

ITALY HAS MADE CHANGES IN ALLIANCE

By United Press
LONDON, May 22.—Great Britain has made a fundamental change in its security front policy. It was understood today, through diplomatic sources, that the proposal brought Great Britain close to accepting the Russian demand for a defensive military alliance, which would put Britain in any war of aggression. The important was the concession made to Russia in the new proposal, it was said, that it was not certain whether the full cabinet would accept it at its regular weekly meeting Wednesday.

However the proposal was accepted by the foreign affairs committee of the cabinet, including most influential members. A foreign office has forwarded the new proposal to the envoys to Poland and Russia, which are directly affected by the British guarantee of security. Rumania has been asked to have intimate relations with British-Russian military pact and an accompanying pledge to defend Rumania's independence. Poland is expected to have modified its attitude, which had been one of refusal to accept Russian aid.

Pose for Portrait After Holdout



Photographers waited three months to get this picture of new baby orangutan at St. Louis, Mo., zoo. "Bimbo," the mama, looks a bit menacing, but baby is merely shy. Orangutans are rarely born in captivity.

Albert Simmonds Funeral Is Held At Eastland Church

Funeral services for Albert W. Simmonds, 59, who died Saturday at his farm home in the New Hope community, were held Sunday at Eastland.

Services were at the First Baptist church with Rev. J. I. Cartledge, pastor of the church, officiating with the assistance of Rev. B. F. Clements of Carbon. Interment was in Eastland cemetery.

A resident of this section for 20 years, Mr. Simmonds recently had farmed at New Hope. He formerly was connected in the oil industry, having assisted in the supervision of the construction of the Chestnut and Smith plant No. 109. Later he became chief engineer of the plant, now owned by the Lone Star company.

He was a native of Orange county, Texas, and had lived in Eastland prior to moving to New Hope. He and his wife, who survives, were married in 1905 at Rogers, Texas.

Mr. Simmonds was a member of the Baptist church at New Hope. Survivors are his wife and seven children: L. V. Simmonds of Eastland, Mrs. K. F. Althausen of Oklahoma City, Mrs. LeRoy Pangburn of Odessa, Daus Simmonds of Harlingen, Mrs. Alwyn Lyon of Ranger, Mrs. Eual Bryan of Eastland. Eight granddaughters also survive.

Funeral services were held at Eastland, Hubert Tolle of Graham, "Shorty" Davis of Eastland, Lawrence Bryan of Ranger, J. E. Chambers of Ranger and C. L. Tully of Eastland.

The Hamner Undertaking company of Eastland was in charge of funeral arrangements.

FRANKS GOES ON TRIAL FOR BANK ROBBERY

By United Press
WAXAHACHIE, May 22.—Burton Franks, 22-year-old automobile thief, who allegedly turned to bank robbery and murdered a man on his first job, went on trial for his life today.

He was accused of the fatal shooting of W. D. Whiteman, president of the Maypearl State Bank. Franks, who was arrested at Denison two days after the Maypearl robbery and killing, was heavily guarded when he went to the courtroom. Five state rangers and three highway patrolmen were present to help local officers in case there was any outburst in the courtroom.

The state prosecutors indicated that they would ask the death penalty for Franks.

Hagaman Chosen Envoy to Meeting

Soil conservation precinct committee of Eastland county Saturday in session at the courthouse elected Leslie M. Hagaman of Ranger as delegate to the Stephenville district meeting today.

The Stephenville soil conservation district is comprised of 51 counties and from that district a delegate to a state board meeting May 29 at Temple was to be chosen.

The movement is in accord with the recent passage by the legislature of the soil conservation law.

Hagaman is committeeman for precinct No. 1 and will serve until the first Tuesday in January, 1940. W. O. Russell of Gorman is committeeman for precinct No. 2 and will serve until the first Tuesday in January, 1941. J. T. Poe of Carbon is committeeman for precinct No. 3 and will serve the same time as Hagaman and N. C. Ramsey of Cisco is committeeman for precinct No. 4 and will serve the same as Russell.

County Agent Elmo V. Cook has been advised by the extension service to cooperate in the new movement.

Booth Is Named Commander VFW In District No. 8

Bud Booth, who lives between Cisco and Moran and is a member of the Eastland County Veterans of Foreign Wars post, Sunday was elected commander at the district VFW convention in Brownwood.

The district is comprised of the San Angelo, Cisco, Brownwood and Eastland county posts.

Booth, well-known in this city, will be installed at the state VFW convention June 19-21 at Amarillo.

Attending the Brownwood session from Eastland were J. Syd Lowry, Henry Pullman and J. F. Mitchell.

College Education Not What 'Doctor Ordered' Some Say

AUSTIN, Tex.—In the eyes of the patient—the American college student—"Twentieth Century Education" isn't what the doctor ordered.

Polling 87 colleges over the nation, the current report of Student Opinion Surveys disclosed here today that 60 per cent of college youth indicted education with presenting "too much theory, not enough practical application."

The surveys are edited at The University of Texas through the Board of Student Publications.

Main student complaint was lodged against the lack of vocational and specialized training, the surveys reported. Other criticism ranged all the way from a demand for "teaching more patriotism" to the belief that too much emphasis is being placed on grades.

Some found present courses "snaps"—too easy; others believed "there are too many incompetent teachers"—a fault which might be corrected, one student suggested, by hiring faculty salaries.

Students in the Southern and West Central section of the country were most satisfied with present teaching techniques, splitting about 50-50. In the Middle Atlantic area were the most dissatisfied.

Salute to New Fascist War Pact



Back from Lake Como where, with Italian Foreign Minister Ciano, he negotiated the recent German-Italian military alliance, Nazi Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop is pictured returning the salutes of cheering, flag-waving Milanese citizens. Behind him is Count Ciano of Italy.

Motorcade Will Stop Here Tuesday

SAN FRANCISCO, May 22.—Starting from San Diego early Sunday morning, the annual "Broadway of America" Motorcade will arrive in Eastland for a short stop Tuesday at 5:59 p. m. and in Ranger at 6:15 p. m., where the party of over 40 cars of Westerners will rest before continuing the first lap of their gay trek to the New York Fair and the return to the San Francisco World's Fair.

Accompanying the Motorcade will be Frank Peterson, special assistant to Leland Cutler, president of the Golden Gate International Exposition, serving as the official representative of the San Francisco World's Fair and as official spokesman for the Motorcade.

