

# SANTA ANNA NEWS

"He Profits Most Who Serves Best"

Thirty-Fifth Year

Santa Anna, Coleman County, Texas, Friday, June 10, 1921

Number 23

**And the Floods Came.**  
The biggest rain that has visited the Santa Anna country within the memory of many of the old timers, fell here Tuesday night, commencing shortly after midnight and continuing until break of day. The down-pour at times was a perfect sheet of water, which started rivulets of water and mud through the streets and even into many of the business houses in the downtown section. Scarcely a house in the city withstood the beating deluge, all leaking more or less, entailing damage to goods where watchful tenants were not on the alert to watch their property.

In several of the downtown buildings a perfect mill race was formed, leaving a wake of mud and slime for the tenants to remove before business could be resumed. All kinds of estimates were ventured as to the amount of rain which fell here, some placing it as high as ten inches. No doubt a more accurate measurement of the rainfall is to be found in the semi-official record which Burgess Weaver keeps at his home, this instrument showing that 6 3/4 inches had fallen.

The rain was accompanied by considerable wind in certain localities. In Santa Anna the wind gained sufficient velocity to overturn a barn in the south part of town, while the big Standard rig out on the Pope place was blown over and splintered.

The City Lake is full and the water ran over the spillway at a depth of 14 inches and 20 feet wide until late in the afternoon Wednesday. This is very gratifying to the water commissioner and his helpers, who say that the flood has cleaned the channel of the lake and left a pure supply of water which will last well into the summer. The water was rapidly being diminished at the lake with the heavy draughts of summer consumption.

Reports from the farming section indicate that the floods and wind-storm worked havoc with crops in certain localities, particularly on the farms in the creek bottoms or those which were not properly terraced. Fences were washed out along the creeks, and much small grain was felled flat and swept over by the torrents. Hail was reported in certain areas of a more or less destructive force, particularly in the southeast part from town.

But with all the damage the storm might have inflicted, it goes without argument that the good which it will do to the remaining crops of the big majority of farmers will far offset the losses of certain individuals.

**Baptist Revival in August.**  
Rev. J. M. Reynolds Sunday announced the engagement of Rev. Copass, an evangelist of considerable fame in Texas and other states, to begin a revival with the local church the 28th day of August. Mr. Copass is now in California but will return to this State soon to re-engage in evangelistic work. Rev. Reynolds will be assisted in this meeting by his son, who will direct the singing services.

Try a News Want ad. 2c a word

MICKIE SAYS—



CHARLES SCHARDE

**Proposed School Measures Defeated.**  
In Tuesday's election in the Santa Anna Independent School District held for the purpose of ascertaining if a support and maintenance tax of \$1.00 on the \$100 valuation of taxable property be levied, and if \$80,000 in bonds should be issued with which to make improvements in the present school buildings, and for the construction of a new high school building, both propositions went down in defeat by the following majorities:

For maintenance tax	84
Against maintenance tax	125
Majority against the tax	41
For the bond issue	82
Against the bond issue	126
Majority against the bond issue	44
Total number of votes cast	209
Number of women voting	24

The estimated voting strength for the election has been placed by several authorities at upwards of 300.

The News does not feel called upon to make any comment upon the results of this election, as we left no uncertainty in the minds of our readers in the pre-election campaign as to our preference. Manifestly, we cannot see any hope for Santa Anna schools unless this sentiment is reversed in the very near future, and it is not likely that such a thing can be anticipated in time to meet the emergency which exists with reference to the repair of the grade building in order that it may be made habitable for the next term of school. When this building is in such a state of collapse as to cause the mayor of our city to suspend the attendance of his child after he had investigated its condition, it is not likely that many thoughtful persons will run the hazard of placing their children in this structure until it is repaired.

The News will not attempt to say what might have influenced a majority of the voters of the district to defeat these two propositions. Nothing can be accomplished in a constructive way by maligning and impugning the motives of those who may differ with our views on matters affecting the public weal. Those who rolled up a majority in defeat of these measures are our friends and neighbors, and we must labor with them as best we may to accomplish the ultimate good.

Practicing this tolerance of public opinion, the News modestly suggests and urges that those who are responsible for the defeat of the program which has been proposed by our newly selected board of trustees for the solution of our school problems, arise as a unit and propose a better plan for meeting the emergency. No individual or collective group of persons have the moral right to oppose measures of this character unless they are prepared to step in the breach and offer a better way.

Giving the opposition the benefit of this view, the News is hopeful that the majority who led these two measures to defeat Tuesday will present a working plan on which we may all unite, albeit it may fall far short of realizing our anticipations as predicated in the program of our school board. It occurs to us that the least these gentlemen can do, is to at once signify their willingness and initiate a petition for presentation to the school board asking for another election for the passage of sufficient bonds to perfect the improvement of our grade building so that the school patrons may be assured of a place in which to house and instruct our scholars for the next term. This action will likely entail a bond issue of from \$12,000 to \$15,000, as conservative estimates of the needed repairs of the building will contemplate this expenditure without waste.

In offering this suggestion, the News does not offer it as a compromise measure, as we maintain that the original program was feasible and should have carried by a unanimous vote, but as previously stated in substance at least, we are willing "to forget those things that are behind and press forward for the prize," which in this instance is the preservation of the rights of our children to a free public school education under the most favorable conditions possible for us to provide.

It is your move, gentlemen, of Tuesday's opposing vote! Are you on?

Try a News Want ad. 2c a word

**Teagle No. 1 Down 1200 Feet.**  
The announcement of the management of the Anticline Oil & Gas Co. this week is that ten inch casing has been set a little below the 1200 feet mark at Teagle No. 1, which is very gratifying to all those interested in the progress of this test, and it is certainly a matter of congratulation to the officers of the company and the capable drillers who are doing the work.

From information reaching this office the company is meeting with marked success in placing the stock and selling acreage in the enterprise, which means that development will proceed without interruption until completion of the well. This is especially gratifying and in a measure an agreeable surprise, in view of the tight money conditions and the downward plunge of the oil market, which is very nearly as disastrous to the poise of the financial world as the demoralization of the cotton and wool markets.

There is no mistaking the sincerity of the officers of the company when they predict that this test is going to mean pay to all parties interested in its welfare. From the very nature of the organization, its objects, and its personnel, there cannot be any very great financial coup if it should place all the stock and acreage which is offered, and when the real character of the men behind it is considered, it is removed from the element of the usual promotion scheme and takes on the aspect of a few seasoned men backing their judgment that big pay is yet to be opened in the Santa Anna field.

When one remembers that Fred Turner has fought the oil game from its inception in this territory fifteen years ago with all the confidence of his rugged persistent character with no other thought in mind than to be the father and finisher of the dreams of so many that the Santa Anna field was rich in promise and performance, there is a renewed optimism in his taking the helm for the test in this hitherto unexplored section which is so enticingly surrounded by production and which is the very center of the most flattering reports of the geologists.

This paper has been very forcibly struck with the advertising slogan adopted by Mr. Turner, in which he modestly suggests that if you can't help his enterprise please refrain from assisting the "bear," which is another index to his naturally cheerful disposition, and at the same time paints a great moral to this community in the kind of co-operation which he should reasonably expect from the town. Of course there is no secret or open opposition to the promotion plans of the company, for every mother's son here knows that if Fred Turner strikes the pay in Teagle No. 1 every measly little property interest in Santa Anna will commence the leap which the cow started toward the moon.

**Elliott-Roach Nuptials.**  
Hubert Roach was united in marriage Saturday evening to Miss Pearl Elliott, the ceremony being performed by Rev. J. M. Reynolds, at his home. Mr. Roach lives in the Plain-view community and Miss Elliott has been residing at Zephyr.

**Baptist Revival in Progress.**  
Rev. J. M. Reynolds is conducting a series of evangelistic services at the Tabernacle this week, and he says that in spite of the storms of the last few days he has not grown lonesome out there as he attempts to expound the "way of salvation." Wednesday night when the clouds looked like a storm of the preceding night, his audience numbered around the one hundred mark. He is assisted in the services by Miss Lois Howard, a young woman of rare spiritual culture, a graduate of the missionary training course in one of the great seminaries, who is making preparation for her entry in mission work in the foreign fields.

The services will be under full headway Sunday and the people of the town are urged to attend both morning and evening hours.

**Odd Fellows Memorial Service.**  
The local lodge I. O. O. F. will hold its Memorial Day services at the Tabernacle Sunday afternoon at 3:00 o'clock. Rev. J. M. Reynolds will deliver the address. All Odd Fellows are requested to attend and the public at large will be welcomed.

**The Passing of a Noble Character.**  
Death claimed the person of one of the most heroic and lovable characters Santa Anna has ever known Tuesday morning when Mrs. Mamie Banister Von Heuvel passed away after a lingering illness. Born in Santa Anna nearly a half dozen months less than 35 years ago, this character grew to womanhood here, exemplifying in her daily life the sweet Christian graces while shackled with an affliction which was wrought in her body by infantile paralysis. Recovering from the malady, the child's spine was afflicted, leaving her partially paralyzed for life.

But this handicap in her physical faculties did not deter this character from fighting the good fight in the struggles that are common to most of humanity. Graduating from the Santa Anna public school in 1905, the young lady applied herself to further instruction, which she partially earned by her own work at Baylor College, Belton. Finishing her education, she taught in the Coleman county schools, and later in South Texas.

In South Texas she formed the acquaintance and friendship of her surviving husband, Herman Von Heuvel, who was then an uncouth, illiterate German boy. She tutored her husband in the language of her native tongue and instructed him in the refinements of life of which only a spiritually enlightened woman is capable of imparting to an helpmeet. This marriage has been a romance of which neither of them ever grew negligent.

To this union nearly a year ago was born little Billie, the little mite taking its wings from its mother by a surgical operation at Temple. From that ordeal the mother's vitality has gradually dissipated, and the last few months of her existence has been preserved under the most heroic efforts of family, nurses and physicians.

Mrs. Von Heuvel was the daughter of John R. Banister, whose memory Santa Anna people today honor as one of the best sheriff's Coleman county ever had. The courage and fidelity to a trust which the father lived among his fellows shone mightily in this mite of a woman physically, but who was large in the graces of Christian fortitude.

Funeral services for the little body were held Wednesday afternoon at the Methodist church, Rev. J. M. Reynolds, pastor of the Baptist church, of which she has been a consistent member since 1900, preaching the sermon. Those attending the service were moved with the beautiful tender tribute which this great old minister uttered at her bier.

Attending the funeral from a distance were her brother, Capt. John R. Banister, Jr., of San Antonio; her sister, Mrs. Wm. Waldeck, of Brenham, who has adopted little Billie and brought him here with her; and Mrs. W. R. Doran, an aunt, from San Saba.

**Girl Scouts Have Outing.**  
Tuesday morning a jolly crowd of Girl Scouts met at the home of Mrs. Chas. Eck and motored to Home Creek where they pitched camp. Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Raney and Mrs. Eck were chaperones, and the morning was spent in making the camp comfortable and in swimming. A camp dinner was enjoyed, and the afternoon was spent in exploring and swimming.

Several cars of people came out from town and enjoyed the camp supper, and then the crowd enjoyed another swim. After the guests left the camp became quiet for a little while, but the clouds looked so threatening that it was considered advisable to come to town, which they did, spending the night at the hospitable Raney home, and pretending that the breakfast was a camp affair.

Those enjoying the outing were Mary McClellan, Hazel Verner, Inez Marshall, Faith Raney, Dorris and Georgia Gilmore, Evelyn Eck, Annie Lou Parker, Ruth Stephenson, Louvene and Miriam Brandon.

**Methodist Church Serviets.**  
Children's Day service at 11 a. m. Everybody invited.  
No services in the evening on account of the Baptist revival.

