

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

Harris' Optical Company
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Optometrist.
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9 E. Twelfth Avenue, San Angelo.

VOL 35

SONORA SUTTON CO., TEXAS, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1926

NO. 1845

Woman Makes Record as "Finder" of Homes

The most noted homemaker in the commonwealth of Pennsylvania is Mrs. Bessie S. Boone. It is a new kind of homemaking that she achieves. It is practical and it gets astonishing results.

She is secretary of a housing bureau maintained by the chamber of commerce of Harrisburg, and it is her job to find right living accommodations for people. Past her desk troop all the home seekers of the city and the farm region for miles around.

The bureau neither buys nor sells nor takes commissions. It is not competing with property owners and real estate men. It is a center of information as regards housing, and it serves the public free of charge. Its only desire is to get the best possible accommodations for everyone who makes use of the service.

And heart and soul of it—a sort of mother-adviser to the whole community—is Mrs. Boone.

Last year she found homes for 4,612 representative families.

Remembering houses, and judging people accurately—these are her two great gifts. She has visited and inspected carefully every house and room on her lists. She began it five years ago when, due to a temporary but acute housing shortage, the bureau was first opened, and she has never relaxed her vigilance.—Everybody's Magazine.

California Man Has "Burbanked" His Dogs

Mountain lions are now found only seldom in the Rio Grande valley, as they are in other parts of the country. The cats which were at one time almost as plentiful in the Lyford section as rabbits, are now found only in the unsettled sections between the northern part of the valley and the bay, says the Los Angeles Times.

Some of these cats, however, come in from their forest homes to forage among the ranches, where food is more plentiful. The mountain lion has a particular weakness for young calves, lambs, goats or even cats.

Luther Snow's dogs are unusual in that they will chase nothing but lions. He has trained four apparently common hounds until they will ignore a fresh deer trail, pass up a javalina hog trail and pay no attention to other animals that abound in the uninhabited regions near Lyford.

Wake Butler—Horror!

Dwight Perrin, city editor of the New York Herald-Tribune had occasion to call up Otto Kahn. He was informed that Mr. Kahn had retired. "Well, wake him up; it's an important message," Perrin insisted.

"Oh, only the butler is allowed to wake Mr. Kahn."

"Let me talk to the butler, then."

"But he's asleep also," said the footman.

"Wake him up. I've got to talk to Mr. Kahn."

"But I wouldn't dare to do that, sir. Nobody is allowed to wake the butler."—The New Yorker.

Taking No Chances

One North Adams (Mass.) woman with the motto of "safety first" was invited to a party some distance from her home. She took a ten-cent taxi, full of ashes, and, with a small shovel in her hand, started down the steep hill, sprinkling ashes as she went, the Boston Globe relates. When it came time to leave the party, she borrowed another pair of ashes from her hostess for the return trip and arrived home safe and sound.

Search Under the Skin

It has long been the practice of diamond mine operators at Kimberly to strip and search every workman from the mines before permitting him to leave the plant. Now, due to a recent experience, they also search the skin. It was learned that a Kaffir miner had slit the flesh between his fingers, had embedded there two diamonds as large as beans, and had thus escaped with them.—Pathfinder Magazine.

New Artificial Silk

Artificial silk and films are now made by Dr. R. O. Herzog, a German scientist, from chitin, a substance of which the claws, feelers, heads and wings of wasps, beetles, grasshoppers and other insects are composed, as well as the shells of crabs and lobsters.

Pelt of Sea Otter Most Valuable Fur

Included in the last sale of government fur seals held at St. Louis were the pelts of two sea otters. These hides had been confiscated by government agents in Alaska from fur poachers and were purchased by a raw fur dealer at \$250 each, says Albert Stall, Jr., in the Detroit News.

To oldtime fur buyers this incident brought back memories of the days when sea otter pelts were as numerous as seal skins. Now, not only is this fur-bearer protected by federal law but its extinction is freely predicted by residents of the Aleutian islands, Alaska, where they formerly existed in fair numbers.

Of the two species native to this north country, the deep sea otter is the more interesting and the most valuable from a fur standpoint. Its pelt is considered the most valuable of all fur-bearers. This aquatic animal is said to never visit land, using the great floating kelp as its resting place and breeding grounds. Its fur is a rich silvery-purple brown.

POOR FATHER



"Charge your battery, mam?"
"Yes, charge it to father, please."

Rode to Dance in Hearse

Eight Springfield (Mass.) couples, desirous of attending a dance, were held up for the lack of a conveyance. One of the party said that he could obtain an automobile hearse if they would consent to ride in it. The girls first demurred, but as the hour was growing late, gave in. The hearse arrived and the 16 entered its dark confines and were on their way. The journey was not exactly comfortable, but after arriving, piling out, and filling their lungs with grateful inhalations of pure air, the majority of the party admitted that the ride was the best adventure they had ever undertaken, says the Boston Globe.

Rabbits No Longer "Pest"

Rabbits, which for a long time have been considered destructive pests in New Zealand because of their inroads on growing crops, have become a source of profit, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. Their fur, properly dyed, has proved to be a desirable substitute for the more expensive varieties. Last year 18,500,000 rabbit skins, valued at more than \$4,000,000, were exported from that country to the United States and England. Trapping the animals has become a paying business. The opossum is also sought for its skin.

Twins G. A. R. Veterans

William B. and Wilbur F. Chandler of Keene, N. H., believed to be the oldest twins who served in the Civil war, just observed the eighty-sixth anniversary of their birth. Outside of the time they spent in the army, when they were in different regiments, the brothers have never been separated by any great distance for any length of time. They worked together in the same factory for more than thirty years and retired together.

Belgian Lace Makers

Belgian hand-made lace is manufactured chiefly in the Flanders provinces and is practically all made by women in the farm homes. The prices are nearly five times those prevailing during 1913. The workers are paid for the number of designs reproduced rather than by the piece of lace or by the time employed.

Quackless Duck Appears

G. R. Niebaum, a duck raiser of Kansas, recently exhibited one of the novelties of the Kansas annual poultry show in a variety of ducks that did not quack. Instead of using the usual duck "language," quacking, these web-footers, otherwise normal, emit a hissing sound

KEEPING WELL

FOOD FROM THE SEA

DR. FREDERICK B. GREEN
Editor of "HEALTH"

WHEN Secretary Seward purchased Alaska from Russia in 1867, he was widely criticized and even denounced for wasting public funds. For years, Alaska was called "Seward's Folly." It was nothing but a barren land of ice and snow that could never produce anything of value. Yet, in the fifty-eight years since its purchase, it has produced \$517,000,000 in gold and other minerals, or seventy-four times as much as it cost.

But Alaska is something more than gold fields and gold is not even its most valuable product. Alaska is one of the great food-producing regions of the world. Its fisheries, so far, have produced \$620,000,000 worth of food, ninety times its original cost and they are not by any means fully developed.

So the most valuable product of Alaska is not gold dust but canned salmon. Two-thirds of all the salmon produced in the world is caught in Alaska.

Salmon is not only of great food value, but it is one of the most economical foods you can buy. There are no bones and no waste. You can eat everything except the can.

The salmon is a strangely mysterious fish which has long puzzled scientists. No other living thing has so strange a history. They are hatched in small lakes at the head waters of great rivers, hundreds of miles from the sea. Here they stay until they are half grown. Then, in response to some instinct of nature, they swim down the river, never stopping until they come to the sea. Where they go then no man knows. Far out and far down in the depths of the ocean perhaps, for they are never seen for years. Near the end of life, the salmon return to their birthplaces. How do they know in what stream they were born or how to get back? No one knows, but back they come, fighting their way against powerful currents and jumping raging rapids, to the place of their birth, where the females lay their eggs and die.

