

THE NOLAN COUNTY NEWS

VOLUME 1

SWEETWATER, TEXAS, THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, 1925.

NUMBER 26

BOY SCOUTS OFF TO CAMP

THREE TROOPS INVADY PICTURESQUE SCENE; ENTERTAIN BUSINESS MEN

Forty three Boy Scouts, representing three local troops, a trio of Scoutmasters and two assistant Scoutmasters got away to a flying start Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock for Camp Rudd to attend the annual encampment of the Buffalo Trail Council.

Scoutmaster R. L. Shaffer with 20 scouts represented Troop No. 1; George Massey, Scoutmaster of Troop No. 2, carried eight scouts and Dr. P. T. Quast, Troop No. 3, with 15 scouts, completed the happy family that will invade Camp Rudd, located in the southwest portion of Nolan County.

The boys were carried to camp in automobiles supplied by members of various churches and members of the Sweetwater Luncheon Club.

Approximately 125 scouts accompanied by a score of scoutmasters and assistants from adjacent counties made ready to hit the trail for the camp at the same time the local troops got away, insuring a complete roster from the four surrounding counties.

Camp Rudd, an ideal camping spot, nestles in the hills on Silver Creek and is about an hour's ride from Sweetwater.

Special to The News:

CAMP RUDD, B. S. A., Aug. 13.—Boy Scouts from Nolan, Mitchell, Scurry, and Fisher counties, composing the Buffalo Trail Council, are busy this week in their annual summer encampment on the Rudd Ranch, southwest of Roscoe. One hundred and twenty Scouts are receiving instruction in strenuous programs each day of the camp from twenty Scout leaders and enjoying a life in the great outdoors in the hills of the Silver Creek country.

Sweetwater Boy Scouts arrived on the grounds during the middle of the afternoon of the opening day, Monday, and are active in all Scouting work and sports. Over 40 Scouts are present from Sweetwater with several others expected to arrive at the end of this week to remain until the end of the encampment on July 20th. Sweetwater Scouts are being well handled by Geo. Massey, scoutmaster of Troop 1; Mr. Neinst, of Troop 2; and Frank Hill, assistant scoutmaster Troop 3. Dr. P. T. Quast is attending the camp part of the time.

Scouts arise at 6 a. m., wash their teeth, hands and faces, take setting up exercises, take a dip in one of the three swimming pools, eat breakfast and clean up tents and parade grounds. At 9:00 o'clock instruction begins and lasts until the noon day meal. A rest period is allowed from 1:00 until 2:00. Another instruction period lasts from 2:00 until 5:00, and at 6:00 supper is served, after which the 120 boys engage in games, camp fire programs, etc., before retiring at 9:45.

Visitors are attending the camp daily to see the boys at work. Tonight the Sweetwater Luncheon Club is scheduled to visit the camp and attend a barbecue on the G. P. Jones Ranch which adjoins the Rudd Ranch on the south. Colorado and Snyder Lions Clubs will visit the camp and take supper with the boys Friday evening. Sunday is also expected to be a big day at Camp Rudd. Many visitors are coming to the camp from all four counties and a number of them will possibly attend the Sunday School services at 3:00 o'clock and church services led by Theodore Yoder, of Snyder, a youthful preacher, at 4:00 p. m.

Instruction is being given each morning in the following courses: Post 1, First Aid, Frank Hill of Sweetwater and Rev. Phil Little of Rotan; Post 2, Map Work, Prof. Pat Bullock of Snyder and Prof. Terrell of Westbrook; Post 3, Scout Pace and and Tracking, Elvin Thompson of Snyder and J. R. Oglesby of Westbrook; Post 4, Signaling, Geo. Massey of Sweetwater; Post 5, Swimming, Bill Davis of Hermleigh and G. P. Jones of Jones Ranch, Maryneal. In the afternoon the boys study: Campercraft and Pioneering under Porter King of Snyder; Indian Craft, Lee Price of Snyder; Firebuilding and Cooking, W. S. Barcuus of Sweetwater; Rope and Knot Work, Ernest Moore of Dunn; Merit Badge Work,

GEORGE W. VALLERY



George W. Vallery is the new grand master of the Knights Templar, having been promoted to that office at the convocation in Seattle.

Porter King of Snyder and J. D. Corhn of Rotan.

The camp, under the direction of Camp Chairman J. D. Corhn and Scout Executive W. S. Barcuus, is well arranged and well controlled, everything being done in systematic order.

The appetite of the boys is great and is evidenced by the fact that at one meal they consumed a total of 16 loaves of bread, 12 gallons of beef stew, 4 gallons of canned corn scolloped, 18 pounds of stewed raisins, and 30 gallons of water. The water drinking record was reached Wednesday night when boys drank a total of 50 gallons and were still crying for more when the meal ended. Mrs. W. S. Barcuus as steward and manager of the kitchen, plans the menus and sees that the boys get the best of nourishing foods. Pete Hardeman and Leon Everett, well known colored cooks from Sweetwater, are preparing palatable meals.

Signal towers, mud ovens, stone furnaces, and other such handicraft of the boys adorn the grounds in the section of the camp, and evidence of Scout work may be seen in every direction from the hill tops of this section.

Showers this week have not hindered work at the encampment but very little as adequate plans had been made for caring for the boys in case of rain. Sixteen army tents, loaned by the Snyder company of the National Guard, house the boys, and three other tents are for the visitors. A dining hall, a cook house, and an officers headquarters were erected for the encampment.

At any rate, no one can imagine how any 120 boys are until he sees them together at work or a play or making a raid on the dining hall.

Installs First Electric Light Plant In County

A. A. Eberle established a record recently when he completed the installation of the first Westinghouse Farm Electric Lighting Plant in West Texas.

The new system, which supplies electric power for everything but a cooking range, was installed in the home of W. T. Walker, who lives near Longworth.

"I am very much pleased with the plant," Mr. Walker told a News reporter. "With the exception of supplying the electricity for an electric range, the new lighting system provides our home with every convenience that is enjoyed by city dwellers. It is a wonderful plant."

A. A. Eberle, Westinghouse representative, makes his home in Sweetwater.

CHANGE MANAGERS

M. D. Watson, until Tuesday manager of the J. P. Wooten Company, has resigned his position to take over a business in Brownwood. He left for his new home Wednesday.

Otis Grisham, connected with the same company in Abilene, will be in charge of the Wooten Company here temporarily. Mr. Courtney is expected here within the next ten days to assume permanent management of the concern, it was stated.

C. O. MOSER TO LECTURE HERE

CO-OPERATING MARKETING EXPERT TO SPEAK HERE AUGUST 22

C. O. Moser, nationally famous authority on cotton co-operative marketing and who was scheduled to speak here early in July, will deliver an address at the courthouse, Saturday, August 22, at 2 p. m.

A graduate of A. & M. College, one of the organizers of the Texas Association and now manager of the American Cotton Grower's Exchange, with headquarters at Nashville, Tenn. Moser is intimately acquainted with every phase of cotton marketing and an admitted expert on subjects dealing with the entire fabric of the great industry.

His subjects here will be "The Next Step in Cotton Marketing," one that will carry an appeal to every tiller of the soil.

Steps have been taken towards bringing out a full attendance of the membership, as well as a large representation of the non-member cotton growers, bankers, merchants, business men and others who are directly interested in the welfare of the farmer.

The Grower's Exchange last season marketed co-operatively 1,000,000 bales of cotton and is composed of co-operative marketing association in twelve southern states.

VETERANS ARE CLUB'S GUESTS

GRAY-HAIRED PIONEERS HONOR LUNCHEON WITH PRESENCE; PATHOS AND MIRTH MINGLE

Carrying out a program that left an everlasting impression on every member present, the Sweetwater Luncheon Club Thursday entertained pioneer veterans of Sweetwater and Nolan county at the Wright Hotel.

Over a score of gray-haired "early settlers," bent with age and displaying visible signs of a successful battle waged with Father Time, responded to an invitation of the club and were cheered to the echo following separate introduction by Toastmaster Judge A. S. Mauzey.

At the request of the toastmaster the gallant old gentlemen arose during the introductions, introductions that were accompanied by complimentary remarks such as, "a solid citizen," "a real builder," "gallant and true," "a reliable, honest worthwhile man." A close observer could discover a trace of pride and a reflection of happiness flit across the noble brows of those wonderful, lovable old characters that made our own wealth, health and happiness possible.

County Treasurer Hightower, Rev. J. C. Moore, Judge R. A. Ragland, Judge Cochran and Judge J. H. Beall delivered short addresses and each received a round of applause that was wholly genuine. As explained by the toast master, lack of time only made it impossible for every one of the great character to make a speech.

A touch of pathos was added when Judge Beall paid a beautiful tribute to the memory of Thomas Trammell, who, according to the speaker, had accomplished more than any other one person toward the early start and subsequent development of Sweetwater.

Judge Hightower took a "pot shot" at the idea of placing a bust of Abe Lincoln in the Texas Tech College, declaring that he was, and is, opposed to any such action.

Rev. Moore spoke of the early days here, days when the town could not safely be traversed after nightfall and urged the younger men to put their shoulders to the wheel in an effort to build a greater and better Sweetwater. Rev. Moore said that he came here 22 years ago when but 600 people—and no automobiles—were here.

Introduced as a fighter of Indians, a great politician and a real builder, Judge Cochran responded with a powerful address on "Making of Sweetwater a greater city." His remarks brought forth much applause.

Judge Mauzey praised the veterans in an appealing address, depicting the many hazards, hardships and trials through which they had to pass in the early days, climaxing his address with the statement that "but for these gal-

And Still Growing



OPEN THE GATE

Following is a list of all clemency proclamations issued by Governor Ferguson to Aug. 12, inclusive:

Full Pardons	143
Conditional pardons	365
Paroles	45
Restorations	88
Furloughs	123
Bond forfeitures	22
Remission jail sentences and fines	7
Reprieves	2
Totals	810
Revocations	8
Grand Total	818

LOCAL WOODMEN RECEIVE HONORS

W. O. W. REGIMENTAL BAND HIGHLY COMPLIMENTED AT GALVESTON ENCAMPMENT

Special to The News:

GALVESTON, August 14.—Honors were today heaped upon the W. O. W., Company A, 101st Regimental Band when it was selected as the official musical organization of the encampment.

The local band was the recipient of additional space in the spotlight when it was selected to lead the Bathing Girl Revue, one of the most colorful attractions booked for the encampment. This great parade will be staged Friday afternoon at 5 o'clock.

The Sweetwater band also will appear in public concert at 8 p. m.

When camp opened at 9 o'clock Monday morning, among other bands registering was the 101st regiment of Roby.

Local Men Honored

GALVESTON, August 13.—The W. O. W. 101st Regimental Band of Sweetwater was named official band for the encampment here. The band was often applauded at a concert given at Menard Park where speeches by Senator Earl B. Mayfield, Senator Morris Sheppard and Mayor J. E. Pearce were made.

Colonel J. M. Sims, commander of the Sweetwater delegation, was placed on General McDill's staff as camp inspector.

Major L. M. Hubbard, Sweetwater, was named Major of the First Platoon, First Regiment.

Captain H. M. Rose, Sweetwater, in charge of the official W. O. W. Band, was designated as official band leader of the encampment.

City Market Sold To Boyd

Ralph Boyd Monday purchased the City Meat Market from C. F. Elliott, according to announcement made Wednesday.

