

# Mason County News.

VOL. 43 NO. 5

MASON, TEXAS, THURSDAY APRIL 15 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**  
Stockmen's Exchange Building  
LLANO, TEXAS

**CHAS. BIERSCHWALE**  
REAL ESTATE  
ABSTRACTOR AND NOTARY  
IN BUSINESS SINCE 1885  
MASON : : : TEXAS

### 15 YEARS AGO

From Mason News Apr. 14, 1905—

Miss Olga Schmidt went to Brady last Friday to visit friends and relatives.  
Otto Schumann, who lives about 20 miles from Fredericksburg, trapped a large panther measuring eight feet last week.  
Mollie Bailey's great show will be in Mason Monday.  
T. H. Payne and Dave Polk returned Saturday from a trip to Coperas Cofe to look at some cattle but did not purchase.  
Gus Arhelger was over from San Saba to spend a few days with his mother, who is quite sick.  
E. G. Bogusch and family were over from Pontotoc visiting relatives the past week.  
Miss Kate Hey and little Lena are visiting relatives at Marion.

### 25 YEARS AGO

From Mason News, Apr. 19, 1895—

Little Sadie Franklin was kicked on the arm by a mule last Wednesday, and painfully though not seriously injured.  
Born—To Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Bickenbach, a girl on the 15th.  
J. A. Williams, an old resident, living near Fredonia, died at his home last week, aged about 80.  
Miss Francis Toy was married a couple of weeks since to Sam Moore at Fairland.  
The Hoerster-Fulton building is rapidly assuming proportions and will be a very elegant building when completed.

#### PRESCRIPTIONS

Accurately compounded day and night at Mason Drug Co.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Mohle and daughter came up last week from Lockhart to visit Mrs. Mohle's parents, Mr. and Mrs. August Kothmann of the Castell section. Messrs. Kothmann and Mohle were business visitors in Mason last Thursday and Mr. Mohle, who is interested in the newspaper business at Lockhart, was a pleasant caller at the News office.

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

Money to Lend—Runge & Runge

The friends of Judge Slaton will be pleased to learn that he is at home again in Llano much improved in health. He has been critically ill for about two months and he has been in Austin recovering from an operation to remove an abscess from his lungs.

#### EGGS

I must have all the eggs I can get. Will pay good price for them.  
J. J. Johnson.

Luther Wood was here a short time last week from Allen, Oklahoma, visiting his parents and other relatives. He was here until Sunday.

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.

The name of G. W. Herring, of Dodd's knobbs appears in our announcement column this week; a candidate for Commissioner of Precinct No. 3.

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. George Miller, of the Wagram community, died last Thursday and was buried in the Wagram cemetery Friday afternoon. The child's death was caused from whooping cough.

Let me do your windmill repairing or plumbing work Louis Brockman. Phone 211-F-23 5-3p

J. S. Capps was here Saturday and informed us that Mrs. Capps has been in Brady nursing the child of Mathew Capps which has been quite sick but is now improved.

## 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)

136 PHONES 187

**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 PRICES 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

Dodd Ferguson, who has not been in Mason for several years, is here visiting his sister, Mrs. Wm. Posey. Dodd has been residing in Oklahoma.

Manuel Lopez was seen in Mason one day last week. Poncho's many friends here will be pleased to learn that he is enjoying prosperity in his restaurant business at Brady.

Last Friday Ben Evans celebrated his 18th birthday anniversary and that night his mother entertained a number of his friends at supper in honor of the occasion. Those enjoying the affair were Roy and Allan Doell, Andrew Schreiber, Jack King, Harold Zesch, Clarence Kothmann, Leonard Wood, Clint Breazeale and the honoree.

Mrs. W. H. Neill suffered a very severe spell with her heart last Saturday night, but we are pleased to report her as again being all right.

Ev. Ellis and son Louis of Merand passed through here Sunday enroute for San Antonio on business.

The McCulloch Lodge No. 273, A. F. & A. M. conferred the degrees of Master Masons upon Albert Lee and Kenney Eckert Saturday night.

Otto Mebus left Monday for Port Arthur to visit his son, Clarence, and family and to join Mrs. Mebus, who has been visiting there for some time.

Mrs. John Holt of Fredonia is reported as doing very critically ill and it is said her condition improves none.

J. H. McLerran was here one day the first of the week from his farm near Voca. While here he ordered the News for his son, Ed.

A couple of airplanes were here Sunday from San Angelo and landed on the old I. T. Banta place a few miles north of town. Quite a few local citizens took ten minute rides in them at a cost of a dollar per minute.

Mrs. Will Ellebracht came in Monday from San Antonio to see with Mr. and Mrs. Martin Loring and little one during the latter's illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Kurt Martin and child left Monday for San Antonio for a visit with relatives.

Mrs. C. C. Smith has returned home from Brownwood, where she has been for the treatment of her eyes by a specialist.

W. H. Neill's trucks made a trip to San Antonio last week after a lot of piping for F. Lange.

Last Friday night Miss Ida Mre Lemburg entertained a jolly crowd of young folks at the home of her parents Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Lemburg. Games were played, songs were sung and the piano furnished music throughout the evening.

After enjoying these games delicious punch and cake were served to the following guests: Misses Augusta Jenkins, Susie Donop, Lucille Baker, Helen Jordan, Mary Kettner, Lillie Mae Kidd, Elsie Schweers, Willie Mae Grosse, Estella Hofmann, Faun Shearer, Messrs. Leonard Wood, Harold Zesch, Walter Jordan, Ben Evans, Jack King, Andrew Schreiber, Neal Coleman, Allan and Roy Doell.  
Contributed.

Gates Double-Mileage Tires and Tested Inner Tubes. See Otto Schmidt in Zork Building.

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

#### ANNOUNCEMENT

I take this means of announcing to my friends that I am opening an auto repair shop in the Zork building formerly occupied by Walker & Walker.

I will also carry a line of accessories and genuine Ford parts, manufactured by the Ford Motor Company.

I will appreciate a share of your patronage.

Feeling that I need no further introduction to my Mason county friends, I remain,  
Yours for service,  
Leon Mayo.

## MONEY TO LEND

On Farms and Ranches  
INTEREST PAYABLE AT ANY TIME OF YEAR

No Delays

Runge & Runge

**AIR MAIL SERVICE**  
REGULAR IN ITALY

Postal Department Doesn't Like Innovation, But It Proves Its Worth.

The air mail service begun in Rome during recent railway and postal strikes has proved such a success that the government is making it permanent, charging an extra 6 cents fee for each letter up to 15 grammes. This fee is too small to cover working expenses and probably will be raised. Airships and small airplanes now ply regularly with mails and parcels between Rome and Milan, Rome and Pisa, Naples and Foggia.

The ministry of transportation is having a friction with the ministry of posts, which sees through bureaucratic spectacles and is averse to modern methods. The latter ministry actually refused to accept mails brought to Rome by one airplane because the list of mail bags had been made out by the pilot, who is not an authorized post official.

All official correspondence, the mail of deputies and of large business firms is going by airplane now, in spite of protests from the ministry of posts.

**SAYS MODERN MEN**  
ARE NOT "SISSIES"



Mrs. Clarice M. Baright, a practicing attorney of New York, takes exception to statement by a Chicago physician, William J. Hickson and F. H. La Guardia, president of the New York board of aldermen, who agree that American men are being made "sissies" by modern women—she says the latter day men are as "manly" as ever, so there.

Fine Bond Papers—News Office.

## HOFMANN--WATKINS

On Sunday of last week Miss Lois Watkins of Denton and Mr. Lee Hofmann of this place were married in Mt. Pleasant, Texas.

Lois is a very highly accomplished and talented young lady, and five years ago was teacher of the Grit School.

The groom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hofmann of this place and is managing his father's farm.

The young couple arrived in Mason last Friday and shortly afterwards went to their home near Grit which was recently completed and the groom had furnished and was in waiting for them.

This happy marriage is the culmination of a courtship which had its origin during Miss Watkins' term of school in this county.

The News joins its many friends in extending best of good wishes and congratulations.

#### W. O. W. RESOLUTIONS

Whereas, An All-Wise Father has removed from us our esteemed Sovereign W. H. Holloway, be it

Resolved, That while we mourn the absence of one we prize, we know that he has gone from labor to reward, that we will renew our fidelity to the order he loved.

Resolved, That our order teaches us the hope of immortality and leads us to dwell on the beautiful traits in human nature; that it assures us that the golden chain that binds us in life can not be severed in death.

Resolved, That our hearts go out in tender sympathy for the bereaved, and while we fondly cherish the memory of our departed Sovereign we will not forget those he loved.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family and to our local paper, and the same be spread on the records of Fort Mason Camp No. 384 W. O. W.

J. C. Lemburg, Jr.  
J. H. King  
Henry Doell,  
Committee.

#### 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.

Dr. Otto Keller was in Mason short time this week from San Antonio in connection with the Texas Manufacturing Association.

G. Schuler of the Capitola section, recently purchased a Fordson tractor and disc plow from L. F. Eckert and will use it on his large farm.

Mrs. Fred Schmidt of Peters Prairie attended the Hofmann-Watkins wedding at Mt. Pleasant, returning home last week.

When the Floodtime of Fortune comes to you will you have money in this Bank to take advantage of it?  
**COMMERCIAL BANK**  
(Incorporated)

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MISSIONARY SOCIETY

The Woman's Missionary Society was most delightfully entertained Thursday afternoon, April 6th, by Mesdames Strickland, Schroeder and Otto Schmidt, at the residence of the latter.

After the opening hymn, our leader, Mrs. Wm. Splittgaber, gave us the Bible Lesson—"In Christ Men Have Possessors of New Power" showing that it can be done through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Prayer was read by Mrs. Williams. Her prayers always seem to bring a blessing together and nearer the Kingdom of God.

"The Church and Social Service" was given by Mrs. M. E. Carter and enjoyed by all.

Mrs. Holmes King gave us the "Comments of the Bloxi Wesley House" telling of the large opportunity which have gathered there.

Addressed by Miss Pertha Jordan was greatly enjoyed. "Scripture and Training School" asking for contributions concerning it and stating that tuition is free to all who would or would not take the course and that what all of us could do is to make sacrifices going to Sunday School with our children and learning more of the Bible and getting the training there so that we would be better fitted and more able to carry on the work.

"What Ailed the Society" was given by Mrs. Pen Jordan; showing the serious results of criticisms, indifference, and not doing the things you were called on to do.

The vocal duet by Mesdames C. Stange and Dan Lehmburg was much enjoyed by all present.

Mrs. Lamar Thaxton told us that we must honor and keep the Sabbath of America is lost.

Our president read a letter from the Missionary Society at Mullers Bluff, O., commending of their church and asking aid it was at once decided to respond to their call.

