

The Weather
WEST TEXAS: Generally fair and colder. Temperature 16 to 20 degrees in the Panhandle tonight. Thursday fair and colder in the southeast.

THE REPORTER-TELEGRAM

THE DAILY REPORTER (Consolidated March 10, 1929) THE DAILY TELEGRAM
MIDLAND, TEXAS, WEDNESDAY, FEB. 3, 1932

WE scientists must not permit our knowledge of science, skill, and power to be placed at the disposal of nations to be used in the interest of war.—Dr. Albert Einstein, of relativity fame.

VOL. III. Number 283

BATTLE RAGES IN SHANGHAI

Reports Say Disastrous Earthquake Strikes Santiago

BUILDING LOSS SAID ENORMOUS

75 Per Cent of the Structures of City Down

HAVANA, Feb. 3. (UP)—Meagre advices reaching here today said 75 per cent of the buildings at Santiago had been damaged early today by an earthquake.

The dead were unofficially estimated between 75 and 100 with 200 injured.

Airplanes were rushing doctors, nurses and supplies from here and Miami. All communications were halted.

Official announcement at noon today said an earthquake had killed 12 and injured 120.

AIRPLANES OFF ON SEARCH FOR LOST AIR LINER

RIVERSIDE, Calif., Feb. 3. (UP). Sixty-three army airplanes left here today to hunt the airliner carrying eight passengers which has been missing almost a week.

The planes are to search the snow-covered mountainous area between Los Angeles and Bakersfield.

Mexican Injured When Cars Crash

A Mexican, Fernando Gutierrez, narrowly escaped death Monday afternoon when a county truck pinned him underneath when it turned over after a collision on the Rankin road.

The Mexican, held in jail but sent out daily to work the road with other prisoners, turned suddenly and was struck by a car driven by A. H. Liwyd, who did not have time to stop or turn.

The truck turned over, pinning the Mexican to the ground. The steel cable lay across his neck. He was able to go home from the hospital that night.

Makes Profit on 10-Cent Doz. Eggs

And yet they will tell you that profit cannot be made on eggs when these sell as low as 10 cents a dozen!

Mrs. T. D. Jones, who lives one and a half miles south on the Rankin highway, started keeping check on her chickens in November, when she had 252. The first month brought only 820 eggs, an average of 3 eggs per month per hen. In December there was an increase of 106 eggs.

Two hens died in January, leaving 250, and there were 2,886 eggs. During this month, she sold \$41.90 in eggs at 12 1-2 cents a dozen, besides using 19 dozen at home and setting 150 eggs. She netted \$25.20, paid her grocery bill, bought 100 baby chicks and paid a \$5 payment on an incubator.

The increase in eggs is attributed to planting of green feed and feeding of hot milk. She bought 600 pounds of mash and mixed it with home grown food, all of which was figured at commercial rates in her bookkeeping.

Magnolia Announces New Production Rule

DALLAS, Feb. 3. (UP)—The Magnolia Petroleum company today announced it would operate East Texas wells on a production basis of 75 barrels daily, beginning tomorrow.

It was estimated that the cut would cause East Texas production to drop more than 21,000 barrels daily.

The Magnolia will buy oil on the same basis.

San Angelo Man Is Named by Governor

AUSTIN, Feb. 3. (UP)—Governor Sterling today added the following to a committee to furnish contact between the government reconstruction finance corporation and the state: J. S. Allison, San Angelo; C. C. Belcher, Del Rio; H. L. Kokenut, San Antonio; Richard King, Corpus Christi; Joe Frost, San Antonio; Gus F. Taylor, Tyler; H. L. Birney, El Paso and Nathan Adams, Dallas.

The dime-a-dance girl

BY JOAN CLAYTON



ELLEN ROSSITER

CHAPTER I
A milk wagon rattling along Pine street brought Ellen Rossiter wide-awake. The Rossiter apartment was five floors above the street, but Ellen thought irritably even in the moment of waking, that the clanking below was sufficient to wake the dead.

It was going to be another scorching day. The girl's face, rosy from sleep, was faintly damp and her thick tawny hair was live and beautiful with heat curls. She was conscious only of discomfort as she thrust it back and rolled over hastily to look at the clock.

Only 20 minutes to seven. Twenty blessed minutes more. Ellen stretched luxuriously, assuring herself that the alarm was set for seven, and snuggled down again. As she was closing her eyes she noticed that the adjoining bed was empty. Myra had already risen and slipped quietly from the room. Ellen had sleepily decided that her sister intended to bathe before leaving for the library when she heard from the kitchen her sister's voice raised high in expostulation. Something was wrong again. Ellen did not know quite what but that particular note in Myra's voice always meant trouble.

And trouble in the Rossiter household meant inevitably a difference of opinion, between Myra Rossiter and Molly Rossiter.

Ellen sighed, tossed back the sheet and in one leap was out of bed. She grabbed a green cotton crepe negligee and streaked for the bathroom. The door was locked. Michael, aged 12, was inside. The one male of the family, the adored and spoiled little brother, he had special prerogatives and was not timid in enforcing them.

"I'm studying," he called out. "In the bathroom!"

"In the tub?"

He added plaintively, "I'll get out if you want me to. Only it's so cool in here and I'm always being interrupted no matter where—"

"All right, darling. Stay where you are for 10 minutes. But after that I'll have to rout you."

Ellen Rossiter was three days past 20 on that morning in late July—three days past 20 and already beginning to be afraid that the wild and careless dreams of her teens would not be fulfilled in her twenties. It was money, of course. The Rossiters had more than their share of good looks, from Molly Rossiter, who had been Molly O'Reilly, the prettiest girl in the whole of County Cork, to baby Mike, but they had nothing else.

The three children—Myra, the eldest, and Ellen and Mike—had from their father their thick copper hair and wide, thick-lashed blue eyes, and from their mother their creamy skin. The peculiar, arresting way they walked and stood, their nervous movements of their hands, the confident, arrogant ease with which they faced the world—all those were Rossiter ways, as Molly, who was Rossiter by marriage, said so often. The unconscious air of distinction that was shared by all of them was from their father, too. It was Charles Michael Rossiter who had given them an unmistakable look of race.

There was no denying that the young Rossiters were unlike the young Blacks downstairs, or the young Rioridans in the basement, or the Shanenbergers who sprawled through the two floors above. They were different and suspect. Ellen had often reflected bitterly, as people always are who have a past and no future.

But Molly Rossiter, an incurable optimist, had never once admitted the secret fears of her two daughters. Even when she had her crying spells she always insisted hysterically that her children were better looking than any of the English Rossiters, better qualified to move in that mysterious world whose doors had been shut to them abruptly when Charles Rossiter unable to forget green English fields and misty country English mornings even in the love of his wife and children, had closed his eyes and died of a common cold.

There once had been money. Myra at 26 could remember surroundings quite different from the down-at-heel Brooklyn apartment, could, with a pang in her heart, remember the glorious years before her father's death, the soft spoken servants, the gleam of candlelight on old silver (gold long since), and rugs so deep that all sound of footsteps was lost in them.

Charles Rossiter had met Molly O'Reilly on a trip to Ireland. He had married her before his father and mother and many brothers, and sisters could rush in to point out

the impossibility of marriage between the fourth son of Lord Harmsstead and a tenant farmer's daughter.

They had never forgiven him that. They were, as anyone except Molly Rossiter would admit, scrupulously fair. Charles' share of the Harmsstead estate had been settled upon him at once. The condition was that he leave England. His father and mother had refused to meet his bride. And Charles Rossiter, stiff-necked with pride, had been glad enough to leave England. He had come to America and had never gone back. He had often longed for England but no one of his brothers or sisters had ever learned that. No one of them had shown the slightest interest in what he might have been thinking during those long years of exile. No one of them, except his youngest sister, Myra, for whom his eldest daughter was named, had shown in the years following his death any recognition of the fact that he had left a family. His sister Myra, perhaps, held back by the pressure of her brothers and sisters, had never seen any member of his small family but she did from time to time send boxes of clothing, discarded by her own daughters.

On that August morning Charles Rossiter had been dead 12 years. His death took place three days before his only son was born. He could never have foreseen that his two beautiful daughters would be forced to work, the one at an underpaid job in a public library, the other as an underpaid salesgirl in a great department store. He had left a sufficient sum to bring up his children in comfort, to educate them, and to provide for the lifetime of his young wife.

But Molly Rossiter, dazed with grief, had seen that money slip from her irresponsible hands within two years.

Ellen could remember only as of something dreamed those days when money was not a daily problem, a daily topic of conversation. She had gone to work at Barclay's department store when she was 14. She was still there.

As she walked to the kitchen she wondered a little hopelessly if she would always be there.

When she entered the small, heated room where the blue-checked linoleum had long since retreated into the corners, her mother turned from the stove. Molly's pretty, fading face was flushed and set in lines of determination. Ellen sighed again. She was afraid that her mother had hit upon another disastrous scheme which would make them all rich.

(See DIME-A-DANCE GIRL page 6)

MANIAC IS BARRICADED IS BELIEF

Planes May Attempt To Bomb Bad Man Out of Hiding

EDMONTON, Alberta, Feb. 3.—(UP).—Airplanes, carrying bombs, ammunition and supplies, were rushing northward today to aid the northwest mounted police in a hunt for Albert Johnson, mad trapper, who has killed a constable and defied three expeditions sent to capture him.

The maniac is believed trapped in an ice rock barricade he constructed. The hunt was progressing with temperature 50 degrees below zero.

OUACHITA RIVER ON RAMPAGE; MEN ERECT RAMPARTS

MONROE, La., Feb. 3. (UP).—Three thousand workers today were building sandbag ramparts against the rising Ouachita river.

One death was reported as the heavy rains continued. Reports that the Mississippi was approaching the flood stage caused additional fear.

More than 5000 homes have been vacated. Many were totally under water.

GREAT ACREAGE MAY RESULT AS RESULT RULING

DALLAS, Tex., Feb. 3. (UP).—Out of the perplexing situation in which the Texas cotton farmer finds himself as a result of a court ruling that the cotton acreage law is invalid is expected to come a large acreage planted in cotton this season, cotton authorities indicated today.

The decision of Judge W. C. Davis, of Franklin, in holding the acreage reduction law unconstitutional will be taken to the civil court of appeals at Waco and finally to the supreme court.

But regardless of whether a final decision has been made by the higher courts before cotton planting starts late this month in the lower Rio Grande valley, the Texas farmer is expected to turn as usual to his crop stand-by—and plant cotton.

A. J. Stone, secretary of the Dallas cotton exchange, said he considered the law "dead as it lies," and pointed to the steadiness of the cotton market even after the decision of Judge Davis was announced. The dumping of cotton on the market by Japan Tuesday finally forced the market down.

"If there had ever been any faith in the law's effectiveness, the market would have broken immediately when the court made its ruling," Stone opined. "Texas' experiment in acreage control has been more or less a huge joke ever since the governor called the legislature into special session to pass it."

Authorities in the cotton trade expected a reduction of only from 5 to 8 per cent in 1932 production despite low prices, Stone said. The cotton law, which would restrict the planting of cotton to 30 per cent of the 1931 cultivated acreage, was expected to cut Texas' cotton production of more than 500,000,000 bales in half, in 1932.

TO SPRING MARKET

Mr. and Mrs. Addison Wadley and Miss Ethel Hancock left this afternoon for Dallas to do spring shopping for Wadley's department store.

Mrs. Wadley will visit her daughter, Mrs. Alf Reese, in Dallas while he goes on to St. Louis and Chicago. Mrs. Frank Day will have charge of the ready-to-wear department in Mrs. Hancock's absence.

A QUEER PIPE

C. L. Jackson is smoking a queer pipe these days. This was sent him by a brother from Cuba, and is hand carved from the wood of an orange tree. The pipe is one piece, save for the stem, but has two colors of wood, on the black section of which is carved an alligator.

Capt. A. Innes Taylor, One of Byrd's Men, Ready to Take Another Polar Trip

A quiet spoken man who is apt to unlout his o's now and then moves around the scout check table in Midland every Wednesday, answering to "Mr. Taylor." Few, except for the scouts, know that he has lived one thrilling adventure after another, that his singular record includes service with the Northwest Mounted, the Canadian Royal Flying corps, the aerial screen defense of London during the war, flying tricky seaplanes from whaling vessels, musing with dog teams in the far northland and, finally, two years spent with Commander Byrd in the south polar expedition.

To talk with the unassuming man, now field man for the Plains Production company, with which Commander Byrd's brother is a high official, one would not suspect him of even now, making plans for another trip to the Antarctic. But Commander Byrd has been in communication with him and the "important chunk out of a young man's life" seems about to be repeated.

Now a captain in the Royal Flying corps reserve, the Englishman, or Canadian as he explains, was just back from a trip to California for the Mounted when a telegram came from Commander Byrd asking for sledge dogs. Captain Taylor was asked by his superiors if he could get the huskies.

The next afternoon he returned with 20 dogs that he had bargained for with a trapper in a lonely cabin in the northland. Followed a wire asking for someone to join the expedition, who could train and work the dogs.

Captain Taylor was asked if he would consider going. The City of New York was ready to sail from New Zealand and the commander had to know immediately.

"I had two seconds to decide whether I would bury myself for two years in the wastes of the far south," the captain laughed, "but decided I was too young to miss the chance."

He sailed. Somewhere out of New Zealand he was attached to a whaler and flew with the captain in a DeHavilland-Moth seaplane that was carried on board the big boat. "This was the first time an airplane was used on a whaler," he said. "We used it to scout for whales and to find passages for the ship in the drifting floes."

It was this ship that was lost during the expedition, with two men aboard. Nothing was ever heard of it. It was pure fortune that kept Captain Taylor out of the cockpit the day it took off, his detention on board for a trivial matter keeping him from the flight. His soaring over the wastes 900 miles on one such flight.

He joined the Byrd ship and sailed to Little America, the winter base for the expedition. His work was essentially in moving supplies with the dogs and sledges, but he had much time to experiment with correct food for dogs and other duties.

As a result of these extra duties, he has been asked by the National Geographic society to do two chapters for a forthcoming book on the South Polar seas. He will write one chapter on "Whaling in the South Seas," and one on "The Ideal Diet for Dogs in the Antarctic."

Captain Taylor can readily converse of any topic one is likely to mention. Apparently, he has seen every kind of life known to the adventurer. He has been to most of the interesting places known to the traveling public and, more than that, has become acquainted with them in the subtle ways of the cosmopolite.

During the war he did much night flying over London with the pursuit sections detailed to guard the city from Zeppelin raids. He ferried tricky little wasps across the channel and had his part of the thrills in general.

But nothing compares with the frigid solemnity of the Antarctic, the land where nerves are shattered through monotony of cold and piled up silence. Yet, he would go back to the arctic named frigid hell because, while he's a bit surfeited with adventure, the great wastes present a challenge to the student not found in the more exploited regions of the earth. Meanwhile, he will talk of military strategy, scientific departures from obsolete fighting methods, plant and animal life—or even of oil—but there's a far-away look surprised in his eyes, just as you'd imagine.

Midlander, Who Studied in Far East, Explains Conception of Trouble There

A Midland attorney, Sam K. Wasaf, who is possibly one of the best students of the Far East in the state, having studied there two years before the World War and who speaks 11 dialects spoken there, has been asked by The Reporter-Telegram to discuss Manchuria and the Far East. He knows Manchuria almost as well as Texas.

