

SANTA ANNA NEWS

THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR

SANTA ANNA, COLEMAN COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1923

NUMBER 44

"He Profits Most Who Serves Best"

475,000 Pounds Wool Sold At Del Rio

Del Rio, Oct. 26.—The two local wool and mohair commission companies this week disposed of approximately 475,000 pounds of mohair to Eastern parties at an average price of 47 cents per pound. The Producers Wool and Mohair Company reports the sale of 225,000 pounds of hair to John and James Dobson Mills, Philadelphia. No. 1 kid hair brought 85c; No. 1 grown, with 15 per cent kid hair separate, 44c; No. 3 grown hair, without kid hair, 42 1/2c.

The Del Rio Wool and Mohair Company disposed of between 240,000 and 250,000 pounds on the same date, but will not ship until next week. The parties to whom this sale was made and the price received for the different grades has not yet been given out, but it is reported that the price averaged 48c per pound or better.

These two sales practically clean out the fall accumulation of mohair holdings in the local warehouses.

Man Ground To Death By Train

Snyder, Oct. 24.—While attempting to board a rapidly moving freight train early this morning, Walter Eason, 22, of El Paso, fell between the cars and was ground to death.

The young man had been working at one of the local gins and was on his way home when the accident happened.

Pecan Dam Would Irrigate 30,000 Acres

Brownwood, Oct. 23.—It is said the State Board of Engineers will soon make a survey of the proposed dam across Pecan Bayou Valley, 10 miles north of Brownwood, just below the junction of the Jim Ned Creek and the bayou. The construction of this big dam, which would be at least half a mile long, will involve the insurance of bonds to the amount of \$2,000,000.

It would impound a vast volume of water and would make possible the irrigation of about 30,000 acres in Pecan Valley, as well as solve in a permanent way the water problem which at times has been of a most vexing nature here.

Polecat Bite Being Treated For Rabies

San Angelo, Oct. 26.—The noise of rattlesnakes and polecats engaged in deadly combat beneath the floor did not cause D. N. McCrew of Lampasas, a pecan gatherer, to flee an old vacant building on the Mires place southeast of Christoval, where he had sought shelter.

Later in the night McCrew was attacked by a skunk, which bit him over the right eye. He seized the animal, hurled it against the wall and then shot the stunned beast. Examination of the polecat's head revealed traces of the rabies and McCrew is undergoing treatment here.

President Coolidge has joined the church. Better late than never, even if he was taken in by proxy.

New Process Of Keeping Fruit Fresh

Berkeley, Cal. Oct. 19.—Discovery of a new process by which fruit may be kept fresh for an indefinite period was announced by the College of Agriculture of the University of California.

The fruit is put in a cold syrup of 20 gallons of sugar to each 80 grams of water and sealed by a process in tin cans which preserves the fruit in its natural state, according to Prof. A. W. Christie, credited with devising the method.

Santa Anna Merchants Act In Open

The News has been advising its readers for some months back to Buy-At-Home, and this applies to every nearby village which the News represents. We are specially pleased at some of the letters we have received on this subject, and as we firmly believe that there is still a great deal to be done, we are so enthusiastic about this subject of buying-at-home, that we do not intend to stop advising our readers to do so, until the amount of money sent every week to the mail order houses has been reduced considerably from what it still is.

One of the stock excuses of the man who orders goods from a mail order house is that there are many things that he wants that the local merchants do not carry in stock, and that it is necessary for him to send away from town to get them.

This explanation may be all right on the theory that a poor excuse is better than none, but it fails to pass muster when it lies subjected to a little scrutiny.

Ask the man who offers this as an excuse for his dealings with the mail order man why he does not go to the local merchant and ask him to order the articles desired if they are not to be found in the merchant's stock. The merchant will very gladly do this, and the merchant and customer will both profit. The merchant can sell you whatever you desire at as low a price as the mail order house can make you on goods the same quality and he can make a small profit.

The customer will profit from the transaction, because he will be dealing with a merchant who stands back of the goods that he sells, and who is easily accessible in case the articles purchased do not prove to be all that the customer had expected.

Why not try this plan the next time you need something which you cannot find in any of your home stores? The merchant in the average sized town cannot carry in stock everything that all of the people in his town may want at all times. It would require a capital many times larger than the average merchant can command to do this, but he does the best he can. He ordinarily does carry in stock at all times many things in order that he may meet the needs of his customers to the greatest possible degree, but there is a limit to his purchasing ability. He is always ready and willing, however, to make every effort to meet the demands of the community. Why not, then, give him the preference over the far distant mail order man if you must have something which is not to be found in the local stores? He will do the business in a satisfactory manner, give you as quick if not quicker service, and more satisfactory treatment, and the chances are that he will give you better values for the money. Finally, whatever profit is to be made off the transaction will stay at home and do its bit toward making the merchant and his town and, incidentally, yourself more prosperous.

No business can be transacted as satisfactorily at long range as it can when the two parties to the transaction meet face to face. The only exception to this rule is in the case of the mail order man himself, who can transact his business with great success to himself at long distance than he could if he had to meet his customers face to face. That is the reason that he does business by mail instead of selling to the people in his own city. If the goods which the mail order man advertises in his alluring catalogues were the bargains that he represents them to be, he would not have to go outside of the confines of his own city to sell all the goods he could possibly obtain. But the average mail order house not only

CONTEST CLOSED AND PREMIUMS AWARDED

The Santa Anna News closed one of the most successful subscription campaigns and voting contest this week we have ever put over in our thirteen years experience in the newspaper business.

The contest was all we expected it to be from every standpoint. Our main object in putting on the contest was to increase our circulation and this was done to our entire satisfaction.

Never before did we ever have such a splendid bunch of contestants. From the very outset our faithful bunch worked with courage and determination and now they have received their rewards. We cannot speak in too high terms of those who worked in the contest. We have learned of their true values, and also learned to appreciate them for their courage and good qualities. We hope always to be able to show our appreciation for your fair and faithful services. You made the contest a success beyond our expectations. We are proud to reward you with the prizes you have won. Any time we can be of service to you, have no fears in commanding us, for the most we can do is too little.

We would not feel satisfied to close this article without expressing a further word of thanks for the moral support the business men of Santa Anna gave us during this campaign. Without your support the campaign would never have met with such wonderful success.

To the several hundred new homes we are going into this week, permit us to greet you with our most cordial greeting. We trust the paper will please you and measure up to your expectations as a local newspaper and that you will find both pleasure and profit in reading the weekly messages we bring to you. Read our columns and advertising pages each week, and when the time you have paid for expires, we hope you will be pleased to call in and extend your time further with us, for it is our subscribers we love and want to serve. Come to see us, tell others about us and your kindness will be appreciated.

Following is the standing of the contestants at the final count Tuesday night:

Miss Ethel Moegelin	1,094,650
Mrs. C. M. Moseley	753,100
Miss Una James	264,000
Miss Alpha Ryan	133,200

Thanks to the following gentlemen for making the final count and naming the winners: C. W. Woodruff, O. L. Cheaney, C. B. Verner and Ogden Brown.

A commendable act in Miss Ethel Moegelin, winner of the capital prize, was when she listened to advise of her friends and sold the new Ford car without ever moving it and deposited the money in the bank to apply on her future education.

To Whom it may concern:

We, the undersigned hereby certify that we did the counting in the final count of the Santa Anna News contest and after adding the number of votes found in the box Tuesday night, Oct. 30, to the published vote of the prior week, we find the following to be the standing of the several contestants who worked in the contest:

Miss Ethel Moegelin	1,094,650
Mrs. C. M. Moseley	753,100
Miss Una James	264,000
Miss Alpha Ryan	133,200

Signed

C. W. WOODRUFF
O. L. CHEANEY
C. B. VERNER
OGDEN BROWN

APPRECIATION

I wish to express my thanks to my many friends in Santa Anna and vicinity and all who in any way helped to make it possible for me to win the capital prize, the Ford Touring Car, in the Santa Anna News contest.—Ethel Moegelin.

THANKS

I wish to thank my many friends who helped me to win the diamond ring in the Santa Anna News contest; your support was more than appreciated. Mrs. C. M. Moseley.

Site For The Texas Tech College Bought

Lubbock, Oct. 22.—W. W. Caves, assistant Attorney General of Texas, C. W. Meadows of Waco, secretary of the board of trustees of the Texas Tech College and R. A. Underwood of Plainview, member of the board of trustees, completed the purchase of the 2,000-acre site for the Texas Tech College Monday, and the deeds have been filed in the Lubbock county clerk's office.

In addition to the state's \$150,000 Lubbock paid \$91,000 on the site, bringing the 2,000 acres within the amount set by the State Legislature in the Tech bill.

The 2,000 acres cost an average of 120 per acre cash. It is situated adjoining the city of Lubbock on the west and is a perfect tract of agricultural land. The entire tract is suitable to cultivation and more than 1,200 of the 2,000 acres are now under cultivation.

This completes the entire business of the transfer, which was finished with the least possible confusion or delay. The deeds were transferred as the warrants were paid. All of the forms, releases and transfers were accepted by the Assistant Attorney General.

Salvation Army Assist Widow

The Salvation Army drive for funds, which is now on, provides helps for instances like the one following: A woman with five small children, two girls and three boys, all dressed in boys' clothing, traveling in an old Ford truck, came into town Monday night, destitute and hungry. They were traveling from Oklahoma to Houston, where relatives reside. Their truck was broken down, the children hungry and the mother without funds. Their appeal to the Salvation Army resulted in food for the children, and the aid of a garage was solicited to repair the truck. They were able to leave Wednesday morning in fair condition to complete their journey where food and shelter awaited them, thanks to their beneficiary, the Salvation Army.

Officials of the Army stated that many similar cases are presented to them.—Taylor County Times.

Trial Of Eastland Sheriff Set No. 7

Eastland, Texas, Oct. 29.—County Attorney W. J. Barnes announces that the trial of the Sheriff of Eastland County, J. D. Barton, charged with embezzlement, has been set for Nov. 7. Sheriff Barton was indicted about a month ago by a grand jury in the Eighty-Eight District Court.

Sheriff Barton made bail a week or ten days after he was indicted by the grand jury in the sum of \$1,000, and the bond was signed by F. L. Parker and J. R. Yarbrough.

New Gasoline Plant At Brownwood

Brownwood, Oct. 24.—The Dixie Gasoline Plant in the north Brown County oil and gas field opened for operations Tuesday. The daily capacity of the big plant is about 7,000 gallons, but the run for a few days will be about 3,000 gallons daily. A pipe line has been built from the plant to a loading rack, seven miles distant on the line of the May & Brownwood branch of the Frisco Railroad, where the gasoline will be placed directly in tank cars and taken to market. The building of the plant and installation of machinery cost about \$250,000.

Eastern Star Plans Home For Aged

Amarillo, Oct. 24.—An Eastern Star home at Arlington for aged men and women and dependent children is planned by the Eastern Star Order of Texas, the State convention of the order heard Wednesday.

The home is to cost \$212,000 and will have 125 rooms. An endowment fund of \$77,000 is being increased to \$100,000 and the latter figure will be reached soon. It was announced that 20 acres of land is at the disposal of the trustees and it is planned to build additions to the home from time to time.

The membership of the order in Texas now stands at 57,000, representing an increase of 6,000 members for the past year. Mrs. Cassie C. Leonard of Fort Worth, grand secretary, announced in her final report.

Boy Drags Gun From Bush, Is Killed

Baird, Oct. 29.—Saturday afternoon, Coy Brown, 16, living near Admiral, went hunting, accompanied by a younger boy. They decided to go to Putman and hid their guns, young Brown's being a 32-40 high-power rifle, shooting a soft-nosed bullet, in a thicket.

When they returned about dark the Brown boy reached into the thicket for the guns, grabbed his by the muzzle and pulled it toward him. The gun was discharged, the bullet entering the chest about three inches below the heart and coming out from the backbone.

He died last night at nine o'clock and the body will be buried today in the old Admiral cemetery.

Prisoner Escapes From Baird Jail

Baird, Oct. 29.—Marion Allgood, 24, escaped from the Calahan County jail some time last night.

During repairs on the jail Sheriff Charles E. Bray and family moved out and Allgood took advantage of the fact. He pried off the lock of his cell door and digging away the bricks around a window casing in the run-around lowered himself to the ground on a rope of blankets.

THE GOOD NEWS IN DETAIL

The following figures—a trumpet blast of optimism on the farm market—are taken from the official government forecast for October, 1923:

Product	Yield	Farm Value Oct. 1, 1923	Farm Value Oct. 1, 1922	Increase Over 1922
All wheat	781,737,000 bu.	\$728,579,884	\$706,690,248	\$21,889,636
Corn	3,021,454,000 bu.	2,589,386,078	1,861,215,664	728,170,414
Oats	1,302,453,000 bu.	602,746,858	549,346,285	53,400,573
Barley	199,451,000 bu.	105,302,281	93,060,217	12,242,064
Buckwheat	13,927,000 bu.	13,188,869	11,712,607	1,476,262
Potatoes, white	401,424,000 bu.	402,226,848	279,391,104	122,835,744
Sweet Potatoes	96,350,000 bu.	107,526,600	91,339,800	16,186,800
Flaxseed	19,623,000 bu.	41,620,383	26,910,863	14,709,520
Cotton	11,015,000 bales	1,498,040,000	976,200,000	521,840,000
Peaches, total crop	45,555,000 bu.	78,810,150	65,371,425	13,438,725
Apples, total crop	190,727,000 bu.	219,526,777	209,036,792	10,489,985
Apples, commercial	33,104,000 bu.	117,188,160	114,870,880	2,317,280
Hay, tame	86,538,000 tons	1,131,051,600	984,802,640	146,248,960
Hay, wild	16,376,000 tons	140,506,080	123,475,940	17,030,140
Grain Sorghums	105,877,000 bu.	99,630,257	81,631,167	17,999,090
Peanuts	695,771,000 lbs.	46,616,657	32,701,237	13,915,420
TOTALS		\$7,922,447,542	\$6,333,055,969	\$1,714,691,573

COMPARE PRICE AND QUALITY

AND YOU WILL REALIZE WE MEAN BUSINESS

Here Is An Opportunity to Follow the Dictates of Economy and Dame Fashion at the Same Time

BOY'S ALL LEATHER SHOES

Army last, Dark Brown Chrome-tanned Calf Skin, solid Leather inner and soles; shoes fully lined and sewed, rubber heels, wear and service in every pair. Sizes up to 6

\$3.50

BOY'S BOOTIES— SIZES UP TO 5

All Solid Leather, Strength and Service in every pair; Heavy Laces, Buckle at top

\$4.50

MEN'S SCOUT SHOES

Solid Leather inner and outer soles, built for hardest wear—Save money—buy a pair of them

\$2.50

GIRLS SCHOOL SHOES— SIZES UP TO 7

Lace Boots, all leather, Patents, Gun Metals, Kid and Calf Skins, Solid leather shoes, most reasonable priced

\$3.00

MEN'S WINTER WEIGHT UNION SUITS

Standard quality, full elastic comfortable garment—you will be pleased

\$1.25

EXTRA HEAVY UNION SUITS

For Men—This is an extra weight garment with a heavy inside fleece, insuring warmth and comfort in the coldest weather; all sizes

\$1.50

The road to economy leads thru quality, and the enormous savings to be had at this store insure the finest quality at the lowest prices

Here Is a Price That Demands Attention

A 66x80 inch Wool Napped Blanket

Beautiful shades of Grays and Tans, fancy borders, Extra size and quality. Cost you but little more than pair of sheets

\$3.50

Don't Miss This Big Value in These Coats

Coats

All silk Plush, richly lined, extra large Fur Collars. Every garment a distinct model—bespeaks style and becomingness to the wearer! Prices reduced on \$32.50 values down to

\$21.75

Something Special For The Young Men

Young Men and High School Suits

This season's models, comes in becoming colors, tailored specially for the young men and the boy just coming out of Knee Pants; all 3 piece suit, special values beginning at

\$17.50

These New Suits Will Disappear Quickly

Tailored Suits, Dresses and Coats

New models in wide ranges of fabrics, style and economy everywhere; tailored suits in all wool serges as low as \$13.50, and Dresses, every style, of prices up from

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In our Dry Goods Room, sizes 9x12 ft., comes in seamless Axminster and Wilton Velvets; new patterns, new goods We will discontinue handling rugs in Dry Goods Department. These can be had at

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ADAMS MERC. CO.

FLEECE LINED UNION SUITS

For Boys—Standard in quality and weight, very elastic giving all comfort to the body. Get these for your boy.

\$1.00

FULL BLEACHED UNION SUITS

For Women and Girls—A perfect garment for winter wear; full elastic knit—For women \$1.00—For Girls 75c.

JOHN B. STETSON HAT

Black and White, staple and novelty shapes; San Ans, Denvers and Mountains

\$8.50

EXTRA HEAVY OUTINGS

Lights, Darks and Plainer colors—A full standard cloth; worth every bit of 25c

19c

32 IN ZEPHYR GINGHAMS

Absolutely fast colors and shreek Beautiful color combinations—a splendid cloth worth on to-day's market 40c

27 1-2c

FLANNEL OVER SHIRTS FOR MEN

In rich warm material of Browns Grays and Tans; Khakis and French Flannels; full made garments—no other garments like them for the winter ahead. See our special number in Gray

at \$2.00

SANTA ANNA NEWS

THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

SANTA ANNA, COLEMAN COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1923.

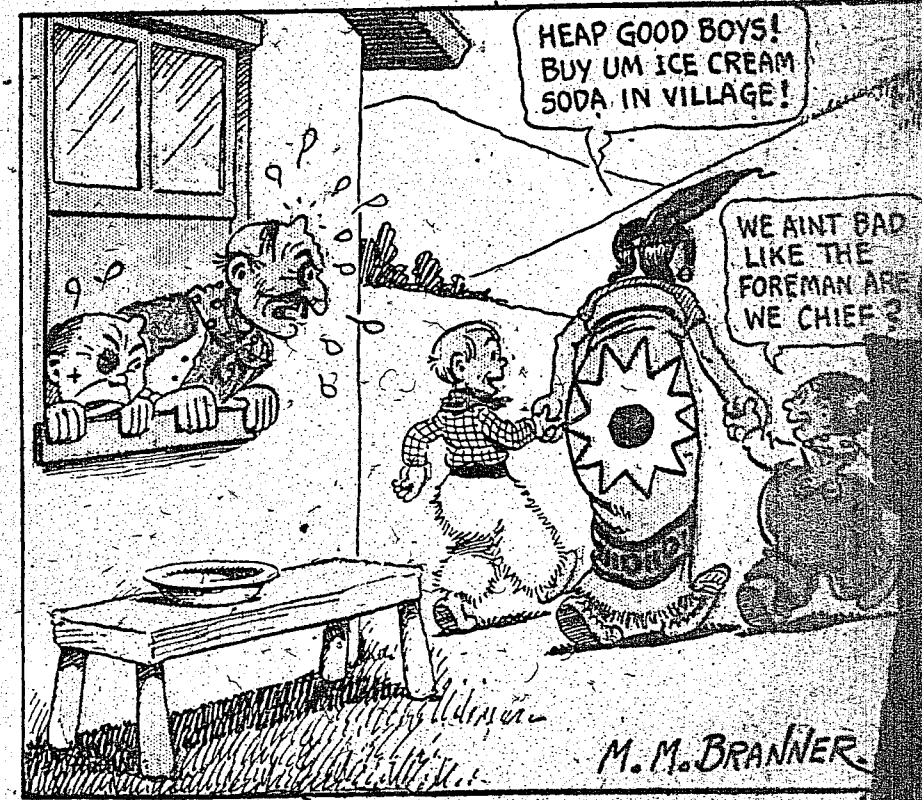
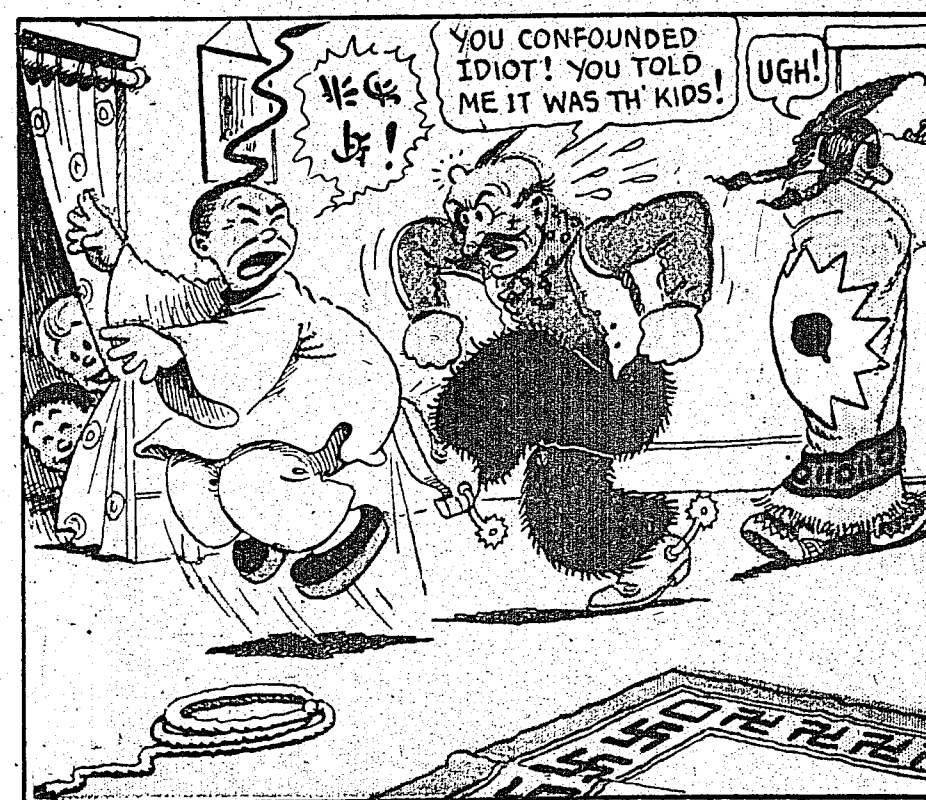
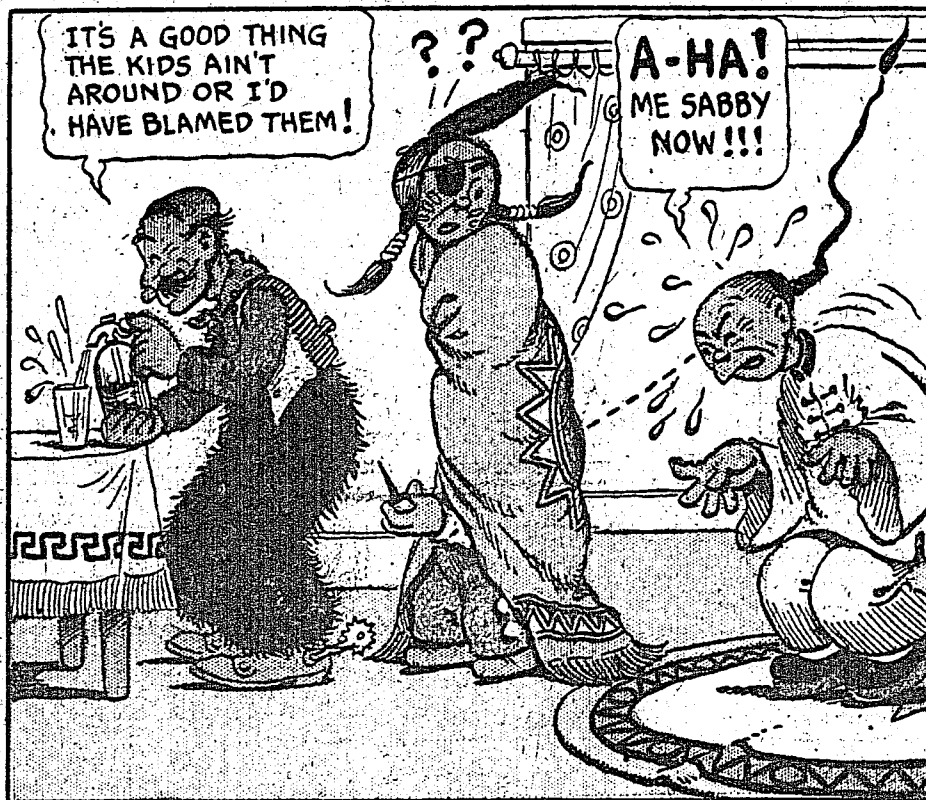
NUMBER 44.

"HE PROFITS MOST WHO SERVES BEST"

PETE AND PINTO

The Cow-Kids of O-Joy Ranch

By M. M. BRANNER



AN INDIAN VICTORY LOST

Diary of a Sole Survivor of
Exploring Party on Devil's River
By AUSTIN CALLAN.

Those men who ventured into the uninhabited regions of Southwest Texas more than half a century ago, not only had Indians to fight, but they faced the danger of dying from thirst. While there are numerous running streams in that section, it is a big country, and before the cowmen made tanks and drilled wells there were plenty of places where you could go a three days' journey without finding a drop of water. Not a few early explorers left their bones to bleach on the prairies because they lost their way and failed to find some spring or standing pool that they had been told about. Tom Welsh was such an unfortunate. He left the head of the San Saba river in company with a party and took a southwesterly course across the divide separating the arroyos of that stream from the Dry Devil's river. It was perhaps a hundred miles "the way the crow flies," to Beaver Lake, but Tom and his friends never got there.

Diary Reveals a Strange Story.

Many years after all knowledge of them had been lost and a searching party that was sent out from East Texas returned without any trace of the men, the story came to light in a strange way. A dead man told it. That is, a diary kept by Tom Welsh up to a short time before he expired, gave the account of a thrilling Indian fight in which his comrades and the red men were killed. And then after the fight was won he, the sole survivor, lying wounded on his saddle blanket and famishing for water, wrote of what was taking place almost to the end.

Two government officers from San Felipe del Rio, a little settlement on the Mexican border, came across the remains of Welsh in 1880. They had camped in an out of the way place not over a mile and half from everlasting springs that feed this Devil's river. There was a little grove of trees close by and one of the men, Gus Gildea, was gathering up wood with which to start a fire when he stumbled over a skeleton. The bones were on a partly rotted blanket and near by were a canteen, a pistol and gun, a saddle and carcass of a horse. And under the blanket in a leather wallet there was a note book from which the following diary was taken:

"Sunday afternoon, July 15. We have been away from water since Friday. From the character of country we are in

and the directions that were given us by the post guide at Fort McKavatt, we cannot be far from it now. Nevertheless, it appears that we are lost and the horses are almost exhausted. In fact, mine refuses to budge farther. Our canteens are dry and George and Frank are just about frantic. They would have given up before this but I have been encouraging them the best I could. It seems very hopeless, however, as you ride from the top of one ridge to the top of another in the distance afraid every minute that your mount will fall, and straining your eyes in a survey of the land ahead without even the glimpse of anything that looks promising.

"The boys are out of sight now. They left me here because my horse is in the worst condition possible, and have gone

I would feel far better. Perhaps the red devils would not attack the three of us. I will do the best I can, although weak and the odds are tremendously against me. Maybe this diary will fall into the hands of loved ones later, if we never get out of our present pickle.

Comrades are Killed by Indians.

"Just as I am writing these words George and Frank, who a moment ago appeared in sight at the top of a ridge a little closer to me than the Indians, are urging their horses ahead and coming this way as fast as they can. No doubt they have seen the savages and want us all to be together when the worst happens.

"The Indians have practically caught up with the boys a few hundred yards



"I Never Did Know Before Just How Much a Good Drink of Water Was Worth."

a mile or so to the west, where they hope to find a trail leading down to Beaver Lake. It is awfully hot—the sun is just like a big ball of fire right overhead pouring its exhausting heat straight into a fellow's brain. I believe that it is going to literally cook me alive. My lips are parched and I am almost wild from fever. I never did know before just how much a good drink of water was worth. If I had a kingdom I would give it for one drink at this moment.

"Later. A bunch of Indians are in sight a couple of miles down the draw. They are coming directly towards the little clump of trees in which I have taken refuge. It is not a pleasant feeling to be situated like this, although I have a gun and a six-shooter and plenty of ammunition. If the boys were here

from where I am and are firing at this moment. My horse is unable to carry me to them, but I can be of some assistance, as all are right now within gunshot range. Perhaps this is the end.

"Three o'clock and George and Frank are dead. I am wounded and cannot go to where I saw them fall from their horses in the high grass. The Indians have all been killed, too. I shot the last one with my pistol when he was no more than ten steps away. A bullet from his gun hit me in the left shoulder a second before I got him; he was running in my direction and after he fired he drew a big scalping knife and rushed furiously at me. The wound doesn't seem to be very serious, yet it is painful and I am dreadfully thirsty. The boys made a game fight, but they were too

badly outnumbered as well as being exhausted for the want of water. Frank must have been hit by a bullet in the right hand for I saw his pistol fall. Then he drew a knife with his left hand and made a dash for an Indian, who was very close to him at the time. The two locked with their horses touching each other and Frank's blade found a vital spot in the heart of his foe. I watched the two for a second as they went together like gladiators and I saw the steel as it glided in the sunlight over Frank's head before he drove it home. He attempted to spur his horse in the direction of another red devil, but the poor animal was too weak to hardly budge, and of course, it wasn't long until Frank went down pierced by a bullet.

"George, too, proved his bravery; he sold out at the highest price and did it apparently as cool as a cucumber. When he fell only a single Indian was left, the one I killed near my pallet. George no doubt knew that the jig was up when poor Frank bit the dust, but he sat straight in his saddle facing his adversaries and seemed to bid them to come on. I was too far away to look into the boy's face at that time, but I knew him well, and I am sure that defiance was written there, and that while he realized that the Indians would get him, he found satisfaction in those last moments avenging the death of his comrade.

"I am terribly lonely and suffering for a drink. It seems to me as if all life has vanished from earth. It would be comforting to crawl down the valley along side of the boys and take hold of each of their cold hands and tell them what a game fight they put up. But I am too weak; I realize that I must soon say good-by myself and go away. There can be no chance now for me to get water. My horse is also lying down; he couldn't take me anywhere even if I could go, and no one is likely to come this way. The place is far from civilization; I can see nothing but great stretches of uninhabited country with a blue sky above, and I might as well look for a helping hand to be extended out of that blue as from any other direction.

"It is sunset; along the west fair clouds lift their rosy walls high above the horizon. I am watching the dying day and I know that when the shadows of those trees—now stretching long to the east—fall the other way, I will be gone. It makes one feel queer to be alone like this. If only I could speak to my faithful old

horse and make him understand, I would not be so bad. But he is still and seems not to hear me, and George and Frank are silent down yonder. Every thing is fading—fading—and I must say good-by."

The Fate of Brave Souls.

This concluded the diary kept by Tom Welsh. How long thereafter he lingered to suffer the agonizing thirst of a wounded man and the loneliness of lying on a blanket hundreds of miles from home, with all hope gone, is more than mortal will ever know. But every brave soul who built a camp-fire beyond civilization's border in that far away day had to take the chance of passing out in a similar manner. Death at the hands of Indians, or from thirst and hunger were hazards of the game.

The two government men who found Tom's remains searched for the bones of his comrades, and a short distance down the valley found them. No mention was made in the diary of the number of the attacking Indians, nor was the year given in which the event occurred. But the remains of seven human beings were discovered all close together, which indicated that there were at least five men engaged in the fight. And from the physical evidence, as well as from the information left by Welsh in his diary, it must have been one of the most thrilling encounters, numbers considered, that ever took place on the frontier of Texas.

The hand-to-hand encounter of Frank might well have taxed the descriptive powers of a great writer, if we are to judge anything by the words of a weak and no doubt dying man, penciled in a note-book as he lay on the ground. While wounded, dispossessed of his pistol and riding an animal that was all but ready to fall, Frank met the well-armed odds with super-human courage. There was his knife, to be sure, but he couldn't grasp it with his right hand for it had been shattered by a bullet. And what chance was there anyway to win with a knife against a superior foe armed with guns? The proposition must have appeared hopeless, yet with that undaunted Anglo-Saxon spirit, the man drew the knife from his belt, spurred his jaded steed against the savage, and like some plumed knight, wielding a steely lance, found the enemy's vitals.

It was men of this type who overcame the perils of the new West, and made such sacrifices, against fearful odds, as are here recorded.

Fishin' Tales of Me and Jim

Being the Experience of Two Real Fishermen in Texas Lakes, Rivers and Creeks
By JACK MAXWELL.

One day in the month of March, 1919, while a hangin' round my shop the tellyphone rung an' I heard the followin' words: "Hey, that you, Jack?" and on bein' told that hit was me, all right, the guy whut was a pesterin' the wire kept on a talkin', like this: "Don't yer wanta go to Lake Como—a little bit uv a lake what is about three miles from Fort Worth, the same bein' the county seat uv Tarrant county—fer a try at them doggone bass?"

After listenin' to all the above dope, what had breezed into my ear, I says to my old side-kick: "Well, hits purty frazzlin' rainy fer a feller to be away from home and luvud one's, ain't hit, Jimmie?"—the same bein' better known as Jim, the pal whut I does my piscatorial stunts with, in and about the good ole state of Texas.

A South Wind

"Yep, it am a bit wet in spots," James tells me, "but don't ye know that when hits rainin' and the wind is a comin' from outta the south, that am the time a feller can do the best when hit comes to catchin' them durned fish whut yer call bass—specially if thar be jist a bit uv a riffle on the busom uv the puddle in which yer happens to be floatin' yer artfishul bugs, flies and sich likes?"

Seein' as how James was all set fer a fishin' trip, I finely agreed to go—but knowed mighty all-fired well that on account uv it bein' so gosh dinged wet and slushy, hit wud sho as shootin', set my ol' hip to rarin' agin, with the ruematis. But be thet as it may, a natural born fisherman fergets, the aches in his joints when an old pal calls, so in less than three wags of a sheep's tail, Me and Jim was on our way to Lake Como.

Owin' to the fact that my autermobile was laid up fer repairs—hit havin' a bad case of spavin' on the left hind tire—Me and Jim bought a couple tickets which read via the In-terurban, a car line what runs to Fort Worth and a lot uv other villages on hits rite of way. When we got to the Panter City, we hops off and gits a couple of "root-beers," and two sacks uv Tiger spittin' terbacker. Yep, we spent quite a bit uv money that day, a buyin' just one thing an' then 'tother; fer we sho do toot 'em up when we hits the "bright lights" and cabarets—meanin' them places whar they feeds a guy while he listens to a lot uv soft, hotsteppin' musick.

After pertakin' uv the above mentioned refreshments, Me and Jimmie meandered to whar 7th street backs up on to Houston street and forms what is comonly called a car stop. It took us jist 25 minits, by Jim's water-bury, to git to the Lake after leavin' the 7th street crossin', the same bein' down in the business destrict. Gettin' off the electric trolley, Me and Jim went down to the shore to give her the once over—an' we found everythin' jest as cute as a hummin'-bird. A fine riffle was a playin' tag on the busom uv the lake, an' every now and then a old he bass wud flash outta the water tryin' to git a belly full uv "snake doctors" whut was a flyin' jist 'bout a foot above the wavelits.

While Me and Jim was a standin' thar admirin' the work uv Mother Nature, an' sizin' up the fishin' situation, argufying whut wud be the best bate to use on this particular day, why, bless my soul, a bass whut looked as big as a Poland Chiner pig, flopped outta the water, right down thar below the "pump-house," clost to them "cat-tails" whut grows over on thet side uv the lake.

When we seed that rascal a cuttin' all them didos a tryin' to ketch a "snake doctor," I says to Jim: "Gosh, by jiminey, wasn't that sum bass?" I wisht I hed him on the end uv a forty-foot line and me a doin' my stuff on the tother end. No sooner sed than done, I fastened on a "Oriental Wiggler" to my bate castin' outfit, picked up my "ditty-bag" an' told Jim to let's go from here.

When we gits down purty clost to the cat-tails I gits my thumb on the "little E string" and gits all reddy to deliver one uv my famus overhead casts—the same bein' the only sho way to lay a "plug" at the door uv a bass bungalow. Slippin' long til I got about seventy-five feet from whar I hed seed the bass a cuttin' up, I takes that fishin' pole in my right hand and slowly raises hit above my bean, and then I says like this, sorter to myself an' also



"The Fish-Bate Plopped Rite Down on the Door-Mat uv Thet Bass Home."

takin' in Jim: "Mr. Izaak Walton—the same bein' the daddy uv all fishermen—I wisht yer wud please look down from above, on pore me, and hep me to land this durned "wiggler" right smack dab whar hit will do the most good to me and that smart aleck bass."

The "Famus" Overhead Cast

When I got this outta my system, I let 'er go, Bill, and I'll tell the whole world, thet fish-bate plopped rite down on the door-mat uv thet bass home, an' from the way the water bill- ed up I think I musta hit the old feller a crack on the side uv the noodle—fer he sho did do his okra—and that don't mean he was any slacker. In my time, I've seed sum mighty big cuttin'-ups by first one kind uv a fish an' then a tother but thet bass put on more stuff then eny fish wut I ever tied to the end uv a string. Boy, take hit from me, he sun-fished, high-dived, fence-row- ed, stood on his head and tail, and furiously lashed the water into bubbles and flakes uv fome.

