

# DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

VOL 31

SONORA SUTTON CO., TEXAS, SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1921.

NO. 1595



8440 f o. b. Detroit

With Summer comes the Rush Season for Ford Cars

Each year thousands have been compelled to wait for their cars after placing their orders. Sometimes they have waited many months.

By placing your order now, you will be protecting yourself against delay. You will be able to get reasonably prompt delivery on your Ford car. And you will have it to enjoy when you want it most--this summer.

Don't put off placing your order.

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## THE ROACH McLYMONT CO., ITS SPLENDOR OF THE PAST

The Store That Serves Ten Counties  
DEL RIO, TEXAS.

DRY GOODS, HARDWARE, GROCERIES.

We beg to announce that we have purchased a magnificent thoroughbred Rambouillet Stud Ram, for the sum of \$100.00, from Mr. T. L. Irist, of Juno, Texas. This will be given away by us to the person drawing the lucky ticket, on the last day of the Sheep & Goat Ranchmen's Convention, which is being held at Del Rio this month. Tickets may be obtained FREE on personal application at "The Store That Serves Ten Counties," during the term of the gathering.

TRY YOUR LUCK--IT COSTS NOTHING.

### REGISTERED HEREFORD BULLS

7 Two and Three Year Olds  
12 Yearlings for sale.

All Good Individuals \$150 to \$200.  
Cash or Terms to Suit Purchaser.

John F. Allison, Menard, Tx

### THE DALLAS NEWS

THE NEWEST, THE BEST, THE MOST RELIABLE--THAT'S ALL  
E. J. PURCELO - Circulator at SONORA, TEXAS.

## The Wreckers

Mr. Van Britt said and talked with everybody, and when he could wedge off a minute or two of privacy, he'd go into the third room of the suite



"We Must Stand by Him and Defend Him."

and thrash it out with Juneman, or Billingsby, or Mr. Ripley. From these private talks I found out that there was still some doubt in the minds of all four of them about the boss' drop-out--as to whether it was voluntary or not.

Also, I found out what had been done during the four days. We had no "company detective" at that time, and Mr. Hornack had borrowed a man named Grimmer from his old company, the Overland Central, wiring for him and getting him on the ground within twenty-four hours of the time of Mr. Norcross' disappearance.

Grimmer had gone to work at once, but everything he had turned up, so far, favored the voluntary runaway theory. Mr. Norcross' trunks were still in his rooms at the Bullard; but his two grips were gone. And the night clerk at the hotel, when he was pushed to it, remembered that the boss had paid his bill up to date that night, before going up to his rooms.

Just that, the trace was completely lost. The conductor on the East Mail, eastbound, on the night in question, swore by all that was good and great that Mr. Norcross hadn't been a passenger on his train. And he would certainly have known it if he had been carrying his general manager.

Over in the other field there was absolutely nothing to incriminate the Hatch people. So far from it, Hatch had turned up at the railroad office, bright and early the morning after Mr. Norcross had gone. He had asked for the boss, and failing to find him, he had hunted up Mr. Van Britt. What he wanted, it seemed, was a chance to reopen the proposition that had been made to him the day before--the offer of the new Citizens' Storage & Warehouse company to purchase the various Red Tower equipments and plants.

Mr. Van Britt had referred him to Mr. Ripley, and to our lawyer Hatch had made what purported to be an open confession, admitting that he had gone to Mr. Norcross the night before, determined to fight the new company to a finish, and that there had been a good many things said that would better be forgotten. Now, however, he was willing to talk straight business and a compromise. He had called his board of directors together, and they had voted to sell their track-bordering plants to Citizens' Storage & Warehouse if a price could be amply agreed upon.

With Mr. Norcross gone and a new general manager coming, Mr. Ripley was afraid to make a move, and Hatch was pressing him to get busy on the bargain and sale proposition; was apparently as anxious now to sell and withdraw as he had at first been to fight everything in sight.

By the morning I came on the scene the man Grimmer had, as they say, just about done his da. He was only a sort of journeyman detective, and had run out of clues. When he came in and talked to Mr. Van Britt and Mr. Ripley, I could see that he fully believed in the drop-out theory, and even the lawyer and Mr. Van Britt had to admit that the facts were with him. The boss had written a letter saying definitely that he was quitting; he had paid his hotel bill, and his grips were gone; and two days later President Dunton had appointed a new general manager, which was proof positive, you'd say, that the boss had resigned and had so notified the New York office.

When the noon hour came along, Fred May took me out to luncheon, and we went to the Bullard cafe. It was pretty rich for our blood at two dollars per, but I guess Fred thought his job was gone, anyway, and felt reckless. Over the good things at our corner table we did a little thrashing on our own account--and got a hot more chat and no grain.

Fred didn't want to agree with Grimmer and the facts, but there didn't seem to be any help for it. And as for me, I had other things in mind all the time--the big scary fear that somebody had got to the boss after

he had left Ripley on the night of stockings, and had just bashed him in the face with the story of Mrs. Sheila's widowhood.

By and by we got around to my burned hand, and Fred told me Grimmer had at least succeeded in clearing up whatever mystery there was about that. The wall switch for the electric light in the lower hall at the headquarters was right beside the outer door jamb--as I knew. It had burned out in some way, and that was why there was no light on when I went down-stairs. And in burning out it had short-circuited itself with the brass lock of the door; Fred didn't know just how, but Grimmer had explained it. I asked him if Grimmer had explained how a 110-volt light current could cook me like a fried potato, and he said he hadn't.

