

The OZONA STOCKMAN

Published Every Thursday at Ozona, Crockett County, Texas.
"Biggest Little Town in the World"
W. EVART WHITE, Ed. & Pub.



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Any erroneous reflection upon the character of any person or firm appearing in these columns will be gladly and promptly corrected upon calling the attention of the management to the article in question.

Notice of church entertainments where admission is charged, card of thanks, resolution of respect and all matters not news, will be charged for at regular advertising rates.

THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1930.

Who is your banker? Is he the man who sits behind the rail in your bank and studies your proposition, investigates your standing and lends you money in proportion to your holdings at a fair rate of interest? Or is he your merchant who sells you goods on a 30-day basis without investigating your rating and without charging you interest? When your note is due at the bank, don't you pay it off or pay the accrued interest and get it extended? When your 30-day account is due at your merchant's do you pay it off or do you let it run on without interest while you take your money to the bank or to your note holders and pay off there and let your merchant carry you without a dime in interest on the money he has tied up in your account?

When your merchant buys goods from his wholesaler he has to pay real money for them, most of them on a fifteen day basis and none over 30 days. In order to maintain an efficient plant to serve you he must sell those goods at more than he paid for them to make what is called a profit. Out of that profit must come the expense of maintaining that plant for your convenience, paying taxes to support local and state government, and paying personal living expenses.

Since the merchant must pay for what he gets from the wholesaler, he must get money for what he sells. If he must wait two, three, four months or years to get the money that is due him from what he sells, he must either go out of business or go to his banker and borrow money at interest. If he keeps on borrowing money and paying interest on it and putting it out in turn to his customers without interest how long will he last? Are you being fair to him when you hold his money—and taking his goods is the same thing as taking his money—without interest while he must go to the bank and borrow money and pay interest for it?

Business houses doing credit business equip themselves to do business in that manner, whether it is on weekly or monthly basis, but when accounts are allowed to run longer than the specified time, it is literally taking something from the merchant that does not belong to you. When you use the merchant's money without paying him for the use of it, you are just cheating him out of that much. It is a huge investment for him without a dime's return, in fact, it costs him in dollars and cents the interest that you do not pay on his money yet are using. He must borrow the money you owe him and pay interest on it while you use it without paying for it.

The modern business world does business on a business-like basis. Big business interests do not let accounts become overdue, either due or payable accounts. That is a costly method. When Ozona people buy in the cities they pay for what they buy, either cash at purchase or in not more than thirty days. But not all of them do the same by their home merchants. And after all, home is where you live, enjoy the comforts and happiness of community life and you are cheating yourself and everybody else in the community when you do not do all that you can, your share at least, toward making that community a better place to live and

thus increasing the happiness and comfort to be derived from living in it.

POETRY AND LIFE

The announcement that John Masfield has been appointed Poet Laureate of England, succeeding the late Robert Bridges, revives interest in poetry as a means of expression, as well as in the ancient office of Poet Laureate to the King of England.

The earlier Poets Laureate were a kind of glorified royal minstrels who were supposed to sound the praises of the King on every possible occasion. Naturally, the necessity for being a sort of lyrical "yes-man" did not attract the poets of the highest genius and there have been few holders of that title whose names are now remembered. But when Queen Victoria appointed Alfred Tennyson as Laureate a new style was set. Tennyson refused to write poetry to order. He did compose some

verses in commemoration of events in the life of royalty, but they rank among his poorest work. But Tennyson was the greatest poet of his day, one of the greatest who ever wrote in the English language, and he gave to the title of Poet Laureate a new dignity.

Tennyson's successor, Robert Bridges was regarded in literary circles as a first-rate poet, but his work has never had the popular appeal that Tennyson's had. Few of his poems are known at all in America. For that matter, few of John Masfield's poems are known on this side of the water. The only living English poet whose work has had American popularity comparable with Tennyson's is Rudyard Kipling, and Kipling is now an old man and probably would not have accepted the post of Laureate even if it had been offered to him. And that was out of the question, since the King's appointment was made on the recommendation of the Prime Minister, and the present Prime Minister, Ramsay

McDonald, is at odds with his predecessor, Stanley Baldwin, who happens to be Kipling's brother-in-law.

John Masfield is a different sort of poet, English to the core, he has expressed in his poems a deep sympathy with and understanding of the working classes and the "under dogs" generally. His youth was spent in poverty, one almost says a tramp. He served before the mast as a sailor, found himself stranded in New York and earned his bed and board by acting as a porter for a friendly saloon keeper. Yet his poem, "Reynard the Fox", brought him the instant approval of the English aristocracy. He now lives at Oxford, in the shadow of the historic university, and runs a little theater where he produces original plays.

In another respect John Masfield differs from the traditional poet; he is a teetotaler. "Inspiration must come from a man's own soul and not from alcohol," he

says. He is now 55 years old with every expectation of twenty years more of productive life, during which everything he writes will be eagerly read all over the world.

For Rent—2 furnished rooms, hot and cold water and bath. Cool rooms and reasonable price.—Call

H. A. Moore at Moore's Cafe, 6-1c.

Mrs. James Farr of San Angelo was the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Friend, several days last week.

Don Porter of Sweetwater was a week-end guest in the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Bargett.

Blacksmith and Machine Shop
— Wagon and Wood Work —

O. W. Smith
Blacksmith & Machine Shop

Crockett Co. Annual Stock Show and Sale

Rodeo and Race Meet

OZONA, TEXAS

July 3-4-5

Rambouillet Sheep Show

V. I. Pierce, Wilse Owens, Chairmen

Registered Class Type "B"	1st.	2nd.	3rd.	4th.
Aged Ram over two years	10.00	5.00	2.00	Rib.
Yearling Ram	10.00	5.00	2.00	Rib.
Aged Ewe over two years	10.00	5.00	2.00	Rib.
Yearling Ewe	10.00	5.00	2.00	Rib.
Champion Ram	10.00			
Champion Ewe	10.00			
Group—1 yearling ram, 2 yearling ewes	10.00	5.00	2.00	Rib.
Registered Class Type "C"				
Aged Ram over two years	10.00	5.00	2.00	Rib.
Yearling Ram	10.00	5.00	2.00	Rib.
Aged Ewe over two years	10.00	5.00	2.00	Rib.
Yearling Ewe	10.00	5.00	2.00	Rib.
Champion Ram	10.00			
Champion Ewe	10.00			
Group—1 yearling ram, 2 yearling ewes	10.00	5.00	2.00	Rib.
Ram with best fleece wool	15.00			
Ewe with best fleece wool	15.00			

WOOL SHOW

James Miller, Chairman

Fine French Combing	15.00	10.00	5.00
Fine Clothing	15.00	10.00	5.00
Fine Staple	15.00	10.00	5.00

Angora Goat Show

\$200.00 In Premiums

Allen Robertson, Chairman

This is the first year of the Goat Show and Sale. Accommodations will be provided as for the other stock exhibits.

