

SANTA ANNA NEWS

"He Profits Most Who Serves Best"

Thirty-Fifth Year

Santa Anna, Coleman County, Texas, Friday, June 3, 1921

Number 22

DON'T LET A S-MARK OBSCURE YOUR VISION JUNE 7!

American Legion Honor Soldier Dead
Through the offices of the local Post American Legion, Santa Anna was provided with a Memorial Day service which was inspiring and impressive to the hundreds who braved the heat of the first summer day at 1:00 o'clock in the afternoon and paid their tribute of respect to the memory of those who gave their last "full measure of devotion" to their country in its last three wars.

Assembling at the Methodist church promptly at 1:00 o'clock, the audience was made to realize the broadened significance of the day by the marching in of a score or so uniformed men and officers of the Jack Laughlin Post American Legion, following the color bearers of the organization's flag and the Stars and Stripes. Those present were made to realize that the exercises of the afternoon were to commemorate the dead of three wars—that they were to hallow the memory of those who died that our nation might remain in the union of states, the living members of which strife have come to be a feeble, aging band, and represented on this occasion by Comrades H. W. Kingsbery, Jim Bartlett, "Grandpa" Nabours, and J. W. Kyle, who were seated on the platform by special request; of those who rescued Cuba and the Philippine Islands from the tyranny of Spain and the cruelty of a Weyler, and of the number who fell that the double-headed eagle o' Prussian autocracy should not menace the American bird of freedom, the living members of which were exhibited in the stalwart Khaki-clad boys who staged the exercises of the day.

After the singing of such soul-inspiring anthems as "Blest Be the Tie That Binds" and "My Country 'Tis of Thee," and a solo by Miss Ora Mae Harper, Rev. J. M. Reynolds was introduced as the speaker of the occasion and this editor thinks yet of his tender tribute to those heroes of our three wars in the words of these lines:

"They sleep! No music of bugle calls
Can break the calm of that dreamless rest;
The rattling volley of musket falls
In swift farewell o'er each quiet breast.
You would not wake them with
battle cry!
You would not call them to fight
and die!

They rest! The treasure of peace
they won,
Through weary marches, and pain,
and blood,
Illumes our way, as the shining sun
Sheds glorious light over land and
flood.
No flag so fair as above them
waves!

MICKIE SAYS—



Gives Oil Stock to Legion.
The following letter needs no explanation but is "puncture-proof" as illustrating the sportsmanship which is characterizing the every movement of the Anticline Oil & Gas Co.:

Santa Anna, Texas, May 31, 1921.
Jack Laughlin Post No. 182, A. L.:
Virgil Kelley, P. C.

Gentlemen:—
We hand you herewith Certificate No. 1 of the Anticline Oil & Gas Co. stock for 20 shares. This is given to the "boys" with the belief and hope that it will in the near future be worth enough money to go a long way toward building a permanent home for the local Post. This we firmly believe.

Please accept this from the Anticline Oil & Gas Co. as a gift expressing our appreciation of your sterling worth, and of our appreciation of your unselfish services both across the "pond" and at home.

Very truly,
Anticline Oil & Gas Co.
Fred Turner, Pres.
E. M. Raney, Secy.

Transfers of Santa Anna Realty.
R. T. Rountree to C. B. Verner, part of block 23, G. C. & S. F. addition to Santa Anna; \$400.00.
W. M. Riley Jr. to J. A. Riley, part of Richard Cochran survey 269; consideration \$5,000.00.

No flower too sweet for Our Heroes' graves!

They paid the price for our peaceful land;
They saved the banner with all its stars.
And now they are resting, a silent band;
Neither strife nor danger their slumber mars.

You would not call them to earth again!
To face its sorrow, its toil and pain.

The speaker said in his own words that Memorial Day is a re-dedication of the lives and purposes of living Americans to those ideals of government for which so many of our cherished sleepers have paid "the last full measure of devotion." That we could smother their resting places with flowers—it costs little. We can listen to sonorous eulogies of their deeds and their supreme sacrifices; but the highest tribute we can pay the glorious dead is to take from their hands "the falling torch" and carry it aloft.

At the conclusion of this address the Legion then headed the procession to the cemetery, with a sailor and marine as color bearers, and two soldiers as color guards. Next in line was the firing squad, followed by the remainder of the Post in uniform.

Arriving at the cemetery, the official American Legion grave markers were planted at the graves of two deceased comrades, Claude Gipson, and Orin Rose, together with the flags, and flowers. The principal service, which represented the service for all the dead, was held at the grave of Orin Rose, as he is the only soldier in our cemetery who died in the service, and was buried with the flag. The ceremony consisted of appropriate readings: by Post Commander Virgil Kelley; a song by the quartette for this occasion; and then, the always impressive ceremony of "saluting the dead" by three volleys from the firing squad and "taps" by the bugler. The Post then marched to the grave of their comrade, Claude Gipson, and with a short ceremony, deposited flowers there.

There were about seventy graves of veterans of former wars decorated by the U. D. C., which included both the Northern and Southern soldiers of the Civil War.

The color bearers were Arthur Turner, J. Q. Barnes.

Color guards—A. S. McMaster and Dewey Pieratt.

Commander of firing squad—Dr. T. Richard Sealy.

Firing squad—Spencer Wagner, R. Kelley, Pink Sherman, Marshall Diggins, Gus Rosenberg, Jess Hunter, Hadley, Frank Woodward.

Post Commander—Virgil Kelley.
Bugler—Lloyd Burris.

Your Responsibility as a Citizen.

Beyond question, every man, woman and child in the Santa Anna Independent School District is well acquainted with the call that on Tuesday, June 7th, an election is to be held at which the qualified voters of the district will say whether or not bonds shall be voted to the amount of \$80,000 for the improvement of the present grade building and the construction of a new high school building and auditorium, and for the raising of the support and maintenance tax from 50c to \$1.00 on the \$100 valuation.

This paper has endorsed the two measures from the starting of the campaign, for it is a position which is unassailable by all the tests of responsible citizenship. We believe that there is a sufficient majority of the voters in the district who feel likewise in the matter, which will insure the passage of the two measures beyond contest, but this anticipation has had nothing to do in forming our own convictions in the matter. We certainly want it said of us in our private and public relation to this community that we have ever stood for the highest ideals of citizenship, which can only be attained through education. That our public school system is the best at hand for the great mass of people no one will for a moment question. It is our plain duty to make it the most efficient agency of education possible.

As Dr. Sealy, president of the board of school trustees, remarked to this editor last week in commenting on the coming election, "Overlooking entirely the phase of commercial development which this community would enjoy from this forward step in its school system, it is a duty we owe posterity to equip our school plant with the most approved modern, sanitary buildings and methods of instruction."
Don't let this election be lost by your apathy—by your failure to cast your ballot. There is more danger from this source than from any real opposition which may appear.

Shield Says We Need School Building

I am not making it my business to talk it, but you may say since you have asked me, that I am convinced that Santa Anna's present grade building must be repaired to make it habitable and desirable for further use, and that I am in favor of constructing a new high school building to meet our growing needs," said L. L. Shield, the largest property owner of the city when approached on the subject of the proposed bond issue last week. In commenting further to the inquiry, Mr. Shield said:

"The old building must have a new roof if it is ever to be made habitable. As long as that old roof is on the building, it will be impossible to keep plaster on the walls, making it not only unsightly, but insanitary."

"I am willing to pay my part in taxes as a property owner of Santa Anna to see that the old building is properly repaired and a new high school building constructed," concluded Mr. Shield.

Our Refinery Turns Out Gasoline.

A test at quantity production of gasoline was made at the plant of the local refinery last week-end by Mr. Karl who came here a few days ago from California and will likely assume the mechanical direction of the enterprise. Some 300 gallons of gasoline were refined for the demonstration, and sold to the Sanderson Garage. The product was made from crude obtained in the Santa Anna oil field. People here are hopeful that the refinery will be operated so as to provide an outlet for the great quantities of crude which has accumulated in this field, in the absence of a pipe line.

Will Form County Federation.

Mrs. Leila Johnson will organize a county federation of women's clubs at Coleman county court house Monday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, at which the ladies of Santa Anna are cordially invited to attend.

Refinery Company is Re-Organized.

On Wednesday the organization of a new company in the local field was completed, the Santa Anna Refining Co., a trust, with J. T. Pope, Sam H. Collier and G. W. Faulkner as trustees. The company is organized to purchase the local refinery.

Mr. Pope who is well known in this county, and who is the owner of the land upon which the Gladys Belle Co. has produced several wells, the most widely known of which is the Pope No. 5, is president of the new company; Mr. Collier, local grain merchant and broker, is the vice president, while Mr. Faulkner, a member of one of our leading mercantile concerns, S. W. Childers & Co., is secretary-treasurer. This paper believes it almost a waste of space to attempt any further introduction of these gentlemen, as all are very well and most favorably known in the Santa Anna business, social and public life.

The News has been informed that these gentlemen have devoted some thought and time in contemplation of renewed operations of the local refinery before organizing the Santa Anna Refining Co., and to that end have had out-of-town assistants here for several weeks rendering aid. Among these is the engineer who built the plant to its present point and who has come here from California for the purpose of negotiating a contract for the operation of the plant by him under a lease contract whereby, if the contract is consummated, he will operate on a royalty basis of so much per barrel of oil passing through the plant, a small portion of the amount to be paid in cash and the remainder in improvements until the plant is carried as far as the trustees desire. This seems most advantageous and advisable under present oil market conditions, because oil seems to be faring worse than even wool and cotton and we all know what that means. Of course if such a contract is not perfected it will no doubt be advisable to permit the plant to remain inactive until market conditions improve, which most people expect within several months. This gentleman, Fred Karle, has purchased some oil from the Sanger well No. 1 and last week made a test of the plant, and it is our information that the engineer was well pleased with its performance, and as result there was placed in the smaller tank of Sanderson's Garage 275 gals. of Santa Anna gas where it is now on sale and being bought by local and visiting car owners.

