

# DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

VOL 30

SONORA, SUTTON CO., TEXAS, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14 1920.

NO 1528.

## DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.  
MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.  
STEVE MURPHY, Publisher.

Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora as second-class matter.  
Subscription \$2 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

Sonora, Texas, - February 14, 1920

### TREES, PLANTS, ETC.

Fruit trees, shade trees, roses and vines and evergreens "grown at Plainview on the Plains" on the plains.

Best varieties for the West. We sell shade trees for churches, schools, courthouses, cemeteries, and public parks at a special price.

Garden Plants:—Sweet potatoes, cabbage, tomatoes, pepper, etc., grown by an Expert.

Giant Rheubarb at \$1.50 per dozen.

Palmetto asparagus at 50 cents per dozen; 3 dozen \$1.00.

Genuine everybearing straw berries at \$2.50 per 100.

Genuine spring bearing straw berries at \$1.50 per 100

Write for latest price list.  
PLAINVIEW NURSERY CO.  
26-3 Plainview, Texas.

### Disolution Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership, heretofore existing between H. V. Stokes and Henry Decker in the business known as the Sonora Tailor Shop, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent, H. V. Stokes buying the interest of Henry Decker, assuming the indebtedness and acquiring the accounts.

H. V. STOKES,  
HENRY DECKER.  
Sonora, Texas, January 20, 1920.

In consideration of the above I desire to request my friends and all those indebted to the Sonora Tailor Shop to kindly call and settle their accounts.

It will be my pleasure to continue the business and I hope to have you continue your patronage.  
Respectfully,  
H. V. STOKES.

### NOTICE.

The State of Texas,  
County of Sutton.

To the Sheriff or any Constable of Sutton County, Texas, Greeting: C. D. Wyatt, Executor of the Estate of R. T. Baker, Sr., deceased, having filed in our County Court his final account of the condition of the estate of said R. T. Baker, Sr., deceased, together with an application to be discharged from said administration, you are hereby commanded, that by publication of this writ for twenty days in a newspaper regularly published in the County of Sutton, you give due notice to all persons interested in the account for final settlement of said estate, to file their objections thereto, if any they have, on or before the 16th day of February, A. D., 1920, the February Term, 1920, of said County Court, commencing and to be held at the Courthouse of said County, in the town of Sonora, on the 16th day of February, A. D., 1920, when said account and application will be considered by said Court.

Given under my hand and seal of said court at my office in the town of Sonora, Texas, this 13th day of January, A. D., 1920.

J. D. Lowrey,  
Clerk of the County Court of Sutton County, Texas. 17-2  
A true copy, I certify.  
R. W. Hutcheon,  
Sheriff of Sutton County, Texas. 25-4

## REPAIRING of your TIRES & TUBES means

\$\$\$ in your pocket.

Same applies to your

Leaky Radiator  
and  
Storage Battery.  
see

W. E. WALLACE,  
with the  
Sonora Garage

## PROBLEMS FACING STRICKEN WORLD

### Shall Chaos or Reconstruction in Europe Follow the Great World War?

### ISSUE BEFORE ALL NATIONS

Four Years of Hell Have Left the People in a Nightmare, From Which Only New Hope Can

### Articulate

By FRANK COMIERFORD.

Four years of pagan hell left Europe stunned and staggering. The world has come through the reddest and blackest night in all the biography of the planet. With the signing of the armistice the people tried to shake off the nightmare and grope back to light. Today, a year after, it is trudging and stumbling, paralyzed and benumbed. The present problem of making the world safe for civilization is more serious than was the question of making it safe for democracy four years ago. If there was reason for sacrifice then, there is reason for it now. If there was cause for a military morale then, there is need of an industrial morale today. Freedom called men to fight and die that autocracy might not rule and ruin the world. The issue now is not only freedom, it is life—the chance to eat—to be warm—to sleep, and a tired, wounded, worn and weary people face the tomorrows with little faith and much fear.

I went to Europe to see for myself. I was unattached, a free agent. I was not a member of a Mission—I had no preconceived opinions. I sought facts—the human facts. I looked into the eyes of the people, walked the streets, talked with men, women and children, rich and poor, humble and powerful, journalists, bankers, lawyers, preachers, actors, government officials, coal miners, teamsters, factory hands, labor leaders, radicals, conservatives, children of the street and women at their washtubs, farmers and peasants, tenants and landlords. I cross-examined official records and pursued official figures. I listened to opinions, heard speeches, interviewed the streets, listened to the conversations of the cafes and the talk of the cheap restaurants. I knew that few Americans would have the chance to go to Europe to see and hear for themselves, that the millions of America would be compelled to depend upon the eyes and ears of others for information concerning a problem of world importance, a problem that is bound to involve us—we are part of it. No country is independent. Nations are interdependent to the extent and for the same reasons individuals are.

Only Hope is in America.  
Europe looks to America for salvation, as a dying man looks to God for mercy. We are her only hope. If the United States adopts the policy of leaving Europe alone, on the theory that we have done enough for her, Europe will be plunged into the savagery of revolution. It is faith in America, belief that America will sustain her, help her carry the awful load that is bending and almost breaking the back of weak and crippled Europe, that is keeping her from succumbing. This faith is about the only thing Europe has left.

What is America? It isn't the buildings and banks, the railroads, the houses and the land, it is the one hundred and ten million people of whom you are one. So Europe's plea is addressed to you. The prayers of her hungry children are petitions to you. America's policy—the answer of the United States, will come from the judgment of the people. No man or woman can escape the responsibility. Each of us will contribute to the decision. It isn't a hypothetical case we are called upon to decide—it is a question involving the life of human beings, men, women and children who are blood of our blood, part of the great world family—the human race. Shall we close down our shops, factories, mills and mines, bolt the doors, stop production at a time millions of human beings are crying to us for help? Can we listen to the thin, bony hands of children knocking at our doors and sit in our comfortable homes, leaving them to die on our threshold? No call to arms ever had so much right back of it, so much humanity as the call to work has today.

The house of Europe has been on fire. It has been wrecked. It is scarred and charred—a ruin. The cupboards are empty, the people demoralized and sick. Winter is attacking them. Hunger has a strangle hold. They are in rags. They must rebuild, and they haven't the material for the work. They turn to us. Their condition is their plea, our condition, our obligation. If the golden rule ever had any

claim on our hearts and heads the time to prove it is now.

Our Comparative Plenty.

In our house things are well. We have been saved the devastation of war. Our acres are ample, our yield has been plentiful. We have an abundance of material. Our man power has only been lightly touched by the war. It is true that we gave nearly seventy thousand lives that the Prussians might not pass; that autocracy might not shackle the world. It was our best blood. Europe gave for four years, and she gave of her youth until her man power was almost exhausted.

We cannot sacrifice Europe without being sacrificed. If Europe falls—America will totter. The storm of unrest that rocks Europe to ruin will shake America. We must work and give—loan, if you please.

The heart of labor is warm. Its sympathy is born of suffering. The gospel of the brotherhood of man is the message that labor has always taught. I am sure that if I could picture the poverty of the children and women and men of Europe—if I could only make people see what I have seen in Europe, our differences would seem trivial by comparison with their sufferings. Men would will to work and find joy in the working. What greater compensation can come to conscience than working to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to comfort the lowly?

If the heart of capital is stone and cannot feel the message which comes over the seas, let labor show that its heart is humane and that it will suffer injustice, if need be, a little longer to save flesh and blood, brother and sister workers, on the other side of the ocean. It's a crime against God and man to stop production at this moment—and extravagance in this hour is a greater immorality than prostitution.

I did not stop with the gathering of figures, because I knew that while figures are important they frequently fail to tell the full truth. Official reports and statistics, granting that they are accurate, are at best only photographic. The photograph records with mathematical exactness the exterior of things. It seldom gets to the heart. The photograph is the still picture, the picture of the motionless fact. Impressions are more like oil paintings. They possess the human touch. They reach the heart within. Back of the dubs of paint on the canvas are the throbs of a heart. The film is only sensitized. Man's brain is sensitive. The photograph reproduces the outline; the painting, the substance.

Plain Record of Facts.  
In reporting to you the things I saw and heard, I want to give you photographs—the figures and facts as I learned them, and the impressions I gathered from the speechless life of Europe. I have tried to keep my eyes free from prejudice so that the lenses would be unbiased. In the June of 1914 Europe had a place in the sunlight of peace. The fields were filled with peasants, bending their backs to toil. Villagers were happy in the common routine of their simple lives. Factories, mills, mines and shops were filled with men. Wheels hummed, smoke streamed from chimneys, industry was singing. In the cities traffic roared, trains rattled. It was the story of a busy, working world.

Problems there were, of course, the problems normal to the growth and progress of the world. There was some unrest, too, but children scampering to school, patient women sang crooning songs to their babies. Men carrying dinner buckets whistled on their way to work. There were shadows—the unlighted side of the world's street—the slums and the tenements; but men and women were planning and fighting the black ugliness, and everyone had faith in the tomorrow. The world was making headway—it was growing better; its conscience was awakened. We were becoming our brother's keeper. It was normal, sane, good old world. It was good to be alive.

