

JUST ANOTHER DEFICIT

A distinction should be made between the general acceptance of the republican statements of alleged savings in the financial affairs of the nation and the statements of the director of the budget, General Dawes, as to the savings of money through the transfer, among departments, of a variety of articles.

The republicans evidently will not be able to prove to the country that they know how to run the nation at less cost than the democrats could do it. There is plenty of evidence of a means that congress has not been able to provide methods of raising enough money to meet the appropriations congress makes. It is well indeed for General Dawes to save money by transferring goods from department to department, but, after all, does that benefit the people when the congress keeps on authorizing expenditures in excess of receipts? Of course, the less the deficit, the better; but the trouble seems to be that for every dollar General Dawes thinks he can save by his sensible and wise transfers is looked upon as a dollar to be spent somewhere else by congress.

Yet, it would be said that the expenses of running such a nation as the United States have to be tremendous. To make savings is a thing every congressman and every officer of the government should try to do, all the time. But republican leaders ought to stop telling the public how they are going to make savings, and how they have made tremendous reductions in expenses, when they know that, in so far as anybody can see, there have been no big reductions and there is likely to be none.

Maybe if political leaders gave more attention to seeking means of saving and less to talking about what wonderful financiers they are, the people would have less to grumble at when tax-paying time comes around.

BELATED RECOGNITION

The feat of the man who carried "A Message to Garcia" is perhaps the most widely known incident of the Spanish-American war. It was necessary to communicate with General Garcia, the insurgent leader in Cuba, in order that his efforts might be coordinated with the designs of this government. To get through the Spanish lines and find Garcia was not an easy matter. Moreover it was attended by great peril. The man who undertook it acted the part of spy and there is one penalty in war for the spy.

First Lieutenant Andrew Summers Rowan was the man who performed the feat. He secured a certain fame by having his exploit recorded in an essay which had wide circulation, but he was never otherwise rewarded. The effort of Lieutenant Hobson in sinking a vessel at the entrance of the harbor at Santiago had wide acclaim yet it did not accomplish its purpose. It was a failure. Rowan did exactly what he set out to do.

Secretary of War Weeks has moved to remedy a neglect of nearly 25 years standing. It is recommended that Rowan, now a retired army officer, be awarded the Distinguished Service Cross. He deserves it, of course but it will not prove the satisfaction that lies in the memory of having accomplished a well-nigh impossibility. It is the deed that gives the real reward, though there is pleasure in having it recognized in an official manner, too.

To the real man the performance of a feat worth while is ample compensation for the risk. Yet it is proper that the act of the hero should be attested and this is to be brought about belatedly in the case of Rowan.

RIVAL VIEWS OF HEREAFTER

When it comes to a display of the intimate knowledge of the workings of the other world, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has nothing on Wilbur Glenn Voliva. Dogmatic as are the pronouncements of the British knight regarding the non-existence of hell and the place or state of bliss which all mortals will eventually attain and their appearance and occupations there, the supreme dictator and spiritual and temporal director of Zion City is equally emphatic in his location and description of the nether regions, in which punishment is inflicted upon the wicked to the accompaniment of wailing and gnashing of teeth. He has established to his own satisfaction that the earth is flat, not round, and that it is supported by four poles.

Not only does he know that hell exists, but he has also apparently first hand information as to its site, make-up and government. "Hell," he says, "is a lake of fire under the earth." Sa-

tan is too busy to stay there. Of the two doctrines, Doyle's is certainly the more comforting; but does it not speak volumes for human credulity that each of these contradictory exponents of the life hereafter is able to command the adhesion of crowds of admiring disciples?

THE PLUNDERBUND AT WORK

For months there has been growing evidence that the plunderbund is back on the job at Washington. The forces that use government for their own end are jubilant. Underground influences are operating. The special privilege crew exults.

Evidence of the boldness of the thing is illustrated in the appointment by the president to a high office of a participant in the slush funds of the last republican national convention. This was too raw for the independent republicans and they threatened to reject the appointment. Then it was withdrawn, not by the president, but by the appointee.

No less brazen is the opinion of Attorney General Daugherty that since the Newberry case decision the sky is the limit for campaign expenditures by a senatorial candidate. This is an endorsement of Newberryism as sure as Senator Pepper's vote, if it is anything, and a distinct invitation to the interests to get their man into the United States senate no matter what the cost.

People of the country had better be aware of the designs of the plutocratic interests. If they are seeking to buy the government now, it will not be the first time. It required years and years of efforts to regain the government for the people. Lest the people lose it again they must not sleep.

