

EQUAL OIL TAKINGS ARE ATTACKED

Speaker Garner is Again in Thick of Tax Fight

GRIPINGS

By GUS
This column is published as a daily feature and may not be construed as representing the editorial views of this paper.

Dime Heiress Circles Globe



Miss Barbara Hutton of New York, an heiress to the Woolworth chain store millions, just got back to Los Angeles from a cruise around the world.

HOUSE TAKES ACTION UPON TAX MEASURES

Levy Placed On Returns Of Corporations Now Consolidated.
WASHINGTON, March 30.—Speaker Garner today threw himself into the thick of the tax bill struggle with a speech from the house floor urging adoption of a way and means committee amendment placing a levy on consolidated corporation returns.



'I'm Heart-free'
If you want to know more about me watch for the new serial, 'The Man Hunters,' beginning today on page 3.

SIX CANDIDATES FILE NAMES IN EASTLAND ELECTION

Six Eastland men have allowed their names to be filed as candidates for vacancies on the city commission which will be filled by regular election to be held Tuesday, April 5. The time limit has passed for the filing of names and no more names may be accepted for printing on the regular ballot.



'I'll be Seeing You'
When the new serial, 'The Man Hunters,' begins I'll be seeing you every day. The story is starting today on page three.

ALLOWABLE IN TEXAS FIELDS WILL BE MADE

Hearing Before State Railroad Commission Held Today.
AUSTIN, March 30.—Attacks on alleged inequal takings of oil under the state railroad commission prorogation and conservation order, marked the opening today of hearings preliminary to issuance of new allowable orders for all Texas oil fields except Van, East Texas and the Panhandle.

BOY SCOUTS REORGANIZED IN RANGER

At a meeting of citizens of Ranger interested in promoting the Boy Scout movement in the city, which was held in the office of the Chamber of Commerce Tuesday afternoon, J. E. Meroney was elected chairman of a new organization that is to work under the direction of Guy Quill, scout executive of the merged Oil Belt and Pecan Valley councils.

Ranger Rifle Club to Meet to Plan Shoot

A meeting of the American Legion Rifle club of Ranger has been called for tonight at the office of the Chamber of Commerce.

Cooking School to Open April 5th in Masonic Hall

The Times cooking school, which is to start in Ranger on Tuesday, April 5, will be held in the Masonic temple, corner Elm and Eusk streets, with Miss Zella Allen, culinary expert, in charge of the sessions.

Eastland Rifle Club Has Good Shoot Sunday

A good attendance was present at the American Legion Rifle club shoot which was held Sunday afternoon, March 27, at the local range.

L. B. Hawkins Is Speaker Before Ranger Rotary

L. B. Hawkins of Breckenridge presented an inspirational address before the Ranger Rotary club at its regular weekly meeting today.

WILDCAT IS BROUGHT IN NEAR LULING

LULING, Texas, March 30.—Oil sprayed over the countryside for an hour today as Bob Rose No. 1, J. M. Pierce wildcat well, two miles west of Luling, came in unexpectedly.

Arguments Started In Auto Death Case

WICHITA FALLS, March 30.—Arguments began today in the murder trial of Roy Page, electrician, argued in connection with the death of Miss Evelyn Mae Patton, an automobile crash on the highway last November.

Mrs. Maude Long Is Given New Trial On Poison Charge

AUSTIN, March 30.—The court of criminal appeals today reversed the former decision and ordered a new trial for Mrs. Maude Long, given a 25-year sentence in Kleberg county on conviction in the poison slaying of her husband, Jim Long, in September, 1923.

Services Held For Mrs. J. H. Beard

Mrs. James Henry Beard, widow of James Henry Beard, deceased, and mother of James A. Beard of Eastland, died Monday, March 29, 1932, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. S. A. Cowan of Baird, Texas.

Baconrind Laid To Rest Today

PAWHUSKA, Ok., March 29.—Baconrind, haughty chieftain of the Osages, began the journey to the happy hunting grounds today.

Albany Man Dies In Automobile Crash

BRECKENRIDGE, March 30.—W. Ely Williams, 53, of Albany, was killed instantly six miles east of Caddo today when his car overturned.

Lindbergh Case Is At Standstill

NORFOLK, Va., March 30.—The Norfolk trio negotiating with a group of supposed kidnappers for the return of the Lindbergh baby today reported "No developments."

Minister Drops Dead

DALLAS, March 30.—Dr. George Miles Gibson, 72, well known Texas and Missouri Methodist minister, dropped dead in the flower garden of his home today.

George B. Terrell Files For Congress

DALLAS, March 29.—George B. Terrell of Alto, former state commissioner of agriculture, today filed for place No. 1 in the Democratic congress-at-large race.

Extensive Repairs On Division Street Crossing

Extensive repairs are being made on the crossing of Division street crossing Southern Pacific switch-track.

Markets

Table with market data including American Can, Am P & L, Am Smelt, Anaconda, Auburn Auto, Aviation Corp, Bernsuld, Best Steel, Byers A M, Canada Dry, Case J I, Chrysler, Curtis Wright, Elect Au, Foster Wheel, Fox Film, Gen Elec, Gen Mot, Gillette S R, Goodyear, Houston Oil, Int Cement, Int Harvest, Johns Manville, Kroger G & B, Lig Carb, Monty Ward, Nat Dairy, Para Public, Phillips P, Prairie O & G, Pure Oil, Purity Pak, Radio, Sears Roebuck, Shell Union Oil, Southern Pac, Stan Oil N J, Socony Vac, Studelker, Texas Corp, Texas Gulf Sul, Texas Pac C & O, Uni Elliott, U S Gypsum, U S Ind Mc, U S Steel, Vanadium, Westing Elec, Worthington, Carb Stocks, Ford M Ltd, Gulf Oil Pa, Humble Oil, Nig Hud Pwr, Stan Oil Ind.

RANGER TIMES

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Any erroneous reflection upon the character, standing or reputation of any person, firm or corporation which may appear in the columns of this paper will be gladly corrected upon being brought to the attention of the publisher.

Obituaries, cards of thanks, notices of lodge meetings, etc., are charged for at regular advertising rates, which will be furnished upon application.
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MEMBER ADVERTISING BUREAU TEXAS DAILY PRESS LEAGUE

F. D. HICKS Business Manager W. H. MAYES Jr. Editor
(Editorials by Col. Hugh Nugent Fitzgerald)

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Single copies 5c
One week by carrier \$2.00
One month 75c
One year 7.50

SPEAKING OF THE HUNGRY MAWS OF "WAR AND WASTE"

An economic program for the development of the resources of Texas is on the way. It will be worked out by the business planning leaders of the conference held under the auspices of Texas university and state and federal research agencies, very successfully engineered by Dr. A. B. Cox of the university faculty. All the sessions were very interesting, very informative, very inspirational, and a credit to the research workers of the commonwealth.