The afternoon at the office was a sort of cat-and-dog game, a repeat of the morning, with lots of people milling around and things going crooked and cross-ways, as they were bound to with the boss gone and a new boss coming. Nobody had any hearts for anything, and along late in the afternoon when word came of a freight wreck at Cross Creek Gulch, Mr. Van Britt threw up both hands and yipped and swore like a pirate. It just showed what a raw edge the headquarters' nerves were taking on.

Though it wasn't his business, Mr. Van Britt went out with the wrecking train, and Fred May and I had it all to ourselves for the remaining hour or so up to closing time. Just before five, Mr. Cantrell, the editor of the Mountaineer, dropped in. He looked a bit disappointed when he found only us two. Fred turned him over to me, and he came on in to the private office when I asked him to, and smoked one of the boss' good cigars out of a box that I found in the big desk.

I liked Cantrell. He was just the sort of man you expect an editor to be; tall and thin and kind of mild-eyed, with an absent way with him that made you feel as if he were thinking along about a mile ahead of you when you were striking the best think-gait you ever knew of.

"No word yet from Mr. Norcross, I suppose?" he said.

I told him there wasn't.

"It's very singular to me, and to all of us, as it is to you," I threw in. The editor smoked on for a full minute without saying anything more, and he seemed to be staring absently at a steamship picture on the wall. When he got good and ready, he began again.

"You don't need any common plain-clothes man on this job, Jimmie; you need the best there is; a real dyed-in-the-wool Sherlock Holmes, if there ever were such a miracle."

"You think it is a case for a detective?"

"I do," he replied, looking straight at me with his mild blue eyes. "If I were one of Mr. Norcross' close friends I should get the best help that could be found and not lose a single minute about it."

Since there was nobody around who was any closer to the boss than I was, I jumped into the hole pretty quick.

"Can you tell us anything that will help, Mr. Cantrell?" I asked.

"Not specifically; I wish I could. But I can say this: I know Mr. Rufus Hatch and his associates up one side and down the other. They are hand-in-glove with the political pirates who control this state. From the little that has leaked out, and the great deal that has been published in the Hatch-controlled newspapers all over the state during the past few weeks, it is apparent that Mr. Norcross' removal was a thing greatly to be desired, not only by the Red Tower people, but also by the political bosses. That ought to be enough to make all of you suspicious--very suspicious, Jimmie."

The tall editor got up and made ready to go. "If I were in your place, or rather in Mr. Van Britt's, I'd get an expert on this job--and I shouldn't let much grass grow under my feet while I was about it. Call me up at the Mountaineer office if I can help." And with that he went away.

It was just a little while after this that I put on my hat and strolled across the yard tracks to Kirgan's office in the shops. Kirgan was an old friend, as you might say; he had been on the Oregon building job with us and knew the boss through and through. I didn't have anything special to say, but I kind of wanted to talk to somebody who knew. So I loafed in on Kirgan.

He loved the boss like a brother. As soon as I came in he fired his kid stenographer on some errand or other, and made me sit down and tell him all I knew. When I got through he was pulling at his long mustache and wrinkling his nose as I've seen a bulldog do when he was getting ready to bite something.

"You haven't got all the drop-out business cornered over yonder in the general office, Jimmie," he said slowly, tilting back in his swing-chair and glowering at me with those sultry eyes of his. "On that same night that you're talkin' about, I stand to lose one perfectly good Atlantic-type locomotive. At ten o'clock she was set in on the spur below the coal chutes. At twelve o'clock, when the round-house watchman went down there to see if her fire was banked all right, she was gone."

### CHAPTER VII

The Lost 1016  
When Kirgan told me he was shy a whole locomotive, I began to see all sorts of fire-works. Of course, there was nothing on earth to expect

## WOOL AND MOHAIR

CHARLES SCHREINER, BANKER.

(INCORPORATED)

KERRVILLE, TEXAS.

Makes Liberal Advances on Sheep, Goats, Wool and Mohair  
Established 1869.

## MORTGAGE LOANS

On Improved Farms and Ranches.

E. B. CHANDLER & CO.

102 East Crockett St., San Antonio, Texas.

## WOOL AND MOHAIR

Each Clip sold on its MERITS.

## Del Rio Wool & Mohair Co.

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## MARKET NOTICE.

We desire to notify our customers and the public generally that we cannot extend the monthly pay plan to those who do not settle their obligations before the 10th of each month. It should not be necessary to specify any reason for the observance of this requirement. Please arrange to pay before the 10th of each month if you desire the monthly pay system.

COOPER & SIMS.

