

TWO KILLED NEAR HERE IN CAR CRASH

District Convention Here Is Best Attended in Its History

VETERANS ENJOY A BUSY DAY

Get-Together Breakfast to Officials is Unique Feature.

Many features marked the 17th district convention of the American Legion in Ranger Saturday and Sunday—the best-attended convention in the history of the district.

A dance was held Saturday night at the Legion hall with 100 in attendance, and about twice that number were present at the smoker at the Country club.

Unique was the breakfast Sunday morning, tendered by B. H. Murphy, Ranger post commander to the post commanders, adjutants and members of the resolutions committee, immediate past post commanders, at the Gholson hotel. Mr. Murphy was toastmaster and talks were made by Ernest Cox, assistant state adjutant of Austin, Read Johnson, regional director of legion insurance department, Troy Simpson, Ballinger post commander, who is chairman of the 17th district; Tommy Atkins of Ballinger, district adjutant; Vernon Karr, Abilene post commander; Dr. Guinn, Breckenridge post commander; Buddy Fuller of Stamford; Buddy Cornell of Mineral Wells; Buddy Scott of Brownwood; Dr. Howard of Rising Star; Dr. C. C. Craig, Dr. W. C. Palmer and Wayne C. Hickey of Ranger. The breakfast was a get-together, get-acquainted meeting of officers and proved so successful that it was decided to have a similar feature at future district conventions.

The banquet Sunday was attended by 350 members of the Legion, the auxiliary and visitors, at the Legion hall at 1 o'clock, with B. H. Peacock as toastmaster.

Ernest Cox, principal speaker, outlined the year's program which includes interest in the Boy Scouts, Junior Legion baseball teams, inter-scholastic league, Christmas cheer funds for the poor, rehabilitation through education for the disabled veterans. Mr. Cox, who is a member of the Texas legislature, said a move would be made for a federal and state hospital to care for the ex-service men of un-sound mind.

Read Johnson, speaking on rehabilitation, said that since the national department of insurance was organized in 1921, it had paid claims to World War veterans amounting to \$4,000,000,000. In the 17th district, approximately \$22,000 a month is being paid to disabled veterans. Ben J. Dean, past post commander of Breckenridge, was another speaker.

The business session of the convention met with Troy Simpson, district chairman, presiding; Tommy Atkins, district adjutant, and B. H. Murphy, chairman of the resolutions committee.

The loving cup donated by the Breckenridge post for the legion having the greatest attendance based upon the distance was awarded to Abilene.

All resolutions reported by the resolutions committee were adopted by acclamation.

Law and order constituted the general groundwork resolutions. The following resolution was adopted:

"Be it resolved that the 17th district association in convention assembled give a rising vote of thanks to the following: Carl Barnes Post No. 69, American Legion, Chamber of Commerce, Knights of Columbus, Salvation Army; First Baptist church, Central Baptist church, St. Rita's church, First Christian church, Methodist church, Presbyterian church, Elks, all hotels in the city, city officials, press, Areadia and Liberty theatres; and all citizens of Ranger for the part taken in making this convention a success."

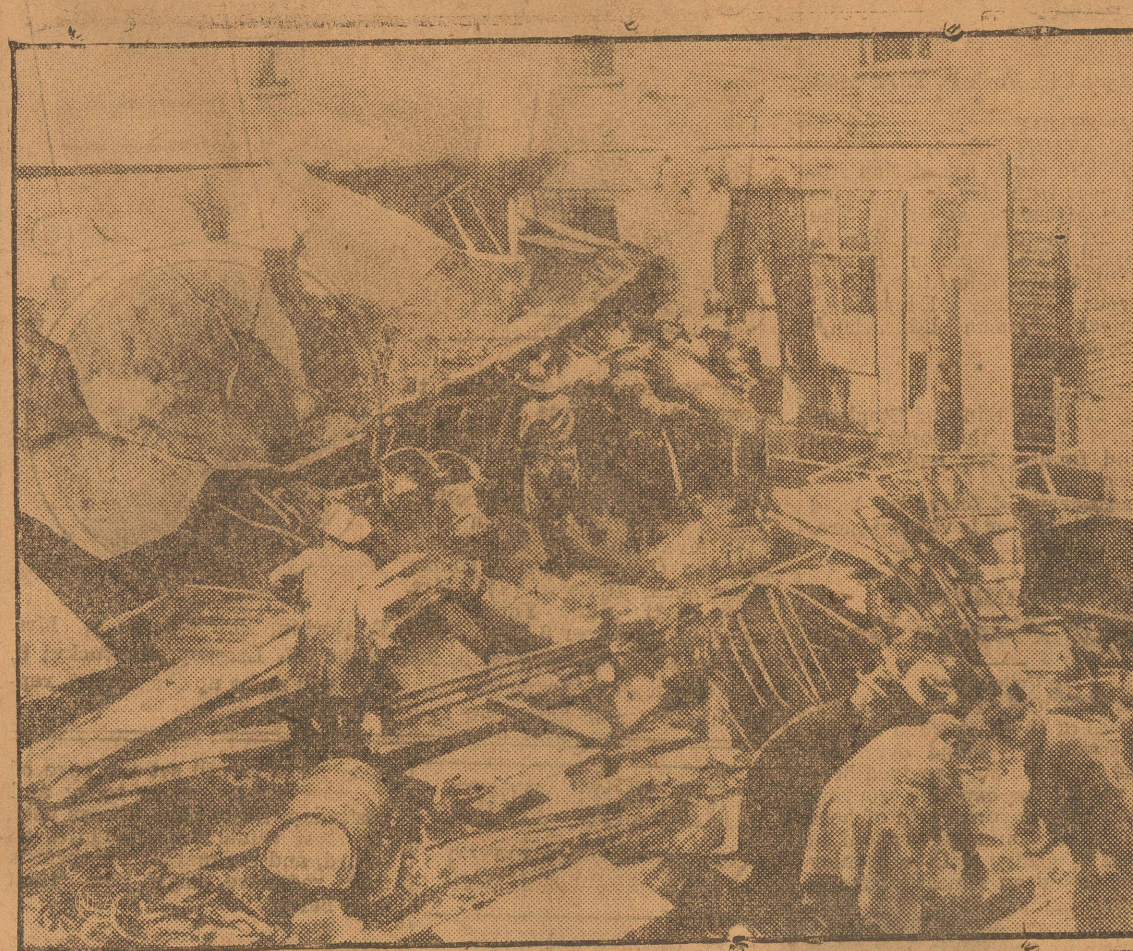
The loving cup offered by the Gholson hotel to the outstanding post in attendance was awarded to Mineral Wells the judge being Walter Murray.

The American legion of the entire nation has set aside this week as Membership week. All 1929 dues are now payable, it is announced.

CHEAP TRANSPORTATION
LONDON.—Until arrested, William Vincent Cauchi, 51, an engineer, had for several weeks been "seeing England," at what was possibly a record for inexpensive-ness.

When Cauchi wanted to go anywhere, he went first to one of Messrs. Cook's travel branches and bought a shilling ticket for a suburban station. Then he erased the name of the local station by the use of chemicals and inserted the name of some distant city.