"Never before in all my studies or events have I observed a more stolid individual than Kenkichi Yohizawa, Japanese delegate at Geneva, commonly referred to as the Asiatic Scotsman. In all my studies of diplomats and governmental representatives of the various nations, his like has never been seen. If any man was designated to express his governmental policy to the letter, he could not have done it any better than this Japanese representative. The statesman carried out his government's policy to the letter, without explanation, without fear, and without turning to the right or left. European diplomacy has been cultivated for years. With the European powers, it is an art. Its ablest diplomats are at Geneva. But they did not and could not budge this little diminutive Japanese representative.

"Aristide Briand, one of the keenest diplomats in the world did his best to induce Japan to compromise on some solution that would admit of retirement and evacuation from Manchuria before settlement with the Chinese government. But Briand's views struck against the cold mood of the Japanese representative. Kenkichi Yohizawa simply read again the Japanese refusal to Briand. Mind you, this Japanese representative did not make a speech. He did not go into any lengthy argument. He simply read the refusal of the Japanese government.

"The Marquis of Reading was impatient. He was quite anxious to get home in order to take his place in parliamentary reconstruction work in England. This Englishman tried his hand at it. But to his views the Japanese representative was not sympathetic and merely cited his lordship to the case he had already presented to M. Briand. When this occurred, Signor Madariaga, apostle of world order and co-ordination, could not break down that solid front. The Jap stood pat. He did not want publicity. He did not seek the limelight in the press. He was not willing to share the show provided by his Chinese adversary, Dr. Alfred Sze. The representative of Japan flatly refused to shed any light on Manchuria; his idea, I believe, was to keep the council of the League of Nations in the dark. He would not budge from the assertion of his government, that is the Japanese foreign office, that the trouble in Manchuria could not admit of outside intervention.

"I would describe this representative of Japan as a cold, exacting, deliberate individual. He is rather moody and fanatical to the utmost in carrying out the views of his government. As far as he was concerned, he had no choice. He is called an Asiatic Scotsman. And of course he is, as clear a Scotsman as you will find in Nippon. The origin of this man has something to do with it. He was born in the province of Echigo, in northern Japan, which of course is very similar to the highlands of Scotland. This province is snowbound in winter and faces a chilly sea that is part of the Arctic waters.

"With all of this description given of this Japanese statesman, still he could get hot under certain circumstances. For instance, toward the October session. During the previous days while the hall of nations had been listening to the oratorical descriptions of Dr. Sze, who had the sympathies of the other representatives, Mr. Yohizawa for the most part remained silent. But toward the end of the session, when his toes were stepped on by what seemed to be heckling, he turned loose. And here were his remarks: "The league is dealing with ideals while Japan has to deal with facts." When he was called upon to amplify his remarks and explain this little Jap shut up like a clam, exactly like he did when the council invited his explanation of the Japanese case. It is generally believed that he was ashamed to make his case known. It was not in his instructions from Tokyo. He was carrying out his government's policy, no more, no less. What is that policy? What does Japan have in mind? What does she want? What is her excuse? Actions speak louder than words. I (See MIDLANDER page 6)

FOREIGN CITY IS STRUCK

Overtures for Peace Not Generally Popular

SHANGHAI, Feb. 3. (UP)—Rear Admiral Montgomery Taylor arrived today aboard the United States cruiser Houston, to assume command of American forces in the battle zone.

A terrific battle was under way as the Houston dropped anchor.

A shrapnel fell in the international settlement as Japanese and Chinese struggled for control of the native section.

Japanese headquarters announced a general offensive would be resumed on all fronts.

The foreign areas were endangered as shells and bullets showered the city.

The Chinese were holding their own stubbornly. Japanese planes were joined with artillery and machine guns.

Chinese Claim Fort Sank Jap Cruiser

SHANGHAI, Feb. 3. (UP)—Chinese army headquarters announced officially that guns of Woosung forts sank a Japanese destroyer today and forced others to withdraw seriously crippled.

Japanese naval authorities denied the claim.

Chinese Reply to Note Favorable

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3. (UP)—The state department announced the receiving of a favorable reply from the Chinese government to the British-American proposals for peace in the Orient.

Officials refused to reveal the reply's details but it was believed that it contained full acceptance of the five-point peace program.

Japan's official reply had not been received but authorities took cognizance of Tokyo press reports that Japan had accepted the program except for the fifth point which provides for neutral investigation of Manchurian conditions.

Communists Stone Japanese Legation

ATHENS, Greece, Feb. 3. (UP)—Communists today stoned and slightly damaged the Japanese legation here, shouting "down with Japanese imperialism."

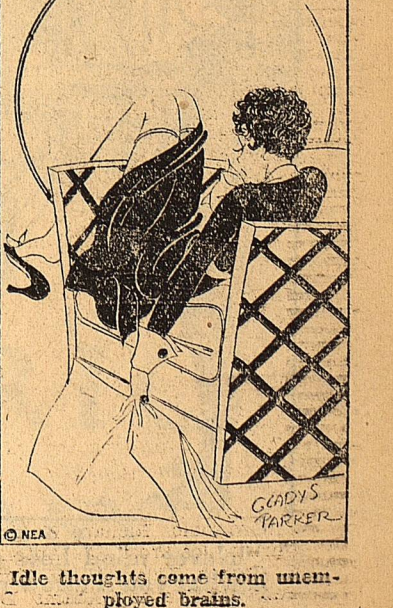
VISITING RELATIVES

Mrs. L. C. Waterman and daughter have gone to Saratoga, Texas, to visit several weeks with relatives.

MESSAGE IN BOTTLE

VICTORIA, B. C. (UP)—A sealed bottle containing a note, which showed it was thrown overboard from the American mail liner, President Taft, Feb. 14, 1929, was picked up off the West Coast of Vancouver Island recently. It had traveled 500 miles. It has been sent to Washington, D. C.

FLAPPER FANNY SAYS



Idle thoughts come from un-employed brains.

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TOPSY-TURVY SOCIETY

"I don't want to go back home. It's no fun having everything you want and having it handed to you just for the asking. I want to work and do interesting things."

That was what a girl of 15 said the other day when police found her in a working girls' rooming house in Buffalo. She had run away from her home in a mid-western city more than a month before—her parents are well-to-do—and had been working as a salesgirl in a five-and-ten-cent store.

The whole story, while it is rather appealing, proves nothing much, except that our world is a trifle topsy-turvy. The present is a time when there are a good many millions of men who cannot get work of any kind, and who would welcome nothing so much as having everything they wanted for a little while. And yet this variation of the perennial story of "poor little rich girl" pops up, in the midst of depression and unemployment, to remind us that things are woefully uneven and unfair.

And it is, perhaps, one of the sharpest indictments against a system that permits idle wealth and desperate poverty to exist side by side.

If the people who have, in abundance, knew precisely where they were going, and were able to use their leisure so as to get the utmost out of it in human values, it might be possible to look on unemployment and poverty as necessary evils. If our social system flowered at the top in a spacious and invigorating life of ideals and accomplishment, as the social system of England did a century ago, we could forgive it the misery at the bottom.

But it doesn't. This youngster—incidentally, she sounds like a thoroughly likable and admirable girl—found it more fun to live in a cheap rooming house and plug away as a salesgirl than to live at home. The society world offered her nothing she could put her teeth in. Even at 15, she was wise enough to see it.

Her experience is an ironic commentary on the working of our whole social framework.

ADMITTING FOREIGN MATES

The bill now pending before Congress which would admit to this country the foreign-born husbands or wives of naturalized American women and men is a measure that ought to be passed as a matter of course.

In general, the sentiment of the country is undoubtedly squarely in favor of strict immigration restrictions. We discovered, some years ago, that the melting pot wasn't functioning perfectly, and cutting down on immigration was nothing more than ordinary common sense.

But the law must be humane and reasonable. To admit to this country the mates of immigrants who have become citizens would not appreciably swell the total of incoming foreigners. And it would relieve a good deal of distress and avert a lot of unnecessary suffering and unhappiness.

BRITAIN'S "KINGDOMS"

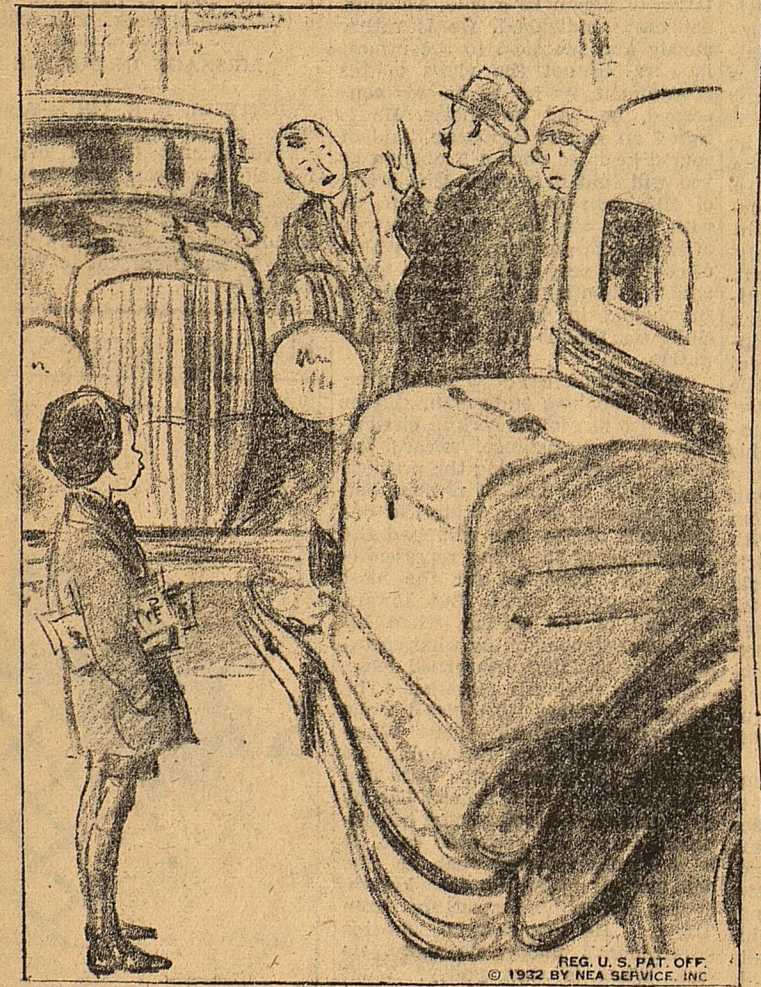
One of the interesting little developments in current history that went almost unnoticed by the world at large was the signing by King George recently of the Westminster statute, which turned the dominions of the British empire into kingdoms.

Thus, technically, the Dominion of Canada is now the Kingdom of Canada, the Dominion of Australia is the Kingdom of Australia, and so on.

Actually, it makes very little difference; and the word "dominion" will probably continue to be used in ordinary speech. But the action seems to mark the culmination of the long movement for complete autonomy within the British empire. The various "kingdoms" of the empire are now, to all intents and purposes, independent nations. Only imperial sentiment, attachment to the homeland and loyalty to the throne bind them to Britain.

Yet there is every reason to suppose that those intangible ties will be as binding as the most loyal son of the empire could wish.

Side Glances by Clark



"Never mind how good it is. All I want to know is what you'll allow me on my old bus."

Washington Letter

Hawkeyed Objectors Are Always Waiting in Congress to be Sure No Claim Is Paid Unless It Is Fully Warranted.

WASHINGTON—The other day the Senate was debating some minor bills and no one paid much attention. But the gallery visitors must have been impressed in one way or another to observe this self-alleged world's greatest deliberative body deliberating on little human tragedies of interest to the American people only insofar as a few hundred dollars was now and then appropriated or made available to an obscure individual.

Some of the private bills which had finally landed on the calendar had been on Capitol Hill for several sessions. These small proposals often have a hard time, even though meritorious. The claims committees or other committees to which they are referred closely scrutinize every plea a citizen brings for reimbursement from his government, anxious lest someone get a penny he doesn't deserve. Even with a favorable report it often takes much time and effort to get one actually on the floor and then there are hawkeyed objectors waiting—like Blanton, LaGuardia and Stafford in the House and King in the Senate—to demand full explanations every time. Under the rules, a single member's objection on the days reserved for such bills is enough to kill it for the rest of the session. And some members are fussy.

But Lemuel Simpson, who is now about 90 years old, finally got recognition for his service in Missouri's Blackhawk Cavalry during the Civil War. He had been wounded and sent home to convalesce. But when he returned to service he found the Blackhawk outfit disbanded and consolidated with another group with which he never caught up. He joined an infantry regiment but obtained no discharge and has been barred from receiving a pension, or hospitalization or other benefits. The Senate voted that he be considered honorably discharged from the Blackhawk cavalry so that he could be entitled to whatever veterans' privileges may be coming to him.

Then there was Denton L. Sims, who served in the Philippines more than 30 years ago and was dishonorably discharged after an army court-martial had found him guilty of "desertion." The Military Affairs committee studied the old record of the trial and found that Sims had merely started a small fire somewhere to attract attention to his location and had done no property damage whatever. His comrades had filed many affidavits to vindicate him and Chairman Dave Reed of Pennsylvania was "utterly unable to understand" the verdict. So the Senate voted Sims an honorable discharge and made him eligible for pensions and other benefits.

It did the same for Harold A. Sheppard, of Florida, who had enlisted for two three-year terms in the army and eight days before his second enlistment expired in 1905, left his company for home, after previously asking leave of absence. It seemed that some of his relatives had died, that the family estate was being dissipated and that Sheppard had to hootfoot it home in order to save something from the wreckage. The Senate found that he had been a good soldier and had, after all, spent more than five years in uniform.

John A. Pearce was a farmer employed by the army to harvest its wheat in the Edgewood arsenal in Maryland, back in 1918. He and two helpers, all bearing passes, were shot at from behind by a sentry, one of the helpers being killed and Pearce shot through the body. His claim said he had been totally incapacitated for work and asked for \$15,000 for the injuries. The claims committee voted him \$1500 and when Senator Tydings of Maryland asked for \$2500 for Pearce on the floor it was contended that there wasn't enough evidence as to the extent of the disability. The bill still pends.

Secrets of Men Are Revealed by Co-Ed

PALO ALTO, Cal. (UP)—The most intimate and astonishing secrets of 3,000 men students at Stanford university were made public here recently by Miss Collier Connel, feature editor of the Stanford daily.

For instance:

Five per cent of the men students, despite the chilly nights, go to bed "raw," or without anything but bedclothes over them.

Most of the professors wear flannel nightgowns.

The majority of the students wear pajamas, preferably of soft tan and blue shades.

Most of the men do not tuck the coats of their pajamas into their pajama pants.