## THE DEW DROP INN

SELLS THE RENOWNED

## COLUMBIA RECORDS.

NEEDLES FOR ALL MAKES OF PHONOGRAPHS  
CALL AND TRY OUR DELICIOUS

Johnston's Chocolates

E. A. YEAGER,

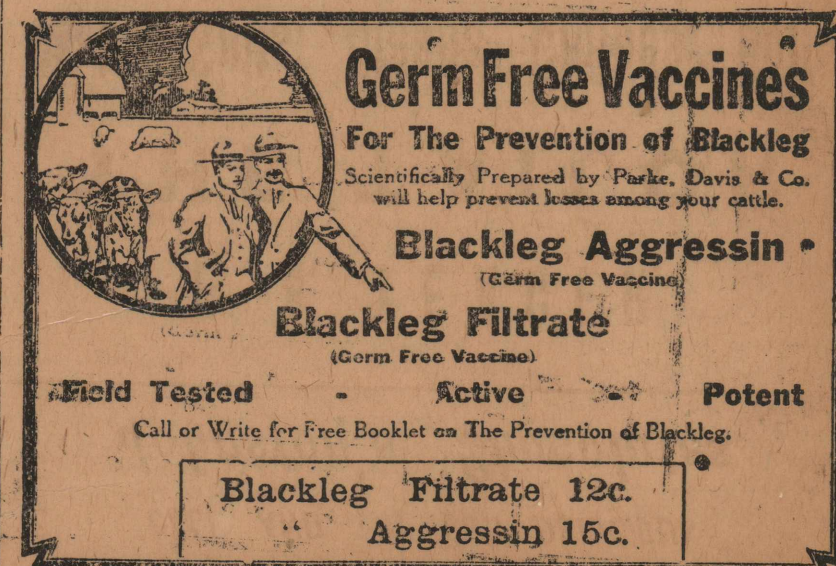
## THE TAILOR

Makes Suits, Cleans Clothes, Both Ladies and Gentlemen.

Makes Alterations and Remodels Suits and Tailored Dresses. Coats and Garments Relined. Ladies White Kid Gloves Cleaned.

Don't send away your clothes to be cleaned or pressed before giving me a trial.

HAVE YOUR WORK DONE HERE.



**Germ Free Vaccines**  
For the Prevention of Blackleg  
Scientifically Prepared by Parke, Davis & Co.  
will help prevent losses among your cattle.

**Blackleg Aggressin**  
(Germ Free Vaccine)

**Blackleg Filtrate**  
(Germ Free Vaccine)

Field Tested Active Potent  
Call or Write for Free Booklet on the Prevention of Blackleg.

**Blackleg Filtrate 12c.**  
**Aggressin 15c.**

## SONORA DRUG STORE.

**Devil's River Now**

MIKE MURPHY, Editor.  
STEVE MURPHY, Publisher.  
Published at the Postoffice at Sonora, a second-class matter.  
Subscription \$2 a year in advance.

Sonora, Texas. - June 4, 1921.

**SACK OF WOOL STOLEN.**

A \$50 reward has been offered for any information leading to the arrest and conviction of the person or persons who last Thursday stole a sack of wool from off a trailer which had been left in the road between Christoval and Eldorado. B. M. Halbert of Sonora was the owner of the wool and his brand, a circle cut with a bar, was on the sack. The wool was being hauled by a freighter from Eldorado to Christoval and car trouble necessitated the abandonment of the trailer in the road between these two places while the driver went to the nearest town for repairs. When the driver returned he found that the sack of wool was missing. Frank Duckworth, sheriff, was notified and immediately began a search for the missing wool.—Standard.

Jesse Evans, who ranches out 15 miles west of town Sunday morning, when he had one of his limbs fractured in two places. He was holding a horse with a rope when the horse made a run and caught his leg between the rope and a post. Dr. Rogers went out and set the broken bones and he is doing as well as could be expected.—Rock-springs Leader.

Mrs. Arthur H. Martin returned home the latter part of the week from Comanche, where she visited her brother, George B. Black, and family. While there, her niece, Francis Eliz Baugh, was stricken with diphtheria and died on Tuesday, May 24. She would have been six years old in June. Since the death of her mother, Mrs. Eliza Black Baugh, on March 12, 1820, the child had been residing with Mrs. George Black, her aunt. Two brothers survive. One, a twin brother, John Morgan Baugh, Jr. lives with his father at Brownwood, while the other, Bill Baugh, is with another aunt, Mrs. V. E. Ruggin in San Antonio.—Agnelo Standard.

FOR SALE BY THE  
Sonora Drug Store.

**CHINESE STOLIDITY.**

Raiders from the narcotic squad went into Chinatown the other evening and raided an opium den. In an old, worn pair of shoes in a corner detectives found \$40,000 in bills of \$1,000 denomination. The Chinese who owned the money was the most surprised man in the world when the police turned it over to him. He had seen the detective find the money, but his face had remained as stolid as that of Buddha. When the money was returned to him there was a flicker of a smile on his face, but he offered no thanks.—New York Sun.

**WOODEN HOUSES IN EUROPE.**

The serious housing shortage in several European countries has caused the extensive introduction of wooden houses. Stone and brick are the favorite building materials of most European countries, and Europeans do not take kindly to wood except through dire necessity. Were the exchange more favorable, there is no doubt but that heavy orders for ready-cut houses would be placed with American manufacturers. As it is, the demands of Europe are being met by French, German and Austrian manufacturers.—Scientific American.

**QUESTION.**

"The pay of chorus girls runs as high as \$100 per week, according to their good looks. The average, however, is nearer \$25 per week."  
"Is that a slap at their good looks?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**NOT A SIGN OF ILLITERACY**

Placing of "Mark" on Formal Documents Was Once an Attestation of Good Faith.

