

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

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VOL 35

SONORA SUTTON CO., TEXAS, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1926.

NO. 1861

Believe Royal Miser

Left Hidden Wealth

Nabo Tshibendi, the late queen-mother of Swaziland, was a woman of great force of character, and for something like thirty years played a leading part in tribal affairs, says Cleveland Plain Dealer.

As head wife of Mbandini in the days when the paramount chief wielded the full powers of a native autocrat, she took over the government on his death in 1889 and exercised her authority to its utmost limits. She was supplanted a few years ago by the mother of Sobhuza, and had been living in retirement and failing health.

Amongst the natives she was generally reputed to be of great wealth, for when Mbandini died she took over \$40,000 in the royal safe, and from 1894 to 1900 an annuity of \$60,000 was paid in monthly installments of \$5,000.

There was no evidence of any expenditure on her part. On the contrary, she invariably pleaded poverty, and the story goes that she and her daughter (who predeceased her) were the only persons who knew the whereabouts of her accumulated wealth. Whether it exists and whether the secret of its hiding place died with her will probably remain a mystery, and one that may excite hidden treasure hunters of a future generation.

Antarctic Region Land

Without Animal Life

"The most striking thing about the Antarctic continent, which is bigger than Australia, is that no land animals exist there, despite the apparently general belief that it is inhabited by polar bears such as live in the Arctic region. Not even a mouse can be found on the Antarctic continent."

These statements were made by the famous explorer Vilhjalmur Stefansson in an address delivered at New York. It is very difficult, asserted the speaker, to spread the truth about the Polar regions. When Sir Ernest Shackleton, the British explorer, told the kaiser that there were no polar bears in the Antarctic, the German emperor expressed incredulity. The French, who claimed a sector of the Antarctic, even went so far as to issue a proclamation against shooting polar bears in those regions. Notwithstanding nobody has ever seen a bear or the sign of a bear in the Antarctic.

What Others Like

I lately attended the races with a noted man. Same one dragged him off to see something, and he came back grumbling.

"I like to be let alone," he said. So does everyone.

How we are all annoyed by people who insist on showing us things we do not care for; by saying things we do not care for.

But who likes to be let alone, should let others alone.

How are you as to that? Do you drag people off to see things they do not care for? Do you gabble incessantly about wearisome things?—E. W. Howe's Monthly.

Water for Jerusalem

An agreement has been reached between the Palestine government and a British firm to develop and carry out a scheme for the provision of water to Jerusalem from the Ein Farah springs, according to a report from Consul Oscar S. Heizer. The total cost is estimated at \$259,000, and the municipality is to be supplied with 1,000 cubic meters (200,000 gallons) of water daily, beginning August 1, 1926. Later the company is to take over and develop the larger Marmaratic concession for water supply.

Motorized Life Buoy

At Redondo Beach, Calif., there recently was tested a new motor-driven life buoy designed to enable a rescuer to reach a drowning person quickly. As described in Popular Science Monthly, it is four feet long and looks like a small motor boat. On the stern is a bar to which one or more persons can cling. A button on the stern bar starts and stops the motor, while the operator acts as the rudder.

New Kind of Steel

A new steel 40 per cent lighter and 30 per cent cheaper than what is now made has been discovered by a Zurich, Switzerland, chemist. Its chief use will be in shipbuilding, and the Swiss republic can't use it. She has no waterfront.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Proposes Using Heat

Latent in Sea Water

In the quest for new sources of energy German science proposes to utilize the enormous supplies of heat latent in sea water, according to Colleen advices to the American Chemical society.

"On the surface of the sea," says the society's correspondent, "the temperature of the water in extensive areas of the tropic and in portions of the temperate zone amounts to at least 25 degrees independently of the season; while it remains perpetually below ten degrees at 200 or at most 400 meters' depth."

"In order to utilize this limited temperature gradient there is the possibility of evaporating carbon dioxide or ammonia with the warm water, employing the pressure of the vapor thus obtained in an engine—i. e., steam turbines, and condensing the exhaust by means of the cold water, before the gases are again put under pressure anew by the warm water, in a constant cycle."

"There is no doubt as to the practicability of such a power plant; its economy depends, however, upon how the amounts of energy obtained are to find application with the prevailing remoteness of the power sources from the industrial centers."

Fascist Party Song

Had Curious Career

"Giovannezza," or "The Marsellaise of the New Age," as the Fascists describe their party song, has had a curious career. The song was not composed with any political intention. In fact, like the tune of "The Star Spangled Banner," it was originally a drinking song. The composer, Giuseppe Blanc, dashed it off in 1909 while a student in the civic school of Invrea, at the request of the law students, who wanted a song for a drinking party with which they intended to welcome the coming vacation. Its original refrain began with the word "Commiato" (vacation) instead of "Giovannezza" (youth). Later it was interpolated in a musical comedy, became popular and was adopted by the arditi, or Italian shock troops, during the World war. It was especially the arditi who rushed to d'Annunzio's colors when he was about to seize Fiume, and, of course, they took their song with them. The Fascist movement, which branched off from the d'Annunzio crusade, adopted the song. Now it is heard oftener than all the other patriotic songs of Italy put together. Signor Blanc is now a popular composer of operettas and musician laureate to the Fascist party.

Real as Life

"Smell anything, grandmother?" asked the youngster who was lying on the floor drawing.

Grandmother assured him she did not.

The young artist gave a few finishing touches and repeated his question. Grandmother sniffed the air and again declared she smelled nothing.

"Well," said the boy, "you ought to. I have just drawn a skunk."—Exchange.

Americans Leave Berlin

Stabilization of the mark, with the resultant increase in the cost of living, has driven pleasure-seeking American residents out of Berlin, the police commission reports. While the number of American visitors to the capital increased last year, the American colony of 2,587 is about half of what it was before the war. Most of its members are in Berlin on business or for study.

Car That "Got Away"

A freight train rounded a sharp curve near Des Moines, Iowa, at such a speed that a car jumped the track, broke its couplings and rolled down an embankment. With the air brakes set the train came to a stop. A brakeman recompled the sections and the train went on its way, the wrecked car not being missed until a crew of a later freight happened along.

New Idea for Woolens

Artificial wool is now made from cellulose or wool fiber, just as is artificial silk. The product is said to have the soft warm feel of lambs' wool, and, in addition, has a lustrous quality which improves the appearance of woolens in which this artificial fiber is used as a mixture.

KEEPING WELL

HEALTH OF RURAL SCHOOL CHILDREN
DR. FREDERICK R. GREEN
Editor of "HEALTH"

ANYTHING which affects the health of school children is or should be of serious interest not only to parents and teachers but to everybody else. The physical condition of school children today is bound to have a serious influence on adult health tomorrow.

In city schools, with large amounts of money available and large corps of teachers, nurses, physical directors and doctors, it is comparatively easy to control and improve health conditions. But how about the country school?

The trouble heretofore has been that we knew but little about it. The report of the joint committee of the National Educational association and the American Medical association in 1914 was the first attempt to collect information on this subject. That report is now twelve years old.

In a recent issue of Nation's Health Professor Billhuber of Purdue university reports conditions as she found them in Washtenaw county, Michigan. That rural school conditions is a problem of importance is plain when we realize that there are 12,000,000 children attending country schools in this country each winter. Three times as many as the total number of men in the army during the World war.

The ages of these school children run from six to seventeen. The largest age group was forty years. For every child examined there were found to have been 2.3 cases of infectious disease. That means that each child had had three attacks of preventable illness. Girls were found more subject to disease than boys. Only 7.8 per cent of all the children examined had never had any preventable disease.

More trouble was found due to food than any other one cause. There were three times as many underweight girls as boys. Forty per cent had never had their teeth examined. Eleven per cent had never owned a toothbrush. Although 70.9 per cent followed the good old American habit of a Saturday night bath, many had unclean hands and badly neglected nails. Rest hours and play habits were spasmodic and without direction.

Summing up the results Professor Billhuber says: "Rural school children make up 83.4 per cent of the nation's school children and their health is an important matter. A large number of these children have physical defects or habits which will cause such defects. Lack of organized recreation is a serious handicap to the child. For the sake of the health and development of the children, better health and recreational facilities should be provided."