Registered Herefords

Joe T. Davidson, Chairman

BULL CLASSES	1st.	2nd.	3rd.
Bull born before Jan. 1, 1929	25.00	10.00	5.00
Bull born between Jan. 1, 1929 and Jan. 1, 1930	50.00	30.00	20.00
Bull born after Jan. 1, 1930	25.00	10.00	5.00
Grand Champion Bull	50.00		

COW CLASSES

Cow born before Jan. 1, 1929	25.00	10.00	5.00
Cow born between Jan. 1, 1929 and Jan. 1, 1930	25.00	10.00	5.00
Cow born after Jan. 1, 1930	25.00	10.00	5.00
Grand Champion Cow	50.00		
Cow and calf	25.00	10.00	5.00
Get of sire (1 bull, 1 heifer)	25.00	10.00	5.00

Grade cattle will be awarded money and ribbons in their respective classes.

Remount Colt Show

Rob Miller Chairman

Best Stud Colt—First, \$50.00; Second, \$25.00.
Best Filly Colt—First, \$50.00; Second, \$25.00.
A Cash Prize of \$50.00 will be given for the Best Crockett County Two-year-old.

Free Barbecue Each Day

JULY 3rd

Paul Perner, Chairman of Races

2:00—BREAKAWAY	\$50 1st, \$25 2nd, \$75 Final
3:00—BRONC RIDING	\$50 Day, \$50 Final
4:00—COW MILKING	\$25 Day, \$50 Final
5:00—CALF ROPING	\$75 1st, \$25 2nd, \$75 Final
6:30—1/4-MILE (2-yr.-old) RACE	\$50 1st, \$25 2nd
6:00—3/4-MILE RACE	\$75 1st, \$50 2nd, \$25 3rd
6:30—1/2-MILE RACE	\$75 1st, \$50 2nd, \$25 3rd

JULY 4th

SAN ANGELO and DEL RIO DAY

2:00—BRONC RIDING	\$50 Day, \$50 Final
3:00—COW MILKING	\$25 Day, \$50 Final
4:00—CALF ROPING	\$75 1st, \$25 2nd, \$75 Final
MAVERICK CALF ROPING	\$50 Prize
5:00—1/2-MILE RACE	\$75 1st, \$50 2nd, \$25 3rd
5:30—3/4-MILE RACE	\$75 1st, \$50 2nd, \$25 3rd
6:00—1/4-MILE RACE	\$75 1st, \$50 2nd, \$25 3rd
6:30-BUSINESS MEN'S DERBY	\$150 1st, \$75 2nd, \$25 3rd
6:45—WILD HORSE RACE	\$40 1st, \$20 2nd

JULY 5th

2:00—BREAKAWAY	\$50 1st, \$25 2nd, \$75 Final
3:00—BRONC RIDING	\$50 Day, \$50 Final
4:00—COW MILKING	\$25 Day, \$50 Final
5:00—CALF ROPING	\$75 1st, \$25 2nd, \$75 Final
5:30—3/4-MILE RACE	\$75 1st, \$50 2nd, \$25 3rd
6:00—1/2-MILE RACE	\$75 1st, \$50 2nd, \$25 3rd
6:30—RANCHMEN'S DERBY	\$150 1st, \$75 2nd, \$25 3rd
6:45—NON-WINNER RACE	\$60 1st, \$30 2nd, \$10 3rd.

Dancing Each Night
Good Music
Open Air Platform
Carnival Attraction

Those interested in the Stock Shows and Sales, write Chairman of each division for any information desired.

\$5,000 In Purses & Prizes

C. H. McMILLAN, Okmulgee, Okla., Secretary and Starter of Races

22, 1930.
Cafe, 6-12
San Angelo
parents, Mr.
nd, several
water was
to home of
grett.

Miss Nobody from Nowhere

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

Exactly how and when the experience began, Eve could not afterward explain. It is possible that there had been a blank interval of twenty minutes, perhaps a half an hour—before she became conscious that anything was wrong. When the knowledge struck her, however, it struck like a blow. She realized with a terrifying certainty not only that she did not know where she was, but that she did not even know who she was.

Her eyes took in her immediate surroundings. She was obviously on a wide street or avenue of a large city, for crowds of men and women hurried past her, and all around there were imposing buildings and shops with flaunting window displays. The street held nothing she could recognize; yet she had a frantic feeling that she really knew it very well. Occasionally she caught words uttered in the throng, and these clearly carried their meaning to her brain; but no one spoke to her and no one looked at her closely.

Something, she knew well enough, was done to persons in a situation like hers. They were asked questions . . . taken somewhere . . . perhaps surrounded by a curious crowd. Every instinct warned her to avoid such a development. She must be so natural in her actions that others would continue to ignore her.

She then became conscious that she was standing still on the sidewalk. She straightened, and, walking to the extreme edge of the curb, looked up and down the street as if waiting for cab or omnibus.

But the road had no trolley tracks, and the omnibuses—there were omnibuses, and she felt an odd relief at sight of the familiar unwieldy objects—did not stop for passengers in the middle of the

block. She read their signs, but these gave her no help, though they led to a deepening of the frantic sense that she knew all about these places if only she could remember what she knew.

Her first impulse was to take the next omnibus, to go as far as it would carry her, and thus gain time to pull herself. But she rejected this. She might be herself again—any minute, and then she would be on familiar ground; whereas, if she wandered from it, who could tell how far she might go, or where? There was a chance, too, that she had a companion who had temporarily lost sight of her, or who was in one of those nearby shops and had asked her to wait. . . . No, she must remain where she was, or near there, for a time at least.

A passing stranger gave her a quick and curious glance. Why? She quickened her pace till she reached the corner; standing there close to the curb, she looked up and down, as if waiting for a bus.

Looking down at her hands, she had discovered that she was carrying a small bag. In it, surely, there would be cards, or a note-book or letter or some other clue to her identity.

She drew farther away from the waiting group and with trembling fingers opened the bag. Like most of the bags women carry, it was divided into two compartments—a center one, closed, for bank-notes and coins, and the remaining space for miscellaneous possessions. She snapped open the center compartment and saw a reassuring display of bank-notes and silver, which she did not take time to examine. She closed it with a throb of thankfulness (at least she was not destitute) and pulled out the other articles in the purse.

