The Scurry County Times
AND SNYDER SIGNAL
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Rural School News Just Published; Is a Most Creditable Publication

First Issue of School Paper Goes To More Than Eleven Hundred Homes

The Rural School News, at whose masthead appears the name of A. A. Bullock, editor, was issued from the Times-Signal office the past week. It is a 4-page, 6-column paper, replete with live and highly interesting articles of an educational nature, school notes from many of the rural communities and timely and valuable editorials.

Among the best articles are the following: "How Parents Hinder the School Work of Their Children," written by the editor, Mr. Bullock. This article ought to be read and thoroughly digested by every school patron in Scurry County. Mr. Bullock in this article strikes at the very norm of the reason why our rural educational system is so greatly lagging in Texas, and is one of the reasons why our great state ranks 37th instead of nearer the top of the list.

Another article on consolidation of the rural schools schools is another timely article written by W. L. Hughes, professor of Rural Education at A. & M. College. If you have not read this article, you should, by all means, get a copy of the Rural Schools News and read it.

Other articles on consolidation, notes from a number of the rural schools, personal notes, school notes, school reports all make good as well as highly interesting reading.

And last, but by no means least, are the well-written ads of many of our business men. Don't forget the ads, as they bring a message right into your home that ought to be of considerable interest to you, as those merchants are calling your attention to matters that are highly important in these times when we are all trying to make our dollars go as far as possible.

Another issue of the Rural School News will be issued about March 1. Editor Bullock is going to put forth an effort to increase the size of the paper beginning with the next issue and continue it with the increased size until the close of the present rural school terms.

AN OPEN LETTER

Editor Scurry County Times-Signal.

Dear Sir:

In your issue of January 28 appears an article written by Geo. E. Alexander. As to the body of the article, I have no comments to make, but in closing he quotes L. R. Scarborough as saying at Abilene recently that "every non-cooperating Baptist church in Texas today and every pastor of such a church of any consequence at all that sought to be a divider of our forces is either in the court and being tried for their lives or have ceased to function as a New Testament church." Now, if Dr. Scarborough made use of the above language, it is not true, but when it comes to our own missionary repeating what Scarborough said and casting additional slurs upon a "famous" Baptist preachers and one who did his full duty in protecting his life, if he had done less he would have been a coward. Now if our little preachers would "go slow and learn how to peddle," they might get to be famous preachers themselves, otherwise, they will be famous failures. Dr. Norris has many friends in Snyder.

W. G. RALSTON.

A SLIGHT ERROR

In writing up Mr. and Mrs. Bert Abernathy's hogs last week, the editor got his wires crossed and said that their hogs were White Poland Chinna instead of large type Poland China. Although the mistake really caused Mr. and Mrs. Abernathy no loss, the Times-Signal is glad to correct any error it makes. But the funny thing about an error is, they are like punctures and other misfortunes — never come single-handed.

* * *

Miss Dixie Ruth Smith spent the latter part of last week in Abilene the guest of Miss Ellen Buice Johnson of Simmons University.

Errol Taylor, son of Mr. and Mrs. J J. Taylor, returned to his home the latter part of last week from A. and M.

Miss Bill Swann of the H. L. Davis store is in St. Louis this week buying new fall millinery.

FLUVANNA NEWS

Death

On last Friday afternoon Mrs. J. F. (Cricket) Smith, who has been in a state of declining health for many months, passed from her labors to the state of rest for which she had been preparing for many years. The writer failed to get full data. Briefly stated, Mrs. Smith was born in Tennessee, came to Scurry County with her husband and settled in this community among the pioneers. She has been a good neighbor and has lived a faithful Christian life for some 30 years. She leaves her husband and five worthy children, three sons and two daughters, to mourn their great loss. To these we extend hearty sympathy. Rev. M. V. Showalter, professor in Abilene Christian College, and an old friend of the family, conducted the funeral service in the Christian church late Saturday.

Church Services

Last Sunday being the fifth Sunday, there were no church services here except Sunday schools and young people's meetings. Counting three small children, 26 members of the Presbyterian Sunday school went to Snyder for the all-day conference on Sunday school and church work. The occasion was a very inspiring and helpful one, and the dinner at the church was—was—well, more than ample.

Business Affairs

A. M. Clayton of Gail shipped four cars of cattle from this station to the Fort Worth market last Sunday.

W. C. Miller and R. H. Curnutte shipped 750 head of fine Rambouillet sheep from Roscoe to this station last Monday.

The fleecy staple is still coming in, though only one of our gins is running and that on certain days now. Up to Wednesday noon 2,984 bales had been put up at this place. Evidently the crop will pass the 3,000 mark.

Trips and Visits

The first of this week Bos Stavely carried a truck load of stock to Elida, New Mexico, for Emza and L. B. Hobbs, who, with their families, are moving to that place.

Marcus McGuire, who for some time has been in Fort Worth, has returned home.

Mrs. John Stavely and daughter, Miss Vera, have gone to Waxahachie for an extended visit with Mrs. Stavely's daughter, Mrs. J. L. Dietz, and family of that place.

Mrs. R. W. Bennett of near Roscoe came up Tuesday of this week for a several days' visit with her daughter, Mrs. Jim Holdridge, of Fluvanna, who has been right sick for several days.

Recently the Village Preacher went to Abilene, rescued his wife from the sanitarium and accompanied her home Tuesday. True, she is already trying to exercise former prerogatives, but there is one thing about it, Mr. Editor, she does not have a much gall as formerly. See?

Mrs. L. A. Wood of Dallas came up Tuesday for a visit with her afflicted sister, Mrs. D. A. Jones.

It's Funny

Recently some one writing in the Star-Telegram was boasting of having sold three hams for $16. Those were, doubtless, pretty nice hams, but they fail to compare favorably with Fluvanna productions. John Jones of this place recently sold to J. R. Patterson, banker, at 30 cents a pound, a single ham weighing 52 pounds, and netting Mr. Jones $15.60. Some ham.

The joke is now on Oliver Wills. Listen! Recently, while the Village Preacher was in Abilene, word came to him through a prominent Abilene citizen, that Mr. Wills had been caught with 250 bottles of home brew in his possession. Of course the preacher and his wife were vexed at learning that a Fluvanna citizen would stoop so low in the violation of the laws of our state and nation, but we had to sweat under this embarrassment until returning home when we learned that, after all, it was the other fellow.

JAS. H. TATE.

SNYDER VISITORS

Miss Ruby Saylors, sister of S. C. Saylors of this city, Miss Cork, a cousin of Mr. Saylors, and W. W. Cork, all of San Angelo, visited with Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Saylors Saturday and Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Raymon Lloyd of Winters were also guests of Mr. and Mrs. Saylors. Messrs. George and Raymon Lloyd are brothers of Mrs. Saylors.

FRED WILHELM'S MOTHER DIES

Fred Wilhelm and family were called to Throckmorton County Monday on account of the death of Mr. Wilhelm's mother, Mrs. Bertha Wilhelm, who died near Albany about 3:00 o'clock Monday morning at the age of 70 years.

Deceased was born in Germany in 1850, and was married in that country in 1871 to Henry Wilhelm. She, with her husband and one child, came to the United States in 1873, locating at Brenham, South Texas. Later, the family removed to Paige, Bastrop County, and still later, removed to Throckmorton County, where the family lived and both the deceased and her husband died, Mr. Wilhelm having passed away last March.

Mrs. Wilhelm was the mother of seven children, four girls and three boys, all of whom survive and were present at the funeral which was held at Throckmorton Monday afternoon.

One of the sons, Fred, has been a resident of Snyder for many years, and with his sons, is now engaged in the grocery business. He is one of Snyder's best citizens and progressive business men.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Strayhorn and daughter, Mrs. J. W. Templeton, Jr., were in Rotan Sunday the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Rob Strayhorn.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Brice are visiting this week in Dallas.

Youth Sustains Two Broken Legs

Billie, the 14-year-old son of W. M. Daniels of the Plainview community, got both legs broken Tuesday when struck by a Ford driven by one of the Neal boys.

It seems that a number of children were on their way home from school when the Ford ran into the children on the road. The other children managed to get out of the way, but the Daniels boy was struck with results above stated. Both of each lower legs were broken about four inches above the ankle joint.

SUYDER BASKETMEN BEST SWEETWATER

The Snyder Tigers, of the Snyder high school, defeated the Sweetwater cage crew last Thursday evening, January 27, in a tight defensive exhibition of each team. The game was staged at the Wolf court with Dink Merrill as referee. The score was 9-14.

Fesmire of Snyder, who scored eight points, was the outstanding star of the game, although Blackwell of Sweetwater, who was responsible for all of the Nolan Countians' scores, copped high point honors. The Sweetwater team displayed good team work, but was greatly outclassed by the Tigers' quickness of action and ability at goal throwing.

Double Header Tuesday Night

The Dunn teams of boys and girls met the Snyder Tigers and girls on the Snyder court Tuesday evening, February 1, in a very decisive victory for both Snyder teams. The Dunn teams, although outclassed in every phase of the game, put up a good fight. During the first quarter, third-team Tigers saw action, while second team men were playing when the final score of 33 to 9 was called. The score for the girls was 25-7.

Friday evening the Snyder girls will meet the Post girls on the home court.

County Tournament to be Held Friday and Saturday

Starting at one o'clock Friday, Feb. 4, and continuing through Saturday, the Scurry County basketball tournament will be held at Wolf park, when both boys' and girls' teams will battle for the county championship. Snyder being a class A team, is barred from this particular phase of the game, but has challenged the winners, which challenge will be accepted and played Saturday afternoon.

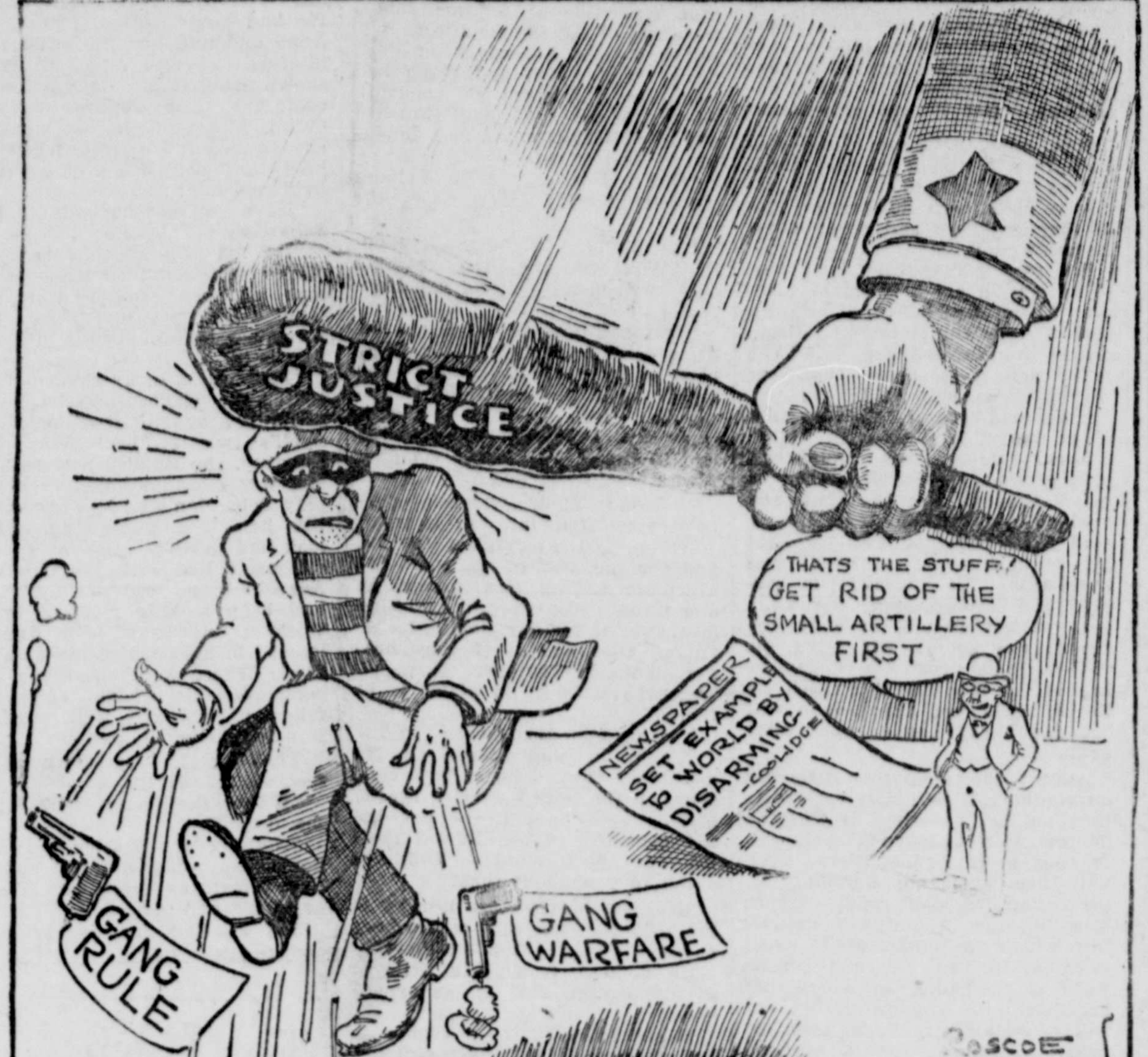
* * *

Charles Harless of Littlefield was through Snyder Friday of last week en route to Abilene. He was accompanied as far as Snyder by Mrs. Harless who remained with Mrs. L. O. Smith for a short visit.

John Browning and son, Leslie, of Justiceburg spent Saturday night in Snyder the guests of Mrs. W. F. Martin and family.

Mrs. Ethel Eiland returned to her home in Snyder from Lubbock sanitarium. She is reported doing nicely.

"Disarmament Begins At Home"


STRICT JUSTICE
THATS THE STUFF! GET RID OF THE SMALL ARTILLERY FIRST
NEWSPAPER
SET EXAMPLE TO WORLD BY DISARMING —COOLIDGE
GANG RULE
GANG WARFARE
ROSCOE MISSELHORN

DEATH OF FLUVANNA PIONEER

Mrs. J. F. Smith died at her home near Fluvanna, Friday aftertoon, January 28, at about five o'clock. She had been in failing health for over a year, and had been confined to her bed for about two months when the end came.

She was laid to rest in the Fluvanna cemetery Saturday afternoon, January 29.

Flora Ann Davison was born in Hawkins County, Tennessee, December 13, 1856. She was married to James F. Smith in 1884.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith moved to Collin County, Texas, in 1889. They later moved to Scurry County, and to their present home about twenty-five years ago.

She was a member of the Church of Christ at Fluvanna and was truly "a worthy woman" and a devout Christian.

Mrs. Smith is survived by her husband, Mr. J. F. Smith, of Fluvanna, three sons, Albert and I. R., of Fluvanna, J. E. Smith of Ennis Creek, two daughters, Mrs. Ben Collier and Mrs. Mert Patterson of Fluvanna, and ten grandchildren.

She has gone to inhabit one of the many mansions in our Father's house, where there will be no more suffering or sorrow.

A FRIEND.

ATTEND BUSINESS MEETING AND BANQUET AT LUBBOCK

Mr. Lloyd Thompson, owner and manager of the local "M" System store, and his assistant, Mr. W. R. Patton, attended a business meeting and banquet at the Lubbock Hotel last Sunday. The meeting was well attended by "M" System managers, there being 38 present from all over west Texas. Messrs. Reed, manager Warehouse Department, from Galveston, and Lasky, manager Manufacturing Department, from Fort Worth, were very able entertainers. Messrs. Thompson and Patton report a most pleasant and profitable trip.

DR. ENGLISH SHOWS SPIRIT OF OPTIMISM

Dr. R. D. English, who recently suffered a heavy loss of property by fire at Valley Mills, has recently made arrangements to rebuild the hotel and another store building the hotel that was burned. The hotel will contain twenty-four rooms and will be strictly modern.

Although times are a little stringent at Valley Mills, the doctor is manifesting a very optimistic spirit in putting so much money in a small town with conditions as they are. But the doctor is not "afraid of his horses," and declares that he is backing his own judgment in the matter. The people of Valley Mills ought to rally strong to the doctor's support.

Mrs. Rubye English and little son, Leroy, of Abilene returned to their home Friday after a few days visit with her sister, Mrs. W. W. Smith.

STORY STARTS THIS ISSUE

"The Leading Lady," the Times-Signal's highly interesting mystery story, starts with this issue. Read the first installment, and keep up with this great story until the end. You will find it highly interesting, and clean in every respect.

The Times-Signal has secured the exclusive rights to this story. You will get it complete within the next few weeks. Don't miss an issue.

JOEL TINKER RETURNS FROM SANITARIUM

Joel Tinker ,son of Mrs. Edna Tinker, returned to his home in Snyder Sunday evening from the Lubbock sanitarium where he has been for the past twelve days. His friends will be glad to know he is improving rapidly.

ANOTHER NEW SIGN

The "M" System store last week installed a new standard "M" System sign. This is a mark of progress and shows that they believe in advertising their place of business as well as their merchandise. Attractive signs add materially to the general appearance of a store front, and we hope that other business houses will see fit to follow the example, and thereby dress up the down.

PLEASANT HILL

Everyone is surely enjoying the beautiful spring days we are having.

We had a real good crowd at Sunday school Sunday; also at church services conducted by Bro. Hester.

Miss Vashti Epps of Snyder spent Saturday night and Sunday with Golda Edwards.

Mrs. Will Stiles and daughter of Woodard spent Saturday night with Mrs. Rob Woody.

Miss Gladys Teague of Snyder was a Sunday visitor of Zilpha Webb.

Mrs. Lucy Whitefield of Colorado is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gillam, at this writing.

The young folks enjoyed a party at Vern Lee's Saturday night.

Jim Shepherd was a visitor with Breco Edwards Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Shepherd of Colorado visited Floyd's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Shepherd, Sunday.

Misses Frances Clay and Lorine Galloway of China Grove were Sunday visitors at Mrs. Ed Merritt's.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Merritt visited in Colorado City Sunday.

Misses Vashti Epps and Golda Edwards visited at Mrs. Earl Shepherd's Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hardy Scarborough, Mr. and Mrs. Bud Logan were Sunday visitors with Roy Davus, wife and mother.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Gibson were Sunday afternoon callers on J. M. Edwards and family.

The singing at Mr. Gillam's was enjoyed by all Sunday night.

LONESOME BUT HAPPY.

T. J. Broxson, 72, Dies this Morning

Thomas J. Broxson died here this morning at his home at 7:45. He was a native Texan 72 years old, born in Houston County in 1854, and has lived his entire life in Texas.