Now as each river is visited only by the fish which were born in it and then only once, if all the salmon in a river are caught, there are none left to return to it again. That is why, says Hon. Henry O'Malley, United States commissioner of fisheries, the eastern rivers emptying into the Atlantic, which used to breed millions of salmon, are now practically exhausted. And that is why the United States bureau of fisheries is carefully guarding the Alaskan rivers so that the salmon may be allowed to increase and so provide abundant and nourishing food for many years to come.

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New Idea About Apes

The Batangi, a race of natives who live in the Belgian Congo and who hunt the chimpanzee for food, believe that apes descended from men, according to Rev. R. H. Graham, a Baptist missionary who spent nearly forty years in that region. A Batangi chief explained their view to the missionary in the following words: "In many ages past the ape's ancestors were men. They got into debt, and made many enemies. So they ran away to the forest and refused to speak. Ever since they have remained degenerate men. We are better and prouder than the apes. Therefore, we eat them."—Pathfinder Magazine.

To Rebuild Smyrna

Smyrna is at last to rise from its ashes. After endless delays the Angora government has approved plans for the reconstruction of the great Anatolian port which was laid waste in September, 1922. Out of the present Pompeiianlike ruins will rise parks, public squares, amusement centers, business buildings, dwelling houses, theaters, stores and warehouses. Since the great fire which followed Mustafa Kemal's swift entry into the city, not a brick has been laid by the Turks in the devastated metropolis.

Airplane Improvement

A new set of wings have been developed for airplanes that will enable a pilot to fly through the air without keeping his hands on the control stick. In ordinary flying with most airplanes a pilot must keep his hand on the control stick practically all the time of flight.

Gas Masks for Engineers

Gas masks similar to those used during the war are supplied by the Swiss federal railway to engine drivers, their assistants and guards employed on freight trains which pass through the Grand Moutier tunnel. They are used for the prevention of inhaling poisoned air.

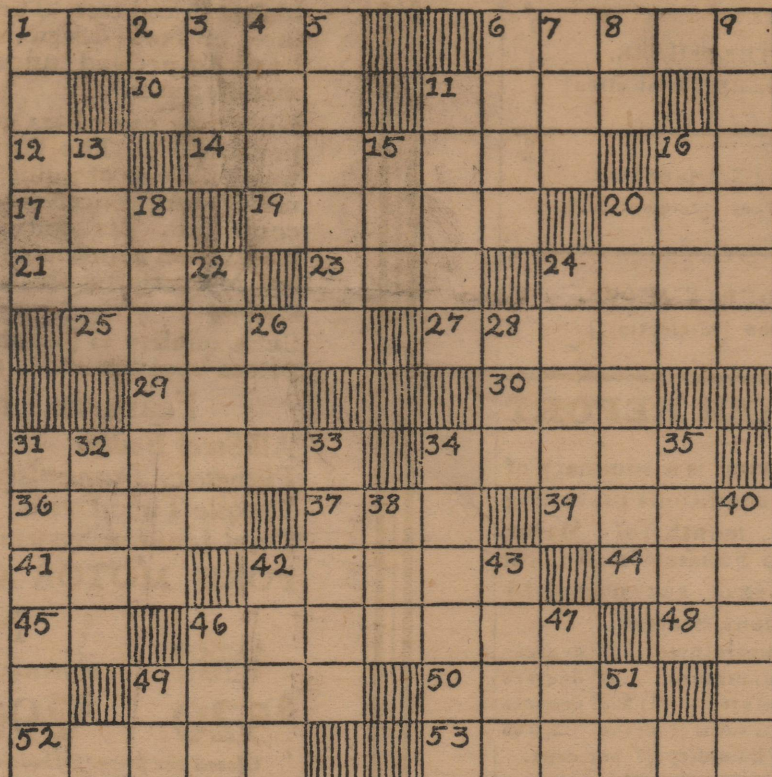
Fortune's Methods

Assuredly Fortune rules in all things; she raises to eminence or buries in oblivion everything from caprice rather than from well-regulated principle.—Sallust.

CROSS WORD PUZZLE

HOW TO SOLVE A CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

When the correct letters are placed in the white spaces this puzzle will spell words both vertically and horizontally. The first letter in each word is indicated by a number, which refers to the definition listed below the puzzle. Thus No. 1 under the column headed "horizontal" defines a word which will fill the white spaces up to the first black square to the right, and a number under "vertical" defines a word which will fill the white squares to the next black one below. No letters go in the black spaces. All words used are dictionary words, except proper names. Abbreviations, slang, initials, technical terms and obsolete forms are indicated in the definitions.



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Horizontal.
1—A form of silica in hexagonal crystals
8—Requests
10—Additional amount
11—To be afraid
12—That thing
14—Working plan
16—Pint (abbr.)
17—Number under eight
19—Practices diligently
20—To place
21—Ill
24—A pastime
25—One who visits
27—U. S. monetary unit
29—Meadow
30—Obstruction in a river
31—Boy's elevated walking device
34—North
37—Beverage
39—Biblical character who sold his birthright
41—Skill in any branch of learning
42—Capital of France
44—Soft metal
45—Vermont (abbr.)
46—Processions
48—Long island (abbr.)
49—Market place
50—God of love
52—Noted physicist who formulated laws of motion

Vertical.
1—Leaves
2—Part of "to be"
3—Straight, slender bar
5—Journey
6—Fanatical partisan
7—Green vegetables
9—Male sheep
8—Land measure
9—Hunting dog
11—Liberated
12—Small branch
13—Alcoholic beverage
15—A cougar
18—One skilled in treating diseases of the eye
20—One who pretends to read one's fate in the lines on one's hand
22—Foundations of vessels
24—To shine dazzlingly
26—Occupied a seat
28—To begin
31—Vassals
32—To begin
34—A maid
35—End piece
38—Period of time
40—Labor organization
42—Tract of ground kept in its natural state
43—Dry
46—Equal
49—Mother
51—Street (abbr.)

Solution will appear in next issue.

Answer to last week's puzzle.

FAT WEARY FRA
IRON DIE SLAP
TIRES RAPTURE
DRAIN PLATE
SERROR AGE T
PINS BEATS PA
ART GLIDE PAN
RE HYENA TALK
E FEAR SNORT S
TRIAL AWARE
SHELLED ECOLE
TEES AIM KNIT
RED ENDED SAC

Tails as Ornaments

Tails of animals' fur are the only ornaments worn by married women in Kismu, Kenya colony, British East Africa, and these are regarded as the equivalent of wedding rings. Mrs. Patrick Ness, traveler and writer, told members of the Victoria league, in London. These women were proud of their tails, and insisted upon wearing them at all times, even when bathing in the rivers.

Canada's Wealth in Copper

Copper is mined chiefly in Canada in northern Ontario, largely in the Sudbury district, and in several districts of British Columbia. In 1886 the total output amounted to 3,505,000 pounds, and it was more than doubled in six years. Copper was known to exist in the Sudbury district as early as 1856, but practically no attention was paid to it until 1883, when the main line of the Canadian Pacific railway was being constructed. Soon nickel was found, and the mining of the latter has gone ahead of copper mining. In 1923 the output of copper in Canada amounted to about 88,000,000 pounds. One year's output of copper in Canada has reached the value of about \$30,000,000.

