

Up for Love

By NINA SLOAN SNELL (Released by McClure Syndicate-WNU Service.)

"YOU gotta girl outside, buddy?" Gleason's voice was ingratiating. The younger convict put down his magazine. "I haven't, but it's a cinch you have," he mumbled, resignedly. "You been stalling for an opening to talk about her ever since I came. Go ahead, brother. Get it over."

Gleason laughed sheepishly. "I guess it was your coming from her town started me thinking about her," he said. "Not that I don't do that a good deal, anyhow. It's what's kept me from blowing my top these nine years."

"That long? You are an old-timer. Does your girl visit you often?" "Well, buddy, she ain't been to see me—yet. I ain't encouraged her to. I figured it wouldn't look too good for a rich, society lady like her to be running up here all the time."

A skeptical snicker came from the bunk. "What's the idea of ribbing me?" "I ain't," he protested, earnestly. "My girl's among the highest. Honest! Why she's so up in society they put her picture in the papers sometimes. I cut one out last week. Wait!" He rose and went to a shelf, returning with a newspaper portrait of a beautiful woman.

The new prisoner took the picture. He squinted down at it a moment, then handed it back. "Uh-huh," he assented, grinning, "this here dame's a swell all right. But so's Mrs. Roosevelt and the queen of Greece. Why didn't you pick one of them 'stead of Katherine Vanstone?"

"I'm not forgetting, brother. But did she really give you—well, so much as a kiss, before you was sent up?" Gleason shook his head sadly. "No. I've always kind of wished she had. But she couldn't—hardly. You see they took me to jail—"

"Sure, I see. Thanks for the entertainment. That dame certainly copped herself off a bargain."

"A hundred times. Whatever Mrs. Vanstone does a front-page stuff. I guess it's partly because of the talk there was about her at the time her husband was murdered."

Gleason swallowed. "Queer you'd remember," he murmured. "I don't. Not all the facts."

"You never knew all the facts. Nor anybody else didn't. I kept my mouth corked. And I reckon I better keep on keeping it corked."

"Pshaw! shoot the works, brother. This is getting hot. I'm interested. And I won't let it go no farther. Let's see—wasn't you the Vanstone's gardener?"

"Their chauffeur," the older man corrected. "I'd been working there a few months. And it was funny," he went on, musingly, "that I didn't have an inkling Katherine had fell for me until the—the night of this—this trouble. Gosh! I was dumb."

"Hadn't she said nothing to let you on?" "She never spoke to me, except to give an order. Then, this particular evening, she called to me over the house phone. She wanted her car brought around. Said she'd be waiting at the porte cochere. And she was. But I didn't hardly recognize her, at first."

"Why?"

"She looked younger, somehow—and smaller, and—well, sort of pitiful."

"Well, after a while Katherine let out that she and Vanstone had quarreled—about me. She'd told him straight that she loved me, and it sent him off his nut. The row ended by his rushing out of the house threatening to get even with her. Which he did. The skunk!"

The young convict made a gesture of protest. "You're going too fast for me, brother," he objected. "Let's turn back to the page where you and Mrs. Vanstone are driving around—"

"—discussing plans for our future," Gleason resumed. "Think of it, buddy! She was willing to ditch her rich husband and give up her fine place in society and all her high-toned friends, just to marry me. I could have listened all night; but she finally decided we'd best go home. And it was after we did that the works got gummed."

"I don't sabb."

"You will. It was the servants' night out and the house was dark. Katherine asked me to go in with her; because she was afraid. It was good she asked it. For the first thing we seen, after I snapped on the lights, was Vanstone's body. The dirty coward had shot himself. At the inquest, they said it happened three hours before we found him."

"Oh! So you took the rap?" "What else could I do, buddy? Vanstone had used his wife's gun. He'd fixed things so she would have had trouble proving her innocence if somebody hadn't took the blame. An' look what she'd been willing to do for me!"

"I'm not forgetting, brother. But did she really give you—well, so much as a kiss, before you was sent up?" Gleason shook his head sadly. "No. I've always kind of wished she had. But she couldn't—hardly. You see they took me to jail—"

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Works for 50 Years Without a Vacation

Railroader, in All That Time, Has No Day Off.

KANSAS CITY, MO.—John J. Shine, who has sold railroad tickets to vacationers for a half century, is going to take a vacation. It will be his first since he came to Kansas City from Carroll county, Mo., in 1889 to start selling tickets in the old Union depot.

He's now division passenger agent for the Wabash railroad, and the management of that line finally got tired of Shine's perennial "no" to vacation offers. He hadn't even taken a day off for sickness or any other cause since he first became a railroader. His "bosses" commanded his retirement, effective this October.

"I haven't made any vacation plans," he said. "Don't even know where I'll go. Fact of the matter is, haven't thought about it."

But for 50 years he has thought about other people's vacation plans, although during the early years of his career of ticket selling—before the turn of the century—he was more concerned with getting great herds of pioneers and adventure seekers to the open plains of the West.

"It was a wild era for the little Kansas City station," Shine said. "People from almost every place in the world jammed the depot as they poured through this funnel to the West."

"The station was filled night and day with colorful throngs, even the Indians coming in on the iron horse for a peek at the herds of settlers. "Ticket buyers used to stand 100 deep at my window. Trunks were stacked to the ceiling in the station with whole trains carrying out baggage."

"The railroads have come a long way since that mad rush to the West. One fellow made a lot of money selling straw sacks at the station for the passengers to sleep on."

Ozark Stronghold Of Gangsters Is Tamed by G-Men

Clear Cookson Hills of Gunmen; Reclaimed For Settlement.