He was married to Miss Elizabeth Ragland in Houston County in 1873, and the couple moved to Johnson County in 1875, where he was prominently engaged in stock raising, and was county commissioner of Johnson County for six years.

They moved to Scurry County in 1901, and became a resident of Snyder in 1906. Mr. Broxson is survived by his wife, Mrs. M. A. Broxson, of Snyder and seven living children: Will T. Broxson of New Iberia, La.; Mrs. Leona Renfro of Venus, Texas; Mrs. Parlie McEachern of Fort Worth; C. W. Broxson of Floydada; Mrs. Ocia Luther of Blum; Mrs. Eddie Hobson of Brownfield, and B. Frank Broxson of Graham.

He was a member of the order of the Oddfellows, the Woodmen of the World, and the Missionary Baptist church. He had been in bad health for three years.

Burial will be at the Snyder cemetery, the order of the Oddfellows officiating.

WOODARD NEWS

Most everyone is proud to see the sun shining.

Miss Lindsey Lee Grisso of Turner spent the week end with Misses Rue, Johnnie and Artie V. Horsley.

Earl Davis and wife, Avie Willis, and Mrs. Elmer Evans and daughter spent the week end with Mrs. Evans and children.

Mabel Davis visited at Mrs. Evans Sunday.

Several from this community attended the fifth Sunday singing at Union Sunday afternoon. They reported good singing.

Mrs. Evans, Mrs. Elmer Evans, and little daughter attended the birthday dinner given at the home of Will Rogers Sunday.

Misses Johnnie and Artie V. Horsley, Lindsey Lee Grisso, Evelyn Russell and Alvin Russell visited Mabel and Mattie Pearl Davis Sunday afternoon.

Avrie Willis returned to his home near Abilene Monday after a few weeks visit here with relatives. He was accompanied home by Mrs. Geo. Evans, Mrs. Elmer Evans and daughter, Norene. They will visit with Mrs. Jim Willis.

Miss White spent the week end with home folks at Abilene.

Elgin and G. F. Evans took supper with Johnson and C. B. Davis Sunday.

Norene Evans visited Ruth Davis Sunday afternoon.

Let all be sure and be out to Sunday school next Sunday morning, and at the B. Y. P. U. Sunday afternoon. Everyone is urged to be out and help us make it a success.

MAMMA'S PET.

Much Oil Land Leasing Activity in Scurry County During the Week

Hundreds of Acres Now Being Blocked With Much Drilling Activity Promised

Oil scouts and "lease hounds" have been giving Scurry County a thorough look-over during the past ten days, and as a result there has been considerable acreage leased and large acreage is being blocked in different parts of the county.

Some of the largest oil companies in the United States have had their representatives here, and from the large number of acres that has been leased to them, they must have ample reasons for believing that there is oil in paying quantities under Scurry County.

Something like 10,000 acres have been leased in the Knapp community, and while it does not carry a drilling clause in the contract, it is believed that this company will put down one or more tests on its holdings during the coming summer.

A large acreage is now being blocked in the Canyon community about 11 miles southwest of Snyder, and it is said that the required number of acres necessary to putting down a test has practically been promised.

The community northwest of Snyder has something like 4,000 acres already blocked, and it is believed that a test will be put down out that way within a few months.

Mr. Miller, president of the Camp Springs Oil Company, has just returned from Minnesota, where he spent the holidays, and will resume operations on the Camp Springs well within a very short time.

Work has been shut down on the Stinson well in the Ira field for several days. It is said that some oil was found in this well, but so far, there has been given out no definite information as to whether the production will be sufficient to justify putting it on the pump.

THE POLAR NEWS

Brother Hardy of Fluvanna preached at Polar Sunday.

A large crowd enjoyed singing Sunday night. Jim Durham and Miss Fay Capps from the Durham community, and Obie Buffalo of Whatley were with us Sunday. If you want to hear some more good singing, come to Polar next Sunday night.

The young folks enjoyed a party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Randolph last week.

The party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mitchell was well attended Wednesday night.

A large crowd of young folks went to Pretty Place Sunday and took pictures. Among those present were Miss Todd, Jeff Cargile, Miss Gill, and Ernest Massingill.

Misses Fay Mitchell, Velma Mitchell and Gladys Vick, and Jim Mitchell ate dinner with Miss Madge Bley Sunday.

Richard Blair is in Upland, California.

Mr. and Mrs. Waymond Green visited friends at Polar Sunday.

Robert Koonce attended singing Sunday night.

A. C. Cargile made a trip to Clairemont and Girard Monday.

Sid McFall is staying at home since he got married.

Mrs. Martin's mother and father of Shallowater are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Martin of Polar this week.

School is progressing nicely.

DOTTS.

* * *

Harold Brown of the Lubbock Tech spent the latter part of last week in Snyder with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Brown.

HEADED FOR HELL

It is admitted by all evangelical Christians that hell is a place that was prepared for the devil and his angels, and that all people who are not fit for heaven will go there. It is further agreed that any person who has not been born of the Spirit can not see the Kingdom of God. Christ speaks it plainly: "Ye must be born again."

There are just two ways, the broad way that leads to destruction, and the narrow way that leads unto life. Matt. 7:13, 14.

People are either in the broad way or they are in the narrow way. There is no middle way. Man is either headed for hell or he is on the way to heaven.

Good and evil have been placed before men, and they are left to make their own choice. The gambler chooses to be a gambler. The libertine chooses to be a libertine because he wants to be a libertine. The crook chooses to be a crook because he wants to be a crook. The bootlegger chooses to be a bootlegger. The covetous man chooses to be covetous because he wants to be that way.

The cursing man chooses to use profane language because he wants to use profane language. He could keep from using God's name in vain if he wanted to. If it were a death penalty to swear, you would never hear an oath sworn. The liar chooses to tell lies because he wants to lie.

Man is a free moral agent. God permits man to travel in the broad way or in the narrow way. If man chooses to live in sin, die in sin, and go to hell in sin, it is his own fault.

The Citizenship of Hell

We judge the citizenship of hell by the class of people who are headed for hell. Hell is populated with the very worst class of people that have ever lived.

"But the fearful and unbelievable, and abominable and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idoltaors, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone; which is the second death." Rev. 21:8.

I will notice the unbelieving. He is classed with those who have committed the most hienous crimes. He is headed for hell just the same as they are. Unbelief is a damning sin. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned."

You might baptize a man a thousand times, and if he did not believe to the saving of his soul, he would still be headed for hell. There are two kinds of belief: "The devils also believe and tremble." A man can believe like the devils and yet be lost. He can just sit still and be lost.

"All Have Sinned"

"All have sinned and come short of the glory of God," and except we repent, we shall all perish.

There are millions traveling in the broad way and practicing many of the sins mentioned above and yet believe that Christ came into the world to save the world from sin and death and hell. They fully expect to repent and turn away from sin and surrender their lives to Christ, and get in the narrow way sometime, but the devil persuades them that they have plenty of time yet, so they just take chances on it and go on headed for hell.

Yoked Up With Unbelievers

Some of the most pitiful objects that I have ever seen is for a man or woman to be yoked up with an unbeliever. I knew a couple who were unequally yoked. She was in the broad way that led to destruction. He was in the narrow way. She wanted to dance and flirt with other men. She would use language in the presence of the children that no refined lady would use anywhere. She studied and practiced everything that she thought would make her husband miserable. She was a success at making the place which they called home a miserable hell.

If there ever was a hell cat on earth, she was the one. She was headed for hell, following the devil and tolling her children right along after her.

Her husband would not turn from the narrow way to follow her. I hope that woman is somewhere this side of hell and that she will "repent and believe the gospel" to the saving of her soul."

A Drunken Sot

Of all the low down, vile offscourings of creation that are headed for hell, the drunken sot is one of the most pitiable. He is a terror to his family. His wife is a good Christian woman, and he is in the broad way and doing all that he can to get his family to follow him and the devil on and on down and down the broad way to destruction.

Speaking from observation: The drunkard will die a drunkard. The thief will die a thief. The crook will die a crook. The bootlegger will die a bootlegger. The moralist who depends upon his own righteousness which is but filthy rags in the sight of the Lord will die a moralist. They are headed for hell, and unless they get out of the broad way and get into the narrow way, they will land where the worm dieth not and where the fire is not quenched.

"The Spirit and the Bride say: Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

E. C. DODSON.

The LEADING LADY

by GERALDINE BONNER

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What human being does not love a mystery story? Especially one of those affairs in which a puzzling crime suddenly disturbs the lives of a group of people who have been going along in a normal way, doing their daily tasks and with no thought of anything more terrifying than the ordinary problems of existence. All at once a deed of malevolence is committed which turns their placid little world topsy turvy. No one knows the perpetrator of the crime, but circumstances are such that any one of the apparently honest, sincere members of the group may come under suspicion. New angles of the affair and new mysteries develop, and a period of the most wracking suspense exists for all.

In this case there is no super-detective with his mathematics, his chemicals, his measuring devices and his methods of deduction to trap the criminal and, by the very completeness of the case against him, force him to a confession. No one but a few confused civilians and a couple of fairly astute law officers, both of the latter working in different directions and by the variance of their theories obstructing rather than aiding a solution. It was one of those crimes which seemed likely to remain a mystery unless some accident occurred to clear it up. And the accident did occur; one of the strangest accidents ever written into a mystery plot, and so terrifying in its effects that it brought a voluntary and quite unexpected confession from the guilty party. And then the reader gets another surprise, a real and satisfying surprise, but it would spoil the pleasure of the story to reveal it here.

Geraldine Bonner has written many clever stories and established herself as a master of thrill fiction with her famous tale, "The Girl at Central." In "The Leading Lady" she has produced an even more compelling novel and one in which she makes a blend of romance and mystery that is highly agreeable.

PROLOGUE

ONE of the morning trains that tap the little towns along the sound ran into the Grand Central depot. The passengers, few in number—for it was midsummer, and people were going out of town, not coming in—filed stragglingly up the long platform to the exit. One of them was a girl, fair and young, with those distinctive attributes of good looks and style that drew men's eyes to her face and women's to her clothes.

People watched her, noting the lithe grace of her movements, her delicate slimness, the froth of blonde hair that curled out under the brim of her hat. She appeared oblivious to the interest she aroused, and this indifference had once been natural, for to be looked at and admired had been her normal right and become a stale experience. Now it was assumed, an armor under which she sought protection, hid herself from morbid curiosity and eagerly observing eyes. To be pointed out as Sybil Saunders, the actress, was a very different thing from being pointed out as Sybil Saunders, the fiancee of James Dallas of the Dallas-Parkinson case.

The Dallas-Parkinson case had been a sensation three months back. James Dallas, a well-known actor, had killed Homer Parkinson during a quarrel in a men's club, and fled before the horrified onlookers could collect their senses. Dallas, a man of excellent character, had had many friends who claimed mitigating circumstances—Parkinson, drunk and brutal, had provoked the assault. But the Parkinson clan, new-rich oil people, breathing vengeance, had risen to the cause of their kinsman, poured out their money in an effort to bring the fugitive to justice, and offered a reward of ten thousand dollars for his arrest. Of course Sybil Saunders had figured in the investigation, she was the betrothed of the murderer. Their marriage had been at hand. She had gone through hours of questioning, relentless grilling, and had steadily maintained her ignorance of Dallas' whereabouts; from the night of his disappearance she had heard nothing from him and knew nothing of him. The Parkinsons did not believe her statement, the police were uncertain.

Her taxi rolled out into the sweltering heat, incandescent streets roaring under the blinding glare of the sun. Her destination was the office of Stroud and Walberg, theatrical managers. Mr. Walberg offered her a friendly hand and a chair. Mr. Walberg, a kindly Hebrew, was kindlier than ever to this particular visitor. He was sorry for her—as who in his profession was not—and wanted to help her along, and here was his proposition:

A committee of ladies, a high society bunch summering up in Maine, wanted to give a play for charity. Thomas N. Driscoll, the spool-cotton magnate, who was in California, had offered them his place up there—Gull Island was the name—for an outdoor performance. The ladies had wanted a classic which Mr. Walberg opined was all right, seeing the show was for charity and no one could mind being bored for a worthy object. "Twelfth Night" was the play they had selected.

The ladies had placed the matter in Mr. Walberg's hands, and he had at once thought of Sybil Saunders for Viola. She was, in his opinion, the ideal person. Compensation was not so munificent, but then Miss Saunders was not yet in the star cast, and all expenses would be covered, including a week at Gull island.

He had no need for further persuasion, for Miss Saunders accepted at once. She was grateful to him and said so, and looked as if she meant it. So, in a glow of mutual satisfaction, they walked to the door, Mr. Walberg telling over such members of the cast as had already been engaged: Sylvannus Grey for the Duke, Isabel Cornell for Maria, John Gordon Trevor for Sir Toby—no one could beat him, had the old English tradition—and Anne Tracy for Olivia. At that name Miss Saunders had exclaimed in evident pleasure. Anne Tracy would be perfect, and it would be so lovely having her, they were such friends.

"And I'm going to give you my best director, Hugh Bassett. If with you and him they don't pull off a success, the Maine public's dumber than I thought."

Her business accomplished, Miss Saunders went home. She lived in one of those mid-town blocks of old brown-stone houses divided into flats. Letting herself in with a latchkey she ascended the two flights at a rapid run, unlocked her door and entered upon the hot, empty quietude of her own domain. She threw her hat on a chair, and falling upon the divan, opened the paper that she had carried since she left the Grand Central station.

She folded the pages back at the personal column and settled over it, bent, motionless, her eyes traveling down its length. Suddenly she stopped, focused on a paragraph. She took a pad and pencil from the desk, drew a small table up to the divan, spread the newspaper on it, and copied the paragraph onto the pad. It ran as follows:

"Sister Carrie:

Edmund stony broke, but Albert able to help him. Think we ought to chip in. Can a date be arranged for discussing his affairs?

"Sam and Lewis."

She studied it for some time, the pencil suspended. Then it descended, crossing out letter after letter, till three words remained—"Edmonton, Alberta, Canada." The signature she guessed as the name he went by.

She burned the written paper, grinding it to powder in the ash tray. The newspaper she threw into the waste-basket where Luella, the mulatto woman who "did up" for her, would find it in the morning. She was certain Luella was paid to watch her. But she had continued to keep the evil-eyed creature, fearful that her dismissal would make them more than ever wary, strengthen their suspicion that Sybil Saunders was in communication with her lover.

The deadly danger of it was cold at her heart. She had heard directly from him once, a letter the day after he had fled; the only one that even he, reckless in his despair, had dared to send. In that he had told her to watch the personal column in a certain paper and had given her the names by which she could identify the paragraphs. She had watched, and twice found the veiled message, and twice waited in sickening fear for discovery. It had not happened. Now he had grown bolder, telling her where he was—it was as if his hand beckoned her to come. She could write to him at last, do it this evening, and take it out after dark. Lying very still, her hands clasped behind her head, she ran over in her mind letter boxes, post offices where she might mail it. Were the ones in crowded districts or those in secluded byways the safest? It was like walking through grasses where live wires were hidden.

A ring at the bell made her leap to her feet with wild visions of detectives. But it was only Anne Tracy, come in to see if she was back from her visit on the sound. It was a comfort to see Anne, she always acted as if things were just as they had been and never asked disturbing questions.

She was Sybil's best friend, was to have been her bridesmaid. But she knew no more of Sybil's secrets since Jim Dallas had disappeared than anyone else. And she never sought to know—that was why the friendship held.

They had a great deal to talk about, but chiefly "Twelfth Night" affairs. Anne was immensely pleased that Sybil had agreed to play. She did not say that—she avoided any allusion to Sybil's recent conducting of her life—but her enthusiasm about it all was irresistible. It warmed the sad-eyed girl into interest; the Viola costume was brought from its cupboard, the golden wig tried on. When Anne took her departure late in the day, she felt much relieved about her friend—she was "coming back," coming back alive again.

Anne occupied another little flat on another of the mid-town streets in another of the brownstone houses. Hers was one room larger, for her brother, Joe Tracy, lived with her when not pursuing his profession on the road. There were hiatuses in Joe's pursuit during which he inhabited a small bedroom in the rear and caused Anne a great deal of worry and expense. Joe apparently did not worry, certainly not about the expense. Absence of work wore on his temper, not because Anne had to carry the flat alone, but because he had no spending money.

They said it was his temper that stood in his way. Something did, for he was an excellent actor, with that power of transforming himself into an empty receptacle to be filled by the character he portrayed. But directors who had had experience with him, talked about his "natural meanness" and shook their heads. People who tried to be sympathetic with Anne about him got little satisfaction. All the most persistent ever extracted was an admission that Joe was "difficult." Hugh Bassett had boosted and helped and lectured him. And not for love of Joe, for in his heart Bassett thought him a pretty hopeless proposition.

That evening, alone in her parlor, Anne was thinking about him. He had no engagement and no expectation of one, and it was not wise to leave him alone in the flat without occupation. She went to the window and leaned out. The air rose from the street breathless and dead, the heated exhalation of walls and pavements baked all day by the merciless sun. To leave Joe to this while she was basking in the delights of Gull island—apart from anything he might do—it wasn't fair. And then suddenly the expression of her face changed and she drew in from the window—Hugh Bassett was coming down the street.

The bell rang, she pushed the button, and presently he was at the door saying he was passing and thought he'd drop in for a minute. He was a big, thick-set man with a quiet, reposeful quality unshaken even by the heat. He had dropped in a great deal this summer and as the droppings-in became more frequent Anne's outside engagements became less. They always simulated a mutual surprise, giving them time to get over that somewhat breathless moment of meeting.

They achieved it rather better than usual tonight, for their minds were full of the same subject. Bassett had come to impart the good news about Sybil, and Anne had seen her and heard all about it. Finally when they had thrashed out all the matters of first importance, Bassett said:

"Did you tell her that Walberg wanted Aleck Stokes for the Duke?"

"No, I didn't say a word about it. What was the use? It would only have upset her and you'd put a stop to it."

"You can always be relied on, Anne, to do the tactful thing. Walberg was set on it. Stokes can't be beaten in that part, and he's at liberty. But I wasn't going to take any chances of her refusing, and if Stokes was in the company I was afraid she might."

"I don't know whether she'd have gone that far, but it would have spoiled everything for her and for the rest of us, too. It's all plain sailing now except for one thing"—she stopped and then in answer to his questioning look—"about the police. If they have her under surveillance, as people say, what'll they do about it up there?"

The big man shrugged:

"Camp in the village on the mainland—they certainly can't come on the island. We've special instructions about it—no one but the company to be allowed there till the performance. Did she speak to you about that?"

"No, she hardly ever alludes to the subject. But they would keep a watch on her, wouldn't they?"