"The belief of this annual Motorcade," said Peterson, "is that self-help is the best road to prosperity. A publicity-arousing cavalcade such as this is the ideal way of inducing a maximum number of people to travel to the Fair by 'Broadway of America' route."

Mr. Peterson, who has made more than 3000 speeches throughout America in the past two years, brings with him colored motion pictures and slides of "Treasure Island," which he will show along the Motorcade route, and will ultimately formally present the compliments of the San Francisco World's Fair to the officials of the New York Fair upon the arrival of the cavalcade there on June 1st.

The Motorcade is extending an "open-house" invitation to merchants in the cities along the route to join the cavalcade, and it is expected that when the Motorcade reaches the San Francisco World's Fair on its return journey westward, it will have added over 200 cars filled with visitors to the Golden Gate International Exposition.

Harkrider Family Will Have Reunion

Members of the Harkrider family in this vicinity have been invited to attend the tenth annual reunion June 11 at Fort Worth. Miss Ruth Harkrider, Fort Worth, in charge of arrangements, has announced that the reunion will be held at the Neil P. Anderson Camp at Lake Worth.

New Hope Club To Meet On Thursday

The New Hope Demonstration Club will meet on Thursday, May 25, at 2 p. m. in the home of Mrs. Dick Wood.

All members are urged to be present.

Reed Reports In Abilene Tribunal

Herbert Reed, reporter for 91st district court in Eastland, Monday was in Abilene, where he was handling reporter duties in the 42nd district court.

DIONNES ARE INFORMAL IN THEIR GREETING

By United Press
TORONTO, Ont., May 22.—The Dionne Quintuplets today greeted Queen Elizabeth with five moist kisses in one of the strangest audiences ever granted by British monarchs.

The queen, forgetting royal custom and tradition, leaned over and put her arms around each of the Dionne children and kissed them back.

The audience took place in the drawing room of the lieutenant governor's quarters in the parliament building. The quintuplets were dressed in ankle-length court dresses of white and they wore little white poke bonnets.

Dr. Allan Roy Dufoe, physician and guardian of the quintuplets, came to the royal audience fearing that at least one of the little girls would stand on her head, grab hold of the king's gloves or otherwise behave as five-year-old children do. He could have forgotten his worries, however, for the quintuplets were on their best behavior.

They had been carefully schooled in the technique of making the curtsies but no one had anticipated they would put their arms around the queen's neck and kiss her. That was their own idea.

They walked up to the queen, put their arms around her neck and, one-by-one, kissed her. Persons in the room said the queen was deeply touched by their actions.

King George VI was the forgotten man in the midst of all this feminine affection until Yvonne decided she would fix up that situation. She ran away from the queen, and, going to the king, took hold of his hand and grinned at him.

Kansas City Boss Gets Sentence In Income Tax Case

By United Press
KANSAS CITY, Mo., May 22.—Tom Pendegast, the fallen boss of the democratic political organization here, today was sentenced to prison for one year and three months. He also was fined \$10,000.

The sentence was imposed by Judge Merrill Otis, after Pendegast, the man who made senators and governors, had pleaded guilty to charges of income tax payment evasion.

The sentence meant the end of the political career of the 67-year-old man whose influence reached, at one time, beyond the borders of his state of Missouri.

House Considers Omnibus Tax Bill To Pay Pensions

By United Press
AUSTIN, May 22.—The Texas House of Representatives today began consideration of an omnibus tax bill to finance social security.

The bill, drawn up by a group of anti-tax members, places its chief levies on natural resources, including a graduated tax on oil production, which attorney General Gerald C. Mann has ruled constitutional. It also places taxes on selected luxury articles, such as the sale of new automobiles, higher-priced furniture, cosmetics and clothing.

Sponsors of the bill estimated that it would raise between \$15,000,000 and \$20,000,000 of which almost one-fourth must go to the school fund because of constitutional requirements.

Germany and Italy Sign A New Pact

By United Press
BERLIN, May 22.—Germany and Italy today signed a new 10-year military alliance and announced to the world that both governments believe all European problems can be solved peacefully.

The new alliance, which converts the Rome-Berlin diplomatic axis into a military belt across middle Europe, was signed amid a demonstration of solidarity by German Foreign Minister Joachim von Ribbentrop and Italian Foreign Minister Count Galeazzo Ciano.

BEGINNING OF SOFTBALL DUE THIS EVENING

The Eastland softball season will begin tonight.

Chief A. W. Hennessee of the fire department, sponsor of the lighted field on North Seaman street, stated this morning that two games—one a men's game and the other a girls' game—were matched for tonight.

Beginning at 8 o'clock the Texas Electric Service Company will play the Clover Farm Grocery team. After that game Street's Daughters and Royal Blues, the latter sponsored by the Eastland Drug Company, will play.

The Daughters are sponsored by Street's Dairy.

The games tonight are practice and will have no bearing in the official schedule to be adopted probably this week.

Chief Hennessee stated that a schedule is being drafted and after its completion will be submitted to team officials for approval.

Poppy Day Sale Slated Saturday

Poppy Day will be observed throughout the United States on Saturday, May 27, with the wearing of memorial poppies in honor of the World War dead. The observance will be led by the auxiliary women who will distribute poppies on the streets during the day.

More than eleven million of the little red memorial flowers have been made by disabled World War veterans working in government hospitals and in poppy workrooms maintained by the national auxiliary. These flowers are crepe paper replicas of the poppies which grew on the World War battlefields and among which the dead and wounded fell. They are recognized throughout the English-speaking world as the memorial flower for those who fell in defense of democracy.

Volunteer workers from the unit will offer poppies on the streets all day and will receive contributions for the Legion and Auxiliary welfare and relief work among the disabled veterans and dependent families of veterans.

Bible School To Start Next Monday At Church Of God

Rev. H. C. Hathcoat, pastor of the Church of God at Eastland, Monday reminded parents of Eastland that a daily vacation Bible school for children will begin Monday, May 29, at the church. There is no entrance fee. The school will be held for two weeks Monday through Fridays from 9 a. m. to 11:30 a. m.

Enrollment will be the first day of the school.

Cisco Publisher's Mother Expires At Amsterdam, Mo.