President H. Y. Benedict made a vigorous attack on war and waste. He held the two big items in public expenditures and the causes of perhaps half of the total of all taxes. Those who read and think should enjoy his comparisons. Those who fail to read and think, or who read and refuse to think, should be made to sit up and think. For instance, President Benedict said:

"Waste we have, both public and private, both obvious and insidious, and all the world is groaning under the cost of war. A battleship which lives about 15 or 20 years costs more than an average good state university, and paying for past wars plus preparing against the next war costs more than all the schools, upper and lower, public and private combined."

In bygone years a Texas governor declared that the people of Texas had "gone hog wild" on the subject of education. President Benedict is of the opinion that the people have gone hog wild in more ways than one, in more fields than one, on more subjects than one. He asked and answered his own questionnaire when he said:

"How much of the income should one generation spend on schools mainly for the future and how much on other things mainly for the present? Is the one per cent of all our wealth which we are now spending annually on all our schools \$3,200,000,000 too much? Is the four per cent of the annual income which we are now spending for all our schools too much? Should the amount the people of the United States spend for candy (about \$630,000,000) not counting that made at home, exceed the combined income of all the colleges and universities in the United States, counting into income additional lands, buildings, and endowments? Chewing gum and the University of Texas are about as equally expensive to the people of Texas. Should the amount that is spent for pleasure autos (appreciably greater than all federal, state and local taxes combined) be more than four times that spent for all the schools from kindergarten to graduate schools? Is Texas too poor to support her schools when she is supporting more automobiles than Great Britain and Ireland, than France or Australia, five times as many as Argentina, and nine times as many as Italy?"

"HOW LONG DOES AN EDUCATION LAST AND HOW LONG AN AUTO?"
"If state taxes are too high per capita how about expenditures for tobacco which are twice as high? It is proper to spend for schools about two-thirds as much per capita on the Texas children as on the children of the United States when we Texans are spending twice as much for soft drinks, candy, movies and theatres and such other things as we are spending for?"

"THINK IT OVER!"
CALVIN AND A CAUSTIC CRITIC
Former Representative Frank Baldwin is the editorial director of the Waco News-Tribune and the Times-Herald of that city. He read the Calvin Coolidge article on "how to get out of the ditch." This former president had written "the only relief from high taxes is a reduction of public expenditures." Editor Baldwin's comment was tart, to say the least. He declared that Calvin had been kept in public office by taxpayers from early manhood until he retired from the presidential chair. And—there was no place in the Coolidge record where the Texas writer was able to find evidence of a Coolidge advocacy of lower taxes or sweeping cuts in expenditures while he held public place at the cribs provided by the American taxpayers. Now in private life the former president is a newspaper and magazine contributor and takes down a dollar a line for the output of his literary workshop. Dismissing the distinguished son of New England as well as the versatile newspaper writer of Texas, the reader is directed to the remarks of the president of Texas university as well as the high cost of "other things" in this merry old world of ours.

AMERICAN PRODUCTS FOR AMERICAN PUBLIC WORKS

This nation has a democratic house of representatives and its expenditures committee has approved a bill to compel the use of American products in public works. Why not? "Home first" . . . and the world later along.

DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK

By EDSON R. WAITE, Shawnee, Oklahoma
URBAN ALLEN, Editor of the Hilo (Hawaii) Tribune-Herald Says:
THAT the wise merchant today turns to the advertising columns of the newspaper to maintain his sales volume. He has several good reasons for his confidence in today's paper as a medium superior to the newspaper of those reckless summer days of 1929.

Today, the merchant reasons, and rightly, that Mrs. Average Householder is more careful how and where she spends her husband's money. Assuming this, it is obvious she is not in the habit of rushing pell-mell to the nearest store, hurriedly glancing over the stock, and purchasing an article which seems to fill the need. Rather, she will scan the advertising columns of her newspaper in search of values, and when she finds what she wants at a price that is right, she'll spend her money and not before.

And that's why, when the 19th century merchants are spending their time bewailing the depression, the progressive businessman is consulting an advertising specialist and buying himself with copy and layouts for the next edition of the local newspaper. He realizes that his advertising dollar goes farther today than it has in many, many years past.

The Wedding (K)not



CACTUS CAST DEATH PALL OVER FAMILY

By United Press.
KINGS MILLS, Ohio.—Natives of this town tell the story of the "death cactus" and the blight it cast over the home of Oscar Connelly, in hushed voices.
Three times in 20 years it has bloomed. Each time the white blossom has been accompanied by death. Now it has been thrown away, its owners hoping to escape its evil influence.

The prickly little plant was kept in Connelly's home without blooming for years. Then, in 1912, the owner's son was stricken with typhoid fever. Simultaneously, the cactus bloomed, producing a single waxen white flower that exuded a sickening-sweet fragrance. A few days after the flower withered, the son died.

Until 1927, the plant failed to bloom. In that year a daughter, Mrs. Mary McCullum, became ill. The "death cactus" bloomed. Mrs. McCullum died a few days later.
A few months ago, the plant showed signs of renewed life. A bud appeared. The family became genuinely alarmed when Mrs. Connelly became ill. She asked her sister-in-law, Mrs. Annie Bateman, to bring the plant into the sick room.

"The flower seemed to be just in its prime when I carried it into the room," Mrs. Bateman said. "But when I looked at it a few minutes later, it had withered. A week later, Mrs. Connelly died."
For several months after his wife's death, Connelly kept the plant. But the tragedy of his rare bloom preyed upon his mind. Only when it burst into bloom has death visited his home. So he threw it away.

Wars Most Impudent Prisoner Is Sought

By United Press.
LONDON.—The whereabouts of the most impudent prisoner of the war is being sought by Ors-Kom? mandur Rudolf Stamp in his newly published war reminiscences.
The former prisoner, a British "Tommy," apparently walked right out of jail under the very noses of his guard and Stamp, in his admiration, is anxious to trace him.

GREEN LIGHTS PENETRATE BEST IN SOME FOGS, WHILE IN OTHERS, RED LIGHTS ARE MOST EFFECTIVE.