BRANN ON MAN

The place to take the measure of man is not the forum or the field, not the market place or the amen corner, but at his own fireside. There he lays aside his mask and you may judge whether he's an imp or angel, king or cur, hero or humbug. I care not what the world says—whether it crowns him or just pelts him with eggs; I care never a copper what his reputation or religion may be. If his babies dread his home-coming and his better half swallows her heart every time she asks him for a five dollar bill, he's a fraud of the first water, even though he prays night and morn till he's black in the face, and howls hallelujah till he shakes the eternal hills. But if his children rush to the front gate to meet him, and love's own sunshine illumines the face of his wife when she hears his foot-fall you may take it for granted that he's true gold, for his home's heaven and the humbug never gets near the great white throne of God. He may be a rank Atheist and a red anarchist; a Mormon and a Mugwump; he may buy votes in blocks of five and bet on the election; he may deal them from the bottom of the deck and drink beer till he can't tell a silver dollar from a circular saw, and still be an infinitely better man than the cowardly little hypocrite who is all suavity in society, yet makes his home a hell—who vents upon the hapless heads of wife and children the ill nature he would like to inflict upon his fellow men, but dares not. I can forgive much in that fellow mortal who would rather make men swear than women weep; who would rather have the hate of the whole he-world than the contempt of his wife; would rather call anger to the eyes of a king than fear to the face of a child.—Brann's Iconoclast.

BURNETT'S AMBITION

Tom Burnett, famous Texan, ranchman and oil producer, has an ambition. It is to make Texas the headquarters of an annual round-up of the best cowboys in North America. Tom likes to see the boys ride and rope, and he dislikes to think that Cheyenne, Wyoming, takes the lead in this line of sport.

"I am going to stage a round-up at Dallas during Durbar week," says Burnett, "and I am going to offer \$10,000 in prizes as well as the world's championship trophy. This will bring to Texas the greatest array of riders and ropers, both boys and girls, the country has ever seen. It will not be a wild-west show, for nothing will be rehearsed. The prizes will be offered in all the different feats known to the cow man, and the contestants will struggle for these prizes. If they win, they get the money. If they lose—well, they lose, that's all."

Burnett's big rodeo will start Tuesday, May 23, and will continue every afternoon and evening, rain or shine, until Saturday night, May 27th.

Tom Burnett is the owner of the famous Triangle ranch, which contains several hundred producing oil wells. He can afford to ride his hobby.

A wife is a check-mate a bachelor doesn't have.

FIGHT ON BUTTERMILK

The whiskey interests and the beer interests die hard, but die they must. One can not but admire the persistence of their fight against buttermilk even though he scorns their unfair methods and laughs at the futility of their efforts. When it became known that people will not drink intoxicants once they are introduced to the delightful nectar of the church, the interests began their fight to destroy buttermilk. They declared it a poison, they put forth the claim that it caused appendicitis; even had printed in a venal press statements from half-baked scientists charging that buttermilk produces intoxication, and that a buttermilk drunkard is the worst one of all. One item charged that a man choked to death on buttermilk, and a few days ago an item appeared charging that a man who fell into a vat of buttermilk was drowned. All informed people know that if a man should fall into the middle of a great sea of acidulated lactical fluid the waves thereof would bear him safely to the shore, and if a man should be held to the bottom of a sea of buttermilk by weights he would live on and on in rapturous rapture. But buttermilk is a saver, not a destroyer. It destroys nothing except bookworm, bow legs, stringy ankles and a desire for rum. And the snow-white flag of buttermilk goes marching on, conquering and to conquer. It's the only beverage known to the world that accommodates itself to human desires. It puts flesh on the frames of those who would fatten and reduce the flesh of those afflicted with obesity. It makes the drinker feel so good that he turns with contempt from whiskey, beer and champagne. It cures pessimism and prevents socialism. The churn dasher is the hope of the world.—Jim Lowery in Honey Grove Signal.

BROKE THREE LEGS

"Yes," said the small boy to the reporter who was looking for news, "Mother fell downstairs and broke three legs."

"What do you take me for," cried the reporter. "Your mother hasn't got three legs!"

"I didn't say she had," reported the wicked boy. "The legs belonged to the table which mother fell against. She wasn't hurt at all."