We understand that the trustees will issue share for share of stock in the new company to those who purchased stock from the original company, as soon as the details can be worked out.

The News is confident it voices the hopes of its readers and this community in general in wishing the new organization every success in extracting the local refinery enterprise from the tangle into which it appears to have become enmeshed soon after its inception, and if it does nothing more than provide a source of disposal for the crude of our own field in the refining of products for our own consumption, the effort would seem meritorious. The advertising value to this section from such an exploit would also be of incalculable benefit to our interests.

Fined For Wading in Lake.
Chas. W. Woodruff and J. J. Hill were this week fined \$1.00 and costs each in corporation court for violation of the ordinance of the city prohibiting fishermen and others from wading in the City Lake. The promulgation of the two gentlemen has added to the public interest in the conviction, and is understood that any attempt to "hurrah" either of them is equivalent to a Jack Dempsey hook on the jaw.

Miss Margaret and the Flowers.

Song by wee tots—"Over the Sea."
Song by the intermediate girls—"Summer Time is Growing."
Song—"Tell Me the Story of Jesus."
Sketch—Juniors and primaries.
"Thanksgiving Ann" Edrine Tyson.
Special song.
Offertory.
Doxology.

Program Children's Day.

First Christian Church, June 5, 11 a. m.
Play—"Miss Margaret and the Flowers."
Song by wee tots—"Over the Sea."
Song by the intermediate girls—"Summer Time is Growing."
Song—"Tell Me the Story of Jesus."
Sketch—Juniors and primaries.
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C. C. Renfro Dies at Brownwood

A report reached Santa Anna late yesterday afternoon that C. C. Renfro, well known here, had died there during the day. Mr. Renfro has been in failing health for some time, though his condition was not regarded as serious by those who saw him about his business. He is well known here, having stopped in Santa Anna for a number of months while promoting the sale of stock for a sulphur mining company in the Toyah valley. He was a cheerful character, and different in many respects from the average fellow.

Santa Anna Gets a Shower of Rain

Santa Anna was blessed with a pretty fair shower of rain early this morning, which effectually broke the backbone of one of the most oppressive heat waves experienced in this section in many a day. The heat became intense with the closing days of last week, and got in overtime yesterday, when a breeze sprang up from the north late in the afternoon, alleviating the situation considerably. The rain must have been pretty general in the section northwest, and south and southwest of Santa Anna, judging by the range of the clouds. While the shower was not sufficient to revive growing crops to any material extent, yet if it is followed in the next few days with more, will help.

Thursday Thimble Club.

Mrs. J. R. Gipson entertained the Thursday Thimble Club in a very enjoyable meeting last Thursday afternoon.

Sweet peas and nasturtiums with fern tastily arranged, made bright the reception rooms. Instead of the regular fancy work, each guest was given red and green paper, from which poppies were fashioned that were later to be sold for the disabled soldiers' hospital fund.

A light refreshment course consisting of sandwiches, olives, iced tea and wafers were served to the following: Mesdames Weaver, Mitchell, Collier, Shield, Turner, Brandon, McFarland, Childers, and Faulkner.

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PEOPLE OF OUR TOWN



This is the Artist's Idea of the Awful Little Girl who parks her Chewing Gum on Tables 'n Windows 'n Chairs 'n Doors, 'n Beds 'n Trees 'n Automobiles 'n Ev'rywhere. Remember, 'n Gel, a Perfect Lady does not Throw her Used Chewing Gum under Folks' Shoes. She swallows It!

JUNE 7 YOU CAN SOW PENNIES AND REAP \$ \$ LATER

How Markham Lost His Cook

By DOROTHY WHITCOMB.

(©, 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

Lindsay's mentality was not devoid of an element of humor in its composition, and the incongruity of his mission, appealed to this latent sense as he stepped quietly out of his house at night and looked back into the well-lit parlor. He saw his wife seated in her chair, reading as calmly as though he had gone out upon the most ordinary visit to some friend. She hardly raised her eyes when he said good-by to her, yet there had been an emotional scene only that morning, and it was this that had nerved Lindsay to his resolution.

He could endure his wife's complaints no longer. He was resolved to put an end to them for ever. And he was going like a thief by night to steal the most precious jewel of Markham's household.

He had fought down the impulse toward dishonor for many weeks. But now the time had come when he could resist no longer. Life without Lucille would have no zest. His home had grown to be no home to him. His very food had lost its savor.

Markham had brought her back to America after his last visit to France. When she arrived she was a simple country girl, innocent, ignorant of the language of her adopted country. She had met few men; she had never even been engaged before. And once in Markham's power he watched her jealously. He would hardly permit her to leave home.

Strangely enough, it was Mrs. Lindsay who had first met her, and it was she who had introduced Lindsay on one of the rare occasions when Lucille had snatched a short respite from Markham's tyranny. It was at a friend's house, Mrs. Lindsay was taken at once with the pale, beautiful French girl. But it was Lindsay who had pursued the acquaintance.

Markham and he were not on friendly terms. He knew enough of the man's cowardly nature to be aware that, once Lucille and he were together, there would be no pursuit. At last the time had arrived when he was able to propose his plan.

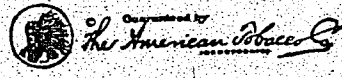
She looked at him with veiled terror, and yet with a joy that she could hardly conceal.

"I will give you more than Markham can ever give you," he said gaily and then outlined his plan. Markham

In a new size package



Ten for 10 cents. Handy size. Dealers carry both. 10 for 10c; 20 for 20c. It's toasted.



was not always home before nightfall. Let her appoint some day when he would be detained at his office. It would then be the simplest thing for him to cover the two miles between their houses and meet her after dark when there were no prying eyes to see. She must have her possessions—what she could pack into a suitcase—ready, and he would take her away, never to see Markham again.

"But if he comes after me?" she asked, still half afraid.

Lindsay had laughed at that, and his contempt for Markham seemed to find an answer in the girl's soul. She told him many little details of the man; his tyranny, his greed. Once, when she had not prepared a dish exactly to his liking he had sworn at her. She had never forgotten that. Yes, she would go.

And Lindsay, looking back at his wife in her chair, felt not the least compunction. For he was going to end her complaints effectively and forever.

Markham was not to be home that night. So much he had discovered, and he had sent Lucille a message by a trusted confidant. Now he strode out into the dark eagerly, his mind tense upon his mission, every nerve tingling with the thought of the ecstatic happiness that lay in store for him.

And she was waiting for him. As he approached the unlit house where

the man he hated lived he saw her, a sinuous shadow in the doorway.

"Lucille!" he whispered.

And so he led her way.

The suitcase was weighty, but he walked as though he trod on air, and Lucille strode at his side. At last they stood outside his house again, and, looking through the window, Lindsay perceived that his wife still occupied the same chair and held the same book. All the emotions that had possessed him had been entirely unknown to her; she read as tranquilly as though nothing were at stake.

Then a sense of unutterable love for this quiet woman in the chair welled up in Lindsay's heart. He turned to the girl and spoke almost curtly.

"I am going in to tell her," he said. "To tell your wife?"

"Yes—everything. But wait for me. I shall not abandon you. Have no fear. It will be but a moment."

The waiting girl saw Lindsay disappear within the house; she saw him bend over his wife, saw her start up incredulously and look at him with eyes that searched his soul. Then she was running out of the house with Lindsay at her side.

"You! Lucille!" she cried.

"Yes, madame."

"And you have come to stay? You will not leave us?" She turned to her husband. "O, my dear," she cried, "to think that we should own the only French cook in Stapleton. And it's true!" She seized the girl's hands and almost pulled her through the door.

Try a News Want ad. 2c a word

EAT ALL YOU WANT!

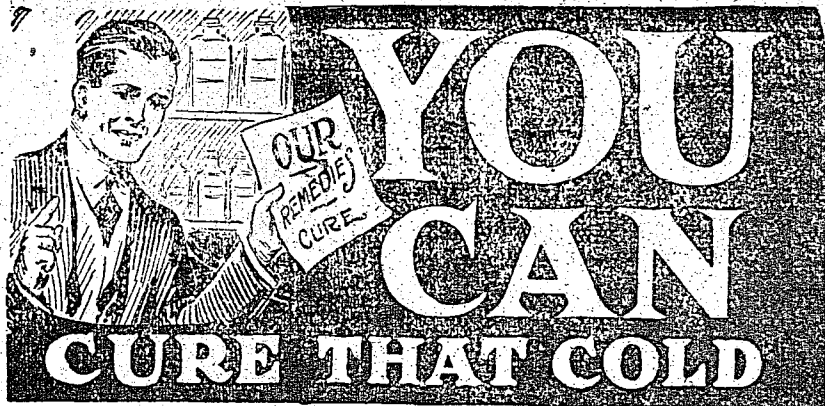


No More Gas on the Stomach or Sour Stomach! No More Heavy Feeling After Meals or Constipation!

If you have sour stomach, constipation or gas on the stomach ONE SPOONFUL simple buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., as mixed in Adler-I-ka, will bring you INSTANT relief.

Adler-I-ka draws all the old foul matter from the system leaving the bowels and stomach fresh and CLEAN, ready to digest anything. Guards against appendicitis.

CORNER DRUG STORE

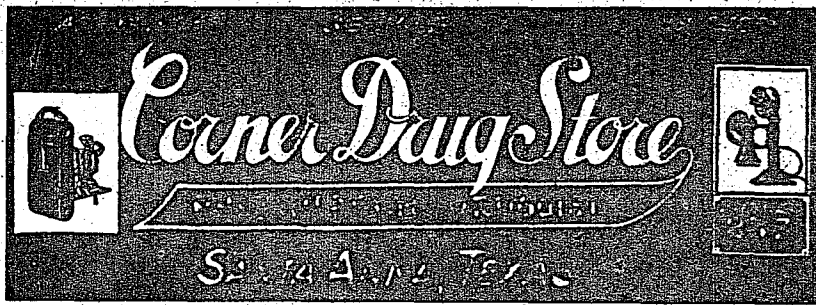


All nature needs is assistance in ridding your system of that cold.

