



CHAPTER 10. — Sawdy and Rebstock fight and both men are injured. Rebstock confesses that he was hired to set the fire by McCrossen. Later, at the hospital, Doctor Carpy finds Jane and Denison and offers hope of Bill's recovery.

CHAPTER 11

"Come into Sawdy's room a minute, Doc," pleaded Lefever. "He'd like to talk this thing over with you."

Sawdy, propped up in bed, led the talk. But the talk was not to Dr. Carpy's liking. "Yes," he muttered scornfully, "I expected that's the way it would work out. If there's a mean job to be done in this town, put it on me."

But the pair now working on the doctor's sympathies knew their victim pretty well and, having once brought him to refuse their request, needed only to persevere in order to make him grant it. This brought Carpy back that afternoon to Denison, alone.

"Doctor," said the injured man, "I couldn't be sure this morning when Jane was here whether you were talking to encourage her and me, or whether you really think you can save my sight."

"Bill, I was honest in what I said," returned Carpy. "I believe and hope I can save your eyes. But it's not all in my hands; I told you that, too. If nature's willing, we're going to get through all right—does that satisfy you?"

"That's all I can ask, Doc." "Bill," said the doctor suddenly, "Sawdy and Lefever have found out who burned the ranch house—and why it was set afire."

"Who was it?" asked Denison violently.

"Keep cool, Bill; keep cool. It's a mean mess."

Denison was on fire. "Why don't you tell the story?" he demanded angrily. "What did they do?"

"First," responded Carpy, determined not to be rushed, "they found that Barney Rebstock had a pocketful of money since the fire. They lured him down to McAlpin's barn. When Sawdy began to question him, he showed fight. The upshot of it was, the two went at it hammer and tongs in a box stall. Barney had a knife—he drove it through Sawdy's leg, and Sawdy was choking him to death when McAlpin and the boys heard the noise and stepped in to save the thief. Then they took him out behind the barn till he told his story."

"Mind you, this now is Barney's story—might or might not be the facts. He claimed he was paid \$200 to set the house afire, with a promise of \$200 more after he'd burned it."

Carpy paused. He thought the sickening truth must have already begun to penetrate Denison's mind; it had not.

"Who," asked Denison, with an epithet, "paid him to burn me up?" "As Barney tells it," continued



"Let me put that bandage back where it belongs."

Carpy deliberately, "it was between McCrossen and Gus Van Tammel." Denison sprang from his chair. He tore the bandage from his sightless eyes. From his disfigured lips there poured a stream of bitter words.

"Not too fast, Bill—not too fast. Remember there'll be another to suffer like hell if this thing ever gets out."

"Oh, I know it must never get out. But that man! Doc, he ought to be roped and dragged to death by a wild horse. If ever a robber and a thief and a murderer deserved stringing up, that man does. He's killed, or had killed, every man that ever stood in his way of stealing land or cattle, or anything a man had that he wanted."

"Cool off, Bill, cool off." Denison sat down with his hands over his face. It wrung Carpy's heart to see him suffer. "I can't Doc. I can't."

"Yes, you can, damn you, and you will. Let me put that bandage back where it belongs—and you keep it there. Don't talk about eyesight unless you want it back. Where the hell do I come in? What am I getting out of this?" It was a battle between two strong wills, and it was long in the waging. But when Carpy, wiping the sweat from his forehead and, himself almost unstrung, left Denison's side his patient had ridden out the storm and had promised quiet till the two could think of what might be done pledging in the interval mutual and absolute secrecy.

Secrecy, however well pledged, grows more difficult to control in proportion to the number of persons pledged.

Carpy swore Sawdy and Lefever to it very easily. McAlpin and Ben Page were warned that if the story leaked out, it might become unpleasant for both. As for Bob Scott, no one was ever known to worm a secret out of him; Barney, of course, dared not talk.

Yet it will easily be understood that too many people had the story; and only the continual efforts of Dr. Carpy in silencing, through threats of what might happen to them, one or another of the conspirators kept it under cover.

Jane, after the usual storm with her father, who knew what she was doing, rode next morning into town to make her visit to the hospital.

Denison was a poor actor. In his endeavor to make Jane feel there had been nothing to upset him, he was over-solicitous. Carpy did better; but he was compelled to admit that Denison had not been doing quite so well—since Jane could see that for herself.

Her father continued taciturn and aloof. Jane knew she was defying him by continuing to visit Denison, yet being of much the same tenacious will as her father himself, she reckoned little of it.

But her visits and ministrations to the injured neighbor of Gunlock Ranch became so frequent, and she herself was so wholly indifferent to comment, that the situation became food for local gossip. Here was Van Tammel, a deadly enemy of Denison's with his daughter openly showing a very special interest in Denison's condition at the hospital—carrying to him delicacies and spending with him half her time in town.

Things were at this pass when one day Van Tammel told his daughter he must go to Medicine Bend on some bank business. Jane knew that he was not able to make the trip—Carpy had told her more than once that the old man's life hung by a thread. She pleaded with her father, found out what the business was, and offered to go in his stead.

She took the morning train for Medicine Bend, secured the further time on his notes at the bank, spent the night at the Mountain House, and took the afternoon train west for Sleepy Cat.

The Pullman cars were crowded. Jane was forced to find a seat in a day coach. Here she placed her handbag in the seat beside her, bought a magazine, and resigned herself to a long afternoon and evening.

Two men had taken the seat directly behind her. Jane resumed her reading until in the conversa-

tion between the two men her attention was attracted by catching the name of Bill Denison.

