

THE SANDERSON TIMES

Volume 18

Sanderson, Texas, Saturday, Aug. 8, 1925

No. 26

W. E. STIRMAN

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Cedar, Mesquit, Oak Wood and Coal

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Sanderson, Texas.

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A brand new Ford for the brand new year! What could please your family more? Have you seen our new Sedans and Coupes? Ride in comfort the year around. Phone us and will be glad to give you demonstration.

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Select any of our many prices between \$25 and \$60 and try and duplicate their Value in Genuine Custom Tailoring.

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Fishing Lines and Hooks.
Folding Cots and Stools
Coleman Camp Stoves

Also Baseballs, Bats and Gloves of all kinds, Tennis Balls.

Call and let us show them.

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SANDERSON MERCANTILE CO.
THE STORE OF SERVICE AND QUALITY

ANALYSIS OF CITY WATER.

The following analysis of our drinking water was made thru the efforts of D. W. Morgan, manager of the Sanderson Ice, Water & Light Co. We print it, due to the fact that very few know what good water Sanderson has:

Constituents	Parts per 100,000
Total soluble matter	28.00
Silica (SiO ₂)	1.63
Iron and aluminum oxides	.12
Calcium (Ca.)	6.07
Magnesium (Mg.)	1.76
Bicarbonate (Hco ₃)	27.70
Carbonate (Co ₃)	.45
Sulphate (So ₄)	2.00
Chloride (CL)	3.00

Parts per 100,000	
Total alkalinity	23.5 as CaCO ₃
Temporary hardness	22.75 as CaCO ₃
Negative hardness	.75 as CaCO ₃
Magnesium	7.2 as CaCO ₃
Sodium sulphate	2.9 as CaCO ₃
Sodium chloride	4.95 as CaCO ₃
Sodium carbonate	.8 as CaCO ₃
Foaming constituents	8.65 as CaCO ₃

The results of the analysis indicate a very good water with only 28 parts per 100,000 of soluble matter, no permanent hardness, but an excess of .8 of sodium carbonate.

C. W. BOTKIN,
Chemist, State Chemical Laboratory State College, N. M.

MESSANGER OF PEACE.

At the Courthouse on Wednesday, August 19, at 8 p. m., Mr. S. H. Toutjian of Brooklyn, New York, one of the speakers for the International Bible Students Association, will present from the prophecies the Bible cure for the ills of war.

The lecture is based upon a study of the prophecy of Isaiah 52:7, 8, which reads, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth! Thy watchmen shall lift up the voice; with the voice together shall they sing; for they shall see eye to eye, when the Lord shall bring again Zion." The seats are free and there are no collections.

—Contributed.

MISS WILLIAMS HONORED

Mrs. J. W. McKee and daughter, Miss Merle, honored Miss Gazelle Williams, a bride of the month, with a forty-two luncheon on Tuesday, August 4. Covers were laid for the following guests: Misses Gazelle Williams, horoore; Louise Williams, Mesdames T. L. Williams, C. S. Gardiner, Anne Ware, W. H. Savage; Messrs. J. A. White, T. L. Williams, Fred Talbot, Floyd Lloyd and J. W. McKee. After a lovely three course luncheon was served, the guests enjoyed a number of games of forty-two. Miss Louise Williams received a beautiful cut-glass perfume container for high score. Mr. Fred Talbot, holding high score for men, received a pair of silk hose. Miss Williams was presented with a beautiful traveling case containing a pearl handled manicuring set as guest prize.

NOTICE.

All interested in music will please see me at Mrs. Ware's residence in order that I may arrange for your instruments and music. Would like to start my class with public school. MRS. CLYDE MILLS.

T. R. Kuykendall left Sunday for his home in El Paso after several days visit with friends and relatives in the city. He was joined here by Mrs. Kuykendall, who had been visiting her sister, Mrs. J. E. Dewees, in Floresville.

Miss Verna Rhody of Lincoln, Nebraska, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Lee Williams, at the Bledsoe apartments.

Mrs. T. E. Bryan and daughter of Breckenridge, Texas are visiting their parents and grand-parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Bodkin.

Miss Mary Alice Happle came in the first of the week from Corsicana, Texas, where she attended school this past term, to visit her father, J. W. Happle.

Subscribe for the Times.

ANNOUNCEMENT PARTY.

On Friday, July 31, Mrs. Clyde Griffith honored Miss Gazelle Williams with a party announcing her approaching wedding to Mr. J. A. White on August 10, 1925.

Her beautiful new home was decorated with cut flowers and ferns, the color scheme being pink and white. Forty-two was enjoyed throughout the afternoon in which Mrs. Max Bogusch held high score, receiving pretty hand embroidered breakfast curtains. Second prize, a hand embroidered linen towel, was awarded Mrs. McKinney, Mrs. W. H. Savage receiving a tea towel for low score. Mrs. Couch received beautiful shoe trees as cut prize. The honor guest, Miss Williams, was presented with a lovely bottle of toilet water.

Lovely refreshments of angel food cake and marshmallow pudding were served. Plate favors were dainty pink roses in which nestled Dan Cupid with a card bearing the names of Miss Williams and Mr. White.

RATTLE OF THE RAIL.

Engineer J. M. Ritz has been assigned to a switch engine at El Paso.

Fireman D. Newton who has been working out of here for some time has been assigned to a passenger run between El Paso and Sanderson.

Engineer J. Cottle of Del Rio is now running the night switch engine here, Engineer Givler taking the extra board.

Fireman L. C. Gillespie returned Tuesday morning from a visit to El Paso.

Automatic block signals have been installed between Sanderson and Feedora, signal gangs working on line east of there also.

Engineer Mac West has returned to El Paso.

Ed Downie returned Wednesday from Brady where he attended the Sheep & Goat Raisers' Association Convention which was held in that city last week. He shipped home a number of fine registered billies and rams which he bought while at the Convention.

Mrs. Clyde Mills and daughter, Miss Lou Olive, came in the latter part of last week from Georgetown, Texas, where they have been visiting with friends and relatives. While in Georgetown Mrs. Mills took a special course in music and harmony at Southwestern University.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Lemons have returned from a visit with relatives in East St. Louis, Ill. They report as having had a wonderful time, however, they were delayed somewhat on the return trip home due to the rains.

Mrs. Flora Reeve left Monday for Munith, Michigan, where she was called on account of the serious illness of her mother. Her many friends here hope that upon her arrival there she will find her mother very much improved.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Howard and children are visiting friends and relatives in Del Rio. While away they expect to spend several days on Devil's River camping and fishing.