"The Light is On" was sung after which the social hour was enjoyed. The hostesses passed paper and pencil and we were asked to answer questions on the paper which we did should know but few did.

At the conclusion of this a lovely course, a bouquet of ferns, begonias and an easter lily was handed Mrs. E. W. Hamilton for having answered the greatest number correct. A pretty paper mache rabbit filled with candy eggs was given Mrs. Pen Jordan who in this case considered herself lucky in winning the trophy.

Delicious punch and cake with some favors of little rabbits and chickens were served.

At a quarter the guests departed declaring this to be one of the most pleasant social hours in the history of the society.

Wear Diamond ties on your suits. They last longer and are more sanitary proof.

Henry Keller was a business visitor in Mason, Tex. from the Loyal Valley country.

THE CHAUTAUQUA OPENS TODAY IF YOU HAVE NOT PURCHASED A SEASON TICKET DO SO AT ONCE.

The Ladies Aid met with Mrs. M. E. Kidd Monday evening. Quite a nice crowd was present, and several good papers were read, the leader for the evening was Mrs. John Lehmburg, who gave us an interesting session, also a paper bearing on the topic. Two new members, Mrs. Wm. Smith and Mrs. Ambrose were added to our number.

The Aid will meet next month with Mrs. Bering King and Mrs. King is also leader for the next meeting.

The Aid has decided to tack comfort and quilt quilts—the comforts to be tacked at \$1.00 a piece and the quilts \$1.00 a spool of thread. Also Mrs. Dr. McCollum will make some made hominy at 10c. per qt., Mrs. Bering King home made candy, Mrs. Ambrose will sew, Mrs. Kidd light bread and hot rolls. Give the Aid your orders. Reporter.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and for years it was supposed to be incurable. Doctors prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Catarrh is a local disease, generally influenced by constitutional conditions and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Medicine, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is a constitutional remedy, is taken internally and acts thru the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. One Hundred Dollars reward is offered for any case that Hall's Catarrh Medicine fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. 233 E. Exchange St. Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

CHINA HAS NEW WRITING SYSTEM

May Transform the Celestial Into United Nation.

REMOVES ONE BIG HANDICAP

Written Language Being Simplified and the Government Is Strongly Urging General Use of New System—Great Drawback to the Development of National Spirit Is Overcome—Old System Had 6,000 Characters.

Of the barriers to national self-consciousness in China, not the least formidable is the barrier of the Chinese written language. We can readily understand from phenomena daily observed in our midst how great a handicap to the development of a national spirit in China are the poor communications, the decentralization of the functions of its government and the deep-rootedness of its localisms. But in China, in addition to the poor communication between its component provinces and a relatively weak central government, there has existed from time immemorial, to work against the spirit of nationalism, the handicap of a written language that is symbolical instead of alphabetical.

The extent to which the symbolism of its written language has hindered the arousing of a Chinese national spirit is revealed by a Chinese writer in a recent issue of the Far Eastern Republic, says the Boston Transcript. Western civilization early developed a written language of the type known as alphabetical; China, in common with India and other Asiatic nations, developed her language along symbolical lines. Symbolical written language permits the creation of a great literature.

Of the Chinese Masterpieces. In perfection of style, in power of delicate expression, in artistic charm, the symbolical language used in the Chinese masterpieces yields in no respect to the alphabetical language used in the literature of the Western peoples, from the days of the classic models of Greece and Rome. The essence of the Chinese written language is the "radical" or root symbol. For example, zoological objects possess a zoological character as their key symbol; botanical objects a botanical character, etc. By this arrangement shades of meaning infinite in number become possible, together with the creation of a literature extraordinarily plastic. The Chinese system, however, has produced an extraordinarily large vocabulary. For ordinary purposes a knowledge is necessary of some 6,000 characters. To learn these requires at least eight years of study.

The symbolic character of its written language has brought with it a vast quantity of provincial dialects. The language of a man in Peking may be utterly unintelligible to his compatriot in Canton. Even the most widely used dialect is understood in but 15 provinces.

New System for China. The peculiar nature of the written language makes impossible the use of a telephone directory, as no alphabetical arrangement of words is possible. It puts herculean difficulties in the way of the use of the printing press. It makes the sending of telegrams a labor of hours, as each character is numbered from one to 44,000; a telegram must be deciphered like a code. A typewriter is hopelessly out of the question.

Of the handicaps of the written language of China, the leaders of the New China have for some time been keenly aware. And the handicap is in fair way of being overcome. A new system of writing the Chinese language has been developed and its use is being strongly advocated by the Peking government. The new system is Chinese, but the way in which the Chinese characters are used is tremendously simplified. The new system has 39 letters in all—24 initials, three medials and 12 finals. The new system, taught in the government schools, is meeting with notable success. It was taught to the Chinese labor battalions in France with equally happy results.

THE "POOR FISH" IS RIGHT

Winsted's Pet Brook Trout Drowns Himself in Greed.

Poor Jim, the pet brook trout! He's dead—drowned.

Everybody hereabout knew Jim. He was a big fellow, all of three pounds, and lived for years in a walled spring at Highland lake, Winsted, Conn. He'd answer his name when you called him, and even take worms or flies from your fingers. Once, they say, he swallowed, headfirst, another trout weighing nearly a pound.

His greed evidently caused his

drowning. He was found with his head and gills wedged between two stones. Apparently he had chased a frog or smaller fish into the crevice between the stones and had been jammed fast.

Poor Jim! He will be missed.

Takes Out \$5,000 Insurance on Hen. A white leghorn hen, owned by Dr. Tancred of Kent, Wash., before she was placed on exhibition by a poultry feed company, was insured for \$5,000 at the demand of her owner. She holds the egg-laying record of the world.

DIRTY BOWERY HEALTHY SPOT

Officials Unable to Explain It, but It's True.

PASSED UP BY FLU EPIDEMIC

When Other Sections of New York City Are Afflicted by Contagious Diseases the Bowery Always Seems to Escape—Cleanliness a Possession Which Is Held in No Great Respect by Denizens of Bowery.

The astonishing statement is made by an inspector of the sanitary division of the New York health department that the Bowery, with all its lack of purity, and cleanliness, is the healthiest spot in America, writes Frederick J. Haskin in the Chicago News. During the late influenza epidemic the Bowery was practically immune from the disease, and the same holds true in regard to all other afflictions affecting the rest of New York, he says. People living along the Bowery never seem to get ill. Why? No one appears to know. It seems as if the mysterious element which kept the Bowery safe from plague in early days when the nearby town was stricken with smallpox is still operating.

It is possible that there is some health-producing quality, still undiscovered, which haunts the Bowery—more powerful than sanitation itself, or rather the lack of it? This is the problem that New York is pondering now, wishing that Sir Oliver Lodge were still here to help it.

While the Bowery has struck a slight vein of prosperity recently, it still attracts the poorest classes of the city. It is the one street within miles of New York where you can find numerous lodging houses advertising shelter at 30 cents per night; where whole dinners may be procured for 25 and 30 cents, and where clothing is peddled at prices ranging below 50 cents. Naturally, clothing at this price is not famous for its wear or warmth, so that the citizens of the Bowery are ill-clad and insufficiently so. The men who patronize the lodgings wear no gloves or overcoats, and their shoes generally leak. But they are healthy.

Cleanliness Not Pronounced. Cleanliness is also a possession which is held in no great respect by the citizens of the Bowery. So far as they are concerned, they would just as soon it didn't exist, and especially that it was not so rigidly enforced by the health department.

"When it comes to buying soap," says Inspector Davis, "the citizens of the Bowery much prefer eats—coffee and stew or beans—so that sometimes soap is sidetracked. Perhaps all their necks are not clean and their faces not polished up, or their bodies scrubbed as thoroughly as one might wish, still the dirtiest ones I have come across are the healthiest."

In spite of this discovery, the health department refuses to argue, as might be expected, that filth is conducive to health. Instead, it is putting forth laborious efforts to make the Bowery clean up. Inspector Davis, when not inspecting lodging houses for signs of dirt, spends his time addressing large audiences of the men who patronize them, explaining the necessity of sanitary precautions and asking for their co-operation. The men are usually willing enough to help, but the lodging house keepers are not quite so gracious.

"It was a Chinese joint that gave the first heed to our campaign for sanitation," says Inspector Davis. "Gee, what a dump it was! But the proprietor took my advice, and in a week's time all the old beds, sheets and dirty blankets were thrown out, and in their stead new bunks, new bedding and clean everything put in. The floors that were dirty now look white, and the spiderwebs (the Chinese proprietor called them 'whiskers') are gone.

Corner on Insect Market. "At one lodging house the proprietor appears to have cornered the insect market. He has been given a

NOTICE RACINE FIRES and TUBES Vulcanizing of all kinds Full Stock of Genuine Ford Parts. Expert Auto Repairing All Work Strictly Guaranteed. Walker & Walker Geistweidt Building.

ders to get rid of his surplus stock. His point was, 'If the men don't kick, why should the health department? But, says I, 'these men go to all parts of the city, and we do not want them to take with them excess baggage.' Not all of the citizens of the Bowery are very poor, according to Inspector Davis. Many are employed in factories, warehouses, shipyards, and a large number of the younger men in offices, where they make fairly good salaries. They stick to the Bowery because living there is cheap, and then, they say, they are afraid to move to other parts of the city which "seem so unhealthy." Inspector Davis knows of hundreds of such men who are making at least \$40 a week living on \$10, and putting \$30 a week away in the bank. But to the casual explorer, walking down the Bowery in search of its peculiar healthful charm, there is certainly little to recommend it. At present, weeks after the great blizzard of the winter, the street, under the arch of the Third avenue elevated, is still covered with a thick, irregular carpet of grimy ice, broken in places by large ponds of black water, so that crossing the Bowery on foot is almost a

PICKED UP AT SEA AFTER DRIFTING 12 DAYS



This photo shows a sailor, seven-teen, and his pet, who with Captain Anderson and 24 of the crew of the Sydrnes were picked up in mid-ocean after being adrift 12 days.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Fraser, of San Antonio, are guests this week in the Chas. Bierschwale home. Mr. Fraser is in the U.S. Navy and is stationed at Washington. Mrs. Fraser is a bride of a few months and prior to her marriage was native resident of Brest, France. They will return to San Antonio next Saturday.

