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Sugg Theatre FEATURE HOUSE TONIGHT

"THE DEVIL'S PRAYER BOOK"
Starring Arthur Hoops as Albert Sprague, alias "Al" Spencer, has need of all his dramatic talent to meet the demands in a successful portrayal of these dominating characters in "The Devil's Prayer Book," but he acquits himself in brilliant fashion. His co-star, Alma Hanlon, as Neil, the girl thief and chief dependence of a band of outlaws, proves admirably adapted to the role, and more than justifies expectations of her admirers. The plot is strong, the tale is told on the film in a satisfying manner and there are many tense, dramatic situations leading to a powerful climax.

"TILLIE'S TERRIBLE TUMBLES"
Three reel L-Ko comedy with Alice Howell in the lead.
TUESDAY — "Gloria's Romance," Billie Burke. Famous for the wonderful gowns she wears. In this new animated novel she wears costumes especially designed for her that outshine any gowns in which she has been seen in the past.

Coming next month, "The Ne'er Do Well," in ten thousand feet. A picture that will please all ladies and most men.

Matinee opens promptly every day at 2 p. m. to five. Night show 7:30 to 11 p. m.
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TONIGHT

Always worth the money.
"THE WOMAN WITH THE ROSE"
Featuring Lillian Drew.
Helen Gibson in
"A BLAZE ON THE RAIL"
"A BAG OF TROUBLE"
Vim comedy
Music by Kozy orchestra.
Matinee open 2 to 5 p. m. Night show 7:30 to 11 p. m.

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WINNERS IN "EXPANSION" GUESSING CONTEST

Winners in the "Expansion" guessing contest at the Grady county fair:
First prize—Miss Bertha Finch.
Second prize—J. D. Lindsay.
Third prize—Clara Robinson.
Fourth prize—Mrs. W. O. Sharpe.
Fifth prize—Mrs. J. S. Blackmon.
The grain was counted by C. E. Turner, C. E. Turner and Peiham Williams and the jar contained 25,751 grains.

WHEN SUN WAS WORSHIPED

Baalbec, Now in Ruins, Was the Center of Religion That Once Had Many Adherents.

Baalbec is the city of the sun. Here the sun god was worshiped thousands of years ago, here the ruins of his great temple still stand, numerous and majestic, a wonder and a mystery to another age and another race. Here, too, the sun today still seems to smile with particular warmth and fervor, as though regarding his faithful capital now that his place in the hierarchy of deities is gone.

In the ruins of Baalbec you can trace the rise and fall of almost every creed that the near East, rich in creeds, has known. The very stones still lie about that were raised by the worshippers of Baal, whom the Israelites overthrew. Then came the Greeks and the Romans, with temples to Apollo and Jupiter, Bacchus and Venus. The warlike Arabs left their mark in a circle of fortifications, temples to a religion of the sword. Today the Turk holds dominion, and his modern mosques raise their frail domed heads, like the transient structures of children, beside the mighty monuments of the past.

In plain terms of the guidebooks, Baalbec is a little Turkish village of 5,000 people situated near some of the most remarkable ruins on earth. So there are two Baalbecs—the city of yesterday and the city of today. Modern Baalbec has its mosques and its churches and its schools, sends its recruits to the sultan's armies, and makes picnics to the temple of Bacchus, where its young men and maidens hold hands in the twilight. Ancient Baalbec is a confused colossus, a heap of mighty blocks of cunningly carved stone, earthquake tossed and time eaten, piled haphazard and buried in sand, with here and there some frieze, some wall, some shrine or altar still raising its head through the tide of destruction to hold aloft the symbol of the sun or the Roman eagle.

The old stones have taken on a peculiarly rich and golden color with the years. Fragments that archeologists unearth from underground are pale and colorless, but the sunlight of centuries has touched what it could reach with its own sun-dust. Few sights are so beautiful as Baalbec on a clear spring evening. The five great columns of the sun rear their slender height heavenward like the trunks of giant palms. The tumbled temple stones glow golden in the level rays, while below stretches the tender green of young grain, the delicate bloom of wide orchards. The rock of the columns crumbles with the passing of ages, but the bloom of growing life that blights at a frost, breath returns ever fresh and new, spring after spring, eternally.