He nodded, frowned a little at a complication new in his experience.

"I should think so—a woman in her position. Men under sentence of death have been unable to keep away from the girl they were in love with. And then she may know where he is, and be in communication with him."

"Oh, I don't think that," Anne breathed in alarm. "She'd never take such a risk."

A slight grating noise came from the hall. Anne held up a quick, cautioning hand.

"Take care," she murmured, "here's Joe."

Joe came in, his Panama hat low on his brow. He gave no sign of greeting till he saw Bassett, then he emitted an abrupt "Hello" and snatched off his hat:

"Little Anne's got a caller. Howdy, Bassett! How's things?"

He was like Anne, the same delicate features, the same long eyebrows and the same trick of raising them till they curved high on his forehead. But his face had an elfish, almost malign quality lacking in hers, and the brown eyes, brilliant and hard, were set too close to his nose.

He launched forth with a suggestion of pouncing eagerness on the "Twelfth Night" performance. He had heard this and that, and Anne had told him the other. His interest surprised Anne, he hadn't shown much to her; only a few laconic questions. And she was wondering what was in his mind, as she so often wondered when Joe held the floor, when a question enlightened her:

"Have you got anybody to play Sebastian yet?"

"No. I wanted that boy who played with Sybil on the southern tour last year, but he's in England. He gave a first-rate performance and he surely did look like her."

"That was a lucky chance. You'll search the whole profession before you'll get anyone that looks like Sybil's twin brother. Why, Mrs. Gawtrey, the English actress, when she was over here, had a boy to play Sebastian who looked as much like her—well, not as much as I look like Sybil."

Bassett had seen his object as Anne had, and was considering. He had been looking forward to the week at Gull Island with Anne, it loomed in his imagination as a festival. There would be a pleasant, companionable group of people, friendly, working well together. But Joe among them—

The boy, looking down at his feet, said slowly:

"What's the matter with letting me do it?"

"Nothing the matter. I've no doubt you could, but you and she have about as much resemblance as chalk and cheese."

Joe wheeled and, gathering his coat neatly about his waist, walked across the room with a mincing imitation of Sybil's gait. It was so well done that Bassett could not contain his laughter. Encouraged, the boy assumed a combative attitude, his face aflame with startled anger, and striking out at imaginary opponents, shouted: "'Why, there's for thee, and there and there and there. Are all the people mad?'" Then as suddenly melted to a lover's tone and looking ardently at Anne said: "'If it be thus to dream then let me sleep.'"

"Oh, he could play it," she exclaimed, and Bassett weakened before the pleading in her eyes.

He understood how to manage Joe, he could keep him in order. The boy was afraid of him, anyway, and by this time knew that his future lay pretty well in Bassett's hands. If there was anything Anne wanted that was within his gift there could be no question about its being hers.

She was very sweet, murmuring her thanks as she went with him to the door and assurances that Joe would acquit himself well. Bassett hardly heard what she said, looking into her dark eyes, feeling the soft farewell pressure of her hand.

Joe had left the sitting room when she went back there and she supposed he had gone to bed. But presently he came in, his hat on again, and said he was going out. She was surprised. It was past eleven, but he swung about looking for his cane, saying it was too hot to sleep. She tried to detain him with remarks about the new work. He answered shortly as was his wont to her, treating it as a small matter, nothing to get excited about—also a familiar pose. But she noticed under his nonchalance a repressed satisfaction, the glow of an inner elation in his eyes.

CHAPTER I

THE performance was over and the audience was dispersing. Some of them had gone into the house, taken the chance to have a look at it—when the Driscolls were "in residence" you couldn't so much as put your foot on the rocks round the shore. Others lingered, having a farewell word with the actors, congratulating them—it was the right thing to do, and they deserved it. The committee was very affable, shaking hands with Mr. Bassett, the director, and Miss Saunders, the star, who, in her page's dress with the paint still on her face, looked tired, poor girl, but was so sweet and unassuming.

The fleet of boats, rocking gently on the narrow channel that separated Gull island from the mainland, took on their freight and darted off. They started in groups, then broke apart. The launches skimmed, light-winged, the white flurry of their wakes like threads that stretched back to the island.

Part of the flotilla carried the Hayworth villagers—all-year residents of the little town on the mainland. Some of the more solid citizens were in the launch that old Gabriel Harvey owned, which had been used by the actors in their week's stay. Hayworth had gathered a great deal of information about these spectacular visitors, some from Gabriel and some from Sara Pinkney, who was Mr. Driscoll's housekeeper. Every day she came over to Hayworth for supplies and had to appease the local curiosity, which she did grudgingly, feeling her power.

Now at last the Hayworth people had had a first-hand view of the actors—the whole company, dressed up and performing—and they fitted Sara Pinkney's description to them. Olivia, that was Miss Tracy, the one she said was so refined and pleasant spoken. And the Duke was Alexander Stokes. And the woman who stood round and "tended on" Olivia was his wife. Sara hadn't said much about her. Well, she wasn't of much importance, anyhow, or she'd have had more acting to do. But that boy who was Viola's twin, he was Miss Tracy's brother, and Sara had said he and Miss Saunders didn't get on well, she could see it, though they didn't say much. And here piped up the butcher's

(Continued on Page 6)

Judge Moses of Post was the guest of Bob Warren Sunday.

Miss Ruby Harris, teacher at Hobbs school, was shopping in Snyder Saturday.

"The WINNING OF BARBARA WORTH"

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AUTHORITIES agree that an excess of uric acid is primarily due to faulty kidney action. Retention of this toxic material often makes its presence felt by sore, painful joints, a tired, languid feeling and, sometimes, toxic backache and headache. That the kidneys are not functioning right is often shown by scanty or burning passage of secretions. Thousands assist their kidneys at such times by the use of Doan's Pills—a stimulant diuretic. Doan's are recommended by many local people. Ask your neighbor!

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"IT was our first big party," said Mrs. Brown. "I wanted the house to look its best so I used every light in the house.

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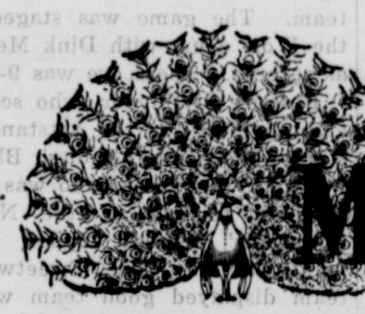

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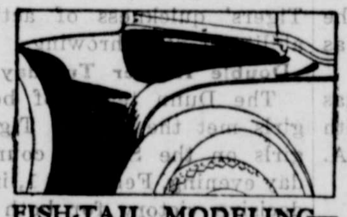

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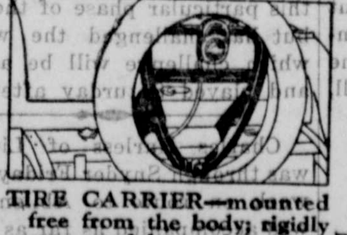

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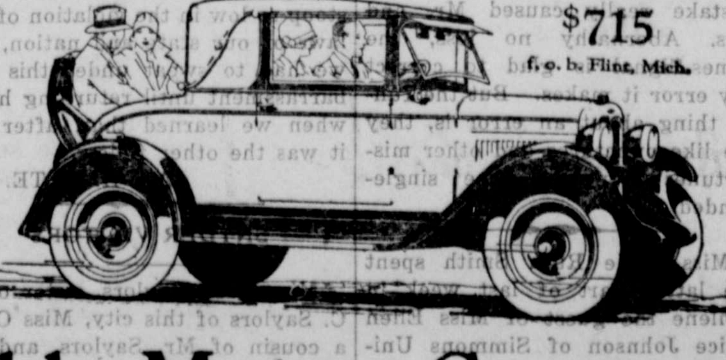

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By Geraldine Bonner

A swift moving romance of stage life into which is skillfully compounded an affair of murder and deep mystery. Young and charming, and having no enemies, who could have wished the victim's death? It puzzled the district attorney, the sheriff and a number of others. It will puzzle you even more. At the end is an explanation which will cause you to exclaim at its complete unexpectedness.

New Serial Starting in

The Times-Signal This Week

CUSTER MASSACRE DESCENDANT IN "THE FLAMING FRONTIER."

Super-realism in the Custer Massacre which forms the climax of the Universal Production "The Flaming Frontier,55 now showing at the Palace Theatre, was guaranteed by the engagement of the grandson of the great chief Gall, mighty fighting chief of the Sioux. It was Gall who, while the Medicine Man, Sitting Bull, invoked the aid of the Indian dieties led his doughty warriors against the inferior forces of General Custer, and it was he who directed the ensuing massacre which forms one of the darkest pages of American history.

Young Gall helped direct all the Indian sequences and led his red brethren in the mock massacre, just as his grandfather actually did in the real battle. Thanks to his help and the information he was able to give, owing to his having heard his grandfather tell the story over and over again, Universal was able to show the methods of the Indians in a manner which was historically correct and which forms the most interesting realistic bits of history ever shown on the screen.

To show his appreciation of the part which was given him in the production of one of Universal's greatest pictures, young Gall presented to the Universal City museum his most treasured family possession, wrapped in a buckskin, decorated with beads, silver, and matrix turquoises. The gift must have wrenched his heart, but he was grateful and Sioux-like gratiture entails suffering. His gift was the very arrowhead which slew the redoubtable Custer, "Chief Yellow Hair," as he was called by the red men.

The arrow will be presented to a National Museum by Carl Laemmle, president of Universal.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our sincere thanks to those who were so kind to us during the illness and in the death of our loved one.

J. H. Crenshaw
and children.

DALLAS MAN TO SPEAK AT PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

L. R. Read, financial secretary for the Reynolds Presbyterian Orphanage at Dallas, will deliver the morning address Sunday in the absence of the pastor, the Rev. H. J. Manley, who goes to Cross Plains to preach for Rev. S. P. Collins.

Children and adults are interested in the orphans. Hear first hand information from the home by worshipping at the First Presbyterian church at 11:00 a. m Sunday, February 6.

H. J. MANLEY, Minister.

HOW TO KILL WORMS IN TREES

Take a spade and pull the dirt away from the roots, now take a sharp knife and scrape all of the wax from the roots, then sprinkle Babbitt lye around the roots. Take one-fuorth pound of sulphur and six pounds of lime and make a paint, adding the water and lye where you see wax on the limbs. Scrape the wax off and give the tree one or two applications a year, and you will get the worms.

G. H. BARNHART.

TIME CARD—SANTA FE

For the benefit of our readers, the Santa Fe schedule of passenger trains is given below:

No. 94. South Bound, (goes to Sweetwater only), due 2:55 p. m.

No. 92, South Bound, to all points south to Brownsville, 3:40 a. m.

No. 91, North Bound, 1:54 p. m.

No. 93, North Bound, 8:17 a. m.

Phones: Passenger station, 253, freight station 128.

tf J. M. McCOACH, Agent.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Martin Jr. of Slaton spent from Thursday till Sunday in Snyder the guests of their mother, Mrs. W. F. Martin Sr.

Mrs. Lee Newsom returned to Snyder Sunday to resume her duties at the Bryant-Link store after attending market in Dallas.

Dr. and Mrs. D. C. Williams and children, Buddie and Florence, of Post were in Snyder Sunday the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Warren.

Ernest Taylor was a business visitor to Rotan Monday.

Misses Katherine Knight and Goldie Casey spent the latter part of last week in Sweetwater the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Herrington.

Misses Ernie Harper and Gertrude Herm of Colorado spent the latter part of last week in Snyder the guests of Miss Herm's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Herm.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Richards of Seminole and formerly of Snyder were greeting old friends in Snyder Saturday.

When Baby Was Christened

By H. IRVING KING

MURVIN JONES, millionaire went to a hairdresser's to have his hair cut. Having been operated upon for the hair he thought he would go to the extravagance of having his nails manicured.

"Miss Camberwell," said the manageress of the manicure room, will you please attend to this gentleman?"

The name of the young woman who was assigned to him gave old Murvin a mental jolt. He looked at her keenly across the little table while she prosecuted her professional ministrations and tried to keep up mechanically, the patter all manicure girls are supposed to reel off.

"What part of the country are you from?" he asked abruptly.

"New England," she replied—and named a small manufacturing town in that section.

"Any relation of Roger Camberwell?" asked Murvin.

"He was my father," replied the young woman, looking at the old man with inquiring eyes. "Did you know him?"

"Hum! Yes, slightly," hesitated the millionaire. "He's dead, I believe?"

"Yes, sir," said Miss Camberwell, "he died five years ago."

Murvin asked further questions; the operation went on in silence—and the millionaire paid his ticket and went off, leaving no tip and not even saying good-by."

All the way to his gorgeous palace of a house on Fifth avenue, where the childless widower lived alone with a spinster sister, the man of millions was in deep thought. So that was what Roger Camberwell's daughter had come to, was it? Well, he did not wonder. Roger never was a business man. If he had been—well, if he had been, perhaps Murvin Jones would not have had as much money as he had now.

He took up his library telephone, and half an hour later a young man reported to him for orders. It was the young man's business to find out things for people who could pay. The next evening the young man made his report: "Bertha Camberwell, manicurist. Small salary. Lives in a cheap boarding house. Is twenty-four years old. Engaged to Roscoe Palmer, aged twenty-six, formerly in office of the Marquard Canning company. Now out of a job because of dissolution of firm. Too poor to get married."

"I don't know why I feel this way about that girl," thought Murvin. "As to my cheating her father, that's nonsense. True, I might have kept our firm going; but Roger would always have been a drag. Never made a success with him in the game. What could I do but squeeze him out? Foundation of my fortunes? Yes; but it couldn't be helped. Roger was hopeless."

A few days later Bertha received a letter from Murvin, brutally direct and offering her monetary assistance as "a friend of her family." She sent back an indignant refusal of Murvin's assistance. She would "accept no help from the man who had ruined her father." Old Murvin's ire rose. "She's got about as much money-sense as her father," he stormed. "Am I going to be defied by a silly girl?"

To her surprise when Bertha told Roscoe of her refusal of the millionaire's offer he did not show the enthusiasm she had expected.

"Perhaps you did right," said he, "but I do hate to see you working the way you do. And I can't seem to get a job anywhere."

A week later Roscoe blew in like an elated whirlwind. "Got the best job I ever had in my life," he announced. "Confidential man for Houghton, Carstairs & Co. Sent for me! Said they had heard of the good work I did with the canning company. Got a three years' contract. Glad you rejected old man Jones' offer. He and his money can go to Jericho. You resign your position the first thing tomorrow morning. And now name the day, old girl."

And Bertha named the day.

Roscoe had been in the employ of Houghton, Carstairs & Co. for a year, and there was a little stranger in the cradle at home, before he found out that the backer of the firm—the man who, secretly, furnished the funds for its successful operation — was Murvin Jones. This exciting his suspicions, he managed to worm out of one of the partners that it was owing to Murvin that he had been taken into the firm's employ. "So the old geezer had his way about helping Bertha after all," thought he. When he went home that night he told Bertha. Bertha thought deeply for a minute and then looking at the sleeping baby, said: "Let us forgive him—for baby's sake, Rossie. If he could only see baby now!"

And the next day he wrote a note to Murvin stating he had just become aware of the fact that he owed his position to the said Mr. Jones—and thanking him for the interest he had taken in his welfare. Also he extended the thanks of Mrs. Roscoe—and mentioned the baby!

Old Murvin chuckled. "Didn't get the best of me, did she?" he laughed. And then he went to see the baby and started a bank account for that infantile wonder. He insisted, however, on choosing one of the names by which the baby was christened—and that is why the son of Roscoe and Bertha was baptized as Roscoe Peacemaker Palmer.

(Copyright.)

Curiosity Has Played Big Part in Progress

From time immemorial women have been branded as being more curious than men. Now we are told by a London clergyman that men far outnumber women in the inquiries they address to him during the "Question Hour" he has instituted at his church.

One cannot say that one sex is more curious than the other, but they are interested in totally different matters. Feminine curiosity is lighthearted and less searching than masculine. Few women are ashamed to admit their desire to know the cost of a dress, but the majority would be reluctant to admit their ignorance of some important event in history. The opposite is the case with most men. They feel it is bad taste to be curious about personal matters, but they rarely mind asking for information about public affairs.

Curiosity often becomes a vice with some people. Most of us are familiar with old maids and bachelors who spend all their time probing into the affairs of others. Such people are an object of terror and dislike to the other inhabitants, and the originators of countless petty scandals and quarrels. Lack of any real occupation drives them slowly, as they grow older, into indecent prying into their neighbors' concerns.

We are apt to condemn curiosity as an unpleasant quality, and few of us will acknowledge that we are led and tempted by it. We forget that it is an instinct which is one of the most valuable and beneficial assets of humanity in the battle of life. It is the driving force behind the work of all scientists, doctors and explorers. Without it the world would still be in a state of barbarism.—Vancouver Province.

Practice of Kissing Not Universal Custom

The idea of the kiss being an instinctive gesture is negatived by its being unknown over half the world, where the prevailing salute is that by smelling or sniffing (often called by travelers "rubbing noses"). . . . The kiss appears constantly in Semitic and Aryan antiquity.

In Greece in the classic period it became customary to kiss the hand, breast or knee of a superior. In Rome the kisses of inferiors became a burdensome civility. The early Christians made it the sign of fellowship. It early passed into more ceremonial form in the kiss of peace given to the newly baptized and in the celebration of the eucharist.

While the kiss has been adopted as a religious rite, its original social use has continued. Among men, however, it has become less effusive. Court ceremonial keeps up the kiss on the cheek between sovereigns, and the kissing of the hand by subjects, and the pope, like a Roman emperor, receives the kiss on his foot.—Encyclopedia Brittanica.

Waxing Scandalous

Henry Drummond, author of "The Greatest Thing in the World," in his lighter moments (and he had many) was full of gayety, frequently displaying a unique and versatile form of wit. He was one of a group assembled one night at the home of Drummond's minister, Dr. Marcus Dods.

During the supper, which had to be taken by candle light, one of the candles began to droop. One of the young men set it upright, then it drooped to the other side. Finally it became a subject of remark.

Someone called it a most wicked candle; another said it should be sent to Greece, and sundry other jokes were leveled at the unfortunate light giver. Finally Drummond said, very earnestly, he thought the conversation was beginning to wax scandalous.

Cattle Eat Golf Balls?

Scotsmen are accounting for the large number of golf balls lost on one of the courses at Berwick-on-Tweed, by asserting they are eaten by cattle grazing on the links, says the Dearborn Independent.