The mark which persons who are unable to write are required to make in lieu of their signatures, is the form of a cross. The use of such mark having formerly been made by kings and nobles, is sometimes referred to as proof of the deplorable ignorance of ancient times. It should not be so regarded. Anciently the use of the mark was not confined to illiterate persons, for among the Saxons the making of a cross as an attestation of good faith was an additional requirement on formal documents to the signatures of those who could write, as well as being a substitute for signatures of persons who could not.

The ancient use of the cross was very general. It was indeed the symbol of an oath from its sacred association as well as being "the mark" legally adopted. Hence the origin of the expression, "God save the mark!" as a form of ejaculation approaching the character of an oath.

**TRAVELING BIRDS.**

At this season, it is common to find many dead birds in the morning about the base of any powerful light. It is not unusual to catch a glimpse of some strange bird on a tree or bush which is never seen at any other time of the year. This indicates the immense number of birds which are flying above our heads at great altitude on their way southward. The first birds to migrate are the insect-eating birds which fly when the leaves fall; next in turn are the seed-eating birds. The birds as a rule fly at night and come to earth in the daytime for food and to rest. During a frost recently over one million sparrows were killed in one section of the West, which suggests the enormous number of birds which are passing above us. The year to year travel of many of these birds exceeds 5,000 miles.—Boys' Life.

**HELP NEEDY STUDENTS.**

Loans for needy students at Melbourne university are provided by a bill proposed by the government of Victoria, Australia. By this bill an initial fund of \$100,000 is to be created, to be supplemented by annual endowments, from which students are to receive loans sufficient to carry them through their course.

**PERHAPS SHE WAS A TV COBB.**

Jimmy was on third base in an exciting ball game. His mother sent a chum for him, and he yelled at Jimmy:  
"Jimmy, your mother wants you. She sez you ought to be home long ago."  
"Aw, let her come and try it," replied Jimmy.—New York Sun.

**SUSPICION.**

"I understand the prohibition agents have their eyes on Smith."  
"How did he come under suspicion?"  
"He told a corking story."—Baltimore American.

**ACCORDING TO HABIT.**

"Three balls!" yelled the umpire.  
"Now's your chance to soak it," shouted the excited pawnbroker's clerk to the batsman.—Boston Transcript.

**Wild Horses Roam No More.**

Sometimes in the isolated mountain canyons of the West, horses are found roaming loose, but while these might be tame wild, they really belong to some rascal who has let them run loose. Wild horses are frequent in various parts of Arizona and occasionally are found in Utah. But the old wild horse herds of the mountain plateau regions have gone, probably forever.

**Wise Laws of the Ancients.**

The Licinian law, effective 275 B. C. forbade anyone to own more than 500 acres of land and more than 100 large cattle, or 500 small animals. Another law of the same name, 56 B. C. imposed a heavy penalty on those who organized clubs for massing power at an election, while another law, 103 B. C. limited the funds one might expend for supplying his table.

**Do the Himalayas Creep?**

Geologic studies in the Himalayas and the Tibetan mountains seem to show an apparent creeping of these mountain ranges, sideways toward the south. Surveys may eventually disclose the real facts.

**Remedy Worth Trying.**

There are many troubles which von cannot cure by the Fiddle of hygienic food, but which you can cure by systematic exercise and fresh air.—Henry Ward Beecher.

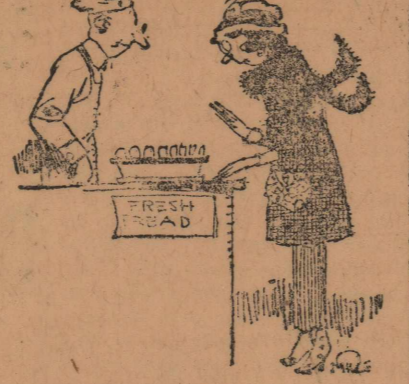
**ENLARGED KODAK PICTURES FREE**  
Send Us A Trial Order For Best Kodak (Including Ten Ever-Sure Prints) From One Cent Up  
**The MAYO STUDIOS**  
BROWNWOOD, TEX.

**STILL SCRAMBLE FOR HOOD**

Age-Long Custom Continues to Furnish Amusement to People of Small English Villages.

In the little village of Haxey in Lincolnshire, England, there still persists an age-long Twelfth Night custom, namely, the scramble for Haxey Hood. The story goes that, many centuries ago, as the lady of the manor was riding to church on Old Christmas day, she lost her hood, carried away by a strong wind that was blowing. It did not travel far, however, for 12 good men and true, who chanced to be by, came to the rescue, vying with one another for the honor of returning the lost gear. The result was that my lady was so mightily pleased with their good manners that she then and there decided to set apart a piece of land for the purpose of providing a hood "to be thrown up on Old Christmas day, and to be contended for on the same spot where her hood had been blown off." The piece of land is still called the Hoodlands, and each Twelfth day 12 men duly scramble for the hood. Today, it is true, this hood is generally a roll of canvas—but no matter.

**EXPECTING TOO MUCH**



The Customer—I wanted some ladyfingers, but these don't look so very tempting.  
The Bakery Man—What do you expect for a dollar a dozen? Diamond rings on 'em?

**X-RAY DENTISTRY.**

The up-to-date dentist now-a-days makes an X-ray picture of every tooth separately, which may need treatment. Nothing is left to chance. If you have a toothache he will place a small photographic plate, say an inch square, inside your mouth back of the troublesome tooth. The X-ray machine is then turned on for a second or so and the plate is removed and developed. It will be found to contain an exact life-size photograph of the tooth, which will show exactly what is going on inside. With this photograph before him the dentist will know exactly what he's doing and is able to get at the trouble without giving you a single unnecessary jab.—Boys' Life.