Her curiosity once aroused, it was easy to follow the drift of their talk. Presently she heard mention of her father's name. Aroused now to keen interest, Jane was torn between the feeling that she ought not to listen and the impulse that she must.

"Of course, nobody can prove it," were the words she heard. "I didn't say they could. That old bird knows too well how to cover his tracks. But everybody knows how he deceived Denison's brother when he lived there—tried to buy him out, then scare him out, and then smoke him out. The old devil has been crazy ever since he owned Gunlock to get hold of that little Spring Ranch. Why? On account of the water. It's the biggest spring in the hills. Now that he's back from the hospital, the first thing he thinks of is to get hold of that spring."

Jane listened with bated breath. "Why, it's common talk in Sleepy Cat," the narrator went on, "that he paid Barney Rebstock to set Bill's ranch house afire and came damned near burning Bill up in it." Her heart stopped beating as she heard the dreadful recital, delivered as calmly as the merest bit of current gossip would be discussed on a street corner.

"According to what I hear," continued the narrator, "Sawdy and some of Bill's friends choked the story out of Barney. Sawdy got up in the fracas with him—Sawdy was laid up in the hospital for a month. Barney's a mean devil with a knife."

The train was pulling into Sleepy Cat. Jane, rousing herself from a stupor, her breath choking her, her heart ready to burst with every beat, staggered to her feet, dazed, and supporting herself along the aisle with her hands alternately on the backs of the seats, stepped blindly down to the platform.

Bull Page, who was in with the team and buckboard to take her home, reached for her handbag. "No, Bull," Jane said quietly. "I'm not going out tonight."

"Not going out?" "I'm staying in town."

"Staying in town?" stammered Bull, vastly surprised. "Drive me to the hotel," Jane said wearily. "I'll take a room there. You drive home and come back for me tomorrow afternoon."

It was 10 o'clock. Assigned to a room, Jane freshened herself after the long, dusty car ride, bathed her face and temples again and again in cold water, and tried to collect her throbbing thoughts.

It all seemed like a hideous dream. Surely it could be shaken off; surely men could not be so fiendish as to plot fire and so horrible a death as would follow to sleeping men.

Her father! She shuddered. This thought was most horrible of all—credible—and yet . . .

Of one thing she felt certain: If it were true, she could no longer live under the same roof with him, and the terrifying duty of learning the revolting truth from his own lips confronted her.

And her lover—Bill, blinded Bill—what now of him? Could she ever face him again? What would he say? What would he do?

He knew the truth. No doubt remained in her mind on that point. No need now to ask why he seemed worried and changed. Was he only

waiting, trying to decide how to tell her he could not marry her—that her father had blinded him—that they must part?

She threw open her window and kneeling before it, looked out upon the silent, far-stretching desert with its myriad of heavenly lights. The cool air cleared her head. But what could loosen the deadly grief and shame that clutched at her pounding heart?

When Dr. Carpy walked into his office from the dining room after breakfast next morning, he saw Jane Van Tammel standing before the window, looking out.

"Why, Jane!" he exclaimed. "What brings you here so early?"

She looked around at him in silence. The doctor walked over to her and laid his hands on her shoulders. "Jane," he asked, "what has happened, girl?"

The grief in her sunken eyes was too apparent. "Oh, Doctor!" The exclamation came like a burst of suffering long pent. "I know everything."

He saw the fat was flatly in the fire. Indeed he had long had only a faint hope of keeping the facts from Jane. His real hope had been that she might not hear the truth till he could save Denison's eyes and thus cushion the horrid shock that the facts must bring to an innocent sufferer.

She had thrown her arms on the table in front of her. Her head sank between them.

Dr. Carpy rose, walked around to her side, lifted her head and, standing beside her, supported it in his arms. "Jane," he said slowly, looking down into her pitiful eyes, "from what you tell me, I see that you have heard loose stories floating around."

"You, too, have heard them, Doctor. Why, oh why, didn't you tell me?"

"Jane!" exclaimed the doctor, driven from his last stronghold of reserve by the poignancy of her grief. "How the hell could I tell you a story involving those it did in such an affair? Actually, nobody knows just what the facts are. Now we must get started right. First you tell me all you heard. Then I'll tell you all I've heard—is that fair?"

Brokenly, and pausing at intervals to control her voice, Jane gave him the train story.

Carpy had bowed his head.

"Well," he commented as she looked soberly up, "that's not far from what I've been told myself. But, Jane, I'm not a bit sure we have the facts in these stories. They all depend on the word of one of the worst characters in this country. Barney Rebstock wouldn't hesitate at anything low down in the whole range of crime—anybody in town will tell you that. He's not only an ex-convict but the biggest liar in the whole country."

"Doctor," she said solemnly, "does Bill know all that you and I know?"

"Jane," he answered in like, "Bill knows all that you and I know."

"Oh, I knew it. I knew it. To think that poor I should have brought this horror into his life!"

"Jane, that's not so. This might all have happened if you never had seen this country."

"I want you to do one last favor for me, Doctor. Will you?" asked Jane.

"What is it, Jane?" "I want you to say to Bill that I freely release him from his prom-

ise of marriage; that I beg him to forgive me all I have innocently caused him to suffer—and that I will leave here forever—"

"Jane!" exclaimed Lefever. She raised her hand, "I've not finished yet."

"Go on!" he snapped, bluntly.

