

Who Pays This Bill?

"300 PER CENT PROFIT—New Fast Seller!"

"You Collect 30 PER CENT in Advance and Keep it as Your Commission!"

"Over 100 PER CENT Profit—Sell Nine Out of Every Ten Women!"

"200 PER CENT Profit and More—Big Demand Waiting!"

"Before You Invest—Investigate"

SUCH is the well worded slogan of "The National Vigilance Committee" of "The Associated Advertising Clubs of the World" and many of the well organized "Better Business Commissions."

THERE was never a better phrase coined, particularly as applied to the thousands of itinerant "bell-ringing peddlers" who are wearing down your door-steps, taking up your valuable time at inopportune moments and offering merchandise from so-called "factory-to-consumer" firms.

These agents start in their business by answering ads like those listed above, which are excerpts from advertisements published in a monthly publication, and YOU PAY THE BILL!

THESE "bell-ringing peddlers" are fine to talk to—that's their business—but you should not buy just "good salesmanship." You are told their merchandise is superior and their prices lower than those of your local merchants.

But Here Are the Facts—

Honest, unbiased investigation proved that consumers paid on an average of 23 per cent more for the "privilege" of buying from peddlers than they would have paid to the merchant, and the quality of the peddler's merchandise, though he was always given the benefit of the doubt, was NOT as good.

YOUR local merchant is helping to build your community, your city and is making your home safe and possible—on a very small margin of profit.

—as between your solid "Local Merchant" and the itinerant "bell-ringing peddler," your choice, for your own protection, is obvious!

RETAIL MERCHANTS ASSOCIATION

TELEPHONE
332
For all Kinds of Sheet Metal Work.
RANGER TIN SHOP

GHOLSON HOTEL BARBER SHOP
For Ladies and Gentlemen
—A hearty welcome waits you
—Service, Courtesy, Sanitation
our motto.
—Only skilled barbers employed.
Basement Gholson Hotel—Ranger

SORETHROAT
Gargle with warm salt water—then apply over throat—
VICKS VAPORUB
Over 17 Million Jars Used Yearly

Used Car Sale
Open Nights
Leveille-Maher Motor Co.
Ranger, Texas

YELLOW STUB

BEGIN HERE TODAY:
Henry Rand, 55, a business man, is found murdered in a cheap hotel in Grafton. Police find a woman's handkerchief and the yellow stub of a theatre ticket.
Jimmy Rand, his son, goes to Waterton, where the theatre is. The stub is traced to Thomas Fogarty, who says he gave it to Olga Maynard, a cabaret singer.
Jimmy meets and falls in love with Mary Lowell. Later he encounters Olga Maynard. She faints when she learns police want her for murder. Mary, out with Samuel Church, a wealthy lawyer, sees Jimmy lift Olga into a taxi and misunderstands.
Olga tells police the stub and the handkerchief might have got into possession of a man who "picked her up" two nights before the murder.
Jimmy receives several mysterious warnings to leave Waterton. He is followed one evening and escapes his two shadowers after wresting a black-jack from one of them. He tells Police Lieutenant O'Day that it was a black-jack or something similar that caused his father's death.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY:
"Sure. Who knows?" agreed O'Day. "But," he added hastily, "you're jumping at conclusions, Rand. Agreed that it was a black-jack or sandbag that was used on your father—God rest his soul—

you're a little hasty in trying to put the two together."
O'Day rose. "I'll be running along, lad. I'm detaining a man to keep close watch on this house from now on. And take care of yourself. Don't be taking any unnecessary chances." The door closed behind his massive figure.
Jimmy sat for a long time after O'Day's departure, his knees hunched up before him on the bed, a frown wrinkling his forehead. Then he jumped up, took some writing paper from a drawer and wrote a letter to Barry Colvin.
He wrote page after page, describing in full the events of that exciting evening. "And not a word to the family, Barry," he wrote. "You know what they'd say if they found out. You might, however, say something to Detective Mooney if you get the chance. He was one who said we were fools to believe Olga Maynard's story. This might give him a new slant."
The long, low sport model roadster belonging to Mr. Samuel Church came silently to a stop in front of the modest looking apartment building and Mr. Church stepped out. In the vestibule of the apartment he rang the bell opposite the name Lowell.

Mrs. Lowell's welcome was radiant. "Good evening, Mr. Church." She stepped to one side as he came in the door. "Let me take your hat and your coat—Mary has not finished dressing yet and you won't want to sit indoors with your overcoat on. One takes cold so easily as it is. I told Mary to hurry. I hope she won't make you late for the concert."
"Thank you. We have plenty of time." His manner was easy, and assured as he handed her his hat and removed his loose-fitting black coat. He stood immaculate in his dinner clothes, his wavy, gray-tinged black hair sleek with pomade.
He drew a silver bound leather cigar case from his pocket as Mrs. Lowell returned from hanging up his coat and hat. "Mind if I smoke?" he smiled.

