





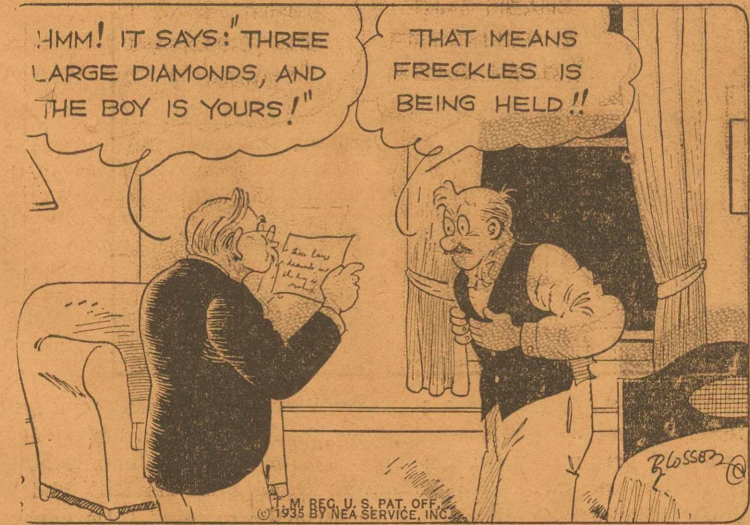
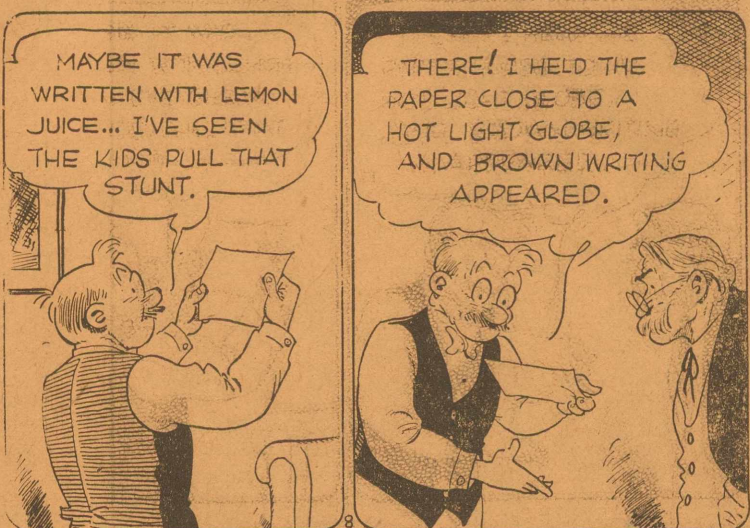
# Summer Sweethearts

By Mabel McElliot © 1935, NEA Service, Inc.