"My father has made me his heir to Gunlock Ranch; he has no other heir. This morning I will make my will and bequeath whatever I inherit from my father to William Denison, to atone as far as I can for the wrongs my father has done him."

"Well?" remarked Carpy coldly.

"That is all."

"And that is what you want me to tell Bill?"

"That, Doctor, is what I want Bill to know. Oh, if I had another to do it for me, dear Doctor, I wouldn't put it on you."



"Bill, I thought you ought at least to have a—"

Carpy rose to his feet.

"Jane, you're sending me on a fool's errand. But seeing I'm nothing but an old fool, I expect I'm just the man for the job. I can tell you now what he'll say as well as if

I'd seen him and given him your message. But I know, of course, that wouldn't satisfy you. So I'll go—and go now."

"Now promise," he repeated, in parting, "you will stay right here in this office till I get back."

She promised.

But she was ill prepared for what she saw when the office door was opened half an hour later and Doctor Carpy pushed Denison ahead of him into the office. Bill's eyes were bandaged. He groped a little with his hands, while the doctor guided him to a chair.

"Here he is, Jane," announced Carpy bluntly. "He can speak for himself."

She had not an instant to wait. No sooner did Denison feel himself seated in a chair than he held out his arms and said, apparently not with deep feeling, not with pained emotion, but in the most commonplace, everyday, matter-of-fact manner: "Where's my girl? Come here."

The old doctor watched Jane run timidly to Denison's side. "Bill!" she exclaimed brokenly. "Here I am!"

"What's all this talk I hear about your quitting me, Jane?" he asked unsteadily.

"Bill, I thought you ought at least to have a—"

"Well, I've had my chance, haven't I? And this is my answer. Till death us do part! Nothing less, nothing else goes! Is that plain, girl? I gave you a chance the other day to quit me—what was your answer?"

(To Be Continued)

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MUENSTER ENTERPRISE

Published Every Friday at Muenster, Cooke County, Texas

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The Enterprise Stands for:
A Gymnasium for Muenster
Safer Driving

A SEWER SYSTEM

From the viewpoint of general community health the most important improvement to be made in Muenster is the installation of a modern sewage disposal system. Under existing conditions, with primitive lean-to's scattered all over town flies and other insects are provided with ideal breeding conditions as well as a source of contamination for the spread of disease germs to every family of town.

As we reconsider the plagues of past centuries we cannot but assume that all of them were caused by filthy conditions—many of them are known to have been caused by such outrages as an open gutter beside the street for disposal of waste. As sanitary conditions improved plagues became less common until they are unheard of at the present time.

There are, however, many cases of sickness nowadays that are caused by filth. Typhoid fever is one of them. Another is the periodic epidemic of indigestion that frequently strikes this community. Medical men can name many more of them.

Every time someone mentions a sewer system for Muenster he brings forth a host of comments to the effect that it would be very nice to have, but usually the interest goes no farther. Too many are prone to overlook the menace of existing conditions.

Considering these conditions in their true light everyone who is serious about the general welfare must be inclined to insist that we must have a sewer system regardless of cost. We cannot measure the value of human lives in terms of dollars and cents.

But, fortunately, the cost of a sewer at Muenster would be much more moderate than the general public's estimate. It could be financed by a bond issue which could be paid out by assessing a very moderate connection fee, possibly as low as \$1.00 per month.

This is not a fantastic idea. Anyone who questions the figures is invited to figure them over himself and then decide whether he can conscientiously oppose an improvement that costs him so little and still means so much to his convenience and health.

PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1

Thousands of people were shocked a few weeks ago when newspaper headlines revealed that medical men of Chicago were conducting a citywide survey to determine whether the public is willing to submit to free tests for syphilis. Since that time it has been revealed that 93 per cent of the Chicagoans voted in favor of the tests and also that the American Institute of Public Opinion has been conducting a nationwide poll indicating that 95 per cent of the general public is also in favor of the free tests.

A generation ago such a poll would have been unthinkable. Syphilis was an unmentionable word because to most people it suggested moral laxity. Victims of syphilis received no sympathy because the public felt that they were receiving a just punishment for their sins.

But the general viewpoint has changed. While it is generally conceded that the dis-

ease takes its origin in sinfulness, it is also known that thousands of the new cases are the result of contagion or heredity even though the scourge originated with someone else.

It is for the benefit of these innocent victims especially that the nation now favors a general treatment. Children not yet in their teens are entitled to relief from a curse that would otherwise cause a lifetime of misery. Likewise children who will be born in years to come have a right to come into this life free of blindness, deformity, imbecility or the numerous other marks of syphilis.

Only when one realizes how easily syphilis can be contracted can one appreciate the urgent need of an open mind on the subject. Dozens of cases are on record to show that school children have caught it from drinking cups. Another case shows that 16 youngsters broke out with lip sores after a party that had kissing games—those sores proved to be syphilis. Medical authorities have records of cases by the thousands of contagion as simple and innocent as the above and other thousands of cases of children who inherited the disease.

Of course the number of persons who contract the disease in sin still reaches a high figure but this is no reason to oppose a nationwide drive for its eradication. Those who say, "let them suffer for their faults," must realize that others who were not at fault must suffer also. As regards the first group, Christ set a good example for humanity in forgiving Magdalene. Let us "go and do likewise."

Syphilis is now regarded as Enemy No. 1 to the nation's health. With 800 new cases every year per 100,000 population it has replaced tuberculosis as a national scourge and its prevalence, according to recent estimates, has reached the alarming figure of one out of every ten. In other words we have more than 13,000,000 syphilis victims in America today.