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HOWE ABOUT—

By ED HOWE

(Copyright by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

I was talking lately with a young woman who has an ambition to become a concert singer. She said that in her dreary practicing she was encouraged by the hope of finally giving the people pleasure. . . . What an old film-fam that giving the people pleasure is! Her real ambition is, of course, to charge the people three dollars for tickets.

When a man acts foolish, what an excellent excuse if his relatives can say he was shell-shocked during the war!

If you cannot interest people, at least do not bore them: you can accomplish that. Probably people generally suffer most from being more bored.

You come to a conclusion you know a good many others will not accept. . . . How much are you willing to concede to avoid a disagreeable, useless row and argument? . . . You are entitled to your opinion, but others give up their opinion, and accept yours.

Very few people seem to really think. They use only the instinct or cunning a wolf has in seeking a mate, or in avoiding a trap. . . . There is a great noise going on in the world, but about as much of it on one side as another: the truth may be got at only by considering the silent testimony which few use. Your thinking decided your fate, and you should think accurately and fairly.

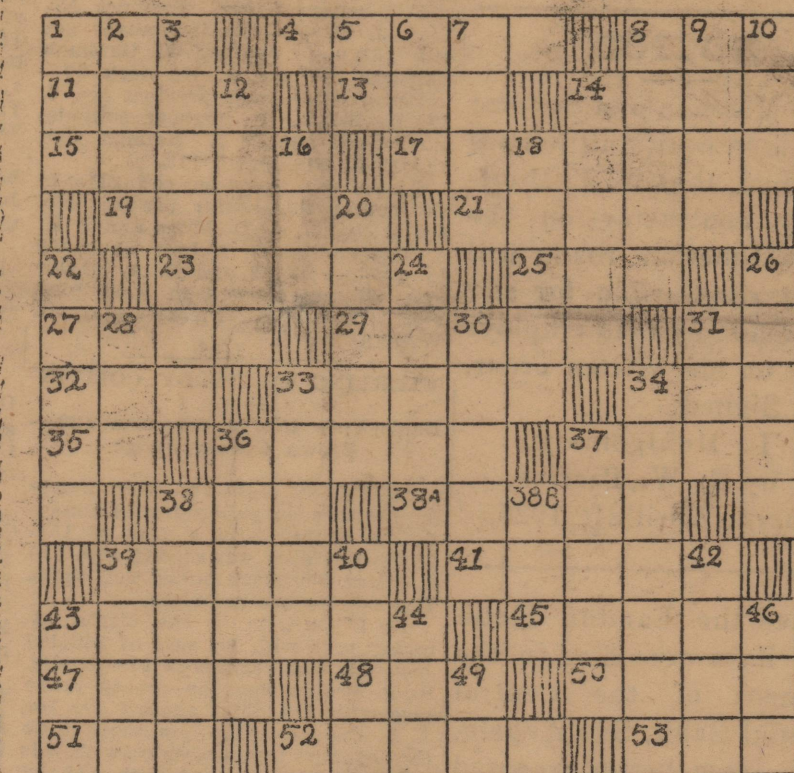
I have no doubt you are a Good Fellow. But that isn't enough. Are you a Reliable Fellow? Are you taking care of your family affairs reasonably well? Do you devote sufficient time to your job? Many Good Fellows are a nuisance in their communities: we have too many of them everywhere. A Good Fellow nearly always has extravagant habits; nearly always unreliable in money matters; rarely the best and most dependable workman in the shop where he is employed.

If you do not know your wife and children and your more intimate acquaintances are tired of your "stories," from having heard them so often, you are a slow observer. . . . But I heard a husband tell a story the other day and his wife said she had not heard it. . . . Here is evidently an unusual man.

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 all 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.



- Horizontal.
- 1—Cigarette (Brit. slang)
 - 4—Sod
 - 8—Winter month (abbr.)
 - 11—Metal
 - 14—Master
 - 16—Girl's name (Fr.)
 - 17—A list book of articles arranged in alphabetical order
 - 19—Proverb
 - 23—Wind instrument
 - 25—Tablet
 - 27—Shoemaker's tools
 - 28—Like warm
 - 32—Beverage
 - 33—Roll of tobacco
 - 34—Projection on a fish
 - 35—Preposition
 - 36—Makes a noise like a contented cat
 - 37—Telegraph wire
 - 38—To deface
 - 38A—Fur-bearing animal
 - 39—Telegraphs (coll.)
 - 41—Projecting part of roof
 - 43—To manage
 - 45—To send in
 - 47—Branches of learning
 - 48—Electrified particle
 - 50—Nevada city
 - 51—Thing (Latin)
 - 52—Photograph book
 - 53—Meshed material
- Vertical.
- 2—Evergreen tree
 - 3—Venetian boat
 - 6—Part of a circle
 - 7—Male deer
 - 8—Put away for future reference
 - 9—God of love
 - 10—To beseech
 - 12—Approaches
 - 14—Mixture of vegetables
 - 15—Ethiopian race
 - 16—Ovum
 - 19—S. Amer. animal
 - 20—Consumer
 - 24—Member of African branch of
 - 26—Sharpen a razor
 - 28—Tumor of scalp
 - 30—Slippery substance
 - 31—Noise
 - 32—More certain
 - 34—Fire extinguishers
 - 36—Separates
 - 37—Fixed place capable of being turned about a fulcrum
 - 38—Coins money
 - 38B—Sailor
 - 39—Was attired in
 - 40—Earth
 - 42—Trigonometric ratio
 - 43—Vehicle
 - 44—Tennis stroke
 - 46—Child
 - 49—Greek letter
- Solution will appear in next issue.

Answer to last week's puzzle.

PLUMP APART
REPEAT ABEL W
IT TRIGGER SI
DEW TRENT GIN
ERRS ERE SOLE
MINTS SALVO
NEES DUE
AGENT WORRY
AVER IRA SNOB
NOR SEATS SUE
EN HORNETS RA
NAIDS RAIL K
TULSA BRAGS

Beacon for Airmen

The first flashing aviators' beacon to be erected in this country has recently been installed on the top of the twenty-two-story building of the Atlantic Refining company of Philadelphia. The beacon is of powerful capacity and will aid aviators between New York and Washington, a route that has proved hazardous due to the early darkness along the coast in fall and winter. The beacon will be equipped with a flashing apparatus similar to that used in lighthouses and will be visible for twenty to thirty miles.

Price of Meat

G. Loudon Cutting, the banker, was attacking at a New York luncheon the vast new food trusts that have recently sprung up.

"But these trusts won't raise prices," said a broker. "They'll lower them. Look at the meat trust. The meat trust hasn't raised prices. A beefsteak today can be bought for a song."

"It can," said Mr. Cutting. "It can, undoubtedly, if you happen to be a Mary Garden or a Chaliapin."

Pure Insulin Discovered?

Professor Abel of Johns Hopkins university, Baltimore, has obtained a crystalline substance which he believes to be pure insulin. It is about thirty times as active as the products so far obtained. A single ounce of it would be sufficient to keep a severe diabetic in health for his entire lifetime.

Planet Temperatures

The latest authoritative study on the temperature of the planets gives as the most reliable values of the surface temperatures: Venus, 45 degrees C.; Mars, 15 degrees C.; Jupiter and Saturn, 80 degrees C.; the value for Venus being somewhat doubtful, but the others much more trustworthy.

Car Knows Its Owner

When Sheriff Al Smith of Salina, Kan., enters his motor car, there is no unusual alarm; but when a stranger enters it the horn begins sounding and toots at the rate of about three toots a second. A man whose car was parked beside the sheriff's car attempted to back out and his fender rubbed the official's car. At once the horn began sounding the alarm. The sheriff rushed out to the curbing from a store, expecting to pick up a car thief. "Wassa matter with that car?" asked the man in the car, trying to back out. "Nothing at all, except that it is calling me," answered the sheriff.

Objected to Petting

Seeing a small animal wandering down the road, apparently lost, Mrs. May C. Walsh, of San Leandro, Cal., went to her front gate, where, in the semi-darkness, it appeared to be a small kitten. It was, but its parents were mountain lions. She picked it up, intending to give it a home, but was so severely bitten and scratched that she had to go to a hospital.

New York City First

New York city is said to have the greatest per capita of "Density" use of electrical energy of any city in the world. The city generates and uses about 10 per cent of all the electric energy generated in the United States. It uses more electrical energy than is used by twelve European countries combined, having an aggregate population of about 110,000,000 people.