R. A. Crosby, Pastor.

—Mrs. J. L. Pope, of Winters, arrived here Tuesday for a visit of a few days with Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Pope. J. L. accompanied his family here, and went on to Waco, where he attended the Shriner's meet.

**School Board Holds Meeting.**  
The school board met Tuesday evening and canvassed the returns of the election held during the day, with the results as indicated in another report in this paper.

The board has practically matured plans looking to a canvass of the local situation to find out just what remedy can be applied to meet the emergency which exists in our school system. To this end a questionnaire will be employed, seeking information from each and every voter in Tuesday's election and other eligible voters in the district whose names can be secured, as to how much of a bond issue they will approve for repairing the grade building in our plant, and how much maintenance tax they will support in an early special election called for the purpose. These questionnaires will be returned to the secretary of the board, and the consensus of opinion as derived from this data will form the basis upon which the board will fix the amount of tax and proposed bond issue, and issue a call for another election.

In speaking of this matter to the News, Dr. Sealy, president of the board, said:

"The board does not for one minute believe that the results of Tuesday's election means that the majority of the school patrons in Santa Anna Independent school district are oblivious of their obligation to speedily furnish relief for the present deplorable condition of our school facilities, or for making adequate provision for the maintenance of the schools along improved standards. We feel that results of this election is just another instance of the freaks which are often perpetrated in the name of politics, and which really has prejudice as its foundation. It is unbelievable that Santa Anna people are going to continue to place themselves in the attitude of spending more for cigars, cigarettes and other forms of tobacco than they do for the upkeep of their schools, and that's what they are doing right now.

"Understand me, the board holds no malice against anyone who may have opposed these measures in Tuesday's election. The board is sincerely trying to provide the district with adequate school facilities. Failing to confirm our recommendations in the matter, at least the majority in Tuesday's election would seem to indicate such, we just naturally want to know what the patrons desire in the premises. If something isn't done speedily to take care of next term of school, the district will not have any need for a board of trustees."

—Mrs. Ethleen Brown returned home Saturday from Ft. Worth, at which place she has been visiting her sister and other relatives for the past month.

—Mrs. J. L. Pope left yesterday for her home at Winters, being accompanied on her return by Mrs. J. T. Pope who will visit there for a time.

PEOPLE OF OUR TOWN



CHARLES SCHARDE



**WE  
WILL HELP  
YOU  
KEEP FIT**

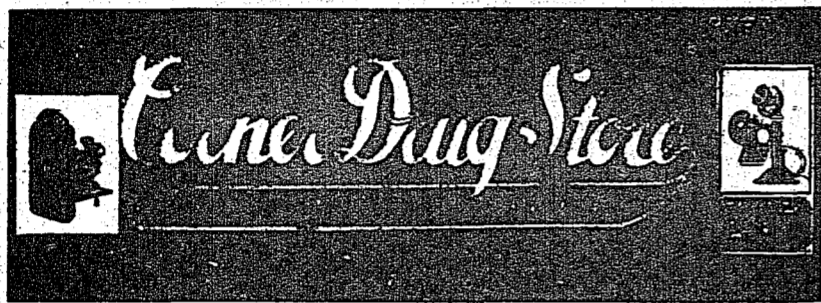
A little care will keep you fit, in first-class physical condition.

In these days of painful and mysterious maladies it pays one to avoid colds, coughs and any run-down condition.

Proper exercise and out-door life will help,

**BUT—**

as an aid to nature, when you are not feeling just right, come to us for tonics, cold cures, for what you may need in our line.



**WHEN JOYCE WED**

By LOUISE HOFFMAN.

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It was decided at last in family conclave that Joyce was to have a wedding. Not a formal church affair, but just a sweet little home wedding with a few close friends and relatives. The family had lived in this spacious old colonial home for almost a quarter of a century, and this was the first great event to take place within its portals. Something unusual must mark the very first wedding.

Brother Bob, who was handy with tools, was pressed into service and he constructed a wonderful arch of chicken wire in one end of the living room where the ceremony was to take place. A bevy of loving girl friends covered the whole with spruce and then twined June roses among the green. Joyce was to be married in a veritable bower of roses.

After many weeks of joyous preparations the fateful morning dawned. Joyce opened her large blue eyes in happy anticipation but snapped them shut as quickly. It was a dull, gray day with clouds threatening rain any minute.

Her sister, Antoinette, roused herself and threw an arm about her.

"I'm glad we didn't plan a garden wedding," she comforted, slipping out of bed. "Don't worry your poor little head over the weather. Everything is going to go off fine even if the weather is sloppy. I don't believe the weather has anything to do with it, anyway," she continued, hopping into her clothes. "Think of Mariann Drew's wedding day. It poured and she's just as happy and prosperous as she can be." She bent to kiss her sister.

At length breakfast was over and before Antoinette realized it the guests were arriving and everything was delightful hubbub. She never quite knew how she managed to don her maid of honor frock of palest pink organdie.

Mrs. Martin, in dove gray georgette, was busy cordially welcoming the guests at the library door.

Aunt Estelle was with the little bride, and to allay her fears that all the wedding party had arrived Antoinette kept bobbing in and out to assure her everything was in readiness and everybody had come. She counted them over on her fingers.

"Douglas and all his family have

just come. Doug and Joe, the best man, are with father. The wedding cake is all arranged on the hall table." In a few minutes she was back.

"The rector is here," she announced, "and Mary and Holmes have been here for over an hour. So we're sure of the music. Mary was to play the bridal march and also during the ceremony. I'm sure everything is going off fine. Your veil is a dream," and off she flew.

Mary met her at the foot of the rose-twined stairway with a white, strained face.

"What shall I do?" she gasped. "I've forgotten the music. I thought Holmes had it and he thought I had it."

Antoinette, panic stricken, glanced at the clock. It was 20 minutes of 12. The wedding was planned for high noon. Just as the clock struck the hour was to be the signal for Mary, from the concealed depths of the arch, to begin the wedding march. The maids were beginning to light the candles. The ushers were placing the ribboned aisle.

But without music the wedding would fall flat. Yet five miles there and back lay between that precious music. Could Holmes possibly make it? Speechless, she nodded to Holmes to make a try. Holmes' car fairly shot out of the drive and up the road.

"Saved!" came the welcome report at exactly two minutes of twelve, when Holmes dashed wildly into sight.

Antoinette gave the signal for the rector, the best man and the groom to take their places, and when the clock struck the tenth stroke of twelve she led the bridal party as Mary began the exquisite joyous strains of "Here comes the bride."

The rest of the wedding went by like a blur to Antoinette. She moved and did her part in a detached way. She heard the guests wishing the bride joy and had a hazy recollection of Joyce looking like a misty shining cloud of happiness. For the sun had come in all its glory just at noon. Just as Joyce, all radiant in her pretty blue traveling suit, threw her bouquet to the bridesmaids as she descended the rose-twined staircase. Philip Whately took her arm and led her into the deserted living room.

"It's time," he whispered, "for you to attend to your own wedding. Come, dear." He bent to kiss her. "I love you. You know it."

"Say, you spooners," broke in Brother Bob. "You'll miss the show. Get out and watch the bride off."

Joyce caught her sister as she came out and whispered: "It was all so sweet and I'll help with yours." The bride was gone.

"Gee, I felt like doing a handspring over the porch rail when Holmes got there and everything went off on the tick. Such a relief," said Brother Bob. "Your turn next, Sis."

"No more sweet little home weddings for me," laughed Antoinette, dead tired, but deliciously happy. "Just the barest formalities to make it legal, so I can enjoy every minute of it."

And she was married in—that that's another delightful story.

Fire and Tornado Insurance  
W. E. BAXTER  
Santa Anna, Texas

**CUPID'S BALM**

By MAUDE H. CALLOW.

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They had quarreled; not merely failed to settle a difference of opinion but he, at least, had actually used harsh words. Trivial disputes had arisen before between the boy and the girl—they were scarcely more than that—during their brief married period, but by mutual compromising an amicable settlement had always been reached. But now it was all over. There could be no reconciliation.

He would have liked to know her plans for the future, but was determined to yield no longer to her autocratic whims.

She was likewise confident that his conduct as revealed by her would disclose a brute, and encouraged by her friends, she would remain firm until he came to beg her forgiveness and acknowledge his mistakes. Then perhaps she would consider taking him back.

He filled his pipe and forgot to light it. From the corner of her eye she followed his every move, for the man, thinking of concealing his impatience, only succeeded in doing the opposite by an exaggerated show of indifference. "Where's my best suit?" he demanded.

She glared at him and haughtily told him to go find it. Another long silence followed, which increased their embarrassment.

Then, "I'm going to pack up and get out!" said the man.

"Shall I help you, dear?" she asked.

What did she mean? But of course the "dear" was uttered quite unconsciously, he had the good sense to tell himself. Yes, it was the force of habit rather than an ambiguous phrase. For was she not ready and willing to assist him to "pack up?"

"Aren't you going home to your mother?" he began as a "feeler."

"I don't mind telling you I intend doing just that," she assured him, "but not tonight."

"But why prolong the inevitable?" questioned the man with affected coolness. "I told you I've had quite enough of your mischievous temper."

"Let us not discuss that," she replied calmly. "We have agreed to disagree. I shall go tomorrow. Tonight I—"

"So? You were going to entertain someone?" thinking he had made a shrewd guess. "And perhaps that's just why you started this quarrel?—thought I'd run out and leave you to do as you please—but I won't!"

"You ought to capitalize your omniscience," she remarked with natural nonchalance, "you're such a good guesser," which only irritated him the more.

"You may think you're smart," growled the man, having fully succumbed to his irate temper, "but your frankness is ridiculously crude."

A mischievous little laugh preceded her next sting.

"Yes, I am going to entertain a man this evening," never once giving way to irritation. "The best man in the world," she added. A brief pause.

"And I love him, too, only he—"

"What!" he cut in. "Are you mad to say such an awful thing? Do you realize your brazenness exposes you?"

But she gave no heed to his augmented ugliness, and continued without a quiver in her voice, "I was going to say that he is just the dearest man but for one wicked habit."

The man stood erect and faced her as one resigned to make the best of a bad situation.

"Well, since you are so fond of this man, suppose you tell me more about him."

She had brought out her work basket and was busy on a bit of lingerie. Without looking up she told him her guest-to-be was the most lovable man, but for an extremely irascible temper.

"I suppose," he supposed once again, "I may remain until he arrives? You see, I want to congratulate him!"

"As you like," returned the girl with a calm that made his outburst of irony sound absurd. But fortunately the man was not altogether hopeless, and it dawned on him that adolescents in revolt are not rare, and that connubial bliss without its occasional trials would be contrary to both truth and fiction.

He had begun to see the light and knew he was outwitted. He recalled the gospel of a soft answer only to regret it was too late to wish he had drawn her out instead of making a fool of himself by falling an easy victim to her superior self-possession.

Humiliated he sat with his back toward her, his feet resting on a cushion.

"Do you mind telling me," he asked in a manner akin to a dog pleading for a bone, "who the—that man is? and when you expect him?"

No answer.

There was a decided change in his voice now; it was no longer caustic and contained a hint of remorse.

She had laid aside her work and was looking directly at him, trying hard to keep from laughing outright.

He arose and faced her, then his face turned a deep crimson, like a naughty child caught doing something forbidden. Suddenly the girl smiled in a way that rendered his undoing complete.

Then he came and knelt beside her, spread her hands apart and lay his head in her lap, like grateful for the chance to conceal his shame and for the caressing strokes that ruffled his hair.

**THE QUILT LEGACY**

By DORA LEFAVOUR.

(© 1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Josiah Prismic lacked the business acumen of his ancestors, and when he died the home which had passed down his line for generations was his only legacy to his two daughters.

