

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

VOL 33

SONORA SUTTON CO., TEXAS, SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1924.

NO. 1726

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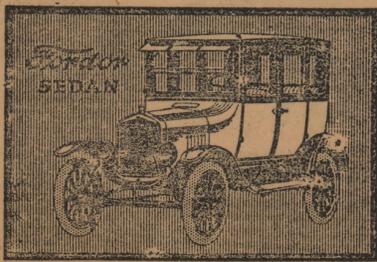
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SONORA, TEXAS. - January 5, 1924

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

AS TO WE-UNS AND YOU-UNS

They Are Not Southern Provincialisms; Are Not Even True Americanisms.

Northerners who visit certain parts of the South and Southwest are sometimes amused by what they call southern provincialisms. Among them are "we-uns" and "you-uns."

As a matter of fact, the expressions are not strictly southern, but are used by those who live—or used to live—in the Alleghenies. The mountain population seems to be largely homogeneous, as if descended from a common stock. The mountaineers have mingled little with the people of the lower country, and, being isolated, have preserved some of the peculiarities of speech and custom brought from the mother country, which the rest of us have abandoned.

"We-uns" is not even a true Americanism; it is common even now in Scotland, whence it was doubtless imported to our country by the Scotch immigrants. Now the phrase is an ancient one. It may be found in Tyndale's New Testament, where in Matthew III, 9, can be read: "And see that ye ones think no so saye in yourselves. We have Abraham to our father." As Tyndale's translation was printed in 1526, nearly 300 years ago, this expression has the prestige of age and belonged to the language of our ancestors—Kansas City Star.

TIME SAVED

First Chorus Girl—The stage manager gave us a minute and a half to change costumes.

Second Chorus Girl—Good! That leaves us a minute to ourselves. —Pelican.

HE SOLD SOMETHING

Fair Prospect—Has this car all the modern improvements?
Salesman—Everything, madam, but a beautiful owner.—Life.

PRECIOUS

"Charlie Tenspot says I'm as good as gold."
"He undervalues you, my radium girl."

How Would You Like to See What Irvin Nerhood (Pa.) Saw?

"One customer told me that after using one large package of Rat-Snap, he got FORTY-EIGHT dead rats. How many more dead he couldn't see, he doesn't know. Remember rats breed fast and destroy dollars' worth of property." —Sci. Am., St. 25. Sold and guaranteed by SONORA DRUG STORE

The BROWN MOUSE



By HERBERT QUICK

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CHAPTER III

What is a Brown Mouse? Immediately upon the accidental election of Jim Irwin to the position of teacher of the Woodruff school, he developed habits somewhat like a ghost's or a bandit's. That is, he walked of nights and on rainy days.

On fine days, he worked in Colonel Woodruff's fields as of yore. Jim's salary was to be just \$360 for nine months' work in the Woodruff school, and he was to find himself—and his mother. Therefore, he had to indulge in his loose habits of night walking and roaming about after hours only, or on holidays and in foul weather.

The Simms family, being from the "mountains" of Tennessee, were rather startled one night when Jim Irwin, homely, stooped and errandless, silently appeared in their family circle about the front door. They had lived where it was the custom to give a whoop from the big road before one passed through the palls and up to the house. Otherwise, how was one to know whether the visitor was friend or foe?

From force of habit, Old Man Simms started for his gun-rack at Jim's ap-



Old Man Simms Started for His Gun.

pearance, but the Lincolnian smile and the low slow speech, so much like his own in some respects, ended that.

"Stranger," said Mr. Simms, after greetings had been exchanged, "you're right welcome, but in my kentry you'd find it dangerous to walk in this way."

"How so?" queried Jim Irwin.

"You'd more'n likely git shot up same," replied Mr. Simms, "unless you whooped from the big road."

"I didn't know that," replied Jim. "I'm ignorant of the customs of other countries. Would you rather I'd whoop from the big road—nobody else will."

"I reckon," replied Mr. Simms, "that we-all will have to accommodate ourselves to the ways byeh."

Evidently Jim was the Simms' first caller since they had settled on the little brushy tract whose hills and trees reminded them of their mountains. Low hills, to be sure, with only a footing of rocks where the creek had cut through, and not many trees, but down in the creek bed, with the oaks elms and box-elders arching overhead, the Simmses could imagine themselves beside some run falling into the French Broad, or the Holston. The creek bed was a withdrawing room in which to retire from the eternal black soil and level cornfields of Iowa.

The soil was so poor, in comparison with those black uplands, that the owner of the old wood-lot could find no renter but it was better than the soil in the mountains, and suited the lone-me Simmses much more than a better farm would have done. They were not of the Iowa people anyhow, not understood, not their equals—they were "yore," and expected to stay "yore"—while the Iowa people all seemed to be either well-to-do, or expecting to become so.

Jim Irwin asked Old Man Simms about the fishing in the creek, and whether there was any duck shooting spring and fall.

"We git #ight smart of these little panfish," said Mr. Simms, "an' Callista dose shot two buterball ducks about 'tater plantin' time."

Callista blushed—but this stranger, so much like themselves, could not see the rosy suffusion. The attention gave him a chance to look about him at the family. There was a boy of sixteen, a girl—the duck-shooting Callista—youngeer than Raymond—a girl of eleven, named Virginia, but called Jennie—and a smaller lad who rejoiced in the name of McGeechee, but was mercifully called Buddy.

Callista squirmed for something to say. "Raymond runs a line o' traps when the fur's prime," she volunteered.

Then came a long talk on traps and trapping, shooting, hunting and the joys of the mountings—during which Jim noted the ignorance and poverty of the Simmses. The clothing of the girls was not decent according to local standards; for while Callista wore a skirt hurriedly slipped on, Jim was quite sure—and not without evidence to support his views—that she had been wearing when he arrived the same regimentals now displayed by Jennie—a pair of ragged blue overalls. Evidently the Simmses were wearing what they had and not what they desired. The father was faded, patched, gray and earthy, and the boys looked better than the rest solely because we expect boys to be torn and patched. Mrs. Simms was invisible except as a gray blur beyond the rain-barrel, in the midst of which her pipe glowed with a regular ebb and flow of embers.

On the way home, Raymond called again and secured the services of Raymond to help him select seed corn. He was going to teach the school next winter, and he wanted to have a seed-corn frolic the first day, instead of waiting until the last—and you had to get seed corn while it was on the stalk, if you got the best.

No Simms could refuse a favor to the fellow who was so much like themselves, and who was so greatly interested in trapping, hunting and the Tennessee mountains—so Raymond went with Jim, and with Newt Bronson and five more they selected Colonel Woodruff's seed corn for the next year, under the colonel's personal superintendence.

In the evening they looked the grain over on the Woodruff lawn, and the colonel talked about corn and corn selection. They had supper at half past six, and Jennie waited on them—having assisted her mother in the cooking. It was quite a festival.

Jim Irwin was the least conspicuous person in the gathering, but the colonel, who was a seasoned politician, observed that the farm-hand had become a fisher of men, and was angling for the souls of these boys, and their interest in the school. Jim was careful not to flush the covey, but every boy received from the next winter's teacher some confidential hint as to plans, and some suggestion that Jim was relying on the aid and comfort of that particular boy.

Newt Bronson, especially, was leaned on as a strong staff and a very present help in time of trouble. As for Raymond Simms, it was clearly best to leave him alone. All this talk of corn selection and related things was new to him, and he drank it in thirstily. He had an inestimable advantage over Newt in that he was starved, while Newt was unfettered with "dinner" for which he had no use.

"Jennie," said Colonel Woodruff, after the party had broken up, "I'm losing the best hand I ever had, and I've been sorry."

"I'm glad he's leaving you," said Jennie. "He ought to do something except work in the field for wages."

"I've had no idea he could make good as a teacher—and what is there in it if he does?"

"What has he lost if he doesn't?" rejoined Jennie. "And why can't he make good?"

"The school board's against him, for one thing," replied the colonel. "They'll fire him if they get a chance. They're laughing-stock of the country for hiring him by mistake, and they're irritated. But after seeing him perform tonight, I wonder if he can't make good."

"If he could feel like anything but an underling, he'd succeed," said Jennie.

"That's his heredity," stated the colonel, whose live stock operations were based on heredity. "Jim's a scrub, I suppose, but he acts as if he might turn out to be a Brown Mouse."

"What do you mean, pa," scoffed Jennie—"a Brown Mouse?"

