

Chinese Typewriter

Has Many Characters

From out of the Orient, with its mysteries and ancient lore, has come an invention worthy of occidental genius in the form of a typewriter capable of transcribing the thousands of ideographic crypts of old China.

The machine, the first of its kind, was designed by Tze Quon, a native of Shanghai.

There are 5,000 characters on the machine. These are transcribed to paper through the medium of the familiar rubber roller, line shifting apparatus and inked ribbon.

Instead of each character being mounted on an individual arm as is the case with American and European machines, however, the characters rest on a sliding table and a single key rod drops down, picks up the letter-wisher, and after it is used drops the type back into its respective slot.

It is claimed the ordinarily educated Chinese with two months' practice can acquire a speed of 2,000 characters an hour, which equals speed possible on European machines, as each sign or character may represent several words.

Official Tests Show

Crabs Are Travelers

The bureau of fisheries has been trying to determine the migratory habits of crustaceans in Chesapeake bay, says the Pathfinder Magazine. During last summer hundreds of crabs were captured, tagged for future identification and released again. Notices were put up in post offices and other federal buildings offering a reward of twenty-five cents for each of these crabs. As a result many of the crabs were later captured and returned to the bureau of fisheries. Comparisons of the time and place of recapture have resulted in much valuable data. It was learned that one Chrisfield crab traveled thirty miles in thirty-six hours.

Photo of Rifle Barrel

The bureau of standards of the Department of Commerce is now able to photograph the entire interior of a rifle barrel, according to George K. Burgess, director. A camera has been developed at the bureau which permits the bore of a rifle to be pictured without mutilation of the barrel. In examining the inside of a rifle barrel in the past, it has been necessary to split it lengthwise. "A long periscope is inserted in the bore," Burgess said in describing the new device, "and a small incandescent light at the end of the periscope provides the illumination. The image of a small portion of the bore is brought out by the periscope and received on a motion picture film. The barrel is automatically moved so that different portions of the bore are photographed in succession. Six pictures show the entire interior surface of the bore."

Swedish War Currency

The war-time iron coins of Sweden, weighing about eighty tons, have now been sold to a Gothenburg firm as junk. During the blockade the shortage in copper forced the Swedish government to mint in iron \$237,270, of small change and of this sum a little more than one-half accumulated in the vaults of the Swedish treasury. The remainder, or \$103,180 worth, is presumably in circulation and as it is still good money there is nothing to do but wait for it to turn up for redemption. Many of the iron coins have undoubtedly gone for souvenirs, some of the issue having already exceeded its value.

Force of Habit

It is queer how memories of childhood follow men through life. There is one Detroit professional man who has eaten breakfast at the same restaurant for years. He says he always goes there because he can get salt pork and milk gravy. "You see I was brought up on a farm where we got it every morning and to me there isn't any other breakfast quite so good."

Sod House Makes History

A sod house, built seventy-six years ago, on the farm of Orr Page, south of Hendley, Neb., is still in an excellent state of preservation and is being used to house live stock. The house seemingly bears a charm, according to Page, having weathered dozens of tornadoes and cyclones undamaged.

AMERICAN YOUTH



Elizabeth ("Betty") Clark, 13, of Cedars, Delaware, is one of that state's girl candidates for the American Youth Award, established by the directors of the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition, to be held at Philadelphia from June 1 to December 1 in observance of 150 years of American independence. If "Betty" is finally chosen to represent Delaware she will be given a week's trip to the Exposition and to Washington and the White House, where she will receive a medal from the hands of President Coolidge.

HOWE ABOUT--

By ED HOWE

(Copyright by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

I know an old lady, said to be a lovely character, who spoils seven sons and daughters and nine grandchildren. If they wanted to remain out of school she said: "Certainly; children can be children but once."

When the boys went to work she aided them when they wanted to lay off; she said they were sick when they went rabbit hunting.

As a result, they never kept a job very long.

She waited on all of them in a manner she thought was fine, but which was really shameful. Her children and grandchildren are all worthless.

When this old lady dies she will be greatly surprised, for St. Peter will tell her the truth. No one ever told it to her on earth, and she has always supposed she would go to heaven sure.

I have never fully expressed my old-age opinions, remembering the rights of middle age and youth.

Keepers of shops have a poor opinion of customers. Is it just or unjust? Are people as unfair and mean as shopkeepers say they are? Still, I have observed that shopkeepers complain a few. So do bill collectors.

Is it possible that only a few deserve compliments? . . . I was talking the other day with the keeper of a florist shop. She was speaking of Mother's day, the day when people are supposed to buy roses and send them to mother. The flower seller said that while people cheerfully paid high prices for funeral bouquets they are stingy in buying flowers with which to celebrate Mother's day. Instead of ordering gorgeous bouquets they order cheap ones, and don't seem to have their hearts in it. . . . When a troublesome person is finally out of the way it is possible to celebrate with funeral flowers.

One Cask, 400,000 Bottles

Until recently the larger of the two casks in Heidelberg held the world's record for size. American tourists marveled at the huge "fass," capable of holding 283,000 bottles of wine. Now Eltville-on-the-Rhine has taken the Heidelberg record away. Eltville has built a cask to hold 400,000 bottles of wine. The interior is equal in size to a room fifteen yards long, seven yards wide and three yards high. Five hundred persons could sit in the "fass" if it were not filled with Rhine vintage. Drawing off one bottle of wine each day would require 1,095 years to empty the cask. Another important difference is that the Eltville "fass"—lined with glass—is full, whereas the Heidelberg cask has been dry for years.

Chicken and Noodles

A traveling salesman, driving a flivver, attracted much attention as he was halted in the public square in Marysville, Ohio, recently, says the Toledo Blade. The traveling man first thought he had failed to observe the stop signs, but City Marshal Singer wanted to know what he was doing with that big Plymouth Rock hen which was perched on the crank of his automobile. The salesman did not know the chicken was there and got out of his car and generously gave the hen to the marshal, and the official said he had chicken and noodles for his dinner. The hen probably flew across the road ahead of the machine and alighted on the crank.

KEEPING WELL

MAY DAY IS CHILDREN'S DAY

DR. FREDERICK R. GREEN
Editor of "HEALTH"

MAY first this year is to be Children's day. In one way, May day has always been Children's day. As far back as we can go in history nearly every nation and race has observed some special day in the spring as the beginning of a new year of life and hope. According to the calendar, the year runs from January to January, but according to human emotions the year runs from spring to spring. And just as winter and the chimney corner belong to the old so spring and flowers and May sunshine belong to the young.

But this May day is to be an unusual one in that, so far as can be done by the influence of the American Child Health association, interest will be centered on the health and well-being of the child. In his announcement of the plans of this body, Hon. Herbert Hoover, secretary of commerce and president of the Child Health association, asks all citizens and all classes to unite in doing everything in their power to make successful a permanent American movement to secure for all children their most elemental right to be born well, to have a healthy childhood and to grow up into sound strong good citizens.

There is nothing that could be done that would save more money or pay larger returns for any community than the protection of its children against disease. Naturally, efforts in this direction have been developed more in large cities than in the small towns. Yet every community in this country, however small, can do much to insure better health for its children. All that is needed is a will to do whatever needs to be done in each particular town.

This requires leaders and a definite plan. Local newspapers are particularly fitted for leadership in such work.

Enthusiasm, parades and meetings are all right but they are only a means to the desired end. What are the particular needs of your town? Is your water supply beyond suspicion? Are the babies in your town getting pure milk? How does your community count in human flesh and blood balance? How many babies were born in your town last year? How many persons died and what did they die of? How many babies under one year old died in your town in the last twelve months? What did they die of and how many of the deaths were from preventable diseases? How many of those lives could have been saved? If you can balance your account in human lives, you have at least a starting point.

HOWE ABOUT--

By ED HOWE

(Copyright by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

There is no higher morality than that practiced in the great majority of business establishments. There are no more useful men than business men. A captain of industry is a more useful man, a more reliable honest man, than a captain of the Salvation Army. The big men of the church, the bishops and cardinals are no better than the big men of business, and not so useful. Some people have a notion that business men have no sentiment, or brilliant fancy, or musical or literary taste, or appreciation of beautiful things. All our great orchestras, art galleries, libraries, colleges, etc., were made possible by business men. The most successful novel of recent times was written by a banker. Business men equal and surpass the statesmen in all respects, except in flights of fancy. The vital facts of life do not come from secluded men occupying capital or cloister, but from the busy market place, where everything is tried out practically, and only the best accepted. There is no truth business men habitually neglect; no good thing they habitually oppose. It is the business men who have carried the torch of enlightenment, justice and liberty further than it has been carried by any other class. There is dishonesty and meanness in business, but less in proportion to its transactions than in any other profession or calling.

