

# THE SANDERSON TIMES

Volume 19

Sanderson, Texas, Friday Dec. 3, 1926

No. 43

## W. E. STIRMAN

The Wood, Coal and Dairy Man

Cedar, Mesquit, Oak Wood and Dawson Coal

**Get Your Supply on Hand.  
Be Ready For the First Cold Spell**

Phone No. 2

Sanderson, Texas.

## LEMONS & HENSHAW, ABSTRACTORS

Terrell County Lands

de Sold Property Returned Lands Leased Taxes Paid  
Abstracts Examined and Titles Passed Upon By an Efficient and Reliable Attorney.  
Office with County Clerk, Sanderson, Texas

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## Old Ford Fordson

CARS-TRUCKS-TRACTORS

in the concern with which you deal—that is the thing to consider in your purchase of a new or used car and upon that basis you should naturally be a Fordson dealer.

Complete stock of FORD parts and accessories. Good year Tires and Tubes.

are expert workmen and we have the best shop in the city.

V. J. FERGUSON

Wear Clothes that Inspire the Question

\$40 - \$50 - \$60

## TAILORS

Complete Line of  
Dress at all times

you call and in-  
Prices. We give

all orders so as to  
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to give

ANTILE CO.

AND QUALITY  
Prompt delivery

THE TIMES

## LOCAL NEWS

Tom Williams and Ervin Grigsby attended the Texas A. & M. football game at Austin Thanksgiving day.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cochrane returned Monday from a several day visit with friends and relatives in Yoakum.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Fletcher spent several days this week in San Antonio visiting relatives.

C. F. Statory, who recently purchased part of the Block-Y land north of Dryden was a business visitor in the city last Saturday and while here he paid the Times office a pleasant call.

Mrs. J. W. McKee returned home the latter part of last week from a month's visit with relatives in Tulsa, Okla., Lubbock, and other north Texas points.

Mrs. Hays Cavender returned Tuesday from Dallas where she has been the past several weeks with her mother, Mrs. R. D. Eldridge, who has been very ill. Mrs. Cavender states that her mother is getting along very well and convalescing slowly.

Mr. and Mrs. Doc Turk returned Sunday from Uvalde where they spent Thanksgiving with Mrs. Turk's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mat Burney.

Mr. and Mrs. Will McCutcheon enroute to their ranch home near Peco City from San Marcos were Sanderson visitors Tuesday. Mrs. McCutcheon will be remembered as Miss Elizabeth Blevin, who was a former teacher in our high school.

Mrs. Shelly Barnes will leave Saturday for Cuero where she will visit relatives for several weeks.

Mrs. P. D. Lowry and son, Pat returned to their home in El Paso Sunday following several days visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Landers.

Mrs. Sue Douglas left the first of the week for Orange, Texas, where she will visit relatives for several weeks.

### Resolutions of Sympathy.

Whereas, the angel of death has visited the home of our commander, Kathryn Harrell, and taken from her her beloved husband, and

Whereas, we do mourn deeply the loss from the home of our commander, a devoted husband and the community has lost a most loyal citizen.

Therefore, be it resolved, that we, the members of Sanderson Review No. 72, Woman's Benefit Association, bow our heads in submission to the will of God, and extend to our bereaved commander, Kathryn Harrell, our most heartfelt sympathy and commend her to Him who knows and does all things well.

Be it further resolved, that these resolutions be spread upon the records of our Review, and a copy sent to our bereaved sister, and a copy published.

CECILE FLETCHER,  
ROSA PARSONS,  
ADDIE LEE BOLING,  
Committee.

### Resolutions of Respect.

Whereas, it has pleased God in His providence to take from our midst the beloved brother of our sisters, Sadie Nance and Ethel Harrell, and

Whereas, these sisters have lost a devoted brother.

Therefore, be it resolved, that we, the members of Sanderson Review No. 72, of the Woman's Benefit Association, do hereby tender to our bereaved sisters our sincere sympathy in their loss, and

Be it further resolved, that these resolutions be spread upon the records of our Review, a copy sent to our bereaved sisters, and a copy be published.

CECILE FLETCHER,  
ROSA PARSONS,  
ADDIE LEE BOLING,  
Committee.

## NEW CHURCH OF CHRIST BUILDING TO OPEN SUNDAY, DECEMBER 5

The new Church of Christ located on the corner of persimmon Street and Mansfield Avenue was rushed to completion this week. The building, which faces west, is 40 x 56 feet and is built on a lot 100 x 100 feet and is modern in every respect. There are four class rooms, and a baptistry, which is built in under the rostrum. The auditorium is equipped with the best of seats possible, being the regular auditorium chairs. The building is of re-inforced concrete with the outside of white stucco, and was erected at an approximate cost of \$6,000.

The opening services will be held Sunday morning, December 5, at 11 o'clock, with Bro. Walter Cook of Ozona preaching. Bro. Huffstodler of Abilene will lead the singing. These services will continue for ten days or longer. Evening services will begin at 7:30 o'clock.

The congregation of the Church of Christ are to be congratulated upon the erection of such a nice church building as it is indeed a credit to Sanderson.

Everybody is invited and welcomed to attend the opening and all the services.

The Ladies Auxiliary to the Presbyterian church met at the home of Mrs. M. A. Cavender with Mesdames Cavender and Wilkinson as hostesses for their social and business meeting on Monday, November 22. Delicious refreshments consisting of fruit salad, sandwiches, cake and tea were served. Bible study will be Monday, December 13 with Mrs. S. C. Bodkin.

### Tom's Comedians Here This Week

Sanderson has had with them this week, Tom's Comedians, who have been well entertaining the huge crowds that are at their tent theatre each night. It has been two years since we have had this high class, clean show with us. All of their plays have been of the best and of the highest nature. On Thursday night they played "Cheating Husbands," which is one of the latest plays out. The vaudeville between the acts are all new and nothing but the cleanest of fun.

S. C. Bodkin represented the local Masonic Lodge at their state convention which was held in Waco this week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Pierson spent several days in El Paso the past week.

Mrs. Flora Reeve left the last of the week for Munich, Michigan where she will make her home with her mother for an indefinite time.

Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Bledsoe left this week for Waco where Mr. Bledsoe has traded with a railroad operator. Their many friends here regret their leaving but wish them well in their new home.

A suit or an overcoat, or even a nice pair of trousers, makes a Christmas Gift that is really appreciated. Wonderful selection of styles and fabrics.

EMPIRE TAILORS.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Mansfield and son, Tally, were in the city Tuesday from the ranch shopping and visiting relatives.

Jim Nance, local representative of the Gasner Motor Co., dealers of the Buick, Dodge and Chevrolet automobiles has started advertising in the columns of the Times and his ad will be found in another part of this paper.

## DRYDEN NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bailey spent Thanksgiving with Mrs. Bailey's parents at Dryden.

Mrs. J. K. Reynolds and baby of Tesnus are visiting her mother Mrs. M. Miller.

Mrs. Grant W. Wheatson spent the Thanksgiving holidays with her relatives in San Antonio.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. House and children spent Thanksgiving in Dryden with friends.

Miss Martha Thomas spent the holidays in San Antonio.

Miss Elsie Chandler spent Thanksgiving in Langtry.

A dance was given at the Dryden school Thanksgiving night. Music was furnished by local talent. Among those in attendance were quite a number from Sanderson.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Latimer, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bailey and daughter and little Bill Leadwell enjoyed a trip to Myers Springs over the week end. During their stay they hunted quail.

Mrs. Elmo Taylor and children are visiting relatives in Comstock.

Mrs. Alfred White was in Dryden during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Duncan were in Dryden Saturday.

J. W. Harrison and family have moved to a ranch near Alpine. Formerly they resided on a ranch near Dryden.

—Advertise in The Times.

## BOOST!

You wouldn't give a thin dime for a knocker—he is unwelcome everywhere.

Be a booster—If you can't boost you can keep still—and if you can't do either, then you can move.

IT IS SAID: "The devil once lived in heaven till he began knocking his own home town"—and you know what happened.

We think this the best Town in the best County in the best State—if we didn't think so we would move—and we are going to continue to ASSIST in keeping it so—

LET'S WORK TOGETHER

You Can Depend on Us.

Sanderson State Bank

## City Barber Shop

You will always find

Clean Tonsoring, Keen Tools and Skilled Workman

Ladies Hair Bobbing A Specialty

Hot and Cold Baths

FRED YEATES, Prop.

## We Carry Everything Handled In A General Store

### DRY GOODS

The Season's New and Best Styles

DRESS GOODS,

MEN'S SUITS,

HATS, CAPS,

BOOTS AND SHOES.

### GROCERIES

We Have Everything That's Good to Eat

Canned Vegetables and

Fruits,

Jellies, Jams,

Teas and Coffee.

### HARDWARE

We Are Headquarters for

Hardware, Oil, Paints

Stoves, Pipe Fittings,

Wire, Nails,

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**

### Have Kidneys Examined By Your Doctor

Take Salts to Wash Kidneys if Back Pains You or Bladder Bothers

Finish your kidneys by drinking a quart of water each day, also take salts occasionally, says a noted authority, who tells us that too much rich food forms acids which almost paralyze the kidneys in their efforts to expel it from the blood. They become sluggish and weaken; then you may suffer with a dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back or sick headache, dizziness, your stomach sours, tongue is coated, and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine gets cloudy, full of sediment, the channels often get sore and irritated, obliging you to seek relief two or three times during the night.

To help neutralize these irritating acids, to help cleanse the kidneys and flush out the body's urinous waste, get four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy here; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days, and your kidneys may then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to help flush and stimulate sluggish kidneys; also to neutralize the acids in the system so they no longer irritate, thus often relieving bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink.

**Handiest thing in the house**  
**EASES SORE THROAT**  
Take a little "Vaseline" Jelly several times a day and at bedtime. Tasteless and odorless. Soothes and heals. Will not upset you.  
CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO.  
PETROLEUM JELLY  
**Vaseline**  
Forgotten Polish Colony  
A colony of Poles which had been lost sight of since 1873 was recently found by a Polish naturalist in the valley of the Doce river in Brazil. They had been completely isolated and spoke only Polish.

**Whooping Cough Relieved**  
This dread cough is one of the most dangerous of children's diseases. There is no cure for whooping cough, if usually runs its course, but a few drops of this well known physician's prescription will relieve the violent coughing spasms, and avoid vomiting. No dangerous "do-sing"—nothing to upset little stomachs. Glaxo also brings quick relief for coughs, colds, and croup.  
**DR. DRAKE'S GLESSCO GROUP REMEDY**

**HART'S SALINEARY ELIXIR**  
A Perfect Food and a Gentle Yet Forceful Tonic  
Has enjoyed the confidence of the medical profession for over 68 years.  
L. J. Hart & Co., Ltd., New Orleans

**EYES HURT?**  
Do you have the burning, itching, watering eyes, redness, and pain that come from the use of cheap eye drops?  
W. N. U. HOUSTON, NO. 48-1928

### FORMER PRINCESS DOES SCRUBBING

Likes Housework Better Than Life at Court.

Berlin.—Scrubbing floors as an avocation is infinitely preferable to sitting in the princely halls of Potsdam, says Princess Alexandra Victoria, the divorced wife of Prince August Wilhelm, the former kaiser's fourth son. The princess, who is now the wife of former Commander Ruemann of the Imperial navy, recently was found cleaning floors by a prominent Berlin lawyer who unexpectedly called upon her at her home in Munich. "No doubt you are surprised to see me doing housework," the princess said, with a smile, "but, believe me, I am a thousand times happier managing my own home and supporting myself than I ever was when breathing the muggy air at the Potsdam court."

Princess Alexandra, who is a princess of Schleswig-Holstein by birth and a niece of the late Empress Augusta Victoria, depends on her artistic skill for her livelihood, as her husband, who is a simple bourgeois, has no fortune, but merely his officer's pension. During a recent exhibit at a fashionable Berlin hotel her landscapes and portraits brought favorable comment from critics. The princess' Munich home is a snug, comfortable apartment, in which, as a typical German hausfrau, she does her own housework and cooking. Since her divorce in 1923 and her remarriage in 1922 the only cloud that has marred the happiness of this democratic princess, who is almost forty and is still famed for her beauty, is a longing for her only son, thirteen-year-old Prince Alexander.

The boy was awarded to Prince August Wilhelm by the court, in accordance with German custom, and is being raised with the third and fourth sons of the former crown prince at Potsdam.

### Find Sand Fly Carries Deadly Kala-azar Germs

London, England.—The cause of the spread of kala-azar, a highly fatal malarial, is being tracked down by a British commission organized for the study of this disease. It is indicated by extensive experiments that a species of sand fly carries the minute organism that is its immediate cause. An Indian representative of the bedbugs and a mosquito of the same family as the one that transmits malaria have been incriminated in the distribution of kala-azar in previous investigations. It is of the utmost importance, say medical authorities, that the ways of transmission of the fever be known without delay, so that steps can be taken to check it. It is a serious menace in both Assam and India, in the thickly settled sections where the population runs over 1,500 individuals to the square mile. The real frequency of the disease, according to the commission, is rarely apparent until centers for its treatment are opened in rural districts.

### Swiss Citizen's Sword His Passport at Polls

Glaris, Switzerland.—The family sword which he brings with him to the polls is proof a citizen of the cantons of Glaris, Oppensell, Unterwald and Lehmets is entitled to vote. Where the family sword has been lost, the voter appears with a bayonet. His vote is never challenged. On election days inhabitants of these cantons meet in the open air and discuss the event. Hearing the words their fathers, grandfathers or earlier ancestors used in defense of their country, the gathering resembles mobilization for war much more than a political meeting. A republic for more than a thousand years, Switzerland is a country of ancient traditions. The electors of these four cantons meeting to discuss a referendum on the sale of wines and beer do so with all the warlike setting of their forefathers.

### Helium Valuable

Washington.—Helium, which enables airplanes to go up safely, also helps divers to go down farther safely. Mixed with their oxygen it averts the "bends." The bureau of mines discovered this new utility of the rare gas.

### The CHRISTMAS PRAYER



IT WAS cold along the Seine that Christmas Eve. There was a thin rain, half snow, and a nasty, penetrating wind coming up from the river that sent chills trembling down one's back.

Little Juliette Caret blew her breath against her hands to warm them and pulled her ragged little coat more tightly about her. She was the sole support of a family of four—this little, shivering tot, who stood always before the door of Notre Dame selling holy cards and medals to people as they passed in or out of the church. Her mother was very ill and the three other children of the family—two younger than Juliette—were too little to do any kind of work. How she would have loved to bring home something very special for them this Christmas!

On her way to the church this evening she had stopped to look in at the window of a patisserie shop and her heart was taken with a great cake in the center—all white with dots of large red cherries around the sides. The price was ten francs. She took out her little worn purse and counted—two francs, five sous. Slowly she closed the purse and put it back in her pocket. The cake was out of the question. It would have to be a loaf of bread only.

All evening she had stood in front of the church, but had made almost nothing. Great numbers of people were coming to the midnight mass, but they all passed by little Juliette with only an annoyed "Non, non, non." A little later there was almost nobody coming. She could hear the organ playing. Mass had begun.