Then came the day, the day that will never be forgotten—the day that changed the world; the day of four years, at the end of which civilization was almost hunchedbacked.

Replant Your Lost Teeth.  
When one's front teeth are knocked out there is no need to leave them on the floor, for they can be reinserted by a good dentist.

Dr. H. M. Savery tells in the Lancet (London), of two cases, in each of which several teeth were dislocated from their sockets. In one case the teeth were placed in salt water while the dentist carefully washed out the sockets. Then they were reinserted, a stitch or two taken in the gums and the jaws were bandaged but so that the teeth bit on a pad of lint. In the other case the teeth still hung to the gums, so the sockets were cleaned out without detaching the teeth. In both cases the teeth became solidly fixed and the patients could use them for normal biting in a few months after the accident.

Dr. De Witt C. Henry of New York replaced not long ago the teeth of a truck driver that had been knocked out in a collision. The man had picked his teeth from the gutter and ran up to the dentist's office carrying them in his hand.

Our Arts.  
Our arts are happy hits. We are like the musician on the lake, whose melody is sweeter than he knows, or like the traveler, surprised by a mountain echo, whose trivial word returns to him in romantic thunders.—Emerson.

## WOOL AND MOHAIR

CHARLES SCHREINER, BANKER.

(UNINCORPORATED)

KERRVILLE, TEXAS.

Makes Liberal Advances on Sheep, Goats, Wool and Mohair

Established 1869.

## RANCH LOANS,

Unlimited Funds, No Delay

E. B. CHANDLER,

Central National Bank Building.

SAN ANGELO--TEXAS--SAN ANTONIO

## Wool Growers Central Storage Co.

SAN ANGELO, TEXAS.

CAPITAL PAID IN \$200,000.00  
SURPLUS FUND 50,000.00  
UNDIVIDED PROFITS 22,000.00

Make Loans on Sheep and Goats,  
Liberal Advances Made on Wool and Mohair,

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:

Individual Responsibility over \$2,000,000.

Robert Massie, President, Ozona and San Angelo, Texas.

Sam H. Hill, First Vice President, Christoval and San Angelo, Texas.

S. E. Couch, Second Vice President, Ozona, Texas.

J. S. Allison, Third Vice President, San Angelo, Texas.

L. L. Farr, Fourth Vice President, San Angelo, Texas.

J. A. Whitten, Eldorado, Texas. J. E. Boog-Scott, Coleman, Texas.

J. M. O'Daniel, Secretary & Treasurer, San Angelo, Texas.

Office Second Floor Central National Bank Building  
Rooms 209, 210, 211.

## WOOL AND MOHAIR

SHIP TO

Del Rio Wool and Mohair Company

Incorporated Under the Markets and Warehouse Law

ADVANCES MADE ON YOUR SHEEP, GOATS, WOOL

AND MOHAIR AT LOW RATE OF INTEREST.

## RANCHERS ATTENTION

I can place that MORTGAGE LOAN for you --and place it on exceptional terms. I can save you MONEY in refinancing your loan I can also handle stock farm loans of any amount at low cost and on desirable terms. It will pay you to advise me your needs in the Mortgage Loan Lines. Write--or when in San Antonio, drop around.

HOBERT HUSON.

Central Trust Building, San Antonio, Texas.

## THE DEW DROP INN

SELLS THE RENOWNED

## COLUMBIA RECORDS

NEEDLES FOR ALL MAKES OF PHONOGRAPHS

CALL AND TRY OUR DELICIOUS

## Johnston's Chocolates

You will find a New, Clean and Up-To-Date Stock of Jewelry at the

T- L- MILLER JEWELRY STORE-

Diamonds, Cut Glass, Nice Toilet and Manicure Sets, Sterling Silver Goldfilled and 10 and 14kt Solid Gold Belt Buckles, Etc.

Don't forget your Eyes. Satisfaction Guaranteed in fitting Glasses.

## SONORA'S JEWELRY STORE.

J. T. McClelland.

K. V. E. Scott

## McClelland & Scott,

Contractors and Builders.

See Us For Anything in THE BUILDING LINE

Plans, Specifications and Estimates Furnished on Request

Painting and Paper Hanging.

P. O. Box 542

Sonora, Texas

Phone 187



Remember that when you bring your Ford car to us for mechanical attention that you get the genuine Ford service—materials, experienced workmen and Ford factory prices. Your Ford is too useful, too valuable to take chances with poor mechanics, with equally poor quality materials. Bring it to us and save both time and money. We are authorized Ford dealers, trusted by the Ford Motor Company to look after the wants of Ford owners—that's the assurance we offer. We are getting a few Ford cars and first come first to receive delivery.

HULL, NORTH, SIMMONS & HULL

THE SONORA GARAGE.

## MORRIS-GILMORE HARDWARE

PLUMBING SUPPLIES, QUEENSWARE, FURNITURE

Oil Stoves and Ranges  
Fishing Tackle  
Camp Cots and Chairs  
Paints and Oils.

'WATCH US GROW & HELP US GROW.'

## West Texas Lumber Co

SONORA, TEXAS

## QUALITY and SERVICE.

## DEVIL'S RIVER OIL & GAS COMPANY.

(UNINCORPORATED)

SITUATED IN EDWARDS COUNTY, TEXAS.

DOES THINGS DIFFERENT.

STUDY OUR PLAN.

A careful study of the Devil's River Oil & Gas Company's plan will convince the close student of investments that we are offering the BEST inducement in the OIL fields. Oil production in Texas pales the total gold production of Alaska in its best days into insignificance. Alaska's best production of gold was only \$15,000,000.00, while Texas is producing about \$150,000,000.00 worth of oil. The production is increasing so rapidly that it is conservatively estimated that the output will be close to \$300,000,000.00 in 1920.

NO is the time to get in the oil business in order to reap the early harvest. With 600 acres of oil lands to draw from, we anticipate making big profits on our most liberal plan, PROFITS that will make fast friends for our company in future enterprises which we have in mind when The Company's present plans are in operation. DO NOT DELAY your subscriptions. There is nothing to gain and MUCH to lose by deferring until some future date. NO is the time to INVEST, and OUR company is the ONE to be in, for it gives you the biggest run for your money in the race for MILLIONS. Fill in the subscription blanks NOW and sail in the good ship PROSPERITY.

See our Agent,  
GEO. J. TRAINER,

## THE COMMERCIAL HOTEL,

MRS. JOSIE McDONALD, Proprietress.

Rates \$3.00 Per Day.

HEADQUARTERS FOR COMMERCIAL MEN.

Best accommodations, Rates Reasonable.

Sonora, Texas.

Devil's River News \$2.00 a year



**WHEN IN SAN ANGELO  
SHOP AT THE  
"HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE CO."**

**We Have a Complete Line of**

- |                    |                  |
|--------------------|------------------|
| GRAFANOLAS         | STOVES & RANGE   |
| RECORDS            | DISHES           |
| FURNITURE          | COOK VESSELS     |
| SEWING MACHINES    | GLASS WARE       |
| MATRESSES          | FIRELESS COOKERS |
| RUGS               | VACUUM CLEANERS  |
| LINOLEUMS          | WATER HOSE       |
| CONGOLEUM ART RUGS | REFRIGERATORS    |

Your Mail Order or Inquiry for any of the above items will receive Prompt attention

**Household Furniture Co.,  
San Angelo, - Texas.**

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MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.  
STEVE MURPHY, Publisher.  
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S. M. P., Texas, - February 14, 1918

**COMMISSIONERS COURT.**

The Commissioners Court met in regular session Monday with W. E. Hodges, County Judge presiding. E. S. Long, J. W. Wilson, D. Q. Adams, W. H. Kelley, commissioners of precincts 1, 2, 3, and 4 respectively being present with J. D. Lowrey, clerk and B. W. Hutcherson, sheriff in attendance.  
S. L. Merck was reappointed sheep inspector at \$125 per month.  
Dr. A. G. Blanton was reappointed County Health officer at \$25 per month.  
The reports of the various county officers were examined and approved.  
The sale of the Road Bonds and road matters generally were discussed but no action was taken.

Clayton Packett was here Thursday from the ranch west of town.

O. F. Seagrave and son Albert Seagrave, were here Friday from the ranch in Edwards county.

Mrs. Hunt of Brackettville, was here this week on a visit to her son Bryan Hunt.

Wiley Smith and Sam Adams were in town Friday from the North Llano country.

Vastine Chalk of San Antonio, who is visiting his uncle, R. H. Chalk, on the ranch west of here was in town Thursday.

E. E. Walters and Bob Steen made a trip to Del Rio this week to see that man Jones.

Herman Huebner of Ozona is here again after a week of illness. He says his father was not as seriously injured as at first thought and is again able to be at work.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Davis went to Junction Sunday to attend the burial of Elmer Hoggett, who died in New Mexico. Deceased was a brother to Mrs. Davis.

Mansfield Hegggett, foreman of the Frank Baker ranch, left for Junction Sunday on receiving word that his brother had died in New Mexico and would be buried at Junction. Elmer Hegggett was about 29 years old and not married. The funeral was Wednesday.

