

THE SANDERSON TIMES

Volume 18

Sanderson, Texas, Saturday, Sept. 19, 1925

No. 32

W. E. STIRMAN
Dealer in
WOOD— and —COAL
Cedar, Mesquit, Oak Wood and Coal
Drayage. Phone No. 2
Store Room. Sanderson, Texas.

LEMONS & HENSHAW, ABSTRACTORS
Terrell County Lands
Lands Sold Property Rendered
Lands Leased Taxes Paid
Abstracts Examined and Titles Passed Upon By an Efficient and Reliable Attorney.
Office with County Clerk, Sanderson, Texas
G. J. Henshaw, Mgr.

A SUGGESTION--
A brand new Ford for the brand new year! What could please your family more? Have you seen our new Sedans and Coupes? Ride in comfort the year around. Phone us and will be glad to give you demonstration.
W. J. FERGUSON
Lincoln Ford Fordson
CARS-TRUCKS-TRACTORS

A Hint to the Wise, Etc. See Manager For Contract
Why annoy your neighbor for the use of his Telephone when you can have one in your house for
\$2 Per Month?

Sanderson Telephone Company
Cleaning and Pressing
Fancy Cleaning and Dyeing
Hat work, and alterations
Ed. V. Price, J. L. Taylor
Clothes
Delivery Service Phone No. 68
EMPIRE TAILORS

DO NOT FORGET
We have Everything in the way of School Supplies
Tablets, Ink and Pencil; Pencil; Pen Sticks and Pens
Crayons all kinds; Drawing Theme; Construction and Loose Leaf Tablet; Pencil boxes, rules, water colors and erasers. Come to us for these supplies and we can fix your child up for school.
We also have a full line of Winchester shot gun ammunition, shot gun shells and metallic cartridges for the hunting season. Don't forget to call on us when in need of some of these goods.
Phone No. 40
SANDERSON MERCANTILE CO.
THE STORE OF SERVICE AND QUALITY

LARGE ATTENDANCE IN SCHOOL THIS YEAR
The following is the enrollment by grade in the public school as shown by the register:
First grade 6; second grade 19; third grade, 23; fourth grade, 16; fifth grade, 13; sixth grade, 17; seventh grade, 15; eighth grade, 18; ninth grade, 21; tenth grade, 10; eleventh grade, 14.
This is a very good enrollment for just the beginning of the term and this year's graduating class is the largest this school has ever had.

MUSIC CLUB ORGANIZED
Saturday afternoon Mrs. Mills had her music pupils to meet at her home and we organized a Beethoven Music Club. Celesta Mae Smith was elected president. The purpose is for us to study history and harmony. We meet every two week out of a month.
—Contributed.

Church News
Tomorrow being the third Sunday of the month no regular services at this place.
Sunday school convened with 94 present, fairly good reports from the different classes let each one invite others so as to have a goodly number for Rally Day, October 3.

The Ladies of the W. M. U. met with Mrs. Deuse last Monday for Bible study with 15 present. A very interesting lesson and profitable to all present. Next meeting the fourth Monday with Mrs. T. L. Williams. Social gathering with Mesdames Williams and J. A. White as hostesses.

The Ladies Auxiliary to the Presbyterian church met with Mrs. Lee Van Zandt last Monday for Bible study and short business session. There were 11 present, lessons from Psalms, missionary lesson conducted by Mrs. W. E. Lee, after which hostess served food grape juice with cookies. Next meeting with Mrs. J. W. McKee, a social gathering on September 28 at 4 p. m. with Mrs. J. W. McKee and Mrs. Holland as hostesses.

The senior Epworth League at Methodist church last Sunday with quite a number present which was very encouraging to officers and leaders. After the song service and prayer the lesson Matt. 7th chapter was read by Mrs. Morgan followed by the election of officers which are as follows:

J. A. White, president; Mrs. W. H. Savage, vice-pres.; Miss Lucille Walker, secretary; Mrs. Vaughan cor. sec'y.; Tom Williams, treas.; Lillie Mae Lee, Exp. Agent. Department of spiritual work, Mrs. Van Zandt, supt. Dept. Social Service, Mrs. Chas. King, supt. Dept. Recreation and Culture, Mrs. Roy Knox, supt. Dept. Missionary Work, Miss Louise Williams.
To meet Sunday evening at the Presbyterian church at 7 o'clock.
—Contributed.

Rev. Frank Black, of Church of Christ, will commence a series of meetings at the Methodist church, beginning Sunday, September 20th and continuing all week until Sunday, September 27. Everyone invited to come.

Notice to Motor Vehicle Owners
The county test stations established by the Commissioners' Court for Terrell County to make tests and adjustments of headlights for motor vehicles are now equipped for such service and all owners of motor vehicles operating on the highways at night are requested to have their headlights adjusted and equipped as the Automobile Headlight Law requires by the 15th of October 1925.
After this date the law will be strictly enforced.
J. J. NANCE,
Sheriff, Terrell County.
—I am now back home and have reopened my boarding house. For meals of quality and you like come to the Dew Drop Inn.
MRS. FLORA REEVE.

REGULAR P. T. A. MEETING HELD

The first regular meeting of the year for the Parent-Teachers' Association was held last Friday afternoon at the high school. The following business was transacted:
It was decided that the Association would sponsor the motion picture, "Abraham Lincoln" which will be shown at the Princess Theater.
The treasurer reported a balance of \$28.56 on hand. Dues collected \$9.
The question of changing the meeting day from Friday to Thursday was carried over and will be voted on at the next regular meeting.
The following committees were appointed:
Program: Mesdames H. D. Williams, John Stovell, and Mr. J. A. White.
Finance: Mesdames J. C. Green, chairman; C. H. White, C. D. Strange, Luella Lemons, R. C. Farley.
Placement: Mrs. Leo Cress, chairman; Mesdames Louise Williams and Alfred.
Membership: Mrs. Holland.
Sanitation: Mesdames Aloy Mitchell, W. H. Savage and Mr. T. L. Williams.
Musical: Mrs. J. A. White.
Next meeting will be held on October 2 at 2:30 at the High School Auditorium.

FORTY-TWO PARTY

Mrs. M. A. Cavender was a charming hostess to several friends last Thursday afternoon when she entertained with a forty-two party. The dining room at the Kerr Hotel was gaily decorated with a profusion of zinnias and dahlias.

Mrs. Annie Ware was awarded a bedroom water set as high score; Miss Sydney Laurence held second high score, the trophy being an Osterwald bowl and Mrs. F. B. Carter was given a navel puff as holder of low score.

Refreshments of ice cream and wafers were served to the following guests: Mesdames F. B. Carter, P. R. Burn, John Frewell, Joe Kerr, Max Bousch, H. R. Laurence, Jim Kerr, John Green, William Tarrillion, B. P. Franklin, J. C. McKinney, M. P. Easton, Cleo Griffith, Annie Ware, W. H. Savage, J. A. White, T. L. Williams, Ed. Dowdle, D. A. Polard, A. Mitchell, L. H. Lemons, D. W. Morgan, and Mesdames Sydney Laurence and Louise Williams.

CARD OF THANKS.

To all of our friends who remembered us so kindly in our recent nuptials, and for the many beautiful presents, we extend our heartiest gratitude and appreciation.
MR. and MRS. FRANK LOPEZ.

Get out of the rut! Stop wearing cheap hand-me-down clothes. They cost you more in the long run, and they can't fit, because they are not made for you.
Empire Tailors.

NOTICE.

All who have lots in the Sanderson Cemetery who have not paid for same, will please do so, as we are in need of money.
MRS. W. H. MANSFIELD,
President Cemetery Association.

BRIDGE PARTY

Mrs. U. I. Laurence and daughter, Miss Sydney, entertained several friends at their home on Wednesday afternoon with bridge.
First prize, a hand-painted china salt and pepper set, was won by Mrs. Cavender. Mrs. Burn held second high score, a tea apron being the prize.
Refreshments consisting of white cake and ice cream were served.