IT ALL DEPENDS ON THE SIZE OF THE MONTAURE PARTICLES OF WHICH THE FOG IS COMPOSED.
By United Press.
NEW YORK.—Meeting on the plane of a common purpose, presidents of the hundreds of affiliated state and local units of the National League of Women Voters will be the center of attention for one evening of the national convention to be held in Detroit, April 25-30. The main feature of the president's evening, scheduled for April 27, will be the annual address of Miss Belle Sherwin, national president.

Women Voters' Heads to Meet

The special program for presidents will begin with five supper conferences, at which groups of state league chairmen with common problems will meet. Among those presiding at these discussions will be Mrs. Royal C. Taft, of Providence, R. I.; Mrs. Paul Savage, of Bangor, Me.; and Mrs. Frederic J. Corl, of Louisville, Ky., each of whom is the president of the league in her state.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

Advertisement for Green Lights featuring illustrations of a bat, a spider, and a frog. Text includes: 'GREEN LIGHTS PENETRATE BEST IN SOME FOGS...', 'THE LEAF-NOSSED BAT', 'LEAPING SPIDERS', 'COST ANCHOR' BEFORE SPRINGING UPON THEIR PREY.'

Second Choice As Presidential Nominee Is Gaining Popularity In the Lone Star State Now

By GORDON K. SHEARER, United Press Staff Correspondent.
AUSTIN.—Conceding the 46 Texas delegates in the national democratic convention to Speaker John N. Garner if he wants them has caused the cessation of the activities in the state of the followers of other presidential possibilities.

All of the latter express a willingness to step aside for the Uvalde congressman, but want to be second choice if Garner does not become an active contestant or is blocked at Chicago.

Those who are not the Texas mailing list of the Melvin Traylor supporters still were receiving Traylor literature last week. Press releases on the former Hillsboro banker are still appearing in state papers. Roosevelt enthusiasts are spreading by word of mouth the tidings that "if Garner cannot win" Texas should line up for the New Yorker. Secretary of State Jane Y. McCallum is receiving many inquiries as to how Texas instructs its delegates.

The precinct primary conventions on May 7 promise some lively scrapping and maneuvering even though the state apparently will be unanimous in sending a Garner delegation. The personnel of the delegation probably will be watched more closely than in recent campaign years. Advocates of the various second choice possibilities will want a delegation that will not be unfavorable to their man if Garner's name is withdrawn.

The usual method for selection of the national delegates is for the state convention delegates from each congressional district to hold a caucus and name their delegates. With three congressmen-at-large as well as the four senatorial delegates there will be 10 more to be selected at large for the state. In practice the conventions usually select many more persons than the state is entitled as delegates. A congressional district for instance may name eight delegates giving them a quarter of a vote each.

It will be important, therefore, for the state convention to decide if the Texas delegation at Chicago shall be instructed to vote as a unit. A double instruction to vote for Garner and as a unit would mean that if Garner's nomination became impossible the whole Texas delegation vote of 46 would go to the candidate for whom a majority of the votes were declared.

If the delegates are instructed only for Garner and his nomination should be impossible the Texas vote might be split among many candidates on later ballots. The state convention is expected to have before it also the question of whether its delegates shall be urged to work for an abandonment of the two-thirds rule that has prevailed always in naming the democratic presidential nominee.

BRITISH PLAN BUSY SEASON IN AIRPLANES

By United Press.
LONDON.—A record year in British aviation is expected as the flying season opens in earnest next month.
There are now 20 times as many licensed civilian pilots as in 1925; four times the number of subsidized civilian flying clubs; seven times as many airplanes certified airworthy, and 24 times as many privately owned aircraft.

Midsummer will see many more towns and cities in Great Britain with their municipal airways. There are 87 subsidized and unsubsidized flying clubs in the country today, the movement started with five subsidized clubs with 489 flying members. Twenty-two subsidized flying clubs have a civilian flying membership of more than 3,000, and other membership of 3,000. The number who qualified as pilots in 1931 was 372. Privately owned aircraft number 385 today; there was but 16 in 1925.

Four hundred new pilots will probably be qualified this year. In 1925 the number of pilots holding licenses was 117. At the end of 1931 it was 2,091. There are 27 subsidized and unsubsidized flying clubs in the country today, the movement started with five subsidized clubs with 489 flying members. Twenty-two subsidized flying clubs have a civilian flying membership of more than 3,000, and other membership of 3,000. The number who qualified as pilots in 1931 was 372. Privately owned aircraft number 385 today; there was but 16 in 1925.

To Publish History Of East Texas Oil

By United Press.
HOUSTON.—A complete history of the East Texas oil field, storm center of the petroleum industry during the past year, will feature the yearbook to be distributed at the annual convention of the National Oil Scouts association here May 15, 18 and 17.
The book also will contain papers on all phases of recent petroleum developments with special emphasis on the progress which arose during 1931, one of the industry's most eventful years.

Rx CONTAINED RATTLER

By United Press.
FORT WORTH.—A wrinkled, little man came to Federal Judge James C. Wilson to get the ingredients for his own recipe for rheumatism, a gallon of whisky. To show his sincerity he gave the judge his recipe. He has a dead rattlesnake and some herbs in a jug. He pours the whisky over them and applies externally.

OTTER TO BE PROTECTED.

By United Press.
STOCKHOLM.—The otter will be protected by the Swedish government, which will forbid its destruction except for scientific purposes. From 1926 to 1930, 1,134 otters were killed in Sweden.

BEAUTIFUL Permanent Wave only \$1. Loflin Hotel, Ranger.

MRS. C. I. ERVIN, exclusive agent for Baldwin Piano Co. Phone 117, 411 Main st., Ranger.

MONEY TO LOAN on auto mobiles. C. E. MADDOCKS CO., Ranger.

RINGLETT OIL WAVE, \$1.00 guaranteed. Miss Johnnie Moore, 111 1/2 North Austin st., Ranger. OIL PERMANENT WAVE \$1.00. Work guaranteed. Eastworth Hotel, Eastland. Phone 5093.

Frigidaire and Electrical Appliances. Texas Electric Service Co.

LAYS EGG WITHIN EGG.

MONONGAHELA, Pa.—A. M. Kosteron discovered a duck egg about 50 per cent larger than his ducks usually produced, so he opened it. There was no yolk in it, but inside the outer shell was a normal-sized, complete egg.

WATCH SAVED LIFE.

