

# The Devil's River News

Published in Sonora, Texas --- "The Capital of the Stockman's Paradise"

VOLUME XL

SONORA, SUTTON COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, JANUARY 30, 1931

NUMBER 13

## LIONS BACK SUTTON CO. ROAD BOND ISSUE FOR \$175,000

### SONORA GETS \$308.00 FROM ROGERS SHOW

WILL BE USED AS CHARITY FUND FOR COUNTY AND CITY

Sutton county realized \$308 from the Will Rogers charity show in San Angelo Tuesday night. About 6,500 were taken in at the municipal auditorium, and the money will be divided among counties who purchased the tickets. Admission ranged from \$1 for standing room to \$25.

#### Lions Thank Rogers

The Sonora Lions Club sent the following message to Rogers:

January 27, 1931.

Mr. Will Rogers,  
San Angelo, Texas.

Dear Sir:

In behalf of the citizenship of Sutton county we desire to express to you our heartfelt thanks and gratitude for that part of the proceeds from this program in which we are so proud to have participated. You are rendering a most noble and commendable service to the less fortunate of our country and great will be your reward. We can think of no greater wish for you than that you may live as long as "Will Rogers and the Service he rendered to his fellowman" shall live with the citizenry of our land.

Again thanking you, we are,  
Four friends and admirers,  
LIONS CLUB OF SONORA.

#### Roger's Reply

Breckenridge, Texas.  
Lions Club of Sonora:  
Thanks for your letter—appreciate it very much.

WILL ROGERS.

The following citizens of Sonora and Sutton county purchased tickets to the Will Rogers charity show in San Angelo Tuesday night:

Messrs. and Mesdames E. F. Anderson Stucken, Joe M. Vander Stucken, Ira C. Green, W. H. Damon, Jack Neill, Roy E. Aldwell and Lea Roy, W. J. Wilkinson, Ryan Hunt, Theo. Savell, J. F. Amby, J. M. Puckett, M. C. Puckett, Hi Eastland, Thos. Espy and W. R. Cusenbary, W. R. Barnes, L. W. Elliott, Fred Simmons, Sam Hull, R. A. Halbert, Mrs. Ira Shurley, Mrs. Josie McDonald, Misses Hazel Edwards, Bernice Stokes, Alice Karnes; Messrs. Miers Savell, C. H. Carn, H. V. Stokes, L. R. Barker, E. Long, Dan Cauthorn, M. A. Wilson, Cecil Allen, Alton Hightower, E. Allison, T. L. Benson, Howard Espy, Dow Puckett, J. D. Wrey, Ted White, O. L. Richardson, John I. King, Mac Cauthorn.

### 3 Dramatic Club Play February 13

"A Prince There Was," a 3-Act Comedy Will Benefit M. E. Ladies

"A Prince There Was," is the name of the 3-act comedy drama to be presented by the 13 Dramatic Club at the Sonora high school auditorium the night of February 13, beginning at eight o'clock. The play will be staged under the auspices of the Methodist Missionary Society.

"A Prince There Was" is George M. Cohan's best production and was played on Broadway, New York City for a long run. Fifty dollars was the price paid for the right to show this play in Sonora, and the 13 characters are planning to make it one of the most successful stage plays ever shown in Sonora. Admission prices are fifty cents and twenty-five cents. Half of the proceeds will be given to the Methodist ladies.

The club will give a play in which the proceeds will be given to the Methodist ladies, one of the club members said this week.

Texas has an automobile for each 3 inhabitants as compared with average for the United States one for each 4.23 inhabitants. Authority: American Motorists Association.

### Akerson's Successor?



Ashmun Brown, Washington correspondent of the Providence Journal, who is thought the likeliest selection as Secretary to the President.

### Retopping O. S. T. in Sutton County

Three-Mile Stretch East of Here Will Cost Approximately \$18,000

Highway Maintenance Supervisor H. L. Taylor announced this week that his division had secured machinery to retop a three-mile stretch of the O. S. T. twenty miles east of here at a cost of about \$18,000. A steam shovel will be used in the work which will be faster and enable workmen to get better jobs in rough places.

About thirty working days will be required in which to complete the work, Mr. Taylor said. The local maintenance crew will do the work.

Mr. Taylor said the road between Sonora and Ozona was almost impassable this week after heavy rains, and that traffic was being directed over other routes.

Last October the highway department spent \$25 per day in pulling cars out of boggy places in Sutton and Crockett county, and the money spent in doing this was paid by the tax payers.

### CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank the Sonora Lions Club, the Parent-Teacher Association, the 13 Dramatic Club and the Methodist Missionary Society for their beautiful floral offerings and kindly expressions of sympathy in our recent bereavement.

The Hoggetts  
Mr. and Mrs. Tom Davis  
Mr. and Mrs. Jack Turner

## NEMA AND SONORA

A well known wholesale druggist wants to know why the Corner Drug Store sells more Nema capsules than any other drug store in Texas, and inquires about Sonora, its people and the surrounding country—as related to the livestock industry—says there is a romance interwoven and he wants the story.

The ever courteous Mr. Steen, popular manager of the Corner Drug Store, gives off an inimitable smile and says:

"The degree of care exercised by our local ranchmen, from a preventative as well as curative standpoint, creates an unusual demand for Nema capsules and, in line with our established policy, we take extreme care to supply their requirement, which is another way of saying "Service Plus"—part of our stock in trade—for which there is no charge."

Modesty forbids the champion pill seller saying more in connection with his business, and the responsibility of telling his wholesaler about Sonora, its people and the surrounding country, is entrusted to one less accomplished

in writing than Mr. Steen in distributing capsules.

Happy am I, nevertheless, that the privilege to speak of this country and its people engages my pleasure as did my vision to the knowledge of its beauty and her thrift. Here, within easy reach of Alamo and Goliad, where Crockett perished and Fanning suffered, here almost in the cradle of Texas liberty and Texas independence where Santa Anna conspired and Houston fought, is the home of a brave and hospitable people. Here is centered all that pleases or prospers mankind.

A perfect climate above a perfect soil yields to the ranchman every product of its temperate zone. Here by night the fleece whitens beneath the stars, and by day the Verdona locks the sunshine in its budding petal. In the same pasture the Bluebonnet steals the fragrance of the winds and the mesquite catches the absorbing tenderness of the rains. A perfect range, vast and primeval, unmarred by the hand of man, with its beauty disclosed by nature and its

(Continued on page 7)

### SONORA MAY HAVE A RIFLE CLUB SOON

GOVERNMENT WILL FURNISH RIFLES AND AMMUNITION, THOUGHT

A rifle club is looming for Sonora, according to men here who are interested in an organization. Twelve or fifteen members will be necessary before the government will furnish .30 Springfield rifles and the necessary ammunition. The purpose of the government has in view is to teach men how to shoot. Membership fees and dues will be charged, and it is thought that \$1.50 per year will be the customary annual dues. A pit and target will cost approximately \$150, it is thought.

Those who are interested in becoming a member of a rifle club should see Roy Aldwell or Ira C. Green.

Texas has the largest port grain elevator in the United States—at Galveston. Capacity 6,000,000 bushels and to handle 500 carloads of grain a day.

### GRADE SCHOOL WILL PRESENT BENEFIT PLAY

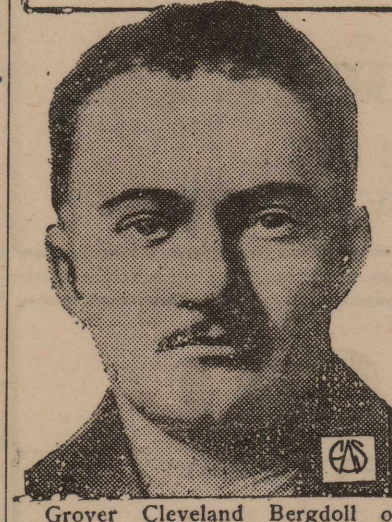
PROCEEDS FROM OPERETTA TO BE GIVEN TO SCHOOL LIBRARY FUND

Pupils of the grammar school will present an operetta at the new high school auditorium for benefit of the school library fund Friday evening, February 6, beginning sharply at 7:30. All children in the grammar school will compose characters in presenting the story of "Hansel and Gretel," in which two small children were sent to the forest by their mother to pick strawberries. While on the errand the children lost their way and had a wonderful experience with an evil witch.

Proceeds from the play will help pay off an indebtedness on a visual instruction machine that cost \$230. Initial payment on the machine was made by the P.-T. A. with the agreement that the school pay the balance.

Those in charge of the play hope to see a large crowd present. Admission will be 25 and 50 cents.

### "Slacker" Returns



Grover Cleveland Bergdoll of Philadelphia, who has been sought for years for dodging the draft during the World War, is reported to be back in the U. S.

### Mrs. L. S. Hoggett Dies Suddenly

Undergoes Operation in San Antonio But Dies Before Removal from Table

Friends of Mrs. L. S. Hoggett were grieved to learn of her sudden death in San Antonio Monday morning. She had not been well for many months but no one thought that the end was so near. She underwent an operation and seemingly stood the ordeal fine, but when she was moved preparatory to returning her to her room following the operation she died suddenly. The body was brought back to Junction and funeral services held at the Baptist church at 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, the Rev. G. W. Crabb, pastor of the Baptist church, officiating.

Mrs. Terissa Rachel Hoggett was born January 29, 1870, in Gonzales county where she grew to womanhood and on November 7, 1888 was married to L. S. Hoggett. In 1902 the young people moved to Kimble county and engaged in the ranching business. Nine children were born to them, all of whom reached the age of maturity. One son, Elmo Graham, was discharged from the army on his 21st birthday which was in October following the armistice. He died the following February and his father died July 25, 1926.