When a man refuses to marry a girl because he "is not worthy of her," there is something else the matter. . . . Nowhere on the face of the earth is there a man who refused to marry a woman because she was too good for him.

I never knew a man with proper appreciation of saving for a rainy day that a lot of people were not trying to induce him to change his habits and become a spendthrift. His wife and children nearly always object to his saving habits.

My contention about dishonesty is that it is universal, and that all who engage in it make a mistake. Such credit as there is must fairly go to those who are least dishonest.

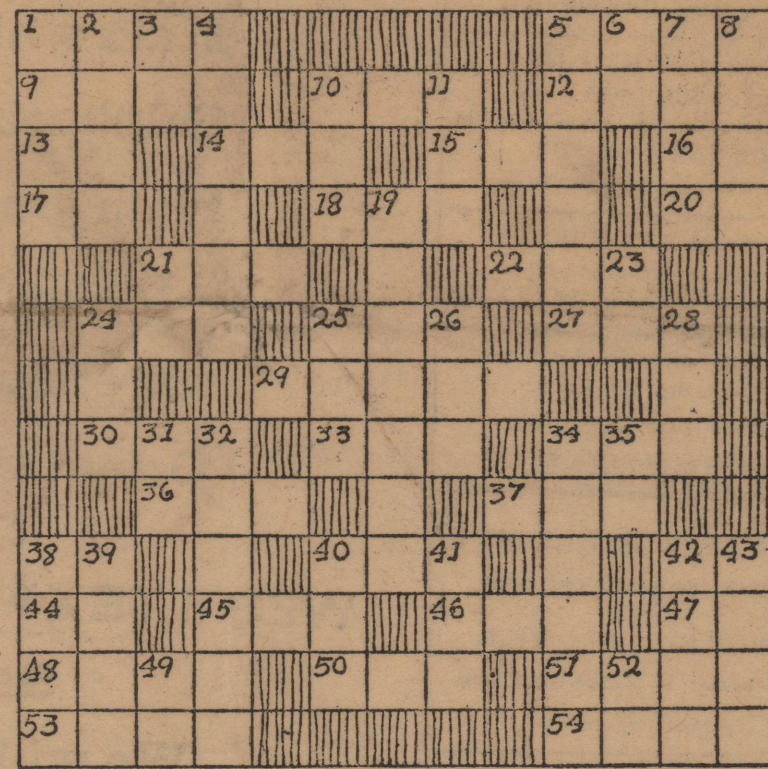
I know a man who is a great talker; but his stories are so long he is never able to tell more than two or three a day.

A good many girl children, instead of being brought up to become useful and worthy women are being trained for a simony career.

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.



(© 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

- Horizontal.
- 1—A salutation
 - 5—Plant yielding a blue dye
 - 9—Musical term
 - 10—A collection of notable sayings
 - 12—An island
 - 13—Pronoun objective of we
 - 14—A conjunction
 - 15—Boy's name
 - 16—Another name for mother
 - 17—Behold
 - 18—Cry of sheep
 - 20—Indefinite article
 - 21—A cave
 - 22—A conjunction
 - 24—To study over
 - 25—Skill
 - 27—Very small
 - 29—A large bay window
 - 30—Existence
 - 32—Girl's name
 - 34—Cane
 - 36—Bird of the crow family
 - 37—To prohibit
 - 38—To proceed
 - 40—Liquor
 - 42—Part of verb "to be"
 - 43—Prefix meaning before
 - 45—A system or theory
 - 46—Box of tools
 - 47—Eastern state (abbr.)
 - 48—A gas
 - 50—A knot
 - 51—Boy's name
 - 53—A musical instrument
 - 54—True

- Vertical.
- 1—To pull with force
 - 2—Likewise
 - 3—Impersonal pronoun
 - 4—To free from tightness
 - 6—To separate chaff from grain
 - 8—A bone
 - 7—Girl's name
 - 8—The president of a faculty in a college
 - 10—Yarn of the warp in weaving
 - 11—Girl's name
 - 12—Attainment of any object
 - 21—First note of the musical scale
 - 22—Second note of the musical scale
 - 24—A catchword
 - 25—Part of the verb "to be"
 - 26—A beverage
 - 28—Extreme point
 - 31—Northwestern state (abbr.)
 - 32—Sally
 - 34—A roof timber of a building
 - 35—Upon
 - 38—End aimed at
 - 39—To yield
 - 40—Territorial division in Denmark and Norway
 - 41—To enlarge
 - 42—A song
 - 43—A manufactory
 - 48—A conjunction
 - 52—Personal pronoun

Solution will appear in next issue

Answer to last week's puzzle.

MAD SPENT CAR
AIRS AWE BALE
PLACATE FONTS
SPARE CANTO
WHERE FUGUE A
OF EAGER SELL
ROC SHRED NUT
DRAW ORDER GA
S PALSY PIGIR
RIVET ROVER
FATED CATALOG
LIAP A C LIME
ALL TOPER DEM

Navy Pigeon Came Home

A navy pigeon, lost at sea more than a year and a half ago, turned up recently in the loft at Coco Sola, Canal Zone, and reported for duty. Examination showed that the bird's wings had been closely clipped, probably when it was forced down by a rainstorm and captured by a fancier who attempted to lure it from its navy allegiance. As soon as the clipped feathers had molted and a new crop grew out, the pigeon took wing for its home loft.

Deer Held Up Train

Days when great herds of buffalo halted trains crossing the Western plains found an echo when a herd of 500 deer held up a train near Hot Sulphur Springs, Colo. Heavy snows had driven the deer from the higher ranges and they settled down on the tracks. The train crew was forced to stop the train and chase the animals off the roadbed.

Lake Plan Century Old

The plan for reopening Lake Michigan's old outlet by the way of the Gulf of Mexico is not a new one. In 1673 the French explorers had the idea of opening the lake's outlet by building a ship canal connecting with the Illinois and Mississippi rivers. In 1822 the United States congress first authorized Illinois to open the canal.

Intelligent Cat

A cat disappeared from its usual haunts in Greenwich, Conn., some time ago and an advertisement, saying in effect, "Come home, all is forgiven," was inserted in the lost and found columns of a Greenwich newspaper. Hardly had the edition been circulated when Thomas walked into the newspaper office, to be returned later to his owner.

HOWE ABOUT--

By ED HOWE

(Copyright by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

I know a smart man who won five thousand dollars at a racing meet. The women looked at me as though they were thinking: "Why aren't you smart and able to make money like that?" . . . The next time I heard of the man, he had lost seven thousand dollars on horse racing; his success in the first instance led him to the disaster in the second. Every week day a man may make money on the board of trade, if he has sufficient judgment. But men are notoriously lacking in judgment, and the board of trade rules more men now than John Barleycorn did before he went to jail. . . . A good deal may be said for conservatism.

Every man pretends to sophistication; every woman to innocence.—Floating Paragraph.

When old men write their memoirs, I find I am much like them; but when young men talk, I find I am inferior.

Lies are such foolish, ineffective things I wonder men ever learned to tell them. If a traveler appears at your door on a dark, rainy night, and inquires the way to a town you are familiar with, why deceive him? He is tired and hungry; so are the horses he drives. Why should you send him west when the direction he should travel is east. Telling a lie in such a case does the liar no good, and another is harmed. . . . Is there ever better excuse for telling a lie?

Women abuse men as unfairly as Communists abuse the rich. . . . And the women and Communists are right, in a way: they have grievances. . . . And the men and the rich have a right to defend themselves; they, too, have grievances, and problems that must be adjusted. . . . There can be no end to the quarreling that goes on, so make the best of it.

It is related in one of the papers that George Cohan regularly every week helps 35 people who have been unfortunate. . . . The help is not in good advice, but in money. . . . Mr. Cohan denies the story. Is there a man on the face of the earth who would do as commendable a thing as this, and deny it?

It isn't the world that is going to the devil; it's the people. Probably you never saw a man a hundred years old. The world has already existed millions of years, and hasn't reached little age.

He fits in public affairs of which comply are results of bad acts base complaining. . . . mercy, not justice, you need.