Mr. Boyd is well known in Sweetwater where he has long been in the meat business, having recently been connected with Wade Brothers. Concerning the deal, Mr. Boyd said: "I expect to operate the City Market along the same high principles, giving the best possible service and handling only high class quality meats. I shall strive very hard to build up the business, using as my motto a square deal to all."

The deal became effective Monday.

SEWER PUMP ARRIVES

Announcement was made Wednesday at the City Water Works department that the Sewer Pump, ordered and due here for lo, these many months, had finally arrived.

The pump will be installed in the plant in the north part of the city where it will be used to pump sewerage over the hill into mains into the sewer disposal plant.

The installation will be made within the next few days, it was announced.

CITY LAUNCHES CLEANUP DRIVE

DRASTIC ACTION FOLLOWS DISCLOSURES OF UNSANITARY CONDITIONS EXISTING HERE

Diving into ways and means of improving sanitary conditions in Sweetwater and lengthy discussion of county highways occupied a major portion of the time consumed at the regular meeting of the Board of City Development Monday night.

Co-operating with the City Commission and the health authorities the Board expects to go the limit in its initial step in a citywide cleanup drive. This decision followed a second meeting of the three departments Tuesday afternoon when drastic measures were adopted to halt what certain health officials declared might result in a serious typhoid epidemic.

Several cases of typhoid were reported at this meeting and it was decided to improve sanitary conditions in Sweetwater in general and in certain sections in particular. Unless quick results were obtained it was said that a spread of the disease was inevitable.

Concerning plans on highway work it was announced that owing to construction work in the southern portion of this county it was well for autists to follow a route recommended by members of the Board, as follows: Follow the Trammell road out of the city for about five miles, turning south just after passing a little church and cross the divide, passing thru a lane and follow it between the Polk Harris and the AKX ranches which eventually lead back into the main highway.

Minor Shutt and family returned Tuesday morning from a month's visit with relatives in Jamestown, N. Y.

Name Winners At College Station

Many members of Nolan county's demonstration clubs returned recently from College Station where they attended the Short Training Course that got under way in the latter part of July and extended well into August.

Several prize winners will be found in the list of those who attended. The list follows:

Mrs. G. W. Cochran of Decker, winner of the first prize in this district; Mrs. Sy Dennis of Dora; Miss Mae Adams of Champion, winner of the first prize on clothing; Miss Minnie Michels of Hylton, winner of first prize on evening dress; Miss Johnnie Younger, of the Goode community; Miss Willie Powell of the Brownlee community; Miss Parr, Home Demonstration Agent.

Demonstrations and many lectures for both the women and girls featured the training course.

Efforts will be made, it was announced, to earn sufficient money by next year by each club to send at least one of its members.

Funds donated by the County Federation and several clubs of the city, totalling approximately \$44 were used this year, the chicken dinner recently "staged" in Sweetwater failed to provide the cash needed.

The summer garden contest will be held by each club within the next few weeks, it was announced.

PURE WATER

CAMP RUDD, B. S. A., Aug. 13.—Drinking water from the springs on Rudd Ranch, where the Boy Scouts from Nolan and three other counties are holding their annual encampment, is the purest ever tested at the city laboratory at Sweetwater, according to Louie Geldert, who made a test of the water this week.

In his test, Geldert found only three bacteria to the cubic centimeter, and they were not of the harmful nature. The water contained no typhoid germs.

All of the water that is being used for drinking purposes comes from springs near the camp.

Harry Phelps returned from Lamesa where he delivered a complete set of stage scenery for the new \$20,000 Texas Theatre. Harry proudly states that the huge set was manufactured here by the Sweetwater Sign and Scenic Company, of which he is a member.

LOOK WHO'S COMING

TOM'S COMEDIANS

BIG TENT THEATRE
—FEATURING—

BOB DAYTON

TEXAS' FAVORITE COMEDIAN

30 — PEOPLE — 30

BAND AND ORCHESTRA
NEW PLAYS — NEW VAUDEVILLE

Opening Play
'SMILING THROUGH'

THE GREATEST COMEDY DRAMA EVER WRITTEN

Don't Forget The Date

MONDAY NIGHT AUG. 17

A GUARANTEED ATTRACTION

TOM'S COMEDIANS PUTTING ON GOOD SHOW

The Portales Valley News does not make a habit of endorsing transient theatrical shows, as the town has been stung many times in the past, but Tom's Comedians, which are now showing in the tent

on Main Street, is by far the best and cleanest show that has been in Portales in the five years that we have been here. They have a nice, clean, attractive tent, comfortably seated, and are giving good wholesome entertainments each night. The News takes pleasure in recommending them to the public. They will be here all through this week.—Portales N. M. News.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

SINCE 1901

"The Standard of Comparison"

WE—

ARE ENDEAVORING IN THESE ADVERTISEMENTS TO DRIVE HOME THE FACT THAT WE REALLY DO—

APPRECIATE

YOUR PATRONAGE AND TO ACQUAINT YOU WITH THE FACT THAT OUR TELEPHONE NUMBER IS—

6-3-0

Aldredge-Hattox

MEAT MARKET

JUST RECEIVED—

LARGE SHIPMENT OF

WALL PAPER

Big Variety splendid selections and unusually beautiful designs.

We will be glad to show you these new Patterns

Higginbotham - Bartlett

LUMBER COMPANY

Will Make the Flight to Hawaii



Lieut. Commander James H. Strong has been selected as one of the navy officers who will fly from the Pacific coast to Hawaii in the fall. He entered aviation in 1920, was an inspector at various aircraft factories, and then served with the aircraft squadrons of the battle fleet. Below is one of the new planes built for the flight being tested above the waters of Lake Washington at Seattle.

Speed Maniacs Pay Heavily For Steppin' On Gas

Yes, Genevieve, if you want to "skip through the dew" in that horseless carriage you might as well prepare to separate yourself from a wad of filthy lucre.

It is much safer and decidedly less expensive to let Lizzie kinder lope along, for everytime you "step on it" you are going to be hauled into court and told to "kick in."

During the past fortnight speed demons have deposited with Judge Yantis of the Corporation Court something less than one hundred perfectly good kopecks, reckoned by the underworld as a "hundred bucks."

The City Commission and Police Department resolved August 1 that reckless driving and other violations of traffic laws should stop. Much to the annoyance of several Barney Oldfields the officials have demonstrated that by plastering a stiff fine on the offenders the city can soon be rid of foolish and dangerous driving.

So, Algeron, the next time you crave to "strut your stuff" before your nestling angel the thing to do, as we see it, is to borrow a dozen simoleons from Dad or prepare to remain "on the inside looking out" for Judge Yantis will most assuredly hit you squarely between the horns with a fine that'll make you wish your papa and mamma had raised sensible children.

AUTOISTS RUSH TO TEST LIGHTS

With the approach of September 1 Nolan county automobile owners are preparing to have their automobile headlights tested and many, to avoid a last minute rush, have already complied with the law.

To Judge A. S. Mauzey and John A. McCurdy goes the honor of being the first Sweetwaterites to submit to the regulations handed out by the State Highway Department. The Judge appeared Tuesday at Buck and Henry's station and "went thru the paces" while McCurdy loped into Bob Withers' station for an adjustment.

The new State Highway law requiring that all automobile headlights must be adjusted according to certain regulations, goes into effect September 1st. Local automobile owners may have their lights tested at four official stations in Sweetwater. They are: Buck & Henry's, C. S. Boyles Motor Co., Sweetwater Battery Co., and the Dabney Motor Company.

The charge for testing is 25 cents. It is pointed out, however, that any new equipment required to bring the lights within the law is to be purchased by the owner of the automobile. In this connection there has been a warning flashed over the state to beware of fakers who are touring the country endeavoring to sell various and sundry junk that is in no way connected with the legal requirements.

Miss Lester Pritchett of Snyder is visiting Miss Lena Shaffer this week.

Slaton To Play Swatters Here

Battling viciously on foreign soil against odds that at times seemed unsurmountable, the revamped Swatters with Smith on the hillock, fought 12 hard innings against the strong Snyder club on the latter's grounds Sunday only to lose 5 to 4.

The contest, witnessed by a large partisan crowd, was one of the hardest fought of the present season and taken as a whole was one of the most colorful. A Dempsey touch was added in the eighth spasm when a mighty squabble arose over the question of ground rules. At this particular stage of the game, the Swatters were leading by one run with only a single round to be played. During the argument a Snyder base runner, perched on third, legged it home for the tying score.

Both Smith for the Swatters and McCann, Snyder hurler, were right as the proverbial fox and breezed the old horsehide across the platter according to Hoyle and both heavers hit the apple with reckless abandon.

The contest was replete with sensational plays and, with the exception of the eighth inning squabble, was fought cleanly. The Swatters lost in the 12th on a squeeze play.

Manager Pace announced Thursday that Slaton, a very fast semi-pro organization, would come here Sunday to play the fast stepping home guard. The clubs are evenly matched and Sweetwater fans will have an ideal opportunity to whet the old baseball appetite. The contest will start at 4 o'clock.

BAPTIST WOMAN'S CONFERENCE AT MERKEL

The Baptist Women Worker's Quarterly Conference of the Sweetwater Association was held with the Merkel church on Friday, August 7. Mrs. J. P. Stinson, president of the association presided. Mrs. E. B. Atwood opened the meeting with a devotional. Reports were heard from the following committee chairmen:

The young people's work—Mrs. R. M. White.

Educational—Mrs. R. J. Ellis.

Benevolent—Mrs. Joiner.

White Cross—Mrs. J. C. Burkett.

Mission Study—Mrs. A. R. Booth.

Personal Service—Mrs. Paxton for Mrs. Bondes.

Publicity—Mrs. H. H. Ramsey.

Baptist Hospital—Miss Mary Head.

County officers of Taylor county: President, Mrs. J. E. Burnam; Treasurer, Mrs. Burkett for Mrs. R. C. Lewis.

Miss Boding of Merkel then gave a vocal number with Mrs. L. B. Scott her accompanist.

From 12 to 1:30 o'clock those present spent a delightful social hour during which a sumptuous luncheon was served.

At 1:30 o'clock the meeting was called to order and opened with a song and prayer. Miss Nena Kate Ramsey then delighted the audience with a reading entitled "The Necklace." Mrs. Stinson conducted an efficiency drill which consisted of a study of the State district, association and county officers. Recognition was made of the district, Associational

SHOP AT



THAT'S ALL

**ACTIVE CUSTOMERS
DEMONSTRATING THEIR
CONFIDENCE IN**

HUBBARDS

POLICY OF
**QUALITY GOODS AT
LOWER PRICES**

IS A
LIVING TRIBUTE

TO OUR
18 YEARS

OF CONSISTENT SERVICE

—AS THIS INSTITUTION NEARS THE 18TH MILE POST OF ITS GROWTH, NOW COMES THE REALIZATION THAT 18 YEARS OF SERVICE IS BEING FULLY REWARDED.

—AN IMMEDIATE RESPONSE TO OUR PRINTED MESSAGES, EXPRESSES THE CONFIDENCE OUR CUSTOMERS HAVE IN THIS STORE AND ITS PROMISES.

—THE SATISFACTION OF OUR CUSTOMERS WITH OUR SERVICE, IS SHOWN DAILY BY THEIR FAVORABLE COMMENT AND GOOD INFLUENCE TOWARDS THIS STORE.