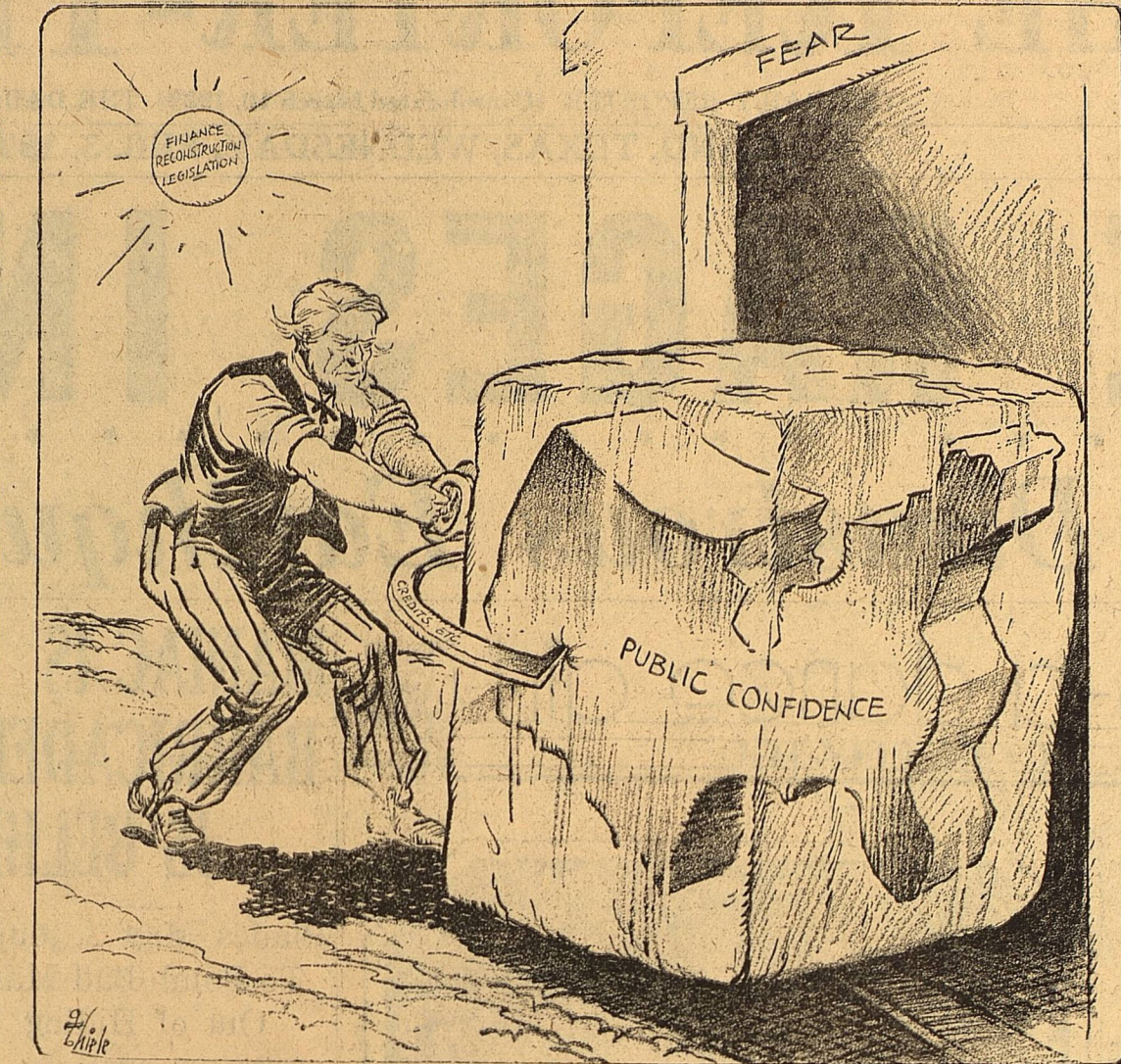
Eighty eruptions of Mt. Etna have been recorded, resulting in the deaths of more than 100,000 persons.

Under the old Hindu divorce law, husbands were supposed to leave wives who spoke unkindly to them.

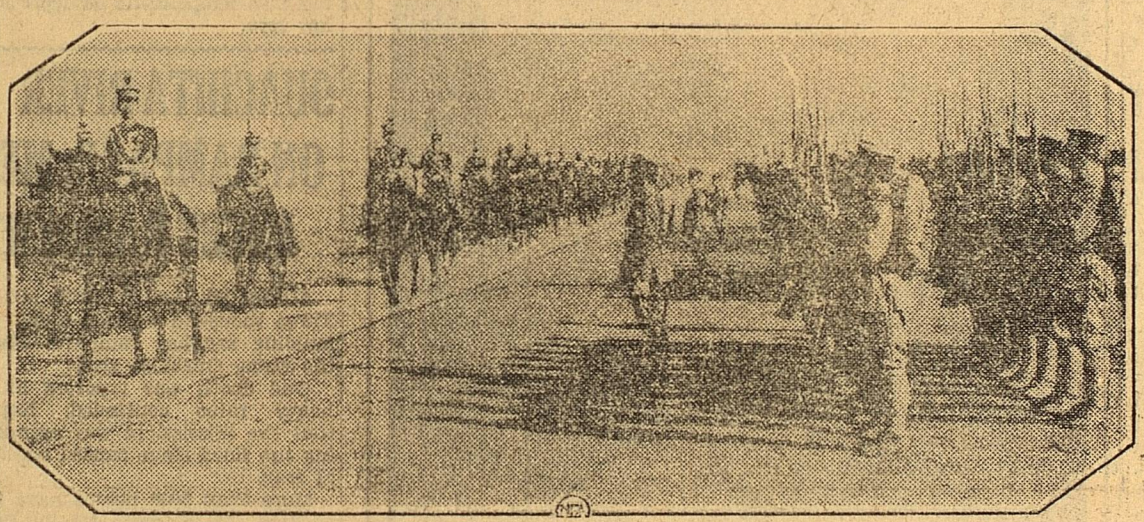
STICKERS RANT PLOD

With the letters of the two words above, can you spell out the name of an important American city?

Getting It Out of Cold Storage!



JAPAN'S SKY-ROCKET RISE



The emperor reviews his army . . . probably the best equipped and most highly organized military force in the world.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the second of six timely stories on Japan of today, and the island empire's amazingly rapid rise from a primitive state to a first-class world power in the short span of 70-odd years.

By ROBERT TALLEY
NEA Service Writer

A powerful modern army lengthens its shadow across China, backing up its demand for foreign trade with machine guns and artillery. The long-nosed guns of the world's echo, in tones of thunder, the same demand from Shanghai's harbor.

Militaristic Japan is on the march in Asia again.

At the front, its guns speak. Back on the island empire its idle factories wait. Many means have been suggested for curing the depression that is world wide. Japan, however, has its own peculiar method.

Vast China's economic boycott against Japan is going to be broken, or else—

And that is why the Japanese are in China today.

Japan's modern army came into being soon after Commodore Perry of the U. S. navy had forced the medieval hermit empire to open its doors to world trade about 75 years ago.

Its modern navy was born at about the same time.

But behind each lies a most colorful story—a story that goes back to the dim centuries before the Christian era.

In those primitive days, and in the days that followed up to 75 years ago, Japan grew the hardest fighting men that the world ever produced. They were trained from the cradle on their meat was unspiced rice, their motto was "Live and die with sword in hand."

They were the samurai, professional warriors.

In the early days of cross-bow and keen-edged sword, approximately one-fourth of the able-bodied men constituted the nation's army. Service was for a defined period, during which all taxes were remitted.

With the advent of the eighth century, the conscription list increased. Every stalwart man was caused to bear arms; every weakling was shamed as a mere bread-winner.

In the 12th century, the whole nation came under the sway of the military organizations. Rich feudal chiefs gathered soldiers around them to protect their fiefs—and help them collect taxes from their subjects.

In those ancient days, the principal weapon was the bow and arrow. Japan even had its William Tell; its historic record that a certain Tametoto shot an arrow through his brother's helmet to recall the youth's allegiance without injuring him.

Even as late as 1852, a powerful warrior named Masatoki—with bow and arrow—"made 5383 successful shots in 20 hours, or more than four a minute." Endurance contests are nothing new in Japan!

In addition, there was the sword. A single-edged weapon, wickedly curved, delicately balanced, beautifully ornamented. Professional swordsmen toured the country, challenging other experts to public combat.

The samurai carried two swords—a long one for combat and a short one for cutting off an enemy's head after he had been dispatched. Such heads they took to the silken tent of their commander after the battle to be counted. The commander, it seems, kept the books.

These knights of Old Japan wore armor of iron and leather, inlaid with gold and silver.

Prior to the 15th century, a battle resembled a gigantic fencing match. It was opened with a human sacrifice, usually a prisoner or a condemned criminal. Nobody advanced until notice of attack was given with a whirling arrow.

These early warriors had an ultra-courteous way about them. They marched out, singled out a foe and addressed him personally, proclaiming his name and titles to his particular army and often adding his father's records.

Then the two went to it—like hundreds of others were doing around them.

Hara-kiri—honorable suicide—arose among these professional soldiers. No Japanese was sentenced to death; he was merely sentenced to commit suicide. He did so by falling upon his sword and disemboweling himself. A friend stood by with a short sword to cut off his head as soon as the stomach was gashed. The justice of such an order was never questioned.

Often, hara-kiri was committed as a voluntary protest against some unjust ruling. These men never hesitated to die for a cause.

Are their descendants equally willing to die for a modern cause?

A few years before Commodore Perry forced the opening up of Japan, the governor of Nagasaki reached the conclusion that his country would invite a dire fate if it remained oblivious of the world's military progress.

Accordingly, he obtained from the Dutch—who still traded intermittently—a few small arms and field guns. He began training a company of men at Yedo. Officials threw him into prison when the American fleet came in 1853, the officials decided the imprisoned governor of Nagasaki had been right, and soon began the importation of guns and rifles and

cannon from Europe.

Dates now tell the story:

1852—The shotguns adopted a military system like that of the rest of the world and organized three divisions of 13,600 men.

1873—Imperial decree by the emperor substituted conscription for system of hereditary militarism.

1877—The new army stood its first test—quelling a revolution.

1893—Period of compulsory active and reserve service was extended to 12 years.

1895—Seven divisions now in the field, with guns.

1895—Victorious in war with China, Japan's German-trained infantry, being armed with single-loader Mauser rifles.

1900—A Japanese force goes to Peking to help quell the Boxer revolution and there sees at first hand methods of European armies. Complete reorganization of Japan's army follows.

1904—Victorious in war with Russia.

1910—Annexation of Korea by Japan.

1915—Kiaochow captured from Germans.

The rest needs no comment here.

In Japan now, all males of from 17 to 40 are liable for military service. About 600,000 attain military age each year. After medical examination, they are divided into five main classes, according to degree of military fitness. As the annual quota is about 100,000, those in the highest class usually are more than sufficient.

The term of service is 18 1-2 months, with 5 1-3 years in the first reserve and 10 years in the second reserve.

The full figures are military secrets but it is believed that, in the event of a first class war, Japan would be capable of putting into the field two reserve divisions for each peace-time division—or 51 divisions in all.

The emperor is the supreme commander of the army, and likewise of the navy.

The naval history of these island people goes back a long way, too. They suffered by Tartar invasion in the 13th century. For centuries, they had their fishing fleets.

In the 17th century, a cast-away English pilot, named William Adams, supervised for them the building of two ships. But in 1636, the government's policy of isolation brought an edict that forbade ship building.

For the next 200 years, nothing happened. Then came Commodore Perry.

The rest may also be told in dates:

1855—Seamen's training sta-

The Town Quack

(Reserves the right to "quack" about everything without taking a stand on anything.)

I see where some more terrapin races are planned for this year. Which reminds me that it will soon be time for the Texas legislature to meet again.

An old fashioned woman said the other day that these thin silk stockings girls are wearing in cold weather are sheer nonsense.

BULLETIN: Jim Harrison got down all right, only a little doubled up in the middle.

Thrifty is the man who has enough laid by for a new tire when he has a blowout.

Have you noticed how the vacant buildings are filling up? Hard work and advertising is making business pretty good for a lot of merchants around here. It is said that there are more places for rent on easy street than at any other location now.

Now I believe I have done a good day's work, even if I didn't get off a crack at Paul Vickers. Good bye.

He and play checkers and—

He pauses to answer a question, give advice. He's in the limelight again, as he was some years ago when he surprised a swanky Fifth avenue on Easter Sunday my leading parade of top-hatted, ragged bums up to the doors of famous churches.

His new near-speakeasy is called "The Growler." It's a gay place, with green-decorated walls, shiny bar and mirrors, gleaming glasses and powerful lights. Zero says its resplendent interior will cheer up the men. It is in a good location too, on St. Marks-off The Bowery, once a famous street . . .

"Gimme a beer," says a thin man. "I like my beer . . . Yeah, it's good. Don't look like such a tough winter after all."

English Vessels Dodge Canal Tolls

WASHINGTON. (UP)—English vessels on the United Kingdom-New Zealand run are selecting routes that allow them to avoid Panama canal tolls as a result of the depreciation in the English pound, according to a report from Consul Bernard Gotlieb, Wellington, New Zealand, to the commerce department.

Most English vessels on this run now go via Cape Horn, taking on coal and oil at Dakar, West Africa. Others are going via the Cape of Good Hope, refueling at Cape Town.

By taking on coal at Kingston, vessels still using the Panama canal are not forced to buy American exchange at \$3.35, as they do when coaling at Colon.

Beer 3 Cents and Lunch for 3 More

NEW YORK.—Down in the East Side where The Bowery is "Broadway" for the unemployed, the homeless, and the bum-by-choice, there is rejoicing—with foot on shiny brass rail and huge flagon in hand.

Mr. Zero, born Urbain Ledoux, has just opened a big bar and lunchroom where thirsty men can get a big beaker of near-beer for three cents. If you're hungry, food can be obtained for a cent a portion—beans, bread, pie, pudding, coffee, tea.

"It's like this," says Ledoux, "these fellows are with no place to go except speakeasies. They drink 'smoke' and get drunk and get kicked out in the street. Well, in this place they can get a big drink for three cents and—"

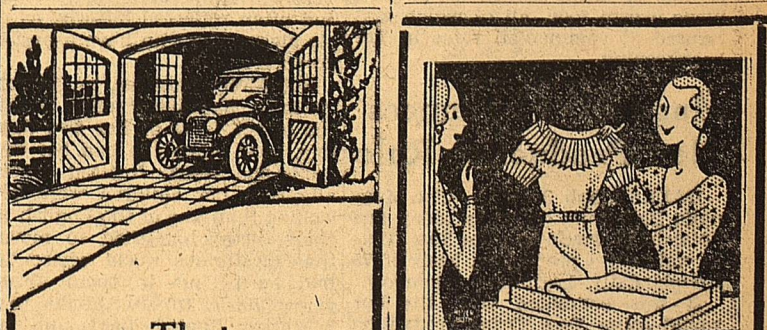
He is interrupted. A funny-looking old fellow with a face round like a Dutch burgher comes in, slaps six cents down on the bar and gives his order.

"Three pieces of pie and a glass of beer."

"Bet he's wanted to eat three pieces of pie all at once for years," says Zero, chuckling, and goes on: "Yes, they can eat here and drink

FOR WOMEN . . . YOUNG OR MIDDLE-AGED

Texarkana, Texas — "I am speaking for my wife, and with her consent, when I say that it is many years now since she first took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription," said L. D. Reed of 1215 W. 5th St. "but she remembers quite distinctly what a wonderful benefit it was to her then. I am sure the 'Favorite Prescription' will do all that Dr. Pierce claims and I do not hesitate to recommend it to any ailing woman, young or middle aged. All druggists. If you want free medical advice write to Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y. Send 10c for an acquaintance package of Dr. Pierce's Prescription



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SOCIAL NEWS PAGE FOR WOMEN

First of February Filled With Gay Parties for Clubs; Four Clubs Are Honored With Valentine Functions

First days of February are being found gay with club parties and various informal affairs, with Tuesday marked with four bridge club parties and meetings of several other organizations.