Mrs. Carlyle's Farmer

Emory R. Buckner said in New York the other day:

"If prohibition were the failure that the opponents claim it is, we prohibitionists would feel like the Annandale farmer that Jane Welsh Carlyle tells about in her inimitable letters.

"It was raining, and Mrs. Carlyle wrote:

"Rain! Rain! Rain! Oh, Lord, this is too ridiculous," as the Annandale farmer exclaimed, starting to his feet when it began pouring, in the midst of his prayer for a dry hay time."

KEEPING WELL

HOW PLASTERS WORK

DR. FREDERICK B. GREEN
Editor of "HEALTH"

MANY people have unbounded faith in local applications. If they have rheumatism, they want to rub some kind of liniment on the place that hurts. If they have "weak kidneys," they hasten to put a mustard plaster across the small of the back to "draw out the pain." If they have an infested and swollen finger they put on a poultice to "draw it to a head." It doesn't matter much what the poultice is made of.

In cases of deep and localized infection, where the skin is unbroken, a thick, hot poultice, by furnishing heat, may hasten the course of the inflammation. Where the skin is broken, any application is likely to infect the open wound or to add to the already existing infection and so do harm without any possible good. Where poultices are of any value, it is due entirely to the heat and the moisture, not to the mixed and strange stuff of which home-made poultices are composed. A cold poultice or a thin one, which cannot retain heat for any length of time, but soon becomes a clammy, soggy mass, does no good, is very uncomfortable and, by detaching the patient into the belief that something is being done, may prevent him from having the treatment he needs. Every doctor can tell stories of the absurd things he has seen patients use, under the delusion that they were "drawing out the disease." I remember a highly educated professional man, who consulted me about a painful felon on his finger which had been causing him much discomfort for several days. Wrapped around his finger was a single layer of linen, evidently torn from an old handkerchief. Spread on the strip was a strange mess which careful examination showed was made up of bread crumbs and butter. While cleaning off this stuff, I asked him why he had put it on his finger. He said that some one had told him that a bread-and-milk poultice would help his finger, and as he hadn't any milk he thought butter would be the next best thing.

But how about mustard plasters? In a recent issue of the Journal of the American Medical Association, Dr. Bernard Fantus discusses this question. As Doctor Fantus says, the whole idea of "drawing out poisons through the skin" is absurd. Why, then, does the public cling to plasters as tightly as the plasters cling to them?

A strongly irritating plaster causes congestion, says Doctor Fantus, not only in the skin but in the structures under the skin. This congestion brings more blood into the inflamed region and the increased blood supply brings more material for the repair of the diseased tissues. So while plasters do not "draw out" disease, they may aid in the natural repair processes.

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WOOL AND MOHAIR

CHARLES SCHREINER, BANKER.

(UNINCORPORATED)

KERRVILLE, TEXAS.

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

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Unlimited Funds - No Delay.

E. B. CHANDLER & CO.

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W. R. Stumberg, Agent San Angelo.

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COMPANY, SAN ANGELO, TEXAS.

WOOL AND MOHAIR

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

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R. S. (Bob) Holland, Phone 754.

19, 21 West Twelfth Ave., San Angelo, Texas.

STORAGE

Car Washing and Greasing.

Truck Tires, Mobile Oils.

Your Car and Contents are Safe in my Place.

GET OUR NEW PRICES ON

AUTO-OILED AERMOTOR MILLS

Let us figure your next outfit. Every Aermotor Mill erected by us GUARANTEED against everything, except storms and freezes, for one year.

SEE US BEFORE YOU BUY.

GROWTHER SUPPLY CO.

18 E. Concho Ave, San Angelo,

Roy E. Aldwell

L. W. Elliott

ALDWELL-ELLIOTT CO.

Ranch Loans. Insurance. Auditing

Income Tax Reports.

why pay more than 6 per cent on ranch loans?

Sonora, Texas.

O.S.T. STAGES.

Double Daily Round Trip Service.

Rates: To Eldorado \$1.00; Christoval \$2.00;
San Angelo \$3.00; Del Rio \$5.00

Leave San Angelo 7:30 a.m. and 3 p.m. On return
leaves Del Rio at 9:30 and Sonora at 8 a.m. and 2 p.m.

Headquarters Sonora, McDonald Hotel.

Headquarters Del Rio, St. Charles Hotel.

Headquarters San Angelo, St. Angelus Hotel.

Your Patronage Appreciated.

J. B. LEE, Proprietor.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF SONORA,

Capital, Surplus and Undivided
Profits \$225,000.00.

Our 24 years of faithful service
Speaks for itself.

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.

SONORA THEATER.

Week of May 3rd to 8th

Mon. and Tues. Mary Pickford in Rosita.

Wed. only. Chas Ray in Tailor Made Man

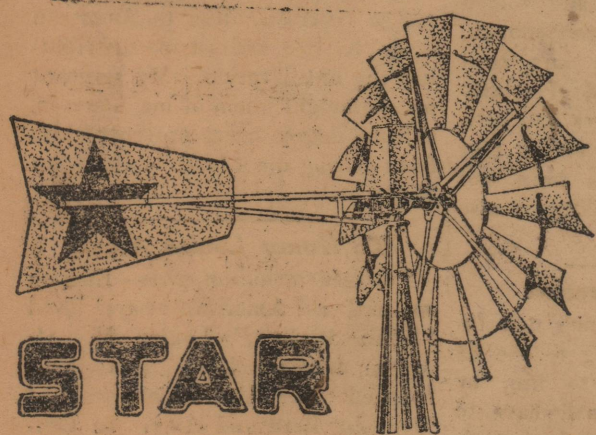
Thur. and Friday Raymond Griffith in Hands Up.

Saturday Norman Kerry in Loraine of the Lyons
Comedies twice-a-week

Better Than Homemade Bread.

Our Bread, scientifically com-
pounded from the purest ma-
terials, baked in a sanitary
bakery in an oven just the right
temperature is more wholesome
and nourishing than homemade
Bread. Now is a good time to
try it.

WARE BAKERY,
Sonora, Texas.



Running-in-oil

You will find in the new running-in-oil STAR the
many features you have always wanted in a windmill
—one oiling a year—your choice of Timken Tapered
Roller Bearings or "NO-OIL-EM" Bearings—two
gears, two pinions and two pitmans—direct center
lift to pump rod—crosshead, guides and pitmans
bearings flooded with oil—a scientifically designed
wheel with angle steel arms and braces and ball-
bearing turn table.

The fans of this new Star are curved to give great
efficiency in an 8 to 10 mile an hour wind. Plunger
pump in crank case floods crosshead, guides and
pitman bearings with oil, and tight cover keeps out
dirt, rain or snow.

One filling of crank case with oil each year will save
many trips up the tower. May be fitted on any
tower.

The new STAR is the last word in
Windmill construction. Come in
and let us show you this mill. You
will want to know about it whether
you are needing a new mill right
now, and we want you to know
what a really fine windmill we have
in this new Star.

FOR SALE BY
West Texas Lumber Co.,
SONORA, TEXAS.

We Guarantee Every Can of
All Gold Coffee
"Distinctly Different"

E. F. Vander Stucken-Trainer Company,
Sonora, Texas.

Devils River News.

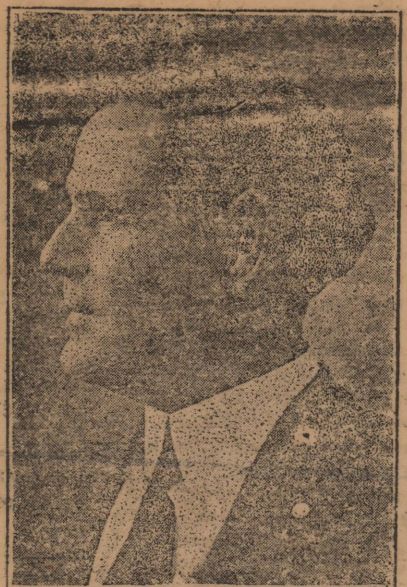
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STEVE MURPHY, Publisher.

