



# RANGER TIMES

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### NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

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

## Rehabilitating the Wagner Act

After eight days of testimony by the special investigating committee of the House of Representatives, it has become generally apparent that some reforms in the Wagner Labor Act are desirable if the law is to serve its prime function of molding better relationships between employer and unionist.

Until Jan. 5, the five members of the House committee will recess to study the 300 pages of testimony thus far garnered from unreticent witnesses. Almost from the first day of the hearing, it appeared that all was not functioning smoothly on the National Labor Relations Board, which is the statutory enforcement machinery of the Wagner Act.

Most vociferous criticism of the board's functions was implied in the reports of unharmonious intercourse among the board's personnel. From some of the testimony, it would appear most of the NLRB employees, from executives down, were employed largely in writing caustic memoranda concerning the shortcomings of their colleagues. Where there is that much smoke, there must be at least a small fire.

Principally inherent in all of the voluminous testimony that has so far been offered is the inarticulate demand for changes in the law itself. The Wagner Act defeats itself if neither labor nor the employer trusts it. If the administration of the act is incompatible with the best interests of those for whom the legislation was designed, then Congress should take from the heard some of the powers of discretion it no longer enjoys and should substitute a strict course of procedure.

From the criticisms so far recorded in the hearing, it appears that already a number of reforms are suggested. The "red tape" in handling cases might be trimmed, definition of a bargaining unit might be formulated, strict duties for examiners and prosecutors should be laid down so their jurisdictions will not overlap, employers should be given an opportunity to confer with NLRB representatives before they are haled before examiners, and the entire conduct of cases should be handled with a regard for due process of law and the common courtesies allowed in a recognized court.

Other suggestions will probably become apparent before the hearing is over. Already the National Association of Manufacturers has proposed a 12-point reform program, which would outlaw the closed shop and check-off system of collecting union dues and would set up six restrictions against strikes. The result of the proposed amendments on strikes would be to remove almost completely this potent labor weapon.

The manufacturers' proposals are far too drastic. When Congress considers changes in the Wagner Act, it must bear in mind that neither labor nor the employer should be strangled. The law has no motive if it does not operate to the eventual benefit of both.

## If the Idea Could Be Carried a Little Further--



## Clyde S. Karkalits Announces For Assessor Collector

This issue of the paper carries the announcement of Mr. Clyde S. Karkalits for the office of Assessor and Collector for Eastland County.

Mr. Karkalits needs no introduction to the voters of this entire county as he has been associated in business and civic affairs throughout the county practically all his life.

Most of you, probably, will remember that I came within only 24 votes of winning the nomination, and knowing the democracy of the citizenship of Eastland County as I do I have confidence to believe they will be willing to honor me this time with that important office.

To those who are not familiar with my family history I will say that my father and his mother and sister came to this county as pioneers in 1875 and my mother's father and his family moved here in 1876.

I have had several years' experience as a deputy in the Tax Assessor-Collector's office and I believe that, in addition to my 25 years' experience in the business world, 20 years of which was as an accountant, properly qualifies me for the duties of the office and the rendering to you the kind of service required for the proper administration of its affairs.

I invite, and request, a close investigation into my character, and as to whether or not I am capable and efficient, and if your investigation reveals the fact that I meet



the requirements necessary to successfully administer the affair of this important office, then I earnestly solicit your vote and influence, and if you elect me your Assessor-Collector I will appreciate it more than I can tell and will show my appreciation by keeping in mind the fact that the office belongs to the people and not to the office-holder and will render you the best service of which I am capable.

Sincerely,  
CLYDE S. KARKALITS.

## "OUT OUR WAY" - - - - - By William



## ALLEY OOP - - - - - By Ham



### Argentine Rancher Says U. S. Beef Is Best In The World

By United Press  
FORT WORTH, Tex.—George Gordon-Davis, beef cattle expert from Buenos Aires, Argentina, is convinced that the United States produces the finest Hereford cattle in the world.

Gordon-Davis, a judge in cattle shows as well as a traveling agent for a Buenos Aires packing firm, spent several days recently in West Texas attending sales of high-grade Herefords. They are the "best I ever saw," Gordon-Davis commented.

Sheep herding is now being done by automobile. Sheep are gradually getting used to following a sputtering exhaust pipe.

A woman hunter had trouble waking a bear so she could shoot it. One can understand the bear's point of view.

