

THE SNYDER NEWS

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Snyder, Texas, Friday Morning, June 13, 1930

Political Announcements

- For Tax Assessor of Scurry County:**
GEORGE M. GARNER
STERLIN A. TAYLOR (Re-election)
W. W. (WALLACE) MERRITT
BERNARD LONGBOTHAM
- For Tax Collector of Scurry County:**
W. W. (UNCLE BILLIE) NELSON
A. M. McPHERSON
- For County Clerk of Scurry County:**
MABEL Y. GERMAN (Re-election)
CHARLES J. LEWIS
- For Sheriff of Scurry County:**
F. M. BROWNFIELD (Re-election)
WREN O. MOORE
- For County Attorney of Scurry County:**
WARREN LODSON (Re-election)
- For Superintendent of Scurry County Schools:**
A. A. BULLOCK (Re-election)
- For Treasurer of Scurry County:**
EDNA B. TINKER (Re-election)
- For County Judge of Scurry County:**
HORACE HOLLEY (Re-election)
C. R. BUCHANAN
- For Commissioner, Precinct No. 1:**
JNO. C. (LUM) DAY (Re-election)
FORREST JONES
- For Commissioner, Precinct No. 2:**
H. C. FLOURNOY (Re-election)
- For Commissioner, Precinct No. 4:**
J. R. COKER
W. A. JOHNSTON (Re-election)
- For District Clerk:**
LOUISE E. DARBY (Re-election)
- For Representative, 118th District:**
J. M. CLAUNCH

The Snyder News Creed.

For the cause that needs assistance;
For the wrongs that need resistance;
For the future in the distance,
And the good that we can do.

The Weekly Dozen.

When the house was burning in Snyder the other night during the shower it was a case of the survival of the fittest.

Once it was polite to look aside when a girl's petticoat was showing. Now it is polite not to notice that she doesn't wear any.

A Midland woman has found that 66 varieties of wild flowers grow in her county. That's nothing. Scurry County has a wild one in almost every family.

What a whale of a difference just a few drops make! Those weren't very big rains Saturday and Monday nights, but they were big enough to make cotton grow like nobody's business.

The only trouble with their miniature golf course, says Pessimism Pete, is that it takes too many of the wrong kind of cents to play the way you are supposed to play if you keep your sense.

When Bud Russell loaded those 12 prisoners Tuesday he was careful that his knife was in his hand always. Evidently, he believes that he must threaten to cut 'em up to keep 'em from cutting up.

The farmers of Slaton who had a hitch rack erected for their use while in tow may not be so far behind, after all. Maybe they're just getting ready to tie up their neighborhood dirigibles in a few years.

The city directory is on the press, ladies and gentlemen. If you don't believe what the census says, just take a peep at the directory pretty soon, and have another chance to cuss the inaccuracy of figures.

There's one thing I don't like about a good crop year. What in the Sam Hill will we do with all those mortgages after they're paid off? Make money out of 'em to save up for the tough years, we suggest.

Now that Carol will be placed on the throne of Roumania and Queen Marie will return to her native land, what's to be put in the daily newspaper headlines? And what about the little matter of Carol's wives and other household necessities?

Trees on the courthouse lawn seem to be stalks of giant celery, with partly brown limbs, when the moon shines brightly. The shrubs appear as rows of whispering hopes; so cooling and refreshing and optimistic, you know . . . spring fever—we've it!

Mr. Frank Putnam, candidate for governor on the "dry" ticket, so he says, wants prohibition out of the way so the country will go to the dogs some other

route . . . or words to that effect. With due respect for the gentleman's courage at stating his platform without fear, we herewith extend sympathy for his lack of discernment. Even the "wet" dries won't desert standards of their favorites for his banner in many cases, for they know that prohibition is here to stay.

Building Character.

The best thing in this world is a good man. The first thing that a human being should recognize about himself is that his character is his distinguishable feature. It is not the amount of money, the amount of power, the amount of brains that a man has, but his character; whatever fellow men may say or do to the contrary, this is the fact, that what separates him from others and gives him individuality is his goodness, or lack of goodness, according to its degree. Money, power and brains have their place and exert an influence in deciding a man's position and recognition; but by the standard of ages, by which everyone is tried in character and in God's sight, men are what they are in wishes and purposes. It is not then too much to say that the supreme ambition of a person's life should be to secure a worthy character. Your daily duties are a part of your religious life just as much as are your devotions.—Henry Ward Beecher.