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as second-class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION \$2 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

Sonora, Texas. - May 1, 1926.

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



Rev. W. M. McKinney

Hear him during the Revival
meeting beginning May 2nd., at
the Methodist church. Good
music and old time singing. Com-
fortable seats. Let us all go.

METHODIST CHURCH.

This week is training week. A
Standard Training School for the
San Angelo District is being con-
ducted at the First Methodist
Church at San Angelo. There
are more than one hundred and
eight workers enrolled and study-
ing the courses offered. Many
of these courses are on Child
Psychology. These are very pro-
fitable courses not only for Sun-
day school workers but also for
parents who are interested in
their children's welfare and de-
velopment.

Next Sunday as announced,
will begin our revival meeting.
We trust that you will come, lend
your influence to help the cause,
prayer and work for it. We have
not had any great revival in our
community for several years. We
may have one if we meet the con-
dition God has laid down. Why
not do this now and rise to our
God given privilege. Come to
the meeting it begins Sunday
May 2nd at 11 a.m.

The Methodist Church cord-
ially invites you to the following
services.

Preaching at 11 a.m. and 7:30
p.m.

Sunday school at 9:45 a.m.

Intermediate League at 3 p.m.

Senior League at 6:30 p.m.

Prayer meeting Wednesday at
7:30.

A hearty welcome

R. W. Fisher, Pastor.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

Regular preach services morn-
ing and evening.

Sunday School 10 a.m. Woody Mar-
tin Supt.

Preaching each Lord's day at 11 a.m.
and 8 p.m.

Prayer Meeting Wednesday 7:45.

We will study the Sunday school
lesson.

Junior B.Y.P.U. at 2 p.m.

Y.P.C.A. at 7:30 p.m.

All are earnestly asked to come to
all these services.

The young people are cordially in-
vited to attend the Senior Union.

J. A. Stephenson, Pastor.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to thank our many
friends for all the kindness ex-
tended us during the illness and
death of our beloved father.
Especially do we thank you for
the beautiful floral offering.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wilson and family

May the "First" an important
date for Sonora and Sonora peo-
ple. The Senior Class play,
Golden Day.

Mrs. Geo. S. Allison of
the Cemetery Association,
will receive contributions for
the purpose of cleaning up
the Sonora Cemetery. This
is a worthy undertaking and
the public should gladly re-
spond with their donations.
Leave your donations at the
First National Bank.

DIED.

Mrs. Afton Smith Mittel was
born at Georgetown, Williamson
County, Texas, June 7th, 1897.
Died April 25th, 1926.

The subject of this sketch was
educated in the State University.
She was a teacher of rare ability,
having taught in the high schools
of Texas six years. She was a
teacher in the Sonora High for
two years, and gave perfect satis-
faction and was elected for the
third year but declined the honor
and was married to Mr. Henry
Mittel on the 22nd day of May
1925 the ceremony being perform-
ed by the pastor, J. A. Stephen.
They lived on their ranch home
until her untimely death.

Mrs. Mittel professed faith in
Christ in her girlhood and united
with the Baptist Church, and was
an active, faithful member in all
departments of church work. In
Sunday school and B.Y.P.U., she
was an efficient teacher and lead-
er. She was a beautiful Christian
in precept and example; a lovely
friend, winning the hearts of her
pupils and all she came in contact
with. She was kind and gentle,
an obedient daughter, a tender
and loving sister, a devoted wife.

She leaves to mourn her loss,
her devoted husband and his en-
tire family of Sonora, her father
and mother, Mr. and Mrs. W. A.
Smith, Hot Springs, N.M., a bro-
ther, Earl Smith, Mercedes; three
sisters, Mrs. A. P. Schwartz,
Mercedes; Mrs. Cecil Penick Ana-
huac, Miss Mamie Smith, Santa
Maria and a host of friends who
ever she lived throughout the
State, but none loved her more
tenderly than the good people of
Sonora who attended en masse her
funeral which was conducted by
her pastor in the Baptist Church.

We laid her to rest with her
little baby in her arms, in the
Sonora Cemetery, under a pyra-
mid of beautiful fragrant flowers
to rest until the resurrection
morning. "And I heard a voice
from Heaven saying unto me
unite blessed and the dead which
die in the Lord from henceforth,
yea sayeth the Spirit that they
may rest from their labors and
their works do follow them."

Let us who remain look up and
press on knowing that we can
meet our loved ones on that
Happy Golden Shore where the
faithful part no more. May God
comfort and guide each one to
the end is the wish of your true
friend,

J. A. Stephenson.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank our friends
and neighbors for their kindness
and sympathy during the illness
and death of our beloved wife,
daughter and sister; and also for
the beautiful floral offerings.

Henry Mittel
Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Smith and
family.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Stewart
and children were in town Thurs-
day shopping.

Attorney T. A. Williams of
Rock Springs was in Sonora on
professional business several days
this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Meckel
were in from the Meckel ranch
about 14 miles south of Sonora
on the Rock Springs road, Tues-
day shopping.

Mrs. L. Wheat the well known
ranchman was up from his ranch
in Edwards county, Thursday on
business.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Wheat were
visiting in town a few days this
week from the ranch in Edwards
county.

Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Hunt were
in from the ranch in Edwards
county, several days this week
the guests of Mrs. Hunt's parents
Mr. and Mrs. Theo Savell.

SCREW WORMS

Keep off Blow Flies. Apply
"MARTIN'S FLY SMEAR"
to cuts, sores and wounds. Kill
worms instantly and heal wound with
"Martin's Screw Worm Killer."
Money back. Guaranteed by
Grocery 44-50

400,000 Pounds of Wool Sold.

Four hundred thousand pounds
long spring wool was contracted
late in the week principally in
Tom Green, Schleicher, Coke and
Stetson counties at 35 to 38 cents
per pound, it was announced in
San Angelo Saturday night. J.
M. Lea of San Angelo bought
approximately 150,000 pounds for
Draper & Co., of Boston, and
Joe B. Blakeney of San Angelo
and Charles E. Angell of Boston
bought an un 1150,000 pounds for
Hollowell, Jones & Donald of
Boston.

Wool moved freely at 35 cents
and above, after a lull in buying
following the first contracts in
the State over three weeks ago.
The average then was 40 cents, a
few choice fleeces commanding
41c, which remains the peak.
Shearing will become general this
week, but there likely will be no
sealed bid offerings by the com-
mission houses until around June
1st.

Wool contracted in Texas to
date is estimated to total around
1,675,000 pounds. J. M. Lea and
Joe Blakeney and Charles Angell,
buying together, have purchased
around 750,000 pounds each, it is
understood John S. Allison, also
of San Angelo, is reported to
have contracted about 175,000
pounds for Adams & Leland of
Boston.

Mr. Blakeney and Mr. Angell
paid the week's top price of 38c
to Clay D. Atkins and Clint Pin-
son, both of whom ranch near
Christoval. Each will shear about
15,000 sheep. The fleeces are
being estimated at eight pounds
to the animal. Most of the wool
was contracted in small lots, 2400
pounds being the largest purchase
by J. M. Lea.—Standard

Mohair houses of West Texas
have about been cleared of mo-
hair which has been marketed
at unexpectedly high prices.