She would have hurried home but her feet were numb with the cold.



Slipped Quietly into a Seat of the Large Church.

Besides, she thought, she really ought to go in and say a little prayer for her mother. She opened the huge door of the cathedral, slipped quietly into a seat of the large church and prayed fervently for her mother and little sisters; prayed, too, that she might, somehow, be able to buy them a cake for Christmas!

The heat of the church after the intense cold outside made her drowsy. She went fast to sleep and her head fell heavily against the shoulder of a man sitting next to her.

The man was an American. He was at first annoyed when he saw the little towheaded child with his dirty cap against his coat-sleeve, but on second glance at the pathetic little figure he was overcome with genuine emotion. "Poor little devil," he thought, "wonder what's been your short history and what will it be in the future." He saw in her dirty little hands the strings of medals and the box of holy cards she had been trying to sell. He reached into his pocket, pulled out two crisp 1,000-franc notes, folded them carefully and placed them on top of the cards.

Almost everyone had left the church when Juliette came. Mass was over; all the candles on the altar had been extinguished, the lights of the church were being put out. Juliette rubbed her eyes drowsily and with a start counted her medals to see that no one had taken any while she slept. They were all quite safe. She next turned to her box of cards and her eyes became two large moons. Two thousand francs, two thousand francs! She couldn't believe it. It was a miracle! Hadn't she prayed for money to buy her people a Christmas gift? She knelt down again, said a fervent prayer in thanksgiving; then gathered all her things together and ran quickly from the church—past the confessor's shop. It was closed, of course, but the white cake was still in the window. Tomorrow morning she would go there early and buy it—buy every good thing in the shop. And still there would be enough left to buy them all clothes in the after-Christmas sales. She leaped joyously in the air. She did not feel the cold now.

"Merry Christmas," she called to an old lady who passed her. "Merry Christmas to the whole world!"

(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

### Polas Careful Christmas Eve

The Poles have many superstitions in connection with Christmas. They believe that what they do on Christmas Eve they will do all the year around, and therefore they conduct themselves with that prospect in view.

### On the Funny Side



### HOW HE CURED HER

"I never see Brown's wife in knicker any more, and my wife says she never meets her in the barber shop these days, either. What's happened?" "She's reverted to the feminine type. Brown is pretty bull-headed and he told her if she was going to be a man she was going to change the tires, earn the money for the gas and look after the furnace in winter."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### Obedient Orders

"Just think, Bill, if your absent wife knew you spent the evening playing poker!" "That's all right. Her very last words before going were, 'Don't forget to feed the kitty!'"

### OTHERS AHEAD



Bride (sobbing)—Look how it's raining on my wedding day!  
Bridesmaid—Don't cry, dear—next time it will probably be bright as next clear.

### Gets It Quicker

"Sometimes things come to those who wait. But here is something sicker—The one who goes for what he wants Gets it a blamed sight quicker."

### He Put It Aside

Allice—What happened when your father told your fiancé he ought to put something aside for a rainy day?  
Annie—A little later dad missed his raincoat.

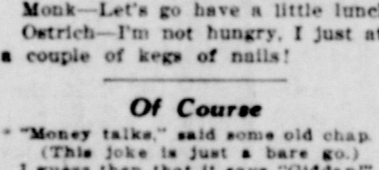
### Fore-Armed

Jack—So Ruth is going to marry him, eh? You know he's a tough egg.  
Jean—Don't worry. She knows how to use an egg beater.

### Motion Carried

Senator's Wife—What is your pleasure in regard to the dinner, my dear?  
Senator (just returned from session)—I move that it be laid on the table.

### AN OSTRICH'S APPETITE



Monkey—Let's go have a little lunch.  
Ostrich—I'm not hungry, I just ate a couple of kegs of nails!

### Of Course

"Money talks," said some old chap. (This joke is just a bare go.) I guess then that it says "Giddap!" When money makes the mare go.

### Bawled Him Out

"I was down to the butcher's today."  
"What did he have to say?"  
"He gave me an awful roast."

### The Wrong Spot

Asker—What happened to that valet of yours?  
Teller—I fired him for removing a spot from one of my suits.  
Asker—But isn't he supposed to do that?  
Teller—Yes, but this was a 10-spot.—Pathfinder.

### Wife Is Back

"The house looks suspiciously neat."  
"Yes, my dear. I did all my poker playing at the office."

### A Business Head

"Is your son growing up mit a good business head?"  
"A good business head? My dot boy could buy every stitch of clothes a customer had got an' den sell him a suitcase."

### At the Resort

He—Didn't I meet you here two summers ago?  
She—Why—er—I think so. Your face feels familiar.—Boston Transcript.

### DAIRY

### SOME GRAIN IS NEEDED BY COW

Though rich in food elements, alfalfa hay must be supplemented with grain mixture if the dairy herd is to be kept in good condition and at the same time produce a large amount of milk. This is the conclusion drawn by the dairy department of the New Jersey State College of Agriculture, New Brunswick, from experiments and farm experiences in New Jersey and elsewhere.

In one instance, a dairyman of this state claimed repeatedly that he could secure just as high a production from a ration of good alfalfa hay and first-class corn silage as from one containing also a liberal amount of grain concentrates. Investigation showed, however, that he was giving the cows large amounts of very choice alfalfa hay and was not forcing them to eat it up clean, but allowing them to pick out only the leaves and tender parts. The left-over stems were fed to horses. This dairyman failed to appreciate that the cows were not eating alfalfa hay, but chiefly alfalfa leaves, which contain nearly as much crude protein as gluten feed, and not much more fiber than oats.

All the concentrates in a ration were replaced by alfalfa hay in a trial at the New Jersey experiment station. A ration consisting of 17.5 pounds of alfalfa hay and 35 pounds of corn silage was compared with a ration containing 9 pounds of concentrates rich in protein, fed with corn silage and corn stover. This latter ration was far from ideal, for it contained no legume hay. It produced, however, over 20 per cent more milk and butterfat than the alfalfa hay and silage ration.

In a six-year test at the Illinois experiment station it was found that cows fed some grain in addition to silage and alfalfa hay stayed in better condition than those fed silage and alfalfa hay alone.

### Give Plenty of Feed to Increase Yield of Milk

There is a tendency to decrease the amount of feed fed as the costs mount. The proper thing to do is to select cows with sufficient capacity to become profitable and then increase the amount of feed.

Experience has shown that it is not the highly concentrated rations that make for the greatest production. It is the fresh, partially diluted, soft, palatable feeds, with a low crude fiber content—such as grass—that give the best results.

A mixture of different kinds of hay is important, especially with a high-producing cow, in order that all the nutrients may be provided. Hay should be cut before feeding and the different varieties mixed. Grain is combined with this and plant minerals added. If properly mixed, this feed receives the same treatment in the paunch as hay. This aids digestion and lightens the process of mastication.

### Growing Various Crops to Provide Dairy Feeds

The following amount of home-grown feed should be provided for each cow for a period of one year:

- 3 tons silage if as many as 10 head of cows are kept.
- 1 ton good legume hay—alfalfa, red clover, soy bean, cow pea, etc. If no silage is provided, 2 tons legume hay should be grown for each cow.
- 15 bushels corn.
- 18 bushels oats.

Plenty of good pasture from frost to frost. If the above amount of feed is grown on the farm for each cow it will be necessary to buy only about five bags cottonseed meal and three bags wheat bran in order to have ration filling the requirements outlined above.

### Addition of Dried Yeast to Normal Calf Ration

In tests at the Minnesota experiment station in which 47 calves were fed, C. H. Eckles, V. M. Williams, J. W. Wilbur, L. S. Palmer and H. M. Harshaw found that the addition of dried yeast to normal rations, including whole or skim milk, grain and hay, did not increase the rates of gain from two weeks to 180 days of age. "In several experiments with rats, from 15 to 20 per cent of yeast in the ration was required for the production of normal growth. Increasing this amount did not have an additional stimulating effect. A calf ration was fed to rats, with and without yeast, with unsatisfactory results in both cases, due probably to an excess of bulk."

### Box Stall for Bull

A box stall is the best place to house a herd sire, although he should be allowed more exercise than he will get by just tramping around in a small stall. Turn him out into a small paddock each day or give him the freedom of a barn lot to roam around and exercise. The ordinary ration of hay, silage and a small amount of grain is suitable for him. Silage will have no ill effects upon his potency, although he should not be made to subsist upon silage altogether.

### MANY REGIMENTS HAVE THEIR SONGS

Music Helpful in Keeping Up Morale.

Washington.—The American soldier is a singing warrior. On the march, in the barracks or camp, or even going into action, he raises his voice in "house-harmony" with his comrades in the rendition of popular airs according to the United States Army Recruiting News. Music is an important factor in keeping up the morale of a combatant organization. Regular song leaders are used in training camps and soldiers are encouraged to lend their voices to mass singing.

### Have Own Songs

Many regiments in the present-day army have songs and ballads peculiarly their own, airs which are known as that particular organization's very own. Some of these songs have been written especially or adapted by the regimental band for state occasions. Three regiments have distinctive ballads set to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Semper Parvula," and "Annie Laurie." One regiment, the Forty-second infantry, made up of enlisted men from Porto Rico, has for its march "Ecos de Borinquen," whose name indicates its origin, Borinquen being the old Indian name for Porto Rico.

Two organizations, the Thirty-fourth infantry and the Eleventh infantry, use a march called "Le Regiment de Sambre et Meuse," in commemoration of their having fought along those streams in the World war. One regiment, the Forty-fifth infantry, stationed in the Philippines, has adopted a march of Spanish origin called "Alerta Voluntarios." Another regiment uses the tune of the French "National Devotee March."

Among the many regimental marches several deserve special mention. The Seventh infantry, for instance, which has adopted "The Girl I Left Behind Me," first heard this tune played by British bands during the battle of New Orleans in 1815. When the band of the Seventh (then a fife and drum corps) caught the air, they played it also, and the tune was at once recognized as the regimental march of the Seventh infantry. The Seventh was the only regular army regiment in that battle, which was fought after the Treaty of Ghent had been signed. The words were given to the regiment by an Irish officer captured during the engagement.

### Legend of "Garry Owen"

"Garry Owen," the stirring regimental march of the Seventh United States cavalry, has a historic legend connected with its inception. In 1868 the troopers of the Seventh were engaged with hostile Cheyennes at Washita, in what is now the state of Wyoming. Attack was to be made at dawn on Chief Black Kettle's Cheyenne Indian village and a special signal for the concerted rush of the cavalry was necessary. "Garry Owen" was played for the first time upon that occasion and the blood-stirring air of that march carried the cavalrmen into the ensuing action against the savage redskins. An interesting historical episode in connection with this march is that it is known to have been General Custer's favorite song and tune. At 5 a. m. on May 17, 1876, during the final parade and review of the Seventh cavalry at Fort Lincoln, the regimental band played this air. This was the march by which General Terry left the fort with the regiment on the expedition to the Little Big Horn which was to end in Custer's massacre. One other regimental march worth calling attention to is that of the Ninth infantry. The march is called "The Old Ninth Infantry." The music to this song came from the old light opera, "Sergeant Kitty," but the composer of the words is unknown. It is believed to have been first sung at a minstrel show given by the Ninth early in March, 1907.

Of late a custom has been introduced at the United States Military academy at West Point. The cadet band plays various regimental marches at the parades which the cadet corps participates in each evening during clement weather and also at the band concerts on Sundays and holidays. The purpose of this custom is primarily to bring the future commissioned officers of the army into closer touch with the airs of the regiments to which they will be assigned later.

### One Cameroon Man Has 98 Wives and 460 None

London.—One man in Ball of the British Cameroons, West Africa, has 98 wives, while on the other hand there are 460 men in the town who have no wives at all.

Another man has 27 wives, while there are seven warriors with 10 mates each, and 350 with but two spouses.

Some of the tribes, says a government report, keep up slavery, witchcraft and trial by ordeal, and generally live in the most primitive conditions. The men in some tribes wear little clothing, and the women none, and it is the women who do all the work.

### Welcomed With Movies

New York.—Incoming immigrants are now being welcomed with a flourish showing the rise of a poor boy, whose handicaps in early life were at least as great as theirs—Abraham Lincoln, Will Hays and Secretary James J. Davis helped inaugurate a new Americanization plan.

### What Is a Diuretic?

People Are Learning the Value of Occasional Use.

EVERYONE knows that a laxative stimulates the bowels. A diuretic performs a similar function to the kidneys. Under the strain of our modern life, our organs are apt to become sluggish and require assistance. More and more people are learning to use Doan's Pills, occasionally, to insure good circulation of blood, which is so essential to good health. More than 50,000 grateful users have given Doan's signed recommendations. Scarcely a community but has its representation. Ask your neighbor!

### DOAN'S PILLS 60c

Stimulant Diuretic to the Kidneys

Powerful Milburn Co., Mfg. Chemists, Buffalo, N. Y.

### STUBBORN SORES and Inflammations quickly yield to

### Resinol

No Place to Go "Why don't you get married?" "Because we can't get any house or flat." "But can't you live with your parents-in-law?" "No, because they're still living with their parents-in-law."—News Letter, Belfast.

### Freshen a Heavy Skin

With the antiseptic, fascinating Cuticura Talcum Powder, an exquisitely scented, economical face, skin, baby and dusting powder and perfume. Renders other perfumes superfluous. One of the Cuticura Toilet Trio (Soap, Ointment, Talcum).—Advertisement.

Only small minds seek revenge.

### Mothers, Do This—

When the children cough, rub Musterole on their throats and chests. No telling how soon the symptoms may develop into croup, or worse. And then when you're glad you have a jar of Musterole at hand to give prompt relief. As first aid, Musterole is excellent. Keep a jar ready for instant use. It is the remedy for adults, too. Relieves sore throat, bronchitis, tonsillitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuritis, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, chilblains, frost-bite and colds of the chest (it may prevent pneumonia).

To Mothers: Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and smaller children. Ask for Children's Musterole.



Better than a mustard plaster

### Canoes by Airplane

So many gold seekers are going into the remote parts of northern Ontario that one of the airways companies is to provide airplanes that will

### DEMAND "BAYER" ASPIRIN

Aspirin Marked With "Bayer Cross" Has Been Proved Safe by Millions.

Warning! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 23 years. Say "Bayer" when you buy Aspirin. Imitations may prove dangerous.—Adv.

### Sure Relief



### BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION

One Draught He—Darling, what is your father's chief objection to me? She—Your idea of wanting to marry me.

One 50-cent bottle of Dr. Perry's "Dead Shot" will save money, time, anxiety and health. It cures indigestion, worms or tapeworm. 372 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

### smokers

Esses irritated throats, relieve coughs and sweeten the breath with Luden's.

### LUDEN'S

50 cents

Youth Rides West by Will Irwin

CHAPTER XIII—Continued

"Then I came seventeen, and was going to finish next year—music and needlework and Latin and French and riding and dancing and department, and nothing whatever about life. I hadn't even read a novel, except surreptitiously. I wasn't a little girl any longer, of course. I had become a woman. That's the period, I suppose, when every girl ought to be locked up for a while. Probably the French are right. And of course with me—the one thing I never had was love.

right way. I'd prove that. He had never grown up, on one side of his head and never would. He didn't see right and wrong clearly—just as a little boy doesn't. I won't pretend to you, Robert, that I didn't have moments when I was tempted to leave him. But I knew that if I did I could never be happy. I should always be thinking of him out in the world, with no one to take care of—of his soul. That's what it comes down to, Robert. Saving his soul. At bottom, you know, I'm religious.

will fall, because I think you are trying something which cannot succeed. And then I will come to you again. For I shall never love anyone else. He may have you, but you are always mine.

