

The Mitchell County News

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By Callahan and King

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A. Callahan, Business Manager.
J. W. King, Editor.

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T. A. Grehan, Advertisement Manager of the Dublin (Ireland) "Irish Independent," says: "Truth, Mr. Printer, spell it with capitals, TRUTH. It is becoming so sorrowfully scarce. When you, dear reader of these lines—that is those of you above forty—were in the 'youngdoms' we said 'our mind as the working of our young brain conveyed its message to our tongue.' "Well, sometimes the 'saying' was not too happy and probably led to sadness of a kind. But, gosh, it was the truth. It was what happened. It was a tongue record of an incident. It was a perfectly delivered record of a something. "Do you, readers, men and women, realize that Truth, as an undisguised, unalloyed statement of facts, is a thing that is dying from want of nurture? It is! It is! "Truth is a grand thing, beloved by many, flattered by many, but ignored by countless thousands. "We jolly ourselves that we love this enthralling thing, Truth. The fact of the matter is we fear it, so consequently, we avoid it. LET THIS BE YOUR BIG MIND ADVENTURE TODAY!"

HIGH SCHOOL SPORTS

Well, now that Roscoe has a gym they're really gonna have fun. Thursday night was opening night and boy, the fans came out in droves. Now, if they'll just keep that up Mr. Hill is sure to give them a winning team. "I there's anything will make a team fight to win its a house full of fans. The boys just don't want to disappoint them. Coach Williams has a terrible time trying to keep his court closed in. Each evening just before a game he has to send a crew down to nail it up. But before the game is started good knot-hole gang has it torn down again. We suggest that Eddie put guards on duty while the athletes are in action. The Loraine girls have entered the invitation tournament at Roscoe this week end. Coach Mayes says she is sure the girls would play much better if they could see a few faces from Loraine there. Miss Mayes, we think you are right, so let's all go over and cheer for Loraine. Boys, boys, keep your eye on the ball. The other day when Loraine was playing Westbrook zip went the ball, a pass Horton to Narrell, Narrell fumbled. What in the world is the matter with you,

Elvis, roared out Coach Williams. Then he looked toward the gate. Oh, I see Fay Johnson had just entered.

Now that the tennis season is just around the corner we hear some talk of Loraine high putting up back stops for the returners. Gee, that would be nice. When you got a good opening to drive one there would be a nice big net wire to stop it. But at that Eddie says he doesn't know just how they'll decide who plays next as there will be no need for ball chasers.

The district tournament which is being held in Colorado this week end, promises to be one of the best ever staged there, with Wylie, Big Spring, Abilene and Colorado competing, there's sure to be some exciting games right down to the finish line.

We pick Big Jim Cantrell's Wolves to win the tournament. However, a dark horse may come in and upset the old dope bucket. For instance Chesty White's Forsan team will bear watching. Sport Fan

LEGISLATIVE CANDIDATE FROM 117TH DISTRICT



HOWARD C. DAVISON

Howard C. Davison of Fisher County, yielding to the solicitation of a large number of friends throughout the 117th District announced here Thursday morning that he would become a candidate for state representative from the 117th legislative district, subject to the action of the Democratic primary July 28.

Mr. Davison has taken an active part in the Democratic organizations of Mitchell, Nolan, and Fisher counties, and has many friends over this entire legislative district who are interested in his behalf.

While Mr. Davison told friends here that he definitely would enter the race, he said the ideas upon which his candidacy would be based would be announced at a later date and will appear, as will his speaking schedule, in the Mitchell County News.

FRED HUTCHINSON ENTERS CANDIDACY FOR ELECTION TO COUNTY CLERK OFFICE

Popular Colorado Merchant Has Never Offered For Office In The Past

Fred Rives Hutchinson, popular young business man of Colorado, offers his candidacy for the office of county clerk, subject to the Democratic primary election in July. Formal announcement of his candidacy was authorized Tuesday afternoon. Hutchinson is a native of Colorado, having been born and reared there. He is a son of H. L. Hutchinson, former mayor of Colorado and identified with the city's business interest for many years. He graduated from the Colorado schools and has since been engaged in business for himself.

Hutchinson entered the confectionery business in 1928. After 2 years he disposed of the business and entered the hardware and furniture store of his father as an employee. He has since filled the position of bookkeeper and office manager.

The candidate is generally known as among the most deserving young men of Colorado. His associates describe him as clean in his private life and in a public way he takes active interest in all programs for community and citizenship betterment. He is a member of the board of stewards of First Methodist Church, active in the Lions Club and lends liberally of his time and means to support of other worthy organizations.

