

New Year Greetings

This bank appreciates the business entrusted to it during the year 1915. It will be the purpose of the Officers and Directors of this institution to give every assistance possible during the coming New Year, which will be profitable to the patrons of this Bank, and we wish for the patrons of this institution a good measure of prosperity during the coming year.

The First National Bank

Capital . . . \$200,000.00
Surplus . . . 60,000.00

B. Y. P. U. Officers for Year Elected

The B. Y. P. U. of the First Baptist church held their semi-annual business meeting and the following officers were elected: C. O. Marrs, president; T. L. Balley, vice-president; Sid Brawley, corresponding secretary; Miss Coryell, recording secretary; Mrs. T. L. Balley, treasurer; L. W. Parker, librarian; Miss Coryell, pianist; Miss Ruby Hay, chorister.

The special New Year program will be as follows:

- Subject: "The New and the New Life."
- Song.
- Prayer.
- Song.
- Scripture, Rom. 6:1-11.
- Introduction by leader.
- Second Corinthians, 5:17.
- The new life more than the New Year.
- Gal. 2:20.
- Daily contact with God through his word.
- Phil. 4:8.
- Eph. 2:12.
- The demands of the new life.
- Open meeting.

Again we must remind our friends that we positively will not accept "want," "rent" and "sale" ads by phone. Do not embarrass us by asking us to do so. DAILY EXPRESS, 10-8-tf

Subscribe for the Daily Express.

WANTED—Clean cotton rags at the Daily Express office. Highest cash price paid.

MARKETS

Chickasha Grain Today.
No. 2 milling wheat, \$1.03.
No. 2 export wheat, 95c.
Corn, ear (mixed), 55c.
Corn, white ear, 56c.
Corn, shelled (mixed), 56c.
Corn, white, shelled, 57c.

Chickasha Cotton Today.
Cotton 11 1/2c.
Cottonseed, \$32 per ton.

Chicago Grain Today.
WHEAT.
December—Open, \$1.25 1/2; close, \$1.26 1/4.
May—Open, \$1.28 1/2 to \$1.28; close, \$1.25 1/2 to \$1.25 1/4.

CORN.
December—Open, 74 1/2c to 74 3/4c; close, 74 1/2c.
May—Open, 77 1/2c to 77 3/4c; close, 76 1/2c to 76 3/4c.

OATS.
December—Open, 44 1/2c; close, 45 1/2c.
May—Open, 48 1/2c to 48 3/4c; close, 47 1/2c to 47 3/4c.

FILE INCOME TAX RETURNS

OKLAHOMA CITY, Dec. 31.—Come tax blanks were mailed by the collector of internal revenue on the thirty-first day of December, to all corporations in the state of Oklahoma, and to all individuals who paid an income tax last year. These blanks should be properly filled out and returned to Hubert L. Bolen, collector of internal revenue, at Oklahoma City, Okla., not later than March 1, 1916. The penalty imposed upon corporations for failure to file returns on or before March 1, 1916, is not to exceed \$10,000, and the amount of tax due as shown by returns is increased 50 per cent. The penalty imposed upon individuals who are liable to make returns and who fail to do so within the time prescribed by law, is not more than \$1,000 and 50 per cent of the tax. If any corporation or individual fails to receive a blank for making return, it is the duty of such corporation or individual to notify the collector and a blank will be furnished. "The filing of income tax returns is a matter that should receive immediate attention," said Mr. Bolen. "Past experience proves that a number of corporations thinking they had plenty of time in which to make and file their returns, laid aside the blanks and forgot about them until the penalty had attached."

MONEY TO LEND.
On farm lands and well improved Chickasha property. Farm money is cheap, and on best terms. Two plans for handling city loans. See us at once.

HARDEN-ROCHE MORTGAGE CO.
203-204 Tye bldg., Chickasha, Okla.

Appreciation.
A good story comes from London about a lawyer who engaged a new boy. As he had suffered to some extent from the dishonesty of his former ad, he determined to try the new boy's honesty at once. He thereupon placed a £5 note under a weight upon his desk and walked out without a word. Upon his return, half an hour later, the note was gone and half a crown in silver had taken its place. "Boy, when I went out I left a £5 note under this weight!" "Yes, sir; but you see you hadn't gone five minutes when a man came in with a bill against you for £4 17 shillings and 6 pence. I believe the change is correct." "You said a bill?" "Yes, sir; there it is, all right." "The man said it had dipped your mind for the past four years, and so—" The lawyer showed his appreciation (?) of honesty by discharging the boy at once.

GRADY COUNTY EXPRESS, 25c A Year.

This great offer is made for an indefinite period. We will send the GRADY COUNTY EXPRESS for one full year, to subscribers in Grady county only, on receipt of only 25 cents. THINK OF IT, the official county paper, rock-ribbed Democratic, with all the local, political and official news every week for 25 cents a year. Subscribe now! Remit in coin to—

GRADY COUNTY EXPRESS, Chickasha, Okla.