Miss Mary Ellen Bohman left the last of the week for San Antonio where she will enter Our Lady of the Lake College, as a student this year.
W. A. Cochran left Tuesday for San Antonio where he will join his family and make their home there.
Mrs. Luella Lemons and son left Wednesday for San Antonio to visit Miss Ora E. Lemons.
Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Bodkin returned from a visit with relatives in Fort Worth.

NEWS ITEMS OF INTEREST

At the monthly meeting of the Commissioners' Court held Monday, W. A. Cochran Commissioner Precinct No. 1, tendered his resignation, which was accepted. As yet no one has been appointed to fill the vacancy.

Rev. and Mrs. M. E. Carver, enroute to Europe, spent several days with Mr. and Mrs. Guy Rachel at their ranch this week. Rev. Carver is an Episcopal minister in Honolulu, Hawaii.

S. E. Holland, of El Paso, came in the first of the week to relieve J. C. Stansell agent at the S. I. depot who is taking a leave of absence from his duties for a few weeks.

John Porter, a graduate of the class of 1923 of the Sanderson High School, passed thru Sanderson Tuesday afternoon enroute to A. & M. College where he will be a student there the coming term.

Both the test stations, Mussey Bros. Garage and Sanderson Garage are prepared now to test your headlights and make proper adjustments to comply with the Headlight Law that went into effect September 1st.

Mrs. Flora Reeve returned last Saturday from Munich, Michigan where she was called on account of the serious illness of her mother.

CONFIDENCE
With Double Meaning:
One means to trust and believe
IN
the honesty and integrity of another.
The other has reference to keeping secret things of a private nature.
THIS BANK
Has the One, and Practices the Other.
We have the CONFIDENCE of our patrons, and we hold in strict CONFIDENCE their financial affairs.
THIS IS PROVEN BY
The large and growing number of satisfied depositors who know "No non interest bearing or unsecured depositor ever lost a dollar in a Guaranty Fund Bank in the State of Texas."
Sanderson State Bank
A Guaranty Fund Bank

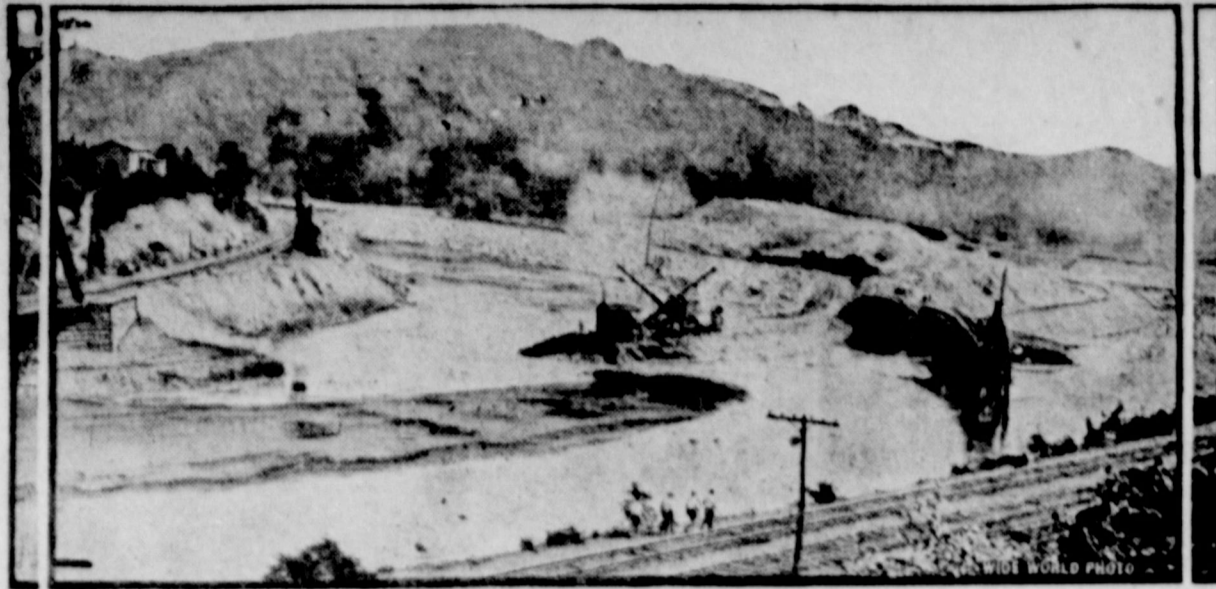
Westinghouse Mazda Lamps None Better
Fill the empty sockets, school work needs good light
ORDINARY SIZES ONLY 30c EACH
For Sale at
Electric Plant (open all hours) Kerr Mercantile Co.
SANDERSON ICE, WATER & LIGHT CO.

We Carry Everything Handled In A General Store

DRY GOODS The Season's New and Best Styles	GROCERIES We Have Everything That's Good to Eat Canned Vegetables and Fruits, Jellies, Jams, Teas and Coffee.
BRESS GOODS, MEN'S SUITS, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES.	FURNITURE We Have a Nice Line of Chairs, Rockers, Tables, Dressers, Beds, Springs and Mattresses.
HARDWARE We Are Headquarters for Hardware, Oil, Paints Stoves, Pipe Fittings, Wire, Nails, Studebaker Wagons	LUMBER Anything You Want in Building Material, Sash Doors, Cement, Lime Brick, Roofing, Fencing.

THE KERR MERC. COMPANY

Course of Schuylkill River Shifted Half a Mile



The setting off of 1,700 pounds of dynamite completed the great engineering project of moving the Schuylkill river a distance of a half a mile at Port Clinton, Pa. The new road for which the course of the river was shifted represents an expenditure of \$500,000 and eliminates a "U" curve and two obsolete bridges. Photo shows the new channel of the river at the left and the old one at the right.

Another Mayflower Landing at Plymouth



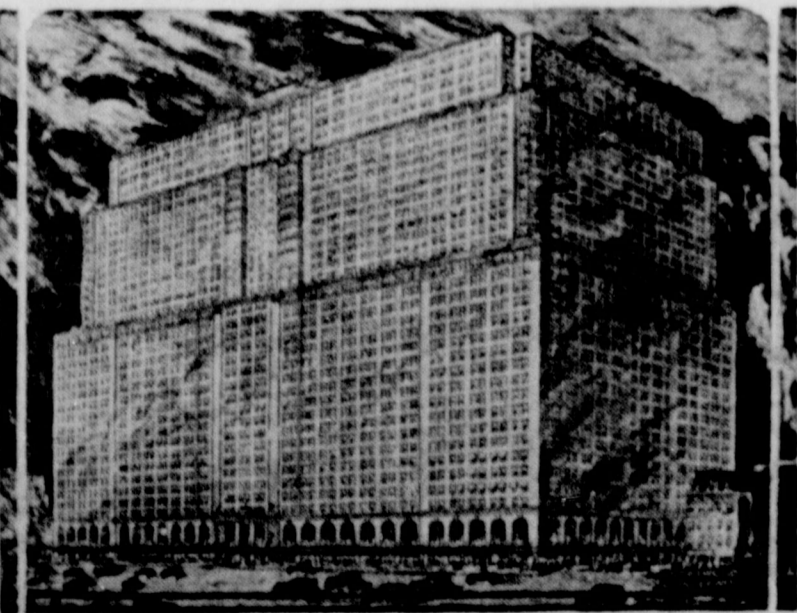
A second Mayflower landed at Plymouth, Mass., when the Presidential yacht of that name steamed into the historic harbor, bearing President and Mrs. Coolidge and their party. The entire town lined the shore as the launch from the yacht landed the party on the exact spot where the Pilgrims landed so many years ago.

"Miss America" Gets This Trophy



Miss Helene Sardau, Belgian sculptress, is shown in her New York studio working on the American Venus trophy model. The finished figure, two feet high, of bronze, is to go to the winner of the Atlantic City beauty pageant on September 10.