The mother is survived by the following children: Mansfield of Merton; Marlin and Jack of Animas, New Mexico; Roy, who is temporarily in Arizona; Mrs. W. L. Davis of Sonora, and Mrs. Jack Turner, Ruth Lee and Pierce of Junction.

These relatives and many of her friends regret her untimely death.

Early in life she united with the Baptist church and remained a consistent member until her death. She took an interest in the affairs of the community and three of her sons served the duration of the war, one of them staying in France eleven months.—Junction Eagle.

Sonorans who attended the funeral were: Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Lowrey, Mr. and Mrs. Merton Shurley, Mr. and Mrs. Perry Mittel, Claude Roe, Cecil Allen, Joseph Trainer and Mrs. A. J. Smith, and Mrs. W. L. Davis and Miss Ruth Lee Hoggett, daughters.

### Two-Bit Club Is Organized Here

Dozen Young Ladies Are Charter Members at Meeting Held Thursday

The "Two-Bit Club" is the latest social organization for Sonora. This club was organized Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. William Ernest McClelland with a dozen charter members. Miss Lydia Archer was chosen president, and Miss Addah Miers reporter.

Pimento sandwiches and hot chocolate were served to the following charter members: Mesdames Basil Manly Halbert, Jack Hezekiah Wardlaw, Joseph Rayford Hull, John Marshall Huling, William Ernest McClelland, Misses Hazel Edwards, Mildred Labensky, Addah Miers, Bernice Stokes, Lillian Ramsel and Lydia Archer.

### COMMITTEE IS APPOINTED TO PASS PETITION

PROJECTS WOULD INCLUDE ROAD TO OZONA, MENARD AND OWENVILLE

Thirty-two Lions Monday put their stamp of approval on a road bond issue in the sum of \$175,000 when they voted to have a petition circulated here which will be presented to the county commissioners' court at a regular meeting, February 2. This sum, it is thought, would be sufficient to build a hard-surfaced road to the Crockett county line and also construct all-weather roads over the Owenville and Menard lateral routes.

"Buzzy" Stokes called attention to the bond issue which has been talked here for several months, and declared in his statement that "now is the time to put it over." Mr. Stokes said he had talked with prominent ranchmen in Crockett county and that these ranchmen said they would make Sonora their shipping point, provided a good road could be had to the Sutton capital. Crockett county has voted her bonds and will be ready to start work on the O. S. T. in their county from Sutton county and to the Pecos county line.

Robert Halbert, one of Sutton county's most progressive ranchmen and an active Lion, said that a grudge has existed between Sutton and Crockett county citizens for sometime, but declared that Crockett county was willing and waiting for Sutton to "pull the latch string," and that our neighbor county wanted to have a more friendly feeling. Mr. Halbert thinks the heavy taxpayers will favor the project.

O. F. Priest, local insurance man, did not rise from his seat when the Lions voted on the bond issue. Mr. Priest said there were always two sides to any question, but only one side to a road bond issue, and that was in favor of it. He told the Lions that money spent for good roads is one of the best investments the people and county can make.

Lion Jack Neill asked all Lions to arise from their seats if they would vote and support a road bond issue. All Lions stood up except Mr. Priest. Lion Neill made a move that a petition be circulated and that a committee be appointed. The committee appointed by President J. D. Lowrey is composed of H. V. Stokes, Robert Halbert and Jack Neill. Lion President Lowrey was heartily in favor of the road bonds and believes it will carry.

It was pointed out that \$50,000 would be enough to build all-weather roads from Sonora to Owenville and also would take care of the same type of road to the Menard county line. The \$125,000, it is believed, will be doubled by the state highway department.

Members of the program committee were fined \$1 each for failing to have a program. B. W. Hutcherson, Raymond Barker and Bob Vicars agreed to furnish a program next Monday.

W. R. Nisbet, special county agent, was called on for a talk. Mr. Nisbet said that it appears as if the Sonora Lions had much work in front of them, and that he was willing to shoulder his part of the load.

### BETTER UNITS FOR G. E. REFRIGERATORS

Larger and better units are being placed in General Electric refrigerators without cost, according to W. C. Gilmore, local G. E. dealer.

Machines manufactured by the General Electric have been in use for over three years, and not one owner has been out a penny for service or repairs, Mr. Gilmore said. It is likely that this company will continue to give free service in the future.







## CANDY

the appropriate gift for Valentine's Day. We have a new shipment of Whitman's Candy for Valentine's Day.

Remember Mother, Sister or Sweetheart with a box of WHITMAN'S CANDY on this occasion.

**SONORA DRUG CO.**

Call 31 for  
"JUST A LITTLE BETTER SERVICE"

## WOOD

GREEN AND DRY LIVEOAK  
PRICED REASONABLY

Any Length and Delivered—Will Contract Wood Cutting.

**Felipe Virgen**  
PHONE 216

## MONEY TALKS

When you heed the wisdom of the home-spent dollar you meet 'em often in their rounds of making this a better town in which to live. There is a double saving when you trade at this home-owned business—because our prices are right.

## CITY MARKET

ALFRED COOPER, Proprietor

## BEST IN RADIOS

That's what you buy when we sell you a Radio, whether it be one of the small midget sets or one of the supremely beautiful combination Radios with Electrola. Here you have four different makes to select from—all of them standard—Victor, Majestic, Westinghouse and Atwater Kent and any of them at the same price you would pay in Dallas or San Antonio. Come today and select the model of your choice and we will be glad to give you a free demonstration.

COMULETE LINE OF  
ELECTRICAL ACCESSORIES

Come in and hear the new  
Victor Records

**Sonora Electric  
COMPANY**

Home of Westinghouse Products  
Telephone 278 Sonora, Texas

## SOCIETY

### METHODIST LADIES INSTALL NEW MEMBERS

Sunday night the following officers of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Church were installed:

Mrs. George B. Hamilton, president; Mrs. W. E. Caldwell, vice president; Mrs. Robert Rees, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Haynie Davis, recording secretary; Mrs. Ira Shurley, treasurer; Mrs. J. D. Lowrey, assistant treasurer; Mrs. Robert Brusenhan, superintendent of children's work; Mrs. Lem Johnson, superintendent of study; Mrs. E. E. Sawyer, superintendent of publicity; Mrs. Joe Trainer, superintendent of social service; Mrs. C. E. Stites, superintendent of supplies; Mrs. Tom Sandherr, superintendent of social work, and Mrs. Tom White, Voice agent.

### WILL ROGERS WAS IN SONORA TUESDAY

Will Rogers, nationally known humorist, stopped here for a few minutes Tuesday afternoon while coming from San Antonio to San Angelo where he showed to a packed house at the municipal auditorium.

Those who conversed with him here said that he was "just plain old Will." E. C. Garvin, local livestock commission man, and others gathered around his car when it was being filled with gas and water. Mr. Garvin met Will in California last summer.

The humorist was well pleased with this section of the country and Sonora, and paid both several compliments.

Mr. Rogers was accompanied by his son and Jimmie Rogers, famous yodelist of Kerrville, and a gentleman from San Antonio.

### MRS. DAVE LOCKLIN ENTERTAINS MERRIMAKERS

Mrs. Dave Locklin entertained the Merrimakers Club Tuesday afternoon at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Rose Thorp. At bridge, Mrs. W. D. Wallace won high club, and Mrs. Tom White was awarded high guest. An ice course was served.

### 100 MASONS HEARD MASONIC SERMON SUNDAY

Among the three hundred people who heard a Masonic sermon Sunday morning delivered by Rev. E. P. Neal, about one hundred were Masons. Rev. Neal preached a good sermon which was enjoyed by all who heard him.

Marion Stokes has moved a string of sheep to town and is feeding them cake. The sheep were taken off the bitter weed range. Mr. Stokes is feeding cake and hopes to rid the sheep of the poison caused from the weed.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Windrow, of Brady, were here the past week-end visiting with Mrs. Windrow's sister, Mrs. Geo. B. Hamilton.

Thirteen characters will appear in "A Prince There Was" at the high school auditorium here the night of February 13. If you attend you will be aiding the Methodist ladies and the 13 Dramatic Club.—Adv.

Robert Brusenhan, manager of the Sonora Drug Company, and wife spent Saturday and Sunday in Coleman and Brownwood visiting with Mr. Brusenhan's relatives.

Miss Jessie Louise Evans, who has been attending Westmoreland College in San Antonio, is spending the period between semesters with Miss Zella Lee Thorp who is attending Southwestern University at Georgetown. Miss Evans will also visit with a room mate in Lockhart.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Davis, of Austin, were week-end visitors in the home of their son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Davis.

### READ THE ADVERTISEMENTS!

#### TREES AND SHRUBBERY

Twenty years growing and selling trees and shrubbery at the same location enables us to give you the best varieties in budded pecan, fruit and shade trees, evergreens, flowering shrubs, roses, etc. Honest dealing labeled true to name at fair prices is our motto. Send for price list.

SAN ANGELO NURSERY  
Oakes St. Bridge, San Angelo 2-6c.

## With the Churches

### BAPTIST CHURCH

Sunday School at 10 o'clock  
Church services morning and night  
Everybody cordially invited.

J. O. McMILLON, Pastor.

### COLORED BAPTISTS

Our service was well attended Sunday night and the religious spirit prevailed. A burning message from 25th chapter of Mat. was delivered. Everyone enjoyed the message, and the pastor was pleased to have so many visitors. Visitors are always welcome to our church.

Our church organization will be held on the 5th of February by Rev. W. M. Bowden of San Angelo and Rev. J. O. McMillon. We are inviting everybody to be present, and also will be glad to have Rev. Bowden and his congregation. We wish to thank Mr. and Mrs. Fields for their donation, and also appreciate the stove given by Rev. Neal.

