

SPECIAL SESSION MAY BE CALLED SEPT. 7

DETROIT EXPEDITION IS TO CONTINUE ARTIC EXPLORATIONS

LEAGUE OF NATIONS BEGINS SESSION TODAY

PLANS MADE TO
ALLOW GERMANY
IN ITS COUNCILTaxation Commission
Expected To Hold
A Conference Too

By United Press.

GENEVA, Switzerland, May 17.—A plan under which it is believed the control which prevented Germany from becoming a member of the League of Nations council at the recent Geneva meeting will be settled, was approved today by the League of Nations council committee handling the question.

The plan would increase by three the non-permanent membership in the council, of which it was understood that Poland, China and the Latin-Americans would be given one each.

The committee expected to adjourn until June for the final disposition of the plan also to permit diplomatic exchanges intended to induce Spain and Brazil to withdraw their candidacy for permanent membership.

Germany failed to become a member when the council met the last time.

A commission of fiscal and tax experts of the thirteen countries of the world expected to meet here today under the auspices of the League of Nations to draft an international convention against double taxation.

The nations that were to be represented on the commission are the United States, Germany, Argentina, Czechoslovakia, Belgium, France, England, Italy, Japan, Holland, Poland, Switzerland and Venezuela.

SAN ANTONIO
MAY BUILD
REFINERY

By United Press.

SAN ANTONIO, May 17.—Sinking of 500 wells, erection of storage tanks and the building of a refinery if production warrants, will be undertaken in the Mission Grove oil field by local and El Paso capitalists and experts, according to an announcement today by J. W. Warden of El Paso and W. M. Cowan of San Antonio.

Mission Grove is within the city limits where oil has been found at a depth of from 11 to 18 feet.

Mexico Orders
Archbishop To
Leave Country

By United Press.

WASHINGTON, May 17.—The Mexican government has ordered Archbishop Cerecena, American citizen and papal representative, deported despite repeated intercession by the state department.

Secretary Kellogg, it was learned today twice appealed to the Mexican ambassador in behalf of the archbishop, and his intercession was repeated by Sheffield in Mexico City.

Officials of the Mexican government refused to discuss the matter that the archbishop entered the city illegally as the pope's representative.

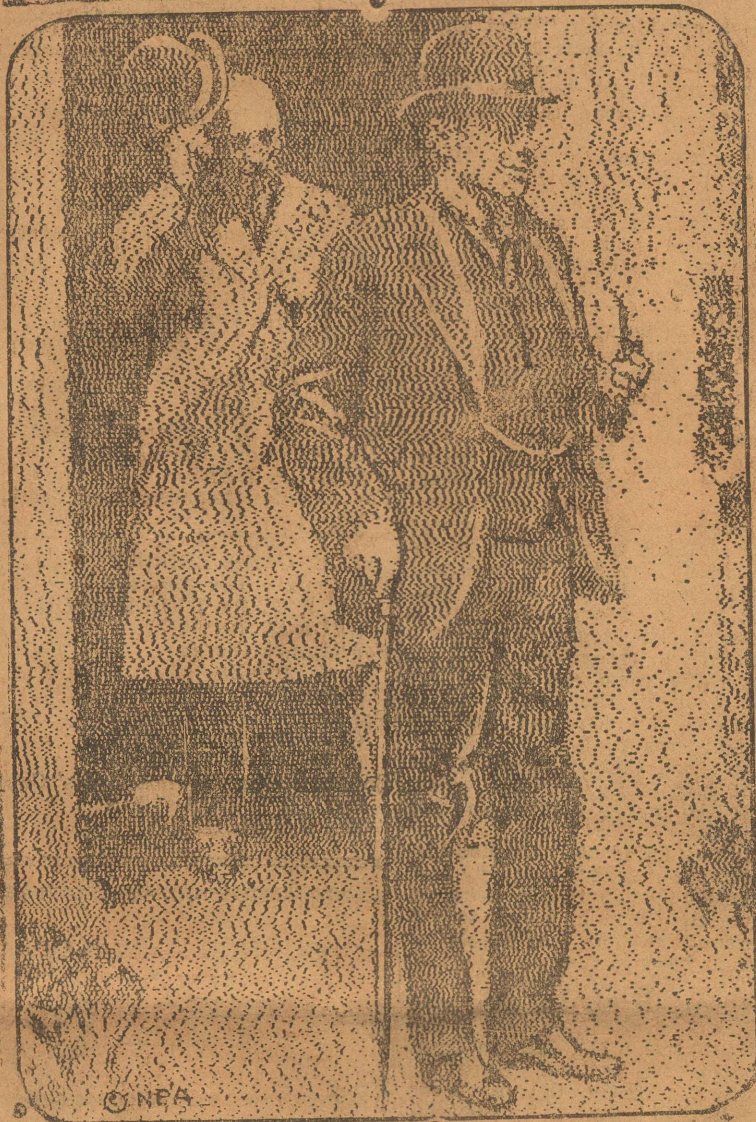
MAN KILLED
WHEN AUTO
TURNS OVER

By United Press.

DEVINE, Texas, May 17.—L. G. Covert, about 50 years old, was killed today when his auto skidded and turned over three miles west of here.

Covert was president of the Southwestern Texas Marble company of San Marcos. He was pinned beneath the car about 30 minutes before he was found and carried to a doctor's office where he died. One rib had been broken and pressed against the heart.

Baldwin Announces Strike End



This radiophoto shows Premier Stanley Baldwin leaving No. 10 Downing street for the House of Commons to announce the end of Britain's general strike. England's premier doesn't look much changed, but he must have felt a great difference after the stress of the past nine days. Notice the pipe, his inseparable companion.

DISCOVERY OF
NEW LANDS IS
MAIN OBJECTManager Evans Tells
Wilkins at Pt. Barrow
Continue In Summer

By United Press.

DETROIT, Mich., May 17.—The Detroit Arctic expedition probably will continue its explorations of the polar ice caps during the summer, E. S. Evans, manager, indicated in a telegram sent today to Capt. George H. Wilkins, the exploration's commander, at Point Barrow, Alaska.

Evans pointed out that "the main result of Byrd's and Amundsen's expedition of the Arctic, have been made public, and do not seem to indicate any change in the plans of the Detroit Arctic expedition.

The importance of its central objective to discover land and plan on it the American flag."

The expedition board of control, Evans wired Wilkins, has agreed to continue the scientific and discovery program of the expedition, it should press forward, modified only though avoiding on its flight the north and south strip already traversed by the Norge. There are still some 800 miles of unknown land in the Arctic region to be explored, Evans said.

COMMERCIAL
FACULTY TO
BE CHOSEN

Answering many questions in regard to the selection of the high, grade and grammar school faculties for next year, it is disclosed today that the board did not have time to complete its work in Saturday night's meeting and that the faculties for the fine arts and commercial departments will not be selected until plans for the junior college have been further advanced. It is indicated that these two departments, now in charge of O. G. Lanier, Miss Christine Carter and Miss Marie Flahie, will probably be made parts of the junior college curriculum.

This logically leads to the conclusion which is confirmed by school authorities, that the completion of high school faculty, the building of the new Central Ward school and the establishment of the junior college are closely linked together and all contingent on the approval of the bonds by the attorney general's department. And early action on these bonds is strongly intimated.

The bonds have passed muster of the attorneys, it is said, and probably are now in the hands of the attorney general's department. Once they are approved, action on selection of site, completion of plans and actual letting of contract for the new ward school will follow immediately. And indications point to speedy action on the junior college matter immediately following this.

Two other facts are revealed. The commercial department is being enlarged and will be such as to fill all the requirements of a two year's standard college course and the women's class of the city are asking for the addition of an auditorium to the plans of Central Ward school. No action on that matter has been taken, however.

Return Sought
Of 2 Mexicans
For Robbery

DEL RIO, May 17.—Efforts were started today to secure the return from Mexico of Pablo Marino and Bruno Tobias, Mexicans, charged with assault and robbery of Mrs. F. C. Holcomb, near Sonora, last Wednesday. The two men were arrested at Villa Acuna, Sunday night.

Loot stolen from the Holcomb ranch was found in their possession and officers said that the men had confessed the robbery.

KILLINGSWORTH GOES TO FAKES FISH FRY

J. T. Killingsworth, Ranger hardware merchants, is in Fort Worth attending the annual fish fry given by Fakes Furniture company to its customers and friends. It is not stated whether he will attend the state retail merchants' convention in Dallas before returning.

Coolidge's Summer White House



President Coolidge will spend the summer in the Adirondack mountains at this attractive White Pine camp, a 60-acre reservation on the shore of Lake Placid, N. Y., owned by Irwin P. Kirkwood. These first photographs of the spot show, upper, a view of the main cabin which the president and Mrs. Coolidge will occupy; lower, the camp as it appears from the lake, almost hidden in the trees.