We do not advise strong, powerful drugs that have as strong a re-action.

—But we do recommend and guarantee a very helpful cold cure that will give you quick and gratifying relief.

Don't suffer long; bring the cold to us.



Revival at Baptist Church
A revival begins at the Baptist church next Sunday. The pastor is to do the preaching. Miss Lois Howard, a graduate of our missionary training school, will lead the personal workers, giving them the real training she has received at the seminary. All christians are invited to attend and help as they conscientiously can. The singers of the town are invited to help.

J. M. Reynolds,
Pastor.

—Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Faulkner, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Childers and Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Greer motored to Comanche Sunday and spent the day with old friends and relatives.

Mass Meeting at Plainview
There will be a mass meeting at Plainview school house Saturday evening, June 4, at 8 o'clock, for farmers, grain men and thresher men. The meeting is held for the purpose of discussing the price of threshing and selling grain. All farmers and thresher men are requested to be present.

AMOS FAYLOR,
President Farm Labor Union of America, Plainview Local No. 216.

—Born, Sunday, to Dr. and Mrs. R. R. Lovelady, a girl. Miss Thomas, a trained nurse of Dallas, is here attending Mrs. Lovelady and the infant, both of whom are getting along nicely.

ANTICLINE OIL AND GAS COMPANY

Our well is drilling around a thousand feet and looking better as we go down. We are still in a 12 1-2 inch hole and expect to set the 10 inch pipe between twelve and thirteen hundred feet

From all indications this well is as near a "cinch" as one can get in an oil drilling proposition; however none of them are a certainty, but this applies to everything else except death and taxes. We wish to thank those who have come to our aid by buying the stock and acreage from us, and they are not only benefiting themselves by so doing, but the community, as well.

We have a limited amount of stock yet for sale, and prefer that you take it, to being sorry that you did not.

We soon expect to have enough sold to complete our obligations on this drilling well, after that time, the price will be changed on both the stock and the acreage.

Yours truly,

ANTICLINE OIL AND GAS COMPANY

Fred W. Turner, President

E. M. Raney, Secty-Treasurer

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

Charming Frocks----

For Summer

Can be fashioned from this sheer imported Organdies--priced the yd \$1.00

45-inch fine imported Organdies can be had here in Spring's most desirable shades

—We are also showing a complete line of Crepe de Chine, Satins, and Taffetas.

R. P. CRUM & SON

The Buried Stage Coach

By HAROLD SINCLAIRE.

(© 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

"You must not be discouraged, Abner," spoke Mrs. Waldron in her patient, sympathizing way.

"I'm not, mother," was the prompt but infinitely weary response. "It is not the loss of business, home and friends. What worries me is the fact that after all my sacrifices, I shall not be able to pay my creditors in full. It is a pretty heavy load for an old man like me to carry."

"Remember the promise: 'On whom God's hand resteth, hath God at his right hand.'"

Abner Waldron tried to smile bravely, kissed the dear old patient face of his helpmeet, and left the house for his accustomed stroll.

He had done very well in a business way, until a smooth, smart city promoter had come to Albion, with expansive ideas. He had branched out the sleek schemer had reaped a rich harvest, and then—fallu.e.

Abner had turned over every penny he had in the world. It paid up everything except a few thousand dollars. Mrs. Waldron had in her own right a small farm in an adjoining county. They had decided to go there, and were now on the eve of departure.

"It's the older children, Richard and Maud, that I care about," the thoughtful bankrupt had told his close friends.

Abner evaded meeting his neighbors, and took a lonely route out of town. He was soon among the sand-

hills. He wanted to think, plan out resignation for the present, contentment for the future. It was a great sand district about Albion. Lying along the lake shore, air currents had piled up great yellow mountains of the shifting particles.

The bleak environment chilled him, but at the same time quieted. Alone and undisturbed, he reviewed all the past.

Then in a whimsical way a story of the long ago came to his memory. His father had been well nigh ruined right among these treacherous sand hills nearly forty years since. The event was the sensation of the hour through the whole district. James Waldron had removed his little country bank to Albion from Sankatuck in the next county. Over \$30,000 in gold had been carried in locked iron boxes in an old stage coach. Its driver had lost his way among the sand hills; a great storm had come up, and he was blown from his seat against a rock and rendered insensible.

When he came back to consciousness the stage coach, the horses, the treasure, had disappeared. There was a search all over the country. It brought no results. With difficulty the banker met the great loss.

The sky had darkened while Abner sat dreaming. A blinding rain of sand cut his face. "This is getting serious!" he exclaimed, as he slid nearly the length of a hill, to land in a gully between two towering mountains of sand.

"Why! I shall be engulfed! It is like quicksand!" he reflected in vivid alarm. He struggled on, came to a turn in the gully, and dimly made out a slanting mass of gnarled tree roots. Abner ran to it, slipped, a cavity was revealed, and he dropped into dark-

ness fully 20 feet. He stood on a sandy foundation, apparently of some large sheltered void. Before him was an open shed supported by posts. Back of it was a great, lumbering, old-fashioned vehicle. Attached were the skeletons of a team of horses. Thrilled, amazed, in almost a shout the electrified observer gasped out: "The lost stage coach!"

Yes, it could be no other—it was no other.

To this shelter on the night the bank was moved the horses had strayed, to be enveloped, swallowed up in the great winding wreaths of sand, past rescue and sight until now.

More matches, a closer inspection, and there, intact, just as they had been originally stowed, were the iron boxes. Abner found the bank treasure—his by right of discovery, his by right of legal inheritance.

So all the dark clouds passed away. Drooping root ends enabled the adventurer to regain the open air when the sandstorm was over, and the family roof was saved, and soon there were two joyful weddings.

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

Children have frankness down to a fine science.

Those of their elders who pride themselves upon being frank should consider that the little ones are born that way.

Some of the fearful things children say would take a "grown-up" years to work up courage to hand out orally.

Take young Billy, who has a particular fondness for ice cream cones and custards.

A neighbor made a custard for William and turned it over to his mother for him. The neighbor happened to come in later and, seeing Billy, asked him if he liked the custard.

"Naw," was his startling answer. "It didn't taste good."—Washington Star.

Hoping for Lower Prices.

"Another hen has laid an egg marked with a 'C.' What do you suppose that 'C' stands for?"

"I hope it stands for cents. And I hope they don't lay any eggs stamped with dollar marks."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

HIS CHOICE

By NELL ADAIR.

(© 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

Prof. Spencer Cobb had never married, and in the pursuance of his chosen career he noticed no lack. His busy hours passed in gratifying achievement, while a widowed sister managed satisfactorily his home.

All Spencer's daily needs were well provided, and love came not to trouble. So when Clara, the sister, told him frankly that she was weary of her monotonous life as his housekeeper, and intended thereafter to make her home with her daughter and grandchildren, the professor was much disturbed.

"What shall I do?" he asked in consternation, and Clara briskly replied: "Get married."

Patiently his sister drew forth a chair.

"Now, my dear," she began in the tone which she had used in his childhood, "there is no reason why you should not be able to find a competent and admirable wife. You are still young, and you are good looking. Also, your position is one to be proud of. But as you have never evinced interest in women, or shown pleasure in their society, I have taken it upon myself, Spencer, to direct your choice. Matilda Moore possesses just the qualities to be desired in your prospective wife.

"You will never realize what a blessing I have been to you, Spencer. But now—we must lose no time. Daughter is anxious to have me come to her at once; the children are ill. You must call upon Matilda Moore this afternoon, Spencer, and prepare at once the way for your courting. It's the only reasonable way out of the difficulty."

So, too bewildered to refuse, the professor found himself half urged, half coaxed by his dominating sister, out into the street.

The residence of Miss Moore was quickly found, the chauffeur was opening the door for him to alight, before Spencer had considered his best mode of introduction.

Calling upon women was so entirely out of the professor's line that he felt called upon to make some pretence for his visit. But Clara had evidently been before him with the telephone.

The wide front door of the Moore residence opened at his approach, while a small hand was thrust forward in welcome. "How nice," came a sweet feminine voice, "and how unexpected, to see you. Your sister informed us that you were coming to see our victrola. Professor Cobb—said you thought of buying one. I will put on some records for you."

Spencer breathed a sigh of relief.

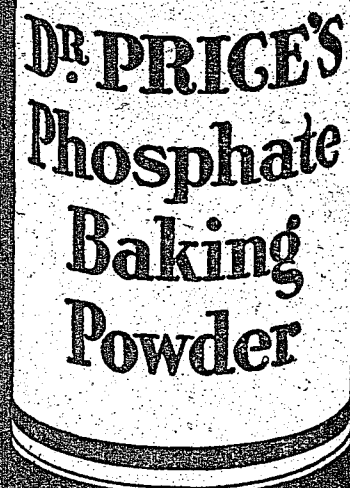
Large Can, 12 Ounces

25¢

Made and Guaranteed by Royal Baking Powder Co.

Contains no Alum

Use it —and Save!



Write for New Dr. Price Cook Book—It's free
Price Baking Powder Factory,
1003 Independence Blvd. Chicago, Ill.

It was quite simple after all, he admired Clara's cleverness.

And when he was in the long room with the shaded lamps and the cheery log fire, he admired also his sister's choice. Surely no daintier, fairer maiden ever smiled across a mahogany box, or was more agreeable in her demonstration of placing records. The professor did not know when he had been so interested and entertained, and when the charming girl added her own voice to that of a noted singer Spencer thrilled the more to the sympathetic quality of her tones, and told her so. It was many years since he had danced or had thought of dancing, perhaps back—very far back—at a boyish dancing school. But when little Miss Moore came tilting and swaying like some happy child toward him, the professor took easily her outstretched, tempting hands and joined in the dance. Laughing and glowing, the girl stopped him at the farther end of the room.