"A fellow in Edinburgh," said the colonel, "crossed the Japanese waltzing mouse with the common white mouse. Jim's peddling father was a waltzing mouse, no good except to jump from one spot to another for no good reason. Jim's mother is an albino of a woman, with all the color washed out in one way or another. Jim ought to be a mongrel, and I've always considered him one. But the Edinburgh fellow every once in a while got out of his variously-colored, waltzing and albino hybrids, a brown mouse. It wasn't a common house mouse, either, but a wild mouse unlike any he had ever seen. It ran away, and bit and gnawed and raised hob. It was what we breeders call a Mendelian segregation of genetic factors that had been in the waltzers and albinos all the time—their original wild ancestor of the woods and fields. If Jim turns out to be a brown mouse, he may be a bigger man than any of us. Anyhow, I'm for him."

"He'll have to be a big man to make anything out of the job of a country school teacher," said Jennie.

"Any job's as big as the man who holds it down," said her father.

Next day Jim received a letter from Jennie.

"Dear Jim," it ran. "Father says you are sure to have a hard time—the school board's against you, and all that. But he added 'I'm for Jim, anyhow.' I thought you'd like to know this. Also he said, 'Any job's as big as the man who holds it down.' And I believe this also, and I'm for you, too! You are doing wonders even before the school starts in getting the pupils interested in a lot of things, which, while they don't belong to school work, will make them friends of yours. I don't see how this will help you much, but it's a fine thing, and shows your interest in them. Don't be too original. The wheel runs

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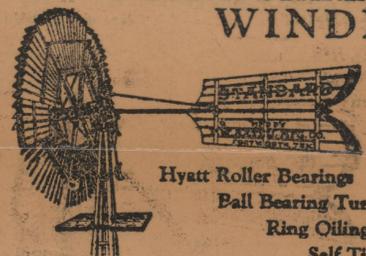
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SONORA, TEXAS

[Continued on page 4.]

Devil's River News

Published Weekly. STEVE MURPHY, Publisher. Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora as second-class matter. Subscription \$2 a year in advance. Sonora, Texas. - January 5, 1924.

J. S. DABNEY.

James Smith Dabney, 71 years old, died at a local hospital at 1 o'clock Friday a tetraoon after contracting pneumonia Dec. 8. Hope of recovery was given up two days ago. The funeral was held at 3 o'clock Saturday afternoon from the home of Mr and Mrs. N. S. Rives at 304 All n street. Burial was in Fairmount Cemetery.

Surviving are the widow and seven children, all but one of whom were present at the time of death. The children are: A. E. Dabney of Dallas, Mrs. R. C. Eeggan of Dallas, Mrs. N. S. Rives, H. E. and P. S. Dabney of San Angelo, Mrs. Jewell Matthews of McAllen and Miss Ruth Dabney of Dallas, and a brother C. I. Dabney of Eldorado.

Mr. Dabney, who was prominent in live stock commission circles, formerly engaged in the ranching business about fifteen miles southeast of San Angelo on what is known as the Shipman ranch. He came to San Angelo in February, 1900, and in the interim was school trustee for several years. He was born in Ken tucky, but has been a resident of Texas over 50 years.

Mr. Dabney was an active member in the Church of Christ. Thornton Crews, minister of the local church, made the funeral remarks.—Standard.

J. G. Clark Returned.

J. G. Clark, accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. J. R. Powers, returned Monday nite from Sonora, where he had been called on account of the death of his son-in-law, J. R. Powers.

We learned from Mr. Clark that Mr. Powers and some other boys, one a son of the ranch owner, had ridden out in the pasture on Sunday afternoon. They stopped at a windmill to get a drink, and while there one of the horses started off. Mr. Powers got on his horse and started to catch him, when the horse he was riding stepped on a rolling stone. The saddle girth broke and the rider was powerless to save himself. He fell and the horse rolled over on him and the detached saddle. In moments of consciousness, this was the best explanation of the accident Mr. Powers could give.

Mr. Clark stated that he had never met up with a better or more sympathetic set of people than those at Sonora. He informs us that Mr. Wilson, the man for whom Mr. Powers was working at the time of his death, paid all the burial expenses, buying the very best that money aff rd, also a burial lot in the cemetery at Sonora, and would not heat to taking a penny for it. He also sent a car and three men out to meet Mr. Clark, and they had to make the last 25 miles by use of a block and tackle.—Lometa Reporter.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

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

SHERIFF & TAX COLLECTOR

W. E. Glasscock as a candidate for election to the office of Sheriff & Tax Collector of Sutton County subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

W. McComb, as a candidate for re-election to the office of Sheriff and Tax Collector of Sutton county subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

How a Rat Nearly Destroyed Mrs. L. Bowen's (R. I.) House. For months we wouldn't go into the cellar, fearing a big rat. One night it set our whole kitchen on fire by chewing matches. The next day, we got the ugly thing with Rat-Snap—just one cake. Rat dry up and leave no smell. Three street 35c, 65c, \$1.25. Sold and guaranteed by SONORA DRUG STORE

FORD IRON.

Detroit, Mich.—For more than three years the Ford Motor Company at its River Rouge Plant here has been saving dust until to day a veritable mountain of it, containing at least 50,000 tons, stands out in imposing proportions at one place on the plant grounds.

Of course, it isn't dust in the ordinarily accepted terms, but a much more valuable property.

It is blas "fa ace dus", a fine, sandlike substance which is blown from the furnace in the blast and utterly worthless in that state, but valuable because fifty per cent of it is iron ore. The other fifty per cent is coke dust.

So the Ford Motor Company has been saving it until the time came when the iron ore could be reclaimed, and in examples of the value of little savings this certainly stands out as among the most striking.

A moment's figuring will show it. Of the 50,000 tons in the dust mountain at River Rouge, 50 per cent or 25,000 tons is iron ore in dust form. The Ford Model T cylinder casting when finished weighs 82 pounds, and reclaiming of the 25,000 tons of iron ore dust means sufficient iron for more than 600,000 cylinder castings.

The company now has started to reclaim this dust through the new sintering plant which has just begun operations and which form another highly interesting feature of the River Rouge activities.

The Sintering Plant, a model of efficiency, is erected in close proximity to the two big blast furnaces and joins the giant ore bins from which the furnaces are fed.

The furnace dust caught up in suction conveyors, is carried directly to the Sintering Plant, and here is mixed with cast iron borings gathered from the various Ford manufacturing units.

Conveyors also carry the mixed dust and borings to the plant and dump the mixture into the Sintering pan which is of three ton capacity. A gas flame of intense heat is passed over the dust and action of the coke, under the heat and suction draft fuses the mixture into chunks of sufficient size and weight for use in the furnace and thus the iron ore in the dust is reclaimed.

Ford sinter as produced at the new River Rouge plant is of finer quality than any on the market, running between 70 and 75 per cent iron. It is considered an important blast furnace material and because of its porous nature, permits better and more effective operation of the blast with the result that the furnace product is more uniform and therefore a higher quality iron for the castings.

An average of 50 tons of blast furnace dust comes from the two furnaces daily. The Sintering Plant will produce more than 250 tons of sinter a day due to the mixture of iron borings and dust, which speeds up the process reducing the sintering period from 20 to 30 minutes under ordinary circumstances to about 7 minutes. At least 100 tons are being taken every day from the great mountain of dust which the company has been saving and is estimated that at this rate it will take a year and a half to use up the mountain and turn it into Ford iron.

NOTICE

The Cemetery committee requests the News to call attention of the public to the necessity of cleaning up of the cemetery. Those desiring to have the work done should leave their donations at the First National Bank to the credit of this fund.

LYCEUM DATES.

February 22, Emma Dee Randle. March 7, Apollo Duo. Tickets for sale at Gilmore's.



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Pillsbury's Best Flour the all purpose flour. It makes delicious cake, pastry, doughnuts as well as bread. No need to have two flours—no is enough, Pillsbury's Best. J. O. HIGHTOWER, Sonora, Texas.

HOLLAND ONCE PART OF SEA

Pebbles Under the Surface of Several Places Once Rusted in Rhine Basin Region.

Before the birth of the Rhine a great part of the Netherlands as one now sees it was a sea, limited on the German side by a rocky coast which now shows itself in the Tuetoburger Wald hills.

The uplifting of the Ardennes inclosed a sea in the interior of Germany which, shielded by the Alps on its southern coast and protected from the cold winds of the north, became full to overflowing from the melting ice, says the Detroit News. Finally the pentup waters broke through and in the bed thus formed the Rhine has since been flowing.

With the rush of the waters masses of rocks were huried along until the moving force exhausted itself; smaller particles were carried farther and when the sea was reached its resistance robbed the river of its final burden and sand dunes formed the northern boundary of Holland.

The pebbles and grains of sand on which rests the soil of Gelderland and Overysel and the island of Texel show that their primitive home was the basalt regions of the Rhine.