Chicago to Have Big "Acropolis"



Engineer's drawing of the proposed Acropolis building for Chicago. The structure will be 39 stories, bounded by Michigan boulevard, Roosevelt road, Eleventh street and Wabash avenue, occupying a square block. The project will cost \$40,000,000. Work is expected to start next spring. The first 21 stories will be devoted to offices and exhibit rooms. Above that is a hotel.

MARSHAL JACKIE OTT



Jackie Ott, world's perfect boy, champion swimmer and movie star, who is now five and one-half years old, was chosen by the Atlantic City Beauty Pageant committee as grand marshal of the baby and juvenile parades.

PAYS HIGHEST TAX



John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was the country's largest individual income tax payer for the year 1934. He paid Uncle Sam a tax of \$9,377,000.

"Truly a Fresh and Unique Section of the World for Us to Explore"

By COL. A. LESTER JONES, U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey.

AROUND us, extending for thousands of miles in every direction, stretches the mighty expanse of an oceanic new world. Its area, 70,000,000 square miles, exceeds the total expanse of all the continents and islands on the globe. The maximum width of the great ocean, 10,000 miles, is two-fifths of the circumference of the world. Truly, a fresh and unique section of the world for us to explore. The geophysical forces are here seen in actual operation on a scale of unparalleled grandeur. Ocean currents sweep around a third of the circumference of the globe. Depths of five and a half and six miles have been located. The periphery of the ocean is outlined by an immense ring of active volcanoes, a veritable ring of fire.

It is scarcely too much to assert that the coasts and waters of the Pacific can feed the world. But before an inventory of such resources can be made there must be a comprehensive geographical survey. The first essential is to complete our knowledge of the configuration of the sea bottom and to obtain data for a bathymetric chart, or one made by deep-sea sounding. Developments in aerial surveying and in subaqueous sound ranging encourage the hope that rapid and thorough methods will soon be practicable. These will permit the construction of a model map of the ocean bed.

Such a model, showing submarine plateaus, ridges, shelves, and pinnacles, as well as valleys, troughs and abysses, will serve not only navigation but all branches of hydrophysical research. For example, food fish are found only on the continental shelf or slope, or in its immediate vicinity. Crustaceans abound for a few hundred fathoms beyond the mid-line at about 100 fathoms. Thus the fishing banks can all be located and fishing rights adjudicated. Variations of temperature, density, salinity, acidity, etc., affect the strength and seasonal changes of ocean currents, and all together affect the migrations and supply of food fish. The sea has its seasons no less than the land.

Three Essential Bases for Our Relations With Latin America

By V. M. CUTTER, President United Fruit Company.

I depreciate any slightest imperialistic tendency on the part of the United States in Latin America. I believe that commercial relations are the best way to bring about international amity between countries and that the refusal to invest capital in Latin America would be to shut the door on public improvements, railways, roads, harbors and other developments. There are three essential bases for our relations with Latin America:

A sound and consistent policy on the part of our State department, including proper diplomatic representation, which will insure mutual respect as between our government and people and the governments and people of Latin America. Reliable banking connections between our country and Latin America. Sound policy and management of high character by any United States citizen or companies entering commercial relations with Latin America.

I believe that over half of the difficulties encountered by our firms in Latin America have been caused by the companies' indifference to local customs, practices, social usage, and business methods.

"All the Countries Which Experimented With What We Call 'Cheap' Money—"

By GEORGE E. ROBERTS, New York City Banker.

Europe cut loose from the gold standard and sailed out on an ocean of currency. Of course no country thought at first that there would be oceans of paper money. But even after Germany and Russia and Austria and the others had got hopelessly drunk on cheap money they found that it wasn't plentiful, because the printing presses couldn't keep up with the depreciation. And it wasn't cheaper, but costlier. The interest rate got higher and higher, because it had to be figured to cover depreciation, until the Reichsbank discount rate went to 180.

Some of them have been repeating the process by which standards of value were originally evolved. They have learned all over again the necessity of attaching their currency to some basis of definite value. They have been issuing bonds and paper money in terms of iron, rye, coal and other commodities.

All the countries which experimented with what we call "cheap" money are trying painfully to get back to the gold standard. Even Russia, where the leaders denounced gold as an instrument of oppression in the hands of the capitalists, has come around to it.

New Approach to Understanding, to Enlightenment and to Good Will

By DR. HARRY A. GARFIELD, Institute of Politics.

This session of the Institute of Politics has again demonstrated that there is need of a place where, in an atmosphere of good will and scholarly interest, men of different nationalities can confer and discuss their political, social and economic problems, talk over their sensitive questions and the danger spots of the world, and in understanding each other find common purposes. I feel that we are evolving a new method of international conference and a new approach to understanding, enlightenment and good will. It is most hopeful to observe the search for facts about international problems that one sees in the institute and to observe such country-wide discussion as has been going on in the editorial columns of the press of the United States, not about us but about the questions we have raised. This is to me a very encouraging development, for public opinion has indeed become the hope of the world. I am sure it will insistently continue to call for the facts of international relations.

"For the Same Reason—Because So Many People Are, Frankly, Darned Fools"

By MITCHELL BRONK, in North American Review.

Watch a trolley car or subway or elevated train discharge and take on passengers in New York or any large city. As a rule these two transactions are carried on in such a way that the entering crowd jams itself against those who are coming out of the car, to the delay, discomfort and sometimes injury of all concerned. Again, there is the little, insignificant matter of our copper coins. Why can we not have, as we have been clamoring for years to have, two and three cent coppers? Or why are buttons still sewed upon our coats with perishable thread, as our grandmothers did it? Or why are not puncture-proof automobile tires manufactured? Or why don't the writers of our jazz music give more variety to their productions? Or, even, why doesn't the plumber bring his tools with him to a job? For the same reason—because so many people are frankly, darned fools.

MRS. BORGELIN'S REMARKABLE RECOVERY

Gives Credit for Restored Health to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. All Women Interested



MRS. OSCAR F. BORGELIN
FOREST CITY, IOWA

Forest City, Iowa. — "My first child lived only a short time and I was sick for a year after. When I bent over and raised myself up again I could almost scream with pain in my back. One day I was so bad that I had to leave my washing and get ready to go to the doctor. He gave me medicine, but it did no more good than if I drank just water. Once when we had been in town a little while telling about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was left in our car. I have taken five bottles of the Vege-

table Compound now and I do all my housework and help with the milking, and taking care of chickens and garden. Besides I have a fine baby girl eight months old, just the picture of health, and I am feeling fine myself. You may use this letter as a testimonial and I will answer any letters asking about the Vegetable Compound." — Mrs. OSCAR F. BORGELIN, Route No. 5, Forest City, Iowa.

A Bad Case of Nerves Relieved

Denver, Colorado. — "I was very despondent, blue and sad all the time, which is worse than real pain, and extremely nervous, with no appetite. I was this way for about two years and thought no one cared for me. My mother had had the same trouble and had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for it. I tried everything else, then I began to take it. I soon had a better appetite and restored mental condition. I moved to a bright, sunny house, began calling on different people, and changed many other things. I also used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash for my female weakness. With the aid of your medicines I am now a fairly healthy, happy and contented woman. I've used the Vegetable Compound at different times and will say it always helps me over the bad spells that come to every woman past 40 years." — Mrs. HELEN FINK, 35 South Washington Street, Denver, Colorado.

Spokane Spreads Light

The beam of a 300,000,000-candle-power searchlight atop of a bank building in Spokane, Wash., has been seen for a distance of 90 miles.

Cuba Plans New Highway

Cuba plans to spend \$300,000,000 within the next ten years in construction of a central highway and in increasing its water system.

In bed four months ... now a well man

Gives Tanlac full credit.

Over twelve years of stomach misery had made a physical wreck of Jacob Ferdinand. He spent hundreds of dollars seeking relief but every attempt failed until he tried Tanlac. This great tonic brought him immediate relief. "After seven bottles," he says, "I am a well and happy man. I will gladly talk to anyone personally and will answer all letters regarding my experience with Tanlac. For it proved a god-send to me."

*Authentic statement. Address on request.