The Deadly Automobile.

The cost to the people of the United States of automobile accidents in 1929 was more than \$850,000,000, according to the chairman of the traffic accident statistics of the National Street and Highway Safety Conference. J. H. Parmelee, whose authority we quote, states that 33,000 persons were killed in motor accidents last year, an increase of eight per cent over 1928 and nearly double the number of deaths from that cause in 1920. And so far in 1930 the rate of fatalities is increasing.

These fatal motor accidents are not a peculiarity of any particular section or of any class or size of community. On the whole, there are fewer of them in the large cities than in the country districts, in proportion to population. The temptation to careless driving when out of sight of a traffic policeman, with no signal lights to be obeyed, is much greater than in crowded traffic, as every motorist knows.

Statistics compiled by the Nebraska State Press Association for 1929 show that in that state, where population is less concentrated than in almost all of the rest of the states, and there are only two or three really large population centers, there were 368 motor fatalities last year, besides 124 persons disabled, in 3,493 automobile accidents.

Every victim of a motor accident is a victim of somebody's carelessness. Out of the total number of accidents in Nebraska last year, by far the most were collisions between two cars. There is never any possible reason for a collision except carelessness on the part of one driver or both. Sixty-three of the dead in Nebraska were pedestrians, struck by cars. Thirty-nine deaths were of motorists trying to beat a train across a railroad crossing. Twenty-six were killed while speeding. Twenty-four died in skidding accidents. Twelve deaths resulted from trying to pass another car, without swinging wide enough. Blinding headlights forced 127 cars off the road, killing 10 persons. Twelve were killed by reckless driving.

The remedy for this increasing toll of deaths on the highway is partly in improving the roads eliminating blind curves and dangerous crossings but mainly in a closer supervision of licenses to drivers. Today a few states forbid children, mental incompetents, cripples and irresponsible persons to endanger the lives of others by driving cars. In most cases, however, anybody may commit manslaughter by this means without restraint.—Exchange.

Heads Texas Wins, and Tails Texas Loses.

The supreme court ruling that Jim Ferguson is not eligible to again hold public office in Texas was not a surprise to men familiar with the Texas constitution. The wording is too plain to be elastic. Even friends of the Ferguson family could not have rendered a decision favorable to the man who likes to be called "Farmer Jim."

The decision, however, does not remove the Ferguson issue from Texas politics. Mrs. Ferguson's name will appear on the official ballot and she and Jim will try and ride the Democratic donkey into the capitol.

The edict of the court will have a tendency to simmer the gubernatorial race down to a Ferguson and Love issue, and no matter which one wins Texas will lose. Jim will ask for vindication No. 2 and Tom Love will drag Tammany Hall from New York to Texas as the big issue in his campaign. His statements, which have been appearing in the press since July, indicate that he has confidence in his ability to rekindle the fires of hatred and prejudice and cause sufficient confusion to obscure the real issues and secure his election to the greatest office within the gift of the people of Texas.

The people of Texas would do well to do their own talking and thinking this year and center on some man who is really interested in the industrial development of Texas. Texas can never develop as it should until we quit fighting like cats and dogs every two years over a few men who, very naturally, are interested in their own personal advancement. The day ought not to be far remote when Texas can free herself from the shackles of a few chronic office seekers and elect a really big man. Unless radical changes are made soon every department of the state government will be bankrupt and the people will owe taxes they can never pay.

Texas needs a breathing spell, fewer laws, better enforced, and some one at the head of the state government who has the ability and is willing to discover ways and means of rectifying the mistakes that have been made in the past.—Coleman Democrat-Voice.

"Imagine my embarrassment," said Dumb Dora, "when according to my usual custom, I looked under the bed before retiring, and I had forgotten that I was in an upper berth."

Friend (to centenarian)—"And to what do you credit your long life?"
Centenarian—"Perseverance and nothing else—just perseverance. I keep livin' in spite of everything."



"REASON SOME FOLKS BECOME REFORMERS IS '40 THEY CAN TALK ABOUT THINGS DECENT FOLKS DON'T MENTION'"

Says Ben to Ken—

"Well, it's spring, the great love time," remarked Ben.
"What do you know about love?" asked Ken. "You've been married forty years?"