Members of the Thursday club and their husbands were complimented with an unusually attractive dinner-bridge affair in the private dining room of Hotel Scharbauer. Mrs. M. R. Jackson and Mrs. H. W. Mathews presided as hostesses.

The four-course dinner was served at tables appointed in the Valentine motif and colors. Each placecard and tally was of a different design.

A black and gold cigaret case was won as high score award by Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hazeltine.

Places were marked for Messrs. and Mmes. Joe Hemphill, R. W. Patterson, W. C. Kinkel, Hazeltine, Mathews, Jackson, T. B. Flood, C. L. Jackson and Harvey Conger.

Laf-a-Lot Party at Wadley Home

Mrs. Addison Wadley selected the favorite Valentine theme in arranging her party in honor of the Laf-a-Lot club Tuesday afternoon.

In the games of bridge, Mrs. A. C. Francis was high for members and Mrs. Alredge Estes high for guests. The cut prize was won by Mrs. J. A. Tuttle.

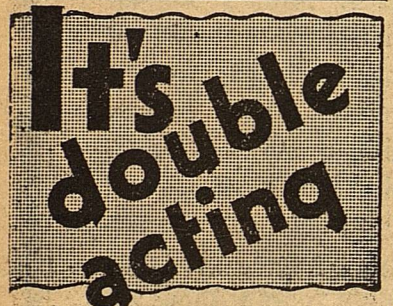
Salads were served at tea time to Mmes. E. N. Snodgrass, Fred Chapman, N. W. Bigham, John Gay, Tuttle, Francis, C. N. Swanson, J. M. Speed, Charles Edwards, W. M. Schrock, Estes and Terry Elkin.

Valentines ApPOINT Youngblood Home

Games of contract bridge were played by members of the Enigma club who were guests of Mrs. Joe Youngblood Tuesday afternoon.

Bridge appointments reflected the colorful motif of Valentine and again in the party plates passed at tea.

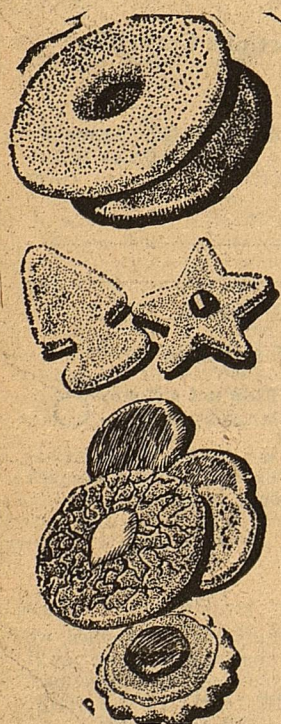
The prize of the party was received by Mrs. Frank Cowden. Seated for the games were Mmes.



First—in the dough. Then in the oven. You can be sure of perfect bakings in using—

KC BAKING POWDER
SAME PRICE FOR OVER 40 YEARS
25 ounces for 25c
MILLIONS OF POUNDS USED BY OUR GOVERNMENT

Your Party



Will Be Complete with DELICIOUS Cookies, or Any Pastry Refreshment

Color schemes can be carried out that will add beauty and style to your party.

Phone us, our number is 220, and let us assist you in planning the refreshments for your next social function.

My Bakery

BOND & CARROLL
Midland

Happy Birthday

TODAY
John P. Howe

New Course Will Cover Entire Bible in Year

Opening a study which will systematically cover the entire Bible within a year, the Rev. J. A. McColl presented the introduction of "Outlines of Bible Study" at the meeting of the Ladies' Bible class at the Church of Christ.

Enrolling for the study were Mmes. W. F. Carroll, J. A. McCall, A. G. Bohannon, Joe W. Pyron, Andrew Northington, J. J. Mills, H. H. Hines, Gertrude Canteloni, Lewis Bewley, Paul Jackson, Dorris Bayless, W. F. Hejl and Frank Drake.

Visitors were Mmes. Patterson, McClary, Ben Biggs, H. T. Biggs and John Drummond.

Twenty-one Attend Party of Wesley Bible Class

Members of the Wesley Bible class of the First Methodist church met at the home of Mrs. J. P. Collins Tuesday afternoon for a business and social affair.

Mrs. M. D. Johnson presided during the business session. The devotional reading was given by Mrs. C. E. Smith and prayers offered by Mrs. W. T. Beauchamp and Mrs. M. J. Allen.

At tea time, refreshments were served to 21 women attending.

Y. W. A. Service Book Studied at Meeting

A study of the Young Women's auxiliary manual was conducted at the weekly meeting of the organization at the home of Miss Lois Walker Tuesday evening.

Mrs. W. A. Hyatt, auxiliary sponsor, directed the discussion.

Attending were: Margaret Grantham, Ruby Kerby, Marjorie Ward, Janie McMullan, Lois Walker, Helen Shepherd, Willie May Wesson, Alma Lee Norwood, Imogene Cox, Margaret Bevin, Sammy Lane Cobb and Mrs. Hyatt.

To Send Cookies

Women of the First Christian church will pack cookies for the church orphanage at a meeting next Tuesday at the home of Mrs. G. H. Butler.

It has been asked that cookies be sent to the Butler home at 2 o'clock. Approximately 100 pounds of cookies are sent by these women each year to the orphanage.

Personals

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Williams spent the week end visiting friends in Big Spring.

Williams B. Malcolm, representative of the Ford Motor company, is here today from Dallas.

M. C. Ulmer is in Dallas and Fort Worth for several days transacting business. Mrs. Ulmer and daughter, Ann, are visiting relatives in El Paso.

Tom McWhorter and son, T. N., of Abilene were business visitors here this morning.

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Sea Foods in Season
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R. H. Knight
Manager of Camp

Dinner Honors Cast of Play Given By Hi-Tri Club

Dinner guests of Mr. Bush Elkin Monday evening were members of the cast of "You're a Cuckoo," staged last week at the Ritz theatre.

A floral centerpiece and green tapers appointed the table which was laid for a five-course dinner.

After dinner guests enjoyed games and singing.

Mr. Howard Dunaway presided at the dinner which was served to Misses Viola Ingham, Catherine Dunaway, Lou Annice Reeves, Leona McCormick, Stella Maye Lanham, Messrs. Haskell Wadkins, Dunaway, Donald Parrott, Elkin, Mrs. G. W. Breneman and Mrs. S. P. Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Elkin, parents of the host, participated in the entertainment following dinner.

Miss Jessen and Mr. Stanfield Wed at Parsonage

The marriage of Miss Annie Jessen and Mr. Hancel Stanfield took place Monday afternoon at the First Christian church parsonage.

Wedding vows were read by the Rev. Howard Peters.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanfield will make their home in Midland. Both have been residents here for some time.

Announcements

Thursday
Country club bridge party at the club house at 8 o'clock.

The Friendly Builders' Class of the Methodist church will have a social at the home of Mrs. Horace Newton, 110 East Dakota street, at 3 o'clock.

Mrs. H. W. Mathews will entertain the Bien Amigos club at her home at 2:30 o'clock.

Hi-Tri club meeting will be held at the home of Miss Mary Wisdom, 933 N. Baird, at 7:30.

Wo Ho Mis club party will be given by Mrs. B. T. Smith at 3 o'clock.

Friday
Belmont Bible class will meet at the home of Mrs. B. M. Hays with Mrs. Bill Davis as co-hostess, 511 San Angelo, at 3 o'clock.

Remnant shower will be given by the Co-Workers' class at 7:30 at the class building.

Thursday club practice party will be held at the home of Mrs. C. L. Jackson at 3 o'clock.

Saturday
Children's Story hour at the Midland court house from 2:30 to 3:30.

Boys' and Girls' World club program at the First Methodist church at 3:30.

Californian Mayor For Three Minutes

PASADENA, Calif. (UP).—Some kind of a record has been established by Edward O. Nay, business man here, who was mayor of Pasadena recently for exactly three minutes and 13 seconds.

After a recall of public officials, Nay was elected mayor and chairman by a new board of city directors. No sooner had the applause subsided than the board moved to abolish the title of "mayor" and the motion passed unanimously—even Nay voting his approval.

J. Lee Jones, representing the Gulf Production company, is here from his home in Abilene.

F. N. Stringer of the International Harvester company is here from Big Spring today.

W. G. Riddle, district manager of the Southwestern Bell Telephone company, was in Big Spring Monday on business.

George Shelton of San Angelo was in Midland today transacting business.

P. T. Lyons, H. C. Alcott and H. M. Stalcup, officials of the Skelly Oil company of Tulsa, were in Midland Tuesday evening.

Miss Jennie Elkin and her uncle and aunt, Dr. and Mrs. Wolford returned to McKinney Sunday after a visit here with Miss Elkin's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Elkin.

R. E. Nelson, Chester Sappington and Bill Doss of San Angelo were in Midland this morning attending check meet.

Choice Cooks' Corner

Lemon Bavarian Pie

One cup sugar, ½ cup orange juice, ½ cup lemon juice, ½ cup boiling water, 1½ tablespoons gelatin, ½ cup cold water, 1 banana, 1 cup whipping cream, baked pie shell.

Combine lemon and orange juices and add banana cut in thin slices. Add sugar and let stand while baking pie shell. Soak gelatin in cold water for five minutes. Add boiling water and stir until gelatin is dissolved. Add sugar mixture and stir until mixture begins to thicken. Beat until frothy with a rotary beater. Fold in cream whipped until firm. Chill until mixture begins to set. Turn into baked pie shell and chill until firm before serving.

Lemon Sponge Pie

One and one-fourth cups sugar, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 tablespoon of butter, ¼ teaspoon salt, 3 eggs, 1 cup water, 1 lemon, plain pastry.

Line a deep pie dish with plain pastry. Mix and sift sugar, flour and salt. Rub in butter and add the

grated rind and juice of lemon. Mix thoroughly and add yolks of eggs beaten until thick and lemon colored. Add water and beat with a rotary beater. Beat whites of eggs on a platter with a wire whisk until stiff and dry. Fold into first mixture and turn into pastry-lined pie dish. Bake in a hot oven for ten minutes. Reduce heat and bake forty minutes in a slow oven.

Apple Cake

7 tablespoons of a scant ½ cup of fat (if butter is used, wash free of salt)

2-3 cup sugar
1 egg
½ cup milk
1½ cups self-rising flour
1 teaspoon extract
3 tart apples
1 tablespoon sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon
Cream the fat; add the sugar; continue to cream until the sugar granules have dissolved; add the egg and beat it vigorously; add the milk and flour alternately; add the flavoring.

Pare and cut the apples into ½ inch wedge-shaped pieces lengthwise. Mix the cake batter and pour it into a greased and floured cake pan. Press the pieces of apple into the batter at regular intervals; dust

NEBRASKA CHAMPION

NAPONEE, Neb. (UP)—Beauty, Holstein cow belonging to W. A. Post, was the champion butterfat producer of the state in 1931. She produced 917.5 pounds of butterfat and 26,761 pounds of milk. She netted her owner a profit of \$303 above feed costs for the year.

NEWSPAPERS MAGAZINES NOVELTIES SCHOOL SUPPLIES CANDY—TOBACCO

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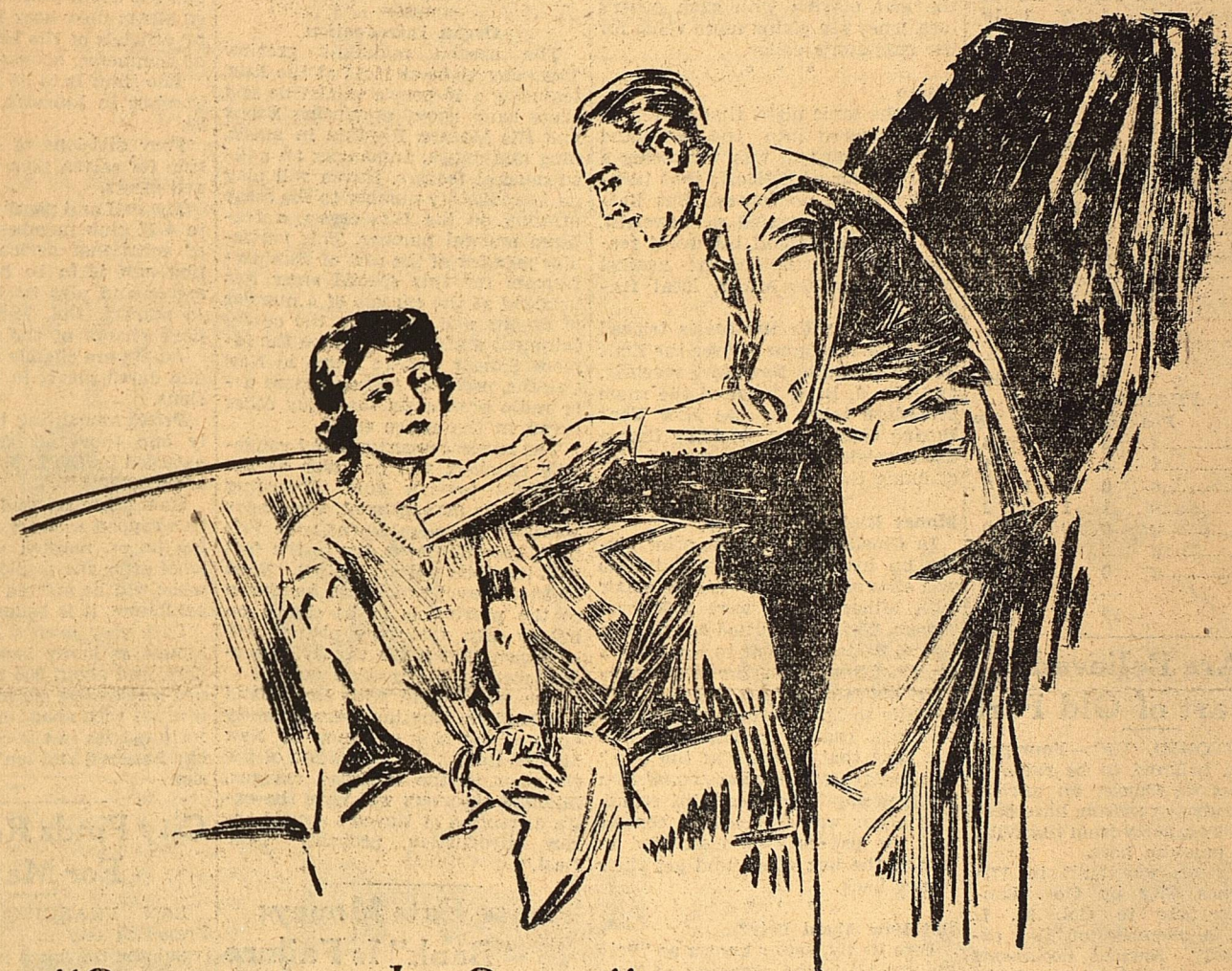
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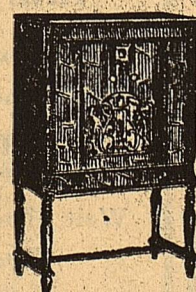


"Sweets for the Sweet"
They're certainly worth the price . . .