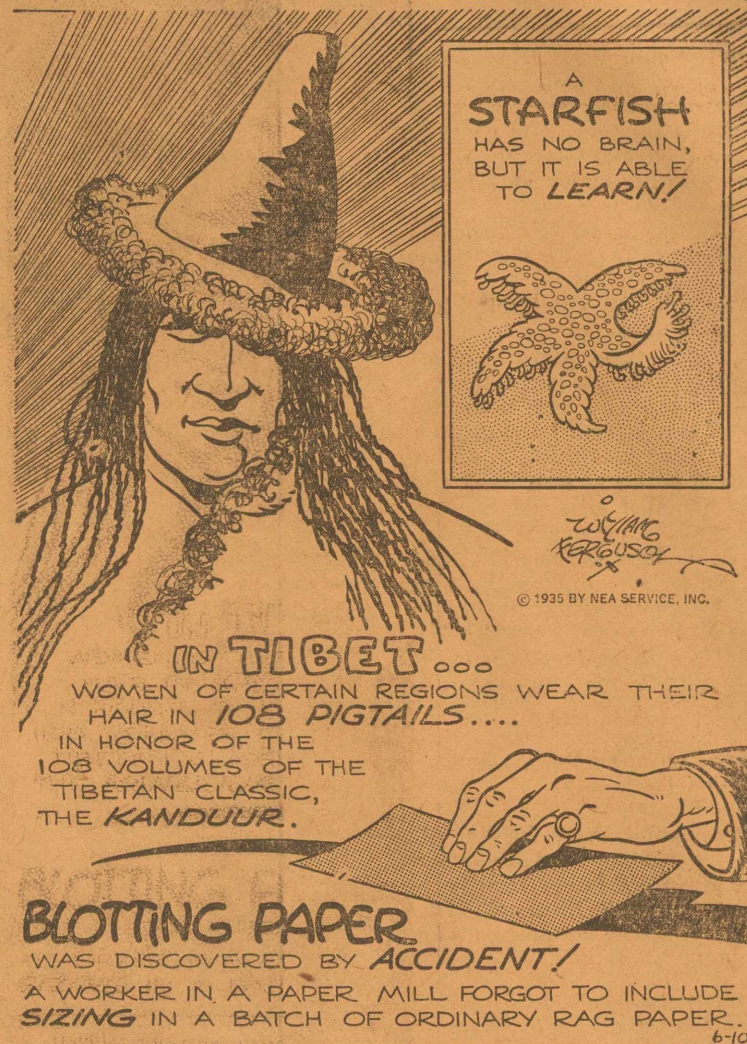
**BEGIN HERE TODAY**  
Katharine Strykharst, beautiful, 20, falls in love with Michael Heath, owner of a riding school. Katharine's father is rich and her stepmother a snob.  
Parker, Katharine's friend has an unhappy love affair and is saved from suicide by young Dr. John Kaye.  
Overhearing two detectives ask for Michial's address, Katharine rushes to warn him, although she has not seen him since his engagement to Sally Moon, local coquette has been announced.  
Michael refuses to go away unless Katharine comes with him. They are married in an obscure little town. Then Michael insists on returning to face the detectives. He learns he is heir to a fortune and title in Ireland.  
Sally Moon, unaware of this, urges Michael to hasten the date of their wedding.

**Now Go On With the Story**  
CHAPTER XXVII  
Michael shook his head. "We can't do that, Sally," he said, rather heavily.  
"Why not?" All girlish imperiousness, she faced him. "Why on earth can't we? Anyone here can take charge—Jerry or anybody."  
Michael's face darkened imperceptibly.  
"Oh, don't be stuffy about it, Michael, darling!" trilled the girl.

## FRECKLES and HIS FRIENDS By Blosser



## THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson



**IN TIBET**  
WOMEN OF CERTAIN REGIONS WEAR THEIR HAIR IN 108 PIGTAILS....  
IN HONOR OF THE 108 VOLUMES OF THE TIBETAN CLASSIC, THE KANDUUR.

**BLOTTING PAPER**  
WAS DISCOVERED BY ACCIDENT!  
A WORKER IN A PAPER MILL FORGOT TO INCLUDE SIZING IN A BATCH OF ORDINARY RAG PAPER.