The last of Del Rio mohair
amounting to over 500,000 pound
was sold Saturday. The Del Rio
Wool and Mohair Company sold
260,000 pounds, receiving 62 1-2
cents for grown hair and 77 1-2
cents for kid hair. The Producers
Wool and Mohair Company sold
300,000 pounds at 61 1-2 cents for
grown hair and 80 cents for kid
hair.—Del Rio News.

Edward B. Willoughby, ranch
man near Eldorado, has sold and
delivered 170 yearling steers to
Coke Westbrook, who ranches
about nine miles south of San
Angelo. The price was \$37.50.
Thomas Esby of Sonora has con-
tracted about 1,000 mutton goats
in Schleicher county at \$3.50 per
head. He bought 150 from Ray
Willoughby and about 600 from
Mr. McKenzie at Christoval.
Lambing in Schleicher county
has been completed successfully
and shearing is getting under full
swing. Ray Willoughby reported
while in San Angelo Tuesday
afternoon. Mrs. Willoughby ac-
companied him.—Standard

Mrs. J. R. Word of Sonora,
following a visit to relatives in
San Antonio and a daughter, Mrs.
B. J. Barow, in Nordheim, re-
turned here Saturday accompan-
ied by the latter. They remained
here as the guests of their daugh-
ters and sisters, Mrs. H. L. Bridge
and Mrs. C. M. Morris, until
Monday, when they left for Mrs.
Word's home in Sonora.—Del
Rio Herald.

Miss Pauline Pfister motored
to San Angelo last Saturday to
accompany her mother, Mrs. Ed
Pfister home. Mrs. Pfister had
been in the St. John's Sanatorium
eighteen days where she under-
went a serious operation. Mrs.
Pfister is doing nicely.

The Better Home's Club met
Saturday morning, April 17th at
the Club House, Overville. A
delicious dinner was served. The
hostess was Mrs. G. C. Crosby.
Two visitors were gladly wel-
comed, Miss Campbell and Miss
Edwards. The program Home
Improvement given by Miss Cas-
tard was very interesting.

R. F. Halbert the well-known
banker and commission man of
San Angelo, was here the latter
part of last week visiting his son,
Robert A. Halbert and family.

J. O. HIGHTOWER, GENERAL MERCHANDISE

LET US FURNISH YOUR SUPPLIES.

We carry an unusual good stock of dependable
General Merchandise at reasonable prices.

Talk It Over With Us. Phone 3

J. O. HIGHTOWER,

"The House That Saves You Money."

SONORA, TEXAS.

The McDonald Hotel.

Mrs. Josie McDonald, Owner.

Rates \$3.25 Per Day. Good Table and Service.

Comfortable, Convenient, Homelike

DENTAL NOTICE

ALL WORK PAINLESS

Pyorrhea Treated Written Guarantee

All instruments sterilized in boiling water.

German, Spanish and English Spoken.

THE SANITARY DENTISTS

BY DR. P. L. GUFFIN

612 CONGRESS AVENUE AUSTIN, TEXAS

Office, Bearce Building, Eldorado, Texas.

SONORA SERVICE STATION

S. H. STOKES, PROPRIETOR.

Has a complete stock of Seiberling casings
and tubes, standard accessories, Gulf and
Castorblend oils, and that good Gulf Gasoline
A part of your trade will be appreciated.

GROCERY! GROCERY!

I am opening a Cash and Carry
Grocery Store in Otts Jewelry
Store [Savel Bldg.] Mr. Otts will
be in charge and will give you
prompt service. We can save you
money.

COME AND GIVE US A TRIAL

A. T. WRIGHT,

SONORA and ELDORADO.

Devil's River News \$2.00 a year

Innes & Gano, Real Estate
dealers, who were burned out
in the Landon Hotel fire now
have their office in the base-
ment of the Central National
Bank. If you wish a ranch
or a home or have one for
sale, come and see us or
write us.

INNES & GANO,
San Angelo, Texas

The O.S.T. bus will leave San
Angelo every morning at 7:30 and
arrive ELGIN at 10, arriving at
Del Rio in time to take the car
which leaves for San Antonio at
2 p.m.

Sonora will have a rodeo and
races June 24, 25 and 26th

WANTED--A Summer
school, either a public school
or as governess on a ranch.
Can begin teaching by the
middle of May. Salary rea-
sonable. Experienced teach-
er. Can furnish good recom-
mendations. Address,
Winnie D. Cooper,
London, Kimble County,
Texas

Notice to Trespassers.
Notice is hereby given that no hunt-
ing, driving stock, wood hauling or
trapping will be allowed on our ranch
seven miles south of Sonora, without
our permission.
Shurley Brothers,
Sonora, Texas.

RAIN.

The rain fall in Sonora Wed-
nesday amounted to 0.5.

A Romance of Water

The Water Bearer

laced ends of his riding breeches and waded out into the gut where the pent-up waters of Hermanos, when the valley was a lake, had broken through.

The sun was two hours high before he came out of the creek, his pockets filled with rock samples, wet, tired, his purpose accomplished. He had still to refer to certain geological reports, to analyze his samples, but he was sure of the result.

His jaw was set and his face grave from concentration, but it shone with a certain satisfaction.

"That problem is solved," he said aloud as he mounted his horse at last and rode the willing steed down canyon toward the breakfast that both craved. He did not notice the man who came out on the suspended bridge and watched him until the foliage shut him from view.

It was Padilla. The Mexican's face was puzzled, suspicious. He could not understand why el señor should have stayed the night at the head of the canyon. He descended to the creek bed, readily finding evidence of what Caleb had been doing, evidence that a day or so would have ensued. He saw where Caleb had gone down into the stream and his quick eyes noted where the rocks had been clipped. A convulsion came over his face with the sudden conviction that the guest had been up to no good.

"The dam! Gringo, Yankee spy!" he muttered. But his thoughts were twisted. He remembered Caleb's guilt action with the bull. He could not justify the two affairs. And he could not comprehend what Caleb had been up to. Unless it was mining. And there was no gold on Gabilan, no silver or cinnabar. Save that, whatever he had done, he had accomplished secretly, deliberately giving out the impression that he had gone down the canyon the night before. He decided to talk the matter over with Maria.

For four days Caleb worked day and night, almost unceasingly. Every night he practiced his quills as Water Bearer. He cut his own hazel twigs and, as soon as the moon was up, he went out on the desolate surface of the Sink, with results that justified his first impressions. There was water everywhere. It backed up to the southern border and the presence of the water proved that clay lay under it. This he verified by finding clay on the side hills with his boring probe. His sixteen feet walls as well as bottom, a lining that was impervious. It was a giant aqua source, water for the population of a whole city.

At the end of the time he was worn lean and tired in body. Sleep had been snatched in catnaps through the day, before the moon came up and in the early hours of dawn. He returned to the hotel, gave up his horse and spent luxuriously for thirty hours. But, before he went to bed, he dispatched a telegram. It was to his lawyer in the East, to whom he had given certain powers-of-attorney concerning the possible sale of his house. In the message he urged an instant sale, even at some slight sacrifice, and asked for the wired remittance of the price through his Golden Bank.

Quick with enthusiasm, he went back to Golden, fully rested, to complete plans for submission to Cox. The latter, he found, was out of town and not expected for two weeks. This suited Caleb, who had much to do. He hired a small office and equipped it with drafting table, desk, a small filing cabinet and two stools.

He had to set his plans on paper, to make drawings, put together rough estimates, and he resolved to make a working model of the whole project. He did not anticipate being able to do more than suggest the magnitude of the affair and its cost. What he mainly hoped for was to prove its practicability, and the model would go far toward that.

