

ALBERT E. SMITH
 PRESENTS
HARRY MOREY
 WITH
BETTY BLYTHE
 IN
JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD'S
 POWERFUL DRAMA OF LOVE
 AND THE STERN HAND
 OF RETRIBUTION
"TANGLED LIVES"

AT THE MAJESTIC
 A VITAGRAPH BLUE
 RIBBON FEATURE
 5 cents and 15 cents

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

Potatoes in Greenland do not grow larger than an ordinary marble.

Mushrooms, a world-wide product, are as plentiful in Siberia as in the tropics.

In Vienna there is a cafe which has been open day and night for 150 years.

Eggs of different species of birds greatly differ in shape, but the yolks are invariably spherical.

Switzerland shares with Scotland the distinction of being the best educated country in the world.

Over a thousand camels are used in Queensland as a means of transport across the arid districts, and the number is rapidly increasing.

Among the Moors women do not celebrate their birthday. A Moorish woman considers it a point of honor to be absolutely ignorant of her age.

Some of the finest lace in the world is made by the women of the Philippine islands from a strong, silky fiber obtained from pineapple leaves.

SAYS THE OFFICE OWL

The freshman is always a first-class fellow.

Many seeds of kindness are scattered in poor soil.

It is the dance music that always reaches the sole.

It is easier to accept a position than it is to hold a job.

If your luck isn't what it should be, write a "p" in front of it and try again.

Genius lights its own fires, but it has constantly to collect fresh fuel to keep alive the flame.

THE SPITE FENCE
 By GLADYS E. SALTER.

Robert Lane took a dislike to his new neighbor, Burton Price, within a week after the latter had moved from another part of the town next to the Lane home. Price was a quiet, unassuming man with a large family, his children happened to break one of Mr. Lane's windows in playing ball, their dog rooted up some of the garden stuff Mr. Lane had carefully planted and that was the start of Mr. Lane's ill feeling.

It is true that Mr. Price stepped over to his neighbor's house, insisted on paying for the window and having the garden damage repaired. That mollified Mr. Lane somewhat, but the next evening Mr. Lane stepped over to the Price home and returned, his brow like a thunder cloud.

"What is the trouble, Robert?" inquired his wife.

"That Price! I'm through with him. Netta," to his eighteen-year-old daughter, "I hear that you let that Price cub walk with you to the seminary. Cut it out! As to the smaller children, I look to you, Martha, to see that they don't associate with that brood next door."

"Why, Robert!" echoed Mrs. Lane, "whatever has crossed you?"

"Price has, and I'll see that he regrets it. I stepped over in a kind of neighborly way to ask him to vote for Waller for sheriff. Price informed me calmly that Waller was not the kind of a man he could recommend."

"Well—could he?" challenged Mrs. Lane, significantly. "You know Waller associates with the worst class in town."

"Never mind. I'm going to try for mayor this fall, ain't I?" demanded Lane. "By catering a bit to Waller in the spring county election, he'll return the compliment and help me win out in the fall, won't he?"

So within a week there was a set condition of feud between the two families.

"I'll fence those vandals in," he vociferated, and hired a carpenter to build a fence twelve feet high.

Mr. Price continued to bow courteously to Lane, although the latter rebuffed him with a scowl. It nettled the latter to the point of distraction when he discovered that the spite fence made an excellent surface for the Price children to play handball. He nearly collapsed one evening when he came upon Netta, receiving through a knothole in the spite fence a rose poked through by her ardent lover, young Dudley Price.

"We won't have to stand that factious brood much longer!" he remarked to his wife. "Soon as I'm elected to the mayoralty I'm going to move to a better part of the town."

One evening Lane arose to face a decidedly unpleasant incident. During the night some nimble burglar had scaled the spite fence, climbed into the upper room and made off with a lot of jewelry and money.

"If it had not been for the fence," began Mrs. Lane, and then thought it wiser not to further disturb her disgruntled husband.

A week after that Lane came home to view wreck and ruin. There had been a furious windstorm about noon, and fully 50 feet of the fence had been blown down.

"If it hadn't been for the fence," began Mrs. Lane again, but again subsided, for Lane was boiling over with ill humor as he began to realize that his unneighborly tactics were bearing bitter fruit.

The fall election neared and the town was split up between the two main political parties and an independent group, comprising the workers in the plant at the other end of town, where Mr. Price was employed. One day the manager in charge of the Lane campaign came to him with a rather anxious face.

"Tell you, Lane," he said. "It's going to be a close shave."

"Why, how can that be when we represent the usual majority party?"

"Well, to be plain with you, there's a defection. A good many are shying away from you."

"What for?"

"That spite fence business hasn't made a very good impression with the conservative class. It's true your opponent will lose a good many votes because he has antagonized the mill people, but their independent votes count up in the hundreds."

