

RANGER TIMES

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NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

Any erroneous reflection upon the character, standing or reputation of any person, firm or corporations which may appear in the columns of this paper will be gladly corrected upon being brought to the attention of the publisher.

Obituaries, cards of thanks, notices of lodge meetings, etc., are bargained for at regular advertising rates, which will be furnished upon application.

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Valuable Lesson Seen in Unpaid War Loans

The way of the transgressor may be hard, but it isn't nearly as tough as the way of the confiding gentleman who has loaned vast sums of money to a bunch of dead-beats who have no intention of paying.

If you need any further enlightenment on that subject, apply at the Treasury Department in Washington. Officials there have just sent out bills for slightly more than \$155,000,000 to 12 foreign nations, and they have not the slightest expectation of getting more than an unimportant fraction of the money.

The bills, as you probably don't need to be told, are for sums due on the war debts, and the unimportant fraction that will be paid will come from Finland, where they seem to have absurd old-fashioned notions about the duties of a debtor.

For the rest, Uncle Sam now has his one-time allies on the cuff for approximately \$12,000,000,000, and as the years go by Uncle Sam comes more and more to understand the feelings of the country gentleman who has invested his life-time savings in some city slicker's machine for making nice new dollar bills. He just isn't going to get his money back, and in this day of unbalanced budgets he could use it very handily.

All this is a good thing for us to remember, in these days when Europe seems to be winding itself up for a new war.

The last war cost us a great many things, including the lives of some 150,000 of our finest young men; but these war debts, although they are as head as a salted herring, are a still living reminder of the fact that going to war nowadays is a mugg's game in which every player is bound to lose his shirt.

We could use those 12 billions, but we wouldn't feel so badly about their loss if they had actually bought anything useful. At the time we laid them out, we supposed that was going to be the case. The war was being fought to preserve democracy, to make peace safe, to rescue civilization itself; and 12 or any conceivable number of billions would be a cheap price to pay for such boons.

But the war did none of those things. Indeed, it sometimes seems to have dealt a death blow to the very things it was supposed to preserve; and the money is gone forever, along with the dreams we dreamed when we laid it on the line. The only thing we can do now is charge it up to education.

But the education, at least, is worth having. If and when this new war starts in Europe we can remember, among other things, those 12 billions—and take a firm resolve that nothing on earth will persuade us to send any more men, ships, or money overseas.

A Canadian forest is believed to contain remnants of a lost race. Still, housewives must have some way of disposing of their husbands' torn parlay tickets.

New Deal expects to spend half a billion less next year. Every little bit helps.

Special Money-Back Offer Is Featured In Camel Campaign

A special "try ten" invitation is now extended to cigarette smokers as a feature of an extensive campaign of advertising being undertaken in this paper on Camel cigarettes. This invitation is accompanied by the positive assurance to smokers: that the full purchase price will be refunded to any smoker who is not satisfied.

Camel cigarettes are made by the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, who have released the new campaign and authorized the new money-back offer.

Here are the terms of the offer as it appears over the signature of the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company: "Smoke 10 fragrant Camels. If you don't find them the mildest, best-flavored cigarettes you ever smoked, return the package with the rest of the cigarettes in it at any time within a month of this date, and we will refund your full purchase price, plus postage."

This sweeping offer being made in this city is also being displayed and featured by dealers. As specialists in the use of the costlier grades of tobacco, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company emphasize that "Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand."

Added interest to Camel's "money-back" campaign is obtained through the use of recent photographs of well-known Camel smokers in various lines of endeavor. Each of these well-known personalities tells why he prefers Camels. Among those appearing are Lt. Commander Frank Hawks, Col. Roscoe Turner, Gene Sarazen,

Frank Buck, William T. Tilden, 2nd., and Lester R. Stofen.

With all that trash on the bookshelves, maybe there should also be an Ig-Nobel prize for literature.

Pastor in Court War on Baptism



Charged with teaching that baptism by immersion is not vital to salvation and that some of the Biblical miracles are myths, the Rev. David E. Todd, above, aided by most of his parishioners, is fighting a suit filed by 22 of his flock to restrain him from "ungodly acts." The Rev. Mr. Todd is pastor of the First Christian congregation of Thompson, Ill., independent rural church.