CISCO, May 22.—Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Butler left Saturday for Haynesville, La., after receiving a message Friday night that Mr. Butler's mother, Mrs. J. E. Butler, had died unexpectedly at Amsterdam, Mo., where she and her husband were visiting a daughter, Mrs. A. E. Gilbert, while attending the uniting conference of the three Methodist churches. Death was caused by pneumonia. Mrs. Butler was 67 years of age.

Services were held at Haynesville.

Accompanying Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Butler to Haynesville was E. L. Butler of Lubbock, another son, who arrived here early Saturday.

Mrs. Butler had been ill but a few days and her condition was not believed to be serious until late Friday. She and her husband, who was president of the Arkansas conference of the Methodist Protestant church, one of the three merged branches, and a delegate to the conference, were preparing to return to their home when she became ill. Three sons and two daughters survive.

Rains Necessitate Repairs To Roads

County Judge W. S. Adamson reported Monday that recent heavy rains in the county will necessitate repairs to many roads and bridges.

A rural mail carrier Monday reported to Judge Adamson that a bridge near the Frank Kizzlar farm was in need of repair.

Bull Elk Is Too Onery For The State

By United Press
DURANGO, Colo.—A 27-year-old bull elk which apparently concluded it was too old to forage for itself brought on its own death near here through sheer meanness.

The huge old animal, believed one of a consignment of 23 calves brought here from the Jackson Hole country in Wyoming in 1912, took possession of a rancher's feed lot and allowed no other livestock or even the rancher to penetrate his well-provisioned domain.

Game officials, called in to settle the dispute, observed the bull's stiffness, quarrelsomeness, and other indications of infirmity, and sent a bullet into its brain.

Transient Labor Camp Site Sought

By United Press
DALLAS, Tex.—C. M. Evans, regional director of the Farm Security Administration, planned to close a land deal this week for the federal government's first camp in Texas for migratory farm labor.

The camp will be built at Raymondville.

Evans had a check on hand for \$10,469 for a tract of 160 acres south of Raymondville, which will be used for 249 one-room corrugated metal shelters and 50 three-room cottages.

Witness Warns Of Leftist Uprising

By United Press
WASHINGTON, May 22.—Dudley P. Gilbert, New York socialist millionaire, today told the Dies committee investigating un-American activities, that the American people "will have to rise under some American officer of the Franco type if a red revolution" is to be averted.

Gilbert was the initial witness at the committee's first open hearing into the circulation of allegedly anti-Jewish propaganda to head off a purported "leftist uprising."

Gilbert was questioned about his activities in helping to circulate revolutionary threat among a selected list of about 40 persons, mostly leaders of war veterans.

Chilean Students Praise Friendship Of Texas University

AUSTIN, Tex.—The University of Texas proposed "Pan American Corridor" echoed today to the plaudits of a delegation of seven University of Chile students, swinging across this nation on a good-will tour.

Honor men at their 6,000-student campus, the delegation stopped on the Austin campus "for two days and declared that fascist rumblings in South and Central America can best be hushed by a friendship axis between the people of this hemisphere."

To open under the guidance of President-elect Homer P. Rainey in September and already tentatively approved by University regents, the school's Latin American Institute drew unanimous praise from the visiting Chileans as a "great stride in the right direction."

Designed to assume leadership in this country in cultural and educational relations between the Americas, the institute was labeled a "much needed culture barter" by Dr. Emilio Tagle Pizarro, University of Chile professor and director of the good-will group.

The delegation left Austin for a trek into North Texas, before moving north to Chicago and thence east to Washington.

Eastland Men At Haskell Funeral

Those from Eastland at the funeral services Saturday of Charles Davidson Grissom, 83, Haskell resident and father of Judge Clyde Grissom, included W. P. Leslie, O. C. Funderburk, Dan Childress, Earl Conner, Sr., V. T. Seaberry, Earl Springer and Cyrus B. Frost.

THE WEATHER
By United Press
WEST TEXAS—Fair tonight and Tuesday.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC
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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**U. S. and Canada,
Best of Good Neighbors**

To paraphrase Master Shakespeare, some countries achieve amity with their neighbors, some are born friendly, and some have a peaceful relationship thrust upon them.

But in the relations between the United States and Canada, both are fortunate in being bound by all three conditions. We have achieved mutually cordial relations by 100 years of their conscious development, we are born naturally friendly and in key with one another, and our geographical and economic relationships thrust us one upon the other in so emphatic a way that any but the most friendly relations would be ridiculous.

Often we take this relationship for granted, so accustomed to it have we become. We strive to improve relations with Mexico, Central and South America, which is eminently proper. But we are apt to take Canada for granted, and she us.

We seldom think about the interweaving of destiny that is drawing irresistibly together the two great countries. When President Roosevelt gave renewed assurance that the United States stood ready to defend Canada against any foreign invasion, nobody was much surprised. He only said what everybody knew would be the case in practice anyway.

Obviously neither country could feel safe if a foreign force got a foothold in the other. What Pacific war could be imagined that would not concern Canada equally with the United States? International affairs, especially those of the last 20 years, have been putting the two countries, even more emphatically than they have put all the American countries, into the same boat.

It would not be at all surprising to see Canada some day a participant in Pan-American conferences, from which her status as an empire dominion has hitherto barred her.

But we also sometimes forget that the trade between the United States and Canada is 3 per cent of all world trade, and greater than that between any other two countries. While U. S. exports to China in 1937 were under 50 millions, Canada was taking more than 500 millions in American goods. She was meanwhile sending back about 400 millions. And this apparently unfavorable balance was more than made up by U. S. tourist traffic going into Canada, estimated for 1938 at 150 millions.

One-third of all U. S. foreign long-term investments are in Canada, nearly four billions, but that is no one-way affair, for Canada has invested at least a billion in the United States.

So closely interwoven a relationship as this needs no political ties, and no formal alliances to emphasize that the two great countries are growing closer as each year passes, and that in respect to certain phases of foreign relations they are, and must be, one.

LEGENDARY VILLAIN

HORIZONTAL

1 Villainous hero of a famous opera.
6 He was a legendary — or impostor.
14 Wild buffalo.
15 Uncle.
16 Convex molding.
17 To quote.
18 To steal.
19 Merchandise.
20 Pastboard picture frame.
21 Gymnastic apparatus.
24 Golf term.
25 Meat.
26 Thing.
27 Reply.
30 Preposition used of place.
31 Small fly.
32 Morindin dye.
34 Plural (abbr.).
35 Star-shaped flower wrote the.
37 Wine vessel.

ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

9 Opposed to highest.
10 Kava.
11 Any wrongful act.
12 On the lee.
13 Snout.
29 He made love to.
22 Polynesian chestnut.
23 Eagerness.
25 Chose by ballot.
26 Being.
28 To make lace.
33 Pertaining to the side.
34 Green films on bronzes.
36 Matures.
38 Blur.
39 Creeds.
41 Credit.
42 Bone.
43 Shaft part.
45 Boat part.
47 To assert.
48 Italian coins.
49 Project.
51 Folding bed.
54 Roof finial.

VERTICAL

1 Fourth note in scale.
2 Altar chest.
3 One.
4 Coterie.
5 To sear.
6 Sea skeleton.
7 Barrel ring.
8 Yellow resin.
46 Domineering ruler.
43 Aurora.
46 Accurate.
47 High mountain.
50 Vestige.
52 Act of migrating.
53 He sold his soul to the devil.
55 King of beasts.
56 Room recess.
57 Gounod wrote the.

Crossword puzzle grid with a small portrait of a man in the bottom right corner.

Cheating the Sun



Black rings around eyes of Mildred Black, Louisiana State Normal College co-ed—but rings of value. She wears new eye-shades, developed by fellow-student David Scott, which work on principle of camera lens-shade, allegedly cut out more than 30 per cent of harmful light rays.

Prisoners Make Doll From Jail Scraps

By United Press

EL PASO, Texas—An 18-inch doll made from scraps which some unidentified prisoner-artists gathered in the city jail graces the desk of Chief of Police J. W. Fitzgerald.

The doll is a miniature prisoner with ball and chain. It was found during an inspection of the chain gang "tank." Its head is made from a hand towel and its body from a fragment of a cotton blanket. The hands are carved out of soap, and the feet are constructed from two fingers from a leather glove. Features are penciled on the towel, and a battered hat cut from some old felt chapeau is pushed down over the towel head.

A chain made from some bits of wire attaches a wooden ball to the figure's ankles.

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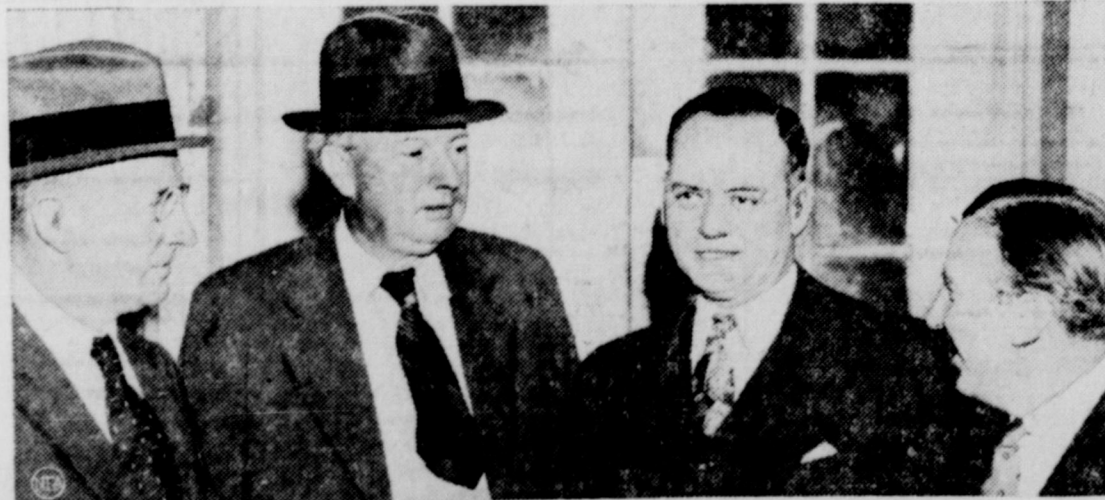
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The Hurt



And They Told the President About Taxes



Pictured after White House conference at which Senator Pat Harrison, chairman of Senate Finance Committee, told President Roosevelt that conservative Democrats would push revision of corporation taxes, are, left to right: Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau; Senator Harrison; Representative Jere Cooper, chairman of House Ways and Means Committee; and John W. Hanes, under-secretary of the treasury. President called meeting to discuss appeasement following insistent demand for tax revision.

LOCAL—EASTLAND—SOCIAL

PHONE 601 BESSIE TAYLOR, Editor

CALENDAR TONIGHT
Y. W. A. of the First Baptist Church will meet at 7:30 in the home of Helen Williams, 606 South Walnut street.
Pythian Sisters meet at 7:30 p. m. at Castle Hall.

CALENDAR TUESDAY
The graduating class of Eastland High School will be entertained in the home of their sponsor, Miss Verna Johnson, with a 4 o'clock tea.
The West Ward school will have a formal opening of the new auditorium Tuesday evening at 7:00 o'clock. A special program celebrating the event will be held. The general public is invited.

Breakfast to Honor Graduates
In Double Seven Club
Naming as honor guests the members of the Double Seven Club who are high school graduates, Miss Florence Perkins, club sponsor, is entertaining the club Tuesday morning, May 23, at 9:15 with a breakfast at her home.

Close Session
With Luncheon
Marking their last meeting of the present club year with an arranged luncheon and an installation of officers, the Alpha Delphians met at the Clubhouse Thursday at 1 p. m.
Mrs. L. C. Brown was installed as president by the presiding officer, Mrs. LeRoy Arnold. Others inducted into office were: Mrs. John LaMunyon as vice president; Mrs. Frank Castleberry as treasurer; Mrs. D. J. Fiensy, recording secretary.

The luncheon table was beautifully arranged using the spring flower motif with a centering of a huge bouquet of garden flowers on the long banquet table. Place cards carried the motif theme and designated the places for the 13 members present. Mrs. J. LaMunyon, as chairman of the arrangements, presided.

Music Club Host
Women's Day Luncheon
Wednesday, May 24, The Music Study Club will be host for a Women's Day luncheon, a feature instituted by the clubhouse board for the purpose of deriving a closer relationship of the women of Eastland. The affair has been held each fourth Wednesday of the month since January and has shown a marked increase in attendance and interest. This will be the last observance of the day and a record day is hoped for by the officials.

A musical program has been planned, to be followed with a short book review immediately after the 12 o'clock luncheon.

Reservations for the luncheon, at 50 cents per plate, may be made by calling Mrs. Victor Ginn, Mrs. Grady Pipkin and Mrs. F. M. J.