"Of course not, Mr. Church. I'd rather you would, in fact. I like to see men smoke—especially cigars," she said as she finished lighting his. "It is so masculine and Mr. Lowell used to be so fond of them—but please sit down. Shall I tell Mary to hurry?"
"I find it rather pleasant waiting." He flashed her a smile. "You are comfortable here, aren't you?" He glanced around the living room.
Mrs. Lowell sighed. "We try to like it, but it is rather trying, this apartment life, after so many years in a big home. Oh, well, things of course have been different since Mr. Lowell died. It almost breaks my heart to see Mary work, but she seems to like it. I'm afraid I'll never get used to it." There was a suspicion of tears in her voice.
Church smiled. "The modern girl, Mrs. Lowell. And I'm not sure that I agree with all her theories. I

rather cling to the old-fashioned idea of woman's place being in the home and that sort of thing. This striving for equality and economic independence is all very well, but after all there are certain inevitable contacts the girls in business has to make that are not—well, I don't like to see it. And now, Mrs. Lowell, I'm taking the liberty of saying something that has been on my mind for some time. It is about Mary."
"Yes," Mrs. Lowell was all eager attention.
"I love her. I want to marry her. Now just a minute, please. May I finish?" He waved away her interruption. "I can offer her and you, too—a wonderful home. While I am not exactly a millionaire, still most people would call me wealthy."
"Yes, of course," breathed Mrs. Lowell, "very wealthy."
"Oh," he went on smoothly. "I think I, ah, hold a certain position in the community that cannot be bought with money."
He was on his feet, gesturing gracefully with his arms to add emphasis to his words. "Mrs. Lowell, all Mary has to do is say the word. That is another thing I am old-fashioned about, Mrs. Lowell." He bowed slightly. "I am speaking first to you. I have dropped an occasional hint, which is only natural for a man in love. I had gathered that she was somewhat interested in a young man named—let me see—Rand."
"Oh, that?" She smiled deprecatingly. "I did my best to discourage that. They met in a rather romantic way and he was here a few times, but that was all. She never mentions his name any more."
"These wise mothers!" he exclaimed softly. "It must have been—let us call it intuition—that led you to discourage that. I haven't had the opportunity to observe the young man very much, but the first time I saw him he was standing on the street with a notorious woman in his arms. Right in front of the Mayfair hotel, with dozens of people passing."
"Brazen!" Mrs. Lowell exclaimed. "Oh, both of them must have been drunk. There's no other way of accounting for it. Mary saw it, too. Perhaps that's why she hasn't mentioned his name since."
"Mary hasn't been quite herself lately," she admitted. "I wonder if she's been thinking about that—that Rand?"
"A little talk with her," he suggested, "might—"

"She shall have it."
"Without, of course, bringing me into it. Things might be misunderstood, you know, and I have a certain delicacy about suggesting—"

"I understand perfectly," Mr. Church. "I think it quite noble of you to let me know."
"It was quite distasteful, I assure you, Mrs. Lowell."
"I know, I know. But there's Mary calling. Some last minute help with her dress, I suppose. Excuse me."
Alone, Church smiled a satisfied smile. With his left hand he carefully flicked his cigar ashes into a nearby receiver. With his right he smoothed down his flawlessly combed hair. He walked over to the wall mirror and adjusted his black bow tie. Then he sat down and waited.

Mrs. Lowell, in Mary's room, said, as she helped her daughter into her coat, "Mr. Church asked my permission tonight to propose to you."
"Mother!"
Mrs. Lowell went on, unheeding. "That's such a rare and admirable treat to find in a man today. Not very many of them think of us mothers."
"Mother, don't talk like that. Did he say—?"
"He has wealth," Mrs. Lowell interrupted, "refinement, position—everything a girl could ask. Not many girls get such a chance. If he says anything to you tonight, I want you to think of what it means to me—to both of us. No more of this—this awful poverty. I don't think I could stand to go on with it."
She dabbed at her eyes with her handkerchief and left the room, and Mary, strangely white faced, stood staring out of the window for some time before she followed.

On the drive downtown and during the concert Church was attentiveness itself to Mary. He made no allusion to his conversation with her mother, but on the way home he quite casually brought up the topic.
(To be continued.)

John Tarleton Will Hold Egg Laying Contest

John Tarleton Agricultural College, at Stephenville, Erath county, Texas, is to have a national egg laying contest. This contest will be open to farmers and poultrymen throughout the United States.
Stephenville is about seventy-five miles west of Fort Worth. A good portion of its soil, as well as that of surrounding counties, is of a deep sandy loam. This insures good drainage, and therefore a clean and ideal soil for poultry. The rainfall is sufficient to grow green feed the greater part of the year, and yet the atmosphere is dry enough to reduce poultry diseases to a minimum. With these advantages a large number of poultry farms are developing in this section of the state.
In order to further develop the poultry industry, poultrymen have been asking for an egg laying contest. With the present-day growth of the industry, competition is becoming keener all the time. This has increased the demand for better breeding stock, and nothing proves its value more than official records. It is fully realized that breeders with individual records cannot compete with those having official records.