CHAPTER XIV My decision to stay at Cottonwood and face it all down proved ridiculously more easy than I thought when I matched nobilities with Constance. Disgrace is a coward; it retreats before a bold front. The indifferent world in the end always takes toward it the attitude that you take yourself.

Denver, leaving me coked up on the dizzy eminence of the editorial chair. There followed a period of hard work and trying but interesting responsibility. Marcus intended to be gone only a week; but the big snow came, blocking the passes. It was ten days, in fact, before he appeared at the office without the grace of warning by telegraph, walked in upon me, the icicles hanging from his mustache.

THE MAN SHE DID NOT MARRY

By H. M. EGBERT

MARIE RENFREW had thought she was a boy until she was nine years old. Then she learned the truth about her father's obsession.

And she, vaguely disturbed, allowed herself the happiness of his company without understanding what it portended.



Constance Dropped Her Eyes to Her Clasped Hands.

Proper Ventilation Vital for Kitchen

Ventilating the home is receiving an increasing amount of consideration in connection with renewing the vitiated air in the kitchen, and in some instances, the entire house.

A Society Wedding

John, the negro sexton of a smart church in a small town, had a great party for the Christmas Eve service and after much study learned the pledge.

Paper Storage

The Technical Association of the Pulp and Paper Industry says that it is its opinion that paper in bulk can be stored any length of time without danger of spontaneous combustion.

Not All Slogans Have Passed Into History

Few things can be more seemingly haphazard than the vicissitudes of fortune which have befallen phrases and sentences, equally striking and equally arresting in themselves, writes the editor of Oxford and Asquith in McCall's Magazine.



### Gorgeous Tints from Real Dye!

When home tinting doesn't bring the soft shades it's because you haven't used a true dye. Don't expect pale tones from crude coloring matter.

A bit of Diamond dye puts that glint you want in pretty underwear, sheer stockings, etc. Light as you like, but true tone—soft—smooth—there's all the difference in the world. Just hold them to the light! Why not Diamond dye all your garments? It isn't hard, new colors right over the old.

**FREE:** the druggists will give you a Diamond Dye Cyclopedic; suggestions for dyeing and tinting; simple directions. Actual piece-goods color samples. Or, write for illustrated book Color Craft, postpaid from DIAMOND DYES, Dept. N15, Burlington, Vermont.

### Diamond Dyes

Make it NEW for 15 cts!

**\$4,000 IN PRIZES**  
**1,055 PRIZES IN ALL**

Enter the great Liquid Veneer Contest. All you have to do is write us in less than 150 words what you consider the outstanding characteristics of Liquid Veneer, or tell us of an unusual use for Liquid Veneer.

You may win the first prize of \$100 or one of the 1,054 other prizes. Three prominent business men will act as judges. Contest closes December 31st, 1924. But don't delay. Get necessary entry blank and full particulars from your dealer. If he can't supply you, write us. Don't miss this big opportunity.

Liquid Veneer is sold by hardware, furniture, drug, paint, grocery and general stores.

**BUFFALO SPECIALTY COMPANY**  
19 Liquid Veneer Bldg.  
Buffalo, N. Y.

### Liquid Veneer

### Ride the Interurban

FROM  
Houston to Galveston

Every Hour on the Hour  
Express Service—Non-Stop Trains  
9:00 a. m. and 3:00 p. m.

### PATENTS

obtained and trademarks and copyrights registered.

**HARDWAY & CATHEY**  
Bankers Mortgage Bldg., Houston, Tex.

### They "Grewed Up"

An East side resident took her four-year-old daughter to call on a neighbor who had just been blessed with her eighth child.

After the baby was brought out and properly admired, the little four-year-old exclaimed: "But mamma, where are all the rest of the little babies? I heard you told daddy she had four boys and four girls."—Indianapolis News.

### "DANDELION BUTTER COLOR"

A harmless vegetable butter color used by millions for 50 years. Drug stores and general stores sell bottles of "Dandelion" for 35 cents.—Adv.

Our idea of a modest man is one who can keep his opinions of himself to himself.

### Colds

Broken in a day

Fever and headache disappear. Grippe is conquered in 3 days. Every winter it saves millions of dollars and discomfort. Don't take chances. Don't delay an hour. Get the best help science knows.

Be Sure It's **HILL'S** Price 30c  
**CASCARA QUININE**  
Get Red Box with portrait

### CARBUNCLES

Carbol draws out the core and gives quick relief.

**CARBOL**  
GENEROUS 50¢ BOTTLE  
At all drug stores. Money back guarantee.

### The Purity of Cuticura

Makes it Unexcelled For All Toilet Purposes

### INDIGESTION

If you are troubled with indigestion, dyspepsia, constipation or similar disorders

### Green's August Flower

will help you. Has been used successfully for more than half a century. 50c and 90c bottles. At all druggists. If you cannot get it, write to G. O. Green, Inc., Woodbury, N. J.

### HOW TO KEEP WELL

**DR. FREDERICK R. GREEN**  
Editor of "HEALTH"

### OCCUPATION AND VISION

WHAT is the relation between a man's work and his vision? The United States public health service has just completed a ten years' study on this point with some interesting results.

The workmen studied were taken from ten various occupations. They are pottery, post-office, glass, gas, foundry, steel, chemical, cement, cigar, and garment workers. In these ten lines thirty thousand workers were examined as to their eyes, ten thousand men and twenty thousand women.

This number naturally included men and women of all races and nationalities, yet no essential differences were found in the different races. They ran about the same proportion of normal and defective eyes.

But when the different occupations were compared there were striking differences. The two groups which showed the highest percentage of defective vision were the garment workers and the post-office employees.

Not only did the figures show a surprisingly close relationship to the individual work but also to the length of service in that particular line. Normal vision in both eyes in the group of workers of less than five years' service varied from 24 per cent among foundries to 73 per cent among foundries.

But in persons who had worked ten years and over, normal vision in the garment industry was only 22 per cent, or 2 per cent less than after five years, and in the foundries only 65 per cent after ten years' service instead of 73 after five years' work.

Age naturally had a marked influence. Taking all the thirty thousand workers in all industries, it was found that 77.5 per cent of all under twenty years old had normal vision. That is about the percentage one would expect from any large group of young people. In persons from thirty to forty years old, 69 per cent had normal vision. In those from forty to forty-four, only 49.5 per cent had normal eyes. From fifty to fifty-four, the normal eyes had gone down to 22 per cent, while of those over sixty years of age there were only 5.5 per cent who had normal vision in both eyes.

This tabulation shows as graphically as any figures that have ever been compiled the wear and tear of present-day industry on vision.

A curious point which developed was that in most industries, one good eye was nearly as good for practical purposes as two. Many workers with normal vision in only one eye were entirely unaware that only one eye was of any use to them.

### LONG RANGE WEATHER FORECASTING

CIVILIZED man has learned to do much to control his surroundings. He has made himself independent of outside conditions. But one thing he as yet can neither foresee nor control—the weather. As Mark Twain said, in one of his after-dinner speeches, "Everybody talks about it but nobody does anything."

Yet the weather is what determines our crops and our food. Apparently, it is the one thing man cannot foresee or control. Our weather bureau can now forecast the weather with fair accuracy for a day or two in advance, but cannot alter it in any way. That, at least, is some advance.

That, at least, is some advance. Mr. Twain wrote me a graphic letter after the recent Florida hurricane, telling how she and her husband sat for hours by the radio, listening to the broadcaster in Pensacola telling of the progress of that great storm as it swept across Florida straight toward them, yet powerless to check it. At least, they had sufficient warning to get into another house in a more sheltered location from which they saw their second roof blown out to sea. But giving a few hours' warning is at present the limit of our knowledge of the weather.

At a convention of the National League of Commission Merchants of America at New York recently, Mr. Herbert J. Browne of Washington delivered an address on "Long-Range Weather Forecasting," in which he claimed that, by careful study, it might soon be possible to forecast weather conditions, not only days but years ahead.

This new field is only about five years old. Up to that time, 36 hours was the weather bureau's limit. Mr. Browne bases his whole system on the fact that weather conditions, the world over, are controlled by the heat absorbed by the ocean. In a desert, the sand is very hot by day but rapidly cools off when the sun sets, so that one needs a blanket to sleep at night. But water absorbs heat slowly and gives it off just as slowly. The ocean in the tropics absorbs heat from the tropical sun and the heated water causes the great ocean streams like the Gulf stream which then control climate and weather.

What determines the amount of heat which the Gulf stream absorbs? Sun heat. What controls the amount of the sun's heat? Sun spots. And these, says Mr. Browne, run in cycles. So the observer can accurately predict weather months and years in advance.

### BRITAIN SEEKING NEW POWER SOURCE

Growing Shortage of Coal Viewed With Alarm.

London.—Alarmed at the continual dearth of coal, the British public is casting around for substitutes. Alfred J. Liversedge, a well-known engineer, sums up the possibilities of the future:

Coal from China, "cheap as dirt," brought to Europe in "coal clippers" resembling the famous "tea clippers" of an earlier day. Chinese coal, he declares, is close to the surface and is easily mined by the cheapest labor in the world. The day may come when China will flood the world with coal at prices no one else can match.

The huge chalk cliffs of Great Britain may be burnt like coal, but they leave such an enormous deposit of lime of which only a trifling amount could be used for agriculture that chalk is not considered practical.

Doctor Diesel's theory that mankind might grow oil-bearing plants which could be used for fuel.

Sir Charles Parsons, Bt., famous inventor of the Parsons turbine, told the British Association for the Advancement of Science, that we might get all the heat we needed drilling a big hole into the crust of the earth; he thought 12 miles would be deep enough.

Steam from the center of the earth, such as Italy already has.

Atomic power, as envisaged by Sir Oliver Lodge. While the theory seems perfectly sound the mechanical difficulties have thus far proved insuperable.

The electric engineer, A. A. Campbell Swinton, has interested scientists with his contention that the electromagnetic waves from the sun will some day be converted into heat just as a portion of them are now being used in wireless telegraphy.

Oil—but there is very little oil in Britain.

"White coal," or waterpower. This the author regards as practicable but says that Great Britain in this respect, as in oil, cannot compete with other countries enjoying a more abundant supply.

Tides—here is the cheapest possible source of power available in the near future to Great Britain. "No other country is so fortunately situated as Great Britain in respect to tidal power; using it freely and expertly we can once again compete for the markets of the world."

### Use Airplane to Reforest Burned Area in Hawaii

Honolulu, Hawaii.—New practical uses for airplanes appear on the horizon every day. This time a plane has been pressed into service to help reforest a burned-over area of several hundred acres in a forest preserve near here.

About 700 pounds of forest tree seeds were sown by airplane in less than an hour over rocky inaccessible country devastated by recent forest fires that would have required an immense amount of time and labor if done by hand, according to reports from the forestry section of the territory of Hawaii.

The aerial sowing was of especial value, say forestry experts, in getting the burned-over area seeded quickly so the young seedlings would have a start ahead of the undesirable weeds and ferns that spring up nearly overnight in the tropics. Seeds scattered were from 40 different kinds of trees, natives of India, Africa, Australia and other tropical countries.

### German Said to Be Father of 84 Living Children

Berlin.—The story of a man who twice married at seventy-six is the father of 87 children, 84 of whom are living, is reported by a Vienna medical association journal.

Bernard Scheinberg, living near the German border, had 69 children by his first wife, who died at the age of fifty-six, the journal says. Not one was a single birth. There were four quadruplets, seven triplets and sixteen twins. Sixty-seven of the children are living, but he admits having lost count of the grandchildren. Scheinberg's second marriage at the age of fifty-seven was blessed with 18 children, including two sets of triplets. His second wife is still living.

### Cow Has Triplets

Denison, Texas.—Triplets were born to a cow owned by J. C. Martin, wealthy dairyman. Each is of normal size and in good condition.

### Men Yield to Color: Orange Suede Coats!

London.—Any man who would like to be a hero to his valet should appear in one of the new dinner jackets shown at the shoe and leather fair.

They are made of black suede leather, with orange lapels, with accompanying suede waistcoats in scarlet and other brilliant colors. The men's section also offered:

A gray suede shoe with crossword puzzle squares worked in white and black glaze kid on the uppers.

Dress shoes in colored patent leather.

Studded heels on rainbow-colored dance shoes.

### HEADACHE, COLDS, COSTIVE BOWELS, TAKE "CASCRETS"

To-night! Clean your bowels and end Headaches, Colds, Sour Stomach

Get a 10-cent box now. You men and women who can't get feeling right—who have headache, coated tongue, bad taste and foul breath, dizziness, can't sleep, are bilious, nervous and upset, bothered with a sick, gassy, disordered stomach, or have a bad cold.

Are you keeping your bowels clean with Cascarets, or merely forcing a passage every few days with salts, cathartic pills or castor oil?

Cascarets work while you sleep; cleanse the stomach, remove the sour, undigested, fermenting food and foul gases; take the excess bile from the liver and carry out of the system all the constipated waste matter and poison in the bowels.

A Cascaret tonight will straighten you out by morning—a 10-cent box from any drug store will keep your stomach sweet; liver and bowels regular, and head clear for months. Don't forget the children. They love Cascarets because they taste good—never gripe or sicken.

### Accuracy in Gunnery

By means of a vacuum tube and a high-speed camera the United States bureau of standards experts are ascertaining the vibrations of guns under various conditions. The experiments, it is thought, will make gunnery more accurate.

Smarting, scalding, itchy eyes relieved by morning if Bismarck Eye Salve is used when retiring. 272 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

Smart women often succeed in making very stupid men think themselves wonderful.

### STOPS ANY COLD IN A FEW HOURS

"Pape's Cold Compound" opens clogged nose and head—ends gripe

Relief comes instantly. A dose taken every two hours until three doses are taken will end gripe misery and break up a severe cold either in the head, chest, body or limbs.

It promptly opens clogged-up nostrils and air passages in the head, stops nasty discharge or nose running, relieves sick headache, dullness, feverishness, sore throat, sneezing, soreness and stiffness.

Don't stay stuffed-up! Quit blowing and snuffling! Ease your throbbing head! Nothing else in the world gives such prompt relief as "Pape's Cold Compound," which costs only thirty-five cents at any drug store. It acts without assistance, tastes nice, causes no inconvenience. Be sure you get the genuine.

### FOR OVER 200 YEARS

hairlem oil has been a world-wide remedy for kidney, liver and bladder disorders, rheumatism, lumbago and uric acid conditions.

### GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

correct internal troubles, stimulate vital organs. Three sizes. All druggists. Insist on the original genuine GOLD MEDAL.

Opportunity—Study Law at Home during spare time at small cost. Be somebody. Law means success in business or practice. Big money, influence, ease for men and women. William H. Hays, Box 531, Nashville, Tenn.