We are hoping to do more in the future than we have done in the past.

Services Sunday and Sunday night.

REV. W. L. NEWSOM, Pastor.

### SLEEP ON RIGHT SIDE, BEST FOR YOUR HEART

If you toss in bed all night and can't sleep on right side, try simple glycerin, saline, etc. (Adlerika). Just ONE dose relieves stomach GAS pressing on heart so you sleep sound all night. Unlike other medicine, Adlerika acts on BOTH upper and lower bowel, removing poisons you never knew were there. Relieves constipation in 2 hours! Let Adlerika cleanse your stomach and bowels and see how good you feel! Corner Drug Store.—Adv.

The 13 Dramatic Club was recently organized in Sonora and is composed of local people who are talented. They will stage "A Prince There Was" the night of Friday, February 13. Admission: 25 and 50 cents.—Adv.

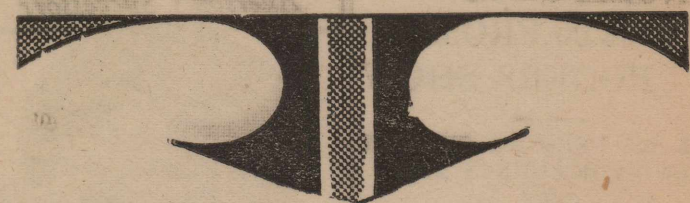
FOR RENT—Have a furnished apartment will rent to responsible party. See or call Mrs. J. T. Penick, Sonora, Texas. 12-ttc

## Hot Barbecue

COOKED EVERY DAY  
AND PLATE LUNCHES

## Newt's Place

Next Door to Brasher Filling Station



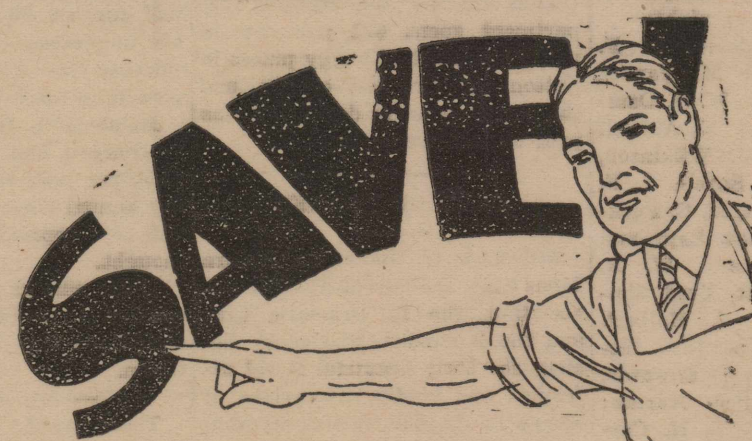
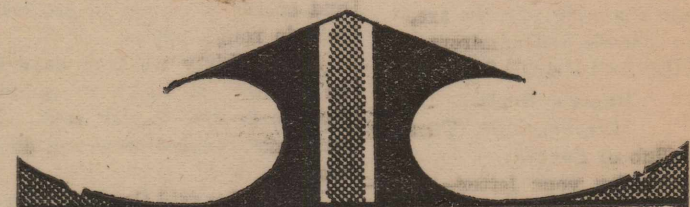
## My Town.....Your Town

Our town—just like this business is exactly what we make it. This firm's duty is to assemble quality merchandise and marked at a price consistent with the community requirements. Loyalty of the citizens to the home-owned store is the inspiration which carries us on—so we've rolled up our sleeves, waded in—and offer you exceptional values in groceries.

## Hamilton Grocery

DELIVERY SERVICE

Phones 2 and 57



## On GROCERIES

WE BELIEVE IN THE OLD ADAGE—  
"LIVE AND LET LIVE"

You can save money when you buy your groceries here. We invite your inspection at all times. Our grocery stocks are fresh and complete.



## We Deliver

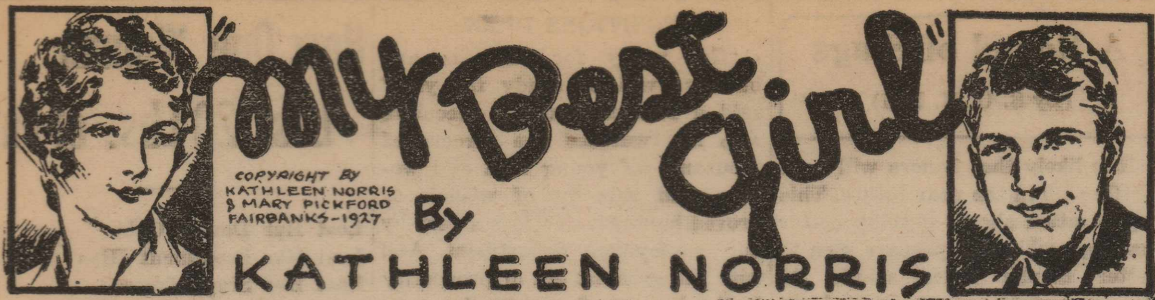
Use Your  
Telephone

We will carefully fill your grocery order and give it the same attention as if you came in person to shop.

**E. F. Vander Stucken  
Company, Inc.**

—SINCE 1890—





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KATHLEEN NORRIS  
& MARY PICKFORD  
FAIRBANKS-1927

By  
**KATHLEEN NORRIS**

**Second Installment**

Life scrambled along somehow in the Washington Avenue cottage, and almost every day there was a funeral somewhere worth seeing.

Minnie Johnson, forty-six years old, liked funerals.

"Mamma'll give up the funeral of her oldest friend, if there happens to be a bigger one on the same day!" Maggie asserted delightedly. And yet she considered the dismal tendency as rather admirable in her mother, and when there were defective black gloves or ribbons or veils marked down far below cost, at the Mack, she always brought her mother fresh supplies of them.

This morning she parted from

her father, as usual, before the swinging door of the general post-office, to the much more inviting scene presented by the Mack.

There were life, animation, gaiety here. Maggie, penetrating to an odorless basement room that smelled of disinfectants and face powder and wet towels and highly scented soap, found some forty of her associates surging about, changing their clothes, powdering their faces, gossiping, laughing, and quarreling.

In the passage at the top of the flight of brick-walled stairs that led up to the store was a nail, and Maggie took from it, with the expertness of long usage, a handful of scraps of paper and began with-

out further preamble the business of the day.

"Say, did they get a new boy in here in Jimmy's place? Where is he? Are you the new boy? What's your name? Joe, huh?" She had brought up with a bump against a tall young man, and now she raised her blue eyes from her memoranda and smiled at him as she went on, "I guess you're the new boy? Joe Grant, huh? Were you working in a department store before? You weren't? Well, see here—these are the stock orders. Ink, see? And salt boxes, see?"

He stood looking at her, bewildered, his puzzled, mutinous eyes far above her small head, bent to study her notes.

"We might as well do the candy first, since they want 'em for the window, I'll hand 'em down to you and you check 'em off. Don't be any dumber than you can help, because they're always in a rush for the night orders!"

Enveloped in her preposterous apron, her small hands fairly flying, her crown of chestnut braids becoming slightly disheveled, and her cheeks getting red with her exertions, Maggie Johnson was all superbly indifferent to what he might be feeling or thinking.

"Here—be careful with those boxes, Joe. If you spill this stuff you pay for it. What's the next? 'Matinee Habits'? Oh, those are chocolate bars—didn't you ever eat one? Gee, you are dumb!"

It was noon on the same day. There was a forty-minute interval for lunch, and the new boy was lounging, bitter, disgusted, against a strip of dirty, disfigured brick wall that had once been painted white.

Far above his head, the boy could hear the healthy one-o'clock roar of the store, beating rhythmically, like the sea upon a deep shore.

He was away from it all for the forty minutes of his lunch "hour," but it seemed all to be with him still—the noise of it, the confusion, the horrible smells.

A gong, above him, behind him, somewhere up the wide, dirty, utilitarian brick steps that rose steeply between two marred and grimy white brick walls, rang twice. That meant that the second lunch shift was due to report upstairs and relieve the third. The boy heard it, but he did not move in its direction.

Instead, he took from his pocket a small folded yellow envelope of stout brown paper and looked within it. It contained money—three dollars, some cents. He had been working a day, or he would have been working that long, when the store closed tonight. His pay was at the rate of twenty-two dollars per week.

He had dropped the torn envelope and was putting the money into his pocket when a sound in his neighborhood made him turn suddenly, at the foot of the stairs. He was not, apparently, the only occupant of the basement.

Backing cautiously out across the heavily wrapped bundles that were a dozen times the size of her small body was what he at first supposed to be a child. Once fully in view, he recognized her at once. It was Maggie.

"That was a job for you!" she said panting, explanatory, raising to his eyes as beautiful a pair of blue specimens as he had ever seen.

"What was?" he asked.

Her own eyes became slightly suspicious.

"Weren't you waitin' for them ideel leaflets?" she asked.

"I don't know what you're talkin' about!" the boy answered.

"Didnt you hear the gong?"

"Sure I heard the gong?"

"Well, don't you know you'll get fined if you're not in your place when that rings? Here—take these," the girl said expertly, plunging into an opened crate, securing

**HEY, LOOK!**

Let Competition Help Sell Your Furs!

**HOLD YOUR FURS!** We will be in Sonora on Fridays and Saturdays each week at the El Fenix Cafe. Look for our truck in front of the cafe. **HIGHEST MARKET PRICES PAID!** Look for the sign **BAGLEY & McLEAN** Phone 77 San Saba. 276 Ozona N. L. McLean, Representative Ozona, Texas

some dozens of small frying pans, all tied together by the eyes in the nickled handles, and cramming them into his arms. "We'll say we were after stock," she explained rapidly.