WOOL AND MOHAIR

CHARLES SCHREINER, BANKER.

(UNINCORPORATED)

KERRVILLE, TEXAS.

Makes Liberal Advances on Sheep, Goats, Wool and Mohair
Established 1889.

MORTGAGE LOANS

Unlimited Funds No Delay.

E. B. CHANDLER & CO.

102 East Crockett St., San Antonio, Texas.

W. R. Stumberg, Agent San Angelo.

WOOL GROWERS CENTRAL STORAGE

COMPANY, SAN ANGELO, TEXAS.

WOOL AND MOHAIR

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

THE HOLLAND AUTO CO.,

R. S. (Bob) Holland. Phone 754.
19, 21 West Twigh Ave., San Angelo, Texas.

STORAGE

Car Washing and Greasing.

Truck Tires, Mobile Oils.

Your Car and Contents are Safe in my Place.

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 leave 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.

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,

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
STEVE MURPHY, Publisher.
Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora as second-class matter.
Subscription \$2 A YEAR IN ADVANCE
Sonora, Texas, June 12, 1925.

APPELT-MAYER.

A wedding of unusual interest in social circles was solemnized at 8:30 o'clock Thursday evening, when Miss Audrey Appelt, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Appelt, became the bride of Mr. Joe Mayer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Abe Mayer, pioneer ranch owners of this city. The wedding was preceded by a galaxy of beautiful social functions, for both bride and groom were very popular. Miss Appelt was crowned princess of the holiday season last Christmas at the Beta Phi Beta Fraternity ball and was the reigning belle of the many entertainments which followed.

The wedding was solemnized at the home of the bride's parents, a large number of friends and relatives witnessing the ceremony, which was performed by Father Turbinus Christman of the Catholic Church.

Beautiful elder blossoms featured the decorations, which carried the wedding theme of green and white. The wedding party stood in front of an arch made of white lattice work and entertained with joy and elder blossoms. Baskets of elder blossoms tied with maline and silver candelabra holding white tapers made an impressive scene.

Prior to the entrance of the wedding party Mr. Ed Nimitz sang "Untill" with violin obligato by Mrs. J. A. Miller. Mrs. Arthur Broome played the Wedding March from Lohengrin, while Mrs. Miller played "Simple Aveu" by Thome, very softly during the ceremony.

The bride and groom entered together, the bride wearing a lovely gown of white georgette garnished with pearls and rhinestones. Her bridal veil of tulle was caught with a coronet of orange blossoms. She carried a shower bouquet of bride roses and lilies of the valley.

Miss Margaret Harris, bridesmaid, wore a beaded pink georgette with slippers to match and carried a bouquet of pink roses. The best man was Abe Mayer, Jr., brother of the bridegroom.

Master Mortimer Mertz in a white satin suit was ring-bearer, while Amele Ragsdale, niece of the bride, was flower girl. She wore a dainty frock of pink georgette.

The bride cut her beautiful wedding cake and before the guests noticed her absence both bride and groom had slipped away to their ranch home.

The guests were served with an ice course of pink and white. Many handsome gifts were on display in the dining room, which was lavishly decorated with elder blossoms and ferns.—Standard.

MARRIED.

A pretty home wedding was solemnized Tuesday afternoon at 5 o'clock when Mr. Alvin H. Schroyer of San Angelo and Miss Vellie Thorp of this city were married at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Thorp, Judge W. V. Deen pronouncing the wedding ceremony.

The bride is one of the town's noblest young ladies. She graduated from the high school with the class of '24 and has since completed two years work in Abilene Christian College. She is a popular and charming young lady loved by all.

The groom is a prominent young business man of San Angelo and is engaged in the filling station business. He is not a stranger in San Saba, having been the bookkeeper for the C. W. Arthur garage here for several months in former years.

The happy young couple left immediately after the ceremony for their home in San Angelo, accompanied by the well wishes and friendship of many San Saba friends.—San Saba Star.

Sonora will have a rodeo and races June 24 and 25.

NOTICE.

The following firms have agreed to close their respective places of business at 6 p.m. daily except Saturday, through the months of June, July and August.
E. F. Vander Stucken-Trainer Co.
City Grocery.
Orion Brown.
J. O. Hightower.
Hamby Barber Shop.
Long's Barber Shop.
Paul Otis.
Gilmere Edw Co.
West Texas Lumber Co.
Customers are requested to cooperate.

HOME DEMONSTRATION.

The Home Demonstration Club girls finish their years work May 27th, and nineteen girls received certificates for having completed first years work and seven received second years certificates.

The Clothing Contest has also closed and the winning girls have been chosen as follows: Gertrude Babcock, first place; Marguerite Fisher, second place; and Justine Weatherby, third. The girls did some splendid work, and we again wish to thank the merchants for the prizes awarded the girls.

The girls are meeting Wednesday to organize for the summer.

THE Y. B. W. CLUB.

On June 8 the Y. B. W. C. girls met with Miss Leola Custard for the purpose of reorganizing. The following officers were elected: Mrs. Bernice Evans, pres., Ora Merck, vice president, Ruby Cook, secretary and treasurer. A program was discussed and decided to take up the making of lamp shades at the next meeting which will be June 22, at the home of Miss Leola Custard. The next meeting will be July 6 at the home of Mrs. Bernice Evans. The subject will be pillow making. All members are requested to bring suggestions and designs. The meetings will be held at the homes of different club members on the 2nd and 4th Tuesday of each month. We urge that all young ladies and young married women come and join us and help make the club a success. Visitors are always welcomed to the demonstrations.

Rathbone's Virginians, an 8 piece orchestra, have been engaged to play for the dances here on the 24, 25 and 26th of June. A large platform will be constructed for the purpose of taking care of the large crowd expected.

Get Back Your Grip On Health—OR NO COST!

Take **KARNAK**
The Amazing New Medical Sensation

Notice the quick difference in the way you eat, sleep, look and feel—the remarkable improvement in your health, strength and energy, after taking 2 bottles! If not, the Karnak agent will refund your money.

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

Heal Those Sore Gums
If you suffer from Sore Gums, Bleeding Gums, Loose Teeth, Foul Breath, or from Pyorrhea in even its worst form, we will sell you a bottle of Lelo's Pyorrhea Remedy and guarantee it to please you or return money. This is different from any other treatment, and results are certain. Sonora Drug Store.

When you go to Villa Acuna, call at Mrs. Crosby's Cafe, first two story building on left after crossing bridge. Refreshments of all kinds, good eats and quick service.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

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

SHERIFF & TAX COLLECTOR
B. W. Hutchinson (Re-election)
E. C. (Pet.) Garvin.
Tom Thorp.
D. Q. Adams

COUNTY AND DISTRICT CLERK.

J. D. Lowrey, [re-election.]

FOR TREASURER.

Mrs. A. J. Smith, [re-election]

FOR TAX ASSESSOR.

Geo. J. Trainer, [re-election.]

FOR COUNTY JUDGE.

Alvis Johnson [re-election.]

FOR COMMISSIONER.

Joe F. Legan, Pre. No. 1.
Otto Thiers, Precinct No. 3.
T. A. Bond, precinct No. 3.
Cleve Jones precinct No. 4.

WARDLAW & ELLIOTT

Attorneys-at-Law.

SONORA, TEX.

Will practice in all the State and Federal Courts

Notice to Trespassers.

No public roads through my pasture west of town. Anyone driving stock or otherwise trespassing without my consent will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

G. W. Stephenson,
85 tf Sonora, Texas.

Guaranteed hosiery, samples your size free to agents. Write for proposition paying \$75.00 weekly full time, \$1.50 an hour spare time, selling guaranteed hosiery to wearers; must wear or replace free. Quick sales, repeat orders.

INTERNATIONAL STOCKING MILLS, Norristown, Pa. 71-10

WOOD FOR SALE.

If you want Liveoak or Shinoak wood any size, by the cord or load phone 4 rings on 88.

Notice to Trespassers.

Notice is hereby given that no hunting, driving stock, wood hauling or trapping will be allowed on our ranch seven miles south of Sonora, without our permission.

Shurley Brothers,
25-24p Sonora, Texas.

AGENTS WANTED IN SONORA TERRITORY.