Eddie Miller a brother of T. L. Miller, Mrs. Heber Wyatt and Miss Gladys Miller of Sonora, had his arm so badly mashed in a concrete mixing machine at Roswell, N. Mex., that it was found necessary to amputate his left hand.

Prude Benson, aged 54 years died in San Angelo Monday. He was the eldest son of Joseph Benson of Sonora and single. For a number of years he has been engaged in freighting between here and other points. A few years ago he was assaulted while asleep by his wagon and never fully recovered from the blow on the head. His assailant was never captured. A year or so after being injured he was severely burned at his camp fire between Junction and Kerrville and his brother Bob left here to go to his assistance and has not returned. The father of deceased was too ill to attend the burial which took place at San Angelo Wednesday morning.

ATTENTION—Oil land owners of Sutton County. We can sell your leases. List them with us. We deal with owners ONLY.  
GEO. W. GROSS & CO.,  
Licensed Brokers,  
310 Southern Pacific Building,  
Houston, Texas.

**DEL RIO DOES THE HONORS.**

F. C. Bates, Jr., the well-known sheepman, now of Mertzon, was in Sonora Wednesday returning from Del Rio, where he attended the meeting of the Executive Committee of the Texas Sheep & Goat Raisers Association. Mr. Bates says Del Rio showed them a fine time and the meeting was well attended, live and interesting. The opinion of the meeting was that both Lime and Sulphur and Tobacco dips be used for the eradication of the scab, that is the Executive committee recommended the Live Stock Sanitary Board recognize both dips. Dr. Bishop the entomologist, told the meeting that the best preventative of the screw worm fly was to destroy the carcasses of all dead animals by burning. J. M. Jones, Chief of Animal Husbandry of the Texas Agricultural Experiment Station, told of the progress being made at College Station with the wool scouring plant and advised sheepmen to send samples of their wool there for scouring and that the Government would send a man to the ranches to classify their wools. It seems from what Mr. Bates says that a great advance is to be made in this line of getting what the product is worth. Mr. Bates says Del Rio showed them a great time but that several members were absent because of the flu. President Jeff Moore and Secretary Stricklen were unable to attend.

**STOCK NEWS.**

J. E. Robbins sold to Steve Shroyer 700 nannies at \$7.  
J. E. Robbins bought from C. K. Harold of Winchell, 500 three year old Rambouillet ewes. He sold to Alfred Sykes 200 ewes; to C. B. Baker 350 ewes and seven bucks.

B. M. Habert was in town Sunday from the ranch. Always a booster for the Mohair goat, Mr. Habert has offered through the Angora Journal to start the bidding at \$500 or better for the Grand Champion Angora Buck at the meeting of the Sheep & Goat Raisers at San Angelo in June.

S. L. Kirkpatrick sold to F. S. Richardson 150 nannies at \$7 and he bought of Mr. Richardson 175 muttons at \$4.25 and \$6.50 each.—Junction Eagle.

A dispatch from Phoenix, Ariz., says: The present season is the best known for years by Arizona wool growers. Weather conditions have been the best, the winter having been a mild one, with rains sufficient to bring out early grasses on the plain. There is report of very little loss in lambing. Wool has mounted in price and Arizona fleeces now are selling at from 70 to 80 cents a pound, with prospect of a rise.

The Orient has never fulfilled any one of the contracts made with the committee since the road bed was completed 10 years ago, and we do not believe the company will try to complete its line unless they get financial aid from the U. S. government. It does not matter now to Christoval whether the Orient builds or not, as we will soon have a hard surfaced road that we can travel over in any kind of weather.—Christoval Observer.

Mrs. Leo Brown entertained the ladies of the Presbyterian church in a charming manner Tuesday, February 3rd. It being "Social Day" of that Ladies Aid Society. Several ladies brought along their hand work and pleasant conversation interspersed with music was the order of the day. Mrs. Brown and Miss Yates played some beautiful duets. The hostess was assisted in entertaining by Mrs. Ira Word and Mrs. Wilson, both out of town guests, and at a late hour served a delicious salad course with coffee and tea.—Del Rio Herald.

The Howard Wells ranch of 60 sections in Crockett county has been sold by the owner, C. H. Powell, of San Angelo, to W. F. Coates & Sons, Paschal Odem, Will Odem and Orville Word, all of Ozona, for the sum of \$270,000, or to be definite, \$7 per acre. No stock goes in this deal. The stock will be sold separately. In the division of the ranch, Paschal Odem will get 14 sections on the southeast corner. Will Odem 10 sections on the northeast corner, Orville Word 7 sections in the middle of the south part, east of the Panhandle road, adjoining his present 11 section ranch; and Coates & Sons the balance. The purchasers will take over the property on the 1st of June.—Ozona Stockman.

Jack Pierce News Agent.  
The San Angelo Standard, San Antonio Express, El Paso Herald, Fort Worth Star-Telegram and Dallas News for sale at the Horn Palace.

**PREPARING TO FULFILL  
OUR PROMISE.**

Our Dry Goods manager and buyer Mr. Mitchell, has gone to market and will restock our Dry Goods department completely with the newest and best.

We will not say what the amount of his purchases will be, but he knows the trade and our intention of again making Sonora a trade at home center and there are no strings tied to him.

Consequently, we feel justified in asking you to hold your spring purchases until you see what we will have.

No buying is as satisfactory as that made personally. This applies with equal force to the purchases we make as it does to those made by you.

In the mean time we can serve you with what you need, and are grateful to you for the increasing business we are receiving.

**FOR EFFICIENT SERVICE COME TO US  
Not too Big for Small Orders  
And no Orders Too Big For**

**THE E. F.  
Vander Stucken-  
Trainer Company.**

We are now in position to give the service we are proud to extend our patrons. Bring in your clothes by 10 a. m. and same will be delivered by noon the following day or sooner, except in case of conditions existing over which we have no control. Sonora Tailor Shop.

**HOUSE FOR SALE.**  
I offer for sale my house on East Crockett avenue, Sonora, at terms to suit purchaser.  
This is a desirable located home of seven rooms, on four lots, two car garage and other improvements.  
Address, John S. Allison,  
San Angelo, Texas.

**NO TRESPASS.**  
Notice is hereby given that trespassers on my farm and pasture adjoining Sonora on the east, will be prosecuted according to law. Please tell your friends and relatives of this notice and they will avoid prosecution.  
T. L. BENSON,  
Sonora, Texas, Dec. 11, 1915.

**BETTER BE SAFE THAN SORRY.**  
Insure now, before your house burns up, in some good old line company.  
T. L. Benson, Agent.

**WARDLAW & ELLIOTT.**  
Attorneys-at-Law,  
SONORA, TEX.  
Will practice in all the State and Federal Courts.

**ALVIS JOHNSON,**  
Attorney-at-Law  
NOTARY PUBLIC  
Office at Court House,  
SONORA, TEXAS.  
Will practice in all the State Courts.

**Dr. A. C. Blanton,**  
Physician & Surgeon.  
Office in the Jackson Building.  
Phones—Office 155 or Drug Store.  
Residence 61.  
SONORA, TEXAS.

**DENTAL NOTICE.**  
I expect to make Sonora every other month and spend a week or more.  
Dr. J. A. McDonald,  
Del Rio, Texas.

**W. McCOMBS**  
WINDMILL  
DOCTOR  
Phone No. 144  
SONORA TEXAS

**NOTICE.**  
When Central rings 10 rings on ranch lines they are going to give a weather report.

**PROBLEMS FACING  
STRICKEN WORLD**

Shall Chaos or Reconstruction in Europe Follow the Great World War?

**NOW WEAK AND HEARTBROKEN**

In Mourning and Poverty She Counts Her Dead and Looks With Eyes of Sadness Toward the Threatening Future.

Article II.

By FRANK COMERFORD.

August 1, 1914, was the day. On that day Germany declared war on Russia. The fire alarm rang around the world. Peasants in the field straightened their backs, listened and looked into the sun confused, wondering. Flags were unfurled, bands played, faces were white, tense and serious. Men left their work and talked in groups on the street corners. Women laid down their brooms, put aside their washing, and talked in whispers; sad lights were in their eyes. Children stopped playing. Something had happened. Evil things were ahead. August 3 and 4 found France and Great Britain mobilizing their sons. The torch was sweeping Europe—the fire of death had started. For four long years—heart-sickening years—the world ran red. Men waded through mud and blood, fought, suffered, cursed, prayed, while back home in the manless houses women and children worked, cried, prayed and waited. The world was mad. Death poisoned every breath the people breathed.

It is over now, it is finished. A stunned, numbed, weak, heartbroken Europe is again sitting in the sun of peace. Europe is in dirty black rags. The black is mourning, the rags are poverty. Her face is deeply lined—trenches made by suffering. Her eyes are downcast and dead. Hope flutters weakly in her breast; faith has faded from her soul. Her home is a house of darkness. The fire on the hearth has turned to cold gray ashes. The kettle no longer sings, it moans. Her mind is weary, her body is wasted. Hunger has robbed her of her strength. Her stockings, shoeless feet are blue from the cold. Her lips wear starvation color. Ice in the winter's wind lashes her shivering, half-naked body. She mumbles as she stares vacantly into space—she is tired, so tired. As I beheld her it seemed to me that a face so troubled and sad must never have known a smile.