He thought himself into the work with feverish ambition and belief. Baxter saw little of his plans or state that he had secured an office. Baxter had told Caleb that he was busy trying to find the right tract of land for his "Little Colony."

"They are inclined to be fussy," he said. "I've got one or two propositions, but I'm afraid they won't exactly suit. And I've got to swing this deal." By which Caleb inferred that he needed money badly for his affair with the stenographer.

"Not going to get married, are you?" inquired Baxter jestingly. "I suppose you were browsing over at El Nido when you acquired that tan. She must be some girl. I told you you'd get hard. The matter's due at Del Monte tomorrow," he went on. "I thought I'd need her to help me out, but if I pull off this stock deal, I'll be in clover. Good job I didn't write her. Something usually shows up if you're in luck. If you're not, why, there's all there is to it."

He frowned. Caleb saw him looking at his picture gallery on the bureau.

"How are things going in that direction?" he asked.

"Meaning Mary Morgan? That's her name," Baxter picked up the silver frame. His face was still clouded. "She's getting hard to handle. Still hanging on to her job. Wants me to marry her, but insists upon the child being born, anyway. Says she always wanted one. She's an enigma to me. I think I'll be able to transfer her to gun-metal settling before long. She's hoping! Tell me about your deals across the bay, for that's where you were, of course."

But Caleb did not care to discuss Baxter, and the telephone broke their chat.

"It's the Morgan girl," said Baxter. "She's getting to be a pest, but she's got to be jettied. Be sorry for me, Caleb."

Caleb cocked his eyebrow. The reference to the stenographer as "the Morgan girl," after all that had happened and still lay between them, struck him as particularly callous. Still, Baxter often spoke with affected bravado. Caleb kept silent.

CHAPTER IX

Progress

The work went swiftly. His preliminary specifications ended and the drawings traced and blue-printed. Caleb started on his model. From the maps of the geodetic survey he pantographed a scale enlargement of the lower end of the Caliente plain and much of the surrounding district, including Gabilan mountain.

Baxter had run down to Del Monte to pay a duty call to his mother. Duty, in Baxter's case, Caleb surmised, as with his affection, was largely a matter of keeping his mother in good humor whereby the financial supplies might be more lavishly and easily forthcoming. Both were too selfish, after years of indulgence and spoiling, to have much genuine love for each other. In one of the gossiping weeklies at the club—not Vedder's Pioneer—Caleb noticed an item that caught his eye with the mention of the Baxter name.

"It is rumored by Dame Gossip," ran the paragraph, "that Ted Baxter, who, by the way, has been hanging up some creditable scores in the golf tournament on the Del Monte links, is not expected to be in the instant chapter that is progressing in suggesting that he may shortly acquire a stepfather. Gossip has been rife in this direction before, but now intentions seem to be serious. It is hinted that young Baxter may emulate the example of his stepfather, to-be. A double wedding is not entirely out of prospect, according to those who claim to have watched Ted strolling on the fair-grounds in the early mornings with a certain demure which has inherited a fortune from interests closely connected with the lumber industry."

Caleb could not guess, and did not care to, the name of the girl referred to. And Caleb whistled under his breath.

"If Mary Morgan sees this item," he told himself, "she is likely to stir up things. I wonder how Ted's stock deal is progressing?"

Baxter had not told him the name of the shares with which he was speculating. But he noticed the girl the next morning as he passed through an outer office to Cox's private room by appointment. She was not in tailored clothes but in a lighter, fuller costume. Her face was startlingly pale save where she ranged her cheeks and reddened her full lips. The dark hair hung beneath her eyes emphasized their glance and, for a moment, Caleb felt it full upon him. He thought that it half besought, half challenged him not to speak of her to Cox. And then the mouth grew sullen and she turned away as Cox's secretary held the door open for Caleb.

"Come to accept the Beaver Lake proposition?" asked Cox, rising to meet him. His brows contracted and his look hardened a trifle when Caleb shook his head.

"I think not. I've come to make a proposition instead."

"Yes," said Cox shortly, his tone as noncommittal as the tick of a clock, while he shoved the cigar box across his desk.

Caleb put the tips of all ten of his fingers on the shining surface of Cox's desk and leaned forward a little.

"You said that the Crystal Springs company is in the business of buying, conveying and selling water. It is the first consideration that holds my proposition. What will you give me for two million daily gallons of pure water, with constant renewed supply, within a reasonable distance of Golden and capable of development at costs that will leave you ample profit?"

Cox lit his cigar slowly and, under cover of the smoke, closely surveyed Caleb's face.

"Two million gallons daily? You mean what will I give you for your information as to where I can secure this?"

"And my plans for development. Conservation, storage, filtration, collection, piping, pumping?"

"Ah! Pumping? It isn't on this side of the bay, then?"

The question came swiftly, backing a swift glance.

"You told me yourself that the water development on the peninsula was practically developed to its limit," checked Caleb. "It is across the bay."

"We have many prospects there ourselves. Plans half developed. It is unlikely that you offer me anything new. Have you spoken to Mr. Hinckley about it?"

"Hardly. I wished to talk with you direct. I believe you have not looked into this particular method of exploitation or more than suspected the source of supply."

Cox smiled and pushed aside some papers carelessly.

"If that is so," he answered, "I will give you one-half a cent per gallon for your secret."

"Ten thousand dollars? You are not liberal, Mr. Cox. I am not visionary in this matter. I am prepared to show you and your engineers a complete project, without estimating exact costs. But, if my general plans are not approved by Mr. Hinckley and his associates, if my source is not authentic, if it is not sufficient, I do not figure that I have anything to sell. But I want to know where I stand before I submit facts and figures."

"For a moment they remained silent, the elder seated, Caleb standing, Cox patently appraising him. The latter spoke first.

"How much do you want?"

"One hundred thousand dollars and recognition of myself as the originator of the plan. I do not expect to in any way displace Mr. Hinckley. I have not his experience. Quite probably I lack his ability. But I should want an appointment as consulting engineer on the work, and publicity as the project."

Cox beat a little tattoo with his fingers on the desk top. He looked out of the window.

"I'm not the Crystal Springs company," he said finally. "I can't buy pigs in pokes. You'll have to show me more of your project. If it's all you say I have no doubt we can come to terms."

"I have stated my terms."

"We'll have to take a chance with us, Warner," Cox said with a smile. "We are not exactly highway robbers, we westerners. And we don't mind paying for information. But I can't deal in 'ifs.' Send up your model, bring in your papers tomorrow afternoon. I'll have Hinckley here. We'll talk further. If it promises well I'll get the directors together and you shall present your proposition at the meeting. That agreeable?"

They shook hands on it and Caleb left the office, practically content. After dinner at the club, alone, he found a telegram awaiting him in his room. It was a notice from the local bank that the deal for his house had been completed and that the purchase price, eight thousand dollars, less certain fees, now lay to his order.

"Which," said Caleb, as he stuffed the message back in its yellow envelope, "rounds out the day very nicely."

Next morning Caleb got up late and leisurely, three hours after his usual time. He ordered breakfast sent up from the dining room and lingered over his bath and shaving before he settled down in the window, grapefruit before him, the daily paper to one side.

From the outer page a face looked at him that seemed familiar, though, for the moment, he could not place it. Even the faring two-column head did not supply the link immediately.

"ROMANCE IN HIGH LIFE
"Popular Society Widow
"Weds Eastern Man
"and Millionaire."