FINE PIECES OF OLD MOSAIC

Marvelous "Doves of Pliny" Are in Museum of the Capitol in Rome.

In one of the rooms on the upper floor of the Museum of the Capitol at Rome are the celebrated "Doves of Pliny," one of the finest and most perfectly preserved specimens of ancient mosaic, says the Detroit News. It represents four doves drinking, with a beautiful border surrounding the composition.

The mosaic is formed of natural stones so small that 160 pieces cover only a square inch. It is supposed to be the work of Sesus, and is described by Pliny as a proof of the perfection to which the mosaic art had arrived.

This exquisite specimen of art was found in Villa Adriana in 1737 by Cardinal Funietti, from whom it was purchased by Clement XIII.

WOULD WORK FOR FUN

An English paper tells a story about a caddie who tried in vain to get the job of carrying the clubs of a pompos amateur player. When it was the latter's turn to play he placed the ball carefully, threw himself into position, swung his club like a forgerhammer and—missed. The rejected caddie laughed joyfully. Once more the novice drove and missed and the caddie's laughter became uproarious. At the third try the ball was dislodged from its perch and spun over the turf for about six feet. "Hi, man!" yelled the caddie derisively, "I'll carry your clubs for the run of the thing."

"Rat-Snap Kills 48 Rats" Writes Irvin Norwood, Pennsylvania. He says: "After using one large package, we counted 48 dead rats." RAT-SNAP kills 'em, dries up the carcass, and leaves no smell. Cats and dogs won't touch it. Comes to convenient size—takes no minutes with other food. Get a package today. Three sizes: 50c for kitchen or cellar; 65c for chicken house or corn crib; \$1.25 for barn and outbuildings. Your money back if RAT-SNAP doesn't do the work. KILLS RATS—LEAVES NO SMELL. Sold and Guaranteed by SONORA DRUG STORE

LUDE'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS for nose and throat Give Quick Relief

DUST IN AIR AT WASHINGTON

Weather Bureau Makes Daily Count of Particles Through Use of Microscope.

In connection with the solar radiation work of the weather bureau, United States Department of Agriculture, a daily count is now being made of the number of dust particles in the atmosphere at Washington. To make the count, the air pressure within the dust counter is suddenly decreased, causing a line of dust to be precipitated on glass, where the particles are counted with a microscope having a magnification of 1,000 diameters.

On some days as many as 3,000 dust particles a cubic centimeter have been counted, but on clear mornings following precipitation the number drops to 150. Most of the particles appear to be extremely fine minerals or organic matter from the earth's surface, although some unconserved carbon from smoke, gypsum and calcite from building operations, and diatomaceous material have been observed.

Undoubtedly there are many particles which, while large enough to act as nuclei for condensation, are too small to be seen through a microscope with a magnifying power of 1,000 diameters.

HOOTED AT THE IDEA



Owl—Last night the farmer invited me to live in his barn and catch mice. Squaw—What did you do? Owl—Hooted at the idea, of course.

NEVER DID MEET HER

Private Banks had been the most bashful and retiring man in the army. When women visited the camp he had always fled for shelter and stayed there until after they had left. So it came as a surprise when one of his former companions ran across him in civilian garb and was introduced to a large, husky girl as Mrs. Banks.

When he was able to get Banks aside he asked him how he had met his wife. "Well," returned the little man meekly, "it was this way; I never did exactly meet her. She just kinder overtook me."—London Opinion.

AMONG THE TOASTMASTERS

At a dinner given many years ago in honor of Hall Gaine, the late Thomas Nelson Page was invited to introduce the English novelist. One of the guests next to Mr. Page, just before the toasts began, passed his menu card around the table with the request that Mr. Gaine put his signature on it. "This's a good idea," said Page; "I must do that, too. I've got to introduce Gaine in a few minutes, and I want to be able to say that I have read something he has written."

OUTDOING THE ANCIENTS

Tourists wonder at the ruins of ancient Roman aqueducts. Modern Italians have, however, outdone the old Romans. The Apulian aqueduct in southern Italy, now nearing completion, is the largest of its kind in the world. It has a main line 152 miles long and 841 miles of branches supplying water to 266 communities with a total of 3,000,000 people. Some of the pipes are made of a concrete composed of cement and asbestos fiber.

SOME COINCIDENCE

"Now, Tommy," said the teacher, "give me an example of a coincidence." "Why—er," said Tommy, with some hesitation. "Why—er—why, my father and my mother was both married on the same day."

HIS OCCUPATION GONE

"What is your occupation?" "I used to be an organizer." "And why did you give it up?" "The monkey died."—Christian Evangelist.

MARKINGS ON EGGS OF BIRDS

Pigment Deposited on the Shell While Soft—White the Primitive Color.

The markings on the shells of birds' eggs, according to a recent authority, are produced by pigments being exuded on the shell while still in a soft state, in its passing down the passage called the oviduct. If the egg is stationary when the pigment is exuded, the markings take the form of round dots, which naturally tend to group themselves round the egg at one point; but more usually the egg is moving down the oviduct, rotating as it goes, and the markings then form irregular smears and blotches, says the Detroit News. The general tint of the shell is produced at an earlier stage.

White seems to be the primitive color for eggs, and it is pointed out that most birds which nest in holes lay white eggs so as to be seen.

Sparrows' eggs differ, and many birds which as a rule lay heavily marked eggs may at times lay white eggs. Thus, specimens of white gull's eggs are to be seen, and at least one case is on record where white eggs were laid by a woodcock. The color of the eggs laid by some birds is said to increase in intensity as the bird grows older.

WHAT HE SAW



Lawyer—Were you there when he turned on his adversary and drenched him? Witness—No, sir; I only seen him when he turned on his hose.

WEEP TO KEEP WELL

Every one should weep once a week. Following the shock of learning that sneezing is beneficial to the nose and throat, people are now advised by a doctor to weep regularly.

"Weeping in moderation strengthens the eyes," declares an eye specialist. "Tears have natural cleansing properties, and impart a healthy brilliancy to the eyes. The difficulty of deriving benefits from this natural tonic is that few people can weep voluntarily.

"It is quite useless to sit down with a pathetic book because the knowledge that one is expected to weep restrains the tears. The best form of weeping comes from excessive laughter, but few people find much to laugh at in these depressing days."

WHEN OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS

Your modern youth is not at all backward. This was overheard between dances. They were seated behind a large palm.

"How about a little kiss, girlie?" "Seems to me," responded the damsel, "that you are pretty fresh for a young man who has just been introduced to me."

He rolled a cigarette. There was a long pause. Then the young lady vouchsafed some further information.

"I never kissed a man in my life." The youth spoke up promptly: "Well, here's your chance, girlie, here's your chance."

HIS GREAT SUCCESS

Friend—You said you always had the last word with your wife, but since I've been here she's continually vouchsafed some further information. "I never kissed a man in my life." The youth spoke up promptly: "Well, here's your chance, girlie, here's your chance."

DECEIVING LOOKS

"But she looks so confiding." "That's why she's so disappointing. When you get to know her you discover that she has nothing to confide."—Boston Transcript.

STILL SAME AGE

When mother introduced Dorothy to the caller, she said, "My little girl was five years old yesterday." "And I am five years old today, too," said Dorothy.

HOW'S THIS?

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will do what we claim for it—relieve your eyes of Catarrh or Discharge caused by Catarrh. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE consists of an Ointment which Quickly Relieves the Catarrhal Inflammation, and the Internal Medicine, a Tonic, which acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces, thus assisting to restore normal conditions. Sold by drug stores for over 25 years. F. J. Chesny & Co., Toledo, O.

MALE DEER ARE NOT HEROIC

Stags Send Does Ahead in Family Migrations to Meet Possible Dangers.

Deer migrate in families, a family consisting of the stag (if his antlers have not fallen), two or three females and their fawns. During the fall migration the stags are neither very gallant nor heroic. When crossing an open space they invariably make their mates go ahead. If the does fare all right the stag emerges.

Deer always advance with the wind, because stinking foes behind, such as timber wolves and mountain lions, are more feared than hunters ahead, says the Detroit News. When crossing a stream they stop to drink only if the air is free of the taint of enemies; if the air is tainted they bound across and quench their thirst by lapping dew from bushes.

A stag, with a 30-inch spread of antlers, has been known to leap between two trees only 24-inches apart while running at full speed, said to be about 40 miles an hour. After shooting the stag hunters found it difficult to maneuver the same set of antlers between the same two trees.

CLOTH MADE OF HUMAN HAIR

Quacos From China Woven in Fabric Used in Cottonseed Oil Mills.