UNDEVELOPED TREASURES. How and where to find them. Write for this free secret today. It may mean your fortune. MODEL CO., 312 Corona Bldg., Chicago.

**PARKER'S HAIR BALM**  
restores color and beauty to gray and faded hair. Use and it is as young as Paradise. (Harris, Chem. Wks., Patagonia, N. Y.)

**HINDERCORNS** Removes Corns, Calluses, etc., stops all pain, restores comfort to the feet, makes walking easy. Use by mail or at drug stores. Hissac Chemical Works, Patagonia, N. Y.

### GOOD HEALTH

and the Spirit of Happiness



**Nature's Remedy**  
FOR A LOVELY SKIN AND A SWEET BREATH—AVOID AUTO-INTOXICATION—A SAFE, DEPENDABLE LAXATIVE

For a lovely skin and a sweet breath—avoid auto-intoxication—A SAFE, DEPENDABLE LAXATIVE

### The POSTMAN and CHRISTMAS



MARY GRAHAM BONNER

EVER since she had been a child she had thought that the postman was about the most interesting person in the world. He it was who brought all the letters and packages and papers and magazines, who always might be bringing any number of surprises.

To be sure, he often passed the house without leaving anything, but then there was always the chance that he might bring anything.

At Christmas time he was the most wonderful sort of a person, with his bag filled with presents and cards and calendars and letters from friends she was sure would not forget her, and from friends she was so pleased had not forgotten her.

Sometimes he brought just the most delicious mail of all—sometimes he brought a fruit cake, or a box of candy that a friend of hers had made.

So it was that she, Minnie, had always loved postmen in general, and now it seemed as though she were being particularly fond of one postman in particular. He was on their route and he often came in and chatted after the day's work was over.

She had gone to school with him and she had always liked him. The old postman was a dear—no matter how many bundles he was carrying at Christmas time he always seemed to be happy that his load was heavy, because it meant just that much more joy along the route.

But he had retired and now every Christmas they took his present to him and sat and chatted with him and with his wife, who always brought out her Christmas cake to be shared by all.

She had not been displeased when the schoolyard friend had been given this route.

Not displeased at all. Ray was tall and very good-looking. She thought he looked so well in his postman's uniform. And certainly he seemed a little interested in her.

She was not displeased in this. Not displeased at all. Christmas Day, he had said, there would be no mail delivery. So she was a little surprised to see him coming down the street and up the steps of their house.

"I wonder if we're going to have mail after all," she said to herself. It hadn't occurred to her that he was not in his postman's uniform, and that he was coming just to see her. To be sure, he stopped in when he was off duty, but she had never quite felt he was so much interested in her as that he enjoyed the whole family.

She did belong to such a nice family, so jolly and cordial and friendly as they all were, and such fun.

And then it was all so clear, as they sat before the fire that Christmas afternoon, that he was interested in her—very, very much interested in her. More so than she had even thought or hoped or dreamed.

In fact, he told her all about it. And she was not displeased. Not displeased at all. Nor was he displeased. Not displeased at all.

For she agreed that to be a postman's wife was not such a bad idea, and that, apart from everything else, it would be so particularly nice to know that the postman was going to come to one's house every single day in the whole year—to their own house.

And, as she said, it was such fun being engaged to a postman in the Christmas season.

He had not been too busy to think of her!

(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

### Christmas Tie

Wife gave him a surprise. A tie made for his sake. 'Twas very like the tie that mother used to make.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### Large Christmas Trees

The white pines are best for community and church Christmas trees as their size is more adapted to larger spaces. The spruce is one of the most common of Christmas trees.

### Guard Against Fire

Careful citizens keep a painful of water handy under the highly inflammable Christmas tree.

### Children Cry for



### Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, especially prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*. Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

**Decollete**  
She (at the opera)—Why don't you take your eye off that woman in the box?  
He—Because I think she should have something on her.

**Dog Star**  
Professor of Astronomy—Did you observe Sirius, the dog star, closely last night?  
Movie Fan—Yes, he was great in "Nomads of the North," wasn't he?

### for Colds



### ASPIRIN

TAKE "BAYER ASPIRIN"—Genuine

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Colds Headache Neuralgia  
Neuritis Toothache Rheumatism  
Pain Sciatica

Safe Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocrocin at Elberfeld.

### Was He Profane?

"I beat him, auntie, after deuce had been called four times."  
"That wasn't the expression I heard him using, my dear."—Passing Show, London.

### Limerick Fame

Teacher—Now, Johnny, what do you know about Crewe?  
Pupil—Please, sir, it's the place where there once was an old lady of.—Humorist, London.

### Mother! It's Cruel to "Physic" Your Child

To Dr. W. B. Caldwell, of Monticello, Ill., a practicing physician for 47 years, it seemed cruel that so many constipated infants and children had to be kept constantly "stuffed up" and half sick by taking cathartic pills, tablets, salts, calomel and nasty oils.

While he knew that constipation was the cause of nearly all children's little ills, he did not believe that a sickening "purge" or "physic" was necessary.

In Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin he discovered a laxative which helps to establish natural bowel "regularity" even if the child is chronically constipated. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin not only causes gentle, easy bowel movement but, best of all, it never

### Dr. Caldwell's SYRUP PEPSIN

A Fine Tonic. Builds You Up Prevents and Relieves Malaria-Chills and Fever-Dengue

### A Remedy for Piles

Ask your Druggist (whom you know) what he knows about PAZO OINTMENT as a Remedy for Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. 60c.

FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By F. O. Alexander



See Finney...



BILL SAM'S DICTIONARY



By J. L. MARTIN  
Syl Middlebrooks, the Taterbill baker, says that when the price of flour and eggs goes up, all that he has to do is to increase the size of the hole in his doughnuts.  
DOUGHNUT: A circular portion of space around which is constructed a shell composed of dough, eggs and atmosphere. Bill Sam's Dictionary, page 400.

FOLKS WE ALL KNOW



The Swell Dresser used to be called a Dude in the Wild and Woolly days when we wore Rubber Clogs and hook-on Ties. Now that everybody has Spruced Up, he is not nearly so noticeable. The Swell Dresser tries to look like the Aristocratic Chaps in the Collar Ads.

THE FEATHERHEADS

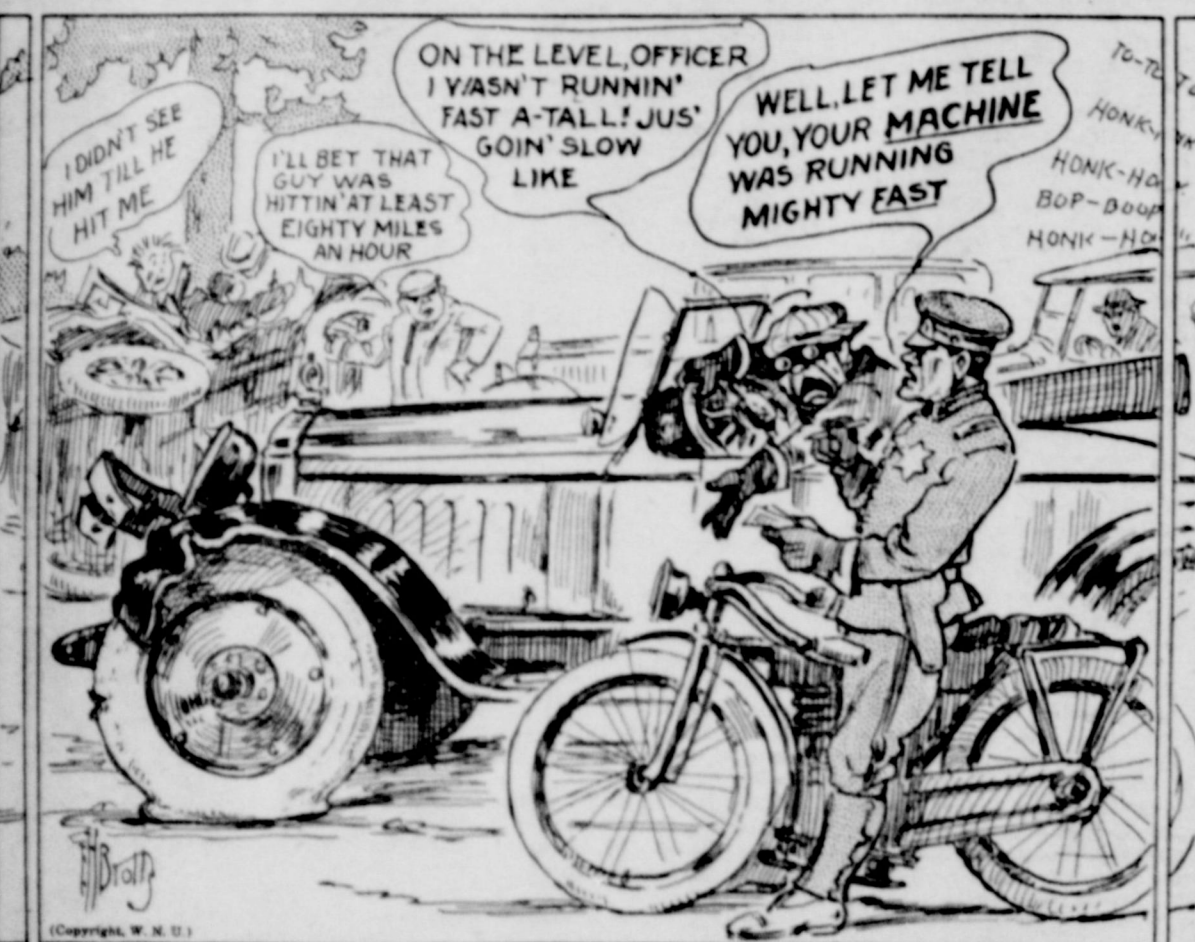
By L. F. Van Zeln



They Shall Not Pass!



Along the Concrete



Famous Last Words



MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughroe



The Daily Debate

The Clancy Kids  
A Good Business Head  
By PERCY L. CROSBY



Are Halloween pranks an old custom?  
9.9.9?



Pickle - Say, Mr. Potato, it's lucky for you that you don't need spectacles!

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB  
Some artists merely work for wealth. In gold they fairly roll. But I am poor; the reason is - I must express my soul!

# THE SANDERSON TIMES

Volume 19

Sanderson, Texas, Friday Dec. 3, 1926

No. 43

**W. E. STIRMAN**  
The Wood, Coal and Dairy Man  
Cedar, Mesquit, Oak Wood and Dawson Coal

**Get Your Supply on Hand.**  
**Be Ready For the First Cold Spell**

Phone No. 2 Sanderson, Texas.

**LEMONS & HENSHAW, ABSTRACTORS**  
Terrell County Lands

Lands Sold Property Rendered Taxes Paid  
Lands Leased Taxes Paid

Abstracts Examined and Titles Passed Upon By an Efficient and Reliable Attorney.  
Office with County Clerk, Sanderson, Texas

**G. J. Henshaw, Mgr.**

**Lincoln Ford Fordson**  
CARS-TRUCKS-TRACTORS


Confidence in the concern with which you deal—that is the biggest thing to consider in your purchase of a new or used Ford car; and upon that basis you should naturally buy from an authorized dealer.

We carry a complete stock of FORD parts and accessories—gas, oils and Goodyear Tires and Tubes.

Our mechanics are expert workmen and we have the best equipped repair shop in the city.

**W. J. FERGUSON**

**Wear Clothes that Inspire the Question**



40 - 50 - 60

**EMPIRE TAILORS**

**We Carry a Complete Line of General Merchandise at all times**

Always glad to have you call and inspect our Stock and Prices. We give personal attention to all orders so as to assume prompt and satisfactory service.

We guarantee all goods sold to give satisfaction.

**SANDERSON MERCANTILE CO.**  
THE STORE OF SERVICE AND QUALITY  
Phone No. 40 Prompt delivery

**ADVERTISE IN THE TIMES**

**LOCAL NEWS**

Tom Williams and Ervin Grigsby attended the Texas A. & M. football game at Austin Thanksgiving day.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cochrane returned Monday from a several day visit with friends and relatives in Yoakum.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Fletcher spent several days this week in San Antonio visiting relatives.

C. F. Statory, who recently purchased part of the Block-Y land north of Dryden was a business visitor in the city last Saturday and while here he paid the Times office a pleasant call.

Mrs. J. W. McKee returned home the latter part of last week from a month's visit with relatives in Tulsa, Okla., Lubbock, and other north Texas points.

Mrs. Hays Cavender returned Tuesday from Dallas where she has been the past several weeks with her mother, Mrs. R. D. Eldridge, who has been very ill. Mrs. Cavender states that her mother is getting along very well and convalescing slowly.

Mr. and Mrs. Doc Turk returned Sunday from Uvalde where they spent Thanksgiving with Mrs. Turk's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mat Burney.

Mr. and Mrs. Will McCutcheon enroute to their ranch home near Pecos City from San Marcos were Sanderson visitors Tuesday. Mrs. McCutcheon will be remembered as Miss Elizabeth Blevin, who was a former teacher in our high school.

Mrs. Shelly Barnes will leave Saturday for Cuero where she will visit relatives for several weeks.

Mrs. P. D. Lowry and son, Pat returned to their home in El Paso Sunday following several days visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Landers.

Mrs. Sue Douglas left the first of the week for Orange, Texas, where she will visit relatives for several weeks.

**Resolutions of Sympathy.**  
Whereas, the angel of death has visited the home of our commander, Katharyn Harrell, and taken from her her beloved husband, and

Whereas, we do mourn deeply the loss from the home of our commander, a devoted husband and the community has lost a most loyal citizen.

Therefore, be it resolved, that we, the members of Sanderson Review No. 72, Woman's Benefit Association, bow our heads in submission to the will of God, and extend to our bereaved commander, Katharyn Harrell, our most heartfelt sympathy and commend her to Him who knows and does all things well.

Be it further resolved, that these resolutions be spread upon the records of our Review, and a copy sent to our bereaved sister, and a copy published.

**CECILE FLETCHER,  
ROSA PARSONS,  
ADDIE LEE BOLING,  
Committee.**

**Resolutions of Respect.**  
Whereas, it has pleased God in His providence to take from our midst the beloved brother of our sisters, Sadie Nance and Ethel Harrell, and

Whereas, these sisters have lost a devoted brother.

Therefore, be it resolved, that we, the members of Sanderson Review No. 72, of the Woman's Benefit Association, do hereby tender to our bereaved sisters our sincere sympathy in their loss, and

Be it further resolved, that these resolutions be spread upon the records of our Review, a copy sent to our bereaved sisters, and a copy be published.

**CECILE FLETCHER,  
ROSA PARSONS,  
ADDIE LEE BOLING,  
Committee.**

**NEW CHURCH OF CHRIST BUILDING TO OPEN SUNDAY, DECEMBER 5**

The new Church of Christ located on the corner of persimmon Street and Mansfield Avenue was rushed to completion this week. The building, which faces west, is 40 x 56 feet and is built on a lot 100 x 100 feet and is modern in every respect. There are four class rooms, and a copy-press, which is built under the rostrum. The auditorium is equipped with the best of seats possible, being the regular auditorium chairs. The building is of re-inforced concrete with the outside of white stucco, and was erected at an approximate cost of \$6,000.