ALL OF THESE
GOOD THINGS

WE APPRECIATE

And the sincerity of our gratitude shall be gauged by our continual increased efforts to—

**SERVE YOU
BETTER**

SHOP AT



THAT'S ALL

and county officers present. Mrs. G. L. Paxton then gave the Treasurers' report. Mrs. Snow told of the Baptist Women's work in Kansas City, giving some helpful information and suggestions. Miss Blanche Rose Walker, a recently returned missionary from China, held the undivided attention of those present through a lecture in which she illustrated some of the work among the Chinese women.

—Reporter.

COMMISSIONER'S COURT

Nolan county Commissioner's Court was in session this week during which routine matters, for the most part, were discussed.

W. R. Rogers who lives on Route A was in Sweetwater Tuesday trading with local merchants and called at The News office and had the paper mailed to him for twelve months. We have known Mr. Rogers for several years and when they make better men they will have to be larger. Mr. Rogers stated that more moisture would be welcomed.

QUALITY MEAT
—AT—

GLENN BARDWELL MARKET
Reasonable Prices—Prompt Delivery—
Courteous Service and Appreciation.

TELEPHONE 62

DOUTHIT, MAYS & PERKINS
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Sweetwater, Texas

Insure your house, barn, household goods, etc. against Fire, Lightning, Tornado, Wind and Hail.
J. L. ROSS
Room 4, Texas Bank Building,
Sweetwater, Texas

Dr. C. D. Lindley
Electric Treatment-Diathermia,
Internal Medicine
Obstetrics
Room 17, Texas Bank Building
Office Ph. 318, Res. Ph. 464M

Courteous and Dependable Ambulance and Funeral Directing Service.

Wright Furniture & Undertaking Co.
Day Phone 549—Night 423

DR. S. B. COX
OPTOMETRIST
ACCURACY IN EYE SERVICE
At Palace Drug Store

DR. P. T. QUAST
Optometrist
Eyesight Specialist—Glasses fitted and furnished.
SWEETWATER, TEXAS

AVENUES OF SERVICE

There is more than one avenue for community service.

Some may, and indeed many should, find it through clubs, lodges, societies and various other organizations.

It may be found in one's daily vocation by putting one's heart into the work that is to do.

It may be found through the avenue of the church, and all that the church stands for in the community.

Indeed, it may be found in the quite but industrious living up to the ideals of good citizenship.

Whatever legitimate efforts are put forth to further the progress of the community will bear fruit if not today then tomorrow.

You have your choice of finding the best avenue through which you can serve, but you have no moral choice to sit idly and let the rest of the folks go by.

Find it's beating a drum, beat it.

If it's beating a drum, beat it steadily and a stbe conductor directs. The fellow that toots the horn plays the tune, but the drummer keeps him in step.

If it's preaching a sermon, preach it with all your heart and soul, and in accordance with your highest conception of divine law.

If it's ruling a nation, rule it with firmness, intelligence and justice.

If it's washing dishes, wash 'em spick and clean. A dirty dish has divided many a home.

If it's publishing a newspaper, publish it honestly, fairly and fearlessly.

That's service! That's life! That's citizenship!

The host of ills that now rear their heads in home, community and nation would have found means of expression had we all been content to fill our places as we found them.

To be something else, to be somewhere else, to be somebody else has warped our mannerism and tried to re-mould our personalities against Nature that is constantly pulling against us, but often apparently failing to conquer.

Whatever may be your lot, serve! Whatever may your philosophy, resolve it into good thoughts.

Whatever may be your wealth, put it to serve by providing opportunity for the less fortunate but willing hands.

Whatever may be your fame, turn not to scorn upon the humble, for they, too have ambitions.

Whatever may be your pride, enlarge it only to the point of self-deserved dignity.

Whatever may be your limit of capacity, save, give, bear, that you may fulfill your highest destiny.

However ill you may be in body or in spirit remember that all good forces tend to heal, not to destroy, that all life is active and positive, not inactive and negative; that contentment is natural and harmonious, discontent is unnatural and discordant.

There is an avenue of service for you. Find it.—Plains Journal.

KILL SCREW WORMS

Heal wounds and keep off flies with "Martin's Screw Worm Killer." More for your money and your money back if you want it. Ask Sweetwater Drug Co.

OSCAR PATE IN TEMPLE SANITARIUM

Word was received Thursday from Oscar Pate, who is in the Temple Sanitarium, that he was getting along fine after an operation on his nose. Mrs. Pate stated in a letter to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Glass, that just as soon as was practicable, Mr. Pate would undergo another operation on his throat.

THE HIRED MAN'S ROOM

By **THOMAS ARKLE CLARK**
Dean of Men, University of Illinois.

UP IN the country where I was born and where I spent a few weeks last summer they were complaining not a little about the difficulty of securing competent and regular help on the farm. The hired men were a shiftless lot, they said, nomadic, drunken sometimes, unreliable and likely to leave a man in the lurch just when he was most needing help.

I was inclined to discount these statements as to the utter depravity and worthlessness of the hired man, for I had had some experiences of my own as a farm hand during the summers of my undergraduate course in college, and I have still vivid recollections of the hired man's room.

We washed our hands and faces at the pump in a tin basin or in the tub from which the horses drank, and combed our hair, if this torrid service were performed at all, in front of a battered mirror hanging outside the kitchen door. There were no facilities for general bathing, save the creek a mile away or a bucket of water carried discreetly behind the corn crib after the shades of evening had gathered.

The room in which we dressed and slept was about eight or twelve feet in size, and was just under the leaky roof with side walls scarcely two feet high and one single, shadeless window looking toward the west. It was a hell-hole in the summer with the burning sun beating pitilessly upon it during the long afternoons and with no possible chance for ventilation; what it was in winter I can only imagine, for the walls were as thin as paper.

There was an old rickety, trowsy bed in one corner jammed up against the side wall as close as the slanting roof would permit. A broken-backed chair and a packing box in lieu of a table stood on the bare floor. There was an unsteady, greasy lamp on the improvised table, the chimney black with smoke and the burner choked with dead flies and other insects. A few nails were driven awkwardly into the wall, upon which we might hang our Sunday clothes. There was no dresser, no drawers or shelves of any kind. Such changes of clothing as we had we kept in our suitcases, which, when not in use, we kicked under the bed. I presume this room was sometimes cleaned, but not while I was there.

"Was you ever in the Waldorf-Astoria?" Oscar, my companion in toil, asked me one night in August as we lay sweltering and tossing on our hot mattress.

"I had a little look-in once," I replied, "when I was in New York."

"Is it anything like this?" he inquired.

I was forced to admit that the resemblance was only slight.

(© 1928, Western Newspaper Union.)

Blouses Listen In on New Fall Styles



The smart blouse pictured has a summery look, but, with a single change, it might pass, without criticism, in a procession of fall styles. If its sleeves were long it would embody several earmarks of the new modes. These may be summed up in the plain color of crepe chosen for it and by the embroidered, cross-bar pattern, which contributes an all-over design in two colors. The neck treatment and the tie are also "among those present" in the fall modes. As pictured, it is made of buff-colored crepe, cross-bars in brown and white silk, brown crepe tie with white monogram, and is a charming affair for late summer wear. Developed in flannel or crepe, with long sleeves, it will take its responsible place in the winter wardrobe. Striped and plain flannels might be combined in this model and there are many color combinations to choose from.

Margaret Sandusky of Colorado is visiting Miss Ruth Davis this week.

Miss Helen Davis returned this week from Fort Worth and Itaska, where she has been visiting the close of school.

Lindley and Devaney Neal returned Sunday from a several weeks visit with their father, F. J. Neal in Uvalde county. Mr. Neal accompanied the boys home for a visit.

DRAUGHONS PRACTICAL BUSINESS COLLEGE

ABILENE, TEXAS

A GOOD POSITION, a big salary, is what counts. Four calls last week at \$70—\$85—\$100—and \$150 unable to fill. Get the training that insures a good position and your success is sure. Mail coupon today for Position Contract and SPECIAL INFORMATION and be convinced. Finest catalog in the South free.

Name..... Address.....

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE NEWS

"Mussy's" Confectionery

ONE OF THE COOLEST SPOTS IN TOWN AND THE LOGICAL MEETING PLACE FOR THE

Younger Set

DELICIOUS ICE CREAM AND REFRESHING FOUNTAIN DRINKS

Come to See Us

WE ARE NEXT DOOR TO THE POST OFFICE

Mussy's Confectionery

DIFFERENT

Every piece of wearing apparel sent to us receives the most careful

ATTENTION

OUR WORK IS DIFFERENT

Galbraith's

Established 1913

Would you like to own a—

COZY LITTLE HOME

Located in an ideal residential district—and pay for it like paying rent

?

YOU CAN

Gray Company LUMBER

QUALITY

SERVICE

STRENGTH

Insurance is a great social plan which merges the individual into a class and puts behind the frailty of man standing alone the unmeasurable strength of men standing together.

Local Mutual Insurance

W. W. DAVIS

DRY CLEANING—
FLAT WORK—
CLEANING—
DYEING—

One of our delivery cars will pick up and deliver

FONE FORTY-TWO

Sweetwater Laundry Co.
"THE NICEST LAUNDRY IN TEXAS"

Why

DRIVE AROUND ON OLD TIRES

?

WE WILL TAKE YOUR SECOND-HAND

TIRES

In on new ones—giving you a square deal. We will offer you a proposition where we both make money.

We offer to take your old Tires in exchange for Standard Brand

CORD TIRES

\$9.00 UPWARDS

LET'S TALK IT OVER

Buck & Henry's

RESIDENCE LOANS

\$12.50 Per Month

Each Thousand

Pays

Principal and

Interest

Lowest Cost

Best Service

—See—

D. A. Clark

INSURANCE—BONDS

THE NOLAN COUNTY NEWS

LUTHER M. WATSON, Manager FRANK P. HILL, Editor

Published every Thursday afternoon in Sweetwater, Texas, by
THE WATSON-FOCHT PRINTING COMPANY
 401 Oak Street, Phone 400

Entered as second-class matter February 19, 1925 at the Post Office at Sweetwater, Texas, under the act of March 3, 1879.

Mailed Anywhere for \$1.50 Per Year, Payable in Advance
 Advertising Rates On Application

MEMBER OF THE TEXAS STATE PRESS ASSOCIATION

The News will conscientiously strive to give the truth concerning all Nolan County happenings that are of interest to our readers. If undue refection is cast upon the name of any person or firm, through error or misinformation, The News will be glad to make correction of the same through these columns.

We shall constantly strive to make The News a better paper. Through your suggestions and criticisms, we may improve our paper at an even more rapid rate.

LIBRARY NEEDS BOOKS

There is a great need at present for new books at the Public Library, as there has been no new books bought for some time according to the Librarian.

The Public Library is patronized mostly by the boys and girls of Sweetwater and vicinity, especially the "teen age" boys, who do not have access to a good library in their own homes and the public library is absolutely their only supply for reading matter. Many of these young people have read and re-read many of the books, which appeal to their tastes and are clamoring every day for more.

In many homes scattered over the city there are no doubt a large number of books which might be donated to the public library with happy results. The children in the homes have all read these books many have outgrown them or gone away for good, so why not put them in circulation again? If one boy and girl have enjoyed them, they will thrill the imagination of others and keep their brains from becoming "idle workshops."

Donations of books may be received any afternoon, from 2 to 6:00 o'clock. Donations of money will be used to buy new books if the donor wishes. Contributions of nice clean magazines are always gladly received.