There were only three—a handkerchief without initials, still in

the folds the laundress had ironed in it, a small pair of nose-glasses in a silk case, marked with the name of a Paris maker, a vanity-box, containing a mirror, a charcoal powder-pad, and a cream face-powder. She glanced into the mirror, and the inspection gave her a shock of surprise. She looked like that, whoever she was. But it was appalling to find nothing helpful in the hand-bag!

Her pockets? Of course she had none. The day was a warm one in early September, and she was wearing a one-piece reseda-green silk gown, with no coat. She looked into the mirror again. It reflected the face of a girl about twenty-two or twenty-three, with bronze-colored hair, bobbed and waved, good features, wide, frightened gray-green eyes, and an unnatural pallor. As she returned the mirror to the bag she discovered that she was wearing a wrist-watch, also of Paris make, on a gold-ribbon band. She took it off and examined it carefully. It bore no individual marking of any kind.

Again she was conscious of curious glances. Before she had time to pull herself together she heard a voice, speaking in accents of authority.

"Anything wrong, miss?" it asked; and she found herself looking up into the eyes of a big policeman.

Her heart stod still, then dropped.

"No," she said quickly. "No, no, of course not."

"Oh, all right," he said easily, but with steady eyes on her face. "Thought you mighta lost something from that purse."

She had a feeling that she was in deadly peril. Another moment, and he would be leading her away, to be asked questions she couldn't answer. . . . She must keep steady. Clearly, it would not do to linger

there much longer, and when another omnibus had come and gone she turned away, choosing a cross-street on an impulse to get away from under the officer's nose.

She had walked half a block before she dared to glance back to see if the policeman had followed her. He had not, but some one else had; and even as she turned the pursuer spoke.

"Pardon me. But can I help you in any way?" he asked.

She stared at him with an uprush of anger. Must she be hounded by the inquisitive, or driven mad by some street lizard? But the voice was an agreeable one, and the face at which she looked matched it. It was the tanned, smooth-shaven face of a young man in the middle twenties, with thick brown hair, good features, and unusually heavy eyebrows. She had seen him among those near her while she waited for the omnibus.

"Pardon me," he repeated, and she saw that he held his straw hat in his hand. "You seem to be in some kind of trouble." Seeing the panic in her eyes, he added hastily: "As we're guests at the same hotel, I thought you might let me help you out."

Notwithstanding his tact and his casual tone, the young man was rather overwhelmed by the way the girl's white face seemed to flush into flame as she heard his words. He had been right, then. Something was wrong with her, and it was no trifle, either.

"Oh," she gasped, "you know me?"

He controlled his surprise at the strangeness of question and manner, telling himself he must get to the bottom of this. The girl was up against something and was frightened out of her wits.

"I don't," he regretfully admitted, "except by sight. But I've seen you at the table next to mine in the hotel dining-room these last three nights, and that makes me feel that I know you. Perhaps it gives me the right to offer help, if you need any—"

He stopped, and for a moment steadily met what was, he afterwards told himself, the strangest look he had ever seen in a girl's eyes. It held many things, of which

the chief was fear, with suspicion added, as well as hesitation and a dawning, indescribably pathetic hope.

A little farther down the block a public building stood, surrounded by a small park whose outstanding features were a fountain, a few trees, and half a dozen benches. He indicated it with a nod.

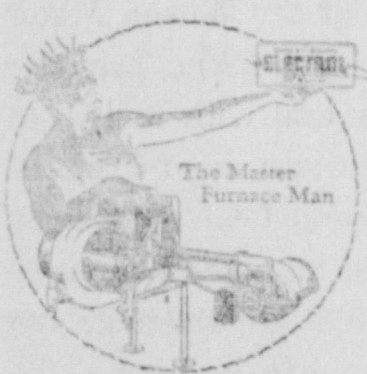
(Continued On Page 6)



AT NOMINAL YEARLY COST
YOU CAN HAVE A
Safe Deposit Box
FOR KEEPING

- Jewelry :-: Deeds :-: Leases :-: Bonds
- Notes :-: Mortgages :-: Wills :-: Contracts :-: Letters :-: Keepsakes
- Diaries :-: Army Papers :-: Marriage Certificates :-: Insurance Policies :-: Birth Certificates :-: Receipted Bill!

Ozona National Bank



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Let The WEIR Furnace
and ELECTROL Burner Solve
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The most efficient and the most economical automatic heating system ever developed. Positive in action, reliable, simple and efficient. Let us explain the principle and figure with you on the cost of heating your home the modern way.

Plumbing and Sheet Metal Work

We are equipped to serve you on any kind of plumbing or tin work. Get our estimates before you buy.

R. L. Hatton Tin Shop

Phones 222 & 162

Ozona, Texas



Cut Down Losses!

Fight The Blow-Fly!

Since no effective means has been devised to rid the range of the blow-fly pest, the next most effective method for the ranchman to cut down losses from this source is "Dope".

Dope fresh wounds with one of the time-tested fly repellants we offer and flies will not bother, and wounds will heal quickly. We recommend any of the following repellants—

PINETROL

GLOBE

SHOO-FLY

COOPER'S

Available in any quantity wanted

Smith Drug Store

Owned and Operated by Concho Drug Co.



When is a Man Old?

"I dread to come to the end of a year," said a friend recently; "it makes me realize I am growing old."

That suggests a question. When is a man old?

In Shakespeare's time a man was old at forty, and often inviolated long before that.

Sir Walter Scott at fifty-five bemoaned the fact that he was an old man.

Montaigne retired to his castle at thirty-eight to spend his declining years in peace and study.

Dr. Samuel Johnson once remarked that at thirty-five a man had reached his peak, and after that his course must be downward.

Physiologists tell us that in all mammals except man the period of life is five times the period of growth. A dog gets its full growth in two years, and lives ten; a horse in five years, and lives twenty-five. On this basis a man should live from one hundred to one hundred and fifty years.

But William James, the great psychologist, said that most men are "old fogies at twenty-five."

I suppose that is the real answer to the question. When is a man old?

Laplace at seventy-eight died young. He was still unsatisfied, still growing, still sure that he had a lot to learn.

As long as a man can keep himself in that attitude of mind, he is still young.

He was right. Most men at twenty-five are satisfied with their jobs. They have accumulated the little stock of prejudices that they call "principles," and closed their minds to all new ideas; they have ceased to grow.

The minute a man ceases to grow—no matter what his years—that minute he begins to be old.