Chicken "Raised Ned"

A chicken owned by Mrs. Nellie Santone of Glastonbury, Conn., knocked over a lantern and set fire to the barn. The barn was destroyed along with two automobiles, and the flames spread to a tobacco shed. The Santone dwelling was endangered for a time, but did not catch on fire. The chicken survived.

Signatures by Wholesale

Signing her name 11,564 times in two hours was no exhausting task for Miss Gertrude Robinson Smith, president of the National Woman's club, aided by an ingenious device called a signagraph. Each stroke of her pen, says Popular Science Magazine, sets in motion 20 little fountain pens working simultaneously.

WOOL AND MOHAIR

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(UNINCORPORATED)

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Car Washing and Greasing.

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Your Car and Contents are Safe in my Place.

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Double Daily Round Trip Service.

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

Leave San Angelo 7:20 a.m. and 3 p.m. On return
leave Del Rio at 9:30 a.m. and San Angelo at 8 a.m. and 2 p.m.

Headquarters Sonora, McDonald Hotel.

Headquarters Del Rio, St. Charles Hotel.

Headquarters San Angelo, St. Angelus Hotel.

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Sonora, Texas, July 21, 1926.

SAYS SHE'LL QUIT LAST OF NOVEMBER

Wants Departments Investigated
and Unfinished Business
Attended to First.

WILL BE NO 2nd PRIMARY

Jim Says He's Got His Dander
Up and Is Going to
Fight.

By The Associated Press

AUSTIN, July 24.—The dramatic administration of Governor Miriam A. Ferguson developed its epoch today when the first woman chief executive conceded defeat in the Democratic primary election called the legislature into special session and announced her resignation.

In the face of utter defeat with Attorney General Dan Moody holding a majority vote, the governor announced that she would fulfill the conditions of her resignation with the attorney general on their respective positions as a result of the outcome of the Democratic primaries.

The governor's term would expire the third Tuesday in January 1927 or Jan. 18. She was inaugurated Jan. 20, 1925. When she resigns Lieutenant Governor Barry Miller will become acting governor if not governor.

"I have determined that the lead of the opposition is so decisive that I would be doing violence to my own interests as well as to the interests of the people were I to further insist upon my candidacy and I have no desire to further embroil the people in further campaign," the governor said in a formal statement.

In calling the special session the proclamation issued by Governor Ferguson said that the session is called to "pass necessary legislation that will validate and legalize State, county, commissioner's precinct and special road district bonds or securities whose validity has been brought in question by the decision of any State or federal court, or otherwise, and to cure any defects in the issuance of said bonds or securities binding and valid debts and obligations of the authority issuing the same."

"To make such investigation of any department of the State that the legislature may desire to consider any other subject or matter which may be submitted to said special session by the governor."

First Possible Minute?

Immediately after Governor Ferguson had made her announcement, Attorney General Dan Moody was asked for a statement, but he said that he did not want to make one until later.

The Governor said she would resign at the first possible moment after the special session of the legislature had completed its business, and retire to private life.

The Governor's statement is as follows:

"To the people of Texas:
"In compliance with an agreement heretofore made and asked and owing to the will of the people expressed at the polls on Saturday, July 24, 1926, I desire to say that I shall resign the office of governor upon the happening of the matters herein after referred to which I hope in no event will not be later than Nov. 1, 1926."

Withdraws From Runoff.

"I also withdraw from the race for the nomination for the office of governor in the Democratic primaries. The returns are not yet completed and it is not known whether a runoff will be necessary or not. Be that as it may, however, I have determined that the lead of the opposition is so decisive that I would be doing violence to my own interests as well as to the interests of the people were I to further insist upon my candidacy and I have no desire to further embroil the people in a further campaign. I had hoped that I would be relieved from the duties of the office at an earlier date herein stated. But in justice to myself and to my friends who have elected me, as well as to the completion of unfinished departmental matters, I will not resign until the incomplete matters of the office are disposed of."

"During the campaign I was strongly urged to convene the legislature in special session to consider the matter of bond validation. I did not accede to this request for the reason that I thought that this matter was of such great importance that it would not be considered during the pendency of an exciting political campaign, but I promised that I would convene the legislature in special session soon after the election of a majority of the legislature."

"In the campaign it was charged that I was afraid to convene the legislature in special session for fear of investigation of certain departments of the state government. For me to resign now without keeping my promise to convene the legislature for bond validation and without giving the legislature an opportunity to investigate any department of the state government would be a failure or fear on my part which I am not willing to bear."

"Therefore I have this day issued my proclamation convening the legislature in special session on September 13, 1926, for the following purposes:

"To pass necessary and prop-

er legislation that will validate and legalize State, county, commissioner's precinct and special road district bonds or securities whose validity has been brought in question by the decision of any State or federal court or otherwise, and to cure any defects in the issuance of said bonds or securities to provide by proper legislation to make said bonds or securities binding and valid debts and obligations of the authority issuing the same."

"2.—To make such investigation of any department of the State government that the legislature may desire to consider any other subject or matter which may be submitted to said special session by the Governor."

"The reason why I have deferred the convening of the legislature until the 13th of September, 1926, is because the bills presented to me by the bond companies, which are claimed to be sufficient to meet the decision in the Archer County road bond case, are in the form of a general bill or law, and a special bill or law for each particular road district in the State or in other words a general and special bill. As special or local laws require thirty days notice by publication in some newspaper in the proper district the date of convening the legislature had to be deferred until the 13th of September in order to give these special road districts ample time and opportunity to prepare for the publication required under the Constitution under thirty days previous to the introduction of said law in the legislature."

"Just as soon as the legislature shall meet and dispose of the matters referred to in my proclamation, I shall at the earliest possible moment resign the office of governor and retire to private life."

Joe Bailey of Dallas, former United States senator who took the stump for Governor Ferguson and who promised a statement on the situation said the governor's statement had completely covered what he purposed giving out.

Associated Press said that "my dander is up and I am going to fight them." Former Governor Ferguson repeatedly dared, during the recent campaign, any one to find "anything crooked about this administration."

Lynch Davidson, one of the "big three" in the Democratic governorship race, sent a message of congratulations to Moody and offering the support of himself and his friends in case of a runoff. The date of the runoff primary is August 28.

Pollard vs. Alford.

In other state offices there will be two run-off races. No one has a majority in the attorney general's race to succeed Attorney General Moody. Claude Pollard of Houston is high man with James V. Alford of Wichita Falls second. The treasurer's run-off will be between Gregory Hatcher, incumbent, who is high man, and J. R. Ball of Fannin county.

The total vote tabulated at 11 o'clock was 337,412. The election here estimated that the vote would be in excess of 700,000.

In three Democratic congressional races there were close contests. The incumbents were leading their opponents but none of the margins were small. The three close races are: Daniel Garrett of Houston, incumbent, leading Harry C. Gerlach also of Houston; James W. Buchanan of Bronham, incumbent, leading James R. Hamilton, of Austin; Quinn Williams of Decatur, incumbent, leading Ben D. Sartain of Wichita Falls.

The dean of the Democratic Texas delegation at Washington, Congressman John D. Garner of Ohio, was safely renominated for the twelfth time.

Republicans Name Haines.

All of the Republican contests had been settled with Colonel H. H. Haines of Houston nominated for governor, and Congressman Harry M. Wurzbach of Seguin, renominated. The R. B. Creager or "regular" faction was retained in control of party machinery.

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Karnak is sold in Sonora at the Sonora Drug Store, and by leading druggists in every town.

NOTICE.

To the Merchants of Sonora:

This is to notify all parties concerned, that W. T. Montgomery contractor on the Sonora-Junction road, will not be responsible for any debts made by road employees except on his written order.

Signed,

W. T. Montgomery,

by R. W. Perrine.

Sonora, April 21, 1925.

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basement of the Central

National Bank, San Angelo,

where I am better prepared

to give lowest prices, quick-

est delivery and best terms

on Peerless, the best fence

on earth, than ever before

C. W. INNES,

San Angelo, Texas.

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ing bridge. Re-

freshments of all

kind, good eats

and quick ser-

vice.

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

Uvalde Short Wool Sold.