Tanlac is Nature's great Tonic and builder. Compounded after the famous Tanlac formula, from roots, barks and curative herbs alone, it is absolutely harmless. Millions owe their health and happiness to this great remedy.

Don't let stomach trouble make your life miserable a day longer. Get a bottle of Tanlac at your druggist's at once. The first dose will make you feel better. You'll be a new person with the sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks that come from perfect health.

NOTE: For Constipation, take Tanlac Vegetable Pills, Nature's own harmless laxative.

TANLAC FOR YOUR HEALTH

Grounds of Divorces — "On what grounds did she get her divorce?" — "Chicago, I believe."

Champion Noise-Maker — "Your son has a fine voice!" — "Yes. He sells newspapers outside the opera house."

Genuine ASPIRIN

BAYER

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 25 years.

Safe — Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monacopolis, Germany.

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

SOLD 50 YEARS — A FINE GENERAL TONIC

NEIGHBORS

By ROBERT STEAD

SPOOF

SYNOPSIS—Lured by his four-year-old playmate, Jean Lane, Frank Hall, aged six, ventures on the forbidden wall of a dam, in a small Ontario town. He falls into the water, and is saved from possible death by clinging to Jean's outstretched arms. Next day Jean informs him that because of their adventure of the day before he is in duty bound to marry her. He agrees when they are "grownups." With Jean's brother John, also aged six, Frank begins school. Two years later they are joined by Jean and Frank's sister Marjorie. A little later Jean confides to Frank, in verse, her hope of some day becoming "Mrs. Hall." He accepts the "proposal." Frank is fourteen when his mother dies. The boys are eighteen when John's father is killed in an accident. Two years later Frank's father and John's mother are married. Dissatisfied with conditions, and ambitious, the two boys make plans to go to the States and "homestead," the girls agreeing to go with them. They set out. At Regina they meet "Jake," who agrees to find them satisfactory homesteads. He does so, and the two friends file claims on Sections Fourteen and Twenty-two. Jake sagely advises the adventurers in the purchase of supplies, and in a wagon drawn by a yoke of oxen, and with a cow, the four arrive at their future homes.

CHAPTER V

The morning was another gorgeous burst of sunshine. The girls were early about. As I came up from the stream where I had washed, I met Jean going down, wearing a blanket, Indian fashion, for lack of a bathrobe. A week on a dusty trail had made the presence of snow water, as deep as one wanted it, a peculiar luxury.

"Gee, but it's good to be alive!" she exclaimed, swinging her arms, to the peril of her costume. "Does one always feel like this on the prairies?"

"Always mildly intoxicated, so Jake says, but those are not his words. That's why westerners are more optimistic—and more reckless—than easterners. Always an atmosphere jag under their belts."

"Here's to Jake," she cried. "Have one with me!" as she took a great cheery of fresh air. "See you at breakfast—if I'm sober enough!"

That day, and those that followed, were busy, busy days. The oxen were tired and footsore with their long journey, and we decided to let them rest, but Jack and I took no holiday. I was determined that on the very first day I would plant some crop on my farm, so I started at once to spade up land for a garden. By mid-afternoon I had spaded quite a sizable garden plot. Then I broke the clods as best I could and planted a few rows of potatoes. The following day I continued my digging, and that evening, with assistance from Jean and Marjorie, planted onions, carrots, beets, lettuce and radish.

We agreed that by the third day the oxen should be ready for the road again, and Jack was away soon after sunrise of the bright spring morning. He took the trail for the railway station some thirty miles to the south, and the sound of his wagon rumbling over the soft earth came floating back on the breeze as a sort of accompaniment to the bellows voice which Jack affected when he was ox-driving.

My next effort was the digging of a cellar. The location of our shack had to be decided upon, and for this I called Marjorie and Jean into council. We agreed that it should be close to one brow of the ravine, and that Jack should build his close to the other, so that each would command an unbroken view of his neighbor. Perhaps even then we had some premonition of the specter of loneliness creeping down upon us through the night mists of the blizzard, and already we were planning our lines of defense.

"How many rooms will there be?" asked Jean. "Let me see—reception room, living room, parlor, dining room—you must at least have that."

"We shall," I said, "and one door will lead into them all. A room is anything you call it. We can change the name as we change the purpose. One moment it is kitchen, the next, living room, and so on."

"Draw a plan of it," said Marjorie, turning up the planed side of a board. So I sat down and drew a plan, while the girls watched over my shoulders with as much intentness as though I were an architect designing a palace.

"The house will be one story," I explained, "and long, and narrow, because that is the simplest as well as the cheapest way to build it, and we are to be our own carpenters. The walls will be of shiplap, covered with matched siding, with tar paper between. The roof will be of two thicknesses of boards, bent to a gentle oval over a stout ridge-pole, and again with tar paper between. You have no idea how much the West owes to tar paper. Wherever the new settler goes, goes tar paper. I would almost say, I continued, warming up to my subject, "that if a flag is ever needed for these western prairies it should be a banner of tar paper, nailed between two laths. Oh, say, does the tar paper banner still wave?"—you see, it has possibilities.

"But isn't it awfully smelly stuff?"

said Jean, who had a strain of delicacy in her that at times conflicted with her surroundings.

"Ah, that is one of its chief virtues. You may not know yet, but you will learn—at least, so Jake assured me—that population is not nearly so scarce on the prairies as it seems. He says that the inmates of one of these little bachelor shacks in many cases number literally millions. Millions. Well—they don't like tar paper. Blessed be tar paper!"

I scratched the outline of the shack in the sod with my shovel and began digging a cellar in the center of the little plot. For a depth of nearly two feet I dug through a brownish-black loam that turned easily and black clean from the shovel. Then I struck a sticky, yellow clay, and the going was much slower. But by the time we heard Jack's hoarse voice and his tired oxen clicking their hoofs up the trail on the evening of the second day I had succeeded in making a hole which we agreed to call a cellar.

Next day we set about our building in earnest. There were no union hours with us. We worked from early morning until after sunset, and laid down our tools at last with affectionate reluctance. We were stiff and sore in every joint and muscle; our hands were calloused and our fingers nails were battered with misdirected energy, but our hearts were with the gods. I relate only absolute truth in saying that when our shack was finished we moved into it with a sense of accomplishment such as perhaps no king ever knew amid the luxury of his palaces.

As soon as our first building was finished we started a similar one for Jack and Jean. Then we built a little stable down in the gully for the oxen, the cow, the pig, and the hens; we improved the crossing of the stream; we dug a well; we plowed a small area on each farm and planted it to oats, and then we went on plowing for next



He Saluted as He Brought His Horse to a Standstill.

season's crop; we bought a moving machine and rake on credit—and cut an ample supply of wild prairie hay for our winter needs. We had decided that, as fall came on, Jack and I, with the yoke of oxen, should make a pilgrimage into the more settled districts with a view to getting work with some farmer, and so replenishing our resources.

It was a hot day in the middle of July when, up the trail from the south a speck grew out of the distance. Traffic did not often come our way, and Jack and I both stopped work in the field to study its approach and to conjecture as to whom or what it might be. As we watched, the figure took the form of a horse and rider of heroic size charging down upon us literally out of the heavens. As it approached the mirage lost its illusion and horse and rider came back to earth. By this time we were sure that the giant of color which had seemed to dance vaguely about the figure had a basis in fact; there was no longer a doubt that an atom of scarlet was approaching along the trail.

Leaving the oxen to their midday meditations we walked over to my shack, where Jean had already joined Marjorie. It could now be seen that the figure was approaching at a rapid gait, and its outline, no longer blurred by the shimmering of the mirage, stood out sharp and clean against the distance. It was a mounted policeman.

As he drew up beside us I had a sense of being in the presence of physical perfection. His horse, although wet over the flanks, showed little sign of fatigue; the dust of travel clung to the rider's sunburned face, but the smartness of his bearing and uniform was unimpaired. He saluted as he brought his horse to a standstill; then sprang lightly to the ground.