CROWDER COMMUNITY MEETING

Last Friday evening the school children and the Crowder school patrons met at the school house for an hour of fun and enjoyment. There was a short program rendered, then a talk by Supt. A. A. Bullock, and after the talk there were about two dozen of the best pies you ever tasted sold at a few dimes each. These pies were auctioned off by the principal of the school. Here is the program rendered:

Opening song, "America," by a group of school children.

Recitation, "Welcome," by Rose Cayce.

Recitation, "Room at The Top," by Maurine Martin.

Recitation, "The Children's Hour," by Florence Davis.

Recitation, "A Speech for a Boy," by Doyle Blakely.

Recitation, by Norene Blakely.

Recitation, "Only One Mother," by Bill Morgan.

Declamation, "American Citizenship," by Fannie Lee Davis.

Reading, "What is in a Name," by Laura Banks.

Reading, "Billie At the Circus," by Ethelyne Ribble.

Speech, "Great Men of Our Country," S. A. Ribble, Jr.

The readings given by Laura Banks and Ethelyne Ribble were especially enjoyed. Come again, girls, we shall be glad to hear you at any time.

These pieces by the school children of Crowder were all well rendered, considering the very short time given from the busy school hours for preparation. Many great men now in public life received their inspiration for their great life work from such small unpromising little meetings as this at Crowder. Parents are always proud of their children and their part in such meetings. There was a goodly number of Parents present with the children. Come again, good people, we welcome your interest and assistance in all such meetings.

The speech by Mr. Bullock was along lines suggesting improvement in the school house, grounds and other things, as well as a fine line of instruction on parents' duties to the school and its teachers. These words of admonition were well received by both parents and children, we feel sure. We need to hear much along similar lines. The great things of our future will grow out of our rural schools more largely than we often realize.

After the speech by Mr. Bullock, you should have heard the hungry little boys, as well as the larger ones, bid for the good, home-made, white-faced pies that were sold. The pies were of all sorts except bad sorts. They were all good, and the only trouble that the writer saw was there was not enough of them. The school raised a small sum from the sale.

We feel that much good will grow out of such meets. Let us have more of them. Let us have every parent present. We need a Parent-Teachers Club in the community. Much there is there might be done by its aid.

Mr. Editor, you should have been there. I know you like pie. You look like an old time pedagogue, too. No, not very old timey. Next time we shall expect you to make us a speech.

REPORTER.

House-Wiring

Electric Lighting
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The Snyder Tailoring Company Wishes to Announce

The Opening Showing of the

New J. L. Taylor Samples for Spring

The richness of texture, the beauty of design, the correct styles are what you would most expect of Taylor's fine clothes.

A Feeling of Satisfaction Remains Long After The Price is Forgotten.

Give Us a Ring—Phone 60

Snyder Tailoring Co.

This sign is your guarantee of Master Service.

Send it to a Master DYER AND CLEANER
NATIONAL ASSOCIATION DYERS AND CLEANERS

Special
Dallas Morning
News
Daily and Sunday
One year.....$6.95
Warren Bros.
The Rexall Drug Store
Snyder, Texas.

BRYANT-LINK CO.

NEW SPRING STYLES

Which offer smart grooming for limited incomes, and appeal to women who could easily pay more.

Sports and Travel

COATS

Are Novel In Weave

The smart wardrobe is not complete this spring without at least one sport coat. We are now showing novelty and basket weaves, sombre plaids and futuristic designs in grays and beige. Charmeens in plain colors complete this excellent showing.

For Daytime Wear

DRESSES

Are Chic if Two-Piece

Emphasizing the compose theme of combining two or more tones of the same color or two or more colors that harmonize, these lovely spring frocks are outstanding in their originality and delightful spring colorings.

Mrs. Newsom, who has charge of our Ready-to-Wear and Millinery Department, has just returned from market, and invites you to come in and see all the pretty coats, dresses and hats she now has on display.

SPECIALS FOR

Saturday, Feb. 5

BEANS	Dried Per lb.	.08
PEAS	Dried, Per lb.	.08
RAISINS	4 lb. Pkgs.	.40
LARD	8 lb. Buckets	$1.08
MEAL	Cream, 24 lb. sack	.60
COFFEE	3 lb. Bucket, Broncho Cup and Saucer	$1.50
PORK & BEANS	No. 2 Cans	.08
TOMATOES	No. 2 Cans	.09
PEACHES	2½ Hillsdale, Sliced or Halved	.20
BROOM	Light Parlor	.35

THOMPSON'S
"M" SYSTEM

The Scurry County Times
And Snyder Signal

Entered at the postoffice at Snyder, Texas, as second class mail matter, according to the Act of Congress, March 3, 1897.

Published every Thursday at Snyder, Scurry County, Texas.

J. L. MARTIN, Editor and Owner

Subscription Rates:
In Scurry County:
One Year $2.00
Six Months 1.00
Outside Scurry County:
One Year $2.50
Six Months 1.25

"Arkansas Still is Flood Swept" headline in Dallas News. Pretty tough on the still, but the operators will come out all right if they only managed to save their mash.

We see where Henry Ford's company has been sued for $6,000,000.00 But Henry won't let a little thing like that worry him any.

"Police Look For Thief With Itch," headline in the Fort Worth Star-Telegram. For heaven's sake, if the itch is all he got, why not let him keep it! The fellow he got it from had probably had it for seven years ,and was no doubt glad to get rid of it.

A report from Austin states: "Prescription whiskey must be drunk at once or bill provides danger." Needn't worry about the whiskey not being drunk; the worst trouble is, the fellow that drinks it will be worse drunk than the whiskey.

"Deep oil sand found in Aviator Field," runs a headline in a popular daily. "Aviator Field!" Deep oil sand in "Aviator Field!" It seems that there would be a good chance for some speculator to buy some real "blue sky" stock.

We see where the son of a very wealthy Chicago woman has what doctors have pronounced "sleeping sickness", and that all efforts to wake him have failed. Like many other youths, he no doubt went just as long as he could without taking a nap, and it may take him two weeks to catch up with his lost sleep.

The Parrish Bill, which would tell the farmer just how much cotton he must plant and on what land he must plant it, was virtually killed by a vote of 2 to 1 by the House Agricultural Committee at Austin Monday.

Heard a fellow remark the other day: "Snyder and West Texas will come back." Come back! Why, bless your heart, Steve, they have never left! They are right here—big as ever, and much better. Snyder is still the best town in West Texas, and West Texas continues to be the best country on earth.

We see where a Houston pastor is worth $800,000. We will add that he got that amount from an old man who remembered the preacher saved the old man's wife and children from drowning several years ago. We also see an account of a country editor's great success. Ten years ago the editor started with nothing, but a recent inventory showed him worth $100,000. About a year ago, however, he married a widow worth $99,999.70.

A prominent doctor and scientist declares that the human stomach is an unnecessary organ, as he has proved that a dog can live without a stomach. Furthermore, think of the misery the stomach causes the average small boy in the nature of aches! And, again, think of a poor cow, she has three stomachs. It's no wonder the poor brute bawls—who knows but that there are times when all three of her stomachs are aching at the same time!

It is said that George Young, the young Canadian who recently won Bill Wrigley's $25,000 for swimming from the mainland to Catalina Island, got his first start as a speed swimmer by a mad bull that made Young take to deep water. Of course that was a real case of "Sink or swim; live or die; survive or perish!" because who on earth would throw off in a contest like that! The writer had one of those male brutes take after him once, and—well, we took to tall timber and the closest fence we could think of on short notice. Of course, we ran, but the only reason why we did run, was because we couldn't fly.

SUCKERS STILL BITE

Notwithstanding all that has been said and done about it, people will part with good money for prettily engraved paper and brilliant promises. Many states try to protect their citizens, and have laws to curb the dishonest stock and real estate sharks. The government has made it a penitentiary offense to use the mails for the sale and distribution of worthless securities. The police departments and prosecuting attorneys are continually on the lookout for financial crooks. The newspapers have cautioned and warned. But still the sheep and its wool are soon parted.

A few weeks ago a Chicago company, doing business under a high-sounding name and with an alleged capital of $1,000,000, failed. Investigation showed it had less than $100 in the bank. Its business was selling stocks and its books showed that it had disposed of worthless investments to thousands of people in more than twenty states.

We do not know of anyone who was caught in this latest scheme. But it is the same old story with the same old moral. Thousands read about it—yet hundreds of those who read will go right ahead buying something that offers big returns, but that isn't worth the paper the proposition is printed on. We've sounded warnings from time to time, and we hope it has been of some value to the community. But this latest robbery scheme leads us to issue the warning once more—Investgiate Before You Invest.

WHERE ARE THEY?

What has become of a lot of the things we once thought we couldn't get along without? Where are the old cuff-holders we used before our cuffs came attached to the shirt, and how about the "rats" the ladies used to fix up in their hair? Where are hat pins, and the old hunting-case watches, the kind you had to pop open when you wanted to see the time of day? Where are the pug dogs and the brown derby hats and the watch charm made in the shape of a little basket cleverly carved out of a peach seed? We invite Snyder citizens who pride themselves on their memories to come forward with a little information. Tell us what has become of these things, and then tell us some of the things we now look on as necessities that will also be missing when another generation comes on earth? And, what has become of the old farmer who greased boots once a week, and the fellow who put a rock in one end of his sack when he took a turn of his sack when he took a to make his sack balance across the saddle? Really, where are they?

We see where a mule kicked a fellow's teeth all out. Now, that again substantiates our claims that the only safe way to examine a mule is through the flues of a boiler. Old Noah's head was so level that water would have stood on top of it, because he knew better than take a mule into the ark; but the old gentleman was greatly surprised after the waters had subsided to see a mule standing on top of a neighboring mountain. The only mule that's perfectly safe is a dead mule, which gives rise to the question, "Who ever saw a dead mule?"

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Herrington and children, Jimmie Dell and Dorothy, of Sweetwater were in Snyder Sunday the guests of Mr. Herrington's brother, Joe Herrington, and family.

Little Sermon

Lo, the young intellectual!
He is esthetic.

He dwelleth among his kind and talketh confidently of his art. He letteth his hair grow long and discourseth of Freud. He shaveth not, but he understandeth the futuristic. He laugheth to scorn the conventions and prateth of free love. He derideth industry.

And yet, being hungry, he buyeth sustenance with money which his father hath earned. For he remaineth esthetic only so long as he is comfortable.

So we mock him, knowing in our hearts that we, too, would be esthetic.

But for the absence of rich fathers.—Kansas City Times.

In the Glacial Age

It is impossible to say how long a period the glacial waters of Lake Agassiz covered the greater parts of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, North Dakota and Minnesota. The lake, from its earliest measurements, appears to have been 110,000 square miles, with a length of 700 miles, width of 250 miles and a depth of 700 feet. Besides the reclaimed land now known as the Red River valley there remains still of Lake Agassiz the shrunken remnants constituting Lakes Winnipeg, Manitoba, Rainy lake, Lake of the Woods and Red lake.

Sharp

"Oh, doctor," cried a wild-eyed man, "I am dreadfully afflicted. The ghosts of my departed relatives come and perch on the tops of the fenceposts all round my garden when dusk is falling. I can look out into the gloaming any evening and see a couple of dozen spooks sitting on top of the posts, waiting, waiting, waiting! What shall I do?"

"Sharpen the tops of the posts," came the cool reply.

Humming Birds

In regard to the materials used by humming birds in constructing their nests, I wish to say that no hair or feathers are ever used. The nests are built of lichens and attached to the limb which is as nearly as possible the exact color of the lichens used, hence the difficulty in locating the nests of humming birds with the human eyes. The nest is never hidden but merely cunningly camouflaged.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Almost Perfect

Government scientists have produced disks with a surface so flat that they differ from a true plane by less than two ten-millionths of an inch.

Or on the Automobile

"Who can tell me something about Mars?" the teacher asked and one little fellow spoke up. "Mars is the dents and scratches you get on the parlor furniture."—Boston Transcirpt.

Peas From Old Stock

In one English village most of the green peas are grown from a stock of seeds said to have been taken from the case of an Egyptian mummy.

Cheap Sacking Material

No material is manufactured at a smaller cost than gunny. It is a strong, coarse sack-cloth manufactured chiefly in Bengal from jute, but to some extent also in Bombay and Madras from sunn hemp. It is also manufactured in Dundee, Scotland, from jute inported from Bengal, and in a small way of late years in the United States. The weaving of gunny is a great domestic industry in India. It gives occupation to men, women and children. Boatmen employ themselves weaving in their spare moments, as do farmers, carriers and even domestic servants. The weaving is performed upon the rudest kind of loom, consisting merely of a few sticks and poles fastened together with twine.

Nation's Faith in God Expressed on Coinage

"In God We Trust" first appeared on the coins of this country in 1864 and owes its presence very largely to the increased religious sentiment in the dreaded crisis of the Civil war. S. P. Chase, then secretary of the treasury, having received a number of appeals from devout persons throughout the country suggesting and urging that the Deity be recognized suitably on our coins in a manner similar to that commonly found on the coins of other nations, addressed a letter to the director of the mint, at Philadelphia, stating that "no nation would be strong except in the strength of God or safe except in His defense. The trust of our people in God should be declared on our national coins." He ordered that a device be prepared without unnecessary delay, with a motto expressing in the fewest words possible this national recognition. Various mottoes were placed on coins in 1862 and 1863. The first ones bearing "In God We Trust," however, were coined in 1864.

Seemed Something of an Odd Combination

He didn't really want to bring the two cats home from Colorado, but what good is the argument of a mere man against those of a wife, three children, and a mother-in-law? So the family started home last week with the cats enthroned in a box on the back seat of the car.

He was somewhat ashamed of the ugly yellow pets anyway, and his mortification was complete when he was forced to ask a garage owner, in the town where they spent the first night, for cellar space in which to park his charges.

"I suppose," he said to the garage man, "I suppose you don't see many tourists crazy enough to be taking common alley cats with them, do you?" "Oh, yes I do," replied the garage man. "They come in here every day with all sorts of pets. But," he added, as an afterthought, "by George, you're the first feller I've seen that was totin' cats and a mother-in-law both."—Los Angeles Times.

Bilious
dull feeling

"MY old stand-by is Thedford's Black-Draught—I have used it off and on for about 20 years," says Mr. W. S. Reynolds, of R. F. D. 2, Arcadia, La.

"I get bilious and have a bad taste in my mouth. My head feels dull. I don't just feel like getting around and doing my work. I know it isn't laziness, but biliousness.

"So I take a few doses of Black-Draught and when it acts well, I get up feeling like new—'full of pep' and ready for any kind of work.

"I can certainly recommend it."

In case of biliousness and other disagreeable conditions due to constipation, Black-Draught helps to drive the poisonous impurities out of the system and tends to leave the organs in a state of normal, healthy activity.

Black-Draught is made entirely of pure medicinal roots and herbs and contains no dangerous or harmful mineral drugs. It can be safely taken by everyone.

Sold everywhere. Price 25c.

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BLACK-DRAUGHT
Purely Vegetable
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The New

SPRING
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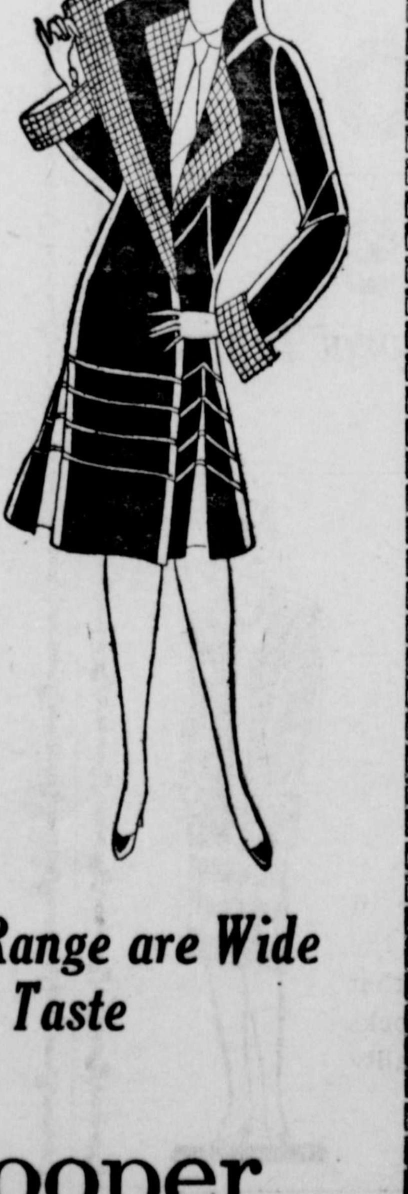


You have wanted to buy is now within reach. You couldn't step into the largest stores and find a more up-to-date selection of new Spring Coats to choose from.

Quality, beauty and durability are combined in these excellent coats. We have them in plaids and checks, with or without fur collar—and at prices that are bound to win your approval at once.

$10.00 and up

The Color Selection and Size Range are Wide Enough to Suit Every Taste

Dodson & Cooper
"Where Style Reigns Supreme"

A COMPANY of actors gathered on Gull Island off the coast of Maine, after a charity performance of "Twelfth Night." Some of them still in costume. No other people on the island save the caretaker of the great house and an old boatman. One of the company murdered. The victim's body lost in the powerful current. Who did it? That's what you will wonder. A real, a satisfying surprise.

* * * * *

An Amazing Mystery Story That Will Appear Serially in

The Scurry County Times-Signal

Poultry

West Texas, on account of its climate and other natural advantages, is especially adapted to poultry raising.

With an abundance of feed, we have an opportunity to engage in an attractive, profitable business that, under proper management, is sure of success.

A hundred or so of good laying hens on each farm will help to solve the problem of living at home.

THINK IT OVER!

First National Bank

SNYDER, TEXAS

The Leading Lady

By Geraldine Bonner

If you had the good fortune to read Miss Bonner's thrilling story, "The Girl at Central," you know what she can do with a mystery plot. Her new story, "The Leading Lady," is even better; in fact, is her most compelling novel. It is for the delight of all mystery readers who demand action, thrills and suspense. Along with the mystery is pleasing romance and some very interesting glimpses into the real life of stage people.

To Be Printed Serially in

This Paper Every Week

BEST SELLING BOOK COMES TO PALACE THEATRE

Samuel Goldwyn, whose fondness for best selling novels as preferred subjects for big films, dates back to his pioneer film making days, has done it again. The maker of "Stella Dallas" now presents "The Winning of Barbara Worth," a Henry King production based on the Harold Bell Wright best selling novel which sold into two million copies. The film comes to the Palace Theatre next week.

The producers of the film, which boasts of Vilma Banky in the Barbara Worth role and Ronald Colman as the eastern engineer, Willard Holmes, estimate that ten million people have already read the novel. There were, first of all, the two million purchasers of the original Wright $2 book. Then additional millions read the serialization of that novel in more than one hundred newspapers in the United States alone. And now, synchronized with release of "The Winning of Barbara Worth" by United Artists Corporation comes the popular-priced A. L. Burt Co. photoplay edition, with more thousands reading the Wright story.