UVALDE, July 24.—F. A. Piper

Company have disposed of their last

fall clip of wool to Eastern buyers

at 25c and the last bag of the 215-

000 pound lot has been cleaned out,

leaving their warehouse empty to re-

ceiving the fall clips of mohair. While

the price of 25c was not what had

been expected it was thought best to

showing the grading on same. He

it go and save additional ex-

penses. The spring clips of the 8

and 12-month wool were sold by

the firm some weeks ago at 31 cents

and 38 cents. The wool that did

not bring this price was in the re-

jected class. Leslie Nunn had a

report on each clip and each bag

stated that the buyers came lots

nearer grading up wool than they

did the mohair and wool that was

graded was docket.

MOODY GETS COKE

With 546 Votes There He Gets 136
Majority in Sheriff's
Race.

ROBERT LEE, July 24.—Dan Moody came to the front in Coke County and lead "Ma" by 136 votes. The governor's race was: Moody 546, Mrs. Ferguson 410, Davidson 275, Zimmerman 5 and Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Wilkins nothing.

D. I. Durham's old home folks came through and gave him a nice vote for district attorney, pulling up 701 for him as against 241 for his opponent, W. A. Johnson.

S. J. Russell, the present sheriff, was returned to office receiving 699 while Jim Simpson got 307 and J. W. Mitchell 248.

G. A. Harmon, the present tax assessor, was re-elected over his opponents, J. W. Barnett and M. E. Trimble.

For commissioner, Precinct No. 1, J. J. Taylor, the incumbent got only 168 votes, while J. M. Garman received 236 and A. K. Meek 27.

For commissioner precinct No. 2, W. R. Pruitt, the present commissioner, got 233, E. T. Holman 290, and E. L. Blanton 127.

There will also be run offs in the commissioners for precinct No. 3 and No. 4. J. R. Mims and J. K. Linton eliminated Delmir Sheppard in precinct No. 3 and B. A. Taylor and Homer Cornelison were high men in No. 4, eliminating J. D. Whittle.

STERLING IN MOODY COLUMN

Dan's Vote 155 to Ferguson 120—

Brown County Judge

STERLING, July 24.—Dan Moody led the race for gubernatorial honors in the county with a vote of 155.

Lynch Davidson won the county judge race with 120 votes against 120.

The returns are complete.

D. I. Durham in the district attorney race with his vote of 243 led Johnson, who registered 179 ballots.

B. F. Brown won the county judge race with 214 votes against 193 for J. L. Carpenter. Tiny Longshore took the county treasurer's office with his vote of 286 compared with 118 by George S. Slaton.

HOT COLEMAN SHERIFF'S RACE

Three Candidates Neck and Neck—

Ferguson Has a Lead.

COLEMAN, July 24.—The tight-

est race stage in the county has

been between the three candidates

for Sheriff. The results in this

race with twenty-two out of twenty-

seven votes reported follows: Trammell, 1,000; Hamilton, 1,066; Martin, 1,060.

The late reports gave Ferguson a slight lead with a vote of 1,225.

Moody ran next with a vote of 1,139.

and Davidson polled 717 votes.

Blanton, with 2,751 votes, was leading Smith heavily in the congressional race. Smith's vote was 622.

GOVERNOR CALLS

SOLONS OF TEXAS

Mrs. Ferguson Acts Rapidly, Saying

She'll Resign About

November 1.

SETS VOTERS GROGGY.

Executive Also Announces She'll Not

Enter Run-Off With

Moody.

DALLAS, July 27.—Many Texas

voters were almost groggy today.

The few able to sit up and take

notice were asking "what next?"

The condition of the electors re-

sulted from rapid developments in

the political situation late yester-

day, following Saturday's Democratic

primary. Briefly, the overnight de-

velopments were:

A call by Governor Miriam A. Ferguson, defeated for renomination,

of a special session of the Legisla-

ture to consider validating measures

for \$100,000,000 in district road

bonds held invalid by a test case

decision of the United States Su-

preme Court.

Governor Ferguson's announce-

ment that she will not enter a run-

off primary against Attorney Gen-

eral Dan Moody. Her announce-

ment that she will resign the office

of Governor when the special

legislative session has adjourned.

She expressed the "hope" that her

resignation may be effective not later than Nov. 1.

Among matters considered certain

to come before the Legislature, in

addition to specific subjects of bond

validation and possible departmental

reorganization mentioned by the Gov-

ernor are reorganization of the High-

way Commission and several

members of the Textbook Commis-

sion. Highway matters and text-

book affairs were leading campaign

issues.

If Governor Ferguson resigns, it

will end the tenure of the first wo-

man Governor of Texas and the sec-

ond in the United States about two

months before her term expires. She

will be the second member of the

MOODY GETS IRON

Young Attorney General Fails By
But 10 Votes to Get as Many As
All Opponents.

SHERWOOD, July 24.—Iron County gave its largest vote to Dan Moody in today's primary election, giving the young Attorney General 108 votes over the Arden box to be heard from. Other candidates for Governor received the following votes: Ferguson 113, Davidson 87, Mrs. Johnson 2, Ray, Zimmerman 2 and Mrs. Wilkins 2. Horusby carried the county on the incomplete returns for Attorney General.

In the local races, Sam Barker appeared to be sure of the top position in the race for sheriff and tax collector. His vote was 274, with-out the Arden box. His opponent, Charles C. Lindley, got 145. In the county tax assessor's race the vt was as follows: A. R. Patton, 172, C. P. Chick 154, and Oliver Baze 91. Commissioner Precinct No. 1, Adolph Hemer 90 and Arden Yates 30. Precinct No. 2, J. I. Rawls 88 and W. B. Burke 22.

Without the Arden box, D. I. Durham received 112 votes to W. A. Johnson's 260 in the race for District Attorney.

DAN'S WIFE'S FRIENDS STICK

Mildred Patton's Home Box Goes

3 1/2 to 1 for Moody

ABILENE, Texas, July 24.—Mrs. Dan Moody's old voting box here gave her husband a majority of three on a one-district in his race for governor of Texas.

Of the 1,181 votes polled in the precinct in which Mrs. Moody's family has voted for many years, Moody received 920 votes to 261 for his opponents. Lynch Davidson received 134; Mrs. Miriam A. Ferguson 136, and Mrs. Edith Wilkins, 1.

MOODY A VICTOR

IN WAR ON JIM

He Campaigned Unrelentingly

Against What He Called

"Fergusonism."

ALLEGES MALADMINISTRATION

He Only Declared Husband of Gov-

ernor Her Proxy in

Office.

AUSTIN, July 24.—Unrelent-

ing opposition to what he termed "Fergusonism" was the thesis of Attorney General Dan Moody's indefatigable campaign for governor.

He opened his campaign May 8 at Taylor where he had been and reared. From that time on, his candidacy carried him to nearly every section of the state. Frequently he made as many as five speeches a day, and the manner in which he held up under the strain evoked the admiration of far more seasoned campaigners. He is the youngest man ever to seek the office of governor in Texas. He is 33 years old.

The Attorney General, had the inspiration and encouragement of his wife, whom he married in April at Abilene, throughout his campaign.

Mrs. Moody was Miss Mildred Patton.

Moody entered his attack on the alleged maladministration of the state's affairs under governor Miriam A. Ferguson. At no time, however, did he charge the govern-

orself with being responsible for defects. He termed her husband, James E. Ferguson, the "proxy governor," and declared time after time, "Mrs. Ferguson is lost in this campaign, just as he has always been in the governor's office."

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF SONORA,

Capital, Surplus and Undivided
Profits \$225,000.00.
Our 24 years of faithful service
Speaks for itself.

SILVERTOWN ON THE AIR

Hello
Everybody



The Silvertown Cord
Orchestra has given
us an idea

Why not broadcast a
series of tire talks?
So here goes—

Buy Silvertowns if you
want economical serv-
ice this season—ab-
solute dependability,
long mileage and satis-
faction.



City Garage
Sonora, Texas

SILVERTOWNS ON YOUR CAR

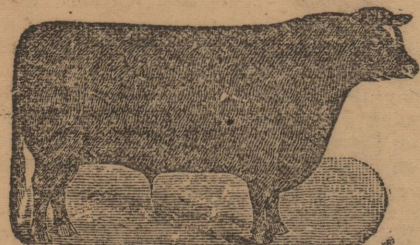
There Is Health In Every Slice.