OUR CITY PARK

The vacation season and the shortage of rain has not affected the beautification program being carried out at the City Park.

Mrs. George Parker C. B. D. Auxiliary president and her corps of co-workers have been constantly on the job and the results that meet the eye on every hand are very pleasing indeed. The grass is becoming beautifully sodded and the pretty flower beds add much to the attractiveness of the Park.

Every effort is now bent toward keeping the Park and especially the flowers in a growing condition, which will add beauty to the grounds for the coming fall fair.

The picnic grounds on the west side of the lake are also being given constant attention.

The present administration ends with the September election of officers, but those interested hope to see a continuation of the park improvement program.

EARL LOOKIN' 'EM OVER

Earl Freeze writes the News to state that he has located in Long Beach, California where he has accepted a position with an Eastern Manufacturing Co., to represent them in Los Angeles, Long Beach and Hollywood.

"Am delighted with California," writes Earl. "Have seen lots of splendid ball games, lots of beautiful scenery and now looking forward to Bathing Girls Review. Wish you would please send me the News for a year, simply must keep up with doings in the old home town."

Earl adds that Mrs. Freeze and the baby are enjoying splendid health and that he (himself) is feeling like a million bucks, concluding his missive with the request to remember him to his many Sweetwater friends.

NOTICE OF SELECTION OF DEPOSITORY

Notice is hereby given, that the Trustees of the Blackwell Independent School District will receive bids for depository school funds of said district. Said bids will be publically opened at 10 a. m. Saturday Aug. 29, A. D. 1925. Any person, firm or corporation who desires to act as treasurer of said district shall file his bid, stating the amount of interest proposed to be paid on average daily balance of said fund. Each bid must be accompanied by a Certified check for not less than five hundred dollars (\$500) as a guarantee that if said bidder is selected they will execute such bonds as is required by law.

(Signed) J. A. ODEN,
 President Blackwell Independent School District.
 26-37-c.

GRADY SCOTT IS GROWING WORSE

Word from the bedside of Grady Scott, who has been very ill with typhoid fever, carries the report that the patient is unimproved. While his condition is not considered alarming, it was stated that he was not improving and that during the past few days he was slightly worse.

FARM-HOME DEMONSTRATION AGENTS

In this day of progressive farming it is hard to see just how any Texas county can afford to do without farm and home demonstration agents. If they knew their business and are energetic they are worth far more than they cost the people, and if they do not meet the requirements they can't hold their jobs very long. Often a farm agent's advice and assistance to one farmer is worth more than his entire year's salary. Certainly the home demonstration agents have done much to improve the living conditions of the country homes in the counties in which they have been employed.—Will H. Mayes.

Mrs. B. L. McDonald, who underwent an operation at the Sweetwater Sanitarium Saturday is resting well, according to attending physicians.

R. Andrus of the Andrews Furniture Store is in Dallas attending a furniture show in that city.

IF I WERE IN HIGH SCHOOL

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK
 Dean of Men, University of Illinois.

TOM, aged fourteen, is just finishing the grammar school, and since he and I are friends, often, as we walk down together, he tells me his plans for the future and, among these, what he intends doing in high school. Sometimes I plan what I should do if, like Tom, I were to have a chance once more to enter the high school.

I should not look so eagerly for "snaps" as I did then. I know that it may seem foolish to work when one can get out of it, to take a difficult course when one can get into an easy one, but I have learned that it is only in doing hard things that we gain strength, and it is only in overcoming difficulties that we learn to depend on ourselves.

I believe I should not study so much, but I should study harder. I should try to settle myself into a lesson and stay with it without shifting around until it was mastered, even if it took an hour or two hours.

I should learn to do my work myself. In real life we must work things out for ourselves; if we find ourselves in a hard corner we must use our own wits to get out.

I should learn to speak on my feet grammatically, correctly, without using slang. The sooner one gets control of the shaking knees, the quivering voice, the halting flow of words, the better.

I should learn to play some athletic game well. Real interest and skill in athletic games is of more than passing benefit to a young fellow; it becomes a permanent interest, and later in life when the tendency grows to sit at the desk or to stick to the business, to grow fat and overfed, to the neglect of one's physical health, the old habit draws one out into the open air, renews one's youth, develops one's muscles, and banishes indigestion.

If I were again a high school boy I should cultivate as fully as possible my friendship for other boys. I should want to keep up my studies, but I should take part in general school activities rather than devote all my time to study. Above all things I should stick persistently to some one subject, and try to be something more than commonplace.

(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)
Father Sage Says:
 Peepul who make a practice of foolin' others soon git to believe a good part of the stuff themselves!

At Last They Have Agreed



S. D. Myres of El Paso is in Sweetwater looking after his interests here. Mr. Myres stated that Sweetwater was taking on the appearance of a real city, and the progress and development was very pronounced especially to one that was not here constantly.

Miss Mildred Boren of Post City is visiting Miss Mabel Browning this week.

Permit has been let and building begun on the residence of Mrs. J. L. Porter in the Newman addition.

William Jennings Bryan, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Bryan, returned to Sweetwater this week to make this his home after spending the past few years on the western coast.

Glenna to Try Again



The photograph shows Glenna Collett, who recently won the woman's golf championship of France and finished second to Joyce Wethered in the English title match, and who declares her intention of returning to England for another attempt.

Story of a Modern Girl

Prudence's Daughter

By ETHEL HUESTON

PRUDENCE, who had her sisters to raise and was beset with the difficulties of her position as praesiding officer of her father's parsonage in Iowa, all told so delightfully in the books, "Prudence of the Parsonage," "Prudence Says So" and "Prudence's Sisters," now has another problem on her hands — a daughter emerging into young womanhood.

The fact that the daughter is strictly a girl of the period with the "broad mind" and "tolerant outlook" and who reads books which Prudence never heard of, makes the problem an interesting one and the story more sophisticated than any of the others. Ethel Hueston, in whom one sees the Prudence of her stories, has also grown since her first book was written. Nevertheless, Prudence solves her problem with the same old tact and judgment, and the story is not one whit less joyful than its predecessors. With the good fun and the earnest optimism is entwined the delightful love story of Prudence's daughter.

This Is Our New Serial Starting

Today on Page Six

FORMER SWEETWATER GIRL IN RECITAL.

A recent issue of the Fort Worth Record carried an item concerning Miss Lydia May Ellis, 11 year old daughter of Prof. and Mrs. A. D. Ellis of Fort Worth, but formerly of Sweetwater.

The young lady appeared in a recital, where she played "Pomponette" a third grade number in all twelve keys, which she had transposed and memorized.

She began her study of music last September, under the direction of Theda Morse Benton and has made rapid advancement and has developed much musical talent, with a promise of some surprising execution in the near future according to the music critics who have heard her play.

Miss Lydia May recently visited her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Withers on E. N. 2nd St., in company with her parents.

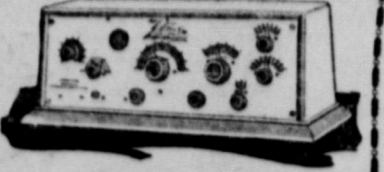
Typewriter Powered By Electricity

At last a modern typewriter, powered by electricity, and known as the Woodstock Electric, has been perfected and put on the market. The first machine of this type was received in Sweetwater this week by Watson-Focht Printing Co., publishers of The News, and many people have been viewing the wonderful invention this week.

The Electric is a big improvement over all other typewriters as it enables the typist to get much more speed with less exertion of the fingers. A small motor, costing three cents per day if running a full eight hours, controls the keyboard, and the typist is only required to barely touch the keys. Because of the electrical control, the impression of every letter is the same and no letters are too light or too heavy as on any other typewriter.

An impression regulator allows the adjusting of the force with which a letter strikes the platen, and allows an increase of the impression for the purpose of making carbon copies. In a recent demonstration, a News man made 14 carbon copies at one time. People of Sweetwater and Nolan county have a cordial invitation to come to The News office and see this new kind of typewriter in action.

Miss Kathlun East of Rotan is visiting her aunt Mrs. J. T. Hughes.



McMILLAN'S SHIPS AND AIR PLANES ARE EQUIPPED WITH ZENITH SHORT WAVE LENGTH RADIO SETS. THERE IS A REASON. BECAUSE THEY ARE MORE POWERFUL AND HAVE CLEAR RECEPTION IN DAYLIGHT A FAR GREATER DISTANCE THAN ANY OTHER RADIO. THEY COST MORE BUT THEY DO MORE.

DR. QUAST MUSIC STORE

REAL ESTATE LOANS

We make loans on residence, apartment and business properties and on farms.

No Brokerage or Commission Charges.

For a saving in the cost of Loans, Call Us.

KENDRICK-THOMPSON

AGENCY
 INSURANCE
 Every Known Kind

Big Reductions

On **Men's Clothing**

Including the famous Styleplus and Hart, Schaefer and Marx Suits

FEATURED IN THE GREAT

End of Season Sale



STRAWS

VALUES UP TO \$4.00
 One Lot Now..... \$1.00
 One Lot Now..... \$1.95

LOOK!

Seersuckers \$4.48
 Palm Beach \$9.90
 Gaberdines \$12.90

MEN'S SHIRTS

One lot..... 89c — One Lot..... \$1.48

Included in this offer are to be found values up to \$3.50.

In this great sale we are offering Big Reductions on Every Article in the store.

A GREAT OPPORTUNITY TO SAVE

Sweetwater Dry Goods Co.
 LADIES AND MEN'S WEAR
THE STORE AHEAD



Prudence's Daughter

BY ETHEL HUESTON-

There is many a slip between the cup and the lip, if the cup and the lip are both at the same petting party. That is what Jerry (Prudence's daughter) learned upon a somewhat hectic introduction to Greenwich Village in New York.

Jerry, who came from Iowa, also learned that all is not art that trails art. Her experience among the young souls who struggle for expression in the "Village" was good for her; she took more common sense back to Des Moines than she had brought from there.

Read the Latest of Ethel Hueston's Charming Stories About Prudence and Her Family in

The Nolan County News

First Installment appears in this issue on page six.

Lake Champlain to Be Bridged



Joint commissions of the New York and Vermont legislatures are in conference over the plan to build two bridges over Lake Champlain, because the ferry service is slow and inadequate. The New Yorkers want the first bridge built to be a drawbridge either from Chimney Point, to Fort Frederick, N. Y., or from Crown Point to Bridport, Vt. This view of the lake is from Crown Point, with Chimney Point on the right.

Even Tiny Girls Wear Ensembles



Leave it to stylists to seize upon any successful grownup fashions and interpret them in some way for tiny girls. Here is a picture that shows what has been done with the ensemble suit, the dress-and-coat-to-match idea, that has so impressed the world of fashion.

For little girls' dress-up frocks, fine voile proves to be about the best choice—it is delicate in texture, but it is sturdy. Voile in tomato red is used for the frock pictured and eyelet linen, bordered with the voile for the plain coat, which is sleeveless. Many lovely color combinations are possible in voile, since it is made in pastel colors and all the high shades as well.

May Succeed Ladd



Douglas H. McArthur, who may succeed the late Senator Ladd in the United States senate. Mrs. Ladd has urged Governor Sorlie of North Dakota to make the appointment. Mr. McArthur was Senator Ladd's secretary and worked with him for more than four years.

***** Your Conversation *****
"DERBY DAY"
 "Derby day" is one of the most eagerly anticipated days of the year. The first "derby" or race for three-year-old horses was instituted in 1750 and named for its founder, the twelfth Earl of Derby. It was held at Epsom Downs, southwest of London. There are a few left who think "derby" applies exclusively to headgear.