Tons of human hair are being turned into cloth by a Southern factory to supply the demand of cottonseed oil mills of that section for a fabric that will withstand, for a time at least, a pressure of 4,000 to 4,500 pounds a square inch. Only that made from hair is strong enough. Formerly it was woven from camel's hair, but the price of that product went so high as to prevent its use.

After a series of tests, a method was devised for weaving human hair in specially constructed machines. The search for a sufficient supply to keep the factory going ended in China, where buyers found a veritable army of coolies ready to sacrifice their long queues for American money.

Bound in huge bales, the hair arrives at the factory ready for weaving, having already been inspected and sterilized on the way over from the Orient.

Combed and carded, it is twisted into threads and fed into the looms; where it is woven into rolls of cloth one-half inch thick, the bolt weighing 400 pounds.

ONLY PARTLY ROSE



She—When you heard the burglar in your bedroom door rise? He—No; but my hair did.

FISH SERVE AS COIN

Fish are used as money along the Labrador coast where there are no stores, according to reports, and traders accept the finny exchange in payment for their wares. Currency is almost useless, for the residents prefer to be paid in food and clothing for their services. The last fishing season was unusually poor, because the schools of fish which have regularly furnished the chief means of livelihood to the natives, deserted the waters along those shores. In order to relieve the conditions, a paper mill that will give employment to many persons is being planned, and fishermen are raising goats to provide necessary food elements lacking in the usual diet of fish, white bread and tea.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

GENEROUS AT TIMES

"Republics are ungrateful," remarked the ready-made philosopher. "Sometimes," replied Farmer Comtoss. "And yet every now and then somebody gets elected to office in a way that shows a republic kin be terrible forgiving."

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

The Lawyer—I have succeeded in making a settlement with your husband that is eminently fair to both of you.

Mrs. Triplewed—Fair to both! I could have done that myself. What do you think I hired you for?

TWO MAKE A BARGAIN

Adelina—Wasn't there some talk of Maud marrying a duke? Dolly—Yes, but, you see, the duke didn't say anything about it.—The Sketch.

BIRD FLIES INTO MUSEUM

Stilt Sandpiper Alights in Courtyard and is Added to the Collection.

Micropalama himantopus gave itself up to science in Washington the other day. This very rare shore bird, commonly known as the stilt sandpiper, flew into the United States National museum within a few feet of the exhibit space long since reserved for it. Dr. Paul Bartsch, zoologist, saw it light in the inner courtyard of the museum, instantly seized this opportunity to engage in specimen collecting de luxe, sent an assistant scampering for a gun, and soon bagged the bird which will shortly fill the vacant space set aside for it in the District of Columbia collection.

The District of Columbia biological exhibit was organized last year as part of the educational program of the museum. It shows a practically complete collection of plants, birds, reptiles, fishes and animals found in and around Washington, and has become a center of attraction for school teachers and others interested in the outdoor life of the capital. Doctor Bartsch, who organized the exhibit, left a space in one of the bird cases for the stilt sandpiper, because this bird had been reported to have been seen nearby. It is very rare, and until the accommodating flyer dropped in on the scientist it had been listed among the "wanted" species.

JIM BRIDGER AT SALT LAKE

Spaniards Know of it but No Record They Visited it Before 1825.

The existence of the Great Salt Lake of Utah was known to the early Spaniards through stories told them by the Indians, but there is no trustworthy account of any of them having seen it. To Jim Bridger, famous mountaineer and scout, is accorded the honor of having been the first white man to look upon its brackish waters, says the Detroit News. He discovered it in the winter of 1824-5, accidentally, in deciding a wager. It appears that a party of trappers, encamped one day on Bear river, had a discussion relative to the probable course of the river. Bridger was sent out to determine the question. After he had paddled a long distance he came out on Great Salt Lake, whose water he tasted and found it salt. He retraced his journey and reported the result to his companions. No more authentic account of the discovery of the Great Salt Lake can be found.

WINGED TORPEDO FOR U. S.

Although the tests have been shrouded in secrecy, it has become known that army and navy experts have been developing a winged death-dealer—an air torpedo that runs under its own power. Its stopping point can be accurately fixed, it is said, and its explosion timed. The device will not operate by radio control, though experiments have been made along that line. Use of the wireless was discarded, as it was feared that a torpedo so controlled, would also be sensitive to influence coming from other directions and might become a "boomerang" by being turned back upon its operators.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

MEDICINE AN EXACT SCIENCE

A doctor who was particularly expeditious in examining and prescribing for his patients was consulted by a man whom he polished off in almost less than no time. As the patient was leaving he shook hands heartily with the doctor and said: "I am glad to meet you, as I have often heard my father, Colonel P., speak of you." "What!" exclaimed the doctor, "are you Dick's son?" "Certainly." "My dear fellow," said the doctor, "show that fool prescription away and sit down and tell me what is the matter with you."

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BANKING BUSINESS ?

YOU have more or less of it. Possibly it is with us. Such being the case you know something of our service. But if not a patron would'n' be well for you to become one?

OUR SAVING'S DEPARTMENT

Is calculated to serve all classes; the old and the young, the poor and the rich. It receives deposits from \$1 up to \$5,000 and allows 5 per cent. interest, compounded semi-annually.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF SONORA,

MAKE OUR GARAGE YOUR HEADQUARTERS.

We handle only quality goods, and prompt service and courteous treatment is our motto.

We handle Fairbanks-Morse Engines.
We do Acetylene Welding.

CITY GARAGE, SONORA, TEXAS.

BIG JANUARY CLEAN UP SALE NOW ON.

When in San Angelo visit this Sale you will save from 20 to 50 per cent. EVERY THING GOES IN THIS SALE.

Cash. No Returns.
JANUARY 2nd to 12th.
COX-RUSHING-GREER CO.

THE HOUSE THAT SAVES YOU MONEY
San Angelo, Texas.

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS PUBLISHED WEEKLY. STEVE MURPHY, Publisher.

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

Sonora, Texas, - January 5, 1924

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

METHODIST CHURCH.

In the name of the Lord I extend "Happy New Year" greetings to everybody.

Special New Year sermon Sunday morning. Let every Methodist be present. A cordial invitation to everybody. Come, and let us renew our covenant and start out on the New Year right with the Lord.

L. C. Matthis.

The following students were home for the holidays: Frank Bond, Wade Grimland Millard Cope, John Eaton, Joe Brown Ross, and Sam Karnes. Misses Mary Dan Wilson, Amanda Eastland, Gulia Lowrey, Bonnie Glasscock, Jewel Eaton, Eula May Ross, Mary Fields, Johnnie Dell White, Ethel May Jones Pearl Hull and Josephine Diebitsch.

Miss Margaret Ransier of Killeen, Texas, was the Holiday guest of Miss Velma Savell.

"We only Bought Rat Poison a 'vice,'" writes Jesse Smith, N. J. "I threw the first lead away; couldn't be bothered mixing it with most, chose The United Rat-Snapper. SAY, that's the stuff! It comes in cakes, all ready to use. Add it sure does kill rats." 35c, 65c, \$1.25.
Sold and guaranteed by
SONORA DRUG STORE

HALBERT-WHITEHEAD

The many friends of both parties concerned were agreeably surprised on learning of the marriage of Miss Della Rose Halbert of Sonora to Mr. Willie B. Whitehead of Del Rio, which occurred at the Methodist parsonage in Sonora at about 4 o'clock Dec. 22nd, 1923.

The bride and groom were attended by Mr. Frank Bond and Miss Phyllis Loos, with Rev. L. C. Matthis, pastor of the Methodist church, officiating.

Both the bride and groom were born and reared in Sonora, but the romance only dates back a few months. Mrs. Whitehead is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Halbert, one of the most prominent families of Sonora. She attended the Sonora High school until attending the West Maryland College in San Antonio, at which place she received her diploma last spring. Mrs. Whitehead was one of Sonora's most attractive and popular girls, her accomplishments being many.

Mr. Whitehead, until a few years ago a resident of Sonora, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Whitehead of Del Rio, who are also one of the most prominent families of West Texas. He also attended the Sonora High school and for the past two or three years has been a student at the S. M. U. at Dallas. Mr. Whitehead is of a business like disposition and very popular over West Texas. They will make their home on the Whitehead ranch between Sonora and Del Rio.

The News joins the host of friends of both parties in extending congratulations and hearty wishes.

W. R. Nicks and family of Eldorado spent Christmas here with friends and relatives.

Mrs. Henry Bridge of Del Rio, spent Christmas here with her mother Mrs. J. R. Word.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Williams from Martzon were in Sonora last week visiting relatives.

Miss Georgia King was in from the ranch for the Christmas celebration.