I listened to her wailings. I found that she was counting. Over and over again she counted on her thin, tired, worn hands—she was counting her dead.

Thinking of Her Loss.

She was thinking. Her eyes looked over the hundreds of thousands of square miles of war zone, slashed with trenches, pitted and pockmarked by shells. She sees where they fell. No tears are in her eyes. Long ago for years she reached the point where tears dry up. Row upon row, line upon line, mile upon mile, white-painted wooden crosses mark their graves. For the most part they were her youngest born, her most beloved, who dug deep in the soil to sleep forever in the dark dugouts. As they fell bleeding from steel and lead, choking from gas, writhing in agony from fire, they proved in the dying word they spoke that they were mere boys, as they had shown in their fighting that they were brave men. To the poppies they entrusted their message, and the red poppies remember the last word of Europe's dying sons; who went into the great beyond with this last word on their lips, "Mother."

She has finished counting; an ache shudders through her bent body. She sighs and sobs, "Seven and a half million of my sons are dead."  
Her thoughts turn to the living, her arms open to receive them, she holds them to her heart. They have come, but how?

Some with sightless eyes, doomed to grope through the world in a never-ending darkness, a night without stars or moon; sunless, black, hopeless days, and these, too, young men in the very morning of their day.

Others sentenced to silence—deaf and dumb. Never again will she hear their voices nor will they hear hers. Still others in wheel chairs, dwarfed, legless.

More hobbling on crutches, limping on canes.  
Some with empty sleeves.  
Many with great scars, where once was a handsome face.  
She sees them all, her heart bleeds; the twisted, the mangled, the torn. She is counting them, the 12,610,017, the wounded of the war.

War's Frightful Cost.

Her voice is husky, her hands are dried, but she must count on. Six and a half million of her sons were marked "missing and prisoners" in the official war score. Many of these have come back to her, but she does not question them—she dare not. Their faces tell of the unspeakable horrors they endured. She sees in their eyes a depth of pain that is unathomable. She is a mother—she knows.

The war is over, but she is not over the war. Must she never stop counting? Is there no end to her losses? The graveyards are crowded. Her

thoughts turn to the dead who would they did not die in the war, died because of the war. Those who went out in battle left life in a burst of glory. Others there were who fell in their tracks—exhaustion, broken hearts sent them "west." She has not forgotten how the home flank suffered. The stay-at-homes were not all slackers. They fought hunger and cold, bent their backs beyond the straining point. Worst of all, they waited. It is estimated that 20,000,000 civilians died from weakness, fatigue, strain, broken hearts—the horror of waiting, destroyed resistance. These were the underfed older men and women, the scared, undernourished children. Is there any wonder that Europe has a death look in her eyes? Death has been her morning thought, it has been her night sob, and for four years made up of months, weeks, days, hours, minutes and seconds death has been her Nemesis.

She is now totaling. The figures are appalling. They stagger her imagination. It is easy to write them, impossible to understand their full meaning. The mind can't grasp it; the world is bewildered by the number. It is too stupendous, too horrible for understanding. Think of it, seven and a half million young men, for the most part between the ages of eighteen and thirty, the youth, the strength, the spirit, the man power of Europe, dead—twenty million from civil life dead, over twelve and a half million wounded.

Who can measure this loss? Was brought death. It did more—it stopped birth. In the devastated regions of Belgium, France, Italy, Poland, parts of Russia and the Balkan countries, the birth rate fell to almost nothing. In England and Wales the birth rate in the last part of 1915 was 19.5, the lowest on record. Mallett calculated that the birth rate had fallen 12 per cent in England and Wales by 1916.

The Journal of Heredity quotes Savorgnan as having estimated that it will take England at least ten years, Germany 12 years, Italy 33 years and France 33 years to recuperate their populations. These calculations by Savorgnan were made before the fearful losses of the campaign of 1918.

A village in France, Biersmaur, tells what the war has done to the man power of Europe. This village, which is in the Chateau Thierry-Soissons district, had a population of a thousand people before the war. Its losses have been tabulated. Twenty-six soldiers from this village were killed in the war. Ninety-seven of the villagers died from war privations. The total of 123 is the death toll of a village of a thousand.

The figures I have quoted from the calculations of Savorgnan and Mallett were made before the war was finished. Since the war, estimates have been made, and these estimates show the situation to be even worse. In France I was told that 57 per cent of the men between twenty and forty years were listed as dead or incapacitated for work. Further, that it would take France over 70 years to recover her normal population.

It is said that it will take Italy 50 years and England 25 years to regain normality of population.

The human waste of the war is more than sad memories. The loss of man power makes a grave problem. It has thrown out of balance the domestic scheme of the world. It will be felt for years. There are a great many more young women than men. Home life is bound to suffer. There will be fewer marriages, fewer children. Statistics only tell part of the story. (Copyright, 1920, Western Newspaper Union)

**America's Debt to Jews.**

Jews figured very prominently in the discovery of America by Columbus according to Rabbi David Philipson of Cincinnati. The first man who stepped on the shore of the new world was the interpreter of the expedition, Luis de Torres, a Jew. Bernal, the ship surgeon, was also a Jew, as were several members of the crew.

It is also now said to be established that the long-credited belief that Queen Isabella pawned her jewels to furnish Columbus with the funds for the trip is a legend. These funds, it is said, were furnished by two Jews, Luis de Santangel and Gabriel Sanchez. A letter by Columbus to Sanchez is still extant, in which he gives some account of his exploits.

**Who Knows?**

A friend of mine called upon a newly wedded pair and I happened to drop in. The bride had been a widow. My friend remarked to me, "You introduced them to each other, didn't you?" "Why, yes," I truthfully blurted, "I introduced her to her first and second husbands and who knows but what I'll be the one to introduce her to her third one?"—Exchange.

**The CITY MARKET**  
Deals In  
Choice Beef, Mutton & Pork;  
Bays and Sells  
Poultry, Butter, Eggs, Etc  
Bays Dry and Green Hides  
**COOPER & SIMS.**

**WHEN IN  
SAN ANGELO  
EAT  
AT THE  
City Cafe**  
Opposite Baker-Humphreys



# FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF SONORA TEXAS.  
CAPITAL & SURPLUS \$195,641.64  
RESOURCES OVER \$800,000.00

## Nothing More Interesting

than a bank book showing regular deposits in this bank for savings. Every line is of interest, because it is a promise. It is a promise and an assurance that in days to come, misfortune will not find the bank book owner unprepared. Everyone intends to commence saving for a rainy day sometime. That time should be now. Start today with what you have. You cannot begin good work too soon.

W. L. Aldwell, President; E. F. Vander Stucken, Vice President; George H. Neill, Assistant Cashier.  
E. E. Sawyer, D. J. Wyatt, Geo. S. Allison, Will F. Whitehead, E. F. Vander Stucken, W. L. Aldwell, Directors.

## IT DOES MAKE A DIFFERENCE

WHERE YOU BUY.

Groceries Are Our Specialty

# The CITY GROCERY

Lets Talk About That Motor Railway.

MY CIGARS Are Always Prime

Have You Tickets for the LYCEUM THE HORN PALACE

JACK PIERCE.

### Devil's River News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.  
W. M. MURPHY, Proprietor.  
S. T. MURPHY, Publisher.

Patented at the Postoffice at Sonora as second-class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION \$2 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

Sonora, Texas, February 14, 1920.

All Resolutions of Respect, Cards of Thanks, Notices of Entertainments where an admission fee is charged, Etc., will be charged for at our regular advertising rates.

### WOMANS CLUB.

Lessons in Correct English will be the leading feature of the Women's Club meeting for Feb. 21. As illustrated, correct usage of:—Have or has, whoever or whom-ever, should or would, or and nor, if and whether, shall or should, is or has, in or into, of or from, like or as, that is or are, was or were.

### DREAMLAND CARNIVAL.

The Epworth League invites the public to the land of their dreams. Saturday, Feb. 14th, at the Savell building. "The Interpreter of Dreams," "Nightmares," "The Sandman" with bags for the children for 5 cents, "Cheese Dreams," "Sweet Dreams," "Perfect Dreams" and a parcel with which you can "Dream your Fate." Everybody come, bring your nickels and dimes, and get something good to eat. The doors will be open at 6 p.m.

Gas in the stomach or bowels is a disagreeable symptom of a torpid liver. To get rid of it quickly take HERBINE. It is a marvelous liver stimulant and bowel purifier, sold by the Sonora Drug Co.

The Baptist ladies will give a George Washington tea on Friday afternoon Feb 20, at the home of Mrs. H. Eastland. Everybody invited.

A scald, burn, or severe cut heals slowly if not scalded. The family that keeps a bottle of BALLARD'S SNOW LINIMENT on hand is always prepared for such accidents. Sold by the Sonora Drug Co.