T. C. Laurence and family of Denver, Colo., spent Tuesday here as the guest of his brother, H. R. Laurence and family.

Misses Bethilda and Louise Cavender left last Saturday for San Antonio where they will enter Draughtons Business College.

Max Bogusch is in New Orleans shopping for jewelry and Christmas goods.

Mrs. A. C. Clatfelter and children are visiting friends and relatives in El Paso, Texas.

Mrs. T. R. Arrington has as her guests Miss Margaret Gates, Mrs. McKinney Swope and children of Bonham, Texas.

PLAYGROUND OF TEXAS.

Are we West Texans neglecting our opportunity? Is there any special reason why hundreds of people from all parts of Texas, Louisiana, and Mississippi should go to California and Colorado every summer when West Texas has just as picturesque scenery, just as ideal climatic conditions? A few people have already sensed the value of what this section has to offer summer tourists and two large church encampments have been located in the Davis Mountains, one at Paisano and one at Skillman Grove.

To these encampments thousands of people from every section of Texas come for purposes of recreation and rest. They return to their tasks better prepared physically, morally and spiritually to render a higher quality of service. Our State is yet young; her resources are almost unlimited; and her people have been engaged in the mad pursuit of wealth. But the day is soon coming when the Davis Mountains will be the playground of Texas. The lure of the picturesque mountains, the invigorating climate, the cloudless skies, and the call of the wild will attract people from all over Texas in ever increasing numbers to this section when once the advantages of the climate and scenery are presented to them in proper form.

If West Texas is ever to come into her own, the people of West Texas must put their hands to the plow and drive straight to

(Continued on last page)

CONFIDENCE

With Double Meaning:

One means to trust and believe

IN

the honesty and integrity of another. The other has reference to keeping secret things of a private nature.

THIS BANK

Has the One, and Practices the Other. We have the CONFIDENCE of our patrons, and we hold in strict CONFIDENCE their financial affairs.

THIS IS PROVEN BY

The large and growing number of satisfied depositors who know "No non-interest bearing or unsecured depositor ever lost a dollar in a Guaranty Fund Bank in the State of Texas."

Sanderson State Bank

A Guaranty Fund Bank

By Advertising in the Times Insures Increased Profits in Your pockets

We Carry Everything Handled In A General Store

DRY GOODS

The Season's New and Best Styles

DRESS GOODS,

MEN'S SUITS,

HATS, CAPS,

BOOTS AND SHOES.

GROCERIES

We Have Everything That's Good to Eat

Canned Vegetables and

Fruits,

Jellies, Jams,

Teas and Coffee.

HARDWARE

We Are Headquarters for

Hardware, Oil, Paints

Stoves, Pipe Fittings,

Wire, Nails,

Studebaker Wagons

FURNITURE

We Have a Nice Line of

Chairs, Rockers, Tables,

Dressers, Beds,

Springs and

Mattresses.

LUMBER

Anything You Want in

Building Material, Sash

Doors, Cement, Lime

Brick, Roofing,

Fencing.

THE KERR MERC. COMPANY

What Can the Scientist Do? He Can Only Say: "Well, There Is Evolution"

By VERNON KELLOGG, National Research Council.

E VOLUTION is an accepted reality among biologists. These men, thousands of them, trained in a technique which enables them to study penetratingly the phenomena of life, and devoted to a disinterested search for truth, find these phenomena consonant with the conception of evolution. As the examination of these phenomena extends and grows in precision, the evidence for evolution cumulates both as to quantity and quality. The more we know about living things the more nearly absolute becomes our conviction of the reality of evolution. Whether we want to believe in evolution or not, we simply have to.

The world seems eager to hear from the technical men of science what they can learn and tell of the cause and cures of disease, the handling of electricity and radioactivity, the analysis and synthesis of chemical compounds, the biological basis of plant and animal breeding and of agriculture and forestry and fisheries, of heredity and variation, of environmental influence, of glands and hormones, of calories and vitamins. And the world accepts gladly and confidently what the scientific men tell it about these things.

But when the scientific man finds and declares the reality of evolution by using the same methods by which he finds out these other things, and by finding the same kind of proofs on which his declarations regarding these things are based, then the world, or a certain part of it, cries: "No, we do not want evolution; we will not have it." What can the scientific man do in these circumstances? He can only say: "Well, there is evolution."

Until Just Yesterday Man Had Only Three or Four Ways to Preserve Food

By JAMES H. COLLINS, in Compress Air Magazine.

Until just yesterday, hardly one hundred years ago, man had only three or four ways to preserve food, and the present generation turns up its nose at most of them. There was salting. Think of the present generation tolerating salt pork! And there were pickling, smoking, crude drying, preserving in sugar or fat. Canning, cold storage and dehydration are the modern methods, and all three of them include air power somewhere.

Dehydration is the newest and perhaps the most promising. Man originally dried some perishable foods in the sun. Then he dried them by artificial heat in various kinds of kilns. They kept pretty well, but had a cooked flavor because the heat was too high or the drying too fast.

Now, new processes of dehydration are being worked out by which gentle heat, in vacuum, extracts moisture from fresh foods without breaking down their cellular structure; or liquid foods are converted into dry powder by spraying them into heated air with compressed air. By gently drying fresh food in vacuum it is possible to turn a bushel of potatoes into ten or twelve pounds of chips, or a bushel of spinach into one pound of shavings. Soak them in water, and they "come back" absolutely fresh if dehydration has been skillfully done.

It Was Not the Purpose or Intent of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law

By JUSTICE STONE, United States Supreme Court Decision.

It was not the purpose or the intent of the Sherman anti-trust law to inhibit the intelligent conduct of business operations, nor do we conceive that its purpose was to suppress such influence as might affect the operations of interstate commerce through the application to them of the individual intelligence of those engaged in commerce, enlightened by accurate information as to the essential elements of the economics of a trade or business, however gathered or disseminated. . . . Trade associations or combinations of persons or corporations which openly and fairly gather and disseminate information as to the cost of their product, the volume of production, the actual price which the product has brought in past transactions, stocks of merchandise on hand, approximate cost of transportation from the principal point of shipment to the points of consumption, as did these defendants, and who, as they did, meet and discuss such information and statistics, without, however, reaching or attempting to reach any agreement or any concerted action with respect to prices or production or restraining competition, do not thereby engage in unlawful restraint of commerce.

Our Delegation to Pan-American Road Congress at Buenos Aires

By H. H. RICE, Chairman United States Delegation.