The city came. Massive buildings towered menacingly above Miss Esther's wee shop, and homes of modern architecture grew around their weather-beaten home, till the sisters felt shoved aside—elbowed into their respective, old-fashioned corners by the busy, self-seeking, hustling throng; and her little shop became Miss Esther's life, and home an oasis in a wilderness of people, most of them with foreign accent in their speech and foreign methods in their ways; while Miss Lucretia rarely ventured beyond her well-kept garden.

Miss Esther patriotically, conscientiously, sold her prewar stock at prewar prices, and the alarming post-war replenishments bit into her narrow margin so keenly that one evening, when she locked her store, she thought that upon the twenty-fifth day of this bleak November there'd be little to make her and her sister thankful.

As she walked the two city blocks to her home, her step was as deliberately sedate, her poise as perfect as if the world were at her feet; yet, her heart was so tumultuously timorous that she closed the door with its shining brass knocker quickly, almost with a bang—as if to shut out the grasping, giddy, up-to-date six o'clock throng; and the noisome grievances of her day dimmed to the soft froufrou of her sister's black silk as Miss Lucretia came down the hall to meet her, and announce dinner, just as she had done every evening of every business day for the twenty years which Miss Esther had been the breadwinner.

After they'd eaten their toast, Miss Lucretia carried the tea things to the drawing room, while Miss Esther turned the oil lamps economically low.

"Esther," confided Miss Lucretia, before a blazing wood fire in the open grate, "this is the last of the tea. The butter's gone, and there's only one more rising of bread flour in the barrel, and all is sold that can be sold without everything going under the hammer."

Miss Esther's sigh swelled her flat bosom. "Business is dull—extremely dull, Lucretia," she confided in her turn. "People advise advertising, but I shrink from flaunting my store news through the blatant newspapers, and I fear its rent will use all my capital this month."

"Miss Dorney was in today—she's opening a tea room, and if I could match this chintz she would commission me to decorate her place."

"It would put us quite on Easy street," she continued, fingering the bright-bued sample she took from her skirt pocket.

"Let me see that, Esther," Miss Lucretia held out her hand. "Seems to me I've seen some just like it somewhere."

"Probably when you were a child," Miss Esther replied vaguely. "If I could match it anywhere it would be at Vail's in Boston, but its price would be exorbitant—quite prohibitive. No, it's no use—the game is not worth the candle."

"I think I'll retire, sister," Miss Esther said wearily very early in the evening. Miss Lucretia opined she, too, would go to bed.

Each took a small lamp and silently climbed the shadowy, creaking stairs. Miss Lucretia's brow wrinkled in memory-searching frown.

"Where in the world have I seen chintz like that?" she kept asking herself.

"Esther," she fluttered, "don't you remember Aunt Anstice Dolbear's legacy?"

Straight to an old brass-studded hair trunk they sped, simultaneously opened the creaking lid and dragged a bulky quilt from the place where it had lain untouched for twenty-five years.

Down in her room, Miss Esther, the reserved, the self-contained, lighted a lamp with eager, trembling fingers, and compared the sample flutteringly. Miss Lucretia also held it far off and near to her dim vision.

They agreed—it matched.

"I've just got to get a scissors and rip it off now," said Miss Esther, "and measure it before I can sleep a wink."

The sharp-pointed scissors soon gave a vent; she slipped her fingers through the opening to hold her work the better. They touched something crisp; she ripped faster, her faded blue eyes protruding as the crispness proved to

be a dollar bill. She gasped, and slipped her hand in farther—more crispness.

With trembling haste they clipped them off, and placed them in neat piles—one thousand of them.

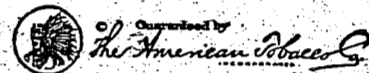
Neither spoke; the moment was too tense, too freighted for speech. They simultaneously they dropped to their knees beside Miss Esther's bed in reverent thanksgiving.

Presently practical Miss Lucretia arose and, putting on her slippers and dressing gown, went down to the kitchen to get foot-warmers.

By the time she got back Miss Esther had the money safely stowed away for the night and the two old ladies quietly went to bed again, with their bony feet cuddled snugly against warm soapstones, and their hearts aglow with gratitude to eccentric Aunt Anstice and her chintz quilt legacy.



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The Adams Merc. Co

**Did You Hear**  
that "Bill" Jones received a letter telling him that unless he was at the Best Theater, with 28 cents by eight o'clock on Wednesday, June 15, evening he would regret it to his dying day? I don't know what it is, but it sounds like "Blackmail."

## An Accusation That Proved False

By HAROLD SINCLAIRE

(© 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

When David Barry was elected to the town board of Creston, everybody seemed pleased, except John Ward. For one reason, Ward "also ran." Twice before he had been elected during the past four years, but he had developed a grouchy, cross-grained way of thinking and acting, and even his friends had become antagonized.

"The idea of that upstart taking my place!" railed Ward. Why, he's hardly lived here long enough to be a citizen. I'll drive him from Creston, or go myself."

The homes of the enemies, if such they may be called, adjoined.

"He has got on his high horse too late for me," young Elmer Barry advised his father one day. "Cecille, his daughter, is the dearest girl in the world; we have become engaged, and when we get ready we are going to marry."

"Yes," assented Mr. Barry, "I do not know a more estimable young lady. I fear, though, that you will have some opposition to encounter."

"What is the matter with the man, anyhow?" questioned Elmer. "I have no patience with him. Last week he nearly killed our dog for chasing a half his boy was rolling."

"Perhaps," said gentle Mrs. Barry, "that strayed son of his has soured his nature. They say he has got into all kinds of trouble."

"He drove him away, as I get it," explained Mr. Barry. "If it's anything, it's remorse."

Ward soon after that found out about Elmer and Cecille. Then she was kept practically a prisoner in the house.

Right on the heels of this came a secret—a secret known only for the time to Mr. and Mrs. Barry. At the rear of their yard was a small, unused barn. It adjoined the chicken yard. For several mornings Mr. Barry had got up early. He made hasty and covert visits to the barn, carrying a basket and padlocking the door strongly. Ward had been unusually pestiferous of late.

Two evenings he sat on his front porch bawling out an indirect accusation against his neighbor concerning half a dozen fancy chickens that were missing. From his own porch Mr. Barry heard him say:

"I've stood it long enough. If those chickens aren't back in my coop by tomorrow I'll disgrace Barry, I vow I will! I'll spring a surprise on him that will give him a startler!"

Mr. Barry had just left the dinner table the next day when a ring came at the door bell. As he answered it he was somewhat astonished to find at the door his irascible neighbor and the town constable.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Barry," said the latter in a tone almost of distress, "but the duty is imposed upon me of serving you with a search warrant."

"I think I understand," rejoined Mr. Barry, with a smile. "You are bound to insist that I am a chicken thief, Mr. Ward?"

"I don't know that, but your actions are very suspicious."

"Mr. Ward," he said, almost agitatedly, "I beg of you not to persist in this uncalled for action of yours."

"Uncalled for, eh?" snarled Ward. "Well, soon see about that!"

They made their way to the barn. With a grave face Mr. Barry unlocked the door.

Upon a cot supplied with clean, comfortable bedding lay a thin, wan-faced young man. He struggled to his feet weakly.

It was the runaway, Bryce Ward. It would be impossible to depict the amazement and then the ungovernable wrath of the hard-hearted father.

"Why, Mr. Ward," exclaimed the officer, "it is your son! He is wanted on an old charge here—"

"Then do your duty!" roared the heartless parent. "He has made his bed, now let him lie in it."

Mr. Barry induced the constable to accept bail for his prisoner, sent Bryce away to a new country and a new life, paid his forfeited bail bond, and Ward heard of it.

That was the final breakdown for the inflexible old man. When, a month later, after keeping all his kind deeds to himself as far as possible, Mr. Barry wrote a pleasant note to his conscience-stricken neighbor, the capping stone was reached.

It told that he had a fine business offer in another town and was going to resign his office. He said he would not go away until he had helped to elect his successor, Ward.

Some people learn their lesson late in life. It was so with Ward, a changed man through the patience and humane love of a good man. His first acknowledgment of his great mistakes was when he went out as Elmer was passing the house. He took his arm, led him through the gate, and then to the garden seat, where Cecille was waiting for him.

## Winthrop Solves a Jewel Robbery

By MURIEL BLAIR

(© 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

An antique ring had been stolen from a jewelry tray in the case under my charge. Goldstein & Co. had acted promptly. I was notified that my services were no longer required. The senior partner of the firm took great pains to inform me that my dismissal carried with it no implication of personal dishonesty. There had been so many of such thefts recently, however, that an example of presumable carelessness must be made. Unfortunately they had begun with me.

If it had not been for the stenographer, Miss Lura Vesey, I think I should have packed up instantly to return to my native town, disgusted with jewelers in general and justly indignant at Goldstein & Co. After I had parted with several good friends among the clerks who honestly regretted my departure, I was surprised to find Miss Vesey at my side, just as I was leaving the place. She was in tears. She placed a sisterly, affectionate hand on my arm in a pleading sympathetic way that softened me.

"You will not get discouraged?" she said.

"Does it matter much?" I jerked out, still wroth at my summary dismissal.

"It does to me," she replied earnestly, "more than you think. It matters to my brother, too, Mr. Winthrop. You found him a good position, and he will be always grateful. If I can help you—"

But I shook my head dejectedly. "At least let me hear how you get along," she added, and there was a tremor in her voice that inspired me with the idea that I had one sterling friend in the world.

So I promised her, and went on my way. I remembered all about that missing antique ring. In fact, I knew the man who had stolen it. At least I thought I did.

I am not much of a story teller, but to look ahead a little, my hard thinking assured me that I might make a good detective.

My first step was to go to the Jewelers' Board of Trade. That was where they kept the records of the trade, and I knew mine would follow me. The secretary was a bland, bright-eyed old man. I told my story. I also recited my suspicions. I could see that he was becoming interested in me.

"You think the man who palmed the missing antique ring today is a professional, eh?" he inquired.

"I am certain of it."

"See here," said the secretary, "I like your talk. Nobody thinks of suspecting you, for these robberies have become an every-day event. I want to say this, however: If you succeed in running down the gaug who are guilty of these systematic peculations, the Jewelers' Board of Trade will pay you a reward of one thousand dollars." I struck my quarry the third day.

At a street corner occupied by one of the leading diamond houses, my attention was attracted to a man and a woman conversing. Then both entered the diamond shop. The woman was chewing gum.

I followed them as far as the window, and noted their every movement. The fashionably dressed woman was shown a tray of unset stones. The man proceeded to eat an apple. She asked to be shown some other gems. Her companion drew nearer to the tray. I saw the woman take her gum from her mouth. Then the man tossed the core of the apple into the street, and came back to the side of his companion.

I was after that apple core double-quick.

Apparently the couple had found nothing to suit them and started to leave the store. Suddenly the salesman called to the floorwalker and ran out from behind the counter.

"Two diamonds are missing from the tray," he declared.

"You must submit to a search," said the clerk firmly.

They accompanied the salesman, who was joined by a lady clerk, to retiring rooms. I glided up to the spot where they had stood at the counter. I slipped my fingers along the under edge of the show case.

The two suspects came out of the retiring rooms threatening but triumphant. The missing gems had not been found.

"I shall start a suit through my lawyer at once," said my man, and moved towards the counter against which his umbrella rested.

"Wait," I said, and blocked his way. "Examine that," I added, extending an apple core to the astonished clerk.

"And that," and I handed a wad of gum to the floorwalker.

"What does this mean?" inquired the salesman vaguely, and then his eye rested on a sparkling eye of light imbedded in the fruit. At the same moment the floorwalker discovered the second gem in the gum, which the deft woman swindler had stuck on the under rim of the counter, where I had

found it. The man turned red, then white. The woman fainted. I telephoned the Jewelers' Board of Trade. Its secretary appeared in person, then the police. The man willingly confessed to the theft of the antique ring.

