

Editorial Page of The Fort Worth Press

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To establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity. —Constitution of the United States.



A THOUGHT FOR TODAY: Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, neither for the body, what ye shall put on. The life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment.—Luke 12:22-23.

Everywhere the human soul stands between a hemisphere of light and another of darkness; on the confines of two everlasting hostile empires, Necessity and Free Will.—Carlyle.

UNCLE PANTHER WRITES

TO DOUBLE PARKERS:

YOU are, in my opinion, just about as disagreeable as a case of mumps. Why you will stop in the middle of a crowded street while you run into a store for five minutes holding up traffic is more than I can stand. I think you should have to pay a fine for every offense.

UNCLE PANTHER

TO GOVERNOR MIRIAM A. FERGUSON:

AFTER reading over your list of Thanksgiving pardons I judge you'll just about finish up at Huntsville with the Christmas holidays. With that accomplished, I trust you will not shift your activities to Terrell.

UNCLE PANTHER

TO FORT WORTH COPPERS:

WITH your new uniforms and the better bearing they've seemed to encourage with them, you boys make the Dallas coppers look like so many sideshow ticket takers. You're not only Fort Worth's "finest," but the finest I've seen, anywhere.

UNCLE PANTHER

TO CITY HALL:

THERE'S a capped pipe end which bulges above the sidewalk level on Eleventh Street just off Commerce. I tripped over it yesterday and took a nasty fall. It's not the first time, either. Can't you file it off or something?

THE BOY KING

BY M. E. TRACY.

THEY embalmed him to go to Heaven, but instead, his body will go to Cairo for the curious to gaze at.

They thought they knew the future as it would unfold in the spirit world, but they didn't guess the half that would take place right here on earth.

You can imagine how they gathered around that gold-encrusted bier 3000 years ago, with their cocksureness, their egotism, their intolerance.

If some prophet had come among them, not with the secrets of the hereafter, but merely with a vision of human progress, they would have crucified him.

If some seer had told them that beyond the setting sun there was an ocean, that beyond the ocean there was undiscovered land, that in the undiscovered land there would arise a new kind of government and new form of religion, that a citizen of that land would come, not as a god, not even as a priest, but as a seeker after knowledge, if not fortune, take Tut-Ankh-Amen out of the tomb and use his royal remains for exhibition purposes, there would have been a riot.

Yet all this has come to pass.

THE king has become a plaything for antiquarians, the monarchy over which he ruled has crumbled to dust, the purblind faith that preserved his corpse with such consummate art has gone to seed, but the boy part of him and all the emotions that the



OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY - WINTER HEAVIES.

11-30

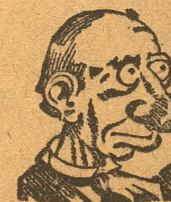
JR. WILLIAMS

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DOC'S CONVINCED JIM WAS NOT HITTING AT HIM

I HAD on my fighting clothes for a few minutes Saturday afternoon and was just about to hop off for Austin and force Jim Ferguson to do a little explaining.

But Mrs. Conner saved me from making the biggest blunder in my career. She came to me just as I started my plane and informed me that I was acting a little hasty.



DOC CONNER

I had read just enough of that statement Jim wrote for "Ma" to believe that he was hitting at me in referring to a certain North Texas newspaper man dishing out liquor to his friends. Mrs. Conner showed me the word publisher and that part which said the man was worth a million.

I knew at once he did not mean Doc Conner. First, because I am not worth a million, unless my interest on my 13 cents deposited in the Poly State Bank had mounted to that figure; and second, because I never dish out liquor by the pint—I distribute my compound by the half-gallon, and when I do I generally get cash in return.

When I first read the statement I thought Jim was hitting at me because I announced last week I would take over the Governor's office when "Ma" was impeached.

I knew that the only remark I had ever made about "Ma" being Governor, was when I stated that Jim had no business running her for the office because that place was for a man.

I knew Jim could not have been

sore because I helped Dan Moody get back a few dollars from the road construction companies to be put back in the treasury for the Highway Department to spend all over again. I felt that I was doing him a great favor.

Therefore I feel I was in the clear.

DR. B. U. L. CONNER.

DAILY POEM

By Hal Cochran

SHE'S a queer lookin' thing, is that auto of mine, with both of the front wheels away out of line, an' fenders all bent, and her body gone lame. But, shucks, I should fret, 'cause she runs just the same.

They built 'er away back in—well, I've forgot. At least, 'was the nineties, as likely as not. She sure was a pippin when put into use, but time's played'er hard, and she looks like the deuce.

The tires I've got are the fourth set I've had. The seats are all flat, 'cause I've worn out the pad. The side curtains flap, and the windshield is cracked. Of dough that I've spent for repairs I've lost track.

My friends always know when I come down the street. My bus, as to rattle, is far from discreet. She'll swing and she'll jiggle, an' backfire and sway. For cover folks hie when I'm headin' their way.

But, say, after all, I'm a fortunate cus. I never need fret 'bout folks stealin' my bus. She's old and she's gray. Just a picture of shame. But whadda I care, 'cause she runs just the same?