The road congress at Buenos Aires next October, called by the Argentine government, had its inception at the last Pan-American conference at Santiago. The delegation of seven members, appointed by President Coolidge to represent the United States, is but one of a large number of similar groups, representing every nation in the Pan-American union. We feel that our mission is important on account of this country's long and costly experience. Those who have been connected with the good-roads movement in the United States have learned many lessons which should be of the greatest value to any other nation in the earlier stages of highway development. If we can help our sister nations of the South to avoid the needless waste of time and millions of dollars before highway construction had become systematized as it is now in this country, we feel that our return trip to South America will be productive of as good results as the delegates from the Latin American countries were kind enough to say resulted from their visit to the United States last year.

"Sex-Complex" Not the Master Key That Unlocks Every Riddle of Life

By VIOLA PARADISE, in Forum.

A few years ago, when the shadow of Freud came west to America and the parlor analyst eclipsed the parlor socialist, it might have been expected to pass on presently or be blotted out by a newer, darker disk—a repressionist patter, perhaps, or—why not?—a compressionist school. But no. Even today, let some ingenuitous venture, "I had the queerest dream—" and all at once we see a crowd, a host of parlor analysts. The obliging interpreters listen—though this is hardly necessary—look wise, and at the end exclaim in an "I-know-something-about-you" tone, "Aha! That means sex! You have a sex-complex!"

No, the theory of the "sex-complex" is not the master key which unlocks every riddle of life. A few of the minor riddles, perhaps, and even a major riddle or two. And it must not be forgotten that a key turns two ways. In any case, "sex-complex" is too ambitious a title for the service it performs. "Sex-simplex" better suits the unalloyed, one-dimensional, homogeneous and constant interpretation.

THE PASSING DAY

WILL H. MAYES
Department of Journalism
University of Texas

Experimenting in Egg Production.



The Chamber of Commerce at Brady is sponsoring a \$10,000 chicken farm, the purpose of which is to show that there is money in the production of infertile eggs in that locality. The hope is that such a showing may be made that enough farmers will go into the business to ship a carload of eggs a day from Brady. Brady is already engaged largely in the turkey business and the farmers do not have to be shown that turkeys pay. Turkeys are a one season crop, the market lasting only through the fall and early winter months, but eggs are marketable every day in the year.

Weatherford Wants Music.

Weatherford is not satisfied merely to be known as the biggest watermelon market in Texas, shipping a thousand carloads a year. The city is considering the support of a municipal band by taxation under the new law permitting incorporated towns to levy a tax for that purpose. Weatherford has long been a place noted for its culture and for its interest in everything educational and upbuilding, and it should support its band liberally to sustain that reputation. About seventy Texas towns have already voted such a tax or are now considering it. An Austin music merchant says that the sale of band instruments has increased 400 per cent in Texas in the last three years. Texas likes good music.

Railroads Fighting Over Texas.

Not many years ago anybody who could organize a company and get it financed could build a railroad wherever he pleased. Since the government fixes and controls railroad rates and governs railroad competition, it also controls railroad building to prevent roads from overcrowding a territory. Several roads have asked for permission to build extensions into the prosperous plains country of Texas and the application of each road is being fought by the others that are either in the territory or wanting to build there. Some places urge that they are without roads and need railroad facilities close at hand without being forced to go many miles to a railroad. Other places charge that the roads they have, being without competition, do not give good service. The country wants all the railroads it can get because it gets better service with competition; the roads want to serve as large a territory and as many people as possible without competition. There is a big fight on in the Plains country over railroad building.

Consolation Over California.

Texas people who have been sweating in heat ranging from 100 to 110 degrees are getting some consolation out of the report that the thermometer has been at 114 in Sacramento and so high at Fresno that they have quit reporting it. Friends writing back say that the pleasure of sleeping under blankets does not compensate for the intense heat of the day. They are also felicitating themselves that they have escaped earthquakes so far. The Texas stay-at-homes are beginning to think that ours is after all a pretty good climate. Those who look ahead a bit say that in a few years the Magic Valley of the Rio Grande will surpass California in its tropical beauty, and that in the Davis mountains Texans will find all the delights of California nights without having to cross the deserts or sleep in the fear of an earthquake.

Candidates Announcing Early.

Already candidates for governor are announcing in Texas and it is about a year before the first primary. The prospects now are that there will be at least a half dozen candidates and probably none of them will hope to do more in the first primary than to get into the run-off primary. Politics in Texas is about the most uncertain game into which any one can go. The surprising thing is that so many are ready to run for offices that pay so little either in money or in honors. This column does not give political advice—in fact it stays clear of politics—but it is not above advising voters not to pledge their support to any one until it is learned just who will be candidates and upon what they will base their candidates. It is too early for issues to be formed.

Poor Letter Writers.

It is surprising the inattention that even business men give to answering letters. A Texas editor writes that only one out of a number of Texas editors responded to a recent request and added that "Texas editors as a rule must be poor business men. If I may judge from the most uncertain business letters." This writer has had about the same experience. Even where a card was enclosed for reply to what was to him an important matter only about one in three answered. Most successful business men make it a rule to give some kind of an answer to every letter that seems to solicit attention.

Short Corn Crop.

Dallas, Tex.—Estimate of the short-corn crop in 30 years, following closely upon reports indicating exceedingly short wheat and oat yields, coupled with steadily declining condition of the cotton crop were regarded overshadowing factors in the monthly business condition report issued several days ago by the eleventh district federal reserve bank at Dallas. The low yield of feed crops mean that farmers will be forced to make heavy purchases of feed.

Chief Bender Aids Eddie Collins



The strategy board of the Chicago White Sox, the American league entry. Left to right: Eddie Collins, manager, and "Chief" Charles A. Bender, newly appointed coach. The chief, a former star pitcher with the 1910 championship Philadelphia Athletics, with Manager Collins, an old teammate, now compose the team-directing staff.

Diamond Notes

Boston has 300 diamonds for amateur baseball.

The Cincinnati pitching staff is going along at a fine rate.

St. Petersburg won the first half-pennant in the Florida league.

The attendance at the Yankee games this year has fallen off nearly 40 per cent.

In 1904 the Athletics of Brooklyn won the baseball championship, going through the season without a defeat.

J. L. Davenport, left-hand pitcher with the Chicago White Sox, was purchased by Minneapolis.

Tony Faeth, pitcher, was released unconditionally by the St. Paul club of the American association.

Philadelphia fans had been away from the ball park so long they had to learn the rules all over again this spring.

The sale of Pitcher Win Ballou, of the Chattanooga team to the Washington Americans for full delivery, is announced.