Where Factory Blast Showered Death



Explosion of a large quantity of chemical and celluloid had just showered sudden death on 15 persons in the Preble Box Toe Factory, Lynn, Massachusetts, when this photo was taken. Firemen are seen starting the first search for dead and injured. The blast was attributed to a cigaret.

TEXAS MAYOR CHARGED WITH SHOOTING MAN

Salesman Is Shot Near Blanket in Brown County.

BROWNWOOD, Nov. 13.—Following the shooting of Clyde Maner, 23-year-old salesman, Mayor Palmer C. McInnis, 39, today was free under \$1,000 bond.

He was formally charged with assault to murder and his examining trial set for Tuesday.

Cause of the shooting was undetermined. Maner was shot through both legs following an altercation near Blanket, 15 miles east of Brownwood late Sunday.

McInnis sustained slight injuries. He surrendered to police shortly afterward.

GEORGIA YOUTH GIVES BLOOD TO NEGRO SERVANT

Mercer University Student May Have Saved Life Of Aged Attendant

MACON, Ga.—Fred Shaw of Tifton, Ga., has given a pint of his blood to save the life of Lee Battle, negro servant of Mercer University. Battle has been confined to a Macon hospital for several weeks, and recently was weakened from loss of blood following an operation.

Shaw is a sophomore in the College of Liberal Arts. When an appeal was made for some student to give his life fluid for the aged negro, Shaw was among the first to volunteer. His blood was tested in the hospital laboratory and found suitable for the transfusion.

Asked why he offered to make the sacrifice, Shaw said, "I did it from a sense of duty. I would give my blood to save anybody's life."

Lee Battle has been employed by the university as a dining hall attendant for 29 years, since he walked from Albany, Ga., to Macon looking for a job.

AERIAL BUNKER
By United Press.
RED BLUFF, Cal.—Fred Ellenwood, local banker, nearly made a birdie in a golf game the other day. He sliced a drive into an oak tree and the ball lodged in a bird's nest. Ellenwood climbed the tree, shook the ball out onto the ground and sank a three-par hole in eight.

GAME THE DAY'S BIG FEATURE

Ranger and Cisco, Each Undeclared, Will Meet in Cisco at 3 P. M.

The eyes of West Texas this afternoon will be upon Cisco where the red-jerseyed Bulldogs of Ranger will seek to turn back the gold-clad Lobos in a game that is expected to prove one of the most thrilling in the long history of the rivalry between the two schools.

Championship of the Oil Belt district is almost at stake for the winner of today's game will rank as the favorite for the title. If Ranger wins, Breckenridge—already twice defeated this season—is the only hurdle. If Cisco wins—but then it is necessary to go into that. The Lobos have two games remaining—Eastland and Abilene.

The victor of today's game will share with Abilene the distinction of being the only undefeated team in the district.

An invigorating touch in the air and a gentle sparkle of sunshine this morning indicate that the day will be comfortable to spectators and yet cool enough to enable the players to perform at their very best.

Advance sale of tickets indicates the greatest crowd that ever saw a district football game in Texas. Bands, pep squads, crowds—these are the elements that give color to a game—and they will be there in abundant measure.

Today is being observed in Ranger and elsewhere in the Oil Belt as a holiday. Many places of business did not open at all and by 1 o'clock this afternoon, all stores will be closed and just about everybody in Ranger will head for Chesley Field, Cisco, where at 3 o'clock the opening kickoff will occur.

NO OVERCHARGING.
By United Press.
MIDDLEBROUGH, England.—A four-course lunch for sixpence (12 cents) is the feature of a new restaurant recently opened here by Mrs. May Curtis.

But only poor workmen and school children can eat there. The menu for this cheap meal is: Soup, beef pudding or stewed rabbit with Yorkshire pudding, and three vegetables, rice pudding, cakes and tea.

Some of Mrs. Curtis' customers find they cannot afford sixpence a day for lunch so she gives them a plate of vegetables, a little Yorkshire pudding and sometimes a little meat and charges them a penny (two cents).

Mrs. Curtis, who is a well known local benefactress, is assisted in her mission to the poor by her family, who do all the cooking and waiting at the new restaurant.

How They've Performed

CISCO'S CAREER.
Lobos 62, Haskell 6.
Lobos 48, DeLeon 0.
Lobos 47, Stamford 6.
Lobos 14, El Paso 7.
xLobos 56, Brownwood 0.
Lobos 13, San Angelo 18.
xLobos 26, Breckenridge 0.
Lobos 20, North Side 0.
Total—Cisco 286; Opponents 32.

RANGER'S RECORD.
Bulldogs 38, Stamford 0.
Bulldogs 37, Strawn 7.
Bulldogs 12, Fort Worth Central 7.
Bulldogs 25, Winters 0.
xBulldogs 26, Eastland 25.
Bulldogs 0, Mineral Wells 0.
xBulldogs 19, Abilene 19.
xBulldogs 7, San Angelo 0.
Total—Ranger 164; Opponents 58.
xConference games.

Welcome to Team Costs One Life

SOUTH BEND, Ind., Nov. 12. Death attended the noisy welcome for the victorious Notre Dame football team here last night. As the students and townspeople gathered at the station cheering for the team that defeated the Army Saturday, a switch engine struck a baggage truck on which 20 students were standing.

John Gleason, 20, was killed when the tongue of the truck, broken by the impact, struck him on the head. The truck sent its human cargo sprawling and went down a 10-foot embankment through the crowd. Several persons were injured.

Meanwhile across the track, the crowd—unaware of the accident—cheered as the football special rolled in. The Notre Dame band struck up the school air. As the players got off the train, they were hoisted on the shoulders of Dewey who marched to the square along the same route taken by the ambulances a few minutes before.

Et Tu, Brute; The News Picks Cisco

If the Bulldogs win today, it will be over the almost unanimous vote of the sports writers as almost every scribe has picked the Lobos. Even the conservative Dallas News Sunday declared: "Abilene's Eagles kicked the Breckenridge Buckaroos all over the lot Friday, indicating that Dewey Mayhew finally has his ball club hitting on all six. If so other oil belt rivals are in for trouble. It looks as if the district championship will be decided by the Cisco-Abilene game Thanksgiving."

PATRIOTIC LEADERS COUNSEL

Ex-Secretary of War, Legion Head, Write to Sunday School Class.

Two men whose names and positions are closely entwined with patriotism wrote messages to Our Heroes class of the Methodist Sunday school, Ranger, that were read Sunday morning by M. F. Peters, the teacher.

Newton D. Baker, secretary of war, during the World war, and Paul V. McNutt, national commander of the American Legion, were the men sending messages. The letters of Mr. Baker and Mr. McNutt follow:

Cleveland, Ohio.
Dear Mr. Peters:
I have your letter of Oct. 23 and am glad to write to the boys who compose Our Heroes class.

