

THE SANDERSON TIMES

Volume 18

Sanderson, Texas, Saturday, Feb. 28, 1925

No. 3

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WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY OBSERVED BY MASONS

Washington's birthday was fittingly observed here last Sunday with a special program rendered at the Presbyterian church under the auspices of the Sanderson Masonic Lodge. A special musical program was rendered as follows: Solo by D. L. Duke; Vocal duet by Mrs. Vance McLymont and Miss Iva Hord; Vocal quartet by Mrs. des Landes, J. C. Stansell, J. W. McKee and D. L. Duke.

Rev. J. A. McMillan of Alpine was the speaker for the evening and delivered an inspiring and influential address on "Keeping America First."

"Keeping America First."

The speaker took as his text the 2nd verse of Gen. 12, wherein is found the promise made to Abram as to the future greatness and influence of the Jewish nation. He stated that the quotation very fittingly applied to the position today occupied by the United States among the nations of the world. Mr. McMillan first reviewed the marvelous development and progress of the United States and the way in which this country has become a world blessing, laying special emphasis upon the fact that it was the spirit of Washington and his ideals that found expression in our national life and principles.

He stated that it was his ideals and God in principle that has made America great. And if America is to maintain her place of leadership, the speaker declared, she must ever remain loyal to the ideals of Washington. Mr. McMillan quoted from Washington's farewell address the emphatic declaration by that beloved leader to the effect that only as America recognized the claims of God upon her could she hope to realize her full measure of national greatness. The speaker closed with a stirring appeal to every loyal American to live and practice the principles of real Americanism in his everyday life.

DRYDEN NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. House made a business trip to Sanderson Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Geadin spent the week-end in Sanderson visiting friends and relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Parker and mother visited Mr. and Mrs. John Nichols Sunday.

Mrs. Hall is visiting Mrs. Ross on the Pecos this week.

Wilson Banner was in from the ranch Tuesday on business.

Mrs. Charlie Thomas is on the sick list this week.

Mrs. A. Birdwell was in from the ranch Tuesday.

Mrs. Ed Downie and children of Sanderson visited Mrs. P. R. Burns Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Roberts of Sanderson spent Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. Ray Parker.

A. D. Brown was in from the ranch Wednesday.

Kuzn Bill and Kuzn Klem have moved into their old home which they recently re-purchased from Charley Chandler, and the Chandlers have returned to their ranch near Sheffield. The two older children, Miss Ivy and Clarence, have gone to Abilene to attend school. A governess for the other children has been secured, and will take up her duties on the ranch. —Ozma Stockman.

LANGTRY EXPLOSION DEAD NOW EIGHT

Dynamite Hurls Hill of Rock on Quarry Workers

Seven men were killed outright and one fatally hurt, in the premature explosion of dynamite at the Southern Pacific Railway Company's quarry at Langtry, Texas, shortly after 2 p. m. Tuesday.

Of four men seriously injured one died in a special train, and none of the other three is expected to live. Four others, less seriously injured, are under treatment at Langtry.

The explosion of the one charge set off 400 pounds of black powder and 200 pounds of dynamite nearby, railway men said Tuesday.

Some of the victims were blown to bits. Others were hurled more than 200 feet. More were buried under huge masses of rock and debris, as the whole cliff face fell in. The mighty impact and roar of the explosion shook dwellings all over Langtry and was heard for miles.

More than a score of other men narrowly escaped death and injury.

The dead are: J. W. HARSHAW, 53, El Paso, division engineer of the El Paso division of the Southern Pacific; T. A. DORRIS, 38, Langtry, quarry foreman;

G. D. PUDDY, 61, El Paso, rock driller.

LUIS FLORES, Langtry, laborer.

SILVERIO R. ANGELO, Langtry, laborer.

ALFONSO ZAPATA, Langtry, laborer.

CATARIN F. RUIZ, Langtry, laborer.

ARNULFO CISNOR, Langtry, laborer.

Cisnor died in the train on the way to Del Rio.