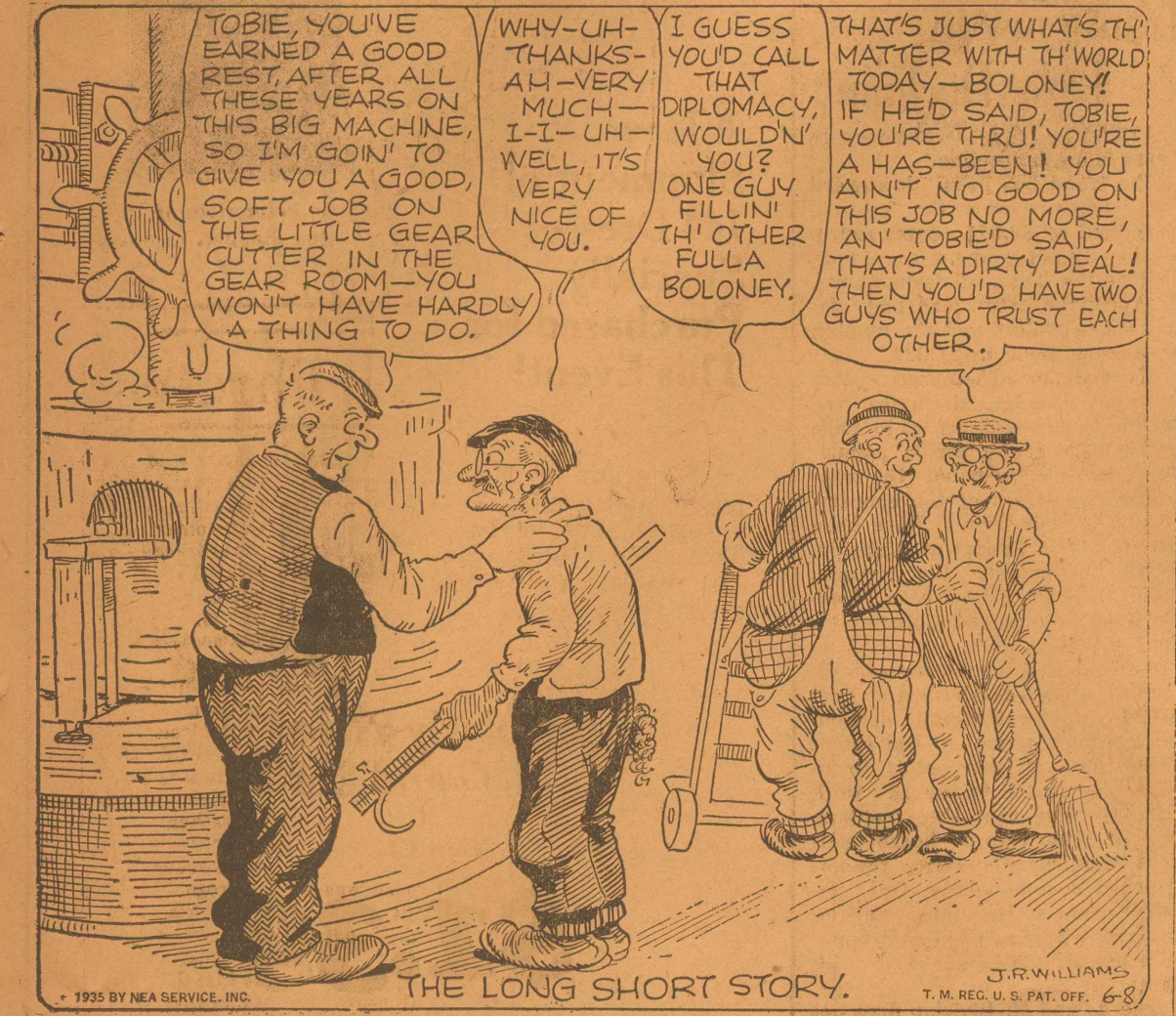
UNTIL blotting paper was discovered, sand was used to dry documents written in ink. When a paper mill owner, in the 19th century, attempted to write on paper which had not been sized, his ink spread to such a degree that he was struck with the idea of blotting paper.

people bending over him. He wandered in the borderland; in his dream Katharine's face was smiling at him.  
(To Be Continued)

## Value of Money Presents Puzzle

DALLAS.—E. M. Baker, federal referee in bankruptcy here, is wondering about the answer to a puzzler, the question mark of which is "what is the value of money?"  
As referee Baker presents the puzzle, a salesman stopped at a hotel and asked the manager to put a \$100 bill in the hotel safe.  
The salesman left next day on a trip of several weeks. The same day, the manager of the hotel used the \$100 bill to pay a groceryman.  
The groceryman, in turn, paid a debt to a wholesaler concern, which later paid a debt of its own with the same bill.  
The bill passed through a number of hands, and finally was given back to the hotel manager by a guest in payment of a bill for \$100.  
The original owner of the bill, the salesman, returned to the hotel, asked for and was given the same \$100 that he had left there.  
The hotel manager gasped when the salesman rolled the bill up, stuck it in a fire and lighted his cigar with it.  
"What on earth," the manager asked in consternation, "did you do that for?"  
"That was a counterfeit bill," the salesman said.  
Referee Baker lets his listeners draw their own conclusions about the different transactions in which the \$100 bill figured and then asks: "What is money?"  
If a book is planned about that four-billion work-relief project, it might be titled "Mutiny Over the Bounty."