In 1917 and 1918 when America was doing its part in the world war, I had an especially intimate opportunity to see what heroism means in young men. No American army ever faced a task of greater difficulty or danger. Our army was made up of young men from all parts of the United States. The great cities and the wide stretching country areas contributed each their share. These young men were required to leave their homes, cross the sea, and fight on foreign soil, enduring not only the hardships but braving the dangers of modern war. The splendid cheerfulness of our soldiers, the unselfishness of their aims and their dauntless courage made them an army of heroes and no one who saw them could doubt that the democratic institutions of our country generate no billy and unselfishness of spirit.

The boys of Our Heroes class may never be called upon to take part in so dreadful an adventure. I devoutly pray that they may not be, for surely this world ought to have learned enough from the world war to make a repetition of that experience impossible, but the same high spirit of adventure, the same devotion to fine things, the same courage can all be used in times of peace, and if the boys in the class can model their devotion to their country and its institutions upon the example given by the boys of 1917 and 1918, our country will be in the future fuller of happy and useful lives.

(Signed) NEWTON D. BAKER.
Legion Head Writes.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Office of National Commander.

My Dear Mr. Peters:
It is a pleasure to send you this word of greeting to Our Heroes class and my only regret is that I cannot be with you in person. I am going to take this opportunity to tell you something about the American Legion and the ideals for which it stands.

Ten years ago, the world was delirious with joy at this time. The greatest war in all history had come to an end. This nation had ended that war, as it had entered all its wars, in defense of certain high ideals. It had fought and fought successfully to establish fundamental principles of justice, freedom and democracy. Armistice day marked the completion of that task.

Some months after the service men had returned to their civilian pursuits, it became apparent that there were powerful enemies boring from within who were intent on overthrowing those principles for which the service men had fought.

The American Legion was born and nearly a million former service men rallied to the call: The

(Continued on page 2)

A Leader



C. J. MOORE

Chairman of the airport committee of the chamber of commerce, who has given generously of his time, thought and effort to give Ranger a modern field and his tireless work had much to do with the great ceremonies marking the dedication of the airport.

STREET CAR MAN SHOT TO DEATH

Negro Passenger Fires Without Warning, So Witnesses Declare.

By United Press.
HOUSTON, Nov. 12.—R. B. Melton, 27, street car operator, was shot to death without warning by a negro here Sunday night when he halted his car at a residential district corner.

A suspect arrested early today will be used in an effort to identify him. He had in his possession a large caliber pistol thought to be the gun from which the fatal shot was fired.

Melton was shot, according to negroes on the car, by a negro who had been a passenger. The negro got off the car without saying a word and there was a shot as Melton attempted to start the trolley. No motive for the shooting has been found. There was no attempt at robbery.

A reward of \$500 has been offered by the street car company for the capture of the slayer.

University Head In Fatal Mishap

By United Press.
JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Nov. 12.—An inquest into the fatal accident late last night in which Miles Blythe, 21, was killed when a truck which he was driving collided with a car driven by Dr. D. Brooks, president of the University of Missouri, was to be held today.

Blythe was accompanied by his father.

Masonic Lodge Will Confer M. M. Degree

Ranger lodge No. 738, A. F. & A. M., will confer the master's degree on one candidate Tuesday night, beginning at 7:30 o'clock. Visitors are expected from all neighboring lodges and all Master Masons are cordially invited to be present.

Probably Starting Lineup

No.	Player	Weight	Position	Weight	Player	No.
19	Tully	160	LE-RE	150	Meadows	33
12	G. Hinman (c)	195	LT-RT	160	Coldwell	24
2	Mitchell	160	LG-RG	168	Miller	30
15	Horton or	155	C			
7	Bobannon	155	C	190	Anthony	34
21	Bumpers	160	RG-LG	170	Ray	84
8	T. Hinman	195	RT-LT	190	Slatten	52
5	Mitt	168	RE-LE	175	King	32
11	Hammott	155	C	140	Kellogg	27
14	Whitehall	155	LH-RH	160	Van Horn	80
17	Hamilton	175	RH-LH	143	Little	25
4	McLaughlin	160	F	176	Eddleman (c)	35
18	Bowden	158	E	148	Smith	56
10	Love	173	T	160	Swink	54
9	Blackmond	175	T	175	Waters	52
3	Caraway	160	B	140	Coats	53
22	Seay	135	B	160	Stovall	38
	Bassett	150	G-B	141	Bedford	31

Little Boy and Man Both Living Here Are Auto Victims

Car Overturns as Wheel Goes Into Dirt Shoulder Rounding Curve—Baby's Grandparents Escape Injury—Occurs Near Caddo

Armistice Day was marred here Sunday night, when an automobile accident proved fatal to a man and a two year old baby boy.

The accident occurred between Ranger and Caddo about 9:30 last night, and took the lives of Frank Poulter, 210 Walnut street, Ranger, and Bill Keller, two year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Keller.

The bodies were brought to the Killingsworth-Cox Funeral home by ambulances from Breckenridge.

According to word reaching here of the tragedy, Mr. Poulter, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Putman, grandparents of the child, and the baby, were going to Caddo in a Dodge roadster.

The car hit the dirt shoulder in an attempt to round a curve and turned over. Mr. Poulter was dead when removed from the wreckage. His neck was broken and it is thought he was killed instantly. The baby was rushed to Caddo for medical aid but died a few minutes after being taken there. The abdomen had been crushed.

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Putman were injured in the accident. The child was the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Keller. Mr. Keller is an employe of the Chestnut and Smith Corporation.

Mr. Poulter also was an employe of the Chestnut and Smith Corporation. Funeral services for the crash victims have not been arranged.

BIG OCCASION ENDS; RESULTS ARE SPLENDID

"Air Mindedness" Developed Here. Attendance Estimate is 13,000.

After two days of roaring motors and circling planes overhead, Ranger has returned to normalcy today following the departure of the greatest air armada this section of Texas had ever seen.

Thousands of people drawn from a radius of 50 miles thronged Ranger's new airport Saturday and Sunday and packed the downtown streets for the American Legion convention for one of the greatest occasions Ranger has ever known.

The dual celebration—the dedication of the airport and the holding of the convention—was splendidly planned and that innumerable details were handled smoothly speaks volume for the ability of the men responsible for the arrangements.

Sunday morning was eventful at the airport. Formal dedicatory ceremonies were held and at 11 o'clock the throng bowed in a minute of silent prayer in memory of the dead of the world war, while the Pathfinder, plane of the Texas-Pacific Coal and Oil company, dropped flowers from the sky.

The Fort Worth aerobade began departing at noon yesterday and the army planes hopped off soon afterward. Prior to the departure of these numerous airplanes, various "ships" made short flights to carry friends of this section on brief journeys. Looking up, one could see three or four planes while almost simultaneously with the landing of one ship, another would hop off gracefully.

The tri-motored Ford plane was busy carrying up passengers—15 at a trip. This plane is remaining here today to give a final opportunity to those who desire to enjoy the luxury of a cruise in this \$50,000 craft.

After the last of the dozen planes in the Fort Worth aerobade had gone, the army planes, three at a time, sailed into the air, circled the field twice in formation and then headed for the east.