RECEIPTS HEAVY

According to information received by local Farm Bureau members, the Texas Farm Bureau Cotton Association had received 4,711 bales by August 1 as against 275 bales received at the same date last year.

Predictions are being made that in spite of the poor crop over much of the state, a large amount of cotton will be handled by the Association during the coming fall and winter.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

Marriage licenses issued throughout the week by County Clerk Gus Farrar include those to M. B. Moore and Gladys Stephens; Castrino Bernal and Leonora Peres; L. S. Bonner and Beatrice Schultz; C. U. Hamilton and Myrtle Earnest; E. A. Franklin and Marlan Carbin.

OKLAHOMA BANS

Special to The News:
 OKLAHOMA CITY, August 14.—The State Board of Agriculture today slapped a ban on cattle originating from the Dallas and Fort Worth district.

A restriction has been in effect for several days on shipments of cattle from the zone near Houston where government experts declared the foot and mouth disease existed.

The broadening of the scope of the quarantine followed reports of new outbreaks in Texas districts.

E. V. Robnett, State Veterinarian, departed for Houston today to confer with livestock specialists.

The situation was not thought to be serious, however, it was decided best to take every possible precaution to prevent a spreading of the disease.

Miss Mayme Lou Parr, county home demonstration agent, is back from Erath county, where she has been spending her summer vacation.

Wiley Embry who has been filling the pulpit during the illness and convalescence of the pastor at Sylvester, is visiting his mother, Mrs. O. C. Embry.

ROY BARDWELL TO RETURN HOME

Conflicting reports were received by Glenn Bardwell concerning the condition of his brother, Roy Bardwell, who is in a Temple Sanatorium.

Early Wednesday Mr. Bardwell received a letter from Mrs. Roy Bardwell stating that her husband was improving; later, however, a letter from Mabel Bardwell intimated that her father was worse.

It was stated, however, that the patient would be brought home within the next few days, a report that received optimistically by his many friends here.

Miss Rozelle Brand of Hamlin is spending several days in the city with her sister Mrs. Carl Ragland, and visiting old friends, Miss Brand is a former Sweetwater girl.

A lot of folks
 Think it requires
 A lot of dough
 To buy a lot—
 A lot never buy
 A lot and a lot
 Buy lots of
 Lots—

I SELL 'EM

I. Lee Lusk

REAL ESTATE—LOANS
 INSURANCE

Give me another Wilson Bros. Shirt. Time after time this has happened in this dump

WHITTEN'S SHOP

ANNOUNCING

THE

RE-OPENING
 OF

Max Berman's

LADIES' READY-TO-WEAR
 and
 MILLINERY SHOP

Featuring a New and Complete Line of
 Dresses, Coats and Hats for Fall Wear.

YOU

Are cordially invited to visit our new store
 and see these beautiful new Creations.

SAME LOCATION

Max Berman
 WHERE STYLE PREDOMINATES

J. I. Payne Undertaking & Furniture Company

FURNITURE, FLOOR COVERING, STOVES, QUEENSWARE, WALL PAPER, AND PAINTS
 UNDERTAKING GOODS AND EMBALMING—AMBULANCE SERVICE

Good Merchandise, Lowest Price for Best Service

SWEETWATER, TEXAS
 PHONE 84

BY ETHEL HUESTON

PRUDENCE'S DAUGHTER



Ethel Hueston.

Prudence, through the stories of Mrs. Hueston, has become one of the famous girls of fiction. Her fascinating life began with "Prudence of the Parsonage," followed by "Prudence Says So" and "Prudence and the Sisters." The latest installment is "Prudence's Daughter," a complete novel in itself and not dependent upon its predecessors. The heroine is a native of Iowa. She is the daughter of Rev. Mr. Powellson, a Methodist minister, and grew from babyhood to girlhood in the Iowa cities of Mt. Pleasant and Burlington. She married Roy William Hueston, but within a year he became stricken with tuberculosis and as a consequence the life of Mrs. Hueston became a struggle to make each ends meet. Out of this came "Prudence of the Parsonage," her first story.

It was instantly popular both in America and England, perhaps because it breathes the spirit of the author's own life. Each of the stories in the "Prudence" series is written with the sincerity that comes only from the heart. In short, the heroine of each of these tales is the soul of Ethel Hueston bared to the readers. She places openly before them the intimate little tragedies and comedies, joys and sorrows of her life in the person of Prudence.

The author celebrated the completion of "Prudence Says So," by marrying Edward J. Best, a lieutenant in the engineer corps of the United States army, who after a month of honeymooning was sent to France with his unit. As a result of his service, Lieutenant Best died in 1915. In the latest story of the series there is no trace of the author's sorrow, excepting in a sweeter, wiser, more patient and resigned Prudence.

This story deals with Prudence's management of a daughter, a girl of the period with an advanced Twentieth century outlook, as different from the old-fashioned crowd of a couple of decades ago. The tale is exquisite in its humor and love-interest. As usual, Prudence solves her problems and accomplishes her will by the quiet indirect methods that were so effective in handling the affairs of the parsonage and her joyous, unruly sisters. A portion of the action occurs in Greenwhich Village, New York city, where Jerry, Prudence's daughter, is trying to make herself believe that she is an artist. The remainder of the action occurs in the home city of Des Moines.

Part One

CHAPTER I

Jerry Was Not Deceived

It was lacking but twenty minutes of midnight. At the top of four stageringly steep flights of dusty stairs the studio apartment of Carter Blake was ringing with unaccustomed blare and blare of wild hilarity, supplanting the dull drab of steady slavers at the easel for the first time in nearly two years.

At twenty minutes to twelve the gaiety was at its height. On a stool in the center of the room a small phonograph shrieked out the melody of the latest tango, and three couples danced intermittently about it, stopping at will to light a cigarette, to drain a glass from the tray on the table, or to join for a moment in the conversation that went on among the others scattered about the room.

Among the cushions on the wide couch, her feet crossed beneath her, in a startling gown of orange and black, a girl with vividly reddened hair, with crimson cheeks and impeccably painted lips, leaned drowsily against the shoulder of Korzyk, the young Russian sculptor, her slender profile lifted to his face. In her slim, nervous fingers was a cigarette, which she held first to his lips, then to her own, with easy impartiality.

In the window-seat, alone, strumming soft southern melodies on a banjo, in discordant defiance of the blatant jazz, half reclining upon the cushions, lay Mary Donya, a glass on the window sill at her side, a cigarette dropping futility away to ashes in a tray, while Almee Glorion perched like a pretty, angelic imp on the heavy, old-fashioned table against the wall, her fair face serene in its gentle sweetness, swaying to the rhythmic motion of the cocktail shaker, of which she had proclaimed herself officiating goddess.

At twenty minutes to midnight, a yellow taxi stopped before the entrance, four flights below, and Rhoda La Faye, in a golden cloak, her golden hair an aureole in the reflection of the bright street-lights, sprang out at the instant of its stopping, her sharp eyes on the registering meter as she said: "One seventy! Right!"

She hurriedly pressed two one-dollar bills into the hand of the driver.

"Come, Jerry!" she cried, with the quickness that characterized her every word and motion, and thrust out a nervous, hurrying hand from the folds of her cloak. Fairy Geraldine Harmer clasped it eagerly, almost shyly, as she followed breathlessly up the four long flights of stairs to Carter Blake's studio on the top floor.

Rhoda lifted the knocker, let it fall heavily, and, waiting for no response, opened the door and ran in, drawing Jerry with her. They were greeted with a burst of merry laughter, noisy welcome. Bertrand Rochester, abandoning the discussion before the picture, joined them immediately, catching Rhoda about the waist with a soft arm, and whirling her unceremoniously into the dance around the phonograph.

For a moment Jerry stood alone, slender and lovely, with glowing, questioning eyes, and quickening pulses.

"It's Jerry!—Jerry Harmer!" Rhoda tossed lightly over her shoulder, interrupted in what she would say by Bertrand Rochester, who kissed her as they danced. "A wfully nice little kid!—From Iowa!—We went to school together—until I got fired!"

Almee Glorion, of the angelic sweetness, slipped at once from the table, and drew away Jerry's cloak, which she piled with the others on a chest near the door.

"What will you have?" She turned hospitably to the table, with its brave display of bottles and glasses—a non-descript lot, those last, of every conceivable size and shape, and including three cracked teacups. "These are orange blossoms—I am making time for myself, I can't stand Scotch—pinty for you, too, if you like. Duane Allerton is mixing highballs in the kitchen. And there's apricot brandy with cream if you want to start easy. Duane, bring the highballs, the girls are here!" she called, prettily imperatively. Then to Jerry again, "You'd better stick to orange blossoms with me—three parts gin to a whiff of orange—and you can love your wickedest enemy. Carter Blake has gone down for champagne. He'll be back in a minute. What—"

"I hardly know," Jerry flushed, stammered a little, in some confusion. Almee swept her a quick, appraising look, and smiled in friendly fashion. "I see," she said. "You want apricot brandy with cream, and mostly cream, don't you?"

"Who called for a highball?" Duane Allerton came in from the kitchen, laughing, his cuffs pushed



He Put His Arm About Her and They Danced Twice Across the Room.

high, a bottle in one hand, a medicine glass in the other. "Mixed, or straight?"

Almee laughed softly, slipping her hand cosily into the curve of Jerry's pretty, bare, white arm.

"Strandy, weak, oh, awfully weak," she told him. "She hadn't registered when I called you. This is Rhoda La Faye's little protégée from the Middle West—Jerry Harmer. Isn't she beautiful, Duane? Miss Harmer, this is Duane Allerton. He's nice enough, but stupid. He's in business, isn't that disgusting? Duane, since Francy isn't here tonight, why don't you take Jerry under your wing and make a little love to her? You're so good at love-making. Like his looks, Jerry? Don't be bashful. If you see anyone you like better, just say so. You're company, so you can take your choice."

"Oh, no—really—I think—"

"Well, I think myself you're getting the pick of the party," Almee agreed

pleasantly. "Try him out, anyhow. If you don't like his method, bring him back and I'll give you Billy Sparr. And welcome. He does nothing but stand over there and measure chins and ankles with a pencil. Now show her a good time, Duane. Give her brandy, and keep it weak. She hasn't the slightest rudiments of a real thirst."

Almee touched Duane's arm warningly, caressed Jerry with a light, fleeting gesture, and turned away to reach for a cigarette.

Jerry lifted her blue, bright, happy eyes and looked at Duane Allerton. With that look, she forgot the great smoke-clouded room. She forgot the strange effrontery and the fragrant intimacy of the looks, the words, the attitudes of those about her. She gazed into Duane Allerton's eyes, and a great happiness swelled in her gentle breast.

He took her hands, both hands, smiled at her, seeming in that smile to draw her physically, intimately, into the affectionate warmth of his charming camaraderie.

"You beautiful thing!" he whispered. Jerry's heart sang within her.

He put his arm about her, and they danced twice across the room. Not one word could Jerry speak. Twice she lifted her dark, misty lashes, and lowered them quickly, thrilled with the breathless pleasure she felt in his touch. In the light of his eyes intent on her lovely face.

As they came up to the door on the third round, he guided her neatly into the small kitchen—a scant and impoverished relation to the kitchens Jerry had known—and came to a stop before the bottles on the rickety table.