John Williams, Indian southpaw pitcher, has joined Scranton, being transferred there by Bridgeport of the Eastern league.

Add droll spectacles: The 238-pound grandstand athlete bawling "Flatfoot" at a home team player caught off first.

Something's wrong: Whenever Everett Scott becomes too old and infirm for a debut ball club he is sold to a pennant contender.

"In baseball," says a New York editorial writer, "when you knock a ball over the fence you are out." Mr. Ruth has been getting away with murder.

Few of us have ever seen legs large enough to fill a pair of these balloon trousers, unless they belonged to Charley Hickman, the old-time ballplayer.

Elwood Wirtz, catcher with Minneapolis of the American association, was traded to San Antonio of the Texas league, for George Brovold, an infielder.

John (Snipe) Conley, manager of Dallas, in order to keep his team within the pay-limit has benched himself as a pitcher. That may mean that he is through as a pitcher.

Harry McCurdy, Houston catcher, is being pointed out as the only real thing in the 1925 crop of backstops in the league. The former St. Louis Cardinal certainly has been hitting the ball hard.

Rogers Hornsby is a 10-to-1 shot to lead the National league in batting this season and, if he keeps up his terrific hitting, he may even break the league record of .438 made by Hugh Duffy of the old Bostonians in 1894.

Hugh McQuillan Big Help



Pitcher Hugh McQuillan has been a big help to Manager McGraw in keeping the Giants at the top in the race for the pennant in the National league.

Leonard and Walker Bout Quite Certain

The proposed fight between Mickey Walker and Benny Leonard late this summer appears to be more than mere idle talk. Following his rather unpleasant session with the boxing commission several days ago, Jack Kearns told newspaper men that Walker and Leonard are a certainty to meet some time in September.

"We will offer Leonard so much that he will be forced to come out of retirement," said Kearns. Who will make the offer or where it will be held could not be learned.

Castleman Is Captain



Charles T. Castleman of Leesburg, Va., hurdler and relay star, has been chosen as captain of the 1926 track team of the University of Virginia. He is a well-known quarter-mile star and has been one of the most consistent point scorers.

Sport Notes

The United States Golf association is 31 years old.

A race track for greyhounds is to be erected in New Orleans, La.

Taking the world over, more people play billiards than any other game.

Harvard lost 37 star athletes by graduation, 9 being football players.

A club has been organized to conduct greyhound racing in New Orleans.

In the great English Derby of 1884 St. Gatien and Harvester ran a dead heat.

The first tournament for the British open golf championship was held in the year 1890.

Colorado Aggies will visit the University of Hawaii for a football game during the Christmas holidays.

Ohio State stadium will be the scene of the big track and field meet of New York Central employees on September 28.

Raymond W. Pond, better known as "Ducky," will direct athletics at the Hotchkiss school, Lakeville, Conn., beginning in the fall.

Morris Kaplin is the real name of Red Chapman, the Boston boy who has laid claim to the featherweight title since defeating Johnny Dundee.

Louis Gross, former athletic star at the University of Minnesota, has received an offer to become assistant varsity line coach at the University of Kentucky.

Raymond Bates Buker, American representative in the Paris Olympic games and famous mile runner, a few days ago received a degree in theology at Boston university.

Scotch Terrier Aids Golfer Make Birdie

While playing a round with his brother, D. M. Wolf and Cecil Spedden, in the qualification round of a recent tournament, J. H. Lassell of the Maryland Country club became a principal in a unique golf situation.

Lassell was on the second green in two and had a 15-foot putt for his birdie 3. Just as he tapped the ball with his putter a small Scotch terrier, which had been lying down on the green just off the carpet, dashed on to the sward, skidded across the green and seized the ball a short distance from the cup. The next instant the dog had dropped the gutta percha into the cup. There has been a great deal of argument since as to just how many strokes Lassell should have credited himself for the hole.

JENNINGS ALLOWS GIANTS TO THINK

Players Act Pretty Much on Their Own Initiative in Game.

Rogers Hornsby, when he took over the management of the St. Louis Cardinals, said he was going to operate on the theory that every one of his men knew how to play his position and was qualified to do a little thinking of his own. Hornsby has the sound argument that his players can handle their own position, or they wouldn't be in the big leagues and he is smart enough to let his players know that he does not aspire to become a "master mind."

John McGraw's claim that in the world's series games of the past four years he ordered every ball that was thrown by his pitchers and directed every play that was made on the defense, started a lot of speculation about the wisdom of "master minding."

Some competent baseball men said that McGraw was trying to throw off the opposition by his claim of "master minding" and that he was trying to focus the enemy observation on him so that the signals, if any, could be passed from some other player.

Others insisted that McGraw was serious in taking the responsibility entirely on his shoulders and denying the players any initiative. But regardless of his motives, the team won four pennants, although the master mind could not win every game for his club.

Early this season, McGraw was laid up with a severe cold and the team was handled for weeks by Hugh Jennings, the former manager of the Detroit Tigers, who has been acting as McGraw's assistant for several years. It was apparent to all of those who observed the team that Jennings was not "master minding" and that the players were acting a lot on their own. The team played just as well for Jennings as it did for McGraw.

Big Peril to Hurlers



Jonathan Brooks, more popularly known as "Mandy," recently secured by the Chicago Cubs, is hitting the ball at a terrific rate. He is fast on the paths and fields cleverly. He comes from Columbus, Ohio.

Active Newspaper Man in Professional Baseball

In Southpaw Stanwood Fulton Baumgartner, the Athletics have one of the few active newspaper men in professional baseball. Numerous players have taken to writing after they quit the diamond, or had special stuff under their signatures during the world series games, but Baumgartner is the real thing. He was the correspondent for a Philadelphia daily, covering his team's activities at the Ft. Myers (Fla.) training camp, and he still keeps his hands in typewriter practice. A University of Chicago graduate, he intends to make newspaper work—and not necessarily the sporting end of it—his life work after he has laid aside his glove and uniform. He is now enjoying a splendid major league comeback. He was with the Phillies several years ago and then dropped to the minors. Last year he came up to the big show again and made good for Connie Mack, and promises to give much help to Gray, Rommel, Harris and Groves in the A's batting with the Senators and Indians.

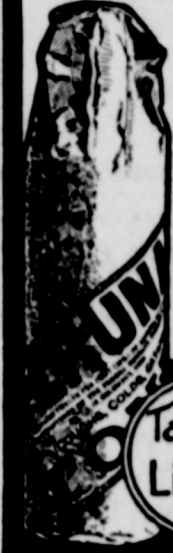
PE-RU-NA FOR STOMACH CATARRH

Few, if any, remedies can equal the value of Pe-ru-na for catarrh of the stomach.