CHAMBERLAIN'S COLIC, CHOLERA AND DIARRHOEA REMEDY

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PLANS OF MICE AND MEN

By RUTH ISHAM.

Tommy Carstairs early in his career made up his mind to keep a level head and not let his heart run away with him. He would watch his chance and marry some girl who happened to be an only daughter of some rich old fellow with a bad heart.

So he settled down to his ledger at Smith & Dewey's, fairly well contented with life, confident that time was all that was needed to consummate his plan. Therefore it was with keen annoyance that he woke one morning realizing that he had made a fool of himself the night before and, quite before he knew what he was doing, had proposed to Clorinda Mowry, one of the stenographers at the office.

Tommy had been afraid of Clorinda. He had caught himself time and again watching the outline of her head against the big plate glass window, and her hair had a way of catching the sun and reflecting it into his eyes that was quite annoying.

And being fully aware that the girl would wreck all his carefully laid plans for a prosperous future if he were not exceptionally cautious, it was ridiculous that he had allowed his feelings to get the better of him just because a silly boat upset and he thought she was dying. He had called her his darling. And he had told she must live for him, that he adored her, and so on.

Then a light broke upon his gloom. Had he really proposed to her? Telling a girl you love her and that she is so-and-so and so-and-so doesn't mean that you have offered her your heart and hand. He bathed and dressed hurriedly, breakfasted and made for the office. He had a plan.

"The vacation lists are out and I'll sign up for mine right away. By the time I get back perhaps Clorinda will have forgotten what I said. Besides, if I go to Kenebunkat, or Menobscot, where millionaires are at a discount, I may be able to persuade some fair maid to take me on for keeps. Why not?"

Well, there is no use in relating that Tommy had another awakening almost as shocking as the one I have described. Only this one took several days. In that time he learned that although his name might be W. Thomas Carstairs and that he dressed well, the summer colonists would have none of him. He found himself in a state of isolation that was enlightening and not flattering. But just when he needed consolation the most he found it. And her name was Lorelei!

He was coming along the beach one day and as he passed she dropped her book. He restored it. She thanked him. He remarked on the weather. She spoke of something else. They both mentioned boating and it ended in taking a ride in a launch together. She was very pretty—straight, classic features and very light hair netted and puffed to perfection.

"I've only been here a day or so," she said confidentially, "and I feel rather lost. You see, we've been in Europe every summer until last year and we spent that in the Canadian Rockies. Father and mother are there now, but I came here from school with my companion to wait until they join me. Then we are going to Nova Scotia."

Tommy chirped up his business ear. The boat ride was a great success and over all too soon. Then followed a stroll on the terrace and, later, they went into the billiard room.

They sat down and waited for a table. Two men next to Tommy were talking.

"I see old Golden's dead!" said one. "You don't say so. Who'd get his money?"

"That little granddaughter, the only one of the whole family that's left. You know her parents died on the Essex when it was blown up. She gave up every cent of her fortune to the Belgians and they say the old man was so mad he wouldn't give her a dime. So she's working somewhere for a living. Of course she'll get it all now. Something like fifteen millions!"

The two weeks were up and Tommy had to leave, but not before one moonlight night he had begged for Lorelei's hand and been promised it.

Then came the day when he had to return to the office. He had worried about Clorinda, wondering how she would take it. But he put on a brave front and went in. Her place was empty!

"Haven't you heard the news, Tommy?" called Fosdick. "Old Golden was Clorinda's granddaddy and he up and died and left her fifteen millions."

Tommy was holding his desk for support. "And we miss her like the devil, but there's a peach taking her place—tall, blonde and—ahem."

A girl walked over to Clorinda's seat and sat down in front of the machine. "Lorelei," gasped Tommy, "by all that's holy!"

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