

Tracts For \$30 Half Our Profits Property and Proven Lease

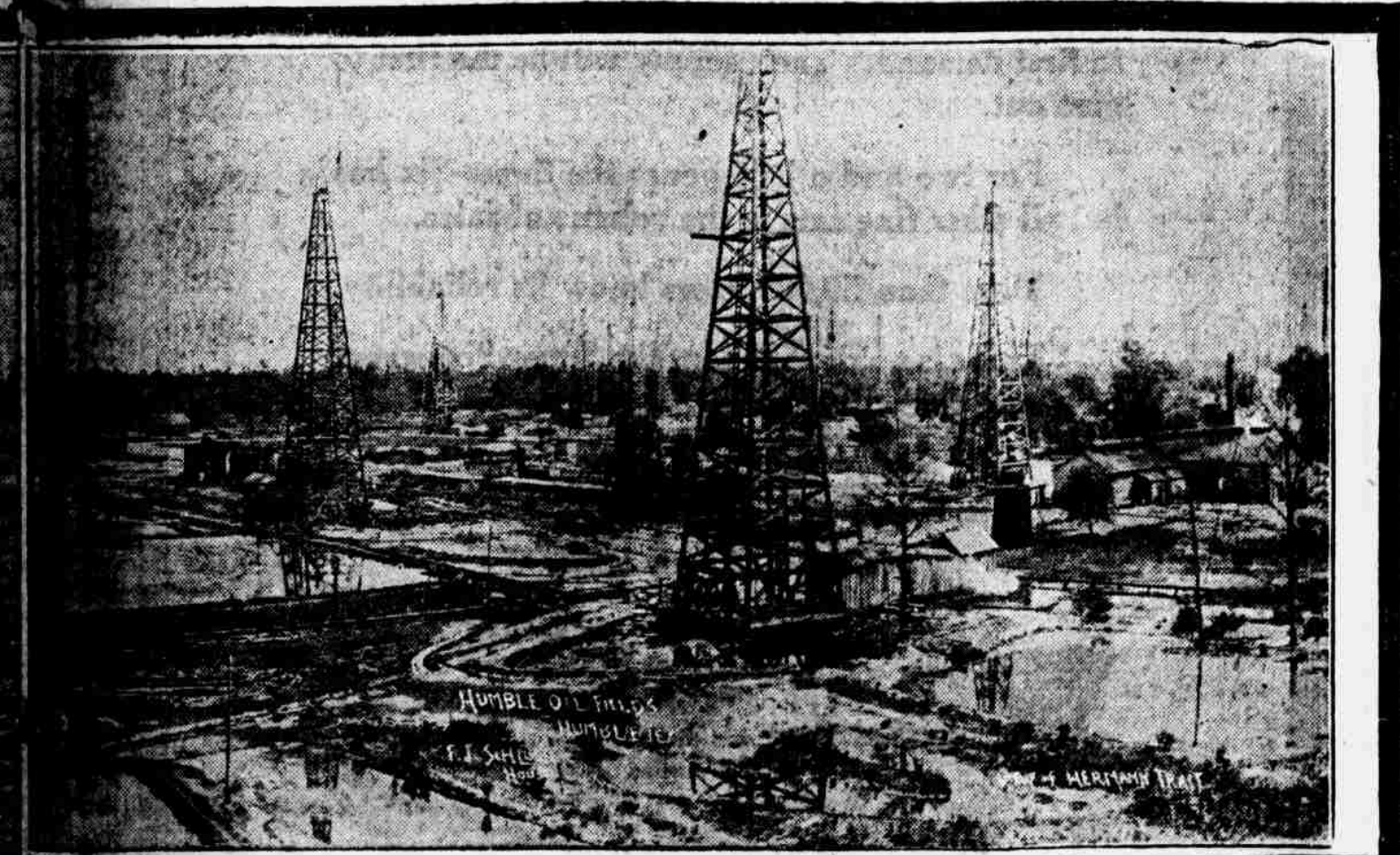
Not risking
In buying
acre Tracts for
\$30
re investing
profits are
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a fortune

You that we certainly would not be
needs for drilling purposes, together
w and very certain of developing a great
50% of oil we produce, and in order
the big money for you.

g under a permit in
the laws of this state
Development Co.