"I know it's the greatest force on earth."
"It's the greatest blight that ever hit a growing human being," said Ken. "A person in love is about as useful as a brick in a custard pie."
"Why, all the world loves a lover!" exclaimed Ben.

"It does, hey? When a young man is in love with a girl, her ma looks upon him as a robber, her pa considers him an idiot, and all her relatives use the word 'that' before his name. His employer wonders what ails him and his folks groan because there's no vaccination for his complaint. As for the girl, she moons around the house practically a total loss and is forever trying to edge this foreign element in to the domestic circle. Her family feels like it had a cinder in its eye most of the time. And the mutual friends of the couple soon discover that the pair has no more community interest than the dodo bird. They're both of 'em no use whatever."
"There's nothing can be so sweet as love's young dream," insisted Ben.
"It's the sourest time in life," said Ken. "Persons afflicted that way are out of their heads, off their feet and constantly commuting between Paradise and the other place."
"Gosh, don't you see anything good about love?" asked Ben.
"Sure I do. When love simmers down after marriage and the fellow realizes he didn't get an angel and the girl knows she didn't catch a god, and there's no more worry about climbing up to a cloud or onto a pedestal, then it's a doggone comfortable thing to have around the house."

"O, gee! I forgot."
"Forgot what?"
"I forgot to remember not to forget to tell you to remember not to forget to tell me not to forget something I forgot."

"Well, what did you forget?"
"I forgot what I forgot, but I forgot something. I remember that I forgot to remember to tell you not to forget to remember to tell me not to forget what I forgot to remember if I forgot it."
"Oh, well—it's forgotten. Let's forget it!"

Traveler—"Did you find a roll containing fifty dollars under my pillow?"
Pullman Porter—"Yes, sub; thank you, sub!"

He "Didn't Keer."

"On the Rock Island last week," says the Marion record, "two well dressed ardent lovers, evidently a newly-married couple, amused the other passengers with their cooing."

"After a while the fair bride leaned back on her chair and fell asleep. Her companion took advantage of the lull in affectional demonstrations, and went into the smoker to enjoy a cigar. While he was gone, a long, lean, lank, grizzled specimen of humanity came in and sat down in the chair beside the sleeping beauty. Presently the young woman, half asleep, turned and laid her head lovingly on the shoulder of the stranger, and put her plump arm around his neck. The green, gawky stranger seemed a trifle surprised at the unexpected familiarity, but made no desperate effort to escape. He merely looked around at the convulsed passengers and grinned. Then the hilarity awoke the young

woman, and, opening her large blue eye, she saw her mistake. With flushed cheeks she stammered an apology. "You needn't 'pologize to me," drawled the stranger. "I didn't keer."

Waitress—"Don't you like your college pudding, sir?"
Diner—"No, Miss, I'm afraid there is an egg in it which ought to have been expelled."

Harris, with 91,192 automobile registrations, has more automobiles than any other county in Texas. Kennedy with 107, has the fewest.

New York has about 2,720,000 Protestants, 1,400,000 Catholics and 1,500,000 of the Jewish faith.

"You wouldn't think," said the Mississippi youth, "that my musical talent was the means of saving my life."

"No," remarked a friend, "I would not. Tell me how it happened."
"Well, there was a big flood in my home town, and when the water struck our house, father got on a bed and floated down stream."
"And you—?"
"I accompanied him on the piano."

Owing to hard times, many young native husbands in Pondoland, South Africa, are unable to pay the fathers of their wives the purchase price agreed on. The fathers will take their daughters back and place them on the market again.

Good Printing
—Costs Less—

There is an old saw . . .
"Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well." Especially is this true of printing. . . .
Printing, handled as we know how to do the work, is a good investment of money!

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LET US SHOW YOU HOW WE CAN IMPROVE YOUR PRESENT

LETTERHEADS
STATEMENTS
CIRCULARS
FOLDERS
CARDS

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We know that we can prove to you that Good Printing Costs Less!

PASS BOOK

HAVE MONEY!

Be Happy
A man in debt is like a man who is in quicksand. At best it is a struggle to get out . . . or you may sink to the very bottom.