Slayer at 17



Roy Yates, 17, of Ironton, Ohio, is held in jail on a charge of murder. He shot Martha Binnion, 9, because she kicked his dog, police say.

TEAPOT DOME
CASE ARGUED
HIGHER COURT

By United Press.

ST. PAUL, Minn., May 17.—The government suit to prevent draining the Teapot Dome oil reserve came before the United States circuit court of appeals here today.

The suit is the outgrowth of the Teapot Dome scandal of two years ago, when the reserve was leased to private interests including the Mammoth Oil company, the Sinclair Crude Oil Purchasing company and the Sinclair Pipe Line company.

A restraining order to prevent the company from withdrawing oil was asked in the federal district court at Cheyenne, Wyo. The order was denied and the appeal was taken.

Several members of the cabinet including Fall and others to follow, were involved in the scandal that created considerable comment. It caused the resignation of Fall and others to follow.

Mohammed VI
Last Of The Line
Goes To Reward

By United Press.

SAN REMO, Italy, May 17.—One of the last of the broken men, fourth from position as heads of government after the world war, ex-Sultan Mohammed VI of Turkey, is dead at his villa here. His death was due to heart disease.

It is recorded that on May 4 the former sultan sent a message to the Moslem world protesting any decision that might be made by the Moslem congress, now in session in Cairo.

He declaimed against selection of a new caliph and urged Moslems to rouse themselves against Mustapha Pasha.

COMMITTEE AT
AUSTIN SEES
THE GOVERNORMeasure Is Endorsed
By Expert Lawyers On
The Bonds Presented

By United Press.

AUSTIN, May 17.—Issuance within the next few days of a proclamation by Governor Miriam A. Ferguson calling the legislature to convene in special session on Sept. 7 for the purpose of enacting legislation validating \$50,000,000 worth of Texas road bonds is the belief of the bonds validating committee which held a conference with her today.

The committee presented to the governor endorsements of the proposed bill by leading attorneys of the United States. This has been required by Governor Ferguson. The committee said, "that after the fullest investigation of the subject that it has been possible to further consider the matter and would in a few days make a public announcement of her decision. The committee appeared confident that before the end of the week she would issue a call for the extra session.

Statements were made that all requirements had not been met, as required, the committee said, "that after the fullest investigation of the subject that it has been possible to give, the committee feels that the bill constitutes the best legal research of the problem affecting the legislation.

Criticism

"Validation of the bonds criticized and as such should be enacted into statutes at an early date as practicable.

"In view of the thirty days notice that must be given in connection with the announcements of the validating bills," the committee informed the governor that it has concluded it the best that the special session shall be convened as early a day in September as may seem most judicious, rather than an earlier date.

The date of Sept. 7 has been suggested.

PILSUDSKI
RECOGNIZED
BY POWERS

By United Press.

WARSAW, May 17.—Recognition of the government of Marshal Pilsudski in Poland, as a result of his apparently successful revolt, was virtually accomplished today, it was reported through representatives of various foreign governments.

The American, French and soviet legations were among the first to take up connection with Pilsudski's government.

Coolidge Sees
Pepper Victory,
Pennsylvania

By United Press.

WASHINGTON, May 17.—After a conference with President Coolidge, Secretary of the Treasury Mellon today predicted the victory of Senator George Pepper in the Pennsylvania primary tomorrow.

The secretary said he would leave for Pennsylvania this afternoon to vote tomorrow.

U. S. Embassy,
Buenos Aires
Is Damaged

By United Press.

BUENOS AIRES, May 17.—An explosion of a bomb placed near the front door of the United States embassy here last night, slightly damaged the structure. A part of the outside wall was wrecked and a passerby injured by the explosion.

Ambassador Jay said he was unable to explain the attack.

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FROM BOOK OF BOOKS
THE HOLY ONE — "And they
made the plate of the holy crown
of pure gold, and wrote upon it a
writing, like to the engravings of a
signet, HOLINESS TO THE LORD."
Ex. 39:30.

PRAYER—Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord
God Almighty, Early in the morning
our song shall rise to Thee.

THRIFT.
Thrift as defined by Webster and
other lexicographers means frugality,
economical management; good hus-
bandry; increase of wealth; profit. It
should be practiced by all wage-ear-
ners. Every man, woman and child
who depends upon their daily efforts
to make a living should lay aside a
small sum each day, week or month
for a rainy day, for sickness and
against the creeping of age upon
them. There are several ways to
save. The savings banks may be
used. That is a good way. The pur-
chase of a piece of real estate
through a building and loan associa-
tion is another good way. The invest-
ment in United States, state and mu-
nicipal bonds bought on the install-
ment plan is another good way. The
best way, and the one that brings the
largest and best as well as the quick-
est results is investing in building and
loan stock.

The Ranger and Eastland building
and loan associations offer the wage-
earners in the shops, plants, stores
and offices of Ranger and
Eastland, to say nothing of
the army of oil field employees, the
best opportunity in the world for sav-
ing money. A small sum laid aside
every month and put in building and
loan stock will bring the best results
obtainable. It is not necessary to
borrow to save, although borrowing
from the association to build a home
is a good plan to practice thrift. But
to the unmarried and the young mar-
ried couple that have not decided
upon a permanent home, the invest-
ment in building and loan stock of-
fers one of the best fields in the
world.

All the leading financiers of
America advise the buying of build-
ing and loan stock for an investment,
because the money invested earns
compound interest. A young man
buying five shares of stock pays into
the association five dollars a month.
That money is put out at interest in
loans on a real estate, first mort-
gages. The borrower has to pay inter-
est on it.

Experts say that 10 per cent is the
usual earnings of the money invested.
Each month the money is turned over
and is never idle as is the case with
money invested in other things such
as stocks. Before the investor knows
it the five dollars he has paid in each
month has mounted up to \$500. The
five dollars he pays in brings monthly
interest and the interest is added to
the original five dollars and loaned
out again.

In addition to bringing the investor
a neat profit, the investor is helping
to build up his town. There is no
need to send money out of here for
investment. The building and loan
association here offers the field for
the small salaried as well as the
large salaried man.

The money of the Ranger and
Eastland building and loan associa-
tions is invested in Ranger and East-
land property. Already results can
be shown in the number of neat
bungalows and cottages that have
been built with loans from the Ran-
ger and Eastland building and loan
associations.

**BARNEY CARTER MOVING
SUPPLIES TO BROWN CO.**

Barney Carter is moving a large
supply of casing and other materials
to his Brown county leases, where ac-
tivities are being shown, but no new
locations are reported.

INFANT CAMPBELL DIES
The infant son of Mr. and Mrs.
R. C. Campbell, living on the Caddo
Road five miles from Ranger, died
late Saturday night. The body was
taken to Dublin for burial Sunday.

SOCIETY AND SOCIAL AFFAIRS

TUESDAY.
Musical program at the Methodist
church at 8 p. m.; benefit of parson-
age fund.
Pastime club meets with Mr. and
Mrs. Gus Coleman at Acorn Acres at
7:30 p. m.
Child Welfare club meets at the
Gibson at 1:30 p. m.
Columbia Study club meets with
Mrs. John Thurman at 10 a. m.
Central Ward Parent-Teacher asso-
ciation meets at 3:45.
Young School Parent-Teacher asso-
ciation meets at 3:45 p. m.

CELEBRATES ELEVENTH BIRTHDAY.

Genevieve Carter, daughter of Mr.
and Mrs. J. J. Carter, of the Carter
apartments, celebrated her eleventh
birthday in a most happy manner,
Saturday afternoon. There was the
usual birthday cake and other dainty
refreshments were served to the lit-
tle guests. Games outdoors and in-
doors were enjoyed by Macon Yonce,
Katherine Barker, Waldeen Wheat,
Mary Frances and Bernadine Barker,
Ruth Nuss, Lillian Ruth Carter, Lu-
cille Patterson from Breckenridge.

CENTRAL WARD P. T. A. TO MEET.

Central Ward Parent-Teacher asso-
ciation will hold its last meeting of
this term of school tomorrow after-
noon at 3:45 o'clock. As this is the
final meeting, it is very important
that all members be present.

WELCOME A DAUGHTER.

Mr. and Mrs. Virgil E. Dominick
welcomed to their hearts and home a
lovely little daughter, who was born
Sunday morning at the City-County
hospital. Mrs. Dominick was former-
ly Miss Iva Mae Hannah.

YOUNG SCHOOL P. T. A. FINAL MEETING.

The Young School Parent-Teacher
association will hold its final meeting
of this school term tomorrow after-
noon, at which time refreshments will
be served to teachers, members and
visitors. A program has also been
arranged. There will be a short
business session, which will wind up
the year's business. A full member-
ship is desired.