## "OUT OUR WAY" By Williams



## ALLEY OOP By HAMLIN



## The Newfangles (Mom 'n' Pop) By Cowen

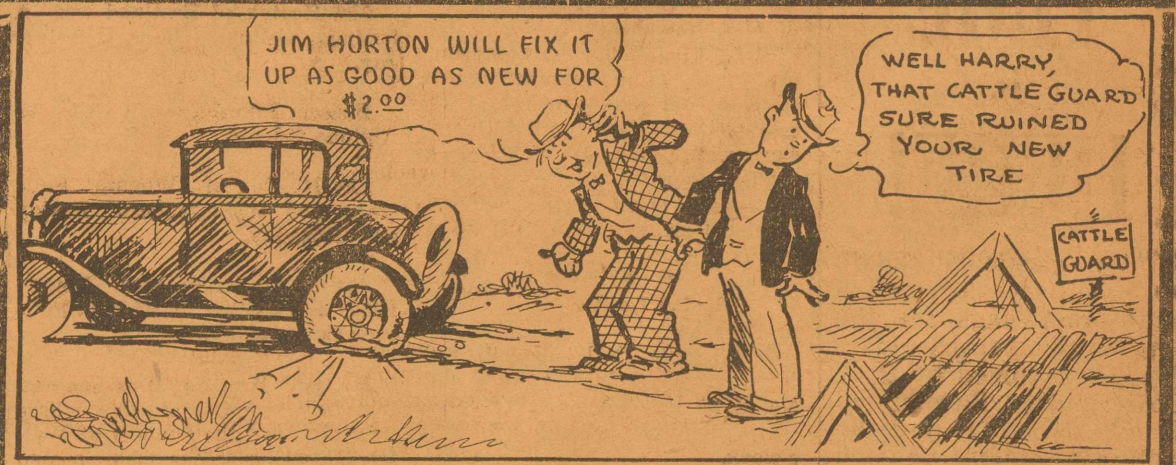


"I'm not trying to boss you around. I'm just telling you how easy it would be." Her voice took on a crooning note. "Imagine a honeymoon at sea—and at Buenos Aires. I've always wanted to see it, Michael. We'd have glorious times." Her eyes glittered.  
"Can't be done," the man told her. "Something came up today—important business."  
"Really?" Her rounded face assumed a greedy, sly expression. "Tell me about it."  
"I can't—yet." With sudden clarity and horror he had a vision of what the news might—what it certainly would mean—to Sally Moon.  
Lady Carden—Sally as Lady Carden. Castles. Moats. A crest on her stationery...  
Lord, he was in for it now, right enough!  
If he could head off those detectives, if he could only prevent the news from leaking out before he broke the news of his marriage to this girl...  
But how was it to be done? Frankly, Michael was daunted. He who owned to no fear in this world quailed before the prospect of blazing feminine eyes, tears, reproaches.  
"It's business I've got to see to tonight—right away," he improvised in haste.  
She pouted. "You haven't been to see me since Tuesday."  
"I know. Sorry," Michael said. "You aren't. You've been behaving—oh, dreadfully!" she reproached him. "Have I done anything?" There was a good deal more of this. The man, feeling oppressed by her cloying, possessive sweetness, managed somehow to get away.  
"I've got to go to New York."  
"Oh, Michael, I'll run in and wait for you and then we can go some place to dance later."  
It was always like this. Always. She didn't want to let him out of her sight.  
He said, "Can't be done. It may take hours. All night."  
She frowned, drawing her heavy brows together. Thus seen, the prettiness, the coquetry was lost. You saw Sally Moon as she would be 20 years hence.