"You can't have a real good time when you are thirsty. Almee said apricot brandy—it's trash. It takes hours to get happy on it—and then you're not. I know what you want."

He filled a small glass for her, a large coffee cup for himself. Jerry slipped at it daintily, not liking it, barely able to repress a shudder of distaste. But under the warmth of his eyes she steeled herself to Spartan resolution, and drained it to the last drop. And rejoiced that she did so, because he smiled at her gladly, as he tossed off his own.

He put the glasses back on the table again, took her hands in his and gazed upon her.

"You are beautiful, you are perfectly beautiful," he said. His voice was low-pitched, caressing, his eyes very direct and very earnest. He lit a cigarette and gave it to Jerry, lit another for himself.

Jerry had smoked before, in college—for fun—with the girls of her sorority, behind stuffed keyholes and carefully blanketed windows. That was mischief. This was another matter. But she took the cigarette when he gave it, tucked at it determinedly but with distaste, and was ashamed because she got smoke in her eyes, and because bits of tobacco came out between her lips.

She wished he had not thought of smoking. It seemed such idle waste to use those tender fingers of his for holding cigarettes. She liked that intimate, boyish way he had of catching her hands in both of his when he said: "You beautiful thing."

"Is—is it your studio?" she asked, suddenly embarrassed because she said nothing.

"Your voice is just like music," he told her, and the earnestness of his voice was almost like a sadness. But he smiled immediately. "Lord, no! I wouldn't have it. Looks like a barn to me. I hardly know the chap. Some artist. Carter Blake his name is—nice fellow, he seems, too. They just asked me to come along, and so I did."

"You seem so much at home—the way you go from room to room—I thought perhaps you lived here."

Duane smiled his pleasure. He liked that type, ingenuous, artless—he knew what unerring pains, what constant alertness, it entailed for a girl to retain that pretty assumption of artless innocence. He admired one who could do it, one who would take the trouble. It was the type that most intrigued him.

"You are adorable," he said, and then, smiling, his arm about her, he drew her into the dance once more and back into the studio.

In the doorway they encountered Carter Blake, hatless, his bottle of champagne wrapped in a handkerchief, just coming back.

"Come on, quick," he called to them, without waiting for introduction. "You're the girl from Iowa, aren't you? We want you to launch the contract. Here's the champagne. It'll be midnight in a minute."

The phonograph was turned off, and the others straggled over toward the easel in the corner. Carter Blake pulled it about until it faced them and they saw a printed contract securely fastened upon it with brass thumb-tacks. The girls ran quickly about the studio to fetch the flowers from every vase and jar, piling them in a rosy heap beneath the precious bit of paper on the easel.

"To launch the contract?" Jerry was greatly puzzled.

"It's his five-year contract with International," explained Almee, who stood near her. "Picture a month for five years! That's what the party is for, you know, to celebrate the contract. They only signed this morning."

They pressed more closely about the easel, Jerry standing out before them all, the bottle of champagne in her hand.

"Now, just a minute," Carter Blake ordered briskly. "I'll fire the revolver on the stroke of twelve. Then you souse the contract—"

"Souse it?" Jerry was deeply anxious, not understanding.

"For luck. Didn't you ever see a ship launched? It's a contract party,

and in suddenly upon the soft flesh beneath her arm where the flame-colored gown drooped away. And then, with increasing eagerness, he bent over her and pressed his hot lips upon the tender softness of her slender throat, and again, before she could move to repel him, upon her innocent and trusting lips. Jerry lay limp in his arms for a moment, and then went suddenly rigid, tearing herself away as though he had struck her.

Humiliation, mingled rage and scorn blazed in her bitter and disillusioned eyes.

"Oh, that!" she cried, her voice, though harsh with the pain of her accusation, still carefully controlled that none in the room outside might hear. "That! It's all you think of—any of you—It's—"

A wave of shame, disappointment, swept over her. Tears came to her eyes. "And I thought—I was fool enough to think—"

"Wh-what did you th-think?" he asked encouragingly, rather pleased than otherwise by the initial denial which would give her final yielding only a greater charm. "Wh-what did you th-think, you beautiful thing?"

"I thought it was falling in love—like Prudence." She confessed humbly, crushed by the completeness of her disillusionment.

His infatuation fanned by the frankness of her admission, he reached out a hand to her again, a hand that trembled a little.

"Love?" he repeated. "It is love. This is what love is."

"Don't touch me, you horrible!" Words failed to express the extent of

her scorn. "There's no such thing! I was a fool to have expected it."

He was surprised that she waited for no further argument, but whirled about, an outraged, lovely figure in the seductive flame-colored gown, and ran from the room. At the door, though, she paused, turned back. He had reached for the glass upon the table, had it within his grasp.

She spoke to herself, not to him. "And to think I was looking forward to it all my life—sure of it—and now—"

"Sure of wh-what? Expected wh-what?" He delayed to take the glass, in released the tip of the bearded man's lips from between her lips to call to them:

"Do you like him, Jerry? Pretty well satisfied?"

And Rhoda paused in the midst of a particularly daring rendition of the tango to wave a friendly hand to her.

Jerry flushed deeply, with the unconscious, instinctive recoil of her innocence and her inexperience. Her eyes clouded a little. But she smiled forgivingly.

"Rhoda's really a very nice girl," she said apologetically to Duane. "They are all nice, of course. I know they are. But I have known Rhoda a long time, and she is quite—or, really, she is quite proper. Of course, Iowa would be shocked!"

Duane drew her closer in his arm, so that her breath, with the slight scent of her first highball, touched his face. He did not leave her. The others came and went at will, flitted here, and loitered there, but Duane held his place at Jerry's side, kept her slender hands within his hands, touched the velvet folds of the seductive gown with tender fingers. And Jerry remained blind to the careless familiarity of it all, deaf to its blatant noise, seeing his warm eyes alone, hearing only his gentle voice, feeling but the caressiveness of his wandering touch.

At three o'clock in the morning they went again to the kitchen for something to drink. His eyes were heavy now, his voice a little thick. He had been drinking more than Jerry realized, for she, having barely moistened her lips with the potent liquor, was still alert with the glamor of youth, and excitement, and romance, her natural brilliance only slightly fanned, not feverishly inflamed, by the seductive drink. Duane filled the small glass for her again, but as she put out a reluctant, unrefusing hand to take it from him, he withdrew it suddenly and placed both bottle and glass on the table behind him.

"Jerry," he whispered, his low voice a little strained, "you beautiful thing! Irresistibly stirred by her beauty, emboldened by the extent of his drinking, his hand audaciously left her fingers, crept toward her shoulder, pressed

her scorn. "There's no such thing! I was a fool to have expected it."

He was surprised that she waited for no further argument, but whirled about, an outraged, lovely figure in the seductive flame-colored gown, and ran from the room. At the door, though, she paused, turned back. He had reached for the glass upon the table, had it within his grasp.

She spoke to herself, not to him. "And to think I was looking forward to it all my life—sure of it—and now—"

"Sure of wh-what? Expected wh-what?" He delayed to take the glass, in released the tip of the bearded man's lips from between her lips to call to them:

"Do you like him, Jerry? Pretty well satisfied?"

And Rhoda paused in the midst of a particularly daring rendition of the tango to wave a friendly hand to her.

Jerry flushed deeply, with the unconscious, instinctive recoil of her innocence and her inexperience. Her eyes clouded a little. But she smiled forgivingly.

Some one hastily brought an electric iron from the kitchen, and Duane held it for her.

He smiled at her anxious uncertainty. "Be careful! Hold the bottle away from you when you break the neck off; don't soil your gown! Then just throw it over the contract."

"Be ready now," cautioned Carter. "It lacks but a minute."

The clock on the mantel chimed the hour, and on the last stroke, Carter fired his revolver into the air.

"Quick," whispered Duane in her ear.

With a strong sure blow, Jerry struck the neck from the bottle and flung a stream of the golden fragrant liquor over the contract on the easel.

The others applauded gaily, clapping their hands, crowding about Carter to shake his hand in congratulation. The girls kissed him, many times, telling him how wonderful it was, and how happy they were.

When Jerry was drawn up to him in the pressure about her, "Oh, it is just wonderful," she breathed ecstatically, still but half comprehending what it was all about. But because the others did, and because he seemed to expect it, and Jerry would not for the world have hurt his feelings, she kissed him, too.

Carter Blake, seeing her in that moment for the first time, amazed and delighted with her loveliness, put both arms about her and kissed her again and again, until Duane pulled him away, reminding him that he had signed but one contract and was taking the privileges of a score!

Then they had supper, a generous, congenial supper, erratic in its variety, sandwiches, Russian soups, strange things en casserole, quaint foreign pastries, Italian ices, and cheeses from every land. Duane and Jerry sat together, very close, very quiet, in the wide window-seat, looking out over the East river to the misty midnight towers of New York on the other side. The others talked of art, of colors, schools and contracts. But Jerry and Duane in the window heard not a word that was spoken, and hardly talked at all.

It cut into a particularly long and sober silence between them when she said, "Are you an artist?"

Duane laughed. "Oh, Lord, no. I'm on Wall Street. And heaven knows it's where I should be any place but! They're fleecing me right and left."

"Who are?" Jerry was almost resentful in his behalf.

"Heaven knows. Somebody. At least it would seem so. I'm getting the ragged edge of it on all ends. I'm not slick enough. I never catch on to what's going on until it's gone. And then it's too late. Don't make me talk about business. I'd rather go on thinking how beautiful you are."

After a while someone started the phonograph once more and they danced. And he took her again to the kitchen, where she had a tiny highball, which she barely touched to her lips, and he had a very large one, and another, and then another. And finally, laughing at what he called her intemperate temperance, he drained her glass as well.

They were a long time in the kitchen, laughing for no apparent reason, looking at each other deeply, with pleased and intimate understanding, while Duane drank and smoked. When they went back to the studio, the lights were dimmer, the music softer, the voices more subdued.

Almee, with the face of angel sweetness, dancing by the door as they came in, released the tip of the bearded man's lips from between her lips to call to them:

"Do you like him, Jerry? Pretty well satisfied?"

And Rhoda paused in the midst of a particularly daring rendition of the tango to wave a friendly hand to her.

Jerry flushed deeply, with the unconscious, instinctive recoil of her innocence and her inexperience. Her eyes clouded a little. But she smiled forgivingly.

"Rhoda's really a very nice girl," she said apologetically to Duane. "They are all nice, of course. I know they are. But I have known Rhoda a long time, and she is quite—or, really, she is quite proper. Of course, Iowa would be shocked!"

Duane drew her closer in his arm, so that her breath, with the slight scent of her first highball, touched his face. He did not leave her. The others came and went at will, flitted here, and loitered there, but Duane held his place at Jerry's side, kept her slender hands within his hands, touched the velvet folds of the seductive gown with tender fingers. And Jerry remained blind to the careless familiarity of it all, deaf to its blatant noise, seeing his warm eyes alone, hearing only his gentle voice, feeling but the caressiveness of his wandering touch.

At three o'clock in the morning they went again to the kitchen for something to drink. His eyes were heavy now, his voice a little thick. He had been drinking more than Jerry realized, for she, having barely moistened her lips with the potent liquor, was still alert with the glamor of youth, and excitement, and romance, her natural brilliance only slightly fanned, not feverishly inflamed, by the seductive drink. Duane filled the small glass for her again, but as she put out a reluctant, unrefusing hand to take it from him, he withdrew it suddenly and placed both bottle and glass on the table behind him.