Husey Galloway, Forest Whitehead and friends, Becker and Smith of Dallas, were in Sonora last week from Del Rio.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie B. Whitehead attended the closing dance here Christmas week from Del Rio. Mrs. Whitehead was formerly Miss Della Rose Halbert of Sonora.

Misses Flora May and Mary Spiller, Olivia Bevans, and Myrtle Murchinson, and Misses Willie Bevans, Davis, Green and Clayton Murchinson, and Roy Spiller, James Callan, Ray Wyatt, and Clayton Murchison were Monday visitors for the Christmas celebration here.

See M. F. Hamby for J. R. Watkin's products. Liniments, salves, extracts, etc. Phone 175, Sonora, Texas.

MONEY TO LOAN.

Why pay eight and ten per cent interest when I can make you a loan that will pay itself out in 23 years at 7 per cent. If you want a loan phone or write me.
505 G. D. HINES,
Eldorado, Texas.

SAN ANGELO BUSINESS COLLEGE.

San Angelo, Tex. bookkeeping, shorthand, typewriting, Abstracting, Salesmanship.
Mrs. W. W. Carson, President.
Mrs. L. D. Murray, Secretary.

Wanted:—Men or women to take orders for genuine guaranteed hosiery for men, women and children. Eliminate tarning. Salary \$75 a week full time, \$1.50 an hour spare time. Beautiful Spring line.
INTERNATIONAL STOCKING MILLS, Norristown, Pa. 07-10

E. C. GARVIN,
BUYS and SELLS
Live Stock & Real Estate
SONORA, TEXAS.

FIELDS-HOPKINS.

Another of Sonora's most popular young women fell a victim of cupid during the Holidays in the marriage of Miss Eleanor Fields of Sonora to Geo. Hopkins of Denton. The wedding was solemnized at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Fields, Rev. L. C. Matthis pastor of the Methodist church, performing the ceremony. They were attended by Judge and Mrs. Avis Johnson. Immediately after the ceremony, they left for their home in Denton.

Mrs. Hopkins is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Fields of Sonora, one of the longest residents and most popular families in this section. She was educated in the Sonora High school and later got her degree at C. I. A. at Denton. It was here the romance began that ended so perfectly for the two. She was a teacher in the Sonora High school for the past two years. Eleanor is very popular with the public and the High school student body and school patrons. She was very interested in school activities of all natures. Her marriage will be a great loss to the School faculty, but they could not hope to retain the services of such a charming and accomplished young lady indefinitely.

The groom, Mr. Hopkins, is one of the most popular young attorneys in Denton and has already made quite a success of his profession. He is of a strong character and imposing personality and no doubt, is well qualified to assume the role that he has chosen.

The News extends congratulations and best wishes to the bride and groom for their future.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Stewart and baby, were in from the ranch Christmas and registered at the McDonald Hotel.

Otto Mund who recently bought the Garland Maddox ranch in the T half circle pasture, was in town Christmas week enjoying himself.

Mr. and Mrs. Jewell Wylie and son of Uvalde, were here Friday of last week on their way to San Angelo to visit their home folks.

Bring up your broken windmill castings. We can make them as good as new.
City Garage.

Mr. and Mrs. Duck Friend were in Sonora several days during Christmas week visiting friends and relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Estes of Ozona are visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. Porelli on the Halbert ranch about 12 miles north of Sonora.

Berry Baker and family were in from the ranch and spent the Christmas holidays with friends and relatives. Berry says his eye sight got better every Christmas.

Write Draughton's College, Abilene or Wichita Falls, for Special Holiday Offer and Guarantee Position Contract.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Williams, and T. A. Jr., of Rockport were the guests of Mrs. Williams' parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Aldwell Christmas week.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Sandherr and Mrs. Dunbar, were in from the ranch Wednesday of Christmas week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Beam were in from ranch in Edwards county Christmas week, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Mayfield.

See M. F. Hamby for J. R. Watkin's products. Liniments, salves, extracts, etc. Phone 175, Sonora, Texas. 24

A Woman Wrote The Canby News, Minn., December 10, as follows:

"Many subscribers ask what you think of Rat-Snapper, tell them it's the best rat exterminator I know. Rate with this newspaper, each month, had full value in one dollar. I used Rat-Snapper for two days and rats have disappeared completely." Three slices 35c, 65c, \$1.25.
Sold and guaranteed by
SONORA DRUG STORE

MARRIED.

Howard C. Martin of Tullia Texas, senior student in the Business Administration department of the University of Texas, and Miss Nell Davis of 303 East 10th st., Austin, sophomore in the University presented Mr. and Mrs. R. Walter Davis with a Christmas present in the form of a marriage certificate on Christmas Eve. The ceremony was performed at Lockhart, Texas Nov. 23 after which the bride and groom returned to Austin to continue their work in the University.

Birdwell J. Davis son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Walter Davis of Sonora, Texas, and Miss Catherine Flagg of Dallas, were married in Dallas Dec. 23rd, Bishop John M. Moore officiating. They arrived in Austin Christmas day and will spend the holidays with Mr. Davis' parents at 303 East 10th st.

The bride is the youngest daughter of Mrs. C. E. Flagg, of the Flagg Floral Co., in Oak Cliff. The groom is a senior in the Animal Husbandry department of A&M College, vice president of that class, President of the West Texas Club and First Lieutenant in the Cavalry. He will continue his course in the school and receive his A.H. degree in June, while Mrs. J. Davis will reside in Austin with the groom's parents.—Austin American.

THE RAIN IN 1923.

January 31	1 inch
February 4 and 5 snow	6 inch
" 8	0.40 "
" 15	1.60 "
" 22	1 "
" 23	0.33 "
" 25	0.25 "
" 27	0.30 "
March 3	0.20 "
" 6 and 27	1.00 "
" 29	0.45 "
April 11	2.90 "
" 12	0.65 "
" 15	1.10 "
" 16	0.10 "
" 20	0.75 "
" 21	0.25 "
" 29	0.50 "
July 9	0.30 "
" 20	0.70 "
" 21	0.80 "
" 28	0.30 "
Aug. 19	0.15 "
Sept. 2	0.30 "
" 3	0.25 "
" 5	0.0 "
" 6	0.10 "
" 13	0.25 "
" 14	0.50 "
" 15	1.00 "
" 20	0.35 "
" 27	0.10 "
" 28	0.20 "
" 29	0.55 "
" 30	0.30 "
Nov. 1	1.55 "
" 2	1.60 "
" 9	0.20 "
" 19	0.90 "
" 18	1.07 "
" 18	0.12 "
" 27	0.50 "
" 28	0.50 "
" 29	0.50 "
Dec. 2	1.00 "
" 3	0.24 "
" 10	0.65 "
" 13	0.35 "
" 18	0.40 "

We do all kinds of welding
City Garage.

THE HOME GUARDS

LIVERGARD and LUNGARDIA LIVERGARD is the New Laxative we can not improve; exceeds all others. When a Laxative is needed, makes laughing babies of puny ones, keeps old folks young.

LUNGARDIA has no equal for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat; unsurpassed in removing deep Coughs of long standing. One trial convinces. Lungardia Co., Dallas, Texas. For Sale by the Sonora Drug Co.

LOST.

Dark brown fur neckpiece at the post office on Friday Dec. 13. The name of Albert Furs, St. Paul, Minn., was on the under side of the piece.
Please return to Mrs. Ed Mayfield, Sonora.



Give that husband of yours

Good food, madam, if you want him to succeed—to forge ahead. Bread will do it—better than most foods—sustaining, appetizing bread—made from

Pillsbury's Best

the flour that has the strength—the bone and muscle building gluten—that keeps head up and eyes bright through the long day's grind.

Don't handicap your husband. Give him Bread and Cake and Rolls made from this extra-quality, extra-good, extra-strong Pillsbury's Best Flour. We have it.

J. O. HIGHTOWER,
SONORA, TEXAS.

Attention Stockmen!

FOR THAT NEW PAIR OF BOOTS
GO TO

Buie's Boot and Saddle Shop and let O. F. SCOTT take your measure.

TWENTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE
A FIT GUARANTEED.

Hand-made Boots, Belts, Hat Bands,
Spur Straps, Etc.

ELECTRIC SHOE REPAIRING.

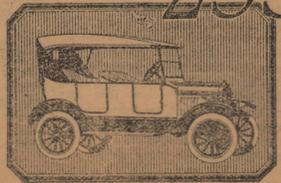
Ladies' work a specialty.

Give us a trial.

HUGH BUIE

MENARD - TEXAS.
Agent for Andrews' Saddles and Cowboys Supplies.