and beg him to keep the facts out of the newspapers. For a while, at least.  
Michael called Clarence and told him he was going to New York and wouldn't be back until the late train. He ran the shabby little car around and whirled down to the station.  
The trip into the city seemed unendurably long. Michael burned with fever of impatience. Two weeks from now—three weeks, anyhow—the whole thing would be over and done with. He and Katharine would be en route for Ireland to see the castle. They would be starting out on the most marvelous, unpredictable adventure in the world.  
Marriage!  
He'd never thought much about it, but it seemed to him, all at once, the most glorious of adventures. Katharine opposite him in a deep chair. Lamplight and firelight on her exquisite face and fair hair.  
Oh, he was a lucky man!  
The train, after endless creaking and groaning, finally drew up reluctantly at the long concrete platform. Michael was the first one to leap off when the door swung open. Up the ramp he strode, hatless and handsome in his worn tweeds. Several home-going commuters, weary after a hot day on baking streets, turned enviously to watch him. There was something almost winged about his walk.  
He felt in his pocket for his wallet, and with a muttered exclamation of impatience remembered that he had thrust it into a drawer just after returning home from the momentous journey with Katharine. Their marriage certificate was in it... and most of his money. But he had some loose change and a dollar or two in his trousers pocket, so he could take a taxi.  
Rain had just descended upon the city. Pavements which had burned all day under the sun were now slick with rushing currents. Brakes squealed as drivers drew up at red lights.  
Michael sank back in the leather cushioned seats, trying to relax, to compose his thoughts for the interview to come. Downrigg would understand Michael's distaste for publicity. The lawyer was a Britisher and they were like that...  
The taxi driver, a sullen-looking fellow with a cap pulled low over his eyes, jammed on his brakes with a fearful, soul-curdling shriek. There was a dull impact, a crash of glass. Michael felt a blow descending, just before unconsciousness mercifully blotted out the pain.  
He was not aware of the gathering crowd, the ambulance that presently came clanging along. A personable young man in worn tweeds, he lay there, crumpled, hatless, a bruise on his forehead.  
"Looks like concussion," the ambulance doctor said. "He was a spry, fair youngster with bright blue eyes. "Any papers on him—driving license or anything?"  
This was in the emergency room of the hospital to which Michael had been taken. The crisp nurse shook her head. "Not a thing, doctor. About two dollars. And yes—something else. A plain gold wedding ring. With no initials or anything in it. Too small for him, though. A woman's ring."  
The young interne whistled softly. He was young enough and new enough at his job to be interested and to be a bit romantic. "Wedding ring, hey? Looks like some gal gave him the air."  
Michael did not hear or see the

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  - Newest style in Lingerie Rayon Skin-Tees, special ..... **19c**
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  - Men's White Broadcloth Shirts, special at ..... **69c**
- We join with others in recognizing National Railroad Week from June 10 to June 15
- Montgomery Ward & Co.**  
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## Farmers Look!

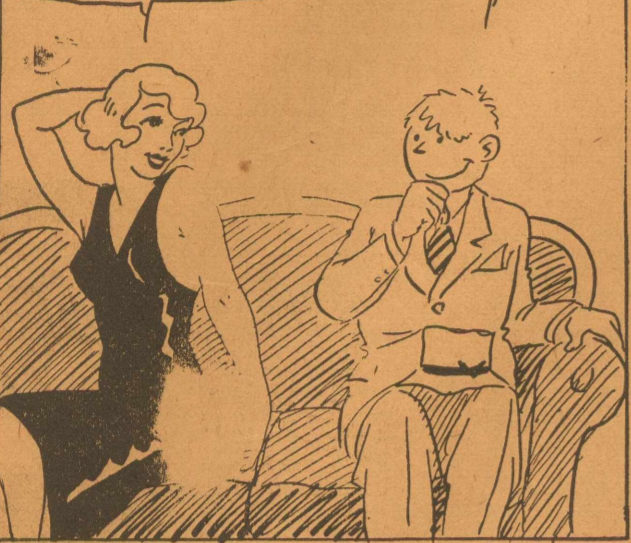
ALL THE NATIONAL FARM NEWS!  
COURT HOUSE PROCEEDINGS

Rural and Community News. We have a correspondent in your community, read about the local happenings!

# OTTO HONK

OH, OTTO, I'M SO THRILLED TO HEAR THAT YOU ARE A MOVIE ACTOR, NOW.

YEH! I'M A BIG SHOT, NOW— ALL TH' BIG STARS SAY I'M A PANIC.



PLEASE TAKE ME OVER TO THE STUDIO, OTTO—I'D LOVE TO SEE THE INSIDE OF ONE.

SURE, MARY JANE! COME ALONG!