On the other hand, the really great men never grow old.

Bismarck, who died at eighty-three, did his greatest work after he was seventy.

Titian, the celebrated painter, lived to be ninety-nine, painting right up to the end.

Goethe passed out at eighty-three and finished his "Faust" only a few years earlier; Gladstone took up a new language when he was seventy; Commodore Vanderbilt increased the mileage of his lines from 120 to more than 10,000 between his seventieth birthday and his death at eighty-three.

Laplace, the astronomer, was still at work when death caught up with him at seventy-eight. He died crying, "What we know is nothing; what we do not know is immense."

Mrs. James Robert Bailey of Ballinger, is visiting her son, John Bailey and his family.

The Murray Filling Station, on the Crockett County side of the Pecos River opposite the town of Iraan, was padlocked recently by Sheriff W. S. Willis of this county as a public nuisance.

Lion Talent Used In Speech Fest

Club Discussed Serious And Absurd Topics In Mon. Program

Strictly Lions Club talent was called upon for performance as the program feature at the regular club meeting Monday noon. The program committee had arranged a list of subjects for short speeches and these were drawn from a hat by the members. Sprinkled among the subjects were blank cards and those drawing blanks were not required to speak.

Five of the topics dealt with needs of Ozona, including a new school building, golf course and country club, sewer system, charity organization and incorporation. The new school building was discussed by L. L. Bewley, who pointed out the crowded conditions in the local school and predicted that efforts now being made by school authorities to bring about construction of a new building would meet with success.

The need for a golf course and country club was discussed by M. T. Blackwell. Mr. Blackwell pointed out the fact that there are many golf enthusiasts in Ozona and that every week-end local players drive to neighboring towns to play a round or two. Ozona is capable of having a splendid course, and a country club, with a swimming pool and other amusement features would fill a great need here.

The sewer question was drawn by Rev. J. H. Meredith, who gave a splendid discussion of the need of sanitation in modern urban

life. A. W. Jones drew the topic on a charity organization and called attention to the frequent calls that come to the Lions Club and urged that an organization be perfected to raise a definite fund among citizens of the town for the support of this work. Incorporation of the city was discussed by Ira Carson, who declared that although he was in favor of incorporating Ozona, he would not be in favor of such action now, at least not until after completion of Crockett County's road building program.

Not all of the topics were serious, however. I. G. Rape announced his subject as "What I Know About Women," and declared that his card called for "no speech." "My Most Embarrassing Moment" was humorously told by J. H. McClure and George Harrell brought down the house with a discussion of the subject of "Why I Got Married." Jake Young also created a near riot with his treatise on the "Best Way to Dip Snuff."

George Harrell and J. L. Jordan told of their trip to the state Lions Club Convention in Austin last week. Jordan was entered in the stunt night program Monday night and his act was featured in press write-ups of the stunts the following morning. President M. M. Fulmer also attended the convention, leaving Austin Monday night for New Orleans to attend the Southern Baptist Convention.

Giants Swamp Mike's Campers

Sharp's Lads Make It Track Meet To Win 22 To 0

The Ozona Giants turned a promised baseball game into a track meet at Powell Field last Sunday afternoon when they ran rough shod over Mike Couch's Campers by the lopsided score of 22 to 0.

For four innings it was a good baseball game. The first two of

these were scoreless, while in the third the Giants scored their first marker when Frank Russell slammed out a three-base hit to bring in W. T. Childress, who had walked ahead of him. The fourth inning also went scoreless.

But the fifth saw the start of the Giants' hitting bee. Lee Scallorn, first up in that frame, hit for two bases, and W. T. Childress followed with a single. Scallorn scoring from second. Then Hicks and Frank Russell both hit safely to load the bags. Claud Russell popped out and Bob Weaver forced Childress at home. Red Greer then stepped up and slammed out a three bagger, scoring Hicks, Russell and Weaver. Greer then scored on Jack Sharp's single, and Bill Grimmer fanned to end the frame, with five runs in that inning and a six-run lead.

The sixth was scoreless but the fatal seventh saw the entire Giant team up to bat, seven of them coming up twice, and total of sixteen batters facing the pitcher, and 13 runs scored in the inning. There were errors, errors and errors and hits for one base, two

bases, three bases and home runs until the fans became anxious lest the game last until past their regular supper hour.

In the eighth the Giants threw in three more runs for good measure and the final count of 22 to 0 was considered pretty good measure.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Adams are the parents of a ten-pound boy born April 27 at Cleburne. His name is Kelly Othro Adams.

Mrs. William Chilton, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Kittle, has returned to her home in Comanche.

What You Wear Is
YOUR BUSINESS
But When They Get Dirty, It's
MY BUSINESS

JAKE
Phone 60

AN APPRECIATION

It is with a great deal of regret that I find myself at the end of my business life in Ozona. Eleven years of association with the people of Crockett County has given me something that I shall always cherish—a group of the best friends any man ever had in this world and had not these years been pleasant and gainful otherwise, the knowledge that I have established many lasting friendships would be enough to make the whole period more than worth while.

Announcement is carried on the front page of this issue of The Stockman of the sale of the Wilson Motor Company to Mr. John R. Johnson of Rankin. Transfer of the business takes place today and with arrival of the time when I am no longer in the service of Crockett County people as head of this business, I can not refrain from making some effort to express my sincere appreciation to every one of you for the liberal patronage you have given me during my business life here, for the kind consideration you have always shown me and for the knowledge that I can always count on you as my friends.

It has been a pleasure to serve you in my humble way and I have enjoyed every minute of it. I shall be here several months, possibly, straightening up my business affairs, after which my plans just at present are more or less indefinite.

In this connection, I should like to say a word in behalf of my successor. Mr. Johnson is a splendid man and an astute business man. He will make Crockett County a good citizen and will be an asset to the business life of Ozona. It is my sincere hope that you will accord him the same kindness and consideration and liberal patronage that it has been my good fortune to receive at your hands in the past.

And now, wishing you all the best of good fortune, health, wealth and happiness,

Sincerely,
LEE WILSON

For
Cattle and Sheep
Feed Our
Mineral compound especially prepared for Southwest Texas.
Salt, Screw Worm Killer, Fly Repellent and Fly Bait.
Call or Write Us For Prices
TEXAS STOCKMEN'S SUPPLY CO.
SAN ANGELO, TEXAS

General Building Contractor
Any Kind of Building Anywhere
Estimates Cheerfully Given
L. L. Bewley
Phone 130

TEXAS WOOL & MOHAIR CO.
SAN ANGELO, TEXAS
CAPITAL, \$100,000.00

Liberal Advances on Sheep, Goats Wool and Mohair

WE HAVE WOOL BAGS, SEWING TWINE FLEECE TWINE, BRANDING FLUIDS, ETC.