Sworn proof of \$75 per week, \$1.50 an hour for spare time. Introducing Finest Guaranteed Hosiery. 120 styles and colors. Low prices. Auto furnished. No capital or experience necessary. WILKINT HOSIERY COMPANY Dept. M-85 GREENFIELD, OHIO. 53-4

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 employee except on his written order.
Signed,
W. T. Montgomery,
by R. W. Perrine.
Sonora, April 21, 1925.

Delco-Light and Frigidaire. Over 300,000 satisfied users.

John W. Young, Dealer,
Box 389,
San Angelo.

For sale good heavy red oats, 45 cents per bushel at the thrasher, you furnish sack or pay for same. Will thrash in a week or 10 days. Two miles south on pike.
W. E. BRUGON,
Eldorado, Texas.

Attention Sheepmen;

The following are our prices on all grades stock salt during the wool hauling season:

No. 1. Fine Texas Evaporated Salt 90c.

No. 2. Course " Salt 85c.

No. 4. Crushed Rock Salt 80c.

All in new bags.

Plain white block salt 40c

Sulphurized block salt 50c

Plain gray block salt 35c

Loaded on your trucks at our warehouse on School Street and Orient right-of-way.

WEST TEXAS ELEVATOR & GRAIN CO.,

San Angelo, Texas.

We will appreciate your business.

READ THE TRUTH ABOUT KILLING INSECT PESTS

In the first place—
don't pay a Big Price for an insecticide

WHY pay a big price for an insecticide or buy expensive spraying apparatus when so little as 25c buys a generous size of Bee Brand Insect Powder—sufficient to rid your home of insects, or to prevent insects invading it for a long time to come. Bee Brand Insect Powder is not only a most effective insecticide, but it is also the least expensive.

Bee Brand Won't Explode
You can use Bee Brand Insect Powder anywhere, near an open fire or flame of any sort, without danger. It will not explode nor is it easily inflammable. An insecticide that is explosive, or highly inflammable is a menace—a fire risk.

What of the Plants?
Dare you apply your present insecticide to plants? If you wish to remove insects from plants or flowers, or if you wish to use Bee Brand in a room where plants and flowers are, have no fear. It will not harm them. Bee Brand is non-poisonous. Dust it or sprinkle it on your pets and domestic animals. It will not harm them. *Eat it if you wish—it will not hurt you.*

How Much Apparatus
None is necessary. If you prefer to use the little puffer gun, the cost is only 10c. Elbow Bee Brand Insect Powder from a piece of paper. It floats in the air and its fine particles kill flies, mosquitoes, and moths. Dust it in cracks and crevices, or about the furniture, to kill roaches, water bugs, fleas, lice and bedbugs.

Settle It Once and for All
You know what kind of soap serves you best. Modern sanitation has made insect powder as necessary as soap. If you have never used Bee Brand you have not yet found the most effective and least expensive insecticide. Order it by name and insist on getting it.

Bee Brand INSECT POWDER

In red, sliding-top cans at your grocer's or druggist's. Household sizes 10c and 25c. Other sizes 50c and \$1.00.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us 25c for large household size. Give dealer's name and ask for our free booklet, "It Kills Them," a guide for killing House and Garden Insects.

McCormick & Co., Baltimore, Md.

CHICKENS! CHICKEN'S!

Who's Got the Chickens?

Spring chickens 50 and 60 cents.

Trapnest Bred to lay S.O. White Leghorn pullets 10 & 12 weeks old, \$1.00 each. They will lay at 5 months of age and fill your egg basket this winter.

Cockerels for breeding purposes from my pen of special mating \$1.00 each if taken at once. Phone or write your orders.

Mrs. J. Ervin Renfro,
Phone 9004 Sonora, Texas. 52-1f

Since the Landon Hotel fire I have my office in the basement of the Central National Bank, San Angelo, where I am better prepared to give lowest prices, quickest delivery and best terms on Peerless, the best fence on earth, than ever before.

C. W. INNES,
San Angelo, Texas.

SUNSHINE INN

Where Cleanliness Reigns.

Short Orders.

Regular Dinners.

Chicken Dinner on Sunday.

Fresh Bread and Pastries at

Reasonable Prices.

MRS. CORA NICKS,

Proprietor.

Sonora, Texas.

ONE DAY BATTERY

Charging Service

Saves Time and Money for You.

Get your Battery in before 9 a.m. and it is ready by 5 p.m. the same day with a better, longer lived charge than you ever had before.

No Long Expensive Waits or Rentals.

Our equipment is recommended by all the leading battery manufacturers. This improved charging method lengthens battery life and cannot harm the battery.

A well charged battery gives your car more power, brighter lights, Quick start, plenty of pep.

Try our one day battery service just once and you'll always have your battery charged by this improved method.

Sonora Motor Co.

FOR SALE

Baled Alfalfa for sale.

Write or phone me.

Steve Shroyer,

52-4 Sonora, Texas.

Renew Your Health by Purification

Any physician will tell you that "Perfect Purification of the System is Nature's Foundation of Perfect Health." Why not rid yourself of chronic ailments that are undermining your vitality? Purify your entire system by taking a thorough course of Calotabs—once or twice a week for several weeks—and see how Nature rewards you with health. Calotabs are the greatest of all system purifiers. Get a family package, containing full directions. Only 85 cts. At any drug store. (Adv.)

TOURIST HOTEL

Cafe in Connection.

SHORT ORDERS.

Regular Dinner.

Chicken Dinner on Sundays.

OPPOSITE SONORA MOTOR

Good Beds, Clean Rooms

Bath Room.

RATES REASONABLE

Your patronage Solicited.

M. L. JOHNSON,

Proprietor.

SONORA, TEXAS.

We Guarantee Every Can of An Gold Coffee

"Distinctly Different"

E. F. Vander Stucken-Trainer Company,

Sonora, Texas.

SONORA SERVICE STATION

S. H. STOKES, PROPRIETOR.

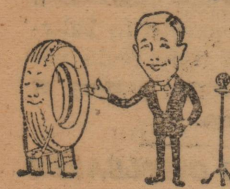
Has a complete stock of Seiberling casings and tubes, standard accessories, Gulf and Castorblend oils, and that good Gulf Gasoline

A part of your trade will be appreciated.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF SONORA,

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

Hello
Folks!



We are convinced that
tires need a spokesman

Good tires never
disturb your peace
of mind. Goodrich
Silvertowns give
you a permanent
vacation from tire
worries. We put
them on and you
forget them.

City Garage
Sonora, Texas



SONORA THEATER.
Week of June 14th to 18th

Mon. and Tues. Wages for Wives. Special Cast
Wed. and Thur. Cohens & Kelly's Wonderful Irish
Jewish Comedy Drama.
Friday only. Rustling for Cupid. Buck Jones.
Saturday With Mice a Latin-Revolution Picture
also No. 4. Fighting Blood.
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.

HAVE A LAUGH WITH TOBY COPELAND BROS., COMEDY PLAYERS

Playing in Their
BIG TENT THEATRE
Under the Auspices of

The Parent-Teacher's Association
SONORA

One Week Starting:
MONDAY, JUNE 14

Presenting New Plays, Classy Vaudeville
Good Music.

Program Changed Nightly

Extra Vaudeville Features
The Four Copelands Comedy Quartette.
The University Four Jazz Orchestra.
Little Baby Barbara, Three year old Vaudeville Star.
Gene Walsh, Songster, Alverna Standard
Chalestron Stepper.

OPENING PLAY MONDAY, JUNE 14

DEAR OLD PAL OF MINE,

Ladies. with paid escort, Free Monday Night.
Prices:—Adults 30 cents, Children 10 cents.

Devils River News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
STEVE MURPHY, Publisher.

Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora
as second-class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION \$2 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

Sonora, Texas. June 13, 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.

METHODIST CHURCH.

"What is the greatest problem
of our day?" Dr. Codman says:
"How to bring the world under
the sway of the Gospel of good
will and brotherhood."

This universe is so constructed
that friction means destruction.
Every existing thing, from an
atom to a solar system, is copera-
tive commonwealth.

Were the planets to cease their
harmonious adjustment about
the sun and come into conflicting
contact, the disintegration of our
solar system would follow. Har-
monious and finally adjusted bal-
ance is behind every organism
and system in the cosmos.

When two or three are gathered
together in My name, "there we
have Jesus wonderful statement
of fellowship and union. Where
ever men come together in the
"name", which means "spirit",
of the Lord of love, there is in
all the splendor of His human
sympathy and brotherhood. When
will the world come together
under the sway of His Gospel of
good will and brotherhood?"