"To think," she exclaimed, "that you are really the dignified teacher whom I see passing my window every day! Truly I used to think that you lived in some high intellectual plane of your own, unconscious of us poor inferiors about you. To find that you are human after all!"

She paused to smile up into the professor's shining eyes. "Nicest kind of human," she added softly, while sudden happiness flooded the professor's heart. It was astonishing how the afternoon fled. Spencer realized recklessly that he had made every bold excuse to keep the delightful

little creature at his side. Records grew stale in repetition, and though Miss Moore showed no weariness, she must have grown weary in her responses to his request for the same numbers upon the piano.

When Spencer Cobb finally did bid his hostess good-by it was with the promise of a repeated visit.

His sister regarded with satisfaction his pleased face, when he returned. "Then Matilda did come home," she asked, "and you met her? That silly spoiled young sister of hers told me over the phone that Matilda was out. She offered to run over the records for you herself—that was the only plausible excuse I could think of to pave the way for your visit. But I knew your aversion to brainless girls of Peggy Moore's sort and refused her offer."

"Clara," asked her brother slowly, "what does Miss Matilda Moore look like?"

"Why, she is tall and serious and very dark," his sister replied.

The radiant professor smiled a blissful smile.

"Well, the girl I am going to marry," he answered determinedly, "is very small and fair—and happy."

Way to Find Out

"They say the Volstead act law won't apply to the ocean."
"I think I'll run away to sea."

Radiator repairing is my business, work guaranteed, fenders repaired. New and second-hand radiators. Bob Leavell, Coleman, Texas. 5-20-17

BALL GAME!!

Sunday Afternoon, May 5th
At Coleman Ball Park

Ballinger vs. Sweetwater

Santa Anna fans will be pleased to know that Jake Brown, a former resident of this place, is manager of the Ballinger team.

You are urged to come out and swell the attendance at this game. Both teams are supported with some of the best players in West Texas League.

Have You Tried Garden Court?

GARDEN COURT FACE POWDER IS AN EFFICIENT AID, but a modest one; for it is a powder invisible—invisible by virtue of its fineness. And it will stay on in all climates.

White, Pink, Naturelle, or Brunette. Daintily perfumed with the Garden Court bouquet of 32 chosen fragrances.

GARDEN COURT TOILETRIES

- Benzoin and Almond Cream
- Double Combination Cream
- Cold Cream
- Talc
- Face Powder
- Toilet Water
- Rouge
- Extract

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY

Phillips Drug Store

Santa Anna News

One copy per year.....\$1.50
 One copy six months..... .80
 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 BrandonPublisher

Friday, June 3, 1921.

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

DRUSIE

By MOLLIE MATHER.

(© 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

Drusilla loved Bruce Gordon, long before he had taken the slightest interest in her charming self. But Bruce, of course had not known of Drusie's love, any more than he had known of her existence.

Her affection began in schoolgirl hero worship, grew calmly and steadily into honest admiration, and ended in love. Drusie, during her school days had watched Nell Hammond's young cousin come and go on visits to his kinsfolk, and he had in her eyes, appeared to be possessed of all the imaginary virtues of heroes of book or screen.

When Nell finally introduced her, the glamor was replaced by genuine regard.

Then it happened, that Richard Hammond awakened to a like admiration of his cousin's young friend. And now, now—Drusie was almost sure that Richard fully reciprocated her affection. She did not yet choose to give to the emotion its true name. So, it was discouraging to realize, as she rolled onward in the train which was bearing her to a week-end party at Richard Hammond's home, that she had no suitable dress to wear at the dinner which his mother would give that evening.

Drusilla did so want to make a favorable impression upon Richard's family. She did so wish him to be

today visit, and the two girls were to meet at her relative's home. Drusie's father had been certain that her last summer's rose foulard would be "just the thing to wear to the party." But Drusie knew that the old rose foulard was quite inappropriate, both in cut and in its fashion of a former season. However, she determined not to refuse the invitation Richard's mother had so kindly extended through Nell Hammond. And with inward irrepudiation, yet with happiness, the girl knew that Richard's mother, reading her son's heart, desired to see and to know his choice. Richard himself came eagerly into the car at the station before her destination.

"Hurried on," he explained, "to meet you."

His beloved face still bore its radiant expression as he followed her with the suitcases later, down the aisle. Her mother was gracious in her greeting, and the room which Drusilla was to share with Nell was a revelation of daintiness and beauty.

Drusie sank to her knees to unfasten the straps of her bag. And there, as the cover flew back, lay folded as light and as blue as a cloud—a dream of an evening frock. Wonderingly, the girl took it in her hands, holding it before her slim figure—the dress was her size to perfection. Then a wild impulse seized her. She knew, of course, that the whole thing was a mistake, that she had caught up in her excitement someone else's suitcase on the train, and had forced it into Richard's waiting hands. She recalled vaguely the presence of a young woman in the train seat behind hers, and a second suitcase standing on end near her. She would find out later the identity of the owner of this bag that she had taken, and the exchange would be rectified. But, just now, for this one hour—Drusilla would wear the dream of a dress.

Then she ran down the stairs.

Richard was not in evidence, but from her position beneath the swaying lights she saw, down the hall, his mother approaching. Drusilla turned and fled back up the stair, back to her room of luxury. For it had come to her all at once, what a wild and outrageous and dishonest thing she was doing. Drusie had not words hard enough for herself. Hastily she undid the blue dress fastenings, feverishly folded it away in its tissue. Then stood an awakened Cinderella, buttoning with trembling fingers the serge traveling suit about her figure.

"Please tell Mrs. Hammond," she directed the maid, "that my suitcase has been misplaced and I will not be able to dress for dinner."

When Mrs. Hammond passed this message on to her son, her pleasant face was perplexed.

"I do not understand," she said. "I am sure that I saw your little friend in the conservatory a short time since, and she was beautifully dressed, in just such a frock as Harmolne has been begging for, from Lucille."

And presently Drusilla in her navy blue suit responded to Richard's summons, and came to him in the upper hall.

"You see," he explained laughingly, "our suitcases got mixed when I left them downstairs. The maid carried my bag up to your room, and here is your own. My sister Hermoine is anxiously waiting to see the 'Lucille' dress I brought out for her from the city. It was in the bag sent up to your room."

Then, Drusilla, her cheeks as rosy as the despised rose dress, made full confession.

"And I realize," she added sadly, "just how small you must think me, in yielding to my foolish temptation. So I am going away."

"But you did not yield," Richard gently reminded her. His tone was tender. "Stay and make me happy, Drusilla. Old rose or new turquoise, what have colors to do with love? It is you that I want, dear."

And Drusie stayed.

How Santa Anna Got Its Name.

Mrs. Bertie Dunn Brown, of Houston, Texas, writes the News an interesting letter as to how Santa Anna derived its name, and some of the incidents of the early days in this section which she narrates should be doubly interesting to the old timers here.

Mrs. Brown is well known in all this section of the country, and in her letter she mentions especially numbering in her circle of friends the families of Blue, Shield, Gay, and Hubert of Coleman. Mrs. Brown attended school in Santa Anna in its early history, and later taught here. We are sure her own words will be appreciated by the readers of the News:

Houston, Texas,
 May 19, 1921.

Editor News:—
 Santa Anna, Texas.

Dear Sir:—
 Recently, when reading a copy of your paper which fell into my hands, I noticed the name of an oil company drilling in the Santa Anna field to be the "San Tanta Chief."

The name brought to my mind a true story, which was told me when I was a young girl, accounting for the manner in which our beautiful little town got the name Santa Anna.

The first log cabin built, where Brownwood now stands, was built by "Uncle" Brooks Lee, and his good wife "Aunt" Keziah, as they were familiarly known. In later years they established their present home place about sixteen miles, I believe, out of Brownwood near the little station known as Brooksmith of late years, on the Frisco. In those days, of course, there was no town nor neighbors for miles.

"Uncle" Brooks long since went to his reward but I learn that his family, some of them, with "Aunt" Keziah, still live at the old house.

When a child it was with much pleasure I visited often in their hospitable home, though a newer house stands there, the big house of my childhood memory having burned a number of years ago.

Occasionally they would tell the children of the Indian days, and the dangers through which they, with their neighbors on adjoining ranches, passed during Indian raids. One of my great uncles, known to everybody as "Uncle Billy" Dunn, was a neighbor on an adjoining ranch. Having been disappointed in love, so the story goes, he lived there with only his "cow punchers" for companions. I have been in the cave on Salt Lick branch of Clear Creek where "Uncle Billy" was wont to hide for days at a time when the Indians were on a raid. In those days, too, the Lee family, the oldest son being the first American child born in Brown county, fled on horseback fighting for their very lives.

The nearest trading point for the ranchmen was Waco, so named from the Indian name "Huaco," pronounced Waco with a broad 'a'.

They always tried to get their money in currency, as the Indians would steal all the gold they could lay their hands on. During all of their years of trouble however, they had one good friend among the Indians—the Chief, San Tanta, who possibly saved the scattered settlers from complete extermination.

When it was decided to establish a postoffice at the foot of the "mountains," "Uncle" Brooks Lee and some others were appointed as a commission to select a name for the office. Thinking to honor the friendly chief, they sent in to the postal department the name San Tanta.

By some stroke of irony, probably because of some clerk in the department having stored in a "vacant" cell of his memory the name of the arch-foe—Santa Anna, the name "Santa Anna, Texas" was published, much to the chagrin of the committee. Efforts to correct the error met with no success because of the slow means of communication.

Today when we review Texas history because of its being the centennial year of the colonization of the State, which then covered a great scope of territory, by Anglo-Americans, we review all the hardships endured by those very first settlers at the hands of the Indians and Mexicans, and Santa Anna stands out the most brutal of them all, the one who hated Americans most, as the one who never gave "quarter."

In the April number of the Ladies Home Journal is a picture of the Alamo, dear to the heart of every Texan as the "cradle of Texas liberty," a short story of the battle fought there including the letter sent out by Travis pleading for help, at the same time declaring he would never surrender to Santa Anna and his horde, as more pregnant of bravery than any story ever told, at least in the history of our country. There was poured out the blood of the most heroic men of history.