The opening services will be held Sunday morning, December 5, at 11 o'clock, with Bro. Walter Cook of Ozona preaching. Bro. Huffstodler of Abilene will lead the singing. These services will continue for ten days or longer. Evening services will begin at 7:30 o'clock.

The congregation of the Church of Christ are to be congratulated upon the erection of such a nice church building as it is indeed a credit to sanderson.

Everybody is invited and welcomed to attend the opening and all the services.

The Ladies Auxiliary to the Presbyterian church met at the home of Mrs. M. A. Cavender with Mesdames Cavender and Wilkinson as hostesses for their social and business meeting on Monday, November 22. Delicious refreshments consisting of fruit salad, sandwiches, cake and tea were served. Bible study will be Monday, December 13 with Mrs. S. C. Bodkin.

**Tom's Comedians Here This Week**

Sanderson has had with them this week, Tom's Comedians, who have been well entertaining the huge crowds that are at their tent theatre each night. It has been two years since we have had this high class, clean show with us. All of their plays have been of the best and of the highest nature. On Thursday night they played "Cheating Husbands," which is one of the latest plays out. The vaudeville between the acts are all new and nothing but the cleanest of fun.

S. C. Bodkin represented the local Masonic Lodge at their state convention which was held in Waco this week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Pierson spent several days in El Paso the past week.

Mrs. Flora Reeve left the last of the week for Murchison, Michigan where she will make her home with her mother for an indefinite time.

Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Bledsoe left this week for Waco where Mr. Bledsoe has traded with a railroad operator. Their many friends here regret their leaving but wish them well in their new home.

A suit or an overcoat, or even a nice pair of trousers, makes a Christmas Gift that is really appreciated. Wonderful selection of styles and fabrics.

**EMPIRE TAILORS.**

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Mansfield and son, Tally, were in the city Tuesday from the ranch shopping and visiting relatives.

Jim Nance, local representative of the Gasner Motor Co., dealers of the Buick, Dodge and Chevrolet automobiles has started advertising in the columns of the Times and his ad will be found in another part of this paper.

**DRYDEN NEWS**

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bailey spent Thanksgiving with Mrs. Bailey's parents at Dryden.

Mrs. J. K. Reynolds and baby of Tesnus are visiting her mother Mrs. M. Miller.

Mrs. Grant W. Wheatson spent the Thanksgiving holidays with her relatives in Houston.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. House and children spent Thanksgiving in Dryden with friends.

Miss Martha Thomas spent the holidays in San Antonio.

Miss Elsie Chandler spent Thanksgiving in Langtry.

A dance was given at the Dryden school Thanksgiving night. Music was furnished by local talent. Among those in attendance were quite a number from Sanderson.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Latimer, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bailey and daughter and little Bill Leadwell enjoyed a trip to Myers Springs over the week end. During their stay they hunted quail.

Mrs. Elmo Taylor and children are visiting relatives in Comstock.

Mrs. Alfred White was in Dryden during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Duncan were in Dryden Saturday.

J. W. Harrison and family have moved to a ranch near Alpine. Formerly they resided on a ranch near Dryden.

—Advertise in The Times.

**BOOST!**

You wouldn't give a thin dime for a knocker—he is unwelcome everywhere.

Be a booster—If you can't boost you can keep still—and if you can't do either, then you can move.

IT IS SAID: "The devil once lived in heaven till he began knocking his own home town."—and you know what happened.

We think this the best Town in the best County in the best State—if we didn't think so we would move—and we are going to continue to ASSIST in keeping it so—

**LET'S WORK TOGETHER**

You Can Depend on Us.

**Sanderson State Bank**

**City Barber Shop**  
You will always find  
Clean Tonsoring, Keen Tools and Skilled Workman  
Ladies Hair Bobbing A Specialty  
Hot and Cold Baths  
FRED YEATES, Prop.

**We Carry Everything Handled In A General Store**

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

**THE KERR MERC. COMPANY**

### Have Kidneys Examined By Your Doctor

Take Salts to Wash Kidneys If Back Pains You or Bladder Bothers

Finish your kidneys by drinking a quart of water each day, also take salts occasionally, says a noted authority, who tells us that too much rich food forms acids which almost paralyze the kidneys in their efforts to expel it from the blood. They become sluggish and weaken; then you may suffer with a dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back or sick headache, dizziness, your stomach sour, tongue is coated, and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine gets cloudy, full of sediment, the channels often get sore and irritated, obliging you to seek relief two or three times during the night.

To help neutralize these irritating acids, to help cleanse the kidneys and flush out of the body's urinous waste, get four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy here; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days, and your kidneys may then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to help flush and stimulate sluggish kidneys; also to neutralize the acids in the system so they no longer irritate, thus often relieving bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink.

**Handiest thing in the house**  
**EASES SORE THROAT**  
Take a little "Vaseline" Jelly several times a day and at bedtime. Tasteless and odorless. Soothes and heals. Will not upset you.  
CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO.  
New York

**Forgotten Polish Colony**  
A colony of Poles which had been lost sight of since 1873 was recently found by a Polish naturalist in the valley of the Doce river in Brazil. They had been completely isolated and spoke only Polish.

Before giving advice a wise man prepares to dodge the consequences.

### Today's Big Offer to All Who Have Stomach Agony

Read About This Generous Money Back Guarantee  
When you have any trouble with your stomach such as gas, heaviness and distention, why fool with things which at best can only give relief. Why not get a medicine that will build up your upset, disordered stomach and make it so strong and vigorous that it will do its work without any help.  
Such a medicine is Dare's Mentha Peppin, a delightful elixir that is sold by your local dealer and druggists everywhere with the distinct understanding that if it doesn't greatly help you your money will be gladly returned. It has helped thousands—it will no doubt help you.

### Whooping Cough Relieved

This dread cough is one of the most dangerous of children's diseases. There is no cure for whooping cough, usually runs its course, but few children die. Dr. Drake's Glessco, a well known physician's prescription, will relieve the violent coughing paroxysms, and avoid vomiting, no dangerous side-effects, nothing to upset little stomachs. Glessco also brings quick relief for coughs, whooping cough, croup, and all respiratory ailments.

**HART'S ELIXIR**  
A Perfect Food And a Gentle Yet Forceful Tonic  
Has enjoyed the confidence of the medical profession for over 88 years.  
E. J. Hart & Co., Ltd., New Orleans

**EYES HURT?**  
Use LUDEN'S...  
W. N. U., HOUSTON, NO. 48-1928

### FORMER PRINCESS DOES SCRUBBING

Likes Housework Better Than Life at Court.

Berlin.—Scrubbing floors as an avocation is infinitely preferable to sitting in the princely halls of Potsdam, says Princess Alexandra Victoria, the divorced wife of Prince August Wilhelm, the former kaiser's fourth son.

The princess, who is now the wife of former Commander Ruemann of the imperial navy, recently was found cleaning floors by a prominent Berlin lawyer who unexpectedly called upon her at her home in Munich.

"No doubt you are surprised to see me doing housework," the princess said, with a smile, "but, believe me, I am a thousand times happier managing my own home and supporting myself than I ever was when breathing the muggy air at the Potsdam court."

Princess Alexandra, who is a princess of Schleswig-Holstein by birth and a niece of the late Empress Augusta Victoria, depends on her artistic skill for her livelihood, as her husband, who is a simple bourgeois, has no fortune, but merely his officer's pension. During a recent exhibit at a fashionable Berlin hotel her landscapes and portraits brought favorable comment from critics.

The princess' Munich home is a snug, comfortable apartment, in which, as a typical German hausfrau, she does her own housework and cooking. Since her divorce in 1923 and her remarriage in 1922 the only cloud that has marred the happiness of this democratic princess, who is almost forty and is still famed for her beauty, is a longing for her only son, thirteen-year-old Prince Alexander.

The boy was awarded to Prince August Wilhelm by the court, in accordance with German custom, and is being raised with the third and fourth sons of the former crown prince at Potsdam.

### Find Sand Fly Carries Deadly Kala-azar Germs

London, England.—The cause of the spread of kala-azar, a highly fatal malarial disease of the Orient, similar to malaria, is being tracked down by a British commission organized for the study of this disease.

It is indicated by extensive experiments that a species of sand fly carries the minute organism that is its immediate cause. An Indian representative of the bedbugs and a mosquito of the same family as the one that transmits malaria have been incriminated in the distribution of kala-azar in previous investigations.

It is of the utmost importance, say medical authorities, that the ways of transmission of the fever be known without delay, so that steps can be taken to check it. It is a serious menace in both Assam and India. In the thickly settled sections where the population runs over 1,500 individuals to the square mile.

The real frequency of the disease, according to the commission, is rarely apparent until centers for its treatment are opened in rural districts.

### Swiss Citizen's Sword His Passport to Polls

Glarus, Switzerland.—The family sword which he brings with him to the polls is proof a citizen of the cantons of Glarus, Appenzell, Unterwald and Lehmets is entitled to vote. Where the family sword has been lost, the voter appears with a bayonet. His vote is never challenged.

On election days inhabitants of these cantons meet in the open air and discuss the event. Bearing the swords their fathers, grandfathers or earlier ancestors used in defense of their country, the gathering resembles mobilization for war much more than a political meeting.

A republic for more than a thousand years, Switzerland is a country of ancient traditions. The electors of these four cantons meeting to discuss a referendum on the sale of wines and beer do so with all the warlike setting of their forefathers.

### Helium Valuable

Washington.—Helium, which enables airships to go up safely, also helps divers to go down farther safely. Mixed with their oxygen it averts the "bends." The bureau of mines discovered this new utility of the rare gas.

### "Last Confederate Mother" Still Living

Dunn, N. C.—"The last Confederate mother" is not dead, as was reported in a recent dispatch from a Virginia city. Mrs. Julia Anne Pridgen of near Moore's Creek Bridge, Pendler county, now in her one hundred and third year, is the mother of a Confederate soldier—M. B. Pridgen, now deceased. He was her oldest son. Her second son was within the draft age at the close of the Civil war and was about to join the colors when the war ended.

Mrs. Pridgen still enjoys good health, and can walk unaided. She is the mother of 12 children, six of whom are living, the youngest being sixty. She was born November 3, 1823. She was three years old when John Adams and Thomas Jefferson died July 4, 1826.



### Her Christmas Prayer

MARION R. REAGAN

IT WAS cold along the Seine that Christmas Eve. There was a thin rain, half snow, and a nasty, penetrating wind coming up from the river that sent chills trembling down one's back.

Little Juliette Caret blew her breath against her hands to warm them and pulled her ragged little coat more tightly about her. She was the sole support of a family of four—this little, shivering tot, who stood always before the door of Notre Dame selling holy cards and medals to people as they passed in or out of the church.

Her mother was very ill and the three other children of the family—two younger than Juliette—were too little to do any kind of work. How she would have loved to bring home something very special for them this Christmas!

On her way to the church this evening she had stopped to look in at the window of a patisserie shop and her heart was taken with a great cake in the center—all white with dots of large red cherries around the sides. The price was ten francs. She took out her little worn purse and counted—two francs, five sous. Slowly she closed the purse and put it back in her pocket. The cake was out of the question. It would have to be a loaf of bread only.

All evening she had stood in front of the church, but had made almost nothing. Great numbers of people were coming to the midnight mass, but they all passed by little Juliette with only an annoyed "Non, non, non!" A little later there was almost nobody coming. She could hear the organ playing Mass had begun.

She would have hurried home but her feet were numb with the cold.



Slipped Quietly into a Seat of the Large Church.

Besides, she thought, she really ought to go in and say a little prayer for her mother.

She opened the huge door of the cathedral, slipped quietly into a seat of the large church and prayed fervently for her mother and little sisters; prayed, too, that she might, somehow, be able to buy them a cake for Christmas!

The heat of the church after the intense cold outside made her drowsy. She went fast to sleep and her head fell heavily against the shoulder of a man sitting next to her.

The man was an American. He was at first annoyed when he saw the little towheaded head with its dirty cap against his coat-sleeve, but on second glance at the pathetic little figure he was overcome with genuine emotion. "Poor little devil," he thought, "wonder what's been your short history and what will it be in the future." He saw in her dirty little hands the strings of medals and the box of holy cards she had been trying to sell. He reached into his pocket, pulled out two crisp 1,000-franc notes, folded them carefully and placed them on top of the cards.

Almost everyone had left the church when Juliette awakened. Mass was over; all the candles on the altar had been extinguished, the lights of the church were being put out. Juliette rubbed her eyes drowsily and with a start counted her medals to see that no one had taken any while she slept. They were all quite safe. She next turned to her box of cards and her eyes became two large moons. "Two thousand francs, two thousand francs!" She couldn't believe it. It was a miracle! Hadn't she prayed for money to buy her people a Christmas gift? She knelt down again, said a fervent prayer in thanksgiving; then gathered all her things together and ran quickly from the church—past the confessional shop. It was closed, of course, but the white cake was still in the window. Tomorrow morning she would go there early and buy it—buy every good thing in the shop. And still there would be enough left to buy them all clothes in the afternoon Christmas sales. She leaped joyously in the air. She did not feel the cold now.

"Merry Christmas," she called to an old lady who passed her. "Merry Christmas to the whole world!"

(© 1924 Western Newspaper Union.)

### Poles Careful Christmas Eve

The Poles have many superstitions in connection with Christmas. They believe that what they do on Christmas Eve they will do all the year around, and therefore they conduct themselves with that prospect in view.



### On the Funny Side

#### HOW HE CURED HER

"I never see Brown's wife in knickers any more, and my wife says she never meets her in the barber shop these days, either. What's happened?"

"She's reverted to the feminine type. Brown is pretty bull-headed and he told her if she was going to be a man she was going to change the tires, earn the money for the gas and look after the furnace in winter."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

#### Obeying Orders

"Just think, Bill, if your absent wife knew you spent the evening playing poker!"

"That's all right. Her very last words before going were, 'Don't forget to feed the kitty!'"

#### OTHERS AHEAD



Bride (sobbing)—Look how it's raining on my wedding day!  
Bridesmaid—Don't cry, dear—next time it will probably be bright and clear.

#### Gets It Quicker

"Sometimes things come to those who wait. But here is something slicker—The one who goes for what he wants gets it a blamed sight quicker."

#### He Put It Aside

Alice—What happened when your father told your fiance he ought to put something aside for a rainy day?  
Annie—A little later dad missed his raincoat.

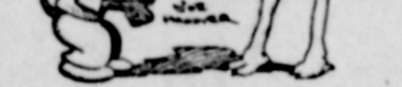
#### Fore-Armed

Jack—So Ruth is going to marry him, eh? You know he's a tough egg.  
Jean—Don't worry. She knows how to use an egg beater.

#### Motion Carried

Senator's Wife—What is your pleasure in regard to the dinner, my dear?  
Senator (just returned from session)—I move that it be laid on the table.

#### AN OSTRICH'S APPETITE



Monk—Let's go have a little lunch.  
Ostrich—I'm not hungry. I just ate a couple of kegs of nails!

#### Of Course

"Money talks," said some old chap. (This joke is just a bare one.) I guess then that it says "Giddap!" When money makes the mare go.