The Kingdom of God is very
near. Upheaval days have broken
the hard crusts of hate and suspi-
cion and social antagonisms. An
immense step forward toward
world peace and brotherhood is
possible. Now! To solve our
greatest problem of turning a
hate-filled, disintegrating world
into a unified, love-filled brother-
hood, the good will of Jesus must
be placed in the midst of every
individual life in the midst of the
new society, in the center of the
new world.

Come to the Methodist Church
to the following services.
Come to our services.

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. Stephen, Pastor.

HOMEMAKERS ENTERTAIN

The Home Makers entertained
their husbands with a picnic and
swimming party June 3. There
were lots of good eats and a very
enjoyable plunge in Hayne Davis's
tank. Mrs. Davis was hostess to
the affair and was certainly a
gracious one.

The men dropped a hint that
they intended to entertain the
Home Makers in the near future
and we are anxiously waiting.

HOMEMAKERS CLUB.

The Home Makers Club met
May 27, with a good number of
members in attendance. The de-
monstration given by Miss Cus-
tard was hand made ornaments.
We all learned to make at least
one kind of ornament and many
have already made use of what
they learned.

The Club voted to hold the
summer meetings in the homes of
the various hostesses. If you are
not a member of the Homemakers
Club, JOIN, you don't know
what you are missing.

TO THE PUBLIC IN GENERAL.

In 1920 when deflation started
in and the War Finance Corpora-
tion had previously gone out of
business as far as making loans
was concerned, the wise heads
of finance in the United States
got together and organized a loan
corporation for the benefit of agri-
culture and livestock, which we
believe was at Chicago, with some
thing like Fifty to One Hundred
Million Dollars in money sub-
scribed by banks, to stop deflation
and assist the farmers and stock-
men. This did not prove a
success.

In the meantime, when the War
Finance Corporation's loans were
closed, the National Banks were
requested by the Federal Reserve
Banks to look favorably on all
livestock and agricultural loans
to prevent heavy deflation and
they soon found themselves with
very top heavy loans. Consequent-
ly the War Finance Corporation
was reorganized under different
rules and instead of taking loans
direct they had to be passed up
to them thru corporations organ-
ized according to their ideas.

By this time everything was
looking very squally for the live-
stock men. Loan companies, the
Federal Reserve and other banks
were over loaned, and the leading
men of the financial world advised
the organization of agricultural
and livestock finance corpora-
tions throughout the United
States for the purpose of reliev-
ing the stockmen, with a promise
that such loans would be redis-
counted with the War Finance
Corporation.

Patriotic livestock men, called
together in Fort Worth by the
old war horses and others, organ-
ized a company known as the
Agricultural-Livestock Finance
Corporation, with a capital stock
of One Million Dollars. EVERY
DOLLAR PAID IN CASH AND
NO COMMISSION TAKEN
OUT FOR SELLING STOCK.
Sutton county did their part
as usual in taking something like
Twelve Thousand Dollars worth
of stock in this corporation. The
following are the patriotic citizens
of this county who subscribed:

Auther Simmons, V. J. Turney, W.
E. Glascock, Roy Hudspeth, J. T.
Shurley, J. W. Wilson, W. F. Luckie
W. C. Bryson, Thomas Bond, E. M.
Kirkland, D. J. Wyatt, W. A. Miers,
B. M. Hubert, Geo. S. Allison, S.
W. McKnight and W. L. Aldwell.
A great many of these gentlemen,
and others, have had loans made
by this corporation, which were
handled to their entire satisfac-
tion.

The Agricultural-Livestock
Finance Corporation Fort Worth
went thru the terrible deflation
and drouth, and out of the Mil-
lion Dollar capital subscribed
they have paid back to the stock
holders \$700,000.00 and have re-
duced the capital to \$300,000.00.
Of course it has never been what
we could call a financial success
so far. In fact about all of the
cattle loan companies lost their
capital stock and some went so
far as to have to assess their
stockholders to protect the paper
they had discounted. One of
the companies organized for the
same purpose not only lost its
capital stock but lost consider-
able money for the War Finance
Corporation.

While this corporation was
organized patriotically to assist
livestock men, and their intention
was to close up when loans could
be obtained elsewhere, the direc-
tors of the corporation, having
made such a good record, felt
that it should be carried along
with the paid up capital stock of
\$300,000. It has never paid over
an average of 5 per cent dividend
on the investment but hopes now
to be able to make a little money
so as to pay the stockholders at
least about 7 per cent on their
investment.

This corporation is loaning
money for twelve months time at
7 1/2 per cent interest, straight,
payable at maturity, on about a
75 per cent valuation of what an
inspector puts on the livestock,
inspection to be made only once
a year, and an inspector can be
appointed from your own county.
These loans are made with the
privilege of renewing for one
year, or longer, and there will be
no trouble or delay about releas-
ing the wool or proceeds of live
stock sold, if everything is satis-

factory.

We are in receipt of a letter
from Mr. Jno. S. Brown, Secre-
tary, of this corporation, under
date of May 18, 1926, and the
following is a part of same:

"As you know, all of the loans
in the Sonora Section worked out
in a most satisfactory way, and of
course the Board here will look
with favor upon any new busi-
ness leaving your recommendation.
We are always glad to hear
from you, recalling that in the
past you gave us some very valu-
able advice and made several
sound suggestions, and I want to
tell you that there is not a banker
in the State whose recommenda-
tion means more to a loan than a
good word from you."

Therefore, we solicit all loans
that can not be financed by your
home institutions or individually,
and will have application made
to the Agricultural Livestock
Finance Corporation.

Since the organization of the
First National Bank of Sonora
there has never been a time (un-
less during a panic) that this
bank was not able to finance any
legitimate livestock loans, regard-
less of the size, through our bank
or some of its directors, or with
some institution that we have con-
nection with. In fact some of
the wealthiest men today of Sut-
ton County have been financed
entirely by this bank.

We still wish the continuance
of your business and solicit all
other new business that is desir-
able and profitable to our cus-
tomers as well as ourselves. If
you have anything along that line
please call and talk it over with
us. No account is too large or
too small for us to handle if de-
sirable.

FIRST NATIONAL
BANK OF SONORA,
TEXAS.

ENTERTAINED.

Mrs. Ed. Mayfield entertained
Wednesday afternoon with seven
tables of bridge, honoring Mrs.
Ed. Mayer. Mrs. Reasonover
winning high score, Miss Hattie
B. Cusenbary the consolation,
each table having a cut prize.
Color scheme of white and yellow
both in flowers and the refresh-
ments was carried out.

Big Tent Theatre Company in
Sonora all Next Week.

The Copeland Bros. Comedy
Players will play all next week
in Sonora under the auspices of
the Parent Teachers Association.
This is one of the oldest and
most widely known dramatic and
vaudeville tent theater compa-
nies touring Texas.

Fifteen people, all capable
ladies and gentlemen, offering a
repertoire of clean, moral comedy
dramas, with vaudeville and
music.

Just the place for the whole
family to spend the evening.

The opening play will be "Dear
Old Pal of Mine" a drama, story
with lots of comedy.

Ladies with paid escort, free
on Monday night.

Prices—Adults 30c. Children 10c

Miss Gwyneth Ridley and Miss
Thelma Rees have returned from
College this past week. Miss
Ridley has attended the C.I.A.
at Denton this past year, while
Miss Rees has attended Baylor
College at Belton.

Miss Amanda Eastland who has
recently returned from Rock
Springs where she taught High
School there this past year, will
leave for New York about June
18th, where she will enroll in
the Columbia University for the
summer.

John I. King, John Ward and
Lloyd Earwood made a rushing
trip to Del Rio this past week.
They were joined by Rufus
who has been a member of the
High School faculty of the Sweet
water High School the past 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

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

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.

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.

MEET WEST TEXAS IN OZONA

Biggest and Best Fat Stock Show, Rodeo
and Celebration.

July 1st, 2nd, and 3rd, 1926.

GORGEOUS FIREWORKS DISPLAY FROM AIRPLANE

"Something Doing Every Minute."

Horse Show, Rodeo, Live Stock Show, Poultry Show,
Calf Roping, Broncho Riding, Goat Roping, St. or Riding.
All kinds of Races, Tournament, Pole, Carnival and
Shows, Airplane Rides.

All old and featuring all new "Cowboy Pastimes."