Goldstein & Co. offered handsome apologies and an increased salary. However, with the one thousand dollars I followed my natural bent, became a secret service man, as I have already told, and married that pretty, sympathizing stenographer, of course.

## Old Blair's Lucky Penny

By FREDERICK CLARKE

(© 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

"And to my second nephew, Ronald Blair, as a reminder of his remarkable powers of memory, I leave the munificent sum of one penny. As he has seen fit to imitate my peculiarities in private, so may he copy my diligence, beginning life on one cent capital, which is more than I had at the start, and making his own way in the world."

The legatee in question listened to the slow, measured tones of Lawyer Jones like one in a dream. The reader of the last will and testament of Jephthah Blair, stern, practical man as he was, cast a mournful and sympathetic look at the young man. He liked Blair immensely, as did every one else in town, unless it was Hugh Telford, seated also in the apartment. He smiled viciously and triumphantly. He was safe ashore while Ronald was floundering in dark waters. The "Blair plat" was to be given to Telford, together with stocks and bonds valued at \$30,000.

Ronald left the lawyer's office. It was cruel, after all his hopes and plans, and his heart sank like lead as he thought of Ruth Mason, his fiancée. Where should he go for comfort save to her? It was his privilege, his right, and half an hour later he was seated by her on the porch of the Mason home.

The Blair plat left to his cousin was a valuable property. Just before the death of Mr. Blair a deposit of rare and valuable clay used in stereotyping and for electrical purposes had been discovered. It was known as ozocerite, found elsewhere only in Austria and Utah.

Adjoining the plat was a twenty-acre patch of sterile land which had been left to Ronald by his mother. It was of so little value that he made no attempt to have it cultivated, but secured a position as an accountant in a near city. Then he received a letter from Ruth. It read: "Be patient for a year. I am going away and you must not write to me."

His business went well. The penny seemed to bring him good luck. Then the penny was observed by a loyal old Scotchman, leading to a friendship and a large amount of business.

It was just a year later when Ronald paid a visit to his home town. He learned that the wonderful ozocerite vein had run out. Hugh had pretty nearly dissipated all his ready money. He boasted, however, that he was engaged to Ruth and Ronald believed this after her inexplicable silence.

In later years he never forgot a sad and moody ramble ending at the barren twenty-acre lot. In going over it he stumbled, his watch chain caught on a bush, and the penny snapped loose and disappeared down a great open crack in the ground.

Ronald had no thought of losing a token which he sincerely treasured. He saw a man digging on an adjoining farm, went over to him and bargained for a careful excavation in quest of the lost memento.

It took some dexterity of treatment to manipulate the dry, crumbling dirt. At a depth of four feet, the bottom of the crack, the penny was produced. "Hello!" suddenly exclaimed the workman as he scraped off his spade—"say, if this should be the real vein!"

"The what?" questioned Ronald vaguely.

"The vein of ozocerite. Look here—that's the real stuff," and he took up a handful of the scrapings from the spade.

It was "the real stuff," that was proven within the ensuing two days. Ronald was standing on the land, a few evenings later, when a familiar figure came up over the rise in the landscape.

His heart stood still as she approached. Then a bitter thought came into his mind—Ruth had heard of his good fortune.

"The year is over," she said brightly as she approached him. "Did they never tell you? It was Hugh Telford who laid his fortune at my feet, and my foolish father encouraged his suit. Finally it was agreed that I should take a year to decide, away from both of you. As if a year or a thousand could make me forget—you!"

And she lifted the old penny from the hand of her lover, the lucky penny of old Jephthah Blair, and kissed it.

## John's Wife and Sweetheart

By WILLIAM FALL

(© 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

John Croft had written to his wife and dropped the letter down the mail chute. She had been gone three weeks, but she had communicated with him twice during that period, so that the breach between them was not irrevocable. That morning her second letter had come, and now that he had answered it he took it up and began reading it again.

"Dear John," she wrote. "I have been thinking a good deal during our separation and have come to the conclusion that neither of us is so much to blame for our disagreements as the other thinks. It is our life in the city, John, the rush of work, the cramped quarters, the killing of the romance of life by the sordid struggle for existence. John, shall we try again and see if we cannot be kinder to each other?"

John Croft had come to the city from the country, like so many country boys, burning to make a name and fortune in the field where the prizes are immense but the struggle acute. No mercy is given on that battlefield. He was twenty then, and Mildred Carter had told him that she would wait for him, if need be, forever. They had been sweethearts for three years and neither had been in love before. And Mildred waited, though the wait was long. Year by year John Croft had struggled vainly, hopelessly, until his sudden recognition came. Then he had married.

At last his wife and he had resolved upon a temporary separation. It was not to be permanent; they were too sincerely fond of each other to dream of anything like that. Rather it was to be a period of adjustment in which, each, alone, could examine his and her heart and see wherein the offense lay.

His wife would not return for three days. Why, then, should he not go to her, to Clayton, the village of their birth, and see her as she was now, recall the thousand memories of their love, steep his soul in those passionate memories which would encourage him to take up the burden of life anew? He sat down at his desk and wrote her a letter of a thousand endearments. He was coming back to Clayton, he said.

No sooner had he posted that letter than the plan became overwhelming in its insistence. He thrust a few things into his suitcase, descended in the elevator, hailed a taxicab, and was on his way to the station.

Ten minutes later he was seated in his car, watching the flying landscape as the train steamed through the pleasant country on its way toward the little Pennsylvania village.

It was six hours' run. Croft's heart was beating fast when at last, well toward sundown, the train slowed down and ran into the little station. He made his way down the village street under the long shadows of the elms.

It was a long street, and before he had reached the end the sun had set. The gracious twilight of spring shrouded all things in mystery. The place had not changed at all. He might have been returning thither from college. All sense of the intervening years had left him. At last he was standing at the bottom of Mildred's garden.

"Mildred!" he called.

Then his heart pounded violently in his breast as he saw a slim figure in a sunbunnet start out of the house and

move toward him with the old, leisurely grace. And so she passed between the borders of flowering lilac and at last stood before him. Why, this was his Mildred, unchanged—well, hardly changed, not at all to him. He knew now that he would love her until he died.

"Mildred!" he cried and then he had clasped her in his arms and her heart was beating against his own. And for a long time they forgot everything, save that they two stood there together as they once had done.

"John, dear," she whispered, raising her head and looking into his eyes.

"Mildred!"

"It has been all a mistake, hasn't it? It was the city that killed our love. Dear, you don't know how happy your letter made me. If we could always live here together!"

"Dear," he said softly, "I want you to know one thing. I always loved you. Sometimes, when we were least happy, I fancied that there were two Mildreds—my wife and the sweetheart who came from Clayton to marry me five years ago. But now they are both one and we will live here together and start our married life anew."

**Triumph of Truth.**  
A merchant had advertised for a boy. Late in the afternoon a red-headed, freckle-faced, blue-eyed, honest-looking boy applied for the job. "Do you like to work?" asked the merchant.

"No, sir," replied the boy. "Then you can have the job," replied the merchant. "You are the first boy who's been here today who didn't lie about it and say yes."

**Striking Suggestion.**  
Fludub—"The doctor says I am run down." Brown—"Then it's time for you to wind up your affairs."

**At Best Theatre**  
**Wednesday & Thursday**  
**June 15 and 16**



VIOLA DAN

-IN-

## "Blackmail"

This picture has been pronounced by critics as the best production in her career.

No Raise in Admission Prices.

## STATIONERY

Stationery for every requirement—in fancy boxes for gifts or in special assortments as you may specify.

Phillips Drug Store

## Santa Anna News

One copy per year.....\$1.50  
 One copy six months......30  
 One copy three months......50  
 Single copy......05  
 Outside of County, per year... 2.00  
 (Payable in advance.)

No subscription taken outside of the county for less than six months.

Advertising rates 25c and 30c per inch.

Local notices ten cents per line for each insertion.

Obituaries, Cards of Thanks and Resolutions of Respect are charged.

Walter Brandon . . . . .Publisher

Friday, June 10, 1921.

Entered at the post office of Santa Anna as second class mail.

—Rev. R. W. Oakes came in Wednesday from McKinney, where he became a member of the Dallas presbytery of the American Presbyterian church, and is now visiting relatives and friends here. Mr. Oakes says the Lone Star state is "God's Country," and that he is more than glad to return and make his home here and work for building a "Watkins Home" at the mineral springs near San Antonio for disabled and wornout men who have preached the gospel in Texas for a period of 25 years.

—Ed Sanderson returned yesterday from a tour of Oklahoma and Kansas, where he went to inspect the grain crop with a view to putting in another threshing outfit in the Kansas fields. He says the yield in those states is quite as spotted as that in the Santa Anna country, and that he really believes we have better grain than Oklahoma, and certainly the best he saw in Texas.

—During the electrical storm on Wednesday evening, Duane Holland received a shock from a bolt which evidently meant serious harm for some nearby point while he was standing at the First State bank corner and was rendered unconscious for a time. He was quickly revived and suffers no ill effects from the experience.

—P. P. Bond is home from a vacation spent in Colorado. He was at Manitou, Colo., when the flood struck Pueblo, and was not affected by it except he had to detour the stricken district in returning home. He left Mrs. Bond and the remainder of the party there for a further stay.

—All members of the Self Culture Club are requested to give orders for Chautauqua course to Mrs. Virgil Kelley not later than June 15; also, all books in the hands of members of the past year's work should be returned to Mrs. Kelley by June 15.

—Miss Mildred Pearce returned to her home here the latter part of last week from Denton, where she has been attending C. I. A. Miss Pearce has spent three years at college and will complete her degree next year at the age of nineteen years.

—Mrs. J. T. Bowden of Trickham, is receiving treatment here for a broken arm which she sustained when she slipped and fell from a step at her home.

—G. W. Batten and family of Carlisbad, N. M., spent a few days of the past week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Volentine, the parents of Mrs. Batten. Miss Lula Volentine returned home with her sister for a visit of a few days.

—E. K. Whitaker of San Antonio, spent Wednesday here with his old friend, Gus Rosenberg, the two having cemented enduring ties of friendship when they "fit and bled" as fellow officers in the World War.

—M. M. LaSeure, Santa Fe agent at Pendleton, stopped off here Monday afternoon for a short visit with his friend, W. DuBois. He was on his way to the Pacific Coast where he will spend his annual vacation.

—Misses Myrtle and Ethel Nuckolls left Thursday afternoon to spend a few days in Brownwood before returning to Dallas to take up their work with the internal revenue service.

—Uel D. Crosby, who recently graduated at Wesley college, and was licensed to preach a few months ago, has been employed as assistant pastor of the First Methodist church at Brownwood.

—Judge S. H. Morrison and wife of Big Springs, visited Rev. J. M. Reynolds and family Thursday, leaving Friday morning for home. Judge Morrison is one of the leading attorneys of the West.

—Cecil Freeman and wife returned to Santa Anna the first of the week from Clovis, from which place the former has been teaching school. They will likely spend the summer here.

—Misses Mildred Gipson, Clara Childers and Corinne Wallace left the first of the week for Brownwood where they will enter Howard Payne summer school.

—Miss Vera Thompson of Brownwood and Miss Annice Smith of Ardmore, Okla., spent the week-end with Misses Ethel and Myrtle Nuckolls of this place.

### CROSS ROADS BITS.

Most all the farmers in this community are busy harvesting their grain this week.

We regret to report Mrs. J. C. Spencer on the sick list this week.

Mrs. R. V. Cupps was called to the bedside of her daughter, Mrs. Emil Williams this week.

Mrs. Louis Newman spent one evening this week with Mrs. Walter Tucker.

Several from this community attended the protracted meeting at Trickham this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Wagner moved to Robert Lee Wednesday where the former will work.