#### Bawled Him Out

"I was down to the butcher's today."  
"What did he have to say?"  
"He gave me an awful roast."

#### The Wrong Spot

Asker—What happened to that valet of yours?  
Teller—I fired him for removing a spot from one of my suits.  
Asker—But isn't he supposed to do that?  
Teller—Yes, but this was a 10-spot.—Pathfinder.

#### Wife Is Back

"The house looks suspiciously neat."  
"Yes, my dear. I did all my poker playing at the office."

#### A Business Head

"Is your son growing up mit a good business head?"  
"A good business head? My dot boy could buy every stitch of clothes a customer haf got an' den sell him a suitcase."

#### At the Resort

He—Didn't I meet you here two summers ago?  
She—Why—er—I think so. Your face feels familiar.—Boston Transcript.

## DAIRY

### SOME GRAIN IS NEEDED BY COW

Though rich in food elements, alfalfa hay must be supplemented with a grain mixture if the dairy herd is to be kept in good condition and at the same time produce a large amount of milk. This is the conclusion drawn by the dairy department of the New Jersey State College of Agriculture, New Brunswick, from experiments and farm experiences in New Jersey and elsewhere.

In one instance, a dairyman of this state claimed repeatedly that he could secure just as high a production from a ration of good alfalfa hay and first-class corn silage as from one containing also a liberal amount of grain concentrates. Investigation showed, however, that he was giving the cows large amounts of very choice alfalfa hay and was not forcing them to eat it up clean, but allowing them to pick out only the leaves and tender parts.

The left-over stems were fed to horses. This dairyman failed to appreciate that the cows were not eating alfalfa hay, but chiefly alfalfa leaves, which contain nearly as much crude protein as gluten feed, and not much more fiber than oats.

All the concentrates in a ration were replaced by alfalfa hay in a trial at the New Jersey experiment station. A ration consisting of 17.5 pounds of alfalfa hay and 35 pounds of corn silage was compared with a ration containing 9 pounds of concentrates rich in protein, fed with corn silage and corn stover. This latter ration was far from ideal, for it contained no legume hay. It produced, however, over 20 per cent more milk and buttermilk than the alfalfa hay and silage ration.

In a six-year test at the Illinois experiment station it was found that cows fed some grain in addition to silage and alfalfa hay stayed in better condition than those fed silage and alfalfa hay alone.

### Give Plenty of Feed to Increase Yield of Milk

There is a tendency to decrease the amount of feed fed as the cows mount. The proper thing to do is to select cows with sufficient capacity to become profitable and then increase the amount of feed.

Experience has shown that it is not the highly concentrated rations that make for the greatest production. It is the fresh, partially diluted, soft, palatable feeds, with a low crude fiber content—such as grass—that give the best results.

A mixture of different kinds of hay is important, especially with a high-producing cow, in order that all the nutrients may be provided. Hay should be cut before feeding and the different varieties mixed. Grain is combined with this and plant minerals added. If properly mixed, this feed receives the same treatment in the paunch as hay. This aids digestion and lightens the process of mastication.

### Growing Various Crops to Provide Dairy Feeds

The following amount of home-grown feed should be provided for each cow for a period of one year:

- 3 tons silage if as many as 10 head of cows are kept
- 1 ton good legume hay—alfalfa, red clover, soy bean, cow pea, etc. If no silage is provided, 2 tons legume hay should be grown for each cow.
- 15 bushels corn.
- 10 bushels oats.
- Plenty of good pasture from frost to frost.

If the above amount of feed is grown on the farm for each cow it will be necessary to buy only about five bags cottonseed meal and three bags wheat bran in order to have ration filling the requirements outlined above.

### Addition of Dried Yeast to Normal Calf Ration

In tests at the Minnesota experiment station in which 47 calves were fed, C. H. Eckles, V. M. Williams, J. W. Wilbur, L. S. Palmer and H. M. Harshaw found that the addition of dried yeast to normal rations, including whole or skim milk, grain and hay, did not increase the rates of gain from two weeks to 180 days of age.

"In several experiments with rats, from 15 to 20 per cent of yeast in the ration was required for the production of normal growth. Increasing this amount did not have an additional stimulating effect. A calf ration was fed to rats, with and without yeast, with unsatisfactory results in both cases, due probably to an excess of bulk."

### Box Stall for Bull

A box stall is the best place to house a herd sire, although he should be allowed more exercise than he will get by just tramping around in a small stall. Turn him out into a small paddock each day or give him the freedom of a barn lot to roam around and exercise. The ordinary ration of hay, silage and a small amount of grain is suitable for him. Silage will have no ill effects upon his potency, although he should not be made to subsist upon silage altogether.

### MANY REGIMENTS HAVE THEIR SONGS

#### Music Helpful in Keeping Up Morale.

Washington.—The American soldier is a singing warrior. On the march, in the barracks or camp, or even going into action, he raises his voice in "brotherhood-harmony" with his comrades in the rendition of popular air-according to the United States Army Recruiting News. Music is an important factor in keeping up the morale of a combatant organization. Regular song leaders are used in training camps and soldiers are encouraged to lend their voices to mass singing.

#### Have Own Songs.

Many regiments in the present-day army have songs and ballads peculiarly their own, airs which are known as that particular organization's very own. Some of these songs have been written especially or adapted by the regimental band for state occasions.

Three regiments have distinctive ballads set to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Semper Paratus," and "Annie Laurie." One regiment, the Forty-second Infantry, made up of enlisted men from Porto Rico, has for its march "Ecos de Borinquen," whose name indicates its origin. Borinquen being the old Indian name for Porto Rico.

Two organizations, the Thirty-fourth Infantry and the Eleventh Infantry, use a march called "Le Regiment de Sambre et Meuse," in commemoration of their having fought along those streams in the World war. One regiment, the Forty-fifth Infantry, stationed in the Philippines, has adopted a march of Spanish origin called "Alerta Voluntarios." Another regiment uses the tune of the French "National Defile March."

Among the many regimental marches several deserve special mention. The Seventh Infantry, for instance, which has adopted "The Girl I Left Behind Me," first heard this tune played by British bands during the battle of New Orleans in 1815. When the band of the Seventh (then a fife and drum corps) caught the air, they played it also, and the tune was at once recognized as the regimental march of the Seventh Infantry. The Seventh was the only regular army regiment in that battle, which was fought after the Treaty of Ghent had been signed. The words were given to the regiment by an Irish officer captured during the engagement.

Legend of "Garry Owen." "Garry Owen," the stirring regimental march of the Seventh United States Cavalry, has a historic legend connected with its inception. In 1868 the troopers of the Seventh were engaged with hostile Cheyennes at Washita, in what is now the state of Wyoming. Attack was to be made at dawn on Chief Black Kettle's Cheyenne Indian village and a special signal for the concerted rush of the cavalry was necessary. "Garry Owen" was played for the first time upon that occasion and the blood-stirring air of that march carried the cavalymen into the ensuing action against the savage redskins. An interesting historical episode in connection with this march is that it is known to have been General Custer's favorite song and tune. At 5 a. m., on May 17, 1876, during the final parade and review of the Seventh Cavalry at Fort Lincoln, the regimental band played this air. This was the march with the regiment on the expedition to the Little Big Horn which was to end in Custer's massacre.

One other regimental march worth calling attention to is that of the Ninth Infantry. The march is called "The Old Ninth Infantry." The music to this song came from the old light opera, "Sergeant Kitty," but the composer of the words is unknown. It is believed to have been first sung at a minstrel show given by the Ninth early in March, 1907.

Of late a custom has been introduced at the United States Military Academy at West Point. The cadet band plays various regimental marches at the parades which the cadet corps participates in each evening during clement weather and also at the band concerts on Sundays and holidays. The purpose of this custom is primarily to bring the future commissioned officers of the army into closer touch with the airs of the regiments to which they will be assigned later.

### One Cameroon Man Has 98 Wives and 460 Nones

London.—One man in Hall of the British Cameroons, West Africa, has 98 wives, while on the other hand there are 460 men in the town who have no wives at all.

Another man has 27 wives, while there are seven warriors with 10 mates each, and 350 with but two spouses.

Some of the tribes, says a government report, keep up slavery, witchcraft and trial by ordeal, and generally live in the most primitive conditions. The men in some tribes wear little clothing, and the women none, and it is the women who do all the work.

### Welcomed With Movies

New York.—Incoming immigrants are now being welcomed with a movie showing the rise of a poor boy, whose handicaps in early life were at least as great as theirs—Abraham Lincoln. Will Hays and Secretary James J. Davis helped inaugurate a new Americanization plan.

### What Is a Diuretic?

People Are Learning the Value of Occasional Use.

EVERYONE knows that a laxative stimulates the bowels. A diuretic performs a similar function to the kidneys. Under the strain of our modern life, our organs are apt to become sluggish and require assistance. More and more people are learning to use Doan's Pills, occasionally, to insure good elimination which is so essential to good health. More than 50,000 grateful users have given Doan's signed recommendations. Scarcely a community but has its representation. Ask your neighbor!

### DOAN'S PILLS 80c

Stimulant Diuretic to the Kidneys  
Doan's Pills  
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### STUBBORN SORES

and inflammations quickly yield to

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No Place to Go  
"Why don't you get married?"  
"Because we can't get any house or flat."  
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"No, because they're still living with their parents-in-law."—News Letter, Belfast.

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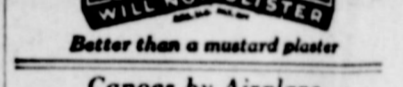
Only small minds seek revenge.

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When the children cough, rub Musterole on their throats and chests. No telling how soon the symptoms may develop into croup, or worse. And then when you're glad you have a jar of Musterole at hand to give prompt relief. As first aid, Musterole is excellent. Keep a jar ready for instant use.

It is the remedy for adults, too. Relieves sore throat, bronchitis, tonsillitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, chilblains, frosted feet and colds of the chest (it may prevent pneumonia).

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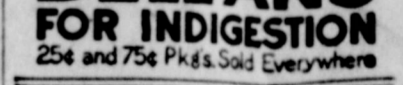
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She—Your idea of wanting to marry me.

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**Youth Rides West**  
by Will Irwin

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**CHAPTER XIII—Continued**

"Then I came seventeen, and was going to finish next year—music and needlework and Latin and French and riding and dancing and deportment, and nothing whatever about life. I hadn't even read a novel, except surreptitiously. I wasn't a little girl any longer, of course. I had become a woman. That's the period, I suppose, when every girl ought to be locked up for a while. Probably the French are right. And of course, with me—the one thing I never had was love.

"He was the first—Martin. He came to the seminary about a piece of land they were buying for a new building. You have seen him. He is honny yet. But that was five years ago. I never thought of my ideal lover of nights after that—only him. Miss Gorman had to go to look for some papers. I was left alone with him for half an hour. Before she came back it had gone pretty far. I had promised to write to him. He had arranged to put letters to me under a boundary stone on the new property. I wrote to him every night. And I saw him—three times. A girl in love can manage that, you know. No one ever suspected me. I always seemed, I suppose, like an obedient little thing. His letters were wonderful. That isn't just flattery. I read them over again just before I came West. He truly loved me. There were other considerations. I'll tell about them later. But he loved me. And we eloped. I proposed it. I just walked away from the school one night after supper and met him. We took the train to Newport together and were married. He had arranged everything. It had to be arranged. I had, of course, about my age."

"I got all into the papers. Probably the marriage could have been annulled. But father did nothing about that. I suppose my stepmother was only too glad to get rid of me for good. I wrote to father. He answered with a beautiful letter. Martin Deane tried to see him, and couldn't. Martin was pleased. You see, father was rich. And—well, I have said that Martin's mother were all mixed up. But he loved me. He truly did. You see, if he hadn't loved me, he wouldn't have married me. I was so young and inexperienced he could have fooled me, easily enough.

"And I loved him, but only in one way. I didn't know that then. I do remember watching him one day from the front window as he walked down the street, and feeling that there was something lacking—but just for a minute. I didn't know for a long time—I was so young and inexperienced—about the condition of his business. He was in real estate, as I've told you. We lived very prettily. I wasn't much taken with the business friends he brought home to supper; as I look back now, I think of them all as a little unclean spiritually. Nor their wives. I was hungry for my own kind of women.

"He used to talk to me, of course, about his business. But I was like a nun for all of the world. A more experienced woman would have understood much sooner—that it was all wrong—every bit of it wrong. Then he was arrested. It was all a very bad piece of business. The papers were full of it. We gave up our house. We moved into a furnished room. He was tried finally—and acquitted. Mostly, he'd been just within the law. But he hadn't done right, nevertheless; and everyone knew it. He took it hard, of course. He was—rebellious. We quarreled, too. But I made him understand that it was wrong.

"Troubles came all together. My father died. I went to him at the last—my stepmother could not prevent. I won't—I can't now—tell you all about that. But I know that he loved me; and that if I hadn't made a wrong-headed little fool of myself by eloping with Martin Deane—we'd have found a way in spite of my stepmother. Then I was very ill—typhoid fever. I nearly died. Martin stayed by. My father had made a codicil to his will a month before his death. He left me ten thousand dollars. Some of that was needed to pay our debts. . . .

"When I was better Martin and I talked it all over. There was no use of staying in Providence. He wanted to go West and start again—honestly. I gave him half of my money. He was to get settled and send for me. I wasn't in condition to travel. I got my strength back very slowly. I had much time to myself—I was very, very lonely. And I suppose when you're in such a state as I was then, and have been so near death—you see things more clearly. I had been greatly to blame. I ran away with him in the beginning as much to spite my stepmother as for any other reason. I didn't really love him as I might have loved—a good man. But I loved him enough. He'd never once been harsh or cruel to me. That's a great deal, isn't it? And I could show him the

right way. I'd prove that. He had never grown up, on one side of him, and never would. He didn't see right and wrong clearly—just as a little boy doesn't. I won't pretend to you, Robert, that I didn't have moments when I was tempted to leave him. But I knew that if I did I could never be happy. I should always be thinking of him out in the world, with no one to take care of—of his soul. That's what it comes down to, Robert. Saving his soul. At bottom, you know, I'm religious. . . .

She paused; her eyes, great and tender with shadow of old suffering, clutched mine and seemed to plead for approval. I could not withhold it. "I see you believe all this, Constance," I said.

"It was my job. My job for life. He went to Wyoming—last summer. He wrote now and then. I wrote constantly. He was doing well, he said. Business. He wasn't very definite about the business. "In the winter he moved to Denver. I addressed him through the general delivery. I wrote that I was coming to him in the spring. He advised me to wait awhile. Said he wasn't quite settled. But I knew the longer I waited the harder it would be. In the spring I started. I wrote to say when I would arrive. He wasn't waiting at the station. . . .

"One of Martin's notes to me was on the letterhead of the Canyon house in Denver. It's a hotel down by the railroad station. Not a very pleasant place. He had gone to Cottonwood a month before. I asked the clerk what Maxwell had done for a living in Denver. He evaded that.

"So I started for Cottonwood. You know the rest."

Constance dropped her eyes to her clasped hands.