His technical and practical qualifications for the office of county clerk are not to be questioned. Successful in the commercial life he should be successful in political office so his friends who are encouraging his candidacy state. The candidate expects to make thorough canvass of the

county to personally lay his claims before each individual voter.

"I am launching my candidacy upon my own merits and pledge to maintain the office upon a plane of honor and efficiency, with like consideration to every individual and corporation," Mr. Hutchinson said. "I cordially invite an investigation of my life as a citizen among you and of my qualifications to give the public the kind of service that every one has the right to expect."

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT

Whereas, The Great Architect of the Universe has summoned into His Eternal Presence the gentle spirit of our beloved Sovereign and friend, J. L. Meadows, Advisor Pt. of Loraine Camp No. 2030 Woodmen of the World, and

Whereas, His services to the Fraternity at large, are known throughout this section, in which his wisdom, his counsels and his inspiration were unselfishly and devotedly used for the service of his Sovereigns;

Now, Therefore, Be It Resolved, That the profound grief of this Camp and our deep sense of personal and official loss be, and hereby is, recorded, and

Be It Further Resolved, That our sympathy with and sorrow for his widow, his daughter and his brother and sister be given expression, and

Be It Further Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon our minutes to become a part of our records, and that copies thereof be sent to members of his family, and to The Mitchell County News for publication.

Opportunity Knocks

SAY CHICKEN CRANK!

I have 133 acres in the edge of own, good house with out-buildings, good well and windmill. Will sell worth the money. Might trade. See me at once, it won't last long.

160 acres in Eastland County, good sandy land, to trade for arm htre. 90 acres in cultivation, balance in timber, good well and lots of water, 5 room house and out-buildings, some hog-proof fence. 5 acres of orchard. You take my equity and I'll take yours. Will you swap? See J. A. Crosby.

For Sale Cheap—6 room house with bath, good garage, 2 lots located on corner. 1 block to church, 4 blocks to school.

144 acres in the southeast corner of Scurry County, good black land, fair improvements, \$30 per acre.

Six room house with bath, hall and two porches, all conveniences, close in, for sale or trade for anything.

For Sale or trade for, farm-room home with all conveniences on lot 100x150 in Denton, Texas. Clear.

J. A. Crosby

"Dum Tacet Clamat," He Speaks Though He Be Silent.

T. R. Bennett,
L. B. Walker, committee.

BAUMAN NEWS

Preaching services were well attended at Bethel Church Saturday night and Sunday. There were forty in Sunday School, which was a large crowd considering the weather. Come to Sunday School next Sunday and help us make a record for attendance. We want ninety present for services next Sunday, let us count on you for one.

The play "Silas Smidge from Furnip Ridge" was presented to a large audience last Friday night. Everyone seemed to enjoy the play and many people have said that it was the best play they have been privileged to see in a long time.

The C. W. A. work at the Bauman school has been completed this week. We are going to ask for a new project. Any suggestion from anyone in the community regarding beautification of the school yard or building will be appreciated.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Thomas were called away to Snyder last Sunday to attend the funeral of Mr. Thomas' nephew. The funeral was held in Snyder Sunday afternoon.

Miss Ina Bess Lee returned home last Sunday from a visit with her sister Mrs. Jesse Davidson of Longview, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. McRae have returned from a trip to the Rio Grande valley.

The people of Bauman and surrounding communities are going to be given a real treat soon. There is a Bandana Negro Minstrel Show coming to Bauman soon. This show will use about thirty negro characters. Watch for further announcements in this paper.

Reporter

T. E. L. CLASS

The T. E. L. class of the First Baptist Church met on Wednesday, 7th, with Mrs. Clyde Wil-



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son and Mrs. J. N. Narrell as hostesses at the home of Mrs. Wilson.

Meeting opened with Mrs. Wilson reading the 7th chapter of Matthew. Our president, Mrs. Howell, suggested that each member pay 10 cents per month dues and agreed the dues would be paid on the 4th Sunday of each month.

Personal service, 13 visits, and 8 trays delivered to the sick. Mrs. Ray was elected group captain No. 1 and Mrs. Lucas group captain No. 2.

The treasurer reported \$1.05 balance.

At the social hour delightful refreshments were served. Our next meeting will be at the home of Mrs. Walter Kinnison, with Mrs. Kinnison and Mrs. Hall as hostesses. We urge each and every member to be present.

Reporter

JUNIOR B. Y. P. U.

Subject: A wicked Queen and a brave Prophet.

From Jeroboam to Ahab—Lonabath Hardin.

Ahab's wicked Queen—Iona Callahan.

A stranger appears at the court—Lucille Patterson.

Elijah the Prophet—Wayne Hardin.

Fed by the Ravens—Elizabeth Hoek.