That the disease can be successfully treated, except in extreme cases, has been shown in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. Public treatment in those nations over a period of years has decreased the number of new cases to seven per 100,000 every year. We in America can also check the spread of this scourge.

AN OPEN LETTER TO A BOOR ON WHEELS

Some day, my ill-mannered friend, you are going to go too far. Some day, when you swerve around a street corner, you are going to clip the buttons off the wrong pedestrian's vest, and he is going to catch up with you, haul you off your comfy upholstery and deal you the smacking-down you deserve. You're a veritable titan of self-assurance, aren't you, when you're behind an eight-cylinder engine? But how do you look on your feet? Are you the same dashing, imposing, self-assertive personage for whom the rest of the world must make room? Would you dare shove another pedestrian aside; would you jostle a six-footer? You would not, for you're just a grubby little inferiority complex who's been sublimated by a shot of gasoline.

And what's the reason for this break-neck rush of yours, anyway? You're in an automobile. You'll arrive at your destination, 10, 15, or 20 times quicker than the pedestrian you're crowding back onto the curb. The best he can do is five or six miles an hour. You are going 25 or 30, perhaps 40 miles an hour. Is your business ten times more urgent than his? My, my, what an important fellow you are! What vast designs, what momentous projects must occupy your waking hours to justify such impatience.

The automobile, it seems, is the devil's gift to the Little Man. Put him in control of a motor car and he's cock o' the crosswalks. But if you suddenly yanked that ton or two of iron and steel out from under him, you'd find him just a measly non-entity with the mental setup of a grammar school bully.—Menard (Texas) News.

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YOU DON'T BUY LIFE INSURANCE—You buy family protection.
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16,000 Bales of Cotton Predicted In Cooke County

WEATHER CONDITIONS IDEAL AND MINIMUM OF DAMAGE BY INSECTS REPORTED

A cotton crop of 16,000 bales for Cooke County this year is the forecast of observers who have made an investigation of crop conditions. This figure would be a sharp increase over the 1936 crop of approximately 9,000 bales. Similar increases are being forecast in other North Texas counties.

Weather conditions have been ideal for cotton this year and plants are heavily loaded with bolls. Farmers have predicted they would make as high as three-fourths of a bale to the acre on the basis of present crop conditions.

Damage by insects has been negligible and it is generally believed crop conditions are the best in five years.

To Provide Labor.

Whether or not there is going to be a shortage of cotton pickers in the county remains to be seen, but in preparation to meet such an emergency, the local office of the Texas State Employment Service, under the direction of J. F. Inabonette offers to secure cotton pickers for those farmers finding it difficult to secure workers.

The office is located in the southwest corner of the courthouse basement in Gainesville, and registers people who are out of work. As a result, the office has on file names

of many people for all kinds of work. This service is free to the farmer and to the worker.

To determine how many extra cotton pickers are going to be needed, forms have been mailed to farmers to be filled out and returned to the office.

Estimates of cotton production in various North Texas counties are as follows: Collin, 76,000 bales; Dallas, 70,000; Denton, 36,000; Fannin, 30,000; Lamar, 55,000; Grayson, 42,000.—Gainesville Register.

Letters Arrive Nine Years Late

Silsbee, Tex., Aug. 9.—Two letters mailed in New Orleans nine years ago have reached the addressee here by air mail.

A. R. Neyland, grocer, said the letters were postmarked July 7, 1928. The letters, among others, were found in mail car No. 188 of the Southern Pacific Lines at Houston recently, where the car was being overhauled. The mail had dropped through a hole and was found between the sheathing and the lining back of the paper rack.

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PERFECT PINOCHLE HAND GIVES PLAYER BRAIN HEMORRHAGE

Syracuse, N. Y., Aug. 6.—James Demopoulos, 58, was described by hospital attendants to day as "very ill" as a result of a perfect pinochle hand.

Demopoulos drew a double sequence in hearts, which melds 1,500 points.

Police Sergeant Charles Busse said other players told him Demopoulos stared at the hand a moment and slumped in his chair. Hospital authorities said he suffered a cerebral hemorrhage.

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Myra News

MRS. JOHN BLANTON
Correspondent

**BOBBY LEE WATSON
HAS BIRTHDAY PARTY**

Myra, Aug. 11.—Mrs. Tom Watson entertained a few friends Monday afternoon in honor of her little son, Bobby Lee, on his ninth birthday. Indoor and outdoor games were directed by Mrs. Watson. The honoree received a number of gifts.

Iced drinks were served to the guests.

Those present were Betty Jo Porter, Estelle Neely, Roy Lee Whiteside, Charles and James Tucker, Bill and Joe Hamilton, Ethel Mae Watson and Misses Ruby Tucker and Frankie Whiteside, who assisted Mrs. Watson.

Fred Snuggs has returned from Abilene where he spent two weeks on business.

Mrs. J. C. Davidson attended the funeral of her aunt, Mrs. G. R. Bishop, of Plano, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Aldridge attended the funeral of Sam Philpot at Walters, Okla., Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Gus Livingston of Saint Jo visited Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Matthews Sunday.

Joe Hamilton and son of Ardmore are spending the week with Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Payne, and family.

Miss Ellen Moore of Dallas spent the week-end with her mother, Mrs. Sam Moore, and brother, Hugh.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Roewe and family visited Mr. and Mrs. Joe Felderhoff at Muenster Sunday.

Miss Lenora Bostic of Hays is the guest of Mrs. Tom Watson and children this week.