FIRST YEAR FOODS GIRLS TO HAVE TEA.

The first year foods girls of the
home economics department of Ran-
ger High school will entertain with
an informal tea, Wednesday at 1:45
p. m., in room No. 9 at the High
school, in honor of their mothers, the
High School Parent-Teacher associa-
tion and all mothers of girls who have
taken home economics. This tea
promises to be one of the prettiest
pre-commencement affairs.

PERSONALS.

Hall Walker spent the week-end at
Kerrville with Mrs. Walker.

Plans Are Made For Chautauqua To Be Held Soon

At a meeting held in the Ranger
Chamber of Commerce rooms Mon-
day morning by delegates from the
several women's clubs of the city and
guarantors for the Chautauqua, it
was decided to supply to the people
through the press and otherwise, a
full accounting for moneys expended
and civic improvements made through
the Chautauqua for this and preced-
ing years. It was also decided to
name a publicity committee to take
care of matters pertaining to the
movement with instructions to make
early fillings of copy and otherwise
bring the Chautauqua before the
public.

Six Find Pardon During Meeting Of Salvation Army

Six persons have knelt at the altar
and found pardon or cleansing from
sin. Last night's services of the Sal-
vation Army was largely attended
and great interest was shown. The
evangelist delivered the first of his
three sermons on "The Unpardonable
Sin." Tonight he will give the second,
also giving 40 scriptures to substan-
tiate his Bible doctrine.

Wednesday night Envoy B. M.
Hudson, the assistant here for the
past five months, will "farewell" for
Fort Worth No. 2 corps. Ensign Wil-
kins, young people's secretary for the
southwestern division from Dallas
will be here. There will be a spe-
cial service. The public is invited to
attend this last part of the meeting
especially.

Ranger Sends Delegation To Dallas Meet

President J. M. White of the Ran-
ger Retail Merchants' association,
Secretary Mrs. Alice B. True and
Mrs. W. W. Paschall so far as can
be learned, constitute the Ranger dele-
gation attending the Texas Retail
Merchants' association convention
which began its sessions in Dallas to-
day.

Underwood Plays "Hot Tune In Old Town" In Plane

There was music in the air way up
above Ranger when Leo Underwood
took a flight in an airplane and play-
ed his cornet while dipping the dips
and coasting on the atmosphere. "A
Hot Tune in the Old Town" and simi-
lar classic airs rent the air and caused
necks to crane to locate the melodies.

EVERETT TRUE

BY CONDO



Ranger Christian Pastor Preaches Sermon at Olden

Rev. H. B. Johnson of the Ranger
Christian church, preached the bac-
calaureate sermon before the gradu-
ating class of Olden High school in
the Olden Baptist church, Sunday
night, his subject being, "The Power
of Purpose." A large crowd attended
the exercises bringing to a close a
highly successful school term.

Former Ranger Man Is Killed In Arizona

Word reached Ranger late Sunday
night that George Phipps, 22, former-
ly of Ranger had been accidentally
killed when thrown from an ore train
near Phoenix, Ariz. His body is be-
ing shipped to Ranger and will lar-
rive here some time this afternoon.
Funeral services followed by burial
at Evergreen cemetery will take
place immediately after the arrival of
the body over the Texas & Pacific,
it is announced.

Eastland's New Tourist Park Opens May 25

Plans for the formal opening of
Lancaster park, Eastland's new city
and tourist park, which will be on
Tuesday, May 25, are taking form,
according to George W. Briggs, sec-
retary of the Eastland Chamber of
Commerce.

"Of course our plans are not yet
complete, but we have gone far
enough with them to know something
about what we will have for the en-
tertainment of the large crowd we
expect on that date," Mr. Briggs said.
Clarence Ousley of Fort Worth will
be the principal speaker at the park
opening and will speak on a subject
connected with agriculture. There
will be an old-fashioned basket picnic
and an athletic carnival. The formal
opening of the park will be held at
4 o'clock p. m. with appropriate cere-
monies.

KEMP OPTIMISTIC OVER OUTLOOK

By United Press.
J. A. Kemp of Wichita Falls, chair-
man of the joint legislative and citi-
zens committee and Leonard Tili-
son, of Sealy, committee member,
conferred with the governor upon the
validating draft drawn by the legis-
lature and a special citizens commit-
tee at Fort Worth several days ago.
Kemp was optimistic over the pros-
pect, declaring the bill offered the
governor had fulfilled all require-
ments laid down insuring its valida-
tion of the disputed issues. It was
Kemp's belief that the call for the
session would probably be for Sept. 7
and a proclamation probably would
be forth coming from the governor's
office some time today.

It's a wise pawnbroker who locates
next to a bootlegging joint.

These Women

(The names and situations in this
story are fictitious.)

CHAPTER XLIII
Audrey shook her head. Her eyes
were filled with tears. "Not that,
John, not that."
The boy clasped her hand more
tightly. "Don't cry, Audrey. I'm
not worth crying about. But can't
you tell me why, dear? Don't you
love me?"

"Audrey covered her face. "Daddy
— I love him," she whispered.
Parrish looked at her miserably,
but did not let go of her hand. Au-
drey lay against the pillows, very
still, so that he was frightened and
leaned over her. "Audrey! Are you
feeling worse?"

"I'm all right," she whispered.
"Just so tired."
Parrish held her hand still more
tightly. "Anyhow, dear, I love you
and I'll always do anything in my
power to help you. If Mr. Morton
will give me back my job I'll stay
right here so I can see you now and
then. Don't you worry about me,
Audrey."

"She looked at him a little more
calmly. "It's daddy, John. He's so
lonely, and he's been through so
much in his life. John, he was in
love—with my mother once and she
failed him. And since he's lost her
I've got to make it up to him,
haven't I?"

Parrish considered. "What about
Nona? What if he marries her?"
"Well," said Audrey slowly,
"Nona's a dear girl, but he won't
marry her. I intend that he shall
marry me."

The nurse entered the room. "Time
to go now," she said to Parrish.

It was late in the evening when
Morton woke and, stretching his
arms above the coverlet, pondered
the events of the hours just before.
When the memory of Audrey's ill-
ness returned, he sprang out of bed
and ran to the house telephone. The
butler, who answered it, told him
that Audrey had awakened earlier
in the day and that he would ask
the maid whether she could be seen.

Morton dressed in feverish haste
and rushed out into the hall. Near-
ing Audrey's door, he heard the mur-
mur of voices within. The door was
slightly ajar and he pushed it gently
open. John Parrish had returned
and was seated by Audrey's bed,
holding her hand and talking in a
low tone. Morton could see the girl's
smiling face in the mirror.

Across the room the nurse sat
with a book in the little wicker
chair where Morton had held his
forty-eight-hour vigil.

As he stood there Audrey caught
sight of him. "Daddy!" she cried,
so that the nurse looked up and
frowned.

Morton hurried to the bedside.
"Audrey, sweetheart," he said, and
knelt beside her, with his head on
the coverlet. Then he began to sob
with great, dry sobs that shook his
body from head to feet.

Parrish looked on aghast.
The nurse came to him and
touched him on the shoulder. "You
mustn't do this, Mr. Morton, you
are exciting our patient. Hush!"

Morton apparently did not hear
her, for he still crouched by the bed,
his head in his arms.

"Don't mind him," Audrey said,
looking up at the nurse. "I'm not
sick any more. And I'm so happy
to have him here that nothing will
hurt me."

Parrish nodded to the nurse. "I
guess we're all so happy that noth-
ing matters," he said.

Morton and Parrish were having
breakfast together three days later
and talking over the work that had
piled up at the office during Au-
drey's sickness.

"I'm going to put you in charge
for a while," said Morton. "I want
to take Audrey back to Crofton and
get her established in a house that
she can manage herself. I think she
needs responsibility and something to
interest her."

"Then, after we've been there a
few days, and I feel that I can leave
her for a time, I'll wire you to come
and take the office there while I
return to Scranton for a couple of
weeks."

Parrish was staring at him. "Do
you mean that you intend to give
me charge of the office, Mr. Morton?"
"I'm afraid I'm not competent,"
Morton shook his head impatiently.
"If there's one thing about you
that irritates me, Parrish, it's your
infernal howl that you are not com-
petent. You would have won in
business and also in love if only you
had had a slight superiority complex
instead of an inferiority. For
heaven's sake snap out of it."

Parrish looked puzzled. "I guess
you're right," he said. "But when

I tried to show my independence by
running around with Violet Mont-
gomery I got into hotter water than
ever."