Ordered to Zarephath—Gwendola Mearse.

Elijah restores the widow's son—Melvin King.

HOT WATER

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SYNOPSIS

In the preceding chapters Miss Roberta Antrim, a wealthy New York girl and her uncle known as Crooked Bill, and a lover of the girl Glenn Hackett are the principal characters. Don Jaime Higuene, a rancher in Texas, and Ken Hobart, a ranger, are also playing prominent parts in the story. Tom Antrim, an uncle of Roberta's, is in the sheep business in Texas, and is trespassing on the lands of Don Jaime. A shooting follows and Miss Roberta receives a telegram from Don Jaime informing her of the tragedy.

Now go on with the story.

"There's a man up there lying on top of a rifle. An oldish man. Looks like Tom Antrim—that is, dressed like him, but you've shot his head practically away and he's unrecognizable. Features quite obliterated."

"While waiting for something or somebody to turn up I didn't have anything else to do, so I practiced shooting," Don Jaime protested virtuously. "My horse still there?"

"Yes, standing where you left him."

"Good old Border horse. Shooting never flusters him. Well, Ken, you'd better undress me and take an inventory; then get me on my horse and hold me there. It's ten miles back to the ranch but I can make it if I don't bleed to death."

Hobart carried him out to the clean grass in the draw, undressed him and examined his wounds with the skill of one to whom wounds are no mystery. "All flesh wounds; blood just welling slowly. It will probably coagulate and quit in a little while," he announced casually.

He brought iodine, bandages and adhesive tape from his saddle-bags, for like all of his profession he had frequent need of such things and was not a half-bad backwoods surgeon. When he had the wounds dressed and the arm in a sling Don Jaime stood erect and gingerly rested his weight on his wounded leg. "Not any worse than a badly sprained ankle," he rejoiced, "and I've walked miles on one of them." Well, let's have a look at the sassy old sheep herder.

With Hobart's assistance he mounted his horse, and together they rode up the opposite slope and gazed down at the dead man. "I could see a small glint of something white," Don Jaime explained. "After I fired the first time, I figured it might be his face, so I peeked away at it."

"Well, your extravagance with ammunition is what brought me direct to the scene. I'd ridden about half a mile from where we parted when it occurred to me that Antrim and his camp cook could easily have heard you directing me to have one of the boys come to Los Algodones with the auto and the trailer to bring your horse home. Remember? You shouted. So he'd know you were traveling across country alone and unarmed—for of course he could not know that as a mere matter of precaution you had borrowed my rifle. I just got a hunch it would be like the old scoundrel to follow and bush-whack you. He could be reasonably certain there would be no witnesses."

Don Jaime gazed down at the grisly thing in the bushes. "Looks like Antrim—all but the face," he agreed. "Frisk him Ken, in your capacity as a peace officer, and see what luck we have."

So the ranger turned the dead man's pockets inside out and in the coat pocket he found a black seal-leather wallet bearing on the outside the words in gold letters: "Thomas Antrim, Christmas 1925."

"Somebody, strange as it may seem, actually thought enough of this man to give him a Christmas present," the ranger murmured. "Here's a photo post-card addressed to Thomas Antrim, Jolson, Las Cruces County, Texas, picture of a girl taken at Atlantic City. Now, where have I seen

that face before?"

He handed the card up to Don Jaime, who studied it briefly and handed it back.

"Miss Roberta Antrim, of Hillcrest, Dodds Ferry, Westchester County, New York," he announced grimly. "So she was a relative of his, after all." He sighed. "What else, old timer?"

"A letter in an envelope."

"As a peace officer you have a right to read it."

The ranger complied with Don Jaime's suggestion. "Brief letter from Roberta Antrim, addressed to 'Dear Uncle Tom,' and thanking him for sending her a check for five dollars for the Babies' hospital."

"He gave up all of one lamb, didn't he? Generous man!"

"Here's a card that says: 'In case of death or accident please notify my next of kin, Miss Roberta Antrim, etc. Well, it sort of looks like old Tom's made a mess of things. He was too old to have attempted to do this job himself. His eyes probably weren't as good as they used to be, and when a fellow takes to bushwhacking he ought to be reasonably fast and accurate with a rifle. When you borrowed my rifle you sort of spoiled old Tom's beans, Don Jaime."

"His sheep we still have with us, also his foreman and sheepherders," Don Jaime announced thoughtfully. "I suppose his sheep are now the property of his next of kin, and God forbid that I should wage war on a woman. Ken, my friend, I think we'll defer the war of the water-holes. The sensible thing to do now is to wire Miss Roberta Antrim to get down here on the job and look after the assets of her late Uncle Tom. She's a lady. She'll probably listen to reason and we'll get rid of these stinking sheep without additional bloodshed. They'll ruin a lot of the range in the interim, of course—Oh, h—l, let 'em drink! If we shoot them off now they'll die and that would be putting a crimp in the lady's bankroll."