Then he read the caption under the halftone picture: "Mrs. Ernestine Leroy Baxter, whose quiet wedding is the talk of Nob Hill."

It was the resemblance to Ted that Caleb had noticed. He read the article. The Del Monte correspondent referred to it as a romance. It appeared that the couple had been married quietly at Monterey and had left for a protracted honeymoon in the private car of the bridegroom.

It was not Caleb's affair and he had his own business to attend to. Baxter would show up in his own good time. Caleb finished his breakfast and went down to his office to superintend the packing of the model and its dispatch to Cox. Later he visited his bank. It was noon before he got back to the apartment house.

He found Baxter changing his clothes. His face was pasty, the

whites of his eyes congested. To Caleb the signs were plain. Baxter had been making a night of it.

"Seen the paper, I suppose?" Baxter greeted Caleb. "There's the devil to pay all around. The matter's gone and so's my income. Look at that!"

He picked up a slip of pink paper from his dressing table and handed it to Caleb. It was a check for one thousand dollars.

"Signed by papa-in-law," said Baxter sarcastically. "A present to a good boy. God bless you—and good-bye!"

"Do you know what she did?" he asked truculently. "Mortgaged every bean she had to catch this millionaire. Played her last cent on the red heart and won. She had the right to do what she liked with my father's money under the will, but it was understood that she was to look out for me."

"Soon as I got down to Del Monte I saw what her game was. And I wasn't welcome. The bridegroom-to-be looked at me as if he expected to see a little boy in knickerbockers. She's kidded him along properly."

"No use looking at me in that Methodist way, Caleb. I'm bitter and I have a right to be. She was twenty-four when she married my father and she never intended to be a mother. Thought I'd spoil her figure. I've heard her say so. It was only a kid when I overheard that, but it illu-

minated things a lot. I knew then why I never had a mother like other kids. I was an unfortunate accident. A snake has more affection for its eggs than she ever had for me."

"I tell you, Cal," the way she acted round that old fool would make you sick. With the airs and graces of a young girl. Fought! She wanted me to go back to Golden. I looked too much like an animated birth certificate to suit her play. No doubt she told him what a wayward youth I was. When I wouldn't stand up to the wedding—we had a sweet row about that and I boiled over a bit—she calmly told me she was broke. Said her trousseau had exhausted her bank account and her capital. Yesterday afternoon this check came to me in a letter from her. I tore the letter up. Hoped I'd settle down to something serious and inclosed a check from her husband. Said she didn't expect to see me for some time. They were going to travel extensively."

"I kept the check. It was coming to me. And I'm going to have a good time on it. It won't pay up what I owe, or begin to. Square me with the club, though, for one thing."

He left and Caleb in turn changed his clothes and spent a couple of hours reviewing his plans. At the water company he noticed Mary Morgan driving away at her typewriter. Her expression was sullen and she did not look up, though she heard his name mentioned. Caleb wondered what she thought of the wedding.

He found his model set up on a long table in the directors' room that opened off Cox's private office. Cox and Hinckley were examining it. Cox greeted him cordially, Hinckley in particular giving him a cordial grip of the hand.

"Suppose you go over the general plan, Warner," suggested Cox. "Then we'll talk. We want to know how you arrive at your premises."

Caleb described simply his belief that the whole of Caliente plain formed a great bowl of gravel with bottom and sides of clay, with a roof of clay at the upper end that caused artesian wells. He went over his operations and displayed his maps. He had felt a certain diffidence about the water-divining, doubting whether his hearers might not scoff at proof built up of such means. But Hinckley accepted it and Cox nodded his agreement.

Hinckley spoke first after Caleb's final summing up. And he spoke with a sincerity that held no trace of jealousy.

"I congratulate you. I should have liked to have made that discovery myself. But there is one big obstacle that exists. It is the law, if there is a flaw in your plan."

"I mean the powerful action of the tides upon any pipes which may be laid upon the bay bottom. It shallows at the south end and the six-foot rise and fall has great swing there. There is your weak point. It may be overcome, but it will need a special invention. I am convinced."

"I had thought of that and I have a suggestion," said Caleb. "It is not perfect. I have not had time. But I am sure the idea is a sound one."

"Well," summed up Cox, "so far, I think we may say that your project interests us, Warner. I must add my congratulations to those of Hinckley. It looks as if your visit to the coast was going to be fortunate to all concerned. I am going to call a directors' meeting. I cannot set a date now. They are all busy men, with other interests than this company."

"I should say a fortnight should prove sufficient. I'll let you know at the earliest moment. Perhaps that two weeks will enable you to work out your idea about the pipes. Keep in touch with us through Mr. Hinckley. You can rely upon his co-operation."

"They both accompanied him from the big room. Hinckley gave him his private address and invited him to come there any evening for consultation."

Caleb had some other business to attend to down town and he got back to the apartment house in fine feather.

He found Baxter there. He had just come from the club, he said moodily. Caleb saw that he had been drinking. His face was flushed and he was in bad humor.

"I'm wiped out," he said. "The hot sun dropped out of the market. Some of Cox's d-d manipulation! The tip was that they were driving down the stock to buy cheap and we were prepared for that. But they were unloading. My thousand went for margins. I'm clean. And I'm up against it."

He went to his bureau and took up the silver frame with Mary Morgan's picture in it. He took out the photograph and tore it into small pieces, which he tossed into a waste-paper basket.

"D-n her!" he said savagely. "She's the last straw. Getting ugly—in more ways than one!"

"You owe her something," said Caleb.

It was a slip that he realized immediately by the deepening scowl on Baxter's forehead.

"Owe her something?" he exploded. "A lot you know about it! You are like most preachers, you prate without experience. I may be a sinner, but she's no saint. She wasn't when I met her. The things we did were done mutually in full knowledge of the risks, because we wanted to do them. Now she's plumed this thing on me, with some cause, perhaps, but I'm not feeling paternal about it. I can tell you. And I don't intend to marry her. That's flat and final. Owe her something? Maybe I do, but it can only be paid with money and where's that coming from?"

"I didn't mean to preach, Ted. As

for money. If she'll accept it, there's your land deal. It's easy for you to make money, Ted. If you buckle down to it and cut out the drinking."

"Preaching again," cried Baxter. The liquor he had been taking had a stronger, a more malevolent hold on him than ever before in Caleb's knowledge of him. The veins were swollen in face and hands and his eyes were slightly glazed, though his speech was fluent and clear enough. "I've taken more man-sized drinks this afternoon than you have in your whole life," he went on. "The stuff I swallowed would drive a man crazy in time, but that's all we can get."

"Look here, Ted, you're talking nonsense," said Caleb. He was beginning to feel nettled, the blood ran hot under the skin of his forehead. The day had gone too well to wind up in such fashion. He went into his own room to escape the threatened trade. Baxter followed him, bent on argument, his mind set in one groove. He seated himself in a wicker armchair.

"I suppose you think I ought to marry the girl? Tie myself up with a whining wife and a kid?"

"Maybe. I'm not even sure of that. No, I'm not. I can handle her if I do it right away," said Baxter with ever thickening speech. "But by the time my deal goes through it may be too late. Those things hang fire sometimes. Lend me the money, Cal. Twenty-five hundred I'd do it. She's ready to cut loose and go east. If I tell her it's fallen through she'll turn nasty again. Will you do it?"

"I can't, Ted. I haven't the money."

"You mean you won't. Why don't you come through and say what you mean?"

"I have. If I had the money, or could get it, I would lend it to you."