RAVENA, Neb.—Jim Kyndle's watch saved his life. Kyndle grabbed for his gun and accidentally discharged the weapon with the muzzle pointed toward his heart. The bullet lodged in the watch mechanism.

ASSASSIN

A Drinker of Hashish!
In eleventh-century Persia, a secret order was founded by Hassan ben Sabab, indicating that an election be held at the city hall, in the town of Ranger, Texas, in said Ranger Independent School District on the 2nd day of April, 1932.

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

The Supreme Authority. G. & C. MERRIAM COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

ELECTION ORDER.

Be it ordered by the board of trustees of the Ranger Independent School District that an election be held at the city hall, in the town of Ranger, Texas, in said Ranger Independent School District on the 2nd day of April, 1932, for the purpose of electing three trustees to said Ranger Independent School District.

Walter Harwell is hereby appointed manager of said election, and he shall select two judges and two clerks to assist him in holding the same, and said election shall be held in the manner prescribed by law for holding other elections. The returns of said election shall be made to the board of trustees of said Independent School District in accordance with law.

In testimony whereof, witness the signatures of the president and secretary of said Ranger Independent School District, and the seal thereof hereunto affixed, this 12th day of March, 1932. (seal) H. C. WILKINSON, President of Board.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

This paper is authorized to make the following announcements, subject to the Democratic primary election July 23, 1932:

For Judge 88th District Court: VIRGIL FOSTER (re-election) W. A. (Kid) HAMMETT

For District Clerk: P. L. (Lewis) CROSSLEY W. H. (Bill) McDONALD

For County Clerk: W. C. BEDFORD

For Representative, Eastland County: J. W. COCKRILL

CARD OF THANKS

In appreciation of the many courtesies and kindness shown me during my recent confinement in the hospital I want to express my heartfelt gratitude. I shall never forget. Sincerely, EDGAR HUFFMAN.

LOST, STRAYED, STOLEN

LOST or Stolen—Violin and bag in from car. \$10 reward. Call Ranger Times.

HELP WANTED, MALE

SALESMAN to work Ranger and surrounding counties. Selling business necessity. Only local need considered. Nationally advertised line. Permanent connection. Merchants Industries, Inc., Tow Bldg., Rockford, Ill.

SPECIAL NOTICES
BEAUTIFUL Permanent Wave only \$1. Loflin Hotel, Ranger.

MRS. C. I. ERVIN, exclusive agent for Baldwin Piano Co. Phone 117, 411 Main st., Ranger.

MONEY TO LOAN on auto mobiles. C. E. MADDOCKS CO., Ranger.

the man hunters

BY MABEL McELLIOTT



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CHAPTER I

"Susan Carey!"
The girl looked up to see the brown eyes of the shorthand teacher fastened on her.

"Two words wrong today. However am I going to teach you how to spell 'believe' and 'necessary'?"

Miss Allen's tone was superior and cutting. Susan thought. The girl flushed to the roots of her hair. Oh, how she hated this business of learning to be a stenographer! She never would learn really, she felt certain of that. It was humiliating beyond belief to be haled up before the desk this way, to be reprimanded. True, there were only three other students within hearing range. The rest sat huddled around their tables, four to a group, struggling with n-books and vowel positions and whatnot. Horrible, horrible invention, shorthand!

Susan said in a voice she felt to be craven and faltering, "I'm sorry, Miss Allen."

The paper was shoved across the desk to her and she accepted it, returning to her table with hot cheeks and eyes downcast. Helen Marshall, her nearest neighbor, whispered softly, "Don't mind her, the old cat. She loves to get a rise from anyone."

Susan accepted the sympathy with a faint smile and the endless morning droned on. It was May and a vagrant breeze drifted through the big windows of the Block Shorthand school on the eighteenth floor of the towering new office building on Michigan avenue. It was a breeze from the lake that seemed to say, "Come and sail with me."

Susan thought of Aunt Jessie at home waiting for her to finish her shorthand course and start "bringing something in." Susan winced at the thought of Aunt Jessie staring angrily through her spectacles on hearing that Susan "couldn't seem to catch on" to this r and n-hook business. Aunt Jessie was "awfully strict." She had been raised in an old-fashioned school and believed all the old maxims. "Spare the rod and spoil the child" was one of her favorites. Also, "Beauty is only skin deep," and "Handsome is as handsome does."

Aunt Jessie wanted Susan to be "a nice, mild girl." She didn't want her to use lipstick or rouge and she grumbled even about powder. She had been known to say two years before that she'd rather see Susan dead at her feet than with makeup on her face.

All this was rather hard on Susan who was 19, dark and handsome in a tragic way, rather after the manner of Joan Crawford. Her eyes were said to be like La Crawford's, in their depth and size. The girl's face had the strong, clear-cut, yet utterly feminine contour of the motion picture star's. Susan's figure was lovely, too—slim and nicely curved in the right places. Although how anyone could be expected to look attractive in Cousin Rue's season-before-last blue serge suit Susan didn't know.

The girl tried to be optimistic but sometimes when she went to movies and saw the adorable gowns the film stars wore she came home feeling cheated. She could never, never hope to wear anything but a \$9.95 frock from Wegman's basement. Aunt Jessie thought there was no place like Wegman's basement.

Susan looked up from her reverie to find the handsome boy at the next table gazing at her. Odd for that good-looking, superior chap to be attending business school! He was "Mister Dunbar" to the class and Helen had whispered the day before that he had been at Harvard, had been dropped, and that his father was making him "go in for business in a big way."

"The Dunbar Wheel Works," Helen had explained, important because she knew. And Susan had glanced again at the husky, tall young man with interest. It wasn't often she had the opportunity to see such a youth at close range. All the boys who grew up in Aunt Jessie's neighborhood were learning to be plumbers or driving laundry wagons or doing something equally exciting. Young Mr. Dunbar seemed a prince from a strange land. Susan liked to listen to the rumble of his deep voice when he read his notes back to the dapper Miss Allen. It seemed faintly ridiculous that a young man who had attended junior proms, who had played football and made the college crew should be translating, "Your letter of the ninth instant received and contents noted" to a shorthand teacher.

Susan squeezed the tears back and pretended not to know that Mr. Robert Dunbar was staring at her. Just the same, his interest made the girl's heart unaccountably lighter. She set to work again with the pot-hooks and dots. She would conquer this wretched book! She would!