"Whatever else we may be, let us, at least, try to be gentlemen," the ranger agreed humorously. "Well, now, the next business before the meeting is to find old Tom's horse, drape Thomas across the saddle, take him into Los Algodones and deliver him to the local undertaker. My report of this affair will close the investigation. And you should get a doctor. It's ten miles to your ranch and ten miles to Los Algodones. I'm in command! All aboard for Los Algodones, amigos."

They had proceeded but a short distance along the narrow, rutty road to Los Algodones when they were overtaken by a man driving an old automobile that had been converted into a truck. Hearing it rattling along behind them, the ranger rode his horse into the middle of the road and held up his hand. The vehicle stopped.

The ranger looked the driver over. "I know you," he announced. "Aren't you Tom Antrim's camp cook? Seems to me I saw you at his camp this noon."

The man glanced from the ranger to Antrim's horse, with Antrim's limp body hanging across the saddle; his dark face paled as he saw the dead man's head bundled up in his canvas coat.

"What's happened?" he cried. "That dead man's my boss, ain't he?"

"He used to be. He rode out of his camp in a devil of a hurry shortly after I was there, you may remember. Well, his mission was to circle around Senor Higuene, waylay and murder him. He tried very hard to succeed, as you may judge by a casual inspection of Senor Higuene, but somehow his proposition back-

fired and now he's on his way to the undertaker. Suppose we dispose of Antrim's body on your truck. He keeps shifting in the saddle and making as great a nuisance of himself in death as he did in life. I'm afraid he'll fall off. Don Jaime will ride on

the seat beside you and I'll sit on back with the corpse and lead these two horses. You got a gun on you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Give it to me. You might be tempted to use it on Don Jaime. Hop out now and pay the last sad tribute of love to your late boss."

"I don't think I'll go to Los Algodones after all, ranger. The boys ought to be notified of this killing."

"You'll go. I desire it, my friend. I don't feel like having your friends organize a reprisal raid on the Rancho Valle Verde until I'm there to receive them."

Hobart flashed his ranger's shield on the man who, without further ado, assisted him to place Antrim's body in the box of the car. Hobart then lifted Don Jaime down from his horse and deposited him beside the driver, after which he seated himself in the rear of the car and with his long legs hanging out the tailgate held the leading ropes of the three horses. They proceeded to Los Algodones, where Hobart turned Antrim's body over to the coroner and made his report to the sheriff, having first seen Don Jaime in bed at the hotel with a doctor in charge of him.

About an hour later a coroner's jury trooped into Don Jaime's room and listened to his story of the killing. The ranger added his testimony, and the foreman of the jury looked humorously at his fellow jurors.

"Don't seem to be anything mysterious about this case, boys," he announced. "All those in favor of rendering a verdict of suicide hold up their right hands. All up! We, the jury, find that the deceased came to his death at the hands of Don Jaime Miguel Higuene and that the said Higuene acted in self-defense and cannot be charged with any crime worse than justifiable homicide."

"I thank you, senores," said Don Jaime. "Ken, take the jury down to the hotel bar and set up the drinks. Go 'way, you chaps. I'm not in sufficient pain to groan, but I'd like to cuss freely for a while."

The jury retired in an atmosphere of profound solemnity, and when Ken Hobart had sufficiently upheld the traditions of Valle Verde he returned to his employer.

"Well, I've wired my resignation. It ought to reach the governor before the office closes, and his wire of acceptance will come to me in your care. I am on my way to the ranch. I'll send the trailer in after our horses in the morning. They're at ranger headquarters. That cook of Antrim's is bound to have taken the news out to his people. I'd better be at the ranch in the event of hostilities."

Don Jaime held out a telegram to him. "Please file that as you go out, Ken. The doctor has sent to El Paso for a trained nurse, and so soon as she arrives I'll go out to the ranch and recuperate. Adios, mi buen companero."

Although she had promised Crooked Bill she would start for Los Algodones immediately, such was her curiosity to meet the adorable Don Jaime Miguel Higuene, Roberta Antrim awakened the following morning with a changed mind. Her first rush of enthusiasm, engendered by Don Jaime's telegram and the vivid mental picture she had painted of him, was fading; in its place was growing an apprehension that Crooked Bill was probably right as usual. The estimable Don Jaime might prove to be a Pancho Villa sort of person physically, despite his undoubted mental attainments, and Roberta felt she did not care to take such disillusionment until she had to.