For children who are growing
fast and always romping and
playing, they need the best kind
of nourishment. Feed them our
bread and notice the expression
of keen delight and satisfaction
on their faces.

Baked the most up-to-date way,
cleanliness is assured.

WARE BAKERY,
Sonora, Texas.

TRY OUR CHOICE BARBECUE



Made fresh every day from the choicest
cuts of meats. With our barbecue we
maintain the same high standard of excel-
lence that we do with our fresh meats and
we are sure you will be pleased.

Take home a generous portion of hot bar-
becue today and see how the family falls
for it. Save the good housewife from
working over a sizzling hot stove prepar-
ing a roast.

You may have your barbecue delivered
along with your groceries. Use the phone.

COOPER & SIMS.

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.

The McDonald Hotel,

Mrs. Josie McDonald, Owner.

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

Comfortable, Convenient, Homelike

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

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

FIGHT IN BIG BEND.

Cowboy Against Two Rangers.

John Ward came running by
me I said "Hold on, John! Tell
me what's the matter!" John kept
going toward the horse corral.
As he would not stop I got up
and started after him, catching
him at the corral. I asked him
"What's all the shooting?" He
said, "Don't you know Jim
Davenport and the rangers have
been fighting?" After the fight
it took me thirty minutes for
all the boys to get back to camp.
Then we picked the shirt red
lead out of the rangers' heads.
The rangers pressed all of us
boys into service, some to guard
Jim's horse which was lying
down with the saddle on. They
sent John Ward and me out to
look for the rangers' horses.

Next morning Bass Outlaw
said: "You will find Davenport
shot. I think I hit him in the
stomach the second shot." The
rangers started back to their
headquarters the next morning.
Jim was out on a hill, full two
miles of the camp. After they
left he came into the camp
and sure enough he was shot, flesh
wound in side low down. The
boys cooked him some "grub,"
and gave him a fresh horse and
he went on to Mexico. In cross-
ing the river his horse drowned
so he had to get another one. He
also lost his pistol in the river.

The next day Pink Taylor and
I with 40 head of horses, includ-
ing Jim's horse which belonged
to Half Ranch, started to the
general round up at Marathon,
Texas. When we got within two
or three miles of Marathon we
were driving our horses after
dark, when all at once several
men threw their guns down on
us and told us to halt. We asked
them what was the big idea. They
said they were guarding all roads
for Jim Davenport. We laughed
and told them Jim was in Mexico
by that time; told them about
the fight at Dobie Wells; first
they had heard from Davenport.
We told them that we had his
horse with us. This verified our
story so they quit looking for
him. Jim was afterwards cap-
tured by Bill Johnson in Mexico,
brought back and sentenced in
El Paso—given only five years.
Some one wanted to acquit him,
but comprised by giving him five
years. The evidence showing
that he did kill Mr. Hereford
because he had been fired from
the ranch. The Big Bend was
wild and wooly "them" days.

The names of the cowboys in
camp that night were: Pink
Taylor, Jeff Davenport, Jack
Duncan, John A. Ward, Henry
Reynolds, Rozell Pulliam and my-
self, and the two rangers, Bass
Outlaw and Joe Meyers, and Jim
Davenport. Pink Taylor lives in
Louisiana; don't know where Jeff
Davenport is; Jack (Dick) Dun-
can was hanged by the neck 'til
dead at Eagle Pass for killing a
family—tying rocks to bodies
throwing them in the Rio Grande
River; John Ward lives in Sonora
Texas, deals in fine Angora goats
has some of the finest stock in the
country. Henry Reynolds has a
stock ranch in Alpine or Odessa
country. Poor Rozell Pulliam
was killed by Jim Gillespie in
Alpine about 1912. Bass Outlaw
was killed by John Selman about
1896—Bass was deputy U. S. Mar-
shall, at the time, John Selman
was constable of Precinct No. 1.
In some was the two officers elash-
ed and it out. Don't know where
Joe Meyers went to; Jim Daves-
port was killed at Cotulla, Texas
by Captain Will Wright about
1899. Will was justifiable; don't
think he was ever indicted.—
Southwestern Range and Field,
San Antonio.

COUNTY RETURNS

B. W. Hutcherson was re-elect-
ed Sheriff.
Alvis Johnson was re-elected
County Judge. No opposition.
J. D. Lowery was re-elected
District and County Clerk. No
opposition.
Geo. J. Treiner was re-elected
Tax assessor. No opposition.
Mrs. A. J. Smith was elected
County Treasurer. No opposition.
For Commissioner of Precinct
No. 1, Joe F. L. Ginn, re-elected.
For Precinct No. 2, Roy E.
Hudspeth, was re-elected.
For Precinct No. 3, Thos. A.
Bond was elected.
For Precinct No. 4, Cleve
Jones was elected.

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.

A car wreck which came near
proving fatal to some of the
occupants occurred on the Eden
road about a mile north of town
Sunday night. A Ford roadster
occupied by Riley Wynn, Walter
Volkman and Homer Haby struck
a car that was driven by a lady
and the roadster was turned over
and before stopping turned over
three times. The boys were
thrown from the car and each was
knocked unconscious. It was
feared for a time that the injured
ones might be seriously hurt but
it developed that each was getting
along very nicely. From best in-
formation the Wynn boy used
and cut worse than the others.

Just a few nights previous to
this another car wreck occurred
on the Eden road and it was al-
most miraculous that no one was
badly injured.—Menard Messeng-
er.

T. L. BENSON,

LAND AND LIVE STOCK DEALER

Our ten years of successful
Commission business assures you
the best service with the best of
results. List your land and live
stock with us and let us assist
you get market value.

Bob Cauthorn, a prosperous
ranchman of this city, the past
week purchased from J. O. Taylor,
also of Del Rio, the latter's Blue
Hills ranch, 35 miles northwest
of Comstock, for a consideration
of \$7 per acre, including improve-
ments.

The ranch is composed of
9,152 1-2 acres of excellent graz-
ing land on which there are two
dirt tanks, a cement tanks, two
windmills and ranch house and
the usual barns to be found on
ranches.

A. R. Brotherton, who has had
the ranch under lease for the past
two years or more has more, has
moved a part of his stock, and
has made arrangement with the
purchaser to leave some on the
ranch until a late date.

Immediate possession of the
property was given the purchaser,
who we understand will stock the
new ranch with sheep, taken off
his other ranches.—Del Rio
Herald.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Bricker of
Sonora are the parents of a girl
who was born several days ago.
Mrs. Bricker is a sister of Mrs.
Sam Choate and the little girl
was born at the latter's home—
Del Rio Herald

Angelo Furniture Co. Announcing—

The August Furniture Sale

Thousands of Dollars Worth of Fine
Furniture, Floor Coverings and Draperies
at Greatly Reduced Prices

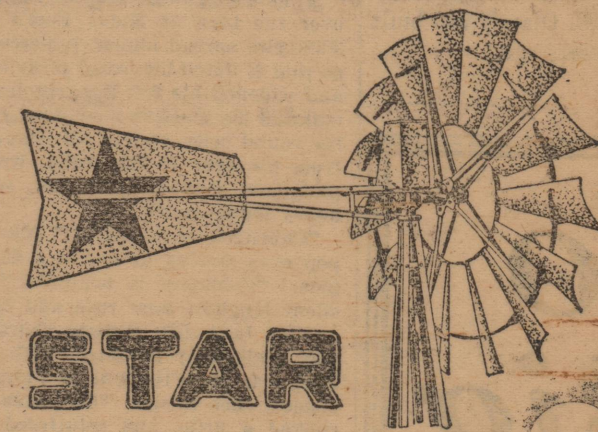
FROM Grand Rapids, and other known centers
in America we have gained marked price con-
cessions, in appreciation of our large regular busi-
ness, on finest and newest furniture, floor coverings
and draperies—resulting in sale prices that call to
the attention of every thinking man and woman in
West Texas. This Store cordially invites you to at-
tend the greatest August Furniture Sale it has ever
presented—

Beginning Monday, August 2nd.

Angelo Furniture Co.

10-16 West Beauregard

San Angelo, Tex.



STAR 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.

DENTAL NOTICE

ALL WORK PAINLESS

Pyrorrhea Treated Written Guarantee
All instruments sterilized in boiling water.
German, Spanish and English Spoken.