Mrs. G. W. Jennings spent Saturday night with Mrs. John Haynes.

Mrs. Jim Montgomery of Robert Lee is spending a few days here with her mother, Mrs. J. C. Spencer.

Mrs. J. T. Bowden suffered the misfortune of breaking her arm this week by falling from a step.

Miss Floy Williams spent Sunday with Miss Jewel James.

—"MAG."

# GOOD RAIN!

Coleman County should feel good—the rains of this week make our crop prospects the very best—and you will find our store full of the wanted merchandise and at the lowest possible price.

How about that new dress for Mid-Summer wear? Our shelves are full of the wanted materials in Organdies, Swiss and Voiles, with trimmings and Pictorial patterns.

**Shoes** We sell good shoes at reasonable prices—our assortment is better than at any time this season. Ask to see the values we are offering at **\$5.00**

**Men's Suits** Palm Beach and other cool suits for Summer—our best Tailoring and at very low prices.

**Work Clothes** That stand the hard work intended they should, and at lower prices.

## Santa Anna Merc. Co.

Quality

Service

—Jess and Arch Hunter, Dewey Pieratt and Lee Woodward have been Coleman visitors several evenings during the week.

—Miss Frances McClellan left Wednesday afternoon for Waco to attend the Christian Endeavor convention.

—Mrs. R. J. Marshal has improved sufficiently to return to her home from the hospital where she underwent an operation.

# FORD

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

## Another Drop On Ford Cars

Touring Car \$25.00 Off      Roadster \$25.00 Off  
 Coupe \$50.00 Off  
 Sedan \$35.00 Off      Trucks \$50.00 Off  
 No Change in Tractor Prices

Touring, plain	\$506.22
Touring, with Starter	585.00
Runabout, plain	459.00
Runabout, Starter	540.00
Trucks, Pneumatic tires	590.00
Coupelet	800.00
Sedan	870.00
Tractors	687.50

These Prices all F. O. B. Santa Anna.

## Santa Anna Motor Co.

H. B. Allen

W. I. Mitchell



You Save Money On Meats You Buy Here

BECAUSE WE SELL ONLY THE BETTER GRADES, INSURING YOU THE LEAST WASTE AND BEST QUALITY AT ALL TIMES!

EVEN THEN OUR PRICES ARE NO MORE THAN YOU HAVE OFTEN PAID FOR LESS QUALITY TRY US WITH YOUR NEXT ORDER

## Hunter Brothers

Phone 48 "Home of Good Eats" Phone 48

# NEWS for the BUYERS

Victrolas, all sizes in stock, cash or terms to suit. Polk Bros. Co.

Just received a shipment of sport hats in felt, taffeta and straw combinations. Mrs. G. A. Shockley.

For new "64" oat bags and wheat bags at 10c and 9c, see Wilson Grain Co., Coleman. 6-10-2tc

New low prices on Hartford casings. S. W. Childers & Co.

Anything you need in J. R. Watkins products. You can get them next door to Rosenberg dry goods store. Luke V. Kimmons, the Watkins man. 6-10-2tp

Victrolas, all sizes in stock, cash or terms to suit. Polk Bros. Co.

Large can pure sugar cane syrup for \$1.00 at McFarland & Wilson's.

Let us put up a half or a gallon packer of Alta Vista cream for your Sunday dinner. Order early. L. E. Abernathy.

Send Your Laundry To the City Laundry. Mrs. Dennis, Prop. Phone 109. 4-29-tf

Kodak finishing, work delivered each week. Leave your exposed films with us. Polk Bros. Co.

Have your watch, clock or jewelry repaired at Mrs. Comer Blue's jewelry store, by a man with 20 years' experience. All work guaranteed.

Try a can of Golden Grains steel cut coffee. S. W. Childers & Co.

For fresh cigars, cigarettes and chewing tobaccos, our line will satisfy you. L. E. Abernathy.

For Sale—Two 18-inch steel pulleys. News office.

We will keep our Studio open in Santa Anna Friday and Saturday of each week. Moore Studio.

Suits to order and pair of trousers free at Polk Bros. Co.

BOYS WANTED To work on ice wagon. Call at ice plant.

Does Your Motor Heat Quickly? Lime and other foreign matter forms a scale in motor radiators similar to that found in tea kettles after boiling for a long time. This causes your car to heat unnecessarily. We have a solution that cuts and dissolves this foreign matter, allowing it to run out. It is positive and can be proven to any motorist. Let us do your radiator work, in which we specialize. Bob Leavell, Coleman, Tex. 6-10-2tc

Kodak finishing, work delivered each week. Leave your exposed films with us. Polk Bros. Co.

For Sale—Several close-in residence and business lots in Santa Anna, priced worth the money. See Ben Vinson. 6-3-tf

For Sale—Scholarship to Tyler Commercial College. Inquire at News office. tf

See Polk Bros. Co. for Men's furnishing goods.

We do everything in the picture line. Moore Studio.

Fight the flies. We have the screen wire and swatters. S. W. Childers & Co.

Candies galore for the kiddies. L. E. Abernathy.

High class pattern hats for \$5.00 at Mrs. Shockley's store.

Suits tailored to order, fit and satisfaction guaranteed. Polk Bros. Co.

We will be in Santa Anna every Friday and Saturday. Those wanting photos will please call on those days. Moore Studio, Santa Anna.

Special prices on leather goods. S. W. Childers & Co.

Our out-of-town patrons, as well as those in Santa Anna, are advised that we prepare daily some very choice barbecued beef. Fine for a lunch at home or picnics. Let us serve you. Texas Mercantile Co., meat department.

Silk dresses in the new spring styles. Best values in town. Polk Bros. Co.

For Sale—One 3 1/4 inch Newton farm wagon, 12-ft. bed, good condition. Apply to W. P. Nuckolls, Santa Anna, Texas. 6-3-2tc

Refrigerators and ice cream freezers. S. W. Childers & Co.

BOYS WANTED To work on ice wagon. Call at ice plant.

For new "64" oat bags and wheat bags at 10c and 9c, see Wilson Grain Co., Coleman. 6-10-2tc

Eastman Kodaks and films in stock at all times. Polk Bros. Co.

We are supplying patrons of our market with cuts from some very choice stall-fed young cattle that are a delight to the users. We want you to try our market service. If it is not up to our advertised statements, tell us. Texas Mercantile Co., meat department.

NEED GLASSES? Dr. Jones, the eye man, will be at S. W. Childers & Co. store Saturday, June 25. Eyes examined, glasses fitted, headache and eye strain relieved.

Silk dresses at extra low prices at Polk Bros. Co.

See our special display ad elsewhere in this issue. Mrs. Comer Blue's Jewelry Store. H. L. Voss, Mgr.

New Perfection and Revonoc oil stoves and wicks. S. W. Childers & Co.

The best binder's twine 15c the pound. Let us fill your needs during the harvesting season, and you will get something that will please. Texas Mercantile Co.

Clarence Ousley Coming Here. Clarence Ousley, former assistant secretary of agriculture at Washington, and now director of extension service of the A. & M. College, of Texas, will speak at Santa Anna on Tuesday, June 14th, at 8:00 o'clock p. m. Subject of his discourse will be signing up of the cotton pool now being formed in Texas. It is of especial interest that every farmer and business man hear this discussion and all are cordially invited to attend. Bring your wives and children with you.

Try a News Want ad. 2c a word

"Blackmail" Story of the Underworld "Blackmail," a screen version of Lucia Chamberlain's Saturday Evening Post story of the skillful workings of the crook world, will be exhibited at the Best Theatre Wednesday and Thursday, June 15-16; with Viola Dana in the star role. The film, which is a Metro special production, deals with that strata of society always of fascinating interest to a considerable percentage of humanity and the special worry of the police.

Miss Dana appears in the role of Flossie Golden, the beautiful daughter of a famous crook who is urged by her dying father not to let the cops forget the name of Golden. With a band of confederates she entangles a wealthy but insipid young man with the intention of blackmailing him into marriage.

But the young man's hard-headed, socially ambitious mother finds a way to block any such mis-alliance on his part and through the efforts of a skillful young lawyer saves him. But the lawyer falls a victim to the charms of the lovely crook and the working out of the unusual plot furnishes many strange thrills.

Miss Dana makes a winsome adventuress and her depicting of the chic daughter of the polite underworld adds another to her already long list of successes. Wyndham Standing, who won his fame as a leading man in many roles on both sides of the water, as a lawyer is a lover to win the heart of even a coldly calculating girl of the crook colony. Others in the supporting cast are Florence Turner, Alfred Allen, Edward Cecil, Lydia Knott, Fred Kelsey and Jack Roi.

You must see this great picture.

Popular Negro Porter Dead. Fred Brownhill, a negro about 30 years of age who has been porter at the J. S. Morgan barber shop for a number of years, died yesterday afternoon at the home of his brother, Bill, in this city, after a brief illness, the malady claiming his life being heart trouble. Fred was a good negro and had many friends among the white people. Three weeks ago

## Price Reduction

We are prepared to offer SPECIAL BARGAIN PRICES on the celebrated "Golden Throated" Claxtonola (Phonograph) a machine that will play any disc record made and has an exceptionally sweet, mellow tone. We also have a mixed lot of records that we will offer at and below cost.

We also offer 20 to 30 per cent discount on Ingersoll Watches, Swiss Wrist Watches and gents' all leather Bill Folds. Special prices on many other items of merchandise during the month of June.

Watchmaking and jewelry repair work a specialty. All repair work guaranteed. Prices reasonable. See

**H. L. VOSS**  
at Mrs. Comer Blue's Jewelry Store

he and his brother Bill went to Abilene to bury a sister, and on returning here Fred became ill. About six months ago the two brothers buried their mother. Fred's body will likely be taken to Bryan, the old family home, for burial.

The Methodist Revival Closes. The revival meeting at the Methodist church closed Sunday night. While the meeting did not result in all that the pastor and members hoped for, yet there were quite a number of professions, and thirteen additions to the church, besides the membership being greatly revived.

Prof. G. S. Spindler of Tulsa, Okla. lead the singing to the delight of all, and lead the children's services to the immense profit of all that attended. We appreciated the attendance of the other pastors and their people, and we feel sure that each one received full value for all efforts put forth.

R. A. Crosby, Pastor. Called Meeting Ladies' Auxiliary. There will be a called meeting of the Ladies' Auxiliary American Legion at the Post headquarters this afternoon, at 4:00 o'clock. Business of importance demands the attendance of all members.

# ANTICLINE OIL AND GAS CO.

Well is down 1200 feet with ten inch pipe set. From the sands passed through in this well, to its present depth, and the logs of other wells drilled north and south of the Santa Anna Mountains, it seems that the sands are thickening around the Mountains very noticeably, also that the formation is coming high in this well.

**We Expect a Good Well on This Location, and Have Every Reason for Expecting It.**

Come around and talk it over with the President or Secretary of the Company. It's no trouble for them to answer questions and they will be pleased to talk it over with you. Do not feel under any obligations to buy this stock, if you don't want to, just because you have talked it over with them, but remember that you will be better pleased with yourself, if you do buy some for yourself, and some for other members of your family. Thanking all for the moral and financial support we have received, we are yours truly,

**Anticline Oil & Gas Co.**  
E. M. Raney, Secretary  
Fred W. Turner, Pres.

IF YOU CAN'T HELP US, DON'T HELP THE BEAR.

## The Quality of Our Lumber

Is remembered long after the price is forgotten.

Let us serve you.

**Burton-Lingo Co.**  
W. T. Wheeler, Mgr.

## A Proposal That Went Astray

By HAZEL SMITH

(© 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Betty, what is that I hear about your new beau?" asked her Aunt Jessie indulgently.

Jessie Minturn was thirty-two and not pretty. She lived with her widowed sister, Mrs. Charters, and her only child, over whose madcap nature she exercised what restraint was possible.