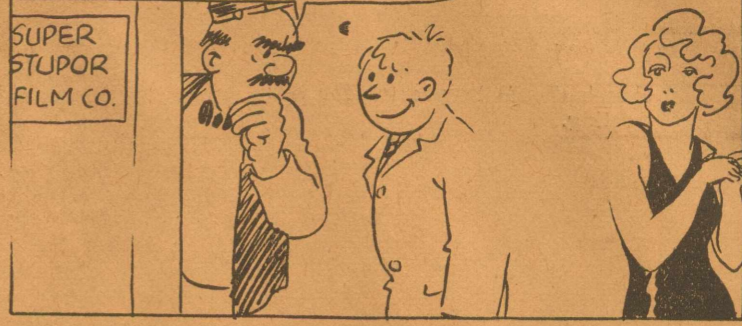
NO, I NEVER SAW YOU BEFORE, AN' YOU CAN'T GET IN.

BUT, GEE WHIZ! I'M THE GUY MR. VON DUNKLE SOCKED WITH A LEMON PIE.



OH, I SEE! NOW, WAIT JUST A MINUTE.

OKAY!

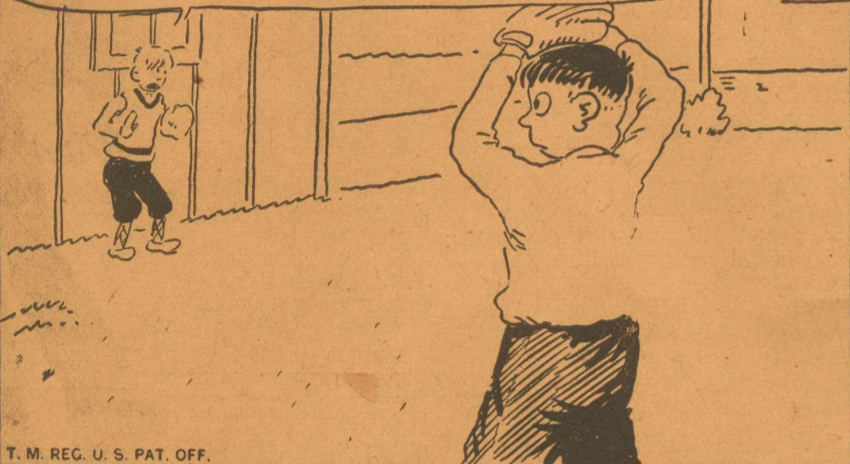


NOW, I RECOGNIZE YOU. COME ON IN!



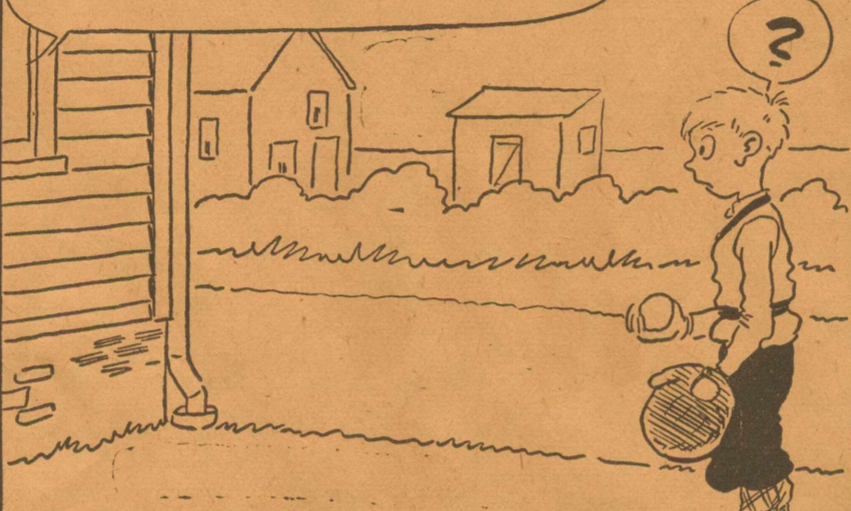
# OUT OUR WAY

ATTA BOY! GEE, WITH YOU AN' ME AS TH' BATTERY T'DAY, WE'LL LICK TH' STUFFIN'S OUTA TH' BEARCATS.