Crooked Bill, knowing his niece far better than she knew herself, was quite prepared for this change of mind. So he said nothing beyond a mild inquiry as to what reply she had sent Don Jaime Miguel Higuene to his charming telegram.

"Oh, I just thanked him and told him I would be happy to have him look after my interests until I could find a man to relieve him, at which time he would be remunerated for his work. I also asked him to send me a detailed account of the manner in which Uncle Tom met his death and instructed him to have Uncle Tom buried in the local cemetery and send the bill to me."

"Hum-m!" Crooked Bill's grunt was very skeptical. "Did you ask him for any information regarding your Uncle Tom's estate?"

"No, Uncle Bill. I thought you'd look after those details for me."

"I will, honey, but I must re-

mind you that I have a few details of my own that require looking after. I'm up to my eyebrows in stocks and if the market goes against me (and I don't like the looks of it) I'm liable to have to go down to Texas, take hold of your Uncle Tom's sheep business and try to make out a respectable existence for both of us. I suppose you'd give me a job as your manager, wouldn't you, Bobby?"

Roberta's eyes widened. "Surely, Uncle Bill, you're jesting."

"I'm not. Nether am I lugubrious, my dear. It will be time enough for that when I invite my creditors in to gather up the pieces."

"You're a strange mixture of optimism and pessimism, Uncle Bill. Are you really deep in the market?"

"I have already told you I'm in up to my eyebrows. You see, Bobby, when one plays on margin and sells short, he makes a dollar a share every time the price drops a point; if he buys short he loses a dollar a share every time the price mounts a point. And the brokers keep calling for more margin... Well, I bought five thousand shares at 110."

"Five hundred and fifty thousand dollars," Roberta interrupted to prove she was following Crooked Bill's tale with interest.

"Well the dog-gone stock has gone up to a hundred and ninety."

"A loss of eighty pious-four hundred thousand dollars! Oh, Uncle Bill."

"Of course there's bound to be a break sometime. A miracle is bound to occur, provided I carry the load indefinitely. If the stock keeps advancing, the fellow who has sold five thousand shares short faces the daily job of digging up anywhere from five to twenty thousand dollars additional margin. There's such a thing as reaching the point where one has no more margin available, and when that point is reached one's broker just naturally plays safe and sells one out and one is busted."

Roberta came to the old man and put her fair arms around his leathery neck. "Im Uncle Tom's heir. At least he wrote me to that effect once when he was very ill."

"The time he was shot by his

—So if You Go Bust, Uncle Bill, You Can Have Uncle Tom's Sheep—

foreman in a quarrel over participating profits, you mean."

"So if you go busted, Uncle Bill, you can have Uncle Tom's sheep."

"A terrible heritage," Crooked Bill replied, and shuddered. "Well, we'll hope for the best, honey. You or your legal representative will have to go to Texas soon and do something about those sheep. Now that your Uncle Tom's dead his herders may steal some of the sheep, if not all. Did he or did he not make a will, and if so, who is the executor?"

"I do wish, Uncle Bill, that you would go down there and attend to these matters. I'll give you my power of attorney."

"What!" Crooked Bill almost yelled. "With the market skyrocketing and every dollar I have in the world tied up in it impossible!"

"If Glenn Hackett loved me half as much as he started to tell me he did, he'd go down there for me."

"He has half a dozen very important cases demanding his attention here. Why should he neglect clients who pay him huge fees to chase off on your business after the way you've treated him? Besides, he wouldn't have the hardihood to send you a bill for half what the trip would actually cost him."

"I have so many lovely things planned, Uncle Bill. To go down to Texas now would quite ruin my summer," she protested.

"Not to go will probably ruin the same summer for Jaime Miguel Higuene, Bobby."

"Probably, too, it will not. He's accustomed to Texas summers, I take it."

"But not to playing nursemaid to the Lord knows not how many sheep for a person he doesn't even know. After one look at you he might derive considerable pleasure from his kindly act, but in the absence of any interest on your part he may be tempted to deny your sheep the mother's care all sheep require."

"But I do not know that I am heir to those sheep. Can't you wait until a will is unearthed or the absence of one definitely established? Glenn brought up that point yesterday. If there is no will I shall, of course, as Uncle Tom's next of kin, petition for letters have a letter from Senor Higuene it seems to me I can do nothing but mark time."

"Very well, then, mark time. That's what I'm doing and it's driving me crazy."

It was a week before the expected letter arrived from Jaime Miguel Higuene. Having perused it Roberta handed it to Crooked Bill.

"Rancho Valle Verda, Las Cruces Co., Texas.