THE "WAR FRAUDS" PROBE

There is only one attitude possible for the average citizen in connection with the proposed inquiry of the department of justice into allegations of frauds in contracts for supplying the government's war needs. If there be reasonable ground for belief that graft has existed, there should be an investigation. If there is an investigation it should be thorough and impartial. If corruption is established, prosecution should be merciless and all-inclusive.

The attorney general assumes a great responsibility in undertaking the inquiry. To the degree that he meets the highest expectations of the people he will deserve unfailing support. He dare not permit the investigation to sink to the unlovely level attained by the congressional "smelling committees" which futilely endeavored to manufacture partisan campaign material in 1920. Something better is not only expected, but demanded, in this instance.

Mr. Daugherty starts well in proposing to put the inquiry in the hands of able and eminent attorneys outside of politics. Much will depend upon the personnel of the men who accept the task. The attorney general does well to recognize that any finding of his own staff, no matter how honestly reached, would be open to powerful political attack.

It is possible that the allegations of corruption have been greatly exaggerated. Waste did exist, for waste was inescapable in the fevered rush to fight. But that fraud attained the

wholesale proportions that some excited persons allege is difficult to believe. As long as doubt and suspicion exist, however, it is not only proper, but imperative, that the truth be established.

PRAYER OF A KNOCKER

Lord, please don't let this town grow. I've been here for thirty years and during that time I've fought every public movement. I've knocked everything and everybody. I have done all I can do to keep this town from growing and never have spoken a kind word for it. I have knocked hard and often. Whenever I saw anyone progressing or enjoying himself, I have started the movement to kill the business or stop the fun. I do not want the young folks to stay in this town and

I will do all I can by law, rule or ordinance to drive them away. It pains me, O Lord, to see that in spite of my knocking this town is beginning to grow. Some day I fear that I will be called on to put down sidewalks in front of my property and who knows but that I will have to keep up the streets that run by my premises? This, Lord, would be more than I could bear, it would cost me money, tho' all I have made has been right here in this town. Then, too, more people might come if the town begins to grow, which would cause me to lose some of my pull. I ask, therefore, that I may continue to be chief. Amen—Exchange.

A marriage license was issued Friday to Mr. Benley Pirtle and Miss Eunice Ivy of the Cushing neighborhood.

Your Seven League Boots

THE wearer of the "seven league boots" could cover miles at a step. But he didn't have a thing on you.

A glance through your paper and you jump from New York to San Francisco, Philadelphia to London, or from Montreal to Timbuktu. You know what is going on the world over almost as soon as the events occur.

Turn to the advertising columns and you are transported to the grocers, the clothiers, the music store; you visit the factory of a manufacturer, or talk with the maker of a new household appliance.

Right in your own arm-chair, unhurried, unworried and without effort, you can make your choice of good merchandise.

Merchants and manufacturers who put advertisements in this paper are progressive. They must give good value. They know that advertising, by increasing the number of sales, will lower the prices and give you more for your money.

The advertisements are miles ahead of "seven league boots." Read them.

Report of the Condition of the Stone Fort National Bank At the Close of Business May 5, 1922

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts	\$485,923.50
Banking house and fixtures	18,440.38
Federal Reserve Bank Stock	4,500.00
Other bonds and Stocks	2,568.30
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	25,000.00
Real Estate Owned	14,134.20
Liberty Bonds Owned	94,950.00
Cash and Exchange	222,865.18
TOTAL	\$927,271.56

LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock	75,000.00
Surplus Fund	75,000.00
Undivided Profits, net	26,421.87
Circulation	25,000.00
Bills Payable	NONE
Rediscounts	NONE
DEPOSITS	725,849.59
TOTAL	\$927,271.56

The above statement is correct. L. B. MAST, Cashier
"IN GOOD AND BAD YEARS WE STAND BY OUR CUSTOMERS. ARE YOU ONE OF THEM?"

DYE BLOUSE OR BABY'S COAT IN "DIAMOND DYES"

"Diamond Dyes" add years of wear to worn, faded skirts, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, hangings, draperies, everything. Every package contains directions so simple any woman can put new, rich, fadeless colors into her worn garments or draperies even if she has never dyed before. Just buy Diamond Dyes—no other kind—then your material will come out right, because Diamond Dyes are guaranteed not to streak, spot, fade, or run. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods.

**BOX OPPOSES SALE
OF WINE AND BEER**

"The greatest of all battles between the 'wet' and 'dry' forces of America is now visible on the horizon. With the approaching congressional campaign, say editors from all sections of the country, the 'wet' forces are seeking 'liberal' candidates to supplant those who do not favor a repeal of the Volstead law.