Mrs. Arretta Crank of Ellsberry, Mo., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. L. A. Townsley.

Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Platt, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. George Platt of Denton, left Sunday morning for a trip to Colorado.

Miss Grace Gatewood of Shreveport, La., arrived here Wednesday for a visit with her mother and other relatives.

Dr. and Mrs. James McGee of Columbus, Ohio, are here visiting his aunt, Mrs. L. A. Townsley, and other relatives.

Mrs. Thelma Hoffman of Iowa Park arrived Saturday for a few days' visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Pryor.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Ware and son, Buck, returned home Monday from Dallas where they have been visiting for the last week.

Mrs. J. H. Gatewood, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Todd, and Mr. and Mrs. Horace Trew visited relatives in Jacksonville Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Doc Monroe and daughter, Rose Marie, and Billie Gene Monroe of Denton visited Mr. and Mrs. Fred Snuggs Friday.

Miss Jean Sullivan of Wichita Falls, who has been visiting Miss Fredda Snuggs for a week, returned to her home Friday.

Miss Lucille Curb and Mrs. Beatrice McKee returned Friday from a trip to Amarillo and Colorado Springs.

Mrs. G. L. Hammond, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Oscar Aldridge, for 10 days, has returned to her home in Sulphur Springs.

In the absence of the pastor, Rev. Tom Hardy, Rev. C. L. Miller filled

the pulpit of the Methodist Church Sunday morning and Morton Smith, a layman, filled the pulpit for the evening service.

Mrs. W. A. Hoskins, Mr. and Mrs. Don Hoskins and Mrs. Walter Randall visited Mr. and Mrs. Bud Hoskins and family of Fort Worth Sunday.

Jim Andress of Borger is spending his vacation here with his brothers, Emmet, Clyde, and Mr. and Mrs. Albert Andress, and his sister, Mrs. Frank Needham.

Mrs. Matt Locke of Denison and Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Parks of Pasadena, Texas, were the guests of their sister, Mrs. Amanda Elliott, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Neely and family visited their daughter, Mrs. Nolan Judy, and family of Panhandle from Thursday through Saturday.

Mrs. J. W. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Brown and Miss Dewel Hall of Fort Worth were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Porter Wednesday.

Miss Dorothy Fay Blanton and Miss Sue Stewart of Denton were guests of Miss Blanton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Blanton, over the week-end.

Mrs. B. E. White and son, Elva, of Tahoka visited her sister, Mrs. J. T. Biffle, over the week-end. Mrs. White and son attended the homecoming in Forrestburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McAteer and baby son of Gainesville, Mrs. C. A. Crowson and daughter, Cynthia Ella, of Sanger visited Mr. and Mrs. Tom Pryor Sunday.

Lindsay News

MISS LONIA GIEB
Correspondent

**LINDSAY YOUNG LADIES
HEAR REPORT, PLAN SOCIAL**

Lindsay, Aug. 11.—At the regular meeting of the Young Ladies' Sodality last Sunday night members heard the report of Miss Elitha Neu who represented the local sodality at the recent State League convention at Tours.

In her report Miss Neu stated how communism was attacked as being a materialistic philosophy of life which definitely rejects the spiritual and therefore denies the existence of a God and of a spiritual and immortal soul.

She further stated how birth control is undermining the Christian family and quoted the Rev. Bishop Byrne of Galveston as saying that today too many refuse to have the chatter of little children in their homes and the patter of little feet across the floor. "The world, the flesh and the devil are at work to destroy the Christian family," he declared.

When she had concluded, final plans for a lawn social to be held Sunday, August 15, were made. Committees' reports were handed in and when the meeting adjourned members felt assured that their plans were well laid and are ready to accommodate the large gathering anticipated at this, their social event of the year.

**PRE-NUPTIAL PARTY
HONORS MISS FLUSCHE**

Lindsay, Aug. 11.—One of the prettiest pre-nuptial parties of the season was given last Thursday afternoon, August 5, when Mrs. Claire Becker entertained a number of guests at the home of her mother, Mrs. Augusta Theisen, honoring her niece, Miss Hilda Flusche, bride-elect of George Luttmer.

The guests spent the afternoon playing games, contests, and as part of the entertainment offered suggestions on "How to Handle a

But It's True



THE 41-FOOT RATTLESNAKE!
FOUND DEAD NEAR STROUDSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA, BY MISS MARIA HALL... OCT. 3, 1926...

Husband." A recipe on "How to Preserve a Husband," was given by Mrs. F. C. Thomas of Gainesville.

In the contests high score prizes were awarded to Miss Lonia Gieb, and consolation prize went to Mrs. Pete Mosman.

Little Billie Marie Schafer of Gainesville offered a "military tap" dance number and Misses Elfrieda Bezner, Mildred Becker and Catherine Bezner gave several selections on the piano.

The hostess, assisted by Mrs. H. J. Fuhrmann, served a refreshment plate of pineapple ice cream and coconut cake to 45 guests.

Miss Flusche will become the bride of Mr. Luttmer in ceremonies set for Wednesday, August 18, in St. Mary's Church, Gainesville.

She has chosen for her bridesmaids her sister, Miss Gertrude Flusche of Coleman, Ala., and Miss Anne Luttmer, sister of the bridegroom.

Mr. Luttmer has chosen Norbert Flusche and Arthur Luttmer to attend him.

**SCHMITZ FAMILY ENJOYS
PARTY AT LINDSAY HALL**

Lindsay, Aug. 11.—Members and friends of the William (Grandpa) Schmitz family enjoyed a get-together in the Lindsay hall last Thursday evening, August 5.