Samuel Goldwyn was so anxious to have the benefit of the ten million readers of Harold Bell Wright's tale that he paid, according to his own admission $125,000 for the screen rights to "The Winning of Barbara Worth."

Frances Marion, famous scenarist, adapted the novel to the screen, and Henry King directed the picture.

PATENTS GRANTED TO RESIDENTS OF TEXAS

Of 757 patents issued in the last week, Texas inventors obtained nine.

Joseph William Matthews, of Menard. G T. The gate of this invention is primarily intended for permitting the free passage of automotive vehicles and pedestrians, and at the same time preventing the passage of cattle.

William E. Bruce of Mirando City. Fertilizer distributor and loader. An important object of this invention is to adapt the mechanism disclosed in said prior application for use in combination with worm conveyors for distributing the material which is being handled.

Sylvester L. Joiner, of McGregor. Reversible placard holder for tank cars. This provides a reversible placard holder in which the placard will be rigidly held in position and in which there will be no liability of the vibration of the device incident to train motion either changing the position of the placard or loosening the reversible construction.

Wesley Thomas Smith of Ranger. Muffler. This relates to mufflers for internal combustion engines, preferably of the stationary type, and has for its object to provide a device which will eliminate back pressure in the engine.

Edward C. Boothe of Waller. Pulverizer attachment for cultivators. This provides a pulverizer attachment which is simple in construction, inexpensive, strong and durable and further well adapted for the purposes for which it is designated.

Robert C. Stubbs of Dallas. Vibrating machine. This provides out-of-balancing devices for increasing the vibrations or decreasing the vibrations per minute and for holding the out-of-balancing devices at whatever position or point of adjustment that may be required on the work to be done.

Robert A. Wilson of Dallas. Tubular coupling. The object of this invention is to so amplify the thread structure and component parts that when the pin is dropped into the box, the impact and load will be sustained, borne and distributed over wide surfaces of substantial acreas and not merely upon the thread along. Mr. Wilson assigns his patent to the Guiberson Corporation.

IS THE STOMACH NEEDED?

A dog, whose stomach was removed by an operation two years ago, has lived contentedly since that time in a laboratory at Northwestern Medical school, it was revealed recently. The test was conducted to show how patients, with stomachs removed because of cancer, should be fed, Dr. Ivy said. —Exchange.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Shull left Saturday morning for Jayton. Mr. Shull, accompanied by Dave Burns of Jayton, left for a short trip to Borger, Texas, while Mrs. Shull remained in Jayton for a few days visit with her mother, Mrs. Lawrence Green.

PILES

A harmless and painless home treatment. No knife or burning. Easy to use. Quick and positive in results. Money back guarantee. For information write,

VINCENT LABORATORIES

Texarkana, U. S. A.

Few of World's Great Cut Hours of Sleep

It is often said of great men that they needed and took but few hours of sleep. It is true that in their desire to accomplish as much work as possible they have spent no more hours in bed than was necessary, but those who found that less than six or eight hours would suffice them were very few. Alexander von Humboldt, Linnaeus, Cuvier, Dumas, Bismarck and the composer, Dvorak, are all the four-hour sleepers I have come upon in a long list of distinguished men. Napoleon, who is sometimes mentioned in this class, took from six to eight hours and did not hesitate to nap in the daytime and even in the midst of conversation. He could go for long periods without sleep, but he always condemned himself to correspondingly long periods of rest afterward, sleeping on one occasion for 35 hours at a stretch.

Goethe was a very sound sleeper, and Descartes, who is said to have done more original work than any man of his century, slept a great deal. Brahms could sleep at will and under any conditions, and Dumas, "after writing for some hours at a stretch, would suddenly fling himself on his bed, and in a few seconds be sound asleep; 15 or 20 minutes later he would wake up again wtih equal abruptness and return to work—a giant refreshed." —Scientific Monthly.

Hall of Fame Project Delayed by Quarrel

The first bronze tablets in New York's hall of fame were unveiled as recently as 1901, yet 100 years ago a New Yorker began the movement for just such a commemoration of the nation's great. He even offered to make the busts himself, and, indeed, did so in a number of cases, only to have his plan rejected, to lie in the discard 75 years. He was J[illegible] I. Browere, who in the early part of the Nineteenth century was recognized as one of New York's best sculptors. There were many who took to his idea of a hall of fame from the start and urged its adoption. It even reached congress, with high hope of an appropriation to carry out the plan. However, one little incident ruined its prospects. Congress decided to look up Browere. William Dunlap, then considered an authority on art, had written its history. Browere had incurred the displeasure of Dunlap and was not mentioned in his book. So congress thought he couldn't amount to anything.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Birds Sound Warning

Despite the fact that the blue jay is a persistent joker and a noisy, boisterous and happy-go-lucky chap, he is really a remarkable bird.

The blue jay and the crow have a distinctive language of their own and one which is understood by many other species of wild life. Ducks as well as deer, foxes, rabbits, squirrels, woodchucks and many others understand crow and jay talk.

Close observations have proved that many species of wild life will heed the alarm call of both the jay and crow and will immediately upon hearing either of these birds seek the shelter of their dens or some thick patch of briar.

Keep Busy

Nine-tenths of the miseries and vices of manhood proceed from idleness; with men of quick minds, to whom it is especially pernicious, this habit is commonly the fruit of many disappointments and and schemes oft baffled; and men fail in their schemes not so much for want of strength as for their ill direction of it. The weakest living creature, by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish something. The drop of water by continued falling bores its passage through the hardest rock; the hasty torrent rushes over it with hideous roar, and leaves no trace behind.

"Petrified Lightning"

The weather bureau says that presumably petrified lightning is what is technically known as a "fulgurite." It is a more or less irregular glassy tube formed by the passage of lightning through sand (generally) or rock, which is fused along the path of discharge. The sand along the central portion of the path appears to be volatilized and driven out, hence the hollow tube, with the continuous glassy walls and rough, irregular outer surface.

Music Lovers' Gathering

The "standees" rail, running midway around the top gallery at the Metropolitan opera house, New York, is as much one of the sights as the "diamond horseshoe" in the same auditorium. It is the gathering place of a motley and democratic crew of music lovers from many foreign lands, and the only strict convention imposed is silence during the acts. One standee found himself in company with a Russian piano teacher, a German butcher, an Italian laborer and a Cuban music student.

Always Polite

The manager of the isolated factory had received a letter from a woman stating that her husband, who worked in the factory, had sent her no money for weeks and weeks.

So the manager, a kindly man, sent for the delinquent there and then.

"Jackson," he said, when the man made his appearance, "do you ever send your wife anything when you write?"

"Oh, yes, sir," answered the other brightly, "always my kindest regards."

Watchful Waiting

Louella is a careless tot and usually loses her penny before she gets a chance to spend it. The other day her next-door neighbor met her on the street and Louella, as usual, explained that she was on her way to the store to spend her daily penny.

Just then her little brother came along and piped up:

"Wun along Louella, I'se wight behind you an' finders is spenders."

Nova Scotia's First Name

Nova Scotia was named Markland by the first discoverers, but received its present name from Scottish immigrants to offset Nouville, France, and New England.

No Great Competition for These Odd Jobs

Although at the present time almost every profession is overcrowded, there are still a few that have only one follower.

For instance, out of the seven and a half million people in London there is only one moss gatherer. Twice a week this man pushes a barrow to a spot several miles out of the city, where he gathers his moss, and later sells it for decorative purposes.

At the last census taken in England a man stated that he was a walrus mustache collector. The hairs are used for the purpose of making toothpicks, and as far as is known he is the only person who follows that profession.

There is only one lady veterinary surgeon in England. A British firm employs a man whose job is simply to strike matches in order to test them.

Still another of these unusual jobs is that of toad breeder. There is one man who does this, and he sells his toads to gardeners for the purpose of destroying insect pests.

"Shut-ins" Not Dead to All Worldly Affairs

The Woman visited a friend at a sanatorium the other day—one of those places in the country where they try to make convalescence bearable. She had to wait until she could see her friend, so she sat down on the porch. At the far end a group of women patients were talking with absorbed interest.

The one in the wheel chair evidently had a great deal to tell. The Woman wondered what it could be about. She knew the story of those particular patients. All three had been invalids for years; they always would be bound to their chairs and crutches.

Just then she was called, and as she passed the group she heard: "When I bake tomatoes I fill them with bread crumbs and butter and . . ."

"That's just the way I fix peppers, and my husband used to say . . ."

The Woman went inside. She was "smilin' round the mouth, but sort of teary around the lashes" when she thought of that hopeful, reminiscent group of cooks.—New York Sun.

Mirror Made Trouble

To the back veldts of South Africa there penetrated one day a traveler, who possessed many treasures the old farmer had never seen before. Among them was a mirror.

"Where did you get that?" asked the farmer, as he gazed into it; "that picture of my father?"

The traveler did not explain, but gave it to him as a souvenir, and it became his most cherished possession. Every day he looked at his "father's picture," and kept it carefully locked up, showing it to no one.

But there came a day when he left his keys behind, and his wife, who had long wondered what it was he kept so carefully, started rummaging and found the mirror.

"Oh," she murmured as she gazed into it, "so that's the [illegible] he's after, is it?"

Birthstone Old Ornament

Birthstones are among the oldest forms of jewelry. The group of 12 stones, one for each month of the calendar year, may have been related to the 12 stones in the breastplate worn by the High Priest Aaron as described in the Book of Exodus. Each of the 12 stones represented one of the tribes of the Children of Israel, and the name of the tribe was inscribed on the stone. As early as 4000 B. C. another high priest, this time in Egypt, wore a breastplate of 12 small stones or crosses. Ancient Egyptian carvings preserve this interesting bit of history. A relationship between the breastplates of the two high priests seems probable.—New York Times.

WHY NOT A BIG HATCHERY?

It seems that nearly every town in this part of West Texas already has or is going to have a large hatchery. What's the matter with Snyder? Why can't this, the best town in this portion of the Big State's map have a big hatchery also?

Snyder is the seat of one of West Texas' very best annual poultry shows, has a number of very enthusiastic poultry fanciers and successful breeders, and there is no reason under the sun just why Snyder should not have a large hatchery—one equal to any other in West Texas. All that is needed is for live wire poultry raiser to start the ball to rolling.

ADVERTISING DID IT

That advertising of a worthy product creates a market for it has been thoroughly demonstrated by an automobile factory the past year. Staring in with sales among the lowest in its class, this factory put on an advertising compaign in the city and country papers, and its sales for last year increased by leaps and bounds, passing its hardest competitor for the last month of 1926. This competitor quit advertising a year or so ago, and results speak for themselves. The Chevrolet car is now the leading low priced car in sales, and this position has been attained by a good product properly advertised. People who control such large industres are not philanthropists, and would not pay out millions of dollars annually for something which did not benefit them. Chevrolet has been made a household word through publicity, and the company is keeping it up because it pays them.—Garland News.

SLATONITE BUYS THE TIMES

The Slatonite at Slaton, Texas, has absorbed the other paper, we believe the Times, at that place. A few years ago an element of people were decided that they must have another paper and Mr. Ben Smith was encouraged to come and start such a paper. He has fought an uphill fight there for tbout three years, and has now sold to the Slatonite, the older paper there.

They may have thought it the thing to do, but it has resulted in hurting Mr. Smith badly, and it has not done the other paper any good, so that neither paper has made any money and one of them had to go and go after a hard fight for several years to keep the wolf from the door.

It has cost the enemies of the Slatonite quite a good deal of money to try and hold up this second paper.

Now that they have come to a settlement of the matter, the merchants will be exceedingly slow to encourage a second paper to again start there.

The Slatonite can and will give them a pood paper alone, but with two, neither could make enough to make a really good paper.—Lamesa Reporter.

In this connection, the Times-Signal will add that if Mr. and Mrs. Ben Smith could not make a second paper a go in a small town, who could? But no small town or city has any need of more than one paper, besides, as the Lamesa Reporter has stated, Mr. Smith's enemies at Slaton have hurt him by really forcing him to sell his good will and subscription list and to move his plant out of town. The fight has also hurt the city of Slaton and has not done the surviving paper any good.

Rupture Shield Expert Coming to

SWEETWATER

on

Saturday & Sunday, Feb. 5, and 6

at

MART HOTEL

From 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.

Evenings by Appointment

TWO DAYS ONLY

No Charge for Consultation

Mr. C. F. Redlich, the successful expert says:

The "Perfect Retention Shields" hold the rupture perfectly no matter what position the body assumes or how heavy a weight you lift. They give instant relief, contract the opening on the average case in ten days and strengthen the weak tissues (the real cause of rupture) so that they frequently recover their previous natural retaining power needing no further outside support. Stomach trouble, backache and constipation often caused by Rupture promptly disappear.

Truly remarkable results have been obtained with recent and not yet fully developed ruptures and many old ones also.

No legstraps or elastic belts are used. Can be worn while bathing and are highly sanitary being impervious to sweat.

Letters from highly satisfied clients available.

Advertised mail order contraptions as well as elastic belts with chafing filthy legstraps and all salves and medicines are absolutely worthless.

Call on me and I will show you.

Results on children are 95 per cent favorable.

Business engagements prevent visiting any other city in this section. C. F. Redlich, Rupture Appliance Expert, Home office, 535 Boston Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

32-2t.

6 Per C'nt WHY PAY MORE?

Money borrowed on farms and ranches. These loans pay them selves out at the end of 33 years. Very liberal options. Inspections made promptly.

See us before securing your loan elsewhere.

6 Per c'nt WHY PAY MORE?

STOVALL & STOVALL

Blackard Building

New Spring Frocks

Special Advance Selling of Adorable Spring Dresses

Styles

- Short Sleeves
- Long Sleeves
- Two Piece
- Ruffled Styles
- Tailored Frocks
- Evening Dresses
- Sport Dresses

Priced So That All May Have One

$18

Colors

- Rosebloom
- Lilac
- Sailor Blue
- Rustic Brown
- Black
- Sable Tones
- Paris Blue

COME in and see for yourself! The styles this Spring are more fascinating than ever. The colors seem lovelier, the styles more flattering, and these dresses are made better than the ordinary run of dresses at this low price.

We're all enthused about this special showing tomorrow, and have made every effort to make it a success. We know you'll be just as enthusiastic about the dresses as we are when you see them—all we ask is that you come in early tomorrow.

Caton-Dodson Dry Goods Co.

"THE LEADING LADY"

(Continued from Page 2)

wife, who was more interested in the play than in personalities:

"I don't see how Olivia took him for the page she was in love with. He didn't look like Viola in the face. She was real pretty, but he'd a queer, sly mug on him, that boy."

"I guess she was meant to be blinded by love. And him dressed the same, hair, and all, might lead her astray."

"I don't see how you could have 'em look just alike unless they'd get an actress who had a real twin brother, and maybe you'd do the whole country over and not find that."

"He ain't like her no way," growled old Gabriel from the wheel. "I seen 'em both when they wasn't acting, and he's an ugly pup, that one."

Then, the boat grating on the Hayworth wharf, Gabriel urged them off. He hadn't got through yet, got to go back for part of the company who were calculating to get the main line at Spencer, and after that back again for the Tracy boy.

The swaying throng of boats emptied their cargoes and the thick-pressed crowd, moving to the end of the wharf, separated into streams and groups. Farewells, last commending comments, rose on the limpid sea-scented air. The waiting line of motors absorbed the summer visitors, wheeled off and purred away past the white cottages under the New England elms. The matrons sank gratefully upon the yielding cushions, rolling by the dusty buggies, the battered autos, the line of bicycle riders, into the quiet, serene country where the shadows were lying long and clear. Yes, it had been a great success; from first to last there hadn't been a hitch.

There was one outsider left on the Island, Wally Shine, the photographer sent by the Universal syndicate to take pictures of what was a "notable event" in a place of which the public had heard much and seen nothing. But, unlike the other outsiders, his impressions, extending over a longer period, had not been so agreeable. He had seen the actors at close range, in their habits as they lived, lunched with them, watched the last rehearsal, taken a lot of pictures of Miss Saunders in the house and garden. And he had sensed an electric disturbance in the atmosphere, and come upon evidences of internal discord.

That was at the last rehearsal, when the poetic Viola had lost her temper like an ordinary woman and jumped on the Tracy boy—something about the place he stood in—nothing, as far as Shine could see, to get mad about. And the boy had answered in kind, like the spitting of an angry cat. An ugly scene that the director had to stop.

Then the man Stokes, who played the Duke, a handsome, romantic looking chap—something was the matter with him. He had a haunted sort of look, as if his mind was disturbed, especially when he'd turn his eyes on Miss Saunders. His wife—the woman they called Flora—was on to him. Shine saw her watching him, sidelong from under her eyelids, the way you watch a person when you don't want them to see it.

The photographer was sensitive to emotional stress and he felt it here—below the surface—and was moved to curiosity.

The photographs were finished and the group broke up. Miss Saunders and Miss Tracy linked arms and moved off toward the headlands. Receding in the amber light they were like a picture from some antique romance—the noble lady and her page. One in narrow casings of crimson brocade, the other in short swinging kilt and braided jacket of more somber gray. Shine, fascinated, watched them pacing slowly over the burnished grass. He turned to go and saw that Stokes was watching them, too, intent like a hungry dog, the hand that held a stalk of feathered grass against his lips, trembling.

Like a Picture From Some Antique Romance.

The photographer shouldered his camera and went toward the house. He skirted the side balcony, the wide-flung doors giving a glimpse of an entrance hall, and turning the corner emerged upon the land front of the long, capacious building. Hayworth showed across the channel in a clustering of gray roofs from which smoke skeins rose straight into the suave rose-washed sky. The water rushed between, a swollen tide, threads of white dimpled eddies, telling of its racing speed.

The door on this side of the house opened directly into the living room. No hall within or porch without interfered with the view; the path ended unceremoniously at the foot of two broad steps that led to the threshold. On the lower of these steps Shine found a lady sitting smoking a cigarette. This was the Maria of the cast, Mrs. Cornell in private life. Shine had found her as easy as himself, good humoredly loquacious and not involved in the prevailing discord. An admirable person to clear up mysteries. He sank down beside her on the box and took the cigarette box she flipped toward him.

"Wouldn't you think," she said, "a man as rich as this Driscoll would fix up round here better?"

Shine, who had artistic responses, had long learned not to intrude them on the uninitiated.

"I guess he liked it wild," he suggested, and lit a cigarette.