J. D. Eckert, Pres. W. E. Jordan, Cashier E. O. Kothmann, V. P. Kinney Eckert, Ass't C'r. No. 1203 THE FIRST STATE BANK A GUARANTY FUND BANK We can please you also. T'ay we? CAPITAL STOCK - - \$25,000.00 DIRECTORS OSCAR SEAQUIST F. B. McCOLLUM PETER JORDAN E. W. KOTHMANN E. O. KOTHMANN J. D. ECKERT 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  
TOM STRONG

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  
G. W. HERRING

Fishing tackle is cheaper—  
at Larimore & Grote's

Money to lend—Runge & Runge

Little Jane Loring is recovering from a case of diphtheria which developed last Sunday. It is believed the symptoms were discovered and the proper treatment started just at the right time and a severe attack was avoided. Mrs. Anna L. Strickland nursed her until out of danger.

### MICKIE SAYS

HEY, Y' POOR WAMPUS! PAY FER THAT PAPER ER ELSE PUT IT BACK! IT COSTS US MONEY T' PRINT 'EM AN' WE AINT GIVIN' 'EM AWAY, EVEN IF YA DO SAY 'THANKS' WHY DON'T YA GO ROUN' TO THE BANK AN' ASK 'EM FER A SAMPLE, TOO!



## PLANT TREES ON SOIL WHERE YANKEES DIED

### French Reforesting Devastated Districts With Seed From United States.

On the battlefields where American soldiers gave their lives when the call from humanity came, France is planting trees sent by the American Forestry association.

Expressing the gratitude of the minister of agriculture of France, Ambassador Jusserand reported to the American Forestry association the first steps taken to care for the seeds which the association shipped to France from Boston January 15 to help in reforesting the battle areas. Upon arriving at Havre the seeds were sent to the central warehouse of the forest school at Nogent sur Vernisson, Loiret. In his report to the American Forestry association, Ambassador Jusserand said:

"Most of the seeds of Douglas fir will be sent to the departments of the Aisne, Oise, Ardennes and Somme, for the reforestation of the regions devastated by war. The seeds of the leafy trees, such as oak, ash and poplar, will be sown this spring in the nurseries of the same school and that at Nancy. The minister adds an expression of his desire that his feelings of deep gratitude and those of the administration of waters and forests be conveyed to the American Forestry association."

"Thus in the years to come," said Charles Lathrop Pack, president of the American Forestry association, "America will have the finest of all memorials on the battlefields where her sons answered the call of humanity—the living, growing trees of America."

## LOSES HIS \$15,000 FLAT

### Business at Last Claims Building in Financial District.

The New York curb market is only a blur of red caps and black to the feeble eyes of the old man who sits all day at the window behind the old-fashioned Nottingham lace curtains at 62 Broad street.

Hiram Hildebrandt is ninety-two years old, and long has ceased to take any interest in the turmoil of the great financial world that seethes at his feet. Business, which by some mischance had spared the little building all these years, now has claimed it for her own, and the Hildebrandts must move.

For all these residential advantages (to say nothing of the financial possibilities of the location) the Hildebrandts have been paying the astonishing sum of \$10 a month. They have six large rooms and a glass covered court that makes an excellent clothes yard.

Hiram Hildebrandt rented the flat fifty years ago from Mayor Gunther. When the property passed into the hands of the Stevens estate Mr. Hildebrandt was retained as janitor, and so the rent never was raised.

The Hildebrandts were paying for 3,000 square feet, or what would command a rental of \$15,000. Instead they paid \$10.

L. L. Winkelman, a broker, recently became the owner of the \$10 flat. When altered the property will be worth about \$400,000.

## SAYS HE'S NOT DEAD

### Nebraska Youth Appears During Progress of His Funeral.

While his parents were attending his "funeral" in Johnstown, Neb., Dewey Kinney, son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Kinney, walked into the police headquarters, in Sioux City, Iowa,

and declared that he was not dead. Kinney was reported shot and killed in a hold-up in South Sioux City, Neb., several days ago.

The body of a man believed to be Kinney was declared that of Sam Corlensky, pal of a bandit suspect held in the city hall in Sioux City, Ia. The suspect declared Corlensky was accidentally shot.

Mr. and Mrs. Kinney came from Johnstown cemetery to Sioux City to meet their son. He is being held in jail as a material witness in the case against the bandit suspect.

He said he did not know he had been reported dead until he read a story of his supposed death in a newspaper in Nebraska.

## PETAINE IS DEMOCRATIC

### Refuses to Use Government Auto When Off Duty.

Marshal Petaine is noted for his democratic habits and a story is just being told of him which illustrates this point, while it brings into relief the way motor transportation was used by many American officers in France, says the Stars and Stripes.

The marshal was met in the Metro recently by Senator Strauss of the Seine, who asked the marshal if his motor was broken down that he was riding in the Metro.

"My car," the marshal replied, "is intended for government service. When I go out on my own account I take a public conveyance in order to save gasoline and tires."

## Union Miners Must Be Americans.

A foreigner hereafter must become a citizen of the United States before he is entitled to membership in the United Mine Workers of Ohio, according to a law enacted by the organization.

## HOW TO DETECT WHALE MEAT

### Method Developed in Laboratory Studies in Washington.

A wide range of research work in connection with federal meat inspection is shown by a recent report of the bureau of animal industry, United States department of agriculture. Laboratory studies during the past year developed a method for the detection of whale meat in sausage or other mixtures with animal fats. It co-operation with the bureau of markets the meat-inspection laboratories made studies of the melting point and composition of the fat of soft pork. Other activities were the analyses of spices, branding ink rat exterminators, waters, and other products used directly or indirectly in connection with meat inspection and the packing industry.

## OPEN RICH MICA DEPOSITS

### New Mexico Mines, Long Idle, Furnish Foundation for New Industry.

The commercial mica industry which is just being opened up in New Mexico, promises, it is said, to be one of the most extensive of its kind in the United States.

For years this deposit, which stretches over the eastern and southern portion of Rio Arriba county and extends into Santa Fe county, has lain dormant, but it is now being developed after tests have fully demonstrated that the mica is equal in quality to that produced anywhere else.

Ground mica is used in the manufacture of paints, axle grease, roofing material, wallpaper, tire powder and as an adulterant in rubber, as well as for the manufacture of washers.

## GUAM LEADS EASY LIFE

### Small Island in Mid-Pacific Not Worried by High Prices.

Guam, a small island in mid-Pacific, has no peace treaties or policies, no candidates or elections, no income taxes or poorhouses and high prices cause no worry. Added to this is a good American government.

Land is fertile and the sun works overtime for Guam. The 15,000 natives exact a living from the soil with a minimum of effort, raising enough only for their own needs. The internal government has a fish, meat and vegetable market where produce grown on the government farm is sold.

The government passed a labor law, compelling every able-bodied man to cultivate a bit of land, when war and a destructive typhoon came. The natives didn't object, but worked in groups so they could talk. In a year there were just five cases for charity. Guam youngsters have it easy, as school sessions are only half a day, and there aren't enough teachers. School ages are from seven to twelve.

## PHONES AT MILE POSTS

### Plan to Install Public Pay Stations on Ohio Highways.

The proposal that public telephone pay stations be installed along Ohio highways has been made at Columbus.

# SHOES

JUST RECEIVED A SHIPMENT OF WEYENBERG ALL-LEATHER WORK SHOES IN ALL SIZES AND DIFFERENT LASTS.

CALL AND SEE ME FOR BEST WORK SHOES.

**HERBERT HOFMANN**

## The suggestion was made by City Councilman Milton W. Westlake.

Westlake will urge the telephone companies to co-operate in putting into operation the proposal that a telephone be installed at each mile post. Then, in the event of a breakdown, a blowout, or other troubles, the traveler would be not more than half a mile from a telephone.

## Living Costs Boost Alimony Payments.

Pointing out that her former husband was able to pay more alimony because he was receiving a larger salary than when she obtained her divorce, Mrs. Grace Nixon has won her suit at Topeka, Kan., for increased payments.

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.

## THE CHAUTAUQUA OPENS TODAY. IF YOU HAVE NOT PURCHASED A SEASON TICKET DO SO AT ONCE.

Anniversary on the life of Mr. W. H. Holloway reached us too late for this week's issue.

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

## SUBSCRIPTIONS PAID

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.

- H. M. S. Mohle 1.60
- M. J. Moss 1.50
- G. W. Herring .75
- F. C. Lerran 1.50
- Mrs. Geo. Bird 1.50
- B. R. Holland 1.00

We thank you Who's next?

## CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank our kind relatives and friends for their assistance and tender sympathy during the illness and at the death of our beloved husband and father. Especially do we feel grateful to the doctors and the kind nurse, and also for the beautiful floral offerings. Mrs. W. H. Holloway & children.

Mrs. Schaeff is here from Brady visiting the J. W. White family.

Mrs. J. W. White was hostess at a dinner on Wednesday honoring Dr. and Mrs. R. J. Baze of Oklahoma, and Mrs. Schaeff of Brady.

Marriage License—Ernest Crouch and Miss Della Gibbs, April 11th.

At a meeting of the local school board Monday night, J. S. King was appointed assessor of school taxes for the coming year.

## BIRTHS

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

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pries, a boy April 11.

Mr. E. Cranford, aged 67 years, 4 months and 3 days, died last Friday at his home near Wagram. Funeral services were held Saturday and he was laid to rest in the Wagram cemetery. Mr. Cranford was one of this county's most successful farmers and was highly respected and well liked by all who knew him. This paper extends consolation to his bereaved family.

We are prepared to give you expert service on storage battery work of all kinds. Bring your battery troubles to us. Star Garage.

## NOTICE IN PROBATE

THE STATE OF TEXAS To the Sheriff or any Constable of Mason County—Greeting:

You are Herewith Commanded to cause to be published once each week for a period of ten days before the return day hereof in a newspaper of general circulation, which has been continuously and regularly published for a period of not less than one year in said Mason County, a copy of the following notice:

THE STATE OF TEXAS

To All Persons Interested in the Estate of J. D. Miller, Deceased: R. E. L. Clark has filed an application in the County Court of Mason County, on the 16th day of March 1920, for the probate of the Last Will and Testament of said J. D. Miller, deceased, and for Letters Testamentary which said application will be heard by the said Court on the 24th day of May 1920 at the Court House of said County, in Mason, Texas, at which time all persons who are interested in said estate are required to appear and answer said application, should they desire to do so.

Herein Fail Not out have you before said Court, on the first day of the next term thereof, this writ, with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Witness my hand and official seal, at Mason, Texas this the 6th day of April, 1920.

S. C. Brockman, Clerk of County Court, Mason Co., Texas. By J. H. King, Deputy.

## STATEMENT

Of the Ownership, Management, Etc. Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of the Mason County News, published weekly at Mason, Texas for April 1920.

State of Texas, County of Mason ss. Before me, a notary public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Martin D. Loring, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor and publisher of the Mason County News and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 413 Postal Laws and Regulations printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the name and address of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager is: Martin D. Loring, Mason, Texas.

2. That the owner is: Martin D. Loring, Mason, Texas.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: V. M. Loring, Memphis, Tennessee.