"I see I am right," he said, addressing Marjorie and Jean. "Won't you introduce me?"

Marjorie was the first to act, although I suspected, even then, that he had spoken more particularly to Jean. "My brother, Frank," she said, "and Jean's brother, Jack. This is Mr. Brook."

We shook hands cordially, and Jean asked our visitor if he had had dinner. "I have not," he confessed, "but please

don't go to any trouble." But the girls were already in the house, making preparations.

"There's a stream around here, if my maps are right," the policeman continued, speaking to us, "and both Dick and I could do with water."

We led him down to the stream, and to the well, and although I was disposed to be prejudiced against this strapping young fellow who seemed to take more than a casual interest in Jean, I lost much of that prejudice through a little incident that happened when we reached the water. Although Brook was undoubtedly suffering from thirst he removed his horse's bit, so that he could drink in comfort, before he accepted the proffered cup of water which Jack brought him from the well. Jack and I spoke of it afterward and agreed that a chap who did that sort of thing was a good bit of a man.

After a hearty drink Brook took off his hat and tunic, produced towel, soap, comb and brush, and cleaned up even more thoroughly than seemed necessary. As I watched him parting his hair by the reflection in the water I realized that Brook had not forgotten what so many of us pioneers often did forget—the value of personal appearance. While we walked up the bank together I admitted to myself that although I was as good a man as he was, I didn't look it.

The meal which the girls had prepared loosened all our tongues, and before it was over we were chatting merrily. Brook had the latest gossip from Regina, and interesting news about himself. At last he had escaped from barracks, temporarily, at any rate. He was detailed to two months' relief duty at a point farther west; he promised himself another meal at our board on his way back, a prospect which Jean and Marjorie and Jack received with much satisfaction, and I trust I showed no smallness about it.

At length Brook insisted that he must be on his way, but before going he laid a dollar bill on the table in payment for his meal. We objected most strenuously to accepting money for our hospitality, but as he pointed out that it was the government that footed the bill, we allowed ourselves to be persuaded. Governments, like railways, are legitimate prey. Also, from somewhere, the policeman produced a small box of candy, which he presented impartially to Marjorie and Jean. But most important, in so far as this story is concerned, was a bundle of letters.

They were tied together with a stout string, with only the backs of the envelopes exposed, and on them was written in a bold hand the single word "Spook."

"They're for a young Englishman who is to be a neighbor of yours," Brook explained. "He left word at the Regina post office, asking to have his mail sent out if there was any chance. It seems he had some local fame under the name of Spook, and the clerk in the post office reread his letters that way. That's discipline for you! My word, what they wouldn't do to a man in the force."

"I know him," I broke in; "at least I have heard of him. Jake, our land guide told us about him. Where does he settle?"

"Northwest quarter of Two," said the policeman. "Two miles due south of you, as the crow flies, or would fly if he had occasion to. Spook ain't there yet—I came by the quarter this morning. I suppose he's traveling by ox team and will arrive some time later in the season. You'll see his sign up on Two when he gets here, and perhaps one of you wouldn't mind dropping in on him with this mail, if he doesn't call on you within a few days. He's English, and he may wait for an introduction."

We shook hands with the policeman and parted with him, and the girls stood watching the scarlet figure as it faded to a speck in the distance. "Isn't he wonderful, Frank?" said Jean, turning to me with an enthusiasm dancing in her eyes which, under any other circumstances, it would have been good to see. "Don't you think that he—that all of the mounted police—are very wonderful?"

"All of the mounted police are wonderful," I agreed, catching at the impersonal noun.

Two mornings later we saw the white gleam of a tent on section Two. We quit work early that afternoon, hitched the oxen to the wagon, and went down en masse to call on Spook.

He saw us when we were yet afar off, and when it was evident we were headed for his tent, he came striding out to meet us. He was tall and slim and sunburned; he wore leggings and corduroy trousers and a belt, and he took off his hat when he saw the girls.

"My first callers," he said, in his clear, English voice. "This is Jolly de-cent of you. Won't you get down, ladies, and visit my farm—this is it, all around here—while we unhitch the bullocks and turn them to grass. I suspect you are my neighbors from Fourteen?"

"Fourteen and Twenty-two," said I, acting as spokesman, and introducing our little party. "We have heard of you, but only as Spook."

"Spook is good enough. In fact, I think it is rather a ripping name, don't you? And I know enough already

about the West to know that a catchy nickname, once applied, sticks. So Spook I am, to everybody, except the dear folks at home, who, of course, could never understand. When I wrote the governor and said the people here called me Spook he answered, 'Such insolence! I'd have the law on them! Remember you are still an Englishman!' Poor old governor!"

"Here are some letters, Mr. Spook," said Jean, extending the little bundle. "Mr. Brook, the policeman, left them as he rode by a few days ago."

"Good old post office!" Spook exclaimed. "Wonderful how they chase a beggar down, isn't it? They even know me by my Canadian name. Good old P. O."

Spook made us come into his tent. The furnishings were not elaborate, but they had a little air of something that seemed to be missing in ours. There was a tin trunk, which had been set on until it had a great depression in the top, and a leather trunk, generously plastered with labels. There was a great box, which he used as a table, and dishes of inappropriately delicate china. There was a folding cot with steamer rugs. Quite a handsome shaving set was strapped to a wall of the tent, and a great cartridge belt with a prodigious revolver hung from a tent pole, while a rifle leaned against it. Spook evidently meant to sell his life dearly, if there should be any demand for it. Three or four English magazines lay about, and a tobacco jar with pipes stood in the center of the table. But what caught Jean's eyes were the pictures on the walls. Spook's tent was up less than a day, and there were pictures on the walls.

"This is my diggings," our host was saying. "A little crowded inside, but plenty of room outside. The law of compensation, you know. Have to do for the present. Bestly expensive business farming. We'll have some tea presently, if there's any spirit left in the spirit lamp. Sorry I can't offer you anything better." So he rattled on and made us feel very much at home, even while I found rising in my heart some yearning of sympathy for him.

The sun was setting when our little caravan started homeward, casting its warm shadows across the soft, warm prairie, and bearing Spook's promise to return our visit at the earliest opportunity.

CHAPTER VI

Spook was as good as his word. The following Sunday we saw his ox team as a slowly-growing speck on section Eleven, and a mile away we heard remarks to the "bally bullocks" which, presumably, were intended to be confidential.

"I just brought the bullocks for exercise," he explained, when he drew up before our shack. "I could have walked much easier, and much quicker, but they keep my arms and voice in form."

The girls were waiting in the shade at the eastern side of the shack; in their Sunday dresses of flimsy stuff appropriate to the hot weather they looked very sweet and charming.

"Ah, here are the ladies," said Spook, and in his manner there was a touch of gallantry that in some way seemed foreign to either Jack or me, as he took their hands in his. "It's jolly decent to ask a stranger over. All this out-of-doors; dawn, sunsets, sky, distance—all very fine, but it isn't good to be too much alone with it. Rather overloads one, don't you think?"

"I have felt that," said Jean, while Marjorie was fumbling for words. "It's too grand; it oppresses one. It's—it's all soul; no body."

"That's it—that's it!" Spook agreed. "All soul—no body. I shall write that to the governor. The governor, dear old chap, thinks this country is rather a bit off the map. I have promised to shoot him a polar bear for Christmas, and he's quite looking forward to it. He writes to know if I find the native labor satisfactory, and can my man mix a decent whisky and soda. I must set his mind at rest. I let him think I run quite an establishment, you understand; he sends a check now and again, which, of course, bears a relationship to the position I am supposed to occupy in local society."

"Doesn't your conscience trouble you?" Marjorie queried, the conversation having swung into her orbit.

"Not at all. I am doing the governor a kindness. He spends rather too much money on whisky and soda—particularly the former—so I am merely getting him interested in another kind of extravagance. A Younger Son is a very successful form of extravagance, don't you think? What is it Rippling says—'By the bitter road the Younger Son must tread,' or something like that? So why shouldn't the governor sweeten the bitter road a little, and drink less whisky to his soda?"

