

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

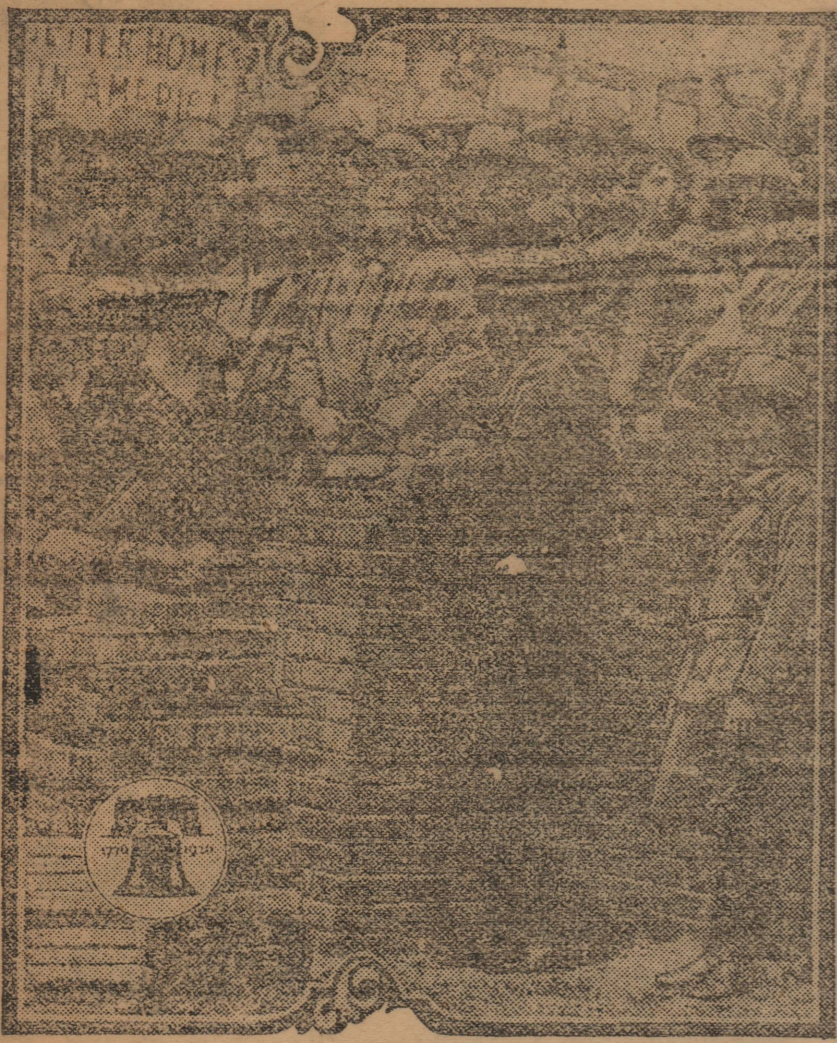
Harris' Optical Company
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9 E. Twohig Avenue, San Angelo.

VOL 35

SONORA SUTTON CO., TEXAS, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1926

NO. 1856

MRS. HOOVER TURNS BRICKLAYER



Mrs. Herbert Hoover, wife of the Secretary of Commerce in President Coolidge's cabinet, is shown laying the cornerstone for the model home being erected by Better Homes in America organization at the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition, in Philadelphia June 1 to December 1 to celebrate 150 years of American Independence. Opposite Mrs. Hoover stands Mrs. Vance McCormick of Harrisburg. The Girl Scouts grouped around the women will operate the house.

Coat Hanger Can Keep One Reasonably Busy

In an emergency, nothing is handier than a half dozen extra wire coat hangers on a hook in the clothes press. Holding the garment in the left hand, one can reach into the darkness with the right, knock them all down with a pleasant jingling sound and pick up three of them neatly linked together. The one held in the right hand will hook itself through the buttonhole of a raincoat, allowing the other two to disengage themselves and fall respectively into an umbrella and behind the carpet sweeper. By placing the left foot on the garment and unhooking the hanger from the raincoat, the handle of the sweeper is sufficiently released to swing forward. Dropping the hanger from the right hand and catching the handle of the sweeper in the left, one can easily push the garment into the closet with the left foot and close the door.—Life.

Look Into New Disease

The Prussian lower house has passed a credit of \$120,000 for the purpose of having a scientific investigation into a mysterious disease which is affecting fishermen in that part of the Baltic known as the Haff, one of the best of the northern European fishing grounds. The seizure comes suddenly, without warning, when at sea. It consists in severe pains in the muscles of arms and legs, culminating in temporary paralysis of these limbs. The attack ceases within a few hours after the patient is once more on land, but is likely to break out afresh as soon as he goes out to sea again.

The Gigolo Husband

Cortlandt Bleeker was talking at Piping Rock about a rich matron who had married a gigolo. A gigolo is a lounge lizard of the worst, the very worst type. "Her gigolo treats her abominably, of course," said Mr. Bleeker. "He goes about with chorus girls and gamblers and dope fiends all the time. He never shows his face at home except to pester her for money.

"She's philosophical about her troubles, poor old thing. She said to me at the opera the other night: 'The woman who marries a gigolo, Cortlandt, must take for her motto, 'Give and forgive.'"

Affidavit Not Furnished

What is it that has wings and barks like a dog? It is a duck owned by John Bassett, a farmer at Marthas Vineyard. One day Bassett thought he heard a dog pursuing his sheep. He rushed out with his gun, but the sheep were grazing peacefully. As he looked around the yard a young drake flapped his wings and barked. No explanation has been found for the duck's singular ability, and it has become an island curiosity.—Boston Globe.

KEEPING WELL

OUR INSECT ENEMIES

DR. FREDERICK R. GREEN
Editor of "HEALTH"

M. J. M. A. REASONER of the United States army recently delivered an address in New York before a manufacturers' association. Coming from an army officer, you would naturally expect such an address to deal with the latest and improved methods of killing human beings and of new types of submarines, airplanes and long-range guns. But it wasn't. Major Reasoner is an officer in the medical corps and is consequently more interested in saving human life than in destroying it.

The enemies Major Reasoner talked about are not only enemies of this country, but of the entire human race. They are not other men, but insects. Today the whole world is talking about peace among men. This is not only sensible, but almost necessary. It is wise and desirable that human beings, the world over, should join forces against a common enemy, one which has been fighting human beings since time began and which will continue to fight and kill us as long as life exists.

Instead of being interested in life-destroying devices, Major Reasoner is interested in life-saving, and the one invention which he says has saved more lives than any other is the ordinary fly screen.

It is impossible, says Major Reasoner, to estimate the damage that insects have done. Small as they are, they have overthrown governments and even blotted out whole countries. Historians have long been unable to explain why such powerful civilizations as those of Greece, Rome, Egypt, Mesopotamia and Assyria were destroyed. In many cases this was due to insect-borne diseases which either wiped out the population or so weakened the people that they were easily conquered by some stronger nation.

With us, the common house fly is the most frequent carrier of disease. Typhoid, cholera and dysentery are spread by it. Mosquitoes carry malaria and yellow fever, as well as two tropical diseases, filariasis and dengue. Various kinds of flies carry other diseases as yaws and tularaemia. Fleas carry bubonic plague and dumdum fever. Lice carry typhus fever, trench fever and relapsing fever. Ticks carry Rocky Mountain spotted fever.

For centuries no one suspected that insects carried these diseases from man to man. Now that we know how dangerous they are, they can be fought in the open. Man's strength will protect him from these little foes if he will use his knowledge. If not, he must pay the penalty.

HOWE ABOUT—

By ED HOWE

(Copyright by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

Bill Johnson has written a book called "These Women," and manages to make a good suggestion (I have not seen one before in years). The good suggestion is, ante-nuptial agreements. That is, before marriage let the proposed husband and wife talk things over, and make agreements for the future, in presence of witnesses, and in legal form. If either party has unusual notions, let them be discussed at a time when separation may be accomplished without scandal or alimony.

I know a woman who was divorced from her husband ten years ago, and it is a source of gratification to me to know that she is one of the most popular women in the town where she lives. It is a very unusual case; divorced people somehow seem to have tar on them.

It is generally said of a man I know that he is losing his mind. The trouble is, he is letting himself go; talking too much about trifling things, bothering his acquaintances too much with his opinions, and is a little manner. Little faults he had years ago, he now boldly displays. Men do not go crazy; they become manner.

I heard a railroad man grumbling the other day. A cement road had been built beside a railroad track connecting two populous towns. On the completion of the cement road, a line of automobiles was put on, and the railroad robbed of most of its passenger business. The railroad man was grumbling because his company had been compelled to pay 24 per cent of the expense of the cement road.

Another of my notions is, we should assert our civil rights as we have asserted our religious rights, and cause the politicians to treat us as respectfully as the churchmen treat us.

When a show or a book is half way good, it goes big. Too much is not expected of authors or readers.