She had loaded herself with kitchen brushes; now she started toward the stairway. "Follow me, an' I'll get us both out of it!" she promised, confidently. "Don't you say a word, Joe, I'll run it!"

Joe, who was tall, found himself smiling as he followed her small, flying figure. She went up the stairs almost at a run. He kept close behind her with his own load of jangling frying pans. She stopped only once.

"Mr. Smith," she said, in a business tone to a floorwalker who arrested her with a sallow hand, "me an' Joe here was gettin' out some stuff for the house furnishin's when the gong rung—will you check us in?"

Mr. Smith eyed her with suspicion.

"I thought I had you this time, Maggie," he observed drily, displaying a wrist watch.

"No, sir!" the girl answered sturdily, honest blue eyes on his face. "We was gettin' out stock."

"All right, all right," he said challengingly, "but who asked for them brushes and pans?"

"I don't know, sir. Someone just yelled down when I was finishin' my lunch."

"Well, I guess I'll just step over to the house furnishing with you, Maggie," the man said unpleasantly, "and we'll see if we can identify the order. How'll that do?"

When they reached that churning, convulsed department that was devoted to house furnishings: Maggie shouted,

"Say! Which of you girls ast for fryers an brushes? Me an' Joe've got 'em here, anyway!"

"I done it! An' bring them in here, and next time don't set around down there doin' crossword puzzles while you think it over, Maggie!" she said, rising at once to the girl's aid.

Smith, only half convinced by all

this cheerful glibness, fired a parting shot.

"Looks like you've got thirty or forty of them pans here now, Mrs. Cullen."

"Well, here's the way of it, Mr. Smith. There was a school-teacher in this mornin'," Kate responded, "an' all was that she says her class

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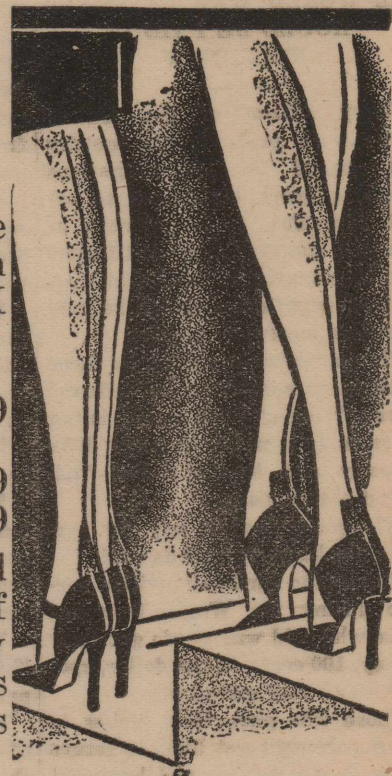
**at the Friendly Store**

**Vanette HOSE SALE**

We're offering the following values in Ladies' ALL SILK HOSE—

No. 599, REGULAR  
1.95 value for 1.59  
REGULAR  
1.50 value for 1.29  
1.00 value for .79

Every lady should take advantage of this sale and buy several pair. Sizes 8 1-2 to 10; colors in wanted shades.



25 per cent off on all Sweaters—our entire stock of men's, women's and boys' sweaters has been reduced one-fourth.

**J. W. TRAINER**

"Cleaning and Pressing That Satisfies"  
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**The Devil's River News**

M. A. WILSON, Editor and Owner  
W. E. JAMES, Associate Editor

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Any erroneous reflection upon the character, standing or reputation of any person, firm or corporation will be cheerfully corrected upon being brought to the attention of the editor at The News office.

**ALL WORLD WAR VETERANS SHOULD BE PAID IN FULL, NOW**

Every citizen of the United States with pride in his country and regard for its obligations should support legislation to effect immediate cash payment of adjusted compensation certificates held by veterans of the World War.

These certificates should be paid now as a matter of justice.

The money represented by these certificates sometimes is referred to as a "bonus." Such money is not a bonus. It is not a gratuity. It is properly and legally called "adjusted compensation."

"Compensation" is pay for services rendered, for goods sold.

Those who rendered civilian service during the World War and those who sold war goods got their money, 100 cents on the dollar, spot cash—and they got plenty.

Those who gave their bodies to the government got little in return while in the service and later got "certificates" for the pitiful sums determined as at the additional amounts by which their compensation would at a future date be "adjusted" for services which can

never be adequately compensated because there is no "going" price for wounds and disease and human blood.

Adjusted compensation due veterans of the World War is unpaid wages owed by the people of this nation—a great, rich nation—to those who won their safety and the protection of their property and the preservation of their government and its institutions.

The certificates should be paid now as a matter of decency.

No decent, self-respecting citizen would refuse to pay honestly earned wages to men whom he had engaged to put out a fire threatening his home or his factory.

No decent, self-respecting government should pay off its protectors with IO U's good only after most of the recipients are dead from disease, starvation and neglect.

And it doesn't help matters to say that the veterans accepted these certificates knowing their pay-you-later conditions.

The veterans had no choice in the matter. It was a one-sided bargain, driven by a master in a superior position, with the veterans at a hopeless disadvantage.

The certificates should be paid as an act of sound public policy.

The government has accumulated hundreds of millions of dollars in a reserve or contingent fund for payment of adjusted compensation certificates at their maturity.

This money is out of circulation, "idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean."

Released along with the balance of the certificates' face value to those to whom it is not only due, but past due, the combined sum would relieve untold distress, lift much of the present load from charitable agencies, help to rehabilitate veterans who now find

themselves unable to support themselves, keep shelter over their heads, feed and clothe their women and children and enable them to pay the most pressing of their debts and buy the necessities of life.

This, in turn, would invigorate general business by sending the life-blood of money through the entire arterial system of our complex commercial tissues.

Congress seems to find money for other interests, some of them narrow and sectional, which come to it with stories of need.

Our veteran army is not sectional but national, both in its present distribution and in the character of its high service in war and in peace.

The dire need of many of the members of this veteran army is too obvious to be argued. These men offered everything, and now in the greatest trial they have met since the war ended they are given nothing not even the opportunity to earn a living.

Uncle Sam has distributed millions of pretty paper certificates admitting his debt to these defenders of the nation.

It is time for him to pay his debt.

If he will adjust veterans "compensation" now in cash, veterans will be called upon to do less adjusting of their belts.—San Antonio Light.

**35 YEARS AGO**

November 21, 1896

Fred Berger, a Sutton county sheepman, was here last week, and he was about the happiest man we have seen for some time. He had a marriage license in his pocket and was on his way to Elmendorf, Texas, where he was married on Thursday, Nov. 12, to Miss Helen Brehm, of this county. They left Saturday morning for Sutton county their future home. Quite a number of Mr. Berger's old friends were present at the ceremony, and all join us in extending congratulations. — San Antonio Stockman.

R. F. Halbert of Schleicher county sold before the election 75 head of 2-year-old steers to J. M. Piper of San Angelo at \$14 a head.

R. G. Kleberk of the King ranch bought the Gunther herd of 600 head of Hereford cattle from the Dr. J. B. Taylor administrators for about \$15,000. These cattle were on the Taylor ranch in this county.

The Bar S outfit marketed a train load of speyed heifers last week, three-year-olds that averaged 925 pounds and brought \$3.25. Pretty good heifers, those.

The range in the Sonora country was never better and stock of all kinds are in splendid condition.

Sam Martin the cattleman from the North Llano, was in Sonora Wednesday.

Three weddings in Sonora since the election is not a bad record for McKinley.

Ci Hodges and Mr. Knight representing the Hurlbut Hardware Company of Brownwood were in Sonora Friday.

D. A. Cauthorn, one of the most successful mutton raisers in the Sonora country, was in town this week for supplies.

Neighboring County Officers  
Iron—Fokes, judge; McDonald, clerk; Rutledge, sheriff; Kuykendall, assessor.

Edwards—J. L. Lockley, sheriff; John Cowan, assessor; T. E. Puett, surveyor. All other old officers elected.

Crockett—C. E. Davidson, judge; H. S. Hudspeth, clerk; J. T. Gurley, sheriff; Sowell, treasurer; John Young, assessor.

Menard—J. D. Scruggs, judge; J. T. Callan, clerk; T. G. Robertson, sheriff; G. W. Thomerson, assessor; C. C. Schuchard, treasurer.

Kinney—R. Stratton, judge; J. W. Nolan, sheriff; G. E. Seargeant, clerk; T. Flatow, assessor; G. A. Anderson, inspector; M. P. Malone, treasurer; W. S. Hutchinson, surveyor.

Val Verde—J. G. Griner, judge; E. S. Block, attorney; G. W. Brown, clerk; W. H. Jones, sheriff; John Glynn, assessor; John M. Gray, treasurer; J. H. Brauer, surveyor; Thomas Hans, inspector.

In the black belt of Texas Culberson, the Democratic nominee for governor received 768 votes more than McKinley, the Republican nominee for president. Looks as if the "Pops" were traded off to the "Coons" after all.

FOR SALE or trade—20 tons of hygeria hay in the head. Sam McMains, N. Uvalde, Texas. 12-tfc

**A Round of Slugs**

(By S. U. M. Bull)

It is likely that Sonora will have a rifle club in the near future. This organization should develop better marksmanship and prepare men to better handle rifles should Al Capone and his gang swoop down on this peaceful little metropolis.

Or it might be that the government wants to teach its male citizens the use of the firearms so that they might better protect themselves from irate wives.

Will Rogers is not such a wisecracker after all. We have one in Sonora who is equally as good, if not better. Rogers said he wisecracked \$8,000 from a crowd in San Antonio, but a man here can go him one better. He said he wisecracked the Fourth National Bank here out of \$32,000.