"Jerry," he whispered, his low voice a little strained, "you beautiful thing! Irresistibly stirred by her beauty, emboldened by the extent of his drinking, his hand audaciously left her fingers, crept toward her shoulder, pressed

her scorn. "There's no such thing! I was a fool to have expected it."

He was surprised that she waited for no further argument, but whirled about, an outraged, lovely figure in the seductive flame-colored gown, and ran from the room. At the door, though, she paused, turned back. He had reached for the glass upon the table, had it within his grasp.

She spoke to herself, not to him. "And to think I was looking forward to it all my life—sure of it—and now—"

"Sure of wh-what? Expected wh-what?" He delayed to take the glass, in released the tip of the bearded man's lips from between her lips to call to them:

"Do you like him, Jerry? Pretty well satisfied?"

And Rhoda paused in the midst of a particularly daring rendition of the tango to wave a friendly hand to her.

Jerry flushed deeply, with the unconscious, instinctive recoil of her innocence and her inexperience. Her eyes clouded a little. But she smiled forgivingly.

"Rhoda's really a very nice girl," she said apologetically to Duane. "They are all nice, of course. I know they are. But I have known Rhoda a long time, and she is quite—or, really, she is quite proper. Of course, Iowa would be shocked!"

Duane drew her closer in his arm, so that her breath, with the slight scent of her first highball, touched his face. He did not leave her. The others came and went at will, flitted here, and loitered there, but Duane held his place at Jerry's side, kept her slender hands within his hands, touched the velvet folds of the seductive gown with tender fingers. And Jerry remained blind to the careless familiarity of it all, deaf to its blatant noise, seeing his warm eyes alone, hearing only his gentle voice, feeling but the caressiveness of his wandering touch.

At three o'clock in the morning they went again to the kitchen for something to drink. His eyes were heavy now, his voice a little thick. He had been drinking more than Jerry realized, for she, having barely moistened her lips with the potent liquor, was still alert with the glamor of youth, and excitement, and romance, her natural brilliance only slightly fanned, not feverishly inflamed, by the seductive drink. Duane filled the small glass for her again, but as she put out a reluctant, unrefusing hand to take it from him, he withdrew it suddenly and placed both bottle and glass on the table behind him.

"Jerry," he whispered, his low voice a little strained, "you beautiful thing! Irresistibly stirred by her beauty, emboldened by the extent of his drinking, his hand audaciously left her fingers, crept toward her shoulder, pressed

her scorn. "There's no such thing! I was a fool to have expected it."

He was surprised that she waited for no further argument, but whirled about, an outraged, lovely figure in the seductive flame-colored gown, and ran from the room. At the door, though, she paused, turned back. He had reached for the glass upon the table, had it within his grasp.

She spoke to herself, not to him. "And to think I was looking forward to it all my life—sure of it—and now—"

"Sure of wh-what? Expected wh-what?" He delayed to take the glass, in released the tip of the bearded man's lips from between her lips to call to them:

"Do you like him, Jerry? Pretty well satisfied?"

And Rhoda paused in the midst of a particularly daring rendition of the tango to wave a friendly hand to her.

Jerry flushed deeply, with the unconscious, instinctive recoil of her innocence and her inexperience. Her eyes clouded a little. But she smiled forgivingly.

"Rhoda's really a very nice girl," she said apologetically to Duane. "They are all nice, of course. I know they are. But I have known Rhoda a long time, and she is quite—or, really, she is quite proper. Of course, Iowa would be shocked!"

Duane drew her closer in his arm, so that her breath, with the slight scent of her first highball, touched his face. He did not leave her. The others came and went at will, flitted here, and loitered there, but Duane held his place at Jerry's side, kept her slender hands within his hands, touched the velvet folds of the seductive gown with tender fingers. And Jerry remained blind to the careless familiarity of it all, deaf to its blatant noise, seeing his warm eyes alone, hearing only his gentle voice, feeling but the caressiveness of his wandering touch.

At three o'clock in the morning they went again to the kitchen for something to drink. His eyes were heavy now, his voice a little thick. He had been drinking more than Jerry realized, for she, having barely moistened her lips with the potent liquor, was still alert with the glamor of youth, and excitement, and romance, her natural brilliance only slightly fanned, not feverishly inflamed, by the seductive drink. Duane filled the small glass for her again, but as she put out a reluctant, unrefusing hand to take it from him, he withdrew it suddenly and placed both bottle and glass on the table behind him.

"Jerry," he whispered, his low voice a little strained, "you beautiful thing! Irresistibly stirred by her beauty, emboldened by the extent of his drinking, his hand audaciously left her fingers, crept toward her shoulder, pressed

her scorn. "There's no such thing! I was a fool to have expected it."

He was surprised that she waited for no further argument, but whirled about, an outraged, lovely figure in the seductive flame-colored gown, and ran from the room. At the door, though, she paused, turned back. He had reached for the glass upon the table, had it within his grasp.

She spoke to herself, not to him. "And to think I was looking forward to it all my life—sure of it—and now—"

"Sure of wh-what? Expected wh-what?" He delayed to take the glass, in released the tip of the bearded man's lips from between her lips to call to them:

"Do you like him, Jerry? Pretty well satisfied?"

And Rhoda paused in the midst of a particularly daring rendition of the tango to wave a friendly hand to her.

Jerry flushed deeply, with the unconscious, instinctive recoil of her innocence and her inexperience. Her eyes clouded a little. But she smiled forgivingly.

"Rhoda's really a very nice girl," she said apologetically to Duane. "They are all nice, of course. I know they are. But I have known Rhoda a long time, and she is quite—or, really, she is quite proper. Of course, Iowa would be shocked!"

Duane drew her closer in his arm, so that her breath, with the slight scent of her first highball, touched his face. He did not leave her. The others came and went at will, flitted here, and loitered there, but Duane held his place at Jerry's side, kept her slender hands within his hands, touched the velvet folds of the seductive gown with tender fingers. And Jerry remained blind to the careless familiarity of it all, deaf to its blatant noise, seeing his warm eyes alone, hearing only his gentle voice, feeling but the caressiveness of his wandering touch.

At three o'clock in the morning they went again to the kitchen for something to drink. His eyes were heavy now, his voice a little thick. He had been drinking more than Jerry realized, for she, having barely moistened her lips with the potent liquor, was still alert with the glamor of youth, and excitement, and romance, her natural brilliance only slightly fanned, not feverishly inflamed, by the seductive drink. Duane filled the small glass for her again, but as she put out a reluctant, unrefusing hand to take it from him, he withdrew it suddenly and placed both bottle and glass on the table behind him.

"Jerry," he whispered, his low voice a little strained, "you beautiful thing! Irresistibly stirred by her beauty, emboldened by the extent of his drinking, his hand audaciously left her fingers, crept toward her shoulder, pressed

her scorn. "There's no such thing! I was a fool to have expected it."

He was surprised that she waited for no further argument, but whirled about, an outraged, lovely figure in the seductive flame-colored gown, and ran from the room. At the door, though



Buy your coal now. Lower prices and certain delivery. Take advantage of the season and lay in your winter's supply.

Edwards Grain Co.
PHONE 142

PAINT
WALL PAPER

Interior Decorations

AT
HUNTERS

Mrs. Geo. Gray, Jr.
announces
the opening of classes in—
Piano and Voice
SEPTEMBER 1st

Mrs. Gray is now studying piano under Mr. Edwin Hughes and voice under Mrs. Bialkiewicz, who is late of the Italian Royal Opera.



Express and Hauling

No job too big or too small for our best attention. We guarantee satisfactory service. Phone 248.

Richardson Transfer
108 OAK ST. PHONE 248

Mrs. M. K. Stevenson
EXPRESSION
CURRY METHOD
Public Speaking—Dramatic Art
1100 Cedar St. Phone 793-J

Everybody's Plumber

OTTO CARTER

SANTA FE GIVES OUT FIGURES ON RAIL ACCIDENTS

SEVENTY PER CENT OF ALL GRADE CROSSING SMASHES OCCUR IN THE DAYTIME

During the past few weeks the Safety Department of the Santa Fe has sent out new posters to be put up along railway crossings and elsewhere and which it is hoped may teach a lesson that will have the effect of reducing the number of accidents at such points. In sending out these posters, the railway calls attention to these very important facts which tell a story that is quite startling.

Seventy per cent of all crossing accidents occur in daylight.

Sixty-three per cent of all crossing accidents occur in the open country where there is no obstruction to the view.

A large majority of all crossing accidents occur at crossings with which the driver is entirely familiar, usually in the locality where he or she resides.

Fourteen per cent of all crossing accidents (1 out of every 7) result from the driver running into the sides of moving trains.

While about twenty-five per cent of drivers are careless only about five per cent are grossly negligent, yet with 18 million automobiles in the United States, this represents 900,000 reckless motorists. These include many whose eyesight and hearing are impaired, children who are not old enough to understand the operation of the car, men of such advanced age that they are not capable of operating the car safely, and it also includes a large number who drive cars while in an intoxicated condition.

All crossings are not protected and those that have various types of protection, such as ground flagmen and electric flashlight and audible signals. All drivers should approach crossings with this knowledge and know that the way is clear before attempting to cross the tracks; also should know that where there are two or more tracks trains are likely to be moving in both directions at the same time.

42 Out of Every 100 Widows Dependant

Of every hundred widows in this country only sixteen are able to live comfortably on their income, forty-two are forced to seek employment after the death of their husbands, and forty-two are dependant on others.

These figures, from a survey by a national life insurance company, are as true as they are startling. A brighter side of the picture is the rapidly growing number of savings accounts, which today approximate 39,000,000. Nearly every family in the United States now has some money in the bank. A great many have life insurance. As a people Americans are thrifty, but the majority of them fail to make thrift effective. Sickness and unemployment often dissipate the small surplus. It is very necessary to save and to provide against the uncertainty of life with insurance. It is equally necessary that the average man make his thrift effective by consistently building up his savings and employing them in sound investments that will earn at least a small regular income. Money employed in honest, successful enterprises is the most powerful foe of a dependant old age. Safe investing is nothing but finding that kind of productive employment for savings.

Along The Main Drag
By Sue I. Syde

Seth Johnson said Maxie Berman is so dumb that he thinks New Jersey is a sweater.

Numerous letters and many telephone calls are received at this office wanting to know the whereabouts of B. V. Deeze, the author of this column a couple of weeks ago. Mr. Deeze has gone to the laundry.

Dinty (Himself) Moore hauled off and bought a new automobile with glass windows n'everything. Give you three guesses at the kind of car. Don't all speak at once.

The best way to make it is to first get a five-gallon crock; drop in about three and a half pounds of sugar; stir lustily after adding the malt and, brother, don't forget that yeast cake. Let 'er set a couple of days and then telephone me.

If it is sin to hate, two hundred and fifty three thousand wild-eyed

baseball fans in Dallas will shovel coal throughout eternity for Satan, for, believe you me, those birds do fairly detest Lagrave, Atz & Company, Inc.

"How you getting along?" Inquired Happy Harry Phelps of the amiable Horace Heath. "Oh," responded High-pockets Huarce, "I'm not getting any longer."

Wilyum Singleton Esquire purchased a baby blue autocart one fair afternoon at 4:15 and at 4:22 the same fair afternoon the price on baby blues dropped considerably. All of which goes to prove the old adage that "the first hundred years are the hardest."