### Warship Seen Off Coast Of Mexico

MEXICO CITY, Dec. 26.—A large warship, presumably British, is reported off the coast of Mexico, within the safety zone, apparently waiting for two German freighters, which are now at Vera Cruz.

## OPERA STAR

**HORIZONTAL**

- 1,4 Pictured prima donna.
- 11 Circular wall.
- 12 Pertaining to a diary.
- 14 Room recess.
- 16 Actual being.
- 18 Containing tin.
- 19 Leg.
- 20 Trees.
- 22 Upright shaft.
- 23 Ankles.
- 24 Films.
- 26 Cows.
- 27 Ident.
- 29 To bark.
- 31 Musical note.
- 32 Frost bite.
- 34 Minute object.
- 36 Rooted.
- 37 Strong winds.
- 39 Railroad.
- 40 Curious inspection.
- 41 Picture border.
- 42 Crime.
- 43 Form of "be."
- 44 Tumor.
- 45 Cheat.
- 46 Peak.

**Answer to Previous Puzzle**

**VERTICAL**

- 1 Peril.
- 2 Caucasian.
- 3 Paid publicity.
- 4 Buckets.
- 5 Measure.
- 6 Ninth part.
- 7 Right to speak.
- 8 Eil.
- 9 Lions' homes.
- 10 Trees, genus.
- 11 She sang roles with.
- 13 Promoun.
- 15 She is famous for her acting.
- 17 Weird.
- 19 Boy.
- 21 Sutures.
- 23 Toward.
- 25 Roof final.
- 28 Chord which bisects a circle.
- 30 To coat with tin alloy.
- 31 Monkey.
- 33 Scheme.
- 35 Rotten stone.
- 36 Gaiter.
- 38 And.
- 42 Cotton cloth.
- 44 Scepter.
- 45 To accomplish.
- 47 Flower.
- 48 Best.
- 49 South Africa.
- 51 The tip.
- 52 Blue grass.
- 55 Father.
- 57 Before Christ (abbr.).
- 59 Chaos.

## SUPER SLEUTH

**HORIZONTAL**

- 1,8 Most famous detective of fiction.
- 13 To wander.
- 14 To relinquish.
- 16 Orient.
- 17 To rent.
- 18 Tedium.
- 19 Onager.
- 20 Small tumor.
- 21 Accorded.
- 25 Half an em.
- 26 Uncooked.
- 29 Trial ending with no decision.
- 34 Mineral spring.
- 35 Being.
- 36 Seaweed.
- 37 Female fowl.
- 38 Indefinite article.
- 39 Entrance.
- 40 Sun.
- 43 Measure of area.
- 44 Peaceable.
- 48 He is more famous than his son.

**Answer to Previous Puzzle**

**VERTICAL**

- 1 Senior.
- 2 Pit.
- 3 Opposed to odd.
- 4 To soak flax.
- 5 To be indebted.
- 6 Food changing.
- 7 Relative.
- 8 Female heir.
- 9 Thin.
- 10 Spar.
- 11 Existence.
- 12 Street.
- 15 Unfilled cavity in a lode.
- 20 Religious homage.
- 22 Insect.
- 23 An accuser.
- 24 To daub.
- 27 Monkey.
- 28 Paie.
- 30 Wayside hotel.
- 31 Melted.
- 32 Sick.
- 33 Epoch.
- 39 Wrath.
- 40 Oriental guitar.
- 41 Preposition.
- 42 Purple flower.
- 43 God of war.
- 45 Indian nurse.
- 46 African tree.
- 47 Light wagon.
- 48 To scorch.
- 49 Mancy.
- 50 Conservative.
- 51 Land right.
- 54 Cravat.
- 56 South Carolina.
- 59 New England.

SERIAL STORY BLACKOUT

BY RUTH AYERS

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CHAPTER I

BLACKOUT in London
Outside, the shaft in Trafalgar Square loomed like a ghost, towering and dim.

Inside, in a restaurant on a nearby street, blue bulbs cast eerie shadows on two figures.
You could see at a glance that Mary Carroll and Vincent Gregg were Americans, and Americans in love.



Mary screamed as she fell. . . . "Steady there!" a strange male voice cautioned. Mary felt strong arms holding her, glimpsed a smiling face above her as the flashlight's beam outlined her.