When she went home that evening she was able for the first time to endure without flinching the packed street car with its swaying mass of sticky, tired humanity. The car ploughed west, stopping at almost every corner, swaying, jerking, clanging. But Susan hardly noticed. She was absorbed in a dream of her own—a dream in which a tall, fair, ruddy young man with enormous blue eyes played the hero's part.

Aunt Jessie spoke to her twice at supper before Susan looked up guiltily. "I didn't hear what you said," she stammered.

Aunt Jessie looked annoyed. Prim she was, 50 odd, her gray hair done pompadour in the fashion of her vanished youth.

"Don't see how your mind can ever be on your work, the way you dawdle at things," Aunt Jessie said sharply. "I asked you if you wanted some potatoes."

Susan shook her head dreamily. "Nothing but a shadow, anyway, that's what you are," scolded Aunt Jessie. "You girls nowadays and your dieting!"

Susan looked down at her slim curves and laughed. No need for her to diet. She weighed 118 pounds. She was tall, too, and that helped. It was best to be tall this year of trailing skirts and what the magazines called "the romantic frock." Not that Susan owned any such! Her best frock was the last year's organdie that Aunt Jessie had let down. It had been Susan's class day dress. It was pink and had a huge bertha collar. Susan adored it. It was the nearest thing to a sure-enough party dress she had ever owned.

After she had helped Aunt Jessie with the dishes the girl flew to her room to see if the pink frock had been ironed. Aunt Jessie had promised to have it ready.

But no, there was no pink dream of a dress hanging in the narrow little closet. Susan's heart sank. Mary Ruth O'Hara was to call for her at eight and here it was half past seven already.

She called down the narrow passage. "Yoo-hoo, Aunt Jessie! I can't find my organdie any place."
The sharp voice came back, tinged with fresh annoyance. "—Expect me to do everything! 'Sif I could get around to that extra job with the spring cleaning and all—"

Susan sank down on the bed, her brows crinkled with despair. She had promised! Aunt Jessie had promised! The ready tears started to her eyes. Then of a sudden she dashed them away after a quick glance at the clock.

"I'll do it myself," she said. She rushed into the little bathroom where she washed her hands vigorously, ridding them of the scent of yellow soap and dishwater. She dashed cold water on her reddened eyes and flew to the kitchen. Aunt Jessie was in the back yard, discussing lettuce plants with Mrs. Sorenson, who lived next door.

Susan put the ironing board into place and plugged in the cord. She rooted out the dress in its towel wadding and sprinkled it anew. Her fingers flew and her breath came faster. Aunt Jessie hadn't wanted her to go to Rose Milton's party. That was the real reason she hadn't ironed the pink organdie. Aunt Jessie was always doing things like this. She had forgotten what it was to be young and spent most of her time trying to repress the natural youthful impulses of her niece.

But Susan would not let her conquer. She was young and



SUSAN CAREY

that meant being alive, hopeful. Suddenly she began to sing. Aunt Jessie, coming in from the yard, regarded the girl with irritation.

"Land's sake!" said Aunt Jessie with some asperity. "You going to that fool jamboree, anyhow? I thought you'd get to bed early for once and have done with all this gallivanting."

Susan smiled at her. Her lips curved and she said good-humoredly, "Answer that front door bell, will you? That's a lamb! I hear Mary Ruth on the front stoop."

The Miltons' front parlor was filled to overflowing when Susan and Mary Ruth arrived. Susan felt shy. Most of the girls were coming with their "boy friends" and only she and Mary Ruth who was little and skinny and had buck teeth came alone—Mary Ruth because she had never had a "boy friend" and Susan because Aunt Jessie wouldn't let her come with anyone. Aunt Jessie said there was plenty of time later for all that nonsense and she wouldn't stand for Susan gallivanting all over town with every Tom, Dick and Harry.

Aunt Jessie never missed crimes or scandals in the newspapers. "Girl's Body Found in Vacant Lot," she would drone ominously, looking over her spectacles at Susan, struggling with shorthand symbols. "No wonder such dreadful things happen, the way young people go lally-gagging at all hours nowadays!"

So Susan had no admirers. She had to go to her few parties unescorted. Usually she didn't mind but tonight, somehow, she hated it. She felt conspicuous, walking down North Flornuoy street with the dumpy Mary Ruth. She thought people must be hiding behind their window curtains, pointing a finger and saying, "There goes that Susan Carey. She's awfully unpopular. She's never had a beau."

"Hurry up, can't you?" she asked Mary Ruth rather pettishly.

Susan fairly ran up the front steps and into the front parlor when they reached Rose Milton's home. She saw a confusion of eyes, heard a gaggle of tongues. She rushed straight upstairs to the front bedroom where she took off her last year's panama hat, depositing it on the already overcrowded double bed. Then she primed a bit in front of the mirror over Mrs. Milton's big mahogany dresser. The Miltons had nice things. Susan reflected. Not like Aunt Jessie, who still thought the golden oak she had bought in 1905 was the last word in style.

"How can I ever ask anyone to our house?" the girl had thought in despair. The chairs in Aunt Jessie's parlor were stiff and slippery and anyhow she preferred not to have Susan ask her friends in. Aunt Jessie liked things quiet, she said.

Suddenly Susan felt she must be going to cry. She wondered why she had come. She would be miserable, all evening. She just knew it! She would sit in a corner smiling a stiff, set smile and trying to look as if she were having a good time. The other girls would dance with their escorts to the music of the radio and Susan would sneak out to the kitchen and beg to be allowed to help with the refreshments just to conceal from the assembled company the fact that she wasn't enjoying herself. Oh, she wanted to run away! Everything was horrible and life was hopeless!

She dabbed at her eyes and leaned across the welter of hand-painted china toilet things to powder her nose. Mrs. Milton, stout and voluble, bustled in, wearing a gay, flowered georgette.

"What on earth's the matter, Susan Carey?"

The girl stammered, "I—I got something in my eye."

"Well, now, let's see!" Mrs. Milton flipped a big white handkerchief out of the top drawer and made a funnel of one corner. "Let me at it. I'm great at getting those things out. Once Papa got a piece in his eye so big he made a joke out of it. He says, 'I bet if I called the Consumer's Company they'd sent out a truck for that load of coal.' Let me see, Susan."

The girl winked her eyes rapidly, regaining her composure.

"It's all right now, honestly. I believe I've got rid of it."
"That's good," Mrs. Milton beamed at her. "You look very pretty tonight, I must say. Pink's your color. The boys'll be after you, Susan Carey. What I say is what's the use of you bothering your head with all this business course nonsense when you'll soon be stepping out and getting married." Her laugh wheezed out suddenly, disconcertingly.