The other three injured men whose condition is grave, are: D. St. John, El Paso, Texas; F. D. Vincent and Marino Luna of Langtry. They are in the hospital in Del Rio.

For several months the Southern Pacific has maintained a large crew of workmen at a rock crusher in a quarry at Langtry, 65 miles from Del Rio. Rocks were being blasted from the side of the mountain for re-balasting the road bed.

In some manner, Tuesday afternoon, while the holes drilled in the rock face were being prepared for firing, one of them went off prematurely. Practically the whole force of workmen were underneath the cliff face at the time of the blast. At the impact the black powder and extra store of dynamite nearby let go too.

Survivors who barely escaped with their lives were unable to explain the cause of the premature blast.

The bodies of Harshaw, Dorris and Puddy were taken to Del Rio along with the seriously injured. The bodies were horribly mangled, a few remnants only of those of Harshaw and Dorris remaining.

After the blast, some of the victims pinned down by debris were dug out, and a call for assistance was sent to Del Rio. The special train carrying doctors and nurses, left there at 3 o'clock and returned shortly before 6.

—San Antonio Express.

The bodies of J. W. Harshaw and G. D. Puddy passed through Sanderson Wednesday on west-bound passenger train No. 101, enroute to El Paso and the body of T. A. Dorris passed through on the early morning train Wednesday for Alpine.

HOWARD FIELD HAS BEEN COMPLETED

Carpenters have been busy the past several weeks working on Howard Field. Monday evening the last board was nailed on and the field is now enclosed around the entire park with an eight foot fence. Visitors from various cities having a ball park state that Sanderson has the biggest and best park in Southwest Texas. The distance from home plate to the left and right field is 300 feet and to the center field fence it is 350 feet, and the player that will bat a ball over the fence deserves credit of being a good player.

Plans are to be made on staging some rodeos this summer. The official opening of the park will be announced at a later date.

P. T. A. PROGRAM TO BE GIVEN MARCH 6

An interesting program has been prepared for the regular meeting of the Parent-Teacher Association, Friday, March 6. All members are urged to be present and visitors are welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Burns were up from Dryden Tuesday on business.

YOUR SUCCESS

Is a Matter of Considerable Interest to Us.
If You Don't Succeed

Neither Can We; So Then It Is a Matter of **Succeeding or Failing Together**

Both of Us Working Together Are Bound to Succeed. Let Us Get Together and Work Together

For Your Success

We've Helped Others—We Can Help You. Your Problem is Our Problem, Too. Come in and Let's Talk About It.

Sanderson State Bank

A Guaranty Fund Bank

FOODS TO PLEASE

Our customers may be certain that our stock of Groceries—staple and fancy—Fresh Fruits—Vegetables—are of the finest and that our price and service will please. We offer pure Foods at reasonable prices.

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We Have Everything That's Good to Eat

Canned Vegetables and

Fruits,

Jellies, Jams,

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We Are Headquarters for

Hardware, Oil, Paints

Stoves, Pipe Fittings,

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Studebaker Wagons

FURNITURE

We Have a Nice Line of

Chairs, Rockers, Tables,

Dressers, Beds,

Springs and

Mattresses.

LUMBER

Anything You Want in

Building Material, Sash

Doors, Cement, Lime

Brick, Roofing,

Fencing.