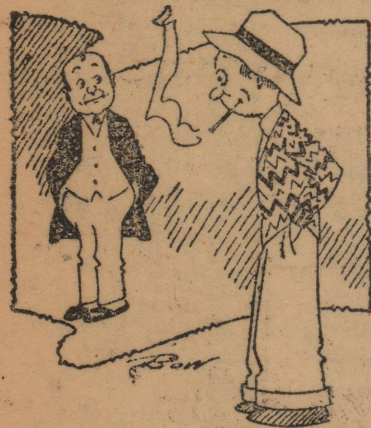
THE SANITARY DENTISTS

BY DR. P. L. GUFFIN
612 CONGRESS AVENUE AUSTIN, TEXAS
Office, Bearce Building, Eldorado, Texas.

Indecisive Battle of the Conflict of 1812

The battle of Lundy's Lane, fought on Canadian soil about a mile from Niagara falls, July 25, 1814. With the exception of the battle of New Orleans, which was fought after the treaty of peace was signed, this was the last important battle of the war. The British forces, having failed in an attack on Chippewa, where an American army under Gen. Jacob Brown was camped, retired to Lundy's Lane, within sound of Niagara. Gen. Winfield Scott was ordered to advance on Queenstown with 1,800 men July 25, and at five o'clock he encountered about 2,800 British at Lundy's Lane. The battle began at once and lasted until midnight, with severe losses on both sides. Both sides claimed victory, but neither won a decided advantage. Scott withdrew unmolested from the field, and retired to Chippewa, and then to Fort Erie. No further effort was made to invade Canada.—Kansas City Star.

THE FIRST REQUISITE



Father—I suppose you know the first requisite in whatever walk of life you choose?

Son—Oughtn't it to be a good pair of shoes?

Seek Dust of English King

Search has begun at London for trace of "Old King Harold Harefoot," who died in 1440. In Tooley street near London bridge, under the shadow of a great railway station, and with the modern traffic of road and river sweeping past, workmen have started digging deep into English history. For it is the old graveyard of St. Olave's church that is being turned up by pick and shovel to remove the caskets which have rested there hundreds of years. Authorities say it is quite likely that what remains of one of England's early kings may be buried there. The original of St. Olave's was built more than 900 years ago.

So Big

Chapter II

Selma had thought herself lucky to get the Dutch school at High Prairie, ten miles outside Chicago. Thirty dollars a month! She was to board at the house of Kians Pool, the truck farmer. It was August Hempel who had brought it all about; for Julia, urging him. This was in September. High Prairie school did not open until the first week in November. In that region of truck farms every boy and girl over six was busy in the fields throughout the early autumn. Two years of this and Selma would be qualified for a city grade. August Hempel indicated that he could arrange that, too, when the time came. Selma thought this shrewd red-faced butcher a wonderful man, indeed. Which he was.

At forty-seven, single-handed, he was to establish a famous floral packing company. At fifty he was the power in the yards, and there were Hempel branches in Kansas City, Omaha, Denver. At sixty you saw the name of Hempel plastered over packing sheds, factories, and canning plants all the way from Honolulu to Portland. You read:

"Don't Say Ham: Say Hempel's!"

Hempel products ranged incredibly from pork to pineapple; from grease to grape-juice. Something of his character may be gleaned from the fact that farmers who had known the butcher at forty still addressed this millionaire, at sixty, as Aug. At sixty-five he took up golf and beat his son-in-law, Michael Arnold, at it. A successful old pirate, sailing the perilous commercial seas of the American "30s before commissions, investigations, and inquisitive senate insisted on applying whitewash to the black flag of trade.

Selma went about her preparations in a singularly clear-headed fashion, considering her youth and inexperience. She sold one of the blue-white diamonds, and kept one. She placed her inheritance of four hundred and ninety-seven dollars, complete, in the bank. She bought stout, sensible boots, two dresses, one a brown lady's cloth which she made herself, finished with white collars and cuffs, very neat (the cuffs to be protected by black sateen sleevelets, of course, while teaching); and a wine-red cashmere (mad, but she couldn't resist it) for best.

She eagerly learned what she could of this region once known as New Holland. Its people were all truck gardeners, and as Dutch as the Netherlands from which they or their fathers had come. Many of them had come from the town of Schoon, or near it. Others from the lowlands outside Amsterdam. Selma pictured it another Sleepy Hollow, a replica of the quaint settlement in Washington Irving's delightful tale. Picturing melon golden corn fields; crusty crullers, crumbling oyster-kocks, toothsome wild ducks, sides of smoked beef, pumpkin pies; country dances, apple-cheeked farmer girls, she felt sorry for poor Julia, lying on in the dull gray commonplace of Chicago.

The last week in October found her on the way to High Prairie, seated beside Kians Pool in the two-horse wagon with which he brought his garden stuff to the Chicago market. Mile after mile of cabbage fields, jade-green against the earth. Mile after mile of red cabbage, a rich plummy Burgundy veined with black. Between these, herds of corn were piled-up sunshine. Against the horizon an occasional patch of woods showed the last russet and bronze of oak and maple. These things Selma saw with her beauty-loving eye, and she clasped her hands in their black cotton gloves.

"Oh, Mr. Pool!" she cried. "Mr. Pool! How beautiful it is here!" Kians Pool, driving his team of horses down the muddy halsted road, was looking straight ahead, his eyes fastened seemingly on an invisible spot, between the off-horse's ears. His was not the kind of brain that acts quickly, nor was his body's mechanism the sort that quickly responds to that brain's message. His eyes were china-blue in a round red face that was covered with a stubble of stiff golden hair. His round moon of a head was set low and solidly between his great shoulders, so that as he began to turn it now, slowly, you marveled at the process and waited for it to hear a creak. He was turning his head toward Selma, but keeping his gaze on the spot between his horse's ears. Evidently the head and the eyes revolved by quite distinct processes. Now he faced Selma almost directly. His pale blue eyes showed incomprehension.

"Beautiful!" he echoed, in puzzled interrogation. "What is beautiful?" "Cabbages," he responded to that brain's message. His eyes were china-blue in a round red face that was covered with a stubble of stiff golden hair. His round moon of a head was set low and solidly between his great shoulders, so that as he began to turn it now, slowly, you marveled at the process and waited for it to hear a creak. He was turning his head toward Selma, but keeping his gaze on the spot between his horse's ears. Evidently the head and the eyes revolved by quite distinct processes. Now he faced Selma almost directly. His pale blue eyes showed incomprehension.

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the Vermont and now, fortunately, inaccessible Peakes would have regarded with horror. For equipment she had youth, curiosity, a steel-strong frame; one brown lady's-cloth, one wine-red cashmere; four hundred and ninety-seven dollars; and a gay, adventurous spirit that was never to die, though it led her into curious places and she often found, at the end, only a trackless waste from which she had to retrace her steps, painfully. But always, to her, red and green cabbages were to be jade and Burgundy, chrysoprase and porphyry. Life has no weapons against a woman like that.

Kians Pool was a school director. She was to live at his house. Perhaps she should not have said that about the cabbages. So now she drew herself up primly and tried to appear the school teacher, and succeeded in looking as severe as a white pansy.

"Ahem!" (or nearly that). "You have three children, haven't you. Mr. Pool? They'll all be my pupils?" Kians Pool gazed at this. He concentrated so that a slight frown marred the serenity of his brow. In this double question of hers, an attempt to give the conversation a dignified turn, she had apparently created some difficulty for her host. He was trying to shake his head two ways at the same time. This gave it a rotary motion. Selma saw, with amazement, that he was attempting to nod negation and confirmation at once.

"You mean you haven't—or they're not?—or—?" "I have got three children. All will not be my pupils." There was something final, unshakable in his delivery of this.

"Dear me! Why not? Which ones won't. Do tell me which ones will and which ones won't?" "Geertje goes to school. Jozina goes to school. Roelf works by the farm."

"How old is Roelf?" She was being school teacherly again. "Roelf is twelve."

"Twelve! And no longer at school! But why not?" "Roelf he works by the farm."

"Doesn't Roelf like school?" "But sure."

"Don't you think he ought to go to school?" "But sure."

Having begun, she could not go back. "Doesn't your wife want Roelf to go to school any more?"