Shine had been in the grove of pines, a growth of stunted trees filling in a hollow. He had followed the path through it, up the slope to the summer house and beyond to where the bluff dropped away in a sheer cliff to the channel. They called the place "The Point," as it projected beyond the shore line in a rocky outthrust shoulder, gulls circling it, water seething below. He looked there now, let his glance slip along the curve of headlands till it reached the two girls, perched on a boulder like a pair of bright-winged birds. He was thinking how to approach the matter in his mind when Mrs. Cornell went on:

"I don't see what anyone wanted to build a house here for—cut off this way. It's too lonesome. With the tide at the full, as it is now, you can't get ashore without a motor boat. You know that current's something fierce."

He looked down at it, its rushing corded surface purple dark:

"Looks to be some current."

"It would carry you out and 'Good night' to you. Gabriel, who runs the launch, told me. Sets right out to sea, some way. And the rise and fall to it—I couldn't tell you how many feet it is, but you'll see for yourself tonight if you're awake—all the channel bare, nothing but rocks and mud. And across the middle of it to Hayworth, a causeway. That's the only way you can get ashore at low tide. High or low, you're pretty well marooned. It's seclusion, all right, if that's what you're after."

Shine was after information and with the talk running on tides and causeways he saw no chance of getting it. So he tried to divert the garrulous lady:

"That's Miss Saunders and Miss Tracy out there looking at the sunset."

Mrs. Cornell answered with emphasis:

"Yes, they're friends."

"Aren't you all?"

"Some of us knew each other before we came here," was her cryptic reply. Then she added pensively: "Six months ago you'd never have found Sybil Saunders looking at a sunset. She was the brightest thing!"

"Awful misfortune that what happened to her."

She gave a derisive sound at the inadequacy of the word:

"Hah—awful! Took the heart right out of her. If you ever saw a girl in love, it was she—bound up in him. Everything ready, the wedding day set, the trousseau made." Tears rose in her eyes and she dove into her tight-fitting bodice for a handkerchief. "Never to be worn, Mr. Shine—that's life."

Shine gave forth sympathetic murmurs and Mrs. Cornell, dabbing at her eyes, furnished data between the dabs:

"Two men drinking too much and then a fight, and before anybody knew, murder. If there hadn't been a brass candlestick near Jim Dallas' hand it would never have happened. Honest to God, Mr. Shine, there was nothing evil in that young man. But the Parkinson family are camped on his trail. The evil's in them, if you ask me, with their rewards and detectives."

"I wonder if she knows where he is."

"I guess there's more than one wondering that," the lady murmured.

Shine looked at the page's figure on the rock. She carried the thing stamped on her face. He had noticed it particularly when he had taken the photographs of her in the living room. Once or twice the mask had been dropped and he had seen the drooping lines, the weariness, and something like fear on the delicate features.

For a space they smoked in silence. Round the corner of the house the tall figure of Stokes strolled into view. At the sight of them he nodded, walked down to the wharf and dropped on a bench.

Shine lowered his voice:

"What's the matter with him?"

Mrs. Cornell met his eyes; her own were narrowed and sharp.

"What makes you think anything is?"

"His whole makeup—something's wearing on him."

She blew out a long shoot of smoke and, watching it, murmured:

"Yes, it's out on him like a rash. He's crazy about Sybil, if you want to know what's the matter with him."

"Oh!" It came with an understanding inflection, the haggard glances rising on Shine's memory.

"Can't hide it, doesn't want to hide it. There's no shame in him, tracking after the girl. And it's not as if he got any encouragement. She can't bear him; that's why she has Anna Tracy out there, afraid if she sits alone five minutes he'll come loping up. You'd think if he didn't have any pride he'd have some feeling for his wife. She's half crazy with jealousy, burning up with it. These purple passions are all right in books, Mr. Shine, but believe me, they're not comfortable to live with."

"I felt it."

"I guess you would, it's in the air. All of us cooped up in this place where you can't get off. Sybil and Joe Tracy ready to fight at the drop of the hat, Flora going round in circles and Stokes like one of those fireworks that starts sputtering and you don't know whether they're going to explode or die on you. I tell you I'll be glad when we get out of here tomorrow morning."

There was a footfall in the room behind them and Mrs. Cornell turned to see who was coming.

"Oh, Flora," she said, "Come out and take a look at the sunset. It's something grand."

The women stepped out and stood beside them. She had changed her costume and her narrow blue linen dress outlined her too slender figure. Shine thought she would have looked pretty if she had not looked so worn and thin. He noticed the brightness of her dark eyes, brilliant and quick moving as a bird's. There was red on her cheekbones, a flushed patch that was not rouge. Mrs. Cornell's expression recurred to him, "burning up"—the meager body, the high color, the dry lips resolutely smiling, suggested inner fires.

"Yes," she answered, "it's a wonderful evening."

"Take a cig," Mrs. Cornell offered the box.

"Sit down, there's plenty of room." Shine moved up.

"No, I can't sit down. There's something about the air that makes you restless—too stimulating, maybe." She raised her voice and called to her husband, "Aleck, aren't you coming in to change your clothes?"

Without moving, the man called back:

"Not yet. There's no hurry."

She turned to Shine with a little condemning air of wifely tolerance:

"Mr. Stokes has been shut up so long in town he can't get enough of the fresh air."

"He's enjoying the scenery, too," Shine answered, and saw her eyes travel to the two figures on the rock."

"Oh, that of course—that's the best part of it." Then in a tone of bright discovery: "Why, look where Anne and Sybil are! Have they been there long?"

"Ever since I've been here," Mrs. Cornell's voice was more than soothing, bluffly reassuring as the voice of one who tells a child there is no ghost. "And ever since Mr. Shine got through the pictures! Wallowing in the beauties of nature like the rest of us."

"Won't you wallow, too?" Shine indicated the long unoccupied space on the step.

She shook her head:

"I like moving about. Something in this place—gets on my nerves; it's like being in jail." On a deep breath she shot out, "I hate it," and stepped back into the room.

"Going?" Mrs. Cornell veered round to follow her retreating figure.

"Yes. I enjoy the scenery better when it hasn't got people in it."

They looked at each other; a still minute of eye communication.

"She's all worked up," he murmured.

Her answer was to point to the two girls and then to Stokes:

"Now she'll keep her eye on them from somewhere else—probably the side piazza. That's the way you are when you're jealous—the sight of it kills you and you can't stop watching."

"Lord!" whispered Shine, into whose life no such gnawing passions had entered. And he thought of the girl in the page's dress who was afraid to sit alone, and the man on the wharf brooding within sight of her, and the woman who was hovering round them like a helpless, distracted bird.

(Continued Next Week)

D. C. Clark, head bookkeeper of the Higginbotham stores, was in Snyder Monday looking after business interests.

Radio
"ATWATER-KENT"
"CROSLEY"
and
"R C A"
Three nationally known makes—now on display at
King & Brown
Phone 18

BORDEN COUNTY NEWS FROM GAIL

There was no preaching here Sunday. There were only 47 in attendance at Sunday school, but a good report from all the classes was given.

The Methodist conference will be held here February 9.

The W. M. U. will meet at the home of Mrs. Bob Ally February 5.

Commissioners' Court is in session here this week.

There were a large number of Borden County citizens in town Monday paying their taxes.

Main street is being graveled, which adds much to the looks of the town.

The school is progressing nicely. The primary teacher reports the honor roll as follows: First grade, Murry Jackson; second grade, Sadie Telle Jenkins; third grade, Delmo Pearce. Honor roll for intermediate department: Fourth grade, Robert Scott; fifth grade, Harold Davidson; sixth grade, Mary Cantrell.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Jackson went to Snyder Saturday shopping.

Miss Thelma Myers and Nora Saily were in Snyder Saturday.

Miss Maggie Williams visited her sister, Mrs. Frank Berry of Snyder Saturday. She was accompanied home by her mother, Mrs. S. S. Williams, who has been spending a few days with her daughter, Mrs. Berry.

Miss Juanita Pearce visited with home folks here Saturday and Sunday.

C. S. Harris, J. R. Roper and A. J. Cantrell canned a beef Saturday.

There were a good many visitors present at B. Y. P. U. Sunday night.

Mr. and Mrs H. E. Bennett and family of the Munger ranch attended the B. Y. P. U. services Sunday night. The young folks sang awhile after the closing of the prgoram. The singing was enjoyed by old and young.

Jim Johnson has moved to the house recently vacated by Paul Moor.

Mrs. Margie Engle of Big Spring visited her sister, Miss Maude Roper, of this place last Friday.

MRS. A. J. CANTRELL.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank one and all who were so kind to us during the illness and in the death of our darling wife and mother. Your acts of kindness and words of comfort and cheer shall ever be remembered by us.

Mr. W. T. Cook and Children,
Hamlin, Texas.

Earl Hicks made a business trip to the plains last Thursday.

UNION DOTS

Sunday being the fifth Sunday and singing day, the Sunday school was not very well attended, nor was the singing as to that, till in the afternoon when the turnout was better. The day was too cold for a real good time for those who sing.

The Epworth Leaguers had their regular program at 6 o'clock and after the crowd assembled, the pastor, Rev. C. R. Hardy, preached a helpful sermon, this closing a good day, and I want to say that the majority of us are letting our laziness and our indifference deprive ourselves and our families of lots of the better things of life as well as depriving the community of our help and what might be useful and fruitful lives. And there is one thing sure, and that is, an unuseful life can't be a fruitful life for or in the kingdom.

Mr. Witherspoon has two children who have had a severe attack of pneumonia.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Scott's baby was real sick Saturday night, but is better now.

Finis Werner and family and Mr. and Mrs. Appleton fo Hermleigh visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Scott Sunday.

Mrs. Lucy Sybert is in Rains County on business at present.

J. B. Adams of Lamesa was visiting and mixing with old friends and neighbors Sunday and Monday, and attending to business matters, as he went along. We are always glad to see Sunny Joe.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Berry were pleasant callers at the home of Union Dots Saturday night, also Monday night, in doing their bit to help the Epworth League along. And we will say in passing that it takes just such effort and sometimes sacrifice to make these things go.

Arlie Biggs and family went to Big Spring Sunday to remain indefinitely, as Arlie is working there now.

J. E. (Jake) Glover says it goes on this way awhile and doesn't get any better. Guess Jake's rheumatism makes his mind wonder.

Dessie Parsons and Rose Cayce spent Monday night with Clarice Blekely.

W. R. Bratton was called to Alabama on account of his mother's death week before last. W. R. reports that everything was under water in those parts when he left there.

Elmer Kiker of Rotan came over to visit his parents, T. O. Kiker and wife, and to take a load of implements home with him, preparatory to get to farming. He returned home Tuesday.

As news is scarce, I quits.

REPORTER.

Miss Lou Woosley and George Northcutt of the Higginbotham store left Sunday afternoon for the eastern markets.

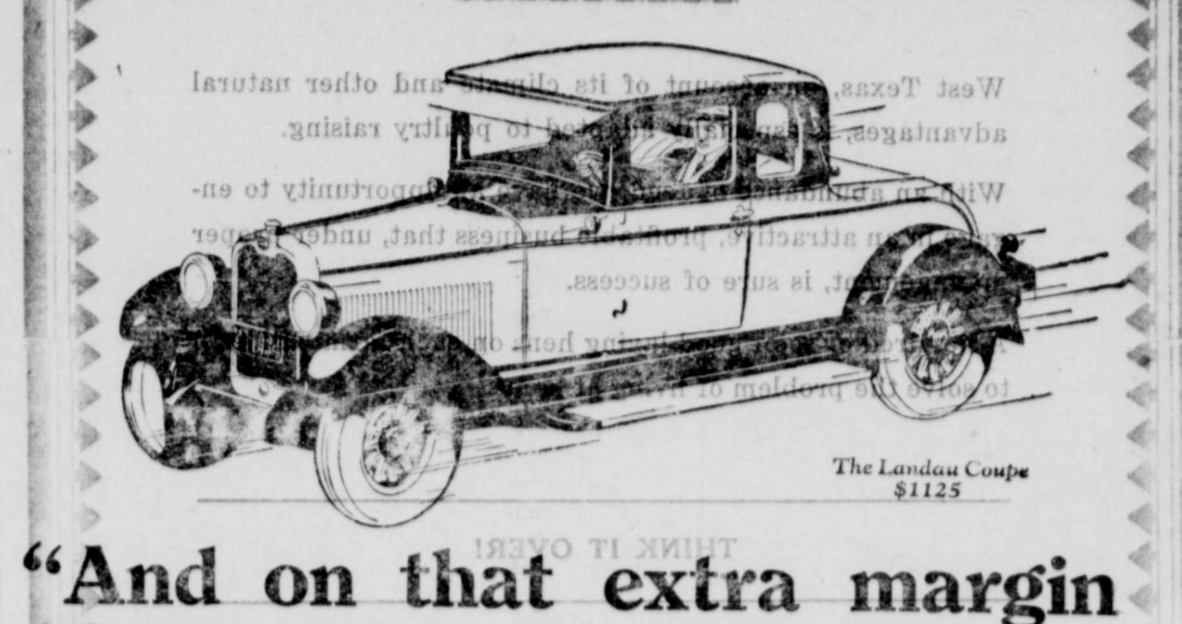
A CORRECTION

In Dr. Walker's chicken ad last week the type made us say that the doctor had Black Leghorn chickens for sale, when the fact is, his chickens are Black Langshans, and we are glad to make the correction.

Miss Nan Wilson of Abilene is spending the week in Snyder the guest of Miss Ora Norred.

Mrs. Hal G. Young returned to Snyder Saturday of last week after a visit of three months with her parents in Kansas City.

Mrs. J. W. Templeton Jr. of Houton, who has been visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Strayhorn and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Templeton Sr., left Tuesday morning for Palm Beach, Florida, to join Mr. Templeton who will be engaged there for an extended period of time.



The Landau Coupe
$1125

"And on that extra margin of precision in manufacture is based that extra measure of satisfaction which every Oakland owner enjoys"

Throughout the entire Greater Oakland Six chassis you will discover numerous impressive examples of not merely the precision of *good construction*—but the *super-precision* of fine craftsmanship. And on that extra margin of precision in manufacture is based that extra measure of satisfaction which every Oakland owner enjoys.

Everywhere the Greater Oakland Six is *winning* good will because it offers such exceptional features as bodies by Fisher in beautiful Duco colors, the Rubber-Silenced Chassis, four-wheel brakes, adjustable full pressure oiling, and the like. And it is holding good will because it has been—*and always will be*—built with the scrupulous care and exactness which are always the distinguishing marks of a truly fine car and which always result in better operation over a longer period of time.

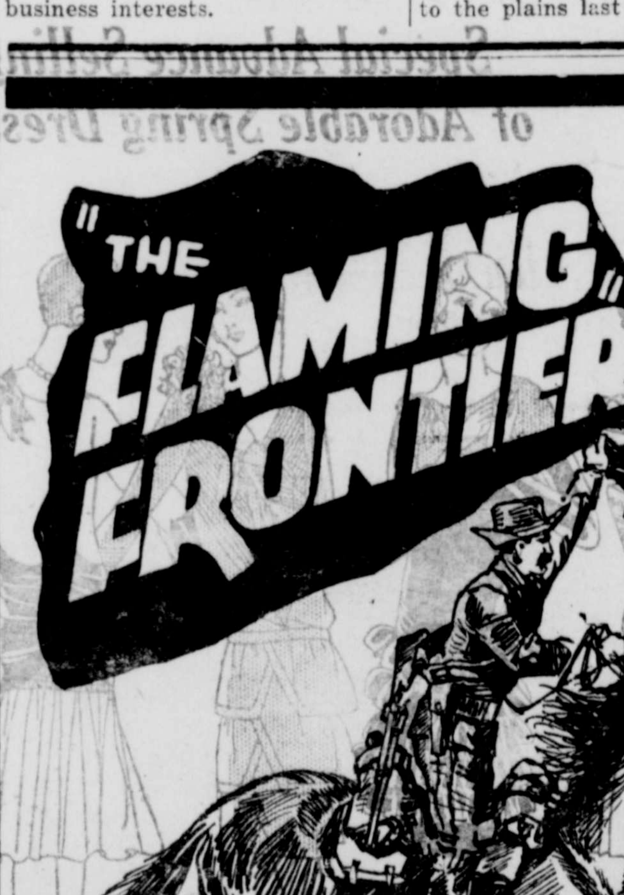
$1095
SEDAN

Oakland Six, $1025 to $1295. Pontiac Six, companion to Oakland Six, $825 to $975. Bodies by Fisher. All prices at factory. Easy to pay on the General Motors Time Payment Plan.

STIMPSON BROTHERS

The Greater
OAKLAND SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS ~ ~ WINNING AND HOLDING GOOD WILL



The Mightiest, Most Thrilling Western Drama Ever Conceived!

Three years in the making—the finest entertainment of its kind in the world.

Break All Dates to Keep This One

A Cast of Thousands—With

Hoot Gibson, Dustin Farnum and Ann Cornwall

SPECTACULAR—ROMANTIC—THRILLING

Do you love to see beautiful women and brave men live and love—sacrifice and suffer—combat and conquer—do—dare and achieve? You'll love this thrilling epic of the last American frontier. You'll never forget the colorful sweep of its west point—Washington old-time western scenes and events that live in American history.

PALACE THEATRE

Friday and Saturday
February 4th and 5th

H. L. Davis Co.

Now Showing Their

Spring Piece Goods

We are continually receiving large shipments of beautiful new Spring Piece Goods. The designs and shades this spring far surpass those of previous years, and we are sure you will find just what you desire in our wide selection.

Dimity Checks will be worn extensively this Spring, as will Indian Head and Broadcloth solid colors. A most exquisite and attractive frock can be made from any of these fabrics.

Our buyer is leaving this week for the Eastern Markets and you can rest assured that your many wants and desires will be well taken care of. We make a special effort to purchase the merchandise that we know our customers want while at market, and this feature should be of special interest to you.

SOCIETY AND CLUBS

MYRTLE MARTIN, Society Editor

MRS. YODER HOSTESS TO VICTORY BIBLE CLASS

At the pretty home of Mrs. D. P. Yoder the members of the Victory Bible Class of the Methodist church and guests met for their regular monthly social Wednesday afternoon, February 2.

The business session was presided over by the president, Mrs. E. F. Wicker, during which time the following report was given: Treasurer's report, fourteen dollars and forty-seven cents; visits to sick, twenty-five; plates carried, eleven; bouquets given, three. Mrs. Rhodes was appointed chairman of the visiting committee for the ensuing month, with Mesdames O. A. Scarborough and Amon Riley as assistants. The membership committee is composed of Mesdames J. C. Darward and Joe C. Stinson.

The hostess was assisted in serving a delicious refreshment plate by Mrs. Will Doak to the class members and Mesdames R. C. Herm and Lena Blackard.