On the monument at Austin erected to their memory is this inscription "Thermopylae had her messenger of defeat—the Alamo had none."

The Alamo, however, had its mes-



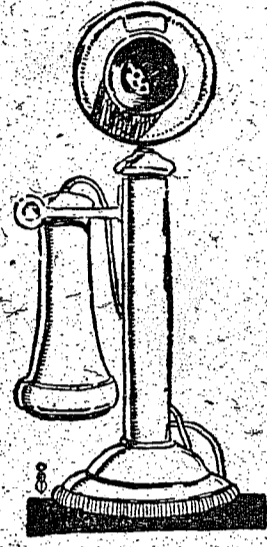
---good as new

That is what everyone says when they see their clothes after we have cleaned and pressed them.

Special equipment together with a desire to do the best work we know how accounts for the better service you receive on all garments left in our care.

As an added convenience we suggest that you phone 13 and we will call for and deliver your clothes for you.

E. G. Overby



sengers of conquest, the spirits of those brave men today are still alive, testifying to all the world that true Texas men are ready and willing at all times to sacrifice themselves for a just cause.

As a child I felt glad to know that the beautiful little town, where I later lived, was meant to bear the name of the brave Indian Chief, San Tanta, and not that of the unscrupulous Santa Anna. I could not resist telling the story, which came to me after all these years, as it was told to me. I shall always love the old home, however seldom I stop there on my way West, for frequent visits, but it is with a feeling that a desecration is being committed, when the beauty of the mountain, admired by every traveler passing through, is being marred for the sake of a few tons of glass sand.

I trust I have not bored you with the story and if you care to publish it probably some of your readers will find it of interest.

Very sincerely,
 BERTIE DUNN BROWN.

—Miss Oderra Gillen, of the local school faculty for the past term, has returned to her home in East Texas.

Ladies' Auxiliary Reception

The reception given by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the American Legion at the home of Jack Laughlin Post Saturday evening was well attended and highly enjoyed.

Appropriate decorations featuring Auxiliary colors, purple and gold, with selected cut flowers and fern, formed a foreground for the American Legion flag.

The program opened with the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner" in concert, followed by talks from a few of the Post officers. A short but highly appreciated reading was rendered by Miss Kathleen Turner, and the vocal number given by Miss Sara Ramsauer was especially beautiful.

After a short business session, an open-house social period was enjoyed, Victrola music heightening the pleasure.

Refreshments consisted of muscadine punch, cake and brick cream.

—V. L. Grady and wife returned Wednesday after spending two weeks with Mrs. Grady's brother, Hayden Miles, in Andrews county. Mr. Grady acquired a first class coat of tan, but didn't seem to add very much weight to his frame.

PROGRAM AT

Best Theatre

For Week Ending June 11th

MONDAY AND TUESDAY

BERT LYTEL

—IN—

"Price of Redemption" Metro Special Production

WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY

A Pictorial History of the Life of Christ

"From the Manger to the Cross"

FRIDAY

Afternoon and Night

Fourth Episode "Fighting Fate"

14th Episode "Ruth of Rockies"

Pathe News & Snub Pollard Comedy

SATURDAY

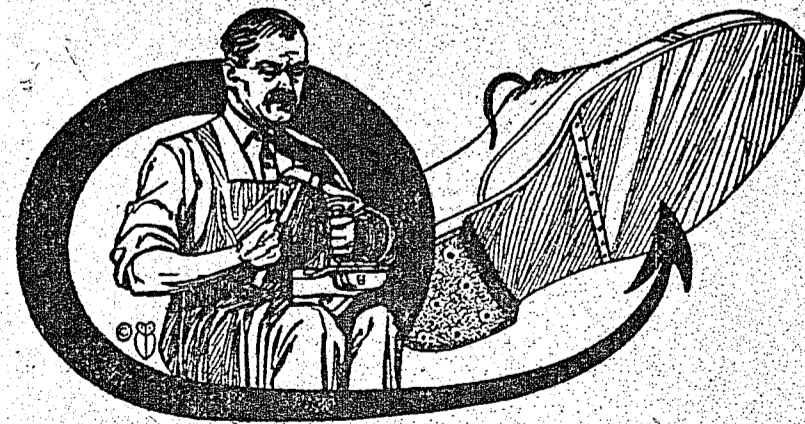
Afternoon and Night

ART ACCORD

—IN—

"The Show Down"

Larry Semon Comedy — "Solid Concrete"; 2nd Episode "Purple Riders"



YOUR SHOES will smile with satisfaction over the splendid job of repairing at our hands.

Frank Edsall

You Can't Leave Off

QUALITY

Groceries, that satisfy the housewife who is trying to feed her family well and at the same time economically, must have that quality which comes by careful handling and cautious buying.

If the housewife is looking only for prices she will necessarily sacrifice quality. Of course the same applies to quality. The best way we think is to get the two in combination by trading regularly with us.

Hunter Brothers

Phone 48 "Home of Good Eats" Phone 48

NEWS for the BUYERS

We serve Alta Vista ice cream—the best yet. L. E. Abernathy.

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

5-bushel oat sacks, 2 for 25c. at Marshall's.

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

Highest cash price paid for poultry and eggs. See us before you sell. Kizer Produce 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.

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

A little more good binder's twine for 14c at Marshall's.

For a smoke you will enjoy, try our fresh line of cigars. L. E. Abernathy.

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

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

Rock Island cultivators and planters. S. W. Childers & Co.

Del Monte peaches, the best, for 45c can at Marshall's.

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

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

Wanted—Chickens and eggs at the new produce house north of depot. Kizer Produce Co.

Everybody that comes in our doors is our friend but the Bill Collector—come again! L. E. Abernathy.

For Sale—Big bone Poland-China pigs, 10 in litter, from my gilt that took first prize over all breeds at Coleman fair 1920. Your choice at \$10.00, pedigree furnished. Virgil Curry. Santa Anna, Texas. 5-27-2p

Registered Poland-China boar for service. \$3.00 fee. G. S. Cochran, 1/2 mile south Coleman Junction. 5-27-2p

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

Prompt, courteous treatment is assured when you trade with us. L. E. Abernathy.

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

Plymouth binder twine. S. W. Childers & Co.

Sugar \$8.00 per cwt. at Marshall's.

See what we are offering for poultry and eggs before you sell. Kizer Produce Co., north of the depot.

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

We do everything in the picture line. Moore Studio.

The best overalls and jumpers for \$1.25 each at Marshall's.

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

McCORMICK BINDERS. We have two second-hand McCormick Binders, one 6-foot and one 8-foot, which we will sell cheap. S. W. Childers & Co.

The best salt meat 15c lb. at Marshall's.

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

Leave your orders for engraved cards, stationery, announcements, etc., at the News office. Best work, lowest prices.

All kinds of feed at Marshall's.

For Sale—Practically new buggy. P. D. Hughes, Phone 3612. 5-27-2p

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

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

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

Plenty of cotton chopping hoes. S. W. Childers & Co. Shorts, bran, chops, oats and maize at Marshall's.

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

Second-hand McCormick Binders. S. W. Childers & Co.

For Sale—Eight big-bone Poland-China pigs, subject to registration. Choice \$6.00, or will sell bunch at \$5.00 around, papers furnished. J. E. Whitesides, Rt. 2, Bangs, Texas. 1p

Try Marshall with your next order for groceries.

NEED GLASSES? Dr. Jones, the eye man, will be at S. W. Childers & Co. store Saturday, June 4. Eyes examined, glasses fitted, headache and eye strain relieved.

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

A good work glove 15c pair at Marshall's.

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

New shipment of Hartford casings at reduced prices. S. W. Childers & Co.

Golden Blend coffee 5 packages for \$1.00 at Marshall's.

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

Arbuckle's coffee 25c at Marshall's.

Dennis Kelley and Dr. L. O. Garrett left yesterday for the Colorado river where they will manufacture fish stories for publication in next week's issue of the News. Mayor J. O. Martin and Commissioner Sam H. Collier organized another party for real fishing yesterday.

Gerald, the little son of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Franklin, escaped serious injury yesterday as if by a miracle, when only minor bruises, abrasions, cuts and burns were inflicted by the discharge of a shotgun shell which he apparently rammed into a glass bottle. The youngster found the shell on the sidewalk after his father had returned from a fishing trip, and taking it to the back yard where he could carry on his experiments unmolested, he rammed the shell into a bottle and in some way discharged it. The bottle was blown into atoms. The boy's hair and face was burned in a number of places, and the concussion toppled him over into a place that was anything but a bed of roses, but after an inventory was taken of his injuries he was found to have escaped practically unharmed.

J. D. Simpson returned home yesterday from an extended visit with friends and relatives in North Carolina. He was accompanied on the journey by his daughter, Mrs. Vernon Adams, of Comanche. Returning by way of Dallas, Mr. Simpson and Mrs. Adams attended the graduation of Miss Hallie Simpson at St. Mary's College, being joined there also by his daughter, Miss Sibyl, who returned here with the party. Mr. Simpson says that practically east of Kaufman, in this State, through Arkansas, Tennessee and Kentucky, dry weather prevails and that the crop outlook is very discouraging. He says that little acreage to cotton is evident over the route he traversed.

G. H. Tompkins, who lives near Whon, was in Santa Anna Saturday and related the thrilling experience through which his family had passed when one of his little boys was bitten by a rattlesnake a couple of weeks ago. The boy was running after a dog when struck below the knee by the snake. A neighbor corded the boy's leg, lanced the region of the bite and submerged the member in kerosene. Mr. Tompkins says he could not get telephone communication with Santa Anna and was only able to get a physician at Winchell, who reached the boy three hours after he was bitten. The boy is slowly convalescing.