4. That the two paragraphs next above giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

Martin D. Loring, Mgr. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 8th day of April, 1920. (Seal) Walter M. Martin.

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



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COMPANY

O. A. HENSCH, AGENT

**LADY LARKSPUR**

By  
**MEREDITH NICHOLSON**

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Richard Searles, successful American playwright, confides to his friend, Bob Singleton, the fact that, inspired by the genius of a young actress whom he had seen in London, he has written a play, "Lady Larkspur," solely with the thought that she should interpret the leading character. This girl, Violet Hewing, has disappeared and Searles refuses to allow the play to be produced with anyone else in the part. Singleton has just returned (invalided) from France, where he had been serving in the aviation corps. His uncle, Raymond Bashford, a wealthy man, had contracted a marriage a short time before his death, while on a visit to Japan. He left Singleton a comparatively small amount of money and the privilege of residence in the "garage" of his summer home, Barton-on-the-Sound, Connecticut. Mrs. Bashford is believed to be traveling in the Orient. The household at Barton is made up of elderly employees of the Tynningham, a New York hotel, where Bashford made his home. By the terms of his will these people are to have a home at Barton for the rest of their lives. Singleton goes to Barton, taking with him the manuscript of "Lady Larkspur." There he finds the household strangely upset, some of its members being suspected by their comrades of progermanism. Antoine, head of the establishment, informs him that he has been perplexed by the somewhat mysterious visits of a stranger, apparently a foreigner, seeking Mrs. Bashford. Antoine has formed the male members of the household into a guard for the protection of the premises. Torrence, high official of the trust company handling Bashford's estate, informs Singleton that Mrs. Bashford is in America and may be expected at Barton at any time.

CHAPTER II.—Singleton reads Searles' play and thinks highly of it. In his temporary absence Mrs. Bashford and a female companion arrive. Next day Singleton meets his aunt and is astonished at finding her a young and decidedly attractive person about his own age. At luncheon he meets Mrs. Bashford's companion, a Mrs. Farnsworth. They are somewhat unconventional, but highly agreeable companions. Mrs. Bashford and Singleton agree to call each other "Alice" and "Bob." Informed of the visits of the foreigner which had so disturbed Antoine, the two ladies seem to be much amused. Torrence, on a business visit to Barton, informs Singleton that he has doubts of "Alice" being Mr. Bashford's widow. Singleton laughs at him, but Torrence remains unconvinced, finally telling his friend that an official of the state department, Raynor, has been making inquiries about the two women.

It had been years since the house had known a woman's hand, and it was astonishing how humanized it had become in a few hours. The long dining-room, always a bare, forbidding place, had been reduced to cosy proportions by screens, and a small round table replaced the massive, oblong affair that always looked as though it had been built into the house by the carpenters.

"I found those lovely screens in the

garret and thought we might as well enjoy them, and that Lang Yao jar you see on the sideboard oughtn't to be hidden in the vault."

"I am sure Uncle Bash would be happy to know you care for these things so much," I said, noting that the white roses she had chosen for the jar—I knew the choice was hers—served to emphasize the deep red of its exquisite glaze.

"I am among the unselect," remarked Mrs. Farnsworth. "When I am told that such things are beautiful I am immediately convinced. I say they are beautiful, and that is enough."

"That has always been enough for me," I replied. "My uncle used to try to interest me, but he gave it up when he found that my pagan soul was aroused by nothing but pottery idols. I am a heathen!"

"I am gratified that you make the admission so frankly," said Mrs. Farnsworth. "I have always been a great admirer of the heathen. But, you know, Mr. Singleton, Alice and I never can agree as to just what a heathen is. All our squabbles have been about that. I am disposed to include all who believe in false good, or bad, and persons who honestly believe in signs, omens, and lucky stones and all who have the receipt of fern-seed and walk invisible—there's Shakespeare for that."

"I think," said Mrs. Bashford soberly, "that I have always believed in witches; and if I keep on believing I shall see one some day. We shall find anything in this world that we believe in hard enough."

She was talking very gravely, as though witches were the commonest topic of conversation, but finding my eyes turned upon her in frank wonder, she laughed at my amazement.

"Let us be honest with you, Mr. Singleton," Mrs. Farnsworth explained, "and tell you that we are just testing you. It may be a breach of hospitality, and you are but a stranger, but we are curious to know whether you are of that small company of the favored of heaven who can play at being foolish without becoming idiotic. Alice is sometimes very near idiocy. You admit that, Alice?"

"I not only admit it, but I might even boast of it!" my aunt replied.

At the mention of witches I had caught Antoine crossing himself as he turned to the sideboard. I confess that I myself had been startled by the drift of the talk. Mrs. Farnsworth and my aunt treated each other as though they were contemporaries, and it was Alice and Constance between them. As the talk ran exhaustively through the lore of witches and goblins I had hoped that one or the other would drop some clue as to the previous history of my amazing aunt. It was as plain as day that she and Mrs. Farnsworth indulged in whims for the joy of it, and her zest in the discussion of witches, carried on while Antoine served the table, lips tightly

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

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



"I Might Even Boast of It!" My Aunt Replied.

compressed, and with an exaggeration of his stately tread, was the more startling from the fact that my aunt's companion was a woman of years, a handsome woman with a high-bred air who did not look at all like a person who would discuss witches as though they had been made the topic of the day by the afternoon newspapers. And when the shape of a witch's chin became the immediate point of discussion I knew it was in Antoine's mind that such conversation was unbecoming, an offense to the memory of Raymond Bashford. Mrs. Farnsworth's brown eyes sparkled, and the color deepened in my aunt's cheeks as we discoursed upon witches and the charms thereof. I had a friend in college who used to indulge in the same sort of piffing, but that my uncle's widow and her elderly companion should delight in such absurdities bewildered me. I had been addressing my aunt as Mrs. Bashford—it seemed ridiculous to call her Aunt Alice—and in the heat of our argument as to whether witches are necessarily naughty and malign beings I had just uttered the "Mrs." when she bent toward me and said gravely and with no hint of archness: "Can't we make it Alice and Bob? I think that would be a lot friendlier."

I experienced a curious flutter of the heart the first time I tried it, but after that it came very easily. She was simply the jolliest, prettiest girl that had ever crossed my horizon, and to be talking to her across the table gave me thrills compared with which sliding out of clouds in an airplane is only a rocking-chair pastime for old men.

We had coffee on the veranda (Alice thought it would be nicer there), and as Antoine gave me my cup he edged close to my chair to whisper:

"That party, sir. If he should come—"

"Tell the troops not to attack any visitors," I said, loud enough for the others to hear. "Mr. Torrence will be here shortly, and it would be annoying to have him ushered in on a shutter."

"I know why this is the land of the free and the home of the brave," laughed Alice. "One has to be brave to live here."

Antoine departed with a resentful twist of the shoulders, and I decided to meet squarely the matter of the visitors who had so troubled him.

"Please don't be frightened," I said as lightly as possible, "but these old fellows haven't enough to do, and they are full of apprehensions. They have been alarmed by an agent of some sort who wants to welcome you to America by selling you a piano on easy payments."

Antoine had been hovering inside, and my remark brought him to the door.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Singleton, but that party is not an agent, but quite different, sir. He came to the house, quite like a gentleman, several times, and asked if Mrs. Bashford had arrived. He came in a big car, and seemed disappointed, madame, that you were not here and not expected. A very well-spoken gentleman, and we'd have thought nothing of it except that a few days later I caught a man I was sure was the same party, but dressed in rough clothes, sneaking across the veranda right there where you're sitting. When I called to him he ran as hard as he could, and Graves—he's the vegetable gardener—saw him leaving the property by the back way."

"It's hardly possible that a man who impressed you as a gentleman when you saw him at the door should have returned in disguise and tried to break into the house."

"Oh," exclaimed Mrs. Farnsworth, "it would be so much more delightful if that were true! Any one in disguise is bound to be interesting. A disguise suggests most beautiful possibilities."

I could not be sure in the dim light of the veranda, but I thought I detected a white slipper cautiously reach out and touch a black one. At any rate, Mrs. Farnsworth lapsed into silence.

"Thank you very much, Antoine," said Alice. "It is very proper for you to tell me anything of any stranger on the property, but I see nothing here to be alarmed about. If the same gentleman calls again, let me know instantly."

"Very good, madame." And then, turning as though conferring upon me a part of his responsibility for the security of the premises: "It's a party with a limp; just a trifling limp, sir; you'd hardly notice it. A smallish man, rather dark, with a little mustache turned up at the ends."

"I have noted all these details, Antoine," I replied; and again I thought there was a telegraphic exchange between the ladies though this time a black slipper was the means of communication.

Torrence arrived in a moment, and nothing has ever given me keener joy than his shock of surprise at beholding Mrs. Bashford. I was devoutly grateful that he had not been present at the dinner-table, for my own efforts to interest Torrence in anything but the most practical matters had always been highly unsuccessful, and the discussion of ghosts and witches would hardly have amused him. As Mrs. Farnsworth and I took up the recent movements on the western front I overheard Torrence putting all the machinery of the trust company at Mrs. Bashford's disposal. It seemed almost a blasphemy to be talking of income and like matters to a woman like Alice Bashford!

They continued their conference for some time, but I got nothing out of Mrs. Farnsworth that shed any light on my aunt's history beyond what she had told me herself, which was precious little. Mrs. Farnsworth's talk was that of a cultivated woman. Her voice interested me unaccountably; the tones had all manner of shadings and inflections; it was curiously musical, but in speaking of the great war a passionate note crept into it that stirred me deeply.

"This has been a dark year for Alice," she remarked. "Mr. Bashford's death, followed quickly by that of her brother—an only son—piled a cruel burden of grief upon the dear child. She wants to go back to England to nurse the wounded, to do anything for our dear country, but I want to keep her here a little while until she can readjust herself. It is my task to encourage her in frivolity and the make-believe she loves—hence our absurdities at the table. She's the drollest child, but with wonderful understanding. And at times it's not easy to keep the divine spark of play alive in her heart."

The light of one of the porch lamps fell upon Alice's face as she patiently gave heed to Torrence's account of his stewardship. One of her hands gently stroked the terrier that lay quietly in a chair beside her. I was sure that his painstaking description of assets and market values was boring her. Once her voice rose in expostulation. Torrence, I judged, was suggesting that legal means could be found to expel the old Tynningham employees from the Barton property.

"Oh, never in the world! It was quite like Mr. Bashford to want to care for these people in their old age. And—she laughed and turned toward me—"they can't be dislodged while Bob lives; and we don't want to part with him just yet."

I was glad to have him hear her address me in this intimate fashion. Torry always inspired in me a desire to shock him.