MARBLE CITY, OKLA. — The Cookson hills, stronghold of outlawry since the days of Belle Starr and the Dalton boys, have been tamed by the federal government.

Today when you motor into the "bad lands" of the Ozark region, favorite rendezvous of gangsters from the deer rifle period to the machine gun era, you find a vacationers' paradise and wildlife refuge.

Under direction of the G-men, the last of the outlaws who infested the hills have been annihilated and now the government is completing the job by using the hills themselves for a vast reclamation project.

Everywhere there is evidence crime has been stamped out completely.

Marble City, a nest of ruffians in former years, reported a reformation so complete the town board stopped the salary of the town marshal as "unnecessary expense" and rented out the jail to an old-age pensioner for a home.

The Cookson hills, embracing 100 square miles, sprawl across the converging corners of Oklahoma, Arkansas and Missouri and conceal hundreds of hiding places.

Throughout the hectic history of banditry in the Southwest, outlaws found safety in Cookson hills. It was only when they left the hills that the law struck them down.

This was true even in the days of the Dalton boys, hard-bitten Indian territory raiders. They rode to Coffeyville, Kan., intending to rob two banks at once. A citizens' posse attacked, and when the firing ceased eight gangsters lay dead.

Belle Starr's Hideout. Jesse James maintained strong-

holds in the hills. Between the sixties and the eighties, they sheltered Belle Starr, straight-shooting woman outlaw. Al Jennings escaped often into their hideouts.

In later years, the murderous Al Spencer gang dominated life in the hills. "Pretty Boy" Floyd, born and reared in the Cookson hills, made good use of them, often hiding in the homes of indigent farm families.

In 1935, the resettlement administration established a reclamation project in the area. Its main purpose was to rehabilitate 365 impoverished farm families whose average income in 1934 was \$44.

Seventy-one of these families were moved out to fertile farms in Waggoner, Muskogee and McIntosh counties. Others were given loans to lease new farms.

A dam across Greenleaf river created a lake five miles long. Last year, it was stocked with 110,000 game fish. The remainder of the project area is devoted to game conservation, forests and grazing lands.

Harrisburg — State authorities indicated last week that they would need more time to determine whether Andrew W. Mellon, financier and former secretary of the treasury, gave \$10,000,000 to his two children "in anticipation of death."

Fixing of final liability was withheld until officers of the state revenue and auditor general's departments have examined thoroughly all the information and data submitted at a conference held last Wednesday at the Capitol.

Among the conferees was Register of Wills John M. Huston, Pittsburgh, who contends the sum was given to Mrs. David K. E. Bruce and Paul Mellon one year before the elder Mellon's death.

The commonwealth was asked to decide whether the money was proffered as a bona fide gift or in a move to avoid payment of \$1,000,000 in inheritance taxes. It was pointed out, however, that the decision of state au-

thorities could be appealed to the courts by the Mellon estate.

Oral and documentary evidence were submitted by counsel for the Mellon estate to Auditor General Warren R. Roberts, Secretary of Revenue William J. Hamilton Jr. and Attorney General Claude T. Reno. John Dugan, M. E. McCrossan and John M. Kane represented the inheritance tax division of Allegheny County at the conference.

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Texas Starts Excavation Of Huge Meteor Crater

ODESSA, TEXAS.—Excavation of one of the nation's largest known meteor craters, eight miles southwest of here, has been started by a crew of 20 WPA workers. The crater, measuring 600 feet from rim to rim, is known to be exceeded in size only by the famed mile-wide Canyon Diablo pit in Arizona.

Dr. Sellards, director of the bureau of economic geology at the University of Texas and in charge of excavation, said:

It was Dr. Sellards who first announced in 1927 that the largely filled-in Odessa crater was actually caused by an "iron" meteorite which appears to have smashed into the earth "thousands of years ago."

Dr. Sellards said excavation was being pushed to study the effects on the earth under the impact of a large meteor. The Canyon Diablo crater has never been completely excavated, he said. He was unable, as yet, to estimate the actual size of the original meteor.

"It may easily have exploded at impact," he explained. "We have already found and examined several fragments."

In accord with WPA plans to make the excavation accessible to the public for its educational value, Ector county officials are constructing a two-mile road from U. S. route 80 to the crater's edge. It is estimated that the excavation may be completed in about a year.

Family Works in High Places on Paint Jobs

DES MOINES, IOWA.—The Pettibones live a high life, traveling from "pole to pole."

Frank Pettibone, 37, has been painting the pinnacles of buildings and monuments since he was 20 years old. Three years ago he married Ruth Seydel, and since that time she and her son Jack have aided Pettibone in painting towers, clocks, poles and high girders.

His last job was applying three coats of paint to the 40-foot flagpole atop the 237-foot Des Moines building. He termed it a "small job."

Pettibone prides himself on the jobs he did on poles surmounting the 42-story Smith building in Seattle, Wash., and the 500-foot Claus Spreckles building in San Francisco.

"My only sensation when up high is that of work," he said. Mrs. Pettibone adds that her only accident in the altitudinous work was a bite by a black widow spider while painting a flagpole at Stanford university.

Pershing's War Horses Enjoy Peaceful Old Age

WASHINGTON. — At least two aged army horses need never worry about an untimely death because they have outlived their usefulness.

Jeff and Kidron, mounts Gen. John J. Pershing rode in victory parades down the Champs Elysees in Paris and New York city, are now romping and frisking over the grass lands of the army remount depot near Front Royal, Va.

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