The New Touring Car \$295



A Striking Value—at \$295

Considering the improved appearance of the new Ford Touring Car, one would naturally expect a proportionate advance in price.

Larger scale production, however, has made it possible to incorporate in this new type touring car a number of decided improvements without increasing its cost to the purchaser.

A comparison extending over a long period of years will reveal the fact that the present price is actually the lowest at which the five-passenger open car has ever been sold.

The Ford Touring Car stands today, as it always has, a most remarkable value in the motor car field.

This Car can be obtained through the Ford Weekly Purchase Plan

Sonora Motor Co.



Sonora Motor Co

The Brown Mouse

enlist in the beaten track. Jim, Jennie."

Jennie's caution made no impression on Jim—but he put the letter away and every evening took it out and read the words, "I'm for you, too!" The colonel's dictum, "Any job is as big as the man who holds it down," was an Emersonian truism to Jim. It reduced all jobs to an equality, and it meant equality in intellectual and spiritual development. It didn't mean, for instance, that any job was as good as another in making it possible for a man to marry—and Jennie Woodruff, "I'm for you, too!" returned to kill and drag out her "I'm for you, too!"

CHAPTER IV

The First Day of School.

Jim Irwin was full of his Emerson's "Representative Men," and his Carlyle's "French Revolution," and the other old-fashioned, excellent, good literature which did not cost over 25 cents a volume; and he had pored long and with many thrills over the pages of Matthews' "Getting On in the World." His view of efficiency was that it is the capacity to see opportunity where others overlook it, and make the most of it.

All through his life he had his own plans for becoming great. And all the time he was bare-footed, ill-dressed and dreamed his dreams to the accompaniment of the growl of the plow cutting the roots under the brown furrows, or the whooshing of the milk in the pail. At twenty-eight, he considered these dreams over.

For this new employment, he saw a great opportunity in it. He went to the small, mean, ill-paid task as a part of the day's work, with no knowledge of the stirring of the nation for a different sort of rural school, and the suspicion that there lay in it any highway to success in life. He rather wondered why he had allowed Jennie's sneer to sting him into the course of action which put him in this new relation to his neighbors.

But, true to his belief in honest, thorough work, like a general preparing for battle, he examined his field of operations. His manner of doing this seemed to prove to Colonel Woodruff, who watched it with keen interest as something new in the world, that Jim Irwin was possibly a Brown Mouse. But the colonel knew only a part of Jim's performances. He saw Jim clothed in slickers, walking through rainstorms to the houses in the Woodruff district, as greedy for every moment of rain as a haymaker for shine; and he knew that Jim made a great many evening calls.

But he did not know that Jim was making what our sociologists call a survey. For that matter, neither did Jim; for books on sociology cost more than 25 cents a volume, and Jim had never seen one. However, it was a survey. To be sure, he had long known everybody in the district, save the Simmes—and he was now a friend of all that exotic race; but there is knowing and knowing.

He now had note-books full of facts about people and their farms. He knew how many acres each family possessed, and what sort of farming each husband was doing—live stock, grain or mixed. He knew about the mortgages, and the debts. He knew whether the family atmosphere was happy and contented, or the reverse. He knew which boys and girls were wayward and insubordinate. He made a record of the advancement in their studies of all the children, and what they liked to read. He knew their favorite amusements. He talked with their mothers and sisters—not about the school, to any extent, but about the weather, the horses, the automobiles, the silo-filling machinery and the profits of farming.

Really, though Jennie Woodruff did not see how such things related to school work, Jim Irwin's school was running full blast in the homes of the district and the minds of many pupils, weeks and weeks before that day when he called them to order on the Monday specified in his contract as his first day of school.

Con Bonner, who came to see the opening, voiced the sentiments of the older people when he condemned the school as disorderly. To be sure, there were more pupils enrolled than had ever entered on a first day in the whole history of the school, and it was hard to accommodate them all. But the director's criticism was leveled against the free-and-easy air of the children. Most of them had brought seed corn and a good-sized corn show was on view. There was much argument as to the merits of the various entries. Instead of a language lesson from the text-book, Jim had given them an exercise based on an examination of the ears of corn.

The number exercises of the little chips had been worked out with care and kernels of corn. One class in arithmetic calculated the percentage

of inferior kernels at tip and butt to the full-sized grains in the middle of the ear.

All the time, Jim Irwin, awkward and uncut, clad in his one-too-good Sunday suit and trying to hide behind his Lincolnian smile the fact that he was pretty badly frightened and much embarrassed, passed among them, getting them enrolled, setting them to work, washing much time and laboring like a heavy-laden barge in a sea-way.

"That fellow'll never do," said Bonner to Bronson next day. "Looks like a tramp in the schoolroom." "Hearin' his best, I guess," said Bronson.

"Lairt the kids call him 'Jim,'" said Bonner.

"That's all right with me," replied Bronson.

"The room was as noly as a caucus," was Bonner's next indictment, "and the flure was all over corn like a hog-pen."

"Oh! I don't suppose he can get away with it," assented Bronson disgustedly, "but that boy of mine is as quick as a colt with the whole thing. Says he's got to resign this winter."

"That's because Jim don't keep no order," said Bonner. "He lets Newt do as he pleases."

"First time he's ever pleased to do anything but deviltry," protested Bronson. "Oh, I suppose Jim'll fall down, and we'll have to fire him—but I wish we could get a good teacher that would get hold of Newt the way he seems to!"

CHAPTER V

The Promotion of Jennie.

If Jennie Woodruff was the cause of Jim Irwin's sudden irruption into the educational field by her scoffing "I'm for you, too!" at the idea of a farm-hand's ever being able to marry, she also gave him the opportunity to knock down the driver of the big motorcar, and perceptibly elevate himself in the opinion of the neighborhood, while filling his own heart with something like shame.

The fat man who had said "Cut it out!" to his driver, Mr. Charles Dilly, a business man in the village at the extreme opposite corner of the county, Mr. Dilly was a candidate for county treasurer, and wished to be nominated at the approaching county convention. In his part of the county lived the county superintendent—a candidate for re-nomination. He was just a plain garden or field county superintendent of schools, no better and no worse than the general political run of them, but he had local pride enlisted in his cause, and was a good politician.

Mr. Dilly was in the Woodruff district to build a backfire against this conflagration of the county superintendent. He expected to use Jennie Woodruff to light it withal. That is, while denying that he wished to make any deal or trade—every candidate in every convention always says that—he wished to say to Miss Woodruff and her father, that if Miss Woodruff would permit her name to be used for the office of county superintendent of schools, a goodly group of delegates could be selected in the other corner of the county who would be glad to reciprocate any favors Mr. Charles J. Dilly might receive in the way of votes for county treasurer with ballots for Miss Jennie Woodruff for superintendent of schools.

Mr. Dilly never inquired as to Miss Woodruff's abilities as an educator. That would have been eccentric. Miss Woodruff never asked herself if she knew anything about rural education which especially fitted her for the task; for she was not a popular and successful teacher—and was not that enough? So are the officials chosen who supervise and control the education of the farm children of America.

When Jim Irwin started home from putting out his team the day after his first call on the Simms family, Jennie was waiting at the gate to be congratulated on her nomination.

"I hope you're elected," Jim said, holding the hand she had extended; "but there's no doubt of that."

"They say not," replied Jennie; "but father believes in working just as if we didn't have a big majority for the ticket. Say a word for me when on your pastoral rounds."

"All right, said Jim, "what shall I say you'll do for the schools?"

"Why," said Jennie, rather perplexed, "I'll be fair in my examinations of teachers, try to keep the unfit teachers out of the schools, visit schools as often as I can, and—why, what does any good superintendent do?"

"I never heard of a good county superintendent," said Jim.

"Never heard of one—why, Jim Irwin!"

"I don't believe there is any such thing," persisted Jim, "and if you do no more than say you'll be fair, you'll be on the same piece as the rest. Your system won't give us any better schools than we have—of the old sort—and we need a new kind."

"Oh, Jim, Jim! Dreaming as of yore! Why can't you be practical! What do you mean by a new kind of rural school?"

"It would be correlated with rural life. It would get education out of the things the farmers and farmers' wives are interested in as a part of their lives."

Jennie looked serious after another or two laughs.

"Jim," said she, "you're going to have a hard enough time to succeed in the Woodruff school. If you confine yourself to methods that have been tested, and found good."

"But the old methods," urged Jim, "have been tested and found bad. Shall I keep to them?"

"They have made the American people what they are," said Jennie. "Don't be superstitious, Jim."

"They have educated our farm children for the cities," said Jim. "This country is losing population—and it's the best country in the world."

"Feudalism never wins," said Jennie.