When you buy her some candy and when she receives it, you both know that sweets are well worth the money they cost.

But how about electricity? Have you ever stopped to figure how much electric service you get for the price of a piece or two of candy? Consider the examples below. Where does a penny buy more of the things that make life happier—for you or for HER? Electricity is cheap—use more of it.

. . . . but where do you get more for your money than in buying Electric Service?



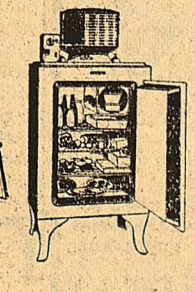
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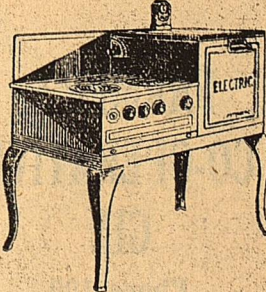
More than an hour

for 1¢

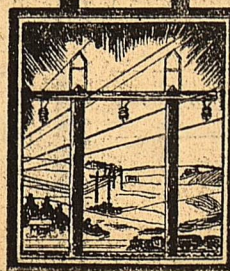


More than one meal for one person

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HARRY TOLBERT
PHONE 150

SOUTHERN ICE FORWARDS HOG FIRST AND SECOND SCORING DUEL PLACES

Cycle after cycle, the results are the same in the men's industrial basketball league, with Clinch winning every game it plays. Southern Ice beating Prairie and United Dry Goods company, Prairie winning only from the Haberdashers and the lowly sock salesmen doing nothing but staging an individual scoring duel between members on its own lineup.

Last night's games resulted in Clinch beating Southern Ice 38-31 and a Prairie victory over United Dry Goods, 24-16.

As a result of the scoring, Pierce and Jones, Southern Ice forwards, went into the lead for individual honors over Smith, Clinch's hope, in the mad scoring race. Mannschreck, another Clinch forward, went to fourth place.

Pierce has tossed 83 points for the Ice men, Jones of the same club 77. Smith of Clinch 58, Mannschreck of Clinch 43, United Dry Goods company 32, Nicholson of Clinch 31, Hurst of Prairie 30, Blount of Prairie 24 and Griffin of Prairie 22.

SOUTHERN ICE				
Pos.	FG	FT	PF	TP
Pierce	6	1	1	13
Jones	4	2	2	10
B. Howard	3	1	1	7
H. Howard	0	1	1	1
Dunn	0	0	3	0
Adams	0	0	1	0

CLINCH				
Pos.	FG	FT	PF	TP
Mannschreck	4	2	1	10
Smith	3	2	2	8
Nicholson	2	1	1	5
Osborn	2	1	0	13
Robison	1	0	0	2

UNITED DRY GOODS				
Pos.	FG	FT	PF	TP
French	0	0	0	0
Llewellyn	2	0	2	4
Whitmore	3	1	0	7
Roderick	1	0	0	2
Rogers	1	0	2	2
Cole	0	1	1	1

PRAIRIE				
Pos.	FG	FT	PF	TP
Hurst	2	2	2	6
Blount	5	1	1	11
Booth	0	0	1	0
Griffin	1	1	0	2
Himes	0	0	0	0
Lowry	2	0	1	4
Curtin	0	0	0	0

Logs Are Believed Part of Old Fort

SAN ANTONIO. (UP).—Four petrified logs, believed to be ruins of Santa Cruz de Cibola, an ancient Spanish roadway garrison, have been discovered by a party from the Witte Memorial museum here.

The garrison was built in 1734 near Karnes City by Gov. Sandoval, according to Col. M. L. Crimmins, a member of the exploring party. Ancient documents show it was erected to guard the highway from San Antonio to Matagorda Bay.

When you buy your baby chicks the next thing is feed. Just phone 199 and ask Bill, Perry or Mack and they will tell you the kind to use.

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FARMER'S CO-OPERATIVE GIN

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Hooks and Slides

By WILLIAM BRAUCHER

Signs of the Times

A new all-time local record for crowds was established at Cleveland Public Hall the other night where 11,294 people saw Jim London perform his act with Gino Garibaldi. A few years ago a crowd like that would have paid at least \$25,000. But Cleveland's 11,294 paid exactly \$13,372. Potatoes are not the only commodity that is cheaper.

Another Angle

When wrestlers can lure 11,294 folks away from their firesides for an evening of pitching, tossing and grunting, it might be construed as a hopeful sign of the times. All is not lost. On the other hand, maybe the customers were just trying to laugh their troubles away.

A Dollar's Worth

Wrestlers of all leagues, major and minor, got wise to themselves several years ago and started to give the folks a little action for their money. In the old days a wrestling match was a good place to go for a nice quiet sleep. Now a match is all action and comedy. Each wrestling match is a little drama in itself with a hero, a villain, and a plot. It is hippodrome, to be sure, but staged on a big scale, with plenty of roughness. Wrestlers have improved their art from the ancient days when they used to sit grunting on the mat playing with each other's toes. They are giving more value for the spectator's dollar.

Fiasco

On the same night that Cleveland people poured into the wrestling match, Cincinnati was witnessing a dreary affair of fistfights that turned out to be no contest. Bat Battalino, the overstuffed welterweight, was billed to defend his world featherweight championship against Puffball Freddie Miller, local feather.

To begin with the scales tricked Battalino. He came in over the limit just as he did in New York recently, and the N. B. A. followed the same procedure taken by the New York Boxing commission, deciding that a welterweight has no grounds for claiming the featherweight title.

Money Back

In Cincinnati, however, after giving up his \$1000 forfeit, Battalino was allowed to go on with his affair with Miller. There were 2000 customers. The bout turned out to be a fiasco. Battalino went to the floor a couple of times from phantom punches. It appeared he was trying to lose his title to Miller, which would substantiate rumors circulated before the bout that it was "in the bag." The referee and boxing commission acted promptly in the third round. The affair was declared no contest and the payees were instructed to call at the box office and get their money back.

But How About Pete?

Pete Reilly, better known as "Pete the Goat," is the manager of Battalino. He was the manager of Andre the Stout, from whom Battalino won the title. And if Miller had been declared champion after the affair at Cincinnati, Pete might have turned up as manager of Miller, too.

Miller, however, insists that he is his own manager. And, of course, that could be.

Did You Know That—

John Doe is really in earnest about quitting tennis, after all. . . . When O'Connell, of Ireland, won the hammer throw in the 1928 Olympic games, it was the first time in Olympic history the event was not won by the United States. . . .



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In it you will find the daily good news of the world from its 800 special writers, as well as departments devoted to women's and children's interests, sports, music, finance, education, radio, etc. You will be glad to welcome into your home a genuine advocate of peace and prohibition. And don't miss Sunday, Our Dog, and the Sunday and the other features.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR, Back Bay Station, Boston, Mass.
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Cagney Replaces Powell at Ritz

Telegraphic advices yesterday, advised the Ritz theatre that it was impossible to furnish a print of "High Pressure" featuring William Powell, originally booked for today and Thursday, and that instead, "Taxi," featuring James Cagney and Loretta Young was being supplied. Manager John Bonner said in commenting on the sudden change, that "although I always regret disappointing my patrons, I am very much pleased in such an emergency as this to be able to give something I consider even better than the previously advertised program."

James Cagney will be well remembered for his part in "Blond Crazy," shown at the Ritz during December. It was reported as being one of the most entertaining films during the latter part of 1931. Bonner said further in commenting on the picture, that he recognized the popularity of William Powell with women patrons, and that the sudden change might cause some consternation in the feminine ranks, but, with his customary smile, added, "just wait 'till they've seen some of James Cagney's love making in 'Taxi,' they'll forget for the time being that there is such a person as William Powell." Remembering this theatre manager's "way with the women" while parading as Lord Grenham in a certain little theatre play entitled "Aren't We All," presented at the Yucca theatre last year, the above statement might be of considerable interest to the women patrons attending the Ritz during the showing of this James Cagney picture. At any rate, James Cagney will head the movie bill at the Ritz today and tomorrow instead of William Powell.

Organ Introduction

The special midnight preview Thursday night at 11:15 at the Ritz, featuring a 10-people vaudeville and stage band show, presenting Brook and His Modern Rhythm in music, song and dance, announces an added musical feature. Haven will play an introductory number to the stage offering on the Ritz organ, a featured musical number. This particular member of the cast of Ritz performers for this special show has presided at the console of a number of organs well known to the entertainment world, among them the famous Sanger theatre organ in New Orleans, probably featured more over radio broadcasts than any other organ in the entire south.

The musical repertoire and vaudeville numbers will be given at the midnight preview only. According to the Ritz management, some have confused the engagement with Friday's entertainment due to the fact that the John Gilbert picture, "West of Broadway," which will be shown at the preview is to be shown on Friday also. Only the picture will be shown Friday, the vaudeville performance at the preview only.

The stage band with Brook and His Modern Rhythm were recently honored by the governor of New Mexico during the dedication of the elevators in the Carlsbad caverns. Midland observers will have the extra attraction of Haven's special organ introduction, probably "Star Dust."

Mouse Eats Money; "Bank" Is Failure

PHILADELPHIA. (UP).—A money eating mouse was responsible for the failure of the private bank of George Murray, negro.
His tale of woe was presented to Judge Francis Shunk Brown Jr., who placed him on a year's probation.
George was arrested for selling lottery tickets.
And according to George he was forced into that illegal means of obtaining a living because a mouse ate his money.
It seems that George had a thousand dollars, which he had saved over a period of 24 years working as a laborer. His bank was a cigar box on the shelf. Twice a week he opened the "bank" to make sure his funds were safe.
Once he forgot to inspect the bank.
When he did, only a corner of his roll of bills remained.
So, said George, the only thing left for him to do in an effort to recoup was to sell lottery tickets.

Vic Williams has been ill, but probably will be in shape for some of the middle distance events at Los Angeles. . . . Dr. Philip H. Kruescher, head of the Loyola (Chicago) school of medicine, classes college football, basketball and boxing as just another one of the evils of modern youth, such as all-night dancing and drinking. . . . but he excepts wrestling in his indictment "because when wrestlers tire they drop to the floor and grunt."

OUR TRADE-IN SALE

Will Last Until
SATURDAY
FEBRUARY 6

WE BUY OLD GOLD

INMAN'S

Rural Boys Have Chance as Scouts

Under the supervision of the department of rural scouting, a well arranged program has been outlined whereby the boy in the suburbs, in the small towns or village will have an opportunity to enjoy a scouting program especially adapted to their everyday needs and to participate in the twenty-second anniversary of the Boy Scouts of America celebration Feb. 7 to 13.

Country boys have difficulty owing to the problems of travel and farm tasks, in meeting at stated intervals with other boys. For them there is a special rural program suitable for an individual or small groups.
Thirty-six of the eighty-one merit badges in boy scout vocational guidance program are subjects pertaining directly to country boy activities and farming. The boy scout program does not aim to turn a country boy into a city boy, or vice versa, but it does seek to give to each a distinct program and opportunity for advancement and reinforcement in connection with his own home and the business of his family.

Emphasis upon its several activities will be made by the boy scouts of Midland during the week in which it celebrates its twentieth second anniversary.

Lubbock Show to Carry on Movement

Designed to carry the breeder-feeder movement a step farther and encourage the killing, curing and marketing of Texas finished livestock, plans for the second annual Panhandle South Plains Fat Calf and Pig show, Ham, Bacon and Cured Meats show have been announced by officials of the Lubbock chamber of commerce, sponsors of the show.

The show is to be held at the fair grounds in Lubbock, March 24 and 25.

Four divisions of the show, provide for calves, pigs, cured and canned meats.

The calf and pig divisions are open to 4-H club members and students of vocational agriculture. An auction sale is to be held for all the calves and pigs the boys are ready to market. Col. Earl Gartin is to have charge of the sale.

Adults are eligible to enter canned and cured meats in the meats divisions.

Prizes amounting to approximately one thousand dollars will be awarded by the Lubbock chamber of commerce.

Hams, bacon and shoulders will be wrapped with regulation marketing paper, marked with a uniform label after the display. Much of the meat will be offered for sale by the exhibitors, it is believed.

Last year over a hundred hams, almost as many bacon and shoulders, and about 500 exhibits of canned meats were entered in the meats division with about one hundred and forty entries in the calf division and one hundred and ten in the pig division.

City Finds Room For Many Farms

SAN FRANCISCO. (UP).—San Francisco city and county, densely populated though it is, still has room enough for 112 actively producing farms within its borders.
These farms comprise a total of 1,272 acres, and each farm is worth, on the average, \$42,292. They produce vegetables valued at \$200,000 annually.
The average size of the farms is 11.4 acres.
These figures were compiled by census takers.

MIDLAND LODGE
No. 623 A. F. & A. M.
Stated communications 2nd and 4th Thursday night in each month at 7:30 o'clock. All members and visiting Masons invited.
Henry Butler, W. M.
Claude O. Crane, Secy.

COBBLING DAYS ARE OVER

We don't cobble
We Rebuild with the
GOODYEAR

Welt Shoe Repairing System

Of particular interest to women is our new process of repairing your smartest shoes. We can do it so no one would know it, with our latest Goodyear metallic stapler, at the same time retaining all the flexibility, style and daintiness the shoes had originally.

Our service is complete
and
Our prices are right

BOB'S BOOT SHOP

Bob Mills, Prop.
Six Years in Midland
111 West Texas
(Old Dorsey Location)

Everybody's Doing It! HAVE YOU?

ACT TODAY—MAIL COUPON—SUBMIT A SAMPLE OF HANDWRITING FOR A CONFIDENTIAL 300-WORD

Character Analysis

Now you can learn about yourself . . . and others. Lorne A. Milne, The Reporter-Telegram's Handwriting expert, and noted character analyst, will read your handwriting and tell you what it reveals.

Whether you are a good penman or not does not matter. However, only handwriting of persons between the ages of 14 and 65 should be submitted. Every sample will receive a personal analysis—and good or bad, Mr. Milne's study will be interesting, helpful and confidential. Obtain this sensational 300 word, confidential character study of yourself.

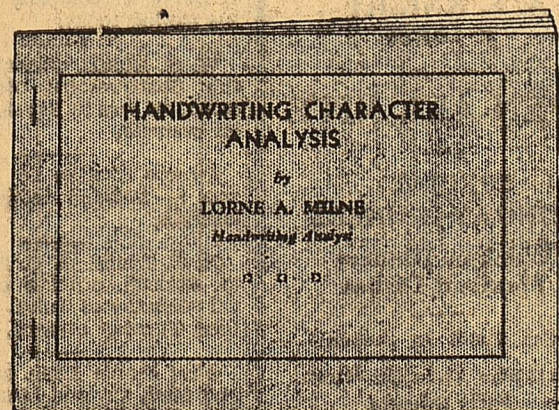
This Coupon Will Bring You A \$5 Analysis

In addition to the real knowledge about yourself and your friends, you and your friends can have lots of fun comparing your respective analyses. Tell your friends about this generous offer The Reporter-Telegram is making. Get your friends to submit samples of their handwriting to Lorne A. Milne, the noted graphologist.