"But the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment is merely one of twenty national organizations which 'will be in the fight for a modification of the Volstead law.'—Literary Digest, April 29th.

"The national drive for beer and light wines under the direction of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment is beginning to arouse anxiety."

"The leaders predict the election of a sufficient number of liberal senators and representatives to signalize the turning of the tide against extreme prohibition."—Washington Herald May 15th.

The above and many other news items of like import and what is seen from the inside here, leave no doubt that booze is trying to "come back" by two roads—the wine and beer route and the trail of the illicit distiller and bootlegger. Beer saloons are nearly as bad as whiskey saloons, and would lead the way back to them or something else bad. Illicit distilling and bootlegging are a shame to the country. We must strengthen and enforce the law.

John C. Box.

TRADE AT HOME

We buy all our merchandise at home; the home merchant is entitled to our trade. When we are ready to buy anything from him we do not say "Give us your lowest prices on this bill of goods, and if you are cheaper than some mail order house, we'll buy from you." We realize that the home merchant is entitled to a decent margin of profit on all goods that he sells. He couldn't contribute to the upkeep of the town unless he did get a profit on his goods. And yet, there are many people who actually come into this print shop and tell us that we can do a job of printing as cheap as some mail order house that they will give us the order. The Times is a steady booster for Timpson—we believe in the future. We shall continue to spend our money at home for it is the only way to build a town. And in regard to our prices on job and commercial printing and advertising, we only ask for a fair margin of profit. The money spent with this firm stays in the home town—it does not go to the mail order house.—Timpson Times

CAN'T LEAVE HIS BUSINESS

"Mamma," asked Freddie, "are we going to heaven some day?"
"Yes, dear, I hope so," was the reply.
"I wish papa could go, too," continued the little fellow.
"Well, and don't you think he will?" asked his mother.
"Oh, no," replied Freddie; "he couldn't leave his business."

**IMPORTANT MEETING
OF C. OF C. DIRECTORS**

The Board of Directors of the Chamber of Commerce met in regular weekly session at 10 o'clock Friday.

Those present were: Oscar Matthews, president; Carl Monk, T. E. Baker, Guy Stripling, Link Summers, J. N. Thomas, W. D. Burk, Orland Patton, H. P. Schmidt, J. J. Baker, C. B. Brewer, W. C. Fouts, R. L. Perry, A. H. Smith, Guy Blount, F. W. Betts, J. B. Atkins, J. J. Greve. Visitors were: Robert Lindsey, Lee Gaston, Elmo Bright, J. H. Buchanan.

The matter of raising a fund for sending the Confederate Veterans to the reunion at Richmond was brought up by the secretary and was endorsed by creating a committee to raise the necessary funds. Elbert Reese was named chairman of this committee, with authority to select his assistants. Guy Blount volunteered to pay the expenses of one veteran to Richmond, Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy, is the Mecca of every veteran of the Lost Cause. Many of the hardest-fought battles of the long struggle were fought in the vicinity of the historic city. These battlefields are in easy distance of Richmond. For this reason it is peculiarly fitting that the few remaining veterans be given this trip.

F. W. Betts brought up the matter of assisting Mr. Ramsey securing renewal of leases on his oil lands at Appleby. It is understood that Mr. Ramsey and associates have started operations on the deep test at Appleby and that the well is to be sunk to a depth of probably 4,200 feet.

BLUE-BLOODED HOGS

In a certain place where the razor-back hog flourishes, a native farmer undertook to find out for himself whether it was profitable to follow the advice of the experts and pay good money for pure-bred swine. As the Country Gentleman relates, he got three young animals, a razorback, an ordinary "grade" pig and a pure-bred pig, and put them in separate pens, then fed them all the same ration with a view of marketing them at the same time.

In three months the razorback gained 45 pounds, the grade pig 73 pounds and the pure-bred pig 87 pounds. He concluded that the purebred pig paid for himself, while the medium grade was of doubtful value and the razorback a luxury he couldn't afford.

It is the same with almost any kind of farm or garden product, of either animal or vegetable kingdom. The easiest, quickest and most profitable way is usually to take the expert's word for it; but since there's no knowledge so satisfying as self-knowledge, doubting farmers, gardeners, dairymen, poultrymen and fruit-growers would do well to follow the man's example.—Shreveport Journal.

Many a wife can remember when her husband was as crazy about her as he is now about golf.

It is noticed though that Senator Reed's campaign manager isn't quoting what Mr. Wilson is saying about the senator now.