MARKETS

Closing selected New York stocks:

Table listing various stocks and their prices, including Am Can, Am P & L, Am Rad & S S, Am Smelt, Am T & T, Anaconda, Auburn Auto, Avn Corp Del, Barnsdal, Bendix Avn, Beth Steel, Byers A M, Canada Dry, Case J I, Chrysler, Comw & Sou, Cons Oil, Curtiss Wright, Elec Au L, Elec St Bat, Foster Wheel, Freeport Tex, Gen Elec, Gen Foods, Gen Mot, Gillette S R, Goodyear, Gt Nor Ore, Gt West Sugar, Houston Oil, Hudson Mot, Ind Rayon, Int Cement, Int T & T, Johns Manville, Kroger G & B, Lig Carb, Marshall Field, Montz Ward, Nat Dairy, Ohio Oil, Penney J C, Phelps Dodge, Phillips Pet, Pure Oil, Purity Bak, Radio, Sears Roebuck, Shell Union Oil, Socony Vac, Southern Pac, Stan Oil Ind, Stan Oil N J, Studebaker, Texas Corp, Tex Gulf Sul, Tex Pac C & O, Union Carb, Un Avn Corp, United Corp, U S Gypsum, U S Ind Alc, U S Steel, Vanadium, Westing Elec, Worthington, Curb Stocks, Butler Bros, Cities Service, Elec B & Sh, Ford M Ltd, Gulf Oil Pa, Lone Star Gas, Niag Hud Pwr.

Table listing various livestock and their prices, including Cattle, Hogs, Sheep, Corn, Oats, Barley, Milo, Kaffir, Fort Worth Livestock.

ONE OF THE MYSTERIES OF FINANCE



5.00 down; cutters, 2.40-3.50; calves, 5.75-6.70; fat lambs, 8.00-8.50.

Tomorrow's Estimated Receipts: Cattle, 4600; Hogs, 800; Sheep, 700.

FORT WORTH CASH GRAIN: Wheat—No. 1 hard, 122 1/2-133 1/2.

Cor'n—No. 2 white, 74-75; No. 2 yellow, 72-73.

Oats—No. 2 red, 37-39; No. 3 red, 35 1/2-36 1/2.

Barley—No. 2, 55-57; No. 3, 54-56.

Milo—No. 2 yellow, 105-106; No. 3 yellow, 102-103.

Kaffir—No. 2 white, 105-106; No. 3 white, 102-103.

HAZING BANNED at McGill. MONTREAL, Que.—McGill University "freshmen are missing the good old days of "hazing." Newcomers to the university this fall arrived steeled to undergo all the traditional pranks once played by sophomores, but university authorities banned all "hazing."

CROSS ROADS

We had a shower Tuesday. It delayed the threshing. Most all farmers are through with their feed cutting.

Cleora Weeks and family of Ranger visited in the home of J. H. Ainsworth Wednesday.

Grandma Hale visited Mrs. V. E. Fedigo Monday.

Raymond Parks had an appendix operation two weeks ago and is doing fine.

Mr. and Mrs. Vance Daffern and Lester Parks visited in the home of E. M. Campbell Sunday.

J. R. Hale and son Lavoyce and F. E. Ferrell were in Eastland Monday.

Mrs. J. H. Ainsworth is improving slowly.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dunlap were visitors near Eastland Saturday night and Sunday.

Leo Kitchen visited Mazon Ferrell Sunday.

W. F. Barton of Ranger was here this week.

Grandma Hale visited her son,

A Three Days' Cough Is Your Danger Signal

No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Creomulsion.

Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, your druggist is authorized to guarantee Creomulsion and to refund your money if you are not satisfied with results from the very first bottle. Get Creomulsion right now. (Adv.)

Elmer Daffern was a Ranger visitor Monday.

Lester Parks is cutting feed on H. D. Browning's place this week.

H. A. Nerger was in Ranger Monday.

D. H. Hale was in Ranger Wednesday.

A bulletin advises the approach of National Honey Week. Some press agent there, Peggy Joyce!

COLLEGE ZING: VANCOUVER—University of British Columbia authorities have banned hats. They have advisers of students council order to enforce rigid order proved by the hat spraying banning all the privileges of second-year status as freshmen are con-

WHAT PEOPLE ARE SAYING... ABOUT CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS



EXECUTIVE—Frederic W. Watson, LESTER R. STOEFFEN—Tennis Champion, TELEPHONE OPERATOR—Betty Griffin, JACK SHEA—Olympic Skating Champion, FRANK HAWKS—Famous Flyer

CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS

mean so much to others, we are sure you'll like them too! So—

Here's our "Try 10" Invitation!