Cash paid for clean cotton rags at Daily Express office.

Short Stories OF THE TOWN

ONLY A ROSE

By DOROTHY BLACKMORE.

Open House at Country Club.

It is announced that the Country club will keep open house to members from 2 to 4 o'clock tomorrow afternoon. A matinee dance and tea will be features of the afternoon. In order to defray expenses, Secretary Boyd announces, members will be charged fifty cents each.

Expected Home Tomorrow.

Mrs. Martin Coryell, lady agent for Grady county, is expected to return to Chickasha tomorrow from an extended visit to her old home at Fort Scott, Kan. Mrs. Coryell will resume the work of the boys' and girls' clubs in this county immediately upon her return.

Spining at Auto Show.

Paul Spining is in New York attending the automobile show. He joined Mrs. Spining and their little son, Paul Jr., last week at South Orange, N. J., where they spent Christmas with home folks. Mr. Spining expects to return home via Detroit, where he will visit the great Studebaker automobile plants, for which he is distributor for several counties in Oklahoma.

Didn't Attend Socialist Meet.

Colonel Barefoot has returned from Oklahoma City, where he went to hear former United States Senator Joe Bailey speak. Colonel Barefoot pleads guilty to having dropped in at a session of the meeting of the Oklahoma Bar association while in Oklahoma City, but positively denies that at any time while there did attend a session of the state socialist meeting, also in progress there.

Eighty Dollars.

Eighty dollars' worth of cash bonds stand on the police court records, with the cash in the jeans of the mayor, and will be forfeited to the good of the city when 4 o'clock strikes. The eighty dollars represent eight cases of disturbance of the peace, seven men and one woman. Rumor avereth that the seven men were sitting about a green-clad table last night when the police came in through the unguarded door.

Bitten by Rat.

E. R. Neville, residing at the Bonar Flats, was awakened shortly after midnight this morning by a stinging sensation in the upper lip. Scuffling, uncomprehending feet rustled across the bed and leaped to the floor as Mr. Neville sprang to a sitting posture. Switching on the lights Mr. Neville discovered he had been bitten through the upper lip by an apparently hungrier rat. A physician was called and dressed the wound, stating that little Ganger might be apprehended by the victim from the rodent's bite.

Haunted Building?

Chickasha is about to break into the limelight with a really and truly haunted building. The building wherein the spooks hold revels and the shades of the departed walk and sing and talk, is not a dilapidated and tumble-down structure, located in a lonesome suburb, as must usually be the case with haunted houses. It is, on the contrary, a large pile of brick and mortar on one of the principal thoroughfares of the city. The building, the haunted building, is tenanted with and by an enlightened and non-superstitious class of Chickasha's citizenry, the word of each of whom is as good as a bond. And each of the tenants mentioned avers the building in question is undeniably "spooky."

"TRY, TRY AGAIN."

A wedding was staged at the county court house a short time ago wherein the bride, although yet on the sunny side of thirty, announced that this was her fourth venture upon the sea of matrimony. "All your former husbands dead?" asked the officiating minister. "La, no," answered the bride with a charming smile. "None of them are dead—just divorced." After the minister had performed the ceremony, Clerk Newman, seeming determined to "pull a bonehead," said, "Well, the next time you come to this office it will be to seek a divorce." "Probably so," answered the bride with a nod and another charming smile.

Subscribe for the Daily Express.

Subscribe for the Daily Express.

"You do like my gown then?" Nancy questioned. She reached out and extracted a solitary pink rose that had lent its beauty to his writing table. "I think I need this in my hair," she said and tucked the flower among the riot of golden curls. After his smile of approval she skipped off. It was quite time for the first guest to arrive for her coming-out party.

Kennard watched her go and sighed a trifle wearily. He was old beyond his thirty-five years in that he had, at the age of twenty-one, gone through a frightful train wreck which left him mentally aged and physically lame.

At twenty-five, his closest friend, older by many years than Kennard, had died, leaving a slim, delicate girl orphaned and oddly alone in the world. Kennard had adopted Nancy Vale because Vale had left her to him.

The doorbell rang many times and men and women flocked into the great Kennard drawing-room where Nancy, looking not more than fifteen in her simple gray frock, welcomed her guests. Often her big eyes glanced swiftly at the stairs leading from the library, but each time they returned to smiles and laughter with a hint of wistfulness growing in their clear depths. "Nunky" was so absorbed in his story as to forget that he had promised to come in and join her party.

It was not until silence reigned again in the great house and a small pink rose drooped wearily in Nancy's curls that she tiptoed softly to the library door. The quiet of that room told her that the story was finished and that "Nunky" was smoking the restful cigarette that always followed the completion of a good day's work. "May I come in?" she questioned, already over the threshold.

Kennard opened wide his eyes. "I just wanted to say good night," she said softly, and stroked back the lock of snow-white hair that lay across Kennard's broad forehead.