"Ah! That's what they all say, when it comes to a showdown. If you think you're going to force me to marry the girl, you're wrong. You seem d-d eager to take her side in the matter. If you're so anxious to save her good name, why don't you marry her yourself?"

Baxter got up, swaying a little. His eyes were now bleared. The poison he had been assimilating was forcing its venom to the surface. Caleb stepped forward to put his hands on the other's shoulders, partly to steady him, with the idea of coaxing him to lie down. Half blind with crudely distilled alcohol, Baxter mistook Caleb's intention and swung his fist viciously. Caleb's own temper had been mounting despite his efforts for control. He was tired and his nerves had been strained more than he suspected. He parried the blow and struck Baxter back, meaning to pinion him in the chair while he talked some sense into his sudden brain.

But Baxter twisted. His weight went all upon one arm and the light chair overturned. Clutching at the rickety little desk, Baxter scrambled to the desk top. The floor seemed to temporarily sober him. He scrambled to his knees and began picking up the papers as Caleb righted desk and chair, ashamed of the brawling termination of the affair.

"Look here, Ted," he said, catching Baxter by the elbow. "This has gone far enough. We are both acting like a couple of chumps. If I've . . ."

But Baxter stood staring at one of the papers he had picked up. His face was contorted by a malevolent sneer.

"You haven't got the money, eh?" he said. "A fine friend you are. You rotten liar. I'm through with you."

He flung the paper down on the top of the desk and lunged through the door, his face livid. Caleb heard his own door slam as he picked up the slip. It was the telegram from his attorney announcing the closing of the deal and the forwarding of the money.

For a second he stood irresolute. He did not want to explain to Baxter why he could not lend him any of this amount, or to what use he had already put it. Finally he made up his mind. His friendship with Baxter had been largely protective. He did not want to abandon that friendship now when Baxter most needed him.

He knocked on the door, then tried it. The key had been turned on the inside. He called.

"Ted! Let me in for a minute."

"You go to h—l." A moment after, the door to the corridor slammed. Caleb went to his own and saw Baxter entering the elevator. He raised the bell, hoping that he might catch the other before he got too far down the street.

The colored boy grinned at him as the elevator came to rest at his floor.

"Want to catch Misth Baxter, huh? I reckon you're too late. His cya-b's link waltz'n' him fo' nigh half an hour. He's gone a kidn'!"

Dogs Needed in Arctic

Although the automobile has forced the horse to relinquish his place as "king of the highways" in America, it will apparently be some time before the airplane can supplant the dog on the frozen paths of the North. According to Donald B. MacMillan, Arctic explorer, who recently returned from a trip to the top of the earth, dogs are much preferable to airplanes in his Arctic explorations.

Powerful Radio Station

The powerful Swedish commercial wireless station at Grimeton appears to have a greater range than was first calculated. It is reported from Japan that radio messages sent out by the Swedish station have been received there, and it is now proposed that the station be so improved as to establish direct traffic with Japan.

Excused

"Julius Caesar didn't take a hair cut for ten years."

"I didn't know he was eccentric."

"He wasn't; he was bald."—New York Mercury.

KEEPING WELL

MENTAL CONTROL OF SKIN DISEASES

DR. FREDERICK R. GREEN

Editor of "HALL'S"

THE influence of the mind, or the nerves, if you prefer, on skin eruptions and sensations is one of the strange and as yet unexplained regions of our knowledge of the human body and its disorders. Some people have strange markings or "breakings out" on their skin, under conditions which have no effect on most people. To say, as is generally done, that such people are "nervous" does not explain anything. The question still remains why are they nervous or why do things affect their nerves which have no effect on others.

In some cases, it is some article of food perfectly pure and wholesome in itself and perhaps a source of great pleasure to most people. Probably most of you have known some man or woman who couldn't eat strawberries. Most of us not only enjoy strawberries but find them exceedingly wholesome. Then some one comes along who can't eat them. Even a single berry may cause a bright red rash all over the body in a few minutes. I recall a patient who couldn't eat lobster. Her friends knew this peculiarity and never offered it to her. Visiting in the city, she was invited to a luncheon at which a salad was served which contained a small amount of lobster, so small that no one detected it. She took one forkful of the salad, was immediately taken ill and when I saw her in less than ten minutes her entire body was covered with bright red weals. Such a rash may be caused by mental conditions.

In a recent issue of the Journal of the American Medical Association, Dr. Joseph V. Klander of Philadelphia tells of many strange cases he has seen or that have been reported by others. The title of his paper is "Cutaneous Neuroses," which simply means skin markings caused by nervous or mental conditions. He tells of a case seen by Brown-Séquard, the celebrated French neurologist, of a mother who saw a window frame fall on her child's arm and immediately had a black and blue spot appear on her own arm; of a doctor who told a patient he was going to put a blister on his shoulder and instead stuck on a harmless postage stamp, yet a blister appeared under the stamp.

These peculiar skin conditions may also take the form of intense itching of the same spots at regular times, of blotches, weals or peculiar sensations as of heat and cold. Salves and lotions do little good. Sometimes relief is found in some fantastic form of treatment, anything in which the patient believes. Doctor Klander has found that some patients are relieved or even cured by psychotherapy.

(Ed. 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

Under Soviet Rule

Mme. Lenin, widow of the Russian Soviet leader, would be offended if a male "comrade" offered her a seat in a train, opened a door for her or stepped aside to give her precedence. Hand-kissing, and hugging have been relegated to the past in Communist Russia for hygienic reasons, and men and women are on a par. But, strangely enough, men still continue to kiss each other. The old method of salutation among men relatives and intimate men friends is so strong that government regulations have not wiped it out. Hand-shaking is also under government ban.

Fiddler's Collection

Mellie Dunham, Maine's now famous fiddler, may cling to the \$3 gold piece presented to him by Henry Ford, but he will have to fiddle some time to match the collection owned by Fred B. Clough, of Concord, N. H. He has thirteen \$3 gold pieces, coined between the dates of 1854 and 1873. Moreover, he has a group of the rare and valuable California gold dollars, octagon in shape, and several Alaskan gold dollars, bearing the words "Too Wah" on the back and the legend, "Alaskan Gold Dollar," on the front.—Boston Globe.

Many Types Seek Movies

A survey of the types of persons trying to gain fame in the movies was made recently, and the result showed that aspirants come from almost every walk of life. The list compiled included a college professor, actors from the variety stage, concert singers, an Iowa truck farmer, winner in a male beauty contest, a Syrian immigrant, "Pol-lies" girls and ordinary workers among men and women.

A Moving Glance

An English scientist has constructed an apparatus for measuring the power of a glance. The device consists of a sealed glass cage in which is suspended a spool of thread, the ends of which form a short circuit. Above the spool is a dial. It is reported that the glance of an actress—name not given—recently moved the needle on the dial through a 60-degree arc.—Exchange.

CATARRAHAL DEAFNESS

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Jap Scientist Makes

Gold in Laboratory

A Japanese professor has succeeded in manufacturing an extremely small quantity of synthetic gold by artificially disintegrating non-radio-active atoms. He used a very intense electric field to create a shock in the nucleus of the atoms. By subjecting mineral oils not containing oxygen to a concentrated discharge with mercury and tungsten wire as electrodes, and using an induction coil with a spark of 25 meters in length, the mercury was converted first into small drops and then into a black pasty mass, the oil being split up into carbon and organic gases. On the distillation of the oil and mercury, and the burning of the carbon, a residue was obtained containing small particles of gold and a white metal composed chiefly of silver. The Japanese scientist declared that research was essentially his scientific aim, but he admitted the possibility that later on the process might be industrialized.

NOT TOO FAST