Susan smiled. In some obscure way the outlook had been lightened.

"I'm going to have to earn my living in the meantime," she said.

"How's your aunt?" Mrs. Milton wanted to know.

"Oh, Aunt Jessie's fine," Susan frowned a little as she said it. Mrs. Milton's sharp eyes caught the frown.



ROBERT DUNBAR

"As strict as ever?" she wanted to know.

Susan flushed and nodded. Mrs. Milton clucked sympathetically. "Well, as I always say, I don't believe in bringing up girls too stiff-necked," she observed comfortably. "Mine always had a good time. There's Veronica who's got herself a good husband and a nice home out in Oak Park. And Grace out in Pasadena. My girls had lots of beaux and I encouraged 'em. I believe in it. If you don't see they have a good time somebody else will. And that may not be so good. Your Aunt Jessie's old style like my mother. My mother thought we ought to sit on the front steps, all in a row, until we were 30." She laughed wheezily. "Well, none of us did. Both myself and Lide—that's my younger sister—eloped."

Susan smiled in sympathy. "But I don't particularly want to marry young," she explained. "I've got to work and help Aunt Jessie because she raised me and I owe her a lot. I just want a little freedom and some fun."
"That's right. That's right," Mrs. Milton patted her on the shoulder. "Now you run along back and start having some. There are some boys there who won't want to miss you in your pink dress."

A bit reluctantly Susan obeyed. Rose Milton, a tall blond girl wearing many blue ruffles, rushed up to her. The rugs in the big front room had been rolled back and four or five couples were dancing. Not to the music of the radio. A dark-haired young man was pounding out "St. Louis Blues" at the piano in the corner. He played with his whole body. Hands, feet, even his head moved to the rhythm. Susan stared at him, fascinated.

Rose led her toward the pianist.

"Ben Lampman, he's the girl I told you about. Susan Carey. She's not a nitwit like the rest of us. She has brains. Talk to her."

The young man stopped playing "St. Louis Blues" in the very middle of a mournful phrase and jumped up. He was tall and lean and vaguely rumpled looking. Susan put her slim hand into the crushing grip he offered her. Someone turned on the radio after a moment or two of grumbling on the part of the interrupted dancers and young Lampman murmured, "Want to dance?"

Susan did. Although she had so few opportunities she danced well. Even this indifferent partner could not spoil her pleasure in rhythm. The young man was the rangy sort who bumped into things and murmured "Sorry" every so often. Mrs. Milton's front parlor, after all, was no ballroom. Chairs and tables leaned out from corners to trip the unwary passerby. After a bit, rather flushed, Susan flopped into a chair and Ben Lampman fanned her awkwardly.

"Did—did anybody ever tell you that you looked like Joan Crawford?" he asked.

Susan smiled and fluttered a glance upward from beneath long lashes. "Yes," she murmured.

"I suppose like all the girls you want to go into the movies," she muttered, trying to make conversation.

"I hadn't thought about it," said Susan. "I'm learning to be a big business girl."

"That's terrible," barked Ben Lampman. "I think the men in the gay nineties were right. Woman's place is in the home."

Susan stared. She thought he must be joking. But the young man was in deadly earnest.

"Makes me sick, seeing those swarms of young girls all over down town, morning and night," he said. "They ought to be in nice kitchens or taking care of kids."

"How silly!" trilled Rose Milton, overhearing this last. "Rally round, girls and boys, and listen to Ben rave. He's on the stump again."

The young man reddened. Rose grasped his hands and pulled him to his feet. "Back to the piano, you," she sang gaily.

"If that's the best you can do for Susan Carey you'd better pound out some more music and let her dance."

One of the boys Susan had known in high school, Eddie Wilkins, came up and claimed her. Susan felt a fool. What an uncomfortable sort of person young Lampman was!

Eddie muttered in her ear that Ben was "kind of a socialist or something." A freak, Susan decided. But a rather interesting freak. And how he could play!

As the evening wore on Susan's eyes brightened and the flush in her cheeks deepened. She was having a good time! It was too good to be true. At 11 o'clock she jumped up, startled. Mrs. Milton and a colored woman were beginning to serve supper, but Susan dashed into the bedroom and retrieved her wraps from the mountain of coats on the big bed.

Rose dawdled after her, "Honestly, do you have to go?" Susan pulled on her gloves. "Oh, you know Aunt Jessie! She would have the police out searching for me if I stayed any longer."

"It's a shame," Rose said, "but I'll get one of the boys to take you home. You mustn't go by yourself."

"Don't bother," begged Susan. She had visions of a long walk home with a bored young man who would be annoyed at being dragged away from the feast.

When she arrived at the front door she found Ben Lampman there, hat in hand. "Rose said you were going—do you mind?" he stammered.

"It's very kind of you," said Susan, politely. But she was rather appalled at the prospect of walking eight blocks with young Mr. Lampman who thought woman's place was in the home. He and Aunt Jessie would get along rather well.

However, Ben spared her any more harangues. He talked desultorily of music, of what he wanted to do. He dreamed of having an orchestra of his own "like White-man's." Susan could sympathize with this.

"I think that would be wonderful," she told him enthusiastically.

"Do you, honestly?" He was almost pathetic in his desire for approval.

"Yes, I do." And then Susan told him about her struggles with the demon, shorthand and her fear that she would never conquer what Aunt Jessie called "the business world."

Ben Lampman growled, "Stick with it. You'll be successful, I can see that. Don't mind what I said tonight about girls working. I know that's behind the times. From what you tell me you've got a hard row to hoe with this aunt of yours. You've got to strike out for yourself."

Susan flushed and stammered loyally, "Aunt Jessie is all right. She just doesn't understand."

Now they were at her doorstep. The little house looked shrouded and secretive. For a minute Susan was terribly nervous. What if Aunt Jessie should be waiting up, should call out, "Come straight in this minute, Susan Carey!" She had been known to do that.

Ben Lampman grasped the hand feverishly. "I want to come and see you sometime," he said.

Susan felt a distaste for the young man's ardor. "I—I don't know," she said vaguely. "Maybe, some time."

"I'll telephone," he promised as she ran up the stairs. Aunt Jessie called out, "Who was that you were talking to?"

She crept into her room, turned on the light and moved about as softly as possible, making ready for bed. After she had hung away the pink dress and slipped into her worn old dressing gown she stood for a long time staring at herself in the mirror. She traced the wing-like stroke of her black brows. She widened her gray eyes and smiled at the effect.