Tyler 398
National Bank Bldg.
A, NEB.

ts Should Be When We Develop a Field Like This



1/4-ACRE TRACT PURCHASERS SHARE ALSO IN PROFITS FROM PROVEN LEASE

¶ You will certainly buy quarter tracts of our property when you understand that regardless of the outcome of our drilling operations at High Island, your share of profits from our proven Humble lease should earn you big returns.

¶ A test well has already been drilled here, with a showing which is estimated will make at least 500 barrels per day, from 1,700 foot sand, when completed.

¶ Adjoining leases are producing from 5,000 to 8,000-barrel gushers from deeper sand which surely should also exist on our lease.

¶ With only 2,000-barrel daily production from this lease the company should be able to pay each \$30 quarter acre tract purchaser about 600% annually.

¶ The photograph shown below is a view of the wonderful Herman property, which adjoins our proven lease on the west.

Our Expert Drilling Superintendent

We have secured the services of Mr. E. D. Snyder as drilling superintendent. He has drilled hundreds of big oil wells throughout Kansas, Oklahoma, Louisiana, Texas, and Old Mexico. He drilled 38 big producers for the McMan Oil Co. in Healdton field, which company, while starting with very small capital, recently sold to the Magnolia Oil Co. for \$30,000,000.00. His record with our company should equal or surpass this.

We will gladly furnish any further information desired.

Send for free bulletin.

As we have only a limited number of tracts for sale, we advise you to rush in your order immediately.

Payments may be arranged.

Fill Out and Mail This Coupon at Once

I hereby subscribe for.....quarter-acre tracts of your High Island property, and I hand you herewith \$.....in payment for same.

It is understood I am to receive good and sufficient Warranty Deed Covering tracts purchased.

If the company's experts select my tract or tracts upon which to drill, I am to receive royalty of one-tenth of all oil or gas produced and saved therefrom.

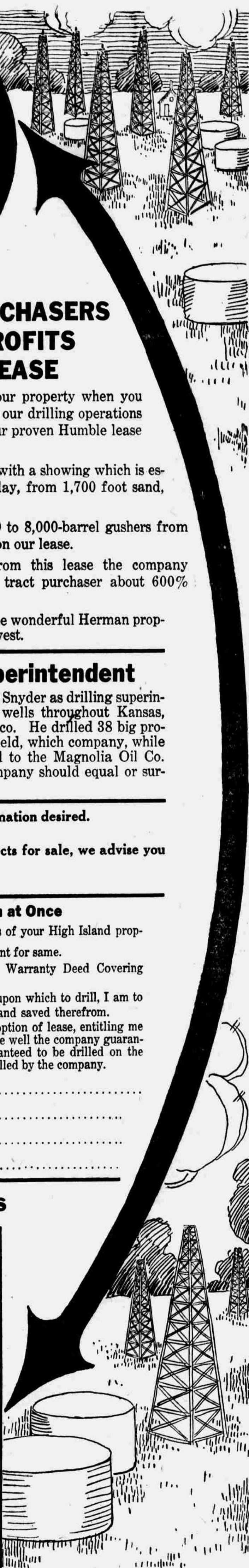
Also Profit Sharing Contract, in consideration of option of lease, entitling me to share proportionately in 50% of net profits from the well the company guarantees to drill on the High Island property and well guaranteed to be drilled on the Humble lease and in all other wells which may be drilled by the company.

Signed

Street, Box or R. F. D. No.

City or Town

County State



SHELLPROOF MACK

only way and it did for the Boches time. So all we had to do was eat and sleep and play cards and write letters by candle-light. I had received a Boston paper a day or two before, and read the thing through and back again and inside out down to the ads and the death notices. So did everybody else. Tommy is quite as interested in American newspapers as in his own. He thinks we are a bit queer, but he likes to read about us.

