

'MA' FERGUSON SAYS VICTORY IS DEATH OF KLAN

Her Own Story of How She
Broke Into Texas
Politics.

By Times Special
TEMPLE, Texas, Sept. 9.—Way out here among "the wide open spaces where men are men," as the cowboy-movie titles put it, and where the effete East popularly supposes the woman's place is in the kitchen or with the babies, a woman has just smashed the power of the Ku-Klux Klan and been elected Governor of the State.

Folks, meet Mrs. Miriam Amanda Ferguson otherwise known as "Ma." A "home-loving body," as they say down here—a grandmother, but lacking in gray hairs—size, "somewhere about 47"—thin lips, finely chiseled features—wife of former Governor Ferguson, who was impeached by the Legislature—proprietor of her husband's meat market here while he stumped the State during her campaign—was a plain sort of woman who likes babies, knows what to do for the colic, dusts carefully in the corners and can fry a chicken to a turn.

Death-Knell to Klan
"I think," says Mrs. Ferguson, in discussing her victory, "that what happened in Texas is the death-knell of the Klan. I think it is a blow that is going to be felt in every other State where the Klan has a foothold. The voters of Texas had this issue before them. They acted."

A few years ago—say, a few months ago—"Ma" Ferguson never had the slightest idea that she would be the next Governor. It was only when her husband was declared ineligible as a candidate, because of his previous impeachment, that she went in the race.

Folks say that "Farmer Jim" Ferguson merely wanted a return to political power and shoved his wife forward as his political dummy. That's as it may be, but with "Ma" Ferguson there was another motive. Let her tell it:

"Ma's" Own Story
"Over in Austin," she says, "I've got a little grandson, 4 years old. Some day that boy will be a man, and a good one, too. Well, I don't want it hanging over him unchallenged, that his grandfather was impeached by the Legislature. I want him to be able to reply, when anybody casts any slurs like that, 'Yes, so he was; but the State later turned around and elected my grandmother as Governor, so there!'"

It was a queer thread of fate that put "Ma" Ferguson where she is. Back in 1889, when just out of college, she married Jim Ferguson, who had been a railroad section boss. Jim didn't have much education; in a speech he once quoted Shakespeare, "Lay on, MacDuff; and damned be he who first cries, 'pull him off!'" But he had a way about him with men. He entered politics and rose to the Governor's chair.

Wife Teaches Husband
Night after night, after the supper dishes had been cleared away, Jim got his "edd-u-cation" from his wife by the light of one of those big mail-order house oil lamps. And, after the babies had been put to bed, Jim was an apt pupil.

A few years ago when the Klan raised its hooded head in Texas Jim was one of the first to reach out at it with a verbal meat-ax. He made it an issue of his opposition to it, and some of the things Jim said about the Klan wouldn't do to print. Two years ago he ran against Senator Earl B. Mayfield, the Klan candidate, but the Klan was too strong in Texas then and he was licked. The State impeachment, by the way, didn't bar him from holding a Federal office.

Jim took his licking and kept on fighting. This year he tried to run for Governor, but they held him ineligible. So "Ma," laying aside her dustpan and broom, took up the fight to clear the family name for that little grandson over in Austin.

And, folks, that's just the way it happened.

To Church by Bus
A southern Ohio rural church is bringing its congregation to Sunday services by bus—and so is assured of a good attendance. Every car owner of the small congregation calls for those who have no cars.

Holiday Births
NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Sept. 9.—Every holiday is a birthday in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Paultet. Most of their children were born on holidays. Henry and Arthur were born on the Fourth of July, Loretta on Labor day, Roger on New Year day, Theodore on Easter Sunday, Joseph on Memorial day and Agnes on Christmas day.

For that skin eruption
You can have relief within an hour
PERHAPS you have given up hope of getting relief from that maddening itching and burning, but Resinol does bring comfort when many other remedies have failed. One who has used this healing ointment writes: "Resinol Ointment is so soothing it stopped my itching at once and I got the first night's sleep I had had in weeks. Now my skin is well." What it has done for one it can do for others.