**SO IT COULD MAKE HONEY.**

A little girl and boy from the poor section of London were spending a holiday in the country. I caught them, writes the Rev. W. B. Money in "Humors of a Parisian," trying to climb over the churchyard wall.  
"My dears," I said, "you mustn't climb over that wall."  
The little girl looked up into my face with the most beautifully trustful look and said:  
"Please, sir, we saw a bee fly over there, and Willie wanted to catch it and take it home to put in our backyard, so that it can make honey."

**EXPERT AT IT.**

"Private Johnson!" yelled the top-kick on the returning transport, as he discovered the recalcitrant lying on his bunk during the fire drill.  
"Didn't you hear me yell 'Everybody inside, out?'"  
"Yeah," groaned Private Johnson, from the depth of gloom, "but what difference does that make to me? I've been that way since the boat started."—American Legion Weekly.

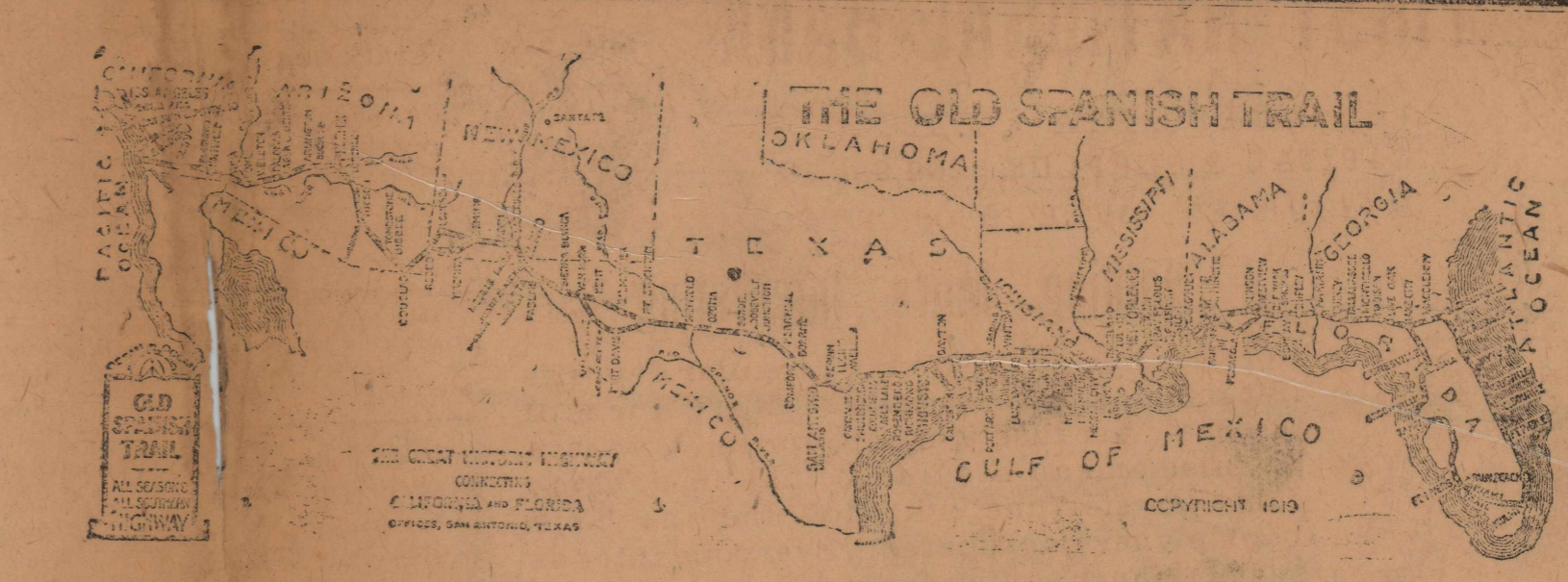
**THE NERVE OF HIM!**

"Bobbie, the boy next door says you attacked him and knocked out one of his teeth."  
"Did that kid have the nerve to say I knocked out only one of his teeth?"

**SUCCEEDED.**

The Comedian—My parents tried hard to keep me from becoming a comedian.  
The Lady—I congratulate them on their success.

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



**THE OLD SPANISH TRAIL**

Road building made the Roman Empire the greatest in the world, and from the time that history began a nation's importance has been in proportion to her transportation.  
In the present day of the highly developed automobile there is a crying need for good roads and the ordinary conveniences that should accompany them.  
The Service Crew of the Old Spanish Trail Association has been in town marking and logging this most important of all National highways. Sonora can well be proud of her position on this trail and of the part she has played in helping develop it.  
The marking has been done

through the City in white and notes have been taken for the log book. This work will not be like the ordinary ones which direct the traveler by means of land marks, but will give all the interesting features of the towns and the country thru which they are traveling, both historic and present. The whole route of the O. S. T. is rich in old Spanish history and a very interesting log can be made.  
All these features will be carried in the daily news papers and periodicals all over the country, so by the time the trail has been marked, millions of people will be reading about it and the things they will see when they travel over it.  
The Service Crew composed of

