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Brackett News-Mail

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THE EDITOR GOES ON AN AUTO TRIP

The readers of the News-Mail have known that for some time the mother of the Editor was ill at the home of her daughter at Carbondale, Kan. The Editor had not seen her for more than 11 years. Mother had written frequently that she wanted to see both him and her oldest son, J. M., who lives at San Antonio, before she passed on.

So, some time since J. M. was phoned, asking if it was possible for him to take his auto and the two of them drive up to Kansas. The reply was favorable and on Friday the auto stage was taken and we arrived in San Antonio in time to get our niece and go out to the ball park and see San Antonio walloping a visiting team. Later we went out to Terrell Wells and took a swim in the hot sulphur pool. Don't like it, much prefer the cool waters of the fine Brackett pool.

Saturday-morning, July 9, we had an early breakfast and at 5 a. m. started northward in J. M.'s Chevrolet. Roads were good and we made Temple for dinner and could have easily made Dallas by night, but stopped early at Alvarado. Went into Dallas for breakfast. There we sent the following telegram to a nephew and his wife at Dennison: "Your two best looking, fattest uncles would like to take dinner with you today. Signed, Uncles."

Roads were still good and we made Richardson, where we stopped a few minutes, called up Sam P. Harben, secretary of the Texas Press Association, who came down and showed us through his magnificent shop, one of the finest to be found in any small town in Texas. Beside about 10 other publications, he prints the Texas Christian Advocate and the Texas Odd Fellow.

Owing to a little tire trouble, we did not arrive in Dennison until about 1 p. m., but as our relatives were not expecting us till 2, the dinner was not all eaten up.

We visited in Dennison till 4, then across the toll bridge over the Red River (six-bits) and drove to McAllister, where we were provided with a good bed in a tourist camp. Northward we went, through some mighty fine territory dotted with live, progressive towns. Oil wells and acres of tanks were fre-

quently seen. Admired Muskogee and Tulsa, but didn't tarry long. Made Collinville for dinner. The abandoning and razing of the zinc smelters and the failure of their largest bank within the past 18 months, has sure put this one thriving town on the blink.

Bartlettville is a live town and was filled with farmers' autos that Monday afternoon.

About 4:30 we crossed the Oklahoma-Kansas line near Caney. Then on to Independence. As we were born at Longton, some 30 miles west of this city, we felt that we were almost at home. From Independence north the road had been freshly graveled and it was sure hard "sledding," but "Cheve" kept going but not at 35 miles an hour. Once J. M. said, "There's something wrong with a tire." We got out and the left front was almost down. Instead of getting out the jack and changing, he got out the pump. I thought that would never do and told him so, but he adjusted the pump and said, "Expand some of your surplus energies on this." I did and that blamed tire has not gone down since. We ate supper in Needosha. Here I called up my old time friend, Dr. John Morehead, in whose father's shop I learned to set type, but he was ill at home and I did not get to see him. We made Yates Center, Kan., for the night, having driven nearly 300 miles that day, and Tuesday morning found us with but 67 miles to go. This distance we covered quickly, phoning from Lyndon that we would soon be in.

We found mother better, and no mortal was ever more pleased to see another than she was to greet her two oldest boys. She can sit up in bed but can not walk. Occasionally she sits up in a chair for a short time, but soon tires. To our regret we found our sister laid up with ivy poisoning. They had secured the services of a neighbor girl to come in and help out. The dinner of fried chicken, gravy and other good things which she prepared, is a most pleasant memory. She went home for the night. Then it rained. The dirt roads became almost impassable and she phoned next morning that she would be unable to come. "That's all right," J. M. said, "for all of us are some cooks!" So we got breakfast, Wallace, our 11 year old nephew, washed the dishes and the Edi-

tor wiped them. Later, Bert, our fine brother-in-law, killed a couple of young roosters which he and J. M. dressed. J. M. hustled a big pot and filled it with potatoes with their jackets on and dinner was started. Then it was discovered that the bread had all been eaten and it was two miles to town over muddy roads. Somebody said, "Let us have biscuits." J. M. said, "I used to be able to make 'em." Bert said, "J. M. you fry that chicken and make the gravy and I'll make the biscuits." He sure did. Outside of getting a lot too much baking powder in them and forgetting to put in the shortening and dumping his dough on a board without putting on flour first and then cutting out the dough with a very small cutter, which when cooked made the biscuits almost as hard as bullets, those biscuits were the finest anybody ever ate. The chicken was nicely browned and an immense turcen of gravy, finely seasoned and those biscuits and boiled spuds disappeared in a most alarming way. Again the Editor wiped the dishes. Supper was mostly leftovers, and the dishes were again wiped.

Thursday morning found the little lady on duty and I felt almost like hugging her. The dinner of more fried chicken and vegetables she made was most appetizing.

That afternoon we drove over to Baldwin, where I grew up, graduated from high school, learned the trade and from whence I came to Texas. Our brother, Oliver, his wife, Flossie, and two splendid boys gave us a most hearty welcome. That afternoon and the following day were spent shaking hands with old friends and renewing old acquaintanceships. We visited the old college buildings, were amazed at the magnificent growth of the trees in the campus and the new buildings that have been erected since our day.

Saturday afternoon we visited the Baldwin Cemetery and placed a bouquet of flowers on the grave of our father, who died in 1917. This cemetery is one of the best kept and most beautiful it has ever been our privilege to see. In this last resting place, we read on the stones, the names of many of those who were our friends when we were a boy in Baldwin.

Sunday morning, with our two brothers, J. M. and Oliver, Oliver's wife and two fine sons, we

went to the Methodist Church and sat in the pew where father and mother worshipped for over a quarter of a century.

Sunday afternoon we all drove over to Carbondale to make mother a last visit before starting south.

Monday morning, we left Baldwin early, so early that our sister-in-law forgot to give us the appetizing lunch of cherry pie, angel food cake, fried chicken and other eatables, which she had prepared. We sure needed that lunch, for we did not have dinner till we reached Caney, Kansas, at 2 p. m. We kept the "Cheve" moving and at 6 stopped at Wameto, 30 miles north of Muskogee, Okla. Again an early start Tuesday morning, and we ate breakfast in Muskogee. Had a fine dinner at Kiowa, enjoyed (?) some awful rough roads north of Caddo. Made time over the fine roads in and out of Durant, