

Mason County News.

VOL. 43 NO. 1

MASON, TEXAS, THURSDAY MARCH 18 1920

ESTAB 1877

MONEY TO LOAN

ON FARMS AND RANCHES in Mason, Llano, San Saba, Burnet, Blanco and Gillespie Counties. **LOWEST RATE OF INTEREST.** Attractive Terms as to Re-payment of Principal. We inspect and Pass on All Loans from this Office and there is No Red Tape or Delay in Closing Your Loan. Call and see us or write, phone or wire us about your loans. We want your Business and trust you will give us an opportunity to serve you. No Loan Too Large for Us to Handle.

Y. B. DOWELL & SON

Stockman's Exchange Building
LLANO, TEXAS

CHAS. BIRSCHWALE REAL ESTATE ABSTRACTOR AND NOTARY IN BUSINESS SINCE 1885

MASON : : : TEXAS

15 YEARS AGO

From Mason News Mar. 17, 1905—

The prohibition election held in McCulloch county, went 320 majority for the pros.

The grand jury returned thirteen bills of indictment—one for murder, one for theft over \$50.00, 2 for maliciously shooting into a church, 1 for disturbing the peace, one for rudely displaying a pistol, 6 for carrying a pistol, one for receiving stolen property over \$50.00, 1 for slander.

Mrs. Grub Hamilton and son were here last week visiting the families of Mrs. Sands and Erv Hamilton.

R. F. Kendrick, who was here visiting his son Ben, for some months left Monday for Paris to visit relatives a few weeks.

Mrs. J. W. White has been down with the grip the past week.

BABY DIES

Little Bennie Sedar, infant son of Mrs. Ben Sedar, died Saturday last at seven-thirty o'clock a. m. At death the child was one year, two months and 27 days of age. His death was attributed to the flu.

Mrs. Sedar has the deepest sympathy of a host of relatives and friends in her bereavement; it having been but about a year ago that Mr. Sedar and two other children died of the flu.

Funeral services were held Sunday afternoon at the residence of Mrs. Ed Boston and were conducted by Rev. Rader. Interment was made later in the afternoon in the Gooch cemetery. The pall bearers were four little cousins—Edith, Ethel and Eddie Grace Boston and Ruby Metzger.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank our neighbors and friends who were so kind to us in our sad bereavements. Mrs. Ben Sedar and relatives.

El McCollum came to Mason last week from Ranger, where he has been at work for some time, and is taking care of his father's place during their absence. Mr. and Mrs. McCollum left last Thursday for Marlin, where it is hoped Mr. McCollum will greatly improve in health.

Money to Lend—Runge & Runge

KODAKERS

BEAUTIFUL WAR PICTURES AND ENLARGEMENTS FREE

We want you to try us once with an order for Kodak Finishing and let us show you the best work you ever saw. Also tell you how you can get enlargements from your films free; also beautiful 16x20 "Honor Roll" Souvenir picture of the great World War. Has place for photo and complete record for service. Any boy who has seen service will want one; will frame it and keep it forever. We develop films for 10c a roll, and make prints at 1c and up. Just mail us a roll and ask for information.

THE MAYO STUDIOS
Kodak Dept., 108 1/2 West Broadway
Brownwood, Texas.
(Mention name of paper when answering this advertisement)

ESTATES OF DEAD MEN BRING PENNIES

Woman in Black, Auction Fiend at Morgue, Gets Most of Articles.

The estates of dead men sold for pennies at St. Paul, Minn. Behind a marble table in the county morgue the coroner disposed by auction of the pitiful fragments of property left by St. Paul's unknown dead in 1919.

When relatives or near friends of those whose bodies are brought to the morgue make no claim to their "estates" the law requires public sale.

"That watch," said the coroner, and held it up, battered, worth \$1 once, "stopped when its owner died. It says ten minutes to ten."

"Maybe that was his zero hour," commented a woman in black. "I bid 20 cents."

Then came the razor an old man used to slit his throat. The bidding was high, but the woman in black, confirmed auction fiend, bought it for 76 cents.

There was a knife. "A little rusty," said the coroner. "I think we found this fellow in the river."

Post cards, bits of cloth, a bottle opener, keys, a locket with a broken back—all the things that meant in their own private way much—maybe all—to some one once, were heaped on the marble slab and pawed over by the woman in black and her rival bidders, then sold by the state for copper and silver.

"Two estates left," announced the auctioneer. "I don't suppose anybody wants this."

He held up the soiled, blood-stained discharge paper of James Alton, one-time soldier of the land.

"I'll take that. Here's a dime," snapped a bidder with two gold stripes on his sleeve. My American Legion post'll try to find his folks."

"And this," continued the coroner and carried to view a bedraggled Bible, its imitation leather puffed and swollen by moisture.

"Gimme," barked the woman in black. "I want that. I bid 15 cents." She carried away the Bible that once was Ole Johnson's.

"He gave his heart to God at the Union Gospel mission December 2, 1914," was the fading legend on the fly-leaf.

VETERANS HOLD POST AT DOOR OF HOUSE



Visitors who throng the gallery at the house of representatives, if they only knew, could find a bit of "human interest" in two messengers at the gallery door. These are John Rowe, vet-

MONEY TO LEND

On Farms and Ranches
INTEREST PAYABLE AT ANY TIME OF YEAR

No Delays

Runge & Runge

MEN IN AIR SERVICE GET CHANCE TO FLY

Are Given Course in Plane Mechanics and Construction.

The United States army air service has selected 194 of the enlisted men on duty at the various fields in the United States to take flying training. These men have been placed on a cadet status and now are under instruction at both Carlstrom field, Arcadia, Florida and March field, Riverside, Cal.

The cadets are given a thorough course in all branches including mechanics and the construction of airplanes in the ground schools before they take their actual flying training. The entire course covers a period of from nine months to one year during which time the cadet draws \$100 per month.

During the world war the allies and even Germany used many enlisted flyers over the lines and the United States was the single exception. Many of the Americans in the Lafayette Escadrille were enlisted men and remained enlisted men until they were taken over in the American air service, whereupon they were commissioned. It is the intention of the air service to allow all enlisted men who so desire to take flying training.

The cadets, upon the completion of their training, are commissioned in the aviation section of the signal reserve corps as airplane pilots and are given the preference to either receive their discharge or return to duty as enlisted men with the privilege of wearing wings. A great majority of the cadets have signified their intention of staying in the service after the completion of their training. At the present time about 150 men are on the waiting list for flying training.

In view of the increased facilities for training, the army air service in the near future will be ready to accept candidates from civil life who desire to take a course of training for airplane pilots.

eran of the Mexican war and Ex-Sergt. Emmet Scott, a hero of St. Mihiel.

Mr. John Rowe for forty years has held the post of messenger at the gallery door of the house. Mr. Rowe entered the United States army November 10, 1845. At the battle of Vera Cruz in 1847, he had his hand blown off in an artillery bombardment. Now, at the age of eighty-five he is in splendid health and fully expects to remain at his post at the capitol for many years to come. Ex-Sergt. Emmet Scott since last November has been a door messenger at the gallery of the house, while in his spare hours he is busy studying law for his future work. Mr. Scott served two and one-half years in the world war with the Fifty-fourth ammunition train. In September, 1918, he was seriously wounded in the leg by a high explosive shell at the battle of St. Mihiel. This picture shows the veterans at their post outside the gallery door.

Corset a Relic.

A corset worn by Mrs. James Wilson, whose husband was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and which had been handed down to the youngest child of each generation, has fallen into the possession of Mrs. James Wilson of Marshall, Mich.

MASON COUNTY LEADS THE STATE WITH FIRST ACCREDITED HERD OF BEEF CATTLE TUBERCULOSIS FREE

Mr. Elgin O. Kothmann requested the State Sanitary Commission to send a State veterinarian and test his herd of registered Herefords, and in answer to this request Dr. Jack H. from Fort Worth visited his herd last week and found only one calf infested.

This calf will be immediately shipped to the packers.

Dr. Jenkins tells us that this is an exceptionally good record; only one out of 141 head, and also that Mr. Kothmann is the first man to have his herd of beef cattle to take advantage of this offer made by the Sanitary Commission.

Although Mr. Kothmann suffered no uneasiness about his herd but still there was a large smile of satisfaction about his face when Wyoming passed the test.

This progressive move is one that every breeder of registered cattle should take advantage of, as one diseased animal will scatter the disease, slowly of course, but still a few of them will contract it and the loss is much more than getting rid of this one, or the few that may be diseased now.

Statistics give that 75 percent of the tuberculosis among people is contracted from cattle and we certainly should not risk our milk cows; especially is the dairy cow susceptible to this disease.

Any person desiring their herd on the accredited list may get it there by applying to the State Sanitary Commission and have their herd tested. Free of charge.

We have just received a new lot Diamond casings. All sizes. Star Garage.

How about your subscription to the News, have you advanced it for another year?

The News directs the attention of its readers to the announcement column where the name of Ben Brandenberger appears as a candidate for Commissioner of precinct No. 3. He solicits the support and influence of the voters of his precinct.

Let me do your windmill repairing or plumbing work Louis Brockman. Phone 911-F-23 5-6p

Money to Lend—Runge & Runge

Howard Smith, A. J. and John Lindsay are among those from Mason who are taking in the Cattle Men's Convention at Houston this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Elgin O. Kothmann and children were in town from the ranch last Saturday doing a bit of shopping.

Tom Wood merchant and leading business man of Fredonia, was doing business and shaking hands with friends in Mason last Saturday and again Monday.

Felix Garner was a business visitor in Mason Saturday from near Castell.

The greatest thing anyone can do to succeed is to give Value Received. That is why we have succeeded at COMMERCIAL BANK (Unincorporated)

136

PHONES

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MASON - LLANO MAIL LINE

WALKER & WALKER PROPS.

We solicit your passenger traffic and express hauling to and from Llano.

We have GOOD CARS and make GOOD TIME.

CLEANING AND PRESSING

CLOTHES CALLED FOR AND DELIVERED, SPECIAL PAIRS TAKEN TO PLEASE

LAUNDRY

LEAVES EVERY TUESDAY. HATS CLEANED AND BLOCKED. YOUR SUIT ORDERS SOLICITED. FITS GUARANTEED.

ROY E. DOELL

WITH J. S. KING, THE JEWELER



A Year's Abuse In Seven Days

All Light Car Road Records Smashed

AT INDIANAPOLIS LAST WEEK ONE OF THE NEW OVERLAND STOCK CARS WAS DRIVEN 5,452 MILES CONTINUOUSLY IN SEVEN DAYS AND NIGHTS, OVER FROZEN COUNTRY ROADS—AND FINISHED READY TO DO IT AGAIN.

THIS IS AN AVERAGE OF 772 MILES PER DAY. THIS IS ANOTHER TRIBUTE TO THE CUSHIONING EFFECT OF TRIPLEX SPRINGS AND THE QUALITY OF MATERIAL IN OVERLAND 4.

McCullum Auto Co.

KIRKPATRICK-BICKENBACH

Last Sunday afternoon at 3:30 Mr. Carl L. Kirkpatrick and Miss Nell Bickenbach were quietly united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents, Judge C. H. Garrett officiating.

The bride wore a richly embroidered white messaline and georgette crepe dress with accessories to match. She carried a bouquet of white flowers and fern. The groom was dressed in a suit of dark grey. The attendants were Mr. Thos. E. Dobbs and Miss Mettie Bethel. Mr. Dobbs being best man and Miss Bethel bride's maid. She wore a dress of pale blue georgette crepe.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick is the accomplished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Bickenbach of Mason. For the past few months she has been employed as the intermediate teacher in the Katemcy school.

Mr. Kirkpatrick is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Kirkpatrick of Cherokee.

The young couple will make their home on the Kirkpatrick ranch near Katemcy.

We wish them every joy in life. Contributed.

Money to Let—Runge & Runge

See me for garden hose and lawn sprinklers. F. Lange.

A. Tansley and son Oran Roy Doell and Chas. Hightower made a round trip to Junction Sunday.

Harry Plueneke returned home Tuesday from a trip to San Antonio on business.

Wear Diamond tires on your auto. They last longer and are moderately priced.

Star Garage.

Ruben Hoerster, who holds a clerical position with Swift & Co. at Fort Worth is in Mason for a couple weeks visit with relatives and friends.

Miss Hulda Plueneke is in Brenham visiting relatives.

Otis Shearer was here a short time this week from Rochelle to visit home folk.

Terral Goff was over a few days this week from Brady visiting relatives and friends.

The Woman's Missionary Society will meet in business session at the church Tuesday afternoon, March 23rd, at three o'clock.

Mrs. Holmes King, Sec.

Mrs. Ben Plueneke has been quite sick but is now much improved.

How about your subscription to the News, have you advanced it for another year?

C. D. McMillan returned home last Wednesday from Dallas, after undergoing a successful operation. He is still quite weak but has been on the streets a couple times.

"MAKING A KILLING"

By WALTER J. DELANEY

MASON VS. KATEMICY

Last Friday Katemcy came down and played an interesting game of basket ball with Mason; the score being 11-10 in favor of Mason. By the judgement of the people the home team did splendid work, but Katemcy's forwards were unequal. It was also thought that the sportsman spirit on each side was exemplary. Mason expects to play several more games and will appreciate the sport of the town. Contributed.

The Chadmean Chautauqua will open in Mason on April 15th and continue for 5 days. This promises to be one of the biggest entertainments ever held in Mason and is being looked forward to with much anxiety.

Tom Baker came in Tuesday from Brady with a fine registered Hereford heifer for Mr. Elgin O. Kothmann. Mr. Kothmann purchased this animal while at the Dallas fair last fall. It is but 26 months old and cost him \$1310. She's a beauty alright.

Pete Schmidt and Clarence Williamson returned Tuesday from San Antonio.

We call our readers attention to the name of J. S. King, which appears in the announcement column this week as a candidate for County Treasurer. He solicits the support and influence of the voters in the coming primary.

W. W. Preevy of Brownwood, is in Mason this week conferring the Chapter work of Masonry. Those taking the work are Blackstone Smith of Junction, Ernest Dobbs of Katemcy, Mr. Knatcher, Oscar and Hugh Shearer.

All contestants to enter the Interscholastic League essay writing will please meet at the Mason high school building at 9:30 o'clock, Saturday morning, March 27th.

S. F. Bethel, Director.

Arthur Lemburg has been busy this week getting ready to ship his household goods to Dallas.

S. J. Thorne was taken suddenly sick at noon Wednesday. We trust he will soon be all right.

FORTY-TWO YEARS

Yesterday, St. Patrick's Day, marked the 42nd birthday anniversary of The Mason County News. This issue starts our 43rd volume.

sidered to have wool-gathering wits and nobody regarded him bright or clever. Withal, however, Ezra possessed one sterling quality of dependability. This was definiteness. He was truthful, set in his opinions. People took little interest in counselling or directing him, and Ezra grew up having to learn the hard lessons of life all by himself.

Unostentatiously but sincerely he gained and held the good will and regard of the rich uncle of the family, Martin Dole, who kept a good deal to himself, spoke little, and in this so resembled Ezra that the twin mutually understood and liked each other. It was pretty well understood between the two that when Martin Dole got ready to quit this world Ezra should step into his shoes as sole heir. Ezra believed in the promise. He did no scheming, thought out the proposition in his own clear, simple way, and adjusted circumstances and probabilities to his own direct way of reasoning.

"I shall not marry while you live," Ezra had told Mr. Dole, and the latter knew that he would keep his word. But fate placed in the way of the care-free young philosopher an attraction in the shape of Verda Morton that he could not resist.

She was the daughter of an ex-general who had once possessed a fortune. All he now had left was his pension and the old but extensive family home, to which he persistently clung as a haven unequalled on earth. Verda was a quiet appearing girl, but with a deep soulfulness which the earnest devotion of Ezra brought to the surface. They became engaged, but under a parental restriction.

"The man who married Verda," declared the old general, "must be able to secure Fairroaks for her. It is heavily mortgaged, and it will take thirty thousand dollars to clear it."

"I shall not ask your consent to our marriage until I have the money to pay for it," observed Ezra in his unostentatious way, and he kept his word. It meant work, saving and waiting, but when Martin Dole died one day Ezra realized that his day of redemption was at hand.

The local newspapers referred to "our lamented and respected citizen, Martin Dole," as the wealthiest resident of Elmwood, but when his estate was settled up there was quite a disappointment for Ezra. His uncle had left him everything, but when his debts were paid up there was a bare eighteen thousand dollars left.

"A good deal of money," soliloquized Ezra, "but not enough to win Verda, so I have got to set my wits at work."

Ezra alone knew where the great bulk of his uncle's fortune had gone. The latter had speculated on the city markets in stocks and bonds.

It was then that Ezra began, indeed, to appear "queer." He suddenly graduated into the most typical young dandy and spender Elmwood had ever seen. He arrayed himself in the most expensive raiment. He was palpably "new-rich" from top to toe.

Then one day Ezra disappeared from his native village. It was to reappear in the city, that greedy metropolis which had divested his uncle of most of his fortune. Ezra attracted attention and caused comment, appearing to the brokers who had fleeced Martin Dole as his heir and deeming himself a regular young Napoleon of finance. If it was all a part, Ezra played it well. He affected artless ignorance of business. He flashed accounts on two or three banks.

"Only looking around," he remarked to the horde of brokers anxious to advise his investments. "I don't select a broker until I see that he is going to make me something, instead of helping me to lose."

The result was natural. The broker to whom he developed his "system" of course knew that in order to lead on this young bird to be plucked he must allow him to make a profitable investment. At twenty different houses Ezra left \$500 to be invested. For one week he practically lived at the stock exchange. Then with twenty different brokers who had given him real "tips" and had worked hard to gain a profit, the golden youth left the city with a genial, satisfied smile on his face.

"Made a killing and cleaned up exactly forty thousand dollars," he told General Morton a few days later. "They used to say I was stupid, and those shrewd brokers took me for a sure victim. Well, it's only getting back the money they got from Uncle Martin."

Then simple, innocent-minded Ezra Noyes proceeded to redeem his promise as to Fairroaks. General Morton glowed as he saw the old home safe and his daughter's future assured. Elmwood gasped and started when Ezra's "queerness," quiet but effective in some way, eventuated in giving him the mayoralty and the presidency of the local bank.

"Somehow, I'm suspicious that Ezra has played us all along," observed Judge Benton, the gossip oracle of the town.

"Not at all," dissented his proud father-in-law. "He wasn't much of a talker, but he knew how to think, and patience did the rest."

THIS WEEK'S

PROGRAM

AT THE

STAR OPERA HOUSE

| FRIDAY NIGHT | SATURDAY NIGHT |
|---|--|
| BESSIE LOVE in "A YANKEE PRINCESS" 5 reel feature | 7th Episode of the "INVISIBLE HAND" Also 2 Reel Comedy |

Admission: 15 & 25 Cents

Capt. Richard Crawford set an example for his own company of the Reserve Officers Training Corps at the high school when he made the highest score in the firing Saturday by Company D on the target range at Fort Bliss. His total was 64 out of a possible 75—El Paso paper.

Richard is the son of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Crawford and is a nephew of Mesdames Ben Plueneke J. C. Lemburg of our city. As he is but 17 years old we think his record is exceptionally good.

INTERSCHOLASTIC LEAGUE NOTICE

The County Interscholastic League will hold its annual meeting in Mason on Saturday, March 27. A. G. Lee, Director Gen.

PLEASE SETTLE

All parties indebted to us will please settle their accounts at once, either by cash or by note. The amount of your account will be found at the First State Bank. Respectfully, Kothmann & Jordan.

Fine Bond Papers—News Office.

At the recent meeting of the Mason Commercial Club a motion carried setting 6 o'clock closing time for the local merchants during the spring and summer months.

Catarrhal Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure catarrhal deafness, and that is by a constitutional remedy. Catarrhal Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result. Unless the deafness is caused by catarrh, which is an inflamed condition of the mucous surface, Hall's Catarrh Medicine acts thru the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Catarrhal Deafness that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Medicine. Circulars free. All Druggists, 75c.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

HAD CHRONIC BRONCHITIS FOR TWENTY-SIX YEARS NOW WELL AND HAPPY THIS IS WORTH READING

The experience of Mr. E. J. Toupalik, 1438 Rose street, LaCrosse, Wisconsin, is chiefly remarkable on account of the length of time he was afflicted.

He writes: "I have been suffering with chronic bronchitis for twenty-six years and every winter I would catch cold and become so hoarse I could not speak for six or eight weeks. I could get only temporary relief.

"This winter I was taken with Grip and was in awful shape. A fellow workman advised me to take PE-RU-NA. By the time I had used three-fourths of a bottle, the hoarseness was gone, also that tired feeling. I am on my second bottle. Hereafter PE-RU-NA will be constantly in my house. It is the best medicine ever put up for the purpose."

For any disease due to catarrh or catarrhal conditions, PE-RU-NA is equally dependable. Coughs, colds, catarrh of the head, stomach trouble, constipation, rheumatism, pains in the back, side and loins, bloating, belching gas, indigestion, catarrh of the large and small intestines, are some of the troubles for which PE-RU-NA is especially recommended.

PE-RU-NA can be purchased anywhere in either tablet or liquid form.

Marriage License were issued to Mr. Dee Conner and Mrs. Mary Williams by Clerk Brockman on the 16th. Judge Garrett united the couple in marriage the same afternoon.

Take in the picture show at the Star Opera House each Saturday night. You'll enjoy it. The show starts promptly at 7:30 o'clock.

Mrs. August Plueneke is visiting her daughters, Mesdames Dan Jordan, Jr. and Wilkes Bode at Pehweville this week.

NOTICE

GATES HALF SOLE TIRES, GATES DOUBLE MILEAGE TIRES

Vulcanizing of all kinds
Full Stock of Genuine Ford Parts.
Expert Auto Repairing
All Work Strictly Guaranteed.

Walker & Walker

J. D. Eckert, Pres.
E. O. Kothmann, V. P.

W. E. Jordan, Cashier
Kinney Eckert, Ass't C'r.

NO. 1203

THE FIRST STATE BANK

A GUARANTY FUND BANK
We can please you also. Try us?
CAPITAL STOCK - - \$25,000.00

DIRECTORS

| | |
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| OSCAR SEAQUIST | E. W. KOTHMANN |
| F. B. MCCOLLUM | E. O. KOTHMANN |
| PETER JORDAN | J. D. ECKBERT |

W. E. JORDAN

THE MASON COUNTY NEWS

(ESTABLISHED 1877)

M. D. Loring, Editor and Proprietor

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

Entered at Mason Post Office as second-class mail matter. Absorbed Mason County Star and Fredonia Kicker Nov. 21 1910. Absorbed Mason Herald Sept. 27, 1912.

Notice of church entertainments where a charge of admission is made, obituaries, cards of thanks, resolutions of respect, and all matters not news, will be charged at the regular advertising rates.

ADVERTISING RATES

Local readers and classified ads 5 cents per line per issue. Display rates made known on application.

Subscription (always in advance) one year \$1.50

ANNOUNCEMENTS

TERMS—Strictly Cash. Announcements will be inserted in the order in which fees are paid. 20 lines will be allowed each candidate, but he must compose his own announcement message. Any additional lines charged for at our regular advertising rates.

RATES

Congressional \$15.00
District 10.00
County 8.00
Precinct 5.00

The News is authorized to make the following announcements subject to a majority vote of the Democratic Primary:

For District Attorney 33rd Judicial District—

GEORGE E. CHRISTIAN

For District and County Clerk:—

S. C. BROCKMAN
ROBT. E. LEE

For County Treasurer:—

ALVA TINSLEY
J. S. KING

For Sheriff & Tax Collector—

HERMAN SCHUESSLER
G. H. WILLIS
CHAS. LESLIE
OSCAR SHEARER

For Tax Assessor:—

WILLIE O. BODE

For County Judge:—

S. F. BETHEL
C. H. GARRETT
JOHN T. BANKS

For Commissioner Precinct No. 3—

BEN BRANDENBERGER

M. W. Nichols, who was in Mason Saturday from the Loyal Valley section, reported quite a number still sick with the flu in his neighborhood.

The News \$1.50 per year, and is worth it.

Mrs. R. M. Reichenau left last Friday for her home in San Antonio, after having visited relatives and friends here for several weeks.

MICKIE SAYS

YOU'RE RIGHT, MICKIE! A MAN WHO SNEAKS OUT OF PAYING HIS BACK SUBSCRIPTION BY REFUSING THE PAPER AT THE POSTOFFICE IS A PESKY POLECAT AND AN ORNERY HYENA, BUT STILL IT WAS POOR JUDGMENT FOR YOU TO TELL HIM SO TO HIS FACE, FOR HE FEELS MEAN ENOUGH ALREADY, AND I CAN SUE HIM AND GET THE MONEY.



CHARLES SUZARRE

LIGHTHOUSE NEAR END

Famous Landmark of Atlantic Coast in Danger.

Although Henlopen light, one of the famous landmarks of the Atlantic coast, has been badly undermined by the battering of the heavy seas and storm, it was said by shipping men at Wilmington, Del., to be in no immediate danger after a recent storm.

It was believed the light would again weather the storm in safety. A report that the structure was leaning could not be verified, as the telephone wire there was out of commission. Harry Palmer, chief keeper, and three assistants refused to leave the lighthouse.

For years the water has been creeping up on the light until it is only 150 feet from the base of the structure at low tide. The foundation of sand and loam is being eaten away by each succeeding storm.

Talk of moving it back has been heard from time to time, but it is always declared the cost was prohibitive. The lighthouse was built by the English in 1764.

It Pays to Advertise.

It pays to advertise. That is what Adolph A. Unger, a silk manufacturer of New York thinks. When cracksmen visited his office they found this sign on the safe: "Books only. Don't waste your energy." The visitors followed instructions.

ICE IMPRISONS 300 "GOBS"

Jam in the St. Lawrence May Not Be Broken Before June.

Three hundred American "gobs" and thirty officers are held prisoners at Quebec—not in the citadel, but in the middle of the St. Lawrence river, surrounded by ice.

The sailors were on board eight Eagle boats and a Detroit tug and were caught in an ice jam. Now they can move only 32 feet a day—16 feet up the river with the ice when the tide comes in and 16 feet down when the tide goes out again. Ice three feet thick goes with them on each trip, but there is little probability the men will be released before June.

War Prisoners Returned.

One hundred and ninety thousand prisoners of war, including 43,110 officers, have been repatriated from French camps since January 20, according to an announcement from the French war office.

Triumphant Furnishings.

There has already appeared in the market Victory wallpaper, but it was reserved for Bridgenorth in Shropshire, England, to weave a Victory carpet. This is now displayed in a window in London. The need for a plethora of symbolism would have destroyed (one would have thought) any chance of achieving artistic success. But this has not proved to be the case. The carpet in question, although a maze of doves and olive branches, arms and flags, roses, thistles and shamrocks, is really beautiful in color and design, and a not too observant person could walk across it without so much as being reminded of the war.—San Francisco Argonaut.

See You Soon.

The other night a girl was asked to leave a dance floor because she was unchaperoned and under eighteen years old, says the Indianapolis News "She was seventeen years and fifty weeks old, to be exact," says the manager of the floor.

The girl left good-naturedly. "But I'll be back in two weeks," she cried as she took the elevator to the street.

We are pleased to report Robt. Hofmann as getting along nicely and has lately been permitted to sit up.

ORDER THEM NOW

How many women and young ladies are there in and around Mason who have no engraved visiting cards? Our guess is that there are quite a few.

Why wait? On many occasions you wish for them. They do not cost much, let us show you our samples and take your order so when the next occasion comes up you wont be ashamed for others to see your card as is the case when the name is written.

MASON COUNTY NEWS

The dance of last Wednesday night was a good one and was attended by many. A jazz band from Fort Worth furnished music for the occasion and all who attended enjoyed the affair to the utmost. As a result of this occasion a dance club has since been organized in Mason and it is the intentions of the club to have at least one good dance every month for its members and to have the

best music attainable. Money to Lend—Runge & Runge Harry McCollum left this week for Corsicana, where he will be engaged as cattle inspector for the State Sanitary Commission. J. E. Green, of Katemey, was

in Mason last Friday bringing over some of the Katemey basket ball girls. While here Mr. Green had us add his name to our growing list of subscribers. Use your phone and tell the News the news. Phone 57. Money to Lend—Runge & Runge

The FORDSON Tractor

"There's None Better"

WE ARE AUTHORIZED AGENTS FOR THE FORDSON TRACTORS FOR MASON COUNTY.

THE FORDSON IS THE TRACTOR YOU WILL WANT WHEN YOU SEE IT PERFORM.

WE WILL GIVE A PUBLIC DEMONSTRATION OF THIS WONDERFUL LITTLE TRACTOR NEXT SATURDAY AFTERNOON AT A CONVENIENT PLACE NEAR TOWN. COME IN AND SEE US PLOW USING EITHER TWO TWELVE INCH SULKIES OR A THREE DISC PLOW.

THE FORDSON MAKES FARMING A PLEASURE.

L. F. Eckert, Agent

HAS LARGEST MEDICAL PRACTICE IN WORLD AND ISN'T A DOCTOR

He Is Director of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance and He Has
641,000 Patients Out of a Potential Clientele of 5,000,000—
Has 10,000 Sick People in Hospital—His "Practice"
Includes Both Men and Women.

Who has the largest medical practice in the world? Unless one has kept accurately abreast of the times it would prove exceedingly difficult to answer this question, but he who has 641,000 patients drawn from a potential clientele of over 5,000,000 and constantly over 10,000 sick people in hospital, must certainly be considered as having an exceedingly flourishing practice.

Oddly enough the man who is responsible for this practice is not the doctor. He is the director of the bureau of war risk insurance, Col. R. G. Cholmeley-Jones, who has been made responsible for the conduct of these operations by a series of exceedingly broad-minded and generous acts which have been passed in connection with the rehabilitation of the human flotsam and jetsam of the war with Germany. His "practice" includes both men and women. It embraces 46,000 cases of tuberculosis, more than 76,000 cases of nervous and mental disease, 40,000 cases of disease of the eye, 79,000 ailments of the ear and a large group of surgical cases drawn from the 200,000 wounds received in the war, some 45,000 cases of men who were discharged on account of some surgical disability and some 30,000 men rejected at the mobilization camps for ailments of a surgical nature. The benefits which this vast number may receive include hospital and "out-patient" treatment and all necessary prosthetic devices, such as artificial eyes, eyeglasses, braces, crutches, wheel chairs and artificial limbs.

Entitled to Benefits.
The benefits which congress has provided extend not only to men or women who actually served with the armed forces of the United States, but also to those who were accepted by draft boards and dispatched to mobilization camps, many of whom incurred disease or injury while en route or while awaiting acceptance by the military authorities.

In addition to this huge medical practice, the chief medical advisor of the bureau of war risk insurance, who is responsible to Colonel Cholmeley-Jones for the performance of these functions, is charged with the duty of determining the degree of disability which the patients of this huge practice have received while in the service of their country. He is, in addition, the chief medical advisor of the largest insurance company in the world and must perform the usual functions in connection with physical examinations and medical proofs of death. In order that his day's work may be well rounded out, the chief medical advisor is also the medical officer to the 19,600 employees of the bureau of war risk insurance; and just as the stop-gap, best time hang heavy on his hands, he is also the sanitary officer in order that this small army of workers may be kept in perfect health and do their work under favorable sanitary conditions.

Despite its large size this is a constantly growing practice, and there are times when the facilities for the care and treatment of its patients have been crowded to the utmost. Since August 1, 1918, the number of patients in hospital has more than doubled. On that date there were 4,500 beds occupied by war risk insurance patients. On January 12, 1920, there were 10,220 beds so occupied. Of that number there were 3,654 cases of tuberculosis, 3,416 nervous and mental cases and 3,159 general cases. The public health service, which is the field medical organization of the war risk insurance bureau, has 5,458 in hospital, and various civil institutions are carrying some 4,771.

Artificial Limbs Supplied.
An index of the scale on which the furnishing of prosthetic devices is carried out is given by the fact that on the latter date mentioned above, 2,914 artificial limbs had been supplied. Of these, 1,784 are permanent artificial legs and 1,130 permanent artificial arms. There were some 3,800 major amputations during the war, of which 2,290 were of the lower limb and 1,520 of the arm. The 886 mutes remaining will receive permanent artificial limbs as soon as their amputation stumps have reached such a condition that a well fitting and comfortable apparatus can be supplied.

To carry on the operations mentioned above the public health service has assigned 60 medical officers to the bureau of war risk insurance and some 300 more to the various hospitals and offices in the field. It has expanded its hospital bed capacity from less

than 1,200 to more than 8,000, and in a communication recently transmitted to congress by the secretary of the treasury it is estimated that at least 31,000 beds will be constantly necessary to care for the men and women who have acquired an illness or received an injury in the great war. A large proportion of the war risk patients can be returned to health and usefulness. A certain number will require prolonged hospitalization in order that a cure may be effected; a certain number may be brought to such a condition of mental and bodily health that, after training by the federal board for vocational education, they will be able to pursue a substantially gainful vocation. Some, unfortunately, will be doomed to a life of chronic invalidism, while in a certain proportion of the cases neither recovery nor improvement may be hoped for and they will be translated into the peace of the great beyond.

Kindly Humanity Pervades.
The spirit of broad-minded, kindly humanity pervades the conduct of the gigantic medical operations described above. The United States is divided into 14 districts, each with a medical officer of the United States public health service in charge, he having as assistants a corps of expert specialists as consultants. There are neuro-psychiatrists to care for those suffering from nervous and mental disease. There are general surgeons, oro-facial surgeons, neuro-surgeons and orthopedists. There are highly specialized clinicians to make the physical examinations, as an aid to which the service of X-ray experts, bacteriologists and other laboratory specialists are employed. There are special sanatoria for the tuberculous, a separate colony for the epileptics, hospitals for the insane and special psychopathic institutions for the reception of the sufferers from lesser mental ailments. The bureau of war risk insurance maintains a corps of designated examiners of more than 1,000 ex-medical officers of the army and navy, operating on a fee basis and so placed geographically that the claimant will be obliged to travel the minimum distance from his home in order to receive medical examination or treatment.

An intimate liaison is maintained with the surgeon general of the army and navy so that upon the discharge of a soldier, sailor or marine requiring further treatment he may be immediately transferred to an institution for the treatment of war risk insurance patients. The various military and naval hospitals throughout the United States are visited from time to time by special boards of medical officers from the bureau of war risk insurance to examine men who hold war risk insurance policies and who are believed to have become permanently and totally disabled. It may be explained in passing that in such cases the insurance policy issued by the bureau of war risk insurance matures from the date of the total and permanent disability, and frequently this means that such persons receive immediately a not inconsiderable sum of money from the bureau of war risk insurance at the rate of \$5.75 per \$1,000 of insurance held. This action is taken irrespective of the insured's continuance in or discharge from the military service.

BIG ALLIGATOR CAUGHT

Animal Kept His Mouth Open and That Was His Undoing.
W. K. Hurst, who is wintering in St. Petersburg, Fla., recently assisted in the capture of a 21-foot alligator.

"One was discovered in a shallow bayou, not more than 35 feet from bank to bank," he said, describing the capture. "Nine men took sufficient ropes and a powerful truck, and went after him.

"The surroundings were a veritable jungle. All that could be seen of him was about one-half, from the tail up; the balance of the body was submerged.

"Arriving on the bank, one man took a long bamboo pole and poked Mr. Alligator in the head, when up came that member with the jaws wide open. Another man threw a noose over the upper jaw, and made a fine catch.

"Then all hands grabbed the rope and the animal began to struggle for dear life. He rolled over and over, throwing the mud and water in all directions.

"When opportunity offered, another noose was thrown over the lower jaw,

making a self-same lock hold. They kept him turning and rolling until he was perfectly helpless.

"He measured 21 feet."
TO TELL "WHITE FATHER"

Klamath Indians on Reservation in Need of Money.

Ike Jackson, a Klamath Reservation Indian, was at Redding, Cal., after visiting every Pitt Indian in Modoc, Lassen, Plumas and Shasta counties for the purpose of ascertaining their needs, and says he is going to Washington "to tell the Great White Father that we want the government to help the needy and starving Indian." He will be accompanied by Charles Green as interpreter.

Jackson declares the Indians on government allotments are not able to make their own living and that the government does not help them. He says the government agent refers needy Indians to the county supervisors, who refer them back to the government agent.

He says the Indians have lots of money in Washington as the result of sales of timber and grazing lands, but that this money does not do the hungry Indians in the four counties any good.

ONE-MAN TRAVELING BARROOM IN RUSSIA



Business as usual despite the near approach of the bolshevik hordes—a vendor of wine who carries on business while fleeing with other refugees from advancing Red armies. The glasses held in his belt are filled from the large brass urn on his back.

ENGINE GOES ON TOOT

Runs Away, but Halts When Throat Looms.

Locomotive No. 624 of the Chicago & Eastern Illinois railroad went off on a toot through Chicago, despite the eighteenth constitutional amendment. The engine was puffing along without a train hitched to it when the engineer and fireman, fearing collision with another train, jumped from it. Missing the train, the locomotive steamed on by itself, running away from an engine hastily sent in pursuit. It tore along to the outskirts of the city, where, finding it couldn't get a drink, it halted.

The pursuing engine hauled the prodgal back to a roundhouse, where it was cooled, watered and forgiven.

Horse-Drawn Fire Engine a Curio.

The last horse-drawn fire engine remaining in the London fire brigade has been offered to the South Kensington Science Museum.

CITY MEAT MARKET

Choicest and best meats possible to obtain. No delivery. Fine light bread also for sale. Pay highest cash price for dry or green hides. We sell strictly for CASH.
W. A. Zesch, Prop.

Tell the News the news.

THE WEDDING SPECIAL

By LATIMER J. WILSON

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The wispy wreathes of pale smoke settled into diaphanous strata in the air of Orville's room, where he and Harold were sitting. It was near the end of a day busy with preparation for a peculiar expedition to a distant city. The village of Baneville was getting ready to escort Orville, as a prosperous groom, and Harold, as prospective best man, to the distant old city of romance, New Orleans, where the bride-to-be resided. For eight long months her friends in Baneville had missed her from their dances, parties and social events. Orville had been twice to see her there, and now he was planning to take the whole town to bring her back.

Through the cigarette fog a number of photographs could be seen on the table in the center of Orville's room.

"There they are—all of them!" he said, pointing the tip of his cigarette toward the pictures. "I suppose you know every girl I ever went with in this burg."

His friend looked casually toward the group. He had serious dark eyes and wavy dark hair combed loosely back from a wide, intelligent brow. Orville was no less handsome, but he was blonde and slightly stout and his eyes were blue and less seriously expressive. "A cynic," some called him. "A good fellow," others said. His jovial manner won friends easily.

"Look here," he said, taking up one of the photographs. "Jane's a trick all right. We thought a lot of each other one time. She was wild about me."

"If I were in your place, old chap," said Harold disapprovingly, "I'd quit boasting and put all these pictures away except one—the One."

"Ah! Moon of My Delight!" Orville exclaimed, holding up the large portrait of the bride-to-be. Harold did not lift his eyes from the point in space at which his gaze was thoughtfully fixed.

"Rave on," was all he said. "There's the girl of girls! See here, old man; when it comes time to slip



"Mabel Has Greatly Disappointed All of Us."

me that little circle of gold, don't you forget which pocket it's in," laughed Orville. "But what do you think of our wedding party, anyway? Isn't it a stunt to take the whole burg 800 miles to see you haltered for life? There'll be just two carloads of us; the Pullmans are reserved and the train'll be ready at 1 a. m., southward bound."

Harold looked keenly beneath his dark brows toward Orville. "Don't you think it's rather nervy to take along all the ashes of your past romances to pave the way for wedded bliss?" he asked.

"Of course it's all right," said Orville, unabashed. "Every girl in this old burg will know within forty-eight hours what kind of a wedding can be pulled off in metropolitan style. There'll be nothing else to talk about for six generations to come. Leave it to me to do things right."

"You've got the bank account behind you," commented Harold, "and a life of happiness with a fine girl ahead," he added. Orville began to gather up the photographs, dumping them into an open drawer of his desk. For an instant one of the pictures lingered

upon the Persian pattern of the table cover. Harold's eyes fastened sharply upon it, then he reached forward and took it up.

"Say, old chap—this girl doesn't belong to your collection. I'm going to cop this one," and he slipped the picture into his own pocket.

"Certainly you can have it," said Orville, willingly. "You're right. She's only mine and Mabel's friend, and I guess she thinks more of you than ever she thought of me." Then he added: "What a stunning maid of honor she'll make! You and she will make a fine-looking pair."

A noisy, fun-filled crowd of young men and women, with elderly guests, gathered at the town depot at midnight. They piled into the reserved Pullmans when the train arrived fifteen minutes late in Baneville. Sleeping passengers were aroused by the clamor. Throughout the next day smiling faces greeted the passengers of the train bearing in large letters on two of its Pullmans the large sign "The Wedding Special."

Orville did not reserve much time for himself en route, generously sharing it with the originals of his photographic collection and others. But there came an interval when everybody was tired and when Orville found himself with his feet stretched across the arm of an empty seat in the smoking car. Darkness was framed outside the windows and smoky, dim-lit reflections were framed within. In the tobacco haze of the room came an image of the past, refreshing Orville's memory of a cherished scene.

He remembered how the moonlight silvered gables and treecrofts, and how patches of its pale sheen fell at his feet when he and Mabel sat on the front steps of her old home in Baneville. In the depths of her eyes he had seemed to see the response which he had craved so long. But Mabel had always been more or less of a sphynx-like mystery to him. She then had surprised him by saying, "No, there is no one else. I like you as well as anyone."

But he wanted far more than that from her. He had determined that if she would not promise him that night to be his wife the blame of failure would be his alone. He remembered how, with the ardor of sudden impulse, he had swept her bodily into his arms, holding her so firmly that she could not struggle.

"Oh, Orville! Don't—please don't," she had whispered while tears came into the corners of her eyes. But his arms were locked and he had thrown away the key.

"You must promise me now—to-night. It is our last night together. You must say that you will let me come for you and bring you back as my wife."

Under the spell of his arms and kisses she had promised. Her father and mother were pleased with the turn of affairs and the engagement had been announced soon after Mabel had gone. That was eight months ago, and now—here he was almost at the journey's end. Soon Mabel would be a member of the wedding party traveling back to the drowsy little town where he was so important. Financially and socially he could make his wife very proud.

His reminiscence was dispelled by the preparations nearing the end of the journey. New Orleans, that quaint old town, was beginning to glide past the windows. There would be a great time ahead for the jolly crowd in the Pullmans when they set about seeing the curiosities of the interesting city. Orville and the members of his family were to be the guests of the bride's father and mother. The others were booked for a hotel. When the train came to a full stop in the station and the party were assembling around the cars awaiting directions Orville caught sight of his future father-in-law, a large man with gray side whiskers. He came forward with some embarrassment and taking Orville by the arm whispered: "We must not be overheard—come over to the waiting room for a moment."

Orville called to his friends to wait until he returned. Then, in the corner of the busy waiting room, he heard the news.

"Mabel has greatly disappointed all of us," said her father in a much-broken voice. "Just two hours ago she left a note telling us that she had eloped with a certain young man who has been friendly since we came here. Neither her mother nor I had any idea how things were going. We would have stopped them in time or would have let you know. It's too bad, but nothing can be done now about it."

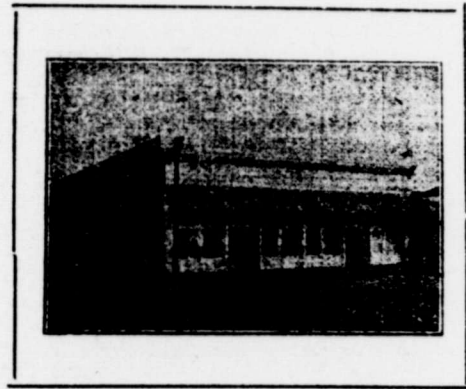
Orville was stunned at first. He was too dazed to reply. Without a word he took his never-to-be father-in-law by the arm and piloted him back to the crowd.

"Stand here a moment," he said, hoarsely. Then he took Harold aside. After a brief consultation, the latter whispered a few words to the maid of honor. She turned pale, then blushed and shook her head in slow approval. Orville stepped up in front of the attentive, silent crowd, and said in a

MASON'S LARGEST



BEST STORE



E. LEMBURG & BRO.

voice loud enough for all to hear:
 "Friends, wedding guests, Banevillers! A minor change has been made in our plans because of the whims of the lady chiefly concerned. My friend here," he said, touching Harold's arm, "will take my place as groom. And this charming lady," he added, taking the maid of honor by the hand and leading her toward Harold, "is to be the bride. As for myself," he took out a cigarette and lit it. "Well, the joke's on me—and so is the blame if every one of you don't have the best time imaginable in this old town. Let's carry out all plans as originally intended, banquet and all, barring the change mentioned. Presto! Come now! On with the play!"

Murmurs started in the crowd. There were whispers. "He's a good fellow, anyway," and all the originals of his photographic collection rallied around him with genuine delight.

Anthracite Originally Bituminous.
 Bituminous coal contains about 38 per cent of volatile matter; whence its smokiness. In good anthracite there is only about 3 per cent of such matter; it is for this reason an almost smokeless fuel. All of the Pennsylvania anthracite was originally bituminous coal, but high heat and great pressure drove the volatile matter out of it.

Milk coolers, we make them to order. F. Lange.

Use your phone and tell the News the news. Phone 57.

THE JAZZ GIRL

By WILL T. AMES

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Gladys Kimball was not, to tell the truth, having quite as good a time as she had anticipated. When a girl has the satisfaction of feeling herself and her family to be the distinct superiors of everybody in a fifty-cottage summer colony; when she has the finest clothes and the most expensive canoe in the place, and when her fiance has come to visit her and is both good-looking and very well-to-do, the stage would appear to be set for happiness. Jim had arrived in the forenoon, buoyant, flatteringly glad to be with her again, and they had had quite a wonderful day on the water, and in it.

Yet now, as they sat on the wide veranda of the Kimball cottage, with the wide cove stretching far off into the starlight night and the whippoorwills hammering away at their everlasting vocal carpet beating, Gladys was conscious of being a bit bored rather than exultantly blissful. The rhythmic cadences of an orchestra from the pavilion a furlong away added to her restlessness.

"Don't you think this is dreadfully slow?" she said. "Just sitting still and looking at nothing?"

Jim Carruthers, after an early morning start, a considerable railroad trip and his outdoor day, hadn't thought of the occasion as being "slow" in the least. He would have been content to sit there with Gladys a very long time. But he was good-tempered, was Jim, and not a little used to a certain degree of wisely restrained petulance in his fiancee's makeup. So he only said in reply:

"Well, what do you want to fly at next?"

"There's a place over there where they dance—some of the less particular of the Vale people and a crowd of all sorts that come out here from town



Were Sitting Together.

in the evening. We wouldn't care to mingle with them, of course, but we could go over there and have an ice and look on. The music isn't so bad." "All right," assented Jim; "let's go."

He was too tired to dance, anyhow, so he made no comment on Gladys' exclusiveness, though he grinned a bit under cover of the darkness.

The pavilion was broad and airy and flooded with soft light. Jim thought the "all sorts" who patronized it seemed to be a pretty decent sort, on the whole. Any way, they made a mighty interesting picture, full of color and graceful movement. Gladys chose a table from which there was a perfect view of the floor and presently, over their sundaes, both were lost in the fascination of the scene.

The music changed. The tremulous curving throb of a classic waltz gave place to a "jazz with all the wool on," as Jim exclaimed, mostly to himself. From a settee just in front of Jim and Gladys a man and a girl arose, swung lightly into each other's arms and floated away into the crowd.

To speak of jazzers "floating" may be, ordinarily, a fantastic use of language—but not when applied to jazzers such as these. A leaf, caught in the current of a rippling, gurgling, jolly little rapid never swam more lightly with all its tremors and rockings and quiverings.

And it was as a single leaf, thrilling with the joy of its adventure, that they danced. Jim found himself suddenly very wide-awake as he watched them, almost breathless in his admiration of the superb performance.

He turned suddenly to Gladys. "Did you notice that couple who were sitting in front of us? Did you ever see anything like their dancing?"

"You mean that creature in black with the bobbed blond hair?" Gladys inquired in turn. "That's the trouble with all such public places as this. They never seem to be able, somehow, to keep them out. A really nice girl can't—" Gladys let her sentence trail off into nothing.

Jim had a reply on his lips when there suddenly descended upon Gladys three extraordinarily gushing young buds named Burton, who had arrived at their place in the Vale only that day. The Burtons shared with the

Kimballs the distinction of being the "very nicest" of the Vale colonists.

Jim thought the girls rather rude in the manner of their carrying Gladys off to see their mother, who was "outside in the limousine, you know." If he had been less easy tempered he might have resented the offhand way in which Gladys, flinging him a command to "stay here, Jimmie," disappeared in the direction of the big doorway. But he didn't appear to mind.

Twenty minutes later Gladys, returning, found another party at the table and Jim nowhere in sight. The slight indignation she felt at her fiance's failure to "stay put" flared into wrath when, searching the pavilion with her eyes she beheld Jimmy, her own especial property, jazzing, actually jazzing, and with no one in the world but the sinuous, bob-haired girl with the astonishing black gown that showed glimpses of half hose and the girl's own white legs as she danced. Gladys stared angrily for an instant, then turned and hurried to the door in time to get a lift home in the Burtons' car.

"But I knew the girl," insisted Jimmy next morning, "and she's really quite a superior young woman. She's a professional dancer, and the man with her is her partner. They are employed by the pavilion management. The partner is married and his wife and their kids are here with him. The girl has an interesting history. Let me tell you about her."

"I shall do nothing of the kind. No decent woman would be in such a business nor dress as she does. You have mortified me beyond forgiveness publicly associating in a place like this with such an impossible creature. I'm afraid you do not appreciate the obligations of the class to which I belong. Perhaps we have made a mistake in becoming engaged."

This was a sheer bluff on Gladys' part, but she felt sure of her ground with Jimmy. She was tremendously surprised, therefore, when Carruthers with an unwonted seriousness in his countenance, answered, after a moment's silence.

"I rather think you are right Gladys. I'll be getting my things and going."

An hour later Jim and the jazz girl were sitting together on a shaded rock at the edge of the cove. "But," protested the girl, "I hadn't the faintest idea, when I told you all about myself in town last winter that you ever knew Gladys."

"You don't suppose, do you, that I'd known how things stood between you and her I'd have told you all that story about her father's treatment of mother—about the property and all! Nor that last night I would have pointed her out to you as the snob cousin I'd told you about?"

"No, Edith," responded Jimmy, "I don't. A girl who gave up college to support a whole family, the way you've done, and did it all with a laugh when she'd have given her heart's blood, at most, to go on with her painting, isn't the kind to make mischief. But on the other hand, when a girl like Gladys whose only thought is to make a front

Health About Gone

Many thousands of women suffering from womanly trouble, have been benefited by the use of Cardui, the woman's tonic, according to letters we receive, similar to this one from Mrs. Z. V. Spell, of Hayne, T. C. "I could not stand on my feet, and just suffered terribly," she says. "As my suffering was so great, and he had tried other remedies, Dr. — had us get Cardui. . . I began improving, and it cured me. I know, and my doctor knows, what Cardui did for me, for my nerves and health were about gone."

TAKE

CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

She writes further: "I am in splendid health . . . can do my work. I feel I owe it to Cardui, for I was in dreadful condition." If you are nervous, run-down and weak, or suffer from headache, backache, etc., every month, try Cardui. Thousands of women praise this medicine for the good it has done them, and many physicians who have used Cardui successfully with their women patients, for years, endorse this medicine. Think what it means to be in splendid health, like Mrs. Spell. Give Cardui a trial.

All Druggists

J 72

with the money you ought to have—that's rightfully yours—pretends not to know her own cousin, and not only that but affects to despise her as a person not even respectable, why Jimmy Carruthers, if he's going to be come a relative of that girl, would a whole lot rather be her cousin by marriage than her husband."

"Nonsense, Jimmie!"

"Why nonsense?"

And to save her life Edith couldn't tell him why.

Pons Sublicius.

The first bridge built over the Tiber at Rome was the famous Sublicius. It was a wooden bridge, as its name implies, erected on piles and disappeared long ages ago, but modern Rome has erected another at the same place between the Transtevere and Testaccio quarters. This bridge was begun in 1914 and continued building through the years of war. In the year of the peace and on the day, April 21, 1919, on which the anniversary of the foundation of Rome was celebrated, the Pons Sublicius of the modern world was declared open. As befits the dignity of its name and its ancient traditions the new bridge is severe style with no ornamentation but a shield with the arms of Rome on the crown of the central arch. That it should have taken as much as five years to build is due to war conditions and the uncertain temper of the ancient stream which it spans.

Amsy, Frank and Otto Keyser, prominent young ranchmen of the Keyserville community, were business visitors to Mason last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Ellis and little Miss J. oyelin were down from Menard to spend Saturday and Sunday with relatives and friends in Mason.

W. T. Camp left his renewal with the News while in town Saturday. Mr. Camp, who is one of our best farmers is predicting a short crop year for 1920.

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KEEPING FASHIONABLE

By R. RAY BAKER

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Elza Correll believed in clothes. "Clothes make the man—and they also make the girl," she told her sister repeatedly.

Certainly Elza kept fashionable. Eight dollars constituted her weekly stipend, earned by mixing tempting potions at Silverworth's drug store.

But the eight dollars—to return to the subject. Of the eight dollars, two went for board and room and the remaining six were expended to adorn Elza with fashion's latest creations.

Isabel clerked in Flemmel's dry goods store, and her share of the world's goods every week was seven dollars.

Contrasted with Elza's extensive and expensive wardrobe, Isabel's adornment was like a minnow unto a goldfish; yet the latter seemed satisfied with her lot in life and never complained about her rather drab, nevertheless neat, attire.

Nor was there reason to complain; for Isabel could have afforded more attractive garb as well as her younger sister—could better afford it, in



She Did Not Know His Name.

fact, because she had several hundred dollars in safe keeping.

With the situation as it was regarding clothes, the two girls should have changed positions. Silk at a soda fountain was as out of place as cotton behind the silk counters, where Isabel presided.

Elza had a secret. She was in love. Every afternoon there came into Silverworth's drug store a fascinating, neatly dressed young man, who had the ginger-ale habit. The sun

might forget to shine, the clock might stop, the river might run dry, but always at 2 p. m. John Hendricks settled himself at his favorite place at the marble counter (unless some one else got there first) and ordered ginger ale.

Then he would plunge into the depths of a newspaper and remain absorbed in it until his beverage arrived, when he would fold the paper, thrust it into a pocket and sip of the cooling concoction, while his eyes roved abstractedly and looked at nothing in particular, although seeming to take in everybody and everything in his range of vision.

Yes, Elza Correll loved John Hendricks. She did not know his name, she had no knowledge of his vocation, she had never spoken a word to him or been addressed by him except on a matter of business.

Being in love with some one she did not know, Elza felt that it behooved her to interest him if it lay in her power; so she paid even more attention to her clothes and deprived herself of all forms of amusement so that she might make herself what she styled "presentable" before the "ginger-ale fiend."

"There's one hopeful thing about it," she told herself. "He's a brunette and I'm a blonde; and they say that's the way it ought to be."

It seemed fine to be in love, even if it was unrequited, Elza thought, and then she got to wondering if her sister ever had experienced the exhilaration attendant on being paid attention by the little winged god with

bows and arrows. One day Elza observed:

"Isabel, it's about time you got married. But there's no chance in the world for you, with those plain clothes you wear."

To which Isabel replied merely with a smile, and went her way.

"She's a deep one," Elza mused. "That's the way with brunettes. The ginger-ale fiend must be a deep one, too."

Elza was a good-looking girl and Hendricks continued to order his ginger ale, read his paper, sip his drink and hurry out of the store.

One morning, as she lay in bed snatching a few extra minutes of semi-slumber, a startling fact crept into Elza's brain. She had no clean clothes! She had been working harder than usual of late and had allowed her soiled garments to accumulate.

She leaped from bed, on the verge of a panic. Horrors! Go behind the soda fountain with soiled clothes? Impossible! What was to be done? There was nothing that could be done unless—oh, she couldn't do that, and yet—well, it was the only course.

She shook her sister, who was not due at the clothing store until Elza had been mixing drinks for an hour.

"Isabel!" cried Elza. "Wake up! Can you let me wear a waist and skirt of yours today? I hate to ask you, but mine aren't fit."

Isabel sat up and rubbed her eyes, and yawned, then glared at Elza as though debating whether to lend her limb from limb.

"You—want—to—borrow—a—waist—and—skirt?" she said, as though she could not believe her ears. "You—you queen of fashion—you want to wear my plain clothes?"

Elza felt somewhat abashed. "Well, no, I really don't want to," she replied; "but there's nothing else to do."

So it was that Elza Correll, fashion plate of Silverworth's soda emporium, appeared that morning in plain attire—startlingly plain; so plain that her fellow workers were awe-stricken and talked in undertones.

While she worked Elza became filled with apprehension.

"What will the ginger-ale fiend

think?" she wondered, and resolved to keep out of sight at two o'clock. But this proved impossible, for at 1:45 a rush began and every available hand was needed.

"Maybe he won't come today," Elza thought, but she realized she might as well hope to halt time itself in its flight. Sure enough, at two o'clock in walked John Hendricks. He seated himself and waited for his order to be taken. Contrary to her ordinary course of procedure, Elza tried to keep in the background, but all the other girls were busy, and "service" was a byword at Silverworth's.

"Well, here goes. All is lost," she murmured, and approached John Hendricks. For the first time in history he smiled at her.

"Hello!" he said pleasantly; "I'd like a ginger ale. You're new at this job, aren't you?"

Elza's power of speech was paralyzed momentarily, but she managed to get it in working order long enough to stammer:

"No—oh, no; that is, not especially new. I've been here off and on."

"Never noticed you before," said the ginger-ale fiend. "Must be you had different hours."

Elza deigned no reply. She bustled herself with the ginger ale, while John plunged into his newspaper, laying it down to smile at her again as she returned with his favorite drink. And it was a friendly smile, a sincere smile; "nothing fresh about it," as Elza remarked afterward.

When she gave him his check, instead of leaving, he said:

"I've asked Miss Joyce to introduce us. I need some one to help me use a couple of tickets at the Temple theater tonight."

Miss Joyce, another soda fountain worker, thereupon formally made them acquainted, and arrangements were made for the theater party.

When Isabel went home that afternoon she found Elza enthusiastically busy at the washtub. The news was too good to keep, and Isabel was informed of the big event of the day at the soda counter. After hearing her sister's story, she said:

"Elza, you made a hit with that young man because you wore plain clothes—my clothes. Take my advice and leave off the gaudy stuff tonight. You can have my best dress."

Elza completed her work at the tub, but when John Hendricks called for her she was attired in her sister's Sunday garments.

One week later Elza announced to her sister that she was going to marry John Hendricks, the real estate man.

"Congratulations!" said Isabel. "As long as you've confided in me, I might as well tell you that I'm to become Mrs. Wedding—the wife of the assistant manager of our store."

"Congratulations, yourself," returned Elza. "You certainly did have the right idea about clothes, Isabel. John told me last night, when he proposed, that he had been looking for a girl who didn't overdress. After all, clothes don't make the girl. They help a lot—but they must not be overdone."

"Do you know anyone who wants to buy a second-hand wardrobe—one that's guaranteed against Cupid's arrows?"

Man's Strain of Obstinacy. Almost any married woman can tell you that there is some mule blood in her husband's family.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

E. L. Horton is local representative of the Stroud Motor Manufacturing Ass'n. Parties interested in buying stock in this Ass'n will find Mr. Horton willing at all times to explain and give full information. n27tt

John Deer Disc Plows, Planters, Cultivators, and Harrows at Louis Schmitt's.

Don't forget the show at the Star Opera House each Saturday night. The show starts promptly at 7:30 o'clock.

No. 7098

Report of condition of the MASON NATIONAL BANK

AT MASON, IN THE STATE OF TEXAS, AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS ON FEB. 28, 1920.

RESOURCES

Table with 3 columns: Resource Name, Amount, and Total. Includes Loans and discounts, Total loans, Overdrafts unsecured, U.S. Government securities owned, Deposited to secure circulation, etc.

LIABILITIES

Table with 3 columns: Liability Name, Amount, and Total. Includes Capital stock paid in, Surplus fund, Undivided profits, Less current expenses, interest and taxes paid, etc.

State of Texas, County of Mason, ss.

L. D. F. Lehberg, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of March, 1920. Carl Runge, Notary Public Mason Co., Texas

Correct—Attest:

John Lemburg, Sr. Erv Hamilton E. A. Loeffler Directors.

SUBSCRIPTIONS PAID

Mrs. John Lindsay and children are spending his week in with her mother.

Wayne Traweck came in yesterday from Ranger, where he has been working. He will visit friends here for a short time.

J. W. White is in Houston taking in the cattlemen's convention

W. R. Bratton has a few head of Holstein cows here and has sold one to O. M. Smith, one to Max Martin and has several more for sale.

Dr. Thompson's tank rest with a lot of wood was destroyed last night by fire. The origin is uncertain but Mrs. Thompson thinks the children might have accidentally dropped a match while getting in wood by lantern light a few hours before. The tank was completely demolished when it fell.

If you would like to have accident or health insurance, I have just the kind of a policy you need. No trouble to show and explain the different policies and quote premiums. Martin D. Loring, agent for the Maryland Assurance Corporation.

The following have made subscription payments to this great weekly since our last report. Watch the label on your paper and if the date is not changed within two weeks after the list is published we will appreciate your calling our attention to the fact.

- List of names and amounts: Eugene Reichenau 1.50, J. E. Green 1.50, E. J. Skelton 1.50, Wm. Willmann, Jr. 1.50, Emil Keller 1.50, Albert Kothmann 1.50, Otto Keyser 1.50, R. B. Gallegly 1.50, Frank Keyser 1.50, Miss Lena Clark .40, John Lindsay 1.50, W. T. Camp 1.50, Mrs. J. P. Lyle 1.50, Julius Splittgeroer 1.50, Mrs. J. E. Craob 1.50, Chas. Kothmann 1.50, Mrs. C. R. Lange 1.50, H. A. Jordan 3.00

We thank you Who's next? Tell the News the news.

Advertisement for The Mason Grocery Company. Includes text: 'A Dollar's Worth for Every Dollar', 'IF YOU HAVE NOT YET TRIED US WITH AN ORDER FOR GROCERIES, WE ASK YOU TO TRY US WITH YOUR NEXT ORDER.', 'WE NOT ONLY BELIEVE WE CARRY THE BEST AND CHOICEST BRANDS, BUT WE ALWAYS STAND READY TO CONVINCING OUR CUSTOMERS OF THIS FACT.', 'USE "LIMITED" COFFEE. THERE IS NONE BETTER.', 'Phone 143'.

ANDREWS WEARS 5 GOLD STRIPES

Sergeant One of Few Overseas Men Entitled to Honor.

IS DECORATED FOR VALOR

Also Wins French Bride and Says This Was Harder Task Than Winning Two Croix de Guerre and Other Battle Honors—Took Three Months of Hard Work Before He Could Take Bride to Church for Ceremony.

One of the few overseas men who is entitled to wear five gold service chevrons is Sergt. Charles E. Andrews, who returned to the United States on January 21, 1920, after spending thirty-one months and seven days in France and Germany. He is now on duty at the recruiting station in Chicago, says the Fort Sheridan Recall.

Besides five gold service stripes he brought with him one wound stripe, a victory badge decorated with five bronze battle stars and two silver ones for divisional citations, two croix de guerre, a French fourragere and what was even harder to win, according to his statements—a French bride.

"If I had it all to do over again," said Sergeant Andrews, "I'd bring my bride to America to marry her. Because it took three months of hard work before I could take her to the church, even after she had said 'Yes.'"

A Matter of State.

"In the first place, an American who married a French girl had to see the American, the Belgian and French consuls. He had to make several calls at the chamber of deputies—but I've forgotten what the calls were for now. The wedding had to be advertised in the city hall eight days before the wedding. And before the license was granted he had to visit about every public building in Paris, interviewing city officials. I'm strong for the good old country where the work is all done after the girl is won."

Sergeant Andrews was lucky enough to find a French girl who can really speak English well.

"You see, she used to teach it in the public schools," he said. "I went into a souvenir shop in Paris one day where she happened to be clerking, and got to talking to her there. She helped me pick out some souvenirs, and I—well, I sure needed some help, for I wasn't thinking much about what I was buying after I once saw her!"

Sergeant Andrews is a First division man, and was attached to the Second field signal battalion. He took part in the offensive at Cantigny, Solsonns, St. Mihiel, the Argonne and the second battle of the Marne.

Armistice Day Scrappy.

"The hardest fighting I saw during the whole war was on the morning of November 11," he said. "Back in the sector where I was at the time, we did not know a thing about the armistice until two minutes of eleven, and we'd been firing just as fast as the old guns would go off all morning."

"About five minutes of eleven a French radio operator came running out of a dug-out to tell us that at eleven o'clock all firing would cease, but we laughed at him. But just two minutes before eleven we were officially notified to stop firing, and we believed it to be true for the first time."

"And when the firing did stop, what do you think happened? You would expect a lot of rejoicing, wouldn't you? Well, there wasn't. Everybody just dropped down where they were standing and went to sleep. All the celebrating that took place had to wait until we had some sleep to work up pep to celebrate with. We had all gone just about as far as we could without sleep, and even the news of an armistice couldn't seem to get through our heads, for all we realized was that we could stop firing. That was down around Sedan, where the firing had been continuous for many hours."

About the two individual croix de guerre, Sergeant Andrews had little to say.

"I don't know what they are for," he said, just as every Yank who was ever decorated says when he is asked about his citations. "They both read about the same—something about maintaining communication in advance in the face of a deadly fire—you know the stock phrases they use in citations."

BIRTHS

Since our last report the following births have been recorded by County Clerk, S C Brockman:

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Vandever, a boy, March 12; Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Keith, a girl, March 7; Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Carter, a girl, March 9,

A FELINE EPISODE

By WILL T. AMES

(©, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Maida couldn't at all understand what the young man could be doing there, shotgun in hand and obviously hiding behind the hole of the sugar maple. Maida wasn't called a sporting person; that is to say she wasn't one of those social headlights who are portrayed in the Sunday papers as riding steeplechases, navigating airplanes and stalking moose a good deal more skillfully than their brothers or their instructors; but she knew enough about such things to be aware that in June there was no such thing as game to be legitimately hunted. Besides, the young man wasn't gotten up like a hunter. He looked as though he had just stepped out of a couch hammock. He was bareheaded and wore neither coat nor waistcoat. He carried neither game bag nor any sort of receptacle for cartridges. Moreover, unless Maida was much mistaken, the young man was on the grounds of the Halliday place, the country's show estate, of which she had heard enough and to spare during her three days in these parts; and the Halliday place was not at all the kind of place for hunting, but an elaborately groomed area of lawns, smug groves and over-cultivated watercourses.

The young man, intently watching in the opposite direction, did not hear Miss Cortelyou's footfalls on the grassy path. His back was turned toward the road, but his attitude was one of intense expectancy and he held the gun lightly in both hands, ready



Lifted His Quarry by the Tail.

to throw to the shoulder. Maida Cortelyou stopped. She wanted to see what was on foot.

Just beyond where the young man stood, there was a clearing, three or four rods across; beyond that a prim little thicket of rhododendron, full of blooms. Toward this the young man was gazing. Just as Maida halted there was a flash of gray and white

out of the long grass, a commotion among the foliage and a plot of fluttering and frightened cries of birds. The gun went up and a nitrate shell went off simultaneously. On the ground at the roots of the rhododendrons something was spitting and snarling.

"Damn!" ejaculated the young man, as he jumped from cover and hurried toward the laurels. Ten feet away he stopped, aimed hastily toward the ground and fired the other barrel. The spitting and snarling stopped. The gunner stooped, lifted his quarry by tail and turned around just in time to catch sight of Maida as she stood at the side of the road, a hundred feet away, observing him.

Maida wasn't the kind of girl that any man ignores when she manifests the slightest interest in him or his work. So when Miss Cortelyou stepped up to the spindling iron fence that for a quarter of a mile lined the road, the young man just naturally approached that barrier from his side of it, still carrying the victim of his two smokeless shells.

"May I see what you have shot?" asked Maida when the gunner had drawn sufficiently near.

"Certainly. That," holding up the creature.

"Just what I thought; but I couldn't be sure at that distance. A cat! A poor, harmless tabby cat! Well, of all the—Say!" demanded Maida suddenly, "hasn't that cat a thin chain collar on? I think I know it."

The young man gingerly pushed back the fur from the neck of the dead animal. "Yes," he admitted; "there does appear to be a chain. It isn't yours, I hope."

"No, it isn't mine. It belongs to Mrs. Wetherell, who lives a mile or so up the road, and with whom I am boarding during my vacation. It shall tell her. She seems to be a mild old soul, so I suppose you will hear nothing from her. But for fear that neither she nor any of these other people around here may ever tell you their opinion of you, I'll tell you mine. I think you're a cad, who ought to be horse-whipped. I think any man is that who wantonly kills or mistreats dumb animals; particularly other people's pets."

Having delivered which verdict, Maida Cortelyou, with a delightfully heightened color, turned her back upon the young man and started off down the road.

For an instant the young man stood watching her. Then he dropped the dead cat, set his gun against a tree and vaulted the iron fence. He caught up with Maida before she had taken ten steps.

"It isn't civilized to condemn anyone accused without a hearing," he declared as he caught up with the girl. "You are highly civilized. Will you give me two minutes?"

"How long did you give the cat?"

"Four years."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I've been engaged in research work for the state bureau of ornithology, all directed to the subject of cats and their operations, for that length of time. That's what I want to talk about for two minutes."

He was not such an ill-looking creature, Maida thought—rather fine as to the eyes, indeed. "Very well," she condescended.

"There are 25,000,000 cats in America," declared the young man. "Half of them live in the country. Country cats kill an average of fifty birds a year each. That's more than half a billion birds. Most of the birds are insect and weed seed eaters. The birds of a single state eat 150 carloads of bugs every day. If the birds don't eat 'em, the insects eat the crops. When the cats eat the birds the birds can't eat the insects. Only one country cat in five catches rats, and only a few catch many."

"How do you know all this?"

"I spent four years finding out. Cats carry tetanus; cats have rabies; cats communicate ringworm and other diseases to humans. And cats have been judicially determined to be wild animals, incapable of being tamed. Now in that laurel thicket, a week ago, there were seven nests of warblers and three of chickadees. A cat cleaned them all out; but one of the chickadee's nests—nearly forty birds dead. You can't break a nest-robbing cat of his vice, because he's running true to his nature. The only way is the shotgun way. That slick old family tabby has been coming over here, a mile, every day and murdering birds wholesale. I hate to hurt an old lady's sensibilities—but how about those little chickadees? It was either the cat or them—and hundreds of other birds."

A TEXAS WONDER

For kidney and bladder troubles, gravel, weak and lame backs, rheumatism and irregularities of the kidneys and bladder. If not sold by your druggist, by mail \$1.25. Small bottle often cures. Send for sworn testimonials. Dr. E. W. Hall, 2926 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

METHODIST CHURCH

The Church Attendance Revival continues, be sure to mark your card.

Preaching at Mason on the 1st, 2nd and 3rd. Sundays; both morning and evening. Preaching at Behren's School House the 1st, Sunday at 3 p. m. AT Grit on 3rd. Sunday at 3 p. m. and at Loyal Valley on the 4th. Sunday at 11 a. m. and 3 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday. The Missionary Society meets on the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd. Sundays of each month.

Roy G. Rader, P. C.

ECZEMA

Hunt's Salve, formerly called Hunt's Cure is guaranteed to stop and permanently cure that terrible itching. It is compounded for that purpose and four money will be promptly refunded without question if Hunt's Salve fails to cure Itch, Scabies, Tetter, Ring Worm or any other skin disease. Use the box.

For sale locally by **VEDDER DRUG CO.**

J. W. White, President; John Lumburg, Sr., Vice President; D. F. Lehberg, Cashier; E. A. Loewler and E. F. Wilmann, Assistant Cashiers.

The Mason National Bank

Mason, Texas

CAPITAL \$50,000.00

SURPLUS \$50,000.00

sollicits your business, offering prompt, courteous and liberal treatment

Director: E. V. Hamilton, S. B. Capps, John H. Geistweidt, E. A. Loewler

Tan-No-More

THE SKIN BEAUTIFIER

Protects, Cleanses, Improves

Beauty, even skin deep, should be protected and improved. Tan-No-More, the ideal face preparation, does both. It is a sure protection against the beaming sun or blistering wind, and at the same time helps rebuild tissues. It brings to the skin that velvety softness of youth.

Applied to the face before going into the open, Tan-No-More insures full protection against the elements. Used before going out in the evening, it assures a faultless complexion. Thousands of testimonials declare Tan-No-More is superior.

You can have a clear, smooth, attractive skin by using this guaranteed beautifier. Sample for the asking. At toilet counters, 35c, 50c and \$1. Tints, white and flesh.

BAKER-WHEELER MANUFACTURING Co.
DALLAS, TEXAS

POULTRY WANTED

We are always in the market for poultry and will pay you top prices for fryers, broilers, pullets, hens, roosters, ducks, geese and turkeys. Bring us anything you have in the line of poultry.

6-6 Mayhew Produce Co.

The News' facilities for doing first class job work is unsurpassed. Bring us your orders.

NOTICE

I will buy all of your good cotton seed. Get my prices before selling elsewhere.

J. J. Johnson.

Try our HOWE (red rubber) inner tubes. You'll never want any other kind.

9-4 Star Garage.

Roscoe Runge Carl Runge

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Attorneys at Law
MASON - - TEXAS

Lamar Thaxton
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Mason - - Texas

NOTARY PUBLIC COUNTY ATTORNEY MASON CO.

John T. Banks
LAWYER
OFFICE IN COURT HOUSE
CIVIL MATTERS GENERAL FIRE INSURANCE

DR. PERRY A. BAZE
Physician and Surgeon
EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT
Diseases of women and children a specialty
Mason - Texas

James M. Thompson
M. D., D. O.

Special attention to Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat and the Fitting of Glasses. Consultations Free.

Schools Attended: Memphis Hospital Medical College, South Bend Medical College, Chicago Post Graduate, Chicago Eye, Ear, Nose & Throat College.

MASON TEXAS

DR. C. L. MCGOLLUM
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
Office over Mason Drug Co.

Chas. Hofmann
DEALER IN
COFFINS AND CASKETS
Lumber, Doors & Window Blinds

Wilbur E. Treadwell
Optometrist and Optician
Specialist in the fitting of glasses. Eyes examined without the use of drugs. Lenses ground on the premises. Mail me your broken glasses, lenses duplicated and returned same day as received.

LLANO - TEXAS

THOSE WOMEN WHO DREAD MIDDLE-LIFE

Houston, Texas—"To a woman who looks with dread upon the approach of middle life, I would say there is nothing



whatever to fear if she will only take the right medicine just as soon as she has any of the distressing symptoms. I became so weak that I could scarcely get around to do my own housework, and I was just as miserable as one could be when I started to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The first bottle made a wonderful difference and before I had finished the second bottle I was safely through the critical time in absolutely perfect health—no more hemorrhages, no heat flashes, dizzy spells or nervousness. I felt more than repaid for the cost of those two bottles of "Favorite Prescription" and would have been glad to purchase more, had it been necessary."—Mrs. M. M. Brooks, 4304 Center St.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a remedy that any ailing woman can safely take because it is prepared from roots, does not contain alcohol or narcotics. Its ingredients printed on wrapper.

Send 10c for trial package of Favorite Prescription tablets to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

MAKES A PIKER OF CAPT. KIDD

Florida Coast Is Infested With Smugglers.

TELL TALES OF EXPLOITS

Liquor Running on Vast Scale Is in Progress—Revenue Officers Have 500 Miles of Coast to Cover—Almost Every One of Thousand Islands in West Indies Group Is Cache for Liquor—Shipped Out and Smuggled Back

Miami is agog today with tales of smuggling that bring memories of the old days when pirates infested the West Indies a century ago, ran the gauntlet of revenue officers and brought rich cargoes into Florida.

In every club, hotel, restaurant and cafe people are discussing thrilling stories of how Capt. Kidd or Skipper L—slipped through the net of revenue cutters and landed with a rich cargo. And as these people talk they

drink. They drink cargoes that have been smuggled past the federal authorities. The prohibition amendment didn't stop the sale of liquor in Florida; it merely boosted the price.

It is not difficult to secure a drink of whisky in Florida. It cannot be said that the stuff is sold openly, but a pleasant assurance that you are "all right" and a dollar bill will bring a highball in almost any restaurant.

Sheriff a Wet Sympathizer.

In one county the sheriff is supposed to be in league with the liquor runners. It is said that this sheriff went out with some revenue agents, made an arrest, and left the liquor in charge of a colored man while the smugglers were being arrested. When they returned the colored man and the liquor had disappeared.

"Florida didn't vote to make this nation dry," said one city official when asked about the situation.

So all the smugglers have to face is an ardent staff of government officers.

These revenue officers have more than 500 miles of coast to cover and it is said that almost every one of the thousands of islands in the West Indies group is a cache for liquor. From the Ten Thousand Islands on the west coast of Florida to the Andros Islands of Cuba there are little pieces of land that are used as headquarters by the smugglers.

In Columbus' Footsteps.

On Bemini cays, in Nassau, in the Bahama Islands, even on San Salvador, where Columbus first landed, there is whisky. It is purchased from the states, shipped out, and then smuggled back.

Last week in Nassau seven ships came to port with cargoes of whisky, bonded whisky from Kentucky and Peoria. The cargoes are removed and the whisky disappears. Any vessel that can travel through the gulf stream is used by the smugglers.

Sometimes the liquor is brought close to the three-mile limit and then anchored to a buoy to be picked up by fishermen later.

Outside Miami there is a series of buoys marking the channel. A party of revenue officers went out to change the markers. Deep in the water, attached to the buoy, they discovered a case of whisky.

In Bemini a sporting club has been organized. It is called the Bemini Rod and Gun club by some, but more often referred to as the "Forty Rod and Gun club." It takes forty minutes to reach Bemini from Miami. Small steamers are chartered daily for the trip. It was in Bemini that Ponce de Leon "discovered" his fountain of youth. The fountain is still flowing.

Whisky can be purchased in Nassau for 11 shillings a quart. In Miami a quart of the stuff can be purchased for \$10. The country clubs, the cafes, the hotels, all sell it.

Sammy Willmann left last Friday for Eastland, where will likely remain for sometime.

The News is prepared to take care of all kinds of job printing and can handle the big jobs as well as the smaller ones in a manner which is unsurpassed.

THROUGH THE WANT ADS. WANT COLUMNS

FOR SALE—Country store doing nice little business. Post office in connection pays \$20 to \$25 per month. Rent reasonable. 3-18-4 Ollie Massey, Grit, Texas.

LOST—A young Shepherd dog. Responds to name of "Sport." Notify E. J. Schuessler or R. Grosse.

FOR SALE—My home in Mason, in Good addition. Good cement block house and three lots. For particulars apply to Chas. Bier-schwale, Mason, Texas or write Fritz Klett, 2607 Gould Ave., Ft. Worth, Texas. 3-18-4t

Carnations, blooming Hyacinths, Geraniums, Lillies, Ferns Pansies and a variety of other flowering plants at Behrens' Greenhouses, Route 1 Brady Texas. 3-18-2t

KODAK FINISHING We have the best equipped Kodak Studio in this section and can give you the best work. Send us your films for development. THE BRADY STUDIO Box 52, Brady, Texas.

SHEEP FOR SALE—I have two hundred graded sheep bred to registered bucks three and four years old; about thirty lambs thrown in. Will let a man cut one hundred and fifty at \$20, if sold before I shear; have twelve month's clip. 3-18 J. D. Carter, Cherokee, Texas, San Saba County.

FOR SALE—Sudan grass and fall crop of maize; baled at 60c. per bale in lots of 30 or more bales delivered in Mason, Texas. Phone or write. 2t Arthur Baxter, Katemey, Tex.

POTATO PLANTS—Porto Rico \$3.00 per 1,000; Yellow Yams \$2.50 per 1,000; sent prepaid. R. W. Staaland, Valley Springs, Texas.

FOR SALE—Second-hand Ford Cheap McCollum Auto Co. 3-18

FOR RENT—Nice, comfortably furnished room. Apply to Mrs. Todd. 3-11

LOST—Crank for an Overland car; between Mason and Plevhewville. Finder please notify J. E. Jordan. 3-11-2tp

FRESH CANE FOR SALE—Apply Doole's residence. 3-11

FOR SALE—Duroc Jersey pigs; subject to registration. If interested see or phone Henry McDougall. 3-11f

HOLSTEINS FOR SALE—High-grade cows, heifers and registered bulls. Yearlings up to six year old cows. 3-11-3mp C. H. and W. R. Bratton, Rochelle, Texas.

WANTED—Man and wife for ranch; man to work outside and woman to do house work. For particulars see or write C. L. Martin, Mason, Texas. 3-11

REGISTERED HEREFORDS—Bulls from 2 to 5 years old for sale. If interested see or phone E. W. Kothmann. 3-11f

FOR SALE—A nice bunch of registered Poland China pigs for \$10. apiece. If interested see W. D. Green, Mason, Texas. 3-18

FOR SALE—From 10 to 15 good young, fresh Jersey milk cows. If interested write or phone Edgar Kothmann, Fredericksburg, Texas.

FOR SALE—A Ford Truck in first-class condition; also an Overland car model 75 B. Both at bargains. See Eli E. Jordan. 3-19

FOR SALE—10 h. p. Krueger-Atlas engine and silo cutter. Reasonable price. If interested see D. H. Bickenenbach. 3-19

FOR SALE—Brown Leghorn eggs 15 for 75 cents here; \$1.00 by parcel post. Ollie Massey, Grit, Texas. 3-12

FOR SALE—Sudan grass seed. Will sell in lots of 100 pounds at 15 cents. In less amounts 17 1/2 cents per lb. delivered. See or phone me. Arthur Baxter, Katemey Texas

SECOND HAND CARS Ford THE UNIVERSAL CAR We have several used cars for sale now. L. F. Eckert.

The Commercial Bank

(Unincorporated)

CAPITAL STOCK \$100,000.00

Over Two and a Half Million Responsibility.

Jack Frost comes like a thief in the night. If you have any growing plants out he will nip them—unless they are covered over—protected. Your money? Is it protected against the Burglar—another thief who comes in the night? Protect your money by keeping it here. It is safe here. No thief can get it while you do not need it and when you do need it you can get it at any time.

DIRECTORS

Mrs. Anna Martin, Pres. C. L. Martin, Vice-Pres. Max Martin Howard C. Smith Dr. P. A. Baze Frank Brandenberger Walter M. Martin, Cashier L. F. Clark

F. LANGE

Dealer in

Galvanized Cisterns, Flues, Tin Roofing, Guttering, Gasolene Engines, Windmills, Pumps, Piping, Pump Cylinders, Pipe Fitting, Bath Tubs, Milk Coolers, Steel Ceiling, Etc.

Repairing of all kinds done on short notice.

AN ERROR

Last week the News made a slight error in the published financial statement of the Mason National Bank and we are again publishing the statement after making correction.

PRESCRIPTIONS

Accurately compounded day and night at Mason Drug Co.

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