All the while thet fish was a cavortin' 'round out thar in the wet, Old Jim was a standin' right clost to my side, his ugly face buttoned up jist like an' old maid's Sundry kid gloves. No, sir, Jim never sed a word—he let me do all

the talkin'—fer Me and Jim hev made hit a rule when we goes a fishin', an' one uv us happens to ketch a sizeable fish, to jist stand by, and say nuthin' whatsumever; which makes me reflect that if a whole lot uv other folks, whut I hev met, wud do the same, they'd cum nigher landin' sum of the big things they goes after.

Seven Pound Bass.

Jist how long I stood there a millin' 'round in thet water the good Lord only knows, but hit was a right smart bit uv time, at that. After whut seemed 'bout a year an' a half, I seed the fish "belly up" and sorter stop doin' his high and mighty stunts. Rite then and thar, I commenced to feel like a ole hoss whut had bin fed up on oats.

Lookin' 'round at Jim, I sed: "James, old hoss-fly, won't ye walk slowly down to the water's ege and grab my ketch by the under jaw?" Without watin' eny further orders, Jim runs right down to the water and tuk that bass by the under part of his goozle and waded back to the shore, jist like he hed done the whole thing hisself—he was so proud uv hit. Takin' a pair uv "pocket scales" Jim wayed him, an' whut in the duce do you guess he wayed? Seven pounds, lackin' jist a frackshun.

Now, listen, ye dudes whut happens to fish in Texas lakes, rivers and cricks, if eny uv you think thet I'm a sellin' a lot uv bunk to an editor why, I jist want yer to set up and take notice. Whut I'm a tellin' under the copyrite name uv "Fishin' Tales of Me and Jim" is the truth and nuthin' but the truth. If eny uv yer ever have the distinkshun to visit my Home Town, why, jist look me up and I'll show the haid uv thet 7-pound bass. Yep, it sho do hang on the wall uv my shack, meanin' the palace persided over by Lindy Lou—the same bein' the little peace uv calico what was fooled into takin' me sum years ago fer better or fer worse.

(EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the third series of "Fishin' Tales of Me and Jim." Other series will be published from time to time in the Magazine Section.)

YOUR HOME TOWN.

(EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the sixth of a series of talks on "Your Home Town." Other talks will follow. There is food for thought and profit to you if you will read carefully each one of these talks. The publisher of this newspaper is not finding any fault with his Home Town, but wants it to progress and set a pace that will be the envy of all towns in Texas—now the biggest and potentially the richest state in the Union.)

A few weeks ago I again visited Terrell, Texas, my old home town. I hardly knew the town—it had become so

modern in every particular. I call "my old home town" because I live there many years, and while now I live in one of the largest cities in Texas, yet to me Terrell is and will always be my old home town. The big-hearted folks are still there, as in days of old, and they are just as glad to see me, but when I walk up Main street there comes over me a mingled feeling of sadness. I miss the familiar faces of bygone days—friends who have moved to distant abodes, seeking the bubble fortune, and other friends who now sleep on the hillside beneath weeping willows and crepe myrtles. Our family burial lot is on the hillside, in beautiful Oakland cemetery, and I went out there and stood beside the graves of my father and mother. I well remember the day that mother stood beside the open grave of father, looking helpless, and I also remember the day when I stood by the open grave of mother—in utter loneliness and dejection—as loving hands lowered her to rest eternally beside father. Again, as I stood on this reverent spot, after many years, I realized more fully than ever before that, whatever small measure of success had come to me in life was due to the sterling qualities of my pioneer mother and father.

Passing our old homestead, on my way back to Main street, I noticed that the vicissitudes of time had wiped out the old homestead; in its place was a modern dwelling, commodious and beautiful, the front yard embellished with trees, lawn and pretty flowers. There were palatial dwellings all about me—even the old apple orchard of several acres had given way to brick bungalows.

And Main street. It was no longer in the mud, but well paved; and no longer in the dark, but well illuminated with a white way. I recall Main street back in my boyhood days, when pedestrian who traversed it would flounder in mud and water and four-mule teams would bog down. It was customary in those days to wear rubber boots and slickers during a wet spell and to carry around lighted lanterns at nightfall.

I passed an old brick building that was once the leading livery stable of my old home town, but has been rebuilt into a modern garage. The old town hall, formerly a small cheap frame building, had been replaced with a larger city hall of pressed brick, set well back from a concrete coping bordered with flowers and a trim-cut lawn.

(Continued on Next Page Column)

"Aint Worth a Durn and Never Will Be!"

In one of our Southern mountain counties there used to be a clerk of the court who administered oaths in his own peculiar fashion—translating the stilted language of the statute books into vigorous, everyday, homespun English of his own. On one occasion he was officially "swearing" a man as to the latter's insolvency—the "debtor's oath."

"Do you swear," the clerk asked, "that you ain't worth a durn and never will be?"

"I can swear about the first part but I don't know much about the last," parried the applicant.

"Well, if you know you ain't worth a durn now, everybody else knows you never will be. Kiss the Book!"

This story has been told as a humor—and it is indeed good humor. But to us the story also suggests a pathetic ground of tragedy. In nearly every rural community there is a man who so far "has never worth a durn" and consequently (like the court clerk in the story) he takes it for granted that he will never be. He farms in a slipshod way, is a slave to "time prices," and never gets ahead. He stays in a

rut largely because he is not trying to get out. He lacks faith in himself. "Everybody else knows," as the court clerk said, "that he will never be worth anything."

The tragedy of such a life ought to appeal to all of us—and especially to the man himself. Just because a man has gotten to be thirty-five, forty, fifty, or even sixty years old without amounting to anything—that is no reason why he can't yet do something if he will only take hold of himself and resolve to make the most of the years that are left to him.

In many such cases, the wife, by showing confidence in her husband—encouraging him and inspiring him by her faith—can get him to "turn over a new leaf." In other cases, the man's boys and girls by enlisting in club work and getting their father to go along with them along new lines of progress—they may be able to turn the trick. In some other cases a kinsman or neighbor may diplomatically lead the man-in-the-rut into adopting this or that new policy until after awhile he becomes a man-out-of-the-rut, ready for many a new adventure in progressiveness.

"That there should one man die ignorant who had capacity for knowledge," said Carlyle,

"that I call a tragedy, even though it should happen more than twenty times a minute—as indeed by some computations it does." In like fashion, we should say that for any man to die in the ruts of poor, shiftless, out-of-date farming, "not worth a durn," when he had capacity to make a man of himself—that we call a tragedy. Maybe the man has failed because nobody has shown any faith or confidence in him. Everybody has let him feel that he "ain't worth a durn and never will be," and he has simply given the world what it expected and asked of him.

Is there not within the acquaintance of each one of us some man of this type whom we might encourage, inspire, awaken, arouse, and so make over before it is too late? What finer satisfaction could we have than the knowledge of having enabled some human being to transform a lifelong failure into an unexpected triumph and worth-whileness at last? Should not such a rescue indeed entitle one to some part in the promise of the Ancient Prophet:

"And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever."—The Progressive Farmer.