"Neither does blindness," answered Jim. "It is losing the farms their dwellers, and swelling the cities with a proletariat."

For some time, now, Jim had ceased to hold Jennie's hand; and their sweet-heart days had never seemed farther away.

"Jim," said Jennie, "I may be elected to a position in which I shall be obliged to pass on your acts as teacher—in an official way, I mean. I hope they will be justifiable."

Jim smiled his slowest and saddest smile.

"If they're not, I'll not ask you to condone them," said he. "But first



"Good Night," said Jennie curtly. They must be justifiable to me, Jennie."

"Good night," said Jennie curtly, and left him.

Jennie, I am obliged to admit, gave scant attention to the new career upon which her old sweetheart seemed to be entering. She was in politics, and was playing the game as became the daughter of a local politician. Col. Albert Woodruff went South with the army as a corporal in 1861, and came back a lieutenant. His title of colonel was conferred by appointment as a member of the staff of the governor, long years ago, when he was county auditor. He was not a rich man, as I may have suggested, but a well-to-do farmer, whose wife did her own work much of the time, not because the colonel could not afford to hire "help," but for the reason that "bired girls" were hard to get.

The colonel, having seen the glory of the coming of the Lord in the triumph of his side in the great war, was inclined to think that all reform had ceased, and was a political standard-bearer—a very honest and sincere one. Moreover, he was indignant enough so that when Mr. Cummins or Mr. Dilliver came into the county on political errands, Colonel Woodruff had always been called into conference. He was of the old New England type, believed very much in heredity, very much in the theory that whatever is right, in so far as it has secured money or power.

A very respectable, honest, American Tory was the colonel, fond of his political party, and rather soured by the fact that it was passing from him. He had now broken with Cummins and Dilliver as he had done years ago with Weaver and later with Larrabee—and this breach was very important to him, whether they were greatly concerned about it or not.

Such being her family history, Jennie was something of a politician herself. She was in no way surprised when approached by party managers on the subject of accepting the nomination for county superintendent of schools. Colonel Woodruff could deliver some delegates to his daughter, though he rather shied at the proposal at first, but on thinking it over, warmed somewhat to the notion of having a Woodruff on the county payroll once more.

CHAPTER VI

Jim Talks the Weather Cold.

"Going to the rally, James?" Jim had finished his supper, and yearned for a long evening in his attic den with his cheap literature. But as the district schoolmaster he was to some extent responsible for the protection of the school property, and felt some sense of duty as to exhibiting an interest in public affairs.

"I guess I'll have to go, mother," he replied regretfully. "I want to see Mr. Woodruff about borrowing his Babcock milk tester, and I'll go that way. I guess I'll go on to the meeting."

He kissed his mother when he went—a habit from which he never deviated, and another of those personal peculiarities which had marked him as different from the other boys of the neighborhood. His mother urged his overcoat upon him in vain—for Jim's overcoat was distinctly a bad one, while his best suit, now worn every day as a concession to his scholastic position, still looked passably well after several weeks of schoolroom duty. It seemed more logical to assume that the weather was milder than it really was, on that sharp October evening, and appear at his best, albeit rather aware of the cold. Jennie was at home, and he was likely to see and be seen of her.

"You can borrow that tester," said

the colonel, "and the cows that go with it, if you can use 'em. They ain't earning their keep here. But how does the milk tester fit into the curriculum of the school? A decoration?"

"We want to make a few tests of the cows in the neighborhood," answered Jim. "Just another of my fool notions."

"All right," said the colonel. "Take it along. Going to the speaker?"

"Certainly, he's going," said Jennie, entering. "This is my meeting, Jim."

"Surely, I'm going," assented Jim. "And I think I'll run along."

"I wish we had room for you in the car," said the colonel. "But I'm going around by Bronson's to pick up the speaker, and I'll have a chuck-up load."

"Not so much of a load as you think," said Jennie. "I'm going with Jim. The walk will do me good."

The candidate warm to her voting population just before election; but Jennie had a special kindness for Jim. He was no longer a farm hand. The fact that he was coming to be a center of disturbance in the district, and that she quite failed to understand how his eccentric behavior could be harmonized with those principles of teaching which she had imbibed at the state normal school in itself lifted him nearer to equality with her. A public nuisance was really more respectable than a nonentity.

She gave Jim a thrill as she passed through the gate that he opened for her. White moonlight on her white furs suggested purity, exaltation, the essence of womanhood—things far finer in the woman of twenty-seven than the glamour thrown over him by the school girl of sixteen.

Jim gave her no thrill; for he looked gaunt and singular in his skimp, ready-made suit, too short in legs and sleeves, and too thin for the season. Yet, as they walked along, Jim grew upon her. He strode on with immense strides, made slow to accommodate her shorter steps, and embarrassing her by his entire absence of effort to keep step. For all that, he lifted his face to the stars, and he pointed out the great open spaces in the Milky Way, wondering at their emptiness and at the fact that no telescope can find stars in them.

They stopped and looked. Jim laid his hand on the shoulders of her white fur collar.

"What's the use of political meetings," said Jim, "when you and I can stand here and think our way out, even beyond the limits of our own selves?"

"A wonderful journey," said she, not quite understanding his mood, "but while we roam beyond the Milky Way, we aren't getting any votes for me for county superintendent."

Jim said nothing. He was quite re-established on the earth.

"Don't you want me to be elected, Jim?"

Jim seemed to ponder this for some time—a period of taking the matter under advisement which caused Jennie to drop his arm and busy herself with her skirts.

"Yes," said Jim, at last; "of course I do."

Nothing more was said until they reached the schoolhouse door.

"Well," said Jennie rather indignantly, "I'm glad there are plenty of voters who are more enthusiastic about me than you seem to be."

More interesting to a keen observer than the speeches were the unusual things in the room itself. On the blackboards, with problems in arithmetic, were calculations as to the feeding value of various rations for live stock, records of laying hens and computation as to the excess of value in eggs produced over the cost of feed.

Pinned to the wall were market reports on all sorts of farm products, and especially muttons were the attractions on the pieces of cream and butter.

There were files of farm papers piled about, and racks of agricultural bulletins. In one corner of the room was a typewriting machine, and in another a sewing machine. Parts of an old telephone were scattered about on the teacher's desk. A model of a piggery stood on a shelf, done in cardboard.

Instead of the usual collection of text-books in his desk, there were hodgepodge copies of exercises, reading lessons, arithmetical tables and essays on various matters relating to agriculture, all of which were accounted for by two or three hand-made hectographs—a very fair sort of printing plant—lying on a table.

The members of the school board were there, looking on these evidences of innovation with wonder and more or less disfavor. Things were disorderly. The text-books recently adopted by the board against some popular protest had evidently been pitched neck and crop out of the school by the man whom Bonner had termed a dub. It was a sort of contempt for the powers that be.

Colonel Woodruff was in the chair. After the specifying was over, and the stereotyped, though rather illogical, appeal had been made for voters ticketed, and for those of the other faction to scratch, the colonel rose to adjourn the meeting.

Newton Bronson, safely concealed behind taller people, called out, "Jim Irwin! speech!"

There was a giggle, a slight sensation, and many voices joined in the call for the new schoolmaster.

Colonel Woodruff felt the unwelcome of ignoring the demand. Probably he relied upon Jim's discretion and expected a declination.

Jim arose, slowly and laud, and the voices ceased, save for another suppressed titter.

"I don't know," said Jim, "whether this call upon me is a joke or not. If

it is, it isn't a practical one, for I can't talk. I don't care much about parties or politics. I don't know whether I'm a Democrat, a Republican or a Populist."

This caused a real sensation. The nerve of the fellow! Really it must be in justice to him, Jim was losing himself in a desire to tell his true feelings. He forgot all about Jennie and her candidacy—about everything except his real, true feelings. This proves that he was no politician.

"I don't see much in this county campaign that interests me," he went on—and Jennie Woodruff reddened, while her seasoned father covered his mouth with his hand to conceal a smile. "The politicians come out into the farming districts every campaign and get us hayseeds for anything they want. They've always have got us. They've got us again! They give us clodoppers the glad hand, a cheap cigar, and a cheaper smile after election; and that's all. I know it, you all know it, they know it. I don't blame them so very much. The trouble is we don't ask them to do anything better."

"I want a new kind of rural school; but I don't see any prospect, so matter how this election goes, for any change in them. We in the Woodruff district will have to work out our own salvation. Our political ring never'll do anything but the old things. They can't want to, and they haven't sense enough to do it if they did. That's all—and I don't suppose I should have said as much as I have!"