"Who told you?" asked Betty, turning on her aunt in artful triumph.

"My dear, it's become village gossip," said Aunt Jessie. "And when a thing gets to be that it's time something was done. How about George Crothers?"

"Oh, George is all right," said Betty. "But George is just my ordinary, regular beau, and Wilfred is quite different."

"Wilfred?" exclaimed her aunt. "Wilfred who?"

"Now you'll have to find that out for yourself, aunt," said Betty, dancing away. "But don't be afraid. I'm only leading him on just to have some fun with him. He's really too old for me, aunt—he must be nearly forty."

"Betty, I'm going to tell you something," said Jessie Minturn. "You're only a slip of a child yet and you don't know nearly as much as I do about—"

"About men, aunt?" queried Betty in amusement, seeing the color flaming in her aunt's face.

"About the world," Aunt Jessie answered. "Years ago—ten years, I suppose said Aunt Jessie, I met somebody—never mind where. I was an inexperienced, impulsive girl and he was my first conquest. One evening, when he had been calling on me, and had said good-night he stopped at the door and looked at me. I was very much in love with him, although he had said nothing to me. I suppose my face told him all that he wanted to know. He bent down and kissed me, and I let him. That's all."

"Oh, Aunt Jessie, how perfectly lovely!" exclaimed her niece delightedly. "And to think you kept the secret all

these years and never told me. Go on."

"That's all," answered her aunt quietly.

"But what happened, Aunt Jessie? Did he propose, or what?"

"Nothing happened, my dear," the elder woman answered. "On the following day I received a letter from him. He told me how madly he loved me and begged that I would tell him whether I returned his love. If I did not answer, he said, he would know that his love was hopeless. Of course I didn't answer."

"But didn't you love him, Aunt Jessie?" inquired her niece in astonishment.

"My dear, I loved him with all my heart. But he said nothing of marriage, and I am, old-fashioned enough to believe that a proposal should precede any demonstration of affection. And I knew he would never marry a girl who had let herself be kissed."

"That's why I want to warn you Betty dear."

"I don't see that you have wrecked your life at all; I think you are just old-fashioned," pouted her niece, springing away. She halted at the door. "Wilfred is coming to supper on Sunday night, aunt," she said mockingly, and flew down the street. Half an hour later Miss Minturn, glancing through the window, saw her in rapt conversation with George Crothers.

Sunday came. The name of the visitor was still obstinately withheld by Betty. But about four o'clock she came dancing upstairs. "He's here, aunt," she exclaimed. "You'll hear the bell ring in a moment." And the bell pealed almost upon the words.

Half an hour later, when Miss Minturn came downstairs she saw a tall stranger standing on the hearth-rug, listening with amusement to Betty's chatter. He raised his head.

"Aunt Jessie, this is Mr. Garvin," said Betty.

Aunt Jessie's cheeks were redder than her niece's. As for Mr. Garvin, there was a look in his eyes which seemed to indicate that he had not been wholly unprepared for the meeting.

The next ten minutes were miserable ones for Jessie Minturn.

"Well," said Betty at last, "as you two seem such uninteresting company this afternoon I shall leave you alone for a while." And she stalked out in dudgeon.

The man went quietly over to Miss Minturn and took her hands.

"I'm going to tell you something now in spite of your silence," he said. "Perhaps you had reasons for your silence then which have been removed. Jessie, I have loved you for ten years—won't you marry me now?"

"Marry—you?" gasped Jessie Minturn. "Why—Wilfred—you never asked me before."

"But I wrote to you!" he exclaimed.

"Did you not get my letter?"

"But you only said you loved me," she faltered. "I thought you despised me because—because—I let you kiss me."

"I thought you understood," he cried, catching her in his arms. "Is it too late now, Jessie? Will you marry me? There—and now—"

"Aunt Jessie!" cried Betty at the door. "George Crothers is coming to have supper with us. We—" She looked from one to the other in amazement; and then, because she was really good, her chagrin was swallowed up in happiness.

### The Beginnings of Mankind.

The Institute of Human Paleontology, founded by the prince of Monaco, was recently opened in Paris. The previous studies of Prince Albert of Monaco have been along the lines of marine biology and oceanography, but he has also been interested for more than 20 years in prehistoric man and he has financed many exhibitions which tended to throw light on the character, art, life and environment of prehistoric man. The building was approaching completion when the war broke out and it has now been declared open.

### So Time Flies.

Young Soldier—I'm a short-timer now. Only one month more to do.

Old-Timer—Serving a year enlistment?

Young Soldier—Yeh.

Old-Timer—Say, kid, I could stand on my head that long and never know the time passed.—The Trill.

### An Understandable Mistake.

Absent-mindedness is not common in the young, but the story has reached us that a young woman who had dressed herself for a ball looked in the mirror and absent-mindedly went to bed.—Exchange.

### First World's Poultry Congress.

Nine countries have already accepted invitations to take part in the first world's poultry congress, which is to be held at The Hague next September.

### Not Passionately Fond.

"Is your wife fond of flowers?"  
"I don't think so. I simply can't get her to dig in the garden."

## BAPTISTS COLLECT \$25,000,000 CASH

REDEMPTION OF PLEDGES ENCOURAGING—SOUTHWIDE PROGRAM IS LAUNCHED.

### COMPLETE GREATEST YEAR

Reports to Southern Baptist Convention at Chattanooga Show Marked Progress Along Every Line of Organized Work.



DR. J. H. RUSHBROOKE  
Baptist Commissioner For Europe.

Collections in cash totalling \$25,103,424.64 have been made for general causes fostered by the Baptist 75 Million Campaign since the campaign was launched in 1919, according to a report to the Southern Baptist Convention, which has just adjourned its Chattanooga session, by Dr. L. R. Scarborough, general director of the campaign, and chairman of the Conservation Commission. The fact that \$12,924,943.60 of this amount was collected during the past year, under the most depressing conditions known in years, is very encouraging to the denominational leaders, they say.

### Will Seek the Unsaved.

Feeling the need of conserving the spiritual interests of the people as well as the financial aspects of the campaign, the convention asked the Conservation Commission to seek to enlist, through the state and associational organizations, all the 27,000 local Baptist churches in the South in a larger evangelistic effort during the next twelve months; the aim being to induce as many individual members of the churches as possible to win at least one soul to Christ during the new year. Reports to the convention showed that there were 173,595 persons received into the local Baptist churches by baptism during the past year, and a much larger number will be sought during the year ahead.

### Would Evangelize Europe.

One of the interesting actions of the convention was the decision to back up fully the Foreign Mission Board in its program for the evangelization of the new European territory of Spain, Jugo-Slavia, Hungary, Roumania, the Ukraine and Southern Russia. Dr. J. H. Rushbrooke, of London, Baptist Commissioner for Europe, addressed the convention, telling how he had distributed the relief funds contributed by Baptists for the needy families of those countries and how the giving of this relief had opened wide the door of missionary opportunity.

Work on the older foreign fields during the past year was unusually successful, the board reporting receipts of \$2,404,988 for its missionary operations and \$278,000 for relief work, as well as \$100,000 worth of clothing; 6,998 baptisms on the foreign fields; 187 of the 611 churches self-supporting, with a total of 405 foreign missionaries and 978 native workers employed.

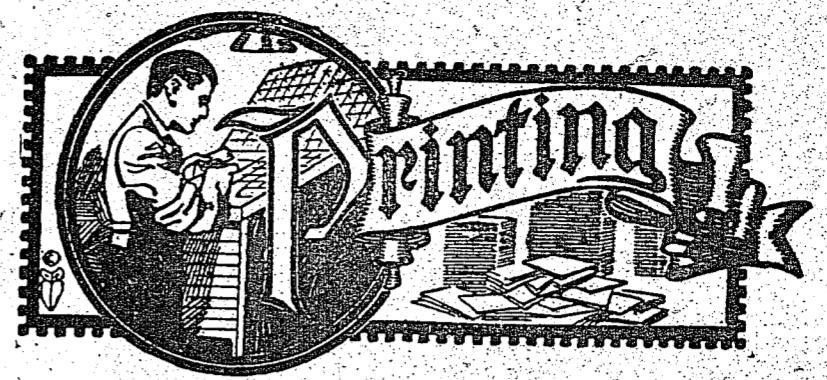
### Home Mission Board Active.

The Home Mission Board reported 77,072 additions to the churches through its instrumentalities, church extension operations of \$1,248,000, and 298 patients treated at the Tubercular Sanatorium at El Paso.

During the year the receipts of the Sunday School Board reached \$1,147,721.73, and the board turned back into general work of the denomination the sum of \$189,000.

Although only three years of age, the Relief and Annuity Board, which seeks to supply the needs of aged, dependent ministers and their families, has doubled the number of beneficiaries receiving aid from the denomination as well as the amount of relief given. It now has permanent resources in excess of \$900,000.

There are 119 Baptist educational institutions in the South, with a total enrollment of 40,000 pupils, the report of the Education Board showed, and



EVERY BUSINESS MUST USE PRINTING IN SOME WAY—

- Letter Heads
- Envelopes
- Bill Heads
- Business Cards
- Circulars

And it is very important that the work be done in the best manner if maximum results are to be secured.

We give special care to this kind of work—the Mr. "Foots" Mills, with his long service in the News office is one guarantee of this sort of artistic service—and our prices as you will find by comparison with the better class shops, are most reasonable.

Try us on your next job—and you will know what Printing Satisfaction means!

## Santa Anna News

2,185 of these pupils are preparing for special Christian service, such as the ministry, missionary and other special religious work.

The Woman's Missionary Union, representing the organized women of the South, reports a total of 19,485 organized societies of women and young people, while the cash contributions by the women to the various causes fostered by the denomination during the year amounted to \$3,115,437.



### A TREAT

to try a glass of our delicious and refreshing soda, made only from the very choicest fruit juices. Purity, quality and general excellence, as well as the choice flavor, makes it the favorite summer drink with both old and young

C. K. Hunter, Druggist

### ENGRAVED CARDS AND ENGRAVED STATIONERY

Santa Anna people desiring engraved calling cards and stationery, are invited to call at the News office and inspect samples and get prices before ordering elsewhere. We represent one of the best engraving houses making a specialty of high grade work. All forms of announcements, birth, wedding, school, etc., monogram stationery, and all kinds of visiting and business cards are shown and prices computed.

## Special Prices On Screen Doors!

A good screen door for \$2.50 and \$3.50

—You pay more for the same quality elsewhere.

### A. C. GARRETT

New and Second Hand Goods.



## Get a Good Night's Rest

Sleep is just as necessary to health as food. The ability to sleep depends on the condition of the nerves.

Dr. Miles' Nerve Tonic insures a good night's rest.

It will help any nervous condition from sleeplessness to epilepsy. Your money back if the first bottle fails to benefit you. You'll find Dr. Miles' Medicines in all drug stores



### Importers, exporters, travelers—ship and sail under the Stars and Stripes

THERE are today few ports in the world of importance to shippers or travelers, which cannot be reached by ships that sail under the Stars and Stripes.

President Harding has said that, "We cannot sell successfully where we do not carry." The American Merchant Marine that once almost vanished is again an established and important carrier of the world's commerce.

You can ship or sail anywhere in American ships designed for utmost comfort and safety.

### Operators of Passenger Services

Admiral Line, 17 State Street, New York, N. Y.

Matson Navigation Company, 26 So. Gay Street, Baltimore, Md.

Munson Steam Ship Line, 82 Beaver Street, New York, N. Y.

New York and Porto Rico S. S. Co., 11 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Pacific Mail S. S. Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

U. S. Mail S. S. Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Ward Line, (New York and Cuba Mail S. S. Co.) Foot of Wall Street, New York, N. Y.