All Carnivals and Shows send your bids to W. J.
Grimmer, Secretary, Ozona, Texas, by June 1st, 1926.

A Romance of Water

The Water Bearer

with Carquinez and his wife in the tonneau with Maria. Luis Padilla on the running board.

Maria swept Caleb aside, her eyes resuming Mrs. Carquinez as she looked a rush of Spanish with her arms about her shoulders. Betty Clinton fought off her hysteria, braced at the entrance of the rest, and sat up.

"I'm all right, Maria," she said. "You'll want to know what happened. I saw that gentleman—she looked at Burns, hovering in the background with Padilla—'Speak to Mr. Warner. Then you left the tables.' She turned to talk directly to Caleb.

"I thought that something had gone wrong, by your face, and I watched you going toward the gatehouse. I saw a man pass one of the openings in the screens and follow you. I had seen him before, looking in from where the food was served, back of where you sat. Just before you left. He had a beard, he looked round and wild. His eyes were glittering like a mad dog's. I fancied I knew him somehow and I tried to remember where. I knew the memory was in some way sinister. It may have been intuition, but it possessed me. So I slipped from my seat while Mr. Hinckley was speaking and went to where I could watch the road. You were nearly at the gatehouse, almost running. And this other man was running, too, not on the road but among the sage, bent double, lurching as if he was drunk, trying not to be seen, following you. A figure of evil. And I suddenly placed him. I knew it was Baxter! And I was sure he meant harm to you!

"I should have used my head better," she confessed, color coming back to her cheeks, slowly spreading over face and neck under Caleb's gaze. "At least I should have called Luis. But I only thought of one thing, to warn you. I think that even then I guessed what was going to happen. That you were going into the tunnel—and Baxter—"

"When I got here he was at the wheel. I was sure then. I shouted at him and he paid no attention. I could hear the water pounding down into the tunnel and I tried to drag him away. I did once and tried to twist back the wheel but he jumped at me and we fought. He was too strong for me and he flung me off at last. He was crazy, beside himself, a madman. It wasn't just the liquor. 'I'm going to drown him,' he said. 'Drown him like a rat.' And he cursed at me first and then threatened me.

"I was desperate. I saw a wrench on the seat and I struck him with it on the back of his head. He went down, staggering—and I got to the wheel. When I knew of the water ended I knew you were safe. I suppose I fainted. You came. . . .

For the pair of them, for the moment, as their eyes met, there was no one else in the gatehouse. Burns stooped to the floor and picked up a stool.

"There's blood on the wrench," he said, under his breath to Cox. "Hey, where's that Mexican going?"

"It must have been Baxter I glimpsed as I came out of the shaft," Caleb was saying. "He had just come to, I suppose, and . . .

He broke off at Burns' exclamation. The superintendent pointed to where Padilla was running over the plain toward the foothills, head low, eyes searching the ground like a hound on trail. Something glittered in his hand.

"He's after Baxter," cried Caleb. "He'll kill him. I've got to stop that. Mrs. Carquinez, you'll go with Miss Clinton and Maria to El Nido. I'll get there later. I've got to prevent Padilla committing murder. You won't need me, Cox, go ahead without me."

He sprang through the door, hatless, his wet clothes clinging to limbs and body, starting out to run down Padilla before the avenging Mexican closed with his quarry. That the Mexican would be implacable, deaf and dumb and blind to all but his vengeance against the man who had injured his son, Caleb knew. Nevertheless Padilla must be stopped from crime and the penalty. He thought more of this than of Baxter as he followed the dusty trail across the plain that led straight toward a wooded arroyo.

Padilla was nearly halfway to the foothills before Caleb started but he gradually overhauled him. He was fearless enough, remembering Betty's white skin with the bruises on it, her torn garments, to beat Baxter to a pulp. Baxter, he realized, must have overheard Feely's report to Burns and seized his chance to get even with Caleb.

The thought of Betty swift to his rescue, her intuition quickened, sure to be some help between them of Betty fighting with the drunken, crazy Baxter, beating him down with the wrench, was glorious to him in proportion to his rage. The only thing that curbed his own anger from the Mexican's intent to kill was, perhaps, the sight of the knife in Padilla's hand, the sudden knowledge of what penalty the Mexican would have to pay for murder, of Maria and Betty's sorrow. But he was not going to let Baxter off scot-free if he got at him. Only the one thought beat against the idea of getting Baxter within reach of his hands, the remembrance that punishment must stop short of murder. There his New England sanity fought for restraint. He had won Betty—he must not lose her.

A little stream sometimes bubbled down the arroyo where Padilla, a hundred yards ahead of Caleb still, disappeared in a jungle of buckeye and manzanita. Footprints of them both were plain in the still moist earth for a few paces and then abruptly disappeared. Baxter had taken to the

sidehill and the thicker undergrowth. Caleb halted perplexed. He had little breath left for the call to Padilla, he felt. It was useless before he uttered it.

He stood alert, listening. To his right, and ahead, there sounded a sharp crack of dry twigs and he started off again, buffeting his way through low boughs and brambles.

He was certain that Baxter could not elude Padilla. For years the Mexican had guarded his sonnetta under the vow taken by him and Maria, that had held back their own happiness and added fuel to a slowly growing hate that, now the time had come, would give deep knife wounds in exchange for the bruises of his mistress. Unless Caleb could come up with him Baxter was as good as dead.

A shrill cry of agony sounded from the dense growth of the arroyo, not far away, toward the head of the cleft.

For a second Caleb stood stiff, chilled by the crawling horror of that shriek, the cry of a coward facing death. It was not repeated. There was no sound at all in the hot gulch where no leaf stirred.

Then he heard an exclamation in Spanish—"Reina Santissima!"—and plunged ahead through the tangle to come out in a tiny clearing.

A live oak grew by a slab of gray rock on which, as on some savage altar, lay Baxter, the sunlight drifting down through the gnarled boughs of the tree and gilding a face the color of clay. A dropped jaw that showed the white teeth and the untrimmed beard, eyes rolled up, already glazing, the face in a snarl, inhuman. Bending above him, shrinking back a little with his knife upraised, stood Padilla. He seemed to have recoiled from his deed, while ready to deliver a second blow.

Caleb leaped and caught the wrist of the hand that held the blade. Padilla turned to him a face that was hard to read. There was disappointment in it, slow-dying fury—and awe.

"Senor," he said. "I did not touch him! See, my knife is clean. There is no blood upon it. I did not touch him! Sangre di Cristo, he hear me comin', he run weeth his head on his shoulder an', all of a sudden he put his han' to his side, he cry out, twist round an' fall like you see. When I reach him he is muerte! Dead! Because he is too much afraid."

Caleb loosened Baxter's collar and shifted, slipped his hand in over the heart.

"He is dead, senor—I mean to keep him myself. But eet is the judgment of God."

Caleb knew that it was the "champane heart" of Baxter, too long abused, the overtaxed engine of a misused machine, that had given way at last. Praise had helped, no doubt; the wild, pounding, panting run with the knowledge of Padilla swift and relentless upon him with lifted and glittering knife. Baxter had burned out. But he did not attempt to modify the Mexican's statement. He put his own handkerchief over the face. It was horrible—terrible! There was none of the oft-quoted "peace of death" upon it. The eyes stared, glassy and wild. The livid lips were drawn back to show the teeth and the snarl that made the features so frightfully bestial. It was as if the soul of Baxter had departed utterly when he had turned the wheel of the water-gallery with murder in his heart and now, only the brute that dwelled in the subconscious was revealed—in full! A dead, mad face. Doctor Feely's theory had awful testimony here.

All hate died out in Caleb. Here was a mad dog—dead. An atavism, self-produced and self-annihilated.

"I should have liked to keep him," said Padilla. "An' you, senor, would you hav' only talk to him? I weel

stay here until you come back. Perhaps you weel better send the sheriff an' see in senorita, to tell her. It is better I wait here for the sheriff. Also . . .

He pointed upwards. High in the blue, swinging in circles that gradually narrowed above the arroyo, soared a buzzard. Even while they looked another appeared—another.

"They are quick," said Padilla. "Soon there weel be more. The sheriff mus' not find heem disturb."

The Mexican crossed himself. "You saw his face, senor," he said in a low voice—as if the dead could hear. "Sangre di Cristo! Eet is the

face of a devil—el aspecto del demonio."

CHAPTER XVII

Dios Bendiga a Vd.