There was stark silence for a moment when he sat down, and then as many cheers for Jim as for the principal speaker of the evening, cheers mingled with titters and catcalls. Jim felt as if he had made an ass of himself. And as he walked out of the door, the future county superintendent passed by him in high displeasure, and walked home with someone else.

Jim found the weather much colder than it had been while coming. He really needed an Eskimo's fur suit.

TIN ATTACKED BY DISEASE

Myxerious Ailment Reduces Utensils to Fine Gray Powder, Though Immune to Rust.

While tin has been in use for a great many centuries, yet ancient vessels of tin are so rarely found by archeologists as to be well-nigh unknown.

This is not due to the fact that tin rusts, for the metal does not combine chemically with the oxygen of the air or that of water, but to the circumstance that a sort of decay does attack it, producing a change in its crystalline structure, the nature of which does not seem to be clearly understood. This ends in reducing the tin to a fine gray powder.

The process proceeds much more rapidly at certain times than it does at others and seems to be transmitted from one piece of tin to another, almost like an infectious disease.

DISARMAMENT

A lawyer was defending a burglar accused of housebreaking. "I submit, your honor," said the lawyer, "that my client did not break into the house at all. He merely saw a window, inserted his arm and removed a few articles. Now, my client's arm is not himself. Why punish his whole body when his arm is the guilty member?"

"That argument is well put," said the judge. "I sentence the arm to 12 months' imprisonment. The man can accompany it or not, as he chooses."

The prisoner smiled, took off his wooden arm, and walked out.—Pathfinder.

WHAT WHITENESS IS

Whiteness is caused by the structure of materials which are actually transparent. Snow, white porcelain, bird feathers, flower petals, fish scales, milk, paper and white paint, all get their "whiteness" in this way, physicists have found. When transparent substances are divided in many fine particles, the white light which strikes them is scattered by their multitude of surfaces. Ice, for instance, is colorless, but chopped ice looks white. Ordinary white paint is a suspension in linseed oil of fine particles of solids known to be colorless and transparent in mass.

COMPANIONSHIP DIFFICULT

"You used to be considered a man of remarkably good habits."

"Don't refer to my past," said Mr. Mackton. "It begins to look as if I wasn't any company at all to Henrietta because I can't enjoy playing cards or smoking cigarettes."

CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE

She—Father has promised to pay all the expenses of our honeymoon trip, dear.

He—That's splendid! We'll never come back.—Boston Transcript.

WHEN EGGS GO BAD

She—Funny as one seemed to realize what a bad egg he was while he was rich.

He—My dear, a bad egg is only known when it's broke.

Nervous Break-Down

MRS. ANNIE LANGE, of R. F. D. 1, Burlington, Tex., writes as follows regarding her experience with Cardui: "Some time ago I had a nervous breakdown of some kind. . . I was very weak and so nervous. I had fainting spells and suffered a great deal, but more from the weak, tremble, no-account feeling than anything else. I knew I needed a tonic, and needed it badly. I began the use of Cardui to see if I couldn't get some strength, as I knew of other cases that had been helped by it."

use. I soon saw a great improvement, so I kept it up. I used seven bottles of Cardui, and can say the money was well spent, for I grew well and strong. Am now able to do all my household and a great deal of work besides."

If you are weak, run-down, nervous and suffer from the ailments peculiar to women, it is very likely that Cardui will help you, in the way it helped Mrs. Lange and has helped thousands of others, during the past 40 years.

Ask for, and insist on, Cardui.

CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

With the High School Classics
By MARGARET BOYD
(© by Margaret Boyd)

"In vain the learning of the age Unleashed the scribbled page; Even in its treasures he could find Feed for the fever of his mind."
—Lady of the Lake.

According to an old story, three men, a lumberman, a botanist and a poet, went for a walk together through a forest. After the walk, the lumberman could discuss the sort of lumber the trees would make, and how much it would cut to the acre; the botanist could name the species of trees and undergrowth, and could discuss the ecology of the region; the poet could talk of the arching of the branches, the seeking with light and shade of the forest floor, and the coloring of the tree trunks and leaves. All had looked at the same things; but each had seen just what his interest and training had fitted him to see.

It is much the same with reading. Three men may read the same book and get from it three totally different messages; or the same man may read a book at three different ages and get from it three different messages. We can understand of any book or poem only what our experience has fitted us to understand. We cannot comprehend a thought that is outside our knowledge. When a man evolves a new idea the rest of the world is unable to understand it until intellectual bridges have been built to connect our old ideas with the new idea.

When people find Shakespeare and Milton and Thackeray dull, it merely means they lack knowledge to enable them to enjoy the works of these writers. Pupils who find Shakespeare a bore while they are in high school are likely to find him a most fascinating writer when they reread his works fifteen or twenty years after they are out of school; because they will have gained in knowledge and experience in the meantime.

If a man has a mental obsession, a "fever of his mind," he will find food to feed it in whatever he reads. A believer and an unbeliever, for example, can read the same book, and one will find in it arguments to strengthen belief and the other arguments to strengthen unbelief. They will have read the same thing; but each will have made mental notes only of what interested him, and each will have construed doubtful passages according to his own obsessions.

MOZART AND OTHERS

A certain musical composer of much talent and popularity—we will call him Jiffers—has a happy appreciation of his own work, as his friends all know.

So highly does he estimate Jiffers' compositions that some of his friends were much startled the other day when he said gravely: "Did you ever notice that the names of all great composers begin with M?"

"Yes, M," said the composer, "Mozart, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Moszkowski—and Me!"—Harper's Magazine.

IN THE DARK

There were three at the little table in the cafe, a girl and two men. Suddenly the lights went out and the girl drew back quickly.

An instant later there was the smack of a compound kiss. As the lights went up each man was seen smiling complacently.

"I thought I heard a kiss," said the girl, "but nobody kissed me."

Then the men glared at each other and flushed.

HOW CARELESS

Mother—Poor Jimmy is so unfortunate.

Caller—Now is that?

Mother—During the track meet, he broke one of the best records they had at college.

SAMPLE OF BRITISH HUMOR

Keeper (in public park where courting is not encouraged)—Nah, then, you two. Either you behave property or not at all!

DIAMETER OF THE UNIVERSE

Prof. Archibald Henderson Calculates It Is Equal to Length of 50,000 Milky Ways.

The diameter of the universe is the length of 10,000 milky ways. And this milky way yardstick is 30,000 times the distance that light, traveling 186,000 miles a second, covers in one year. Light comes from the sun to the earth in about eight minutes.

This is the conclusion of Prof. Archibald Henderson of the University of North Carolina, given in a communication in Science, the official organ of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He assumed that space and the universe are constructed according to Einstein's general relativity theory. "It would take a ray of light, traveling at the rate of 186,000 miles a second, 1,000,000,000 years to go around the universe," Professor Henderson says.

"To go around the universe it would take the fastest airplane 3,000,000,000,000 years; the fastest automobile, 5,500,000,000,000,000 years; and an express train traveling at the rate of 60 miles an hour, 11,000,000,000,000,000 years."

POWER FROM OCEAN WAVES

Device of Professor Trischetto, Italian Scientist, Said to Have Overcome All Difficulties.

Professor Trischetto, an Italian, predicts that if his recently invented model is adopted it will make it practical to get power from the waves of the ocean.

The extraction of power from the ocean's movements—waves and tides—has long been the dream of inventors as such a source of power is practically inexhaustible; but heretofore the models have either been failures or so expensive to operate as to be impracticable, says the New York World.

Professor Trischetto, however, claims that with his device he can generate ten horse power from each square yard of ocean surface used.

An interesting sidelight on the professor's invention is the fact that he has been refused aid by his own government and has espoused the intention of offering his device to English capitalists when it is perfected.

ELECTRIC CURB ON LIENS

The terrors of lion-taming will be considerably abated by the adoption of a new stunt which, it is said, many trainers are taking up.

The usual weapon of a trainer (a whip or club; but when he turns his back a lion may jump on him before he can bring these implements into play, says the New York World. In order to forestall such such move on the part of the king of beasts a charged wire is stretched across the cage and the trainer directs his charges from one side of it.

Should any animal spring it will receive such a shock that it will not care to repeat the experiment, and after a few such leaping the wire may be dispensed with and the lions will keep to their own territory no matter what their trainer may be doing.

ONLY HER HUSBAND

Suspicious Mistress—Jennie, didn't I hear you talking with somebody?

Cook—Yesum; reckon so.

Mistress—Haven't I told you repeatedly, Jessie, that you must never have any of your gentleman friends call here?

Cook—Hes, hee, missus! How he will laugh when he hears dat! Is'nt him you, dat wasn't no gemmun friz'. Dat was jus' ma' husband.—Everybody's Magazine.

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