THE KERR MERC. COMPANY

SINNERS IN HEAVEN

PART FOUR
Broken Harmony

By CLIVE ARDEN

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Mrs. Stockley faced her sister, candle in hand, with an air of outraged dignity.
"Mary," she said, "your conversation tonight has shocked me inexpressibly! I insist on your never breathing a word of your suspicions—either to Hugh or Barbara. If she has any painful memories—she will confide in me. Of course, I did not know Captain Croft well, nor like him; but—poor child! Her sufferings may have been worse than I ever imagined. Good night!"
With unusual decision she opened the drawing room door, and went to bed. But she lay long awake thinking over her sister's remarks. One alone stood out clearly, gathering force with every minute: "Everybody is talking and wondering."
Everybody eagerly devoured all scraps of news; but the supply was scanty. After being brought to Singapore, the heroine remained there, ill, unable to be moved for a time. . . . A certain reticence surrounded this illness, prostration being given as the natural cause. No trace of a white man's body was found by the expedition sent, post-haste, to search the island. Only the charred remains of a hut, and a few dead natives, were discovered in the north. In the south, a small tribe of ferocious, armed savages offered a wildly hostile reception, making approach difficult, refusing any information other than a poisoned arrow. . . . Baboona had presumably recovered and wreaked his vengeance upon the body of his late antagonist.
When well enough, the girl had implored frantically, as one distraught, for facilities to return, herself, to search. This awakened a new interest, adding piquancy to the situation. But she spoke with unusual asperity. Two years of her sister's undiluted companionship had increased an inherent instinct toward contradiction, while developing a self-defensive alertness. Both were necessary in the radius of two sharp eyes ever quizzing through their lorgnette, two ears which seemingly reached all over the house, and a caustic tongue ready to reduce other people's foibles or few ideas to shreds. Such gifts were at the expense of common acquaintances as a different matter, of course.

"Ah!" Miss Davies returned to the promptings of conscience with renewed relish. "You are as blind as Hugh. Alice, I saw him this afternoon, quite excited over meeting her tomorrow. He wants to have the wedding after Christmas. . . . of course it was not my business to say anything!"
Whether this self-discipline could have been maintained had not other people been present, is open to question. . . .
"You don't understand Bob as well as Hugh and I do, you see," returned her sister complacently.
"No," she agreed, "but I understand Man!" Her lips closed with a snap, to give effect to the word of meaning in her words. "Don't you realize, Alice, that Barbara was attractive? And she has been flung, unchaperoned, for two years, into the society of a man who—well—had extremely loose ideas, and Bohemian ways—a man whose influence would be most questionable for any young girl."

Mrs. Stockley flushed. "Are you insinuating that Bob would be weak enough to allow him to influence her? After her careful upbringing, too? Why—looseness of any sort would be abhorrent to her! Her surroundings have always been strictly moral."
"I don't insinuate anything; but I wouldn't trust that man far, in such circumstances! We have yet to learn how he behaved."
"She did not allude to him in her letter."
"No. But—she did her utmost to get taken back to search for his body! Surely her chief desire should have been to hurry home to Hugh!"
Mrs. Stockley smiled impatiently. "You are making mountains from molehills, Mary! She did that purely from humanitarian motives; it was only right and natural. Hugh thought so. . . . He liked Captain Croft."
"Hugh is too trustful; that's why I am sorry for him. Frankly, Alice, I do not believe a man and woman could live in such isolation without coming to grief. I have seen too much of human nature."
"My dear Mary! What do you mean? You don't—"
Her sister held up a dignified hand to stop all interruption. "You must face it, Alice! Everybody is talking and wondering. Of course, it depends entirely upon the man. I don't imply that all men are beasts—as some women would who had seen as much of the world as I have. If he had a strong spiritual nature—a clergyman, perhaps. But that man!" She pursed her lips.

Mrs. Stockley gazed at her, her own face paling, her finger twitching the forgotten stole.
"Coming to grief?" she repeated, horrified. "Do you dare suggest my daughter would so disgrace her name and family as to allow— My dear Mary! It is preposterous! I would disown such a child. But Barbara! Why, I would trust her alone with any man, for forty years! She wouldn't dream of such things. Besides, Captain Croft was Mrs. Field's cousin, of good family himself."
Martha, the old servant, hustled in at this moment with bedroom candles. She plumped them down upon the table, and her old face beamed at an excuse for garrulity over Barbara's return. When, snubbed, she departed,