A delicious buffet supper featured by barbecue rabbit opened the evening's festivities after which the guests enjoyed the remainder of the evening dancing.

**GILBERT HENRY KUBIS
BORN AUGUST FIFTH**

Lindsay, Aug. 11.—Mr. and Mrs. Albert Kubis announce the birth of Gilbert Henry, the 7½-pound baby boy who arrived at the Gainesville Sanitarium on Tuesday, August 3.

He was baptized in St. Mary's Church, Gainesville, on Thursday, August 5. Rev. Father Alcium Kubis, uncle of the new arrival, administered the sacrament, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Zimmerer, who were the sponsors.

Both mother and baby are doing nicely.

**PARENTS MAY WELL BE
JUDGED BY THE APPEARANCE
OF THEIR CHILDREN. ★ I give artistic children's haircuts.**

LOU WOLF, the Barber

YOU CAN
ENJOY YOUR RADIO
TO THE FULLEST EXTENT
if you will depend on us to keep it in first rate condition!
Electric Shop
VINCENT J. LUKE, Prop.
Muenster, Texas

MACHINE BOLTS, all sizes
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Agency for new SUPER STAR Windmills
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WINDMILLS--WASHERS
Let us furnish you with a
SAMSON WINDMILL
Galvanized Storage and Stock Tanks
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... equipped with either an electric motor or a famous Briggs-Stratton gasoline motor.
SEE US FOR PRICES
"The Old Reliable"
Waples-Painter Co.
LEO HENSCH, Mgr. MUENSTER YARD

Elfrieda, accompanied by Misses Catherine Bezner, Fay Brown and Lonia Gieb, transacted business in Pilot Point Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Koesler and family of Vinita, Okla., arrived Sunday evening for a visit with his brother, Alphonse Koesler, and members of the Fuhrmann families.

Miss Helen Krebs, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Krebs, left Wednesday for Jonesboro, Ark., where she entered the novitiate of the Sisters of St. Benedict.

Nick Block, Ben Hermes and Pete Block motored to Pilot Point Thursday to attend the meeting celebrating that council's addition to the Sixth District of the Knights of Columbus.

The Venerable Sisters Lucian Paulnus, Emilia and Anna Victoria, arrived from San Antonio over the week-end after spending the summer months at Our Lady of the Lake College.

Miss Louise Kuntz left Wednesday for Fort Worth where she entered a school of beauty culture. Accompanying her were her brother, John, her sister, Frieda, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kuhn.

Miss Clara Hundt, who for the past two weeks has been visiting relatives in Denison, returned to her home Friday. She was accompanied by her uncle, A. C. Flusche, and her cousins, Jerome, Miriam and Irene Flusche, who visited briefly with relatives here.

Mrs. Rose Kupper and daughter, Anne, left by train Saturday, traveling as far as Dallas. There they were joined by her son, Andrew, and

together the trio left by automobile for an extended visit with Mrs. Will Barry, Jake and Albert Kupper and other relatives in Mexia and Corsicana, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Gieb and children, Bettye Rae, Frances, and Bill, of Dallas visited briefly in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gieb and Joe Gieb of Gainesville Sunday. On their return trip they were accompanied by Mrs. Joe Gieb and daughters, Pat and Annabelle, who visited at Dallas for several days.

Records of the Unemployment Compensation Commission show that approximately 12,000 Texas employers are paying contributions to the unemployment trust fund, and that benefit accounts have been set up for more than 600,000 wage earners. The Commission's field agents estimate that between 1200 and 1500 additional employers will be brought under the law this year.

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NEW
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LOOK!
Keep them...
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Satisfaction Guaranteed

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We have White Shoe Polish

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If you are a depositor in this bank your funds are insured by the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation—an agency created by an act of Congress—up to \$5,000. Your money is as safe here as the Federal Government because "Uncle Sam is on our side."

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The GAINESVILLE NATIONAL BANK
Gainesville, Texas

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Whatever Your Power - We Have the Right Gang Plow to Fit It

And on every one of them you'll find the patented Oliver DEPTH ADJUSTMENT SCREW. Only Oliver has it! And with it, you can adjust plowing depth quickly and easily while in motion. You can plow an even furrow at a uniform depth—up hill or down—or running around a sidehill. Heavy, flat bar steel beams, beam braces and husky axles are all heat treated for extra strength. Plenty of rake and clearance, and surplus covering ability are "built right in" to every Oliver tractor gang.

Light draft—with great covering ability—Oliver gangs can save you a lot of time, trouble and money. You'll get better plowing at a lower cost. Call on us the next time you're in town. Let us help solve your plow problems.

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H. A. ARMSTRONG, Manager
"We'll Be Here Tomorrow to Back Up What We Do Today"
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Fill your car or leave an order for
MARATHON
Gas and Oil
GASOLINE, 15 and 18 Cents

PETE ROLLMAN
RETAIL and WHOLESALE Agent
HEADQUARTERS AT AL WALTERSCHEID'S MACHINE SHOP

Softball League

Games This Week

Leo 13, Marysville 9.
Era 1, Bulcher 0 (forfeit).
Hood 10, Myra 9.
Hays 19, Muenster 12.
Hays 13, Marysville 12.
Muenster 20, Bulcher 2.
Leo 13, Hood 7.
Myra 14, Era 7.