### WASHINGTON TEA.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Baptist Church will entertain with a "Washington Tea" on Friday Feb. 20 at the home of Mrs. H. Eastland from 3 to 6 p.m. We extend to the public a very cordial invitation. The following musical program will be rendered throughout the afternoon:

Piano Solo—Polonaise Heroique..... Miss Rae Davis.  
Solo—Voice..... Miss Hill.  
Violin Solo..... Mrs. Louise Stuart.  
Solo—Voice..... Mr. Heber Wyatt.  
Reading..... Mrs. L. A. McDonald.  
Piano Solo..... Mrs. Will Wilkinson.  
Solo—Voice..... Miss Estelle McDonald.  
Violin Solo..... W. E. Wallace.  
Duett—Jolly Blacksmith..... Misses Ruth and Ray Davis.

Buy your seed potatoes from E. F. Vander Stucken—Trainer Company.

J. T. Shurley, the stockman, was a visitor in town Tuesday.

Garland Maddox was a business visitor here Tuesday.

Fred Earwood was here Tuesday from the ranch in Edwards county.

Gordon Stewart and Boy Crothers were visitors in town Sunday.

T. A. Bond and his guest, Chas. Robinson spent Sunday in the city.

We have just received a nice line of aluminum ware, 27 Sonora Mercantile Co.

Ben L. Wheat is home from San Marcos where he was attending school. The school was dismissed because of the flu.

Albert Owen, Jr., who is employed on the Robert Halbert ranch was a visitor in town Saturday. Albert has been back here for several months but has been too busy to see all the old timers.

Lawrence Steen came home last week from Bryan where he was attending the Allen Academy. He was having trouble with his throat and the low atmosphere was not good for him.

### ELK AT THE EXPERIMENT STATION.

The National Park Service, Yellowstone Park, Wyoming, has shipped four head of Elk to the (Sonora) Texas Experiment Station. They passed through town Sunday and were the object of much interest to those who saw them. They will be turned loose in a 960 acre pasture at the Station and it is hoped they will survive and become a source of study and enlightenment to the coming generation. The elk is of the large deer family and is almost extinct except in the mountains of the Northwest, in municipal, private and National Parks. The meat is said to be better than the ordinary venison. The protracted drought has caused the National Park Service to disperse a number of elk in order to preserve the species and the Sonora Live Stock Experiment Station is recognized by the Federal Government as a model State institution place where the elk will be given proper care and protection. In the original shipment there were five head but one died before reaching San Angelo.

The Yellowstone Park where these animals were shipped from is a reserve in the northwestern part of Wyoming, set apart by the Government in 1872. It covers about 5,500 square miles, includes a part of the Rocky Mountains watershed, Yellowstone Lake, the Two Falls and the grand gorge of the river below the lake, and is a cluster of very remarkable hot springs, geysers and petrifications. It is also a game and forest preserve and is under military guard and control.

E. Jack Pierce returned Monday from a visit to San Angelo where he had taken his little boy Cecil for further examination by the eye doctors. The doctors hold out hopes of being able to restore the sight of the patient and Mr. Pierce is now hopeful of recovery in time of his child's eye sight.

Roy Smith of Denton was here this week on a visit to his parents Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Smith. He is interested in building operations and naturally made enquiries about the new fire proof hotel. He and the people he has worked for are large contractors and are familiar with the erection of concrete and brick buildings. He says there has been so much wet weather that the brick yards have orders ahead for the next four months. He intends to have a talk with Architect Swartz in regard to the plans for the hotel.

NOTICE.  
We are in the market to buy the mineral rights under your land. We wish to hear from every land owner in Texas who has a share of stock for the dollar you send.

### KATE ADELE HILL

TEACHER OF  
Piano and Voice  
PUBLIC SCHOOL BUILDING.

### Ozona vs. Sonora Basket Ball.

The Sonora High School Boys Basket Ball team thought they would have to play a double header Saturday as Del Rio and Ozona teams said they would be here. This is not what Ozona had in mind, however, they thought Del Rio would easily vanquish Sonora and then they would play the winner and add additional laurels to their seasons prowess having previously taken the scalp of Fort Stockton and Mertzon. But, Del Rio couldn't come and Ozona was so disappointed, but being good sports and having come 40 miles for a game, and it being rather a formality, any how, you know. Well the game was started with the Ozona line up as follows:—Adams, c, Phillips, f, Weaver, f, Mims, g, Davidson, g.

The Sonora line was:—J. Adams, f, G. Rees, f, Floyd Ogden, c, C. Martin, g, M. Bryson, g.  
The score for the first half was: Ozona 10; Sonora 15. The score for the second half was: Ozona 8; Sonora 15. Total score: Ozona 18; Sonora 30.

Prof. Grissom was here with the Ozona boys.

Buy onion sets from E. F. Vander Stucken—Trainer Company.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Mayfield were in from the ranch Saturday.

Will Wilkinson of the T half circle ranch was in town for the week-end visit with Mrs. Wilkinson.

You can buy onion sets from the E. F. Vander Stucken-Trainer Company.

A. D. McKnight returned Saturday from a trip to San Angelo. While there he learned that Prue Benson former Sonora freighter was in bad health.

Lyman Williams, son of Tom Williams of Ozona, died in San Angelo Monday after a short illness. The young man was a frequent visitor here and was only 20 years of age.

GET MORE EGGS by feeding Martin's Egg Producer. Your money back in eggs or your money back in CASH.

Messrs E. J. Pierce, A. D. McKnight and Lewis Roueche who represented the local Woodman Camp at San Angelo Saturday, will endeavor to have W. T. Bishop of that city visit the Sonora Camp and explain the matter of increased premiums to the members here.

You can buy seed potatoes at the E. F. Vander Stucken—Trainer Company.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Smith have returned from Eldorado and are again at home in east Sonora. Mrs. Smith's health has not been good for the past few months and her physician advised that she return to her home in Sonora.

In the El Paso Herald under a date line from Mesilla Park, N.M. Feb. 5th we find: "Frank Gobble of Las Cruces, died suddenly Wednesday." Deceased was a brother of Mrs. V. J. Turney of this place to whom the News extends its sympathy.

KILL THE BLUE BUGS and all Blood Sucking Insects by feeding Martin's Wonderful Blue Bug Killer to your chickens. Your money back if not absolutely satisfied. Guaranteed by all Dealers. 12 6m.

E. Jack Pierce returned Monday from a visit to San Angelo where he had taken his little boy Cecil for further examination by the eye doctors. The doctors hold out hopes of being able to restore the sight of the patient and Mr. Pierce is now hopeful of recovery in time of his child's eye sight.

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NOTICE.  
We are in the market to buy the mineral rights under your land. We wish to hear from every land owner in Texas who has a share of stock for the dollar you send.  
Remember—We answer to letters unless you send one dollar to register yourself as a correspondent and friend of the Company. We will send you one share of stock for the dollar you send.  
P.S.—We want to employ a representative in each County in the State.

### DELEGATE BACK FROM WASHINGTON.

Oscar Appelt who was the ranchmans delegate from Sutton county to appear before the labor and Immigration Committee at Washington in the effort to have the Government allow the entrance of Mexican laborers to Texas and the border States for agricultural purposes, was in town Monday. He says he was in Washington for eight days and after listening for awhile to the discussion between the Members of Congress and the delegates from the Border States representing diversified interests from onion to wool growing he became one of the boys and thinks may have helped some.

He was asked if the ranchmen in West Texas furnished the Mexican laborers with good houses to live in and if these houses were equipped with hot and cold water baths and flush toilets. He saw there was room to enlighten the Committee and proceeded to picture the struggle of the ranchman and his family to make a living off the barren wastes of the West, without these necessary conveniences in their own homes and so forth.

He says Congressman Hudspeth is a great worker for his constituents and is the ideal man for the place, although when Mr. Hudspeth was elected to Congress he had doubts about his ability. Mr. Hudspeth told the Sutton county delegate that the matter would be fixed right before they got through with the question, although the Hudspeth Sheppard bill was defeated in the Committee.

In connection with the above the following telegram from Congressman Hudspeth to Mr. Appelt Tuesday tells how the matter now stands:

Washington, Feb. 10, 1920, Oscar Appelt, Sonora, Texas.

Had a conference of senators and congressman with Secretary of Labor Wilson this morning. The secretary agrees to lift the ban off the Mexican laborers until congress acts definitely. This means that the Mexican laborers can be brought in for several months at least. Please notify all interested parties and give all publicity.  
C. B. HUDSPETH, M. C.

Born on Saturday, February 7, 1920, to Mr. and Mrs. Pink Glasscock, a girl.

Will Williamson was in town Saturday from his ranch in the eastern part of the county.

Miss Velma Savell has as her guest this week Miss Mamie Frank Hunt of Brackettville.

KILL THE BLUE BUGS and all Blood Sucking Insects by feeding Martin's Wonderful Blue Bug Killer to your chickens. Your money back if not absolutely satisfied. Ask Sonora Drug Co. 12-6m

Superintendent of Schools, Jewell Matthews, is very proud of his boys and girls. He says they are all doing excellent work and the athletic teams are studying hard and doing good field work.