Morton looked up. "That's differ-
ent. Trying to show somebody how
smart you are never works. But
just going coolly ahead in an assur-
ance of your own powers is always
successful. I wish to heaven you'd
tried that with Audrey. She'd have
fallen for it. All women do."

"Well," said Parrish, with half-
unconscious audacity, "you ought to
know—Audrey and Nona and the
rest."

Morton looked at him in silence
for a moment; then he laughed.
"Well, I guess I am lucky. Audrey
for an adopted daughter and Nona—
Nona's a wonderful woman, John.
Any man might be proud to have
her love."

Parrish looked at him curiously.
The butler came in with a tele-
gram which Morton laid beside his
plate for a moment.

"Where is Nona now?" asked Par-
rish. "Don't she come here any
more?"

Morton stopped to think. "I don't
know about Nona, whether to send
her away or not. She's a loyal,
sweet girl. I think she can be a
world-famous dancer, too, John."

He was interrupted by a gay little
laugh at the door. And, turning,
both men saw Audrey, dressed in
street garments for the first time
since her illness.

"You didn't know I was coming

(Continued on page four.)

POLITICAL Announcements

For State Representative:
M. H. HAGAMAN
For Court of Civil Appeals
GEORGE L. DAVENPORT
For County and District Attorney:
MILTON E. LAWRENCE.
J. FRANK SPARKS.
J. MIKE FERRELL.
B. D. SHROPSHIRE.
For Treasurer of Eastland County
J. T. SUE
T. L. COOPER
ED. HATTEN.
For Sheriff of Eastland County:
R. W. (Bob) EDWARDS
JOHN S. HART.
For County Commissioner, Precinct
No. 1:
V. V. COOPER.
T. E. CASTLEBERRY
For County Tax Assessor
W. J. (Bill) HERRINGTON.
GEORGE BRYANT.
For County Clerk:
R. L. JONES.
ERNEST E. WOOD
For County Tax Collector
CLARENCE A. LOVE.
A. M. (Ope) HEARN.
County Judge, Commissioners' Court:
OSCAR F. CHASTAIN
ED. S. PRICHARD.

CONNER & McRAE Lawyers

Eastland, Texas

RANGER IRON AND METAL CO.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
All Kinds of Pipe, Oil Well Sup-
plies and Junk.

Phone 330 Ranger. Box 1106

T. F. GRIFFITH Masseur

2nd Floor P. & Q. Bldg.
Phoen 266 Ranger

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**Breckenridge-Eastland-Ranger
STAGE LINE**
G. A. LONGLEY, Mgr.
Leaves Breckenridge 9 a. m. and
12:30, 9:30 and 5 p. m.
Leaves Ranger 8 and 11:30 a. m.
2:00, 5:00 and 7:00 p. m.
Connection with Graham, Olney and
Wichita Falls 9:30 and 1:20 cars
out of Breckenridge.
Connection with Sunshine trains.
Breckenridge to Eastland \$1.00
Breckenridge to Ranger \$1.50
Ranger Ph. 396 Breckenridge Ph. 352

**Restores
Health, Energy and
Rosy Cheeks**
**Grove's
Tasteless
Chill Tonic**
60c.

Women, Why Suffer?

Fort Worth, Texas.—"A relative of
mine received wonderful benefit by tak-
ing Dr. Pierce's
Favorite Prescription. Her health
was very poor for
a long time, she
suffered almost
constantly with
aches and pains
peculiar to women,
and never found a
remedy to help her
until she learned of
Dr. Pierce's Fa-
vorite Prescription.

She started taking it, gained about fif-
teen pounds in weight and got well. I
took two bottles not long ago and it
helped me wonderfully."—Mrs. Laura
Key, 120 E. 12th St. All dealers.
Write Dr. Pierce, President Invalids'
Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for free med-
ical advice. Send 10c if you wish a trial
pkg. of the Tablets.

Eight Women in Ten

have discarded old hy-
gienic methods for this
new way—true protec-
tion—discards like tissue

WHEN the world started ex-
pecting more of women, the
old-time "sanitary pad" had to go.
Doctors urge a new way. Millions
employ it. You wear sheerest frocks
without a second thought, any time,
anywhere. You meet every day un-
handicapped.

It is called "KOTEX" . . . five
times as absorbent as the ordinary
cotton pad!

Thoroughly deodorizes . . . thus
ending ALL fear of offending.
✓ Discards as easily as a piece of
tissue. No laundry. No em-
barrassment.

You ask for it without hesitancy
simply by saying "KOTEX," at any
drug or department store. Costs
only a few cents. Proves old ways
an unnecessary risk.

KOTEX
No laundry—discard like tissue

An Investment in the RANGER BUILDING & LOAN ASSOCIATION

Will Bring You 10% Interest
We recommend such an investment.
RANGER STATE BANK
Capital \$100,000.00

FOR VALUE RECEIVED

CAN YOU GO ANYWHERE ELSE AND RECEIVE SO MUCH
FOR THE MONEY?

ONE SEASON TICKET PURCHASED OF THE LOCAL COMMITTEE
AND THEN YOU HAVE:

The Tremendously Beautiful Emotional Drama, "SMILIN' THROUGH"
The Roaring Comedy of American Life, "APPLESAUCE"

A Musical Revue with Men's Singing Chorus, Up-to-the-minute Orches-
tra, Minstral Show, and Clown Saxophone Band, "OH! PERCY!"

The Charming GARAY SISTERS, in their first American Tour
KATHERINE COSTIN AND ASSISTING ARTISTS

Those Entertainers Par Excellence—EVERETT KEMP, OPAL FLOOD,
JAY TOBIAS.

A Series of Great Lecturers, dealing with vital problems of American
Life, not the least of which is a powerful, dramatic address, on

LAW ENFORCEMENT

All for the price of one Season Ticket. You may purchase it at any time.

THE DATES ARE MAY 31 TO JUNE 5, INCLUSIVE

Can You Solve This? DIERFLAG

The above letters when properly arranged form the name of a late Presi-
dent. Everyone sending in the correct solution will be awarded a beautiful lot,
size 20x100 feet, FREE and clear of all encumbrances, located in one of our sub-
divisions between New York and Atlantic City.
This Offer Expires July 15, 1926

Maxim Development Corporation
110 W. Fortieth Street Dept. 879 New York City

WANT ADS

1-LOST AND FOUND
LOST—Female hound; white with tan ears, few brown spots on back. J. W. Tibbels, Tharpe Furniture Co., Ranger.

3-HELP WANTED FEMALE
WANTED—Woman for general house work. Phone 532 or apply 1009 Young st., Ranger.

7-SPECIAL NOTICES
WE WILL be in Eastland resilvering mirrors until May 20; work guaranteed; leave mirrors at the Cory Furniture Store. Phone 321. T. D. Huckaby.

SPECIAL NOTICE—Will promptly fill all mail orders for hemstitching and embroidery. Mrs. U. S. Courson, Coleman, Texas.

FOR GOOD WATER—Phone 609 R. W. H. Smith, wholesale or retail, Ranger.

FOR ONE DOLLAR we will clean and press a three-piece suit; expert alteration work; work called for and delivered. Phone 469. Ranger Tailoring Co., Ranger.

ROGERS BROS. TAILORING CO.—Suits cleaned and pressed \$1.00; ladies' dresses \$1.00 and up. The best for less. Phone 541.

FURNITURE refinished, repaired, upholstered, stoves fixed. Bob Lee, 116 N. Austin, Ranger, formerly with Tharpe Furniture Co.

TWENTY YEARS of knowing how; three-piece suit cleaned and pressed; \$1.00; work called for and delivered. Phone 525. Popular Tailors, 103 S. Rusk, Ranger.

MARCELL 50c, rainwater shampoo 50c. For appointment phone 550. 214 N. Marston st., Ranger.

9-HOUSES FOR RENT
HOUSE FOR RENT—Mrs. John Dunkle, 706 S. Austin st., Ranger.

FOR RENT—Two-room house, gas, water, lights, garage. 506 Mesquite st., Ranger.

11-APARTMENTS FOR RENT
TWO AND THREE room furnished apartments \$18.00. Marion Apartments. Phone 439. Ranger.

FOR RENT—Two light housekeeping rooms, 1114 West Main, Eastland.

MODERN 3-room furnished apartment or a 4-room unfurnished house. 423 Pine st., or phone 105, Ranger.

APARTMENTS for rent at Wier Rooms, 303 S. Rusk, Ranger.

13-FOR SALE MISCELLANEOUS
PIANO for sale; cash; one combination electric and hand. Call No. 112, N. Marston st., Ranger, at any time.

12-WANTED TO BUY
SECOND-HAND furniture bought and sold at right prices. Main Street Second-Hand Store, 530 Main st., Ranger. Phone 95.