LOCAL—EASTLAND—SOCIAL
Kenny Officials state that all reservations must be in by noon Tuesday, May 23, and that all reservations made must be paid for whether used or not.

Eastland Personal
Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Taylor of Nocona, spent the week-end in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Ammer.
Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Jones returned today from a week-end visit in Weatherford.
Mr. and Mrs. Tommy Starkes have returned from a visit with relatives at Durant, Okla.

MARKETS
Am T & T 163 1/2
A T & S F 27 1/2
Chrysler 67 1/2
Col Gas & E 6 1/2
Cons Oil 7 1/2
Elec B & Sh 8 1/2
Gen Mot 44 1/2
Humble O & R 55 1/2
Montg Ward 48 1/2
Packard 3 1/2
Pure Oil 7 1/2
Radio 6 1/2
Socony Vac 12 1/2
Studebaker 6 1/2
Texaco Co 38 1/2
T P C & O 7 1/2
U S Steel 46 1/2

Chicago Grain
Range of the market, Chicago Grain:
Wheat— High Low Close
May 81 1/4 79 1/2 80 1/2 79 1/2
July 75 1/4 74 1/4 74 1/4 74 1/4
Sept. 74 1/4 73 1/4 73 1/4 73 1/4
Corn—
May 50 1/4 49 1/4 49 1/4 50 1/4
July 50 1/4 50 1/4 50 1/4 50 1/4
Sept. 51 1/2 51 1/2 51 1/2 51 1/4
Oats—
May 34 33 1/2 33 1/2 33 1/2
July 32 1/4 31 1/2 32 1/4 32

Burr's Man Goes To Okla.

Brooks Robertson, the local L. C. Burro store for the past Sunday for Durango. He has been trading the Burr store since he came from Big Spring administration here. He is the son of the city and W. A. Green, son-in-law of the Burr store here. He was assistant manager of the Burr store here. He was assistant manager of the Burr store here. He was assistant manager of the Burr store here.

CLASSIFIED

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FICTIONAL STORY

DATE WITH DANGER

BY HELEN WORDEN

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Yesterday, walking home, Ladd was to launch an offensive on Janice French case, orders to write a follow-up for the day.

CHAPTER X

Telephone in Mary French's bedroom buzzed unpleasantly. She reached lazily across the bed.

"Hello," her voice trailed off. "This is Tom Ladd." The editor's tones carried.

"I've been trying to call for 15 minutes." "Must have been asleep," she

drovishly. "You keep anyone there to answer the phone?"

"What do you mean?"

Janice's mother and father were to go to the Dove. I

an interview with them for row. We've got to spring

ing quickly after all. Step the receiver banged up.

"The phone had been out of order for a week," she

ad at the clock. It was half-past six. She had gone to bed at

that morning, too tired even member much about the

fast at the Plaza. She re-telling Freda, the maid, that

must have left at six. That had there was no one to an-

Ladd's call. She never d in her pillow. She never

stay quietly at home, pro- from a world in which

were night clubs, racketeers, es and managing editors.

must get up. She must get the words beat on her brain.

She studied her room, the walls, the pink taffeta cur-

tain, the delicate ivory furniture. The apartment consisted of the

lower floor of a brownstone in the East 40s. A door at

the end of the hall led to the kitchen. In the

was the dining room and of the little garden. A small,

black iron stairway led up to the big living room

on the second floor. Like the hall, the ceilings were high and

the white plaster. The hand-drawn pieces of old mahogany

she had inherited from her mother, showed well against

Twenty minutes later she was hailing a taxi. "Nine hundred and two Fifth Avenue," she called to the driver.

Her dark suit was trim and her hat saucy. There was nothing about her appearance to suggest that she had been up all night.

Janice French's family lived in one of those white stone mansions people stare at from 14th Avenue

bus tops. It was a big, impressive looking home that took up more

than half the block and had heavy cream lace curtains at the front

windows. Its entrance was dignified and stately, with an enormous black wrought-iron and glass mar-

que over the main door and white marble steps leading to a second and more private entrance.

Mary's heart beat faster as she rang the bell. A footman came

suspiciously down the marble steps, cautiously unlocked the outer

door and looked at her inquiringly.

"I would like to see Mr. or Mrs. French," she said.

"Very sorry, Miss, but they're not seeing anyone."

She opened her bag. "Will you give them this note?"

In a moment she had taken out pencil and paper and scribbled.

"I was the one who identified Janice. May I talk to you?" Folding

the paper, she handed it to the man with a dollar bill.

His face softened. "Would you care to wait in the vestibule while I deliver it, Miss? The night's a

cold one."

Five minutes later she was following him up the marble stairs.

As she entered the immense drawing room a man slowly rose from a

sofa near the fire.

"I am Janice's father," he said.

He was thin, of more than middle height with a parchment-like

skin and gentle brown eyes. His white hair was parted in the center.

He wore his dinner jacket with distinction.

"My wife is too prostrated to see anyone," he explained. "But natu-

rally when I read your note I was anxious to learn all I could

about poor Janice."

His voice broke slightly as he uttered his daughter's name and

then shot up hysterically. "How did you come to be the one to identify her?"

MARY was silent. If she told him that she was on the Gazette he would refuse to say any-

thing. But she did not have the heart to deceive him. The situa-

tion was too tragic.

"I write for the Gazette," she said slowly. "I knew your daughter. I saw her at the Dove

practically every night."

"What do you want of me?" His voice had grown desperate.

"I want to get at the real story of Janice's life, Mr. French," she pleaded. "Why did she have that apartment on East 70th street?"

"Janice lived here," he protested. "Edward, who is this young lady?"

A large woman wearing black appeared at the door. "She's from the Gazette, my dear."

"What?"

"Miss Franklin, this is my wife, Mrs. French."

Janice's mother reminded you of those Roman matrons you sometimes see in Victorian steel en-

gravings. Hers was a type of cold perfection that belonged to a past generation. Her aquiline nose had

the executive curve of a general's. She stepped quickly across the

room and pressed a button. "Miss Franklin will understand. I am sure, that neither Mr. French

nor I can talk at a time like this. The servant will show her out."

All of the sympathy Mary felt for Janice's father vanished at the studied rudeness of the girl's

mother.

An expression of contempt came over Mrs. French's face. "No member of my family has ever

spoken to a reporter."

The footman appeared in the door. "Jenkins, will you kindly show this young woman out?"