Any estimate of the crowds drawn to Ranger during the past two days would be a wild conjecture. Thousands of people were at the field continually. Many were going and their places were taken by new arrivals. With the attendance drawn by the legion convention, it is believed that 12,000 would not be too great a figure—and the numbers may have been much greater.

Summarizing the results of the two days:
Ranger has a modern landing field.

Through the publicity received in the newspapers and through the fact that dozens of flyers came here, it is now known among the aviators in general that Ranger is equipped to meet the needs of this age of flying.

The friendly relations between Fort Worth and Ranger have become even more friendly through the visit of the aerobade. And, finally, the people of this section—seeing the many types of planes—have gained a greater knowledge of airplanes and, by witnessing the skillful handling of the ships and by taking rides themselves, have become assured of the fact that travel by air is a marvelous thing.

SKETCHES OF ROTARIANS

FREDERICK G. YONKER.

(By Rotary Fellowship Committee.)

Today the fellowship committee are confronted with a problem that with men, is very strange, at that one where we have been unable to ascertain the year of birth of the member of whom we try to write of. Should this have been the history of some woman's life we would not be surprised, but since it is of our friend Curley's life we are surprised, for it seems as though some underhanded work has taken place, to keep the committee from minding this information.

Our friend Curley was born July 7 (some 55 years ago), in Berne, Switzerland, and at the age of 13, he with his father and mother, moved to America and settled in West Virginia, at Victorville.

Early in life he became a civil engineer and until 14 years ago he worked for various companies until he went into the oil business and spent the next six years in Oklahoma.

In 1920, Curley came to Ranger and immediately became a worker in any movement to promote Ranger.

He now holds the position of general manager of this district for Chestnut & Smith and is regarded as one of their most valuable men.

Curley is vice president of the Ranger Rotary club and is immediate past president of the same club. He is a member of the executive committee of the West Texas Chamber of Commerce and also the Ranger Chamber of Commerce.

Curley Yonker is a valuable man to Ranger and this county and even to this state.

Radio Favorites Are Back on Air

Local radio fans will have the opportunity to welcome old favorites back on the air tonight at 7:30, when Universal Mills, manufacturers of Superior stock and poultry feeds, will inaugurate their new series of Superior radio programs.

These programs will be broadcast every Monday from 7:30 to 8 p. m. from station WBAP at Fort Worth. Featured entertainers will be "Uncle Superior," "Percy Pinkpants" and the "Red Chain Quartette," according to A. J. Ratliff, local distributor of Superior stock and poultry feeds, who is sponsoring these programs in co-operation with Universal Mills.

OBERNDORFF IN PLEA FOR REAL CONCILIATION

German Signer of Armistice Fears Peace "Saturated With Hatred."

Editor's Note:—Count Alfred M. F. F. von Oberndorff is the scion of an old Bavarian noble family. He was in the German diplomatic service attached to the staff of various German embassies and legations in Europe until he was appointed German minister to Norway in 1916. In 1918 he became German minister of Bulgaria. There he received the commission to represent his country as one of the delegates in the armistice negotiations. He is now living privately in Munich.

By Count Alfred M. F. F. von Oberndorff, German Delegate at the Armistice Negotiations.

Written for the United Press. (Copyright 1928 by United Press) MUNICH, Nov. 12.—On the morning of Nov. 11, it is precisely 10 years since we accepted the terms of the armistice in the woods of Compiègne.

We arrived on Nov. 8. The next day, Nov. 9, the empire which we were to represent broke down in the tempest of revolution.

For us, since that day conditions in our fatherland remained shrouded in darkness. Conscious of the immense burden of our responsibility, we waited for the news.

Only a few hours before the expiration of the 72 hours of grace granted us by the enemy—our request to prolong this period in view of the revolutionary changes in Germany had been rejected.

Did we receive two telegrams requesting us to sign the armistice. One from High Command.

One of these came from the new Berlin government; the other—and this had to be decisive for us—was sent by the high command which had remained at its post.

Thus at least we are spared the torment of doubt when we signed the document which certified Germany's defeat.

To be sure, for us Germans too, "Compiègne" signifies the end of the most sanguinary and most disastrous war the world has ever seen. Yet could we but think with bitterness of an armistice which was the preparation of peace hardly less saturated with hatred than the war itself?

But One Solution. If the terrible world conflagration is not to rest on Europe as an eternal curse, there is but one solution: The nations which for centuries have been entrusted with the task of guarding the cultural treasures of mankind, and whose destructive conflict had imperiled western civilization, must, both victors and vanquished, candidly and honestly join hands in ultimate reconciliation. The idea of another war between the chief European nations had to be made as unthinkable as the idea of another civil war is in the United States.

In the meantime, a third name has been added to those of Compiègne and Versailles—Locarno. This sounds better to our ears. Yet will it, more and more, exclude the sound of the other two names? Will Europe definitely come to reason and unity under the sign of Locarno?

The nations long that this be so. But are the statesmen ready?

Stomach Disorders First Revealed by Coated Tongue

Your tongue is nothing more than the upper end of your stomach and intestines. It is the first thing your doctor looks at. It tells at a glance the condition of your digestive system—and physicians say that 90% of all sickness starts with stomach and bowel trouble.

A coated tongue is a danger signal of those digestive disorders which lead to so many kinds of serious illness. It tells why the least exertion tires you out; why you have pains in the bowels, gas, sour stomach, dizzy spells.

Coating on the tongue is a sign that you need Tanlac—the medicine which has helped thousands who were physical wrecks from stomach and bowel troubles—who had "tried everything" in vain and about given up hope.

Tanlac contains no mineral drugs; it is made of barks, herbs and roots. Get a bottle from your druggist today. Your money back if it doesn't help you.

Tanlac 52 MILLION BOTTLES USED

WHETHER It's a prescription or drink at our fountain, you'll find our service right.

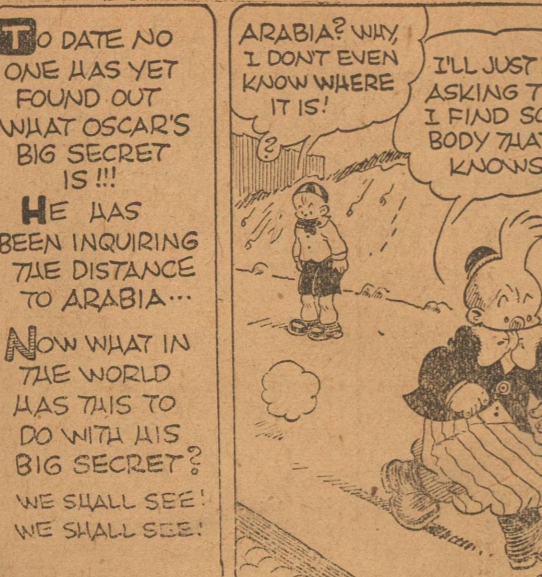
OIL CITY PHARMACY Ranger

When you wonder what to cook Eat Barbecue

We cook it right and sell it hot. Bring your bucket and get the gravy.