16-AUTOMOBILES

USED TIRES FOR SALE
Plenty of Ford and Ford truck sizes. These tires have been traded in on new Seiberling tires and have many miles of service in them yet. Green Filling Station, Eastland.

WHY PUT new parts on old cars? "We tear 'em up and sell the pieces." Ranger Auto Wrecking Co., 422-24 N. Rusk st., Ranger. Phone 84.

AUTO SALVAGE CO.—A million auto parts, new and used; wholesale and retail. 502 Melvin st. Phone 195, Ranger.

DODGE touring, 5 balloon tires very slightly used; special model; \$700. 1924 model Ford roadster, good condition and good rubber; \$175.

GOOD Dodge touring, new paint and good rubber; \$350.

EXTRA good Ford truck, Jumbo transmission, closed cab, 3-in-1 body, \$375.

Our guarantee: All cars must be as represented.

DEE SANDERS, Ranger

FORD COUPE—Late 1925, new Seiberling cord tires, shock absorbers and other accessories; \$375.00. Sivalis Motor Co., Ranger.

FORD COUPE—Good rubber and shock absorbers; \$75.00. Sivalis Motor Co., Ranger.

FORD ROADSTER—1925, good rubber and upholstery, new paint, runs good; \$175.00. Sivalis Motor Co., Ranger.

DODGE ROADSTER—1925. Sivalis Motor Co., Ranger.

DODGE TOURING—1921 model; \$100.00. Sivalis Motor Co., Ranger.

MAXWELL ROADSTER—1924, new paint, good tires and plenty accessories; \$400.00. Sivalis Motor Co., Ranger.

CHEVROLET TOURING—1924, will be out of paint shop Saturday; \$200. Sivalis Motor Co., Ranger.

FORD COUPE—1924 model, good shape, balloon tires; \$350.00. Sivalis Motor Co., Ranger.

1925 ESSEX COACH—A-1 condition 5 good tires, \$650. Gullhorn Motor Co., Ranger.

DODGE TOURING—Good condition, good rubber, a real buy at \$235. Gullhorn Motor Co., Ranger.

CHRYSLER "58" COUPE—Looks and runs like new, only been driven 4000 miles. Fully equipped, \$950. Gullhorn Motor Co., Ranger.

1925 MODEL SPECIAL SIX STUDEBAKER Roadster—Just like new, good paint and good rubber, \$975. Gullhorn Motor Co., Ranger.

17-WANTED TO RENT

WANTED—Board and room for two young men, prefer private home. Call 99 or 126, Eastland.

In the Courts

Deaths

Cliff A. Williams et ux to J. Lamar Chance, 75 feet off lots 16, 17, and 18, Francis Blundell in Ranger.

R. C. Stuart et ux to J. E. Hagley, lots 1 and 2, block Stuards second addition to Ranger. Consideration \$150.

Marriage License
Buijida Rinz and Josepino Gallardo, Ranger.

L. E. Hall and Miss Thelma Young, Abilene.

W. J. Dalmasso and Miss Maurine Tolleson, Thurber.

Suits Filed in District Court
W. K. Campbell et ux to T. J. Earnest.

FRECKLES

AND HIS FRIENDS

OLD MAN METZLER DROPPED HIS FALSE TEETH OUT DOWN TA STREET THIS AFTERNOON, MOM—YOU SHOULD HAVE HEARD US KIDS LAUGH—GEE!

THAT WAS RUDE OF EVERY ONE OF YOU!! DON'T YOU EVER DO A THING LIKE THAT AGAIN—YOU MUST ALWAYS BE POLITE—POLITE PEOPLE NEVER NOTICE THINGS—NOW GET BUSY WITH YOUR HOMEWORK!!

WHY FRECKLES!! THE IDEA! POLITE PEOPLE DON'T YAWN!!

BUT, MOM, POLITE PEOPLE DON'T NOTICE THINGS!!!

YAAAAAWN

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BASEBALL

HOW THEY STAND

OIL BELT LEAGUE.

Standing of the Teams.

W. L. Pct.

Breckenridge 5 0 1.000

Ranger 3 2 .600

Thurber 2 2 .500

Eastland 0 0 .000

Yesterday's Results.

Thurber 16, Ranger 5.

Breckenridge 7, Eastland 3.

Where They Play Next Sunday.

Eastland at Thurber.

Ranger at Breckenridge.

RANGER BUSINESS MEN'S LEAGUE.

Standing of the Teams.

W. L. Pct.

Salesmen 2 0 1.000

American Legion 1 0 1.000

Oilbelt Motor 0 0 .000

Lions 0 1 .000

Leveille-Maher 0 0 .000

Woodmen 0 1 .000

This Week's Schedule.

Monday—Oilbelt Motor vs. Leveille-Maher.

Wednesday—Lions vs. American Legion.

Friday—Salesmen vs. Modern Woodmen.

TEXAS LEAGUE.

Standing of the Teams.

W. L. Pct.

Dallas 19 0 .655

San Antonio 18 2 .600

Houston 17 4 .548

Shreveport 16 4 .552

Wichita Falls 13 17 .433

Fort Worth 13 16 .429

Beaumont 12 17 .414

Waco 11 19 .367

Yesterday's Results.

Shreveport 6, Dallas 3.

Fort Worth 11, Wichita Falls 5.

Houston 3-1, Beaumont 0-5.

San Antonio 4-2, Waco 3-1.

Today's Schedule.

Wichita Falls at Dallas.

Beaumont at Houston.

San Antonio at Waco.

Shreveport at Fort Worth.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Standing of the Teams.

W. L. Pct.

Cincinnati 20 9 .690

Brooklyn 17 9 .651

Chicago 16 10 .615

DYNAMOS TRIM

TIGERS CLAWS AND WIN; SCORE 7-3

The Eastland Tigers were unable to break the winning streak of the Breckenridge Dynamos yesterday and nearly 1,500 fans—the largest crowd of the season for the Oil Belt league—saw the league leaders triumph, 7 to 3, at Breckenridge.

A single, a base on balls and an error gave the Dynamos two runs in the first and single and a sacrifice which was fielded by the third baseman, with no one covering third, enabled the runner to reach third base and to score on an infield out in the third.

The Tigers made the count 3-3 in the fourth when bases on balls to George Guydis and Gene Muller in succession, coupled with a beautiful drive to right by Mickey Guydis and the shortstop's error on Laffoon's grounder gave Eastland three tallies.

But the Dynamos got back in front in the fourth when Hensley doubled, Williams drove out a sacrifice fly and McArdle singled, scoring Hensley.

In the seventh, Neely and Whitehead walked and McElreath and Hensley singled, which combined with a stolen base and a passed ball, gave Breckenridge three more scores.

Fairbairn, handicapped by a lame foot, pitched a good game though he was rather wild. The slugging Dynamos made only seven hits. The Tigers got to Tucker, new Breck hurler, for five safe bingles. "Lefty" Purvis, former Parks and Breckenridge favorite, pitched the last inning for Eastland, and was greeted with applause by the generous fans of Breckenridge when he mowed their batters down in order.

Preceding the game, an automobile race in which half a dozen cars took part was held.

Box score: Eastland—AB. R. H. E. Andrews, cf 3 0 1 0 Lory, ss 4 0 0 0 Coleman, 3b 3 0 0 0 G. Guydis, lf 3 1 0 0 Fuller, 1b 3 1 0 0 M. Guydis, 1b 4 1 2 0 Laffoon, 2b 3 0 0 0 Bryant, c 4 0 1 0 Fairbairn, p 3 0 1 0 Purvis, p 1 0 0 0 Total 31 7 7

Breckenridge—AB. R. H. E. Tabor, 8b 4 0 0 0 McArdle, 2b 5 0 1 0 Neely, cf 3 2 0 0 Whitehead, ss 1 2 0 0 McElreath, lf 4 1 1 0 Robertson, rf 3 0 1 0 Hensley, c 4 1 2 0 Williams, 1b 3 0 0 0 Tucker, p 4 0 1 0 Total 31 7 7

Score by innings—R. H. E. Eastland 000 300 000—3 5 2 Breck 201 100 30x—7 7 1

Summary: Two-base hits, Tucker, M. Guydis, Hensley; struck out, by Fairbairn 5, with 7 hits and 7 runs in eight innings; by Tucker 2; bases on balls, off Fairbairn 5, off Tucker 5.

Today's Schedule.

Cincinnati 3, New York 2.

Chicago 10, Philadelphia 9.

St. Louis 13, Boston 2.

Pittsburgh at Brooklyn, rain.

Today's Schedule.

Boston at St. Louis.

Philadelphia at Chicago.

New York at Cincinnati.

Brooklyn at Pittsburgh.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

Standing of the Teams.