Resinol Soap
contains the same soothing ingredients which enable it to thoroughly cleanse the skin yet leave it free from sensitiveness and smarting.

RESINOL

Hoosier Briefs

RJ. RICHARDSON, member of Marion police board, says he's ahead of his neighbors with a tomato weighing two and a half pounds. The neighbors are trying to catch up.

Fin Farley of Petersburg is in jail charged with drawing a deadly weapon. He is alleged to have gone to a farmer's home and made his wife at the point of a gun ride away with him, ala Lady Godiva.

Delbert Brown, 15, Washington is alive, because his buddies, James Myers and Sanford Gilmore are good diggers. Brown was buried alive while playing in a sandpile. His friends rescued him after five minutes frantic work.

Herbert Workman is Clinton's first school day casualty. Another boy pushed him off a teeter-totter and he broke his arm.

JACK RIGSBY of Tipton thinks his garden is "some potatoes." He raised twenty-seven and a half bushels of them on a patch of ground eighty-one feet square.

Boys at Hartford City are thinking of going to high school in overalls. Paint on the seats isn't dry.

"Clutching hand" was enacted at the home of Charles Cook at Elwood. It belonged to a "peeper." Mrs. Cook fired. The peeper is alive because she only aimed to frighten.

Mr. and Mrs. Herschell Sullivan of Somerville were racing their auto to a physician with their small son, who was choked on a bullet. Roads were rough and the child swallowed the lead.

Marion is "uppty" now. Discarded old wooden traffic signs for electric flash signals.

Little Billie Fryback of Bluffton, was trying to warm himself at an oil heater and fell backward, burning himself. Names is names.

OTHO LINVILLE and Harry Theobald of Shelbyville cut down a tree filled with twenty-seven pounds of honey. There were twenty-seven thousand bees, however. Linville and Theobald secured their treasure after a battle.

Thirty-four Kokomo people were interviewed by a newspaper there on the Looch-Leopold case. Nineteen urged the death penalty.

Last rose of Muncie hasn't bloomed at Muncie. Blooms are flourishing despite the chilly weather of the past few days.

SOUTH AMERICAN CAPITAL GREAT RACING CENTER
Buenos Aires Ranks With Paris, London and New York.

Buenos Aires, capital of Argentina, is becoming as important a racing center as Paris, London and New York, according to the shipping and travel news service. Recent purchase of noted English race horses has much to do with the rise of the South American capital in the sporting world.

Latest purchase has just been made by F. Unzué, president of the Argentine Jockey Club, who secured Call of the Wild and Alan Breck, both well known on the English turf, the former having been the sire of King George's London City, winner of the last Goodwood stakes.

The Argentine racing season lasts all the year round and includes fifty special functions, the most important of which are the Jockey Club Prize and the Cup of Honor in September and the National Prize and the Carlos Pellegrini prize in October. As the races take place on Sundays, large crowds are attracted.

Beautiful Track
The Buenos Aires race track and its surroundings are wonderfully attractive. The track is enclosed by a park, ornamented with flower beds, trees and shrubbery, while interspersed are rivulets crossed by white bridges. In the center is a splendid bronze statue of George Washington, presented to the Argentine Republic by American residents of Buenos Aires as a memorial of the hundredth anniversary of independence.

There are three tracks, one inside the other, the outermost being a promenade, with tables for afternoon tea. Spectators are provided with seats in a row of great white stands, the grand stand, reserved for members of the Jockey Club, being constructed of white marble. Behind the upper seats there is a spacious promenade, with tables for afternoon tea. Further back are finely appointed club rooms. Persons of distinction, or those accompanied by influential friends, may secure an invitation to the official stand, where the president and his cabinet can be seen, on important occasions, in company with the chief officers of the army and navy. During the races music is furnished by an excellent band.