Tax payers who would vote against bonds to build a good road from here to the Crockett county line should travel over this road during the wet weather we have been having for the past several days. After doing so they could not have the conscience to oppose the issue.

And the rainy weather again reminds one that more paved streets and sidewalks are needed in Sonora. The city commissioners are willing to go ahead with the work if the property owners are in favor of doing so. Property owners should express their opinions one way or the other.

Ranchmen are anticipating a bumper lamb crop this spring. And the more lambs raised the more advertising of lamb meat will be necessary. Robert Halbert said he has been eating quite a bit of lamb meat recently, more so than ever. If all the producers would follow his example then other people might be induced to eat it.

Texas has 797,695 acres of land under irrigation and 1,567,642 acres irrigable, according to the Census Bureau. Two counties—Hidalgo and Cameron with 229,787 and 155,804 acres respectively—have almost half of the state's total.

**POSITIONS OPEN**

"Get ready for business and business will be ready for you," said a famous business executive who has watched the careers of thousands of young men and women, and this bit of wisdom is proved hundreds of times a year by our employment department. And with the greatest era of prosperity in the history of our country confidently predicted by leaders in every phase of business, early next fall will see the biggest demand for young people in business since the war.

Our short, intensive, and interesting courses will enable you to be ready for these opportunities if you begin now at College or by Mail.

If you'd like a Government or business position at \$1000 to \$1,200 a year, mail the coupon today for a Special Plan that will enable you to prepare in the shortest time and at the smallest expense. More calls than graduates every year make the Draughton training one of the surest routes to success it is possible to conceive. Again we say, "Get ready for business and business will be ready for you." Find out how we are starting hundreds of other young people on the road to success every year. Mail the coupon now. Draughton's College, dept. DR, Dallas, Wichita Falls, Abilene or Lubbock.

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If you're fat—first remove the cause!

Take one half teaspoonful of KRUSCHEN SALTS in a glass of hot water before breakfast every morning—cut out pastry and fatty meats—go light on potatoes, butter, cream and sugar—in 3 weeks get on the scales and note how many pounds of fat have vanished.

Notice also that you have gained in energy—your skin is clearer—your eyes sparkle with glorious health—you feel younger in body—keener in mind. KRUSCHEN will give any fat person a joyous surprise.

Get an 85c bottle of KRUSCHEN SALTS at the Corner Drug Store—(lasts 4 weeks). If even this bottle doesn't convince you this is the easiest, safest and surest way to lose fat—if you don't feel a superb improvement in health—so gloriously energetic—vigorously alive—your money gladly returned.

Mrs. Mame Carey of Buffalo, N. Y., writes—"Since I began taking Kruschen Salts I have lost 20 pounds and I feel as if I had lost 50 pounds—I feel so good and the best part of it all is that I eat anything I like."—Adv.

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The increasing manufacturing activities of small communities is a reflection of this widespread distribution of electric power.

The West Texas Utilities Company makes available to the many prosperous cities, towns and communities of West Texas 100,000 horsepower of electric energy—distributed over more than 2,500 miles of high tension transmission lines.

**West Texas Utilities Company**



1-30-1931

**'My Best Girl'**

(Continued from page 3)

in domestic signs—whatever they are!—wud need a hunder' of 'em—"

"My God!" Eugene Smith said under his breath, departing. It was never any use to go against Kate Cullen; he had never really scored against Maggie Johnson, either. The two of them together—!

Joe meantime stacked brushes under the counter, while Maggie, arranging the frying pans compactly alongside, exchanged the time of day with Mrs. Cullen.

"Pop's takin' that stuff that never had no label on the bottle; the stuff Ma got at an auction," said Maggie, in answer to the older woman's kindly inquiry. "They wear real well, you'd be surprised!" added Maggie, of the ten-cent window weights, to an inquiring customer.

"If they wear at all, you bet your life I'll be surprised," the customer, disenchanted, responded sourly. Maggie was fired into sudden interest. Her eyes danced with a blue battle spark.

"We don't guarantee them for use as weights in private stills, madam, nor to fire at the old man in case of a family difference!" she explained, to the unconcealed pleasure of everyone within hearing.

"Get out of here, Maggie," Kate Cullen said. "An' you move along, too, Joe. The girls are very fresh nowadays," Kate added placatingly to the panting customer. "She'll get fired for that tonight!"

"Well, I'm glad to hear it," the woman said, mollified.

"What'd she do?" Joe began to demand blankly. But Kate Cullen's significant wink silenced him.

The boy went away. He found Maggie again in the fevered congestion of the teeming aisles. He gathered she was not a saleswoman—she was technically known as a "feeder," one of the several little drudges who flew back and forth with messages, carried notes, ran for fresh supplies of thread and combs and soap and toys and sheet music and bottles of ammonia and perfume and cod-liver oil and beads.

"Maggie!—Maggie!—Maggie!—get Mr. Smith to sign this, tell him the lady's in a rush—it's an even exchange, Maggie! See if you can find them rubber puppies and lions—bring up a whole lot. Where is Maggie? She was goin' to—"

She got more tired, more pale, more miserably dragged-looking as the endless afternoon wore down to winter dusk, and the lights flamed up everywhere. But she never stopped. She was merely a pair of willing feet, a pair of tireless hands.

Only once did she speak to Joe that afternoon, and then it was merely to say: "Don't be such a dumbbell, you poor dumbbell!" As the gong struck six, she appeared beside him at the top of the basement steps and said:

"That's dinner. We have forty minutes. Did you bring anything?"

"Dinner, I mean," Maggie explained patiently, kindly. "We stay open until ten Saturdays, in December."

"Oh, my—goodness," Joe said simply.

"Lissen," said Maggie. "Go over

to the fountain an' get a bottle of milk—it won't cost you nothin'—we can have all we want Saturday nights, because it sours, do you see? Then come down where I was this noon."

Joe found her in the basement a few minutes later, when he went down carrying his own bottle of ice-cold, beaded milk, into whose deftly opened top the soda-fountain girl had stuck two straws.

"We ain't supposed to come down here," said Maggie, "but come in through here, an' I'll show you what I found out the other day."

Joe moved cautiously after her toward a large open window that was concealed in a dark corner on a shaft.

Maggie went through it like a rabbit, and he followed, into a small, cemented place, down at the foot of some twenty stories of rising shaft, laced, after the first floor, by the open balconies of fire escapes.

Opposite them there was another window, also open, and into this Maggie scrambled, without so much as a backward glance or word for him. Joe followed her. There was no witness—he and Maggie apparently unobserved and forgotten.

She had preceded him to a sort of room built by the walls of piled mattresses, mounting in stacks up almost to the roof of this neighboring basement. The girl seated herself comfortably, her small legs stretched out before her and the bottle of milk and cardboard box of supper she had been carrying arranged conveniently to hand.

"Isn't this grand?" she asked, with a long sigh of satisfaction.

Three walls were made of mattresses, rising high about them. The fourth was that space of brick punctured by the high area window.

Joe grinned an appreciative agreement.

"This is the basement of the Diggins Deepsweet Mattress Company; it backs on to the Mack," Maggie explained. "We're on 8th, they're on 9th—this is one of their storerooms. I found it last summer. If I should drop off to sleep for God's sake wake me up! I mean it, I'm not swearin', Joe. There's a lot of sandwiches and roben biscuits there that was in the bottom of a bucket. Stale bread is better for you, anyway. We oughter have a green vegetable, but you can't balance your diet on Saturdays—"

"How do you mean, balance your diet?" he asked in amazement.

"Don't you know about diet?" she demanded.

"Well, something," Joe admitted with his mouth full. "But I didn't know that you did."

**Third Installment**

"Oh, sure I do! I read it in a paper," she said, beginning on her own milk, and talking through, or around, the straws. "You have to eat iron and starch and—fosters," she said, somewhat uncertain of the last word.

"Iron and starch and—what?" he asked, fishing for the extraordinary word. But she would not be baited.

"All sorts of things," she said evasively. "These sandwiches are tuna fish and egg—they're always the ones that are left. We never get the chicken or ham ones, but we don't care, do we?" she ended a little anxiously.

"I don't," Joe said, ravenous.

"How'd you happen to find this place?" he asked, approving of it.

"I was after some ideels in our basement," she said. "An' I seen this winder. Ain't it nice in here?"

"You were after some what?" he interrupted.

"Some ideels. Some of them little—well, sorter prayers they have all colored up, on cards," Maggie explained. "Like 'No man is useless while he has a friend,' an' 'To earn a little, to spend a little,' an' 'There's so much good in the worst of us,'" she went on. But at such lightning speed that Joe could not make a beginning or an end to what she said. He burst out laughing.

"You laugh like you were much older than you are," said Maggie, struck with some sudden suspicion.

"I'm almost twenty," Joe said. "Why—how old did you think I was?"

"I thought you was a kid," Maggie said frankly. "That's," she ended

**Philanthropist Passes**



Nathan Straus, one of New York's greatest merchants, who devoted his life and his fortune to aiding mankind, died at 83.

**The Devil's Dream**  
(By W. E. James)

"Let's hope they ne'er  
Will get so rash  
That in tin cans  
They'll put up hash!"

"Well, it's come! A Chicago packing concern is now canning hash," says The Pathfinder, from whose columns we unearthed the bit of pleasantry heading this column.

Hash originated in the days when the price of board and rooms was so cheap that the landladies were hard put to serve a meal, the cost of which had to be held close to rock-bottom in order to produce a profit.

This method of conserving "left-overs" by making every discarded bite do its bit toward keeping the wolf away from the door, finally reached the household columns of the newspapers, there to be read and digested by a million or more thrifty housewives anxious to save every penny possible to aid their husbands to keep in good standing at the pool halls and domino parlors. Hence hash has become a universal dish, and is to be found on the tables of the rich and poor alike.