W. L. Pct.

New York 19 9 .679

Washington 20 12 .625

Philadelphia 17 13 .567

Chicago 17 13 .548

Cleveland 15 13 .536

Detroit 14 15 .483

Boston 8 20 .286

St. Louis 8 22 .267

Yesterday's Results.

Detroit 6, Boston 6.

Chicago at New York, rain.

Washington at Cleveland, rain.

Three games scheduled.

Today's Schedule.

St. Louis at Boston.

Cleveland at Washington.

Chicago at New York.

Detroit at Philadelphia.

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Texas League.

Ft. Worth 100 432 10x—11 16 1

W. Falls 000 100 211—5 12 1

Wakup and Smith; Morgan and Lapan.

Dallas 201 000 000—3 8 1

S'port 002 000 004—6 11 0

Reviere and Billings; Barnabé and Graham, Wilder.

First game.

Santone 000 100 003—4 8 0

Waco 002 010 000—3 7 3

MINERS USE HEADS

AND HANDS AND WIN GAME; MAGS BOOT

A misunderstanding at Nitro park, Ranger, Sunday, ended in a regrettable affair for the Ranger "Mags."

The Thurber Miners got the idea it was baseball they were playing and they used their hands and their heads. The "Mags" apparently took it to be football—and used their feet.

When they got through booting it around and punishing their pitchers, the scorekeepers had chalked up figures reading 16 to 5 in favor of the huskies from brick town.

The Mags could have made more errors than they did at such moments, had they had more chances. It was simply their day off and shifting Browning from the box and putting Koch in, in the fourth, was poor compensation for the punishment he had received from his teammates. Incidentally, Hale pitched ace ball for Thurber and Bechtol's home run in the first inning, seemed to cast a hoodoo spell over the Rangers, to say nothing of his hard hitting along with his pals. Let the box score tell the rest of the tale of woe:

Ranger—AB. R. H. PO. A. E. Dean, 3b 6 0 1 4 3 0 Cherry, lf 6 0 0 1 0 0 Jarrett, ss 5 0 1 1 8 1 Rainey, 1b 5 2 2 11 0 2 Robinson, cf 5 2 4 1 0 1 Harbison, 2b 5 1 3 0 0 2 Sone, rf 1 0 0 1 0 0 Browning, p-rf 5 0 0 2 0 0 Griggs, c 5 0 0 2 2 0 Koch, p 4 0 1 0 0 1 49 5 12 23 13 7

Thurber—AB. R. H. PO. A. E. Higginbotham, ss 6 2 3 1 1 0 McKinnon, 2b 6 2 2 1 1 0 Bechtol, lf 6 3 4 8 0 0 Adkins, cf 6 1 1 2 0 0 Paulowsky, rf 6 0 1 1 1 0 White, c 6 0 0 2 7 0 Delmasso, 1b 6 3 2 7 0 0 Harvey, 3b 3 1 1 0 0 3 Curran, 3b 3 0 0 1 1 2 Hale, p 5 3 4 0 1 0 58 16 18 23 12 5

Score by innings: Ranger 000 320 000—5 Thurber 240 250 023—16 Browning, Koch and Griggs; Hale and White.

Well, another American has gone to the north pole and returned the visit which it paid us last winter.

No. 11466 SHERIFF'S SALE. County of Eastland, Texas.

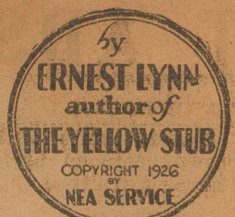
By virtue of a certain order of sale issued out of the Honorable Eighty-eighth district court of Eastland county, Texas, on the 4th day of May, 1926, by W. B. Collier, clerk of said court, in and to the effect of Lillie Baugh, a widow, for the sum of Eight Hundred Sixty-nine and 72/100 Dollars and Whereas, in said judgment, Elizabeth Leveaux, a widow, recovered judgment for the sum of Twelve Hundred Seventeen and 78/100 Dollars and costs of suit against the following defendants, to-wit:

Charles B. Troxell, Margaret Troxell, Elmer Lawrence, G. W. Daniel, W. H. Smith, W. E. Smith, H. L. Mobley, A. C. Thurman, J. H. Thurman, A. Birt, J. W. Mancill, John Straley, Homer Marchbanks, E. T. Jones, Willie Rowe Logan, Robert Logan, and First State Bank of Carbon, Texas, a corporation, and Charles Daniels, defendants, in cause No. 11,466 in said court, and styled Lillie Baugh et al. vs. Charles B. Troxell, et al., and placed in my hands for service, I, R. W. Edwards, sheriff of Eastland county, Texas, did on the 6th day of May, 1926, levy on certain real estate situated in Eastland county, Texas, described as follows, to-wit:

The southeast quarter of section No. 26 in block No. 3, H. & T. C. Ry. Co. survey, containing one or less acres, more or less, as described in said order of sale, and levied on as the property of the said defendants above named, and on Tuesday the 1st day of June, A. D. 1926, the courthouse door of Eastland county, Texas, in the city of Eastland, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m. I will sell said real estate at public vendue, for cash to the highest bidder, as the property of said defendants



NEIGHBORS' WIVES



(The names and situations in this story are fictitious.)

The little room with its white walls was clean—scrupulously clean—but it smelled ominously of mysterious chemicals. There was a white bed, a dresser, a little white table and two plain white chairs—nothing else. And John, gazing at the cheerless furniture, tried to sit still and compose his thoughts, but found it impossible. In a minute he was back on his feet, pacing nervously back and forth.

He paused before one of the room's two windows, tugging with thumb and forefinger at his upper lip, and gazing blankly up at silent June stars. Unthinkingly he reached in his pocket for a package of cigarettes and had produced a match before it suddenly occurred to him that smoking was not permitted in a hospital.

"Fob!" he accused himself in a whisper.

He remained there for some minutes, continuing to stare at the sky; then he turned away abruptly and stood helplessly in the middle of the room, his hands shoved deep in his pockets. No breeze came in from the open windows, and the soulless heat of the night crept into his room. Once he took a quick look at his wrist, his breast pocket and mopped perspiration from his head. A moment later he was glancing, for the twentieth time, at his watch.

A slender nurse, looking tremendously efficient in her white starched uniform, and anxiously glancing in the doorway, called to him. "Mr. Milburn," she called a fly, "you may go into see your wife now."

"Thanks," he replied, with an effort at carelessness, and forced a smile that was intended to convey that he was a man of the world, capable of facing with calm any and all emergencies.

"This is the first baby, isn't it?" the nurse said, smiling.

"Yes," he answered and added hastily, "How—Lows Mrs.—"

"Oh, she's doing fine. Nothing to do except wait for the doctor. He's on his way now."

"Oh," said John, feeling that something must be said.

"You behave pretty well," volunteered the nurse with a smile as she conducted him down the hall. "Some of the fathers, you know, are a great deal more trouble than the mothers. They walk up and down the corridors and talk to themselves and get in everybody's way and have to be ordered out of the delivery room. It's a pleasure to see a man with more self control."

John squared his shoulders, and then darted a suspicious glance at the nurse. But there was no trace of roguery in her expression.

"She's downright good looking," he thought.

They paused before a door. "Right in here, Mr. Milburn," said the nurse, turning the knob. "I think you may stay with her until the doctor comes."

He swung the door open silently and then closed it behind him. There, lying white-faced on a wheeled table, was Fay. Her eyes were closed; a sheet covered her.

"All right, Fay," he tried to make his voice cheerful.

His wife opened her eyes—they were large eyes, and extraordinarily dark—and put out a slim white hand to him. He caught it and pressed it in his own.

"All right, John. I'm not afraid." Thus she answered his unvoiced question, and there was no hint of fear in her tone, but a placid assurance that brought an eager light to John's eyes.

"I just want you to be here with me as long as you can," she continued, and for answer he pressed her hand again.

Silence fell on them for a long time. Then John, growing more nervous and apprehensive with each succeeding minute, he swept from his feet momentarily by the beauty of her courage, straightened up. "Fay," he said, and his voice shook, "you're more beautiful at this moment than I've ever seen you before. I think I can understand now something of the inspiration that caught Raphael and Michelangelo and Da Vinci and made their work live and breathe down the ages. God, if I could paint, or chisel out of marble!"

He stopped, aware of the hot blush that suffused his cheeks. Fay was silent, and he fidgeted awkwardly and said, "Maybe that sounds out of place, Fay, but somehow I just had to tell you. It's how I feel about you here." He placed his hand on his chest, and tears had come to his eyes.

She reached for his hand and pressed it understandingly. "My husband!" she said quietly, and then, after a space, "I understand, John. It must be beautiful to have such thoughts. They sound so comforting just now—it's all right, knowing I have you."