NACOGDOCHES TRADITIONS

The comparison of conditions today with those of half a century ago as to the mail facilities of Texas is quite impressive. Eye-witnesses are scarce, but the evolution is unquestioned.

We have daily rural delivery today, and roads of quality therefor as required by the U. S. Postoffice Department.

As to roads in that day the lawfully kept public roads, which were then called big roads or public roads were by no means good roads. They were ostensibly designated to get by, but they often fell short of this purpose. They were primitive and rugged. The mails then were carried by horse vehicles called stages of hacks, if the rough roads were adequate, and if not thus suitable, then on horseback, on the order of catch as catch can style along any dim road or trail, and once or twice a week, or else try-weekly, meaning try to get by weekly.

Mail contracts to carriers were let to the most acceptable bidder annually. As an illustration, the horseback route from Nacogdoches to Keachi, La., 80 miles, was contracted for by Jesse Lee and W. E. C. Mayfield. They prepared stands, horses, riders, etc. At this end of the line Lee boarded the mail rider, who was Mayfield's son. Lee was an old bachelor and deputy sheriff and lived with his brother, David Lee, at the well-known family home of the latter at the S. E. corner of the public square in Nacogdoches. Mayfield kept the horses at his home, one mile east, recently the Allan Seale home.

This mail rider was a green, timid boy. He was started one morning with directions as to roads and details. The first house out east was Henderson Muckleroy's, two miles, on what is now called the Martinsville road; then called the Shelbyville road. The next house was the well-known Elliott place at the 6 mile post. At seven miles was some kind of a log house occupied by Dave Strahan, just east of the Gordova prairie. Then next came John Strahan's place or home at 8 miles. And at 9 miles somebody named Eubank started and quit a house. There was no house then where Swift now stands. The place was called Cross Roads. And it was over two miles to the next house, which was the humble home of the aged and respected Nacogdoches pioneer named Vital Flores, who was born at the very old house on the Walker block in 1797.

The name is Spanish for Flowers, very common among Mexicans. But this family was not Mexican. They were fair completed. They came from Louisiana, near old Fort Jessup, or Natchitoches, and were with Gil Y'Barbo's colony at San Augustine but afterwards the very first permanent settlers of the town of Nacogdoches about 1778. They never did leave there, and their descendants are there yet. Y'Barbo was light complected. He may have come from Spain. Vital Flores was a very intelligent and highly esteemed citizen. He died at about the age of 95 years, a very poor man.

The next house on the Shelbyville road beyond Vital Flores' home was the old Merchant homestead in the eastern border of the present town of Martinsville. This good little town was started about the year 1858 or 59. By some fatality Dr. J. D. Martin located his home here. He first lived in the old original Merchant house, which was built of logs, the cracks chinked or daubed with mud, and the chimney built of mortar and wood, all without sawmill lumber. No glass windows or iron hinges were used, and very few nails, the roof boards were heavy, two feet long and held on by weights.

Yes, Dr. Martin got by and stuck to the limit. He got rats and Martinsville was placed on the map.

The next house was hardly a mile away on the hill this side of the Attoyac river swamp. It was Tim Fuller's log cabin, and he kept a so-called post-office. It had but one box for all and that was a candle box, old style sperm candles for sale. It was fastened upon the wall and used for a desk as well as for mail.

If Henry C. Fuller and B. M. Hall should read the foregoing they might find errors, but it would call up memories of many years as to the scenes and events of their early lives. They were born near where Swift was born later. The mail rider crossed the Attoyac river at once took a right hand road as he had been directed. This was wrong. It took him away down the river to a farm house where a woman told him to follow a pathway across to the right right hand road. The next house was an abandoned old shack called the Lyons place. The lonely pine forest was inhabited by only wild deer and wild animals for many miles.

Another so-called postoffice was reached, seven miles from Shelbyville. It was called Graham's Mill. The sun was setting as the mail rider left it. In less than a mile he mistook a left hand which led him to a long lonely ride through the pine woods and

Reputation

The CASH Store

is building a reputation that is not only drawing great crowds from Nacogdoches county, but people from all over East Texas are coming to the CASH Store to do their trading.

Why? Because we actually give them value for their money.

A large store of seasonable, well selected merchandise at prices that will make them take notice. Some of them less than today's mill cost.

It's simple to understand why we can undersell: Low overhead, quick turnovers, watching the market.

It's not guess work with us. It's knowing how.

That's the secret.