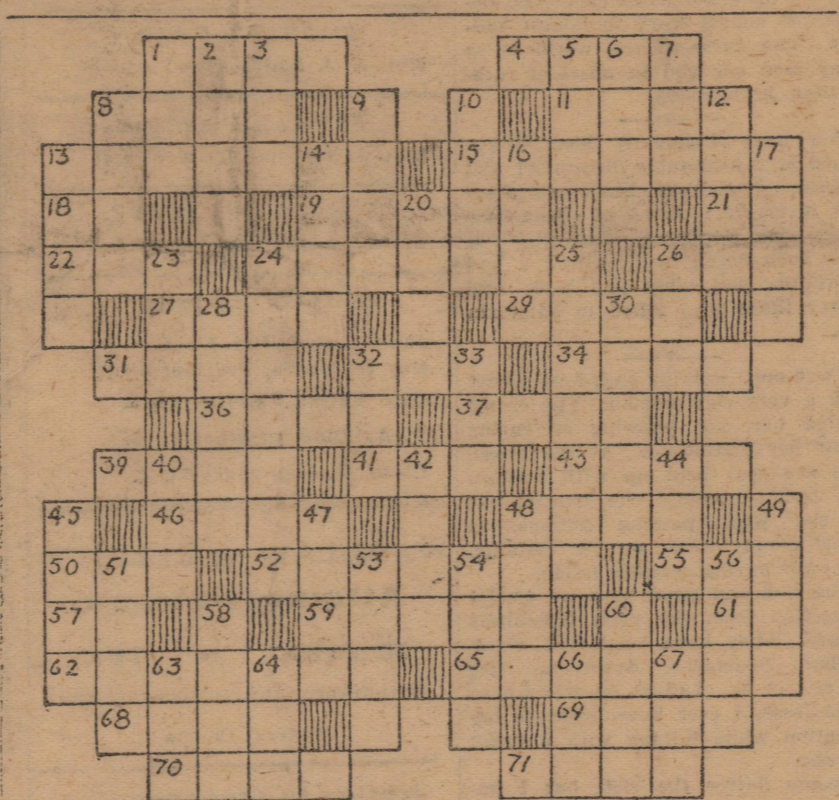
Soon after people begin hearing of a man rather regularly, they begin picking at him.

Everyone likes the literature of protest. And every protestant is unreliable; he protests too much; conditions are never as bad in anything as he says they are. . . . Protest is like sentiment; it is always over-done.

Protestants should at least be truthful and reasonable, but rarely are.

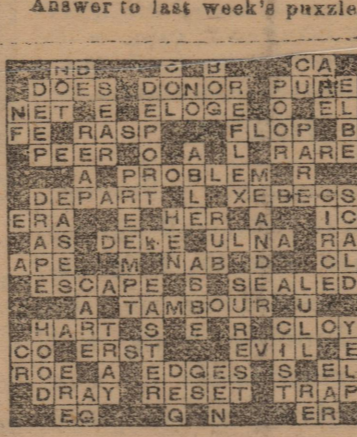
CROSS WORD PUZZLE

HOW TO SOLVE A CROSS-WORD PUZZLE
When the correct letters are placed in the white spaces this puzzle will spell words both vertically and horizontally. The first letter in each word is indicated by a number, which refers to the definition listed below the puzzle. Thus No. 1 under the column headed "horizontal" defines a word which will fill the white spaces up to the first black square to the right, and a number under "vertical" defines a word which will fill the white squares to the next black one below. No letters go in the black spaces. All words used are dictionary words, except proper names. Abbreviations, slang, initials, technical terms and obsolete forms are indicated in the definitions.



- Horizontal.
- 1—To prove
 - 4—Adverb of place
 - 6—Renown
 - 11—A bulbous flower
 - 12—Most nearly hot
 - 15—Frozen pendams
 - 18—Republic of southern hemisphere (abbr.)
 - 19—A bee
 - 21—Preposition denoting place
 - 22—Personal pronoun
 - 24—One of the Pilgrims
 - 26—Part of verb "to be"
 - 27—To twirl
 - 28—An outlaw
 - 32—Twice one
 - 34—Alike
 - 36—Competent
 - 37—Places
 - 38—A town made famous by a miracle
 - 41—A distinguished aviator
 - 42—Part of a table
 - 46—Absence of heat
 - 48—To unite metal
 - 50—Rear (naut.)
 - 52—Monetary units
 - 55—To smear
 - 57—Note of scale
 - 59—Parent
 - 61—To satirize
 - 62—Girl's name
 - 65—Descriptive phrase
 - 66—European volcano
 - 69—A quarter acre
 - 70—To merit
 - 71—Month (abbr.)
- Vertical.
- 1—A coal product
 - 2—Girl's name
 - 3—Bishop's office
 - 5—Man's name
 - 6—Having abundance
 - 7—Measure of length
 - 8—Name of chance
 - 9—To disturb
 - 10—A course of food
 - 12—Period of time
 - 13—Fatis
 - 14—Avoid
 - 16—A sea food
 - 17—Part of a watch
 - 20—To inspect
 - 23—Uhgar of the scarlet rod (abbr.)
 - 24—Spotted
 - 25—Cuddles
 - 26—To equip with weapons
 - 28—Musical instrument
 - 30—A folding frame
 - 32—An Asiatic shrub
 - 33—To increase (postal)
 - 40—Part of a play
 - 42—Not ruffled
 - 44—To increase
 - 45—Part of fisher's kit
 - 47—Top of edifice
 - 48—A cloak
 - 51—Tartly
 - 54—So be it
 - 58—Girl's name
 - 59—Part of pipe organ
 - 63—Consumed
 - 64—A conveyance
 - 68—Angor
 - 69—To irritate

Answer to last week's puzzle.



AMERICAN YOUTH CANDIDATE



Miss Helen F. Dodge of Pennsylvania, holder of a Carnegie medal for heroism, has been nominated as a candidate for the American Youth Award established by the directors of the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition, which is to be held in Philadelphia from June 1 to December 1 in celebration of 150 years of American Independence. Miss Dodge, the daughter of George H. Dodge of 6344 Walton avenue, Philadelphia, jumped into the Toms River at Ocean Gate, N. J., fully dressed, and, while having use of only one arm, saved the life of a drowning girl.

"What's the row over there?" inquired Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge, who was in Tumlinville on a shopping expedition. "What's coming off?"

"Aw, that's the undertaker and another feller quarreling over whether it's proper to bury folks on Sunday," replied a citizen.

"Huh! I've been skinned yur in town too often not to feel that it is a good idy to bury a Tumlinville cuss whenever you can catch him dead."—Kansas City Star.

Dislike Household Service
Servant girls, generally supposed to be numerous and cheaply obtainable in Japan, are not. The municipal employment bureau of Tokyo has announced that the supply in the capital is less than a tenth of the demand. Officials blame the shortage principally on employers, and say that the domestic of today has learned she has certain rights and prerogatives. Instead of household she has come to prefer laboring in the fields on a daylight schedule.

Serves Them Right
The "efficiency" experts who not many years since promened the country are now in most instances looking for jobs. Efficiency, to recall an old political phrase, is a condition and not a theory.—Washington Star.

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WOOL GROWERS CENTRAL STORAGE COMPANY, SAN ANGELO, TEXAS.

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San Angelo \$3.00; Del Rio \$5.00

Leave San Angelo 7:30 a.m. and 3 p.m. On return
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Headquarters Sonora, McDonald Hotel.

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18 E. Concho Ave., San Angelo,

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY. STEVE MORLEY, Publisher.

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

SONORA, TEXAS, June 26, 1926.

Treasurer's Quarterly Report.

STATE OF TEXAS. Sutton County. In Commissioners Court, May Term, 1926.

BEFORE ME, J. D. LOWREY, Clerk of the County Court, in and for said County, personally appeared the Members of the Commissioners' Court, whose names are below subscribed, who, upon their oaths, do say: That the requirements of Art. 367, Chapter 1, Title XXV, of the Revised Statutes of the State of Texas, as amended by the regular session of the Twenty-fifth Legislature, have in all things been fully complied with, and that the cash and other assets mentioned in the quarterly report made to and filed in this Court by Mrs. A. J. Smith County Treasurer of said County, for the quarter ending the 8th day of May 1926, and held by her for said County, have been fully inspected and counted by them at this Term of said Court; and that the amount of money and other assets in the hands of said Treasurer are as follows, to wit:

Total amount of cash in the various funds belonging to the County, One Hundred and Seven Thousand, Four hundred and Twenty Seven dollar and ninety three cents. (\$107,427.93)

Total amount of assets other than actual cash to the credit of the County, Five Thousand dollars (\$5,000.00)

- Alois Johnson, County Judge, Sutton County. Joe F. Logan, County Commissioner, Prec. No. 1. Roy Hudspeth, County Commissioner, Prec. No. 2. D. Q. Adams, County Commissioner, Prec. No. 3. W. H. Kelley, County Commissioner, Precinct No. 4. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of May, 1926. J. D. Lowrey, County Clerk, Sutton County, Texas.