"While we were busy thinking of some appropriate remark Spook remembered his bundle of papers."

"I ventured to bring these over," he said, tendering them to Jean. "Just some old copies of the Illustrated London News and the Graphic. There are some sketches by an artist showing his conception of homestead life. I rather suspect the governor has let him read my letters."

Presently the conversation turned to agricultural topics, and we were more at ease.

"My plowing," Spook explained, "has

gone better since I discarded my compass. The bullocks never took kindly to the compass. No doubt it was a foolish notion of mine that a furrow should run either east and west or north and south, seeing that the whole farm has to be plowed anyway. I now let them veer and tack as they please, and we are making considerable headway."

"Any crop in?"

"Not this year. A chap in Regina advised me to plant a sack of rolled oats and raise my own porridge, but, thank Heaven, I'm not Scotch. No reflection on the Scotch," he added hurriedly, noting a warning flash in Marjorie's eyes. "They are a very wonderful people. They eat oatmeal, and thrive on it. A very wonderful people. Oh, I say! Can't we have some tea? Bestly dry business, homesteading; no afternoon tea. I must speak to my man about that. He's the same man as mixes my whisky and soda, according to the governor's idea of it." Spook explained.

The girls went inside, and in a short while brought out tea and sandwiches.

"Do you know," said Spook, when the girls had cleared up the tea things and were out of hearing, "the thing of which I stand most in need at the present moment—that thing which is so essentially English, and from which I have been divorced for more days than I care to number—that thing for which I would gladly give half of my kingdom, meaning the northwest quarter of section Two? No? Observe the blushes beneath my sunburned outside as I admit that for weeks I have not had a bath. For weeks, literally. If my poor governor could know that, not even the hide of a polar bear would reconcile him to leaving me to live the life of a savage."

"We can soon fix that—I mean, we can furnish the wherewithal," said I, "and I will expect the deed of eighty acres in return." So we led Spook down to the pond.

"My word, my word!" said Spook. "Why didn't Jake tell me about this? I will have that land guide's gibberish for this omission! My word, if only I had a bathing suit! I say, do you think there would be any great danger—any danger at all, that is—of an interruption?"

"Not a bit. We have that all organized, and I showed him a red handkerchief tied to a stick. When the pond is in use we fly this banner on the bank of the gully, and we're as safe as Sunday. The girls usually have their plans in the middle of the afternoon, for that matter, and leave us undivided possession in the evening."

Spook was already half undressed. "My word, and the young ladies swim!"

"Jean is the best swimmer I ever knew," I confessed, modestly. "We lived beside a river at home, and she had a way of bagging all the prizes at our swimming races."

"She bagged bigger game than that," Jack put in. "She stored up a lot of trouble for herself and the rest of us by pulling our worthy Frank out of the millpond one day, after the bubbles had begun to come." So then I had to tell Spook about that incident. But I avoided reference to the pledge that had followed it.

This girl Jean seems to be pretty interesting to any male who comes along, is Frank jealous of Spook?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Cheap for \$1,200
A western young man visiting New York city thought it would be fine to buy his sweetheart's engagement ring there. Entering a Fifth avenue store he was waved from one lordly clerk to another down a long aisle and at last reached the counter where there was a personage who sold engagement rings. "Here are some rather neat rings," said the distinguished one. "Small, of course, but in good taste." Our young friend liked their looks, but was pained to learn they ran from \$3,500 to \$5,000 apiece. He admitted, in some confusion, that he wished something a little cheaper. Then the mighty one reached into a bin and brought up a handful of sparklers. "Take your pick," said he, politely representing a yawn. "\$1,200 each." The home-town jeweler sold that ring—Capper's Weekly.

When Brides Were Bought
Wedding gifts apparently have developed from the earlier custom of exchange of gifts between bride and bridegroom, in turn based upon marriage by consideration, where the suitor had to give to the father of his intended wife a bride price or present and the daughter was provided with a dowry as a return gift.

The price for a bride shows considerable variation, according to the wealth of the interested parties and the accomplishments of the bride. Among certain tribes a couple of pigs or goats seemed to be sufficient capital necessary for investment in one good husky helpmate. Among the Bedouins of Mount Sinai Westerners tell us the price of a girl is "from \$5 to \$20," but sometimes amounts to \$50 if the girl is well connected and very handsome.

A man with an elastic imagination is apt to mistake it for his conscience.

Bill McKechnie Is Rooting for Kelly

Bill McKechnie, manager of the Pittsburgh Pirates, is a great rooter for George Kelly, the all-around Giant star.

"Without Kelly," McKechnie said recently, "the Giants wouldn't be any place in the race. He's done everything this year but pitch and catch for McGraw."

In this connection it is interesting to know that Kelly might get away with a game as a pitcher if McGraw called on him. When he first reported to the Giants he was such a clumsy fielder that McGraw tried to make a pitcher out of him on account of his great throwing arm.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL GAINS POPULARITY

Pastime Is as Much a Part of Student's Education as Studies.

By LOUIS A. YOUNG, Football Head Coach, University of Pennsylvania.

You have read, and I have been asked the question many times, what is making the game of college football today so popular? So much so that our modern stadiums are not large enough to accommodate the enthusiastic following.

The above question can be answered briefly in two sentences.

In the first place, the World war created a universal desire for participation and interest in athletics. The draft proved the necessity of physical education for everybody. Not many years back, at a college football game, the spectators were composed of undergraduates, alumni, their families and friends. But today the public at large has studied the rules of the game, and clamors to see the college teams in action.

Second: College football is played by men who love the game and love their college, men who are seeking glory, and, above all, men who play without compensation.

Never have I seen the finger of suspicion that would in any way reflect on the integrity of the game, pointed at college football. As long as the game is played in this way it will increase in popularity, and present stadiums will not be able to accommodate the following:

Football is just as much a part of a student's education as his classroom studies. Our executives have realized this, and today athletic directors are members of the faculty, which dignifies the position, and adds good influence for sports.

In grooming a candidate for his team a football coach should teach him the lesson of self-control. Many a championship game has been lost in the thick of the fray, by one man's losing his temper. A man who cannot control his temper and his feelings is a dangerous man for any team, and, though he be a star, the coach can well afford to eliminate him.

An incident occurred in the Swarthmore game last year that exemplifies self-control. Al Kruezer, our fullback, had been tackled viciously making a plunge through the line. He was shaken up considerably and annoyed, but he had presence of mind to look over at a Swarthmore man lying alongside of him and say, "This football sure is a tough game." You folks who are in business can well appreciate the good that can be done in teaching men to control their feelings.

The secret of a football team is team play. Unless the machine is functioning as a unit, you cannot win. Right here I would like to emphasize that eleven mediocre men can beat eleven experts through teamwork alone. Football is the one game in which men can be used who are not specially talented as athletes. We can take raw material that is not above the average in athletic achievements and make aggressive players out of them. The secret of all modern business is teamwork.

In order for a man to associate with the varsity squad he must obey training rules. The mere fact that he makes these sacrifices backs up his character. The man who does not train is the man who falls down in a crisis. Nothing in this world is ever accomplished unless through hard work and sacrifices. A man who devotes three months in the fall to football does both of these. When he emerges from the tumult of battle on the gridiron he is a tried and true victor and one ready to be placed in a position of trust.

I like to think of men like Ed McGinley and Jack Dern, who loved their university and admired their teammates, and played in championship games when they should have been on the sidelines. In the same class are men like Clark Craig, Muggsy McGraw, Emil Thomas, Joe Willson and Al Leith, who played in games when less inspired athletes would have been satisfied to remain on the bench.

Next year the University of Pennsylvania will tackle what is probably the most ambitious schedule of its history. We are losing half of our letter men, and among them many stars. It is my ambition to build up a team which will uphold all Pennsylvania traditions of the past and, win or lose, do our best and promote a healthy sport.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

Mary Graham Bonner

FANCY DRESS PARTY

"I haven't had a party in ever so long," said Witty Witch.