When the bowels become irregular you are uncomfortable and the longer this condition exists the worse you feel. You can get rid of this misery quickly by using HERBINE. Take a course on going to bed and see how free you feel next day. Sold by Sonora Drug Co.

The News extends its sympathy to T. A. Williams in the loss of his mother, whose death occurred at the family home at Commerce, Tuesday, January 27th. All of the family were in attendance for more than a week before the end came. Deceased was in her 61st year and is survived by her husband, Dr. H. Williams.

A child that has intestinal worms is handicapped in its growth. A few doses of WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE destroys and expels worms; the child immediately improves and thrives wonderfully. Sold by Sonora Drug Co.

Miss Elsie Baxter left for Brown wood last week to take charge of a business her father has bought for her in that city. Miss Baxter was a teacher of the 4th grade in the Sonora school and Superintendent Matthews says her work was satisfactory and they regret her leaving, but as the place could be filled by Miss Kate Adele Hill, and as it would almost be an injustice to have the young lady remain for the balance of the term her resignation was accepted. The faculty wish Miss Baxter success in her new field of business and welcome Miss Hill as her successor.

H. P. ALLISON CLAUDE KEENE

## THE CITY GARAGE

HAVE US FIT YOUR CAR WITH GOODRICH TIRES

CORD OR FABRIC ALL SIZES

Willard's Storage Batteries.

COMPETENT MECHANICS.

YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

East of Hotel, Sonora, Texas

## TAILORING CLEANING PRESSING

CALL 138

## SONORA TAILOR SHOP.

H. V. STOKES, PROPRIETOR.

## SHEEP AND GOATS

Al. G. McIntire and Clay H. Hosmer, formerly with

Evans-Snyder-Buel Company for more than fifteen years at Kansas City, took charge of the Sheep and Goat Department of the

ALEXANDER, CONOVER & MARTIN COMMISSION COMPANY,

Chicago, Kansas City, St. Louis.

December 1st, 1919; we are connected with one of the largest, strongest and best companies in the business, fully equipped in every department with the best talent money can secure.

### OIL NEWS.

T. A. Williams, the lawyer, was here from Rock Springs Sunday. He reported the Peterson well as at work at about a depth of 3,800 feet. He said it was understood formations struck in this well were what had been expected by the drillers, although in some cases the stratum had been thicker than had been anticipated. Without any bad luck this well should have a story to tell in a very few weeks.

Frank Decker, Nutray Public Sutton County, Texas, office with L. Benson Agency

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Lowrey of Glenview, Montana, are here on a visit to their brother J. D. Lowrey and family. Bob Lowrey left Texas 23 years ago and considers himself a native of the Northern state. He says the stockmen of that state will be back in Texas in June to buy cattle and sheep to restock their ranges if the people of Texas don't ask too much for them. He says they can restock from the St. Paul market but the quality of cattle will not be as good as that from West Texas. The shipments to Texas were made with the understanding that they might be returned at a low freight rate and that will be an inducement for the stockmen to come back here to buy.

Don Cooper agrees with many others that the time is not far distant when the big idea with the stockmen of the Sonora country will be how to get their stock to market. Of course the activity for the past year was getting the stuff here and breeding up what we had, but a few seasons like the present and the question will be how to get them out. Practically all the stockmen realize that the high priced lands are not for free grazing and that the high priced fencing is not to be torn down to accommodate even our neighbors in taking their stock to market, and to market they have to go. So the only solution is to get the railroad and get it quick.

### ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The News rates for announcements is: Congressional, Legislature and Judicial Districts \$5. County officer \$10. Precinct officers \$2.50. All announcements are payable in cash in advance. The Devil's River News is authorized to announce.

TAX ASSESSOR  
Geo. J. Trainer as a candidate for re-election to the office of Tax Assessor of Sutton County subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

SHERIFF AND TAX COLLECTOR  
B. W. Hutcherson as a candidate for re-election to the office of Sheriff and Tax Collector of Sutton County subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

A. D. McKnight, as a candidate for election to the office of Sheriff and Tax Collector of Sutton County, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

COUNTY TREASURER  
E. W. Hardgrave as a candidate for re-election to the office of County Treasurer of Sutton County subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

COUNTY JUDGE.  
Roy E. Aldwell as a candidate for election to the office of County Judge of Sutton County, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

J. W. Elliott, as a candidate for election to the office of County Judge of Sutton County, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT CLERK  
J. D. Lowrey as a candidate for re-election to the office of County and District Clerk of Sutton County, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

COMMISSIONER.  
E. J. Glasscock, as a candidate for election to the office of Commissioner of Precinct No. 1, Sutton County, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

J. W. Wilson as a candidate for re-election to the office of Commissioner of Precinct No. 2, Sutton County, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

MORE EGGS or YOUR MONEY back if you feed Martin's Egg Producer. Martin's Lomp Cure cures. Martin's Remedies Guaranteed by all Dealers. 12-5m.



**A Voice From Sioux City, Iowa, says:**

# PE-RU-NA

**Worth Its Weight In Gold**

You cannot mistake the words of Mr. W. W. Northrup, of 908 Fourth Street, Sioux City, Iowa. He is enthusiastic about his present health and the merits of PE-RU-NA and wants everyone to know it. Here is a recent letter from him:

"PE-RU-NA is worth its weight in gold and then some. I used to think it only a woman's remedy but have changed my mind. I had a cough, especially in the morning. After using half a bottle of PE-RU-NA was much better. I would cough up chunks of phlegm and mucus, my eyes itched and both eyelids were sore. Judging from the symptoms given in your prospectus it was catarrh. My stomach is in much better condition since I began your medicine."

"Use this testimonial, if you wish. Don't hesitate to advertise the merits of PE-RU-NA."  
(Signed) W. W. NORTHROP.

There are thousands just like Mr. Northrup, skeptical at first but convinced by a trial of PE-RU-NA. **DON'T BE AN UNBELIEVER.** If your trouble is of a catarrhal nature, try PE-RU-NA, then tell your friends. It is fine after an attack of grip or Spanish Flu.

**Sold Everywhere Tablets or Liquid FOR CATARRH AND CATARRHAL CONDITIONS**

**Devil's River News**

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MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.  
E. E. MURPHY, Publisher.

Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora a second-class matter.  
Subscription \$2 a year in advance.

Sonora, Texas, February 14, 1930.

All Resolutions of Respect, Cards of Thanks, Notices of Entailments when an admission fee is charged, Etc., will be charged for at our regular advertising rates.

**OLD FIELD STONES**

Luther Burbank has proved the possibilities of a grafter.

The ex-haiser missed it by not counting his plots to the garden.

The American pig pen proved mightier than the German sword.

The farmer who cultivates thought has sharpened his tools for the harvest.

Peter Tumbledown farmers are the fellows who always regarded new ideas as "tomfoolery."

More landscaping on the farm will lessen the desire of girls and boys to "escape" to the city.

Some day there is going to be war between dogs and sheep and the latter are not going to sign armistices.

It is no use. Nobody is going to have those common apples in salt barrels with dirty burlap for a cover.

One of the old's fruits is that it means bare cornfields and the marring of Jim Riley's beautiful picture of "the fodder in the shock."

The past year was wonderful for crops. Food production was tripled and many republics were made to grow where only monarchies grew before.

Those who handle scrub stock may well view prohibition with alarm; passing of the saloon "free lunch" removes about the only market they have.—Oscar H. Adkinson in Farm Life.

**THIS TOSPY-TURVY WORLD**

Just as you go to a drug store to buy books;

And to a restaurant to buy cigars;

And to a barber shop to get your shoes shined;

And to a magazine stall for a mail file;

And to a bank for a calendar;

And to a farm for gasoline;

And to a railroad for milk;

So you may go to a schoolhouse new-fangled for baked beans.—New York Evening Post.

**FROM THE PENCIL'S POINT**

Look out for hard times; the days are getting shorter.

The late husband catches the early morning lecture.

**A COSTLY DRINK.**

"They say the most expensive drink on record was when Cleopatra dissolved a pearl in wine."

"I suspect that bit of history got twisted. Chances are she swapped the pearl to a bootlegger for the wine."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**FINANCIAL STANDING.**

"Why do you flourish money so ostentatiously?" asked the friendly guest.

"I'm going to order a porterhouse steak," replied the host. "I don't want to wait for the hotel to make inquiries to see whether I am able to afford it."

**FLASHLIGHTS**

This always has been a rough world for the man who tries to beat all the rules.

The best way to avoid the consequences of shame is never to take a chance.

Most of the repair shops exist because somebody didn't do his work well enough in the first place.

A Washington man voluntarily returned to jail. Evidently wanted to be sure of a place to eat and sleep.

The average married man talks a lot, but as a matter of fact if it weren't for his wife he'd be helpless most of the time.

Ever notice the racket those high-priced cars make when your neighbors are backing them into their garages after midnight?

One of the reasons a woman likes fine clothes is because she knows her husband would soon lose his love for a shabby wife.

A fellow always remembers the bad luck which upset his plans, but he never speaks of the good luck which gave him something he hadn't earned.—Detroit Free Press.