Rations at Railway Wood were still cold and we had to do our own cooking, the same as in the shell-holes. I got to be an expert at boiling water. The 48 hours' rest passed before we knew it and at 10 on the night of August 24 we went up to the line again. It was quiet this time, with only an occasional shell coming over, and we made it without casualties.

We expected to occupy the pill-boxes we had taken, but found that the company that had relieved us had fallen back to shell-holes about 50 yards from the boxes. So we rolled into the mud again and settled down for another two days of the horrors. The place smelled worse than before.

The hole I drew was too small, and there were four of us in it. We got busy that night and dug some little saps so we could sit down and stretch without lying on top of each other.

About 5 the next morning Fritz started his regular daybreak strafing and we were glad of the saps. The next hole to ours was bashed in and a chap named Lawton had his shoulder ripped away. He lived through it and was carried out that night.

During the day the wind was just right and six times Fritz sent over gas waves. He gave them to us every two hours on the tick. We had the respirators on most of the time. The Boche was playing a game. He knew that we were in a place where it would be impossible to get up new helmets, and that the chemicals in any gas mask will last only so long. No doubt he drenched us with mustard gas that day in the hope that by night many of us would be wearing played-out respirators and would be easy victims. It worked. He bagged quite a number.

That night orders came up for a patrol of 12 men to be sent out to have a "look-see" in front of the German lines. When we had taken the pill-boxes the Boche had fallen back to ordinary trenches several hundred yards away. He had wire in front, and we wanted to get some line on whether he was preparing for a counter-attack on the boxes. So we were told to go out without rifles and armed only with four bombs apiece and a persuader.

A persuader is a club with a loaded and nail-studded head. You sidewise a Boche under the chops with it and it crushes his nob like an egg-shell. We did not blacken our faces as usual, as it was very dark. We were to spy out the German positions and take prisoners if we could do it without making a noise.

We left at 10 o'clock. We were really each man on his own. Shells were falling here and there, and for half an hour we lay in holes. We wanted all the cover we could get. Then we went forward.

I had been out maybe an hour and was a hundred yards or so in front of the pill-boxes when I got a sniff of gas. They were giving it to us again after a day of it. I hurried into the respirator. Soon I got a little dizzy. I knew what was wrong. The chemical in my mask was worn out. I was getting gassed and knew it was time to light out for home. I headed back and my brain began to spin. Immediately all sense of direction went out of me. I fell over one body and on top of another. I clawed him over, hunting for his gas mask. There wasn't any. The mask on the next body was slit, and that on another man had the tube broken. I gave it up and staggered away, with no idea of where I was going. Presently I fell into some wire and hung there. The bars clutched and clung at my puttees and trousers. I found myself too weak to get out and slid down into a crouch, hopeless and waiting to die. My breath became terribly labored. I fought for each inhalation, dragging it up in great rasping, gurgling gasps. My eyes stung terribly, and the tears streamed down my face and went salty into my mouth. I slobbered. I got the taste of mustard in my nose and in the back of my throat, and my palate stung and swelled.

I weakened rapidly. But finally I summoned the strength to drag off my helmet for air. No use. It was worse in the open. I sickened and tried to vomit, but couldn't, retching and heaving up till I hung limp in the wire with my face crushed down in the cruel bars.

I didn't lose consciousness and was still fighting for air when I heard a man say:

"Don't move, damn you. Who are you?"

I pulled together all the life that was left in me and muttered in a voice that sounded strangely loud and that made my eardrums ache:

"British soldier."

Then I slid out of the world. I came back to it as they were dragging me out of the wires and heard them say that they were from the Somersets and were out on patrol, and that I was in German wire.

(Continued Monday.)

ANNOUNCEMENT!

The New Management of The Millard Hotel Co. wishes to announce that the

MILLARD HOTEL

13th and Douglas Streets

will be entirely remodeled and refurbished, but will be open for business continually.

Reasonable Summer Rates will be given to Permanent Guests.

The remodeling will not interfere with the operation of the Hotel or Cafe in any respect.

H. WEINER

GENERAL MANAGER

Phone Douglas 924.