READ OUR OFFER TO YOU

Money-Back Invitation to try Camels

Smoke 10 fragrant Camels. If you don't find them the mildest, best-flavored cigarettes you ever smoked, return the package with the rest of the cigarettes in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund your full purchase price, plus postage.

(Signed)

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY Winston-Salem, North Carolina



COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

"OUT OUR WAY" By Williams



LETTERS FOR SANTA CLAUS

Dear Santa:
I am a little boy eight years old. Will you please bring me a double barrel gun and some cartridges, a table tennis set, a microscope set and a fire truck. I promise to be a good boy. With love, Orvis Wright, 614 West Main St., Ranger.

Dear Santa Claus:
I am glad to write you and I am going to tell you what I want for Christmas. Will you please bring me a baseball set and a pair of gloves. And please bring me a few nuts and apples and a little candy. I am looking for this, I think that I have been a good boy. I am in the fourth grade and studying hard and hope to pass. My teacher is Miss Griffith. I like my teacher. That is all I am going to say. Your friend, Ray Blackwell, Ranger, Texas.

Dear Santa Claus: I want a baseball. Will you bring it please to me. And I want a pair of boots and a pair of gloves and a pair of overalls. And that is all I want. I want some firecrackers. Your friend, Kenneth Brown, Ranger.

Dear Santa: Please bring me a tricycle and a b-b gun and a wagon and airplane and I want some fire crackers and some apples and some candy and some oranges and nuts. Andy Eugene Berry, Ranger, Texas.

GRANDVIEW

The farmers are about to complete their fall work. They have been greatly hindered by rains and bad weather.

Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Parks of Carbon spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Harrison.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Woods and Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Westmoreland were guests of Mr. Minnie Brightwell Sunday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Bagwell spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Nick Duggan.

C. W. Walker has gone to Mason on a deer hunting trip.

Mrs. Fred Rogers of Ranger spent Sunday with her sister, Mrs. Nick Duggan.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Rider of Gorman spent Sunday with Mrs. Minnie Brightwell.

Alvis Denton returned Sunday from West Texas where he has been working this fall.

Mrs. Ruby Reed of Amarillo spent last week-end with her brother, C. W. Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Stacy were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Wood Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Walker and Fanny Muri Boucher were in Dublin Thursday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Goodwin spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Goodwin.

Miss Leta Troy Huddleston is visiting Mrs. C. W. Walker this week.

Bro. Cole Jackson of Moran will preach Saturday night, Sunday morning and Sunday night. Everyone invited to attend these services.

The Newfangles (Mom 'n' Pop) By Cowen



WILEY OOP By Hamlin



Dear Santa Claus: I am a little girl eight years old. I go to school at Alameda. I am in the third grade. Santa please bring me a Shirley Temple doll dressed in a little pink dress and white shoes. Lots of candy and fruit. Please don't forget my brother. He is 11 years old and in the sixth grade. He wants a bicycle and lots of goodies. Your little friend, Mary Lee Wylie, Ranger, Texas.

Dear Ole Santa: I am a little girl five years old. I have been a pretty good little girl this year. Please bring me a big doll, a doll buggy, a little bed and anything else you want to. Your little friend Peggy Joan Marc, Ranger, Texas.

P. S. Santa, I have a little red headed sister three years old. Her name is Mary Nell. She wants the same as me. We live on Elm street. Please don't forget us. Goodbye, Santa.

Dear Santa Claus: I am a little boy six years old. I want a double barrel shot gun, a little car. I have a little brother seven months old and don't forget to bring him something. I have been a good little boy, and I also want candy, nuts, and all kind of fire works. I have moved here from Sweetwater. My address is 313 Rusk street, Ranger. Don't forget other little boys and girls. Love, Allen Thomas and Jerry Lee Rushing.

Salmon Fishing Is Better Than Mining

SELDOVA, Alaska.—Gold mining or fishing? E. Erickson and

R. I. Mithy decided to quit fishing for mining. They started their fishing vessel for Red River beaches on Kodiak Island to share in placer workings. En route they encountered a storm, and while waiting for it to blow over, they tried their

luck at fishing. They caught a heavy load of sockeye salmon. Too busy fishing, they struck a silver pay streak instead of gold mining. As a result, theirs was the heaviest catch of the season, netting them more than \$4,000.