"I couldn't have said all this to you if I hadn't been through what happened today. Even if things had gone—happily—if that had been possible—I would have been a long time bringing myself to say this. But when I looked at you first—I knew. I knew you were everything I had ever loved in Martin Deane and, oh, all I was hungry for! To see you every day—and know you loved me—and to go to bed early—to think of you. But it was wrong. It was where I very nearly failed—"

I burst out here:

"You mustn't say that! I went out to capture your husband last night because I was jealous—"

"Poor Robert! I had given you much provocation!" was all she said to that. "And then—I found him. I was riding up the trail to Forty-Rod. He came out of the pines. He was riding a black horse. Of course he was astonished. And yet he was glad. He—I felt he still loved me, in spite of the way he'd kept me in the East. That was the main thing, Robert. Not that I wanted him to love me—with you in the world. But so long as he loved me—there was a chance. He was mining above Forty-Rod. They expected to strike it soon, he said. Three weeks would tell the story. Then he'd come down to me. And we'd go way together. If I wanted to go away. And I did. It hurt, but I did. I was afraid—with you in Cottonwood, Robert. I asked to go up and stay with him at Forty-Rod. But he wouldn't have that. He said the place was too rough. He asked me not to tell anyone, for the present, that I had a husband here. Just let things stand as they were—for three weeks. I said: 'Martin, you've gone wrong again.' He laughed and said: 'Not very.'

"And I came home, and did let things stand as they were. It was only three weeks, after all. And I would see you—and then no more.

"Last night he came to the tent. Came, he said, just because he wanted to see me. He had been drinking. That isn't one of his vices, usually. He said that things were going wonderfully. He'd be ready in two or three days to take me away. I made him promise to go straight back to the claim. I wanted to go with him to his horse. He objected to that. But he promised—"

"And broke his promise!" I interpolated hotly.

"I think he intended to, nevertheless. Mrs. Barnaby told me this morning about the robbery and the vigilance committee. She's the only person I've ever taken into my confidence, and she not very far. Probably she's guessed some of the rest. I found they'd killed three men at Forty-Rod, and had two to hang. I went to the jail. Through the side window I saw Martin. I appealed to you. And you saved me. That's all, I think."

Her shoulders, held so proudly erect, drooped now.

"No, it wasn't all," I said. "Haven't you had enough, Constance? You surely don't hope—"

Her eyes lifted soberly to mine as she interrupted:

"I'm not thinking of hope. There is very little hope perhaps—now. All I know is that I am still the one chance he has. And that I still have a hold. I must follow him—try to find him. And when I find him—of course that isn't pleasant to contemplate. My money is nearly gone. I shall be poor. Perhaps—he will go to jail. And I shall be a convict's wife. But, Robert, what would you think of a woman who abandoned her child just because it was idiotic or crippled or vicious? I'd be doing the same thing. More. If I should get a common divorce and marry you, it would be to me as though we had conspired to kill him to get him out of the way."

Her eyes, until now so dry and solemnly thoughtful, welled for an instant with tears. But she checked them as by effort of the will.

"It is your soul I have been loving all this time, Constance," I said, "and I cannot deny your soul. I think you

will fall, because I think you are trying something which cannot succeed. And then I will come to you again. For I shall never love anyone else. He may have you, but you are always mine."

"Yes, Robert, always!" she said.

"You must promise me that if the time comes when I may help cleanly—you will let me."

"I promise. What are you going to do, Robert?"

"I shall stay here and face it—if there is anything to face," I said. "I am a rich man, you know, Constance. I addled 'I don't mean my mining property—but I never have to think of money. I could go East and put this behind me. But I want to face it. Because I'll be nearer you. And because you—because I can't let you be any stronger than I."

She nodded slowly, solemnly.

"That's good," she said. "Not the part about me—but about you. It is you as I'd like you to be." Then she smiled, almost like her old self in her merry moods. "Can't we forget this morning—for a moment? And oh, Robert, you are so tired! You've had a dreadful, dreadful night and day! You must sleep now."

"Sleep?" I said. "When I have a few hours with you and may not see you for years!" But even as I spoke a rush of inner drowsiness made insincere my words.

Constance looked outside. The tent-flaps opened wide, making visible this rude apartment to all the world.

"This camp doubtless thinks about as scandalously of you and me as it



Constance Dropped Her Eyes to Her Clasped Hands.

CHAPTER XIV

My decision to stay at Cottonwood and face it all down proved ridiculously more easy than I thought when I matched my nobility with Constance. Disgrace is a coward; it retreats before a bold front. The indifferent world in the end always takes toward it the attitude that you take yourself. Nor, indeed, did Cottonwood probably think me disgraced. They gossiped, of course; I had for a long time an uncomfortable sense that groups had pointed me out when I passed. But to my face men showed only cordiality—sometimes a trifle overdone, and more galling than public reproach.

Even that had passed. A mining camp runs with bewildering speed its course from birth to senile decay. Twenty years of Europe! In a month Cottonwood lived a cycle of Cathay. Before August blew the petals from the white columbines, dexter the forests with their flaunting sisters in red and yellow, we had become a new entity. Events a few weeks before were as ancient history as though they had happened to my grandfather.

Constance wrote from Denver. On the surface this was merely a friendly letter such as any married woman might address to a young man who had rendered her service. Yet the intention shines through the written expression; and as by an arrangement of words too subtle for analysis I knew that Constance Deane had not changed toward me, never would change. She had found Martin Deane; had seen him once. "But he thinks it better, considering his position, that we should not be together for the present—either here or traveling," she wrote.

In all I had six letters from her that autumn—I have them yet. After that she did not refer again even to Martin Deane; only the fourth said:

"If there is any change in my situation I shall let you know at once."

Meantime I had resumed my regular correspondence with mother, much neglected of late. Into it I poured something of the soul and fervor with which I would have liked to infuse my letters to Constance. The shrewd eye of motherhood seemed dimly and uneasily to perceive the meaning behind this change; her compliances about Cohasset were sprinkled with hints that I must have had enough of the West. By November, indeed, she advised me openly to come home, at least for the winter. "I want to look you over, Robert," she wrote. Poor mother—I thought—if she only knew! And I speculated on happiness, as one will in the depths of misery, imagining her in the capacity of mother-in-law.

If I had met Constance in ordinary happy circumstances, would her serene and according to the normal pattern of courting in mother's time and place, I had no doubt but they would have got on wonderfully. They were just like enough, just different enough. The souls of both were built on a solid structure of honor. Both—to use a word much degenerate in meaning since the days of my youth—were ladies. Both had enormous capacities for friendship with women. And the good-humored candor of Constance would be a foil for mother's peppery wit. As it was—well, mother boasted that her set in Cohasset had never known divorce or separation. If ever life opened again for me I must come to Constance across events beyond comprehension of mother's circle. And still I had faith that Constance would overcome all this—because she was Constance. At the end of these meditations I would pull myself up and realize that I had been dreaming, as a prisoner for life dreams of mountains and seas and green fields.

As the camp boomed, so did the Courier. We were publishing six pages on Wednesdays and Sundays now; and our job-printing department, in spite of the increase in power, ran two weeks behind its orders. Just before the big snow Marcus wrote a week's editorials in advance, packed his carpet bag, and took the stage to Denver, leaving me coked up on the dizzy eminence of the editorial chair.

There followed a period of hard work and trying but interesting responsibility. Marcus intended to be gone only a week; but the big snow came, blocking the passes. It was ten days, in fact, before he appeared at the office without the grace of warning by telegraph, walked in upon me, the icicles hanging from his mustache. With scarcely a word of greeting or of news, he plunged into the business of supervising the night's work. When the printers had an hour's copy ahead he said:

"Get on your coat and come over to Huffaker's—the private room. I've got a heap of things to spill about that Denver business; and I don't want to tell 'em here." We plodded over to Huffaker's, silent perforce in the face of an arctic wind. He took off his buffalo coat, warmed his hands at the red-hot stove, before he began abruptly:

"What I want to talk to you about isn't business. It's your girl."

"Is she—is she well?" I asked.

"Well, and reasonably happy, I guess," replied Marcus. "Now you sit down and keep your shirt on. I've got a lot to tell you." He came over from the stove, sat down at the table opposite me, turned on me a look more nearly tender than ever I had seen in his face. But his first words seemed remote from the subject.

"You remember Mike the detective?"

"Yes."

Marcus nodded.

"Well, he's no common detective. Fancy operative, and all that. When Mr. Taylor hired him, he had to sign a year's contract. Everything was rounded up long before anybody expected. And there was Mike, eating his head off. So Mr. Taylor lent me Mike. Little testimonial of esteem for my work in stabilizing finance in this camp."

"I set him to looking up this Martin Deane. For satisfaction of my own curiosity. And your peace of mind, boy."

"How Mike went at it, I haven't asked. But he has a special way running down to every circle of crooks in the West. Since Deane, alias Maxwell, left here, he's been hanging round various camps in range of Denver. He's been telling Mrs. Deane. Just as I told you, that he shouldn't go East with her for the present, because it isn't safe for them to be seen together. Hasn't occurred to you, has it, that they might travel separately and just meet somewhere? It has occurred to Mrs. Deane—I guess—but I suspect she's been fooling herself. Anyhow, I was stringing you because I wanted him right here in the West. And he was stringing her because he wasn't alone in his wanderings. He had company. This man's West makes the good better and the bad worse, in my opinion. And does it viden. Crooks always have queer spots of virtue in them, too. The marrying crook's common. Like any other specimen of that species, he wants what he wants so hard that he doesn't care how he gets it. But he has a whim for sanctifying his intentions on women-folks with holy matrimony. And, like most men, he's capable of fancying two women at one and the same time. This Martin Deane, for example. Mike found 'em last month. He's been working since to identify the signatures. And they're authentic." He spread out two documents on the table.

An order of divorce. Martin Deane of Wyoming from Constance Deane of Rhode Island. Cause, desertion. Dated last February. A marriage certificate. Martin Deane of Wyoming to Lucy Baldwin of Wyoming. Dated two days later.

"Don't let your emotions get away with you until I have told you the rest," said Marcus. I gripped myself, and listened.

"The divorce is right and it isn't right. There's other camps in this West that need a clean-up. That"—he pointed at the date line on the papers—"is one of them. No lawyer is needed to see that this divorce won't hold water if the other party wants to fight. He hadn't lived long enough in Wyoming to establish a legal residence. The court—on the Judge Cowan pattern, only worse, I guess—has delicately refrained from inquiring into the fact. Other party wasn't notified either. If I was a young man with any intention of marrying a lady in that fix, I'd wait until she got divorced proper and legal on her own account. Mrs. Deane says—"

"You've seen her?"

"Yes. Found an afternoon off to call. Me and Mike, and afterward me alone. She's plumb sick and tired of this Martin Deane at last. Wouldn't have the spirit of a squashed tar baby if she wasn't."

"I'm going to Denver!" I said.

"All right, give you a vacation if you want it," responded Marcus with a beaming smile. "Only if I were you, on the way to Denver I'd glance for a moment into the ladies' parlor of this hotel. It's fixed with Jim Huffaker that you aren't to be disturbed if you want to loaf and linger there a little while."

I flew down the corridor. Constance rose from the sofa; faced me. But as I sprang toward her, my arms outstretched, she stopped me with an up-lifted hand.

"Robert," she said—and her syllables dropped like honey—"I haven't waited for you. I wanted to come to you—because you've been brave and because it happened here—and because you've suffered so much for me—and because I couldn't wait—and now, Robert, my lover—if you want me—come the rest of the way—"

[THE END.]

**THE MAN SHE DID NOT MARRY**

By H. M. EGBERT

(Copyright by W. G. Chapman.)

MARIE RENFREW had thought she was a boy until she was nine years old. Then she learned the truth about her father's obsession.

Ten years before Andrew Renfrew, tired of the struggle for life in the cities of eastern Canada, had taken his wife and household goods and moved to the north of Saskatchewan. There he had become a trapper.

They lived entirely alone in the wilderness. Their little sod cabin held a good deal of happiness, none the less. Both were satisfied, the woman, because she loved her husband, the man because some primitive strain in him came out and answered to the call of the Far North. Besides, there was Marie, their only child.

Then Maggie Renfrew closed her eyes forever upon the earthly scene, leaving the desolate man alone with the child. And because he had always longed for a boy, he brought her up as a boy.

Her only companions were the Indians who came, rarely enough, to the little place to offer furs—for Andrew had started a small trading post now that he was getting too weak to trap. Once in a great while, too, some officer of the police would saddle at the little cabin for a day or so and bring news of the outside world.

"You ought to send that girl south to school," said Robert MacFarlane, the second time he came, looking at Marie, who, now sixteen, still dressed in a boy's furs, and wore her short-cropped, flaxen hair about her ears. Old Andrew thumped his flat upon the table.

"I've brought her up as a boy," he said. "She's been a son to me. That's enough. I'm not open to argument."

MacFarlane thought it a shame. He began to pass that way more often. Each time it was clearer that Andrew could not live very long. He had meant to broach the subject again, but when he came the fourth time, Marie being now nearly eighteen, to his surprise it was the old trapper who brought up the matter.

"I haven't long to live, Robert," he said. "I've been thinking over what you said to me, and—I guess you're right, Bob. But she don't need no schooling. Books she's had a plenty. I guess she could hold her own with any of them so far as schooling's concerned. But what'll come to her after I'm gone?"

"You ought to take her south," said MacFarlane.

"She wouldn't want to go south," answered the old man. "It may be I made a mistake in bringing her up in the wilds. But it's become nature now, and it's her life. Bob, I want to get her married to a good man. You're only forty, Bob. You never married. What would you think of Marie for a wife?"

As he finished speaking the girl came. She was dressed as a woman now, and she blushed shyly when Bob looked at her. The officer had never thought of her in that way. His heart leaped.

"Think it over, Bob," said old Andrew when they parted. "There's plenty of time. Let me know when you come back next year. I won't be dead by then."

When they had gone Andrew asked Marie:

"How would you like to marry Bob?"

The girl looked at him drearily. "I never thought of marrying, father," she answered.

"But you won't always have me, child," he answered, as gently as he could. "And you can't live alone here."

She began to cry, and Andrew said no more. But the next day she came to him and consented.

The following spring Bob came back. With him was a young man of twenty-two, whom he introduced to the old trapper. He did not think it necessary to introduce him to Marie.

"This is Mr. Milvaine, an Englishman," he said. "He takes the factor's place at the fort next month. I'm showing him the country."

Old Andrew grunted and nodded. MacFarlane continued:

"I've thought over that proposition of yours all winter, Renfrew, and it suits me. I guess I can make her happy, and forty-one isn't too old, neither."

He did not say that he had thought over the proposition until his whole heart had gone out toward the girl. He wanted her more than anything on earth. But he did not think it necessary to say that, either to Andrew or to the girl.

When Marie came in Andrew took her hand and gave it to Bob.

"You'll suit each other," he said. "I'll get you to bring Reverend Spears along with you when you come for her. I'll be glad to see her off with my hands. I won't last through the year."

He did not last through the month. A stroke during the night left him unconscious, and MacFarlane found him tied to the place, waiting for old Andrew to breathe his last before taking the girl south to the priest at Fort Barry. Days passed, and Andrew, sinking daily, still continued alive. During the time the girl and Milvaine found themselves constantly together.