THE JAMESONS'

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



TO DATE NO ONE HAS YET FOUND OUT WHAT OSCAR'S BIG SECRET IS!!! HE HAS BEEN INQUIRING THE DISTANCE TO ARABIA... NOW WHAT IN THE WORLD HAS THIS TO DO WITH HIS BIG SECRET? WE SHALL SEE! WE SHALL SEE!



ARABIA? WHY I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE IT IS! I'LL JUST KEEP ASKING TILL I FIND SOME BODY THAT KNOWS! YOU DON'T HAPPEN TO KNOW HOW FAR IT IS FROM HERE TO ARABIA, DO YOU MISTER MILLIGAN? DON'T BELIEVE I DO, MY BOY!



ARABIA? NOW I WONDER IF THAT'S A TOWN IN THE NEXT COUNTY?? YOU MIGHT ASK AT THE AUTO CLUB, THEY'D KNOW! THANKS, MISTER MILLIGAN—Mebbe they'll have some maps they'd give me, too!!



SAY! WHAT'S THE IDEA IN THIS ARABIA STUFF YOU'RE PULLIN'?? YOU KNOW HOW TO GET THERE YOU HAVE TO TAKE A BIG SHIP AN' YOU KNOW YOU'RE NOT GOING TO DO THAT! DON'T TALK NOW! HOW DO YOU KNOW WHAT I AM OR AIN'T GOING TO DO??

MOM'N' POP



POP, THAT OLD SWEATER WAS ALL FADED AND FRINED AROUND THE EDGES, EVERY TIME YOU LEFT THE HOUSE WEARING IT I WAS HUMILIATED TO DEATH, SO I GAVE IT FOR THE RUMMAGE SALE AT THE CHURCH



GREAT CAESAR! DON'T YOU KNOW THAT I NEVER LOST A MATCH-PLAY WHEN I WORE THAT SWEATER? EVERY ONE OF MY GOLF CUPS I WON WITH THAT BABY STRETCHED OVER MY BACK—



OH, COME TO POP!! ME OL' LUCKY SWEATER—BA-BEE! I'D BE STYMIED FROM THE START OF ANY MAN'S GOLF GAME UNLESS I HAD THE HELP OF THIS OL' STAND-BY



NO, I NEVER KNEW A WOMAN WHO COULD UNDERSTAND THESE THINGS— BUT THIS IS MY LUCKY SWEATER. POP, YOU'RE BEYOND ME! HERE YOU HAVE THREE NICE, NEW, CLEAN SWEATERS, BUT STILL YOU CLING TO THAT OLD, FADED, MOTH-EATEN RAG LIKE A MISER TO A DIME—

WHIRLWIND BY ELEANOR EARLY

THIS HAS HAPPENED Sybil Thorne, recently widowed, has had a dramatic and harrowing reunion with an old sweetheart, John Lawrence. For 10 years she believed that John slept in Flanders' Field... Having mourned him deeply, she gave herself up finally to distractions. Sybil has had many affairs and been tragically married. Through her dearest friend, Mabel Moore, who is apartment hunting, Sybil finds John Lawrence. Since the war he has been a victim of amnesia. Mabel knew him as Roger Caldwell, a real estate agent. When she sees Sybil he drops unconscious. Upon being revived, his memory returns. Mabel leaves them alone, and John asks Sybil if she still loves him. He shows her a wedding ring and tells her that he is about to be married. She begs for time to think things over—and they talk of love and life. Finally he takes her in his arms, and kisses her fiercely. Mabel comes in the room at that moment, with a tray of coffee and cakes, and the conversation becomes general. At last Sybil notices how ill John looks, and volunteers to drive him home. After they have gone, Mabel finds a small white box with a wedding ring in it. John had dropped it, showing it to Sybil. It is the ring he has purchased for his fiancée. Mabel does not know that Sybil has already learned of John's sweetheart, and wonders what she ought to do. Now go on with the story

CHAPTER XLIV Mabel slipped the ring experimentally on her third finger. At the second joint it stopped abruptly, and she transferred it to her little finger, pressing it firmly over the middle joint. She walked to the lamp and held her hand under the parchment shade. "Seven hundred," she murmured to herself. "Seven hundred, if it's worth a cent. Maybe more. It might have cost a thousand."

She moved her hand slowly to catch the light. "Poor old Sib. I wonder if she's going to care about him." She put her finger in her mouth, and slid it back and forth. Her finger was red and swollen. When it was very wet, she pulled the ring off. "She has thin fingers, whoever she is. 'C. B.'—now I wonder."

"It's platinum all right," she said. "Poor Sib!" She put it back in the box, and slipped it behind the clock over the fireplace. Then she gathered up the cups and glasses and carried them to the kitchen. Whisking up a lather of pleasant suds, she washed the fragile things and for the first time in her married life forgot to hold the lovely purple goblets to the light to admire their amethystine translucence. Mabel was pondering desperately. Presently the little girl down stairs came up with Teddy. And Mabel, wringing her glass towel vigorously, hung it on the rack, her decision made.

When Sybil came in she was boisterously determined. "See here, Sib. I want to show you something. Look! It's a ring. A wedding ring. John Lawrence has a wedding ring. His initials are in it."

She thrust it defiantly at Sybil. "I know it, Mab. What's all the excitement? He's got a right to buy a wedding ring, hasn't he?" "Of course he has. That's just it," Mabel was blustering. "But, you poor little nut, you don't want to get mixed up with him. Let him marry the girl he bought the ring for. You've got a good man now, and you don't know when you're lucky."

She swung one slim knee over the other, and reached a dainty foot to the blaze. "Oh, gosh, Mab. I've got a drop stitch! Look at that. And a brand new pair of stockings too. Gee, that makes me mad—the very first time I've worn them. Five dollars. How much did you pay for those you have on, Mab? They're lovely and sheer."

Mabel stood with her back to the fire, and contemplated Sybil as an outraged woman scorning frivolity. "Do you know what you need?" she asked bluntly. "You need some hulking brute to wring your neck. There are women like that. It's the only thing that stops them. And I guess you're one of them, Sib. I'd just be wasting time talking to you. I was going to try to stir up some appreciation of Craig Newhall in your shallow little heart. But Craig's too good for you, Sybil. I'm through trying to wish you on him. I like him too well."

Mabel paused irresolutely. "You're an awful darn fool, Sybil," she concluded, and turned with a great air of finality to face the fire. "An awful darn fool. And that's all I've got to say." The room grew very quiet. The fire died down, and smouldered softly. And the only sound came from the tickle clock on the mantle. "Tick tock..." it said. "Tick tock..." and went on eating everything else is still. Mabel sobbed. A muffled little sob, smothered in the palm of her hand. "Oh, Mabel!" she cried, and reached up to clutch the hem of her sweater. "I'm not hard-boiled, Mab. Honest I'm not... I can't bear to have you talk to me like that, Mab. Besides, you're all together unreasonable. Don't be so intolerant. Say what you've got to say, and I'll listen to you. But for heaven's sake be reasonable."

are not hard-boiled!... You were an innocent little kid when John Lawrence fell in love with you, weren't you? A nice, trusting little kid. And you probably had a lot of splendid ideals and high falutin' dreams. And he thought you were just the sweetest, grandest, purest thing on earth... Did you ever stop to think that you've changed?"

