

Texas United Oil Company

The Development of the Company
From Its Organization

| | |
|--------------------|--|
| July 8, 1919 | Company organized—Holdings, 998 acres. |
| August 1, 1919 | 2 producing wells |
| August 20, 1919 | 2 producing wells—1 drilling |
| September 15, 1919 | 2 producing wells—2 drilling |
| September 24, 1919 | 4 producing wells—3 drilling |
| October 25, 1919 | 5 producing wells—3 drilling |
| December 10, 1919 | 6 producing wells—2 drilling |
| January 6, 1920 | 10 producing wells—4 drilling |
| January 26, 1920 | 12 producing wells—4 drilling |
| March 7, 1920 | 12 producing wells—5 drilling |
| March 6, 1920 | INCOME \$4,000,000 YEARLY FROM PRESENT PRODUCTION AT PRESENT PRICE OF OIL. EARNINGS OVER TWELVE TIMES DIVIDEND REQUIREMENTS. |

All of this record has been accomplished
in eight months

The Company is paying a regular 2% monthly dividend from earnings. AN EXTRA STOCK DIVIDEND OF 5% WILL BE PAID TO ALL STOCKHOLDERS OF RECORD APRIL 1st.

For further information in regard to the above write, phone or call on

HENRY H. SNELL

FINE ARTS BLDG., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Main 884

PHONES

Stone 1021

Does Making Out Your Income Tax Return Worry You?

It is mostly a matter of having kept proper records during the year. If you didn't keep them during 1919, profit by your experience and keep your records up to date during 1920 by a new system we have just devised for our depositors.

Let us show it to you.

Genesee Valley Trust Company,

21 Exchange Street,

Bell 2471

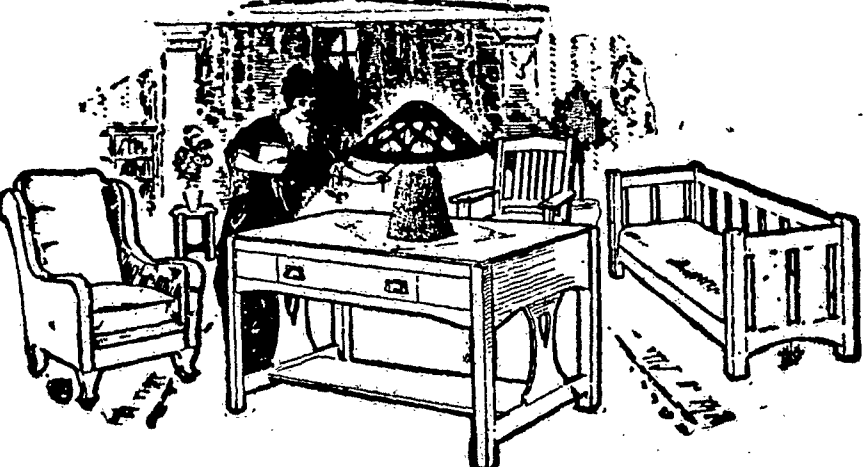
Phones

Local 1975, 1976

NEW YORK CURB

and Canadian Mining Stocks
Bought and Sold for Cash or on Margin
Direct Private Wires to New York and Canada.

HAMILTON B. WILLS
Member Toronto Standard Stock Exchange
25 East Main Street, Rochester, N. Y.



Fumed Oak Mission Furniture

Comfortable, Durable Livable

See the Cozy Flat

H.B. GRAVES CO.

"Rochester's Home Store"

Call A-A TAXI COMPANY

Economy Brokers

Luxury

Safety

A. F. JENNINGS, Mgr.

Main 6399 Stone

IN VIVID COLORS

Blouses in Bright Tints Popular This Season.

Hand Painting is New Decorative Scheme; Fad Opens Way for Many Possibilities.

The blouse shown in the sketch is an especially smart member of the overskirt blouse family. It is also an especially serviceable type of blouse. As originally designed it was developed in white crepe de chine and trimmed with bands of applied navy satin. An outline design of embroidery done in silk in a shade matching the satin always gives a pretty decorative touch. The waist is held in with a satin ribbon belt finished with tassel ends. It may be a slip-over or may fasten on one shoulder, according to choice.

Blouses in vivid colors are very popular this season. One of the newest decorative schemes is hand painting. No special design is preferred, so the fad opens up all sorts of possibilities to the woman who makes her own blouses. She may take a perfectly plain blouse and paint it until it is transformed into a gorgeous thing of beauty, putting her own particular color scheme and favorite flower or design into the motif.

Bead embroideries, bead bandings and bead girdles in very bright colors add their bit to many otherwise plain-looking garments, and bead fringe is by no means out of favor.

Among the newest French blouses brought over many showing a decided vest or waistcoat effect are in evidence.

Wholesale dealers in blouses are showing models for spring, and it is interesting to note that great confidence is expressed in a demand for lingerie garments. Very dainty effects are being brought out in fine sheer batiste, voile, etc., decorated with



White Crepe de Chine and Navy Satin. Philippine embroideries and very fine insets of filet, Irish crochet and other laces.