Skin Sufferers
find ready relief from itching of eczema, rashes and similar ills, in the gentle medication of
Resinol

With All My Love by Mary Raymond

DAUNA HERE TODAY after the death of her parents, DAUNA AND RONNIE, who were her mother's second marriage. DAUNA IS NOW IN THE HOME OF HER GRANDMOTHER, MRS. MILDRED CAMERON, 801 S. WALLACE, as revealed over Dana's coming.

Mrs. Cameron decides to introduce Dana to the social set, hoping rich RONALD MOORE will become seriously interested. Dana meanwhile has met and become friendly to young DR. SCOTT STANLEY.

Nancy who makes her name for herself as a loveless marriage attitude dresses happily for the party. Her happiness fades when she sees Dana, radiant and beautiful, in a twin frock.

But when at the party white Ronald goes to bring her a glass of punch, answers a whistle from the girls, and finds Scott there. Returning, Ronald finds Nancy on the porch. In the darkness he kisses her, thinking she is Dana. Nancy's vehement anger puzzles him.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER X

WITHIN a month everyone had ceased to speculate about the girl and Ronald Moore. They were engaged—or soon would be. Everybody said so; the constant attention she showered upon her proved that was that!

There was talk among the old women about Mrs. Cameron's matchmaking proclivities. Ambitious mothers relinquish a covetous nose too gracefully. Mr. Weatherford, who lived across from the Camerons, discussed the situation with her friend, Mrs. Prescott, sitting on the porch of the Weatherford home. Ronnie's roadster had been parked before the Cameron front door earlier in the afternoon but now it had disappeared.

"It's like turning the clock back," Mrs. Weatherford said. "Agatha Cameron used the very same tactics to push the child's mother into a loveless marriage when she was eating her heart out for young Westbrook. I always thought Agatha deserved every thing she got in the way of a happiness for that affair."

"Well, nobody would guess her granddaughter is being pushed," Mrs. Prescott smiled. "I've heard that when she found out he was the richest boy in town she got out that old rattier car or theirs and staged a breakdown right in front of his home. A friend of mine saw her!"

Grandmother Cameron was driving home as this conversation took place. She had gone out into the country for eggs. Four dozen of them, boxed, were hidden beneath an old rug in the back of the car. Eggs were cheaper, bought that way. It was one of the petty economies Grandmother Cameron had learned but had practiced for years. She had never really become accustomed to being poor. Not even during the depression when friends flaunted their economies and talked brazenly about shopping for cheaper things, or not shopping at all, she had kept up a pretense of ample funds. She had always hidden the eggs.

THE drive carried her past a large, deserted building on the outskirts of town. Once it had been the most fashionable girls' school in the state. Above the entrance arch, in great letters, were carved the words, "Be Our Daughters. Shall Be as Cornerstones." Polished after the Smithsonian of a Palace.

And girls had been polished, their manners flawless in those days. Many times in the past her carriage had whirled past this building. The lawn had been alive then, with graceful young figures. Mrs. Cameron would always single out one girl with rich, brown hair. Some of her classmates had hinted

from the garage to the house. Sarah demanded that her mistress take a hot bath and change at once to ward off a chill. "And a hot toddy wouldn't hurt you none," Sarah added.

The rain was beating against the windows, rattling them lustily, when the telephone rang. Mrs. Cameron heard her sister's gentle voice answering, and thought irritably, "Why does she have to speak so low? As though she's afraid of hearing herself speak. I wish she had more force in answering the telephone. She's the first Carew I ever knew who hadn't any spunk!"

When her sister came downstairs, Mrs. Cameron asked, "Who called?" "Dana," she said.

"Dana?"

"She phoned she was having dinner out."

"Having dinner out?" Mrs. Cameron's voice was sharp. "What does she mean? She isn't even dressed for dinner."

"Well, that was what she said," her sister persisted patiently.

"The child must be crazy. Where is she having dinner? Who's she with?"

"She didn't say. She just said, 'I'm all right, Aunt Ellen, and I'll be home later.'"

"And I suppose you didn't ask her anything?"

"No," confessed Aunt Ellen. "I didn't. I suppose I should have."

Mrs. Cameron opened her mouth to speak, and then closed it again. There was no use telling Ellen she was a fool. She probably knew it anyway.

After a silence Aunt Ellen said meekly, "Dana left for a walk. I was afraid it was going to rain."

"Young idiot!" Mrs. Cameron was thinking, putting two and two together. "Ronnie picked her up. He was driving this way. He must

have met her when she was starting out."