"Dear Miss Antrim: Supplementing my telegram of a week ago I regret to report that on the 21st inst. your uncle, Thomas Antrim, as the aftermath of a dispute that arose due to your uncle's alleged trespass with his sheep on lands not owned by him, engaged in a duel with rifles. His antagonist, one Jim Higgins, emerged the victor in this sanguinary affray. From testimony it appears, much as I regret to say so, that Mr. Antrim was very much the aggressor. In fact Higgins was wounded three times by your relative before he found himself in position to return the fire. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of justifiable homicide."

"In accordance with your telegraphic instructions I have seen to it that your uncle received Christian burial in Odd Fellows cemetery."

"Your uncle was well known to me. We had a community of interest in many things, so when at his untimely passing no one came forward to perform the last sad rites I took it upon myself to notify you. It has been a pleasure to me to have served you."

"Being at this time confined to my home with a slight indisposition, I directed my general manager to call upon your uncle's foreman in charge of some 40,000 sheep on the range and inform that it was your wish, as the probable heir to your uncle's estate, that he continue to carry on with the sheep until the arrival of you or your representative here. The foreman, a man named Bill Dingle, mentioned having a contract with your uncle to participate to a certain extent in the latter's sheep business and stated that he was not taking orders from anybody. My manager thereupon showed him your telegram to me, conveying your request that I act as your representative temporarily. This written display of authority had little or no effect on Bill Dingle. While Jim Higgins is recovering from his wounds Bill Dingle continues to trespass on the former's land."

"Suspecting that your uncle might have made a will, I suggested to the public administrator that he look into the matter. Three days ago I received a letter from this official informing me that the Federal Trust com-

pany, of El Paso, had forwarded a will to be filed for probate at Los Algodones. From this will it appears that you are the sole heir and coexecutor with the Federal Trust company, whose executorship, however, may cease, at your option, but only after the trust company shall have been paid certain loans made your uncle in his lifetime. I have no information as to the amount of these loans, if any."

"You will, doubtless, have to employ a local attorney. If desired I shall be happy to recommend one who has served the Higuene family ably and faithfully for forty years—Don Prudencio Alvios, of Los Algodones."

"I regret to state that I have very little confidence in the integrity of your foreman, Bill Dingle, and suggest that you take steps to count the sheep immediately. The count will have to be made by one backed by undoubted legal right to do so. Upon the request of the local attorney for the estate the court will appoint a man to do this for you. I advise very prompt action."

"If I can serve you further, please do not hesitate to command."

"Your obedient servant, JAIME MIGUEL HIGUENE."

"Well?" Roberta queried as Crooked Bill folded the letter and laid it on the library table. "So your Uncle Tom tried to run a blazer on an Irishman, eh? One Jim Higgins. Must be Black Irish, so Tom foolishly mistook him for a Mexican."

He rubbed his ingenious head. "Don't like the idea of that El Paso bank being coexecutor with you, honey. We'd better ascertain how much money the estate owes the bank, pay them off and get rid of them. I imagine it isn't a great deal. No sane bank would loan Tom Antrim very much. Of course this Dingle Bell—"

"Bill Dingle," Roberta corrected. "Senor Higuene doesn't trust him."

"Senor Higuene is evidently in the cattle business, if we may judge from his letterhead, so naturally he wouldn't trust any sheepman. I wouldn't be in too great a hurry to oust Dingle Bell—I mean Bill Dingle, if I were you, Bobby. The qualities that go to make up a good sheep foreman might not appeal to a cattleman. However, I think you should engage Senor Prudencio Alvios as your attorney. What we want now is action. We must have those sheep counted. We'll engage Prudencio by night letter tonight and tell him we're forwarding a thousand for his retainer; we will also suggest that he consult with Higuene when selecting the man to count the sheep. The court will probably appoint the man nominated by your attorney. Meanwhile we will have to arm you with proper credentials—birth certificate, affidavits and other proof that you are the identical Roberta Antrim mentioned in your uncle's will. Glenn Hackett will attend to that, of course."

"Must I dash down to Los Algodones immediately?" Roberta queried complacently.

"Oh, take your time, take your time, honey. Dingle Bell, Prudencio Alvios, and Jaime Miguel Higuene can handle the situation, I imagine."

When you need adding machine paper come to The News office. Two rolls for a quarter.

Specials While They Last

Regular 10c, 650 count 4 Rolls For

Sanitary Toilet Tissue 25c

Still have some PEint at HALF PRICE

THE OLD RELIABLE 25c Cake Now

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10c and 15c value while they last, your choice

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Palmolive Shave Cream, After Shave Talcum and a Styptic Pencil, the 3 for

39c

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Hutchins & Hall

REGISTERED DRUGGISTS

THE REXALL AND NYAL STORE

FEB 15 1934

LOCALS

Flowers for any occasion ordered from 83.—Mrs. Zora Dean.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Richards and son Junior visited Mrs. Richards' brother I. J. Pierce and family in Colorado Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Smith visited their daughter Mrs. Taylor and family in Colorado Sunday.