"The nice, little kid you used to be is wise now, Sib—wise as the oldest woman, and bitter with life... Where are the ideals you used to have? And the dreams? They're crasser stuff now, aren't they, Sib? You would disappoint John Lawrence exactly as he would disappoint you. I tell you, Sib, you can't begin at 28 where you left off at 18. If you have an affair with this man now, it's going to be a shoddy thing. And you've got to take him away from some other woman to have it."

"I suppose," mused Sybil, her eyes on the smouldering blaze, "that it would be a poor caricature of the lovely thing that bloomed when we were very, very young."

"God be praised!" muttered Mabel. "The woman's got sense. Then you're going to lay off, Sib? You'll drop your stunning ghost and be a good girl?" Sybil got to her feet, laughing. "Here's Teddy," she said. "We'd better be running along, Mab. It's past his bedtime... Hello, Precious! Whose beautiful big boy are you?"

She caught him to her, and kissed his rosy cheeks. "Angel child," she told him solemnly, "you're the most beautiful thing that ever lived." And she kissed his small red nose. "May I give him a cookie, Sybil?" asked Mabel. "Tookie! Tookie!" clamored Teddy rapturously.

He took it in both his hands, and smiling beatifically above the crumbs, beamed on Mabel. "Tanny," he said. "Tanny too." "He wants some candy," explained Sybil. "He's just like his mother—aren't you, Precious? He's got to eat life with both hands, Mab... No, darling—no candy. Say goodby to Aunt Mab, dear."

Mabel took him in her arms. "Goody, Teddy-boy. Come see your old aunt soon—and we'll have some great big cookies. And give me a big bear hug, like a good boy—and the very best kiss you've got, sweetheart."

The baby hugged her gleefully, and when she put him down, he clung to her knees, and raised his stocky lips for another kiss. "You'll phone tomorrow, Sib?" "If you want me to," Sybil was drawing on her gloves. "Don't touch, Teddy! Naughty, Naughty." She stood with her hand on the door.

"You've been brutally frank, Mab. But I suppose you meant well." "Haven't I a right to be frank, Sib?" "Oh, I suppose so." "But I've made you angry?" "Well, I can't say you've made me particularly happy. It's certainly been illuminating—this tirade of yours."

"My dear, it was for your own good." "That's what people always say when they tell me hateful things. Oh, I'm not sore, Mab, or anything like that. You've simply opened my eyes to what you really think of me, and since you've been so frank, I'll be as honest with you. I am going to see John Lawrence tonight, exactly as I had planned. And, my dear, if you don't like it, you'd better chloroform your sensibilities. You're too darn Victorian, Mab—that's what's the matter with you... Here, Teddy angel... Where are your mittens, Precious?"

Sybil turned her son's chinchilla collar up and pulled his earlaps down.

"That's just it!" Mabel exploded violently. "And you say you

"Kiss Aunt Mab, Sweet." Mabel lifted him in her arms again. "Goodby, darling little boy. Sib, if I had a child like Teddy, I'd cut my right hand off before I'd draw a breath to jeopardize his future." Sybil laughed. "Gertie Gloom!" she taunted.

(To be continued)

Robert Starr spent the weekend with home folks. "Mr. and Mrs. P. C. King and children of Ira, were recent visitors here with relatives. Mrs. Arthur Ellington of Cisco visited Mrs. G. L. Bailey Tuesday. The pupils from Dan Horn who are attending Scranton high school very much enjoyed the Halloween party given at the school building.

BIG SPRINGS—2000 - barrel producer brought in on section No. 56 in Howard-Glasscock field. CORPUS CHRISTI — 305,553 bales cotton received here up to recent date. SUGAR LAND—Three wells in this field producing around 1975 barrels daily.

MOUNT ENTERPRISE — Enterprise Electric & Telephone Co., constructing light plants in this place.

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Dan Horn News Robert Starr spent the weekend with home folks. "Mr. and Mrs. P. C. King and children of Ira, were recent visitors here with relatives. Mrs. Arthur Ellington of Cisco visited Mrs. G. L. Bailey Tuesday. The pupils from Dan Horn who are attending Scranton high school very much enjoyed the Halloween party given at the school building.

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17—WANTED TO RENT WANTED TO LEASE—Furnished hotel, apartment house or small farm suitable for dairy, poultry and truck farming. Walden, 417 Pine.

19—FOR SALE OR TRADE FOR SALE—Groceries, fixtures and feed store for sale; on Caddo highway. Good stand. See C. W. Hodges.

22—POULTRY & PET STOCK FOR SALE—Several registered Jersey bulls. Some old enough for service. G. & H. Dairy. WANTED TO BUY—Good milk cows. G. & H. Dairy, Ranger. POULTRY, plenty of fryers, hens, bakers, turkeys, dressed or alive. Let us sell you pecans, 25 pounds or more, cheap. Farmers Exchange.

The Last 100 Miles

Every motorist knows to change oil every 500 miles or so. Just after the oil has been changed the motor runs more smoothly. But—what about the last 100 miles before you change oil? That is the real test in the oil you are using.

SUPERIOR OIL Should be changed too, but you'll note the difference in the last 100 miles. smoother running engine—more power—less heat.

Superior Refining Co. Ranger, Texas

HOT WATER HEATERS See that this is a part of your lavatory equipment. You'll need one through the winter months. Phone for prices. JOHN J. CARTER 111 So. Marston Phone 27

The Fountain Nine Years on Main Street Fruits, nuts, candies—Smokers' articles, etc. Phone 417, Raymond Teal prop.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS Bids for the improvement of portions of Cypress street, Commerce Street, West Main street and Eastland Hill in the City of Ranger will be received by the Mayor and City Commission of the City of Ranger until 8:15 p. m. November 13th at the City Hall, Ranger, Texas, and there publicly opened and read. Usual rights reserved.—Jno. M. Thurman, mayor. Attest, Mabel Wood, city secretary.

LODGE NOTICES Called meeting Ranger Lodge No. 738, A. F. & A. Tuesday, Nov. 13, 7:30 p. m. Work in M. M. degree. E. M. GLAZNER, W. M. F. E. LANGSTON, Sec.

LOST AND FOUND LOST—Keys on big tin paddle. Finder please return to Times office.

SPECIAL NOTICES DANCING—Private or class lessons. Class dance 50 cents. Wednesday and Friday, 7 to 9 p. m. Studio 424 Citizens Bank Bldg. CRESCENT HOTEL—Under new management; special chicken dinner 75c. Mrs. Francis Hawkins. PERMANENT WAVE—\$7.50 and \$10. Graziola Beauty Shoppe, 608 Ranger.

HOUSES FOR RENT FOR RENT—3-room modern furnished house with garage, close to railroad in. Call 69. FOR RENT—3-room house, 220 South Austin st. FOR RENT—5-room house, 606 West Commerce street. FOR RENT—House, 606 N. Commerce.

APARTMENTS FOR RENT FOR RENT—3 furnished rooms for light housekeeping. Apply Radio Cafe. FOR RENT—Furnished apartment, on paved street. 582-W. FOR RENT—2-room apartment, in private home; lights, water and gas furnished; garage; \$25 a month. Apply 431 N. Marston st.