While we all know that printing is an honorable profession, yet it makes us feel good when an eastern writer, as a contribution to The Printers' Album, digs up some famous names of men who were proud to call themselves printers. We think our readers will enjoy reading the item, which was as follows: "Time was when the 'high-brows' were prone to look down upon the printer as being just an 'ordinary' person, but with a printer having been made president of the United States, those days are gone forever. When a printer thinks of the many great men who have set type and fed presses he should feel proud of his profession. The immortal Benjamin Franklin was one of the greatest printers, but before his time and afterwards there were many other men who became famous after they 'graduated' from the printing office. Prince Edward William, and the Prince Napoleon were proud to call themselves printers. William Caxton, 'The Father of English Literature' was an all-round printer. The list of other brilliant men who were practical printers contains such names as N. P. Willis, C. P. Morris, Innis Cates, Charles Richardson, James Parker, Horace Greely, Chas. Dickens, James Buchanan, Simon Cameron and Schyles Colfax. To read the history and progress of these leading men is to realize the fact that a printing office is a wonderful preparatory school. Shall the world ever forget such names as Mark Twain, Bert Harte, Artemus Ward, Amos Cummings, Sut Lovingood and Petroleum V. Nasby? All were good printers, and in their writings they often delighted in referring to their print-shop experience. Not a few governors of states had been journeymen printers, and several of them were master printers. The list of United States senators and members of congress who had worked in

printing offices is of no mean length. Among the best known clergymen, doctors, lawyers and college professors will be found the names of numerous men who came up from the ranks of printers."—Publisher's Auxiliary.

Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough
Mrs. Will Hall, R. No. 3, Baxley, Ga., states "I am writing to all who suffer from coughs, colds, croup or whooping cough. I cannot recommend Foley's Honey and Tar too much, and I can't keep house without it. The largest selling cough remedy in the world.—C. K. Hunter, druggist."

HOWARD COUNTY LAND FOR SALE

To settle an Estate that belongs to my wife, I will sell 3-quarter sections of fine level farming land 16 miles north of Big Springs, on Lamesa road, near Gin, Postoffice and good school, fine water, plenty Mosquito timber for posts. Howard County will make 15000 bales of cotton this year.

This land will be sold at a bargain to close this Estate. Prices \$14 to \$18 per acre, 1-4 cash, balance 1 to 10 years on or before; complete Abstract furnished, no agents, you save commissions.

R. E. L. CULP, Coleman, Texas

Cross reads signs are becoming common in many sections of the country. They cost little, and yet are of great value to the motorist or other person traveling through the country. A few years ago there were practically no such signs in our American communities or rural districts. When our soldiers went to France they were amazed at the ease with which they could find any city or town merely by reading the signs posted at every cross or fork in a road and following the directions thereon. On their return home the boys commenced to talk of these signs and their advantages, and of the disadvantage of having none of our own. Then the newspapers took it up, and the people got busy, and now we have signsboards everywhere. The automobile has done much toward bringing these signs into general use, but it is the service man who has spurred the public on to decorating the rural districts with them. Are there any corner or cross roads unmarked in this county? If so, why are we still out of date?

If your bowels do not act regularly, you feel uncomfortable, and the longer this condition exists the worse you feel. To put an end to the misery, take Herbine. It purifies the bowels, restores energy and cheerful spirits. Price 60c. Sold by all druggists.

Make Uncle Sam Your Servant

It has often been said that Texas does a nuber of things better than any other state. Evidence to substantiate this is found in the enormous business university located at Tyler—The Tyler Commercial College.

This great institution enrolls more than four thousand students every year, and the success of its graduates is phe-

nominal. Boys and girls from towns like ours who have taken the various courses taught by Tyler Commercial College are found among the business leaders of our nation.

For those who do not find it possible to attend their school the management of Tyler Commercial College have arranged to send their courses by mail anywhere in the United States. By this arrangement any boy and girl, by spending a few minutes each evening at home, can complete any of their courses in Telegraphy, Byrne Simplified Shorthand and Typewriting, Byrne Practical Bookkeeping, Business Administration and Finance, Penmanship, Lettering, Salesmanship and Radio. The correspondence department, of this school has grown to be very popular because the courses are found to be interesting from the very start.

This school goes so far as to guarantee to refund every cent of tuition at the completion of any course if it is not as recommended. The fact that no one has ever asked for this refund

is evidence that their courses are what you should have to insure your future success.

Advantages Of Courses by Mail

A correspondence course costs less than one sixth of the amount required to attend school in person. You are permitted to remain at home and "Earn While You Learn," as well as to "Learn While You Pay." Instead of going to the school, the school comes to you. A standard-made typewriter is furnished you right in your home if you take the Shorthand course. At any time during the study of the course by mail you are permitted to enter the school in person without paying additional tuition.

Anyone who will mail the coupon below bearing the name and address will be sent a large free catalogue of 200 pages. The editor of this paper will be glad to arrange for your scholarship. Mail the coupon today.

Name
Address
Name of this paper
Address Tyler Commercial College, Tyler, Texas.

TO TRADE

Good Plains Land For
Coleman County
Property.

F.N. May and J.T. Garrett

BAXTER'S PLACE

WHERE YOUR MONEY
BUYS MORE

Our store is brimming full of all kind of goods you want at this season of the year, and our prices are far below the market.

We have Chinaware, Glassware, Enamelware and aluminumware at lower prices than it has been for a long time. We have a full-line of pottery for decorating.

Our stock of school supplies is complete and of the very best quality.

Come to our store for the newest in all kinds of novelties—we show the new things first.

Baxter's Variety Store

SAME GOODS FOR LESS MONEY

Millinery



Just received a beautiful line of Foshona Satin hats—the newest creation. Also a wonderful line of Brocade Metallic and Fur trimmed hats, at astonishingly low prices. Exquisite week-end hat boxes. Before purchasing do not fail to see this elegant line.



Mrs. S. A. Shockley

7 PER CENT MONEY

To loan on good farm or ranch property.

F.N. May and J.T. Garrett

SANTA ANNA NEWS

Entered at the Post Office at Santa Anna, Texas, as Second Class Mail.

J. J. Gregg, Editor and Pub.

One year in Coleman county.....\$1.00
Six months in Coleman county.....60c
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(Payable in advance.)

No subscription taken outside of the county for less than six months.
Advertising rates 25c and 30c per inch.

Local notices ten cents per line for each insertion.

Obituaries, Cards of Thanks and Resolutions of Respect are charged at one-half the regular rate.

Friday, November 2, 1923

THE LAWMAKING MANIA

Uncle Sam is afflicted with the lawmaking disease. His case is the worst in the history of the world. The output is so large the law libraries cannot house it, the lawyers cannot digest or assimilate it. It is said to be a fact that the 48 state legislatures enact more laws than are even proposed by five great nations. The ratio before the war was fifty new laws in our country to one by any great nation of Europe.

It takes 650 large volumes to hold in printed form the Supreme Court opinions on questions of constitutionality. The law library of Columbia University contains 100,000 volumes and increase at rate of 8000 a year.

Why not stop manufacturing so many laws, try enforcing some of them and repeal some of the others? A smaller legislative output would be an evidence of political sanity.

PENMANSHIP

You don't hear much said about penmanship just now. When doctors of philosophy and bachelors of science send out letters scarcely distinguishable from bird tracks it may not be considered important that children should learn to write.

Then, too, there is the type writer. A few years ago any seeker for a job had to make his application in his own handwriting. The employer who had to use a magnifying glass plus a capacity for detective work to decipher a letter was not much impressed by flowery testimonials from friends.

Now when you ask for a position you quite likely use a machine that covers up the deficiency of your handwriting. You

perhaps think that penmanship is a lost art, useful to bookkeepers, but not essential for business men.

Nevertheless, if you should make a census of the number of typewriting machines in this town, you probably would not find more than one to every fifty of population. The rest of us must still use the implements nature gave us, plus the best pen and ink of our daddies.