"Maybe this time next week we'll be back in New York," Mary said. "I'll be heavenly to see Broadway blazing in lights after all these weeks of blind man's bluff. I've had enough war to last a lifetime."

Vincent chuckled. "Well, we'll have something to tell our grandchildren—yours and mine, I mean. You and I fleeing like refugees from Paris and being here in London in blackouts. It'll be quite a yarn to spin from a rocking chair."

Mary smiled slowly. "Funny, isn't it?" she mused. "You're already talking about our grandchildren and a few months ago we hadn't even met. It was all so strange, our meeting in Paris. I never could have believed that first day that you, my dashing, romantic soldier of fortune, would ever want to settle down."

"But I do," he said convincingly. "Never thought myself that I'd love a girl more than a war. But here you see the evidence before you. Our passports in order, our tickets bought for the Moravia. And all I want now is to get back to New York and marry you. I'll find a job making planes instead of flying them. You'll live in a little house with a rose garden and forget all about what the well-dressed woman is wearing."

MARY CARROLL was 23. She'd been one of the most promising stylists ever sent to Paris by New York firm. It had been a brilliant assignment. Orphaned at 11 when her mother and dad were killed in an automobile accident, Mary had no ties at home. She'd grown her slim, vibrant self into the job of styling a famed career as a fashion designer.

But in September, Mary had been drafted in the net of mobilization when Europe went to war. Fashions were forgotten.

It was at this turbulent time that she had met Vincent Gregg. She had gone to a party given by a young count who was closing his Paris villa so it might be used as a hospital for wounded soldiers. Vincent was among the guests.

That very first minute, Mary knew that love had burst like a star shell upon her. In a world turning upside down, she needed someone to cling to—and Vincent had been the one.

At the start, there had been the agonizing fear that as soon as Vincent was fully recovered he would desert against the woman she had loved. With all her country-bred feigning for home, Mary had remained in Paris to be near Vincent.

And then, just a few days ago, all had been changed. Vincent had said, "We're going home, darling. Let's end these years of barnstorming and flying for whatever flag offered the most excitement and money. I love you and I want to marry you." Simple and direct, just like Vincent.

NOW they were here, Vincent and Mary, in the London restaurant. They'd crossed the English Channel with several Vincent's friends and were waiting to take passage home on a British ship. Sailing dates were kept secret because of spy activities, but it was certain they would be leaving soon.

"It all seems unreal doesn't it?" Mary asked as Vincent leaned across the table to light her cigarette.

Vincent looked at Mary. She was every bit as piquant and

style-wise as mannequins she had sketched in Paris. But no pencil you mean.

Mary sensed that Carla's narrow eyes were still on Vincent, but she couldn't be sure in the blue-black light. Nor could she account for the uneasiness that Carla's glance had aroused in her. With relief she saw the waiter approach with coffee.

Then her eyes widened. Distinctly, she saw the waiter slip a card into Vincent's hand. Turning to her fiance inquiringly, she saw Vincent glance at the card. His face was inscrutable when he looked up. Mary waited for an explanation. When he said nothing, she thought, "This is what war nerves do to people. I'm being jittery about nothing."

And then it happened! THE card, the waiter, even the glamorous Carla were blotted from Mary's mind that instant. Real terror instead of an imaginary one chilled her blood.

Outside, a piercing siren wailed. It meant only one thing. The air raid for which London had been gearing itself for months was here. "Quick! Run for shelter!"

It was as if everyone in the restaurant spoke in one voice. The dim lights snapped off and the room was plunged into inky blackness except for the beam of the hand flashlight pointing the way to the basement door.

Then she reached for Vincent's hand. "He was not at her side," "Vincent!" she gasped. "Vincent!" Outside, the siren continued its screaming warning. It beat in Mary's ears. Trembling, breathless she was left alone as the crowd pushed toward the stairs. Suddenly, her knees gave way and she felt herself falling—falling into the gaping darkness.

Mary screamed. "Steady there!" a strange deep male voice cautioned. In the dark, Mary sensed a pair of unfamiliar arms lifting her and the rough brush of a trench coat against her cheek.

She caught a glimpse of a smiling face above her as the flashlight's beam paused momentarily upon her. Two other persons were watching.

(To Be Continued)

SERIAL STORY BLACKOUT

BY RUTH AYERS

COPYRIGHT, 1939, NEA SERVICE, INC.