SOFTBALL
(Continued from First Page)

men romped around the bases to their hearts' content. Three of them got four-baggers. In their turn Muenster threatened to retaliate by leading off with four hits and getting one man on base through an error, but the rally fell eight runs short of reaching the desired goal when the next three men were retired in order. In the hit and error columns Muenster was far in the lead for dishonors with nine bingles as compared with Hays 16 and 11 bobbles as compared with Hays' six. The score ended, Hays 19, Muenster 12.

Boosters who were disgusted in Muenster's previous appearance were proud of the boys Monday night when they made their best showing of the season to smother Bulcher in a 20 to 2 one-sided match. As a ball game there was little for the spectator to see but as an exhibition of good playing it was a treat. Walter Becker in his first appearance on the mound, turned in a three-hit game and permitted no earned runs. Bulcher's two markers came in the first inning as a result of three errors. After that the team clamped down to give Walter almost perfect support and made only one additional error. In hitting they surpassed all their previous performances by collecting 24 safeties, several of them being home runs and triples.

In the other game Monday night Marysville and Hays had a close contest that ended 13 to 12 in favor of Hays. In this game again the strong arm sluggers of Hays got their war clubs in action to deal a pack of misery to the Marysville club which, for several innings seemed to have the game on ice.

Tuesday night's game between Hood and Leo left the champions with a perfect record. By winning 13 to 7 they stretched their list of consecutive victories to 11.

Myra's game with Era brought their percentage up a few points even though it did not elevate their position in the league standing.

COUNTY FAIR
(Continued from First Page)

vation project it is being favored with a prominent location for its booth.

In that booth, according to plans now under consideration, will be a large background map of the Lake Dallas watershed with a legend of *text* and of threatened loss to Dallas when the lake fills with silt. The foreground will probably consist of a small model farm on which such soil conservation features as terracing, strip-cropping, and controlled drainage are shown.

Other speakers at the pre-fair meeting were County Home Demonstration Agent Miss Nette Shultz, County Agent C. H. Clark, J. K. McCahn, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, Oscar Aldridge, president of the exposition, Joe Walter, Morton Smith, and Claude Jones. All of the members expressed enthusiasm over the fair, naming their remarks on interest already shown by exhibitors.

Contributions totalling \$10,628.708.28 have been received from some 12,000 Texas employers subject to the Unemployment Compensation Act. Of this amount \$6,500,000 was collected on 1936 payrolls. All monies collected under the act are deposited in the Federal Treasury in the State's unemployment trust fund and can be used only to pay benefits to eligible unemployed persons after January 1, 1938.

We Recommend:
RAISIN BREAD
See Your Grocer

Weldon Howard, Agent
PURITY BAKING CO.

EVERY TOWN
has a leading place to eat.

In Gainesville it's
Curtis
Sandwich Shop
East California Gainesville

Confetti

By CON FETTE

THE CROWD cheered last Thursday night at the Texaco stag picnic when Joe Wilde drank a bottle of beer out in the deep water. For a one-armed man that is quite an achievement according to the group of fellows who enjoyed the act. A lot of two-armed fellows wouldn't have been able to do as well.

And while we mention beer it might not be amiss to offer our sympathy to the fellows who were caught in a recent raid. Every one of those affairs stirs up the same old indignation on the part of regular citizens as well as beer vendors. In Muenster there is one predominant viewpoint—that 95 per cent of her citizens want an occasional stein and never lose control of themselves; and it isn't fair to penalize that number of sensible people just because a few cannot be gentlemen. They also feel that the rowdies can be made to behave if beer comes out into the open and the beer parlors can call on the law for co-operation, instead of dodging the law as is necessary now. Not long ago Muenster voters submitted a petition for a local option election in this precinct. Recent developments serve as an excellent inducement to get behind that petition and push it to a successful conclusion.

Oh! whatta licking our Muenster boys took Friday night. Even though some of our alibi hunters are inclined to call attention to Hays' hitting spree, it seems only fair to admit that the big reason for the loss was plain lousy playing. Had there been less booting and less fumbling about a dozen unearned runs could have been prevented. The one time contenders for league leadership got a severe jolt in that fracas.

Mack Cole of Hays has the distinction of being the only man to achieve what dozens of players have wanted to do. With a couple of men on base he hit the open door of the little building just south of the Myra school. In spite of the dark Albert Hoehn retrieved the ball in a hurry, but he was a "fur piece" down the line and Mack came "loping" in for a home run.

We doubt whether there's a man around who can move as much farm equipment over the road as Frank Bayer. A normal picture of the Bayer parade would be a team pulling Frank's Chevy hoopie followed by another team pulling a wagon and cultivator and behind that is another team or two, each pulling a similar load. The length of the parade usually varies from 100 to 150 feet.

A new idea in this community is Tom Hickman's subpoena to all officers of Cooke County to appear at his home Tuesday, August 10, to "partake of a barbecued '629' calf, also to mix and mingle with all other pistol packers of this county." A novel invitation, we'd say.

How many of you old timers recall the little incident of a rock crashing through the roof of Meurer's Hardware Store (now occupied by Nick Miller), when a hole was

blasted to get a solid foundation for Charlie Stelzer's windmill? That was back in 1914 and the story came to light when the windmill, behind the Haverkamp Hotel, was taken down Monday.

Just before the game Monday night a fan was heard to remark that Muenster is the only club in the league that has used only one pitcher. Up to that game the remark was true, Johnny Flitman had tossed every time. But Walter Becker came in as a dark horse that made good in his first attempt. Now Muenster has two good hurlers. Johnny is thoroughly seasoned and Walter will be hard to stop after a little practice gives him better control.