Mr. Milne's regular charge for a 300-word analysis is \$5. But by mailing this coupon with a stamped, self-addressed envelope and 10 cents to cover handling charges, you may obtain yours without additional cost. But hurry! Take advantage of this offer while it is open!

Send This Coupon

Below is a facsimile reproduction of the booklet in which your handwriting analysis will come to you. It is 3 1/2 x 5 1/2 inches in size, and is enclosed in an attractive cover. Here's something you will want to keep.



YOUR HANDWRITING ANALYZED

By LORNE A. MILNE



By special arrangement The Reporter-Telegram is able to offer to its readers, the services of Lorne A. Milne noted graphologist. Mr. Milne has received as high as \$5.00 for an analysis similar to the one you can obtain through this offer. Don't fail to avail yourself of this rare opportunity of getting your handwriting analyzed.

Follow Directions Carefully

To The Reporter-Telegram:

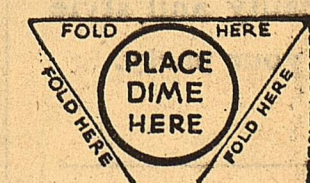
Please submit the inclosed sample or samples to Mr. Milne for analysis. With EACH sample, I enclose a 2c STAMPED SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE and 10 CENTS in silver, to cover handling charges.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Phone _____

PLEASE CHECK ONE BELOW

I am a Regular Subscriber ☐ By Mail ☐ By Carrier ☐ I am not a Regular Subscriber ☐

Write in the space below the words: "This is a sample of my handwriting," or seven to ten other words. You may submit samples of handwriting on a separate piece of paper if you desire.



NOTE

Due to the volume of replies, we cannot undertake to notify you if you fail to comply with directions. READ THE DIRECTIONS again; then mail this coupon to:

LORNE A. MILNE
Handwriting Expert,
The Reporter-Telegram,
Midland, Texas

The Reporter-Telegram

CLASSIFIEDS

PHONE 77

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING RATES AND INFORMATION

CASH must accompany all orders for classified ads, with a specified number of days for CLASSIFIEDS will be accepted until 12 noon on week days and 6 p. m. Saturday for Sunday issues.

each to be inserted.

PROPER classification or advertisement will be done in the office of The Reporter-Telegram.

ERRORS appearing in classified ads will be given without charge by notice given immediately after the first insertion.

RATES:

- 2c a word a day
- 4c a word two days
- 5c a word three days

MINIMUM charges:

- 1 day 25c
- 2 days 50c
- 3 days 60c.

FURTHER information will be given gladly by calling—

77

0. Wanted

WANT TO BUY, cheap, about 100 or 150 feet of 2-inch mesh poultry wire, four feet high, in fair condition; also good used wheelbarrow. Apply Reporter-Telegram. 283-32

1. Lost and Found

LOST from truck Tuesday, roll of mattress, roll of rug, roll of linoleum. Mattress contained overcoat, raincoat and some papers. Suitable reward. Notify Guy Hudspeth, phone 140, Odessa. 283-3p

2. For Sale or Trade

GOOD YOUNG mules for sale. Some broke, some unbroke. See them at corral at Holzgraf Feed Store. 280-62

FOR SALE: Electric console sewing machine; \$50 cash. Gas cook stove \$7.50. Phone 501. 283-12

WINDMILL for sale, cheap, phone 49. 283-3p

3. Apartments

NICELY furnished large apartment, 513 West Wall Street. 280-3p

PARTLY furnished, 3 rooms and private bath in duplex; garage. Stephens, Llano Hotel. 280-3p

5. Houses

FOR RENT: Five-room furnished brick house, 602 North Marlenfield; two-room furnished, 411 West Missouri. Phone 345. 280-3p

8. Poultry

CUSTOM hatching, \$2.00 per tray; baby chicks 51c to 7c, 50c places your order; or hatching on halves. Midland Hatchery. 280-32

*BABY CHICKS: 15 most popular breeds \$5.00 up; 11 books your order. Custom hatching \$1.85 per 100 eggs. Logan Hatcheries (104,000 capacity), Big Spring, Texas. 2-29-32

11. Employment

Middle-aged lady, without encumbrance, wanted for general housework. Permanent job if suitable. Room and board. 1401 West Hollaway, phone 281-W. 283-32

WANTED: Girls for cafe work and also girls for laundry work. Phone 20, Odessa, Westacre. 281-22

15. Miscellaneous

BUY NOW from the old reliable John S. Kerr Nursery Co., Sherman, Texas. Prices reduced one half for spring delivery. We give same quality and satisfactory service that have sold 80 per cent of total nursery business in Midland. Also land clearing, treating and pruning done by experienced nurseryman. See or write our local agent, Arthur T. McClintock, P. O. Box 1734, Midland, Texas. 2-24-31

MODERN 5-room corner lot; best residential district West End; very attractive price; good for home or investment. See J. N. Wells. 280-3p

LOOK! Do you know that nursery stock is cheaper than it has been in 25 years and that we have one of the best seasons since the flood? Then why not plant it? We replace all stock at half catalog price. West Texas Nursery, 1201 North Main St., phone 759-J. R. O. Walker. 2-29-32

RADIO SERVICE: Any radio trouble repaired promptly; here to stay. Jennings, phone 100. 282-3p

WANTED: Bronze turkey hens. Write E. N. Benedict, Box 1017, Midland. 282-3p

The Continental Congress organized a separate postal system with Franklin at its head with a salary of \$1,000 yearly in 1774.

A "taxicab" chariot, used in Rome before the time of Caesar, computed the fare by pebbles dropped into a bowl.

NOW at the

GRAND



Be Our Guest

With every CLASSIFIED ad inserted in The Reporter-Telegram for one day or two days, cash paid in advance, one complimentary ticket to the Grand Theatre will be given, good any time. If the CLASSIFIED ad runs for three, four or five days two free tickets will be given; and for six or more days, three tickets will be given. Special monthly rates and free ticket offers. USE THE CLASSIFIED ADS AND GET THE FREE TICKETS TO THE GRAND. Tickets will be issued at the newspaper office when ad is inserted and paid for.

Political Announcements

Subject to the action of the democratic primary election in July, 1932. Advertising rates: for state and county offices \$15.00; for precinct offices, \$7.50.

For District Attorney: FRANK STUBBEMAN W. R. SMITH, JR. (Re-election) T. D. KIMBROUGH.

For District Clerk: NETTIE C. ROMER

For County Judge: SAM K. WASAFF C. B. DUNAGAN

For Sheriff: A. FRANCIS (Re-election)

For County Attorney: JOSEPH A. SEYMOUR

For County Treasurer: MARY L. QUINN (Re-election)

For County Clerk: SUSIE GRAVES NOBLE (Re-election)

For County Tax Assessor: J. H. FINE NEAL D. STATION (Re-election)

ANDREWS COUNTY

For County Clerk: DORSIE M. PINNELL, JR.

New Federal Pen Will Be a Model

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M. (UP).—The new federal detention home near Anthony, N. M., scheduled to be completed March 1, will be a model prison.

There will be no outside walls, no guard towers, no machine gun nooks, no alarm siren, and no blood hounds.

E. J. Bradt, architect, said the new prison is to be "somewhat of an experiment," and will be operated on a "sort of honor system."

"Prisoners will be allowed the freedom of cell corridors during the day," Bradt said. "There are only 96 individual cells. Other prisoners will be confined in dormitories. There will be no dark cells for bad prisoners."

Prisoners who receive ordinary sentences, for immigration and liquor offenses, will be confined in the dormitory cells, the architect said. Individual cells will be used for hardened criminals.

Windows of the prison will have no bars. Steel frames, with window panes between squares of steel will be used on all dormitory and outside windows.

There will be six recreation courts, two large shop buildings and a large plot of farm land near the prison. Football fields, baseball diamonds and recreation grounds will be built in the recreation courts.

Midland Lodge No. 145 of KNIGHTS PYTHIAS

Meets every Monday night at Castle Hall over Hokus-Pokus Store.

G. N. Donovan, C. C. R. D. Lee, K. R. S.

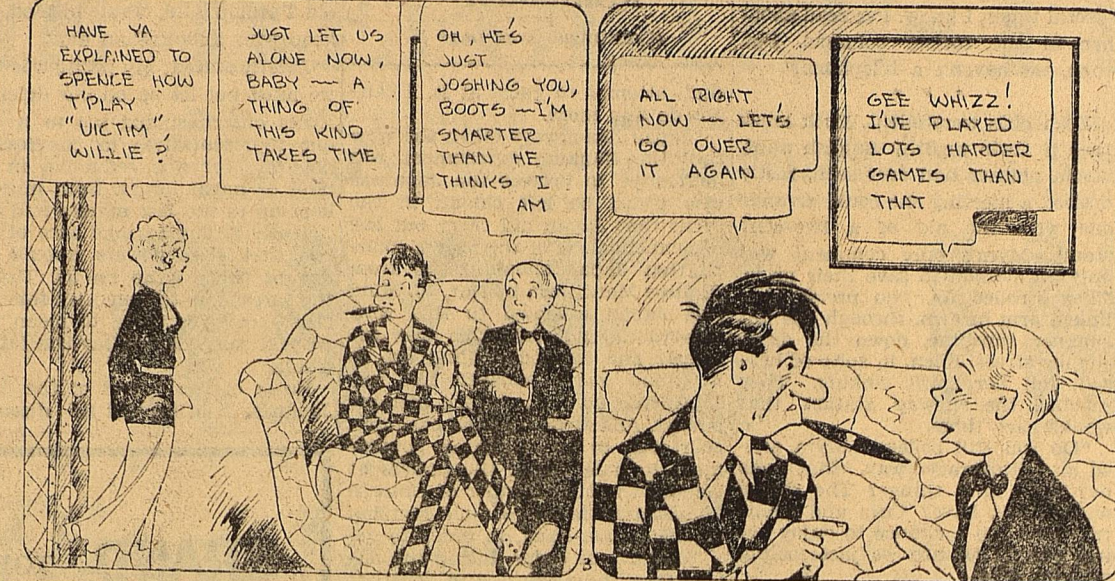
Lowest prices on Used Furniture and Salvage Goods

also General Repair Work Upholstering Packing & Shipping STORAGE

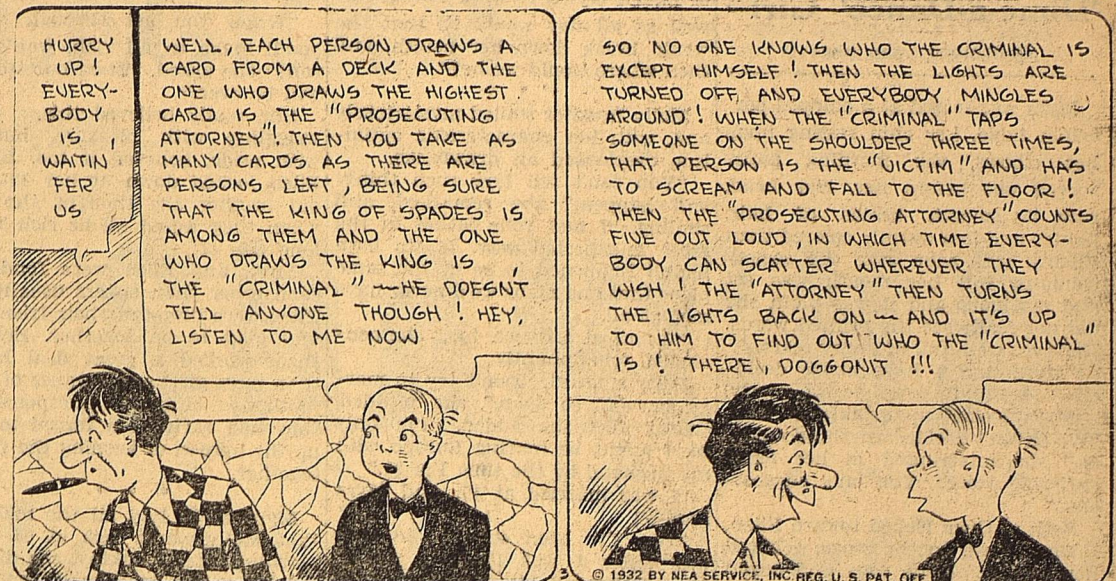
Furniture Hospital

615 W. Wall Ph. 451

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

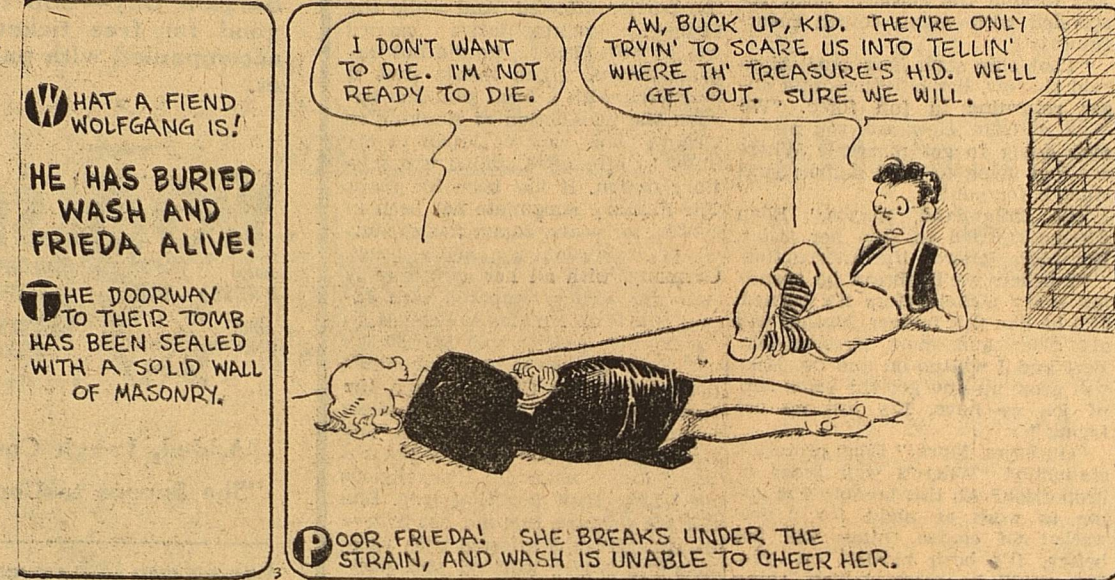


"Victim"!