RAIDS BOOTLEG BEAUTY SHOPS IN KANSAS CITY

By United Press.
KANSAS CITY, Kas., Feb. 17.—The police of this place have started a drive against "bootleg beauty parlors."
Judge H. S. Roberts of the police court has instructed police to arrest all unlicensed operators, bring them to court and to close up their shops.

sure good looks
sure style
sure comfort
sure satisfaction
SURE-FIT
the cap that is adjustable



You tighten—or loosen—at will

Sold in Ranger by
Joseph Dry Goods Company
Made by Fine & Levy, Inc., 702 Broadway, N. Y.

RANGER STATE BANK
Capital, \$100,000.00
A GUARANTY FUND BANK
Safety—Service—Satisfaction

Eastland's Newest Hotel Shower or The Tub
Modern Brick Building Running Water in every room
Our Motto: "SERVICE"
The TEXLAND HOTEL
Outside Rooms
Special Rates by the Week
Eastland Phone 279

"Good Shoes That Fit"—Our Hobby

The Boston Store
Joseph G. Hester
THE SHOPPING CENTER OF RANGER
RANGER, TEXAS

P. O. Drawer 8
Phone 50

'Billiken'
AMERICA'S HIGHEST GRADE
Child's Shoe



Wears Billiken Shoes

Mothers, protect your children's feet by using **BILLIKEN**, Nature Shape Shoes—No Tacks—Soft and Flexible, made out of best grade Brown Calf, Patent Colt, or Gunmetal. Button or Lace, long wearing Oak soles.

Our new, complete, Spring shipment of Billiken Footwear and also Ferris and the nationally known Freeland line of Soft Shoes and little First-Step Pumps and Slippers are all now in stock and on display in our Shoe window.

You will find our prices lower throughout for the coming season than you have known in years.

Call in and let us show you through.

Some Folks Value Their Automobiles More Than Their Health

At least it seems so. It is strange, but true, that many men who have a spark plug miss fire, or some other trivial thing go wrong with a car will take it to a garage ask for the master mechanic or an expert. He is told to find the trouble and fix it. He demands service and gets it. And because the garage is on a "cash basis" he pays his bill and goes on his way.

This happens every day and hundreds of the same men have a physician's bill of long standing. Why is it that so many people will pay the plumber promptly for fixing a broken pipe—yet they allow their physician to go unpaid for months after he has fixed a broken arm or leg?

Why is it that men who will pay a lawyer a substantial sum for making out a paper will allow their physician who diagnoses and prescribes for their illness so that they can be physically fit to keep busy, to go unpaid for months?

Treat your physician fairly. He serves when you most need service. He comes when the bravest are worried and frightened, he comes at any hour regardless of the inconvenience. He comes day or night. He leaves his meals, a warm bed, a family gathering; he leaves them because he is serving an ideal. It is the physician who renders the greatest service. It is your physician who is first entitled to your consideration. Pay him promptly—If you can't pay cash at least pay the first of each month.

Every physician is entitled to fair play. The man you expect to rush to you in time of need is not the man to place last on the list when you are paying your bills. Why not send your physician a check today?

You can almost feel RHEUMATISM disappear!

THAT miserable ache from inflamed, swollen muscles—GONE! Rheumatism conquered! Driven right out of the system—simply by building rich, red blood.

Sounds almost incredible—but it's true! You see, rheumatism, as it is called, that cripples you up and tortures you night and day, is caused by impurities in the system. Weak, impoverished blood can't throw off these impurities—so rheumatism remains.

S. S. S. helps Nature build back your blood to fighting strength—builds red-blood-cells by the millions! Red blood purifies the system—rheumatism is driven right out.

Get this wonderful relief yourself! Thousands are doing it! S. S. S. has been stopping rheumatism by building up red cells in the blood for generations. It will do the same for you.

S. S. S. also cleanses your skin of blemishes—increases your appetite—puts power and strength and energy in your body. Get S. S. S. today, from any druggist. The larger bottle is more economical.

F. E. LANGSTON
Barber Shop for Service
We are the oldest shop in the city and try to be the best. Try us. Near the Depot—Ranger.

AMBULANCE
Night Phones 227-302. Day 29
Funeral Directors, Embalmers
Years of Experience
HILLINGSWORTH-COX & CO.
120 Main St.—Ranger

WANT AD COSTS ARE SMALL—AND THE RESULTS ARE BIG