Always have a comfortable reserve of ready money in the bank. Then you can smile and work without worry.

START SAVING REGULARLY NOW!

THE SNYDER NATIONAL BANK

Snyder, Texas

"Home of the Thrifty"

HAVE MONEY!

An Electric Range Brings Comfort to Your Kitchen

The housewife's real appreciation of an electric range comes in the summer. She is already aware of the greater ease of cooking, the tastier foods and the simplicity of the electric range, but when the electric range brings freedom from fatiguing kitchen heat, she realizes the full worth of electric cookery.

The electric range is designed so that its intense heat is confined almost entirely to the vessels on the heating elements. Not enough heat escapes to raise the temperature of the average kitchen two degrees. No open flame sends currents of heated air throughout the room, and hence the kitchen with an electric range is as comfortable as any other room in the house.

Notice the difference in the kitchen of a friend who owns an electric range. A comparison will prove to you that an electric range brings comfort to the kitchen. See the newest types of electric ranges the next time you are in our office.

Texas Electric Service Company

Take in on the Texas Electric Service Company radio program each Tuesday evening at 8:00 o'clock over WBAP, Fort Worth

Are You Ready

When your Children Cry for It

Baby has little upsets at times. All your care cannot prevent them. But you can be prepared. Then you can do what any experienced nurse would do—what most physicians would tell you to do—give a few drops of plain Castoria. No sooner is done than Baby is soothed; relief is just a matter of moments. Yet you have eased your child without use of a single doubtful drug; Castoria is vegetable. So it's safe to use as often as an infant has any little pain you cannot pat away. And it's always ready for the crueler pangs of colic, or constipation, or diarrhea; effective, too, for older children. Twenty-five million bottles were bought last year.

Fletcher's CASTORIA

Miss Nobody from Nowhere

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

Sixth Installment

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

A beautiful young woman finds herself on the sidewalk in a strange city. She can not remember her name or where she came from. She has nothing in her purse to tell herself who she is. A young man who has seen her in the hotel where she is stopping notices her and takes her to the hotel in a cab. There they find that she is registered, in French, as "Miss Eve Nobody of Nowhere." The clerk has been calling her "Miss Parsons." The young man tells her she is in New York. His name is Eric Hamilton. He is terrified at her loss of memory. He asks his friend, Dr. Carrick, a nerve specialist, to call at the hotel. Dr. Carrick talks encouragingly, but says he will send a nurse to stay with the mysterious "Miss Parsons" that night. "Miss Nobody" listens while Hamilton tells her what the doctor has said, then steps into another room. When the nurse arrives, the girl has vanished from the hotel. Eve's departure was simple. She went out of a back door into the servants' hall of the hotel, where she encountered a young French porter, who claimed to recognize her. He had seen her in Paris. "Then you know my name?" she demanded eagerly. But the porter had forgotten that. He would write at once to a friend in Paris and find the name of the American young lady they had both admired. He tells her of an apartment house where the janitor, he thinks, would take her in. Meantime, while Hamilton is anxiously hunting up the nerve specialist for advice, Eve gets into a taxi and drives away. She arranges with Marcel's friend, the janitor of a dingy little apartment house on the East Side of New York, for a small furnished apartment. He tells her not to be frightened if she hears the young woman who occupies the next apartment come in very late in the morning. Eve wonders what sort of a place she has got into.

Now go on with the story—
The third night in the new quarters was another nightmare. For the mental fog did not lift. She was not to be relieved from it, then, in the three days. She had not realized how great her hope had been, how strongly it had buoyed her, till she felt this staggering blow of disappointment. But time, even three days of it, does something for one at twenty-three. The nightmare was not so bad and hope's whispers were louder. . . . This would not last long. This could not last long. It might end at any minute.

In the meantime she would occupy herself as much as she could. If it were to last, a reconstruction of life would be necessary. But as yet she closed her ears to the sound of battles in the future. If she must fight them, she would be up to them; at least she began to hope she would. But surely she could give herself a week of waiting. The days were as alike as telegraph poles along a country road. She walked and read and kept her record with brief exactitude. All the time memory was at her side like a motionless black figure, seemingly preparing to move, yet never moving. . . . A hundred times a day Eve caught at the trailing end of some suggestion which refused to be caught. She realized that these frantic, futile clutches were wearing her out, yet she dared not continue them. At any minute one of them might lead her back. . . . She spent most of her afternoons in the reading rooms of the library, walking to and from this refuge, for the exercise. Several times she met Miss Davenport on the stairs of the old apartment house, and was glad to observe that the young dancer had lost her look of acute physical suffering, though her face still had a bluish pallor.

