove from broiler, loosen on one side, turn and loosen on the other and slip from broiler to hot serving plate. Serve with lemon butter.

**Lemon Butter**  
Four tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons lemon juice.  
Cream butter and slowly beat in lemon juice.

**Long Branch Potatoes**  
Five cold boiled potatoes, 2 tablespoons butter, 1-2 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1-2 cup thin cream, 1-8 teaspoon white pepper.

Cut potatoes in very fine dice, not much coarser than for hash. Put into a shallow sauce pan, add cream and cook very slowly until nearly all the milk is absorbed. Add butter, salt and pepper and parsley and put in a hot oven until slightly brown on top. Or you can slide the sauce pan under the

**Tomorrow's Menu**  
BREAKFAST: Pineapple juice, cereal cooked with raisins, cream, crisp toast, milk, coffee.  
LUNCHEON: Rice and ham loaf with creamed peppers, hearts of celery, waffles with fresh maple syrup, milk, tea.  
DINNER: Broiled baby flounder, lemon butter, Long Branch potatoes, buttered string beans, crisp and apple salad, rhubarb shortcake, milk, coffee.

broiling flame until bubbly and brown on top. Or you can transfer the potatoes to a baking dish when the butter and seasonings are added, brown the top and serve from the baking dish.

The rhubarb shortcake makes up the carbohydrate count.

**Rhubarb Shortcake**  
One pound rhubarb, 1 cup sugar, 1-2 cups flour, 2 tablespoons butter, 1-2 cup milk, about 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1-4 teaspoon salt.  
Stew rhubarb in water to cover and when tender add 3-4 cup sugar and remove from fire. MIX and sift flour, salt, baking powder and remaining sugar. Rub in butter and cut in milk to make a soft dough. Knead lightly on a floured molding board. Divide in halves. Roll one-half in a sheet to fit a small pie pan not more than seven inches in diameter. Spread with softened butter and cover with remaining half inch which has been rolled in a sheet to fit. Bake twenty minutes in a hot oven (400 degrees F.). When ready to serve, split and fill with half the rhubarb sauce. Cover with remaining sauce.

## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING RATES AND REGULATIONS

All CLASSIFIED advertising is payable in advance, but copy MAY be telephoned to the Cisco Daily News office and paid for as soon as collector calls.

RATES: Two cents per word for one time; four cents per word for three times; eight cents per word for six times.

CLOSING HOURS: Copy received up to 10:10 a. m. will be published the same day.

TELEPHONE 90 and place your copy with understanding that payment will be made at once, collector will call the same day or day following. Copy is received any hour from 8:00 a. m. until 5:00 p. m.

## CLASSIFIED

**APARTMENTS FOR RENT**  
FOR RENT—New apartment, 301 West Ninth street.  
FOR RENT — 3 room furnished apartment, 507 West 8th. Call 254-W.

**WANTED**  
WANTED — Men, not under 135 pounds, 5 1-2 feet, 18-50, with clean record, who wish to qualify at once for a \$175 government job. Economic Research Bureau. Write box H.

**CLERKS WOMEN, 18-50, who wish to qualify at once for a \$105 a month government position. Economic Research Bureau. Write Box B.**

**WANTED** — 6-5-8 casing state price on delivery. Kind. Address P. O. Box 1536, Wichita Falls, Texas.

**FOR SALE**  
FOR SALE — Bargain, set golf clubs good condition. 301 West Ninth, West entrance. Mrs. Rabon.

## Announcements

The Rotary club meets every Thursday at Laguna Hotel Private Dining Room at 12:15. Visiting Rotarians always welcome.  
**B. A. BUTLER, President**  
**J. E. SPENCER, Secretary.**

Lions club meets every Wednesday at Laguna Hotel Coffee Shop at 12:15  
**E. L. SMITH, President**  
**J. C. BUR-NAM, Secretary.**

**Job Printing**  
**REASONABLE PRICES**  
CISCO DAILY NEWS

**HAVE YOU**  
**Read The WANT-ADS**  
To-day

## TWO MILLION DOLLAR TANKER TO LEAVE BEAUMONT ON FIRST TRIP

BEAUMONT, April 15. — Laden with her maiden cargo of 5,330,000 gallons of Texas produced and refined gasoline, the new \$2,000,000 tanker "Socony-Vacuum" is leaving on her first trip from Beaumont to Boston.

The "Socony-Vacuum" is a sister ship of the "Magnolia," launched last week in New York in the presence of E. R. Brown, chairman of the board of the Magnolia Petroleum company, and Ralph H. Kinsloe, vice president and general manager. Mr. Brown built the Southwest's first refinery for Magnolia at Corsicana, Texas, where Mr. Kinsloe also entered the service of the company, and both also have been active in the development of the company's largest refinery at Beaumont and the deep water port of this city.

The "Socony-Vacuum," an ocean-going tanker 500-feet long, is the fourth ship to be launched in a \$5,000,000 ship-building program announced some months ago by the oil company.

The vessel is equipped with the most modern aids to navigation, such as Sperry gyro compass and pilot, radio direction finder, short and long wave radio communication, electric deep sea sounding device and numerous safety devices in connection with the high-pressure superheated power plant for propelling machinery.

When the "Magnolia" was launched, the Socony-Vacuum company's \$5,000,000 ship-building program will have been completed, it was announced. The new ships launched by the company since March include the "Foughkeessie-Economy," the largest all-welded merchant vessel ever built in this country; and three barges, self-propelled by Diesel engines.

Socony-Vacuum now owns or operates under charter one of the largest fleets in the American Merchant marine. It includes largest ocean-going vessels with a total dead-weight tonnage of almost 800,000 tons. More than 45,000,000 barrels of crude oil and refined products were transported by the fleet last year. For inland waterways and harbor transportation the company also operates 21 self-propelled barges; 140 towing barges, and 25 tugs, which handle more than 57,000,000 barrels of oil during a year.

**PARK FOR NEGROES**  
BELTON, April 15 — A park for negroes has been started here on Neelan creek The Bell county Civic League of Negro Taxpayers is fostering the project.

AT THE COOKING SCHOOL . . .

**Mrs. Tucker's Shortening**

The Southwest's Own Product . . . made exclusively from CHOICE Cottonseed Oil . . . the FINEST and Most Digestible Shortening Agent known.

Airtight Cellophane-Sealed Cartons

Factory-Fresh and Creamy-Smooth GOES FARTHER

Listen to WFAA . . . Mon., Wed., Fri. . . 12:15 Noon

**Mrs. Tucker's Shortening**  
CHOICE COTTON SEED OIL EXCLUSIVELY

IT'S THIS NEW FLOUR I'M USING, TEX, GLADIOLA, THEY CALL IT

MOTHER, YOU'RE A BETTER COOK EVERY DAY, THESE ARE THE BEST BISCUITS YET!

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**GLADIOLA FLOUR**

The Washed Wheat Flour That Is D-I-F-F-E-R-E-N-T!

GET GLAD WITH GLADIOLA

Finest Texas Wheat Every Mill-Run Laboratory Tested Uniformly High Quality Requires Less Ingredients

See Mrs. McDonald Demonstrate —  
**GLADIOLA FLOUR AT THE COOKING SCHOOL**

Hear Old Man Texas, Mother Texas, State Press, J. J. Taylor and The Gladiola Singers, WFAA  
MONDAY, 7:30 P. M.

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