Alex Phillips left the first of the week for Waco where he will receive treatment for cancer. It is said that radium will be used in the treatment of his case. Through the efforts of L. W. Hunter and a number of other large hearted citizens, money was raised by popular subscription to defray a large part of the expenses of the trip for the patient, and it is understood that the treatment will be applied without charge.

The rural mail carriers of Coleman and Brown counties assembled here Sunday with their families and enjoyed a picnic dinner at the City Lake. The carriers wanted to talk over some business matters and enjoy an outing.

Misses Myrtle and Ethel Nuckolls, who are employed with the Internal Revenue Service, with headquarters at Dallas, are spending their summer vacation with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Nuckolls of this place.

G. H. Lee has sold his interest in the Best Theatre to W. L. Keeling, of Brownwood who has just come here and will assist his brother in the direction of the playhouse, the style of the firm now being Keeling & Keeling.

The Coleman county medical society met at Coleman yesterday. Dr. Lovelady attended from Santa Anna. Dr. Joe Dildy, of Brownwood, returning from the meeting via Santa Anna, stopped for a while to visit with his good friend, Dr. Sealy.

Prof. A. J. Sparks left yesterday for the cool shades of the Llano where he will spend a few days with a brother who lives over there, incidentally trying his hand at the gentle pastime of fishing.

Ewell D. and Miss Ruth Crosby who have been attending Wesley College, arrived in Santa Anna Monday to spend the summer vacation with their parents, Rev. and Mrs. R. A. Crosby.

I. O. Shield left Wednesday in his car for points in Colorado. Locating a desirable stopping place there he will be joined by his wife and his brother, Elgean, who will leave here Saturday.

W. J. Sheldon, of Electra, is here for a few days the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Ralston.

Born, Thursday night, to Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Woodward, a girl.

Jim Hubbard is here from Sterling City greeting old friends.

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

Young Man's Opportunity

There are from twelve to fourteen million bales of cotton raised annually. Every bale has to be classed from one to four times, seldom by the same man twice. Until the last five years, there have been no training schools in this line, consequently the supply of men for this work is limited. Thousands of warehouses are being erected in this country and every warehouse requires two or three men to handle the cotton. The Commissioner of the Market and Warehouse departments has appointed a board of examiners to examine applicants for license as Public Cotton Classers. To those passing a license is issued to engage in the business of public cotton classing and to charge for his services. These examinations are open to both men and women. Practically every town and village where cotton is sold will employ one or more licensed cotton classers.

Aaron Sapiro, organizer of the National Marketing association, says that between 10 and 15 per cent of the entire cotton crop is lost to farmers on account of incorrect grading. It is the purpose of the association to have competent cotton classers grade their cotton for all farmers belonging to the association. This statement from one who is in a position to know shows two things, first that the man who raises cotton should be able to class it, to protect himself from loss, and second, that there is a wide and growing field of employment for the competent cotton man.

Cotton is the leading product of the South and will continue to be. Every young man of the South should know the classification and handling of cotton. More money is lost each year by the farmers on the marketing of this product than all other crops combined. The man raising it often knows nothing about marketing it and is therefore wholly at the mercy of the man buying. The facts are we lose thousands of dollars each year for lack of trained men.

The young man or woman trained in the Cotton Classing department of our institution, the Tyler Commercial College, of Tyler, Texas, is in a much better position to take one of these many positions that are opening up, or to protect his own interests as a grower, than one who has had no training, or a training by guess. In four weeks' time we can prepare you to save this year more than double the cost of your learning, or to take a good position with unlimited opportunity. We have been asked, "How do you teach Cotton Classing so successfully?" Believing that the time has come when the South needs to know more about her leading pro-

duct, when the farmer should know more about marketing the crop at which he labors so earnestly to produce, and which means meat and bread to his family, we have equipped our department so that the most efficient teaching possible may be done. Our teachers understand classing, stapling, buying and selling from a practical standpoint, and are expert in the training of students. The head of this department is constantly in touch with the Agricultural Department at Washington, D. C., and at Austin, Texas, from whom we get the Government types; besides these we purchased samples in quantities of three to four thousand. For full particulars, fill in and mail coupon for free catalogue.

Name _____
Address _____
Tyler Commercial College,
Tyler, Texas.



**OLD AT 30 OR
YOUNG AT 60?**

The choice is largely up to you. If your blood lacks red corpuscles, you're going to be fagged and dragged out; you're going to lack "pep," to look sallow and unhealthy, to grow old before your time.

DR. MILES' TONIC

actually increases the number of red corpuscles in the blood. It makes the cheeks plump and rosy, stimulates the digestive organs, creates a healthy appetite, and leads to increased vigor and vitality. First bottle guaranteed to help you or money refunded.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST

The Quality of Our Lumber

Is remembered long after the price is forgotten.

Let us serve you.

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

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.

IN GRATEFUL MEMORY



General view of the Amphitheater at Arlington, Where Thousands Gather by Their Respects to the Nation's Heroic Dead.

One of the patriotic date marks of the greatest of republics was Saturday, May 15, 1920. It witnessed the rededication at Washington of the Memorial amphitheater, erected at Arlington National cemetery, where rest 26,000 soldiers and sailors of the United States who responded to the call of their country when the question arose if any government so founded could sustain itself against enemies that might arise. Overlooking the capital and the Potomac the amphitheater, which has cost over \$800,000, is a commanding feature in itself and will be perpetually a noble reminder to every true American. There rest, in equal honor, famous generals and admirals, along with many who died in battle and rest now under a slab marked simply "Unknown," but what they did and what they typify is immortal. A soldier or sailor may repose there with his wife beside him, but there is not wealth enough in the world to gain entrance for one who has not in some of our wars enlisted under the national flag.

The veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic conducted the dedicatory exercises and it must, according to the years of mankind, be one of the last occasions that can find them assembled for a general patriotic observance.

No nation has ever had a more inspiring memorial structure.

Americans, Living and Dead

Memorial day brings deeper and richer memories every year, as the roll of honor grows longer with the names of Americans who have died for their flag at home, overseas and on islands of the seas. An hour can be spent profitably by every American today, glancing back over the record of the United States and making an estimate of the present and the future of the country. What did the dead accomplish by giving the last full measure of devotion? Are the living impressed by what they did, and do they more than ever highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain?

Every one of the American dead—every soldier, every sailor—gave all of himself to his country. If that is not a reminder that every American owes at least some of himself to his country, then, indeed, the dead died in vain and the living live in vain.

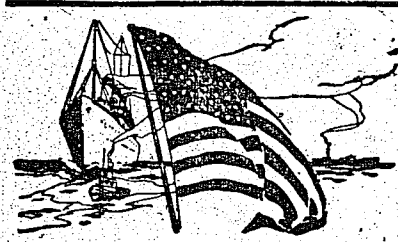
The dead gave honor and glory and perpetuity to the flag. What are the living Americans giving to it? Is it honor, glory and perpetuity? Is each citizen sifting out the pure from the gross in his heart, and giving to his country only the choicest portions of his spirit, as the dead gave before they were taken away? Or is the living American carefully selecting and hoarding the best of himself for his own use, and palming off upon his country a sham patriotism, a niggardly pretext of devotion, a shoddy adherence to ideals and a counterfeit of honor? It is not for others to pass

judgment; they cannot do so justly. It is for each citizen to search his own heart and pass judgment upon himself.

What is the duty of the living? Have not the dead saved the nation? Is not the country strong, safe and rich? Why should the living worry, when Arlington and Suresnes, and a thousand other cemeteries hold the bodies of Americans who have done the work required to make a nation strong? Why not dispose of the matter by giving a passing thought of gratitude to the heroic dead, and turn to the paramount business of looking after No. 1? Let somebody else struggle for the betterment of the government.

If these be the thoughts of any citizen, it is high time that he should ask himself if he is really an American. Is he not merely posing as an American and obtaining the benefits, when he is, in fact, a slacker and a fugitive from honor?

Even in the midst of the grossest selfish materialism, there is a quality which might be called the instinct of preparedness. The citizen who confines all his idealism to promoting his own interest is still exercising a virtue



Ship and Sail under the Stars and Stripes to all parts of the world

SHIPS with the Stars and Stripes blowing from their masts are once more sailing the seven seas. They are, by the Merchant Marine Act, 1920, ultimately to be owned and operated privately by citizens of the United States.

They are American ships, carrying passengers and, as President Harding has said, "carrying our cargoes in American bottoms to the marts of the world." Keep our splendid ships on the seven seas under the Stars and Stripes by sailing and shipping on them.

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SHIPS FOR SALE
(To American citizens only)
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U. S. Shipping Board
WASHINGTON, D. C.

in spite of himself—the virtue of thrifty provision for the future. Place him upon the meanest and most despicable plane, and yet he will exercise some degree of this instinctive virtue. Thus it is a certainty that he can exercise it in behalf of his country, no matter what his morals or character may be.

Is it not the primary duty of a man to assist his country to survive? He is merely saving himself when he helps to save his country. Despite recent

inventions, there is no satisfactory substitute for a nation. The stronger and safer the nation, the more fortunate the citizen. No foreigner will make a citizen's nation strong or keep it so. He must do it himself, with or without the foreigner's consent.

The United States is stronger than ever in its marvelous history, thanks to the glorious dead, and little thanks to the living. If it is to remain strong, in proportion to other nations and in accordance with the aspirations of the Americans, who gave their lives for it, the living must do their share of the work in their day and generation. No slacker! The dead Americans, immortals though they be, cannot attend to the present and the future. They can give their example, but it will not save America unless the living take the example.

Next to the never-fading fire that every American should keep burning in his secret heart, signifying to him alone that he is dedicated when necessary to give himself to his country, it seems that his most important duty is to take pains to see that the country is made secure against possible destruction. His first duty, in short, is to make sure of himself; his next to make sure of his country.

Is the navy well and strong? If not, it is the duty of every citizen to insist that it be made capable of defending the Stars and Stripes against any enemy, anywhere in the world.