"You grow more like your father every day," he said in quick appreciation of her instinctive understanding. "He was the most unselfish and considerate man that ever walked the earth. I'm sorry, kiddie, that your old uncle forgot the coming-out party. I could only have limped about trying vainly to banish my hero and his woes from my mind. I will get you another string of those beads."

"Beads! How dare you call my matchless pink pearls beads!" She touched the exquisite present from him that clasped her slender neck. She looked anxiously at him. "You won't sit up any longer will you—it's late now?"

"Only till the cigarette puffs out," he told her and watched her skip off and up to her room.

Kennard sat for a few moments wearily looking at the door through which his ward had gone. Gradually his eyes focused themselves on a faded pink flower that lay just within the library door. It was the rose Nancy had worn in her hair.

Kennard rose and picked it up and returned to his desk with it. He sat gazing softly, tenderly, at it and, a second later, his lips caressed it tenderly.

No sooner had he touched the withered flower than he drew back swiftly. The meaning of his action went over him like a flame of fire.

"God!" he cried in terror at his own emotion. "Not that! Surely not that—she's only a child!" He sat stunned. A few minutes later his head went forward on his arms and the rose was again against his lips.

Nancy, creeping softly down the stairs, tried to stifle the beating of her heart when she glanced swiftly at the floor just within the library door. There was no rose lying there. She stood for a moment, her great eyes devouring Kennard's bent shoulders and bowed head. The very softest sigh escaped her and Kennard raised his eyes slowly, believing a splendid vision had appeared to him.

Surely the slim little creature in the doorway was not Nancy. There was golden hair piled high and bound by the matchless pink pearls and a white throat rose like the stem of a lily from a low-cut bodice. The arms were bare and gleaming white.

"This is the new gown aunty bought for me," she explained swiftly, her words hysterically broken. She had seen the crushed rose under Kennard's hand. Her eyes were like stars and her body was trembling with elation. It was unbelievable, this wonderful thing that had happened. Paul Kennard loved her!

He brushed his eyes dazedly. He dared scarcely look at Nancy so great was his longing for her. Her suddenly-revealed womanly beauty had made him weak.

"The gown is lovely," he said feebly, trying to speak in the old way. "But run up to your bed, kiddie—it's time little girls were asleep."

"It's time little girls were grown up," Nancy said. And the subtle note of womanhood had entered her voice. She drew close to Kennard and her gleaming arms twined up and about his neck. "If you won't tell me you love me," she said—and there was a sob in her voice—"I don't want to live."

Kennard's arms closed about her swiftly, hungrily.

A rose lay on the desk—the pink rose she had worn in her hair.

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HAPPY NEW YEAR

THE OKLAHOMA NATIONAL BANK

Saturday Will Be New Year's Day

One resolution make—one resolution keep, that the New Year will find you with an account here. Forget the mistakes you have made in the past. Let them die with the dying year. Look forward to the future bravely, resolutely. Let the dawn of 1916 mark the dawn of your success. It's up to you NOW to decide! Your future is in your hands. Will that future be one of poverty and disaster—or riches and success? It's up to you!

"Once to every man and Nation Comes the moment to decide."

What is YOUR decision?

The Farmers State Bank

J. W. WILSON, Cashier. M. F. COURTNEY, President.

Wm Inman, President. W. W. Horne, Vice-Pres. Ed. F. Johns, Cashier. F. C. Hall, Ass't Cashier.

Citizens National Bank

CHICKASHA, OKLAHOMA
Capital . . . \$75,000. Surplus and Profits . . . \$45,000
YOUR BUSINESS SOLICITED.

DIRECTORS—B. P. Smith, W. M. Inman, W. W. Horne, W. H. Driggers, J. F. Driggers, J. C. Driggers, Ed. F. Johns

Accounts of merchants, corporations and individuals solicited. Every courtesy extended consistent with conservative banking.

Always Best---

But in these frenzied Buying Days, during the Holidays, it's most apparent that a Checking account with this Bank is "the very thing."

FOR--- It's so convenient, no waits for change. It's also safe, nothing lost when you lose your check book. And, your cancelled check stands as proof of payment on all purchases. Can't be any "come back" when

You Pay by Check

Invitations out for you to Open an Account

The Chickasha National Bank

T. H. Dwyer, President. Roy C. Smith, Cashier

Greetings of the Season

And Thanks for Your Patronage

Greetings of the season and best wishes for a happy and prosperous 1916 to you all! And may you have many such in the years to come!

We thank you sincerely for the liberal patronage we have received during the past twelve months. You have been generous indeed, which is the best of all evidence.

We have endeavored at all times to serve you conscientiously and acceptably in the past, and the future will see us putting forth even greater efforts to this end. We hope to see you all throughout the new year, which we trust is to be one of many blessings to our people.

Again, hearty greetings from the management and clerks of this store.

"In Business for Your Health"

Wren Drug Company

PHONE 19. 301 Chickasha Avenue. PHONE 19.