If you have any plumbing work in the next two weeks, see Gilmore Hdw. Co.

We have a first class plumber for two weeks at Gilmore Hdw Co.

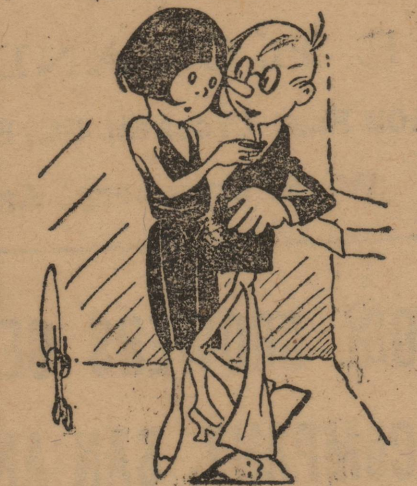
Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Cope drove to India last Sunday to meet their son Millard C. Cope who has been attending the Howard Payne college in Texas and doing editorial work for "The Yellow Jacket," the college paper. Millard expects to spend the months June and July in Blythe with his mother and has taken a position with the Farmers and Merchants Bank. Mr. Cope expects to leave Sunday for Dallas where he will take charge of a new store for Mr. Ewell of the Territory. Mrs. Cope and Millard will return here in August. Millard will continue the study of journalism this fall in the University of Missouri. -Blythe, (Call) Herald.

Full-page advertisement in our Saturday Evening Post now costs \$7.50, if the same is printed in black and white. Printed in colors, the same space will cost \$9.00. An increase in rates recently went into effect, yet our advertisers will continue to pay this price in liberal quantities because they know that, advertised

Wool Weaving Made School Study Course

Wool weaving as a history project was effectively worked out in the third grade of the training school of State Teachers' college at Mankato, Minn., last session. The purpose was to develop a historical sense and background through a study of pioneer conditions in the children's own community. All work, as far as possible, was done by the children. In supervised study periods they read and discussed tools and processes, and became deeply interested in the story of the past. When possible, implements of former days or pictures were obtained and kept as exhibits at school during the carrying out of the project. Crude models were made, and children and teacher worked together in weaving a small mat. Many new words were learned, and in the development of the project, reading and spelling, oral and written composition, writing and industrial art figured largely.—School Life.

LACKING IN GOOD TASTE



"So your girl threw you over? But you wouldn't care to marry such a girl in any case?" "No; she's evidently lacking in good taste."

Bat Not Mosquito's Enemy?

Another black mark has been chalked up against the much-maligned bat. An investigation by the Department of Agriculture has about exploded the popular theory that the bat is an inveterate exterminator of mosquitoes—in fact, the department says, it is doubtful if the bat ever heard of mosquitoes, and, even if it had, it is highly improbable that it would ever have either the desire or ability to consume them.

Some cities in the South have gone so far as to build and furnish special "bat-belfries" as an inducement for them to settle down and enter the mosquito extermination industry, but the free apartments persistently remain vacant and no sign of a boom in the business has appeared.—Exchange.

Nautical Schools

Nautical schools are maintained by the states of Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and New York for the training of officers in the merchant marine. The course is open to boys between seventeen and twenty years of age of good character, who have completed the elementary grades and who are physically and temperamentally fitted for life at sea. Instruction is given in seamanship, equipment and sailing of vessels; practical courses constitute an important part of the preparation for a seagoing career.—School Life.

Average Vocabulary

Dr. Frank Vizetelly says that the average person knows from 8,000 to 10,000 words; the uneducated person knows 2,000 to 5,000, and the college graduate over 20,000. The vocabulary of professional men and women is generally much larger. In the 75 speeches addressed to the people of America between 1913 and 1918, Woodrow Wilson made use of about 6,327 words, but his entire vocabulary comprised over 60,000 words.

Heard Radio 30 Years Ago

The first wireless message is reported to have been heard by three men. They are G. S. Kemp, of Southampton; Sir William Preece, of London; and Senator Marconi, inventor of radio and who transmitted the first wireless telegraph message. This experiment took place nearly thirty years ago.

Widespread Forest Fires

More than 3,000 forest fires, covering a total area of 1,315,800 acres, were reported in British Columbia last year.

For sale good heavy red oats, 45 cents per bushel at the thrasher, you furnish sack or pay for same. Will thrash in a week or 10 days. Two miles south on pike. W. E. BRÜTON, Eldorado, Texas.

HOWE ABOUT--

By ED HOWE

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In charges made against me by preachers, women, editorial writers, statisticians, children, the commercial club, the neighbors, solicitors, clerks etc., I am strongly disposed to believe about half of it is true and that the other half belongs to my critics.

The term "Tired Business Man" has become an epithet, whereas it is a compliment to so refer to a man. He is actually the best type of citizen we have. I know no more complimentary thing that may be said of a citizen than that he is tired from engaging in business, which includes everything worth while in this world of effort. One of our greatest troubles is that we have not more men tired because of honest work in the honest callings. The curse of the world is so many men engaged in mischief rather than in business.

You have frequently been entertained at a dinner, and you have returned with a headache and expense to yourself. Don't accept every invitation: some of them are worse than worthless. And after you have been bored by accepting a bad invitation, you must pay back, and bother those who failed to entertain you.

I was once walking on a busy street with a very rich woman. The crowd jostled her, not knowing or caring about her distinction. At the crossings she was held up with negroes and Indians, unless she jumped out of the way, passing automobiles threw muddy water on her clothing, a shower having recently fallen.

The rich and great have no special protection from the main difficulties of life. They have headaches, rheumatism, heartache, dyspepsia, like the rest of us. I think the worst case of halitosis I ever knew came to my attention while talking with a great heiress.

People flatter the rich, but I imagine this becomes wearisome to them. Besides, are not we poor flattered, also? Is there a writing or public speaking wherein we are not told how honest and good we are?

It is often said the great need of the world is more Christians. . . . I think the real need is more gentlemen, since a real gentleman will nearly always discharge whatever duty he owes religion. . . . The truth is the number of gentlemen is small: I hope I shall never know the real number of cads there are: the enormous figures would humiliate me.

Get Back Your Grip On Your OR NO COST!



Notice the quick difference in the way you eat, sleep, look and feel—the remarkable improvement in your health, strength and energy, after taking 2 bottles! If not, the Karnak agent will refund your money.

Karnak is sold in Sonora at the Sonora Drug Store, and by leading druggists in every town.

When you go to Villa Acuna, call at Mrs. Crosby's Cafe, first two story building on left after crossing bridge. Refreshments of all kinds, good eats and quick service.

Heat Those Sore Gums If you suffer from Sore Gums, Bleeding Gums, Loose Teeth, Painful Breach, or from Pyorrhoea in even its worst form, we will sell you a bottle of Karna's Pyorrhoea Remedy and guarantee it to please you or return money. This is different from any other treatment and results are certain. Sonora Drug Store.

Since the Landon Hotel fire I have my office in the basement of the Central National Bank, San Angelo, where I am better prepared to give lowest prices, quickest delivery and best terms on Peerless, the best fence on earth, than ever before. C. W. INNES, San Angelo, Texas.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The News rates for announcements in: Congressional, Legislature and Judicial Districts \$10.00. County offices \$10.00. Precinct offices \$2.50. All announcements are payable in cash in advance. The News is authorized to announce:

SHERIFF & TAX COLLECTOR B. W. Hutcherson (Re-election) E. C. (Pet.) Garvin, Tom Thorp, D. Q. Adams

COUNTY AND DISTRICT CLERK J. D. Lowrey, [re-election.]

FOR TREASURER Mrs. A. J. Smith, [re-election]

FOR TAX ASSESSOR Geo. J. Trainer, [re-election.]

FOR COUNTY JUDGE Alvis Johnson [re-election.]

FOR COMMISSIONER Joe F. Logan, Prec. No. 1 Roy Hudspeth, Precinct No. 2 Otto Thiers, Precinct No. 3 T. A. Bond, precinct No. 4 Cleve Jones precinct No. 4.

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

Notice to Trespassers. No public roads through my pasture west of town. Anyone driving stock or otherwise trespassing without my consent will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. G. W. Stephenson, 85 W. Sonora, Texas.

Guaranteed hosiery, samples your size free to agents. Write for proposition paying \$75.00 weekly full time, \$150.00 spare time, selling guaranteed hosiery to wearer; must wear or replace free. Quick sales, repeat orders. INTERNATIONAL STOCKING MILLS, Norrisstown, Pa. 71-10

AGENTS WANTED IN SONORA TERRITORY. Sworn proof of \$75 per week. \$1.50 an hour for spare time. Introducing Finest Guaranteed Hosiery, 126 styles and colors. Low prices. Auto furnished. No capital or experience necessary. WILKINSON HOSIERY COMPANY Dept. M-85 G. E. ENFIELD, CHICAGO 534

NOTICE.