"Maar! Roelf like school?" "But sure."

She gathered herself together; hurried herself behind the next question. "Then why doesn't he go to school, for pity's sake?"

Kians Pool's pale blue eyes were fixed on the spot between the horse's ears. His face was serene, placid, patient.

"Roelf he works by the farm."

Dust was coming on. The lake mist came drifting across the prairie and hung, a pearly haze, over the frost-tipped stubble and the leafless trees. It caught the last light in the sky and held it, giving to fields, trees, black earth, to the man seated stiffly beside the girl, and to the face of the girl herself an opalescent glow very wonderful to see. Selma, seeing it, opened her lips to exclaim again; and then, remembering, closed them. She had learned her first lesson in High Prairie.

The Kians Pools lived in a typical High Prairie house. They had passed a score like it in the dusk. These sturdy Holland-Americans had built here in Illinois after the pattern of the squat houses that dot the lowlands about Amsterdam, Haarlem and Rotterdam. A row of pollards stood stiffly by the roadside. Yard and dwelling had a geometrical neatness like that of a toy house in a set of playthings.

Peering down over the high wheel Selma waited for Kians Pool to assist her in alighting. He seemed to have no such thought. Having jumped down,

he was throwing empty crates and boxes out of the back of the wagon. So Selma, gathering her shawls and cloak about her, clambered down the side of the wheel and stood looking about her in the dim light, a very small figure in a very large world. Kians had opened the barn door. Now he returned and slipped one of the horses smartly on the flank. The team trotted obediently off to the barn. He picked up her little hide-bound trunk. She took her satchel. The yard was quite dark now. As Kians Pool opened the kitchen door the red mouth that

was the open draught in the kitchen stove grinned a toothy welcome at them.

A woman stood over the stove, a fork in her hand. The kitchen was clean, but disorderly, with the disorder that comes of pressure of work. There was a no unpleasant smell of cooking. Selma sniffed it hungrily. The woman turned to face them. Selma stared.

This, she thought, must be some other—an old woman—his mother, perhaps. But, "Maar! here is school teacher," said Kians Pool. Selma put out her hand to meet the other woman's hand, rough, hard, calloused. Her own, touching it, was like satin against a pine board. Maar! smiled, and you saw her broken discolored teeth. She pushed back the sparse hair from her high forehead, fumbled a little shyly at the collar of her clean blue calico dress.

"Pleased to meet you," Maar! said, primly. "Make you welcome." Then, as Pool stamped out to the yard, slamming the door behind him, "Pool he could have come with you by the front way, too. Lay off your things." Selma began to remove the wrappings that swathed her in the muffler, the shawl, the cloak. Now she stood, a slim, inconspicuously elegant little figure in that kitchen. The brown lady's-cloth was very tight and basqued above, very flounced and bustled below. "My, how you are young!" cried Maar!.

Selma saw, with amazement, that he was attempting to nod negation and confirmation at once.

"You mean you haven't—or they're not?—or—?" "I have got three children. All will not be my pupils." There was something final, unshakable in his delivery of this.

"Dear me! Why not? Which ones won't. Do tell me which ones will and which ones won't?" "Geertje goes to school. Jozina goes to school. Roelf works by the farm."

"How old is Roelf?" She was being school teacherly again. "Roelf is twelve."

"Twelve! And no longer at school! But why not?" "Roelf he works by the farm."

"Doesn't Roelf like school?" "But sure."

"Don't you think he ought to go to school?" "But sure."

Having begun, she could not go back. "Doesn't your wife want Roelf to go to school any more?"

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term. A bridal gown, a bridal cap, bridal shoes.

"Well!" said Selma, with the feeling of a little girl in a rich attic on a rainy day. She clasped her hands. "May I dress up in it sometime?"

Maar! Pool, folding the garments hastily, looked shocked and horrified. "Never must anybody dress up in a bride's dress, only to get married. It brings bad luck." Then, as Selma stroked the stiff stiflen folds of the skirt with a slim and caressing forefinger: "So you get married to a High Prairie Dutchman I let you wear it."

In this absurdity they both laughed again. Selma thought that this school-teaching venture was starting out very well. She would have such things to tell her father—then she remembered. She shivered a little as she stood up now. There surged over her a great wave of longing for her father—for the theater treats, for his humorous philosophical drawl, for the Chicago streets, and the ugly Chicago houses; for Julie; for Miss Fister's school; for anything and any one that was accustomed, known, and therefore dear. She had a horrible premonition that she was going to cry, began to blink very fast, turned a little blindly in the dim light and caught sight of the room's third arresting object. A blue-black cylinder of tin sheeting, like a stove and yet unlike it. It was polished like the length of pipe in the sitting-room below. Indeed, it was evidently a giant flower of this stem.

"What's that?" demanded Selma, pointing.

Maar! Pool, depositing the lamp on the little wash-stand preparatory to leaving, smiled proudly. "Drum."

"Drum?" "For heat your room," Selma touched it. It was icy. "When there's frost," Mrs. Pool added, hastily, Selma was to learn that his heating powers were mythical. Even when the stove in the sitting room was blazing away with a cheerful roar none of the glow communicated itself to the drum. It remained as coolly indifferent to the blasts breathed upon it as a gilt jelly besieged by an unwelcome lover.

"Maar!" roared a voice from belowstairs. The voice of the hungry man. There was waited up, too, a faint smell of scorching. Then came sounds of a bumping and thumping along the narrow stairway.

"Og heiden!" cried Maar! in a panic, her hands high in air. She was off.

Left alone in her room Selma unlocked her trunk and took from it two photographs—one of a mild-looking man with his hat a little on one side, the other of a woman who might have been a twenty-five-year-old Selma, minus the courageous jaw-line. Looking about for a fitting place on which to stand these leather-backed treasures she considered the top of the child drum, humorously, then actually placed them there, for lack of a better refuge, from which vantage point they regarded her with politely interested eyes. Perhaps they would put up a shelf for her. That would serve for her little stock of books and for the pictures as well. She was enjoying that little flush of exhilaration that comes to a woman, unpacking. She took out her nest pile of warm woolen underwear, her stout shoes. She shook out the crushed folds of the wine-colored cashmere. Now, if ever, she should have regretted its purchase. But she didn't.

No one, she reflected, as she spread it neatly on the bed, possessing wine-colored cashmere could be altogether dowdy. From below stairs came the hiss of frying. Selma washed in the chill water of the basin, took down her hair and coiled it again before the swiveling little mirror over the wash-stand. She adjusted the stitched white bands of the severe collar and patted the cuffs of the brown lady's-cloth. The light basque was fastened with buttons from throat to waist. Her long head rose above this trying base with such grace and dignity as to render the stiff garment beautiful. It was a day of appalling bounciness and equally appalling tightness in dress; of panniers, galleons, plastrons, revers, busts, all manner of lumpy bedeviling. Then Selma could appear in this disfiguring garment a creature still graceful, slim, and plant was a sheer triumph of spirit over matter.

She blew out the light now and descended the steep wooden stairway to the unlighted parlor. The door between parlor and kitchen was closed. Selma pressed sensitively. There was pork for supper. She was to learn that there was always pork for supper. She hesitated a moment there in the darkness. Then she opened the kitchen door. There swam out to her a haze of smoke, from which emerged round blue eyes, guttural talk, the smell of frying grease, of stable, of loam, and of woolen wash freshly brought in from the line. With an inrush of cold air that sent the blue haze into swirls the outer kitchen door opened. A boy, his arm piled high with stove-wood, entered; a dark, handsome sullen boy who stared at Selma over the armload of wood. Selma stared back at him. There sprang to life between the boy of twelve and the woman of nineteen an electric current of feeling.

"Roelf!" thought Selma and even took a step toward him, inexplicably drawn.

"Hurry then with that wood there!" fretted Maar! at the stove. The boy flung the armful into the box, brushed his sleeve and coat-front mechanically, still looking at Selma.