Is the army well organized and able to prepare on short notice, on any scale necessary, to defeat any enemy that might assail the United States? If not, it is the duty of every citizen to insist that the nation be properly defended.

The heroes of America did not fight to the death to preserve the Stars and Stripes for a few hours, days, weeks, months or years. These fighting patriots went to eternity believing that the Stars and Stripes would fly from their fall until they should rise again. There is conclusive proof that Almighty God is willing that this nation shall endure for all time, if Americans will devote themselves to making it pure and strong. But the number of slackers must not be too large.—Washington Post.

Day for Rebirth.

Memorial day is, and should be, a rebirth of the nation's soul. For one day we forget dollar-chasing and allow the elemental instincts of humanity full scope. Even if materialists, we are willing to lay emblems of immortality on the graves of those we love.

And as spring succeeds spring, and the American nation grows in strength and influence because of its imperishable ideals, our annual Memorial day will continue its mission of inspiration.

The republic's pulse is in its sentiment and hallowed memories.—Chicago Herald and Examiner.

Probably He Was Right.

Little Willie heard his father telling his mother that during the late windstorm a woman had been hurled from the pavement on Michigan boulevard through a plate glass window and that she was cut up considerably. Willie looked wonderingly at his dad and then said: "Gee, dad, I'll bet that lady doesn't feel like cutting up now."—Chicago American.

Not a BIG SALE But Some BIG SPECIAL PRICES!!

Plain White dinner plates, per set	\$.95
Glass Tumblers, per set	.35
Matches, per box	.05
Starch, per box	.05
Laundry Soap, 35 bars	1.00
Good Towels, per pair	.35
K. C. Baking Powder, 25c size	.19
9-inch Hoes, each	.85
20 per cent reduction on Aluminum ware	

Remember we have a special sale every day

Blue Racket Store

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Tire Mileage at the Lowest Cost in History

SIZE and TYPE	NON-SKID		RED-TOP		RIBBED CORD		NON-SKID CORD		GRAY TUBES	
	Old Prices	New Prices	Old Prices	New Prices	Old Prices	New Prices	Old Prices	New Prices	Old Prices	New Prices
30 x 3 Clincher	\$17.55	\$12.85	\$21.05	\$17.00	—	—	—	—	\$2.75	\$2.15
30 x 3½ Clincher	20.80	15.00	27.75	22.00	\$32.60	\$25.00	\$34.25	\$27.50	3.25	2.55
32 x 3½ S. S.	26.30	21.00	31.60	26.00	39.20	32.90	41.15	36.40	3.60	2.90
32 x 4 S. S.	34.95	26.90	42.00	34.40	49.80	41.85	52.30	46.30	4.55	3.55
34 x 4½ S. S.	49.85	38.35	—	—	59.10	49.65	62.05	54.90	6.00	4.75
35 x 5 S. S.	61.15	47.05	—	—	73.65	61.90	77.35	68.45	7.25	5.85

Plus war tax. Other sizes reduced in proportion

These Prices Apply to Our Regular and Complete Line

Price unsupported by value never is an advantage to any but the man who sells to make a quick "clean-up" and quit.

A reputable, unexcelled mileage tire made by a company that can and will deliver all and more than you pay for is the only one you can afford to buy.

Sold only by Dealers

A New Low Price on a Known and Honest Product



The Season's Hosiery

Here in anticipation of the Summer's varied requirements are Hosiery of many weights, materials and colors. You will find it a pleasure to supply your needs here.

Texas Mercantile Co.

How Jud Surprised the Boys

By FREDERICK CLARKE.

(© 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

The "shooting up" of Walker Gap was a sensational event in its history long remembered. It was, however, the last really characteristic occasion in the career of Judson Ransom where the somewhat promiscuous mining element of the brisk border town followed their leader with old-time pride and enthusiasm. It came about when Higbee, a rival settlement thirty miles distant, sent over what there was of a frontier temperance league. The act was resented at once by the Gap people. A covert insinuation was conveyed that they were within the heathen pale, and Jud and his crowd, holding high festival at the settlement bar, marched en masse to the village "hall."

They were somewhat awed when they found the visiting hayrack load under the care and encouragement of Miss Ina Tappan. She was the daughter of Judge Tappan of Higbee, and highly respected. Her father had made "a ten strike" two years since, but the vein was lost and he was no longer wealthy.

"I'm going to stick," announced Jud to the loyal ones. "Start the ball rolling and you'll find me pushing it!"

In the midst of an address one of the unregenerates broke into a wild dance, declaring he was "reformed." Then Jud gave the word. Instantly four revolvers blazed forth, filling the room with clamor and smoke.

Not one of the visiting party flinched. Miss Tappan gave out a song, "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight." It made Jud mad. It caused him to think of his mother—"Shoot her up again!" he shouted, leaping upright on a bench and producing a bottle. "Here, all hands take a drink!"

There was no shooting and no drinking. Jud had missed his footing.

When Jud Ransom returned to consciousness the meeting was over. Only the visiting crusaders were in evidence. He was lying on a bench, and gentle hands were cooling his wounded head with a wet handkerchief. His eyes met those of Miss Tappan. Half sobered, as he sat up he scowled at his grave-faced nurse.

"I was thinking of your mother," almost whispered the lady. "I was wondering if she was longing to see her wandering boy tonight."

Jud broke past her as if she had applied a stinging whiplash. Mother—home—the past! As if pursued, he made for the tavern.

It was a question of varied discussion, the weeks after that, what had come over Jud Ransom. He lay in a weak, drowsy daze. When he got about he evaded his old comrades, did no work and wandered about in solitary places. The leader of the camp,

he felt himself becoming a weakling, and one dark night Jud left the Gap—a broken man.

He got as far as Higbee. He had to keep going, nerve lost or not, he told himself. A prospecting company offered him a grubstake to try and locate new claims. Jud had been educated as a mining engineer. That had drifted him West. He took up the work offered. He turned in one or two fair prospects. One day he came back from the hills alive with suppressed excitement, tidied up the best he knew how, and went to the Tappan home.

He had tried to evade Miss Tappan since he had been located at Higbee; it stirred him up to meet her. She greeted him always with a friendly smile.

It was she who met him at the door as he asked for Judge Tappan. She looked interested as she took him to her father.

"I'm a square man, Judge," said Jud bluntly. "You know I've been locating prospects for those eastern people. Yesterday I ran across a rich one and I thought I had good news for my crowd, when I found this," and he produced a piece of ore.

"It's rich all right," observed the judge. "Where did it come from?"

"The ravine end of your claim," replied Jud promptly. "I reckon I've found the lost vein of your Little Jewel mine."

He had, and proved it next day, and became the partner of the judge in working it. Hope, hard work and sobriety did wonders during the next month in banishing the nervous breakdown, and Judson Ransom came down the mountain side at the Gap one glorious morning, singing as he went, his face radiant.

"I suppose you've heard of the wedding, boys," he said. "I've come to invite you, because I never forget old friends. We'll have a dance, but no riot. I can't fight or drink any more, but if any of you want to argue on the moral questions of the day, I'm here with the goods."

The Moving Picture Holdup

By MURIEL BLAIR.

(© 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

The journey across the desert is not a distracting one, and any diversion is gladly welcomed, so that, when the flashily dressed man stood up at the end of the Pullman and began to address the passengers, everybody went forward and gathered around him, laughing and clapping. They thought he was going to offer something for sale.

"Ladies and gentlemen," began the flashily dressed man, "I am going to repeat to you what I have just said to the passengers in the next coach. When we reach Bad Water, in ten minutes or so, a moving picture man will be upon the platform to take some pictures representing a hold-up. I ask of you, fellow-passengers, to feign alarm, and if one or two of the ladies will pretend to faint it will help things along."

Everybody began laughing and eagerly awaited the stop at Bad Water. This was the fourth day of the transcontinental journey, and the passengers were on very good terms with one another. They began to discuss train robberies.

"I'll never give up a cent," exclaimed a stout, perspiring drummer, wiping the alkali dust from his features. "Well, as for me, I know I should just faint!" answered a demure young

lady. "And before I fainted I'd just hand over everything I had."

"Not with me around, you wouldn't need to," answered the drummer gallantly.

The other travelers did not commit themselves, for at that moment the train began to slow down and there appeared the irrigation ditch from which the station took its name. Then the little tin-roofed shanty came into view, and a moment later a half dozen men, wearing sombreros and masked, with pistols stuck all around their waists, leaped forward across the tracks. One jumped into the engine cab and held his pistol to the forehead of the engineer. The mail van was next attacked, while two men made their way into the foremost of the coaches.

Upon the platform a moving picture operator had set up his instrument and was busily reeling off the film, the passengers, interested in the scene, gathered around him.

"Now, ladies; now, gentlemen," interposed the flashily dressed man in tones of remonstrance, "won't you please go back into the coaches and be robbed? You're interfering with the operator. It spoils the reality of the pictures, your standing around here as though nothing had happened. People will think the picture's a fake, and it's going to be exhibited in all the leading cities of America. Won't you go back?"

Two or three did turn back toward the coaches in a half-hearted way, but the rest remained obdurate. A pistol shot rang out, followed by a woman's scream for help.

"You told me it was fun," shrieked a woman's voice. "I won't give you my rings. I won't, I tell you. There, take them, then. And that's every penny I have in the world."

"It's Big Ike and his gang," somebody screamed. "It's real enough! My God, it's all real!"

Then the flashily dressed man came dashing out of his coach, a smoking pistol in his hand. He was followed by two of the gang.

"Hands up, you silly sheep," he yelled. "Hands up or I fire. Now, then, back into the cars. One at a time, please. You'll keep them above your heads while Ike goes through you."

Sheep, he had called them, and like sheep they obeyed. The first to do so was the commercial traveler. There was a look of terror on his red face, and he held his arms erect as ramrods.

Only one traveler remained upon the platform. It was the demure young lady who had been discussing her course of action in the event of a real hold-up. Instead of fainting she stamped her foot violently and actually shook her fist in the flashily dressed man's face.