To the Merchants of Sonora: This is to notify all parties concerned, that W. T. Montgomery contractor on the Sonora-Junction road, will not be responsible for any debts made by road employe except on his written order. Signed, W. T. Montgomery, by R. W. Perrine, Sonora, April 21, 1925.

Delco-Light and Frigidaire. Over 300,000 satisfied users. John W. Young, Dealer, Box 380, San Angelo.

Innes & Gano, Real Estate dealers, who were burned out in the Landon Hotel fire now have their office in the basement of the Central National Bank. If you wish a ranch or a home or have one for sale, come and see us or write us. INNES & GANO, San Angelo, Texas

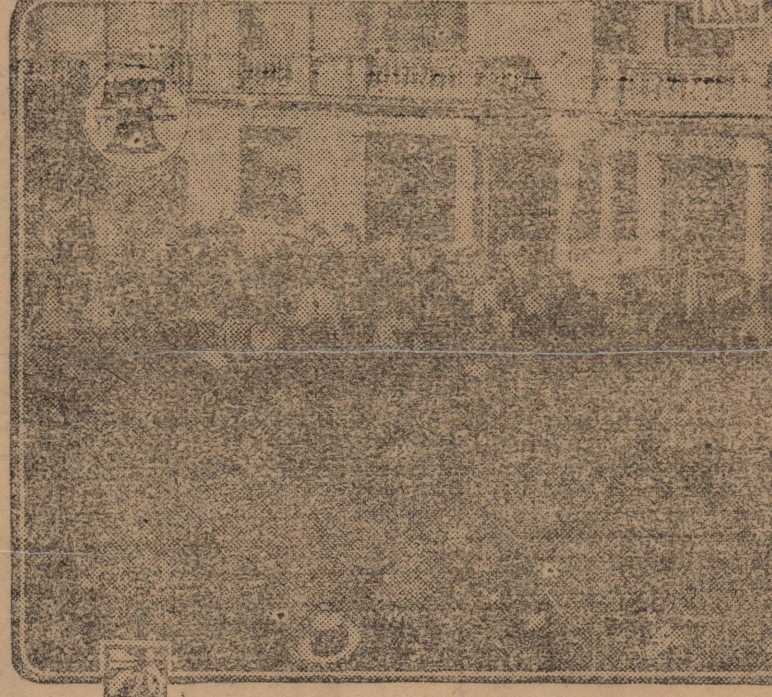
FOR SALE Baled Alfalfa for sale. Write or phone me. Steve Shroyer, 52-4 Sonora, Texas.

A "Correct" Likeness of Washington



This heroic statue of the commander-in-chief of the first armies of the United States was made for the city of Portland, Oregon, though not yet delivered there by the artist. The western municipality has loaned it to the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition, opening in Philadelphia June 1 and continuing until December 1, to celebrate 150 years of American Independence. At the foot of the sculpture is shown Pompey Copplin, the sculptor. Dr. Henry Waldo Poe, of Portland, declares the face to be the most correct likeness of Washington ever modeled.

New York's Old Guard Coming to Sesqui



At an imposing ceremony before their headquarters in New York City the famous Old Guard of New York under the command of Major E. Haver-meyer Snyder, commandant of the organization, received the invitation from the officials of the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition, opening in Philadelphia June 1 and continuing to December 1, to celebrate 150 years of American Independence, to attend the Flag Day exercises on June 14, when all the historic military commands of the thirteen original colonies will assemble for a big military display and parade headed by General Pershing, Captain James A. B. Francis, of the Old Guard State Fencibles, of the Sesqui city, is presenting the invitation to Major Snyder. At Major Snyder's left stand the commanding officers of the Philadelphia organizations, while the members of the two famous commands are grouped about their leaders in their striking dress uniforms.

FAMOUS ARTIST INSTRUCTS



William de Leftwich Dodge, famous mural artist, in his studio at the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition grounds in Philadelphia, where the 150th anniversary of signing the Declaration of Independence will be celebrated from June, to December, of this year, giving instructions to a group of young artists who are creating the "Rainbow City." Mr. Dodge is the color expert for the exposition, and every bit of color work done must be approved by him.

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Get Rid of Roaches. They crawl up water pipes and through cracks—but you can stop them forever. Bee Brand Insect Powder will kill every roach or blow it into every crack—in all around your kitchen and pantry. It's harmless to mankind, domestic animals, birds and pets of all kinds, but death to roaches. It also kills Ants, Fleas, Flies, Mosquitoes, Wasps, Bugs, Bed Bugs, Mites, Lice on Fowl, and many other household pests. Get Bee Brand in red and white cans at your grocer's or druggist's. Household size, 10c and 25c. Other sizes, 50c and \$1.00. Fuller can, 10c. If your dealer can't supply you, send us 25c for large household size. Give dealer's name and ask for five leaflets, "It Kills Them," a guide for killing house and garden pests. McCormick & Co., Baltimore, Md.



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Where Cleanliness Reigns. Short Orders. Regular Dinners. Chicken Dinner on Sunday. Fresh Bread and Pastries at Reasonable Prices. MRS. CORA NICKS, Proprietor, Sonora, Texas.

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Our equipment is recommended by all the leading battery manufacturers. This improved charging method lengthens battery life and cannot harm the battery.

A well charged battery gives your car more power, brighter lights, Quick start, plenty of pep.

Try our one day battery service just once and you'll always have your battery charged by this improved method.

Sonora Motor Co.

Notice to Trespassers. Notice is hereby given that no hunting, driving stock, wood hauling or trapping will be allowed on our ranch seven miles south of Sonora, without our permission. Shirley Brothers, 2524 Sonora, Texas.

Renew Your Health by Purification

Any physician will tell you that "Perfect Purification of the System is Nature's Foundation of Perfect Health." Why not rid yourself of chronic ailments that are undermining your vitality? Purify your entire system by taking a thorough course of Calabars—once or twice a week for several weeks—and see how Nature rewards you with health. Calabars are the greatest of all system purifiers. Get a family package, containing full directions. Only 35 cts. At any drug store. (Adv.)

Handwritten numbers: 21, 21=63, 21

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF SONORA,

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We are convinced that tires need a spokesman

Good tires never disturb your peace of mind. Goodrich Silvertowns give you a permanent vacation from tire worries. We put them on and you forget them.

City Garage
Sonora, Texas



SONORA THEATER.

Week of June 28th to July 3rd

Mon. and Tues. A Delightful Comedy Drama. The First Year.

Wed. and Thur. Sporting Life. All Stars. Something Different.

No Show Friday and Saturday.

Comedies twice-a-week

Better Than Homemade Bread.

Our Bread, scientifically compounded from the purest materials, baked in a sanitary bakery in an oven just the right temperature is more wholesome and nourishing than homemade Bread. Now is a good time to try it.

WARE BAKERY,
Sonora, Texas.

REGISTERED RAMS

Delaine and Rambouillet, both Polled and Horned. Shipped from Ohio and Iowa in November. Matured and Acclimated on the range. One and two year old.

Can be seen on the G. C. Asher & Co., Ranch, Menard, Texas.

FOR SALE BY

TOM CLIMP & CO.

SONORA SERVICE STATION

S. H. STOKES, PROPRIETOR.

Has a complete stock of Seiberling casings and tubes, standard accessories, Gulf and Castorbird oils, and that good Gulf Gasoline. A part of your trade will be appreciated.

Devils River News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
STEVE MURPHY, Publisher.

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

SUBSCRIPTION \$2 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

Sonora, Texas. - June 29, 1926.

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

METHODIST CHURCH.

Come to the Methodist Church to the following services. Come to our services.

The Methodist Church cordially invites you to the following services.

Preaching at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m.

Sunday school at 9:45 a.m.

Intermediate League at 3 p.m.

Senior League at 6:30 p.m.

Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30.

A hearty welcome

R. W. Fisher, Pastor.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

Regular preach services moving and evening.

Sunday School 10 a.m. Woody Martin Supt.

Preaching each Lord's day at 11 a.m. and 8 p.m.

Prayer Meeting Wednesday 7:45.

We will study the Sunday school lesson.

Junior B.Y.P.U. at 2 p.m.

Y.P.C.A. at 7:30 p.m.

All are earnestly asked to come to all these services.

The young people are cordially invited to attend the Senior Union.

J. A. Stephen, Pastor.

Baptist Revival will begin Sunday night, June 27, on the Church lot. Come, you are welcome.

WOOL SALES.

Mertzon, June 17—Sales of twelve-months' spring wool, at about the same price received by the Wool Growers' Central Storage Co., at San Angelo, continued here today by the West Texas Wool & Mohair Association. Few bids were made during the morning on eight months' clips.