# The Willets

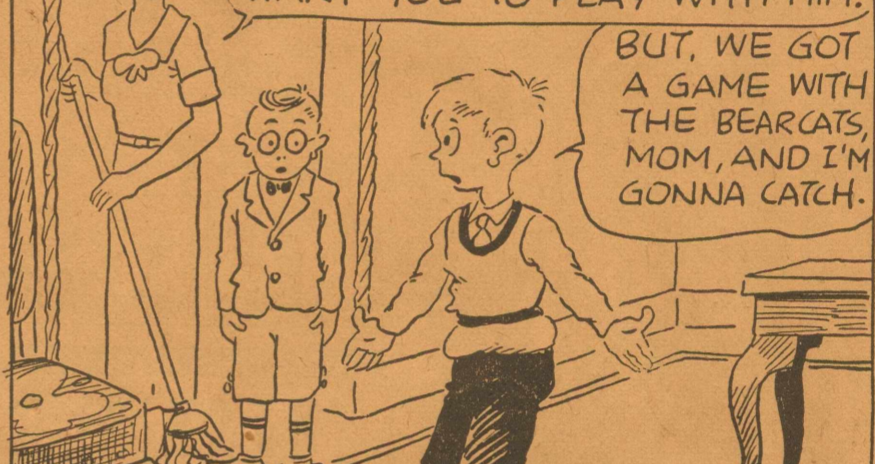
OH, WILLIS! COME IN HERE A MINUTE, PLEASE.



# By Williams

MRS. WARNER LEFT GEORGIE HERE AGAIN, WHILE SHE WENT DOWN TOWN SHOPPING. I WANT YOU TO PLAY WITH HIM.

BUT, WE GOT A GAME WITH THE BEARCATS, MOM, AND I'M GONNA CATCH.



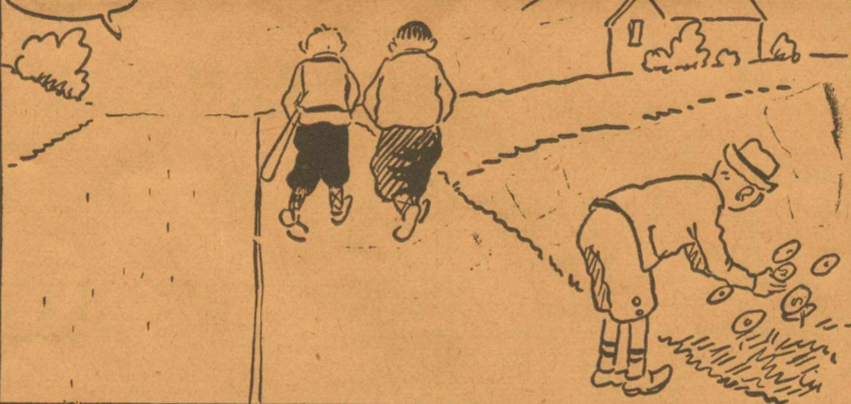
THAT'S ALL RIGHT! YOU CAN TAKE GEORGIE WITH YOU, AND LET HIM PLAY, TOO.

AW, AWRIGHT



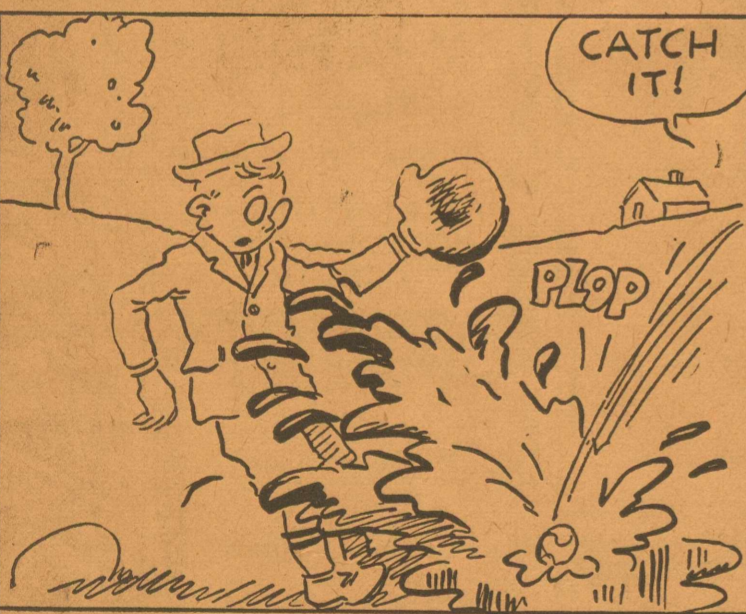
SURE HE'S A SISSY, BUT MOM MADE ME TAKE HIM WITH ME. WHAT CAN I DO ABOUT IT?