Dan Ripley—quiet, sedate, dignified Daniel—is rolling his own these days. And, now they're calling him Dashing Daniel.

An urgent request reached this department from a very timid individual who is searching for a wife. His "ad" reads: "Wanted; a wife. Will be satisfied with a woman who

is a fair looker and good cook who does not flirt, smoke or drink home brew. Must be under thirty with dresses over her hocks. I havn't got nothing but my hands, face, feet and a darn good appetite but am willing and will back my ears and try to be a loving man."

And yet they assassinate men like Lincoln.

Local News
Ab Hocks inadvertently squirted a jawful of star navy juice on Zeke Crabtree's celluloid collar. Four black eyes followed. Minnie Hawhaw fainted yesterday while milking Old Becky and sprawled into the churn. A hard-tail mule kicked Squire Utellum between the barn and chicken house and turned over the Squire's liver. Josephus Mildew shot both barrels of his No. 12 shotgun at a rabbit at sunup Tuesday and hit the south end of a northbound neighbor, one Bill Overdew. Bill said the shot ruptured a boil that wasn't on his knee and saved him a doctor's fee. Josephus said he and Bill said ha ha and they called it quits. Fourteen girls and nearly

that many young bucks will have a candy pulling at the church house sometime soon. After they get thru devouring.

OUR MOTTO

Is to combine courtesy and service with each and every order, whether it be a phone call or a personal visit—because we really and truly

APPRECIATE
YOUR BUSINESS. TWO PHONES

10 and 497

QUICK SERVICE GROCERY AND MARKET



INVEST Your SAVINGS in PREFERRED STOCK of Southwestern Power & Light Co.

it's safe and pays 7% on each dollar you invest

Dividends have been paid every three months WITHOUT A BREAK since the first shares were sold to the public over twelve years ago.

Shares for sale by L. J. Geer, c/o West Texas Electric Company or any employe of **WEST TEXAS ELECTRIC COMPANY**
A SOUTHWESTERN POWER & LIGHT COMPANY

Clip and mail coupon to order stock or for complete information

Buy your shares from any employe of the West Texas Electric Company—they are the salesmen.

L. J. GEER, c/o West Texas Electric Company, Sweetwater, Texas (Mark X in meeting your requirements)

Please send me free copy of booklet telling more about Southwestern Power & Light Co. Preferred Stock and the Company.

I wish to subscribe for shares Southwestern Power & Light Co. Preferred Stock at price of \$100.00 and dividend per share. Send bill to me showing exact amount due.

I wish to subscribe for shares Southwestern Power & Light Co. Preferred Stock on Easy Payment Plan of \$10 per share down and \$10 per share per month until \$100.00 and dividend per share has been paid.

Please ship shares Southwestern Power & Light Co. Preferred Stock at \$100.00 and dividend per share with draft attached through

Name of Your Bank _____
Name _____
Street _____
City _____

A Resale Dept. is maintained for the benefit of stockholders who may wish to sell their shares.

VETERAN DIES IN OKLAHOMA

Word was received Tuesday by C. C. Crist of the death in Edmond, Oklahoma of his aged father, J. F. Crist.

The body will arrive in Sweetwater Friday at 6 p. m., and the funeral services will be held at the J. I. Paine Undertaking Parlors Saturday morning at 10 o'clock. Interment will follow at the City cemetery.

Although ill for several months, the death of the veteran was a great

shock to five surviving children. He was born March 28, 1848.

He is survived by Miss Ethel and Vernie Crist, Mrs. N. H. Vannay, Herbert H. Crist, all of Edmond, Oklahoma and C. C. Crist of Sweetwater.

Little Marion Frances Vaughan is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Sam Goldman and family of Colorado.

Hon. R. M. Chitwood, manager of the Texas Technological college at Lubbock, was a visitor in Sweetwater Thursday.

Collins Goes With Nash Co.

E. O. Collins, pioneer automobile salesman of Nolan county, Monday resigned his position with the Dabney Motor Company to accept a position as salesman with the Mutual Motor Co., of Abilene, distributors of the Nash automobile.

Mr. Collins stated Thursday that he would make Abilene his headquarters, with the possibility of moving there around the 1st of September.

In point of service, Collins is one of the oldest auto salesmen in this immediate section, having for the past 12 years been actively engaged in that line in Sweetwater.

Cotton Man To Attempt Daring Leap Into Space

Members of the Sweetwater Cotton Exchange are all agog tonight over the daring attempt of a certain distinguished young cotton expert to jump from the top of the Cotton Exchange building tomorrow noon and land on the hard sidewalk below without splattering blood on thousands of nervous bystanders.

The stunt, said to be one of the most daring, as well as unusual, will be attempted by the nervy young stemwinder (name withheld for obvious reasons) without fear or favor and with no additional life insurance.

The extreme lower portion of his manly physique will be encased, according to wiseacres, in oversize balloon-bottomed britches, a newfangled contraption that is expected to answer for a parachute. The said b. b. will be his only safeguard.

His bean, or head, commonly referred to as "dome," "knob" or "thinktank," will be empty, both inside and out. His massive shoulders, humped somewhat from packing loose, will be totally bare in order that the flapping flappers may obtain a full view of his protruding muscles and hairy elbows, if any. On his knees will be found two knee-caps, regulation size, and between each of his ten dainty toes there will be placed as many shock absorbers in the form of cotton, nothing below middling.

This death defying leap, if leaped, will be the result of a wager between Jack-the-jumper and his fellow guessers. The amount of the bet, according to stakeholders Uncle Samuel Glass and Uncle Bud Henry, will range between six-bits and a couple of kopecks with nothing but warm chex acceptable.

The only stipulation being that the jumper don't bounce; he must either hit running or splatter. If he lands on his crock and bounces gracefully back to even with yesterday's close, he loses. If, however, he succeeds in landing where mother used to spank and doesn't get a blowout, he at least earns a draw.

Chief of Police Headrick announced late Thursday night that the season on cotton men and jumpers was closed and no pot shots would be allowed. No ladies over the ages of seventy-eight will be allowed in the audience. Flappers are cordially invited provided they are not flapping.

Unless banned by the Board of Health for cruelty to animals, the great leap will be pulled promptly at noon Friday. If successful, oversize balloon-bottoms and uncovered crocks will continue popular with the hair-brained, otherwise all Jellys will take the hint and slip gently into a pair of two-legged pants.

Miss Leaterton of Grapeland was the guest the first of the week of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Toler. She left Wednesday for Breckenridge for a visit with friends before returning to her home.

Mrs. Cyrus Sewell of Abilene is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Simmons.

OBJECT TO LINCOLN BUST IN COLLEGE

Protest against the selection of Lincoln as one of the five greatest characters in American history to be honored by having marble or stone busts placed in the administration building of the new Texas Technological College at Lubbock, was made by the legislative committee of the Bonnie Blue Flag Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, in a signed statement Tuesday. "Believing the selection of Mr. Lincoln to be an unjustifiable affront to the popular sentiment of Southern patriots, the Bonnie Blue Flag Chapter hereby registers emphatic protest and unyielding opposition to the placing of a bust of Mr. Lincoln in the college," the statement said in part. It was signed by Mrs. J. F. Carter Burdinn, chairman; Mrs. J. F. Selt, Mrs. M. A. McCormack and Mrs. Stella Lee Kelly.

SINGING

The Roscoe Singing Class enjoyed a wonderful time Sunday afternoon when the house was well filled and ten or more local leaders directed the class. Mr. Alphin was unable to be present as announced before. Specials were given by Miss Clyde Jack of Ft. Worth, assisted by Mrs. Belton Frost of this place; Mr. Roy Bates, a Mitchell County product, but now singing over the radio in Denver, Colorado, gave a class number and a special too. The entire class feasted on the good numbers given and voted to sing as a class at the County Convention which convenes here September 13.—Roscoe Times.

\$710,000 ABILENE ISSUE IS CARRIED

ABILENE, Texas, Aug. 14.—A city bond issue totaling \$710,000, providing for water and sewer extensions, new school buildings, City Hall, city auditorium and two fire stations, carried here Monday by majorities of over five to one.

SIMMONS DIES; ELECTROCUTED

LINCOLN, Neb., Aug., 13.—Walter Ray Simmons, former Montana cowboy and Deputy Sheriff, was electrocuted at the State prison here Tuesday for the slaying of Frank Pahl, Spencer, Neb., garageman.

A final statement was made by Simmons to his attorney for the public. It follows:

"There is but a few moments left; that there is a hereafter and that if I were leaving the world with a lie on my tongue I wouldn't have the chance I have if I tell the truth; and realize that is I do, and believing that to be true, the only thing I can say is that I am innocent."

Ted Lyons Is Making Good



Photograph of Ted Lyons, youthful pitcher of the Chicago White Sox, who, sporting authorities declare, is to become one of the outstanding figures in the American league. He is the ideal build for a pitcher, being six feet tall and weighing 175 pounds. He is a right-hander with an easy delivery.

OFFICIAL HEADLIGHT SERVICE TESTING STATION

We are ready to test your auto lights

Get your certificate before September 1st

Sweetwater Battery Company

WILLARD BATTERIES

R. E. WITHERS

YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF AND YOU OWE IT TO **HER** —A HOME!

WE CAN TELL YOU HOW

BURTON-LINGO COMPANY

Lumber

GENE MORRIS

1 DAY AUTO PAINTING SYSTEM

BIGGEST BECAUSE BEST BEST BECAUSE BIGGEST

Let Us Paint Your Car With the New **Lacquer FINISH**

Waterproof - Weatherproof - Wearproof

Soft, Distinctive, Beautiful Lustre, and Grows Brighter with age. Call around and let us talk to you about this new Lacquer Finish for cars

GENE MORRIS AUTO PAINTING SYSTEM

Next to Toler Motor Co. Phone 168

A STORY WITHOUT WORDS

PHONE 33 **THE GLOBE DYEING** PHONE 33

THE STAMP OF THE GLOBE IS THE STAMP OF GOOD WORK

LOTS OF BARGAINS

IN PIECE GOODS, MILLINERY AND READY-TO-WEAR.

YAMINI DRY GOODS CO., INC.

PHONE 469 EAST SIDE SQUARE

JEWELRY SPECIALTIES REDUCED

Special selling of watches and bracelets for August shoppers. Our lines are of the highest quality, and satisfaction is assured.

Diamonds and watches on easy weekly or monthly payments. Let us help your selections.

J. P. MAJORS

JEWELER AND REGISTERED OPTOMETRIST

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE NEWS

RALPH BOYD

HAS PURCHASED FROM C. F. ELLIOTT THE

CITY MARKET

"OLD TUFF MEAT"

Is the slogan but a large list of customers will tell you only choice cuts of quality meat is handled here.

—I WILL APPRECIATE A SHARE OF YOUR BUSINESS—

CITY MEAT MARKET

Ralph Boyd, Proprietor

NOW SHOWING

A Complete Line Of **LADIES SHOES**

Newest Styles For All Occasions

Also Featuring A Special Showing Of **MISSES SLIPPERS**

HERNDON'S SHOE STORE

Specialize In Selz Shoes

SUCH IS LIFE

By Dan Zeim

A ? OF -DENT-ITY

THAT'S A NICE DOG YOU GOT THERE, SON

YEH, HE'S MY DOG

WHAT KIND OF A DOG IS HE?

I DON'T KNOW

IS HE A BULL DOG?

I DON'T KNOW - I'M GONNA WASH HIM AND FIND OUT

DON'T PICK THE POSIES