At this season it is estimated that every third person is more or less troubled with this form of catarrh.

BE READY

Have the Proper Medicine in the House. — Sold Everywhere



Green's August Flower for Constipation, Indigestion and Terpid Liver. Successful for 50 years. No and the bottles ALL DRUGGISTS

Guinea Pig's History

When the Spaniards first invaded the Andean region of South America the guinea pig was found domesticated and living in large numbers in the houses of the Indians, by whom it was used for food. The cavy was carried to Europe by Dutch traders during the sixteenth century. Since then it has been kept in the Old world and in North America chiefly as a pet, and until recently has been generally regarded as an animal of little practical utility. The name pig is readily suggested by its form, but the origin of "guinea" as applied to it is unknown, but may be a corruption of "Gulana pig."

Tokyo's Great Subway

The cost of constructing Tokyo's new subway system will be somewhere in the neighborhood of 187,000,000 yen, according to the plans drawn up by the municipal authorities. There will be about 40 miles of the subway. It is expected that the surveying of routes will be started shortly and actual construction work begun toward the end of the year or early next spring.

Mad at Somebody

"So Madam Ruff slings with feeling!" "Oh, yes! Hard feelings, I should say."

Always

A safe and soothing remedy for cuts, burns, or skin troubles. Protects, relieves and heals. Take internally for coughs and sore throats.

Vaseline

PETROLEUM JELLY. Cheesbrough Mfg. Co., Con'd. State St. New York



Cuticura Toilet Trio

Send for Samples. To Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. M, Malden, Mass.

Dickey's OLD RELIABLE Eye Water. relieves sun and wind-burned eyes. Doesn't hurt. Genuine in Red Folding Box. For all druggists or by mail. DICKEY DRUG CO., Bristol, Va.-Tenn.

SO BIG

BY EDNA FERBER

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WNU Service.

CHAPTER XIV—Continued

The Talks for Women on the Subject of Finance were held every two weeks in the crystal room of the Blackstone and were a great success. Paula was right. Much of old Aug Hempel's shrewdness and business foresight had descended to her. The women came—widows with money to invest; business women who had thriftily saved a portion of their salaries; moneyed women who wanted to manage their own property, or who resented a husband's interference. Some came out of curiosity. Others for lack of anything better to do. Others to gaze on the well-known banker or lawyer or business man who was scheduled to address the meeting. Dirk spoke three or four times during the winter and was markedly a favorite. The women, in smart crepe gowns and tailored suits and small chic hats, twittered and murmured about him, even while they sensibly digested his well-thought-out remarks. He looked very handsome, clean-cut, and distinguished there on the platform in his admirably tailored clothes, a small white flower in his buttonhole. He talked easily, clearly, fluently; answered the questions put to him afterward with just the right mixture of thoughtful hesitation and confidence.

It was decided that for the national advertising there must be an illustration that would catch the eye of women, and interest them. The person to do it, Dirk thought, was this Dallas O'Mara whose queer hen-track signature you saw scrawled on half the advertising illustrations, that caught your eye. Paula had not been enthusiastic about this idea.

"M-m-m, she's very good," Paula had said, guardedly, "but aren't there others who are better?"

"She!" Dirk had exclaimed. "Is it a woman? I didn't know. That name might be anything."

"Oh, yes, she's a woman. She's said to be very—very attractive."

Dirk sent for Dallas O'Mara. She replied, suggesting an appointment two weeks from that date. Dirk decided not to wait, consulted other commercial artists, looked at their work, heard their plans outlined, and was satisfied with none of them. The time was short. Ten days had passed. He had his secretary call Dallas O'Mara on the telephone. Could she come down to see him that day at eleven?

No; she worked until four daily at her studio.

Could she come to his office at four-thirty, then?

Yes, but wouldn't it be better if he could come to her studio where he could see something of the various types of drawings—oil, or black-and-white, or crayons. She was working mostly in crayons now.

All this relayed by his secretary at the telephone to Dirk at his desk. He jammed his cigarette end viciously into a tray, blew a final infuriated wrath of smoke, and picked up the telephone connection on his own desk. "One of those d-d temperamental near-artists trying to be grand," he muttered, his hand over the mouthpiece. "Here, Miss Rawlings—I'll talk to her. Switch her over."

"Hello, Miss—uh—O'Mara. This is Mr. DeJong talking. I much prefer that you come to my office and talk to me." (No more of this nonsense.)

Her voice: "Certainly, if you prefer. I thought the other would save us both some time. I'll be there at four-thirty." Her voice was leisurely, low, rounded. An admirable voice. Restful.

"Very well. Four-thirty," said Dirk, crisply. Jerked the receiver onto the hook. That was the way to handle 'em. These females of forty with straggling hair and a bundle of drawings under their arm.

The female of forty with straggling hair and a bundle of drawings under her arm was announced at four-thirty to the dot. Dirk let her wait five minutes in the outer office, being still a little annoyed. At four-thirty-five there entered his private office a tall slim girl in a smart little broadtail jacket, fur-trimmed skirt, and a black hat at once so daring and so simple that even a man must recognize its French nationality. She carried no portfolio of drawings under her arms.

Through the man's mind flashed a series of unbusinesslike thoughts such as: "Gosh! . . . Eyes! . . . That's way I like to see girl dress."

Tired looking. . . . No, guess it's her eyes—sort of fatigued. . . . Pretty. . . . No, she isn't. . . . yes, she. . . . Aloud he said, "This is very kind of you, Miss O'Mara." Then he thought that sounded pompous and said, curtly, "Sit down."

Miss O'Mara sat down. Miss O'Mara looked at him with her tired deep blue eyes. Miss O'Mara said nothing. She regarded him pleasantly, quietly, composedly. He waited for her to say that

usually she did not come to business offices; that she had only twenty minutes to give him; that the day was warm, or cold; his office handsome; the view over the river magnificent. Miss O'Mara said nothing, pleasantly. So Dirk began to talk, rather hurriedly.

Now, this was a new experience for Dirk DeJong. Usually women spoke to him first and fluently. Quiet women waxed voluble under his silence; voluble women chattered. Paula always spoke a hundred words to his one. But here was a woman more silent than he; not sullenly silent, nor heavily silent, but quietly, composedly, restfully silent.