"I won't put my hands up and I won't give you a cent. And I've got ninety dollars inside my waist and I defy you to take it, you coward. There!"

Upon the platform the operator was still grinding off his films. The flashily dressed man approached the young lady, took off his hat, and made her a bow.

"Madam, you are the only man among the lot," he said. "Pray keep your money as a tribute to your courage!"

The passengers had all fled in when the wheels of the train began to move. The flashily dressed man stood on the step and leered at them.

"Sorry to frighten you all, ladies and gents," he said. "If you'd obliged me as I asked of you to do, I wouldn't have had to scare you. We ain't bandits; we're just moving picture people; but we had to get the picture and as you wouldn't help us—why, we just had to help ourselves. Good-bye."

When they had resumed their places there was quite a long silence. Then the drummer spoke.

"I knew it wasn't real," he said. "If I'd thought it was I'd have acted different."

He smiled at the demure young lady. But she was reading a textbook on the Montessori method of teaching the young, and she never looked up at him between Bad Water and San Francisco.

Nothing More to Add.

A witty dean was staying at the house of a friend in London whose small daughter was just beginning to try her hand at writing essays.

During his visit she began an attempt on "Man," and had got as far as "Man was made, and for some time he lived in innocence, and he—"

At this point she was called from the room, and in her absence the dean entered. Taking up the child's pen, he continued writing where she had left off:

"—at an early stage of his existence met Eve, and she—"

Keep out the flies. We have the screen wire. S. W. Childers & Co.

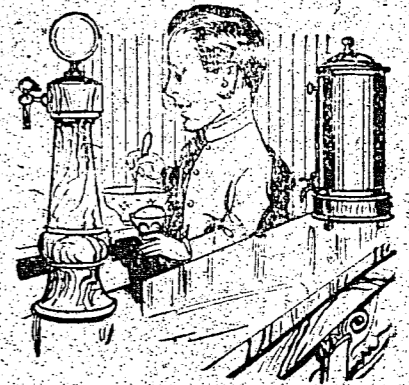
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All Sorts of Fancy Drinks are to be had at this fountain of fine soda. Let us suggest one. When you are particularly fagged in body and brain stop in and get one of our egg phosphates. You will at once have a splendid drink and a wonderful restorative of your tired powers.

C. K. Hunter, Druggist

COFFINS AND CASKETS Day or Night

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Write Us Your Wants

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Santa Anna, Texas.

VINSON & WATKINS

Dray Line.

We haul Anything
Phone 114.

Daily motor truck service between Santa Anna and Coleman.



OLD AT 30 OR
YOUNG AT 60?

The choice is largely up to you. If your blood lacks red corpuscles, you're going to be fagged and dragged out, you're going to lack "pep," to look sallow and unhealthy, to grow old before your time.

DR. MILES' TONIC

actually increases the number of red corpuscles in the blood. It makes the cheeks plump and rosy, stimulates the digestive organs, creates a healthy appetite, and leads to increased vigor and vitality. First bottle guaranteed to help you or money refunded.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST

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.

For June Brides



Give Useful Gifts

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| Cut Glass Dishes | ---- | Cook Stove |
| Dinner Sets | ---- | Percolators |
| Pyrex Bakingware | ---- | Kitchen Knives |
| Aluminum | ---- | Vacuum Bottles |

Don't Delay!!

—Make your selections now.

W. R. KELLEY & CO.

Caught in the Round-Up

—Rev. Gates of Coleman was here Tuesday.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Green motored to Bangs Monday.

—Miss Sara Ramsauer left Monday for a short visit at Austin.

—Miss Lorena Ledford is here visiting her brother, Virgil Ledford.

—Judge Critz and wife of Coleman spent Sunday in Santa Anna.

—Gus Rosenberg left Wednesday for a short business visit at Dublin.

—Born, Sunday, to Mr. and Mrs. Lige Lancaster, of Trickham, a boy.

—L. A. McCreary and son, Frank, of Rockwood, were here Wednesday.

—Harvey Johnston of Brownwood, was in Santa Anna on business Monday.

—Mary Alice Winn of Ballinger, visited relatives here the first of the week.

—Miss Connie Dunn of Coleman, was the week-end guest of Miss Eva Freeman.

—Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Baxter of San Saba are guests of Miss Josie Baxter.

—Mrs. J. W. Johnson of Trickham, is receiving treatment at the local hospital.

—Mr. and Mrs. Ewell Jones of Shield, were guests in the T. T. Perry home Monday.

—Mrs. Stafford Baxter is spending the month with her mother at San Antonio.

—Mrs. A. A. Martin, and Mr. and Mrs. Everett Hickman spent the first of the week at Bangs.

—Mrs. Holt Smith spent a few days of this week visiting Mrs. John Pool at Coleman.

—Miss Rose Pearce of Coleman spent last week-end with her aunt, Miss Ollie Pearce.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Sewell spent the first of the week with the former's parents at Valera.

—Mrs. R. C. Gay left Wednesday for a visit of a few days with her mother at Brownwood.

—S. E. Weaver has returned from New York City where he has been attending Columbia university.

—The little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Jones of Shield, is in the local hospital for treatment.

—Mr. and Mrs. K. I. Davis of Coleman, spent Sunday with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Perry.

—E. N. Voss has recently purchased a residence in the east part of the city which he is now remodeling.

—John Barnes and family of Waco are here this week visiting the former's cousins, Ford and J. Q. Barnes.

—Miss Kate Phillips returned to Santa Anna the first of the week from Taft where she been teaching school.

—Mrs. E. B. Riley, mother of Mrs. E. M. Easley, left this week for Paint Rock where she will visit a daughter.

—Mrs. Comer Blue returned home yesterday from Kaufman where she has been visiting her parents for some time.

—Arthur Shelton returned Saturday of last week from Dallas where he attended to business matters for a few days.

—Miss Florence Dodgin left Wednesday evening for Slaton where she will undergo treatment for appendicitis.

—Mrs. E. M. Easley and mother, Mrs. E. B. Riley, have returned from a visit with friends and relatives at Ft. Worth.

—Misses Maud and Mildred Stockard, who have been attending Rice Institute, have returned home for the summer.

—Miss Ethel Whetstone has returned home from Houston, where she has been doing stenographic work for some time.

—Clifford and Miss Lois Verner motored to Brownwood Sunday afternoon to spend Monday with relatives and friends.

—Miss Beatrice Lowe, who has been teaching in the Silver Valley school, has returned home for the summer vacation.

—John Harper yesterday shipped out seventeen carloads of fat cattle to Ft. Worth, with privilege of St. Louis destination.

—Frank Crenshaw has been called back into the naval service for a cruise of southern waters aboard the U. S. S. Wheeling.

—Miss Lois Verner returned home from Brownwood Wednesday where she spent a few days with her sister, Mrs. Jas. L. White.

—Miss Emma Poe left Wednesday afternoon for Terrell where she will be joined by her brother who will be returned to his home here.

—Mrs. Grady Adams returned to her home Saturday of last week from Comanche where she has been visiting friends and relatives.

—Mrs. Burgess Weaver went down to Brownwood Tuesday evening to attend the illness of her mother, who has improved since that time.

—The little Misses Lela Faulkner and Alma Brandon spent Tuesday and Wednesday, visiting their little friend, Thelma Hinds at Coleman.

—Rufus Groves and Jeanette Winters are additions to the list of patients at the Santa Anna hospital this week.

—Miss Irma Myers, who has been teaching at Aspermont, has returned home for a few weeks' visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Myers.

—Mrs. W. O. Garrett and son, Robert, will leave Monday for Waxahachie to attend the Trinity university commencement exercises, Miss Eudora Garrett being a member of the graduating class. She will also accompany them home.

There's Nothing Too Good For Our Farmers---

The farmers of this community are entitled to the very best that the markets of the world have to offer—

The best in automobiles, trucks, farm implements and other conveniences in keeping with his growth and community importance—

Therefore, we believe that he is entitled to the very best service that a strong, friendly, dependable Banking House can render.

We maintain such an institution. May we offer you its service?

The First State Bank

—Mrs. W. J. Johnson left yesterday for her home at Houston. Mr. Johnson will likely remain here for another week before returning home.

—Prof. C. D. Eaves and wife have gone to Chicago where Mr. Eaves is to take special work at the Chicago university during the vacation period.

—Mrs. J. R. Gipson is having considerable interior work done in the residence property which she recently purchased on Wallis avenue and lately occupied.

—T. J. Peacock and family left this week for Holland where they will locate. Mr. Peacock has been engaged in the jewelry repair business here for some time.

—D. A. Hooks and family of Van Zandt, arrived here last week for a visit with the families of B. W. Wilson and Roy McFarland, Mrs. Wilson being a daughter of the visitors.

—Miss Mae Stockard was taken to Temple the latter part of last week and placed in a sanitarium for an operation, which was performed Monday with very satisfactory results.

—Chas. Hemphill, with the Central State bank at Coleman, was here last week greeting old friends. The young man is well known here from having been one of its sons in the past.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Sparks, Don and Mada Sparks, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. West and daughter, Miss Opal, left

Wednesday for Hamilton and Llano, where they will spend some time visiting.

—The city commission now has a home of its own for offices, etc., having leased the room at the end of the First State bank building now being vacated by Stafford Baxter as a Ford salesroom.

—The daily press of a day or so ago carried a dispatch from Plainview advising of the suicide of Bowden Visor, 18-year-old son of H. W. Visor, formerly a resident south of Santa Anna. The young man is said to have committed the rash act on being instructed by his parents that he could not make a trip to California.

Yes, Rather Tight Times

We think we have had rather tight times the past few months, and we have. Yet, this has caused people to think more, save more and spend less. We have heard many a man say, "When I get out of this tight you will never catch me again."

The crisis has passed. Our currency is sound, investment is healthy and the fever of speculation has subsided. Take that currency out of your pockets and put it in the banks where it can help along prosperity.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
C. W. WOODRUFF, Cashier