

**Comment--and  
Discomment**

Our hat is off, this pleasant spring morning, to Mr. F. W. Dyer, whose first name we presume to be Frederick. That's a nice name, and it fits him. Frederick hails from Denver, Colorado, where he has, without a doubt, a nifty suite of offices, several pulchritudinous stenographers and a fat bank roll. At any rate, if he is shy on the latter, he has ambitions—and we should ever rejoice when we perceive ambition. As Emerson once said: Let a man but eat a record number of eggs, drink a larger amount of booze or tell a bigger lie than his neighbor, and the world will fairly beat a path to his door. Those may not have been the master philosopher's exact words, but they carry the thought no had in mind.

Frederick, for all we know, may be the best sort of a business man, and may be fully as important in the Denver financial district as his mimeographed letterhead would lead us to believe. But we are not taking our hat off to him because of what he may be, but because of his sublime nerve—his unmitigated gall. We got a letter from Frederick this morning, and it was as good an imitation of typewriting as we have seen. And we read it through breathlessly, stopping only, now and then, to breathe.

And this is the scheme that Frederick unfolded: All we have to do is to mail him our check—he doesn't ask for a certified check, either, he trusts us. The check is to be in the amount of \$50. For this small sum, my brothers, we are to be let into financial circles. We are to be a member of a little pool that is to operate in a certain oil stock. Frederick usually confines his pools to his friends and clients, but in our case he will make an exception. We are to be especially favored. The stock (not named) was selling "last year" at sixty cents a share, but he has been able to buy quite a block at a much lower figure.

Of course, there are a number of oil stocks which sold fairly high last year and can be purchased lower right now. But this stock is good stuff, and the lowered price can be explained, if we are interested enough to inquire. The fact is that we will get exactly four hundred shares for this fifty plunks, a trifle of 12 1/2 cents a share. This stock will

be sold by the "pool," Frederick is to manage it and he is certain that he can sell it, and when it is sold, all that we'll have to do is to cash the bank draft that Fred will send us.

But can this stock be sold at a profit? Listen to Frederick. He knows the ins and outs of this game. "We anticipate a natural market, so there will be no advertising expense. The stock should sell itself, just on natural demand." It's good stock; Frederick will see to that. One well past the 2,000-foot mark is now drilling, and if it comes in, everything will be hunky-dory. Already there are some gas wells—and "where there is gas there is oil." Frederick probably means natural gas.

And, finally, this letter appeals to our sporting instinct. Take a chance, Frederick urges. "This is a little gamble—a flyer—and will cost only \$50. If the entire amount is a loss it won't hurt." And we might win quite a sizeable sum. As Frederick says, "We believe it will make us all two or three hundred dollars." He knows that he, at least, will make that amount.

Now, we may be doing Frederick a big injustice by even hinting that there is something wrong with his proposition. It may be as open and aboveboard as he says it is. There's a bank's name for reference, and it sounds like a good bank. Frederick may account for every cent he gets—probably will—and he may even tell who owns this lease the pool is to buy. The name of the stock we buy sight unseen will be disclosed when he receipts for the cash we send him. And if we can't spare fifty cold plunks, he'll let us in on the installment plan—\$10 down and much more later on.

About ninety-nine out of a hundred such letters finally wind up in the furnace, but the hundredth one will find a live and healthy sucker who yearns to be a good sport and take a chance. Maybe he can afford to take a chance, and maybe some innocent persons will suffer if he loses.

What gets our goat is this—that there isn't any way to put a stop to the open operation of such schemes as Frederick's. If Fred lived in Nebraska, he couldn't offer this stock for sale or any other unless he had a blue sky permit. But he can sell it through mail and no one can touch him. The state law can't touch interstate business. He can't be grabbed under the law forbidding the use of the mail to defraud, because he's open and aboveboard—he tells everyone that it's a gamble. He's not defrauding anyone; at least it would be difficult to prove.

Some day the United States government, which is howling loudly now about hanging on to war savings stamps and liberty bonds, and warning investors to look before they buy, will get busy and put a stop to this selling of unknown stocks by mail. It's a rather peculiar situation when a company can't send representatives into the state to sell stocks openly, but when mail salesmen can come and go at will, and where even newspapers can print advertisements for outside companies which have no permit to dispose of their shares. Some day there'll be teeth in other laws beside the prohibition enforcement statutes.

**NEVADA THOMAS**

Nevada Thomas was born at Greensburg, Ky., November 18, 1877, and died April 4, 1920, at Bayard, Neb., aged forty-three years, four months and sixteen days. When yet a small girl her parents moved to Missouri and later to Kansas City, Kas., where they lived for several years. While in her teens they moved to Oklahoma, where she met Henry S. Sutton, whom she married October 18, 1895, at New Kirk, Okla. In May, 1909 she with her husband and family came to Nebraska from Iowa, Kas., and lived on a farm near Alliance. The next year they fled on a homestead near there, where they lived for five years. In 1916 Mr. Sutton purchased the Clarence Yoey homestead six miles north of Bayard and the family have been residents of the Wild Horse community since that time.

Mrs. Sutton was the mother of thirteen children, ten of whom are living. One little girl, Anna, died in 1908 and is resting in the cemetery at Iowa, Kas., and two infants are sleeping in the Evergreen cemetery near Alliance, where the mother was laid to rest April 7, 1920. The surviving children are Mrs. Emaline Baker, Mrs. Inis Coker, Jason, Jessie, George, Ethel, Clarence, Neal, Edna and Louise Bayard. Besides her sorrowing husband, children and six grandchildren, she is survived by her aged father and two brothers and sisters.

Mrs. Sutton had not been well for ten years, but she was always kind and loving to her family and ever ready to join them in their joys and sorrows. As a friend and neighbor she was always ready to lend a helping hand and she will be greatly missed by those of the community. She was a member of the Wild Horse Woman's club and held in high esteem by all.

Her death came very suddenly, due to heart failure and was a great shock to the whole neighborhood.

On March 25 she underwent a serious operation and was seemingly improving rapidly when the change came and she passed away within an hour.

She was not a member of any church, but had often expressed her desire to become a Christian and we hope to meet her at the resurrection of the righteous.

Words of comfort were spoken to the bereaved one by Elder C. H. Miller of the Seventh Day Adventist church of Gering, from the eleventh chapter of St. John, showing the wonderful power of God to raise the dead and the sympathy Jesus has for those in sorrow.

The heartfelt sympathy of the entire community goes out to Mr. Sutton and family in this hour of bereavement.

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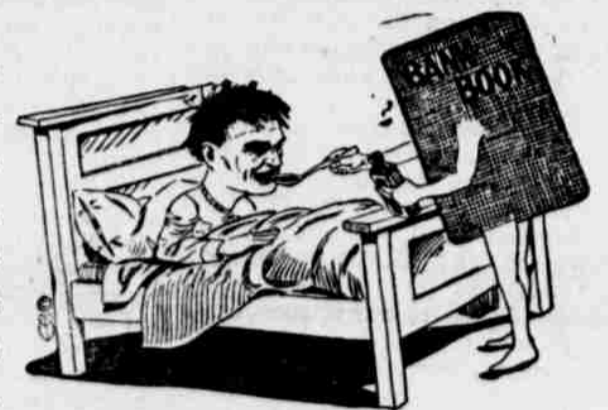
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