What with two snakebites in recent weeks and the execution of a huge rattler early this week, it seems that snakes are breaking into prominence. The specimen killed by Al Hoenig is a dandy and Al did an expert job of getting results with the least possible mutilation. As a result the snake makes a good display in a jar of alcohol in F. J. Schenk's show window. All of which reminds us of a recent statement by Sam Tuggle of the Marysville community. In the good old days Sam had lotsa trouble keeping his quart of snake medicine away from the other fellows until he finally hit upon the idea of putting it in a cage with a couple of rattlers. From that time on Sam's jug was all his own. Incidentally, Sam has killed several rattlers on his place this year, the best of the lot having a total of 32 rattlers.

We would suggest a hearty kick in the pants for the moron who has so little decency as to spit tobacco juice on merchants' show windows. Whoever he is, that filthy specimen of degenerate manhood would do well to change his ways, because some of the decent people are beginning to clench their fists.

Hays News

MRS. BEN LANE
Correspondent

Ben Lane made a business trip to Bryson Tuesday.

Frank Cole made a trip to Krum Wednesday.

Frank Cole made a trip to Fort Worth Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Sears made a business trip to Sherman Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sanders Vestal and daughter of Dublin are visiting here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Peoples of Lefors are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lane.

Mrs. Bedford Vestal is visiting her mother, Mrs. Mathers, of Gainesville this week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Greene of Denton visited Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Stalcup Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Sears and family visited Mr. and Mrs. Abney Strater of Era Sunday.

AVOID EYE STRAIN!

DR. H. O. KINNE
OPTOMETRIST

Gainesville, Texas

Linn News

MRS. SELBY FIELDER
Correspondent

Darrell McCool and Selby Fielder were visitors in Era Monday.

Mrs. Edna Fielder spent last week in Gainesville with Mrs. Chadwell.

Mr. and Mrs. Linton Coursey visited in Gainesville the past weekend.

Mrs. John Rosson of Myra spent last week with her son, Dude Rosson, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Craven of Gainesville visited at the Harrison home Sunday.

Bud Cox of Perryton spent the week-end with his niece, Mrs. Edna Fielder, and family.

Harvey Harrison returned to Fort Worth Sunday after spending a week's vacation at his home.

Miss Ruby Molslee of Nocona is spending a few days in the home of her aunt, Mrs. Alfred Harrison.

Mrs. Edna Fielder, Mrs. Jim Howton, and Miss Latrese Howton left Monday to visit in Wichita Falls this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Dude Rosson and daughter and Mrs. John Rosson visited Mr. and Mrs. Thad Harrison at Bellevue Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Schmitz and Mrs. Hazel Chaffin and babies were dinner guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Mims Lewis.

Mr. and Mrs. Doc Gray and children and Mr. and Mrs. Selby Fielder enjoyed a picnic and swimming party at Clear Creek Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Harrison visited his brother at Windhorst, and also spent four days with their son, Charlie Harrison and wife, at Nocona last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Dude Rosson and daughter, Minnie Faye, spent last Saturday and Sunday visiting relatives at Wichita Falls Mrs. Ros-

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Serving Cooke County

Since 1901

PHONE 26

Gainesville

son's mother, Mrs. Jim Felty, returned home with them for a few days' visit.

To Attend Religious Vows of Daughters

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Endres and son, M. J. Jr., are making plans to attend special services at Our Lady of Victory next Sunday when their daughter, Sister Agnes, makes profession of her perpetual vows in the order of St. Mary of Nameur, and another daughter, Sister Irma, receives the black veil of the order.

Also attending the ceremony will be Mrs. C. J. Fette and Mr. and Mrs. Tony Treubenbach, Jr., who will visit with Sister Antonette.

Following the special services the three sisters will return with their families to visit with relatives here until next Thursday.

Joe Schmitz

Agent for

State Reserve Insurance Co.
LINDSAY, TEXAS

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Ice Cream Sandwiches

Stop at

Hick's New Deal

CAFE

First Door North of Kress
Gainesville

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Red Cedar Shingles make the best roofing material without question. They insulate against heat and cold, and when properly laid are absolutely leak proof.

If you are needing a new roof before winter comes, we would welcome your inquiry. You will be pleasantly surprised as to how cheap you can put on that new roof.

ALSO, WE CAN FURNISH YOU WITH ANY KIND OF ROOFING MATERIAL MANUFACTURED

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- 1936 PLYMOUTH Coupe, Priced now . . . \$485
- 1935 PLYMOUTH 2-door Sedan, Priced now . . . \$435
- 1934 PLYMOUTH Coupe, Priced now . . . \$385
- 1933 PLYMOUTH 4-door Sedan, Priced now . . . \$350
- 1935 CHEVROLET Coupe, Priced now . . . \$385
- 1933 CHEVROLET 2-door Sedan, Priced now . . . \$280
- 1929 CHEVROLET 4-door Sedan, Priced now . . . \$110
- 1929 CHEVROLET 4-door Sedan, Priced now . . . \$135
- 1936 CHEVROLET Pick-up, Priced now . . . \$350
- 1930 FORD 4-door Sedan, Priced now . . . \$165
- 1936 CHEVROLET Pick-up, Priced now . . . \$335
- 1933 CHEVROLET Truck, grain bed, dual wheels, new tires . . . \$285
- 1929 FORD Coupe, at a . . . BARGAIN
- 1931 FORD Pick-up, at a . . . BARGAIN

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