During all the years hash has been served we note but one improvement:

The hair in the hash,  
That you spy,  
Is shorter now  
Than in days gone by.

The Sonora Lions Club is to be commended for its unselfishness in presenting President Lowrey with a paid-up, non-transferable \$25.00 ticket to the Will Rogers show. All the club expects of President Lowrey is an exact interpretation of the show Will put on. A large number of Lions will be on hand next Monday to hear Mr. Lowrey.

If those seven tourists who spent seven hours in a mud hole on the highway between Sonora and Ozona were resident tax payers of Sutton county, probably they would lose no time in getting their names on a petition for a bond issue to build a good road over the mud holes.

Izzy Leaman, the biggest Lion in town, missed luncheon Monday for the first time since he became a member. There are a number of Lions here who have not missed a meeting since the organization began to function. On the other hand there are a few who have never attended a luncheon.

Two-Gun Ike says: "I've quit sticking my chewing gum just any old place since I got choked on the dust from a dirt-dobbers nest that I mistook for my trusty gum."

ed innocently, "that's why I sorter took an interest in you."

"How old are you?" Joe countered.

"Are yo thirteen?" "Thirteen!" she echoed, affronted. "I've been workin' four years. I'll be eighteen my next birthday. I was 17 last Valentine's Day!"

And suddenly both were embarrassed, and they stopped talking, in some confusion of spirit.

"But when I first went to work," Maggie resumed, "I was awful little. I opened a door an' checked umbrellas. You'd wonder they let me in at all Three dollars a week they paid me."

"Pretty tough!" Joe commented sympathetically.

"Oh, I've had my share!" she responded. "We ought to have something green with this," said Maggie again, extending toward him a fresh supply of the broken biscuits.

"Where'd you get all this diet stuff?" Joe asked, diverted.

"Oh," she flashed carelessly, "the evenin' papers has it, always, a health column."

"But you don't believe all you see in the papers!" Joe teased.

"I do some things," Maggie countered uncertainly, after a moment's thought.

"And do you do all the things the papers say to do?" Joe asked.

"I'm doin' one now," she answered, moving only her lips. "I'm relaxin'. Relax ten minutes after meals, if you're thin. Stand if you are fat. Exercise every mornin'—"

"We have twelve minutes," Joe said, glancing at his wrist. "And do you believe all the ideal cards, too?" he pursued.

"How do you mean?" she asked.

"Well, don't they all have rules for life on them?" Joe suggested.

"Lest we forget," and "I am the captain of my soul," and all that?"

"Was you readin' them today?" she asked surprised.

"No. But I know that kind of stuff!"

"Let us then be up an' doin'," Maggie was murmuring, as if she heard the words for the first time "Laug, an' the world laughs with you."

"Oh, gosh, it makes me sick at m ystomach!" Joe said faintly, between a laugh and a groan.

Maggie laughed, puzzled but sympathetic.

"It sorter doesn't mean anything," she conceded. "But the 'Si sezzes' are funny," she submitted doubtfully.

"The whats?"

"The 'Si sezzes'—we call them that," she elucidated. "They all begin, 'Si sez.'"

"Bunk!" Joe commented disgustedly.

She was staring at him, faintly suspicious.

"Joe," she began after a moment, "is this your first job?"

"What makes you think it isn't?" he parried.

"Becauz—becauz fellers of nineteen don't usually begin on what you're doin', stockroom work," said Maggie, "specially when they talk like you do."

"I worked on a farm awhile," Joe said. "And I traveled with a cir-

(Continued on page 6)

**Geo. W. Barrow**

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Bring this price list with you. Further reductions on some items may be featured—

**SATURDAY ONLY**

- 10-pounds potatoes 18c
- 2-pounds Raisin 14c
- Mother's Oats 29c
- 2-pkgs. Post Bran 23c
- 3 loaves Bread 20c
- 1-lb Baker Cocoanut 30c
- Qt. Wesson Oil 45c
- Pt. Mayonnaise 25c
- 2-lb. box Iodized Salt 8c

- 3-lbs. Maxwell House Coffee 1.05
- 4 small cans Tomatoes 24c
- Little Chief whole grain Corn 15c
- Del Monte Sockeye Salmon 25c
- 3 cans Campbell's Soup 24c
- 3 bars Palmolive Soap 20c
- 8-lb. Vegetable Shortening 85c
- Asparagus, 10 1-2 oz. can 19c
- 1-lb. Calumet Baking Powder 24c

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**My Best Girl—**

(Continued from page 5)

cus and worked in a bicycle shop," he added imaginatively.

Maggie was satisfied. She reverted to a more interesting topic.

"My mother says that all that newspaper stuff about budgets and systems and all that is the bunk," she offered. "My sister has to keep her hands white becauz she demonstrates a beauty cream, and my mother don't get round much. But my mother don't like Liz to use make-up—and she won't let me cut my hair—she says it ain't ladylike for girls to bob their hair."

"Father living?" Joe asked.

She hesitated.

"My father's a—a wonderful man. Yes, he's living."

"What's his profess—what's he do?" Joe asked.

"He—he's a travelin' man." Somehow she wanted Joe to admire Pop. "And my mothers fleshy," said Maggie delicately.

"Well, I'll tell you one thing," said Joe, as they began to gather

up the signs of their feast and pre-store, "I'll tell you one thing—I wouldn't like your sister."

"Oh, Joe, why not!"

"I don't know. I just know that. And here's another thing, that budget and system and efficiency talk is all true."

Maggie's beautiful blue eyes widened almost as if in pain.

"Oh, Joe, I don't believe it!" she said again.

He was cross.

"All right, don't believe it. But what do you think the newspapers print it for?"

"You mean so much for groceries and amusements and clothes and dentists?" she demanded, arresting him with a small clutching hand on his arm.

"Certainly!"

She seemed to droop.

"My mother'd never do it, though! She hates managing."

"Well, because your mother wouldn't do it, Maggie," he said unpleasantly, "doesn't make it less true, does it?"

"No," she said sadly, briefly.

And Joe suddenly felt ashamed of himself.

He gave her a steady hand as they scrambled back through the two windows, and over the bales and boxes in their own basement, just in time to hear the gong emit its sharp double ring. But once again in the roar and rush of the store upstairs, he noted tht she did not quite restore him to the familiar footing upon which he had been before.

At ten o'clock two old women, armed with pails and mops, made their appearance far at the back of the store, and purchasers began to take on a slightly apologetic note.

Then, suddenly gong struck, and a hundred saleswomen were jamming through the black back passage, past the enormous service elevator into the wet street. Joe, stooping toward a heap of rubbish that was advancing steadily ahead of a charwoman's wide broom, picked something up and cut through the crowd to follow the sodden little coated figure that was Maggie Johnson.

"Here," he said, handing her a bent card. "I just found this. It was thrown out. Since you believe every thing the newspapers tell you, how's this?"

"The way to begin livin' the ideal life is—to begin," she read slowly. And she looked up blankly. "Begin what?" she asked. "That's all there is. It don't finish it."

"It's all bunk," he said, trying to laugh.

"Well, I don't know, Joe!" she answered, with a flash of animation crossing her pale, dirty little face. "What you said tonight made me kinder wonder. I've been doing all these things about eatin', and exercise, and washin'," she said eagerly, "but I guess this thinkin' is just as important. I've been handlin' them ideels, and crawlin' over them, and hearin' about them for three years, an' today's the first time I ever relly looked at one! I guess you're tired, Joe," she added, concernedly, as they walked toward the corner together. "Next week won't be so hard. An' I guess it felt pretty good to get that pay envelope today, didn't it?" she asked encouragingly.

"Sure, it did," Joe answered briefly.

"Do you go up?" the girl asked. "I live on Goat Hill over there—my father waits for me at the corner, Saturday nights!"

"I live down the island," Joe said.

"The ideal life—oh, my!" he said, thinking of the hard job she had left, of the sort of home to which she was probably going. "You've got a fine chance to lead the ideal life, Maggie Johnson!" Joe said with a bitter laugh.

He turned abruptly and walked a deserted block westward, glancing behind him to be sure he had escaped the home-going tide from the Mack. And in the second block, he stopped short at a handsome roadster, parked before a row of unpretentious homes.

of that particular part of the world.

In between certain magnificent posts of stone and brick went Joe and his car, and to the side door of one of the most imposing of all the mansion there. An elderly butler, admitting without question the dirty and weary stock boy of the Mack, ventured so far as to lay an eager, welcoming hand on his arm.

"Mr. Joseph—sir! I'm glad to see you back safely, sir. What with—" he coughed delicately—"what with the little unpleasantness yesterday morning, sir, and your—your very emphatic remarks to me, sir, on the subject of your parents'—ahem!—attitude, and then your not returning last night or today, either for luncheon or dinner—"

"I'm all right, Allen, and you were a brick to be on the job to let me in, I'm late because I got a job."

"You mean you really are working, Mr. Joe?"

"I mean I really am."

"You're not going back to college, sir?"

"No on your life!"

"Why, but look here, sir," pleaded the older man, distressed, "your father never meant a word re said yesterday morning, nor your mother, either."

"Allen," Joe interrupted, slipping his arms into the dressing gown the man held ready behind him, "can you keep a secret?"

"Anything you told me in confidence, sir—" he began reluctantly.

"Well, then listen. I've got a job in the Mack Merrill Department Stores—the Eighth Street one."

"A job in the Mack Merrill Store, sir?" The butler was actually pale.

"In the office, sir?"

"In the office nothing! In the shop. artin'g wall papers and ink and cleaning the brushes and earrings around the place. I'm going to show my father that he can't stand me up in a corner and throw mud at me! He can't call me a thief and a liar—"

"Mr. Joseph, sir, he never called you that—I didn't hear that," the horrified old butler interrupted.