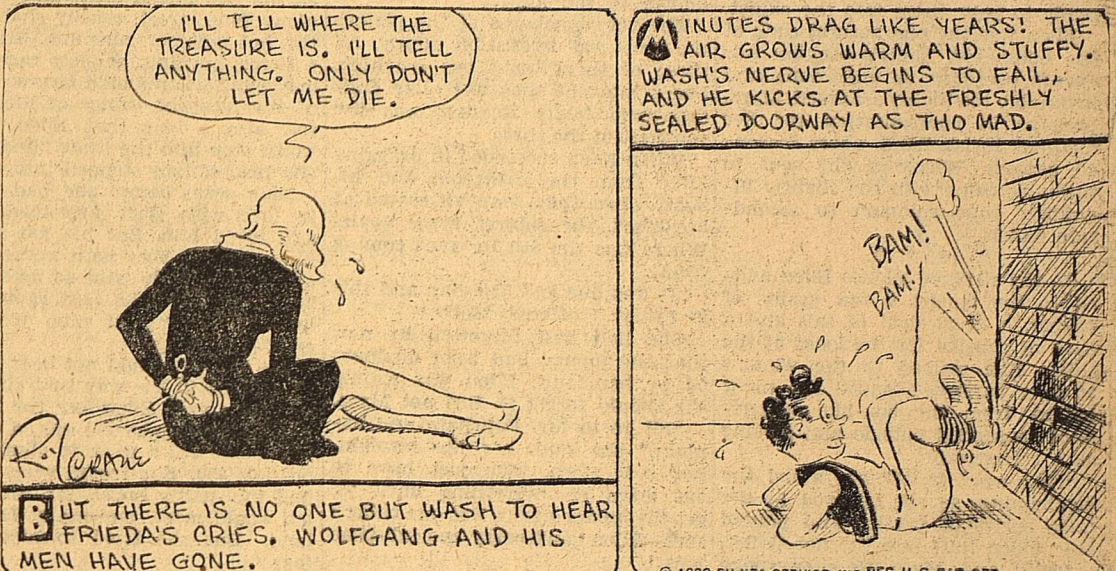


By Martin

WASH TUBBS

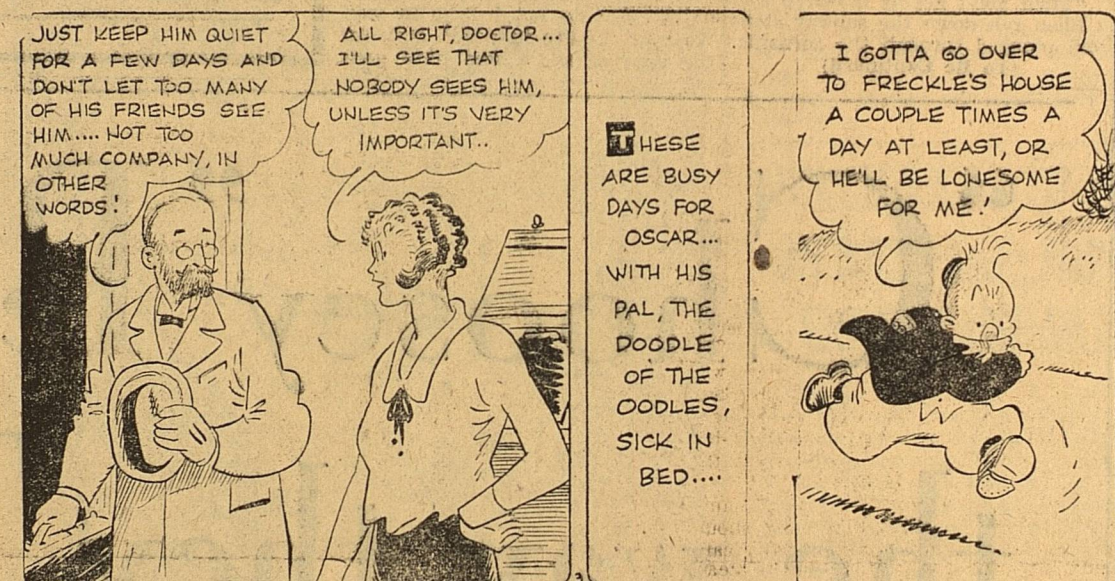


Getting Desperate!

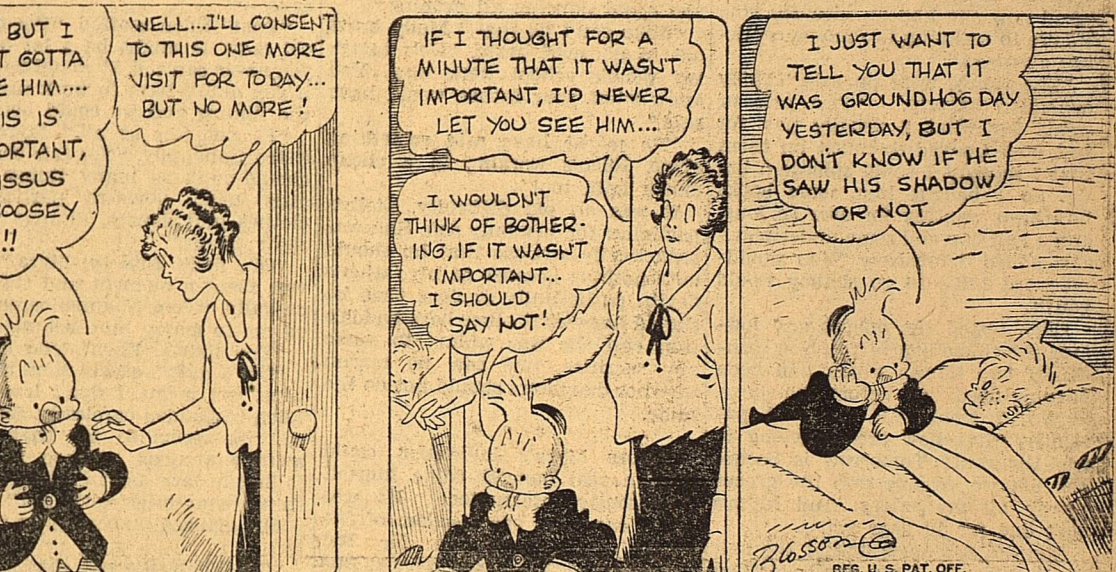


By Crane

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

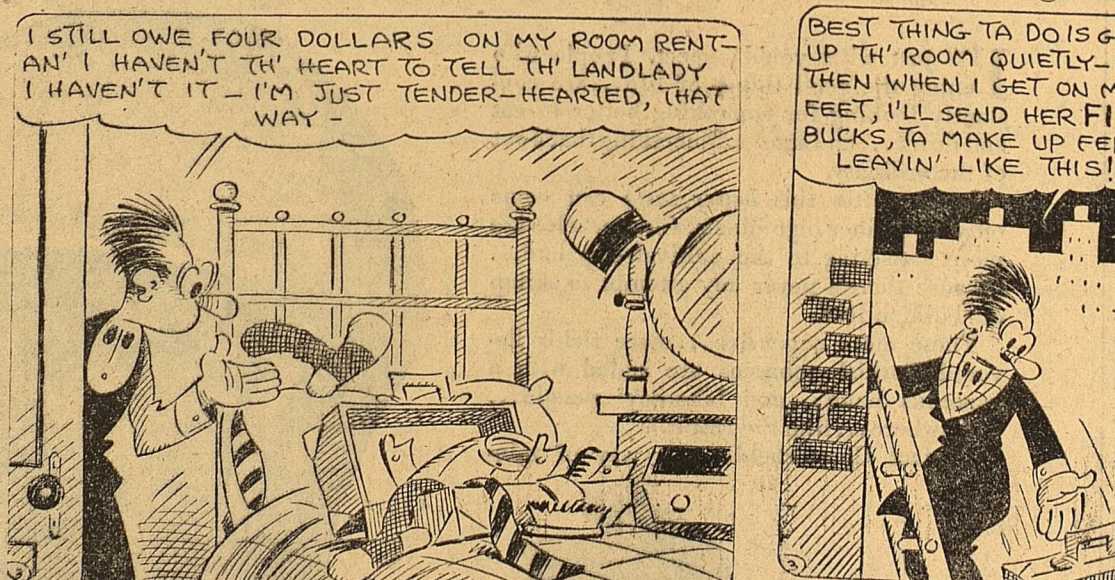


The Latest News!

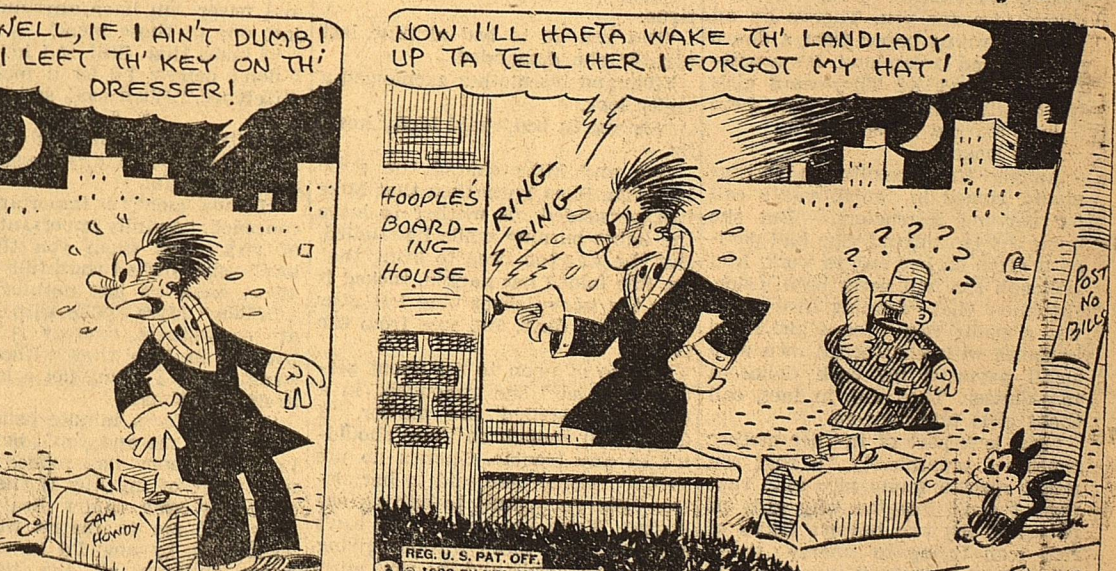


By Blosser

SALESMAN SAM



He's Forgetting Himself, Too!



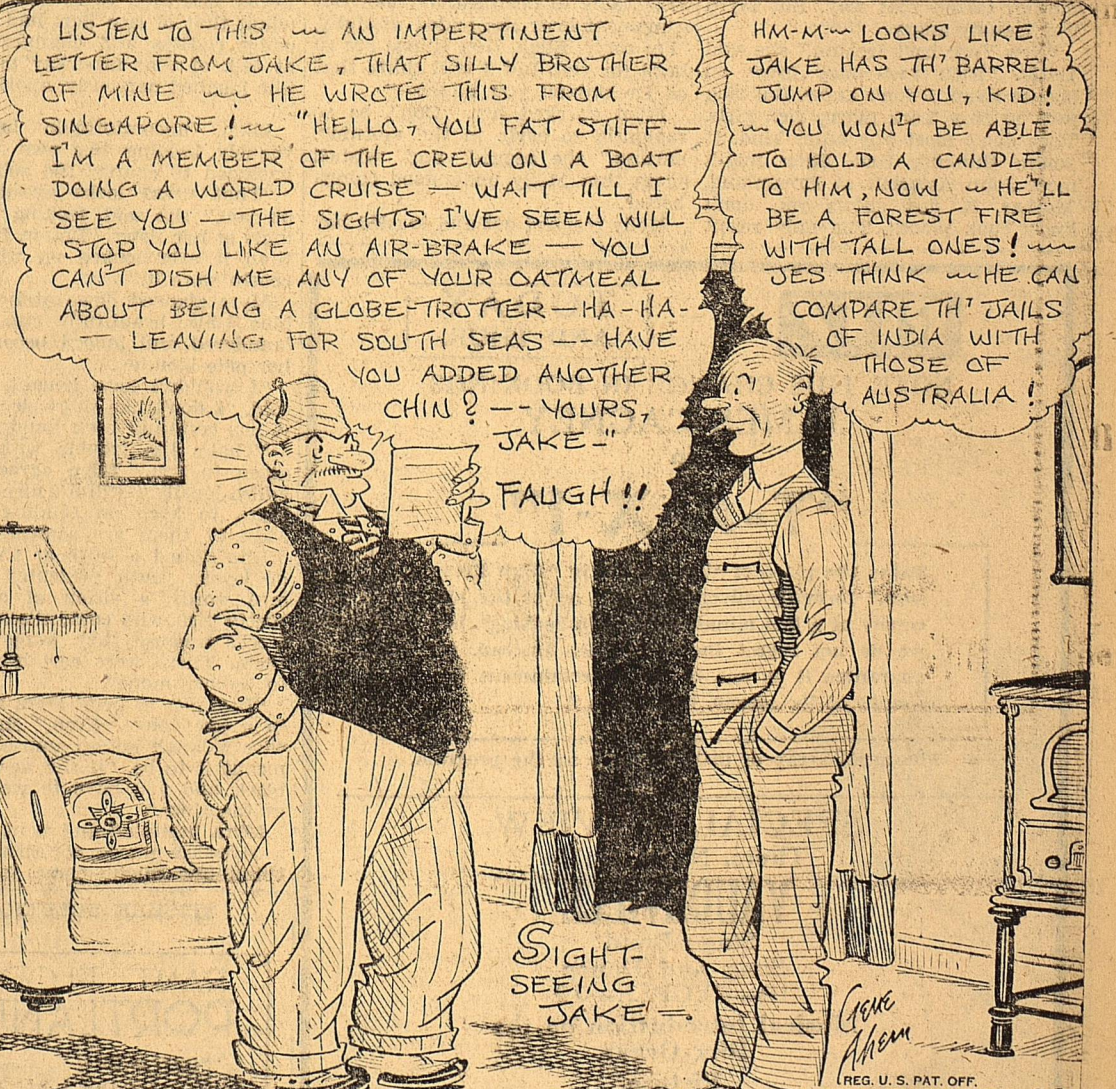
By Small

OUT OUR WAY



By Williams

OUR BOARDING HOUSE



By Ahern

'Dime-a-Dance' Girl--

Continued from page 1

Myra was seated at a chipped porcelain table, her chin resting upon her elbows, the morning paper spread out before her. Her head, with its smooth braids of hair, lighter and less warmly colored than Ellen's, was bent over the society columns. But her mouth was set and mutinous and it was plain she did not really see the printed words. Her eyes were full of angry tears.

"Myra and I have about decided," Molly Rossiter began firmly. Myra looked up quickly at that. "We haven't decided anything other," she interrupted in her long-suffering voice. "You only suggested--"

Both of them looked toward Ellen. Ellen crossed to the stove, relieved her mother of the eggs and began to beat with furious energy so that the yellow foam leaped up the blue sides of the bowl. Molly had been ready to pour them into the skillet. Ellen was the one natural cook of the household. Molly's cooking was always overdone or underdone and invariably too highly seasoned. Myra, perhaps in compensation for her mother's lavish hand, never seasoned enough. Whatever she sent to the table came with the slightly indefinite taste common to second-rate hotels.

In the strained silence Ellen added to the omelet a few grains of pepper, a great deal of salt and a dash of paprika for the looks of the thing. She walked to the window to take parsley, chopped the night before, from the box-like contrivance suspended outside and serving as a refrigerator.

"Now what is it?" she asked the combatants, as she sprayed in the crisp sprigs of parsley and poured the golden fluff into the hot skillet.

Molly and Myra Rossiter spoke simultaneously.

"Mother spent half the rent money yesterday buying things for Mike that he doesn't need," Myra said. "And now she had an idea for you. You're to make up the money working evenings."

"The things were on sale," Molly explained eagerly. "Two pairs of pants for what I usually pay for just one. I saved so much on them that I thought I could splurge a little. So I bought him some books he's been wanting for ever so long, and a new cap and some underwear." She added defensively "You wouldn't want Mike to go shabby would you?"