WILLEKE BROTHERS' WAREHOUSE ON SANTA FE TRACKS

Our new addition to our warehouse gives us 40,000 square feet of additional floor space with a sample and show room, which enables us to give even better service than before.

OFFICERS
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H. Schneemann
Dan Cauthorn
Early Baggett
R. A. Halbert

The Tale the Census Tells

By Albert T. Reid



THE HOME

(Notes from a sermon preached by Rev. J. H. Meredith at the Methodist Church, Sunday, May 18th.)

Text: Deut. 22, 8, "When thou buildest a new house, thou shall build a battlement for the roof."

A glance at history of our civilization shows us that it was builded on the principle of one man and one woman making a home. First there was the family, then several families made the tribe with the tribal leader. Then several families of tribes made the state and several families of states made the nation. Back of it

all is the home, with its ideals, its influences and its law and order.

The home not only produces the races but it also produces human society and culture; the background of the home life leaves its marks that are hard to erase. Not long since we had this fact impressed upon us in this manner. A certain preacher of this state was considered for a certain important position. The preacher is a heroic worker, manifests a fine christian spirit, has accomplished some important undertakings, but when considered for this particular position it was discovered that he was lacking in certain accomplishments. They were hard to name, but there was a lack of

finesse in his personality, in his dress, in his manners, and the lack of this requirement in his personality was traced to his boyhood home and also to the home which he and his wife had builded. The home not only builds the character of children but has its influence on all that live in the home.

Worship first began in the home. Abraham builded an altar wherever he stopped. Jacob builded an altar on his lonely sojourn across the desert and was entertained by heavenly visions for his pains of doing so. We see Jesus confounding the doctors of the law in the temple while but a lad, and back of that we see him

at Mary's knee being taught the truth, and feel the influence of her home life in his wisdom.

Suppose we use Eddie Guest's poem as a text for a while.

"It takes a heap o' livin' in a house to make it home, A heap o' sun and shadder; an' ye sometimes have to roam 'Afore ye really 'preciate the tings ye left behind, 'An' hunger for 'em somehow, with 'em allus on your mind. 'It don't make no diffrunce how rich ye get ter be; 'How much yer chairs an' tables cost, how great yer luxury; 'It ain't home t' ye, though it be the palace of a king, 'Until somehow yer soul is sort o' wrapped roun' everything"

We need to get our soul wrapped round ideals, as well as tables and chairs, and if these things have so much sentiment in them we all know that they have, how much more should manners and religion and the very spirit that make a home happy have the same graces and tender memories.

You remember the story of Joseph. He was in jail and the king sent for him to come and interpret his dream. Joseph tarried long enough to wash and shave himself and put on clean linen, comb his hair, to get rid of the jail clothes and the jail atmosphere. Where did Joseph get that habit? I am sure that he didn't get it while in jail, but back yonder in the home of Jacob and Rachel. Joseph was a gentleman first, and a great man afterwards.

The first Holy of Holies was the home, and it is still the first holy place. We bring to our public worship the souls we have been making in the homes during the week. And not only does the home furnish the worshipers, but the home furnishes the material for all our other institutions, the church, the school, the state, society.

This being true, I want to make a plea for cleanliness of the home. I am not referring to house keeping, that has its place but not here.

The Good Book mentions "unclean spirits" and here is where the danger of their work lies, unclean spirits in the home that contaminate it. Spirits of contention,

strife, selfishness, willfulness, pride, tattling, faultfinding, etc. The home is not the place for Dad to pull off his grouch. If he has this unpleasant spirit to get rid of he had better try it on the mules and the cattle, not on the wife and children. Neither is it the place for mother to show her superiority; if she has that complex, let her show it at the social gatherings where others will have a chance to show her how she looks. Neither is it a place for the children to show off their smartness, their independence. Honor thy father and thy mother, the first commandment with a promise, and thy children shall show thee the same respect. Are we parents of today just reaping the reward of our wilfulness when we were children? Humility would be a great virtue among all of us.

Then there is the table talk in the home, and the fireside talk, if we are so fortunate as to have one in our home. What do we talk about? What's the children of our homes to feel is the important thing in our lives. Cattle, sheep, shows, ranches, good roads, honesty, schools, churches, or what? What's the spirit of the home that is sending out our citizens of today?

There is a fallacious, deceptive argument, relative to certain things like playing cards, and dancing and other questionable things. Let the children learn them at home, then when they get away from home they will know about them." Sure they will, but why do they ever have to know about such things? That's another of the devil's games of pulling the wool over good people's eyes. If that doctrine is true, then go the full length with it. Teach them all the tricks of gambling, get the boys all a hip pocket flask, and the girls some cigarettes. Teach them to lie and steal, and all the dirty sexual practices. Then send them to college and see how long it is before you get a letter—well, our colleges do not teach the things that they have to expell folks for. Folks don't learn the things in jail they are put there for.

The memory of the teaching concerning certain wicked practices holds on all through life. What's stamped in the early age in the home has been the ground

for the repentance of many a wicked man and woman. Keep the home clean, and pure.

But back to Guest's poem again.

"Home ain't a place that gold can buy or get up in a minute, 'Afore its home there's got to be a heap o' livin' in it.

"Within the walls there's got to be some babies born, an' then 'Right there ye've got to bring them up, to women good, and men—"

"Ye've got to weep t' make a home, ye've got to sit and sigh. —

"Fer there are scenes that grip the heart, an' when the tears are dried,

"Ye find that home is dearer than it was, an' sanctified."

Babies—boys and girls sanctify the home, if started right. Otherwise they break our hearts. We need sanctified hearts, pure hearts, even if they have to be broken to get them sanctified.

If old shoes, showing the shape of babies feet, chairs and tables and such, and the roses winding round the post just so, memories prompted by brick and stone and steps and walks, why not the deeper spiritual things, the happy days of song, the aroma of sweet spirits and glad hearts? Memories of the family prayer, the blessings at the table, battles won for the right, all become living realities in our lives.

These are the materials with which we should build the battlements about our homes. You cannot keep evil away from the lives of folks by laws and rules, by money or power or position. None are fortified against the sinister temptations of this world until within the heart are fixed right principles of truth, of virtue, of sobriety, of integrity, with a discerning spirit which weighs thoughts, and practices and purposes in the balance of justice, of mercy, of virtue, in the presence of God our Father who is our judge.