Few things give a greater impression of illiteracy than a scrawly letter. More than that, it suggests certain lack of muscular self-control. On receiving such a communication, you form a mental picture of a person who bumps up against people on the street—awkward and blundering.

This is no day for flourishes. If a man addresses you with the quirly script that the commercial schools of thirty years ago used to put out, you can imagine he uses hair oil and plasters his locks down on his forehead in the deep curve which the old-time barber used to effect.

A symmetrical handwriting is not necessary. Even if it is rough, if the letters are clearly formed, so that it can be read at sight, it serves its purpose that was intended.

So don't think the copy book is rendered obsolete by the typewriter! It never will be!

WORRY

Did you ever see an old hen drop her perfectly satisfactory morsel and scuffle suddenly to seize the worm some other fowl had picked up? Well, that old hen was worrying lest she might miss something. That worry distracted her from her occupation and spoiled her enjoyment. Many people resemble that worrying old hen.

Competition in dress, in entertaining, in the style of living, promote worry. It is not the bills for the necessities of life that are responsible for the unpleasant nervous agitation, the furrowed brow, the abstracted reckoning eye. The bills for the secondary and more expensive matters are the disturbing ones. The effect to grab a worm like the one the hen on the other side of the road has is the cause of the trouble. Women worry over the bills for things they didn't need; men worry over the same bills and finally, the men worry because the women worry—and vice versa.

Any one who has the courage to simplify his life will have much less occasion for worry.

PEOPLE OF OUR TOWN



The Self-Shaver is Mowing 'Em Down with the ole Rusty—we mean Trusty—Safety Hoe and beez his Whisker Pasture is tougher'n Alligator Hide, the Hoe is doing a Mean Job and the Patient will be Elected to the Lukikell Club when he Gets Through. Ladies, you'll never know what you've Missed!

"THE QUEST OF A GOOD TIME"

Life was not meant to be altogether serious. The people whose minds through all their waking hours are concentrated on their work and the effort to make money, become hard and self centered.

The other extreme is equally dangerous. The main purpose of a lot of people is simply to have what they call "a good time." During their hours of labor they are constantly looking at the clock. If it is only 3:30 when they hope it is four o'clock, they sigh and turn wearily to their task again.

The thoughts and conversation of such folks are largely on their amusements. The show they attended the previous night the dance they plan for the coming evening, are the subjects of animated thought, while their fingers and brains mechanically go through the tasks by which they are said to "earn" a living.

Manifestly such folks are tolerated by employers only because for the time being more interested helpers can not be found. But such people have no future unless they wake up.

Such persons are a dead weight upon the community. You can rarely interest them in any form of public work. Nothing seems interesting to them except the things that quiet their unrest. But by and by they have tired of all the standard pleasures, and many resort to vices to whet their flagging interest.

What can be done to arouse these pleasure loving people? Well, the schools, the women's clubs, the lecture courses, the newspapers, etc., are doing their best to wake them up. Every time you induce them to read a good book, to attend an informing lecture, to discuss a political campaign, something has been done to give them a new contact with the real world of thought, and draw their minds away from their self absorbed lives.

THE READING HABIT

There are many people who give the impression that they are well educated, yet who never had good school advantages. People frequently ask them "what college did you attend?" taking it for granted that they have had the benefit of the higher education. They have, but their advantages were found in the school of self help.

People of that type have almost always been folks who have cultivated the reading habit. They have not merely read the wonderful range of information to be found in a good newspaper, but they are faithful patrons of reading rooms and libraries. If they do not have convenient access to such institutions, they find plenty of other ways to get books and magazines.

Good literature is about the cheapest thing offered the public. Standard classical works are offered at amazingly low prices, and for the cost of an evening's entertainment, one can secure a good sized collection of masterpieces whose thought has stirred the world.

If people would spend a fraction of the amount they use on luxuries, on the purchase of

BILL BOOSTER SAYS

AM STRONG FOR PAVED STREETS! NOTHING GIVES A TOWN THAT DRESSED-UP LOOK BUT PAVED STREETS, AND THERE'S NOT EXPENSIVE WHEN YOU CONSIDER HOW LONG A GOOD JOB OF PAVING LASTS! NO, SIR! THE SOUND OF HORSES PULLING THEIR HOOF OUT OF THE MUD ISN'T MUSIC TO MY EARS!



good books and magazines, they would have the cream of the world's literature in their homes.

The world's wisdom is found in books, and a person does not have to go to any college to find the volumes that contain the cream of human knowledge and experience. The person who reads good books and follows the movements of the times has gone far along the path of education.—Dublin Progress.

STRAYED—Two Holstein Heifers, 3 years old; left about one month or 6 weeks back from E. Long farm; one black and white spotted, one almost white except head and shoulders.—F. U. Bourland, Coleman, phone 559

This world is composed of wise people, fools, and those in between. Select your own class.

The father who ignores other people's children should not feel peeved when his own ignore him.

Your Holiday

FRUIT CAKE

Yes, every one is going to bake that good Fruit Cake and now is the time to begin.

To bake your Fruit Cake now, the ingredients will have plenty of time to blend and give your cake lots better flavor.

We have everything for your cake and it is fresh:

Fresh Currants
Fresh Figs
Candied Cherries
Candied Pineapple
Candied Citron
Candied Lemon Peel
Candied Orange Peel

Give us your order now

Hunter Bros.

48—"The Home of Good Eats"—70

P. S. If Phone 48 is busy call Number 70

This country has sure gone wet here of late, and many of the roads are next to impassible. The slush is disagreeable, but it is putting things in good shape for another year. Keep on smiling, it will all come out in the wash.

STOP THAT ITCHING
Use Blue Star Remedy for Eczema, Itch, Tetter or Cracked Hands, Ring Worms, Chapped Face, Poison Oak, Sunburns, Old Sores or Sores on Children. It relieves all forms of Sore Feet. For sale by

C. K. HUNTER

Fred Watkins, Dray Line

See Me For Your

HAULING

DAY PHONE 38
NIGHT 217

CATARRH
Catarrh is a local disease greatly influenced by Constitutional conditions. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE consists of an Ointment which gives Quick Relief by local application, and the Internal Medicine, a Tonic, which acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces and assists in ridding your System of Catarrh. Sold by druggists for over 40 Years. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

New Fall Footwear

—as trim and modish as could be desired for wear with Fall costumes. Built on lines that give ease in walking, these shoes will hold their shape and style through a long period of service.

In sympathy with Autumn's liking for warm, "woody" browns and darker tones, our new Fall footwear emphasizes these shades.

All the shoes follow smart lines with straps, cut-out and fancy stitching. Clever combinations of leathers are also noted in these new styles.

Prices range from \$4.75 to \$9.50

La France hose in the new shades to match the Fall Footwear Per pair \$2.95

Ask to see our line of Ralston shoes for Men.

R. P. CRUM & SON

The House of Service



Go After the Long Ones

It Can Be Done With Peters High Velocity Shot Shells.

...Because of Peters "Steel where steel belongs" head construction, combined with Peters superior wadding primers, Peters exclusive method of loading, insuring uniform results, Peters "Target", "High Gun" and "Ideal" shells are now loaded with maximum charges of powder and shot, thereby increasing by many yards the usual shot gun range.

In these HIGH VELOCITY loads the shooter can get his favorite brand of American smokeless powder plainly marked on the case.

We do not get our shells from jobbers who have possibly had them in their warehouses for indefinite periods. We buy direct and get fresh goods. Peters shells are more effective, more uniform and more dependable, but they cost no more than inferior brands.

S. W. Childers & Co.

Santa Anna, Texas