As the days went on Lane began to realize that his manager was a pretty shrewd analyst. Lane became gloomy over the prospect. The night before election he came home restless and pessimistic. It was a foregone conclusion that he had lost weight in his own party. About eight o'clock someone called him up on the phone.

"Mr. Lane? Yes? I am about to address the Independents at the mill," a voice spoke. "I want to ask you a question."

"All right," replied Lane, wondering who his interlocutor might be.

"Are you in favor of putting through the new road for the convenience and property benefit of the workers?"

"Decidedly. Who is this?"

"I'm your neighbor, Price. On your pledge, Mr. Lane, we'll see that you are elected."

And he was, and Robert Lane learned his lesson. If he winced when he compared the kindly impulses of his neighbor with his own soured nature, he felt he was on his way to reform as he removed the last vestige of the spite fence, and was not adverse to having Dudley Price call at the house twice a week.



CAMOUFLAGE IN CLOTHES

Great word, camouflage; great thing too; fools 'em. Makes a transport-road look like a dense thicket; makes a ship look like part of the ocean.

It's all right in war, but not in clothes; you'll find plenty of it in clothes; don't let yourself be fooled.

All wool fabrics, high-class tailoring, correct, lively style; the real thing, not merely appearances. Be sure of it all.

C. H. BIGGS
 Style-Plus Clothes

THIS AD IS SWIPED DON'T READ IT

SOME TIME

You will be in need of printing of some kind. Whether it be letter-heads, statements, wedding invitations or hand bills, remember we can turn out the work at the lowest cost consistent with good work. When it comes to neat and effective printing of any kind it is our hobby to give you satisfaction.

COME IN

And renew your subscription the next time you are in town. We print all the local news and give you a paper worth many times the money you pay for it.

BARGAINS

That will save you many dollars that escape you if you fail to read carefully and regularly the advertising of the local merchants in this paper. The merchants who advertise here will give you the best bargains because they are interested in the general welfare of the community as well as their own private business.

ABOVE ALL

Don't forget to tell us when you have visitors, or any item of news, so that we can print a live, newsy paper, which in turn will help build up the community.

THE SAN SABA NEWS

RIDDLES AND ANSWERS

- What word may be pronounced quicker by adding a syllable? Quick.
- What tune makes everybody glad? Fortune.
- Why was George Washington like a piano? Because he was grand, upright and square.
- Why is the letter A like 12 o'clock noon? Because it is the middle of day.
- What is the best thing to take before singing? Breath.
- At what age should a man marry? At the parsonage.
- Put four letters before a Southern city and spell a vehicle? Automobile.
- If Dick's father is Tom's son, what relation is Dick to Tom? Grandson.
- Why may carpenters reasonably believe there is no such thing as stone? Because they never saw it.
- What nation is most likely to win out at the peace conference? Determination.
- Why does a window pane blush at this time of the year? Because it sees the weather strip.
- What is the keynote to good manners? B natural.

ABOUT NUTS

- One acre of walnut trees produces in one year, food equal to:
 - Fourteen thousands pounds, or a shipload, of red bass.
 - Fifteen thousand pounds of lobsters.
 - Sixty thousand eggs.
 - Two hundred and fifty thousand frogs.
 - One ton of mutton, or thirteen sheep.

WORTH KNOWING

- Palm trees have been known to live 250 years.
- The Laplander can cover 150 miles a day on his skates.

MEMORIAL SOLDIERS FUND

Everybody seems to want a suitable monument or memorial erected in honor of the soldier boys from San Saba County in this war for humanity and "that liberty should not perish from the earth." The NEWS will open the subscription list for this purpose. We will receive no money at all, but will keep this list standing and those who want to subscribe to this worthy fund may report from week to week. When the matter of the erection of this monument or memorial takes definite form in the way of a committee of some kind this will be turned over to them and they will call for the money.

Even a small amount from a large number of people will put up a memorial worthy of the dead and those who served, and also worthy of the people who honor their memory and services.

The list is now started.

T. C. Henry	\$10.00
G. H. Hagan	\$10.00
N. L. Schnabel	\$10.00
San Saba News	\$10.00
W. F. Sullivan	\$10.00
Tom Gose	\$10.00
T. A. Murray	\$100.00
R. Kolb	\$5.00

Buy some of that fine seed corn at Will Ashby's.

Ensign Herbert Bursleson was in San Saba one day last week. He's visiting his mother at Richland Springs. Herbert is a Richland Springs boy who has made good. He enlisted in the navy as a private and by steady application has risen step by step until he is now a commissioned officer.

Mrs. Jno. T. Baker of Brownwood is visiting her mother, Mrs. Emma Sloan, at the ranch this week.

Dr. and Mrs. Beaumont will visit in San Antonio the latter part of the week.

Buy your fishing tackle at W. A. Martin's.