Mrs. Royal Johnson of Dallas has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Word.

Mrs. Annie Jones of Beeville is visiting her brother, W. E. West and family.



Mechanical Refrigeration Increases Household Economies



... And now the Electric Refrigerator offers double economy features, for the development of the new Moist Air Compartment has given you the same preservative powers for your fresh fruits and vegetables that you have long enjoyed in the other sections of your Frigidaire.

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The economies possible through use of the Modern Electric Refrigerator are almost unbelievable. And the conveniences will be a revelation of ease and comfort.

Come in and let a salesman explain the many Frigidaire advantages. A small down payment now will open the door to a multitude of savings and conveniences.

West Texas Utilities Company



IT'S WISE TO CHOOSE A SIX

These modern features make it wise to choose a Chevrolet Six

In selecting a low-priced car, bear these all-important facts in mind: The new Chevrolet is a SIX—and offers all the smoothness, flexibility and durability of a 50-horsepower valve-in-head six-cylinder motor. The new Chevrolet is the only car offering the style, comfort and safety of Body by Fisher at such low prices.

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wise to choose a Six. Learn for how small a down payment and on what easy terms you can own a new Chevrolet Six.

ROADSTER	\$495	OR PHAETON	
The Coach or Coupe	\$565	The Club Sedan	\$625
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CHEVROLET SIX North Motor Co.

Ozona, Texas

SIX-CYLINDER SMOOTHNESS AT LOW COST

"GUNMAN'S BLUFF"

(Continued from page 3)

"We can't stand here. Let's go into that park," he suggested, in the tone of an older brother. "Then you can tell me what's wrong."

He moved forward as he spoke, assuming that she would go with him, and went, in silence. That much chance, she told herself, she could take—that much and no more.

He walked on with strides adapted to her shorter steps and she kept close beside him, realizing even in the chaos of the moment that she was beginning to trust him. If he had suddenly left her she would have felt that her last hope was gone, too—that he had broken her only tie with the living world around her. She was like a lost and terrified child to whom a kind stranger has held out a guiding hand.

He found seats on a bench so close to the fountain that its flying spray came almost to their feet. Any girl, she told herself, could trust that nice, tanned, clean cut, typical American face. Nevertheless, she hesitated to speak.

"What hotel?" she asked at last, "were you speaking of just now?"

He warned himself not to show surprise at anything she said.

"Why, the Garland," he told her. "The hotel where you're stopping. I happen to be there, too."

"I'm wondering if you can be mistaken," she faltered. "I don't remember seeing you."

"You wouldn't," he cheerfully admitted, answering the second remark first. "You've never even looked my way. But I'm not mistaken. And I saw you sitting in front of me last night, enjoying 'The Wild Rose.' It's one of the best musical comedies, isn't it?"

She drew a quick breath. Something far down within her had responded to that, as if a touched cord had strongly vibrated. Yet, she could not remember. She called on her courage and it rallied.

"I'm going to trust you," she said, with a decision that made her voice almost harsh.

"Please do." Again his tone was that of an older brother, and again she met the quiet regard of those

dependable brown eyes. They held no suspicion, no curiosity, not even a too obtrusive sympathy.

"If you are right about the hotel," she said, "I can go back there and look at the register. Then I can get in touch with my family and friends, if I have any. I suppose I must have some—don't you think so?"

"Of course you have," he told her. "But you may be all over this before you get downtown."

He saw her lips relax in something that was almost a smile.

"Thank you so much. I'm trying to keep steady," she said, rising as she spoke; "but I want to get to that hotel as soon as I can, and look myself up. Isn't it a weird situation?" she added, with something that was half a laugh and half a strangled sob. "Where is the Garland?"

He told her. "I'll get a taxicab for you," he added.

As they waited together at the curb he asked impulsively:

"Will you let me go with you? I might be of some use. But of course that's for you to decide."

An empty cab approached and stepped at his signal. He helped her into it, repeated the address to the driver, and stepped back from the curb, bareheaded, accepting her silence as dissent.

"No, no!" she cried. "Get in, please. I'd rather have you with me."

"I'm glad of that," he said as he took his place beside her. "But I think your troubles will soon be over."

She was becoming more hopeful, too. She had the feeling of one who, from the bottom of a black pit into which he has fallen, sees a glimpse of light at its mouth. Yet . . . suppose this Good Samaritan was mistaken?

"The Garland's a nice old hotel," she heard him say, with the matter-of-factness that was so cheering. "To my mind it's the best of the hotels of its type—the kind that used to be fashionable before the city moved away from them."

He saw that she was not listening, and he decided to risk a small experiment.

"Do you know what city you're in?" he asked her.

"No, not even that."

"This is New York."

"Oh . . . New York!" She raised a lighted face to him.

"That means something to you, doesn't it?"

"Yes." Her face shadowed again and puckered like a frightened child's. "But I don't know just what it means—whether I've been here, or whether I've just read about it."

"You were on Fifth Avenue when you waited for the bus."

"Fifth Avenue." She repeated the words, but vaguely. He went on talking, pointing out the city's landmarks, hoping that one of them would "ring a bell," as he mentally expressed it; but again she hardly listened. She was following her own reflections, and now he learned what they were.

"I have a horror of becoming a 'case,'" she said in a shaking voice. "Is there any way of learning who I am without letting others know what's wrong?—without really asking at the desk, I mean."

(Continued Next Week)

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

By Francis Miles Finch

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver

Asleep are the ranks of the dead:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day;
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe:—

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day;
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all:

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day;
Brothered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of rain:—

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead:—

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day;
Love and tears for the Blue;
Tears and love for the Gray.

MEXICAN BOY IS
BILLY SUNDAY OF
RANGE NEAR OZONA

The story of a good saddle horse gone outlaw but now returned to the fold of usefulness by the work of 17-year-old Esteban, Mexican boy employe and a sort of Billy Sunday with wild horses, was told here Saturday by Elie Hagelstein, who ranches south of Ozona between Ozona and Juno.

Elie had sought to ride the horse several times, but had been dumped to the earth. Jack, his brother, had met with the same success. Then Esteban asked permission to ride him.

They hesitated and then, telling him what would happen, allowed the permission. Esteban climbed aboard with ease and rode the horse on peacefully after he had withstood his first two jumps.

Now Esteban continues riding him while the owners steer clear of the outlaw.—S. A. Times.