lights she had left there, to trim the little lamps of her Darbury home.
II
The boat train was late.
Little groups of people, wrapped in heavy coats and furs, stood about the platform at Charing Cross chatting together; or promenaded slowly, eying their fellows with furtive interest, or absorbed in their own reflections.
Hugh became convinced that both the station clock and his wrist-watch had stopped; yet the watch appeared to be ticking when, every few moments, he exclaimed it. He sighed, turned on his heel, and for the twentieth time started to walk the length of the platform and back. Impatience was a novelty, also the state of excitement in which he found himself; he hardly knew how to cope with such sensations.
Two years in his usual comfortable groove had changed Hugh very little. He managed his father's property, hunted, shot, played games, as of yore. If the tragic loss of Barbara had taken the keen edge from his enjoyment of life, making him a little older and graver, it had not destroyed his interests in the wholesome occupations which came his way. After the first shock had abated, he found himself a forlorn hero among his many friends, who took him to their hearts and filled his days so that brooding became impossible. Perhaps more than mere sympathy lurked within the minds of mothers with marriageable daughters; but that suspicion never penetrated his brain. The girl who was part of his very life had gone; to none other did he give a moment's thought.
And now this Twentieth century miracle had happened! After what seemed a dull dream he awoke just where he was, when, so to speak, he fell asleep. His feelings were absolutely unchanged, except, perhaps, that they were intensified by loss. The possibility of any alteration in their relationship never even occurred to him. As has been mentioned before, he was not blessed—or cursed—with imagination.
When he had nearly reached the barrier, a sudden tension became apparent everywhere; conversations ceased, heads all turned one way, a flutter of expectancy passed over the scattered groups. . . .
Hugh turned quickly. The huge engine, approaching, glided slowly alongside the platform, followed by the train which brought far travelers home again from distant lands. . . .
Within a few minutes all was bustle and hurry. The platform swarmed with excited passengers, harassed porters, barrows, luggage. . . .
He searched hither and thither for the figure he sought, anxiety slowly rising within him. As the crowd thinned, he took up his position just inside the barrier, where she was bound to come. Peering through the murky light, he hastily scanned each face that passed, without success. When at last but a few stragglers remained, he made his way further down the platform a dull feeling of disappointment adding to his anxiety.
Casually his glance traveled over a thin figure in a dark coat and hat, seated upon a bench, a kindly, gray-haired porter standing near, suitcase in hand. . . . As he passed by, a voice he had once thought never to hear again caused him to turn sharply, with a leap of the heart.
"I shall be better in a minute. . . . Thank you, porter. . . ."
"Bab!" With probably the quickest movement of his life, Hugh reached the seat and seized the girl's trembling hands in his own. . . . Then all other words of greeting faded upon his lips; he was conscious of a sense of shock, a nameless apprehension. The general features of the face quickly raised were those he knew; but that was all. This woman with the heavy, haunted-looking eyes, the strained set lips, the curious rigidity of expression, bore no resemblance to the sweet-faced, impulsive girl who had clung round his neck at parting, in the cabin of the airplane. He felt checked, curiously embarrassed, as if with a stranger. Still clasping her hands, he gazed at her silently, noting with alarm the ashen hue spreading even to her lips.
Several times she essayed to speak, and failed. The porter, scenting romance, discreetly moved a few steps away. . . . At last Hugh heard his name uttered, again and again, in a voice so charged with misery that his apprehensions deepened, and a sudden mistiness enveloped the surrounding scene. For she was clinging to his hands like one in deep torment who, for the first time since a storm of suffering, finds the anchor of an old friend. . . . And yet he received the impression of fear in her manner; she seemed loath to meet his gaze, unable to talk to him. . . . He was frankly puzzled; but an Englishman, with his horror of scenes, can be trusted to bridge over any threatening chasm.
Sending the porter for a taxi, he sat down by her side, still holding her hands, and took refuge in the prosaic.
"Come and have some tea—or brandy—or something, Bab," he suggested.
"There's just time."
She shook her head.
"But—you—dash it all! You don't look fit to travel. What is it, dear?"
"—I shall be all right," she breathed.
"—We had a bad crossing. I—couldn't sleep. That's all, Hugh."
He watched her with puckered brow.
"What made you leave the boat at Marseilles and come overland?"