"I shall help Alice to break them in, Torry," I said, lingering upon her name for his special edification.

"Of course, Singleton," he replied. "I wasn't sure you meant to stay on. Pardon me, but I didn't—"

"Oh, it isn't that Bob hasn't a right to stay," said Alice quickly; "Mrs. Farnsworth and I are hoping that he will like us well enough to share our exile on other accounts."

"I am engaging Mr. Singleton to explain American jokes to me," announced Mrs. Farnsworth. "Alice seems to get them, but I'm never sure."

It is a part of Torrence's business to counsel widows, which he does like the honorable man he is, but as he rose to go presently, remarking that his wife would motor down to call shortly, I caught a glimpse of his face that indicated deep perplexity. I left when he did.

"I want to talk to you," he said nervously when we were outside. "I'll send the car ahead to the gate."

When the shrubbery cut us off from the house he stopped abruptly and seized my arm. "What do you make of it?" he demanded.

"Make of what?" I asked.

"That girl!" he exclaimed testily.

"If you insist, I must avow that she's adorable, nothing else."

"Don't be a fool! You knew Raymond Bashford much better than I did, and you know perfectly well he never married a young girl of that sort! Those women are playing a trick, and

I'm surprised that you don't see through it."

"My uncle was a man of taste and a gentleman," I answered deliberately. "There's nothing in the least improbable in his being infatuated with a young woman of charm and wit like this girl."

"I tell you it won't do," he insisted. "If either of those women at the house is Raymond Bashford's widow, it's the one who calls herself Farnsworth. They're playing a game of some kind, and it's no laughing matter, but it won't take long to find out what they're up to."

"You'll hardly go the length of having them arrested as imposters, Torrence—not without some data to work on!"

"Certainly not. You seem to be blitting it off with both of them, but I advise you to be on guard. Are you sure your uncle never sent you his wife's photograph? That would have been a perfectly natural thing to do."

"If I'd got a photograph, I should have headed for Japan, not for France," I laughed, but I was thinking deeply. His line of reasoning as to the incongruity of the marriage was not so different from my own that I could sneer at his suspicions. I shrank from telling him that I didn't care a hang whether the widow was a fraud or not. If the two women who had settled themselves on the Barton estate were imposters, they were extraordinarily daring and clever.

We were nearing a gateway where his car waited, and I saw several of the guard hanging about at a discreet distance. "Look here, Singleton," he said angrily, "you don't seem to take this business very seriously. You don't want to make the mistake of letting a pretty girl pull the wool over your eyes." He lowered his voice and added



"Those Women Are Under Suspicion."

tensely: "Those women are under suspicion of something more serious than an attempt to rob an estate. An agent of the state department called on me yesterday and asked embarrassing questions about Mrs. Bashford. Not a secret service man, you understand, or anything of that kind, but an important man in the state department."

"Of course you knew nothing to tell," I suggested.

"I took a chance at lying to him about her expected arrival. I thought it only decent to have a look at the woman first. He told me nothing except that the British embassy had made inquiries and that the matter was delicate and must be handled carefully."

"Was this inquirer lame—a small dark man with a black mustache?" I asked, suddenly interested. "Such a person has been hanging about here, so the boys tell me?"

"Not at all! I may as well tell you it was Raynor—you probably remember him. He's a specialist in international law, and they took him into the state department just after the Lusitania business. He's a gentleman and a good fellow—I've played golf with him a good deal—and I hated to lie to him, but I thought I'd see this woman before telling him she had reached America."

I confess that I was a trifle dismayed by this. Raynor I knew slightly. Professionally and socially he stood high, and even without the prestige of his official position he was not a chap to sneeze at; but I didn't want Torrence to know I had any doubts as to the perfect authenticity of my uncle's widow.

"Oh, every transcontinental pilgrim is probably scrutinized closely these days," I remarked carelessly. "Mrs. Bashford has lost a brother in the war, and I haven't heard anyone talk more bitterly against Germany. And her companion certainly has no illusions about the Kaiser."

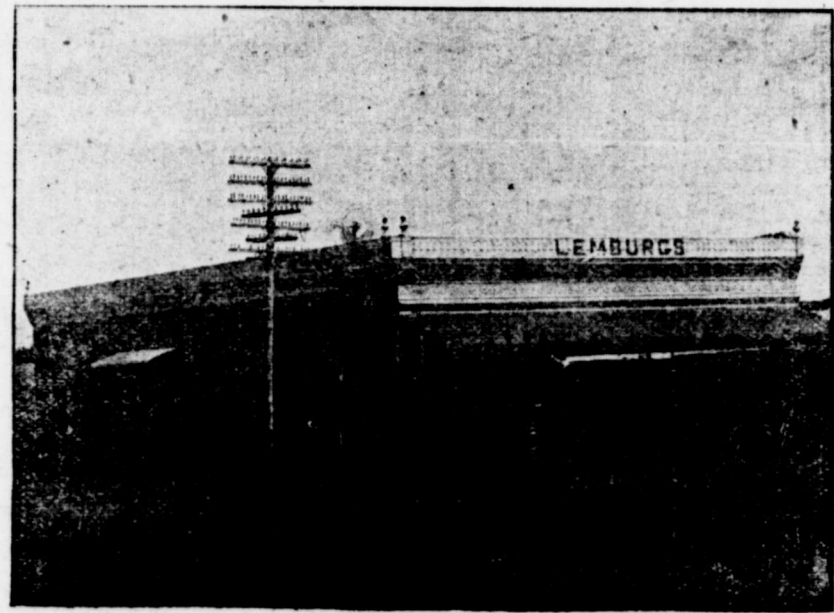
"I don't like the business," he declared stubbornly.



# MASON'S LARGEST

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"Let's do nothing foolish," I insisted. "If Raynor has reason to suspect either or both of these women, we'll hear further from him."

"I've put myself in a hole," he said, angrily. "Of course I've got to advise him immediately that Mrs. Bashford is here."

"Just wait a few days; I undertake to keep them under surveillance; you can put the whole responsibility on me. If they attempt to leave, I'll warn you and Raynor instantly, but they have settled themselves as though they expected to spend the rest of their lives here."

I told him of Mrs. Bashford's adventures in reaching the house without convincing him that there was anything funny in her experiences, and he left on my promise to report to him daily at a given hour and instantly if anything unusual occurred. I was on my way back through the grounds when Antoine arrested me.

"Pardon me, but I'd like to ask what you think of it, sir?" he asked hoarsely, falling into step.

"If you mean what do I think of Mrs. Bashford," I replied sharply, "I think she's quite charming and delightful and all any one could ask in every way."

"It's her manner of speaking of spookish things, Mr. Singleton. It doesn't seem fitting in a widow and her so lately bereaved. And the older lady's quite as bad, sir. The maids tell me they keep talking all day about fairies and pretending they're queens and such like, and talking poetry to each other. The late master never indulged in such things, sir."

"He would have lived longer if he had! It was probably the poetry and fairies that attracted him to Mrs. Bashford."

"Yes, sir," he acquiesced with a gulp. "I suppose you're right, sir."

"You should be grateful to Mrs. Bashford for not bouncing you all for the row you made last night. It could be done; in fact, Mr. Torrence has suggested that legal means could be found for getting rid of you."

"That would be very sad, sir," he said humbly.

"Isn't Mrs. Bashford kind to you? Hasn't she taken pains to make you all feel at home?"

"Well, yes, sir. But she's taken Elsie back into the house, and there's no work for her, there being two women in the laundry already; and she's told me Dutch must be given his old place in charge of the poultry; and both being Germans, you will recall."

"It's just her kind heart, you idiot! You've all been spoiled; that's what's the matter with you."

"It causes feeling; that's all, sir."

"It needn't cause it if you brace up and act like a man," I retorted. Then, sorry I had been so harsh, I added: "We must take good care of Mrs. Bashford, Antoine. It would be your old master's wish. It would be wise to keep a guard at the house for the present in case your mysterious stranger turns up again."

He couldn't have failed to note my change of tone about the unknown visitor, but he made no comment.

"The guard's set, sir; front and rear."

"While there's no danger whatever it's just as well to take no chances. Please tell the boys to send for me immediately at any hour of the night if they see any prowlers about."

"Very good, sir. But if you please, sir"—he had reached the garage and he lingered, fingering his hat nervously—"if it wasn't for the ladies talking

about spirits, we'd all feel better, sir."

"You're far from being a fool, Antoine. Those ladies just play at believing in such rubbish. If they really believed in ghosts, you may be sure they wouldn't talk about it at table before strangers like you and me."

Though this seemed to impress him, a moment later, as I was drawing down the shades in my bedroom, I saw him running across the lawn like a frightened rabbit.

CHAPTER III.

A Fan.

The morning mail brought a letter from Searles acknowledging my congratulations on his play. While my enthusiastic praise pleased him, he was very scornful of my suggestions, seeming even more depressed than when he talked to me.

"It's impossible for me to plan other work. 'Lady Larkspur' ate the soul out of me. I'm done; finished, clean out of the running. There's only this to report. I had a letter from Dalton saying that some time ago he asked at the hotel where he sent the script of 'Lady Larkspur' to know whether Miss Dewing had sent a forwarding address. Her accumulated mail had been called for by some one whose identity was not disclosed. Of course this isn't much to hang a rope on, but if that play is what I think it is and Miss Violet Dewing ever reads it she's going to jump for the telegraph office the moment she finishes the last act. I have no plans for returning East; the folks at home let me do as I please, and it's a relief to be in seclusion where I hear nothing of the doings of Broadway. I hope your ancient globe-trotting aunt still lingers in the far East! Keep the ink flowing, son. That novel ought to be well under way when I get back."

The tale I had begun seemed utter trash in comparison with the story of Alice Bashford, in which, much against my will, I had become a minor character. I had rather prided myself on my ability to see through a plot in the first chapter of the most complicated mystery story, but there were points in this unwritten tale that baffled me.

I kept away from the house until dinner-time, when I was received quite as an old friend by Alice and Mrs. Farnsworth. The table talk was of Celtic poetry, and proved less disturbing to Antoine than the previous night's discussion of ghosts.

Their day had been spent, they explained, in a further examination of my uncle's Japanese loot, and they had taken a long walk beyond the estate's boundaries and were enthusiastic about the landscape.

"It's so beautifully peaceful all about here," Alice murmured. "I feel that I never want to move again."

"That's a real tribute to America," Mrs. Farnsworth remarked; "for Alice dearly loves new scenes. She inherited a taste for travel from her father, who put some new places on the maps, you know."

