

PICNIC HAMS
SWIFT'S SPECIAL
Per Pound 16c

HUNTER BROS
WE HAVE NO OVERHEAD EXPENSES

CHEESE Longhorn per pound .19

SYRUP
BRER RABBIT
One Gallon 66c

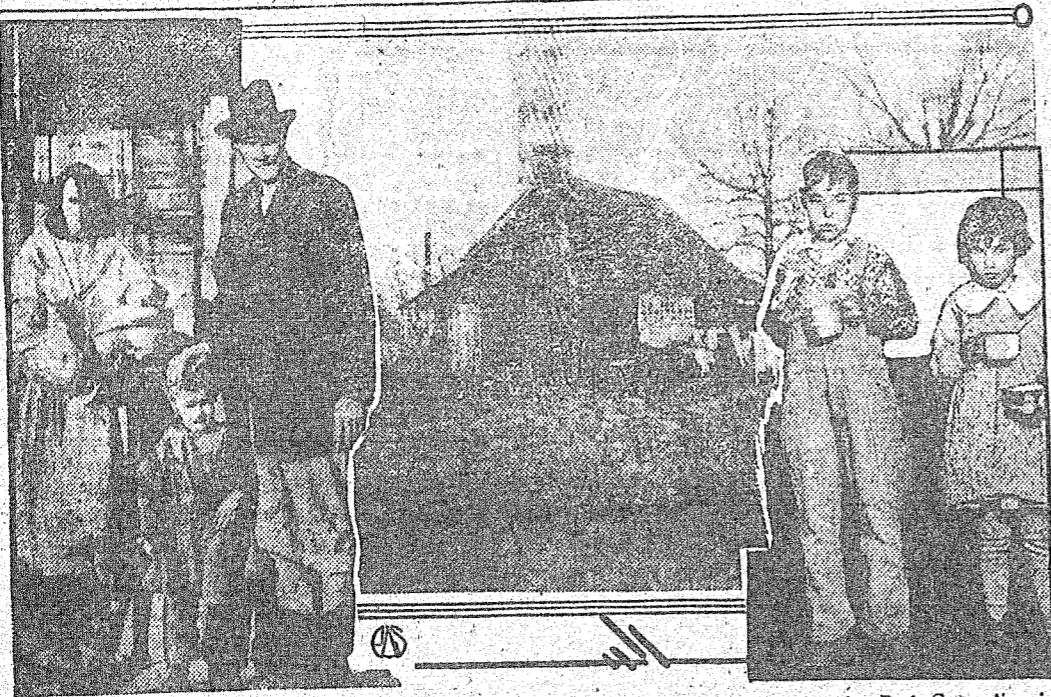
MY BEST GIRL
continued from page five

and see him off to-morrow, and she said, to stay at the St. Paul. They wanted to know if he would like anybody else invited to an informal little goodbye dinner? "When you say 'good-bye to everyone' you mean to my girl, too, Mother?" "My dear—I only meant that it is a separation, and things will be different when you come back and however sweet and charming your girl, as you call her, may be, if your feelings had changed...." "There had been more of this. Joe had presently interrupted it unsympathetically: "You'll be at the St. Paul, Mother?" "Yes, dear. And we'll take a room for you there." "Thanks. Well, I'll tell you who I'd like to bring to dinner, Mother. I'd like to bring Maggie." "I want you and Dad to meet her. My plans have changed slightly. I may not sail to-morrow. Anyway I want you to meet her." "I could hear panic behind her carefully cheerful tone. "Certainly bring her, Joe. Under those circumstances, perhaps I'd better not ask anybody else." Joe had seized upon this instantly: "How do you mean 'under those circumstances'?" "But his mother had been too smart for him. "Merely, dear, that your father and I would like an opportunity to really know her a little." "I want you to meet my mother and father, Mary Margaret," he told her, as they toiled to and fro with crates and trays of merchandise. "They want us to have dinner with them to-night." "Honest, Joe?" "They're living at a hotel, now he said. "Joe, where is your father and mother's hotel?"