A week later Caleb sat with Betty in the twilight on the broad mission bench in the patio at El Nido. In the big room Stella Carquinez was at the piano, playing softly. Carquinez himself had been forced to go to Golden to discuss a commission. Their child had gone to bed. Maria was softly crooning a lullaby at the far end of the patio garden, putting Mary Morgan's baby—of which she had not been ashamed to sleep.

Caleb and Betty were silent. He was trying to find words for what he wanted to tell her in fitting language, and finding it difficult. His emotions confounded him in this supreme issue. The nearness of her, the consciousness that to gain her was everything, to lose her meant all the joy taken out of success and life, now and to come, set his heart pounding till he thought that she must surely hear it, sapped his confidence.

"Betty," he said at last, "you saved my life. What do you want to do with it?"

She did not affect to misunderstand him. He had known she would not do that. There was something established between them, a bond that had made their silence filled with magnetism. Caleb hoped that it was love, with her, as it was with him. As he sat, hands on knees, leaning toward her in the dusk, trying to read her face, he felt his fingers trembling. Every atom of him longed for her, reached out for her in an ardor that seemed to belong to another Caleb Warner, lately created.

"What do you want me to do with it?" she asked.

"Share it, Betty. All ways and always."

"All ways?" She had risen, standing by one of the posts of the pergola, jasmine wreathed. Now he stood opposite to her, close and looking down at her untamed face. The curves of her mouth saddened him. He clenched his hands until his nails stung his flesh, hanging on to himself, restraining a desire to woo her only with kisses. His reason fought with his passion. He knew Betty Clinton was not to be won that way alone. Something ran riot in his veins, infecting his being. There was no concealed blood there, for all of Baxter's sneer. And it affected the girl. He could see her sway a little and he suddenly caught her in his arms.

"Yes, all ways, Betty. Lover and mate and partner in everything. You are the other half of me. To share in all things, joy and sorrow, love and work. Love first, Betty, and then we'll go on together with the work that will be ours, planned together, done together—and so to love again."

She had not resisted him. Her head had lain against his shoulder. She lifted it, searching his face. Then, even in the dusk, he saw her become softly radiant, as, satisfied, she raised her lips to his, her body, soft and infinitely human, clinging close to his. And, for a time, he knew that she was not lacking in the passion that had possessed him.

"We shall go on together," she said softly—after quite a while—"always on and on, Caleb. Bringing water to thirsty places and to thirsty people? Blending work with love to make all perfect? Anything else would only mean stagnation in the end."

"I am the Water-Bearer," he said—he was a little inclined to vaunt in his triumph. "You remember the sign of Aquarius?"

"You must give me mine back again."

"I shall. The two fishes, joined together with a ribbon. Water-creatures, Betty. You and I, in the same element, bound by love."

The music within became louder, ended in a crash of chords. Stella Carquinez came to the patio entrance.

"What are you two doing? Moon-ling in the dark?" she queried. "Oh!" she added softly. "How wonderful! I am so glad—my dears. Where are you going, Betty?"

"I am going to tell Maria," she said as she swiftly passed them. Caleb saw tears on her face as she went through the door. He knew they were tears of happiness.

"You are lucky, but tardy," Mrs. Carquinez said to Caleb. "I don't know that you deserve her. You disappointed me last month, at our little celebration."

"I wanted to finish my work," said Caleb simply.

Stella Carquinez laughed softly. "Dios! Once a Yankee always a Yankee! But you're well mated. Betty—here she comes with Maria, after all."

"Senor," said Maria, stately for all her youth. "It is very well. You will make my sonnetta happy an' she, an' her, the good God is very kind to you! An' now I am to make Luis happy, my sonnetta says. He needs some one to look after heem, for he is only a great child. We shall throw away those two rugs of the puma skin. My knees have worn off the hair. But we shall still pray—for two now—perhaps, for more. Queen safe! Now she has some one to protect, I." she broke off into a torrent of Spanish, stooped, caught both their hands and kissed them, vanished into the garden.

"She sets an excellent example," said Mrs. Carquinez. "Adios a buenos noches! Dios bendiga a Vd., she added softly at the door."

But they did not hear her benediction. They were quite alone before Stella Carquinez had left the room.

[THE END]

HOWE ABOUT—

By ED HOWE

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A certain man makes his living as a writer, and is better than the average. As he is young, and steadily improving, probably he will soon be one of the first-raters. In a letter to me, he says: "I am convinced writing is a poor business; writers a poor lot. If I could make an equally good living in any other way I wouldn't be a writer long."

In an older day a writer had a tremendously good opinion of himself. But lately men who do things in engineering, mechanics, manufacturing, agriculture, etc., are being recognized as the real force in the world. People are lately pointing with pride to those who have built a railroad, a tunnel, a bridge, a tall building, or done some other practical thing of real use to mankind. Instead of to those who have written a book.

We have been trying for centuries to get rid of flies, but so far as I can see, flies are as numerous as ever, and as regularly find their way into every ointment.

The only way to get the laugh on the fools is to behave better than they do. The fools have not as yet found a way of sending to jail a well-behaved, useful and successful man. The fools do not like such a man, but have found no way of sealing his fortress.

Law and custom have both decided that men and women of a certain age are too young to marry. . . . There should be an agreed age, also, when men and women are too old to marry. The old should be protected, not laughed at, as is our way.

In thinking over my youth, I conclude that I was fully as foolish as young people are now. The only difference I detect is that I was not able to get away with it as easily as young people do now.

What is the thing we call common sense?

It is prayer practically applied, assistance given hope.

Life is like a game of cards. Reliability is the ace, industry the king, politeness the queen, thrift the jack; common sense is playing to best advantage the cards you draw.

And every day, as the game proceeds, you will find the ace, king, queen, jack in your hand and opportunity to use them.

KEEPING WELL

SPRING TONICS

DR. FREDERICK R. GREEN

Editor of "HEALTH"

SPRING is the season of universal awakening. The seeds and bulbs begin to sprout. The sap starts in the trees, the buds begin to appear on the branches. The animals which have hibernated during winter come out of their holes. The birds return and begin to look for places to build their nests for their new families. Naturally, man thinks that he, too, should have a place in this awakening to a season of new life and activity.

For many centuries, it was generally believed that in the spring every man needed a "spring tonic." Something to "thin the blood," which was supposed to have become thick and sluggish during the winter. So the "yarb" doctors, as soon as the new vegetation appeared, went out in the fields and woods to gather leaves, barks and shoots for their "simples," as their brews were called.

Here was where wise women and the housewives were in their element. Some of us can remember the days when our old grandmothers made saffron tea or birch beer and gave it to their families in liberal doses. Even in the large cities today, one of the first signs of spring is the appearance on the streets of old men with their baskets of saffron bark.

Those who had no opportunity to gather these "natural remedies" or who didn't know how to select them, fell back on that familiar household remedy which, as boys, we all detested—sulphur and molasses. Some of us in our early days were so dosed with this mixture that for weeks we were afraid to scratch our heads.

These beliefs were not surprising, when we consider that for centuries the best medical opinions were much along the same lines.

Like many old beliefs, there was something after all, in the old notions. During the winter we have most of us stayed indoors too much, we have worn too heavy and too much clothing, we haven't had enough fresh air and sunlight. We do need a spring tonic but not one out of bottles.

The best and the cheapest spring tonic we can take is green vegetables and fresh fruits. Fresh rhubarb sauce is worth a dozen bottles of medicine. Green food, in the form of cabbage, spinach, beet tops, chard, celery, lettuce, green peas and radishes will do us more good than drugs and pills. Fresh fruits are now plentiful, practically all the year round. Apples, figs, oranges, grapefruit and lemons, have the fruit acid our bodies need.

Then there is the wild, warm, spring air and the spring breezes and sunshine. All of them are good for what ails you after the long winter.

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KEEPING WELL

THEN AND NOW

DR. FREDERICK R. GREEN

Editor of "HEALTH"

THOSE of us who write about better health and less disease always have to write with one eye on the reader and one on the editor. For we know that unless what we write gets past the editor it will never get to the reader. So it is always not only desirable but also absolutely necessary to know just what the editor thinks about all this "health stuff."

Every once in a while, in every profession, whether it's doctors or lawyers or ministers or editors, somebody forgets all about professional prejudices and habits and talks right out in meeting. And it's always not only refreshing but also enlightening, for then you know you're hearing the facts just as they appear to a man who knows what he's talking about.