SPECIALS

For Saturday, May 27th

Men's Work Shirts . . . 53c	Men's Field Hats, large . . . 19c
Men's Heavy Overalls . . . 98c	19c Dress Gingham . . . 14c
Men's Plow Shoes . . . \$1.98	15c Apron Checks . . . 12 1-2c

BREWER & MILLARD

The Store That Undersells
Nacogdoches, Tex.

finally came to a big road. He took the wrong end of it, going west, but he soon came to the regulation log house, where a man turned him back eastward. The town of Center is there now, but it was merely the center of the surrounding woods.

At last Shelbyville was reached. A footman on the street or road asked "Is that the Nacogdoches mill?" He was L. F. Casey, the district attorney, who had often been to Nacogdoches with the District Judge, A. W. O. Hicks. They both lived at Shelbyville. The mail rider knew him in the bright light of the full moon.

Mr. Casey showed the mail rider the postoffice and the old Truitt Hotel. It was midnight.

This mail rider got by and rode many trips after this, on this and other routes, and through a long life took the wrong road on many occasions. But he always got by and is writing these lines. J.E.M.

a 2,000 barrel well, and underneath that lies a salt water sand, then the famous Woodbine sand, which always signifies production. Mr. Ramsey is confident of finding oil in paying quantities, and he expects to bring in a field equal to any that has yet been developed in Texas. The more than \$100,000 already expended by the company in this test is an evidence of their faith in the project.


The members and their guests enjoyed the usual tootomsome luncheon served at Mrs. Locky's Tea Room.

I have just opened a grocery and feed store next door to Elmo Bright's on East Main street, and have a brand new, up-to-date stock at the right prices. Every thing fresh. I want part of your trade. Will pay the highest market price for chickens and eggs throughout the year. Bring them to me. G. W. Morris. 25-wtf

A Paris scientist claims to have "discovered why a blond is a blond," but he makes no mention of peroxide.

MOTHER!

Clean Baby's Bowels with
"California Fig Syrup"



Millions of mothers depend upon genuine California Fig Syrup to clean and freshen baby's stomach and bowels.

When the little one is constipated, has wind, colic, feverish breath, coated tongue or diarrhoea, a half-teaspoonful promptly moves the poisons, gases, bile, souring food and waste right out. Never cramps or overacts. Contains no narcotics or soothing drugs. Babies love its delicious taste. "California Fig Syrup" which has full directions for infants in arms, and children of all ages, plainly printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

NOTICE

Do not hunt or my lard This means you. Henry Halderman 25-2wp

Political prophets who predict that congress will wear itself out with talk on the tariff in five or six weeks have not made a discriminating study of congress or the effects of hot air on the human system.

**Two
Paint Facts
That You
Should Know**



WHEN you dip a brush into the average paint and spread it on a surface, you find it takes a lot of brushing to make it cover evenly. Also, that no matter how careful you are, it still shows the brush marks, or little ridges.

Between every one of those ridges is a thin streak. Therefore, the paint film is only as strong as those thin streaks.

Now, dip your brush into a can of Lowe Brothers High Standard Paint and spread it on the surface. You will be delighted to see how thoroughly it covers. Further, it will level up and dry with a smooth surface, without any ridges or thin streaks.

Doing that, you can easily see why High Standard costs less per job. It cuts down the cost of painting. And because it forms a uniformly thick film, it lasts longer, and looks better as long as it lasts.

Come in and ask for details and literature.

Cason, Monk & Co.

Lowe Brothers
Paints - Varnishes



Kodak as you go

"Barefoot boy with cheek of tan!"—here he is—you'll meet him afterwards in your Kodak album. With a Kodak you bring the trip back.

Let us show you Kodaks from our complete stock. They're priced as low as \$6.50, and they're all autographic.

Stripling, Haselwood & Co.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Cranford, May 23rd, a fine baby boy.

Mr. W. C. Fenn of Timpson was a business visitor in the city Monday.

It is a pleasure to sell Tanlac because those who buy it come back and praise it. Stripling, Haselwood & Co.

Miss Nan Wright of Henderson is visiting in the city, the guest of her sister, Mrs. Sam Stripling.

W. W. Eaves will speak at Martinsville Wednesday night on "America's Safeguard." All are invited to hear him.

Government Bonds are now selling above par. Let the Nacogdoches State Bank sell your bonds. There will be no charge for the service. 19-dtf

More people have taken Tanlac and praised it than any other medicine in the world. There's one reason only—merit. Stripling, Haselwood & Co.