The very smartest models have the entire sleeves, as well as the bodice properly decorated with embroidered motifs and lace. In the lingerie models the blouse that tucks in underneath the skirt band shares honors with the one that ties about the figure. Comparatively few over-the-skirt models are shown in washable fabrics.

BEADED BAG IS ABANDONED

Fashion Tires of One-Time Favorite and Takes to More Exclusive Oriental Novelties.

Fashion has somewhat tired of the beaded bag and is now going in for more exclusive novelties, oriental in their type. Two new bags have appeared on the Rue de la Paix, writes a Paris fashion correspondent. One is in pouch form hanging from a solid silver ring and closing with a hinged cover set on to a corresponding ring, the other two being held together with a curiously carved clasp. At the top of the bag is a cap of carved silver and at the bottom a silver pendent ornament. The sack portion is of black satin ornamented with a band of old Japanese embroidery. The other bag of gold cloth, ornamented with bead and metal embroidery and metal pendent ornaments, is for evening wear. At the top of the gold ribbon drawstrings is a Chinese figure formed of carved ivory.

Smart Effects in Gloves

Suede gloves are smartest for afternoon, lace kid gloves for evening wear. The afternoon gloves may be white old ivory, pale tan or mastic. The evening gloves will be white—unless black gloves are worn with a black frock. Most of the formal afternoon costumes now have flowing three-quarter sleeves, and these Remond gloves in at least sixteen button length. A tightly pulled-up glove is very bad style, the more generously the wrist part wrinkles on the arm in mousquetaire fashion, the smarter and more elegant will be the effect.

Cotton Blouses Are Smart. Cotton blouses of voile or batiste made by hand and trimmed with hand-drawn work and embroideries are very dainty and smart.

SYMPATHY

By R. RAY BAKER

(© 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Alphonse MacGregor Smith was a queer mortal.

Although his combination of French, Scotch and plain American names was part of his queerness, that was not what worried the young men and women of the social set of which he was a member.

The thing that made them look askance at Alphonse was his ambition. He wanted to do something in the world, and, of course, such an idea was all nonsense, because Alphonse's father could write a check in one figure and six eighths if he wanted to.

Although the idea that he should work grew on Alphonse, he began keeping his own counsel in the matter, for whenever he had mentioned a job the young men of his acquaintance had always sneered and the young ladies had laughed outright and told him he was a good joker.

One of these girls played a big part in Alphonse's visions of the future. Her name was Clara Lennox and her family was quite as well fixed financially as the Smiths. Although he had never broached the subject to her, it was pretty well understood that some day a matrimonial partnership would ensue from their associations. Their parents encouraged this idea, for it was considered a good match.

And yet Clara would not sympathize with Alphonse's ambition.

"If you want to work," she contended, "why don't you get a position as manager in one of your father's factories? If you feel that you ought to gratify your whim, pick out something soft, and if you fall you won't land so hard."

This might have been practical advice, but what Alphonse wanted was to climb the success ladder with his own ability and not an influential father as his support.

Now, Alphonse had a secret. He nourished a conviction that he could paint pictures. For years he had practiced it on the sky, and an old artist with whom he had a clandestine acquaintance told him he was a natural-born painter. All he needs was the proper environment, said this authority, and the urge of necessity and he was bound to make good. In talking of a job Alphonse never had dared broach the subject of art for fear it would land him in an asylum for the insane.

Finally he could stand it no longer. He told his parents he needed a change of atmosphere. His father offered him a trip West, but Alphonse said it was a different kind of atmosphere he desired.

"Give me \$200 and three months and don't try to find me, I'll write to you," he said.

To his friends he offered various excuses, and then took himself to a quarter of the city where artists and authors held sway. He rented a studio, bought what equipment he did not already have and went to work.

During his first month with art he hired a number of different professional models and painted several pictures which he placed on sale at stores devoted to the products of the easel, but none of them sold. He knew there was something lacking in his pictures, but there was no one to tell him what it was. At the beginning of his wrestle with work Alphonse tried to find his old artist friend, but the latter was abroad, although he was expected home soon.

At the end of his first month of unsuccessful effort he went once more in quest of the artist. The little house he had occupied in the colony showed signs of life this time, and a rather diminutive, young girl with curly yellow hair, deep, serious pools of blue eyes and an olive complexion answered his knock.

"Mr. Smith?" she said, raising her eyebrows. "Yes, I've heard of you—from father. But father—father died a month ago in Italy."

Alphonse expressed his sympathy and started away. She called:

"Perhaps I could help you, if it's something about painting. Father used to say I was his best critic. I'll be frank and tell you I'm out of funds. If you need a model—"

Alphonse liked the suggestion, but he was low on funds himself. He could get more from home, but he had resolved to go it alone. He explained that he was meeting no success whatever, and that he was in no position to offer the girl much remuneration, but she said she was willing to risk it and agreed to go to his studio the next morning.