YESTERDAY, Mary Carroll and her fiance, Vincent Gregg, soldier of fortune and adventurer, are in London during the early days of the war, awaiting passage to United States. Mary is dispatched when a swiftness, interesting thoughly famous beauty recognizes Vincent in a London restaurant. Vincent does not explain a mysterious card brought by a waiter. In the terror of an air raid alarm, Vincent disappears. Mary is swept with the crowd into the air raid shelter and she almost faints as a stranger grasps her.



Puzzled, Mary stared at the oversized card.

CHAPTER II
ANYTHING could happen in a London air raid alarm. And what was happening was that Mary Carroll was being held in the strong arms of a strange man. Terror choked her as she struggled to break free.

But her fears were calmed when the man spoke again in the same deep, obviously Yankee voice: "I'm not going to take any chance on having you break your neck on the stairs," he said.

Mary opened her eyes. In the beam of the porter's flashlight she caught a glimpse of a rugged figure and a crest of obviously red hair above a broad grin and smiling eyes.

She saw the stranger looking at her. It was only a hurried glance, but there was something friendly and kind about it. "You look like a girl from America," he mumbled.

"I am," she said simply. "How did you know?"

He laughed. "Feeling better? I'll carry you downstairs."

"Thanks—you're very kind. Did you just appear from where to rescue me?"

"No, I'm a doctor on air raid duty and this is one of my emergency stations. You were just in the line of duty."

He handed her a gas mask, carried her downstairs. "Thanks so much," she whispered as he put

her down.

"Okay—and good luck." The young American doctor spoke quickly and then turning, was swallowed in the fog of blackness and the blue of fantastic bobbing masks around her.

FOR a minute, Mary stood alone and uncertain. Then the restlessness of the porter's flashlight swung around to outline Vincent nearby. She stumbled toward him.

When she touched his arm, he wheeled sharply. "Oh," he heard him say through his mask. "It's you, Mary. Sorry we got separated in the jam. Here's your mask!"

Instantly, Mary sensed his voice was strained. She clung to him silently.

The porter was barking orders like a top sergeant. "Everyone put gas masks on. A. P. regulations." In the pitch of the cellar, people jerked like puppets, the masks turning them into strange Martian figures. Fat sandbags were propped against the windows and the wine kegs had been rolled away to give clearance in the middle of the room. And so, the lamp was frightening and the wheeze of breathing in the masks like death gasps.

Minutes dragged like hours until, suddenly as it had begun, the banshee wails of the sirens stopped. Easy relief for the moment, he heard instead the welcome sound of the "All Clear" signal.

London's Black Watch had kept the enemy planes away.

There was a stir in the restaurant as gas masks came off and people went pell-mell to the stairs.

Mary heard Vincent's voice whispering, "Let's get out of here. False alarm."

Hurried along, she went with him—saw him fling a pound note on the table for their check and gather up their coats. Outside, even the darkness of blackout was welcome. Gratefully, they drew in deep draughts of the frosty, foggy air.

"I hate that sort of thing," Vincent said, his voice still strained.

It seemed odd for Vincent to be unmoved by the experience, but Mary could understand his fear. After all, Vincent had been a pilot in a bombing plane himself.

"Let's not think about it," she said. "I might tell you, though, that I was panicky when I found myself, honey, but honestly, I almost dove off into an old-fashioned faint. It was lucky that a doctor was at hand to scoop me up and find a gas mask for me. He must have given me his own."

The thought of the stranger's disregard of his own safety thrilled her.

"They keep extra masks in the shelter," Vincent explained. Tenderly, he bent to kiss her cheek lightly. "You're a sweetheart."

"Madhouse business—that air raid stuff. Let's hope we'll be back in New York this time next week."

BY the time they'd stumbled through the darkened streets to Mary's hotel, Vincent was his same gay self.

"What ho," he said as he guided her through the muffled lobby to the desk. "There's a message for you."

Mary's eyes danced. "Ah—at last!" she cried out joyously. There could be no mistake about the envelope the desk clerk handed her. It bore the stamp of the American consulate and inside was a note. Mary stepped to the desk light to read it.

She came back to Vincent, drawing him aside so no one would overhear. "We're sailing on the Moravia tomorrow afternoon at 3 o'clock," she whispered. "The consulate warns us to keep it secret."