Mary smiled. "That isn't quite correct, Mrs. French. As I told your husband, Janice talked to me

every time she came to the Dove. I thought you and your husband might be able to tell me why she had that apartment on East 70th

street."

Mrs. French gasped. "This is unbelievable! Edward, are you going to stand there and let this girl tell us that our daughter didn't

live here?"

Mary turned to go. "Her other address was 43 East 70th street."

"It's a lie," cried Mrs. French. "Mary's story was carried in a two-column spread on the front

page next morning. With growing curiosity New York read the opening paragraph. "The motive

for Janice French's suicide is assuming the proportions of a first-class mystery. Last night, her

parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward French, denied all knowledge of the separate apartment which

their daughter maintained at 43 East 70th street. Yet the maid whom Miss French employed at

that address, told detectives of the 67th street police station, early this morning, that her mistress had

been there as late as nine o'clock of the night her body was picked up in the East River off Beekman

place. Police Commissioner Arthur J. Fierman, who has taken charge of the case, promises more

startling disclosures tomorrow."

(To Be Continued)

Isaacs believes that the sentiment of Texans is anti-sales tax, but that if they are given a right

to vote on such a tax in a constitutional amendment the electorate

ought to be able to say also what other taxes they might prefer.

On the other side of the fence are some of the legislature's ablest members. Some of them do not favor any old age pensions,

but believe the public wants them and that a constitutional amendment should be adopted to "nail-down" the problem, take it out of the biennial races "form justice of the peace to justice of the

"OUT OUR WAY" - - - - - By Williams



ALLEY OOP - - - - - By Hamlin



Father Flanagan Of Boys Town Will Be Given Honors



FRECKLES and HIS FRIENDS -



"MAKIN'S" SMOKES-MELLOW

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PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

• BRUCE CATTON IN WASHINGTON

BY BRUCE CATTON NEA Service Staff Correspondent

WASHINGTON.—Although Washington doesn't ordinarily take much interest in municipal elections, it is unofficially bending a speculative glance on one which is to be held in San Francisco on May 19.

On that date the voters of San Francisco will make one more effort to decide what is to be done with the electric power generated by water stored in the famous Hetch-Hetchy reservoir, in the Yosemite. And the federal government has several reasons for being interested.

For one thing, a queer quirk in federal regulations and the enforcement thereof has placed the city of San Francisco in the position of a violator of the law. For

another, the Securities and Exchange Commission has been asked to do something about the way San Francisco securities brokers have kept their right hands from knowing what their left hands are doing. For a

third, Hetch-Hetchy and its electric power are a monument to one of the first public-power ventures of Senator George W. Norris.

It's a rather complicated story. Around a quarter of a century ago, San Francisco got permission (by special legislation) to construct a city water reservoir in the Hetch-Hetchy valley, which is within the confines of Yosemite National Park. The enabling legislation also permitted it to generate electric power with the water so stored, but prohibited it from selling the power

to any individual or corporation for resale. The idea was for San Francisco to get its own distribution system and sell power to its own citizens, direct.

The reservoir being constructed, San Francisco set out to build a transmission line from the power house at Moccasin Creek, at the foot of the Sierras, to San Francisco. It got the line as far as Newark, 45 miles from San Fran-

cisco—somewhere around 1925—and then ran out of money. Pending completion of the line and acquisition of a municipal distribution system, it negotiated an agency contract with the Pacific Gas and Electric Co., which paid the city some \$2,000,000 a year and resold the power to the citizens.

Now because Yosemite, where Hetch-Hetchy is, is a national park, these details come under the jurisdiction of the Department of the Interior. Permission to make this contract with the Pacific Gas and Electric Co. was, accordingly, sought of the Secretary of the Interior. No definite decision was handed down; so since the contract had not formally been disapproved, it was put into operation.

There the matter has stayed ever since. Several times San Francisco has had a municipal election to decide whether bonds should be issued to finance completion of the transmission line and acquisition of a distribution system. Each time the voters have said "no."

A good many years passed thus. Then, at last, the matter came before the attention of Secretary of the Interior Ickes, who challenged the legality of the contract—on the ground that the law specifically prohibited the sale of power for resale—and asked the Justice Department to take the matter into court. The department did so, and last year a U. S. district court ruled the contract illegal and enjoined San Francisco from continuing with it.

A queer situation will develop if San Francisco voters again turn down the bond issue and the higher courts sustain the injunction against the power-sale contract. San Francisco will then be in the position of owning a huge amount of electric power which it can neither use nor sell. It will lose the \$2,000,000-a-year fee from the Pacific Gas and Electric Co., which will mean a 30-cent hike in municipal tax rates.

Spot Glances. By Grayson

BY HARRY GRAYSON NEA Service Sports Editor

DETROIT.—The pitcher is still doing about Robert William Andrew Feller's superb pitching performance against his Detroit Tigers in the opener in Cleveland.

Del Baker tells why Bob Feller is now ready to take his place with the pitching greats.

The Oregon hop grower says the Van Meter wonder should win 25 games this trip . . . like breaking sticks.

Rapid Robert is only 20, yet there is not a better pitcher in baseball today.

Baker, who confesses that he got only one hit off Walter Johnson in four years, says he easily can imagine Feller on a given day being the greatest pitcher who ever threw a baseball.

The Detroit manager hasn't the slightest doubt but that the Iowa farm boy will stand up through the years to take his place among the immortals.

Feller has eliminated the jerky elbow motion which shortened the pitching career of Smokey Joe Wood," points out the old backstop.

"When I first saw Bob I predicted that he wouldn't last long because of his peculiar delivery, and on a couple of occasions I feared I was right when he developed a sore arm."

"BUT Bob has smoothed his delivery . . . lessened the strain on his arm. There was no necessity for his spraddling out as he used to do."

"The two most important things in connection with pitching are balance and resourcefulness. The one is physical, the other mental."

"Feller now has both."

"His delivery was most orthodox when he struck out 10 of us the other afternoon."

"The dark day was made even darker around the plate by the towering stand of the huge Cleveland Municipal Stadium. Outfielders have plenty of room to roam there."

"But Feller will continue to turn in phenomenal strikeout totals and low-hit games in all parks and on the brightest days."

"And pitching will be easier for him as he goes along. He's making batters hit bad pitches now. He walked only two of us, which is not bad for a pitcher supposed to be the champion wild man and after a period of idleness. It strikingly illustrated the extent to which the elimination of all that elbow flopping has given the youngster control."