On his way back to his workshop his mind occupied with thoughts of his new acquaintance, he stopped in a store which had his goods on display. To his surprise, none of his pictures were in sight.

"I sold every one of them and can get rid of more," cried the storekeeper, rubbing his hands. "You have a thousand dollars coming and I'll hand it to you now."

Filled with elation, Alphonse hurried on his way, and in the studio he wrapped up two pictures he had finished the day before. With these under an arm he started back to the store.

At the corner he paused, for he had seen a familiar figure enter the establishment. It was Clara Lennox, and Alphonse understood. Slowly he retraced his steps, entered the studio

and dumped the two pictures in a corner.

"It's fine of Clara," he said, "she's trying to help me, but she doesn't understand. It's like pampering a spoiled child. I'll take no more pictures to that store, and I'll not use a cent of the thousand. I want to make good on merit."

The next morning the new model appeared, and then there Alphonse started on a career of hard work that exceeded his most ambitious dreams. The model became the boss. When he suggested a pose she took matters into her own hands and improved it.

"Don't put all the color on the robes," was the way she went on. "Make them harmonize with the surroundings. That line is too straight; it doesn't look natural. Take out some of the contrast like this," and she took the brush from him and demonstrated.

Thus things continued for a month, and Alphonse's funds became exhausted. Nevertheless the girl did not desert him. He pawned various articles and she insisted on adding some rings to the collection.

So she labored with him and shared his frugal repasts in the studio, while every evening he walked home with her. All this time he worked on one picture, and when it finally was finished her verdict was:

"It will be a success. I will get it on exhibition in the library display next week. My father's name will help."

A week passed, Alphonse was working on a new picture and his model had gone to the library to see how the picture was "taking." He sat and smoked and thought—just thought. A rap on the door interrupted his cogitations, and when he opened it Clara Lennox stepped in.

"Have you had enough of it?" she inquired, and her lip curled as she surveyed his surroundings. "Are you ready to give up?"

"No," he replied. "I'm just getting started. I'm going to be a success."

"Very well," she shrugged her shoulders. "I've done what I can. But if you insist on remaining in this hole, let it be understood that it's all over with us. It's a matter of choice between your art"—she gave the word unnecessary emphasis—"and me."

The door was pushed open and a radiant face, framed with yellow curls, peeped in.

Clara took the roll of bills from Alphonse and stalked majestically to the door.

"I understand," she said coldly and significantly, and was gone.

The little model looked after her and her eyes snapped. Then she turned to Alphonse.

"You win!" she exclaimed. "The Girl of the Sands takes the prize! It brought \$2,000—from old Jacob Geering, the famous art collector."

She seated herself on a three-legged stool and sighed.

"I don't want to seem inquisitive," she said, "but is that the girl you're going to marry?"

Alphonse went to her and with an arm around her drew her head to his breast.

"No," he told her. "The girl I am going to marry is right here in this room now. That is, I'm going to marry her, if she—"

EVEN JEFFERSON COULD ERR

Great Statesman on Record as Having Pulled "Boner" in Matter of Natural History.

It is related that when Thomas Jefferson journeyed from Monticello to Philadelphia, on his way to take the oath of office as vice-president, he carried a lot of bones in his baggage. The bones, alleged to be those of a mammoth, had been found in Greenbrier county, Va., and sent to Monticello, where they were set up by Jefferson, who, it appears, entertained a somewhat exaggerated notion of his attainments in natural history, and who stood sponsor for the bones as those of "a carnivorous-clawed animal entirely unknown to science."

It was not until after Jefferson reached Philadelphia that he was undeceived, for at a glance the learned Dr. Wistar saw that they were the bones of the common sloth, several specimens of which he showed the Virginian.

It has been pointed out that, indirectly, no less a naturalist than the great Buffon may have been responsible for Jefferson's error. It was the Virginian's practice to send Buffon specimens and information, and with the subtle flattery of a courtier the French naturalist wrote:

"I should have consulted you, sir, before publishing my natural history, and then I should have been sure of the facts."

Romance of Childhood.

The little boy who hunts Indians is every little boy in America. Along the alley warpaths of the congested city and out on the rolling prairies of the back pasture the relentless pursuit goes on day after day. Each night millions of little hearts are uplifted in thanksgiving that the red-skinned savages lurk about the world to be hunted. An occasional green-apple nightmare in which the hunter is scalped and tied to the stake only serves to enhance the thrill of following the trail next afternoon as soon as school is out.

The eye of the six-year-old makes a piece of barrel hoop look like a tomahawk is the romantic spirit. The form of this spirit of romance persists beyond the three score and ten.

Because of its establishment, it was Clara Lennox, and Alphonse understood. Slowly he retraced his steps, entered the studio

St. Patrick's Day

First of His Name

Old St. Patrick's Day is the first church in America. The name of the Irish saint was used in the completion of the church. The church was dedicated to St. Patrick's Day.

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