TEXAS HAS COUNTY FREE OF CATTLE TUBERCULOSIS

Texas has entered the list of States having "modified accredited areas," areas that are practically free from bovine tuberculosis. On May 1, Dallas County was officially recognized as being in that status. Eradication work was under State and Federal authority with the county officials and livestock owners cooperating. The application of the tuberculin test to 43,283 cattle in the county revealed only 114 reactors, which were removed from the herds. This de-

gree of infection was materially less than the permissible 0.5 per cent of the total cattle population, which entitles a county to accreditation, according to Dr. A. E. Wight, in charge of tuberculosis eradication for the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

Sells 50 Rambouillet Bucks

Arthur Harrell of Crockett County has sold 50 head of Rambouillet bucks to a Mr. Bunger, of Abilene, operator of the oil mill there, at \$25 a head.

Buy 500 Steer Yearling

S. E. McKnight, ranchman of

Sonora, has bought about 500 steer yearlings and two year olds at prices of \$40 to \$60, immediate delivery. His purchases were from Ed Mayfield and others.

Judge Montgomery is shipping this week a bunch of cows and calves from his Pecos County ranch to his home place in Crockett County. The animals were shipped from Fort Stockton and unloaded at Barnhart the first of the week.

Mrs. Chas. E. Davidson, Jr. left Saturday for a few days visit in San Antonio.

Building Materials
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Garden Implements — Tools — Chicken
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Drive with all the freedom from tire trouble a new car offers. A sensible plan, these days of low tire prices, is "New Goodyears all around." Come in for our Special Proposition! You get the most value in lifetime guaranteed Goodyears because Goodyear enjoys lowest costs by building MILLIONS MORE tires than any other company—and our full service backs up every sale!

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We are a home-owned, home-operated institution and our entire interest and concern in business is in Ozona. We offer you friendly, neighborly SERVICE, a service that seeks to advance your interests as well as ours, a service that keeps on serving even after the individual transaction is complete. Every dollar of profit that we make goes back into your community. We live in Ozona, are here to serve Ozona and we ask for at least a part of your business, not alone on the basis of friendship and neighborliness but also on the basis of quality, fair price and courteous service.

Fresh groceries are our specialty. Prompt delivery at all hours of the day. Just phone 278, 279 or 280 (Three phones for your convenience) and your order will be filled promptly and carefully and you will be as well satisfied as you would had you visited our store and made your selections.

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CHRIS MEINECKE
Phones ----- **278-279-280**



THE FAMILY DOCTOR

By JOHN JOSEPH GAINES, M.D.

"HEART MEDICINE"

Are you going to believe me, when I tell you that you have the best and most dependable heart remedy known, always within your reach and absolutely free from cost to you? Well, you most certainly have. In these days of sudden death from "heart disease," it seems worth while to me to do a lot of sober thinking.

The horizontal position—the recumbent posture—lying in bed—call it whatever you please—is first and foremost in caring for a tired heart. I saw an aged man, not long ago, with a rapidly failing heart; one month in bed completely restored him, so far as I could discern; he shows no sign of heart failure today, and is apparently healthy as a man of his years can be. He took perhaps sixty cents worth of medicine! The recumbent position cured him; he was not permitted to even sit up to take his meals; orders were orders here; disobedience might have cost him his life.

Of course your heart isn't like that. But do you know that the eight hours you should spend in bed each night does the very thing for you that was done to the old man? And don't you know that the heart does three times as much work when you are up and doing as it does when the body is in the horizontal position? Then, if the heart becomes weakened, failing in its strength and function from overwork and abuse—the very first thing to do is, give it REST. In many cases that's all it needs.

The heart may be abused—overworked, in a thousand different ways; what are you doing to your heart? Are you giving it the rest that it absolutely must have? You, who are up all day, and extend the festivities till past midnight? Then, do you whip up the tired vital organ with cigarettes, heavy food, or with alcoholics? Or with "medicine"? Let me tell you: You are tampering—flirting with danger to your life!

NOTICE OF SALE OF BONDS

Bids will be received up to and including June 30th, 1930, by the Commissioners Court of Crockett County, Ozona, Texas, at the Court house in Ozona, for \$375,000.00 Crockett County, Texas, Road Bonds in the denomination of \$1,000.00 each and bearing interest at the rate of five (5) per cent per annum and principal and semi-annual interest (April 10th, and October 10th) payable at the Central Hanover Bank & Trust Company in the City of New York, New

York, at the Ozona National Bank, Ozona, Texas, or at the State Treasury at Austin, Texas, at option of holder. Said bonds mature May 10th, 1960, and are optional on any interest paying date after five years from their date.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

Assessed Valuation for taxation \$5,614,854.00
Total Bonded Debt, including this issue 400,000.00
Sinking Funds, held for debt redemption 49,000.00
Population, officially estimated at 5,500.

Certified check in the amount of 2 per cent of the amount of bonds bid for will be required of each bidder as evidence of good faith on their part.

The Commissioners Court of Crockett County, Ozona, Texas, reserves the right to accept or reject any or all bids.

Further information may be had by addressing Mr. George Russell, County Clerk of Crockett County, Ozona, Texas.

Chas. E. Davidson,
County Judge, Crockett County, Texas.

Advertise in the Following:
Daily Bond Buyer, 67 Pearl St., New York, New York.
Dallas Morning News, San Antonio Light, San Angelo Times, and The Ozona Stockman.

THE SUPREME COURT

There are two equally honest points of view held by men of differing convictions, in the matter of qualifications of a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. One view is that no man should be appointed to the Supreme Bench whose views on social and economic questions do not conform to those currently held by the group which happens to be in control of the United States Senate at the time. The answer to this, the opposing view, is that men of character and integrity do not permit their personal opinions to deter them from interpreting the Constitution and the laws passed thereunder in the light of the best traditions of the Law and the Bench.

Men have been nominated for the Supreme Court in our time, and confirmed by the Senate, whose known social and economic views were totally at variance with those held by the majority of the Senate at that time. The case of Justice Brandeis is in point. But there was more to the rejection of Judge John J. Parker by the Senate than that he does not see some things eye to eye with

the majority of the Senators. The impression was created by Judge Parker's opponents that he was too eager for the office, that too many purely partisan considerations entered into his nomination by the President. Those considerations alone might not have prevented his nomination, however. Beyond them was the desire of the insurgent group in the Senate to give President Hoover a slap in the face. That is part of another chapter in the political history of the United States, which, when written, will deal with the effort of the Senate to control the entire Government.

President Hoover's nomination of Owen J. Roberts of Philadelphia in place of Judge Parker seems to have been his personal selection, uninfluenced by political or territorial considerations. Of Mr. Roberts' qualifications as a great lawyer there are no two opinions.