A total of 233,500 pounds was sold Wednesday, the first day of the sealed bid auction. Of this amount 183,500 pounds was long wool and 50,000 pounds was short wool. One clip of twelve months' wool, about a carload belonging to Dock Word of Crockett county bought 33 1/8 cents per pound, the peak set June 4 in the sale at San Angelo, which to date has not been surpassed in the State. Around 20 cents was paid for the short wool, it is under stood.

Bids on \$2,000 to \$7,000 pounds were rejected Wednesday, a total of 315,000 to 320,000 pounds being offered. The 50,000 pounds of short wool was sold to F. B. Brigham, representing Fainsworth, Stephenson & Co., of Boston. Purchasers of long wool and the amount each obtained were:

Henry D. Allen, Philadelphia for Charles J. Webb Sons of that city, 65,000 pounds; Herbert P. Buell, San Antonio, for Cordingley & Co., Boston, 10,000 pounds; L. M. Murphy, for F. W. Bridges & Co., Boston, 8,000 pounds; Chas. F. Angell and Tom Thatcher, Jr., Boston, for Hollowell, Jones & Donald, Boston, 10,000; J. D. Silberman of Chicago, for S. Silberman & Sons, Chicago, 55,000 pounds; J. M. Lea, San Angelo, for Draper & Co., Boston, 10,000 pounds; James A. Hill, San Antonio, for Jeremiah Williams & Co., Boston, 15,000 pounds.

The West Texas Wool & Mohair Association had about 700,000 pounds of long wool and 300,000 pounds of short wool in storage when the auction began. G. C. Magtuler, cashier of the First National Bank, is handling the sale for the association.—San Angelo Standard.

Approximately 520,000 pounds of twelve months' wool was sold Wednesday by two Del Rio commission houses at a price reported to be around 35 a pound, according to information here. The sales were by private treaty.

The Producers' Wool & Mohair Co., sold 260,000 pounds of C. D. Stokes of Lampasas for Winslow & Co., Boston, and the Del Rio Wool & Mohair Co. sold about the same amount to John S. Allison of San Angelo, representing Adams & Leland, Boston. This, it is said, represented all the No. 1 long wool the two firms had in storage. Some fleeces of lower grades and the eight months' clips are still on hand.

The Val Verde Wool & Mohair Co. has not yet made a sale. It has in storage around 1,500,000 pounds of long wool and some short spring clips.—Standard.

If you have any plumbing work in the next two weeks see Gilmore Hardware Co.

We have a first class plumber for two weeks at Gilmore Hdw Co.

LaConte pears for sale from July 1st to July 15th, Kieffer pears and Black Spanish grapes from about July 15 to August 1st. Mrs. J. J. Foster, 56 1/2 Del Rio, Texas.

Free Barbecue July 24, at Camp Allison on the North Llano river where the out stretched limbs of Pecans welcome you. The cold spring water adds to the fun. Through the courtesy of Harris Lockett Co., of San Angelo, electric lights will make the nights a pleasure. Something doing all the time. Welcome to everyone.

I do the very best I know how; the very best I can; and I mean to keep doing so until the end. If the sun brings me out all night, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference. Abraham Lincoln.

County Commissioners Are Important.

The notion has got aboard in Texas that a County Commissioner had little enough to do, and that therefore it doesn't make much difference who is elected. Usually the candidacy of an old-timer in the county is looked upon with favor, on the theory that as a sort of pioneer he deserves the good will of the electorate. If he happens to know any thing about business or about practical construction, so much the better. But, if he doesn't the voter is apt to pass that over.

As a matter of fact the Commissioners' Court is an important factor in the local government of Texas. Of course it is something of an anachronism to call the body a court, but that does no great harm. The thing to remember is that the Commissioners are the business managers of all the county's affairs. For after all, tax money can not go any further than the business judgement of those who expend it. And when tax money is gone, whether wisely or unwisely spent, more taxes have to come.

For the time being the road responsibilities of the Commissioners are lessened through the larger scope of the State Highway Commission. But the suggestion that counties become bidders on contracts for road building in their territory indicate that knowledge of practical contract work is still useful on the Commissioner's Court.

The law gives the court charge over the county court house, jail and other public buildings belonging to the county. Maintenance of such structures in a county such as Dallas is in itself a province for executive and business skill. The authority over all accounts against the county calls for the exercise of sound judgement and vigilance in the public interest. The duty of maintaining a place of refuge and care for the poor and for chronic mental cases not capable of treatment in State hospitals involves the occasion for displaying sympathetic understanding and good, hard, horse sense.

In contracting for supplies the court has considerable discretion. The difference between a good Commissioner and a poor one should and does make much difference financially to the county as is found between a good and bad executive in a corporation. A County Commissioner who knows a dollar's worth when he sees it is tremendously important. Turning the work over to an incompetent is a piece of civic incompetence itself.—Dallas News.

Lynch Davidson will speak in San Angelo Wednesday June 30

If you have any plumbing work in the next two weeks see Gilmore Hardware Co.

We have a first class plumber for two weeks at Gilmore Hdw Co.

"Harold says that all he wants is chance to express himself."

"Darn it," growled Johnnie. "I'll be glad when I grow up and get away from fool teachers who keep you in after school."

"Hol!" replied Willie, who came from that kind of a home "about that time you'd be marrying a wife who'll keep you in at night."

If you have any plumbing work in the next two weeks see Gilmore Hdw Co.

Teacher (to class) "Work this sum: Two eggs at 5 cents each, a pint of milk at 6 cents a pint and half a pound of sugar at 10 cents a pound. What do they make together?" Small girl—"Please Miss a custard."—The progressive Grocer.

We have a first class plumber for two weeks at Gilmore Hdw Co.

WOOD FOR SALE. If you want Liveoak or Shinoak wood any size, by the cord or load phone 4 rings on 88.

J. O. HIGHTOWER, GENERAL MERCHANDISE

LET US FURNISH YOUR SUPPLIES.

We carry an unusual good stock of dependable General Merchandise at reasonable prices.

Talk It Over With Us. Phone 3

J. O. HIGHTOWER, "The House That Saves You Money."

SONORA, TEXAS.

The McDonald Hotel,

Mrs. Josie McDonald, Owner.

Rates \$3.25 Per Day. Good Table and Service.

Comfortable, Convenient, Homelike

DENTAL NOTICE

ALL WORK PAINLESS

Pyorrhea Treated. Written Guarantee. All instruments sterilized in boiling water. German, Spanish and English Spoken.

THE SANITARY DENTISTS

BY DR. P. L. GUFFIN
612 CONGRESS AVENUE AUSTIN, TEXAS
Office, Bearce Building, Eldorado, Texas.

STAR

Running-in-oil

You will find in the new running-in-oil STAR the many features you have always wanted in a windmill—one oiling a year—your choice of Timken Tapered Roller Bearings or "NO-OIL-EM" Bearings—two gears, two pinions and two pitmans—direct center lift to pump rod—crosshead, guides and pitman bearings flooded with oil—a scientifically designed wheel with angle steel arms and braces and ball-bearing turn table.

The fans of this new Star are curved to give great efficiency in an 8 to 10 mile an-hour wind. Pflüger pump in crank case floods crosshead, guides and pitman bearings with oil, and tight cover keeps out dirt, rain or snow.

One filling of crank case with oil each year will save many trips up the tower. May be fitted on any tower.

The new STAR is the last word in Windmill construction. Come in and let us show you this mill. You will want to know about it whether you are needing a new mill right now, and we want you to know what a really fine windmill we have in this new Star.

FOR SALE BY
West Texas Lumber Co.,
SONORA, TEXAS.

MEET WEST TEXAS IN OZONA

Biggest and Best Fat Stock Show, Rodeo and Celebration.

July 1st, 2nd, and 3rd, 1926.

GORGEOUS FIREWORKS DISPLAY FROM AIRPLANE

"Something Doing Every Minute." Horse Show, Rodeo, Live Stock Show, Poultry Show, Calf Roping, Broncho Riding, Goat Roping, Steer Riding, All kinds of Races, Tournament, Pole, Carnival and Shows, Airplane Rides.

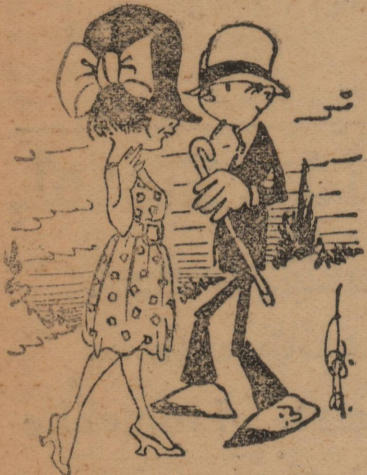
All old and featuring all new "Cowboy Past mes." All Carnivals and Shows send your bids in to W. J. Grammer, Secretary, Ozona, Texas, by June 1st, 1926.