Mesdames J. P. Avery, I. W. Boren and W. D. Beggs will be the next hostesses.

MRS. SENTELL HOSTESS TO TWENTIETH CENTURY

Mrs. C. F. Sentell very delightfully entertained the members of the Twentieth Century club and guests at her home Tuesday afternoon, February 1. The afternoon study was on "Flowers, Trees and Shrubs," with answer to roll call being the description of some impressive garden. Miss Carr gave a very interesting and appreciated talk on "Trees and Their Culture."

A very delicious two course luncheon was served to Mesdames J. E. Sentell, H. P. Brown, C. E. Fish, W. W. Gross, Joe Strayhorn, Charles Noble, Wade Winston, H. E. Rosser, Nelson Dunn, Joe Taylor, I. W. Boren and Allen Warren, club members, and Mesdames George Northcutt, Will Doak, A. J. Cody, O. S. Williamson and S. C. Saylors and Miss Bessie Carr.

MESDAMES LEE AND ERWIN ENTERTAIN

One of the distinctive social affairs of the season was given Tuesday evening, February 1, when the members of the Sine Cura club with their husbands and other guests were complimented at a party of attractive appointments by Mesdames B. W. Lee and Austin Erwin at the spacious home of Mrs. Erwin.

The entertaining rooms were made beautiful with an artistic arrangement of hearts and mingled with a profusion of lovely sweet peas. Games of bridge progressed at tables appropriately laid in cheer crepe paper, exquisitely designed in Valentine colorings, and adorned with centers of the chosen flowers.

High score prizes, which were most attractive angel food cakes, went to Mrs. A. J. Towle and R. H. Curnutte, while consolations went to Mrs. Fritz R. Smith and W. W. Wilsford.

At tea time a most attractive two course luncheon, carrying out the chosen motif and colors was served to Mmes. and Messrs. E. J. Anderson, R. H. Curnutte, Charles Cooper, Jack Harris, O. P. Thrane, Bob Warren, I. C. Bagwell, A. J. Towle, Fritz Smith, P. M. Chambers, W. W. Wilsford, and W. R. Johnson and Miss Ruth Smith and Mmes. Dixie Smith and Gertie Smith and Mr. G. F. Allen of Colorado City.

FLUVANNA DRAMATIC CLUB

Some few days past the young people of Fluvanna met and organized a dramatic club. Officers were elected and committees were appointed at the first meeting.

Officers: Mr. Massey, president; Z. E. Coleman, vice president; Mrs. Pat Jones, secretary; Mrs. Colon James, treasurer; Miss Saluda Wills, reporter; Mr. Hardy, chairman of social committee; Clarence Dowdy, chairman of advertising committee, and Mrs. E. V. Boynton, director.

Books have been ordered, and the first number contributed by this club will be "At the End of the Lane," to be given in February.

Following is a list of the members of the club: Messrs. Hardy, Massie, J. E. Coleman, Frank Coleman, Fred Greer, Clarence Dowdy; Messrs. and Mesdames Clawson, Pat Jones, Bibe Patterson; Mesdames Colon James, Boynton; Misses Mable Houston, Eva Massie, Della Carrell, Winnie Houston, Saluda and Olive Wills.

FLUVANNA DEMONSTRATION CLUB MEETS

The Fluvanna Home Demonstration club met at the school building and appointed a nominating committee recently. The committee took immediate action and the following were appointed to be voted on Tuesday, February 8:

Mrs. J. J. Belew, president; Mrs. W. J. Beaver, first vice president; Mrs. J. M. Hunnicut, second vice president, Lela Hunnicut, secretary-treasurer; Mrs. J. A. Stavely Jr., reporter.

The next meeting will be held at the school building February 8. Every member should be present, as Miss Carr will have a demonstration for us.

VOCATIONAL AGGIES ENTERTAIN

Immediately following a very interesting game of basketball between the Sweetwater team and Snyder high Friday evening, January 28, the Vocational Aggies were the hosts to a number of their high school friends and Mr. and Mrs. I. C. Bagwell.

The scene of this joyons occasion was the basement of the First Methodist church where tables had been arranged and where a number of games of progressive forty-two were played. A delicious refreshment plate was served to a large number of high school students and Snyder young folk.

MRS. HAMILTON HOSTESS

Mrs. W. W. Hamilton delightfully entertained the members of the El Felis club and a few invited friends at her home Friday afternoon, January 28. A short business session was held after which forty two was enjoyed at prettily appointed tables.

At tea time an attractive refreshment plate was passed to Mesdames C. W. Harless, C. C. Higgins, Dixie Smith, R. J. Randals, Fritz R. Smith, Clyde Shull, Gertie Smith, A. J. Cody, L. O. Smith, W. W Wilsford, W. E. Smith, Ivan Dodson, Austin Erwin, Wade Winston, H. L. Davis, George Northcutt, O. P Thrane, Lee T. Stinson, H. G. Towle and Joe C. Stinson, club members, and Mesdames Hugh Taylor, Joe Monroe, C. J. Yoder and Charles Harless of Littlefield, guests.

The next meting will be with Mrs. O. P. Thrane Friday, February 11.

PARENT-TEACHERS ASSOCIATION

Members of the Parent-Teachers Association met in a regular meeting Thursday afternoon, January 10. Miss Wasson was a capable leader of the program for the afternoon. A talk, "Proper Dress For School Girls," was given by Miss Abbie Mae Crozier, followed by a talk on "Does a College Education Wean a Girl From Domestic Life," by Mrs. Scott. A general discussion on "Courtesy And Respecting the Rights of Others" concluded the program. The next meeting will be the second Thursday in February.

BAPTIST LADIES ENTERTAIN

The members of the Missionary Auxiliary of the Baptist church most delightfully entertained the members of the other auxiliaries of the several denominations of the town when they met at the Baptist church Monday evening, January 31, in a cooperative meeting. The guests were welcomed at the door by Mrs. J. F. Sentell, and were further received by Mesdames W. F. Ferguson, I. J. Sparks and J. F. Lawlis.

The meeting was opened with the singing of two selections with the piano accompaniment by Mrs. George Alexander. The devotional was led by the president of the Baptist society, Mrs. J. A. Woodfin, followed by a most interesting talk by Rev. W. F. Ferguson on missionary work. During his discourse he told of the value of such organizations as well as stressing the importance of cooperation among the various societies and the work that could thereby be accomplished.

A very beautiful and impressive playlet in song entitled "The Conversion of a Soul," arranged by Miss Georgia Winston and directed by Mrs. George Alexander, was presented by the hostesses. The personnel was: soprano, Mesdames Melvin Newton and Earl Fish; alto, Miss Rhoda Martin and Mrs. Clyde Boren, and the sinner, Miss Lura Becca Land.

The hostesses who extended this lovely hospitality served a delightful salad plate to 125 guests.

ENNIS NEWS

Everyone is enjoying this pretty weather that we are having at the time of writing.

Misses Treva Hart and Velma Prather ate lunch at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Wade Sunday.

Cornelius Davis and daughters, Charlie Prather, Howard Holmes, and Pearson Prather visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Galyean Saturday night.

Miss Lora Wade was recovered from mumps and returned to her school.

J. F. Prather and family were pleasant guests of his daughter, Mrs. Chester Horsley, Saturday.

The men of 9022 telephone line have repaired it to a good condition.

Misses Libby Ruth Holmes and Gladys McCollum spent Saturday night with Eunice Glasco.

W. A. Wade and Cornelius Davis attended the funeral of Mrs. Smith Saturday evening at Fluvanna.

Miss Treva Hart was a pleasant guest of Velma Prather Sunday night.

Misses Edna and Lottie Galyean, Velma Prather, Finis Kimbrough, Edcar Galyean and Charlie Prather visited at the home of Henry Hart Friday night.

Mitchell McMath and wife, Mrs. Ben Davis and daughter, Frank Wilson and family ate lunch at the home of Cornelius Davis Sunday.

Helen Hart visited Millie Wade Sunday.

Miss Edna Galyean was a guest of Lillian Colclazer Sunday night.

Those who deserve being on the honor roll this week are: First grade, Doris Wade, Vivian Davis, Shelton Holmes, Jim Walker, Milton Smith; third grade, Ira Farmer, Helen Hart, Mattie Walker; fifth grade, Elmer Prather, Henry Hart, Movelda Brooks, Gladys Wade, Lena Hart; seventh grade, Velma Prather, Ouida Bea Horsley. Those in the high school are few: Dana Davis, Charlie Prather, Treva Hart, and Anhtem Wade.

We are indeed proud of our honor roll this week.

Mumps is still raging in our community Pearson Prather is one of the latest victims. We wish for him a speedy recovery

On last Friday afternoon, Jan 28, at Fluvanna, the grim reaper entered the home of J. F. Smith and took the dear wife and mother. Mrs. Smith was the mother of our principal J. E. Smith, and the entire community of Ennis sympathizes with Mr. Smith in his sorrow.

MOTHER'S GIRL.

BIG EPISCOPALIAN CRUSADE

ABILENE Feb 3—The Bishop's Crusade a movement within the Protestant Episcopal church for consecration and a quickening of the spiritual life of the membership comes to the Abilene Parish the week of February 6-11.

This Crusade is being held in two parishes of every Diocese and missionary district of the United States; and in the North Texas Missionary District, embracing about 80 West Texas counties, it is to be held at Abilene and Amarillo.

The Crusade opens in the Episcopal church at Abilene Sunday night, February 6, and for the ensuing week there will be three services daily as follows:

7:30 a m Celebration of the holy communion

3:00 p. m. Women's meeting.

7:30 p m. Preaching mission, prayers, congregational singing of old-time hymns.

The Crusaders are Bishop Robert M. Mize of Salina, Kansas; Rev. Phil Porter of Akron, Ohio; and Mrs. W. P. Telman, of Houston. Bishop Mize will preach every night.

Episcopalians scattered throughout the territory contiguous to Abilene are expected and invited to attend any or all of these services. Max Bentley, general local chairman for the Crusade, announces that these visiting Episcopalians will be given lodging and breakfast in the homes of Abilene members of the church. Dinner and supper will not be included in the hospitality, as the local committee does not want to keep the Abilene membership of the church from attending the afternoon and night services.

Episcopalians expecting to attend any of these services are requested to report at the Abilene rectory immediately upon arrival, and quarters will be assigned them.

TIMES-SIGNAL SIGNALS

Preparedness is a fine thing, but that's no excuse for any Snyder man picking out a place now to dig fishing worms.

—o—

The amount of alimony some women ask is pretty good evidence in favor of their husbands.

—o—

We can hardly believe the government will strike off any medals in honor of Fall and Doheney.

—o—

This day in time the average Snyder woman doesn't pay as much attention to loving her neighbors as she pays to trying to keep up with them.

—o—

Why pay $25 a minute for telephoning from this country to England when you can get all the wrong numbers you want over here for nothing?

—o—

Another mistake China made was in having rivers wide enough for gunboats to get in.

—o—

The Snyder man who used to sleep through long sermons now merely switches off the radio.

—o—

We sometimes wonder if the insurance company that carried a policy on Methusaleh ever stayed in business long enough to settle with the family.

—o—

There are something like 876,000,000 million ways of getting into trouble besides talking too much.

—o—

Nobody can feel more important than a Snyder man feels just after he has succeeded in threading a needle for his wife.

—o—

It's a rare political nomination nowadays that doesn't have a few purse strings tied to it.

—o—

You can get in good by sending a bottle of perfume to a girl, and you can get in bad by sending a man the same present.

—o—

Every now and then some autoist around Snyder discovers that the poorest way to get out of a machine is through the windshield.

—o—

A Vermont judge has ruled that at least one egg must be used in a custard pie. Now, let's have a ruling like that regarding oyster soup and strawberry shortcake.

—o—

We'd like to see the farmers have a five-day week if it weren't for the fact that those who live in our cities would starve to death.

He who sitteth on a throne or in a presidential chair hath no

—o—

more trouble than the Snyder man who sitteth at the steering wheel of the family flivver with his wife in the back seat.

—o—

The reason a girl lets a man do all the talking while they're courting is she knows she'll need all her jaw power after the honeymoon.

—o—

No woman will admit she is older than her husband, but D. P. Yoder says he never saw one who wouldn't admit she was a heap wiser.

—o—

A lot of envious people prefer to believe that if you get ahead in this world you'll get behind in the next.

—o—

Joe Stinson is of the opinion that if you are a slave to custom you'll always be accustomed to slave.

—o—

The biggest monument doesn't mean the man under it is going to wear the finest crown in heaven.

—o—

"Four wheel brakes on a car," declares H. G. Towle, "won't help the driver who hasn't any brakes on the wheels in his head."

—o—

Listen, Congress! What all of us want is more income and less taxation.

—o—

The world is looking for a reformer who has a reform that will add to life instead of taking something out of it.

THE STORY TELLING CLUB

The Story Telling club met last Monday afternoon and new officers were elected as follows: Frances Lawlis, president; Mary Orr, vice president; Constance Collier, secretary; and Bonnie Bertram, reporter.

The following story tellers were chosen: Eldon Moore, Lonetta Byrd, Janyce Thompson, and Opal Chandler. The club adjourned to meet again next Friday.

Friday afternoon the house was called to order by our president, Frances Lawlis. The roll was called, the minutes were read, and then the program was given as follows:

Red Fox, Eldon Moore.

How We Spent Thanksgiving, Lonetta Byrd, Cosette, Janyce Thompson.

Sarah Crewe and the Beggar Girl, Opal Chandler.

The story tellers for next Friday were chosen as follows: Pauline Yeager, Loree Trigg, Doris Doak, and Hilda Gene Williamson. The club adjourned to meet again next Friday.

REPORTER.

WORKERS' CONFERENCE AT BUFORD CHURCH FEB. 8

The Mitchell-Scurry Baptist Monthly Workers' Conference will be held at the above named time and place. The theme of the program will be "Our Conquest Campaign." All member churches are especially urged to send their board member with a liberal associational mission offering.

Program

10.00 a .m. Devotional, Mrs. G. E. Alexander.

10.20 a. m. Address, "The Women's Part in the Conquest Campaign," Mrs. A. L. Whipkey.

10:40. a .m. Address, Rev. D. W. Morgan, Colorado.

11:10 a. m. Song and praise service.

11:15 a. m. Address, "Are We a Great People?" District Organizer, Pastor D. H. Heard, Big Spring.

Dinner and Social Hour

1:00 p. m. W. M. U. session and board meeting.

2:00 p. m. Song and praise service.

2:10 p. m. Organization for the Conquest Campaign, Rev. W. F. Ferguson, our associational organizer, in charge.

MRS. LULA COOK

Mrs. Lula Cook, wife of W. T. Cook of Hamlin, died at her home of pneumonia January 26, 1927. She was born in Cook County near Robert Lee and was 33 years and four months of age. The funeral services were held at the First Methodist church of Hamlin Thursday, January 27, the pastor of that church officiating, with interment in the city cemetery.

The deceased leaves besides her husband and two daughters, Lorraine and Inez, her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Warren of Dunn, and five brothers, Robert of Snyder, Claude and Walker of Dunn, and Curtis and Gus of Santa Barbara, California. All attended the services with the exception of the two in California. Other relatives attending the funeral were Mrs. Maggie Bell and son Ronald, and Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Parson of Snyder and Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Smith of Stamford.

HOW TO MAKE COTTON AT 12 CENTS A POUND

Writing in the American Mail, Gee McGee tells just how to make cotton at 12 cents a pound. We know our readers will be interested in finding out just how it can be done, so we give Gee's ten specific rules as follows:

"1. Rent a good farm for part of the crop, and shoot your landlord if he ever mentions his part to you.

"2. Buy your grub on credit. Steal your mule feed and plow tools from your neighbor. Give checks for grocieries.

"3. Stay away from church so's your preacher won't expect you to pay him anything, and if he sends a collector arcund, why, turn him down.

"4. Borrow a shoat to raise on halves. When he gets fat, kill him, and tell the man you got it from that his half died.

"5. Spend every Sunday with your wife's kinfolks, if she's got any fit to go to see, and borrow enough rations to live on through the following week.

"6. Hire a hand and promise him two bales of cotton for his services, and run him off before you begin to gather your crop. (N. B. Make him board himself while working for you.)

"7. Get some good man to endorse you note for $50, and don't speak to him again.

"8. Trade at every store you find that will sell you on credit till "next saddy." If any of them turn you down—buy one load anyhow with a check.

"9. As soon as crops are laid by—take your mules back to the man that you bought them from, and tell him you're ruint. (He will be glad to get his mules back by that time.)

"10. Pick your cotton as fast as it opens. Have it ginned, and charge the ginninng to your landlord. Sell your seed and cotton as soon as possible. Dodge everybody you owe, and move just as soon as you think that somebody else is thinking you are planning to leave the state. That's all."

For Sale

—My cafe business to some good, reliable person. This is a "money maker," but I have sound, personal reasons for selling.

Vic Montgomery
At Montgomery Cafe

20, 33 and 40 YEAR
Loans at 6 Per Cent.
Can Pay Back Either Semi-Annually or ANNUALLY
Can pay all or any part after 5 years.
Liberal Values. Quick Action.
Hugh Boren
ffice Rear First State Bank & Trust Co.

SAVE with SAFETY at your Rexall DRUG STORE

KANTLEEK
Hot Water Bottles

Can't leak because it's made in one piece.

No seams, no patches.

Made of the finest rubber and guaranteed for two years.

Warren Bros.
The Rexall Drug Store
Snyder, Texas

Oh! so Clean

Spotless Laundry

Send us your laundry with the assurance that it will come back pure and white, uninjured by any chemicals. And the small laundry bill will agreeably surprise you. Our careful expert laundering lengthens the life of your linens. Perfect satisfaction is guaranteed.

Snyder Laundry
S. A. LaRue, Prop.
Phone 211

New Spring Frocks

EVERY ONE IS BRAND NEW

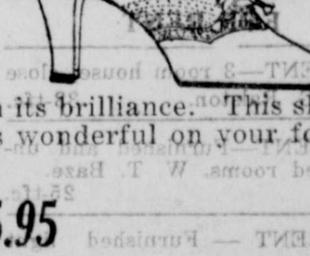
New in fabric and color and style conception, and each one is beautifully tailored. You are sure to be pleased with these new beautiful frocks. The Economy Store offers a $25.00 value for—

$16.75

Stunning!