Gasoline Record
Gasoline production last May went to another new high record with an output of 780,194,019 gallons, according to the United States Bureau of Mines. This surpasses the April record by 250,000,000 gallons.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER



The NERVOUS WRECK

by E. J. Rath
©1924 by NEA Service Inc.

BEGIN HERE TODAY
The "Nervous Wreck," an eccentric young doctor, is driving Sally Morgan from her father's ranch to the station when they run out of gasoline. At the point of a gun the Wreck takes five gallons from a passing car.

They are held captive at a ranch owned by one of the men whom they held up. They finally escape, run into a camp of real bandits, then escape again. Fleeing from the bandit camp, they suddenly are confronted by Sheriff Bob Wells, Sally's fiancé, who is at the head of a posse searching for the bandits. Angry, Sally breaks off her engagement with the sheriff and says she is going to marry the Wreck. The Wreck, with the sheriff's posse on his heels, and a man to roll his car onto level ground, "Now I'll get you home in no time," the Wreck tells Sally.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

SHE flared without a warning symptom.
"Stop talking to me, Henry Williams!"

"Now what have I said?" he asked.
"Nothing!" She almost shouted.
"Then what are you sore about?"
"I'm not sore. I just think you're the biggest idiot in the whole State of Montana—that's all."
He puzzled over that, got no sense out of it, but became suddenly convinced.

"I suppose so," he said. "I can't ever seem to do things right. Only I thought you were in a hurry to get home, and—What?"
She had mumbled something, but he did not catch it.
"What did you say?"

"You're always putting words in my mouth!" she exclaimed. "I never said I was in a hurry to get home. I never said I'd be glad. I never said—"

He shook himself, blinked, grinned, laughed aloud. His chin was up and his shoulders were back. He was awake, because he saw a flivver, and four men, and other familiar objects. He also saw Sally Morgan, very pink in the cheeks and with a queer, incredulous expression in her eyes. He strode forward like a champion. He swaggered a little. He was ragged, a trifle absurd—but kingly.

He made a sweeping gesture that belonged in melodrama, but with the Wreck it was intense realism. It was a dismissal.

"On your way!" he commanded. "Get out of here. You're all through. Beat it!"

The middle-aged, solid-looking man, who stood wiping his face and breathing heavily, spoke up from the heart.

"Last time I'll ever go out on a posse with you, Bob Wells," he said. "I don't mind performing the reasonable duties of citizenship, but I'll be doggone if I'll ever roll a flivver again—not if it stands between me and the sales of Heaven. When I get through with this job, I'm going back home and I'm going to stay there. If you want a justice of the peace, you know where I am. But if you want a garage hand—"

The Wreck interrupted him by walking briskly forward and tapping him on the breast with a rigid forefinger.

"Justice of the peace, did you say?" he asked.
"Justice of the peace," said the middle-aged man.
"Issue warrants, try cases, send people to jail, and all that?"
"All that and other things, young man."

The Wreck beamed at him.
"Can you marry people?" he demanded.
"Not only can, but do," answered the justice of the peace.
The Wreck whooped.

CHAPTER XXVI
A Modern Document
He made a rush at Sally, seized her by the hand and began dragging her forward.
"Settle the whole business right now!" he cried.
Sally was startled, dismayed. Her cheeks were fiery.
"Come on," shouted the Wreck. "Meant what you said, didn't you?"
"I didn't say anything," stammered Sally.
"Yes, you did. I understood it. Took me a long time, but I woke up. Come along!"
They were facing the justice of the peace.

"Marry us!" commanded the Wreck.
The magistrate grinned at them, particularly at Sally. But now she was defiant. She nodded her head peremptorily.

Bob Wells emerged from a trance. "You can't get married without a license," he said. "And I don't believe you got any."

"How about it?" demanded the Wreck.
"Well," said the justice of the peace, "I guess that's about right. Haven't you got a license?"