FOR SALE—Miscellaneous PIGS FOR SALE—Also registered Jersey bull for service. J. L. Reid, Taylor lease, 2-1/2 miles west of Ranger. FOR SALE CHEAP—Four 30x 4.50 Goodrich tires and tubes. Apply Ranger Times office.

HOUSES FOR SALE HOME FOR SALE—7-rooms, good location, easy terms. Less for cash. Call 494-W after 6 o'clock. HOUSE FOR SALE—Apply 606 N. Commerce.

WANTED TO RENT WANTED TO LEASE—Furnished hotel, apartment house or small farm suitable for dairy, poultry and truck farming. Walden, 417 Pine.

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JINX TRAILS HITCH HIKER ON HOOF TOUR

Nineteen-year-old George Anderson "of Arkansas" has had more "hitches" than "hikes" on a trip he is making via the ride a while, walk a while, hitch-hike method, from Hot Spring to El Paso.

The boy walked into an Eastland drug store Saturday afternoon and had the druggist dress a badly cut thumb.

"It's the fifth time since I started out," the boy told the druggist. "I hadn't been away from Hot Springs three hours when the back board on a gravel truck I was riding on slipped out of place and threw me and the gravel to the pavement. It cut both of my knees."

"I was getting out of a car in Texarkana, and the man who had picked me up slammed the door on this finger." He exhibited a battle scarred finger.

"I did all right then until I got to Fort Worth, but when I got in there I hopped off an oil truck and a piece of wire in the bed jagged my leg."

The boy said he stuck a nail through his shoe and into his foot when he was trying to get job "with some carpenters," at Mineral Wells.

"I was laid up there three days and left there this morning and was going pretty good for me. But at this little place between here and Ranger I got the jinx again. A car had hit a concrete culvert but none was hurt but me and I was just walking. I was looking over the wreck and when I went to pull open one of the doors something cut me."

When President-Elect Hoover Addresses Nation



This remarkable new picture of President-elect Hoover shows the nation's next chief executive as he appears when addressing millions over the radio microphone. Mr. Hoover is expected to speak to the people frequently by means of this agency.

WASHINGTON LETTER

BY RODNEY DUTCHER

WASHINGTON—A correspondent's mental notebook: One result of bitterness stirred up in the campaign ought to be a lot more fun in Washington in the next four years. Some of our best orators are going to be very sore, and there's no place like Congress to unload a burdened beast.

The new president isn't likely to be as comfortable as Coolidge has been. Some of the betters have laid themselves open to possible punishment, which they are likely to get, in or out of Congress.

Jim Reed, for whom the next session of the Senate will be his last, is feeling pretty sour on a lot of things. He hated Hoover with such cordiality that the Democratic managers cautioned him rather emphatically, whereat Jim became more disgusted than ever. Nobody can kick up more excitement locally than Jim and it's hard to believe that he'll let the next session pass without a demonstration of his old time fervor.

Someone is reasonably sure to squirm.

Funny thing now both Republicans and Democrats will claim a state by large majorities just before election. Funnier still how many of them believe their own claims. Headquarters officials can only rely on what they hear from the boys on the ground. There's no penalty for being wrong, insofar as the national organization is concerned.

What political parties need are better forecasters, who will give them what Al Smith called the real lowdown, so they can know where the real money and effort must be spent. Trouble with lots of boys on the scene is that they give their states very doubtful until they've received all the funds they can milk from national headquarters, whereafter they become confirmed optimists they become confirmed pessimists.

Well, anyway, Al Smith is probably the only one who came near breaking up a poker game in the National Press Club. Whenever he spoke most of the players dashed out to the main lounge to hear him on the radio. Fifty or sixty members were generally found listening to Smith, principally because they enjoyed it. Democrats claimed that a poll of press gallery members went 2 to 1 for Smith.

Modern young women smoking cigarettes are accepted nearly everywhere, but not at the Walter Reed veterans' hospital. Disabled war veterans, who have not quite kept up with the trend of things since they sailed away to war, will have none of them. To them, one learns, sight of a woman smoking means that the lady isn't quite what she should be. Hence Red Cross and nursing work at Walter Reed has to be confined among those who don't smoke or who can do it clandestinely.

Twenty debutantes, out there for the first time, held a smoking party on a piazza while waiting for instructions—and so lost their usefulness.

Smith wound up his campaign looking better than Hoover. The governor had been through a lot of such things before. He was far more active in this one than Hoover, but it got on Hoover's nerves.

WASHINGTON—Now that bunk and blarney are off the air, now that leaders of the politicians' union are rising from the depths of hypocrisy and dishonorable tactics to re-assume their shoddy mantles of statesmanship, it may not be amiss to tell what all the shooting was for.

One of the Republican leaders—Senator Moses, if memory serves—let the smelly little cat out of the bag in a publicity release a few weeks ago wherein he said that the only motive of the Democrats in making a campaign was their sordid greed for some 50,000 federal jobs.

That was all right as far as it went. But there's a lot more to it than that. In the first place, something more than 150,000 federal jobs were at stake in the tens of thousands of state, county and municipal jobs involved in the general campaign.

And it would have been only fair to say that if the Democrats were clawing greedily at the door for those jobs, then by similar token the Republicans were using feet, nails and teeth in a savage, selfish fight to hold onto them for

Rookie for A's



Here's Leon Riley, outfielder of the Pueblo club in the Western League this summer, who was purchased recently by the Philadelphia Athletics. His .380 batting average attracted the attention of Connie Mack's scouts.

another four years. Anyone will fight just as bitterly and just as unyieldingly to hold his job as another will to get it.

That, of course, is what it all boils down to. That is what most politicians really mean when they roar in righteous wrath or plead piously of law enforcement, the poor farmer, the peril to prosperity or the sins of the opposition.

It is not fair to say, of course, that every politician active in an election is merely worrying about his job. Some hold their jobs securely and merely want more power, though power and patronage are almost inextricably bound together. Some of the more pious gentlemen merely want to stand in the best of interests of common, ordinary people, though of these one cannot recall more than a few.

And goodness knows how many of the dirty-little boys of politics, unknown to fame, are in the business not for jobs, but simply for cold cash. Here and there are even some who yearn to serve first of all the best interests of common, ordinary people, though of these one cannot recall more than a few.

Nor is it necessary, in questioning the professed motives of the politicians' union, to assume that the system is completely rotten. The fact is that the people sometimes get a break. That is, there is always a chance that an election result will make life a little happier and easier for many of them. Furthermore, politics is not a closed corporation; anyone can enter it and there is abundant evidence that it takes very little intelligence to succeed.

How many federal jobs depend on a presidential election? Well, one starts with the cabinet and diplomatic service and works down. There are, of course, some pretty swell jobs and some pretty soft ones; rewards of every degree, in fact, for the type of service rendered. But let's take the big bulk.

SHAVER — Texas production comes mainly from American Metal Company's mine here.