"You're so brave, dear," he murmured, bending over her closely. "You seem so calm, and I'm so nervous I can hardly control myself. I feel that I want to get outside and run away."

A shadow flitted across her features, and she closed her eyes tightly.

"What's the matter, Fay?" He was eyeing her anxiously.

"Nothing, John, I'm all right." She smiled assurance at him and reached a hand to smooth the fine, dark, brown hair off her forehead. The blood had drained out of her cheeks, leaving her face as white as the sheet.

The odor of anesthetic was suddenly strong in his nostrils, and it brought him a quick fear. He got to his feet and took an uncertain step or two. "Fay, I have to go out."

Fay said nothing; she merely closed her eyes for a brief second and then lay watching him.

John was pressing his hand to the back of his head, pushing it roughly through his thick auburn hair, musing it violently.

"I can't stand it, Fay," he whispered hoarsely. "It gives me the

creeps to stay in here. The smell of that ether, or whatever it is—"

His hand was fumbling again for the package of cigarettes. Fay said, "You needn't worry, John, it will be over in another hour or two. I hope. You're nervous. I hate to see you go. Can't you stay a while longer?"

"I'll have to get out, Fay. Have a cup of black coffee and a cigarette or I'll go crazy if I don't."

She held up a protesting hand.

"I'm going, dear," he insisted grimly. "I'll be back soon. I'm all nervous. I've been through a lot these last few hours—not as much as you, of course, but it bothers me more."

Fay smiled bravely at him. "All right, dear."

He bent over to kiss her, pressed his lips to hers for a long time. Her eyes, as she watched him walk to the door, were filled with compassion.

The same nurse was in the hall when he passed through.

"Is everything all right?" she asked, as he went to get his hat in the room he had reserved for Fay.

"I think so," he answered, "but I wish you'd look in at her. I'm going out for a smoke." He smiled at her. "My nerves feel jumpy," he explained.

Outside, he lit the longed-for cigarette and walked with long, swift strides toward an all-night restaurant. He inhaled deep, luxurious draughts of the smoke and expelled them with a soft sigh.

"Fay's a trump," he said aloud as he walked. "She's real, that's what she is. Got more nerve in a minute than I have in a year. And yet I'm darned if I don't think I could stand it better if I could only trade places with her."

Thus he rationalized and defended his course of action. "There's no pain," he soliloquized, "like the mental torture of watching somebody else suffer. Still, I suppose I should have stayed a little longer—and yet what's the use when I couldn't help?"

He was in front of the restaurant now. He went inside and ordered a cup of black coffee, which he drank, in spite of the scalding light he threw it away before it was half smoked, and then brought forth another. He walked rapidly through the streets, watching the dawn. Once he stopped on a corner to gaze half reverently at the magnificence of the orange-streaked east. Still looking, he clenched his fists and threw up his chin. But swiftly, gathering light, he seemed to speak of passing time. He reached quickly for his watch and then turned in at the hospital gate.

Going up the short flights of stairs, he was struck with foreboding. A worried look passed over his face and unaccountable terror quickened his legs as he finished the climb, two steps at a time.

The friendly nurse was not in evidence. Others there were, one sitting at a desk and several more passing swiftly through the halls, but all seemed intent on their own business and none paid him any attention. At the door of the room where he had left Fay he paused and was about to knock when it was opened and an austere-looking nurse, suddenly confronting him, said in a severe tone, "You can't come in here. Go to your own room and wait."

She closed the door and went swiftly down the corridor. John looked after her, anger smoldering in his eyes.

"You go—," he started to say, and then stopped. "What do you think I am—a dog?" he muttered.

He stood for several minutes gazing helplessly at the door, trying to pierce the mystery of the room from which he had been so sternly barred. The severe nurse came back, carrying some bottles.

"You'll have to go to your room," she commanded. "It's against the rules to stand in the halls. If you don't I'll have to speak to the superintendent."

She stood there, waiting for him to move. Then she opened the door and disappeared.

John heard dim voices from within the room. He stumbled blindly down the hall, hot resentment filling him for the nurse's unkind tone. The nurse at the desk, short and plump, saw him wandering about and spoke.

"There's your room, Mr. Milburn. No, not there—right over there." She laughed, and turned to another nurse who had stopped at the desk and said something which John could not hear. They both laughed and looked at him.

Inside the room he had reserved for Fay, John flung himself into a chair and, leaning forward, passed his hands through his hair.

"What are they doing in there?" he whispered. And then a dreadful thought turned his face to a sickly pallor. They wouldn't be so anxious to keep him out unless something had gone wrong.

"Why are they so damned mysterious about it?" he raged, and sprang to his feet and resumed his tormented pacing across the room.

He heard a door open, and the voice of the arrogant nurse saying, "All right, doctor, right away." He peered out into the hall and saw her, her face an expressionless mask, moving toward a laboratory.

"Why did I leave Fay so soon?" he accused himself. "Why didn't I stay until the doctor came?" He voiced a horrible thought: "Now, if something's gone wrong, I wasn't there to say goodbye to her. Why was I so damned anxious to get away? Why didn't I stay as long as I could? Let of consideration I showed Fay, all right. Selfish, that's what I am. Downright selfish."

He waited long minutes that seemed like hours. Then, from his post in

the doorway, he saw the door of the mysterious room open again. Light beamed across the darkened hallway. He strained anxiously to see who should come out.

"If only they tell me everything's all right," he whispered fiercely, "I'll be a better man from now on. I'll make it up to Fay."

The door closed again. No one had come out. Dejectedly, he moved over to his chair and slumped down on it, burying his face in his hands.

There was a slight movement at the doorway. The friendly nurse was standing there, a quizzical look in her eyes. John noticed that her face was flushed.

John was tugging at his upper lip. "It's a girl," announced the nurse. She smiled broadly.

John could have kissed her. He seized her hand and gripped it fiercely.

"Is everything all right?" His voice rang harshly in his own ears.

"Fine," said the friendly nurse. "Seven pounds and twelve ounces."

"I mean Mrs. Milburn—my wife. Is she—"

"Oh, she's been just dandy. They'll be ready for you to see her in a little while. Just stay here till I come back."

She walked soundlessly away on rubber heels. John left alone, stuck his hands in his pants pockets and stood at the window, looking out on a bright world. His lips twitched with an uncertain smile, and sudden kinship was between him and a red-breasted bird that poured forth friendly song from a tree outside.

"Take a quick look. I've got to take her in the nursery."

It was the smiling nurse, holding something in a blanket. John stood where he was, as if rooted. "Is that the baby?" he asked, and blushed.

"Sure! Come take a look." She turned to the baby. "Want to see your daddy?" she cooed, and moved over toward the window.

She held the baby up. "Isn't she cute? What do you think of your child?"

John saw a tiny head covered with dark brown ringlets, and a dark little face. His mouth set in a grin that he could not shake off. He said nothing, but stared, and two tiny eyes flickered open for a brief instant and then closed closed as if their owner were uninterested in what they beheld.

The nurse bent her head close to the baby's face. "I think her's just the finest little girl ever. That's what I think. Aren't you?"

She lifted her head. "I think she's real pretty. She's not real like most babies. See? Here, look at her feet. Aren't they tiny?"

John looked and was a bit disappointed. He thought the baby's feet looked a little flat. But he did notice that there was none of the luster in the baby's appearance that he had been led to expect. She was rather tawny.

"I've got to go," said the nurse. "Here, want to hold her? No—not like that. Just hold out your arms and I'll put the baby in them. There, that right."

She laughed loudly. "Go on, move around. The doctor's scared stiff. You won't drop her."

John managed an uncertain step or two, but was glad to relinquish the little bundle when the nurse held out her arms. The same foolish grin was on his face as he watched her retreating figure.

He walked out into the hall with firm tread and passed the desk where the nurse had laughed at him a short while before. This time she paused at her work and looked up at him to say, "Congratulations."

"Thanks," he answered nonchalantly, and added, "Busy these days?"

"Pretty busy. Your baby was the fourth this morning."

"Oh, there are other babies, then?"

"It was exactly gratifying to learn that he shared the thrill of fatherhood with others."

Someone behind him said, "You can go in to see your wife now, Mr. Milburn, and without looking to see who it was he strode to the room where he had left Fay."

She gave him a wan smile as he entered, and he bent over her tenderly to kiss her.

"Did you see the baby, dear?" she asked, after a wordless interval.

"You bet. She's a dandy, too."

"Do you really think so?" her voice was eager.

"Sure," he said in a loud voice. "The nurse said she was a peach. I guess she ought to know. What do you think of her?" he added.

"I think she's darling, but they only let me see her for a second. They won't bring her back for an hour or so."

"How do you feel, Fay? I was worried sick. They wouldn't let me in here when I came back and I got to thinking all sorts of things."