### Free use of Shipping Board films

Use of Shipping Board motion picture films, four reels, free on request of any mayor, pastor, postmaster, or organization. A great educational picture of ships and the sea. Write for information to H. Laue, Director Information Bureau, Room 911, 1319 F Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

### SHIPS FOR SALE

(To American citizens only)  
Steel steamers, both oil and coal burl. Also wood steamers, wood hulls and ocean-going tugs. Further information obtained by request.

For sailings of passenger and freight ships to all parts of the world and all other information, write to any of the above lines or to the

U. S. Shipping Board  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

## PANDICK

By CLARA C. HOLMES.

(© 1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

He was sitting on one side of the davenport sofa and she was leaning on the other. They had not spoken for five minutes. At last he moved restlessly.

"Tomorrow I go up to Bear Mountain camp. We may as well decide our disputes now."

"Leonard, I never shall be contented living in little, sleepy Riverville; I'd stagnate. Of course," icily, "I presumed you would keep your position on Congress street, and we could live in the city, or a suburb, at least."

"No; already I have made arrangements with my Uncle Rufus for taking over his Riverville business. I can't disappoint the old gentleman. Besides, Riverville has the better financial outlook. I am more than sorry that you disapprove, Sada."

There was another five minutes' silence, and again the young man spoke. "We have quarrelled three times in two days, Sada," he complained ominously.

"Evidently I am too presumptuous even to contemplate marriage. Here, take back your diamond."

Leonard thrust himself abruptly toward the girl and gripped her hand. "Heaven knows, and you know, Sada, that I adore you. A broken engagement will crush me. I'm not a rich man," he groaned.

"We can be friends; but let me return the ring until I can be less selfish," she insisted in a gentler tone, dropping the ring into his unwilling hand. Then she arose and left him, the picture of dejection, trying to overcome his emotion in the living room of Bear Mountain Inn.

An hour later Sada answered her Aunt Laura's call.

"Leonard Black has decided to go up to Bear Mountain camp today. Will you please assist us in packing a basket of food for him?"

Sada obeyed; but she was too deeply abstracted to even notice her faithful Pandick standing upon his hind legs and begging for the crumbs he had learned to expect.

When Aunt Laura gave Leonard the basket he immediately began his ascent, whistling as he paced away—yet a true Yankee can whistle in the face of shell fire.

Sada watched Leonard until he was lost from view in the woody path. Then she glanced at the sheepish Pandick, slyly hidden under a buckboard wagon, chewing something. Sada investigated, discovering that the very hungry, resentful puppy was devouring a man's leather pocket case, which was marked by gilt initials, L. O. B.

"Bad dog!" scolded and cuffed Sada, "run quick, take Leonard his case. Bad Pandick, you've made it a rag. Quick, seek him!"

But Pandick was too wise a dog to risk his self-respect further, already this morning Leonard had kicked at him spitefully, so Pandick skulked away to the barn.

After a restless night Sada rose early, determined to go hunting herself. She dressed in khaki and asked Aunt Laura for a lunch.

"Tity's sake, child! There are bears near this house. Leonard saw one yesterday. That shotgun is no good on a bear. Take a rifle."

"I'll keep near the Summit road," promised Sada.

But Pandick drew Sada away from the Summit road, and after an hour's chase she stopped breathless, realizing she was lost. Then she grew nervous. It is not quite pleasant for a town girl to be lost in a wild, bear country.

So, in her rush, Sada easily loosened one of the big top rocks. It rolled down, bringing Sada and the rest of the wall, in an avalanche. Sada may have had a stone heart, but, sad to remind, her velvety skin was not even cement.

So the stunned girl struggled up, finding it quite impossible to stand upon her bruised feet. However, she kept her wits, grasping her rifle in readiness to greet the Bruin family, which, luckily, was not there. The heavy footfalls had been only Pandick himself rolling stones off the schoolmaster's wall. Again it was all stillness, that vast, intolerable stillness of the Rangeley wild.

From her jacket pocket she drew the torn case which she had brought along. She called Pandick.

"Seek Leonard! Go, bring Leonard!" she bade.

But Pandick remembered his chastisement and sulked. Kind tones, however, soon reassured him and, seeming to realize the helplessness of his mistress, he ran on, his nose on a scent in the trail.

He was gone an hour, an age to the aggrieved girl. But even ages end, and at last the faithful Pandick returned with Leonard following.

"S-s-ada!"

"I'm so glad, Leonard! I'm hurt!"

"There is a shanty yonder; I can carry you."

But she insisted on walking and, with his support, they reached a shelter.

"It is good to get here!" Sada cried enthusiastically. "Leonard, this shanty is the dearest place on earth."

"I'll agree if you will take back your ring," he gently reminded.

She let him put the ring back in its place, then they both fell to petting Pandick, and the knowing animal pricked up his ears in eagerness when he heard something about his having pointed at home, sweet home.

T. W. Jenkins, who formerly lived in Santa Anna, but who has been living at Brownwood for the past 8 months, has returned here with his family and secured a residence in the south part of town.

Try a News Want ad. 2c a word

## Grandpa Joins the Circus

By DOROTHY WHITCOMB

(© 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

The Fowlers were not very good to Elsa Bruce. She realized it, but in her patient, cheerful way tried not to mind it. Mrs. Fowler was her step-aunt, Elsa was an orphan, and, aside from old Grandfather Bruce, she had no near relative in the world.

Mrs. Fowler was sour as vinegar, a chronic grumbler, parsimonious and a slave driver. Within that narrow bosom of hers she cherished the idea that she was philanthropically sheltering Elsa, the poor shorn lamb, in a truly Christian way. In reality she was making a drudge of her.

"I must keep on, if only for your sake, dear grandpa," Elsa was wont to say when the old man rebelled at the onerous duties imposed upon her. "I don't mind the work, if they would just treat you with a little more thoughtfulness."

"It's a shame!" stormed the old man. "I gave my step-daughter the property here for providing me with a home the rest of my life, and it's just hardened her into a pinching, ungrateful miser."

"Well, grandpa," said Elsa brightly, "some day I may be lucky enough to find some one willing to marry me, and I won't go unless I can take you along with me."

"You're too good for any husband under a royal prince," declared grandpa.

Elsa laughed at the ridiculous idea. She spoke some cheery words in her heartful way, and then went to her own room for a good crying spell.

A knight errant Elsa already had, indeed but in a decidedly humble and unromantic way. There was not a more manly young fellow in the town than Bert Lawton, but he was poor. His ambition was to become an electrician.

"If I hadn't been so foolish as to give my property away to that selfish step-daughter of mine," Grandpa Bruce told his venerable chum, John Davis, "I'd set that deserving young couple up in housekeeping double-quick." He drew him aside to a convenient tree trunk.

"Davis," he announced jubilantly, "I've got a great scheme, and I want you to help me out with it."

"What is it, Dan?" inquired old John.

"Just this: I'm sick and tired of the life I'm living, and I'm going to change it. Another thing, if Elsa and Bert had a few hundred dollars ahead as a nest egg, they could get married. Well, I'm going to earn it."

"How?" challenged old John desirously.

"By working, of course. Why, I'm spry as a cricket, for all my sixty odd years! Just the thing struck me in a city paper today. Here it is."

Daniel unfolded the newspaper and pointed to a certain paragraph. It read, with an address: "Wanted, a man used to care and training of horses."

"Don't you understand?" demanded Daniel. "I didn't spend ten years on the ranch out West not to understand horses. Why, I'd take second place to no man in that line. Here's just the job for me, and I'm going to reach for it."

But a severe disappointment met the old man when he visited the advertiser in the city next morning. He was informed that the position had been filled.

This made Daniel somewhat glum. He wandered about the city planning to apply for some other position, and came across a big circus tent. The animation and novelty carried him off a prudent balance and he bought a ticket.

The glare and the tinsel made old Daniel forget his troubles. The ringmaster offered fifty dollars to one who could mount Wildfire and ride him around the ring.

A heap of fun followed. The audience roared as candidate after candidate was chased over the ropes or flung into the sawdust. The ringmaster proudly and defiantly raised the price—" \$100 for the skilled horseman who could subdue Wildfire."

"I'll take that!" yelled the excited Daniel, whipping his coat and making a nimble leap.

"Whoop!" "Good for old Methusalem!" "Go it, grandpa!" and shouts and yells mingled in a riotous chorus.

Old Daniel fixed his eye on Wildfire, full of the pluck and vim of the old ranch days. He made a rush. Wildfire burst at him. He sprang aside. Wildfire struck out with his hoofs. Then with a lightning-like movement Daniel shot out both hands, one to the nose, one to the ear of the broncho. A springing leap, and he was on the back of the whirling animal. Around the ring once, twice, three times—and the audience fairly hooped themselves hoarse, while the ringmaster looked blank.

"Say, you're the best card ever came into this show," said the latter, as he placed ten crisp bank bills in the hand of the successful broncho buster. "I'll

give you forty dollars a week and expenses to do just what you did as regular act."

"I'll take it!" answered Dan promptly. "It means home and happiness for Elsa and Bert—and may me, too."

Which it did, and the crabbed Fowlers were left in peaceful possession of the old home, while Grandpa Bruce saw a new family grow up around a happy Lawton hearth.

Mrs. Floyd Walker, formerly a resident of this city, now of Ft. Worth, arrived here Saturday in company with Mrs. Ethlyn Brown, who has been visiting her. Mrs. Walker may decide to return here to live.

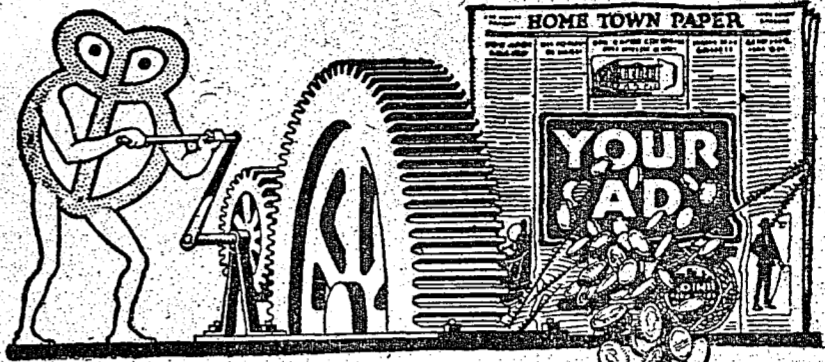
Try a News Want ad. 2c a word

Christian Endeavor Program. Topic—Out and out for Christ, 1 Cor. 2:1-5.

Leader—Frances McClellan. All for Christ—Shield Brown. Count the cost—Mr. Davidson. Full consecration—Elizabeth McClellan. Half hearted—Garland Morgan. A warning—Veva Oakes. 7:30 o'clock p. m.

E. M. Raney. F. N. May

J. T. Garrett  
RANEY, MAY & GARRETT  
Lands, Loans and  
Insurance  
First Floor State Bank Bldg.  
Oil Lands, Leases and Stocks  
Write Us Your Wants



## Keep the Wheels of Business Turning—

Don't stop advertising.

Successful firms advertise consistently and often.

The firms that keep on advertising, get all the extra business.

The Non-Advertising Tramps of the business world are about as useless to themselves and their community as a cake of soap after Saturday night.

The only idea of advertising some business men have, is the hairbrained one of advertising a little "just to help the editor out." They ought to crawl in their holes, humiliated and ashamed. If their newspaper was being kept alive by their kind of support it would have gasped its last breath long ago.

The thing that obstructs their commercial vision is the little old stinkin' dollar that they are afraid to turn loose in payment for space.

In proportion to the benefits, individual and general, advertising is one of the cheapest things in the world. There are men who will tell you they do not believe in advertising. Do you know why? They are content to gather up the crumbs that fall from the table of the progressive merchant who advertises his business and his town. Every time one of your stores advertises a sale it brings people into this town; their buying instinct is aroused, and they visit other stores. The advertiser gets direct returns, but the others take advantage of his expenditure without a cent of cost.