R. B. Baldwin and H. R. Stewart have worked from San Antonio thru here and are on their way to El Paso. As soon as this division has been finished they will start on the eastern division from San Antonio to the Sabine River. Plans are being made to draw people from the North and East to the West Texas Hill Country this summer besides the regular Transcontinental tourist travel.  
H. B. Ayers, managing director of the Association has been in Louisiana for some time working out problems of importance there and will probably conduct a tour from that country to San Antonio on his return.  
The membership in the O. S. T. is increasing all along the line and there is more enthusiasm shown

by each locality than ever before, by this continued cooperation and enthusiasm the Trail will be turned into a National Highway second in importance and popularity to none.  
The distance from San Antonio to El Paso by rail is 620 miles while the distance by the Old Spanish Trail via Sonora is 595 miles. From Sonora to San Antonio the distance by the O. S. T. is 187 miles and there is at present only about fifteen miles of slow travel on the Divide in Kimble county and it is recognized as the best route as well as the shortest between these points. From Sonora to El Paso by the O. S. T. the distance is 408 miles, while the rail distance from Del Rio to El Paso is 451 miles.

**WHICH ONE?**



He—Is that you, darling?  
She—Yes, who is that?

**NEW AQUATIC SPORT.**

Floating around in the water, with one's head and shoulders projecting from the bell of a flower-shaped buoy like a statue of Buddha in a lotus blossom, is a new aquatic sport made possible by an ingenious invention, which is described in Popular Mechanics Magazine. The novel float, designed for use at bathing beaches, has an upper part of ornamentally shaped metal, with an annular air chamber at its bulging water line. From this superstructure hangs a pair of trousers made of water-proof fabric on the outside of which are series of vanes that act as paddles when the occupants propel himself along by a walking motion. The buoyancy of the air chamber is great enough to support a number of swimmers.

**THIS A NATION OF TALKERS.**

All Europe has only one-third of the number of telephones in the United States, France having fewer than the city of Chicago and Greece not as many as can be found in one large office building in New York. In 1880 there was one telephone to one thousand persons in the United States. Today there is a telephone to every nine persons. During the last year and a half more telephones were installed in United States homes and offices than are in use throughout Great Britain. The United States has only one-sixteenth of the world's population, but nearly two-thirds of the world's telephoning is over the 24,000,000 miles of wire in the Bell system.

**GIFTED.**

"We've already lost this case," said the leading lawyer for the defense.  
"Surely not," said his colleague.  
"Yes, we have. The witness stand is capable of doing it again at a nod from her lawyer. Great Caesar, but that woman has histrionic talent!"

**HUMAN CARELESSNESS.**

"Do you remember when some uninformed people used to risk their lives by blowing out the gas?"  
"Yes," replied Uncle Bill Bottletop. "And we still have the same style of foolishness. Only, being as there is no gas to blow out, men show their ignorance by drinking the alcohol out of the liver."

After you begin buying Fisk Tires you wonder why you did not begin such a pleasant relationship sooner.

Next Time—BUY FISK

CITY GARAGE

# FISK

## TIRES

Experience Makes Us Familiar With Your Grocery Needs. It also teaches us which are the best and Most Satisfactory Brands. Quality is a bigger item than ever before because of freight rates.

It does make a difference where we and you Buy.

## Groceries Are Our Specialty

# The CITY GROCERY

Under Pure Food Laws  
Refreshing Drinks  
Are Bottled  
ALL KINDS AT  
**THE HORN PALACE**  
JACK PIERCE.  
MY CIGARS Are Always Prime







# Thy Kingdom Come, Thy Will Be Done

Dorothy Harris and Nelson McNeill,  
Pursued by Dick Harris, His Wife,  
And His Son, H. S. Harris, from  
Valley Mills, Bosque County. Meet  
Death Near Sonora, Saturday.

**Coroners Verdict: Dorothy Harris Died of Gunshot Wounds Inflicted by Person or Persons Unknown. Nelson McNeill Died of Knife Wounds in the Neck. Self Inflicted.**

**Dick Harris and H. S. Harris, Charged with Assault With Intent to Murder, Nelson McNeill, Give Bond to Await Action of Grand Jury, Which Convènes in October.**