"It's right on the square, opposite the new bank building," bowing obsequious headwaiter. Maggie did not hold Joe's hand, but she kept her frightened little person close in the shadow of his as they entered the warmth and intimacy and beauty of the Legend Room. White tables, at all of which were diners, brilliant big lights far overhead, and little lights on the tables, women whose shoulders were bare and whose hair was moulded into close caps of curls, jewels and voices and perfumes and flowers and soft music—it was all a wild whirl to her stunned senses. Her shabby little shoes, her plain little gown moved beside Joe blindly. She heard him say: "My mother, Maggie." She saw a steel-bright, handsome face looking at her under beautiful scallops of feathered hair set with a jewelled aigrette. She murmured: "Pleased to meet you," and sank dizzily into a seat. Mrs. Merrill's handsome eyes flashed with a malicious satisfaction. She had hoped, in her somewhat twisted conception of motherly loyalty that Joe's girl would not make much of a showing to-night. But she had hardly dared hoped for a conquest quite so overwhelming and immediate. "We took the liberty of ordering Miss Johnson," she said smoothly, "although perhaps etiquette might have hinted that we wait!" Joe eyed his mother—shut his jaw hard. But Maggie looked up and he saw with a sort of delightful terror that she had been angered into self-control. "I thought you knew" she said clearly, "that I don't know anything about etiquette! Are you—" she pursued evenly, turning to Joe's father—"are you G. J. Merrill of the Stores?" "I am, my dear," said George Merrill kindly, feeling sorry for the bewildered little thing.

Maggie grew very white and sat back slightly in her chair. "Joe never told me—I didn't know it," she said in a lifeless little voice. "But now that you do know it—and I ought to have told you long ago, and I'm a fool!" Joe said quickly, uncomfortably. "—doesn't make one scrap of difference does it?" She raised her eyes to his there was second of silence. "Not at all," she answered them quietly. Continued Next Week
Joe Bridges spent the first of the week with relatives in San Angelo.
Virgil Newman and J. L. McCaughn of Santa Anna shopped a car of choice Herford yearlings to Fort Worth, Tuesday.
S. D. Harper jr., of Eldorado, was visiting relatives here this week.
Mrs. R. E. Griffith, visited her daughter Mrs. F. E. Strange and family at Bangs, last week. They returned home with her Sunday for a brief stay here.
Messrs. Bill Harvey and Howard Pope visited with Jimmie Williams at Goldwaite Sunday.
Mrs. Francis Adams and Miss Ruby Valentine were shopping in Brownwood Saturday.
Mrs. Belle Caldwell of Rockwood, has accepted a position in the R. F. Crum Store.
BARGAIN IN USED TRUCKS
1929 6 cylinder Chevrolets, Good Rubber-A-I Condition. Powell-Cavanagh Truck and Tractor Company, Santa Anna and Coleman, Texas.
Go to Church Sunday

Some of the Scenes of Suffering in the Drought Region



A larger proportion of the stricken families who are being fed and clothed by the Red Cross live in homes like the one in the center. A typical family is shown here, and two children who have been saved from starvation.

We Serve

The People of
Santa Anna
and
Coleman County

The First National Bank
OF SANTA ANNA, TEXAS.

PIGGLY WIGGLY

Thrifty Housewives Who Shop at Piggly Wiggly Know the Value of a DOLLAR

Our Big Specials For Saturday
SUGAR Buy it in cloth bags 25-lb sack only \$1.29

SAUSAGE Country made. That good kind you have been buying 2 pounds for .19

We Invite You to Try Our Market
SPECIAL PRICE ON BEEF OR PORK ROAST

SPUDS Now is the time to buy No. 1 potatoes. 10 pounds for .16

CHEESE Full cream, Longhorn the best to buy lb .15

CAKES Snow Peak. The cake for school children. Large box .49

BEANS Pintos, new crop, re-cleaned Piggly Wiggly price. 10 lbs .39

SYRUP Pure Country Sorghum Why pay more? Gallon .79

Seed Potatoes Triumph or Irish Cobbler. Pound 2¹/₂c

FREE FLOUR
Saturday at 10:00 a. m. and 4:00 p. m. we will give a 48-lb sack of that good Humreno Flour
Ask About Our Plan

PIGGLY WIGGLY