I didn't know and I wanted to ask questions about Alice's father, but as though anxious to frustrate such inquiries my aunt asked how close we were to the place made famous by Israel Putnam's spectacular escape from the British. She had read the story and would motor to the scene, she declared. It was quite clear that there were chapters in her life that were not to be opened for my perusal. No sooner had I caught a glimpse of a promising page than the book was politely closed. A curtain hung between the immediate present at Barton-on-the-Sound and other scenes and incidents of the girl's life; and Mrs. Farnsworth was equally detached from any tangible background. It seemed that I might meet them daily for the rest of my life in this same friendly fashion without adding a particle to my knowledge of them.

I became alert immediately when, as we rose from the table, Alice said, with the air of asking an unimportant favor:

"We were speaking last night of a man who has been asking for us here. His visits have alarmed the servants, but there is nothing to fear from him. You know"—she smiled at Mrs. Farnsworth—"it's rather he who seems to fear us; that, at least, is our impression, though we have no idea why he should do so. Still, it's rather good fun to find yourself an object of special attention and to be followed, even pursued. We've even led him on a little, haven't we, Constance?"

Mrs. Farnsworth laughingly admitted that they had led the gentleman on a trifle, "but with all circumspection," she protested.

"We met him here and there in Tokyo, and later were surprised to find him crossing on our steamer. We threw him off in the Canadian Rockies, where we stopped for a day, and eluded him in Chicago, where he was evidently lying in wait for us."

"Delightful!" I exclaimed.

"But please don't get the idea that the man annoys us," interposed Mrs. Farnsworth.

"Far from it!" cried Alice.

"You've seen enough of us perhaps to understand that we enjoy little adventures," said Mrs. Farnsworth. "The man pretends to be interested in Mr. Bashford's art treasures. Antoine's story about the disguise is rather against that; but we will give him the benefit of the doubt. What we are hoping is that something really amusing may come of his persistent pursuit. With you and the army of servants here we feel perfectly safe; so we're for giving him every chance to show his hand."

"He is the Count Giuseppe Montani," said my aunt, "who represents himself as a connoisseur—a lover of the beautiful."

"The mystery is solved! It is easy



"The Mystery is Solved!"

Money to Lend—Runge & Runge  
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to understand why he has haunted the place."

"Yes; quite easy. Count Montani is very anxious to see the porcelains."

"I wasn't referring to the pottery; but I shan't press the matter."

"I advise you not to; your remark was highly improper from a nephew to an aunt! I have told you about all I know of this Italian gentleman. I am going to ask a favor. He telephoned from Stamford this afternoon to know whether we had arrived, and I bade him call tonight. I should be glad if you would remain until he leaves. I should like to know what you make of him."

"Certainly," I assented, pleased that she had taken me into her confidence and deeply curious as to the Italian connoisseur. What she had told me so frankly and plausibly did not, however, touch upon the matter of the interest shown by the American state department in my aunt's arrival at Barton, which troubled me much more than the antics of the Italian who had followed the women across the Pacific.

Count Montani arrived shortly and was received in the drawing room. The ladies greeted him with the greatest cordiality. As he crossed the room I verified the limp and other points of Antoine's description. His bearing was that of a gentleman; and in his very correct evening dress he hardly looked like a man who would disguise himself and attempt to rob a house. He spoke English all but perfectly and proceeded at once to talk a great deal.

"I was sad when I found I had so narrowly missed you at Seattle, and again at Chicago. You travel far too rapidly for one of my age!"

His age might have been thirty. He was a suave, polished, sophisticated person. Nothing was more natural than that he should pause in his travels to call upon two agreeable women he had met on a Pacific steamer. Possibly he was in love with Alice Bashford; this was not a difficult state of heart and mind for a man to argue himself into. She was even more strikingly beautiful tonight than I had thought her before. She was again in white—it was only in daytime that she wore black—and white was exceedingly becoming to her. As we talked she plied listlessly a fan—a handsome trinket of ostrich plumes. A pretty woman and a fan are the happiest possible combination.

There is no severer test of grace

## LIVER DIDN'T ACT DIGESTION WAS BAD

Says 65 year Old Kentucky Lady, Who Tells How She Was Relieved After a Few Doses of Black-Draught.

Meadersville, Ky.—Mrs. Cynthia Higginbotham, of this town, says: "At my age, which is 65, the liver does not act so well as when young. A few years ago, my stomach was all out of fix. I was constipated, my liver didn't act. My digestion was bad, and it took so little to upset me. My appetite was gone. I was very weak..."

I decided I would give Black-Draught a thorough trial as I knew it was highly recommended for this trouble. I began taking it. I felt better after a few doses. My appetite improved and I became stronger. My bowels acted naturally and the least trouble was soon righted with a few

doses of Black-Draught."

Seventy years of successful use has made Thedford's Black-Draught a standard, household remedy. Every member, of every family, at times, need the help that Black-Draught can give in cleansing the system and relieving the troubles that come from constipation, indigestion, lazy liver, etc. You cannot keep well unless your stomach, liver and bowels are in good working order. Keep them that way, Try Black-Draught. It acts promptly, gently and in a natural way. If you feel sluggish, take a dose tonight. You will feel fresh tomorrow. Price 25c. a package—One cent a dose. All druggists. J. G.

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than a woman's manner of using a fan. A clumsy woman makes an implement of this plaything, flourishing it to emphasize her talk, or, what is worse, pointing with it like an instructor before a blackboard. But in graceful hands it is unobtrusive, a mere bit of decoration that teases and fascinates the beholder's eye.

With all his poise and equanimity I was distinctly conscious that Montani's dark eyes were intent upon the idly swaying fan. I thought at first it was her hands that interested him as they unfailingly interested me, but when, from time to time, she put down the fan his gaze still followed it. And yet there was nothing novel in the delicate combination of ivory and feathers. I had seen many fans that to all appearances were just like it. Once, as she picked it up and lazily opened it, I saw him bend forward eagerly, then, finding that I had noted his eagerness, he rose, pretending that a brass screen before the fireplace had caught his eye, and asked whether it was not a Florentine production, which shook my faith in his connoisseurship, as I had bought the thing myself from a New York brassworker who had made it to my order.

Montani spoke of the porcelains. "Oh, to be sure! They don't show to best advantage in electric light, do they? But I can have a few of the prize pieces taken into the dining-room," said Alice.

Mrs. Farnsworth had excused herself to finish a letter, and from my chair I could see her head bent over the big desk in the library. Alice rang for Antoine, and I followed her into the hall to offer my aid.

"Oh, don't trouble," she said. "Antoine can do anything necessary. Yes; thanks; if you will turn on the dining-room lights."

I was gone hardly half a minute. When I reached the drawing-room door Montani had crossed the room to the table on which Alice had dropped the fan and was examining it closely. He faced the door, and the moment he detected me exclaimed carelessly: "An exquisite little bauble! I am always curious as to the source of such trifles. I was looking for the maker's imprimatur. I know a Parisian who is the leading manufacturer of the world. But it is not his, I see."

As we stood talking of other things he piled the fan carelessly as though for the pleasure of the faint scent it exhaled, and when Alice called us he put it down carefully where he had found it.

He really did seem to know something about ceramics and praised, with lively enthusiasm, the pieces that had been set out on the table. One piece, as to whose authenticity my uncle had entertained serious doubts, Montani unhesitatingly pronounced genuine and stated very plausible reasons for his opinion.

On the whole, he was an interesting fellow. When he had finished his inspections he lingered for only a few minutes and took his leave, saying that he was spending the night at an inn near Stamford.

"Well," said Alice when the whirl of his machine had died away, "what do you think of him?"

"A very agreeable gentleman," I answered. "If he doesn't know porcelains, he fakes his talk admirably."

"And as to fans—" suggested Mrs. Farnsworth.

I had not intended to mention Montani's interest in Alice's fan, and the remark surprised me.

"Oh, I saw it all from the library," laughed Mrs. Farnsworth. "My back was to the door, but I was facing a mirror. The moment you and Alice went into the hall he pounced upon the fan—pounced is the only word that describes it. He concealed his interest in it very neatly when you caught him examining it."

"Fans are harmless things," said Alice, "and if there's any story attached to this one I'm not aware of it. My father bought it in Paris about three years ago, and it has never been out of my possession except to have

it repaired. There's a Japanese jeweler who does wonderful things in the way of repairing trinkets of every kind. I left it with him for a few days. I can't tell now which panel was broken, he did his work so deftly."

I took it from her and balanced it in my fingers. It was a beautiful piece of workmanship with the simplest carvings on the ivory panels.

"He couldn't have seen it anywhere before tonight," observed Alice musingly. "In fact, I hadn't used it at all for a year. It was really by mistake that my maid put it into my trunk when I went to Japan. I didn't want to risk breaking it again, so I've been carrying it in a handbag. The last day we were in Tokio I think I had it in our sitting room in the hotel, to make sure it wasn't jammed into the trunk again. We had a good many callers—a number of people came in to bid us good-by, but I'm sure Count Montani was not among them, and it would have been impossible for him to see it at any other time."

"Oh, there is nothing disturbing in the count's interest in the thing," said Mrs. Farnsworth with an air of dismissing the matter. "If it were a jade trinket inscribed with Chinese mysteries, you might imagine that it would be sought by some one—I have heard of such things—but Alice's fan has no such history."

"We weren't very hospitable," said Alice. "I might have asked Count Montani to dine with us tomorrow; and we might even have put him up for the night in this vast house."

Not with Antoine on the premises! I exclaimed. "Antoine is convinced that the man is what we call in America a crook. And Antoine takes his

responsibilities very seriously." While I was breakfasting at the garage the next morning Antoine appeared and, waiting until Flynn was out of hearing, handed me a slip of paper.

"That's a New York automobile number," he said. "It was on the tag of that machine the party came in last night. I heard him saying, sir, as how he had motored up from the Elkton Inn at Stamford. Visitors from Stamford would hardly send in to the city for a machine."

I bade him wait while I called the Elkton by telephone. No such person as Giuseppe Montani had spent the night there or had been a guest of the house within the memory of the clerk. Antoine's chest swelled at this confirmation of his suspicions.

"If the man returns, treat him as you did last night—as though he were entitled to the highest consideration." "He won't come back—not the same way," said Antoine. "He mentioned the Elkton just to throw you off. The next you hear of him will be quite different."

"You mean he'll come as a burglar?" "That's what's in my mind, Mr. Singleton. Everything seems very queer, sir."

"Such as what, Antoine?" "The widow has been telegraphing and telephoning considerable, sir."

"There must be no spying upon these ladies!" I admonished severely. "All the people on the place must remember that Mrs. Bashford is mistress here, and entitled to fullest respect."

He had hardly gone before Torrence had me on the wire to hear my report and to say that Raynor had left Washington for a week-end in Virginia.