LISSEN, WILLIS—I KIN TELL YA WOT T'DO!



WE'RE GONNA LET YOU PLAY RIGHT FIELD— AND BE SURE YA CATCH ANY BALLS THAT COME OUT THAT WAY.

I HAVEN'T PLAYED BALL BEFORE— BUT I'LL TRY.



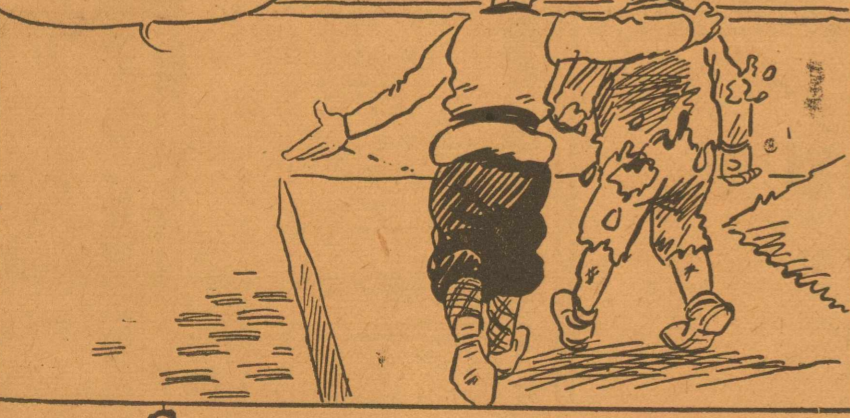
CATCH IT!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT MISS, KID. WE CAUGHT THE BATTER OFFA FIRST, FER TH' LAST OUT. IT'S YOUR TURN TO BAT, NOW—SOCK IT!

MY GOSH! HE HIT IT! GO ON, RUN! AND SLIDE INTO FIRST!

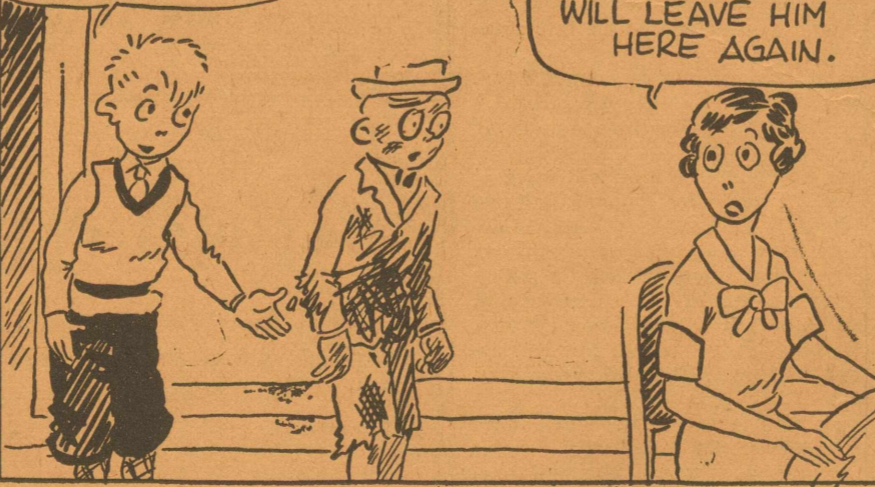


AW, DON'TCHA CARE! WE WON, ANYWAY. COME ON, WE BETTER BE' GETTIN' HOME.



WELL, MOM, GEORGIE PLAYED— AND HE WAS PRETTY GOOD, TOO!

MY HEAVENS! LOOK AT HIM! HIS MOTHER NEVER WILL LEAVE HIM HERE AGAIN.



AW, GEE, THAT'S TOO BAD!