New Cherry Patent Toe just received. This shoe is built on a beautiful last and fairly glitters in its brilliance. This shoe is very stylish and looks wonderful on your foot. Regular $7.50 value,—

$5.95



Very Neat

New Patent leather one strap model, with beautifully colored spike heel. This shoe is being shown at the Economy Store with other $6.50 values, at—

$4.95

ECONOMY DRY GOODS CO
"THE PRICE IS THE THING"
HENRY ROSENBERG, Manager.
South Side Square
Next Door to Manhattan Hotel

5 per cent $1,000,000.00 5 per cent
Federal Land Bank Money
—Can be paid off any time or will pay itself off in 36 years' time.
A. J. TOWLE, Sec.-Treas.
Phone 196

CLASSIFIED ADS

All Classified ads are strictly cash with the order, and we do not accept Classified ads over the Phone.
Rates: 2c a word, or 10c a line, for each insertion.
Minimum 25c.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE — Hughes Electric Range, $75. Cost $150. Will consider oil stove in trade. Mrs. R. L. Howell, phone 430 after 5 p. m. 29-tfc

Texas Red seed oats for sale, 60 cents a bushel. Free of Johnson grass. Can be had at McClinton's grocery or at S. G. Lunsford's, 7 miles west of town. 29-5p.

BARGAINS in used oil and wood stoves. See them at Light Company's office. 4tc.

FOR SALE—Double disc Sanders Pony plow, good condition. H. L. Davis Co. 30-tfc.

FOR SALE OR WILL TRADE FOR SNYDER LOTS:
One Dodge (Graham Bros.) Truck
One Store Building.
One 1½ HP Delco Engine.
One Bull Dozer Water Pump.
31-4c —E. J. ANDERSON.

FOR SALE—Two choice lots near school house at a bargain. See H. H. Ware at Ware Bakery. 332c

FOR SALE—Four mules about 16 hands high, 5 and 7 years old. John Roemisch, 3 mi. south and 1½ mi. west of Hermleigh, Texas. 31-3p

FOR SALE—Everbearing strawberry plants. How many, and when do you want them? Mrs. Geo. W. Brown. 32-2p

FOR SALE—350 egg size Buckeye incubator, good as new, $50. 200 American strain White Leghorn hens, $1.50 each. Mrs. Sims Hamilton, Rt. A, Box 75. 33-1p.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—My residence in West Snyder. Victor Longbotham, Hermleigh, Texas. 32-4tp.

FOR TRADE—Good East Texas farms for Scurry County land.—Blackard Brothers Real Estate. 32-2tc

FOR SALE—Good work mules, some young mares and mule colts. Will sell on time or take some cattle. See I. F. Day, box 76, Snyder, Texas. 32-2tp.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Good young jack, or would lease him out on halves. I. F. Day, Snyder, Box 76. 32-2tp.

BLACK LANGSHANS for sale. One pen Black Langshan show birds, best in the county, priced reasonable. C. E. Walker, Snyder, Texas. 33-2tp.

TO TRADE, rent or sell—Iron warehouse on track. Capacity 2 to 3 cars. Will trade for closed car or truck. W. B. Dane, 512 S. Henderson, Ft. Worth, Texas. 32-4tc.

FOR SALE—Dodge coupe, good condition, five good casings, priced right, half cash, rest on easy terms. Phone 184 or 101. 1tc.

BLACK LEGHORNS for sale. One pen of Black Leghorn show birds, best in the county, priced reasonable. C. E. Walker, Snyder, Texas. 32-2tp.

FOR TRADE—Good East Texas farms for Scurry County land.—Blackard Brothers Real Estate. 32-2tc

FOR SALE—Rock Island Riding Bedder, Standard Plander and Oliver Cultivator. J. D. King, 2½ miles north Hermleigh. 32-2t

FOR SALE—Mules and horses, part on time. Steve Murphree, 6 mi. N. E. Snyder. 32-tfc.

BARRED ROCK EGGS—Dark matings, barred deeply, distinctly, eggs $1.25 per setting. Five mi. on Post Highway. Mrs. Walter Williams. 32-2p

John Keller, south side square, has good radio to trade for talking machine. 33-tfc.

FOR SALE—Two choice lots near school house at a bargain. See H. H. Ware at Ware Bakery. 332c

FOR SALE—Good double disc breaking plow and one single row stalk cutter. Ed Darby Blacksmith Shop. 32-tfc.

Several teams of horses and mules for sale. Good terms. H. P. Wellborn. 33-3tc.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—3 room house, close in. W. G. Ralston. 33-tfc.

FOR RENT—Furnished and unfurnished rooms. W. T. Baze. 25-tfc.

FOR RENT — Furnished light housekeeping rooms. Mrs. N. B. Moore. Phone 456. 1p.

FOR RENT—Several unfurnished rooms. Phone 156. 29tfc.

FOR RENT—Either to local or transient persons, furnished rooms, all modern conveniences. Mrs. J. W. Templeton. 32-tfc.

FOR RENT—Nice unfurnished rooms. Phone 156. 33tfc.

FOR RENT—Vacuum cleaner. John Keller, So. Side Square. 30-tfc.

FOR RENT—Nice little house close in. Water in kitchen. W. G. Ralston. 30-tfc.

FOR RENT — 120-acre farm 8 miles northwest of Snyder, Arah Rt. Write W. J. Alexander, 701 E. Walnut St., Hillsboro, Texas. 32-3tc.

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms, all modern conveniences. Mrs. J. W. Templeton. 32-tfc.

WANTED

WANTED—All your car washing. Noel Banks at Neeley Filling Station. 33-3c

FOR RENT—Two large unfurnished rooms. Mrs. B. J. Evans. 33-tfc.

MISCELLANEOUS

NOTICE—I am still washing cars. Bring yours to me. Noel Banks at Neeley Filling Station. 33-3c

Large type Poland China boar for service. This animal is fully registered. See Bert Abernathy at Tate farm, 3 mi. north of Hermleigh. 32-4tp.

Headquarters for Rawleigh Products at the Wilhelm store. I. F. Day. 32-2tp.

AUTOMOBILE LOANS

We make loans direct to owner. Also extend present notes at reduced rates. Prompt service.
SNYDER INSURANCE AGENCY
Phone 24, Snyder, Texas
28-tfc

NOTICE.

The public is hereby notified that the John W. Mooar properties within the town of Dermott are in charge of Mr. Arthur Townsend. Persons desiring to buy town lots or horses, or rent concessions, see Mr. Townsend. Trespassers will take due notice. John C. and Lydia Louise Mooar. 11-tf-c

AUTOMOBILE LOANS

We make loans direct to owner. Also extend present notes at reduced rates. Prompt service.
SNYDER INSURANCE AGENCY
Phone 24, Snyder, Texas
28-tfc.

NOTICE TO BANKS AND BANKERS

Notice is hereby given that bids will be received by the Commissioners Court of Scurry County, Texas, up to 10 o'clock a. m., Monday, February 14, 1927, for depository of all county and school funds handled by the county for a period of two years from said date, said bids to be sealed and addressed to the County Judge of Scurry County, and filed with the County Clerk on or before said above date.

Said bids to be accompanied by certified check as the law directs. All checks of unsuccessful bidders to be returned immediately after contract is awarded. Check of successful bidder to be held until sufficient bond is made and approved by the Commissioners Court.

HORACE HOLLEY,
31-3c County Judge.

REMOVAL NOTICE

To my friends and customers

You will find me in Yoder-Webb Motor Co.'s paint room and still painting automobiles, and I am in better shape to serve you than I have ever been before, both in equipment and materials.

33-4c W. T. REECE

LOST—Pair glasses, with "Fred Yoder" cut on inside right ear piece. Return to Fred Yoder and receive reward. 33-2tc.

Anyone knowing the address of Lias Morrow will confer a favor on him and me to let me know it. Important. R. L. Gladney, Rt. 5, Box 198, Wichita Falls, Texas. 1p

DERMOTT NEWS

It seems we are doomed for bad weather. We were very glad to see the few pretty days we had.

There were only a few present at Sunday school Sunday, as the greater part of our community attended the singing convention at Union. There was a large crowd present.

Mrs. Ott Nance and daughter, Lois, of Justiceburg are visiting Mrs. Nance's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Periman, this week.

The Misses Elkins of the L. P. ranch spent Friday and Saturday in Justiceburg visiting Mr. and Mrs. Elton Nance.

Mrs. M. T. Pedigo of Snyder visited Mrs. A. N. Edmonson Wednesday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Loy Edmonson of Snyder visited Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Edmonson Sunday.

Mrs. Fred Taylor spent last week with her mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Carmichael, of Fluvanna.

Miss Evelyn Elkins has a millinery department in the post office building. She has ladies', Misses, and children's spring hats of all kinds, and would like to have you come in and look if you do not buy.

John Mallow left for Winters, Texas, Tuesday.

Mrs. Rosey Huddleston of Slaton visited Mrs. R. C. Somer Sunday.

R. L. Durden was a business visitor in Snyder Monday.

It looks as though Malton Greenfield is going into the chicken business. He bought an incubator a few days ago.

REPORTER.

G. F. Allen of Colorado City was in Snyder the first of the week visiting with friends.

Miss Mary Broadus of Colorado City spent the latter part of last week in Snyder the guest of Miss Dimple Gross.

He Was Full of Efficiency

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

HENRY JENKINS was one of those capable fellows to whom a correspondence course in efficiency would be as superfluous as salt on dried codfish. He always did things a little better than anybody else.

Moreover, he was of a cheerful and obliging disposition, so that if there was a particularly disagreeable job to be done, no one hesitated to ask him to do it. Being best man at weddings was his specialty. And his reputation remained untarnished until that occasion when his best friend, Arthur Westcott, almost married his best girl, Cynthia Gerrish.

Arthur was actually scheduled to marry Esme Lang, a pretty little flapper but one season out. When plans for the wedding were brought forward, Arthur immediately wrote down Henry for best man and felt a load slip from his shoulders when Henry accepted. It was particularly fitting that Henry should be best man on this occasion, as the girl he was quite wild about, Cynthia Gerrish, was Esme's closest friend and would consequently occupy the post of maid-of-honor.

Now Henry always made it a point to give up the entire day to a wedding. There were always so many little things that an extra man around could find to do. And this time was no exception. Particularly when Esme took it into her head that she would like to run out into the country to see a bed-ridden aunt and show her the wedding dress before the rehearsal at two o'clock. Would Henry be willing to take her there?

Henry not only would, but did, using Esme's own roadster at her suggestion. They arrived without difficulty. Esme made her call, and Henry stepped on the starter for the return trip. But the starter produced no results. Esme could not at first imagine what could be the trouble until she recalled that her battery was completely run down. There had been enough juice to get them there and that was all.

It took Henry the better part of an hour to locate a garage after tramping various country roads that they had traversed since leaving the state highway. Esme had felt sure there were no telephones anywhere around and had made Henry promise to send some one back for her and then go on himself to look after the rehearsal until her own arrival.

"You're so efficient, Henry," she flattered him, "that you can explain and get a lot of the details over for which my presence isn't necessary. Like telling the ushers which seats are reserved for the family. You know the sort of things!"

Henry discovered in the garage a young mechanic he had known for years, and he dispatched him for Esme, refusing in his efficient way to give him directions how to find her by word of mouth, but carefully writing them down on a bit of paper with a diagram as well.

Two hours later a restless bridal party minus the bride was gathered in the church wondering whatever had happened to Esme. Henry was most nervous of all, as the others seemed to think that he should not have come home without Esme, in spite of her orders.

At last, hoping to distract their thoughts, Henry suggested that they go through the ceremony, letting Cynthia take Esme's place.

"I feel sure she will come any moment," he said desperately, "and the rest of us might as well be getting letter perfect in our parts."

So the old minister, who had been reading in his study, was summoned and, being slightly deaf, and a man to whom all flappers looked alike, did not altogether get the gist of the matter regarding the absent bride. One by one the responses were given to his reading of the service, and Henry, for all the absurdity of it, felt a jealous pang at Cynthia occupying the position she was even in pretense.

Suddenly the minister paused. "I suppose it is all right if you're married this afternoon, provided I remarry you tonight? You see, here are the witnesses and—"

Cynthia clutched Arthur's arm, then gazed wildly at Henry. "Married? Have you married me to—to Arthur Westcott?"

At this moment Esme burst in upon them. "Henry Jenkins," she began, half laughing, half scolding, "don't ever be so darned efficient again! If you'd simply told that man how to find me! But you wrote it down and he lost the paper and has been wandering all over creation trying to find me!"

"And Henry Jenkins—this was your idea! My taking Esme's place and now I am m—m—married to a man I don't—"

"Wait a moment, my dear," said the minister, just waking up to the situation. "You aren't married in this state until I pronounce you man and wife. Which I haven't done. I always pause at that point. I am near sighted, but now I realize you are not Miss Esme."

After explanations were over and the rehearsal had ended, Cynthia slipped her arm through Henry's. "Don't look so glum," she bade him.

"How can I help it," groaned Henry. "I sure came near balling things up. You'll never want to marry such a simpleton!"

"On the contrary," whispered Cynthia. "You're terribly full of efficiency, Henry Jenkins, but it needs proper direction. Leave that to me!"

(Copyright.)

Rattlesnake's Rings

The rings on a rattlesnake do not tell exactly the age of the snake. The biological survey says that the rattlesnake acquires from two to four rings a year, usually three. Under normal conditions one ring is added each time the snake sheds its skin. The young rattler is provided with a single button at birth, and within a few days it sheds its skin and commences feeding. In about two months it sheds its skin for the second time and then the first ring of the rattle is uncovered or added. This has been growing under the old skin, and its pressure is apparent in the swollen appearance of the tail at the base of the original button. The last seven or eight vertebrae fuse together shortly after birth and form a composite bone known as the "shaker" and it is around this bone that each cap or ring of the rattle forms.

Layers of Warm and Cold Water in Lakes

It has been found that some of the salt lakes in Hungary present the peculiarity of a layer of warm, or even hot, salt water between two bodies of colder water. Thus, in the Medoc lake, the surface temperature in summer is about 70 degrees, but at a depth of a little more than four feet the temperature becomes 133 degrees, declining again to 66 degrees at the bottom.

The surface water is fresh, but the warm water beneath is intensely saline, and the explanation of the difference in temperature is that, since the specific heat of salt water is less than that of fresh water, the salt water is more easily heated by the sun, and, having risen to a higher temperature than that of the overlying fresh water, retains its heat, because the fresh water prevents its escape by radiation. It is suggested that some use might be found of these natural reservoirs, or accumulators, of solar heat.

Heroic Roman Figure

Cincinnatus was one of the favorite early heroes of the Roman republic. In the year 460 B. C. he was elected consul, the chief executive officer of Rome. Two years later, in time of great national danger, he was chosen dictator or supreme commander to lead the army against the nation of Gauls, or modern France, that was threatening Italy. The mesesnger sent to tell him of his elevation to the dictatorship found him plowing his little farm. He put on his toga, the robe of a Roman citizen, to listen to the reading of his commission, and then he went to Rome and took command. He decisively defeated the enemy, and 16 days later he went home again to work on his farm.

He Wasn't a Bigot

Like Sir James Percy, the Irishman, who never forgets a good story that he hears, and later gives it an extra twist of interest through the glow of his own personality, Sir James Taggart, ex-lord provost of Aberdeen, is among the recognized story-tellers of the country. He was telling of a certain man o' the kirk who was found lying drunk far from his door by a Roman Catholic priest. The priest picked him up and helped him to his home. As he felt for the latch of his door, the intoxicated one turned to the priestly helper and looked hard at him. "Oh, aye," he said, "I ken ye fine!—the Catholic priest. Never mind, mon; I'm no' bigoted."—London Sketch.

Historic Town

Harper's Ferry is a town in West Virginia at the confluence of the Shenandoah and Potomac and is about sixty miles from Washington. It received its name from Robert Harper, an English millwright, who obtained the grant of this site in 1748 from Lord Fairfax, the friend and patron of George Washington. The original survey was made by Washington himself and it is said that he personally selected the ferry as the site of a national armory. Harper's Ferry is famous in American history as the scene of John Brown's raid.

Personal Experience?

A few weeks ago in one of the state high schools, in an English class, this little episode occurred: The teacher had asked the pupils, for the following day, to write an editorial, and in giving suggestions had said that "puppy love" would be an interesting topic to work up. A member of the class, who was busy copying the assignment when the above statement was made, looked up and innocently inquired: "Does it have to be a personal experience?"—Indianapolis News.

Wrong Idea About Storms

The weather bureau says that there is no reason why storms should be more frequent or severe on September 21 or 22 (autumnal equinox) than on September 10 or 11, say, or 20 or 30; nor, in fact are they. The same is true of the spring or vernal equinox. This whole notion about "equinoctial storms" is erroneous, and it even is uncertain how, where, when or by whom the idea was started. We only know that in one form or another it goes back at least to 1748.

Proof Enough

"The wicked stand in slippery places."

"How do you know they are wicked?"

"By the language they use when they slip."

Easy to Fix Clock

A commercial traveler staying at a small hotel wished to catch an early morning train, and asked the proprietress for the loan of an alarm clock.

She produced the clock and remarked:

"We don't often use it, sir, and sometimes it sticks a bit, but if it doesn't go off just touch the little hammer and it'll ring all right."—London Tit-Bits.

CHINA GROVE NEWS

Sunday school was well attended here Sunday.

Brother McDermitt will fiill his regular appointment here Sunday and Sunday night.

Sunday afternoon is our regular singing evening. All are invited to meet with us.

Several from our community attended the singing at Lone Wolf Sunday evening. They all reported a good singing.

The singing at Bob Hall's Sunday night was enjoyed by all present.

Miss Mary Wilson and Carl Wilson and family from Rotan spent Sunday visiting their mother, Mrs. Sam Wilson.

Monroe Price, who is attending school at Sweetwater, was in our community Sunday visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Billie Price.

Fred McElya and family from Snyder spent Sunday visiting Mr. and Mrs. Bob Hall.

Misses Gladys and Lula Mae Seales spent Saturday night and Sunday visiting the Misses Gladys and Beatrice Collier.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bullock spent Saturday night visiting their son, Sam Bullock, and family. Mr. and Mrs. Bullock were on their way to Abilene to stay a few days.

Miss Gladys Collier, who has been at Hermleigh for a few weeks, spent Saturday night and Sunday visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Collier.

Lester Hall and family from Colorado spent Saturday night and Sunday visiting Mr. Hall's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Hall.

Albert Krop and family from Ira spent Sunday visiting Mrs. Krop's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Haywood Allen.

Jess Allen and family of Big Sulphur spent Sunday visiting Mr. and Mrs. Haywood Allen.

Floyd Merket and family and Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Merket spent Sunday evening visiting Mr. and Mrs. Frank Shephson of the Plainview community.

Roe Rosen and family from the Plainview community spent Saturday night visiting Mrs. Rosen's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Merket.

REPORTER.

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