Rev. M. C. Johnson returned from Tenaha this morning, where he had been to deliver the class oration for the graduates of the high school on Tuesday night. The people of this town are just beginning improvements to their brick high school to the extent of \$30,000.

Mrs. L. A. Taylor of Gibeland, La., is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. T. J. Pennington.

Miss Nellie Potts of the depot clerical force, spent the week-end with homefolks at Corrigan.

Mr. James Ammons arrived Sunday from Denton, where he is attending the Texas State Normal, for a brief visit with homefolks.

The large and modern Tanlac laboratories at Dayton, Ohio, occupy 60,000 square feet of floor space. Stripling, Haselwood & Co.

Government Bonds are now selling above par. Let the Nacogdoches State Bank sell your bonds. No charge for this service. 19-dtf

Mrs. Wilton Blakey, who was removed recently from the sanitarium to her home, had a relapse a few days ago and was reported very ill, but it is learned she rallied and is now much improved.

Mrs. A. H. Smith and Mr. Joe Langston, brother and sister of Mrs. Kirk Martin, went down to Houston Tuesday night to be with Mrs. Martin through a very serious operation.

Miss Rosalie Mast returned Sunday afternoon from a week-end visit to Chireno with relatives and friends.

Senator I. D. Fairchild of Lufkin, candidate for congress from this district, was among the visitors in the city Thursday to take in "Trades Day."

Attorney J. C. Harris left Saturday for Austin and points in the Panhandle on a business mission. He will be absent about ten days.

Miss Lurline Wallace left this morning for Nacogdoches, where she will visit with friends.—Timpson Times. 23rd.

From practically every part of the county come reports of damage to buildings, crops, fences and timber by the storm of Monday evening. No personal injuries have been reported.

Mrs. R. M. Kent, who is visiting a sister at Rusk, will return the latter part of the week to finish her visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Matthews, before returning to her home in West Virginia.

Mrs. Kirk Martin left for Houston Monday to undergo a very serious operation, to be performed by Dr. Moore. Her legion of friends hope for a speedy recovery.

Misses Annie Coats and Thelma Oliver went to Nacogdoches and Chireno Tuesday for a few days' visit with friends.—Mt. Enterprise Progress.

Mr. and Mrs. Olan Matthews of Nacogdoches spent the week-end here visiting relatives and friends.—Alto Herald, 18th.

Mrs. A. H. Meador, who was operated upon at the Smith Sanitarium last week, has been moved to her home and had so far improved that her nurse was dismissed Monday morning.

Miss Ruth Myatt, who had been visiting her sister, Mrs. Elmer Weaver, in this city, has returned to her home in Houston, accompanied by her nieces, Marge Evelyn and Marian Vann Weaver.

MRS. C. D. MIMS

Word was received in Nacogdoches Wednesday of the death in Austin Tuesday afternoon following a surgical operation of Mrs. C. D. Mims, nee Vallie Price, who was born and reared at Melrose and who was widely known and greatly beloved in this city and throughout the country. She was the wife of Judge C. D. Mims, secretary of state under the Hobby administration. Three brothers and a sister, all residents of this county, survive her. They are Messrs. Dozier, Arch and Mon Price and Miss Dora Price. The two latter went to Austin upon hearing of the critical illness of their sister.

Deceased is survived also by her husband and two daughters, Misses Ruth and Billie Burke Mims, and two sons, Gordon and Richard Mims. Burial was in Austin Wednesday afternoon.

Many of our people are deeply grieved at the untimely death of this good woman, and upon every hand are heard expressions of sorrow and sympathy.

FUNERAL OF R. N. PHIPPS

The funeral of Mr. R. N. Phipps, who died Monday afternoon, was held Tuesday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Interment was at North Church, the services being conducted by Rev. S. D. Dollahite of the Nacogdoches Baptist church.

The pallbearers were Henry Rusche, John Nelson, M. G. Hazle, Blum Mast, J. N. Thomas, Pat Jenkins, Charles Hoy and R. A. Hall.

Deceased leaves a wife and four children—three daughters and a son. They are Miss Lydia Phipps of this city, a married daughter in Jacksonville and one at Waco; and Robert Phipps, Jr., of this city. The family have the sympathy of all our people.

Mr. Phipps was a native of Alabama and had been a resident of Nacogdoches for 40 years.