"Hear him! Everybody in the neighborhood heard him! No, sir, he doesn't get away with it," said Joe.

"Now, you run along, Allen, and keep mum, and tell 'em I'm all right and I'm home!"

The message was unobtrusively carried to a handsome middle-aged man, who was playing bridge with three other men in the library. It penetrated into a luxurious dressing room, where a beautiful and aristocratic woman was making up her face between a dinner dance and a late ball.

This woman merely raised her eyebrows at the news.

And in a little while she counted the flight of wild, palm-decorated stairs that lay between her suite and his, and appeared, expectantly, in his doorway.

(Continued next week)

John McClelland left Thursday for Fort Worth to re-enter Texas Christian University, which institution he attended until Christmas.

NOTICE OF SALE UNDER EXECUTION

State, of Texas,  
County of Sutton,  
In the District Court of Kimble County, Texas—

AUGUST SIMON, Plaintiff,  
vs  
S. L. SHROYER, Defendant

WHEREAS, by virtue of an execution issued out of the District Court of Kimble County, Texas, on a judgment rendered in said Court on the 8th day of September, A. D. 1925, in favor of the said August Simon and against the said S. L. Shroyer as is of record in Minute Book No. 3, page 427, of the Minutes of said court, I did, on the 5th day of January, A. D. 1931, at 10 o'clock A. M., levy upon the following described land sitaated in the County of Sutton and State of Texas, and, at the time of the rendition of said judgment, belong to the said S. L. Shroyer, as follows, to-wit:

"Abstract number 259, Survey number 67, Original Grantee G. W. T. & P. Ry. Co., containing 65.2 acres of land."

And on the 3rd day of February, A. D. 1931, it being the first Tuesday of said month, between the hours of ten (10) o'clock A. M. and four (4) o'clock P. M., on said day, at the courthouse door of Sutton County, I will offer for sale and sell at public auction, subject to a prior lien in favor of the Federal Land Bank, of record in the Deed of Trust Records of Sutton County, for cash, all the right, title and interest of the said S. L. Shroyer in and to said property.

Dated at Sonora, Texas, this 7th day of January, A. D. 1931.

B. W. HUTCHERSON,  
Sheriff of Sutton County,  
Texas. 133.

**Sonora Abstract Co.**  
J. D. LOWREY, Mgr.

EFFICIENT LAND TITLE SERVICE  
ON SUTTON COUNTY LAND

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FULL UPPER AND LOWER PLATES  
One of Best Sets Teeth—guarantee fit and material

**\$20.00**

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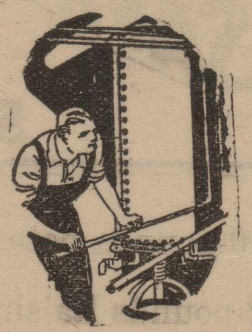
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Special for the week of February 2  
9x12 Congoleum

Silver Seal Rugs . . \$7.85  
Gold Seal Rugs . . . \$9.85

DELIVERED WITHOUT EXTRA COST

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Hardware Company  
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Vulcanize Your Tires and Tubes

\$1.50 up

Conscientious workmanship is the only kind we know anything about.

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Get the Maximum Benefits from your dairy and chicken feeds by using the best balanced feed—THAT IS THE

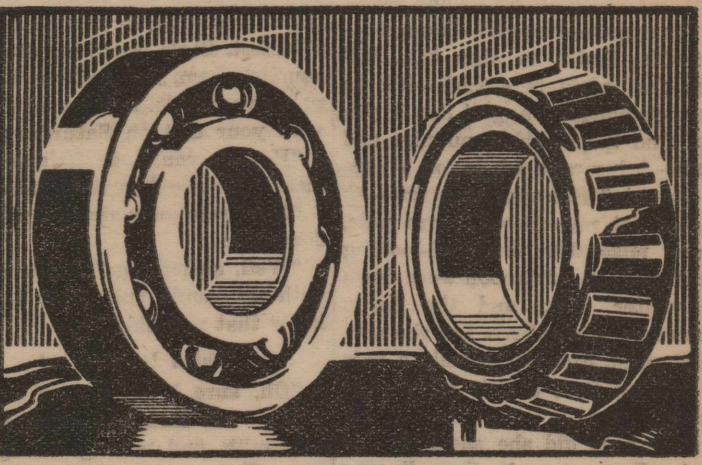
**K-B Brand**

Made of Texas Grown Grains—  
Properly Balanced!

K-B HORSE and MULE and BUCK feed will prove an economical and satisfactory solution for your feeding problems.

**HALL FEED AND GRAIN CO.**

**FORD SMOOTHNESS**



The new Ford has more than twenty ball and roller bearings

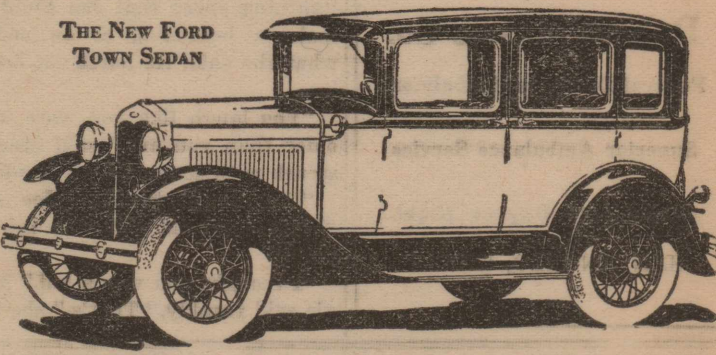
EVIDENCE of the high quality built into the new Ford is the extensive use of ball and roller bearings. There are more than twenty in all — an unusually large number. Each bearing is adequate in size and carefully selected for the work it has to do.

At some points in the Ford chassis you will find ball bearings. At others, roller bearings are used regardless of their higher cost. The deciding factor is the performance of the car.

The extensive use of ball and roller bearings in the new Ford insures smoother operation, saves gasoline, increases speed and power, gives quicker pick-up, decreases noise, and gives greater reliability and longer life to vital moving parts.


Other outstanding features that make the new Ford a value far above the price are the Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield, silent, fully enclosed four-wheel brakes, four Houdaille double-acting hydraulic shock absorbers, aluminum pistons, chrome silicon alloy valves, three-quarter floating rear axle, Rustless Steel, the extensive use of fine steel forgings, and unusual accuracy in manufacturing.

THE NEW FORD TOWN SEDAN



LOW PRICES OF FORD CARS  
**\$430 to \$630**

F. O. B. Detroit, plus freight and delivery. Bumpers and spare tire extra at small cost. You can purchase a Ford on economical terms through the Authorized Ford Finance Plans of the Universal Credit Company.





1-30-1931

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D. T. SPEED, Prop.  
**MILK—BUTTER—CREAM**  
Cleanliness is our Motto"

**We Invite..**

The people of Sonora and surrounding country to visit our market, and will appreciate your patronage. When in need of anything in—

**Fresh and Cured Meats**  
Give us a trial. We are ready at all times to serve you with a smile.

**Troy's Market**  
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**WOOD**

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**OAK OR CEDAR**  
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ANY QUANTITY  
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We are at your service all the time

Local and Long Distance Service

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Any kind—life, fire, automobile, plate glass, burglary, hail, rain, tornado, golf, accident and health, indemnity bonds, or any other kind of insurance written. WE HAVE IT!

FOR RANCH LOANS—

Unlimited funds to lend on ranches at 6 per cent—five to thirty-three years' time.

FOR AUDITING—

See us for complete auditing and income tax service.

WE APPRECIATE YOUR BUSINESS

CUT YOUR FEED BILL by feeding PRICKLY PEAR. Use a—

**CROWTHER PEAR BURNER**

We have been manufacturing pear burners for twenty years and know just what one should do. Our new burner is better than ever.

We carry a complete stock of repairs at all times and can put your old burner in working order.

**Crowther Supply Co.**

Auto-oiled Aermotor Windmills, Pipe Cylinders, Rods, Fencing, etc.  
San Angelo, Texas Phone 3630

**Nema and Sonora—**

(Continued from page 1)

majesty kindling and growing with the changing seasons, supports three exhaustless treasurers. In quality wool, a fixed monopoly; in graded mohair, proven supremacy; in livestock, the breeding supply of the southwest. Its two and a half million pounds of wool, made into staple, would put a suit of clothes on every unemployed person in the civilized world today; its mohair, made into fabric, would stretch a canopy over the State of Rhode Island; and its livestock, converted into packer's products, would feed for a whole season the standing army of Russia.

Since the hand of God reached out from the clouds and placed His blessing upon the head of Abel, the shepherd, with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob to the Cross of Calvary all the way, has been prospered and his fortune sustained in season and adversity, chargeable only with responsibility to the Over-Shepherd of all who sits upon the clouds and rides upon the storm, asking for himself no greater reward than the comfort of the Rod and the Staff and the pleasures of human hearts made pure.

What is the sum and total of the pursuit of this humble and honorable calling and how is it reflected in the life of the community? Out of this natural resource and ancient industry, of which I have just told you, comes a per capita wealth and minimum of crime second to none. That the sufficiency of substance and lack of jealousy and objection to it, should engage and foster good citizenship. Contentment and charity is as natural as the night follows the day.

Sociologists tell us the church is the best evidence of citizenship, the school the most certain guarantee, and that the influence of either is essential to the success of the other; that with study comes reverence, and with reverence comes knowledge. Go with me any Sabbath morning, in this town of two thousand people in a county of less than a thousand more, as the bells are summoning the congregations to five separate places of worship, and observe the banker and the cowhand, the doctor and the butcher, the capitalist and the baker, side by side without regard to worth or position, in this hour of reverence. Families as a whole supplement the counsel of the hearthstone with grace from the pew, and we wonder if the great American poet did not have in mind these people when he wrote:

"He goes on Sunday to the church,  
And sits among his boys;  
He hears his daughter's voice  
Singing in the village choir,  
And it makes his heart rejoice."