Was it true—did she really want to be a business girl? Or was she just kidding herself because she wasn't popular with the boys as Rose Milton and most of the other girls were?

She didn't know. This young man, Ben Lampman, had disconcerted and annoyed her. Yet his obvious admiration had salvaged a sort of spot in her ego. What had he meant by saying he knew she'd be a success?

Susan yawned and just then Aunt Jessie, to whom every creak and whisper in the little house spoke as plainly as a child to its mother, called out, "For heaven's sake, Susan Carey, stop primping in front of the mirror and get to bed. You've got to get up in the morning."

Oh, the morning! As if she'd forgotten the sarcastic shorthand teacher and the difficult tests there would be next day. Susan thought of Ben Lampman and squared her shoulders. "I'll pass those tests," she said sturdily. "And I'll get a job and make money and put in an oil burner for Aunt Jessie and get a silver fox for myself. I'll show them!"

Who it was she meant to show Susan didn't quite know. Perhaps the neighbors who often said, "Poor Jessie Carey! She's been burdened all her life with her brother's child!" Perhaps it was that ruddy, fair-haired boy at Block's shorthand school, the one who had been expelled from college.

Irrelevantly Susan wondered what Robert Dunbar would have thought of Rose Milton's party. He probably would have been bored to death. Dancing to the radio, eating brick ice cream from a golden oak dining room table, would probably not fit in with his ideas of gaiety.

"Wonder what he's really like," Susan speculated just before she dropped off to sleep.

She had no notion how soon she was to know about that!

(To Be Continued)

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SOCIETY and CLUB NEWS
ARRITTA DAVENPORT
Editor
Phone 724 Ranger

Co-Workers Home Demonstration Club to Meet for All-Day Session.
The Co-Workers Home Demonstration club will meet in an all-day session to be held at the residence of Mrs. Fred Dreinhofer, Breckenridge highway, Friday. A luncheon furnished by the members will be served at noon. A full attendance of members would be appreciated and enjoyed by the hostess.

Alathean Class To Be Entertained With Party.
Every member of the Alathean class of the Central Baptist Sunday school is cordially invited to be present at the home of Mrs. Roy Baker, Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock.

Central Baptist Young People To Have Mexican Dinner.
The outstanding church social of the season will be that given to the young people's department of Central Baptist Sunday school tomorrow evening at 7:45 in the young people's department of the church. The entertainment will comprise of Mexican foods, songs, stunts, special music by quartet, an out-of-town speaker and fun for everyone. Mrs. Alice D. True will be toastmaster. All the young people of Central Baptist church are cordially invited to attend this dinner.

Lecture on Revelations Draws Large Attendance.
A group of 50 women attended the lecture on Revelations at the First Christian church yesterday afternoon when the hour was presided over by the Rev. D. W. Nichol.

Goodfellowship Class Entertained With Hunt.
Mrs. Carl Heinen and sister, Mrs. Opal Fultz, entertained with well arranged entertainment held in the form of an Easter egg hunt and party recently with the complimentary affair given at the home of the former hostess.

Gasoline Plant Meet Climaxed With Dance.
Climaxing a day which marks the calendar as an outstanding occasion when between 175 and 200 operators of gasoline plants assembled here yesterday, to discuss problems that confront the industry and enjoy a general get-together meeting, a dance was given at the Ranger Country club last evening for the entertainment of the honorary visitors.

Perhaps no other feature of diversion could have afforded more delightful entertainment than did the dance, with the popular Roy Costlow and his rhythm rustlers playing.

A large number of operators together with their wives and friends entered with gusto into the gay function which created an atmosphere of merriment throughout the dance hour.

Mrs. Stein To Entertain Royal Neighbors With Party.
On Friday evening at 8 o'clock, Mrs. H. Stein, will entertain with a party honoring all Royal Neighbor chapter members and friends. The entertainment will be held at the home of the hostess, 816 Cypress street.

SEGUIN—Two hydro-electric projects on Guadalupe river near here completed.

Use the new Vicks VapoRub and Throat Drops with Vicks VapoRub as directed in the Vicks Plan for Better "Control-of-Colds." Unless you are delighted with results your druggist will refund your money.



SOCIAL AFFAIRS and CLUB NEWS
ELIZABETH HARRIS POE
Editor
Office Phone 500 Eastland

Circle No. 1
Met Monday.
Circle No. 1 of the Baptist Women's Missionary society met with Mrs. P. L. Parker, Monday afternoon. Mrs. L. G. Summers was co-hostess. The devotional was conducted by L. J. Lambert, the theme being "doing the will of God" from Matthew 26:34-38 and Luke 22:29-46. Minutes were read and approved by the secretary. The personal service report was given. The chairman on periodicals and stewardship made reports. The third and fourth chapters of Ephesians were read by Mrs. May and discussed by their members.

Mrs. Harkrider Hostess
The Circle of the Methodist W. M. S. met at 2:30 o'clock, Monday afternoon at the home of Mrs. J. E. Harkrider. The meeting was opened with the song, "Where He Leads Me I Will Follow." Scripture reading by Mrs. J. C. Creamer. The Lord's Prayer was repeated in unison. Mrs. Joan Miller made a talk on stewardship. Minutes were read and approved by the secretary, Mrs. Miller.
A short business session was held. A circle song was selected. Many games were enjoyed during the social hour.

Visited County Home
Members of the Presbyterian church of Cisco visited the county home Sunday. The residents of the home were given baskets of fruit, cakes, cookies, and candy. H. R. Appford, superintendent of the county home, wishes to express the appreciation of the members of the home to the church members.

Double Birthday Party.
J. T. Golden III, and Jerry Gene Weatherford celebrated their fourth birthday Tuesday afternoon with a double birthday party at the home of Mrs. Weatherford with Mrs. Golden as co-hostess.
Many clever games and an Easter egg hunt were enjoyed.
Delicious pink ice cream and cake was served to the following little guests: Norma Jean Maynard, Glen Wood, Katherine Cavens, Billy Sherriff, C. M. Garland, Laurel Campbell, Hayden Fry Jr., L. Y. Morris Jr., Patsy Milburn, Betty Glenn Cox, Margaret Ann Sanderford, Billie Gay Patterson, and the honorees.

Al's "Mammy"



She didn't "walk a million miles," but Mrs. Al Johnson, wife of the black-face comedian and "mammy" singer, made several thousand to see her many friends on the west coast. "This is the Misus" hopping off one of those "midnight choo-choo's" at Los Angeles for a visit after the trip from New York.