"I'll tell you the sort of thing we want, Miss O'Mara," he told her. When he had finished she probably would burst out with three or four plans. The others had done that. "I'll think about it for a couple of days while I'm working on something else. I always do. I'm doing a soap picture now. I can begin work on yours Wednesday."

"But I'd like to see it—that is, I'd like to have an idea of what you're planning to do with it." Did she think he was going to let her go ahead without consulting his judgment?

"Oh, it will be all right. But drop into the studio if you like. It will take me about a week, I suppose. I'm over on Ontario in that old studio building. You'll know it by the way most of the bricks have fallen out of the building and are scattered over the sidewalk." She smiled a slow wide smile. Her teeth were good but her mouth was too big, he thought. Nice big warm kind of smile, though. He found himself smiling, too, sociably. Then he became businesslike again. Very businesslike.

"How much do you—what is your—what would you expect to get for a drawing such as that?"

"Fifteen hundred dollars," said Miss O'Mara.

"Nonsense," he looked at her then. Perhaps that had been humor. But she was not smiling. "You mean fifteen hundred for a single drawing?"

"For that sort of thing, yes."

"I'm afraid we can't pay that, Miss O'Mara."

Miss O'Mara stood up. "That is my price," she was not at all embarrassed. He realized that he had never seen such effortless composure. It was as if she was fumbling with the objects on his flat-topped desk—a pen, a sheet of paper, a blotter. "Good-by, Mr.—DeJong." She held out a friendly hand. He took it. Her hair was gold—dull gold, not bright—and coiled in a single great knot at the back of her head, low. He took her hand. The tired eyes looked up at him.

"Well, if that's your price, Miss O'Mara. I wasn't prepared to pay any such—but of course I suppose you top-notchers do get crazy prices for your work."

"Not any crazier than the prices you top-notchers get."

"Still, fifteen hundred dollars is quite a lot of money."

"I think so, too. But then, I'll always think anything over nine dollars is quite a lot of money. You see, I used to get twenty-five cents apiece for sketching hats for Gage's."

She was undeniably attractive. "And now you've arrived. You're successful."

"Arrived! Heavens, no! I've started."

"Who gets more money than you do for a drawing?"

"Nobody, I suppose."

"Well, then?"

"Well, then, in another minute I'll be telling you the story of my life."

She smiled again her slow wide smile; turned to leave. Dirk decided that while most women's mouths were merely features this girl's was a decoration.

She was gone. Miss Ethelinda Quinn et al., in the outer office, appraised the costume of Miss Dallas O'Mara from her made-to-order footgear to her made-in-France millinery and achieved a lightning mental reconstruction of their own costumes.

Dirk DeJong in the inner office realized that he had ordered a fifteen-hundred-dollar drawing, sight unseen, and that Paula was going to ask questions about it.

In the next few days he learned that a surprising lot of people knew a surprisingly good deal about this Dallas O'Mara. She hailed from Texas, hence the name. She was twenty-eight—twenty-five—thirty-two—thirty-six. She was beautiful. She was ugly. She was an orphan. She had worked her way through art school. She had no sense 'o the value of money. Two years ago she had achieved sudden success with her

drawings. Her ambition was to work in oils. She toiled like a galley slave; played like a child; had twenty beaux and no lover; her friends, men and women, were legion and wandered in and out of her studio as though it were a public thoroughfare. She supported an assortment of unlucky brothers and spineless sisters in Texas and points West.

Dirk had made the appointment with her for Thursday at three. Paula said she'd go with him, and went. She dressed for Dallas O'Mara and the result was undeniably enchanting. Dallas sometimes did a crayon portrait, or even attempted one in oils. It was considered something of an achievement to be asked to pose for her. Paula's hat had been chosen in deference to hat, hair and profile, and her pearls with an eye to all four. The whole defied competition on the part of Miss Dallas O'Mara.

Miss Dallas O'Mara, in her studio, was perched on a high stool before an easel with a large tray of assorted crayons at her side. She looked a sight and didn't care at all. She greeted Dirk and Paula with a cheerful friendliness and went right on working. A model, very smartly gowned, was sitting for her.

"Hello!" said Dallas O'Mara. "This is it. Do you think you're going to like it?"

"Oh," said Dirk. "Is that it?" It was merely the beginning of a drawing of the smartly gowned model. "Oh, that's it, is it?" Fifteen hundred dollars!

"I hope you didn't think it was going to be a picture of a woman buying bonds." She went on working. She had on a faded all-enveloping smock, over which French ink, rubber cement, pencil marks, crayon dust and wash were so impartially distributed that the whole blended and mixed in a rich mellow haze like the Chicago atmosphere itself. The collar of a white silk blouse, not especially clean, showed above this. On her feet were soft kid bedroom slippers, scuffed, with pompons on them. Her dull gold hair was carelessly rolled into that great loose knot at the back. Across one cheek was a swope of black.

"Well," thought Dirk, "she looks a sight."

Dallas O'Mara waved a friendly hand toward some chairs on which were piled hats, odd garments, bristol board and (on the broad arm of one) a piece of yellow cake. "Sit down." She called to the girl who



"Hello!" said Dallas O'Mara. "This is it. Do you think you're going to like it?"

had opened the door to them: "Gilda, will you dump some of those things. This is Mrs. Storm, Mr. DeJong—Gilda Hanan." Her secretary, Dirk later learned.

The place was disorderly, comfortable, shabby. A battered grand piano stood in one corner. A great skylight formed half the ceiling and sloped down at the north end of the room. A man and a girl sat talking earnestly on the couch in another corner. A swarthy foreign-looking chap, vaguely familiar to Dirk, was playing softly at the piano. The telephone rang. Miss Hanan took the message, transmitted it to Dallas O'Mara, received the answer, repeated it.

Perched atop the stool, one slippered foot screwed in a rung, Dallas worked concentratedly, calmly, earnestly. There was something splendid, something impressive, something magnificent about her absorption, her indifference to appearance, her unawareness of outsiders, her concentration on the work before her. Her nose was shiny. Dirk hadn't seen a girl with a shiny nose in years.

"How can you work with all this crowd around?"

"Oh," said Dallas in that deep, soft, leisurely voice of hers, "there are always between twenty and thirty"—she slapped a quick scarlet line on the board, rubbed it out at once—"thousand people in and out of here every hour, just about. I like it."

"Gosh!" he thought, "She—I don't know—she's—"

"Shall we go?" said Paula.

He had forgotten all about her.

"Yes. Yes, I'm ready if you are."

Outside, "Do you think you're going to like the picture?" Paula asked. They stepped into her car.

"Sure."

"Attractive, isn't she?"

"Think so?"