4 20 84
4 24 63
4 24 45
19 26

Village Terrified by Return of "Dead Man"

Supposed to be dead for twelve years, a Spaniard turned up at his native village and terrified the inhabitants. "Grimaldos," they called, "is it you?" They made the sign of the cross and fled as if they had seen a ghost. Grimaldos was a young shepherd. In 1914 he was murdered, as every one believed, for two parents were convicted of the crime on their own confession and sentenced to life imprisonment. Grimaldos laughed when some one plucked up enough courage to approach and ask him why he was not dead. He explained he had gone over the frontier and worked in France, where the wages were better. His two "murderers" were released and joined in the village festivities. They said their confession had been wrung from them after the supposed murder by bullying police. As the body could not be found they invented a story of having fed it to pigs.

PLEASED AND DISPLEASED



He—Too bad you're not going my way.
She—Yes—and that you're not coming my way.

Our New Serial

The Man With Three Names

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

CHAPTER III

Mansfield Plane Reprint.
That fellow that impudent beggar Cathewe had taken a joke in earnest! Gone to Bannister and bought a newspaper! But why was he turning his cannon upon him?
Dunleith Mansfield wondered. If he wanted Betty, why attack the father in this manner? The internal blackguard!

Of course he had purchased the invention outright, at an absurd figure. That was merely good business. A perfectly legal business deal; the moral side of it was negligible.
Spite, probably! Young Cathewe had suddenly realized that Betty was as far out of his reach as the stars, and had now embarked upon a campaign of spite.

The young anarchist must be suppressed before he made any headway. Mansfield must find out how long the fool had been in Bannister and what success he was making of the sheet. Actually gone to Bannister to become a "force."

Betty, however, must know nothing; the scurrilous sheet must not fall into



her hands! It was perfectly legitimate business; but the young woman had had ideas in her head.
Soon she would be returning to Bannister. He did not want her to go back there at all, but there was apparently no visible method by which he could dissuade her.

Why didn't he want her to go back? That puzzled him. Of what was he afraid? That in returning to Bannister she might eventually learn the her father was not quite the demigod she pictured him?
Well, he would have Cathewe out of the way before she did return. His only concern was that she might stumble upon something in type.

Very few in Bannister would dare whisper even that Dunleith Mansfield was not always scrupulous.
There existed, though, a human being who could embark upon such an enterprise as that he had named as a condition to wooing Betty, who could accept conditions which would have wrinkled the brow of the young Hercules.

Mansfield recalled what he could of that remarkable interview. Why, the fellow had caught the spirit of the jest, but had planned the jester down to a gentleman's agreement.

Gone to Bannister, bought that scurrilous sheet, all with the idea of winning Betty! The fellow ought to be looked over by the commission in Lunacy.

In one manner or another he must be driven out of Bannister, where he did not belong.

Mansfield's prerogatives had been encroached upon, and the encroacher must be punished, as an example and a warning to other editors that one man ruled the destinies of Bannister.

Suddenly he had it; and the illumination chilled him slightly. Reprint! The whole affair on shipboard a blind, Betty a pretense.

The son of some man he had broken via Wall Street method. The affair now had sense and significance. Reprint!

Very good. What he had meted out to the father he would mete out to the son!

I wish I had some new words to describe Nancy and Betty or that I could twist the old ones about in such a fashion as to make them look new! To have described these two young women a thousand years ago, when the language blocks were freshly painted!

Both of them had beauty. The beauty of one was cloudlike; a summer cloud, brilliantly white against the blue, changing subtly and continuously mirrored on the stream—a serene beauty. Her lovely white arms were spread out on each side of her. Her skin, reflecting the freelight, was like a goldbeater's leaf, and there were magic threads of gold in the blue iris of her eye. Her hair was a ruddy brown, like the leaf of the copper-beech in October.

The other girl was resting her elbows on her knees, her chin in the cup of her palms. She was as pretty as a hollyhock; homesy, frank, and friendly. Good folks—a summer cloud and a hollyhock!

There was no continuity to Nancy Maddox's thoughts. They were like butterflies, wheeling and turning in a most wonderful garden.

These amazing two weeks in Washington! It seemed to her that she wasn't real, that in some mysterious fashion she had been incorporated between the covers of an English society novel. Ambassadors and diplomats, officers from all parts of the world, heroes and politicians! Men with brains to sell. And they danced with Nancy Maddox because she was Betty Mansfield's friend.

Betty! How they flocked about her, these men! She was like a whirlpool, drawing every one toward her, and quite as unconscious of her power as any real whirlpool. Nancy had learned a stupendous fact, that the great in soul are always simple and genuine. And this lovely girl at her side was totally free of artifice.

"Betty, you baffle me," Nancy said one night. "Sometimes I think I know you; then I'm sure I don't."

"How—why?"

"You are so beautiful that I find myself watching you constantly. And I can't get away from the idea that you are watching and waiting for something or someone. The eager way in which you greet new men! I thought at first it was one of those little tricks women use to trap men's interest. But not you. I have noticed that after you've talked a little while with a new man you leave him utterly bewildered by your sudden lack of interest."

"And so you have noticed! I wonder if others have? Nancy, have you ever been in love?"—rather intensely.

"I don't know, Betty. There is a young man in Bannister I'm very fond of. I'm afraid I am fonder than he is wise to be, since no act or word of his has ever carried him over the boundary line of friendship. He's the queerest boy! Merry and whimsical, that after you've talked a little while with a new man you leave him utterly bewildered by your sudden lack of interest."

"And so you have noticed! I wonder if others have? Nancy, have you ever been in love?"—rather intensely.

"I don't know, Betty. There is a young man in Bannister I'm very fond of. I'm afraid I am fonder than he is wise to be, since no act or word of his has ever carried him over the boundary line of friendship. He's the queerest boy! Merry and whimsical, that after you've talked a little while with a new man you leave him utterly bewildered by your sudden lack of interest."

"Betty, whatever has happened? I just knew that something was wrong. But there must be some mistake. No man would hurt and mock you intentionally."

Betty turned and sat on her heels, staring into the crumbling embers. She drew one of Nancy's hands down across her shoulder and held it tightly.

"Letters—from the sky, the clouds, the stars, burning with fire. Oh, he must have loved me! He couldn't have written like that else. The first

was beautifully written, full of poetry and music. . . and love. I read it and threw it into the empty grate. But I went back and recovered it. There was a phrase that kept singing through my head, and I wanted to see if I had interpreted it correctly. Well, I put the letter away."

Nancy laid her free hand on the beautiful hair and stroked it.
"Of course I wondered who and what he was. I had nearly forgotten the letter—a month later—when the second one came, quite as wonderful as the first, which I resurrected for comparison. They were absolutely unlike except in theme. That was love. No answer was expected, for there was neither name nor address. A month later the third letter came. And then I began to wait for them, eager and thrilled. For nearly three years they came, Paris, London, Calcutta, direct, there was never any forwarding marks upon the envelopes. Some one who knew where I was, where I was going. That alone, fascinated me."

"From where were they mailed?"
"Always from New York. I carried an autograph album and lots of young men have written their names in this album. But I never found the one, handwriting I was in search of."

"But it would be easy to disguise that!"
"I made them write a paragraph with three or four sentences—quotations from the letters. Some day I was the style of punctuation by which they ended a sentence."

"I don't understand."
"I was hunting for a curious period—a little x instead of dot, such as you and I make. A man might change the style of his stroke, but habit would lure him into making that odd little period, so I believed."

"And you never found it?"
"No. There was always a postscript to these letters. Some day I shall come to you. Five months ago the letters ceased to come. What has happened? Is he dead? If alive, why doesn't he come to me? Nancy, I'm much afraid."

"Of what?"
"That he has created in my heart something that will always be there."

"Love?" whispered Nancy.
"I don't know what it is, but it is beginning to hurt dreadfully. At first when I got a letter it made me curiously happy. I'd sit down at the piano and sing happy songs. Now I can't play anything but sad ones. What is happening to me? Whatever can it mean? I'm afraid."

"He may be ill."
"He would have found some way of notifying me."

"He might be too old and afraid to come."
"Oh, Nancy, he is young—like I am! I don't know how I could only stamp out the thought of him, free myself. I am watching and waiting and searching. I am always straining my ears for some sign. He doesn't come. And now he writes no more. Where and under what circumstances did he first see me? Have I really met him? Do I know him? What impelled him to write like that to me? No man would make sport of me. My brain is in a turmoil. I would have disobeyed father and remained in France but for the hope that if I came home I might meet this strange and unusual man. Nancy, I am hurt."

"Burn the letters," said Nancy, indignantly. "It is going back to them that holds you. Burn them. Cut the Gordian knot."

"I've tried . . . and I can't!"

CHAPTER IV

An Encounter.

On the sunny side of a huge boulder, on the top of a rusty green hill, sat a man with a small book on his knees. He wore a gray flannel shirt, trousers, a pair of brown corduroy trousers, much the worse for wear; and a pair of ugly russet walking boots.