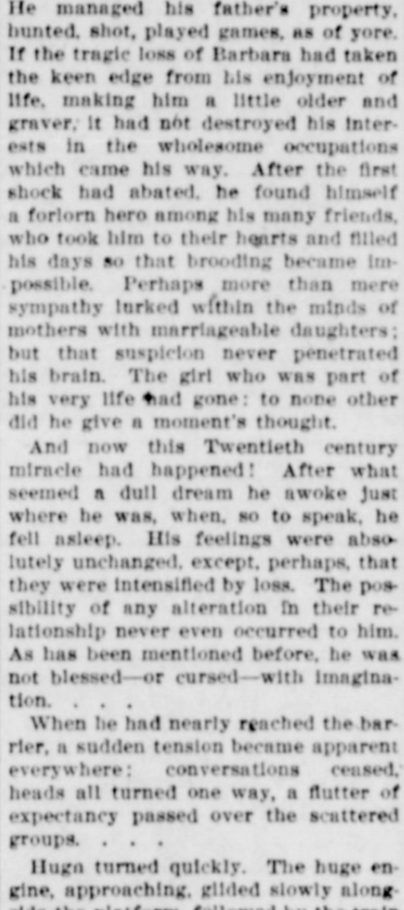
"I hated it!" she cried huskily, freeing her hands. "It was all—unbearable—day after day—the monotony, the people—oh! I hated it all!" Her eyes roved wildly over the platform, then she abruptly turned toward him. "I want Mrs. Field. Is she in London, or at Darbury?"
"Neither. She's in Russia."
The girl's hands twined convulsively together, and she said no more. It was a relief to both when the porter appeared to lead them to the waiting taxi. By this sudden act of traveling overland, she had successfully thwarted publicity. No curiosity was evinced in her arrival. She sank back in a corner, with throbbing head, bewildered by the noise around. It all seemed part of the nightmare which had been going on for so long, in which various parts of her anatomy moved, spoke, ate and slept, while she herself was numb or dead. The movements around appeared as unreal and detached as the life of a gay city to one lying, blind and pain-stricken, in a darkened room.
Hugh turned to put his arms about her, as they drove away—but again something intangible checked him; instead, he took her hand once more, almost shyly, and leaned toward her. "Bab," he asked diffidently, "won't you—aren't you going to kiss me? After all this time?"
She drew away quickly, sharply. For a moment she laid her hand upon the door, with the mad instinct to escape which some trapped animal might feel on its way to the zoo, its heart ever away in the wilds with its lost mate. . . . Then, drawing a long quivering breath, she leaned back and looked up at him. In the light from passing vehicles, she saw the hurt wonder on his face. . . .
All at once the cold rigidity encompassing her heart relaxed. With trembling lips, and eyes swimming in sudden tears, she laid her free hand on his. . . .
"Hughie!" she muttered brokenly, "you must bear with me. So much has happened. I have to tell you. . . . I—I'm not—I don't—" The words quavered away into silence. How was it possible, at this first moment of meeting, to blurt out the bald statements which would shatter his pathetic happiness and trust? She could not bear, yet, to allude to what had become a sacred memory full of poignant, exquisite pain. "I can't tell you everything—here," she continued. "Oh! I can't speak of it all—yet, Hugh! Don't ask me. It—it is so—unbearable!" Again her voice died away.
Hugh pressed the hands in his, and laid them against his cheek.
"Darling old girl! Has it been as bad as all that?"
He had, she knew, entirely misunderstood; but she made no comment. Explanations were impossible, just then. This meeting, fraught with such irony and tragedy, had bewildered her. Hugh's presence, with its present strangeness and old sense of familiarity, brought with it a sense of shock, reducing her preconceived ideas of it to chaos.
When they reached Waterloo, she nervously herself to put the question she scarcely dared to frame—that which was her only interest in life at present.
"Has any news reached England—yet—from De Borceau?"
Hugh looked grave and shook his head.
"Of—Croft, you mean? No. Poor fellow. . . . I suppose—I say—Bab—"
"Yes?"
"I suppose—I've sometimes wondered—was Croft quite—decent to you, all the time?"
A harsh caricature of a laugh jarred on his ears.
"Yes. Oh! Quite—decent!"
Hugh knitted his brow at her tone.
"You are sure? He—looked after you, I mean, and did all he could?"
"Oh, yes, yes! He—did all he possibly could."
"It was a beastly position for you both. Especially as you didn't like him."
"Here's the station!" she exclaimed, with a quick breath of relief. The taxi drew up at the pavement, and a porter opened the door. . . .
The train was rather full; but the presence of others in their carriage was a boon to Barbara. Hugh had sunk so far into the background that, in her recent anguish, the consideration of their position had held no place. Robbed with such cruel suddenness of both Alan and her future motherhood, there had been no room, in the bitterness of her heart, for thoughts of the empty years ahead. Every throbb of the engines bringing her away increased the passionate craving to return—to search every nook and corner of the island for remains of the man who meant more than life to her; then to lie down beside them and die, herself.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Impatience Was a Novelty.