Mrs. Henderson and daughter Mrs. Richardson, of Big Spring, are visiting their son and brother Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Henderson.

You can get new and second-hand harness at Doshier Hardware Company.

Mrs. J. H. Neill spent the week end with her daughter Mrs. W. E. DuBois, of Big Spring.

Monday, February 19th, The 7th Commandment. Adults only. All tickets 25c. Strand, Roscoe.

We are glad to see Mrs. I. J. Pierce back in the store after being out all last week with the flu.

Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Henderson have moved to Sweetwater for a short time to help his father in operating a skating rink.

We handle plow points for all makes of plows. Doshier Hardware Company.

Lenada, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Piquet, has been sick with diphtheria. She is greatly improved.

You can get that famous Aladdin Lamp and parts for it at Doshier Hardware Company.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Taylor, who have been operating the theatre here for the past few months, left Thursday morning for their home in Dallas.

FOR SALE—Jersey heifers. See William Martin.

Friday and Saturday Tom Keene in "Cross Fire." Also last chapter Tarzan. Strand, Roscoe.

CONSTIPATED 30 YEARS AIDED BY OLD REMEDY
"For thirty years I had constipation. Sourcing food from stomach choked me. Since taking Adlerika I am a new person. Constipation is a thing of the past."
—Alice Burns.
Hutchins and Hall, Druggists.

FOR SALE—1924 Model Ford Roadster, 6 good tires, in good running shape. Sell cheap.
T. B. Sanders.

CAR REPAIRING

We do all kinds of Car Repairing.

Prices are Always Right.

Manly Motor Company

Jim Manly, Mechanic

WOOD FOR SALE!

\$2.00 Per Cord
For Limited Time

TOM SMITH

11 miles South of Lorraine

SPECIAL PRICES

MONARCH EGG MASH
BIG 5 EGG MASH
MONARCH CHICK STARTER.
MONARCH GROWING MASH AND SCRATCH FEED
MONARCH DAIRY FEED
SWEET FEED
THRESHED GRAINS
OYSTER SHELL
SHORTS
BRAN
SHELLED CORN
CORN CHOPS
TANKAGE
FIELD SEEDS
COTTONSEED MEAL AND HULLS.

CLAUDE SPIES

4-H CLUB WORK FOR 1934

All boys in the county that wish to enroll in the 4-H Club work for 1934 should write to the county agent at once. Upon receipt of a letter from the boy the agent will forward to the boy an enrollment card.

There are several changes being made in the Club work in 1934. All boys enrolling for the first years work will have to have at least two acres planted to the crop he intends to work in during the year. All boys entering upon their second years work will have to increase their acreage to five acres, and all boys entering into their third or fourth year will have to increase their acreage to fifteen acres. Same is true of boys feeding hogs, calves, etc. First year boys will have two hogs or calves, second year boys will have five hogs or calves, and third or fourth year boys will have fifteen head.

All boys enrolling must also agree to keep a complete record of the work they are engaged upon, and make a final or annual report.

CARD OF THANKS

We take this means of thanking all the neighbors and friends for their kind deeds shown us during the illness and death of our father.

The Wiggins children

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank those who kindly helped us during the illness and death of our dear son, father and husband, and that God may bless everyone of you.

Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Tolson and family.

Mrs. Fred Tolson

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Tolson and family.

Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Sanders and family.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Leanelle and family.

G. R. LEACH IS CANDIDATE FOR ASSESSOR-COLLECTOR

G. R. (Gilbert) Leach authorized us this week to announce he is a candidate for the office of Tax Assessor and Collector, subject to the action of the democratic primary.

Mr. Leach is the son of Rev. A. D. Leach, a pioneer Baptist

preacher, and a nephew of A. J. Leach, former pastor of the Lorraine Baptist Church. He came to the west in 1901 and to Mitchell County in 1922. He was in the grocery business in Westbrook for eight years, and spent three years farming.

His qualifications consist of a high school education, business training at Brantley-Draugh at Fort Worth. He kept books for the firm of Ramsey and Leach for six years, and has also had six years experience as railroad accountant. He is a member of the Baptist Church and the Masonic order. He has been a member of the school board for ten years.

Mr. Leach made the following statement:

"If I am elected I will do my best to give an efficient administration of the office. I will keep the records in such shape that I will be glad for them to be inspected at any time. I will appreciate the vote of every voter in Mitchell County."