The late afternoon of the fourth day was brightened by a visit from her neighbor. The girl breezed in without waiting for an answer to a rather assertive knock, revealing herself clad in a red Japanese kimono, with slippers and silk stockings to match. Her bobbed hair, which was naturally wavy, shone from a recent brushing. Eve observed with pleasure as she rose to greet her that there was no frowziness in the appearance of the newcomer. She was as immaculate as a red carnation, and she had the grin of a friendly puppy and a taking air of camaraderie. Nothing about her suggested the stricken figure of a few nights before.

"Hello," she began, and added ingratiatingly, without giving her hostess a chance to reply, "got any cigarettes you c'n spare?" "No. I don't smoke. I'm awfully sorry." Miss Davenport sighed. "I'm out" she said. "I'll have to send Smith to get some."

But she made no move to leave, and Eve smiled at her, pathetically glad to have this cheerful guest enter her tragic "no man's land."

"What's your line?" the caller suddenly demanded. "My line?" "Yep. Your spiel," the other explained. "You gotta have eats, ain't

you? How d'you pay for 'em?" "Oh, you mean how do I earn my living?" Eve's sense of pleasure in the interview perished. "I'm resting now," she said in a tone that forbade further inquiries; but she softened it by asking interestedly, "What do you do?" "Me? I dance at Jake's."

Miss Davenport gave the information in a tone which implied that her mind was on something else. Miss Davenport gave the information, and went on with the gusto attending an evidently entrancing subject. "Jake's," it appeared, was not

something to earn money. She had paid seventy-five dollars for less than a month rent—far too much. She could not live indefinitely on that remaining two hundred dollars. What wage-earning possibilities could she consider?

A second call from Miss Davenport answered the question. At ten o'clock one night a week later a sharp tap on Eve's outer door was impatiently repeated before she could respond to it. The door opened before Eve could reach it, and the impulsive young person on the threshold projected herself into the room. It was Ivy Davenport, as resplendent as a Christmas tree and clearly dressed for Jake's; but the expression of her impish face was one of acute agony.

"Say!" she asked without preface, "got a hot-water bottle?" As if in explanation of this abrupt request she clasped her side with her hand and lurched across the room, dropping with a groan into the nearest chair. "One of my attacks," she brought out between stiff lips. "I get 'em every now and then, damn 'em, an' they're just hell. I started out thinking I'd get over this, like I do some-times, but I hadda come back. They ain't killed me yet, so I guess this won't."

"But it'd help an awful lot if I could crawl into bed and make a pot of a hot-water bottle." "I'm terribly sorry," Eve hurried to her side. "I haven't a thing." Ivy bent and twisted under a spell of pain. "Let me help you to bed," Eve said quickly. "Can you get back if I give you an arm?" "I guess so . . . but don't rush me!" The girl stood up with a gasp, "Try it."

There was something in the music that was not unlike the hostess, and the guest responded to them both. She rose and took a few steps, at first tentatively, then with conviction. "And you didn't know whether you could dance?" Miss Davenport jeered. "Know this?" "I . . . think so."

"I'm afraid not." "Well, try it." Her persistence, though odd, was friendly, and Eve tried it. "Not so good," the hostess admitted. "This is the way. See?" She went through the steps and made a few suggestions, put her guest twice through the dance, and dropped into a chair with a sudden look of exhaustion.

"I'm all in," she admitted. "It gets me that way, these days—even a little of it. Ain't it the limit, when I've always been so well? . . . Say, what's your name, anyhow?" she interrupted herself to ask. "Personne."

"Person?" I thought that's what Smith said 'twas. All right. Listen, Miss Berson, let's get down to cases. I ain't been 'draggin' this for my health, you know—'draggin' you in here an' puttin' you through a rehearsal. It's business. See? What I want to say is—you're out of a job, aren't you? Well, I'm the Jane that can get you one!" She was so beamingly satisfied with her little ruse and its success that Eve was touched. "It's awfully good of you," she said warmly, "but—" "But nothin'. It's with Jake." Eve shook her head. "You're more than kind," she said. "I can't thank you. But dancing isn't my line."