Saturday May 21st, an elderly with a bootlegger, but with one man and woman and a young man of the best old men in the county ate dinner at the Commercial hotel. After dinner the man showed Mrs. McDonald the photo of a girl and asked if she had remembered seeing her. She was his daughter and had runaway from home and that they come in search of her. The car she was in was supposed to be a Buick roadster, State License No. 389628. Mrs. McDonald had called Deputy Sheriff Merck and while he and the father were talking, a traveling man who had overheard the conversation, noticed a Buick roadster coming down the street with one front casing off, and called out "there's a Buick and it has the number." The occupants of the road-ster had evidently intended stopping at the City garage on the corner opposite the hotel, but at the same time they were discovered must have recognized the people on the hotel gallery or their car, for the driver put gas to his car and left town out Concho avenue, east, the way they were headed when they turned the corner to enter the garage. The people at the hotel got into their car and gave chase. Deputy Sheriff Merck followed in his car immediately after. The cars left town about 1:30 and before three o'clock word was received that a young woman had been killed and a young man thought to be being in the Joe Wyatt pasture about 11 miles southeast of town. The news of the elopement had spread and when the report of the killing came in excitement was at its height. Deputy Sheriff J. L. Cook, Justice of the Peace H. B. Balch, Dr. A. G. Blanton left immediately for the scene of the killing and the next chapter was when Sam McKee and his son Frank McKee arrived in town. Mr. McKee said he was coming to town when in the Joe Wyatt ranch near the 11 mile mark, he was stopped by a woman, about 50 years of age, who distractedly cried for help, saying "they have killed my baby girl." Mr. McKee seeing a wrecked car thought it was an automobile accident and asked where her baby was. She pointed to his left of the road and about 100 yards from the road he saw a body lying on the ground and what he took to be the heads of two men squatted near by. The woman's story was confusing but he gathered that there had been a fight and a young woman had been killed. He thought it was his duty to notify the officers and did so by crossing the country to the Joe Wyatt headquarters ranch and phoning to town. Just as they were leaving the woman had a man running from where the body was supposed to be. He did not go to the body. Mr. McKee did not see or hear the shooting. There was only the wrecked car on the road near the scene when they came by. Will Wyatt and Will Word, not having heard of the elopement, but seeing a man who had been arrested that morning for having violated the traffic regulations, get in his car and follow Mr. Merck out of town, got in Wyatts car and took the trail thinking to prevent Mr. Merck from abuse. On reaching the forks of the roads, about 7 miles from town where the right goes to Bonds and the left to Lost Lake and the Llanos, the Wyatt car took the Bond road and when nearing the 11 mile hill were met by a young man in a Hudson who said he wanted the officers as in a fight with a bootlegger, his sister had been killed and the bootlegger seriously injured. Wyatt told him "you have not had a fight

of his character and her mother had many arguments with her about him. She would reply that he was not as bad as they said he was and that the girls of the best families in Valley Mills went with him. When she was gone and McNeill was also away I believed they had gone together and my hope then was that had married. My daughter was very fond of her mother and when a student at the Baylor University in 1920 would come home for the weekend. Following the car which left town till it broke down on the hill, you know the distance from here, continued Mr. Harris, McNeill and my daughter jumped from their car and ran to the side of the road. McNeill fired a shot at me, I called to my daughter to come back or lay down or she would be killed. Mrs. Harris was calling to her son and my son was looking toward them from the side. My daughter hesitated a moment and started to go toward her mother, when McNeill took her by the wrist, turned her around and keeping her between me and him, backed behind some bushes. Instantly my son yelled, "He's shooting her. He's shooting her," and he did. Then he turned the gun on him-self. I did not see this but my son did. Mr. Harris said he did not care to talk about what happened after he and his son closed in on McNeill. H. S. Harris who was present when the elder Harris was talking to the News reporter, said after reaching the bodies of his sister and McNeill, he prevented his father from finishing the rest. He disarmed a father, took McNeill's pistol and searched him for other arms, and taking the guns left his father there to guard McNeill while he came to town for the officers. **Find Body of McNeill** Nelson McNeill's lifeless body was found on the edge of a small thicket, in the E. E. Steen pasture, about eight miles from the scene of the tragedy, and only a short distance from the road, by the posse headed by Deputy Sheriff Cook, Claude Keene and J. D. Wallace who struck the trail at the Holman road, about three miles from the place of the killing and followed it by the foot of the Steen pasture. The trail was slow and at night and whenever the footprints left the road the posse cautiously searched the wayside and when they got to the Steen pasture and the trail was lost in the grass, the posse waited nearby until daylight when the body was found. The Coroner was sent for and the Doctor examined the wounds. The slash or stab in the neck served the right carotid artery and was inflicted by a small pen knife which was found beside the body near the right hand. McNeill had been dead about three hours when found by the posse. The body was cold but the blood still flowed. The second finger of the right hand was almost severed at the first joint by a bullet. There were severe bruises in the front and back of the head, but the skull was not thought to be fractured. There were bruises and scratches on the arms and other parts of the body. The verdict of the Justice of the Peace Balch, acting coroner, was that death was due to the wound in the neck and was self inflicted. The body was taken to San Angelo Sunday evening, embalmed and prepared for shipment to his home in Valley Mills. **Harris and Son Give Bond** At the request of Justice Balch, District Attorney N. W. Graham came over from Ozona Sunday afternoon and at 7:30 Sunday evening a complaint was made by Deputy Sheriff Merck charging Dick Harris and H. S. Harris with assault with intent to murder Nelson McNeill. The defendant waived examination. Justice H. B. Balch set the bail at \$1,000 each and this was agreed to by District Attorney Graham and L. W. Elliott of the law firm of Wardlaw & Elliott attorneys for the defendants Harris. The Harris' did not appear before the Justice and the bond was made in a few minutes with W. L. Aldwell, L. R. Thorp, Ed Glascock, Mat Karnes, H. P. Allison and T. J. Jarrett as sureties. Sheriff Escorts Harris' to Schleicher County Line Mr. and Mrs. Dick Harris and H. S. Harris left Sonora Monday morning, about ten o'clock, escorted to the Schleicher county