Eastward, several church spires were visible in the late September haze. There lay the city of Bannister. Nature, hating the ugly, hid it as well as she could. Farther east a drab smudge, which seemed to shut off the world beyond.

Whenever the man's gaze went back to his book, his expression was one of contentment. Whenever this gaze shifted toward the spires, an ironical smile twisted up the corners of his lips. He frowned, for they were after him down there. Nearly all the local advertising had fallen away, the stockholders were exhibiting signs of restiveness; and that signified that Mansfield or his agents had approached them.

His thought went to his mother. What a thoroughbred she was, to stick to him on his crazy adventure, to follow his fortunes, when she might have remained in the peace and seclusion of the villa up Pisolese way, with that riot of roses in the spring-time and the sun on the red roofs of Florence! Cathewe, her maiden name; and to be forced to prefix it with Mrs. in order to share his fortunes!

There came an interruption—the whine of an automobile. A plague of them; a man had to climb the Matterhorn these days to find solitude.

"Sandy!" cried a woman's voice from the far side of the boulder. "Sandy, come here! . . . Sandy!"

The automobile whizzed by. Cathewe recovered his book and stood up resentfully. But this resentment died swiftly.

On the slope just beyond the ditch, where he had been flung, lay an Alredale, motionless. Kneeling beside him was Betty Mansfield, her hands clenched against her bosom, her eyes full of unshed tears.

"My dog! My friend and comrade!"
Cathewe dropped his book, ran across, looked at the dog for a moment or two, then picked him up tenderly and carried him back to the sunny side of the boulder, where there was a patch of warm clover. The girl followed, dumbly. Not a word was spoken until Cathewe put his hand over the dog's head.
"Is—is he dead?" she whispered.
"No." His hands roved hither and yon over the dog's body. "We'll wait a minute. I can't find any breaks. Probably stoned."

"My poor Sandy!"
A moment later Cathewe received a slight but pleasurable shock. He had reached for the dog's head the same instant as she, and their hands touched. A great bitterness swept over him, for the aftermath of that pleasurable shock was the knowledge that she still cared.

A shudder ran over the Alredale; and presently the stump of his tail began to beat the turf, feebly.

"Sandy?"—joyously.
"He's all right," said Cathewe, confidently. "Simply knocked out. He's in luck. It's mighty hard to keep a dog these days; and yet I can't honestly blame the motorists. The animals will run at the cars. This is a particularly fine breed. Never saw anything like him around these parts. Big and strong enough to tackle bears!" He began to pat the broad head. And the wag of the tail became more energetic.

The girl on her part began to observe. First, the hand, which was lean and brown and well kept. The sleeve of the shirt, however, was frayed at the cuff. The shirt also lacked the top button, and there was a sunburned patch at the base of the throat. Brown corduroys, such as Italian roadmenders wore; and the hems were tucked into dusty russet half-boots. (As a matter of fact, Cathewe kept these tops in the office, where he could don them whenever the lure of the highway called, which was every day when the weather was good.) The sight of his face, however, had the effect of a blow. Where had she seen this handsome, vigorous face before? Somewhere; she was positive of that. Fine, sensitive gray eyes and a mouth which would have been called beautiful in a woman.

And above this month she saw the replica of her father's nose. Then, from the corner of her eye, she saw the book, Jean Fabre, in the original! The face and hands of an artist, the clothes of a day-laborer, and a volume of Fabre on insects! She almost forgot the dog.

"Sandy is all right. Eh, old top?" Cathewe eyed his hand.

The dog eyed him, quizzically, and approached. He permitted the strange hand to stroke his head, and his tail wagged a little.

"Well!" said Betty, getting up. "Sandy never permits strangers to touch him."

"But all dogs know me," said Cathewe, picking up his book. "Fine comrades, aren't they? I had a little dog a while gone. He was just plain dog, but that didn't matter. We understood each other at once."

Of all the unusual men I was her thought. What a beautiful head! Certainly she had seen it before. But where? She must find out who he was. No man so odd as this one could wander about Bannister without being known.

"Pardon, but have I ever met you before?" she asked suddenly.

"I dare say you have seen me from your car."

"Probably that is it. Fabre. You are reading him in the original?"
"Good mental exercise."

"I suppose the ant's life must be very interesting to you."
"Indeed, all life is interesting. Come along. I will show you an ant city, a Canton of the insect world."

Presently the philosopher came to a broad, flat stone. Very carefully he put his fingers under the edge and with a quick heave sent the stone over. The cavity was aswarm with ants. Battalions and regiments scurried about.

She gazed fascinatedly at the black atoms. They were taking hold of the eggs and drawing them rapidly into insupportable swarms.

Obviously Betty was interested in the new ant city, but her eyes did not convey any memorable impressions to her brain; that was busy with conjecture. A gentleman of her own sort, because he was courteous and unembarrassed. Apparently he knew that she was Dunleith Mansfield's daughter, and was not in the least awed by the fact. That rather pleased her.

He did not introduce himself, which was another good sign. It left her free to recognize him the next time they met or pass him by. She was quite confident that he was not a native of Bannister. An out-of-doors man and a scholar; the shabby clothes now fitted into the scheme of things. Men did not pursue their studies in natural history, dressed as for a tea party. Who and what was he?

Nancy Maddox would know, for Nancy knew everybody in Bannister. He would be very easy to describe. Doubtless she would be meeting him during the winter. She still retained the vague impression, however, that she had seen him before, and not in Bannister.

"Thank you," he heard Betty say. "It has been very interesting. I have read Maeterlinck of the bee, but Fabre is an undiscovered country. Come, Sandy; we must be going."

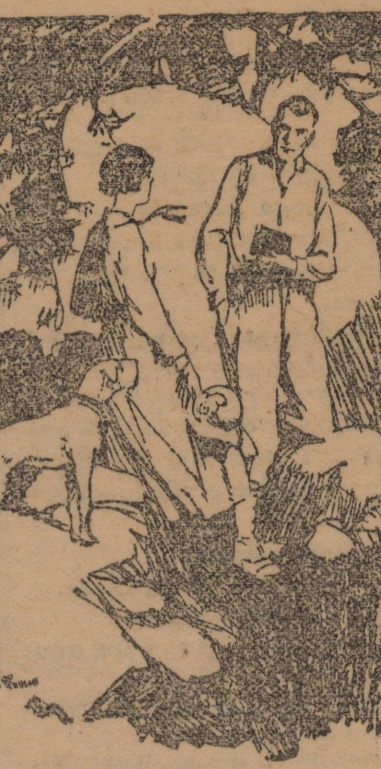
There was an impulse to offer her hand to this unusual young man, but she smothered it. She turned back toward the highway, the dog leaping and barking joyously.

"A lucky dog," said Cathewe, smiling.

ing. "He has defied the law of irresistible force and lives to tell of it. Good afternoon."
He crossed over to his boulder and once more reclined against the sun-warmed granite surface. He waited for a little time, then peered around. Her hat was just vanishing down the drop of the hill. He opened his book—upside down.

"The postern gate!" he murmured. At half after five Nancy was agreeably surprised by the advent of Betty. "Nancy, I've had the queerest adventure," began Betty at once, and rather breathlessly. "No; I don't want any tea. I came for some information. It was so dull and unusual."

And lightly, with those Gallic gestures which came so naturally, she re-



"It Has Been Very Interesting."

counted what had taken place on the top of the hill.

"Dressed like a tramp and reads Fabre in the original," named Nancy. She was about to hazard a guess when the telephone in her father's office rang. "Just a moment, Betty. Telephone. It may be some patient of father's." Once at the instrument she recognized Cathewe's voice.

"Nancy, I've had rather an odd experience; and I'm going to depend upon you to help me out. I've met Mansfield's daughter. Please do not disclose my identity. You understand? I want to avoid her."

"Do you want me to lie, Brand? Nancy answered.

"Lie? Lord, no! Only, I don't want her to know who I am. I'm sorry. Don't lie on my account. Tell her if you must. Good-by."

Slowly Nancy set the receiver on the hook. She did not hasten back to her room. Why was her heart heavy with foreboding? At last she returned to the living room.

"Dressed like a tramp," she repeated, "and reads Fabre in the original. It might be one of your father's chemists, Betty."

Nancy lapsed, and she hated herself for telling this one, when it was not obligatory in the least. She was a little afraid.

After his interview with Nancy Cathewe went in to his mother.

"Play something before the maid comes in to light up."
"What do you want me to play, sonny?" in a soft, Southern drawl.
"Reichmannoff's Prelude."
"Then things aren't well with you?" How easy it had become to read the boy's mood by the kind of music he wanted!

She sat on the bench, but she did not begin the Prelude. Instead, she struck the opening bars of Farwell's Norwegian Song, plaintive rather than melancholy. She could hardly see him, his chin in his palm, staring at a pattern in the Chinese rug.