You expect your publisher to boost your town as one of the best on God's green earth. He is asked to do things for which nobody will father the responsibility. Every time there is a civic opportunity, you call on him for help. You know the functions and value of your newspaper as well as I do; so why elaborate?

Let me tell you, positively, that even a mediocre newspaper is a great factor in the growth and advancement of a community. There is never a time when advertising will not pay. If you do not owe a debt of obligation to your newspaper, you owe it to your community. The community has a right to expect your co-operation in making the newspaper representative of your community.

Every bit of publicity produces direct and indirect results for the man who pays for it; it produces results for every other business and professional man of the town, whether or not he evades his responsibility. It produces results for every man, woman and child of the community.

The country editor is not a pig-headed, idealistic individual; he is out for the same thing as you are—to make money. And his best interests are the best interests of his town.

Do you think it fair that he shoulder the greatest part of the burden; that he should give his time, money, and often his very heart's blood to the service of the community, for barely a living wage, and sometimes not even that? Yet these services are offered willingly as a free premium on an investment that will return you sure results.

Or do you think it right that few business and professional men should carry their share of the town's publicity, while some others evade their responsibility?

The newspaper is a civic asset and a civic responsibility. That burden of responsibility should be borne by the business men of the town, as they are the ones who benefit most. And that burden should be divided in strict proportion to the benefits possible of attainment.

WALTER BRANDON.

## Screen Against Flies and Bugs

Nothing is so annoying in summer time as flies and the thousand and one bugs that flock around lights at night. Flies are also a menace to health.

Most everybody has provided their homes with screens, but you may need a screen door or some part of your sleeping porch renewed. In either case, we are "Johnny on the spot."

Leeper-Curd Lumber Co.

## Prices On Tin Work

8 inch ridge-role, per foot	5c
10 inch ridge-role, per foot	7c
6 inch ridge-role, per foot	3 1-2c
14 inch tin valley, per foot	7c
6 inch tin flashing, per foot	3 1-2c
4 inch tin flashing, per foot	2c
Corrugated roofing, per square	\$6.50
Flues, thimbles and ventilators priced right.	

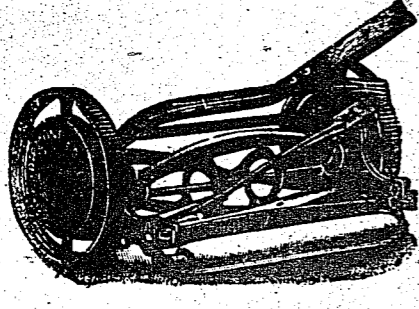
CISTERNS AND GUTTERING.

L. E. McElrath Tin & Plumbing Co.



# Warranted Best Steel Hoes

- 8-inch Hoes ..... 75c
- 9-inch Hoes ..... 80c
- 10-inch Hoes ..... 85c



## A Special on Lawn Mowers

### DIAMOND EDGE BALL-BEARING LAWN MOWERS

Note the high wheels. This insures an easy drive. Every part of this Mower is milled to perfect dimensions, which means that there is no lost motion; that the cut is clean and true; that it runs easily and gives perfect results.

This is one of those high-grade machines that you learn to love. The longer you use it the better you like it. It don't tire you like the cheaper machine, and the difference in the performance is so noticeable that you are justified in paying a few cents more for this perfect machine.

17-inch 4-blade self sharpened "Diamond Edge" Ball Bearing LAWN MOWER

for \$25.00

W. R. KELLEY & CO.

### Caught in the Round-Up

—E. P. Ewing and wife visited with friends at Novice Sunday.

—Miss Effie Baker left this week for Richmond, Va.

—R. C. Green left the first of the week for Albuquerque, N. M.

—Miss Ruth Stephenson was a visitor at Brownwood last week.

—Burgess Weaver spent the first of the week at Ft. Worth.

—Mrs. Walter Ransberger and sons attended church at Coleman Sunday.

—Miss Kate May, who has been ill, is improving.

—Mrs. J. C. Grady of Brownwood, is visiting relatives here.

—Misses Myrtle and Ethel Nuckolls spent Monday in Coleman.

—Carl Wallace of Bangs was in the city Tuesday.

—Leon Weaver is constructing a new roof and making other improvements to his mother's home.

—Sterling Price of New Orleans is here for a few days a guest in the home of Mrs. F. Metts.

—Loris Faulkner and W. G. Curry are among those who entered Howard Payne summer school this week.

—Wiley Baxter and family of San Saba, are here visiting the Baxter families.

—C. Rosenberg left Monday for Dallas where he will visit a son and attend to business matters.

—Miss Ruth Cheek has taken a position as saleslady with the Texas Mercantile Co.

### PROGRAM AT

## At Best Theatre

For Week Ending June 13.

Special Notice—We will not exhibit on Monday and Tuesday of each week until July 4.

### WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY

VIOLA DANA  
—IN  
"BLACKMAIL"

From Lucia Chamberlain's story in Saturday Evening Post. This picture is pronounced by critics as the best production in her career.

FRIDAY  
Afternoon and Night

Last Episode of "Ruth of the Rockies"; First Episode of "The Sky Ranger"; Pathe News and Comedy.

SATURDAY  
Afternoon and Night

Hoot Gipson in "Big Bob"; Larry Seamon Comedy, "Solid Concrete"; 3rd Episode "Purple Riders."

—Virgil Kelley is spending a few days fishing and recreating on the Colorado river.

—Mrs. M. J. Hawkins of Rice, arrived here last week for a visit with her niece, Mrs. R. L. Todd.

—Miss Winnie Todd left Saturday afternoon for Denton where she will take a summer course in C. I. A.

—Frank Woodward left Sunday for College Station where he will enter the A. & M. summer school.

—Payton Dick and Hammer Wilson spent a day on the river this week.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Mingus, and Misses Neil and Helen Blansard are here from Dallas.

—Miss Nettie Turner has returned from a pleasant visit with relatives and friends at Dallas.

—Miss Lucille May, Homer Hill, and Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cheaney were Coleman visitors Sunday.

—Mrs. Len Phillips and children left Wednesday for Waco where they will visit relatives and friends.

—Clifford Lowe, Robert Hefner and Milton Mosley spent the first of the week on the Jim Ned fishing.

—Children's Day services will be held Sunday at 11 a. m., at the Presbyterian church. Everybody invited.

—Miss Nona Wallace accompanied her sister, Miss Corinne, to Brownwood Sunday.

—Buck Bagby and wife of Eastland, are guests in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ame Dick.

—Rufus Groves is in the Santa Anna hospital receiving treatment for typhoid fever.

—Mrs. T. V. Bell has been taken to the local hospital for an operation today.

—Miss Katie Whitesides of Bangs, was operated upon at the Santa Anna hospital this week.

—Raymond Bays underwent an operation at the Santa Anna hospital this week.

—Miss Davis of the Eureka community, was brought here this week for an operation at the local hospital.

—R. L. Forman and Mrs. Joe L. Box visited their parents Saturday near Baird.

—Joe L. Box and R. D. Forman of Rockwood were in Santa Anna Tuesday.

—Doe Wilson and children of Ft. Worth are guests in the Ward and Dick homes.

—Mrs. Ernest McBride and children spent last week with her mother near Baird. Mr. McBride went on to Breckenridge.

—Reed Gassiot left Tuesday morning for Tyler where he will enter the Tyler Commercial College and take a business course.

—Glenn Williamson, now with the Enterprise at Winters, just naturally gravitated here Saturday evening to spend Sunday with home folks.

—Chas. G. Erwin, Grady Adams

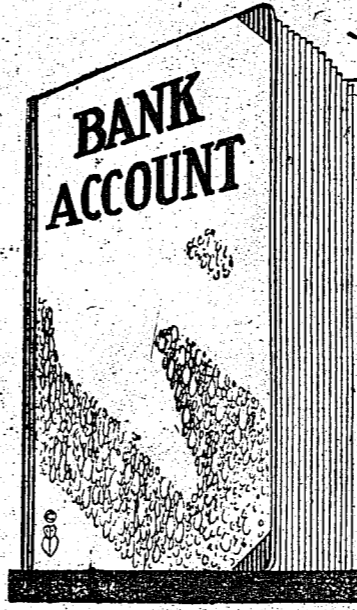
and Dennis Kelley returned yesterday from Waco where they attended the Shriner's meeting.

—Mrs. W. H. Ransberger and son, Clyde, of Coleman, were visitors in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ransberger the first of the week.

—Mrs. Clint Moreland returned home the first of the week from a visit of several days with friends and relatives at Lake Victor.

—Born, Tuesday night to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. W. Woodruff, a baby girl. The proud mother and father named the arrival Miss Charline.

—Miss Louvene Brandon returned home Monday from a visit with relatives and friends at Lampasas, Copperas Cove and Lometa.



## A GIFT WORTH WHILE TO THE NEWLY-WEDS

Homes are not founded on Love alone. Neither can one thrive on it. It takes the good old dollar to start a home and more than mere living expenses to keep it going. So what could be more prized and cherished by newly-weds than a Savings Account.

Lay the foundation for an Account in their game by depositing a sum of money with us today and then present the young couple with the pass book as a Wedding Gift.

# The First State Bank

—Ed Price and wife arrived here Friday night from Ft. Worth for a visit with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Hosch.

—E. M. Easley and Clyde Bailey had a very pleasant fishing excursion on Home Creek interrupted Tuesday night by the storm.

—G. W. Meyer, on the carpenter force building the new Baptist church spent Sunday with relatives at Belton.

—The American Legion has added another billiard table to their club rooms and otherwise embellished the furnishings of the home.

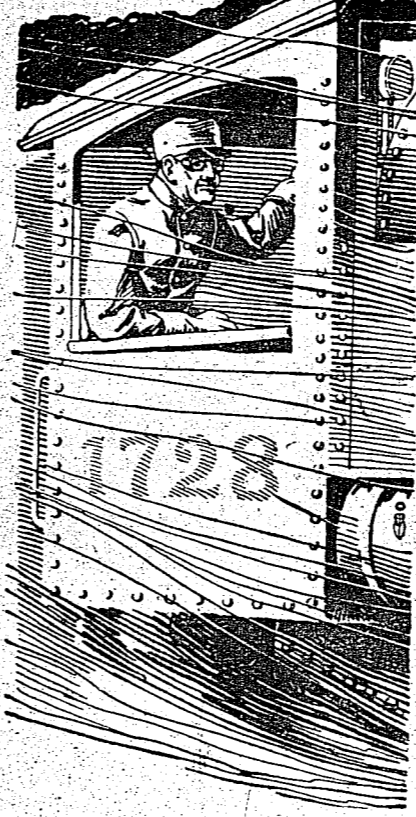
—Leslie C. Riordan of Sterling City, is here on business.

—Fred W. Turner spent the first of the week at Ft. Worth and Dallas.

—Lee Mobley went down to Brownwood Wednesday evening to attend the ex-students' association of the Daniel Baker college.

—Mr. and Mrs. Stobaugh and niece accompanied by Mrs. White, all of Coleman, visited at Ernest McBride's Sunday.

—Coleman Gay, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Gay, graduates from the State university and has been very successful in his work, finishing as an honor student. He has been given a place on the faculty of the university as assistant teacher of psychology.



## Looking Ahead

Every locomotive engineer knows that he must be constantly on the alert, and keep "looking ahead" to safeguard his precious cargo. Are you "looking ahead" on your journey through life and safeguarding your future by saving both your time and money?

Perhaps you have already struck a few financial blocks in your journey. Were they not a lesson to you to Save? It is not too late. Start an account with us today and assure yourself of the right of way on the road to Success.

THE  
**FIRST NATIONAL BANK**

C. W. WOODRUFF, Cashier