line by Sheriff Hutcherson, where they were met by Sheriff Luedecke of Schleicher county who would escort them through that county and the Sheriff of Tom Green county would escort them to San Angelo. This precaution was taken to prevent further bloodshed because friends and relatives of Nelson McNeill were known to be on the way to Sonora. Sheriff Hutcherson was unavoidably absent from Sonora Saturday and returned from Menard Sunday morning. Everyone regrets the absence of Sheriff Hutcherson at this time. District Judge James Cornell arrived from Brackettville Monday morning, but in view of the action taken decided not to call the Grand Jury in special session. The Fall session of the District court will be convened on October 31st. Relative McNeill who would be no private prosecution. The father is in poor health and the State of Texas is in charge. **The Arsenal in Keeping of Sheriff Hutcherson** The sheriff's office has in charge one automatic pistol .32 caliber, said to be the property of Nelson McNeill. There is one cartridge in the barrel of this pistol. One 16 gauge shot gun, which with a number of bird-shot shells were found in the wrecked car. It had not recently been fired. One 12 gauge shot gun, burst broken off, claimed by Dick Harris to have been used by him in firing buck shot at McNeill. One automatic .45 pistol claimed by H. S. Harris as the pistol he used in the killing. One .380 automatic pistol said to belong to Mrs. Dick Harris, full loaded and not recently fired. This last gun was found in the Harris car Sunday morning when it was searched by Sheriff Luedecke of Schleicher county. The other arms were turned over to Deputy Sheriff Merck at the Harris' at the scene of the killing Saturday evening. Only one pistol .32 caliber is in the possession of the sheriff. **Dick Harris Prominent In Oil Mill Business** Dick Harris of Valley Mills, looks to be sixty years of age and is manager of the Cotton Oil Mill of Webb & Co. at Valley Mills. Sunday workers were received from 200 to 400 for oil during the past season for any amount. H. S. Harris is about 29 years of age, is engaged in the oil business at Caddo and has seven years of age when his father died the premises in Mrs. Dick Harris' care of the late Elizabeth Dorothy Harris aged 20. H. S. Harris is married and has one child. **The Boy and Car.** Nelson McNeill was 21 years of age, the only son of D. and Mrs. W. T. McNeill, most highly respected pioneer citizens of Valley Mills. He had about completed the basic course at the Vanderbilt University when he went to the war. Is all effects in the car when the auto was wrecked. Four papers showing his army insurance in the auto \$10,000 had been retained in the car. Since the arm service had been in the oil business but was not any business at the time of his death. After leaving Waco on the 21st he went to Austin and was in Del Rio Wednesday and Thursday. He was on near Junction on Thursday but reported as where he was on Friday (Saturday morning). He came into Sonora after 1:30 o'clock Saturday from the east or Menard Junction road, with entering town the right front wheel was on the felly band. The deflating was thrown up in front of an area that was all pumped up and in a condition. The car was a 1920 Buick road-ster, State license No. 389628, tax seal No. 34666, the speedometer registered 1097 miles. In the car when it was brought in the 11 mile hill, was a long, very fresh bread made with the name of W. W. Yavvaka, Del Rio, Texas, printed thereon. **NEW MAIL & PASSENGER SERVICE.** C. J. Griggs of San Angelo is the new mail carrying contractor on the Sonora-San Angelo route. Mr. Griggs proposes to give service, not only to the Government but to the people. The equipment consists of two Texan five passenger cars and an All-American Truck. The truck has pneumatic tires and is a comfortable ride. The passenger fare to San Angelo is six dollars or eleven dollars for round trip. The express rate at the Tailor shop Mr. Griggs hopes to have the support of the people and will do all in his power to merit their patronage. 89

**NOTICE OF ELECTION.** Notice is hereby given that an election will be held at the courthouse in the town of Sonora, in the Sonora Independent School District, on the 23th day of June, A.D. 1921, to determine whether the Board of Trustees of said district shall have power to levy and collect a tax upon all taxable property in said district, for the support and maintenance of public free schools in said Sonora Independent School District, and at the rate of not exceeding one dollar on the one hundred dollar valuation of the taxable property of the district, which election is to be held in accordance with an order made and entered by the Board of Trustees of the Sonora Independent School District, on the 15th day of May, A.D. 1921, as follows: "It is, therefore, ordered by the Board of Trustees of the Sonora Independent School District that an election be held at the Courthouse, in the town of Sonora, in the said Sonora Independent School District, on the 23rd day of June, A.D. 1921, to determine whether the Board of Trustees of said district shall have power to levy and collect a tax upon all taxable property in said district, for the support and maintenance of public free schools in said district, and at the rate of not exceeding one dollar on the one hundred dollar valuation of the taxable property of the district; such tax, if voted, to be levied and collected for the calendar year 1921, and annually thereafter, or so much thereof as may be necessary." W. E. Calhoun is hereby appointed judge of said election, and J. A. L. each and W. E. Hathorn are appointed clerks to assist him in holding the same. "None but property taxpayers who are qualified voters in said Sonora Independent School District shall vote at said election, and the result of the election shall have no effect unless the ballot 'FOR MAINTENANCE TAX' and those signed at the tax shall write or have printed on their ballot, 'AGAINST MAINTENANCE TAX.' It is further ordered that the Secretary of this Board of Trustees shall cause notice of said election to be given in accordance with law." In pursuance of said order, J. W. E. Caldwell, Secretary of the Board of Trustees of the Sonora Independent School District, issues this notice, the 15th day of May, A.D. 1921. W. E. CALHOUN, Judge of the Board of Trustees of Sonora Independent School District.

**MONEY TO LOAN.** On Ranch Land. Will buy first vendor lien notes. SEE T. L. BENSON.

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