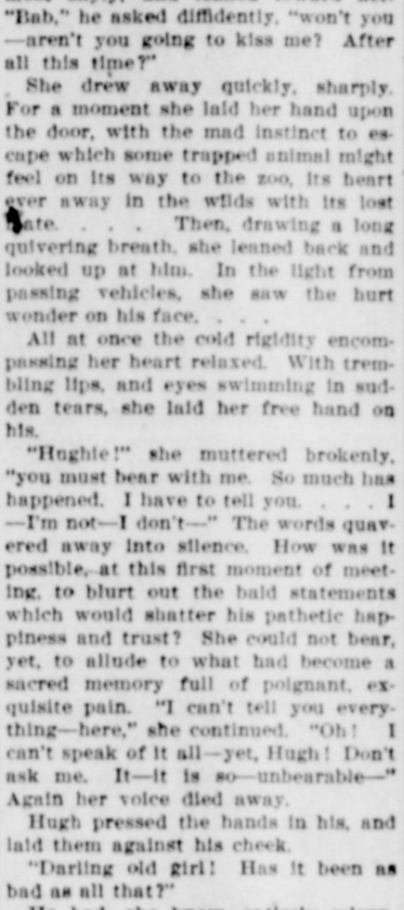
such quixotic madness could not be indulged by level-headed authorities. What could a girl accomplish where hosts of men had failed? No! The island had been thoroughly explored. The hostile faction of the natives was in possession; her return would be mere suicide, or worse. She was sent to England as soon as practicable.
But the De Borceau brothers, ever thirsting for adventure, understanding perhaps more of her sufferings and the true facts than they chose to publish, carried out to the end their oath to Croft. Only on the boat did they bid her farewell—then they returned to their charts and their sealpane. Nothing save death, so they vowed to her, in their exuberant French fashion, should deter them from learning final news of the man whose personality had won their generous admiration. . . .
The key to more intimate, romantic drama was not forthcoming. Speculation flourished. What would be likely to happen in such circumstances? Would propinquity bring love in its train? And, if so—This entailed endless discussion, heated arguments. What would be right, and what wrong? Which would need most courage: to resist or—There were women who thought the reverse. . . .
The fact of the girl being already engaged shed a further glamor of the dramatic over the adventure, making the uncertainty all the greater. Perhaps no problem had arisen after all. . . . But if it had? Did the two themselves have clear convictions on either side; and, above all, courage to be true to them?
This was the vital point all longed to know. The pair became invested with romance. . . . Women laid their heads together and wondered. . . . Dark surmises were murmured concerning that illness at Singapore. . . . Sentimental girls forgot their matinee or cinema idols and cut Croft's photograph out of newspapers, half-wishing they themselves had been wrecked with him. . . .
Meanwhile, through the darkness of winter nights and drabness of monotonous days, the ship plowed her way to England which bore one from the closed gates of an "earthly paradise," with agonized eyes still dazzled by the