I assured him that nothing had occurred to encourage a suspicion that Mrs. Bashford was not all that she pretended to be. The day was marked by unusual activities on the part of the waiters and bell-hops. Instead of the company drills to which I had become accustomed they moved about in pairs along the shore and the lines of the fences. I learned that Antoine had ordered this, and the "troops" were obeying him with the utmost seriousness. The "service" on the estate was certainly abundant. It was only necessary to whistle and one of the Tyringham veterans would come running.

In spite of the complete satisfaction I had expressed to Torrence as to the perfect integrity and honest intentions of the two women, the curiosity of the American state department and the visit of Montani required elucidation beyond my powers. At dinner they were in the merriest humor. The performances of the little army throughout the day had amused them greatly.

"How delightfully feudal!" exclaimed Alice. "Really we should have a moat and drawbridge to make the thing perfect. Constance and I are the best protected women in the world!"

We extracted all the fun possible from the idea that the estate was under siege; that Alice was the chateleine of a beleaguered castle, and that before help could reach us we were in danger of being starved out by the enemy. They called into play the poetry which had so roused Antoine's apprehensions, and their talk bristled with quotations. Alice rose after the salad and repeated at least a page of Malory, and the Knights of the Round Table having thus been introduced, Mrs. Farnsworth recited several sonorous passages from "The Idylls of the King." They sung lines from Browning's "In a Balcony" at each other as though they were improvising. The befuddlement of Antoine and the waiter who assisted him added to the general joy. They were undoubtedly thought the two women quite out of their heads, and it was plain that I suffered greatly in Antoine's estimation by my encouragement of this frivolity. Mrs. Farnsworth walked majestically round the table and addressed



Clung to the Sideboard Listening. to me the lines from Macbeth beginning:

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and what thou art promised, while Antoine clung to the sideboard listening with mouth open and eyes rolling.

Later, in the living room, Alice sang some old ballads. She was more adorable than ever at the piano. It was a happiness beyond any in my experience of women to watch her, to note the play of light upon her golden

head, to yield to the spell of her voice. Ballads had never been sung before with the charm and feeling she put into them; and after ending with "Douglas, Douglas," she responded to my importunity with "Ben Bolt," and then dashed into a sparkling thing of Chopin's, played it brilliantly and rose, laughingly mocking my applause.

I left the house like a man over whom an enchantment has been spoken and was not pleased when Antoine blocked my path: "Pardon me, sir."

"Bother my pardon; what's troubling you now?" I demanded.

"It's nothing troubling me, sir; not particularly. If you give me time, I

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think I'll grow used to the poetry talk and playing at being queens. It's like children in a family I served once; an English family, most respectable. But in a widow, sir—"

"God knows we ought to be glad when grownups have the heart to play at being children and can get away with it as beautifully as those women do! What else is on your mind?"

"It's about Elsie, sir." I groaned at the mention of Flynn's German wife. "I'm sorry, sir; but I thought I should report it. It was a man who came to see her this afternoon. You was out for your walk, and Flynn had taken the ladies for a drive, so Elsie was alone at the garage. This person rode in on the grocer's truck from the village, which is how he got by the gate. As it happened, Pierre—he was a waiter at the Tyringham, a Swiss, who understands German—had gone into the garage for a nap; he's quite old, sir, and has his snooze every afternoon."

"He's entitled to it," I remarked; "he must be a thousand years old."

"From what he heard Pierre thought the man a spy, sir. He wanted Elsie to steal something from the house, it was a fan he wanted her to take most particular, and it was to be done soon, today if she could manage. It was for the love of the Fatherland that he wanted her to do it. Did you notice, sir, that Mrs. Bashford didn't have the fan tonight? Not that one she carried last night."

I had noticed that she had substituted a tiny Japanese fan for the one that Montani had inspected so eagerly. When I spoke of the change she had said the other was too precious for everyday use, and she meant to keep it locked up.

"I hate to bother you, sir, knowing you—"

The mention of the fan had brought me to an abrupt halt. I resented having the thing thrust at me in the ecstatic mood in which I left the house, but the visit of the German-speaking stranger was serious, and Antoine knew that his story had

startled me. He told me further that the man had carefully outlined to Elsie just how she could take advantage of her freedom of the house to appropriate the fan when the ladies were out and the servants off the second floor. She was to be paid for her assistance; two hundred dollars had been promised; even more had been suggested. Elsie and the stranger had left the garage and passed out of earshot before Elsie fully consented; but Pierre had given Antoine the impression that she would make the attempt.

"It was to be for the kaiser, for Germany," declared Antoine bitterly. "And she was to be careful about Flynn. I always thought Flynn was straight—I did indeed, sir!"

"I think Flynn and his wife are both honest, but we'll take no chance. Warn the guards to be on the alert. We don't want Elsie to get the idea that she's being watched; so tell the men to keep away from the garage. I'll keep an eye on the Flynns. You go home and go to bed. . . ."

To Be Continued Next Week.

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S. A. Hoerster,  
C. S. Vedder, J. D. Stengel,  
G. W. Moneyhon, Chas. Grote

**HE PICKS SOFT SPOT**

**Man Falls 35 Feet, Lands on Head, Escapes Serious Hurt.**

Bert Seymour, tree trimmer, of Chillicothe, O., fell 35 feet from a tree and alighted on his head. The ground was soft and his head sank four inches in the earth.

Medical examination revealed a slight concussion but no fractured skull or other injuries. He will recover.

**Bandits Stole Diamonds From Window.**

Four armed men smashed the big window at the jewelry store of James R. Armiger at Lexington, Md., and stole two trays containing \$40,000 worth of diamonds. The thieves made their getaway in an automobile after wounding a man who attempted to prevent their escape.

**HOW LUXURY TAX WORKS**

**In Paris Writing Table and Chair Cost Less Than Desk Alone.**

The Paris Figaro tells the following true story of the working of the French luxury tax:

A man went to one of the big furniture dealers to buy a writing table. Choosing one of the least pretentious pieces, he asked the price. It was 800 francs, which seemed rather high. The shopman, however, added:

"We will add this little arm chair. It isn't dear. Only 50 francs."

"No, I don't want it. I have quite enough chairs."

"Excuse me," said the seller. "If you buy the desk alone I shall have to ask you to pay the luxury tax, which comes to 80 francs. But if you take the chair as well I shall be able to put down your purchases as a suite—office furniture. For this the tax limit is 1,500 francs, and I do not have to charge you on a purchase of 850 francs. Thus if you take the chair you save 30 francs and have an extra piece into the bargain."

As a measure of economy the chair was bought.

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**HOW PELLY PAID**

By WILL T. AMES

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Because some thousands of ships that should have been carrying the products of one people to the markets of another were rotting on the floor of the sea, sent there by the Germans and because in consequence freight rates were so high that it paid better to take mad chances with the lives of sailors than to lay vessels up for repairs, the Twin Sisters dragged a jangle of loose plates through a West Indian tornado for fourteen hours, and then, after screaming for aid till her wireless broke down, jammed her nose under and went to the bottom in the midst of howling darkness.

Five days thereafter Fenton Pelly, dressed in the completely new clothes that had replaced the outfit he lost in the Twin Sisters, called at the home of Constance Brand, bringing her the story of sunny Frank Sudbury's tragic end.

They had known each other long, these three—ever since Constance was a pupil in the grammar school where she taught, and the boys, older by a year or two, played the part of rivals for her favor. Later, in their grown-up time, Pelly had taken it rather badly when Constance, spurred by his persistence, had told him flatly that her choice of Frank Sudbury was deliberate, irrevocable and quite beyond his undoing.

Fenton sneered a little at her choice, for already he was a seagoing man with an engineer's papers, while Frank had not yet found himself. Then came the war, and Frank, serving in the navy, by the time it was over had discovered that his lines of life lay on blue water too.

That's how he came to be second officer of the freighter Twin Sisters that night when she went down in the tropic storm, and how Pelly came to be the bearer of the tidings, for fate had shanghaied them into the same ship.

Constance, white faced, dry eyed, clinging to her woman's pride and

the only one on the ship. He was in that boat. When the boat came down by the run we put about and headed for the spot. The sea was running in enormous great swells, with very little chop.

"Those men shot out from under the lee of the ship like chips, and we contrived to get them all except Frank. He was swimming and managed to get as close to us as I am to you. I reached out both hands to grab him—and he threw up his arms and went down."

That was the story. It made in Constance Brand's lonely life the difference between noon and midnight, between a dream day in May and a stark midwinter blizzard.

Her parents were dead; serious, purposeful, she had made few light friendships; outside her work Frank Sudbury had filled her existence for years. She found herself now living in a spiritual vacuum. A vast, resentful unrest filled her. She became afraid of her own rebellious thoughts.

In this mood Fenton Pelly supplied, in some unaccountable way, a link with her dead happiness. She had not liked the man too well, but he had been there in the last terrible scene—and he had tried to save her lover.

As the weeks passed she admitted him to some share in her life, as he had been a sharer in its tragedy. And Pelly, with a tactfulness and delicacy beyond what she had deemed him capable of, found ways of making himself well-nigh indispensable. He was with her a great deal.

He had decided to stay ashore, he said. He had saved some money and was looking into the garage business.

At last Pelly poured out his heart again. Constance, softened toward the man and thinking of herself as one whose wrecked life could thereafter yield some shreds of content only in giving happiness to others, did not definitely deny him. It was too soon, she said, for such thoughts. As for the future—who could tell?

At the end of four months, because he had been cautious and discreet and very kind, and devoted himself to her wholly, there came an evening when the time seemed ripe to Pelly to clinch his chain. They stood at the gate of Constance's boarding place. Pelly, with a world of deference and an obvious struggle to muster the needed courage, placed his hand over the slender one that lay upon the pickets.

"Constance," he said, "if you can't live in sunshine, why not at least take shelter from the storm?"

Why not, indeed? Why keep on with this life of racking torment, all so hopelessly useless, when there lay at hand peace, security, usefulness, perhaps content?

The girl, hesitating for an answer, gazed far off down the quiet summer street where the whispering maples cast flickering shadows across the form of the only wayfarer in sight, a man just passing hurriedly under the corner arc lamp. Suddenly Constance's form stiffened.

A strange, wild, eager light sprang into her eyes. "Frank!" she cried, and instantly was gone, running like a child down the street and into the very arms of the oncomer.

When, in their mutual joy and in the girl's tumultuous resurrection of happiness, they reached the gate Fenton Pelly was not there. Constance never saw him again. It was very strange, she told Frank over and over again, that their good friend should have so unaccountably disappeared.

And though Frank told in circumstance the miraculous story of his rescue from a huddle of ship's joiner work that he had grasped in the nick of time—how he had been picked up by a fore-and-aft bound from New Orleans to Good Hope, and started back within the hour, and with no chance to cable, on a tramp that carried no wireless and had reached port only three hours before—there was one thing she did not tell Constance till after they were married.