**WOODEN SPOIL**

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

ILLUSTRATIONS BY IRWIN MYERS

Copyright, 1918, by George H. Doran Co.

**CHAPTER V.**

Marie Dupont

Late was as despondent as Hilary over Leblanc's treachery. Hilary had only one cause for satisfaction in the situation, and that was a purely personal one. He was glad that Leblanc's cancellation of the contract had left the Chateaus grounds immune, and so had neutralized Brousseau's first move in the campaign.

What galled him was the reflection that in this fight which Brousseau had thrust upon him he was fighting Madeleine too. He shrank from the thought of Madeleine Rosny as Brousseau's wife; he tried to think of her as sacrificing herself for her father's sake. But this picture would not hold together; she was most evidently acquainted with Brousseau's designs, and approved of them.

On the day after the interview with Leblanc a new development occurred. Late, who had been grumbling all day, came into the office and flung down his hat in utter dejection.

"Something new?" asked Hilary.

"There's talk of a strike," said Late in disgust. "Brousseau has had his men at work among 'em, and they're saying that you're keeping wages down, and that Brousseau would give two dollars a day if you would."

"He wants to get into my capital, eh?"

"It's just one way of hitting you. I tell you, Mr. Askew, it's a tough job we've taken on. You know these men ain't got sense. Simeon Duval has been handing out free drinks in that shebeen of his at Ste. Marie, and telling them what a hard master you are, and they're just swallowing it."

"Well, face that trouble when it develops," answered Hilary.

But Hilary did some hard thinking, and it settled about Dupont. If Brousseau could buy out Dupont he was finished; he could never get a lumber schooner that year, and he must get out some shipments before navigation closed. He decided to appeal to Father Lucien to help him out in this difficulty.

But Father Lucien forestalled him with a visit that evening. He was agreeably surprised by the warmth of his welcome, heard Hilary attentively and at once volunteered to assist him. "But there will be no trouble, monsieur," he said. "Captain Dupont is independent, and he does not love the Ste. Marie people."

"Father Lucien," said Hilary. "I was going to have a talk with you later about certain things that are objectionable—the liquor trade, for instance."

Father Lucien stopped and thumped his stick upon the chipstrewn sand.

"Now that is exactly what was in my mind when I started out to see you today, Monsieur Askew," he answered. "They are bad people over at Ste. Marie, and they are making Ste. Boniface as had as they are. They laugh at me when I speak to them. It is bad; but it cannot go on. Monsieur Askew, as I said to you the day I see you, I hope we shall be friends. Now I know we shall be, and, please God, we shall at least keep the brandy out of Ste. Boniface."

They stopped and shook hands upon their compact, and then went on together, past the straggling outskirts of the village, beyond the wharf, until they reached Dupont's cottage.

The cure tapped at the door. Within Hilary could hear the murmur of voices, which suddenly ceased. Then there came the splutter of a match, and the flame of a lamp. Hilary saw a girl's figure in silhouette against the shade.

It was that of Marie Dupont, the captain's daughter, and Hilary remembered that there was some mystery about her; he had seen her going her solitary way about the village, ignored by all and ignoring all.

At the same time he saw another figure slinking away into the shadows of the pines. Father Lucien saw it too, and darted forward and caught it by the arm, and drew it toward the beach.

It was a girl of about four and twenty, with a foolish, weak face and gaudy finery.

"Nanette Bonnat," said the cure.

"Ask him if he is willing to accept his orders from me," said Hilary. "The cure translated, and the captain answered him, stroking his beard and speaking with slow emphasis."

"It is all right," said Father Lucien finally. "Captain Dupont takes his freight where he finds it. He takes from your company in accordance with his contract. He will not break it. If Brousseau refuses him freight he can pick up all he needs on the south shore. You can rely on him."

Hilary felt deeply satisfied. If the captain was staunch, not Morris nor Brousseau nor all his men should prevent him from getting out a record cutting before navigation closed.

"Tell Dupont we'll keep him busy," Hilary said.

When he was with Father Lucien upon their homeward way he asked him a question about a matter that had puzzled him.

"Why does Dupont look at me as if I were his mortal enemy?" he asked.

"Ah, Monsieur Askew," said the cure, stopping to thump his stick upon the shingle, "there is a story there. So he looks at every man when first he meets him. He fears for the girl Marie—and unfortunately he is right in his fears. For she has her mother's nature."

"It was many years ago, nearly twenty, I think, and before I came here, when Capt. Jules Dupont was a fisherman in Ste. Boniface. He was married to Marie Letellier, who was much younger than he, and gay and thoughtless. People said it was an ill-made match, but she loved him, and they were happy."

"When he left his young bride to go settling off Newfoundland the tongues wagged, but he trusted her, and when he returned there was the child Marie, and a warm welcome. So three years passed."

"When Jules Dupont returned the fourth year his wife was gone. With whom? Nobody knew. I know more than anyone in Ste. Boniface, but I never knew. Some wanderer from the south shore; and six months later she was back with the child, pleading for forgiveness. He sheltered her until her death soon afterward. Since then his fear has been that Marie will have inherited the mother's nature. He never makes a voyage but he returns in fear and haste. And he wishes her to marry Jean-Marie Baptiste, who loves her—but you have seen tonight to what her mind is turning."

"The women recall her mother's fate, and their dislike makes her secretive and solitary. And it is lonely here, and Ste. Marie-so-near! Monsieur Askew, you saw the girl Nanette. She is from Ste. Joseph, of decent parents, who mourn for her. She was lured from her home to Ste. Marie, and I have fears that some one is using her as a tool to get the girl Marie Dupont into his clutches. But what can I do save watch and wait?"

"Therefore, Monsieur Askew," continued Father Lucien, much agitated, "I implore you to prevent this evil from spreading to Ste. Boniface. It is Brousseau who debauches those poor people there. It is he who is responsible for all this evil. He cares nothing for the people, so long as he holds their votes for his creature in the parliament at Quebec. And this, monsieur, was chiefly the cause of my visit to you tonight, to urge you to keep the brandy and the dance halls out of Ste. Boniface, for I hear it being said that one of the Duvals boasts he will open a dance hall there."

"No brandy shall be sold on the Ste. Boniface property, Father Lucien."

"I am glad, monsieur," answered the cure. "But Simeon Duval and his brother Louis boast of Brousseau's protection, and they are dangerous men."

"You have my promise," said Hilary. "That they shall not sell liquor in Ste. Boniface. And by heaven I'll smash any man who tries to corrupt my people!" he added, with a vehemence that surprised himself.

Hilary slept poorly that night. Trouble seemed to be thickening about him. Had he, indeed, the power to handle these wild people whose very tongue he could hardly understand?

Then, out of the darkness, there rose, in vivid portrayal, the face of Madeleine Rosny. He admitted now how much she meant to him, enough to make any venture worth the while. He thought of their last meeting; and in spite of it he dared to dream of a happier one to come.

Before he fell asleep he had decided to go to Quebec and try to secure some jobber to take over Leblanc's lease. At the same time he would look up the land records and get an accurate idea of the extent of the Rosny seigniory.

Characteristically, he put his plan into practice two days later, when the dawn broke, instructing Late to hold up the dynamiting till his return. Late saw him off, and he had hardly arrived on board before discovering that Morris had embarked at Ste. Marie. Hilary suspected him of having learned of his plan and spying on him. The two men eyed each other, but did not speak.

Hilary put up at the Frontenac and, having business with the customs office with reference to a shipment of machinery, a small matter requiring a refund, he called there, and was disgusted to see Morris coming out of the revenue department in conversation with the assistant chief.

He failed entirely in his attempts to get a jobber to sublease Leblanc's tract. There were plenty of small men willing to do so on the installment system, but none willing to risk an immediate investment on a territory with such a reputation as Ste. Boniface had unjustly acquired.

Hilary knew he had to thank Morris

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for that. He returned to Ste. Boniface next day with only one thing accomplished. He had seen the land map and ascertained that the upper reaches of Rocky river had been surveyed and that the creek was wholly on his own land. He found, too, with some surprise, that a large island out in the Gulf was part of the Rosny domain. It had not appeared on Morris' rough map.

Late, who met him at the wharf, looked worried.

"I'm glad you've come," he said, as they drove to the mill together. "Things were pretty bad on Saturday night."

"They're striking?"

"No, Mr. Askew. That's the bright spot in the situation. MacPherson, the foreman, tells me that it's called off. Brousseau's dropped that maneuver, for some reason of his own."

"What's the trouble, then?"

"I guess Brousseau's off on another tack, Mr. Askew. All the hands was over to Ste. Marie on Saturday night by special invitation from Simeon Duval, who owns the biggest dance hall there. There was free drinks for everybody, and the whole place was in an uproar till Sunday morning. Not a stroke of work has been done here till yesterday, which means a four-day week. The men are only just sobering up now."

"However, that ain't the worst, by a long sight. It's a sort of open secret that they're going to open up Ste. Boniface wide, and Simeon—"

"You mean Simeon has dared to start one of his hills here while I was away?" cried Hilary angrily.