Vincent nodded. "Sweet. I'll rush over to my lodgings and pack. We'll meet in the morning for coffee and get the first train to Southampton."

"Your tickets and passports are safe!"

"Silly, of course. And you hang on to your pocketbook for dear life, too."

Man Has Troubles When His Snakes Get Sore Throats

By United Press

FORT WORTH, Tex.—Harry Jackson faced a crisis today as his 38 snakes and two Gila monsters suffered an epidemic of sore throats.

Knee deep in aspirin and iodine Jackson tried desperately to treat the reptiles for this disease and tried to figure out where they could have picked it up.

Holder of the snake concession at the local zoo, Jackson explained that it could not be the changing weather which gave his "family" a

cold because an automatic thermometer keeps the temperature in the snake house above 80 degrees.

To make matters worse, "Wimpy," his indigo snake, had six inches of his tail die on him. Jackson made a successful operation at it Wimpy, he said, doesn't seem to mind his abbreviated tail at all.

Visitors seldom come to Jackson because the snakes "scare" a good many away, I guess," he said. "But snakes aren't the worst company in the world—or the best."

TRY A WANT AD.

FRECKLES and HIS FRIENDS



NOW THAT HILDA'S DAD ISN'T A POLICEMAN ANY LONGER, I GUESS HILDA WON'T SEE MUCH OF LARD!

IT'S A PITY, FRECKLES! I THINK SHE'S CUTE!

SAY! YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE! DO YOU REALLY THINK YOU COULD?

IS THIS ME? I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT!

JUST A FEW MINOR CHANGES, HILDA, AND LO AND BEHOLD!—LIKE YOURSELF!—NOW?

GEE, WHEN I WAKE UP IN THE MORNING, I'LL THINK THERE'S A STRANGER IN THE ROOM! I HOPE LARD LIKES ME THIS WAY!

I WAS ALWAYS SO BUSY KEEPING HOUSE FOR DADDY, I GUESS I DIDN'T NOTICE THE WAY I LOOKED!

RED RYDER, YOU WALK IN VALLEY OF BIG SHADOW, BUT MEDICINE MAN MAKE YOU WELL SOON!

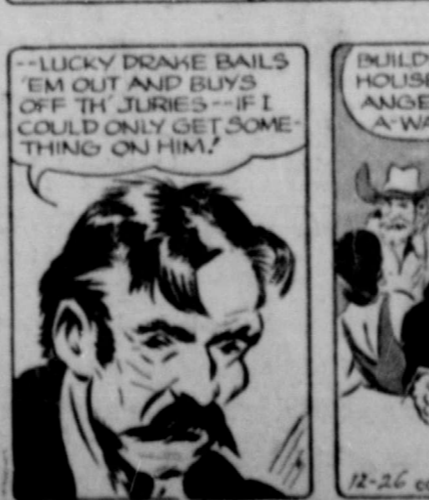
BETTER GET BACK TO SCHOOL, LITTLE BEAVER, BUT DON'T LET ANYONE KNOW I'M ALIVE!

SHERIFF, THIS LAWLESSNESS HAS GOT TO STOP. THREE SHOOTINGS TODAY, AND I'LL TAKE ALL THE GUN-SLUNGERS, BUT WOMEN TO GO OUT ON THE STREET!

RED RYDER . . . . . By Fred Harman



RED RYDER . . . . . By Fred Harman



RED RYDER . . . . . By Fred Harman



RED RYDER . . . . . By Fred Harman



Society Notes

Pitcock Family Has Christmas Reunion
Members of Mrs. W. T. Pitcock's family gathered at her home Sunday for a reunion and Christmas dinner.



Sigrid Gurie the oriental charmer from Brooklyn and Basil Rathbone in a scene from "RIO", Universal's picture now playing the Arcadia theatre.

CLASSIFIED

SPECIAL NOTICES
PARAMOUNT TAXI! Phone 1. Prompt Service Day and Night. JIM TOLAND, Driver.
AUTOMOBILES
FOR SALE—1937 Ford V-8 Tudor, 1934 Plymouth 4 door sedan. Bargains. See W. F. Creager.

H. H. VAUGHN SERVICE STATION
100% T-P PRODUCTION
Distilled Water for Sale. Washing—Greasing—Storage

BROWN'S Transfer and Storage
For MOVING SEE
CONTRACT OPERATOR T. & P. TRANSPORT
Phone 635

IMPORTANT! Good personal appearance means so much in every way to a man these days. And neatly trimmed hair is necessary to good appearance. Have your hair trimmed frequently — and have it done here where we know how to make it look its best. GHOLSON BARBER SHOP, L. E. Gray, Owner.

ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES
Texas Electric Service Co.

FOR RENT
2 - 3 and 4 Room
Furnished or Unfurnished
Apartments With Bath.
GHOLSON HOTEL

209 Main St. - Res. Phone 58
E. R. Green
CHIROPRACTIC SERVICE
When in doubt about your physical condition. We will remove that doubt by finding WHAT, WHERE and AMOUNT of disorder: Then correct the cause so nature will have normal function.
Your Chiropractor
E. R. GREEN

for the celebration.
High School Seniors Entertained With Christmas Dance
Mothers of members of the Senior class of Ranger High

if Steaks are your dish—

Mrs. Bell's is the place for you. We serve 'em any way you prefer.
Mrs. Bell's Cafe

BE SAFE!

What a great feeling that you have been able to save a LIFE by being careful.
Don't forget to play safe with your property also.
INSURE
C. E. MAY
Insurance in all its branches.

BATTERY SERVICE
Let us recharge your battery. We do a thorough job for only . . . . . 45c
3 Days Free Rental
Radio Batteries 50c
Guaranteed Merchandise at a Lower Price
THE WESTERN AUTO STORE
S. O. MONTGOMERY



MEET OUR STAR SALESMEN!
No, they're not on our payroll. They probably know very little about us. But we still consider them our "star salesmen"! Why? Well, because they do a great job of selling our bread—Schooley's bread. They're "sold" on it themselves. They like its fresh taste . . . its flavor. They know it's pure and wholesome because Mother has often remarked about it. They're even a little bit scientific, too, because they realize it provides them with the energy they need for school and play. So they tell their friends about Schooley's—which makes them our star salesmen!
SCHOOLEY'S BAKERY
Phone 7 Ranger

"OUT OUR WAY"



BRUCE CATTON IN WASHINGTON

BY BRUCE CATTON
NEA Service Staff Correspondent
WASHINGTON—There may have been more than met the eye behind Secretary Ickes' recent assertion that he wasn't taking any stock in the talk about Paul V. McNutt's being the New Deal's pet candidate for the presidency.

WILD LIFE

By JOHN R. WOOD
State Game Warden
Bull Snakes Help Ranchmen
Bull snakes are helping W. Albert Richardson, district clerk of Erath county, rid his ranch in Summerville county of rattlesnakes.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

Advertisement for BATS, TREE BARK, and Kwik-Kopier with illustrations of a bat and a tree.

Society Personal
Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Hagaman had as their guests for Christmas, Mrs. A. H. Howdeshell and Misses Louise and Elizabeth Howdeshell of Waco.

BY WILLIAMS

Girl Is Injured In Automobile Mishap

Madeline Hill of Ranger was painfully, but not seriously injured Saturday night when she was struck by an automobile as she walked on the highway in the eastern part of Ranger.

No Deaths During Christmas Season

This Christmas in Eastland was unusual in that there were no deaths or accidents which necessitated ambulance runs, according to Ben Hammer, owner of the Hammer undertaking company.

City Commission To Meet On Wednesday

The regular meeting of the Ranger City Commission, scheduled for tonight, will be postponed until 4:30 Wednesday afternoon, it was announced today.

ARCADIA THEATRE advertisement for the movie 'RIO' featuring Sigrid Gurie and Basil Rathbone.

Advertisement for a medicine called '666' for relief from cold symptoms.

GOOD FOOD and GOOD SERVICE advertisement for Mrs. Higdon's Cafe.

Political Announcements

This newspaper is authorized to publish the following announcements of candidates for public offices, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries:

A. H. POWELL GROCERY & MARKET advertisement featuring a steak and French fries.

Man Has Special Dislike For Men Who Start Wars

By United Press
FORT WORTH, Tex.—"Doctor" E. L. Leininger has a special reason for disliking the man who causes wars in Europe. It stops the flow of dolls and parts to this country from abroad.

Advertisement for JEWELRY featuring a diamond necklace.

BILL'S USED TIRE EXCHANGE advertisement for used tires and cars.

GOOD NEWS For Winter Appetite advertisement for Lou's Quality Market.