University Students Start Campaigns For School Offices

AUSTIN.—Candidates for state or even national offices could get some practical campaign pointers from the busy candidates for University of Texas student honors. Election day will be April 5. Speeches, advertising, handshaking, canvassing, and all the best methods of vote getting are being utilized by the student candidates.
Joe Spurlock of Fort Worth and Allen Shivers of Fort Arthur are rival candidates for president of the student association. For vice president Truman Pouncey and Bill Hodges, both of Austin, are rivals. The co-eds have a race for secretary with Zula Williams, San Antonio, and Lucy E. Field, Calvert, the contenders.
Fred Korth, San Antonio, and Joe R. Pool, Dallas, are candidates for student council chairman. The co-ed candidates for the council are: Esther Marie Hahn, San Antonio; Ruth Thornton, Chicago, Ill.; Madge A. Stewart, Harlingen; Hazel DeWeese, Austin; Sadye Frances Starr, Dallas; and Ida Houston, High Bridge, N. J. The prohibition question has not been injected in the campaign though Johnny Walker of Berger is a candidate for the council. His opponents for the men's places are Brown Booth, Timpson; Arthur W. McCrory, Oak Park, Ill.; Dewitt Kinard, Fort Arthur; Chris Malw, Rock Island, Ill.; Simon Frank and Kent Rider, San Antonio, and Marcus Williams, Austin.
Editors of student publications also are to be elected. The Daily Texan will have a woman editor if the friends of Mary Lee Weston, Hearne, succeed. Besides her work on the student daily in various staff posts she has contributed to College Humor, the Sports-woman, the Austin Statesman and is a columnist on a local society paper, The Gossip. D. B. Harde-man, Goliad, and Bob Baldrige, Clifton, also are seeking the office. Harvieman is college correspondent for the San Antonio Express and Houston Chronicle, and is sports editor of the Texan this year. Baldrige is the son of a publisher, has had college and professional experience and is a member of the Longhorn football team.
For associate editor of the Texan, candidates are: Mildred Cooke, Granger; Joe Hornaday, Austin; W. A. Criffeld, Waco; and E. N. Fuller, Bryan; Joe Riley, Greenville, and Roy Hatley, San Antonio, are running for editor of the Cactus student yearbook. J. J. Deiss, Amarillo, and Chilton O'Brien, Beaumont, seek associate editorship.

RANGER HIGH SCHOOL NOTES
MISS JEWELLE JUDD
Editor

O. G. Lanier
Delivered Talk To Student Body.
O. G. Lanier gave a very interesting talk to the high school students in chapel Tuesday. Mr. Lanier chose as his subject, "Benefits of Education."
"Tom and Jerry" entertained the assembly with several musical selections, and two skits of the one-act play, "Mansions," were presented.
The cup won by the Ranger senior speleer, Vesta Blankenship and Christine Bowen, was presented to the student body by Principal H. S. Von Rueder. This cup will be placed in the high school trophy case.

Play Presented In High School Today.
The one-act play, "Mansions," was presented in high school auditorium today. This play has been entered in the county one-act play contest, and will be presented from 4:30 to 5:30 in the Eastland high school auditorium.
Those who have parts in this play are Macon Younce, Max Williams, and Marie Galloway. Miss Janet Holmes sponsors this play.

Play Presented In High School Today.
The basket ball girls are planning to entertain in high school chapel soon. Plans for this entertainment were discussed at a meeting of all basket ball girls held Tuesday afternoon at 3:30.

The entire cast of the play, "Mansions" were visitors in Eastland Monday afternoon. The afternoon was devoted to practicing in the Eastland auditorium.
Miss Holmes, director of the play, accompanied the students.

'Gold Rush' Brings Comedy, Tragedy

By United Press.
LONDON.—Comedies and tragedies have been brought to light by the amazing "Gold Rush," which continues on a diminished scale, although approximately 40,000,000 worth of sovereigns, jewelry, and trinkets have been sold for cash.
In South Wales, a dog has lost its chain. Its owner, a farm worker, brought a thin, dirty yellow chain to a jeweler and inquired if it was worth anything. He received 10 pounds.
A London man sold his dead wife's wedding ring, but could not keep because of his conscience. He sought to recover the ring, but it was too late. It had been melted and sold to Paris.
Six sets of false teeth on gold plates were sold here by an American. "I have a set for every day of the week, but Thursday's will do me from now on."
A white haired man who, 64 years ago, had a golden rose made as an exact replica of one that his Hampshire sweetheart had given him, sold it in London, to pay his rent. His sweetheart died while he was on a long voyage. He had remained single.
In Derby a widow in dire straits sold 50 pounds worth of 6-pound and 2-pound pieces, which she discovered as she made ready to dispose of her dead mother's belongings.

A number of gold ingots weighing from an ounce to two and one-half ounces, relics of the Gold Rush to the Klondyke, have been sold in Barnstaple, North Devonshire.
Up in Nottingham, a beggar walked into a jewelry store, pulled 300 sovereigns out of his pocket and sold them for 26 shillings each, representing a clear profit of 90 pounds on their face value if compared with the days of the Gold Standard.
The gold centers of 30 medals won in swimming competitions have been sold by an unemployed man in Hackney.

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Personal

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Wilson of Fort Worth were visitors here yesterday, guests of Mrs. Susan Hunt. C. F. Wilson of Dallas was numbered among the many out-of-town visitors to Ranger Tuesday.
Ray Sherriff has returned from Fort Lavaca, where he and Mrs. Speed were called to the bedside of Mrs. Speed's mother, Saturday morning. She is reported somewhat improved.
Mr. and Mrs. George Bloomberg of El Paso are visitors here today. Mr. Bloomberg is an associate of the United Dry Goods company of El Paso.
Miss Media Ruth Martlette of Fort Worth, formerly of Ranger, is the house guest of Misses Delia and Eleanor Cleveland of Prairie camp, Tiffin.

SPINNING WHEEL BEAT SLUMP
By United Press.
ABERDEEN, Wash.—Mrs. J. E. Fisher solved the depression with an old-fashioned spinning wheel such as she used when a girl in North Carolina. Her husband, a carpenter, built it for her. She buys wool at about 25 cents a pound and spins it into yarn worth \$2.00 a pound.
SAN PERLITA.—A. G. Briggs & Co., Pharr, started construction of new school building here; their bid was \$69,350.

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