So he was going to be on his guard, was he? Paula threw in the clutch

viciously, jerked the lever into second speed. "Her neck was dirty."

"Crayon dust," said Dirk.

"Not necessarily," replied Paula. Dirk turned sideways to look at her. It was as though he saw her for the first time. She looked brittle, hard, artificial—small, somehow. Not in physique but in personality.

The picture was finished and delivered within ten days. In that time Dirk went twice to the studio in Ontario street. Dallas did not seem to mind. Neither did she appear particularly interested. She was working hard both times. Once she looked as he had seen her on his first visit. The second time she had on a fresh crisp smock of faded yellow that was glorious with her hair; and high-heeled beige kid slippers, very smart. She was like a little girl who has just been freshly scrubbed and dressed in a clean pinafore, Dirk thought.

He thought a good deal about Dallas O'Mara. He found himself talking about her in what he assumed to be a careless, offhand manner. He liked to talk about her. He told his mother of her. He could let himself go with Selma, and he must have taken advantage of this for she looked at him intently and said: "I'd like to meet her. I've never met a girl like that."

"I'll ask her if she'll let me bring you up to the studio some time when you're in town."

He did not know that Dallas played until he came upon her late one afternoon sitting at the piano in the twilight with Bert Colson, the black-face comedian. Colson sang those terrible songs about April showers bring-

ing violets, and about mah Ma-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha but they didn't seem terrible when he sang them. There was about this lean, hollow-cheeked, somber-eyed comedian a poignant pathos, a gorgeous sense of rhythm—a something unnameable that bound you to him, made you love him. In the theater he came out to the edge of the runway and took the audience in his arms. He talked like a bootblack and sang like an angel. Dallas at the piano, he leaning over it, were doing "blues." The two were rapt, ecstatic.

I got the blues—I said the blues—I got the blues or that—the something-or-other—blue—hoo-hoo. They scarcely noticed. Dirk, Dallas had nodded when he came in, and had gone on playing. Colson sang the cheaply sentimental ballad as though it were the folksong of a tragic race. His arms were extended, his face rapt. As Dallas played the tears stood in her eyes. When they had finished, "Isn't it a terrible song?" she said. "I'm crazy about it. Bert's going to try it out tonight."

"Who—uh—wrote it?" asked Dirk politely.

Dallas began to play again. "If I did, I did." They were off once more.

It was practically impossible to get a minute with her alone. That irritated him. People were always drifting in and out of the studio—queer, important, startling people; little, dejected, shabby people. An impecunious girl art student, red-haired and wistful, that Dallas was taking in until the girl got some money from home; a pearl-hung grand-opera singer who was condescending to the Chicago opera for a fortnight. They paid no attention to Dirk. Yet there was nothing rude about their indifference. They simply were more interested in what they were doing. He left telling himself that he wouldn't go there again. Hanging around a studio. But next day he was back.

"Look here, Miss O'Mara," he had got her alone for a second. "Look here, will you come out to dinner with me some time? And the theater?"

"Love to."

"When?" He was actually trembling.

"Tonight."

He had an important engagement. He cast it out of his life.

"Tonight! That's grand. Where do you want to dine? The Casino? The smartest club in Chicago; a little pink stucco Italian box of a place on the Lake Shore drive. He was rather proud of being in a position to take her there as his guest.

"Oh, no, I hate those arty little places. I like dining in a hotel full of all sorts of people. Dining in a club means you're surrounded by people who're pretty much alike. Their membership in the club means they're there because they're all interested in golf, or because they're university graduates, or belong to the same political party, or write, or paint, or have incomes of over fifty thousand a year, or something. I like 'em mixed up, biggedly-piggledly. A dining-room full of gamblers and insurance agents, and actors, merchants, thieves, bootleggers, lawyers, kept ladies, wives, flaps, traveling men, millionaires—everything. That's what I call dining out. Unless one is dining at a friend's house, of course." A rarely long speech for her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Marvels of Jelly-Fish

The jelly-fish has a truly wonderful way of reproducing its species. In most cases the beginning is an egg, which, lying on the bottom, produces a beautiful tree-like growth. The "tree" fastens itself to the bottom and brings forth buds which, when ripe, drop off and develop into jelly-fish. The latter in turn lay eggs and the process is repeated. Most of the very large species have a different way of reproducing themselves. The egg is set free in the water and develops into a pear-shaped larva, which for a while swims about rapidly, being provided with hair-like appendages that serve the purpose of ears. Then the larva settles down, anchors itself to the bottom, increases in size rapidly, and finally splits up into thin, flat discs which swim off and grow up into large jelly-fishes.

Vice President Visits R. O. T. C. at Camp Custer



Vice President Hoover spent a busy 24 hours with the R. O. T. C. corps at Camp Custer, Michigan. He is shown at the right, watching the men at their training; at the left is a group of members of the corps building a platoon bridge in the record time of three minutes.

Sydney, Australia, Visited by American Fleet



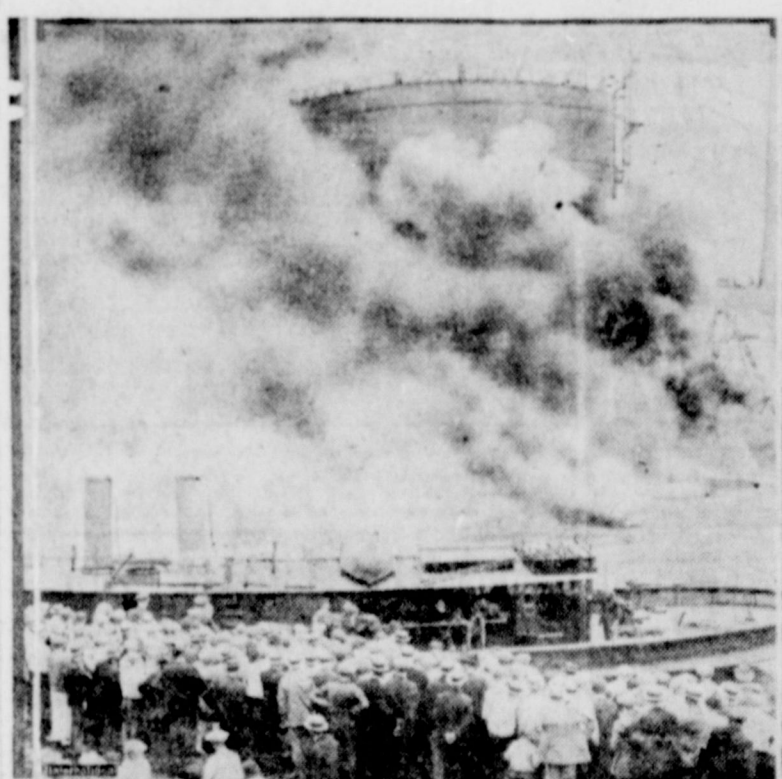
View of part of Sydney, Australia, and its beautiful harbor where the American fleet anchors during its stay there. On the left are the Botanical gardens and at the right is the Circular quay.