"ONE of the things I liked best about him . . . although it was sad for us . . . was that three misplays behind him in a single inning didn't disturb him in the least. With Dixie Walker on third base, Feller blew a third strike by Charley Gehringer and, after walking Hank Greenberg, struck out Rudy York on three pitches."

"Feller perhaps is as fast as any pitcher who ever threw a ball. It is practically impossible to hit his low curve."

"His fast ball drifts away from left-hand hitters and into the hands to handcuff right-hand hitters. Left-hand hitters pull away from it and it catches the inside corner for strikes."

Del Baker wishes he had Bob Feller.

He also is happy that Cleveland hasn't three others just like him.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson

AN AIRPLANE FLYING AT A SPEED OF 120 MILES PER HOUR WOULD NEED ABOUT 600 YEARS TO MAKE THE TRIP AROUND THE SUN THAT THE EARTH MAKES IN A YEAR.

ANSWER: In bright sunshine, white clothing is cooler because it reflects the light away from the body. At night, there is little or no difference in the coolness of white and dark clothing of the same weight.

J'ROME BORROWS TROUBLE

BY
EDWARD L. PRICE

Seems like a man gets into a mixup when his wife goes away—even if he ain't aimin' to

IT only lacked four days to the State Holiday when J'rome's wife's mother took a spell and there was nothing to do but Etta must go down to see her through it. J'rome stood for a while on the windy station platform, looking down the track after her train, and felt all empty and forlorn inside him. Etta vowed she'd be back for the holiday, they not having missed a week together in their five years with each other, even if it meant her mother had to have a hospital nurse come in and try to do for her.

Still, it was lonesome-seeming back on the old place, just knowing she wasn't there. Lonesome and bare-seeming the land, the fields, though you'd hardly believe she'd been gone from the house an hour, already. The clock ticked; the furnace gave warmth; the kitchen stove gleamed. But just the same, she was gone.

He joined Billy Daw who came up from below the lake for chores and helping around, and after Billy had gone, he put in unnecessary minutes on things he didn't really need to do around the barn. But the empty house waited for him, no less empty and hollow for the early darkness that surrounded it. His father, and grandfather before him, had been born in that house, but without Etta it just didn't seem home, at all.

The next day, and the next, he worked hard, fully covering every minute of the day with toil, banking the house, laying a new floor in the horse stalls, packing hay over the cow shed. The first lonesomeness was buried, though no one passed on the road, except the mailman, and he spoke to no one except Billy Daw, who was no hand for talk.

Wednesday morning was overcast, bespeaking snow if it turned colder, rain if it held warm. There was a rock in the sod land of the hill piece that needed blasting. He had turned that sod this fall for the first time in his lifetime and uncovered it. It was scarred and scored by the plow points of past generations. He would drill a hole in it, put in a charge, and haul it off before winter set in.

In the tool shed, he was searching for the drill when he remembered that a teamster he'd hired the winter before had carried it off. It meant a trip to town for new ones, or he might borrow from Horace Brown on the Lane road.

He thought a moment on that. The Cannings didn't borrow, his father used to say. "The man who borrows, borrows trouble." But he couldn't see the harm in it, in this particular instance. Old Horace had been a friend of his father, and he had the tools lying idle.

HE'D go 'round by the Junction; Etta's sister lived there and he'd visit a while. Driving by Wood Sherwin's plane mill, Woody waved and he stopped the car. Woody came over as he opened the window. "You work-in, J'rome?" he asked.

"Got plenty to do to home," J'rome told him. "Why?"

"Short handed 's can be," Woody complained. "Need a man for teamin' the worst way. Have to shut off the mill while one of my boys goes for logs. Need a man bad." J'rome showed in the gear. "Wish I could help you, Woody. I sure do. 'f I hear of anyone in the next day or two, I'll let you know."

"Do that," said Woody, and J'rome went on. At Caleff's he stopped for some of Caleff's bitey cheese and, thinking of Etta's sister's young ones, bought a pound box of chocolate cherries. But no one was home at Etta's sister's, so he drove on and up into Horace Brown's yard.

That granddaughter of Horace, the one from Lovell that'd married a Maine man and then broke up with him, came out, making her slanty eyes at him like she couldn't help doing, it seemed, to every man. She was keeping house for Horace. She seemed awful glad to see him, but that was her way, he judged.

"Why, it's J'rome Canning!" she cried. "Come in, J'rome. Come in." She did a fancy little dance step in that flighty way of hers and went back into the house.

She was a caution if anyone was. J'rome thought, getting out, and feeling irritated about going in, even for a minute. She was nervous as an old hen with one chick, a tall, skinny girl, with black hair that flew around when she shook her head, and long eyes always snapping or looking sleepy at a man. But she kept Horace's kitchen slick all right, as he saw when he came in. But there was only her there, leaning back over the table like she was posing in a movie.

"Where's Horace?" he asked. "I was goin' to—"

"He's gone!" she said, as if it was mighty tragic, his leaving. "He's gone to Barrington to look at a cow, and up here you get to feeling awful alone. I'm glad you came, J'rome. I certainly am."



"Besides," she said, making those slanty, sleepy eyes at him, "Grampa Horace says your wife is away."

J'rome said, uncomfortably, "Well, really, I got to be—"

"I'm so glad you came, J'rome," she repeated, as though he'd said nothing, "because it gets awful lonesome, and the dog's gone off somewhere, and besides—besides—" She seemed to be fumbling in her mind for something. "—besides, I need a stove set up in the parlor, so I can sew, because it's getting terrible cold, and I wondered if you could help me."

"Well, now, you see—" J'rome began.

"Grampa Horace is getting on and it takes a long time and it takes it out of him, moving heavy things. And I was just thinking if only someone, big and strong, would come by this morning." She unbent suddenly from her backward arch and came up uncomfortably close. "Look, J'rome, I wish you would."

The way her eyes looked at him, half closed like that, got him in a sweat and he wanted out as quick as quick. "Sure," he said. "Sure, Frances. Where is it?"

It was a relief, then, to wrestle the pot-bellied stove from the woodshed, across the kitchen, and into the parlor. In some way he was not sure of, he found himself setting it up, building a fire in it, and then carrying the sewing machine down from the attic. But, somehow, all this was gotten through, and he made for the kitchen where he had left his mackinaw and cap.