"Where would I get a license?" retorted the Wreck. "Pick it off a tree? What's the good of being able to marry people if you can't do the whole job? Can't you dig up a license?"

The magistrate scratched his ear and looked at the sheriff. Bob Wells shook his head.

"You ought to know it. Besides, when she gets over her excitement maybe she'll think different."

Sally's eyes flared at him.
"I'm not excited and I know exactly what I'm doing, Bob Wells. Don't you try interfering, unless you want me to make you the silliest looking sheriff in ten counties."

The Wreck gazed at the sheriff and grinned widely. He felt like dancing, or doing something utterly irresponsible.
"I'm a justice of the peace," mused the possessor of the title, as he looked sympathetically at Sally and the Wreck. "I've got a good deal of legal authority. Wouldn't wonder if I could write license on a pinch. Never tried it, but—"

"You'll get yourself into a jam," warned the sheriff.
"Oh, I've been in all kinds of jams, Bob. Just got out of one." He eyed the flivver. Then he turned again to the pair in front of him. "Well, if you young folks want to take a chance, I'm game."

The Wreck squeezed Sally's arm until she winced, but she smiled at him.
"I wash my hands of it," said the sheriff.
"No, you don't. You'll be a witness," said the Wreck. "And for the love of Mike, Judge, get a move on. I'm so nervous I'm liable to go crazy."

The justice of the peace was fumbling in his pockets and presently drew forth a folded and tattered document.
"This ain't a regular license," he explained. "It ain't anything but a road map. But if I can find a clean space on the back I'll see what I can do."

He found a clean space after

STRONG COUPLE MARRY.
English Hercules Toys With Arrivals Wife Plays With Weights.

By Times Special
LONDON, Sept. 9.—If Mr. and Mrs. Saxson Brown of London have a son he ought to be able to hold his own among the kids in the neighborhood.

Brown, who is 12 years of age, is advertised as the world's strongest boy and earns his living by tossing motor cars about and bending steel bars. Recently he married Miss Dorothy Dawes, 16, who claim to be Great Britain's strongest girl.

It was a case of love at first sight when Brown saw Miss Dawes toy with a fifty-six-pound dumb-bell at a circus and she admired his work with a 500-pound anvil. They are celebrating their honeymoon by performing together at a fair.

FROM PERSONAL EXPERIENCE
Mrs. Bradford Recommends Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

"Having this opportunity I just cannot refrain from saying a word of praise for the Lydia E. Pinkham medicine. I have used them as occasion required for twenty years, and my three sisters have also used them, and always with the most gratifying results. During the Change of Life, the Change of middle age and the wonderful results obtained from the Vegetable Compound. I heartily recommend it to any woman and I will be pleased to answer any inquiries that might be sent to me through the publication of my testimonial."—Mrs. H. L. Bradford, 109 Armistead St., Phoenix, Va.

Consider carefully Mrs. Bradford's letter. Her experience ought to help you. She mentioned the trials of middle age and the wonderful results obtained from the Vegetable Compound. If you are suffering from nervous troubles, irritability, or if other annoying symptoms appear and you are blue at times, you should give the Vegetable Compound a fair trial. For sale by druggists everywhere. Advertisement.

Leading Lady Strikes
BERLIN, Sept. 9.—The devoted admirers of Frau Emmy Shaw, the successful Mme. Pompadour now playing in Dresden, waited in vain recently for the curtain to rise on the second act. The lady had, in fact, suddenly struck for higher wages. The manager appeared before the curtain and made apologetic. But the audience sided with the actress, and hissed.

Fight Traffic Change
MADRID, Sept. 9.—The rule that vehicular traffic keep to the left, as in England, was changed in Madrid to the right-handed system, as maintained in America and France. Celebrating the change in the rules, taxi drivers gathered at a public square, burned red lights, paraded and raised an uproarious din.