"Her voice sounded quite cheerful over the phone," Ellen said. "I don't think you need to worry."

"I'm not worried," snapped Mrs. Cameron. And she was not worried—now that she had figured it all out.

It had been a hot, stifling day. Even the big house with tall ceilings and wide windows had failed to prove a haven from the intense heat. In the afternoon Dana had gone to her aunt's room and found her dosing, comparatively comfortable with an old electric fan buzzing noisily close by.

Dana sat down in a chair where intervals, she felt a cooling shift. Aunt Ellen opened her eyes. You poor dear! Take that fan over your room—I don't need it a bit. It's really quite cool in here."

"It's a regular oven," Dana laughed. "I've a better idea. I'm going walking. It's sure to be cooler outside."

"I think I heard thunder," Aunt Ellen cautioned. "I'm afraid a storm is brewing."

"I hope it brews a big wind," Dana replied. "A nice, big, cold wind!"

Another protesting murmur from her aunt had been missed entirely, as Dana ran to her room. She tucked on a white beret and started out.

The sun was still shining as she began her walk, but a few dark clouds had hovered dramatically near the golden globe, scudding across it adventurously at times. A light wind had sprung up.

The wind grew stronger, swaying the branches of the great elms, but Dana was not disturbed. The avenue ahead stretched like a long, cool oasis in the midst of torrid heat.

Dana walked briskly, and after a while turned from the avenue into a new street—finding a pleasant pleasure, as she always had in the unexpected.

The storm came almost without warning. Those drifts of clouds which had parted now and then to show wide expanses of blue had not prepared the girl for the sudden, terrific onslaught of wind and rain. With the sun completely gone now, night descended swiftly in the growing darkness, pelting mercilessly by the rain. Dana ran with no sense of direction.

Surely this was the street. Only it wasn't! There were running steps behind her. And then a deep voice, a voice strangely and vaguely familiar, called, "Will you please tell me why you chose an evening like this for a stroll?"

Dana whirled, stared, and then laughed. Her voice, wind-blown reached Scott Stanley in shaky fit the jerks. "I might ask you the same question."

"I'll tell you later," Scott answered. He lifted her in his arms.

Even in that moment of bewilderment, Dana was conscious of relief at having someone take command of the situation. The rain furiously contested every step Scott took, beating against him savagely aided by an equally fierce wind.

Only once did he speak. "Put your face against my shoulder Dana."

She obeyed and found it pleasant. Having her face hidden against Scott's rough coat.

Then he halted and Dana inhaled about as state curiously. "Scott" was opening the door to a house exactly as though he owned it.

"This is where I live," he said. (To Be Continued)

RECKLES and HIS FRIENDS—By Blosser



Night Coughs
Quickly checked without "dosing"
Just rub on **VICKS VapoRUB**

Fairy Tale

HORIZONTAL

- 1—who climbed the bean stalk
- 5 He traded a — for these magic beans
- 9 At the top of the stalk lived a wicked —
- 14 Herb
- 15 Assumed name
- 17 Portico
- 18 Base
- 19 Country mansion
- 20 Wittleisms
- 21 Encountered
- 22 Recovers
- 24 House cat
- 25 Myself
- 26 Advertisement
- 28 Fruits
- 31 Before
- 34 Egyptian river
- 35 Armadillo
- 36 To mature
- 37 Lassoed

ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

WOLFGANG MOZART
DONOR LOCASE IRLA
PINE ORIFICE PILES
A TRIANGLE CARELESS
NOTE AS AN ILL TEST
IDEAS SAID IN WILGASTI
L SAID F MOZART A
PI SCALE
CARS ALAR
FLOE SEINE POKE
FINEST COMPOSER

11 On top of
12 Short letter
13 Trifles for flavor
16 To soften
22 Exhibits displeasure
23 Winged fruits
25 Affray
27 Station
29 Cuckoo
30 Peak
32 Spigot
33 Allots
36 To pass through again
38 Lack
42 Law
43 Olive shrub
45 Having color
46 Wayside hotel
47 Dutch cheese
48 To permit
49 Sketched
50 Gem
51 To rave
53 Shoemaker's tool
55 Mineral print

VERTICAL

- 1 Wedged in
- 2 On the lee
- 3 Cloak
- 4 Cognizance
- 5 Cavern
- 6 Pettit
- 7 Artifice
- 8 Auction
- 10 Theory

