

# DOC'S READY TO BE GOVERNOR

BY DR. B. U. L. CONNER

**M**Y good friend Mefo feels awfully sorry because the Fergusons have got themselves into such a mess and doesn't hesitate to say so.

He weeps on the front page of his newspaper and even brings tears to my sophisticated eyes.

After reading his "We Say It With Sorrow" we were almost tempted to send him a dozen handkerchiefs, but upon reflection changed the order to two-dozen.

As near as I can make out he has just about cut the Fergusons adrift and left them flat.

The only thing he hasn't done is resign from the board of regents of the state university.

I guess he'd do that, but he's afraid that the whole state would collapse.

Just how Jim Ferguson got into this trouble with Mefo to back him up I can't make out.

Mefo has been so willing to forgive small matters, such as the Ferguson Forum taking ads from all the road contractors it could make kick in, Jim taking a job with Mr. Eldridge's railroad, the governor's daughter getting commissions on surety bonds for contracts let by her mother's officials, and Jim meeting behind closed doors with the highway commissioners.

Little, unethical things those but they didn't start Mefo saying it with sorrow.

Even when The Houston Press printed a story that the Sherman & Youmans Co. was using state equipment on a private contracting job and Commissioner Spencer followed it up by walloping the same firm in court, Mefo hadn't started to feel bad.

Just a bad contract, he decided, and dis-

missed it with a few cutting remarks about the Ku Klux Klan and politics.

Mefo has been patient, much more patient than the rest of us.

Far more patient than Ross Sterling, who started saying things about the highway department just two weeks after The Houston Press.

Ross uses a lot of bromides and makes a lot of busts, but he knows when to quit being patient.

He was sorry about the Fergusons before they ever got into office.

When the Republicans put up a candidate and labeled him a Democrat, with several masked and robed figures holding his hands Ross hopped right to it and tried to lick the Fergusons then and there.

But he wasn't big enough to do the job alone, altho I am sure he would have done better had he realized all the sorrow that would be heaped upon our mutual friend Mefo.

I was feeling kind of hopeful about Ross then, but that was before he started using his news columns to print ads and his ads to manufacture his news.

He tries hard and he means well, but running a newspaper is not the oil business.

I regret to admit that I don't feel a bit of sorrow over what has happened.

I suspected it would happen when I let Jim get back into the state capitol building, but I was hopeful that it wouldn't.

I lost hope a few days after Jim moved in. Every time I went to Austin my hope slipped a little further, until lately I have been afraid to go up there, for fear my despondency might make me melancholy.

I guess there is nothing left to do, but make me governor and have it over with.

I'm ready to take office at once, altho I would like time to get a Prince Albert coat and a silk hat.