"You ain't great," Miss Davenport frankly admitted. "But you're good. An' you got a nice look about you. You'd suit Jake like a poached egg suits toast. He likes 'em ree-fined."

Eve laughed. "I'm sorry," she said, "but it's out of the question. Thank you a thousand times, just the same. This world seems full of Good Samaritans."

Eve gave much thought to Miss Davenport's suggestion in the week that followed. If this thing was going on the time for reconstruction work must soon come. She must take the job of living. She must do

something to earn money. She had paid seventy-five dollars for less than a month rent—far too much. She could not live indefinitely on that remaining two hundred dollars. What wage-earning possibilities could she consider?

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WHAT DR. CALDWELL LEARNED IN 47 YEARS PRACTICE

A physician watched the results of constipation for 47 years, and believed that no matter how careful people are of their health, diet and exercise, constipation will occur from time to time. Of next importance, then, is how to treat it when it comes. Dr. Caldwell always was in favor of getting as close to nature as possible, hence his remedy for constipation, known as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, is a mild vegetable compound. It can not harm the system and is not habit forming. Syrup Pepsin is pleasant-tasting, and youngsters love it.

Dr. Caldwell did not approve of drastic physics and purges. He did not believe they were good for anybody's system. In a practice of 47 years he never saw any reason for their use when Syrup Pepsin will empty the bowels just as promptly. Do not let a day go by without a bowel movement. Do not sit and hope, but go to the nearest druggist and get one of the generous bottles of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, or write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. BB, Monticello, Illinois, for free trial bottle.

leaning heavily on the supporting arm. "I'll put you to bed first. Then I'll run out and get a hot-water bottle. I suppose there's a drug store near here. Perhaps I can get something else, too. What helps you most?" "I got some medicine, but nothin' helps me like the hot-water bottle does. I took mine to Queenie Morris's, Sunday night, and forgot it the next mornin'. Whatcha know 'bout that? The one thing I ain't never without since these attacks began."

"Don't try to talk." Eve helped her back across the hall and into Ivy's bedroom. "You're awful good," Ivy groaned, lending herself to the ministrations like a helpless child. "I'll feel better soon's I'm between the sheets."

Undressing her was a simple process, and Eve performed it easily. She feebly indicated her pajamas lying across the foot of the bed, and Eve hustled her into them. "It's a shame to leave you do all this," Ivy muttered. "But if I bent I'd never straighten out again."

"I'm glad to help you." Eve got her into bed. As she did so she wondered if she had been a nurse in her previous state of existence. It was pleasant to discover that she could do things efficiently. It bolstered her self-respect. "Now I'll go for the hot-water bottle," she told the patient. "Keep still till I get back. Hadn't I better call a doctor, too?"

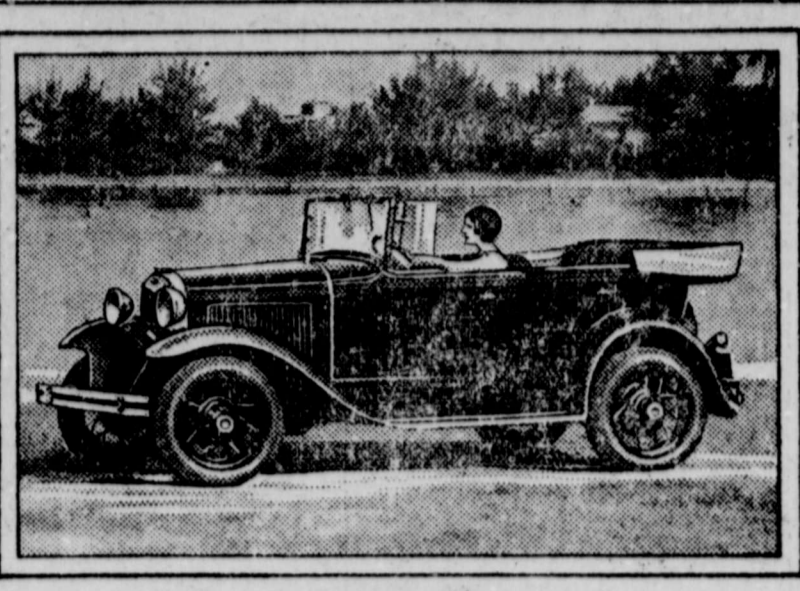
"No. I don't want no doctor round me." Despite her pain Ivy spoke sharply, almost roughly, and Eve felt a deepening of her strong fellow-feeling for this other girl, who so obviously shared her dread of the profession. Before she left the apartment, she put the water on to boil. When she got back she filled the bottle and gave it to the sufferer, who settled it into place with a groan of relief. "Most of the pain's here," Ivy said, vaguely indicating a region between her waist and her heart. "But none of the fool doctors could tell me what makes it. 'Twon't last much longer now, but I'm all in when it's over."