The present generation has guaranteed this character of citizenship to the next by investing more than a quarter of a million dollars in modern, up-to-date school equipment, far in excess of the present day need or requirement, and raised the scholastic standard to an accredited position in the state, prepaying to that extent the debt they owe their children and generations yet unborn.

With the character of citizenship just mentioned goes contentment without which, to sustain it to maturity, there would be a question of quality. As I go about my business and intercourse with friends, observing their not strained nor anxious faces, listening to their mirth and laughter, I know that they are happy; that they are in love with their neighbor and at peace with their fellowman. This scene vanishes and I catch a vision of children returning home from school and enforced discipline that

comes encounter with the training and development of their plastic minds, their arms about each other and hands in friendly grasp, sealing in childhood friendships that will bind them at maturity. I know, from the pleasantries and salutations they mutually express and exchange, that these affections began at home with their forbears as the model.

Without charity there would be no citizenship nor contentment of the character I have just described. When misfortune overtakes and adversity lays its heavy hand upon a burden already too heavy to bear, whether destitute wanderer or sectional calamity, the heart is always larger than the need and the purse longer than the inquiry. Nor is the need always supplication of worldly goods. If, through accident or design, intention is questioned, the heart that responded to calls for substance considers first its own shortcomings; confidence is lost, the hand that went into the purse goes to the weakening back; reputation is impaired, the voice that answered the appeal for bread is most pronounced in reputation's defense. Recompense comes in the pleasure and joy with which the issue has been met and the need supplied. With this universal heart there will be no Peter to deny nor Judas to betray.

Such is the story of these people and their country, the eldorado of which I have told you, its keepers resting in the shadow of their own vine and fig tree, apprehensive only of encroachment upon these primitive ideals of so-called modern civilization. Already a railroad has trespassed upon its quaintness and an oil company is gouging its bowels for something to make the rich richer and the poor poorer. Just how long this serene contentment can obtain only Providence can foretell, but for the present at least, locks are used only as ornaments; foreclosure means to fence a pasture; cold check is just another word for cough drop; and, Al Capone and stomach worm both mean the same thing.—Contributed.

"A Prince There Was" will be staged at the Sonora high school auditorium, Friday night, February 13. Half of the proceeds will be given to the Methodist ladies. Be there.—Adv.

**\$3,500 REFUSED FOR SUTTON COUNTY HORSE**

It has been reported here that \$3,500 were refused for "Black Jack," a 7-year-old horse raised by J. B. Holman. Not long ago Mr. Holman sold the horse to a Mr. Miller, polo man of San Antonio for a price of about one-sixth of the refused offer.

"Black Jack" was well known here among race horse men, and took first money in the saddle horse race during the rail celebration as well as other race purses. Cauthorn Bros. also raise polo horses and have sold several at fancy prices.

READ THE ADVERTISEMENTS!

**Spring Shoes--**

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED—

Our spring shoes. We now have a complete stock in footwear, priced for any need.

FOR THE INFANT—

Roman Sandals in black, white, biege and red.

FOR THE MISSES—

Many new One Straps and Pumps.

FOR WOMEN—

Many new styles in mat kid, satin, kid and patent leather; high and low heels.

FOR MEN AND BOYS—

Eight new styles in black, tan and beaver.

RED GOOSE SOUVENIRS FOR THE KIDDIES SATURDAY

**Leaman's**

**A PRINCE THERE WAS**

By GEO. M. COHAN

Presented by

**The 13 Dramatic Club**

SONORA, TEXAS

Under Auspices of The Methodist Missionary Society

**Friday, February 13**

HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM, AT 8 P. M.

A stirring comedy-drama with a moral running the entire length of the play. You will laugh and you will cry. This is Geo. M. Cohan at his very best in a play that ran for months in New York City.

**Admission 50c and 25c**

YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO MISS THIS SHOW!

Produced by special arrangement with Samuel French, New York

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COMPLETE EYEGLASS SERVICE

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**KING'S, PANGBURN'S and WHITMAN'S CANDIES**

For Mother—the wife—or the kiddies; you never make a mistake in giving candy on St. Valentine's Day. Here you will find deliciously tempting candies, at very reasonable prices—

**Corner Drug Store Inc**  
SERVICE PLUS Phone 41  
SONORA, TEXAS.

**Hamilton Joins Grocery Co-Ops**

**Red and White System Will Open in About Two Months Time, It Is Reported**

Vernon Hamilton, one of the owners of the Hamilton Grocery of this city, attended a meeting of the newly formed Red and White Grocery Corporation in San Angelo Tuesday night. Seventeen members joined the co-operative grocery corporation, and it is thought that at least fifty more will join at a later date. Mr. Hamilton was named on the advisory committee.

The meeting was for the purpose of explaining the working plans of the organization. It is not a chain organization, but merchants will be afforded a larger buying power, and can sell their wares cheaper.

**REV. C. E. W. SMITH BURIED IN CRYSTAL CITY**

Interment for Rev. C. E. W. Smith, Methodist pastor who had been in the ministry for the past sixty years, was made in Crystal City Wednesday. The aged minister left a wife and two daughters. Mrs. A. J. Smith of this city is a sister of deceased, and was present for the funeral.

Rev. Smith filled charges at Crockett, Mineola, Brownsville, California and Missouri. His writings for the Texas Christian Advocate and other religious papers were widely read. He had filled the Methodist pulpit here at several occasions and made numbers of friends in Sonora.

**D. T. YAWS, 47, DIED IN ALPINE SUDDENLY**

D. T. Yaws, 47, former Sutton county ranchman, dropped dead in Alpine Wednesday.

He leaves his widow, Alyce Yaws, and two sons, D. T. Jr. of Fort Stockton, and C. C. Yaws of Dallas. His mother of Ft. Stockton also survives.

Mr. Yaws spent his early life in this county and later ranched in Upton county. He has many friends who regret his departure.

READ THE ADVERTISEMENTS!

**Fur Buying Has Been Very Light**

**Evans and Roe Purchased Only About \$6,500 Worth of Furs This Season**

About one-fifth as much money was paid for furs this season as was paid two years ago, according to J. C. Roe, who is associated with Sid Evans in the fur buying business here. Two years ago Mr. Evans paid out more than \$30,000 in one season alone for furs. The low price and a light catch are responsible for the small amount paid for furs.

Two years ago a good coon hide brought an average price of about \$8, while \$3 was the price paid this season. Ringtails brought an average of \$1.10 and fox about \$1.75, Mr. Roe said.

Mr. Roe expects a better price next year, and will likely engage in buying furs then.

**KIRKLAND'S BUICK CAR RETURNED TO SONORA**

E. M. Kirkland's Buick sedan that was driven from the Kirkland ranch home during Christmas holidays was returned to Sonora Tuesday night by Sheriff B. W. Hutcherson who drove the car back from Oklahoma City where it was held by officers.

"Cotton" Hart and a man by the name of Wilson are alleged to have driven the car away from the Kirkland ranch. A peace officer, while attempting to arrest the pair, was killed. Hart escaped after the shooting and Wilson was arrested.

Plant your dollars at home and watch them grow!



THE MEN WHO GET ALONG BEST ARE THOSE WHO KNOW HOW TO TAKE HOLD OF ANY CONDITION WHETHER IT IS GOOD OR BAD, AND GET THE MOST OUT OF IT.

SAVED MONEY ALWAYS HELPS

**First National Bank**

**NEILL ATTENDS BANKERS MEET FREDERICKSBURG**

Jack Neill, assistant cashier of the First National Bank of Sonora, and Mrs. Neill were in Fredericksburg last Saturday where Mr. Neill appeared on the program of the Hill Country Bankers Association meeting. Mr. Neill's subject was "Country Bank Management."

John E. Owens, vice president of the Republic National Bank of

Dallas, Hon. James Shaw, commissioner of Banking and Insurance, C. L. Jacoby, Texas representative of the Chase National Bank of New York City, and D. F. Lehmborg, cashier of the Mason National Bank, all spoke at the meeting.

About 100 bankers and their wives attended a banquet given in the Nimitz Hotel. The next meeting of the Hill Country Bankers Association will be held in Mason in April.



**We're Making Good**

On our promise to deliver the best values at lowest cost in temptingly fresh groceries and meats. We got out the old paint pot again this week and marked the prices "lower yet" for—

**Friday and Saturday**

- Bananas, per dozen ..... 25c
- Pinto Beans, 20 pounds ..... \$1.00
- Spuds, 33 pounds for ..... \$1.00
- Prunes, 4-pound package ..... 40c
- Peaches, 2-lb. package Extra Fancy, dried ..... 26c
- Syrup, one-half Gallon ..... 38c
- Chewing Gum, 2 packages Baby Ruth ..... 5c
- Laundry Soap, per dozen bars ..... 40c
- Super Suds, per package ..... 9c
- Borax, per package ..... 4c
- Four boxes Macaroni ..... 25c
- Four boxes Vermicelli ..... 25c

COME TO SEE US

**Sonora Cash Grocery**

The Store That Lowered Grocery Prices in Sonora




**"That Goodyear is made to give you extra service, it is oversize and extra thick"**

If you regularly make long, hard trips over bad roads—if you've had considerable trouble with punctures, blow-outs or getting mired—

Come in and see the latest Goodyears for super-service and super-protection!

The new Heavy Duty All-Weather—and the famous Double Eagle—are the two greatest endurance tires ever built.

HERE TOO, "MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND"

**SONORA MOTOR COMPANY** SALES  SERVICE