"The first direct cable between Italy and America has just been laid. This photograph, just received from Anzio, shows workmen attaching the submarine cable to the Central Telegraph line of Italy which connects with Rome." **Cable From America to Italy Being Landed**



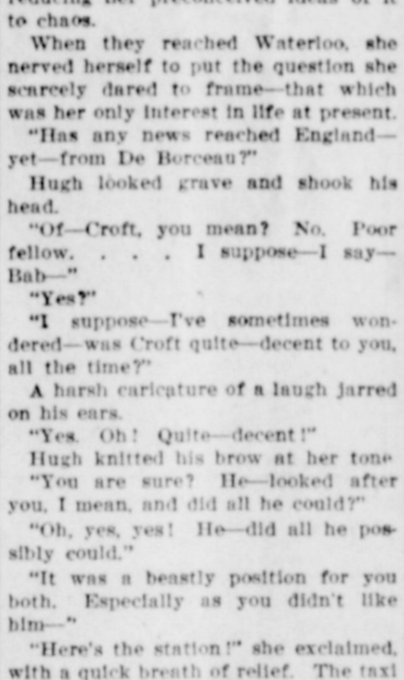
The first direct cable between Italy and America has just been laid. This photograph, just received from Anzio, shows workmen attaching the submarine cable to the Central Telegraph line of Italy which connects with Rome.

Texas Receives Statue of Cowboy
Scene on the state capitol grounds at Austin, Texas, as the cowboy statue by Madam Constance Whitney Warren of New York and Paris was presented to the state by Charles Cannon, vice president of the Chemical Bank of New York, in the name of Madam Warren and her father, George Henry Warren. The legislature adjourned so that members might attend the presentation.



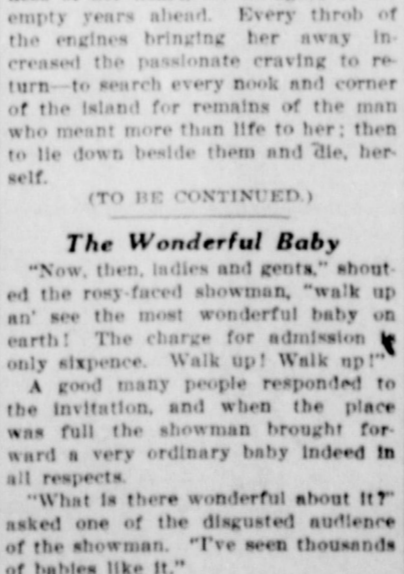
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AMHERST'S VETERAN



At a meeting in Chicago of the local Amherst college alumni, Josiah T. Reade, ninety-two years of age and a member of the 1852-56 class, was in attendance. Mr. Reade, the oldest living Amherst alumnus, is believed to be the oldest living college graduate in the country. He is now residing in Lombard, Ill., engaged in the furniture business.

ILLINOIS CORN KING



Dean Hobbit of Atlanta, Ill., the new "Corn King," who won the grand sweepstakes honors for his ten-ear exhibit of yellow corn at the annual Illinois Seed Corn show held at Urbana. His exhibit graded higher than any other, and was the finest displayed in many years.

Meet Them First at White House



These two gentlemen, Sergt. Ernest M. Seaman (left), and Sergt. C. L. Dalrymple of the White House police force, are the President's official greeters. These are the men who must first talk to each and every one of the 10,000 visitors who call at the White House executive offices each year. They have been guarding the offices of the President for nearly three decades and are the finest examples of diplomacy and courtesy.

May Be Made a Wilson Memorial



This is the mansion of the First Presbyterian church, Staunton, Va., in which Woodrow Wilson was born. The congregation of the church has authorized its officers to confer with trustees of Mary Baldwin college over an offer by the college to purchase this building, where the late President's parents lived when his father was pastor of the church, to make it a permanent memorial to him.