"Wild Men" On Sutton Ranch

Two wild men, armed with saw-ed off shotguns and a couple of "hog-legs" swung on their bodies are taking it easy on the Friess ranch four miles northwest of Senora. Officers have made attempts to locate the trespassers but their efforts have proven fruitless.

The two men, one large and the other a medium-built person, apparently have made their headquarters on the ranch. One day this week the two bagged a game rooster from the chicken house, milked the milk cow and then punched a hole in the water tank. The ranch hand at the ranch proceeded to see who the two were, and approached them when drawing the fluid from the cow's udder. The two, after being requested to leave things alone, told the ranch hand to "get to h— out of here, we're running this ranch." They then entered the chicken house and scratched a game rooster from his perch, carried it to the hills and cooked him.

Constable J. L. Cook and J. K. Lancaster made a visit to the ranch but did not find their men. However, signs of the two privileged characters were noticeable. It has been reported that they have three deadly weapons each, and have an abundance of ammunition and are capable of using it.—Senora News

WHAT'S WRONG WITH TEXAS?

Answering the request of a Mr. Clark in a recent issue of the Semi-Weekly Farm News, asking for the piece entitled "What's Wrong with Texas," I'm sending it herewith.—Miss Lenora Davis, Binger, Texas.

"What's Wrong With Texas?" "Nothing's wrong with Texas except entirely too many of us get up in the morning at the alarm of a Connecticut clock, button on a pair of Ohio suspenders to a pair of Massachusetts shoes, wash in a Pittsburgh tin basin, using Cincinnati soap and a cotton towel made in New Hampshire; sit down to a Grand Rapids table, eat pancakes made from Minneapolis flour spread with Vermont maple syrup and Kansas City bacon fried on a St. Louis stove; buy fruit put up in California seasoned with Rhode Island spices and sweetened with Colorado sugar; put on a hat made in Philadelphia, hitch a Detroit mule fed on Oklahoma gasoline to an Ohio plow and work like hell all day long on a Texas farm covered with New England mortgages; send our money to Ohio farmers; pay \$1 tax and drive on paved roads and at night crawl under a New Jersey blanket to be kept awake by a dera dog, the only home product on the place wondering all the while why ready money and prosperity are not abundant in this wonderful state of ours."

MRS. KITTLE ENTERTAINS FRIDAY BRIDGE CLUB

Mrs. L. J. Kittle entertained members of the Friday Bridge Club and a few guests at her ranch home last Thursday morning with five tables of bridge, having as honor guest Mrs. Beecher Montgomery of San Angelo and Mrs. William Chilton of Comanche.

The prevailing color scheme was green and yellow. The guests found their tables with flower tables. Green and yellow can ly baskets filled with green and yellow mints were on each table during the games. Bowls of wild flowers and vases of cut flowers carried out the color scheme.

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At the conclusion of six games, a luncheon was served, consisting of pressed chicken, peas in potato nests, tomato salad, cottage cheese balls, hot rolls and iced tea. The second course was "We-Three-Ice" and ice box cookies. The hostess presented a box of bath talcum as high cut prize, which went to Mrs. Tom Smith. Low cut went to Mrs. Murphy, a

bottle of talcum. Mrs. Montgomery was given a guest towel and Mrs. Chilton a pillow top.

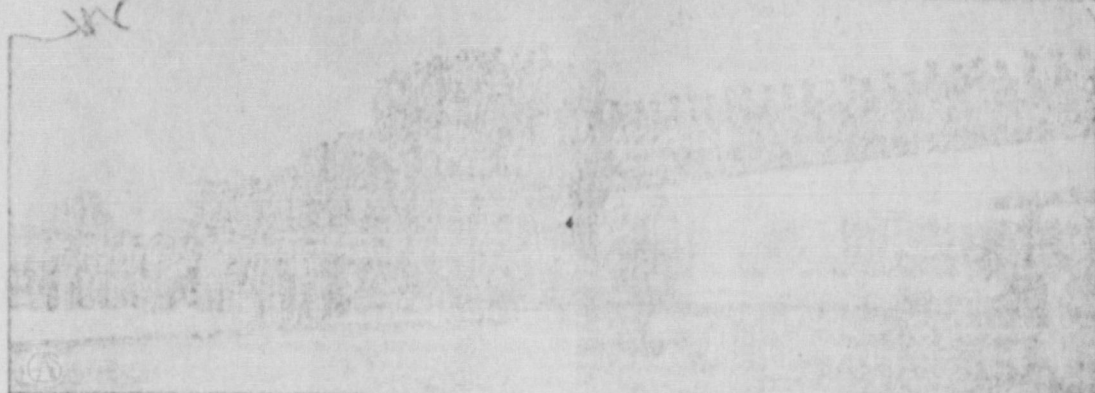
Those enjoying the occasion were Mesdames Roy Henderson, Tom Smith, Mike Friend, W. E. Smith, Early Baggett, Lee Childress, Joe Pierce, Vic Pierce, Strick Harvick, John Henderson, Jr., Joe Oberkamp, Wayne West, T. A. Kincaid, Jr., Marshall

Montgomery, Hurst Meinecke, Boyd Cox of Rankin, Beecher Montgomery of San Angelo, William Chilton of Comanche and Miss Hester Bunker.

Mrs. Kittle was assisted by her daughter, Mrs. Ralph Meinecke.

Mrs. Lowell Littleton left Saturday with Miss Lois Riddle to visit her home in San Antonio.

Futures Army Officers Inspect Army's Biggest Gun



The graduating class of West Point Military Academy at the Aberdeen, Maryland, Ordnance proving grounds, making themselves familiar with the intricacies of the new 240 pound shell party piece.

AS THE THERMOMETER GOES UP
OUR PRICES GO DOWN

On Extra Fine Quality Light Weight

SUMMER SUITS

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To keep cool this Summer, buy one of these light weight HART SCHAFFNER & MARX or CURLEE Suits.



STRAW HATS FOR PARTICULAR MEN

New Line Men's Ties Just Received—

The New Hollyvogue Ties—made in Hollywood

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Read This Great Mystery Serial

Starts This Week



Elizabeth Jordan, one of the most famous of American women authors, has surpassed herself in this mystery story with a deep love interest. Who was the girl who did not know her own name? How does she finally learn her own identity? Who was the man she ran away from? Why? And—most important of all—does the right man get her at last?

Miss Nobody From Nowhere begins this week. Turn to page 3.

The Ozona Stockman

YOUR NEWSPAPER

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To the Subscribers of the San Angelo Telephone Co.

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