Kians Pool, already at table, thumped with his knife. "Sit down, teacher," Selma hesitated, looked at Maar!. Maar! was holding a frying pan aloft in one hand while with the other she thrust and poked a fresh stick of wood into the open fiddled

stove. The two pigtails seated themselves at the table, set with red-checked cloth and bone-handled cutlery. Roelf flung his cap on a wall-hook and sat down. Only Selma and Maar! remained standing. "Sit down! Sit down!" Kians Pool said again, jovially. "Well, how is cabbages?" He chuckled and winked. A duet of tit-ters from the pigtails. Maar! at the stove snuffed; but a trifle grimly, one might have thought, watching her. Boldly Kians had not hugged his joke in secret. Only the boy Roelf remained unmiling. Even Selma, feeling the red mounting to her cheeks, smiled a little, nervously, and sat down with some suddenness.

Maar! Pool now thumped down on the table a great bowl of potatoes fried in grease; a platter of ham. There was bread cut in chunks. The coffee was rye, toasted in the oven, ground, and taken without sugar or cream. Of this food there was plenty. It made Mrs. Tebbitt's Monday night meal seem ambrosial. Selma's visions of chickens, oyster-kocks, wild ducks, crusty crullers, and pumpkin pies vanished, never to return. She had been very hungry, but now, as she talked, nodded, smiled, she cut her food into infinitesimal bites, did not chew them so well, and deplored herself for being dainty.

"Well," she thought, "it's going to be different enough, that's certain. . . . This is a vegetable farm, and they don't eat vegetables. I wonder why. . . . What a pity that she lets herself look like that, just because she's a farm woman. Her hair screwed into that knob, her skin rough and neglected. That hideous dress. Shapeless. She's not bad looking, either. A red spot on either cheek, now; and her eyes so blue. A little like those women in the Dutch pictures father took me to see in—where?—where?—New York, years ago—yes. But that woman's face was placid. This one's strained. Why need she look like that, frowsy, horrid, old! . . . The boy is, somehow, foreign-looking—Italian. Queer. . . . They talk a good deal like some German neighbors we had in Milwaukee. They twist sentences. Literal translations from the Dutch, I suppose."

Jacob Hoogendunk, Pool's hired hand, was talking. Supper over, the men sat relaxed, pipe in mouth. Maar! was clearing the supper things, with Geertje and Jozina making up a great pretense at helping. If they giggled like that in school, Selma thought, she would, in time, go mad, and knock their pigtailed heads together.

Roelf, at the table, sat poring over a book, one slim hand, clapping and gritty with rough work, outspread on the cloth. Selma noticed, without knowing she noticed, that the fingers were long, slim, and the broken nails thin and fine.

Selma wanted, suddenly, to be alone in her room—in the room that but an hour before had been a strange and baffling chamber with its towering bed, its chill drum, its ghostly bride's chest. Now it had become a refuge, snug, safe, infinitely desirable. She turned to Mrs. Pool. "I—I think I'll go up to my room. I'm very tired. The ride, I suppose. I'm not used . . ."

Her voice trailed off.

"Sure!" said Maar!, briskly. She had finished the supper dishes and was busy with a huge bowl, flour, a baking board. "Sure go up. I got my bread to set yet and what all."

"If I could have some hot water—" "Roelf! Stop once that reading and show school teacher where is hot water. Geertje! Jozina! Never in my world did I see such." She snuffed a convenient pigtail by way of emphasis. A wall arose.

"Never mind. It doesn't matter. Don't bother." Selma was in a sort of panic now. She wanted to be out of the room. But the boy Roelf, with quiet swiftness, had taken a battered tin pail from his hook on the wall, had lifted an iron slab at the back of the kitchen stove. A mist of steam arose. He dipped the pail into the tiny reservoir thus revealed. Then, as Selma made as though to take it, he walked past her. She heard him ascending the wooden stairway. She wanted to be after him. But first she must know the name of the book over which he had been poring. Hot heat over her and the book open on the table were Maar!, Hoogendunk, dog, pigtails, Maar!, she pointed with a determined forefinger. "What's that book Roelf was reading?"

Maar! thumped a great ball of dough on the baking board. Her arms were white with flour. She kneaded and pummeled expertly. "Woorden boek."

Well, That meant nothing. Woorden boek. Woorden b— Dimly the meaning of the Dutch words began to come to her. But it couldn't be. She brushed past the men in the tipped-back chairs, stopped over the collie, reached across the table. Woorden-boek. Book—book. What book. "He's reading the dictionary!" Selma said, aloud. "He's reading the dictionary!" She had the horrible feeling that she was going to laugh and cry at once; hysteria.

Selma flung a good-night over her shoulder and made for the stairway. He should have all her books. She would send to Chicago for books. She would spend her thirty dollars a month buying books for him. He had been reading the dictionary!

Roelf had placed the pail of hot water on the little wash-stand and had lit the glass lamp. He was intent on replacing the glass chimney within the four prongs that held it firm. Downstairs, in the crowded kitchen, he had seemed quite the man. Now, in the yellow lamplight, his profile sharply outlined, she saw that he was just a small boy with tousled hair. About his cheeks, his mouth, his chin, one could even see the last faint traces of soft infantile roundness.

"He's just a little boy," thought Selma.

lina, with a quick pang. He was about to pass her now, without glancing at her, his head down. She put out her hand; touched his shoulder. He looked up at her, his face startlingly alive, his eyes blazing. It came to Selma that until now she had not heard him speak. Her hand pressed the thin stuff of his coat sleeve.

"Cabbages—fields of cabbages—what you said—they are beautiful!" he stammered. He was terribly in earnest. Before she could reply he was out of the room, clattering down the stairs.

Selma stood, blinking a little.

The glow that warmed her now endured while she splashed about in the inadequate basin; took down the dark



"Fields of Cabbages—What You Said—They Are Beautiful!" He Stammered.

soft masses of her hair; put on the voluminous long-sleeved, high-necked nightgown. Just before she blew put the lamp her last glimpse was of the black drum stationed like a patient eunuch in the corner; and she could smile at that; even giggle a little, what with weariness, excitement and a general feeling of being awake in a dream. But once in the vest bed she lay there utterly lost in the waves of terror and loneliness that envelop one at night in a strange house amongst strange people. She listened to the noises that came from downstairs; voices gruff, unaccustomed; shrill, high. These ceased and gave place to others less accustomed to her city-bred ears; a dog's bark and an answering cry; a far-off train whistle; the dull thud of hoofs stamping on the barn floor; the wind in the bare tree branches outside the window.

Her watch—a gift from Simeon Peake on her eighteenth birthday—winked with the gold case all beautifully engraved with a likeness of a gate and a church, and a waterfall, and a bird, linked together with spirals and flourishes of the most graceful description, was ticking away companionably under her pillow. She felt for it, took it out and held it in her palm, under her cheek, for comfort.

She knew she would not sleep that night. She knew she would not sleep—

She awoke to a clear, cold November dawn; children's voices; the neighing of horses; a great sizzling and hissing, and scent of frying bacon; a clucking and squawking in the barnyard. It was six o'clock. Selma's first day as a school teacher. In a little more than two hours she would be facing a whole roomful of round-eyed Geertjes and Jozinas and Roelfs. The bedroom was cruelly cold. As she threw the bedclothes aside Selma decided that it took an appalling amount of courage—this life that Simeon Peake had called a great adventure.

Electrical Diner

The "Flying Scotsman," a train that runs between London and Edinburgh, has recently installed a complete electrical kitchen in its diner, says Popular Science Monthly. The electricity is supplied by means of a dynamo run by the motion of the train.

Cooking by pressing buttons enables the kitchen to occupy the minimum of space, which obviously is of great importance in diner construction. All temperatures can be regulated exactly and the kitchen kept spotlessly clean.

Seek Tidal Information

Ten thousand bottled messengers will be released to determine tide and current actions and their effect upon waters in New York harbor and vicinity. Each bottle of the messenger type will be sealed and a cord inclosed will request the finder to fill the data as to time and place of discovery and forward to Arthur S. Tottle, chief engineer for New York city. The bottles will be released twice a week in lots of 2,500 each.

Youthful Governor

Lord Somers, recently appointed by the British cabinet as governor of Victoria (Australia), in succession to the earl of Stradbroke, is the youngest of the British governors, having only just celebrated his thirty-ninth birthday. During the World war he served in the tank corps and since 1924 has been a lord-in-waiting to King George.

Started Young

"You say you started training as a contortionist when a mere child?" asked the interviewer.

"Yes," said the headliner. "There were eight children in my family and just one cozy club coupe!"—Detroit Free Press.

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