"Better?" she asked softly.
"I am always better when I am with you, mother. Life is an astonishing mess, isn't it? For the innocent as well as for the guilty. I, who have never wittingly harmed anyone or done a mean thing, I must always carry with me the sense of being hunted, the fear of being found out. And I have dragged you into it!"

"Sonny, I'd be very happy with Nancy as my daughter," she changed the subject.

"The substance rather than the mirage. But I don't love her, mother. I know that. But is the other a mirage? Nancy says not. What a muddle! My new book—I'm afraid I'll have to chuck it. There are too many other things buzzing about in my head. Here comes Mignon. Dinner's ready."

In the great manner on Polygon Hill, Betty curled upon the broad window seat, watching the receding glow and scarlet of the September sunset. That is, she seemed to be watching it, in reality, she was just recovering from a stunning, paralyzing mental blow. The door to the Apocalypse had opened slightly. On her knees lay a crumpled newspaper. She found it on the floor of the limousine, where some sardonic jester had tossed it.

"My father! They lie, they lie!"
Down below, in the study, a local banker eyed the end of his cigar through half-closed lids. Mansfield, his fingers pyramided, watched him expectantly.

"Do you want some unsolicited advice?" asked the banker, finally.

"Go ahead with it," said Mansfield, smiling tolerantly.

"Clean up these grogshops, which you really own. Tear down your rod-

den firetraps. Give the reform candidate the city hall to play with for two years."

Mansfield laughed.
"Dunleith," continued the banker, "the people are thinking. They are finding the true cleavage between right and wrong. I warn you, they are going to do away with this political game as you and I know it. This fellow Cathewe is no ordinary disturber. I defy you to find a libel in his editorial comments. That boy goes down among men. He hasn't accused you of doing anything criminal, as understood by law. He attacks you from the moral side. Mark me, he'll soon be after your new munitions plant. The temporary hospital you have erected is too near the tanks. An explosion would knock it to flinders."

"Let the city fire department advise me about that," answered Mansfield, shrugging his shoulders.

"They are afraid of you, and you know it. If anything goes bump on our heads—for lack of water—it will be criminal negligence; and this fellow Cathewe will hang your hide on his wall."

"Well, how much has he borrowed to keep his vituperous rag going?"
"Nothing."

"How has he kept going on, then?"
"I'll come to that in a moment. There are but seven stockholders in all. They have promised never to dispose of their interests to you."

"But I don't want the rag. All I need is to have him lose his following."

"And he isn't losing it. The paper's circulation is growing daily, despite the fact that you struck off his local advertising. Something really vital is going on. The poor are beginning to boycott the shops that have withdrawn their advertising at your command. Soon the advertisers will drift back, of necessity."

"Dunleith, there's a mystery I can't get to the bottom of. There are four banks in Bannister. Being president of one of them, I am in a position to find out things. This young fellow Cathewe has an active account in each bank, and it is evident that he is paying the losses out of his pocket. Once a month he replenishes these withdrawals."

"Drafts on New York?"
"Cash. Nothing traceable."

"How much is his active account in each bank?"
"One hundred thousand dollars, cash."

"Nearly half a million?" gasped Mansfield, with a full feeling in his throat.

"Yes," continued the banker. "Four hundred thousand will keep his paper going without advertisements for ten years. Another queer thing, I don't know about the other banks, but at mine he has two accounts, one general and one special. The general account is never more than two or three thousand. The special account is never drawn against except to pay the paper's pay-checks and expenses. Four hundred thousand, behind a newspaper like the Herald, has a tremendous power. My advice is to get your political and financial house in order."

A droll idea entered Mansfield's head. He was not without humor. So he returned to his desk, looked into the telephone book, and called a number. A woman's voice answered.

"I wish to speak with Mr. Cathewe."
"Just a moment, please."
Three or four minutes passed.

"Hello! This is Mr. Cathewe. What do you wish to speak to me about?"

"I wish to ask you some questions, frankly. Why do you hate me?"
"I do not hate you. My attitude is absolutely impersonal."

"That's blunt enough. What would you say if I expressed the opinion that you carried out your part of the bargain, and that the hour had arrived for me to carry out mine?"
A long pause.

"Events have made that impossible. I release you."
"You don't hold me, then? Still, I am a good loser. I will introduce you to my daughter."

"Between your daughter and me there is the space of two worlds. I reared that folly on board the ship. Moreover, I am a poor man. Every dollar I have in this world I earn by honest labor."

"I don't quite get that. I have been duly informed that you have on deposit nearly half a million."
Another pause.

"That money does not belong to me, Mr. Mansfield."

"That was the end of the conversation. Mansfield then wrote two letters. The first was local. It was to the chief of police. It demanded as quickly as possible a good photograph of Brandon Cathewe. It did not matter how it was obtained. The second letter was directed to a celebrated detective agency in New York. The best man they had was wanted immediately.

"Dinner is served, sir," announced the butler from the doorway.

"Is Miss Betty down?"
"She begs to be excused, sir."

Mansfield ran upstairs and rapped on the door of his daughter's boudoir.

"It is father, Betty. Are you in?"
"No, daddy. Just tired and head-achy."

"May I come in?"
He heard the key turn in the lock, and he pushed in the door. He saw instantly that she had been crying.

"I saw that article in the Herald," she sobbed. "It made me wild with fury. After you have done so much for Bannister!"

A warm glow pervaded his heart.

"You mustn't waste any tears on that twaddle, Betty. It's just politics; it's all a part of the game."
"Come along to dinner. I've got a surprise for you. I'm sending for your aunt, your mother's sister. You ought not to be the only woman in this big house. Your aunt is a charming woman. And there is one thing, little lady, I want you always to remember: Your mother's fortune makes you rich in your own right. Do as you please with it. . . . And when the day comes and you find a man of your fancy, marry him. I'll trust you to pick out one worth while."

He laughed, tucked her arm under his, and led her to the stairs.

Around about ten that night you would have found her on the floor before her boudoir fire, reading her letters. She would read so far into a letter, and then a picture would drift in between: blue sky, blue water, the vague scent of clover, and an odd young man bending over flat stones.

She wanted to throw the letters into the fire. It was impossible. She knew that she would have regretted the act throughout her life. But to find some way out of the thralldom!

She put the letters in a Florentine box, which she restored to a drawer. She was about to close this when her eye was attracted by a slip of paper. It was a typewritten list of the bonds and stocks and accumulated funds of which her private fortune consisted. Away down toward the end she came upon something which she had not noticed previously: "Pity shares the Bannister Morning Herald!"

"The only way you can break an editor," she murmured, "is to buy his sheet and turn him adrift."

Thereupon a great and glorious idea popped into her head.

Affliction for Flyers

A new malady has visited the air mail pilots who traverse the Rocky mountains in daily flights—"air bumptitis." Its effects are bruises and sprains of the back and often the limbs. Recently two pilots, after flying through a heavy wind and "rough weather" over the continental divide, were obliged to go to bed for a rest. The bumps, produced by air currents from dissimilar terrain, probably are worse over the Rocky mountains than in any other part of the transcontinental mail route.

Lumbering Near the Pole

One hundred miles north of the Arctic circle the Umbags sawmills on the Kola peninsula have been repaired and will be in operation this season. In summer time the daylight there is continuous and the mills can make up for the long winter months when everything is buried under mountains of snow. Reindeers will carry the lumber from mill to sawcut, where it will be loaded for export.

Haystack Helmet

A portable sheet-steel helmet for protecting hay stored in an open field. The sheets are securely fastened to the top of the feed by screw anchors. These anchors are inserted through the sheet and screwed to a depth of four feet into the stack.

HOWE ABOUT—

By ED HOWE

In reading a magazine I ran across a sentence which did me good; I hope you may gain benefit from it, also.

The writer was a convict grumbling at decent people, and said: "Disorderly living does more injury to a community than the few crimes which earn for their perpetrators long terms of penal servitude."

There is much in the statement; probably the convict stole it from a respectable source, since convicts are not fair and accurate thinkers.

Every day, in my walks I pass a lonely beach where lives a martyr woman. In the yard stands an old wagon, but there are no horses in the tumble-down stable. Everywhere are signs of neglect. A sea is foolish, and annoys the neighbors a good deal. Occasionally he has been in the yard, when we see a bedraggled, unhappy woman hurry out, and take him inside. The husband and father, we hear, is gone most of the time; looking for work, and rarely finds it. Two sons are with the father. The mother lives on what the husband sends her, and it is safe to say he doesn't send much.

I don't care to do anything for the African heathen, but should like to do something for this martyr woman, and do not know how to go about it.

In India the fact is as plain as the nose on a man's face that there is too much religion. And this religion has become so complicated, because of centuries of quarreling about it, that no one understands it; if it has a means of grace no one knows how to take advantage of it. When in that country a Brahmin priest who acted as my guide confessed that he did not understand his own religion and expressed the belief that he no one did.

American politics has become as complicated and meaningless as the religion of the