"I'll sit here till you feel better." The amateur nurse drew an easy-chair close to the bed. "Don't talk. Just relax and try to go to sleep." She added as she settled into comfort.

(Continued next week)

Miss Margaret MacIntyre of Plainfield, New Jersey, 23 years old, has been baffling to scientists since it was observed some time ago that she breathes only from three to five times a minute, while the average person breathes 15 to 18 times in that period.

New Ford Car Wins Favor



Ford Phaeton
THE Ford Phaeton, shown above, is equally popular as a family car and as a sport car for young people. The seating arrangement provides for the driver and one passenger in front and three passengers in the rear. Seats are upholstered in two-tone cross cobra grain artificial leather. The top is of the quick collapsing type, easily handled by one person, and folds flat. The windshield, of Triplex shatter-proof glass, is of the folding type and can be laid flat forward. The windshield wings fold over it, emphasizing the sport effect of the car.

AMERICANS SERVE Lots Favorite Dishes VARIETY OF FOODS

People who travel about this country a good deal often complain that American cooking is getting standardized. It makes little difference, they say, whether you eat in San Francisco or New York, Galveston or Bangor, the food you get will be just about the same, cooking in much the same way. Undenably the eating habits of all Americans are quite similar. Nevertheless, there are sectional differences, and the traveler who takes the trouble to inquire about them and to ask for the local specialties can still enjoy a good deal of variety in his meals.

The United Press recently sent a story from New York, analyzing the various sectional preferences in the matter of food. Some of its conclusions are interesting. New York, for instance, holds up corned beef hash as its favorite restaurant dish. Philadelphia clings to its traditional scrapple. Dwellers in the middle west do not like things highly seasoned; New Orleans, on the other hand, does. Minnesota people eat a great many steaks. California goes for salads.

Lubbock to Be Host At Next Meeting of West Texas C. of C.

Lubbock was chosen as the 1931 convention city for the West Texas Chamber of Commerce on the final day of the annual session held in Abilene two weeks ago. Judge Charles E. Coombes of Stamford was elected as president of the WTCC. Other officers elected were: Houston Harte, San Angelo, first vice president, and C. M. Caldwell, Abilene, second vice president. During the session, the organization declared itself in favor of a national tariff on raw materials produced in the territory, on a basis affording the same measure of protection as that given to manufactured products.

The chamber also asserted its opposition to further state taxes on producers of war materials and natural resources, opposed an income and sales tax, and asked for the adoption of the budget system for the control of expenditure of public monies in Texas.

A deceased merchant knocked at the gates of the lower regions. "Why do you come here?" asked Satan. "I want to collect two old accounts of two of my former customers." "But how do you know they are here?" "Well, every time I tried to collect from them they told me to go to this place."

than to the native sons. The man who goes about the country offering ham and eggs, or hamburger and onions at every place he comes to has no one but himself to blame. If he'll take the trouble to find out what the local favorites are he can vary his diet considerably—and, incidentally, do some mighty pleasant dining as well.

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WHAT DR. CALDWELL LEARNED IN 47 YEARS PRACTICE
A physician watched the results of constipation for 47 years, and believed that no matter how careful people are of their health, diet and exercise, constipation will occur from time to time. Of next importance, then, is how to treat it when it comes. Dr. Caldwell always was in favor of getting as close to nature as possible, hence his remedy for constipation, known as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, is a mild vegetable compound. It can not harm the system and is not habit forming. Syrup Pepsin is pleasant-tasting, and youngsters love it.