"I shall give one tomorrow evening in my biggest cave of all, and I want all of you to come, and all of you to tell all the rest of you who are not around now to be sure and come tomorrow evening."

"It will be a fancy dress party." It was true Witty Witch hadn't had a party in quite a long time.

"The Fairy Queen. So there was getting ready for it. She had tall candles outside her cave and in the biggest cave of all (which was a big cave no one knew about but the Fairy-land people) were candles and candlesticks and decorations of autumn leaves and a few last remaining autumn flowers.

Hanging from the trees all the way up the path leading to her outside cave were lanterns and the Stars and Mr. Moon received special invitations to be on hand—or "in sky."

Witty Witch said, "as you won't be able to see inside the cave."

"But I can see all the costumes," said Mr. Moon, "and I'm sure I will find it a jolly affair."

Then inside the cave Witty Witch had great paper-made copies of different animals and birds and fishes, and these were gorgeously painted, and inside, just as though they were lanterns, there were different colored lights which made the animals and birds look gorgeously colorful, and beautifully lighted up.

She had decorations of all sorts that were gay—everything was bright.

And there were some lights that could change colors when moved about and turned by Mr. Giant, who was very helpful in arranging the decorations.

The Cave was just a good height for him, and he could hang anything without requiring a stepladder, so he was very useful, as he enjoyed being close to the party.

Well, the next evening everyone came to the party. And you must have seen the costumes.

The Fairies came dressed as pirates. How wild they did look!

The Fairy Queen had the funniest looking coach, straggly hair on her head, and a red coat and brown breeches and great, tall boots and a red handkerchief about her head.

All the other fairies were her assistant pirates.

The Elves came dressed as mermaids and seaweed. Effie Elf looked so lovely with green and silver wound about her long, fair hair, and a winding green silk dress draped about her.

She was quite exquisite.

The Brownies came looking like deep-sea divers—only they took off their helmets as soon as the games and dancing commenced.

The members of the Onf family came dressed as ladies and gentlemen of olden times with handsome faces and satins and white powdered wigs.

The members of the Hoge family came as ladies and gentlemen of the Far East, wearing most beautiful costumes. They were very much admired.

The Gnomes came as shipwrecked mariners and looked as dreadful as they could look, which amused everyone hugely.

Witty Witch wore the costume of Mother Goose, and Mr. Giant was dressed to look like Jack the Giant Killer.

After the games and the supper everyone sang songs and did "stunts."

And then, after that, they all went out of doors and played "I spy" and other games in and out of the trees, and danced too.

Then Mr. Moon and all the stars shone down and twinkled merrily and said:

"We can enjoy this, too. Oh, this is worth looking down upon. This is a real party."

His Favorite Word
"I told that boy," remarked the teacher "to remain after school and write some word 100 times. But I don't think it was any great punishment."

"Why not?"

"I noticed that he wrote the word 'Roie' 100 times with an ecstatic smile."

Would Like to Know
History Professor—Can any of you tell me what makes the tower of Pisa lean?

Corpulent Ida—I don't know, or I'd take some myself.



The Fairy Queen.

So there was getting ready for it. She had tall candles outside her cave and in the biggest cave of all (which was a big cave no one knew about but the Fairy-land people) were candles and candlesticks and decorations of autumn leaves and a few last remaining

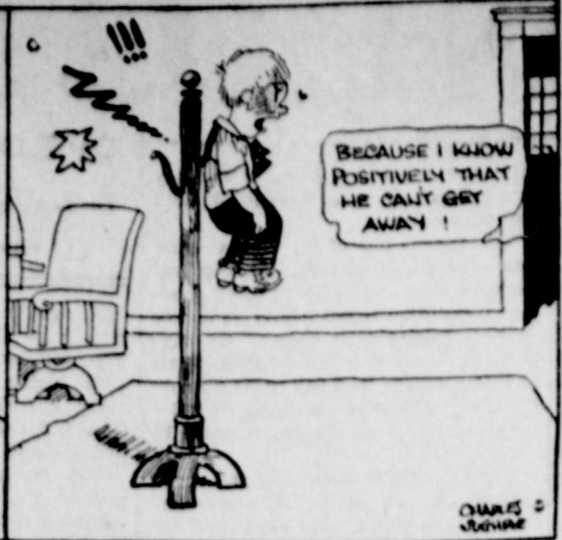
The Comic Strip
MISS MA BEACH, WHO DOESN'T THINK SHE RESEMBLES SOME FAMOUS MOVIE STAR, ALSO DOES NOT WARRM FOR BILLYMAY'S (NOW YOU TELL ONE.)

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughro
© Western Newspaper Union



Butch Saw to That



FOR-EM-ZOS

THE FEATHERHEADS

By L. F. Van Zeln
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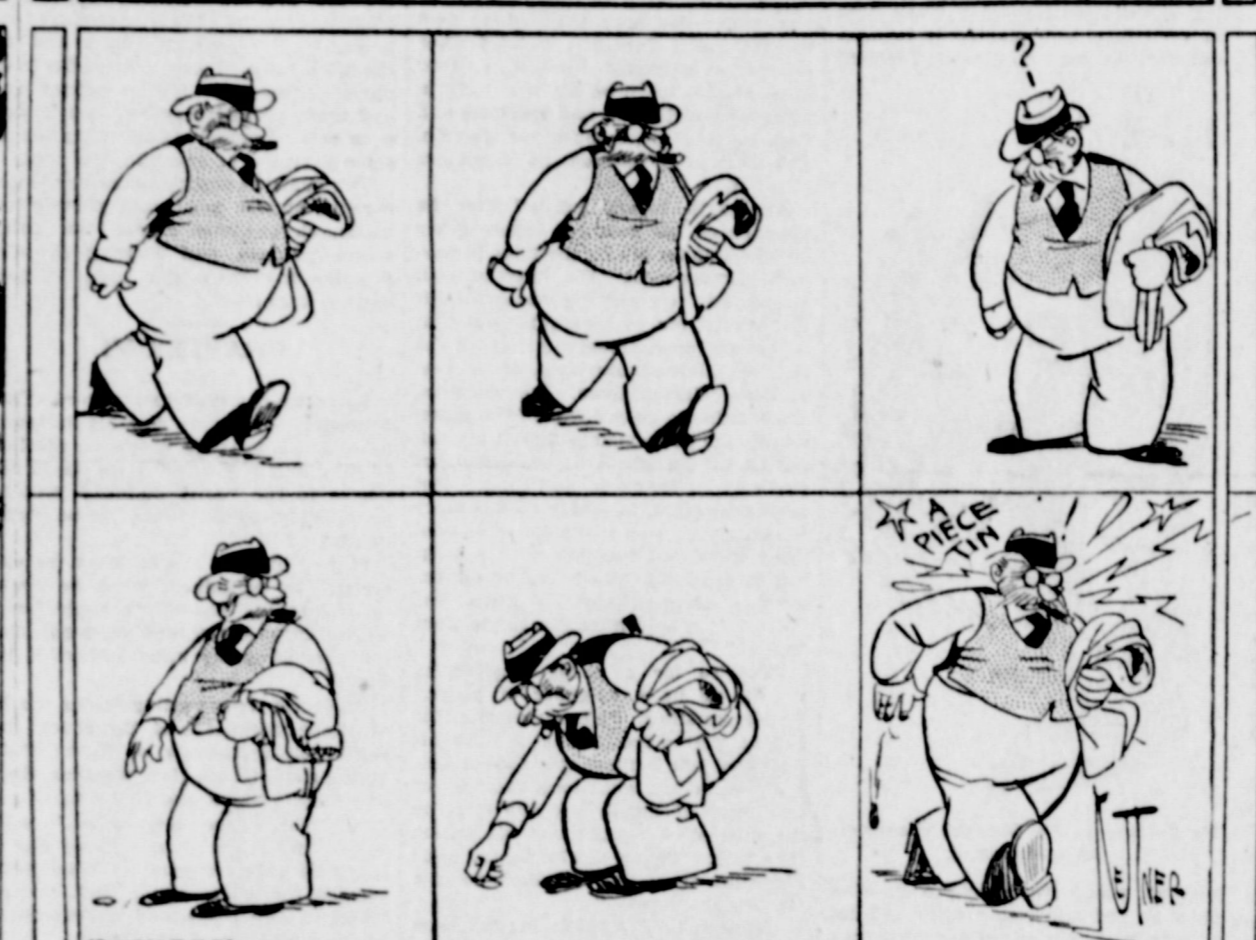
Cheer Up Felix