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FEE DISCUSSION MAY BE SUBJECT OF LEGISLATURE

It will be necessary for the state legislature to work out some system in regard to how holders of justice of the peace offices in Texas may obtain their wages, is the belief of Justice of the Peace Jim Steele, Eastland.

The question has been discussed by all office holders since a decision was handed down by the court of criminal appeals at Austin last week, which decreed that it was unconstitutional for a justice of the peace to pass judgment on a case and then to accept his fee. The decision stated that a justice of the peace did not receive his fee unless the defendant was found guilty. It held further that inasmuch this element was embodied in the case, the justice of the peace would be "interested in the outcome."

According to Judge Steele, the court of civil appeals in a decision reached, decided opposite to the court of criminal appeals.

Any justice of peace in Texas may accept a plea of guilty and collect his fee. This was found to be constitutional by the higher court, inasmuch as the officer then would have no bearing on the outcome of the case, it being optional with the defendant whether he desired to plead guilty or not guilty.

At the present Steele has not decided just what route will be taken with cases wherein the defendant desires to fight the case.

The most logical route, in Judge Steele's opinion, is to have the case transferred from the justice court to the county court. When this is done, however, the expense starts mounting. The county clerk gets a fee the county attorney, the justice of the peace, and the trial charges are higher.

In other words, when a defendant is found guilty in the county court, although the fine assessed may be no larger than that which might have been assessed in the justice courts, the costs of the case will mount to a figure far above that of the justice court.

In regard to placing all justice of the peace under a salary, Steele was of the belief that it would have to be regulated on an average basis. Probably the average in one town would be much larger than that of another.

Steele believes, however, that nothing satisfactory can be worked out until the legislature takes the question under advisement and reaches some decision in the most logical manner of handling the fee system.

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We are here to serve YOU. A complete banking service to cover every phase of the banking business. Feel at liberty to use us—make us your banker in every sense.

Hockey Star



Beauty, vigor, poise—here is a picture of these three qualities as they're embodied in Miss Agnes Rodgers of Buffalo, N. Y., star hockey player of Smith College, Northampton, Mass.

EAGLE PASS — Southwestern Bell Telephone Company opens new exchange at Piedras Negras.

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Hooks and Slides

Oh Goodness, Gracious! Harvard, according to some reports, played so earnestly against the Army that after almost every play there was a cadet flattened on the turf and the first aid section were the rubber tires off the little tea wagon which is used to haul restoratives to the disabled West Pointers.

Dartmouth is reported to have subjected the Columbias to some very hard usage and the Nebraskas received an official rebuke several times for being too hard with Syracuse.

Indiana caused Eby, the Ohio State back, to remark after the games that—"Those fellows surely had the old knees working" and Indians commented that Barratt and Raskowski gave them the old works.

Which indicates that the old game of football hasn't softened up as much as the old grads seem to think.

The Athletics Don't Mind It is a satisfaction to those who like their games rough and their athletics hard that the boys concerned haven't been yelling manna. The reports of the atrocities leaked out of the dressing rooms where the athletes were discussing the case privately.

Old grads and snooty reporters took up the whippers and blew them up into material for a crusade.

Several years ago there was a very hard game played in New York between the Army and Notre Dame. The writer happened to be in Notre Dame the Tuesday following the game. Knute Rockne was in a state of hysteria. His two centers had been knocked out for weeks and he was trying to make two new centers who didn't know much more than where the center stood in formation.

Horsemen Unhorsed "The four big guns aren't able to put on their clothes yet," Rockne said, referring to the horsemen. "These Army guys just about ruined us."

"Dirty football, eh?" we remarked. "Dirty football, hell!" Rockne snapped back. "Don't you ever say that. Those Cadets play good hard football. They're all big, strong, rugged fellows in perfect condition. When they hit a fellow who is not as heavy or as strong something has to give. And we 'give' Saturday."

Hadn't Changed His Mind The following year there was another hard football game in New York between Notre Dame and the Army. In the first ten minutes of play three star Notre Dame players were knocked stiff and had to be carried from the field. The ground seemed to be littered after every play and the metropolitan newspapers made a big commotion about it. Some terrible cracks were made all week about the Army brutes.

Rockne was in Atlanta with his team for the Georgia Tech game and the writer wired him for a statement and he answered: "Say what I said last year."

The Press Berries on Them! Harvard, Yale and Princeton, denying the appeal of the metropolitan newspapers to provide better working places and conditions for the football reporters, go back to the old alibi that the interests of the newspapers are not theirs.

Cheaney News

Cheaney had a real fine rain last week and then a good north wind that caused a few hogs to be killed; about three days of sunshine and now we have another foggy, rainy spell that is surely hard on us fellows who have not finished threshing. We got to thresh just a little Monday evening and it began to rain so we can't say just when we will be able to thresh again, but we have three threshers just raring to go if it should get dry again; one is at Mr. H. L. Quinn's one is at W. A. Lowe's, both crops partly threshed, and one at O. S. Melton's, just there as the rain came.

Grandma Melton is reported some better just now.

Lots of colds and headaches in the community at this writing.

Mrs. H. C. Quinn is driving a new Chevy car. You know it looks good.

Master Joe Blackwell gave a birthday party to his school mates Tuesday and all report as grand time. Lots of ice cream, cake and fruits of many kinds and candies were on the cake. His friends all wish him a hundred more and want to be present.

H. A. Browning and family of Valleevue, Texas, was at Cheaney this week on their way to West Texas.

The well on the Joe Calvert farm is around 2600 feet, the T. A. Jones around 1800 feet and going good. We will soon know what is down there. Cheaney is aiming to see the display at Ranger the 10th and 11th, but we all have not decided to take a ride in any airship yet. We are proud this is a free country.

We had as soon be tried in the old school building at Eastland as ride in an airship, just now. School is going fine at Cheaney.

Mr. G. W. Parker and son James, of Sylvester, Texas, were at Cheaney of late and say they are coming back east soon as they do not like Fisher county as well as Erath county. We think all are done digging peanuts around Cheaney.

Mrs. Lena Akers is home from the Ranger hospital and is doing fine.

B. F. Weeks and Carl Clemmer of Merriam were at Cheaney Monday trying to thresh peanuts. Plenty of nice bright peanut hay around Cheaney can be bought reasonable.

Bro. J. P. Skaggs preaches at Cheaney next Saturday night and Sunday at 11 o'clock, Sunday school at 10. All are invited.

H. P. Minchew of Cheaney is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Theo Davis at Gordon.

Pink Bollworm in Cottonseed



SPREAD of the pink bollworm has often resulted from the movement of infested cottonseed. The worms protect themselves for the winter in many cases by webbing two seeds together as shown in the upper half of the above picture. These seeds are not destroyed by ginning, but house the worm through the winter to infest the next year's crop. Gins in the pink bollworm regulated area are required to install seed sterilizing equipment approved by the State Entomologist before permits to handle cotton will be issued.

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Relieved without dosing. Rub on VICKS VAPORUB
OVER 21 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

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Jewelry for every occasion. Holiday stock just arrived. DIAMOND RESETTING Pfaeffle's Ranger's Jeweler

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