Ellen tested the omelet and lowered the flame beneath it. She turned off two flames which had been burning needlessly before she spoke. "No, I wouldn't," she said patiently. "But how are we going to pay the rent? Tomorrow is Saturday but we already owe the grocer nearly all my salary. And Myra's isn't due for 10 days yet."

She did not suggest that the suit which Mike had not really needed would deprive her of a business dress which she did need.

"That's just it," Molly crowed, seizing her chance. "I have a marvelous idea for you. There's an ad in the morning paper from a dance place named Dreamland. It's a pretty name, isn't it? They want girls for dancing instructors. Look—here it is. I marked it for you."

Ellen looked.

Among the classified advertisements, ringed in pencil, was a call for dancing instructors. But she knew the Dreamland. She had passed it often on her way to work. Although she had never been inside, she knew that "dancing instructor" was a polite name for a girl hired to dance with unattached men at a small payment for each dance—a taxi-dancer. They did, in fact, call those girls taxi-dancers.

"The best part of it," her mother continued breathlessly, "is that you might meet a really nice man that way. I can't imagine why girls as pretty as my two haven't flocks of rich men trying to marry them. When I was young it was certainly different."

Ellen was uncomfortable, as she was always uncomfortable when her mother talked that way. But Myra was frankly angry.

"New York isn't Ireland," she said flatly. "Rich men may grow on bushes there, I don't know. But rich men in New York marry rich girls. They don't meet any other kind. If you're thinking that Ellen might meet John Astorbill at Dreamland, Mother, it just shows you don't know such places. The only result

of Ellen's trying to work at night as well as all day would be that she would break down her health, and then where would we be?"

Molly Rossiter smiled mysteriously and, with her characteristic optimism, overlooked all drawbacks.

"You can't tell how such things will happen," she remarked, still smiling. "I met your father in the most unexpected way. If we both hadn't happened to be at the same place that one night we never have met at all."

"It was at a dance, too," she concluded triumphantly. Ellen laughed. "Don't try to marry me off so soon," she pleaded. "After all," she added, "I'm only 20. I might be touring Europe with my husband by the time I'm 21."

"I was married at 17. And Myra here--"

"Yes, I've been engaged to Bert ever since I was 17—nine years," Myra conceded bitterly. "And perhaps by the time I'm 70 we'll have enough money so that he and I can hobble to the altar."

The very blackness of the picture she drew was irresistibly funny. All three of them burst out laughing. For a moment they were like children and Molly Rossiter was the youngest of the three.

When Ellen succeeded in dragging Mike from the bathroom and his book, when they were all seated at breakfast, the subject arose again. Where was the \$60 for rent coming from.

"It was due last Tuesday and this is Friday," offered Molly.

She had half forgotten by now that the money had been dissipated by her fault. Ellen was willing she should forget it. But not Myra.

"I'll go to Mr. Panhagen and explain," she said, her lips straight. "We just have to get out down on everything until we get the money again. But one thing's sure—Ellen can't carry two full-time jobs."

"I'm not sure," Ellen began.

"It's all wrong," Myra fiercely stopped her. "Mike could make as much selling papers after school as you could dancing all evening."

"Mike can't do that," Molly burst out in alarmed haste. "He's carrying double school work now. You know what your father would have said."

"He might have said something about Ellen's working in a cheap dance hall, too!"

It was an old difficulty, Molly's partiality for her only son. She was pathetically anxious that he should miss nothing because of his father's death, pathetically anxious that he should have what other boys had. To that end she was willing to make any sacrifice. She saw no reason why her daughters should not do the same.

Before Myra's indignation could force a real quarrel, Mike himself clamorously interrupted. He was wildly eager for the freedom of the corner news-stand and for the chance to earn his own money. But Ellen entered a firm denial and his protests died. He knew that he could not get around Ellen. She looked sharply at his eyes, heavy with fatigue.

"Did you go to bed at nine last night?" she demanded.

Mike and his mother exchanged a guilty look.

"He was in bed," said Molly hastily.

She and Mike shared the same bedroom. Ellen knew then that Mike had persuaded his mother to leave the lights burning while he studied. But she was too tired to bring that up. She folded her napkin, tucked it into the heavy silver ring left over from better days, and rose from the table.

"I'll go at noon to see about getting that job," she announced in a tone that settled the matter. "I dance well enough so there shouldn't be any trouble. There's no use arguing, Myra," she said to her sister. "There's a limit to cutting expenses. We've reached it. We can't cut down any more without giving up eating entirely and the rent must be paid. I can carry both jobs until we catch up."

"I knew that was the thing to do," said Molly in deep satisfaction. But a moment later she added wistfully, "I'm sorry, Ellen, that things are so hard for you. But I still think that at Dreamland you might--"

Ellen checked her. "Don't be so romantic so early in the morning, darling," she begged and wished again that Molly understood things better.

Molly reached out and tousled her

son's curly head.

"When you get through school you'll make us all rich, won't you, son?" she asked. "Then our troubles will be over."

She really believed this. Mike, wriggling with pleasure, bursting with pride, believed it too. But as Ellen looked down at her 12-year-old brother she thought the time when they would all be rich was a long way off.

Myra and Ellen were fonder of each other than sisters usually are. They were proud of their friendship and glad to be together. Both of them worked a great deal harder than most girls and because of their mother's childish irresponsibility they had early been forced to take up the burden of keeping the family together.

Myra at 26 had all the maturity that Molly would lack at 66. That morning after breakfast she dressed quickly so she could walk the three blocks to the subway with Ellen. All her indignation spilled out again as the two linked arms and walked along Pine street, cruelly shabby in the hot summer sunshine. She felt a fierce, burning, helpless rage that her young sister should miss so many of the pleasant things of life. She felt also a fear that Ellen at 20 would step into the same blind alley she herself had stepped into at 17. Nine years before she had fallen in love with Bert Armstead. She still loved him. But his job at the library where they both worked was almost as poorly paid as hers. And Myra had seen the first rupture of love wear away in nine years of endless waiting.

She felt she could not bear to see Ellen start in the way that she had started; to see Ellen lose the freshness of her love as she waited for an impossible \$35 a week to climb to a possible \$50. She feared what Molly had innocently hoped for—that Ellen would meet someone at Dreamland. But she tried to hide that fear.

"It makes me furious," Myra began fiercely, her blue eyes blazing. "that you should have to take this job, work yourself to death just because--"

"Boo!" Ellen scoffed. "I'm not an old lady. It may be a lot of fun if you never can tell. It would be grand if you didn't have to work nights at the library and we could both go."

"It's not fair at all," Myra persisted unhappily. "Not fair that you should miss so many things other girls have. Theatre parties and clothes and dances, dinners at the right places."

"Oh, don't fuss so, Myra," Ellen was silent a moment and then said casually, "Tom Shannenberg asked me to marry him last night."

"You didn't, Ellen! You didn't!" "No, I didn't accept him, if that's what you mean. I don't love him," Ellen responded carelessly. She added, "It seems to me that you're awfully anxious to keep me from falling in love. Isn't that one of the things that other girls do?"

She glanced innocently at her sister.

"Oh, Ellen, it's not that and you know it's not!" Myra protested helplessly, half-laughing. "It's only—Tom Shannenberg can't even support himself. He has nothing now and never will have anything. He's just one of those men."

"I know that. Still, if I loved him I don't believe I'd let it make any difference," Ellen said seriously.

A little pucker marked her low, broad forehead. Her eyes were sweet and thoughtful.

"I know money is important," she conceded. "Awfully important in lots of ways. But when you think of love—she flushed youthfully—"why all at once it's just nothing."

"Ellen," Myra spoke with desperate earnestness. "money is so important in love that without it—some money I mean, not a lot—love itself is nothing."

"I don't for a minute believe it," "Look at me and you'll believe it. Lack of money has robbed me of nine years of my life. If there had been any way under heaven for Bert and me to marry when we wanted to, by now I'd have had a home—children—all the things a woman wants. Instead--"

She broke off, appalled at what she had been about to put into words. Not even to Ellen could she admit that of late Bert had seemed oddly restless and changed, bored at talk of that far-away marriage. She laughed nervously, apologetically.

Ellen, uncomfortable but still vaguely holding her own opinion, hastened to change the subject.

"That dress looks awfully well on you," she said, looking approvingly at her sister. "Better, I'm sure, than it ever looked on whichever cousin wore it."

Myra glanced down at her light-blue voile, beautifully cut, freshly laundered and indeed becoming to her pale blondness.

"I wouldn't have bought it," she said. "I don't like short sleeves. But it has certainly been handy."

"That's the trouble with things given to you," Ellen agreed. She added loyally, "Still it's nice of Aunt Myra to keep on sending things. Most of them are scarcely worn."

She sighed a little at the vision of joyous youth presented by her own words, a vision of gay and pretty girls who could discard their frocks because they were tired of them. There were certainly points to having money.

"It is nice of her," Myra admitted in a low voice. "Even," she added with a laugh not so amused as she meant it to be, "if she never sends black and you have to wear black at the store."

Myra hesitated and went on with a sidewise glance at Ellen. "I do think she might come to see us

sometime. She's been in New York several times, I know, I've read about her in the society columns. But then, we haven't a telephone."

Both girls were silent. Both knew that if their wealthy English aunt, whom neither had ever seen, really desired a meeting she could arrange one with the aid of a two-cent stamp. Myra's only comment was only an evasion to save their pride. They strolled on, two pretty girls linked arm in arm, through the hot summer sunshine, down the dirty, shabby street. Ellen, in spite of herself, felt her spirit sinking. They reached the subway station that would part them.

"Do you still believe," Myra asked in a discouraged way, "that some day we'll have things? The things our cousins have? Cars and country clubs and a chance to enjoy being young? Or are we just fooling ourselves?"

"Something's bound to happen. Our ship will come in—it may be just around the corner," Ellen responded with vague, forced cheerfulness.

"That ship sank long ago," Myra said sharply, her bitterness and anger returning in full force. "We sank with it. How are you and I ever going to get married? Where are you going to meet a man good enough for you?"

"At Dreamland, maybe," Ellen flippantly tried to stop her sister. But Myra ignored the interruption. "I believe we'll always be spending every nickel before it's earned. It'll be like this forever. Mother will get older and more irresponsible. Bert and I will go on and on. Mike will grow up and get the same sort of job we have. It's just no use trying."

"Oh Myra, Myra!" Ellen protested staunchly. "Where's your sense of proportion? All this because I'm going to work at night for a few weeks! Of course things will get better. It's been hardest on you. But you'll be married first thing you know and forget how long it was. Just wait."

"Then don't act as if you're 96!" Ellen ran down the subway steps and plunged through the turnstile.

(To Be Continued)

Midlander--

(Continued from page 1)

shall attempt to guess at it. I can not do any more. "Japan has always taken the view that the Nanking government was ineffective to protect the Japanese who would be left behind in the event that Japan did carry out the recommendation of the league council that Japan should retire from Chinese Manchuria by Nov. 16. Mind you, Japan excepted to this vote. Geneva did not take this view seriously and applied a blind eye to it. China was a member. She was considered as such by the member powers. And it would have been disconcerting to the Nanking government to hale before the powers at Geneva the official ruler of Chinese Manchuria, the 33-year-old Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang, in order to get a guaranty of order during the Japanese withdrawal. And for that reason, Geneva politely treated Dr. Sze as the representative of one of the parties affected. And while the Chinese representative carried weight with Geneva, he did not impress Japan, which insists that it is dealing with a local situation beyond the jurisdiction of Nanking as Geneva. This view of Japan to my mind is unbounded. Japan is a military nation. It has been for years. The military Shogunate has been in control for years. Japan has dreamed of expansion for many years. Germany, with all her arrogance is naive and honey compared with Japan. She is determined to have Manchuria. She believes that Manchuria rightfully belongs to her. She bullied poor defenseless China to sign the treaty of 1915. I say defenseless China, and she is defenseless. The Chinese nation has been for years a peace-loving nation. Her religious men have kept her that way. She did not prepare. She did not believe in war. She was infested with pacifists and is now infested with pacifists to such an extent she cannot hold her own. And right here let me pause a moment to sound a warning: The United States is a peace-loving nation. We do not believe in war. We want to live in peace. But, for the sake of those who have gone

beyond, let us keep prepared. Like old Putnam said, 'Pray to God, but keep your ammunition dry.'

"Briefly stated: My position is that we must not let up on our defenses. Every citizen should see to it that our representatives in congress do not vote for any reduction in the land or naval forces. Both must be kept up to the last minute and sufficiently strong to take care of any two first class powers, should any two of them jump on us. That is the surest way to peace. To take any other course is going to mean that we will some day suffer the fate of China."

Some of the causes of the Sino-Japanese conflict will be discussed

Whitmire Looks

Forward to Fete

M. W. (White) Whitmire, prominent Midland farmer, wasn't exactly a resident of Midland back in '98, the time of the cowboy carnival which is proving the basis for an old timers' reunion to be held here in July, but he missed it only because he was "down on the Pecos" instead.

Whitmire has lived in Midland for 30 years, and five months but he spent three years prior to that time

by Wasaff in a forthcoming interview in The Reporter-Telegram.

Midland's Headquarters



for official Boy Scouts' Uniforms

And we have made arrangements whereby, in rush cases, we can give you 24-hour service.

Addison Wadley Co.

cow-punching along the Pecos. He came to the Pecos river country from "over on the Concho."

When interviewed today, Whitmire made no definite statements as to whether he became too "tough" for the Concho country, going then to the Pecos.

He looks forward to meeting many of his old friends here at the reunion this summer.

GRAND TODAY

Bargain Day—Clip this ad, good for free ticket when accompanied with paid ticket.

ROBERT WOOLSEY CYCLOIC COMIC OF RIO RITA EVERYTHING ROSIE

Added, Laugh Comedy "She Snoops to Conquer"

Loving cup to be presented to beauty contest winner furnished by and on display in Albert Oreck, Jeweler, window.

Thursday Night 8:30 P. M. On the Stage BEAUTY CONTEST

Sponsored by Progressive Business Men of Midland

WHO WILL BE MISS MIDLAND?

"Choosey" People like the way they TASTE...

IT'S just what you'd expect. People who enjoy the good things of life... are constantly looking for something better to eat and drink... and smoke. Something that's out of the ordinary.

In cigarettes this better taste can come only from finer ingredients. Chesterfields are more satisfying to the cultivated palate... because there's never any attempt to skimp on Turkish leaf.

These more expensive... more richly flavored Turkish tobaccos are added with a generous hand... and 'choosey' people... everywhere... like the result.

In fact Chesterfield's new way of min-



THEY'RE Milder THEY'RE Pure • THEY TASTE BETTER • They Satisfy

RITZ TODAY AND THUR.

NOTE THIS CHANGE IN BOOKINGS JAMES CAGNEY in "T-A-X-I"

Takes the place of Wm. Powell in "High Pressure," formerly advertised. We regret the necessity of a last minute change in bookings, but we do not regret the substitute. Instead, we guarantee it as one of the entertainment triumphs of the season. Don't miss it!

The usual array of little features on the program.

SPECIAL PREVIEW Thurs. Night 11:15 VAUDEVILLE Stage Band Song and Dance 10—PEOPLE—10 Musical Introduction on the Ritz Organ Picture Jno. Gilbert in "West of Broadway" Make a date NOW to be there.

RANT PLOD PORTLAND

"PORTLAND" is the name which can be made from the letters in "rant" and "plod."