"I feel fine. Just tired, that's all. Doctor Baker said I was a model patient and that I had an easy time of it."

"Fine! What are we going to name the baby?"

"Well," she smiled, "you know we hadn't decided on a name for a girl. We can't call her Jack very well."

She paused for a moment. "Doctor Baker was teasing me about what I said when the baby was born," she resumed.

"What was that?" He grinned and watched her eyes.

"Oh, he knew I was wishing for a boy, and just as the baby was born, and I didn't know whether I was here or there, he said, 'Well, what do you want—boy or girl?'"

"I don't remember saying anything, but he told me I said, 'I don't care what it is, just so everything's all right. Doctor Baker's so funny.'"

"He's all right, Fay. He's O. K."

"Are you going down to the office today?" she asked, "or are you going home and sleep?"

"I'm going down to the office, of course."

"You ought to get some sleep, John. You've been up all night."

Well, I guess I can stand it, all right. Too much excitement for me to sleep. Besides, I'll want to spread the glad tidings."

"Don't overdo things."

"Oh, if I got too sleepy I'll tumble down somewhere and take a nap. Perhaps I'll take one this afternoon. First thing I'm going to do is telegraph my folks and yours. Then I'm going to call up Pat Forbes and tell him I've got a kid that will put any one of his three in the shade."

"How you talk, John! The idea of calling Judith a kid!"

He looked at her queerly. "Calling WHO a kid?"

Fay smiled, but seemed confused. "How do you like the name?" she asked.

"You seemed to have decided on one without my help," he said. "Well, it sounds all right to me." He repeated, "Judith, Judith. . . . Yep, that sounds pretty fine. I can call her Judy."

"Oh, John, no!"

"Judy, it will me. I insisted. 'If you name her, by gum, I'll nickname her.'"

He straightened up to leave. "Well, I'll toddle along. Be back to see you this afternoon. Behave yourself, now."

"Don't work too hard, John."

"I won't. It's too darned hot. But I've got some copy that's been bothering me for a week, and right now I feel as if I could sit down and turn out the world's greatest advertisement. It's for Barker and Williams—those lousy people. By golly, I'll write some copy for 'em that'll make people the country over want to have children see they can buy Barker and Williams' toys!"

"Silly!" exclaimed Fay. "Why can't you be serious?"

"I AM serious! I mean it. I'm a father, Fay, and I'm inspired. Then his voice changed and the comic note disappeared. "Really, though, Fay, I was pretty serious a little while ago. I didn't know what was happening in here, and nobody would tell me a thing. And the last I had seen of you you were lying here so white. You looked so pitiful, Fay—that's why I had to leave. You understand, don't you?"

"Sure," she answered him. "Now run along, little boy."

As he disappeared down the hall she closed her eyes, and her mouth relaxed in a smile. With its straight nose and firm little chin, her profile looked as if it had been carved out of bloodless marble. She was thinking of that precious moment alone with John when he had voiced an impassioned phrase about Raphael and Michelangelo and Da Vinci.

John paused beside the nurse at the desk. "You'll take good care of her, won't you?" he asked, nodding his head toward the room where Fay was.

"She'll be all right, Mr. Milburn. The nurse's tone was extremely business-like, and he made a hasty mental note that he had better order a five-pound box of candy."

"Thanks," he said awkwardly. Then, not knowing what else to say, he moved on. The nurse raised her head from her charts when his back was turned and smiled.

Leaving his own room with his hat in his hand, he encountered the nurse who had been so friendly. "Hello, Daddy," she flung at him gaily, "how's it feel to be a proud father?"

"Pretty good," he retorted, with his foolish grin.

She stepped over beside him and grabbed hold of his wrist. Then, with a mock-serious expression, she gravely felt his pulse. He laughed.

"Sure," he answered, sticking his thumb through the armpit of his vest and throwing out his chest.

"Well," rejoined the nurse, as she turned on her heel, "so's it's all right." She fled up the hall, shaking with laughter.

In the telegraph office, the girl waited patiently while he scrawled a message and tore it up. He scrawled another and tore it up and then finally composed one that suited him.

She read aloud: "Baby girl born early this morning weighs 12 pounds and seven ounces name her Judith Fay and baby both fine John."

She looked up in astonishment. "Is that right, 12 pounds and seven ounces?"

"Huh? Sure—no, wait a minute, that's not right. Seven pounds and 12 ounces."

The girl laughed. "I thought it must be a pretty big baby."

Again he could only grin that foolish grin. "I want that sent to both these addresses," he said, holding out another sheet of paper.

He retired in some confusion, leaving the girl a large-sized tip.

Some 20 minutes later he stopped his Ford coupe in front of a large apartment building with a courtyard in the center and started rapidly up the walk.

A voice hailed him. "Good morning, Mr. Milburn."

"Oh Lord!" he groaned at sound of the voice. "The busy Mrs. Bixby again. I suppose I'll have to tell her the news so she can tell everyone else in the block. Let a dollar she got up at 5 this morning to wait for me."

A very stout woman was leaning her head and shoulders out of a window as he passed. "Good morning, Mrs. Bixby," he said, and, as she waited expectantly, he added, "we've got a baby girl. It's quite an extraordinary baby, with small, though somewhat flat feet and curly brown hair. Mother and child are doing fine." He smiled exaggeratedly and went on up the walk.

Mrs. Bixby gasped in the face of

this rapid fire of information. "Congratulations," she called after him.

"Thanks," he answered. The door banged loudly behind him.

"Darn busybody!" he muttered as he trailed through the apartment in search of a clean shirt. "Saves me the trouble, though, of informing the rest of the neighbors."

He stripped off his soiled shirt and collar and flung them on the bathroom floor. Then he washed his face and hands thoroughly and adjourned to the Milburns' one bedroom to complete his toilet. A picture of Fay was on the dresser. He picked it up and studied it closely, noting for the first time in months the gravity of her expression and the determined lines of her mouth and chin. There was a proud tilt to the head, too, and seriousness dwelt in the depths of her dark, wide-set eyes.

His own eyes softened as he continued to look at it. He raised the picture to his lips and kissed it. Then, holding it before his face, "Fay," he said, "listen."

(To be continued.)

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These Women

(Continued from page one.)

down, did you?" she laughed. "The doctor said I could get up this morning if I felt like it. And I do—I'm here."

She came forward and both Morton and Parrish sprang to help her to her chair.

"I heard what you said about Nona, daddy, and I think it's true. She is a sweet girl. I'm sorry I was hateful to her at first when I was so jealous."

"So you're not jealous any more, Audrey?" said Morton.

"That's good."

Audrey puckered her forehead. "I don't know. But I do know I feel different about Nona. She loves you sincerely and she is kind to those about her."

Parrish's face brightened and he moved a little nearer to Audrey. Morton pondered, with a half-smile on his face.

As he turned to his plate again he saw the telegram lying on the tablecloth and tore it open.

When he had finished reading a rather lengthy message he turned to Audrey. "Can you bear some rather exciting news?" he said.

Audrey nodded, trying to maintain composure. But Parrish saw her face go white.

"It's just this," said Morton, "that we need never fear that man Smith again."

"Why not?" said Audrey.

"Because he's dead," Morton responded. "I haven't told you why I went to Arizona, my dear, because I didn't want you to brood over it."

"But I want to see him indicted and put in prison on several counts. When I left for home I was fairly certain that he wouldn't bother us again. This makes assurance doubly sure."

"What happened?" Parrish and Audrey chorused.

When the deputy has wired me that some vancher, whose wife Smith had seduced, shot him in the prison yard while he was at work. I knew that there were many avengers on his trail, but this particular story was unknown to me."

Audrey looked rather sober. "He tried to hurt other people and now he is dead. I can't help being glad, daddy."

"Now we'll forget him forever," said Morton, tearing the telegram to bits.

The butler entered again, this time bringing a huge florist's box. He laid it in front of Audrey, but Parrish hastened to open it for her.

"Nona's card," cried the girl, lifting it off the moist green paper laid over the flowers. "And not a word written on it." She began to delve into the box.

"Why, here's a letter for you, daddy!" she said, in a startled tone.

Morton hurriedly opened the envelope. In a moment he threw the letter down in front of Audrey and Parrish.

"Hurry, hurry," it said, "I have made my own decision. The more I thought of our last talk, the more ashamed I became of clinging to you when you didn't want me—not really, at any rate."

"So today, I signed a contract with Sunshine for the London venture, and by the grace of God and hard work, I'm going to make good. I hope you'll be glad to see me succeed."

"Give my best love to Audrey, and tell her to get well soon. Also tell her I'll not stand between you and her any more. Goodbye and good luck."

"Nona."

Parrish's face turned down as he finished the note. But