The Lufkin school board Monday afternoon sold the recently voted bond issue of \$100,000. The bonds were bought by C. E. McNess of Chicago, for \$108,997 and accrued interest. The architect has the plans ready and bids have been asked for and it is thought that work will begin on the new grade school building not later than June 1.

The thanks of the Sentinel are due Mr. William Bennett Bizzell for an invitation to attend the commencement exercises of the Agricultural & Mechanical College at Bryan beginning on Saturday, June 3, together with a program thereof. There are 218 graduates in the class.

A Big Purchase of Summer Dress Goods Just Received

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

For Congress:
JOHN B. BURNS.
Of Shelby County.

For District Attorney:
W. E. DONLEY,
Of Jacksonville
F. P. MARSHALL
W. E. BATES

For District Clerk:
JAN R. PRINCE.
(Re-election)

County Attorney:
JACK VARNER.
AUDLEY HARRIS.
W. E. THOMASON.

For County Clerk:
J. F. PERRITTE.

For Sheriff:
R. E. BOOTH.
G. W. L. WOOLMAN.
(Re-election)

W. O. STRODE.
T. G. VAUGHT.

For County Treasurer:
J. F. FLOYD.
(Re-election for Second Term)

For Tax Collector:
J. C. MELTON.
(Re-election)

R. E. ANDERSON.
J. G. FREDERICK.
JOHN P. JOHNSON.
A. B. STODDARD.
R. A. (Dick) HALL.
FRITZ CRAWFORD.
T. A. (Thad) HARGIS.
EUGENE MATTESON.

For Tax Assessor:
CLYDE SHOFNER.
(Re-election)

For County Superintendent of Schools:
MISS EXIER M. LEWIS.
(Re-election)

For Public Weigher:
WYMAN WINDHAM.

For Commissioner Precinct No. 1:
M. S. (Matt) MUCKLEROY.
HORACE SPRADLEY.

For Commissioner, Precinct No. 4:
T. M. STEWART.
R. T. BENTLEY.
J. C. MENEFFEE.
L. C. JACOBS.

For Commissioner, Precinct No. 3:
L. S. (Sylvester) McDUFFIE.

BIG PYTHIAN TIME

LaNana Lodge, No. 106, Knights of Pythias, had a splendid meeting Monday evening in their castle hall, where Rank work was conferred on several candidates, and after the meeting all attended a luncheon at the City Cafe.

The grand chancellor, B. W. Steele, Past Grand Chancellor, J. T. Bonner, now superintendent of the Insurance Department; and E. L. Baker, special deputy grand chancellor, took part in the work.

Lufkin and Diboll Knights also participated in the work which was a treat to this lodge. The following from these cities were present.

Lufkin—C. A. Shirley, J. H. Thompson, F. Y. McGowan, H. C. Yandy, S. G. Lewis, I. W. Terry, Matt S. Johnson, D. F. Harrell, J. T. Masters, J. L. Anderson, W. S. Poston, T. L. Peden, W. O. Ricks, D. T. Finley, R. V. Watts, J. L. Treadwell, Jake Marcus, H. Abram, R. H. Powell, A. E. Mantooth, L. S. Atkins, E. Y. Watson, S. O. Landis, R. L. Talbott, B. A. Treadaway, J. M. Smalley, F. G. Gibbs, D. E. Singleton, Homer Bell, L. S. Abram, E. V. Cromwell, R. L. Cunningham, Gentry Dugat, Diboll—B. F. Hines, Lon Smith, Billie Rogers, Sam Parks.

LaNana Lodge will confer Rank Work on a number of candidates on Monday, May 29, at 8 o'clock at their castle hall. All members and visiting brothers are requested to attend.

Messrs. Clinton Lee and Clyde Bullock of Shreveport were guests Sunday of Nacogdoches friends.

R. M. PHIPPS

Mr. R. M. Phipps, a well-known resident of the city, died Monday afternoon, aged 64 years, 8 months and 20 days. He had been ill for a long time and his death was not unexpected. He was a painter, and had put the finishing touches on many of the principal buildings of Nacogdoches and surrounding country.

The storm of Monday afternoon caused considerable uneasiness in the city, though the damage was negligible, consisting of broken branches of trees, but west of town, near Douglas, many trees were prostrated and fences leveled. In the Fairview community a number of houses were blown down and much timber destroyed. Particulars are at present unobtainable, but no loss of life has been reported.

Government Bonds are now selling above par. Let the Nacogdoches State Bank sell your bonds. There will be no charge for this service. 19-dtf

Office hours 10 a. m. to 5 p. m. Telephone 351.

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