Pelly's story was true, save in one detail. "I was the last man to try to get into Pelly's boat," said Frank, "and I could have made it, for I had gripped the gunwale with both hands and was not exhausted. But he beat my hands with the butt of a pistol that he always carried at sea, and I had to let go. I knew why, of course; it was because he wanted you. And the reason I didn't wire from New York today was because I didn't want him to get away; I wanted to put him over the jumps for what he did. But when I got home and you met me the way you did—why, Pelly might have stayed right here for all of me. He's punished worse, far worse, than the law

J. W. White, President. John Lemburg, Sr., Vice President. I. F. Lehberg, Cashier.  
E. A. Loewler and E. F. Willmann Assistant Cashiers

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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.

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could ever punish him—having you know."

**Valley of Wonders.**

A veritable natural masterpiece is the "Closed Cathedral," of Red Rock canyon, in southern California, a study in magnificent coloring, so gorgeous and yet so softly harmonious that no mortal artist's brush could hope to equal it. The edifice is of tremendous size, with an entrance 25 feet high and 15 feet wide, solidly blocked at a depth of 12 feet. Pure white, deep blue, red, yellow, green, and all the intervening shades are blended in the decorative scheme. One of the results is the suggestion of an immense stained-glass window. The whole aspect is of vast antiquity, enhanced by a crack or fault extending diagonally across the front, and through the general formation—evidence of an earth slide before or possibly soon after the processes of erosion began. So realistic is the cathedral effect that one involuntarily listens for bells calling the pious to prayers.—John L. Von Blon in the Wide World Magazine.

**The Strenuous Life.**

This phrase originated with the late Theodore Roosevelt. In a speech at the Hamilton club, Chicago, in 1899, he said: "I wish to preach not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life; the life of toil and effort, of labor and strife; to preach that higher form of success which comes, not to the man who desires merely easy peace, but to the man who does not shrink from danger, from hardships or from bitter toil, and who out of these wins splendid ultimate triumph."

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

**Men Who Are Listened To.**

When you speak only what you're sure of you will get a hearing. Every assembly has in it some few fellows who take upon themselves the directing of affairs. They know just what ought to be done next and are free to tell it. They have opinions on every subject and want people to know that they are thinkers. And it's amusing to see how often their opinions are listened to with varying interest and calmly disregarded by the people they were supposed to benefit. We have even heard the presiding officer ask the opinion of some quiet man who has been a silent listener, and that opinion lead to definite action on the part of the assembly. In fact, it often happens that after the mouthing have ended the matter to the limit a few words from one who speaks only when he has something to say disposes of the matter.—Exchange.

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### In the Spring Time

Any fool knows enough to carry an umbrella when it rains, but



the wise man is ne who carries one when it is only cloudy. Any man will send for a doctor when he gets bedfast, but the wiser one is he who adopts proper measures before his ills become serious. During a hard winter or the following spring one feels run-down, tired out, weak and nervous. Probably you have suffered from a cold, the Grip or flu, which has left you thin, weak and pale. This is the time to put your system in order. It is time for house-cleaning.

A good, old-fashioned alternative and temperance tonic is one made of wild roots and barks, without the use of alcohol, and called Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, in tablet or liquid form. This is nature's tonic, which restores the tone of the stomach, activity of the liver and steadiness to the nerves, strengthening the whole system. First put up by Dr. Pierce over 50 years ago, now procurable at any drug store; or send 10 cents to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for trial package.

### SOCIAL ARBITER AT WASHINGTON

Department of State Is Court of Last Resort.

#### FIXES SEATING OF GUESTS

Takes Big Responsibility Off the Shoulders of Hostess—No One Can Take Offense If His Place Does Not Suits His Idea of Prominence—Washington Social Structure Founded on Its Elaborate Calling System.

The department of state is society's court of last resort in the capital.

The burden of responsibility for seating guests in their proper order no longer rests upon the shoulders of Washington's society women.

Those who plan an entertainment for a titled guest or other distinguished visitor call up a certain official in the state department and all the details are arranged. The master of ceremonies is a Mr. Cook.

For example, the state department approves a dinner and sets a date, but its responsibility does not end there.

Within a few days Mrs. Blank sends in her list of guests and Mr. Cook's office arranges the order in which they are to be seated. No question can arise as to the taste of the lady; no one can take offense if his place does not suit his idea of prominence. The state department has seated the guests, and its dictum is final.

**Many "Precedents" Broken.**  
The very lack of rank in society in this country has exaggerated the importance of rank. Precedents have been set by one president and another. Custom and unwritten law have been the causes of many disputes. Nearly every administration brought about new social problems, and nearly every president's wife broke some "precedent" by not following exactly the methods of the lady preceding her.

Society at the capital has been somewhat varied and almost chaotic in the Wilson administration. During the war the formality and much of the gaiety ceased. The White House, occupied with war and the serious problems of the times, gave little attention to the lighter side. The society women at the capital turned their talents toward war relief and supplementary war work.

The foundation upon which is built the complicated structure of Washington society is the calling system. The newcomers make the first calls, and the women whose husbands hold the lowest offices are expected to pay their respects to the ladies of higher "rank."

Some idea as to the proportions reached by social duties can be gained from statistics of cabinet ladies' obligations. They average between 500 and 1,000 calls.

To classify and simplify their duties, most of the women in Washington have adopted a system of book keeping. Mrs. Roosevelt's social secretary developed this system of books which has been adopted.

**Leave Cards at White House.**  
Mrs. Woodrow Wilson does not receive calls in the ordinary sense of the expression. Women wishing to pay their respects to the present "first lady" call at the White House and leave their cards. Later they may write to Mrs. Wilson's social secretary that they wish to meet her.

At intervals Mrs. Wilson gives in formal teas for about 30 women, which are known as altogether charming affairs. This is her manner of receiving calls.

The foreign visitors to this country in the last year have been received and entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Marshall.

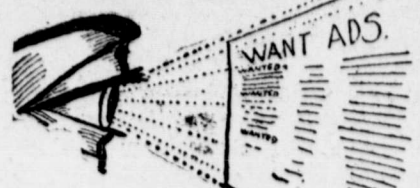
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Martin D. Loring, Publisher.

**LOST**—Last Saturday near Mason; a riding bridle. Finder please leave at this office.

**Money to Lend**—Runge & Runge

### THROUGH THE



### WANT COLUMNS

**LOST**—On April 3, between the Comanche creek and Hedwigs Hill; a blue plaid gingham dress and a plaid plaid gingham dress combined with white. Finder please return to Mrs. H. ugo Kelly.

**FOR SALE**—About 450 head of muttons, a few nannies. All good shearers. See Aug. Simon, Mason, Texas. 4-8-2tp

**FOR SALE**—Registered Poland China and registered Duroc Jersey pigs. See Wm. Willmann.

**GOOD COW PONIES**—I just returned from New Mexico with some good 4 year old saddle horses. Will be in Mason Saturday. See me if you want a few good horses. Wesley Lefebvre.

**LOST OR STRAYED**—A small span of mules; a sorrel and a black; hooked together with a trace chain. Disappeared about weeks ago. Anyone knowing about them will notify L. F. Eckert, Mason, Texas.

**FOR SALE**—91 head of grown sheep and about 43 lambs. See E. Commerfeld, Grit. 4-15tf

**FOR SALE**—Duroc Jersey pigs; registered and subject to registration. From 4 months down. P. H. Martin Menard, Texas.

**FOR SALE**—Six Hereford Bulls. Write or call V. W. Cranford, Telephone No. 4111, Menard, Texas.

**WANTED**—An energetic young man to work in my tire shop as an apprentice. Apply to P. W. Lemons, phones 53 or 311, Fredericksburg, Texas. 1t

**FORD FOR SALE**—Excellent condition, see H. B. Cogdell, Llano Texas. 2tp

**FOR SALE**—A few head of Registered Hereford cattle. If interested write S. H. Mayo, Brady, Texas. 2t

**LOST**—On court house square; black hat, lavender drapes and black ribbon. Finder please notify Mrs. P. A. Bynum. 2t

**FOR SALE**—A Duroc Jersey Boar is ready for service. 4-1-4t  
A. C. Loeffler.

**FARM IMPLEMENTS FOR SALE**—Inquire of Calvin Thaxton, Mason, Texas. 2tf

**FOR SALE**—Several registered Poland China pigs. See William Splittgerber. 4-1

**FOR SALE**—642 acres of land in the John Sutherland survey, near Castell—Good farm, houses, pens and water. Easy terms. ad-4t  
Mrs. J. Harges Jones, 669 Elmwood Street, Houston, Texas.

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

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

**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.

**REGISTERED HEREFORDS**—Bulls from 2 to 5 years old for sale. If interested see or phone E. W. Kothmann 3-4tf

**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**—10 h. p. Krueger-Atlas engine and silo cutter. Reasonable price. If interested see D. H. Bickenenbach. 1f19

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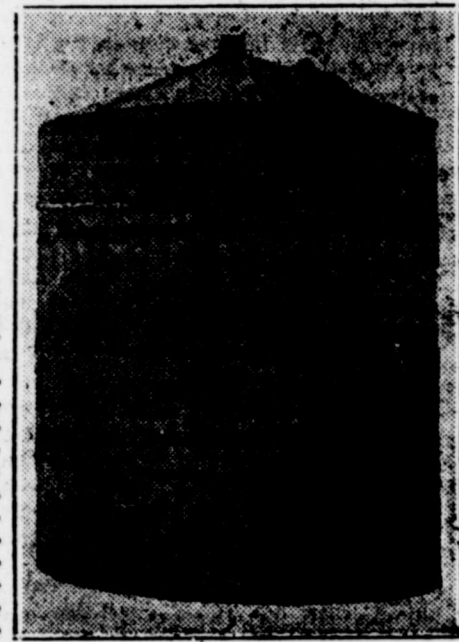
Over Two and a Half Million Responsibility.

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.

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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.

#### VICTOR NO. 94888

Known as the F. A. Banks horse will make this season at the Probst farm 1 1/2 miles west of Katemey. Terms:—\$12.50; \$2.50 down, balance when colt is born. Positively will not breed on Sunday. Ernest A. Probst, 3-18-4t  
Katemey, Texas. 4-29

#### NOTICE

I will stand the Ed Barton jack this season at Field Creek. \$7.00 by the season; \$10.00 insurance. Can pasture some mares. 5-1  
T. B. Barton.

#### SIMON NO. 2638

A Registered Jack, will make his first season this year at my place. \$15 to insure colt. Will pasture mares at \$1.00 a month or 4 cents a day. Care will be exercised to avoid accidents to mares, but will positively not be responsible should any occur.  
Chas. Pluennéke, Castell, Texas.

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