AIDS LEGION'S FUND



Captain Charles Nungesser, French ace of aces, who is taking part in the American Legion endowment fund campaign by distributing pledge cards from the sky. Whenever a finder sends the card and a donation to the fund, he receives a photograph of the aviator.

Great Gasoline Blast in Chicago



Thousands of lives and great properties were imperiled by the explosion of 90,000 gallons of gasoline on a barge in the north branch of the Chicago river. Huge gas and oil storage tanks were close by, but the firemen averted the threatened disaster. Great crowds risked their lives to watch the conflagration.

Polish Foreign Minister Is Here

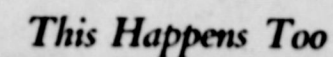


Count Alexander Skrzynski, Polish minister of foreign affairs, calling upon Secretary of State Frank B. Kellogg following his visit to Swampscott, Mass. He came to America especially to take part in the conference of the Institute of Politics at Williamstown, Mass.

TO DIVE 5,000 FEET



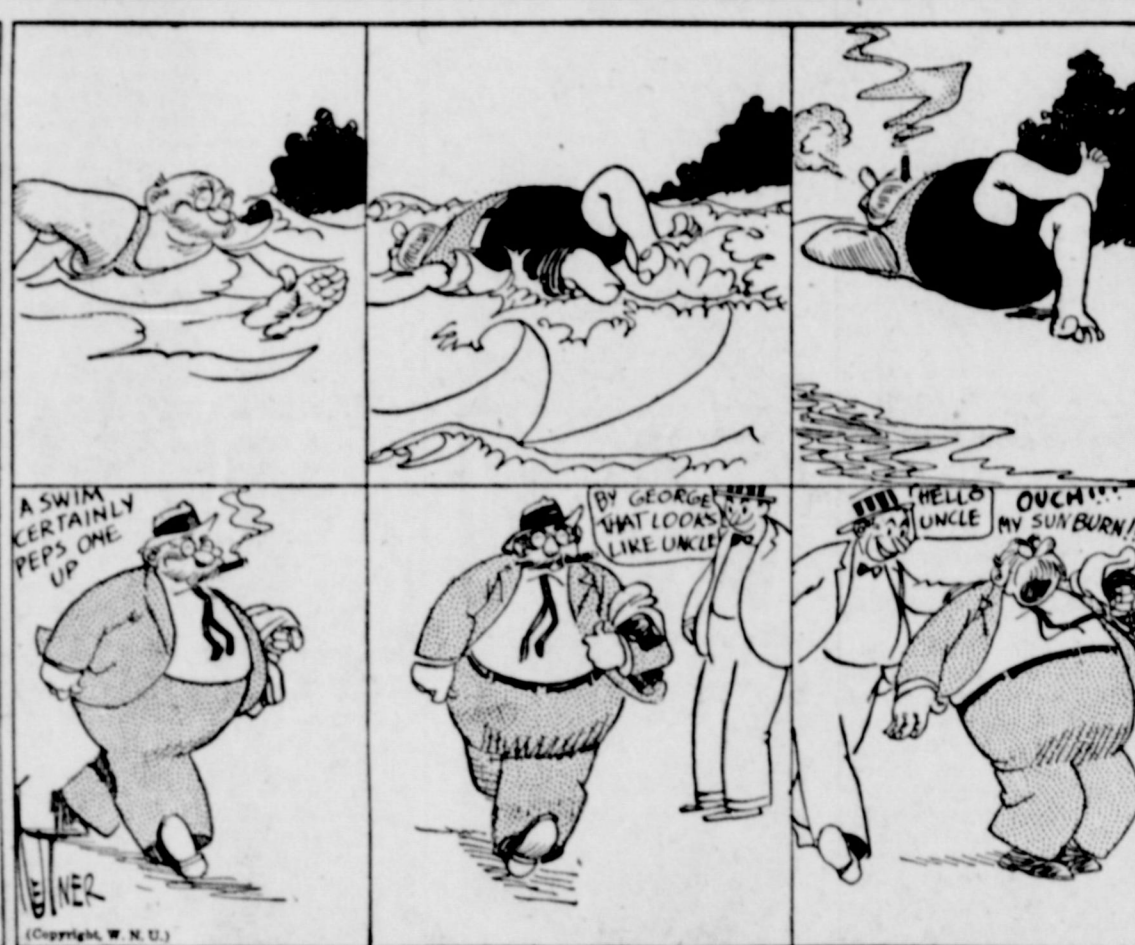
Dr. Hans Hartman of New York, who is developing a deep-sea diving apparatus in which he expects to go to a depth of 5,000 feet off the north African coast for scientific observations. He will make photographs with the camera on the front of the cylinder. Doctor Hartman is the only man to have attained a depth of 1,500 feet.



MISS LUCY WANTER KNOW
IS AN EVUH SEED A HANT
IN DE SAME PLACE
TWCET, BUT AN AIN'
NEVUH BIN ROUN' NO
HANTED PLACE TWCET!



Our Pet Peeve



JOHN, PLEASE CLOSE THE DOOR.

WELL! HOW DE DO!

WOW!

WOW!

HERE'S A FRESH BULB BURN FOR YOU! HE WAS OUT ON YOUR KEEPER.

J-J-JOHN, D-D-DON'T YOU THANK YOUR BETTER CLOSE THE WINDOWS AND DOORS WHILE I UNWRAP HIM? H-H-HES VERY W-W-WARM.

AW BOSH! BOSH! FRESH AIR NEVER HURT ANY BODY - IT'S GOOD FOR HIM - LOOK AT ME!

NO! IT'S MORE HOME-LIKE THAN THAT OUT DOORS

CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO A GOOD TO EAT PLACE?

WOW!

DUG

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**The
Clancy Kids**
Some Teeth In Timmie's
Remarks

By
FERCY L. CROSBY
by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate



"You say Turkish atrocities will rise to new heights this year?"
 "Yes; Turkey is importing automobiles as never before."



THEY NEVER DO THEN.

"Do you object to your husband staying out late at nights."

"Not if I'm with him."