"Not yet," said Late. "There ain't no more liquor being sold here than usual—yet. But they're going to open up if they can. Simeon's brother Louis has rented that house by the old stables that Jean Baptiste used to occupy last year before it began to go to pieces, and he's going to have a dance hall there and sell brandy—"

Hilary rapped out an oath. "Not if I have anything to say," he answered.

"No," said Hilary sharply. "We'll fight our own battles, Late."

Late subsided in a hurt sort of way. The evidences of demoralization were obvious in Ste. Boniface. The men were slow and surly, the women sullen, slatternly and hopeless-looking. It was clear that they had little hope Hilary could counter this new project. Hilary was aware of a feeling in the air, as if he was being tested. He saw furtive glances as he went by, he recognized reluctance in the sullen touch of the cap and the unsmiling faces, while not hostile, watched him with something like resentment, as if his attitude toward the Duval proposal was discounted beforehand.

Hilary had kept in his mind a plan of cutting along the bank of the river, without waiting for the snow. It seemed to him a feasible plan to fell right beside the water, and float the logs down, this requiring no teams to haul, a process impossible until the snow was deep. On the Saturday he went out afoot to survey the timber in the upper reaches. In order to get a clearer view, Hilary took the path that ran along the eastern bank within the Ste. Marie limits, and ascended to an elevation opposite the low-lying tract on the west side.

He had nearly reached the branch road which ran in toward Ste. Marie, along which Late and he had driven on that first morning, when he perceived Madeleine Rosny and Brousseau ahead of him, at the top of the rise. They seemed to be talking earnestly, and Hilary held back, unwilling to surprise them. Presently he saw Brousseau spur his horse and gallop away in the direction of Ste. Marie, while Madeleine came slowly toward him.

She saw him and turned her horse aside to let him pass. She had been crying, and there were traces of tears still on her cheeks. She would have

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left Ste. Boniface alone, instead of stirring up hatred? Is it not enough that my father should have been compelled to sell your uncle our trees, without your coming here to exult over our shame?"

"I have not exulted, Mademoiselle Rosny; I am sorry."

"Take back your pity. We don't want it. What has Monsieur Brousseau done to you—or Mr. Morris?"

"Morris, since you inquire, has swindled me out of several thousand dollars' worth of lumber, Mademoiselle Rosny. As for Monsieur Brousseau, the trouble is of his own seeking."

"You went upon Monsieur Brousseau's land and quarreled with one of his workmen, and you ill-treated him shamefully, just because you are big and strong, and not afraid of a weaker man. And you and your hired men—our men who serve you—have taken Monsieur Brousseau's lumber, and you are going to sell it as your own. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you outlaw!"

"You're altogether wrong, Mademoiselle Rosny," answered Hilary quietly. "The quarrels were none of my seeking. Monsieur Brousseau, who is quite capable of taking care of himself, lays claim to land and lumber which is not his. I suggest, mademoiselle, that you have not shown sufficient cause for your hostility."

"I have done you no wrong," urged Hilary. "I have come here to take charge of a legacy which my uncle left me. It is all I have in the world. It has been my hope to make the task successful and, in succeeding, to consider my neighbors and help my employees. Is not this a case for our working amicably together, as you suggested in the case of Monsieur Brousseau? Come, Mademoiselle Rosny, let us forget our quarrel and be friends."

She did not take the hand that he extended, but she looked at him in wonder.

"You spoke of my good-will," she said presently, with a touch of mockery. "What is that to you? Surely my father's feeling toward you, which is mine, can have no power to help or injure you?"

"It means much to me, your good-will, Mademoiselle Rosny," said Hilary. "She leaned forward in her saddle, 'Monsieur Askew, why do you listen to me. If you value my good-will you shall have it on one condition.'

"On any condition."

"That you leave Ste. Boniface."

"Except that," said Hilary.

"It is not that I grudge you your possession," resumed the girl hurriedly. "Believe me, I am not thinking of that. As you said, the money was paid, and the rights are yours. But this is no place for you, monsieur. I could esteem you and—give you my good-will if you said 'I have made a mistake' and went away. Why do you stay here, to stir up trouble and agitate us all? What is it you want that you will not take the value of your trees from Monsieur Brousseau and go?"

"I have a natural objection to being driven out of my own property," said Hilary.

"It should never have been yours. Monsieur Brousseau wanted it, but my father—"

She broke off in agitation. Hilary laid his hand lightly upon the rein near her own.

"Mademoiselle Rosny," he urged, conscious that he was as agitated as she, "I want to ask you something. I do not want you to go to Ste. Marie. I said I wanted to help you. Perhaps I had no right, but I do not want you to go there. It is because I honor you, and—"

She was staring at him in greater distress. He hardly knew whether she understood.

"If Monsieur Brousseau—" she began, half-choking.

"Forgive me, mademoiselle, but does he mean so much to you as that?"

She started and twitched the rein away. "You are insolent!" she cried. "How dare you question me or lay down the law to me? No, I have heard enough. Stay, then, Monsieur Askew, and cut down the trees that you have bought, and sell them; but do not presume to speak to me any more!"

She touched her horse with her spur, and the beast bounded away, almost flinging Hilary to the ground. Her face was flaming; yet, as she rode, Hilary could hear her sobbing again.

He was sure that Brousseau was the cause of her distress. He recalled Late's words to himself on the night of their first meeting. Brousseau's grasping hand was stretched forth not only on the seigniory but on its helress—and he vowed that the battle between them should be fought out on this ground also.

## STOMACH TROUBLE

Mr. Marion Holcomb, of Nancy, Ky., says: "For quite a long while I suffered with stomach trouble. I would have pains and a heavy feeling after my meals, a most disagreeable taste in my mouth. If I ate anything with butter, oil or grease, I would spit it up. I began to have regular sick headache. I had used pills and tablets, but after a course of these, I would be constipated. It just seemed to tear my stomach all up. I found they were no good at all for my trouble. I heard

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recommended very highly, so began to use it. It cured me. I keep it in the house all the time. It is the best liver medicine made. I do not have sick headache or stomach trouble any more." Black-Draught acts on the jaded liver and helps it to do its important work of throwing out waste materials and poisons from the system. This medicine should be in every household for use in time of need. Get a package today. If you feel sluggish, take a dose tonight. You will feel fresh tomorrow. Price 25c a package. All druggists.

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**SCIENTISTS IN TRADE UNION**

British Organization Has Announced Its Intention to Complete Federation With Other Workers.

A significant sign of the times is the spread of the trade union movement to the middle classes. The doctors are talking of becoming a trade union. The National Union of Scientific Workers, while not yet registered as a trade union, has decided to become one as soon as practicable.

The society was established about two years ago. Its members are drawn from government workers, particularly in the board of agriculture and the royal aircraft establishment, municipal workers and scientists in private employ. The qualification is, roughly, that the member must have satisfied the council that his or her scientific attainments are as good as those with university qualifications. The society was represented at the conference on the application of the Whitley report to government industrial establishments. It was grouped in the "miscellaneous" section, which included clerks, the army clothing department and the general workers' union. It claims proper representation on the Whitley council.

It is likely that its next step will be a federation with other workers of the same class, such as the chemists and technical engineers.—London Correspondence in the Weekly Manchester Guardian.

**FISTIC COMBAT ENDED FEUD**

Englishmen Settle Their Vendetta in Manner That is Time-Honored Among the Race.

A long standing family feud has been settled in a novel manner at Bridlington, Yorkshire, England. Bill Carvill and Alf Wilson, prominent local tradesmen, got tired of the old vendetta and the former challenged Wilson to settle it once and for all—in an "all-in" boxing contest for \$500 a side.

The financial side of the affair was not overlooked and some six hundred spectators were admitted at \$1.50 and \$3 a head. Referee, timekeeper, and even gloves, were imported from an impartial outside source. Carvill secured the services of Jim Driscoll as trainer and second, while Wilson was supported by an ex-fistic champ named Hughes.

Wilson went to the mat twice in the first round and was so groggy the second time that the referee stopped the fight, awarding the contest to Carvill, in 80 seconds. The men shook hands and buried the feud.

**TRAIN OF COINCIDENCE.**

Vocational advisers of the federal board for vocational education called attention to similarities in the cases of two brothers.

Walter F. and Albert T. Grierson are twins who enlisted in the A. E. F. on May 10, 1917. Both saw service in France; both were wounded, one received a gunshot wound through the ankle, resulting in a partial ankylosis, the other received a gunshot wound through the right arm, causing paralysis of the hand. Before they enlisted both were bank clerks. Now they have applied for training under the vocational rehabilitation law and courses in commercial work to be followed by special training in South American trade relations at the University of Washington have been approved by both.

**A HASTY JUDGMENT.**

"Did the signing of the armistice mean anything to Jibbles?"

"No," snapped the man whose hobby is the English language.

"Well, why not?"

"In pronouncing 'armistice' he secondly puts the accent on the second syllable."—Birmingham Age-Herald.



"Nanette Bonnat," said the Cure Very Sternly, "How Often Have I Forbidden Thee to Come Here?"



"Let Me Go," She Said in a Low Tone, waited for him to go by, her face averted, but Hilary placed his hand upon the horse's bridle.