He could not take his eyes from her. It seemed to him that he had never seen a woman so beautiful before.

And she, vaguely disturbed, allowed herself the happiness of his company without understanding what it portended.

They had been spearing fish together for the night meal when he found himself unable to control what was in his heart.

"Your father will not live long, Marie," he said. "Next week should see the end of everything."

"Yes," she said monotonously. "The end of—"

"The end of our companionship," she nodded, and two tears stole down her cheeks.

"Do you love MacFarlane, Marie?" asked the young man, taking her hand in his.

"No," she whispered.

"Then why are you going to be his wife?"

"My father wishes it."

"Swiftly he caught her in his arms. 'But I love you,' he cried. 'Do you love me? You do, I can see it in your face.'"

Their lips met in their first kiss. And the world, which had always been so drab, became suddenly heaven to the girl. At once he pressed his plans upon her. As soon as her father was dead they would take two horses and ride to Fort Barry, to be married there.

The sweetness of their secret filled their lives. They dared not look at each other in the cabin, they hardly spoke. And Bob suspected nothing. Not even when Andrew breathed his last, nor when he was laid beneath a pile of stones to keep off wandering beasts, did he suspect that Milvaine was planning to steal his sweetheart from him.

"Tomorrow we'll start," he told her that evening, as he went to his bunk. And for the first time it occurred to Marie that he had never kissed her.

He did not hear the horses being led out at dawn. Trembling, the girl let Milvaine lift her to the saddle. Often they reined in their horses to exchange embraces.

An hour later MacFarlane arose and discovered what had happened. His slow Scotch blood was afire. He put on his snowshoes and followed doggedly in the horses' wake. He knew that, soft as the ground was with melted snow, a man could travel as fast as a horse.

The fugitives saw him five miles away, from the crest of a hill. They hurried their steeds; but their beasts' hoofs, injured by the plunging through the half-frozen crust, were unable to support them. They let them go, watching them trot back along the trail, and went themselves on snowshoes.

At night MacFarlane was three miles distant. He went more slowly, but tirelessly. All the while, by the light of the moon, he watched the trail. Here they had halted, here they had gone more slowly. He knew they were tired. It would not be dawn before he caught them.

He had let the horses go past him. Afoot he was their match. And alone, unaided by man or beast, he meant to wreak revenge with the revolver carried in his right hand.

The tracks were fresher. He was nearly upon them. And he halted, satisfied to rest for an hour. His prey was almost in his hands.

When dawn came up in red and gold he continued onward. He saw the tracks turn aside. They led toward a little rocky recess beside the river bank.

And there he found them. They had fallen asleep from exhaustion. They lay sleeping, side by side, their hands still clasped.

MacFarlane stood looking down on them, the weapon in his hand. He had slipped three cartridges into it. He could not kill a sleeping man, but he could awaken him.

The girl smiled in her sleep and her fingers tightened upon those of the young man.

Suddenly MacFarlane felt himself choking. He lowered the revolver. Then, stooping, he laid it softly at the girl's feet and, turning, began to make his way back toward the cabin.

**Not All Slogans Have Passed Into History**

Few things can be more seemingly haphazard than the vicissitudes of fortune which have befallen phrases and sentences, equally striking and equally arresting in themselves, writes the Earl of Oxford and Asquith in McCall's Magazine. Some of them have perished without leaving so much as an echo behind, while others have been blazoned on the banners of mighty hosts or become the rallying cries of great causes or have passed into the common currency of mankind—Burke's "thousands of swords leaping from their scabbards," the Hungarian nobles' cry, "Moriaur pro rege nostro," Maria Theresa's bright "angel of death hovering over the stricken homes of a war-worn people," Lincoln's "government of the people, by the people, for the people," Italy's "Fara da se," Danton's "Ous non nom soil fetri que la France soil libre," Jefferson's "that government is best which governs least," and the elder Pitt's scornful rebuke to his cringing partner, Newcastle, is one of the greatest adventures in our annals—"fewer words, my lord, for your words have long lost all weight with me"—all these come from an anthology which will never be exhausted so long as men can breathe or eyes can see.

But there are words spoken or written equally worthy of remembrance, some of them almost wholly forgotten, others serving in a mutilated shape, which are among the most to be deplored of the lost fragmentary treasures of history.

**Proper Ventilation Vital for Kitchen**

Ventilating the home is receiving an increasing amount of consideration in connection with renewing the filtered air in the kitchen, and in some instances, the entire house.

The time has long passed since the popular conception existed that fresh air, particularly night air, was injurious to the human system and that the windows should by all means be hermetically sealed against the infiltration of fresh air. Electricity, available in every wired home, offers a very economical means for operating mechanical ventilators and can be utilized at a surprisingly low cost.

The kitchen, of course, is the room where proper ventilation of air is most essential in order to remove the heavy cooking odors which otherwise permeate the entire home. Not only this, but the grease-laden air flying freely through the house attaches itself to hangings, upholstered furniture, walls, ceilings, etc., and necessitates a very heavy annual cleaning expenditure in order to remove it. Anyone who has entered a home where cauliflower, cabbage and other similar foods are being prepared knows that it is extremely unpleasant to smell the aroma of mingled cooking for a long time after the repast.

**A Society Wedding**

John, the negro sexton of a smart church in a small town, had a great passion for the Christian Endeavor society and after much study learned the pledge. He was also a preacher, and many dusky lovers were united in happy wedlock by John. Recently he was compelled to appear before the divorce court with a negro couple whom he had some months previously married.

"John," said the judge, "did you marry this couple?"

"Mister Judge, I did; en' den I didn't. I tole dat nigger dare, efen he wanted me to marry him fer him to bring me \$2.50, en' when he cum dare to get married, he didn't hab but six bits, en' you know, Judge, I can't marry no two niggers for six bits, so I jes' tuk and sed dat Christian Endeavor pludge over 'um en' dat's all de marr'in de's had."

**Paper Storage**

The Technical Association of the Pulp and Paper Industry says that it is its opinion that paper in bulk can be stored any length of time without danger of spontaneous combustion. This would be borne out in the experience of fire insurance companies as well as paper dealers. If, however, the paper is of a kind that has been treated with oil and the storage warehouse were heated, there might be some danger of spontaneous combustion.

**Single-Handed Choir**

Mr. Peavey not only played the piano accompaniments but sang bass, contralto and tenor solos when necessary. The audience listened in rapt attention.—Musical America.



FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By F. O. Alexander



See Finney!



BILL SAM'S DICTIONARY



By J. L. MARTIN  
Syl Middlebrooks, the Taterfli baker, says that when the price of flour and eggs goes up, all that he has to do is to increase the size of the hole in his doughnuts.  
DOUGHNUT: A circular portion of space around which is constructed a shell composed of dough, eggs and atmosphere. Bill Sam's Dictionary, page 400.

FOLKS WE ALL KNOW



The Swell Dresser used to be called a Dude in the Wild and Woolly days when we wore Rubber Collars and hook-on Ties. Now that everybody has Spruced Up, he is not nearly so Noticeable. The Swell Dresser tries to look like the Aristocratic Chaps in the Collar Ads.

THE FEATHERHEADS

By L. F. Van Zeln



They Shall Not Pass!



Along the Concrete



Famous Last Words



MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughroe



The Daily Debate

The Clancy Kids  
A Good Business Head  
PERCY L. CROSBY  
By the Editors Newspaper Syndicate



TURN ME OVER



Are Halloween pranks an old custom?

TOO MANY EYES



Pickle - Say, Mr. Potato, it's lucky for you that you don't need spectacles!

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

Some artists merely work for wealth. In gold they fairly roll. But I am poor, the reason is - I must express my soul!



### 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.

Phone No. 35

**W. H. Farley**  
The Store of General Merchandise

Make it a Merry Christmas for All



Send Us All of Your Laundry Work

You will have plenty to do during the Holidays without trying to wash and iron, too.

PHONE NO. 53

**Electric Process Laundry**

**Sanderson Market**

Fresh and Cured Meats

Fresh Vegetables and Fruits

Fish and Oysters in Season

**SAM M. SPEAR, Prop.**

"We appreciate your business"

### CHURCH OF CHRIST

Arrange to attend the opening of Sanderson's new Christian Auditorium, Sunday, December 5th.

"Millions now living will surely die."

**Hebrews 9-27**

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**Peter R. Gorman, D. C.**  
Chiropractor  
Palmer Method Graduate T. C. C.

Office at Tom Parson's Residence

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**E. F. Howard**  
Agent For Good Reliable FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES  
Your Business will be Appreciated

### 6 per cent RANCH LOANS

Loans made on amortization plan for 33 years at 6 per cent interest, with option to pay loan in full or in part on any interest paying date after 5 years.

Write for particulars

**B. T. CORDER**  
Marfa, Texas

Agent for Dallas Joint Stock Land Bank.

### Highway Lunch Room

Short Orders a Speciality

A Good Place to Eat

**NOTICE!**

Both our ranches have been made State Game Reserves. Anyone hunting thereon is subject to prosecution by State Law.

**T. M. PYLE,**  
**CHAS. DOWNIE.**

Plaiting, skirts, pants, ruffles; hemstitching; covered buttons; tailored buttonholes. Mrs. B. Houston, Uvalde, Texas.

### Princess Theatre

Program for week beginning

**FRIDAY**  
DECEMBER 3rd  
**Rod La Rocque and Dorothy Gish in "NIGHT LIFE OF NEW YORK"**

**SATURDAY:**  
DECEMBER 4th  
**Art Acord in "THE ESCAPE"**  
A Western Drama

**MONDAY and TUESDAY:**  
DECEMBER 6 and 7  
**"THE UNGUARDED HOUR"**  
With **Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon**

Don't forget the Ladies Auxiliary's bazaar that will be on Friday, December 2, at the Masonic hall.

Hemstitching and piecing, 10c a yard. See Mrs. Dixie Schupbach.

"We'll sure give you a 'Fit.' How about that new suit for Christmas?"  
**EMPIRE TAILORS.**

I have range to lease for about 700 or 800 head sheep. For particulars see or write Clyde Wheeler, Sanderson, Texas.

**NOTICE TO LADIES**  
I've a nice line of Ladies and Misses Dresses, Coats and Hats for every occasion, at my residence.  
**MRS. W. E. LEA.**

**CITATION**  
Appointment of Temporary Administrator by Publication.  
THE STATE OF TEXAS,  
County of Terrell.

To the Sheriff or any Constable of Terrell County, Texas, Greetings: You are hereby commanded to cause to be published once a week for ten days exclusive of the first day of publication, before the return day hereof, in some newspaper of general circulation, published in the said County, which has continuously and regularly published in the said county for a period of one year and not less than one year; the following notice:  
THE STATE OF TEXAS,  
County of Terrell.

To all persons interested in the welfare of the Estate of Mary Caroline Corder, Deceased:  
You are hereby notified that Richard E. Corder has filed in the County Court of Terrell County, Texas, an application for letters of temporary administration upon the Estate of Mary Caroline Corder, Deceased, and that on the 25th day of October, A. D. 1926, by order of the County Judge of said Terrell County, the said Richard E. Corder was appointed temporary administrator of the Estate of the said Mary Caroline Corder, Deceased, and at the next regular term of said court, commencing on the first Monday in February, A. D. 1927, the same being the 7th day of February, A. D. 1927, at the Courthouse thereof in Sanderson, Terrell County, Texas, at which time all persons interested in the welfare of the said Estate are hereby cited to appear and contest such appointment, if they so desire, and if not contested at said term of court, such appointment then shall become permanent.

Herein fail not, but have you then and there, before said court on the first day of the next term thereof, this writ, with your return thereon showing how you have executed the same.

Given under my hand and the seal of said court, at office in Sanderson, Terrell County, Texas, this 25th day of October, A. D. 1926.  
(Seal) **LUELLA LEMONS,**  
Clerk County Court Terrell County, Texas.  
By **ETHEL BARRELL,** Deputy.

### NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS FOR STATE ROAD AND BRIDGE CONSTRUCTION

Letting No. 139, 1926, Terrell County, Job No. 222-A-F. A. P. No. 324-D Highway No. 3—Length 5.231 Mi.

Sealed proposals addressed to the State Highway Engineer of Texas for the improvement of certain highways in Terrell County, will be received at the office of the State Highway Engineer, at Austin, Texas, until 10 o'clock A. M. Dec. 20th, 1926, and then publicly opened and read.

**DESCRIPTION OF WORK TO BE DONE**  
Work consists of construction of grading and drainage structures on 5.231 miles of State Highway No. 3, in Terrell County, from Val Verde County line west.

Detailed plans and specifications may be seen for examination, and information may be obtained at the office of John Stovall County Engineer, at Sanderson, Texas, and at the office of the State Highway Department, State Office Building, Austin, Texas.

A certified, or cashier's check for \$3500.00, made payable without recourse to the order of the State Highway Commission of Texas, must accompany each proposal, as a guarantee that the bidder, if successful, will enter into contract and make bond in accordance with requirements of the specifications. The right is reserved by the party of the first part to reject any and all proposals or to waive any technicalities.

Proposals shall be submitted in sealed envelopes and marked "Bids for the construction of F. A. P. No. 324-D, in Terrell County." Proposals submitted by mail shall be marked as above and enclosed in another envelope addressed to A. C. Love, State Highway Engineer, Austin, Tex. All bids received will be retained by the Department and will not be returned to the bidders.

Conditional bids will not be considered.

Miss Grace Lemons who spent Thanksgiving with her mother, Mrs. Luella Lemons, returned Sunday to San Antonio to resume her studies at Westmoorland College.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Laurence spent Thanksgiving in Ft. Stockton with relatives.

—FOR SALE—100 head Spanish goats. For particulars see Dr. P. F. Robertson.

## America's Best Automobiles

# Buick Chevrolet Dodge Brothers

We also have Used Cars that are Good and Priced Right

**CASNER MOTOR CO.**

**J. S. Nance,**  
Sanderson Representative.



### Real Music—That

Yes, Sir, with a Fada Radio you can get real music—what better recommendation can you have when deciding upon which set to give your Family Christmas day.

**KERR MERCANTILE CO.**

### Christmas GIFTS

DAINTY AND USEFUL

If you would please a woman, give her, for a Christmas Gift, some item that will aid her in caring for her personal charms. Our display will help you in making your selection.



**MRS. W. F. Bohlman Confectionery**

### FURS WANTED

We have opened a branch office of the Standard Hide & Fur Company, of Dallas, Texas, opposite the Kerr Mercantile Co.

We will buy any and all kinds of furs and hides at market price after Thursday, November 25.

**HOKIET & CROELL,**  
Agents.

## "Give Mother What She Really Wants"

She deserves it for Christmas

This Beautiful New all White Porcelain Enameled

**\$155.00**

Hotpoint Electric Range

for

**\$139.50**

for a limited time only

No Premiums But, A Rock Bottom Price

with the famous oven temperature control



**\$2.50 CASH**

INSTALLS THIS RANGE IN YOUR KITCHEN

and the balance in 18 small monthly payments beginning

**NEXT YEAR**

Time control also can be added if desired

**TEXAS-LOUISIANA POWER CO.**