GIVES PEACE A CHANCE



George Gilligan, sheriff of Williamson county, Illinois, who has yielded to pressure from state and county officials and consented to leave the county and stay away indefinitely in order that peace may be restored in Herrin, the scene of recent riots and murderous gun fights.

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Suggs
© Walter Newspaper Union

She Coins Them as She Goes



OUR HALL OF FAME



WHAT'S THE USE

By L. F. Van Zelm
© Walter Newspaper Union

Guilty Conscience



The Real Estate Dealer now calls himself a Realtor to save Time, for he usually is stepping too fast making beautiful Residence Streets out of Cow Pastures to make any False Motions. Thanks to this Hustler, most of Our Townspeople own their Own Homes.

HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

DE OLE 'OMAN 'LOW SHE AIN' GWINE TAKE NO SASS OFFEN ME, BUT AH AIN' WORRY 'BOUT DAT EF SHE JES' STOP TAKIN' SO MUCH HIDE OFFEN ME!

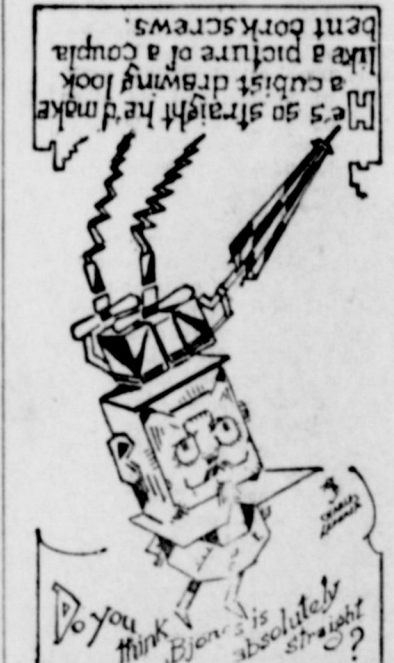


Ether Waves

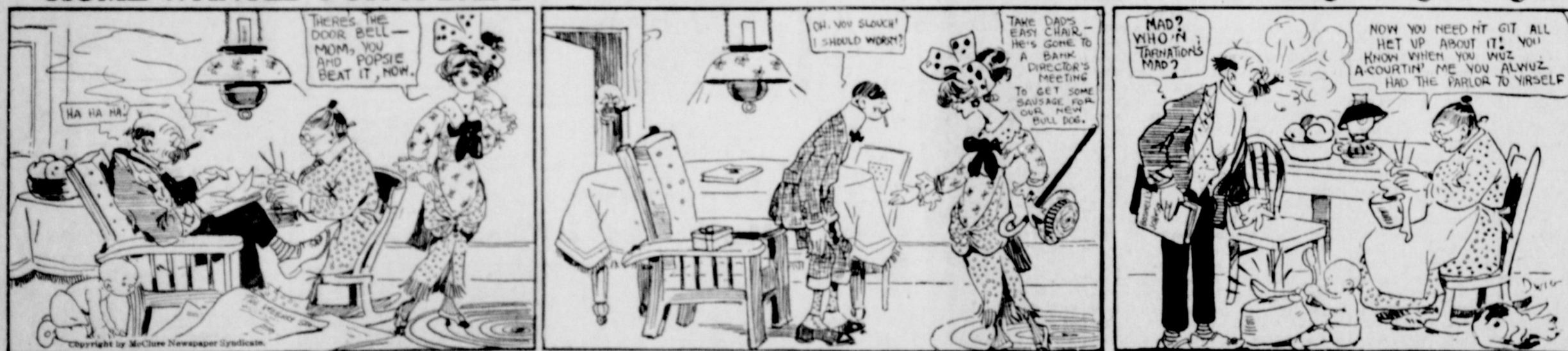
Events in the Lives of Little Men



TURN ME OVER



HOME WANTED FOR A BABY



THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

When I can't go to sleep till late And feel afraid to light the light I love to hear the brave bugs sing All through the great big hollow night



WHY SHE DANCED



The Clancy Kids

We Believe It!



By PERCY L. CROSBY
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