"Oh, you can't go yet!" that girl said, and she made out as though she might cry. "It was so obliging of you to help me all morning, and all, so I thought I'd get you dinner. Look, it's a nice pot roast." It was, too. "Besides," and she made those blamed, slanty, sleepy eyes at him again, "Grampa Horace says your wife is away."

J'rome shied at that, like a colt, and sweat beaded his flushed forehead. He grabbed around her for his coat by the door. He all but had it on, by gorry, too, and then she

yanked it so his arms were pinned to him as she pulled the coat down his back, laughing all the time, like a kid bedeviling a grown-up, but like a hell-cat woman, too. "Oh, you've got to stay, J'rome. I just meant with your wife away, you weren't getting anything but cold meals, you silly goose."

There was no sense in fighting and wrestling and feeling like a fool. "Didn't think you meant anything else, did I?" he mumbled, letting her slip the coat off.

"Of course not," and her eyes opened wide as a baby's. "What else could I mean? Sit down and we'll have dinner. Just like you were Grampa Horace—or I was Etta."

THERE it was again, the way she talked and the way she looked. He'd been a fool to get out of the car at all. There was time enough for any neighbor to go to town and back again, and his car setting in the yard all the time, and they knowing Horace was in Barrington the day. Yes, and his wife away and everybody knowing it. There'd never been a breath of scandal about a Canning up till now.

The pot roast was good, and he ate hearty. She chattered on and on, and he only half-listened, thinking of Etta not home and the neighbors. She made him have a second slab of pie and a third cup of tea.

"I got to go, now," J'rome said, finishing, and staying two or three minutes for politeness. "I got to go, see? I guess I shouldn't 've stayed long 's I did."

"Oh, but you didn't get your drills, J'rome. We forgot all about them, didn't we? We'll look, now, and—"

"I'm going, Frances," J'rome said, determinedly, and kept his back to the wall.

J'rome looked out and saw the thickly matted snowflakes blinding the view. But the Canning reputation was at stake, if not lost. "I'm going," he insisted, and stepped out into a whiteness that obscured everything. His car loomed a few feet from the steps and with

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in every direction. He shook his head, quick, mostly to clear it, partly to make sure it was still on him, and dimly saw Frances lift her two arms again. He sprang up, mad clean through.

"By God!" he hollered. "No woman is going to pound my head in with a cast-iron skillet!" He pushed her violently away and she skittered back into the Boston rocker. The man lay still on the floor while J'rome struck a match and lit the lamp. Then the man got up, eyeing J'rome anxiously.

"Look," he said, "I'm mighty sorry, whoever you are. I just got out of jail and if they find out about this, they'll put me back in again."

J'rome said, "They won't, far 's I'm concerned. I got my reputation to look out for, myself. What's this whole mess about, anyway? Frances, who's this feller?" Then it became clear. "Oh. You Frances' husband?"

DANNY nodded. "We were living in Portsmouth and we had a fight. I know she can't help making eyes like she does, but it got me mad. We had a fight and a policeman came in. Franny here was so mad she said a lot of things. Anyway, they—well, they put me away for six months. I learned a lot in those six months, Franny. I won't be jealous any more."

The way she went at him showed she hadn't been half-trying when she wrestled J'rome. From his arms, she said, "Well, and I was terrible sorry for the things I told the cop, but it was too late. And then Danny got mad, and wouldn't let me come see him. So I went to Grampa's. Danny was getting out today and—I was scared. I didn't know—I—well, I didn't tell Grampa, but I knew Danny would come up here."

J'rome figured, "So you tried the worst way to get me to stay."

She smiled, again; she just couldn't help herself looking like that at men. "It turned out you did."

Danny was crazy about her just like he was about Etta. "I had six months to think it over, Franny. If you'll come back with me, I'll get a job somewhere, and we'll start over."

J'rome remembered something. "Can you drive team?" Danny threw back his shoulders. "Shuh," said Danny. "I come from a logging country. Handling a pair is like—"

"Well, you go up to Wood Sherwin's tomorrow—no, tomorrow's a holiday—Friday, then, and tell him I sent you. I'll call him up tonight and let him know. Woody's always logging, so it's a year 'round job. Good to his help, too."

Frances said, "And we'll stay here at Grampa's and I'll keep house. And tomorrow we'll kill a goose. Grampa and I were just going to have a chicken, but now we'll kill a goose." She broke away from her husband's arms and did a funny little dance step, waving one finger in the air.

She stopped in front of J'rome and looked at him with her eyes half-sleepy. She said, "J'rome Canning, you're a goose." Crazy as a loon, J'rome thought, and was grateful for his own wife.

"Maybe you ought to beat her up once in a while, Danny. A little, anyway." Her husband considered it.

"Maybe I ought," he agreed. "Like you say, a little, anyway."

"Oh, Danny!" Frances said, and hugged him. It all made J'rome feel happy but lonesome, again. Right then, old Horace walked in, and J'rome felt uncomfortable.

"What's going on?" old Horace boomed. "J'rome, what you doing here? Just come by the depot and they was trying to telephone your house. Etta's comin' in on the 5-20."

J'rome cleared his throat, and Frances put in, quickly, "Why, J'rome was coming down to borrow your stone drills and he met Danny coming here and so he gave him a lift. So we've been sitting around talking, and waiting for you, and Danny and J'rome brought the parlor stove in and set it up." She was a caution, J'rome thought, gratefully, and couldn't she tell a whopper! J'rome got a firm grip on the door knob. "I gotta go," he said.

"Hold on a minute," said Horace. "You wanted to borrow—"

"Too much trouble," blurted J'rome. "I'll buy me some."

"What ails the boy?" he heard old Horace say as he closed the door. The squall had let up, and it held off snow. J'rome sent the car roaring down to the depot.

"WELL," said Etta, snuggling close to her husband, as they hit the straight road. "Tell me what's new." J'rome kept his eyes on the black lines through the light snow, driving carefully.

"Not much," he said. "Uh—Frances, that girl up at Horace Brown's, she made up with her husband and he's going to Wood Sherwin's to work."

"Goose!" said Etta, and the car jumped like a breachy heifer. "I mean about you." J'rome adjusted his cap, carefully.

"Well, I got my head bumped—" "—going through that woodshed door, I'll bet. You always do."

J'rome said nothing. Two new stone drills clanged together in back as they turned up the side road to home.