So when the editor of the Worcester Gazette frees his mind, you know you are getting it straight. Here is what he says:

"Once upon a time and not so long ago:

"Everybody drank from the same glass in a railway coach. 'A roller towel in the hotel wash-room accommodated all comers. 'Thousands of people died every year from typhoid fever.

"The health officer's chief job was to inspect alleys and back yards for garbage and dead animals and to order chloride of calcium scattered about.

"The state board of health existed principally for the purpose of examining and licensing physicians.

"There were flies in every dining room.

"Nobody took a bath until Saturday night.

Lots of people thought that wearing asafetida would prevent diphtheria and smallpox.

"Consumption was an incurable disease and folks who had it were advised to drink a great deal of whisky or go West, or do both."

Now there isn't a single medical term in this editorial. It's simply the everyday things the editor has seen and remembered that are different now from what they were then and where any sensible person can see there has been a change for the better.

What's the reason? Largely, as Healthy Home suggests, because newspapers are giving increasing space to-day to information about health and disease, how to keep one and avoid the other.

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HOWE ABOUT—

By ED HOWE

(Copyright by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

Some merchants would rather work off a box of sour, moldy, strawberries on a customer than engage in decent merchandising. . . . You never find a successful merchant engaging in such a practice. It is the little fellows who do it; the men who never become big fellows. Real men of business are above such practices; they know it cannot be made to pay.

A man lately charged me sixty-five cents for such a box of strawberries, and I was compelled to throw them away. I have already warned a dozen men against him, and shall warn others. Had he told me he had no strawberries he could recommend, I should have peddled that story about, also, and it would have done him good. At present I am active in doing him harm, believing it my duty to warn people against such a man.

Men have trouble with their business, their health, friends. Why should we expect them to escape it with their wives? The notion that a man is unfortunate if he is not happily married is false; marriage is only another of the troubles with which men and women are worried into their graves. . . . Happiness isn't the main idea in getting married, any more than it is in engaging in business.

Young people should so order their lives that the wife and the precious thing called love after marriage, also, and it would have done him good. At present I am active in doing him harm, believing it my duty to warn people against such a man.

Love should be enjoyed legitimately, since illegitimate love brings more trouble than it is worth.

And there is really no reason why husband and wife should not prove so helpful, fair and agreeable to each other, as to inspire affection.

The love of intimate contact is more agreeable than love inspired by reading poetry, or reckless thinking.

Thinking about a peach is not as agreeable as selecting a good one, and enjoying it with moderation; with proper realization of what a peach is, always has been, and always will be with its occasional worms.

A business career may rob a woman of some of her charm, but I do not think this is necessarily so. Business is not as nasty a mess as what we call society. Women undoubtedly learn many valuable things in business, and become better able to correctly understand human problems. Women are fair enough; the trouble has always been that a woman shut up in a home is apt to complain of some things men cannot help.

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Woman Has Not Found Devilish So Terrible

"All this talk about the devilish being so terrible is pure bunk!" declares Mrs. Luvinia Hause of Salmon Beach, Washington. Mrs. Hause speaks with authority because during their season—April to November—catching the uncanny creature is her specialty. Throughout this period hardly a day passes that she does not get into her rowboat, armed with a stout gaffhook and set forth to return some hours later accompanied by anywhere from one to seven of the wriggling horrors.

Less than five years ago Mrs. Hause was an invalid—one of the sort doctors gravely shake their heads over. Her physician told her that if she didn't get out of an apartment house and spend most of her time in the open air . . . with her husband and small son she moved to Salmon Beach, one of the suburban summer resorts of Tacoma. From an old man known as "Devilish Pete" she learned that the originals were eager to pay ten cents a pound for all the live devilfish they could get and she determined to try her luck at coping with the "terrible" and "uncanny" octopus.

"I soon found he isn't so terrible as he is supposed to be and not the least bit uncanny," the fisherman stated with her ready smile.

Besides having completely regained her health, Mrs. Hause has decidedly improved the family finances.—Everybody's Magazine.

Coat Hanger Can Keep One Reasonably Busy

In an emergency, nothing is handier than a half dozen extra wire coat hangers on a hook in the clothes press. Holding the garment in the left hand, one can reach into the darkness with the right, knock them all down with a pleasant jingling sound and pick up three of them neatly linked together. The one held in the right hand will hook itself through the buttonhole of a raincoat, allowing the other two to disengage themselves and fall respectively into an umbrella and behind the carpet sweeper. By placing the left foot on the garment and unhooking the hanger from the raincoat, the handle of the sweeper is sufficiently released to swing forward. Dropping the hanger from the right hand and catching the handle of the sweeper in the left, one can easily push the garment into the closet with the left foot and close the door.—Life.

Look Into New Disease

The Prussian lower house has passed a credit of \$120,000 for the purpose of having a scientific investigation into a mysterious disease which is affecting fishermen in that part of the Baltic known as the Haff, one of the best of the northern European fishing grounds. The seizure comes suddenly, without warning, when at sea. It consists in severe pains in the muscles of arms and legs, culminating in temporary paralysis of these limbs. The attack ceases within a few hours after the patient is once more on land, but is likely to break out afresh as soon as he goes out to sea again.

The Gigolo Husband

Cortlandt Bleeker was talking at Piping Rock about a rich matron who had married a gigolo. A gigolo is a lounge lizard of the worst, the very worst type.

"Her gigolo treats her abominably, of course," said Mr. Bleeker. "He goes about with chorus girls and gamblers and dope fiends all the time. He never shows his face at home except to pester her for money."

"She's philosophical about her troubles, poor old thing. She said to me at the opera the other night: 'The woman who marries a gigolo, Cortlandt, must take for her motto, 'Give and forgive.'"

Affidavit Not Furnished

What is it that has wings and barks like a dog? It is a duck owned by John Bassett, a farmer at Marthas Vineyard. One day Bassett thought he heard a dog pursuing his sheep. He rushed out with his gun, but the sheep were grazing peacefully. As he looked around the yard a young drake flapped his wings and barked. No explanation has been found for the duck's singular ability, and it has become an island curiosity.—Boston Globe.

Machine Melts Snow

A new motor-driven device for the removal of snow from highways has been invented. It consists of a heated steel drum suspended before a truck on which is the machinery for forcing crude oil into the drum, where it is ignited. As the motor-driven truck moves forward the heated drum rotates over the snow, melting it rapidly. The truck moves at about three miles an hour.

Village Terrified by Return of "Dead Man"

Supposed to be dead for twelve years, a Spaniard turned up at his native village and terrified the inhabitants. "Grimaldos," they called, "is it you?" They made the sign of the cross and fled as if they had seen a ghost. Grimaldos was a young shepherd. In 1914 he was murdered, as every one believed, for two peasants were convicted of the crime on their own confession and sentenced to life imprisonment. Grimaldos laughed when some one plucked up enough courage to approach and ask him why he was not dead. He explained he had gone over the frontier and worked in France, where the wages were better. His two "murderers" were released and joined in the village festivities. They said their confession had been wrung from them after the supposed murder by bullying police. As the body could not be found they invented a story of having fed it to pigs.

PLEASED AND DISPLEASED

He—Too bad you're not going my way.

She—Yes—and that you're not going my way.

ANOTHER ALONG SOON

Flapper—Arrest that man running off there, officer! He tried to put his arm round me, but didn't succeed.

Policeman—I know that man, miss; he's been sick and he's weak. There'll be another man along soon.

Flowers From Bread Dough

An inmate of the state prison farm at London, Ohio, has demonstrated his artistic skill by fashioning a bouquet of ovens out of bread dough, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The bouquet is declared to be perfect in every detail and is the work of the head cook at the officers' quarters of the farm. The bouquet contains lilies, roses, leaves of various species of plants, some vegetable flowers, some blackberries and some acorns.

Every leaf, petal and stem is colored the natural hue. The work required hours of expert labor and infinite patience. The artist who made it was once chief of several of the country's biggest hotels and now uses his spare time to make centerpieces for the tables at the farm.

Handicap Overcome

William Dodd, eight-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Dodd of Doniphan, Mo., wishes to be an artist, although he was born without arms. In spite of his lack he is learning to do virtually everything a normal boy with good arms can accomplish. At present he writes with his toes, plays marbles, throws stones, draws pictures, carries in wood, and is far ahead of the other pupils in his classroom.—Indianapolis News.

Electrical Genius