Events in the Lives of Little Men



Our Pet Peeve



HOME WANTED FOR A BABY



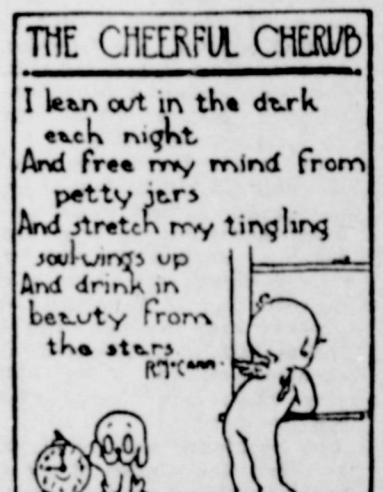
THE CHEERFUL CHERUB



The Clancy Kids
Then All Was Silent
By PERCY L. CROSBY
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BAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS



PROGRAM

TONIGHT, SATURDAY, SEPT. 19th:
Colleen Moore in "THE HUNTRESS." A comedy-drama. Prices 20c and 30c.

MONDAY and TUESDAY:
Richard Barthelmess in "THE FIGHTING BLADE." A Vista of the glamorous days when knights were bold. Prices 20c and 30c.

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY:
It's expensive! "THE PRICE OF PLEASURE." They played with love for one week—then love played with them for two years. Also "THE TELEPHONE GIRL." 40c and 20c.

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Agents for Dallas Joint Stock Land Bank

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Calotabs are the greatest of all system purifiers. Get a family package, containing full directions, price 35 cts.; trial package, 10 cts. At any drug store. (Adv.)

It is better to be early than late! Have your measurement taken now for a winter suit or overcoat, and have it delivered any time this winter. Empire Tailors.

FOR SALE.

I have for sale 100 head pure bred Angora bucks, aged one and two years. Will sell for \$20.00 each. These goats will please the most particular breeders. Come and see them at my ranch on the Pecos River. 4-t-c.

RAY DUNLAP.

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In Val Verde, the County having more sheep than any county in Texas. Sheep proof pastures on railroad and highway. Abundance never failing water, \$1.75 per acre. Will sell 3,000 acres or more of my ranch to suit buyer.
HAL A. HAMILTON,
Del Rio, Texas.

THE STATE OF TEXAS, County of Terrell.

To Patrick Dooling and all persons owning or having or claiming any interest in the land or lots hereinafter described, the same being delinquent to the State of Texas and County of Terrell for taxes, and the same lying and being situated in the County of Terrell, and State of Texas, to-wit:

Abstract No. 220, Certificate No. 1053, Survey No. 51, Original Grantee C. C. S. D. & R. G. N. G. Ry., Acres 640, which said property is delinquent to the State of Texas and County of Terrell for taxes for the years 1921 to 1924, aggregating the sum of \$93.75, including interest, penalties and costs, said taxes having been legally levied, assessed and rendered against said land and lots, and the same being a lawful charge and constituting a prior lien against the same in favor of the State of Texas and County of Terrell to secure the payment thereof.

And you are commanded to be and appear before the Honorable District Court of Terrell County, Texas, at the next regular term thereof, to be held at the Court House of said County, in the City of Sanderson, Texas on the fourth Monday in January A. D. 1925, the same being the 25th day of January A. D. 1925, then and there to show cause why judgment should not be rendered against you and the said land and lots sold under foreclosure of said lien to satisfy said taxes, interest penalties and costs, and all court costs, all of which, together with other and further relief, general and special, being fully set out and prayed for in the plaintiff's original petition filed in said court on the 2nd day of April and appearing on the docket thereof as suit No. 1207, wherein the State of Texas is plaintiff, and Patrick Dooling is defendant and all persons owning or having or claiming any interest in said land or lots, defendants.

Given under my hand and seal of said Court, at office in the City of Sanderson, Texas, in the County of Terrell, this 20th day of July A. D. 1925.
(Seal) **LUELLA LEMONS,**
Clerk, District Court, Terrell County, Texas.

THE STATE OF TEXAS, County of Terrell.

To Mrs. Emily Hume, and all persons owning or having or claiming any interest in the land or lots hereinafter described, the same being delinquent to the State of Texas and County of Terrell for taxes, and the same lying and being situated in the County of Terrell, and State of Texas, to-wit:

Abstract 273, Certificate 1620, Survey 23, Original Grantee L. L. & E. R. Ry. Co., Acres 320, which said property is delinquent to the State of Texas and County of Terrell for taxes for the years 1916 to 1924, aggregating the sum of \$86.83, including interest, penalties and costs, said taxes having been legally levied, assessed and rendered against said land and lots, and the same being a lawful charge and constituting a prior lien against the same in favor of the State of Texas and County of Terrell to secure the payment thereof.

And you are commanded to be and appear before the Honorable District Court of Terrell County, Texas at the next term thereof, to be held at the Court House of said county, in the City of Sanderson on the fourth Monday in January A. D. 1925, the same being the 25th day of January A. D. 1925, then and there to show cause why judgment should not be rendered against you and the said land and lots sold under foreclosure of said lien to satisfy said taxes, interest, penalties and costs, and all court costs, all of which, together with other and further relief, general and special, being fully set out and prayed for in the plaintiff's original petition filed in said court on the 2nd day of April and appearing on the docket as suit No. 1211, wherein the State of Texas is plaintiff, and Mrs. Emily Hume as defendant and all persons owning or having or claiming any interest in said land or lots, defendants.

Given under my hand and seal of said Court, at office in the City of Sanderson, Texas, in the County of Terrell, this 20th day of July A. D. 1925.
(Seal) **LUELLA LEMONS,**
Clerk, District Court Terrell County, Texas.

THE STATE OF TEXAS, County of Terrell.

To Benton Land and Cattle Co. and all persons owning or having or claiming any interest in the land or lots hereinafter described, the same being delinquent to the State of Texas and County of Terrell for taxes, and the same lying and being situated in the County of Terrell, and State of Texas, to-wit:

Abstract 701, Certificate 111, Survey 9, Original Grantee M. K. & T. E. Ry. Co., Acres 329, which said property is delinquent to the State of Texas and County of Terrell for taxes for the years 1923 and 1924, aggregating the sum of \$41.02, including interest, penalties and costs, said taxes having been legally levied, assessed and rendered against said land and lots, and the same being a lawful charge and constituting a prior lien against the same in favor of the State of Texas and County of Terrell to secure the payment thereof.

And you are hereby commanded to be and appear before the Honorable District Court of Terrell County, Texas at the next regular term thereof, to be held at the Court House of said County, in the City of Sanderson, Texas on the 4th Monday in January A. D. 1926, the same being the 25th day of January A. D. 1926, then and there to show cause why judgment should not be rendered against you and the said land and lots sold under foreclosure of said lien to satisfy said taxes, interest, penalties and costs, and all court costs, all of which, together with other and further relief, general and special, being fully set out and prayed for in the plaintiff's original petition filed in said court on the 19th day of June A. D. 1925 and appearing on the docket thereof as suit No. 1243, wherein the State of Texas is plaintiff, and Benton Land & Cattle Company are defendant, resides out of the State of Texas, and all persons owning or having or claiming any interest in said land or lots, defendants.

Given under my hand and seal of said Court, at office in the City of Sanderson, Texas, in the County of Terrell, this 20th day of July A. D. 1925.
(Seal) **LUELLA LEMONS,**
Clerk, District Court, Terrell County, Texas.

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