COMMISSIONERS COURT ORDER

Be it ordered, and the same is hereby ordered, by the Commissioners Court of Mitchell County, Texas, in regular term convened in the County Court Room of Mitchell County, Texas, That all Materials and supplies for the Courthouse and Jail shall be Ordered by the County Judge, and All Bills Presented to the Court for Payment Must be Accompanied by Order Signed by the County Judge Before Payment will be Granted by the Commissioners Court.

Approved February 12, 1934.
Commissioners Court, Mitchell County, Texas.

A. F. King, County Judge.
It is further ordered that above order be published for two consecutive weeks in each newspaper in Mitchell County.

Approved in Open Court.
A. F. King, County Judge.

MEDAL FOR PERSON WHO DID MOST TO ENFORCE LAW

A medal will be presented to some person in Texas, and each State in the union, who, during the year 1933, did the most "to advance and encourage the enforcement of law" in such State. The person who receives the medal may or may not be a peace officer. Nominations of persons

ANNOUNCEMENTS

We are authorized to announce the following candidacies for public office in Mitchell County, subject to the Democratic Primary in July. These candidates respectfully solicit your consideration.

For Congress, 19th District:

ARTHUR P. DUGGAN

GEORGE H. MAHON

For County Judge:

B. L. TEMPLETON

A. F. KING

For County Attorney:

DELL BARBER

For County Superintendent:

ROY DAVIS COLES

CHAS. BRAZIL

HENRY C. (Jimmy) BEAL

For County Clerk:

J. M. HERRINGTON

MRS. J. E. MCCLEARY

MISS RUBELLE SMARTT

S. A. (Arlie) MARTIN

J. F. QUINNEY

FRED RIVES HUTCHINSON

For Public Weigher, Pre. 5:

MOODY RICHARDSON

WOODROW PRATT

BUD RICHBURG

JOHN SCOWN

W. E. (BILL) HONEA

C. G. ALFORD

For Tax Assessor and Collector:

BRUCE HART

J. B. HOLT

(Re-election)

E. L. LATHAM

ROY E. WARREN

G. R. (GILBERT) LEACH

For County Treasurer:

MRS. MAYME TAYLOR

(Re-election)

For Commissioner Precinct 4:

FRANK CROWNOVER

(Re-election)

W. D. McCARLEY

For Sheriff:

F. F. OGLESBY

For District Clerk:

J. H. BALLARD

(Re-election)

For District Attorney:

GEO. W. OUTLAW

For State Representative 117 Dis.:

H. B. BARRIER

HOWARD C. DAVISON

entitled to receive the award must be in the "Jury of Award" before March 1. The jury of award is composed of Judge Nelson Phillips, Dallas, Mrs. W. P. Hobby, Houston, and James V. Allred, Austin.

If you know of anyone who has been active in the encouragement and enforcement of the law send the name to the jury of award stating the facts.

PAY YOUR SUBSCRIPTION

Telephone 65 when you have visitors or know of any news whatever. We will appreciate the favor and our subscribers will enjoy reading the news. Thank You.

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Because they do make delicious meals—Breakfasts that you want to wake up for, Luncheons you're proud of, and Dinners that are the high spots of the day.

QUALITY COUNTS in food and many women have discovered that they can buy our finer foods without increasing their food budgets.

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Mrs. J. W. Fairbairn
Grocery

Arrived SHOES! SHOES!

SHOES that we are proud to show you.

SHOES that make walking a pleasure.

SHOES that are priced unbelievably low owing to the present market conditions; these shoes are solid leather and are guaranteed by Friedman-Shelby Shoe Co., and this guarantee we will gladly pass to our customers.

Ladies Sand Oxfords with Shawl straps ----- \$2.95

Men's Dress Oxfords with Boot Heel ----- \$3.95

Men's Scout Shoe ----- \$1.69

SATURDAY

To the first six customers buying \$2.95 shoes or up, we will present a nice pair of silk hose.

Many other Values to offer you.

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Fred B. Ison Dry Goods
IN THE OHLENBUSCH BUILDING

specials

CRYSTAL WEDDING

LARGE PKG.

Oats 19c

Apricots Large Cans 15c

MOTHERS 2 POUNDS

Cocoa 23c

Pickles QT. SOUR 19c

Sugar 47c

IN CLOTH BAGS 10 POUNDS

Dried Fruit 25c

PEACHES, PEARS, FIGS 2 POUNDS FOR

2 Box Kellogs Corn Flakes 33c

1 Box Rice Krispy

1 Box PEP small size FREE

STEAK 3 lbs 25c

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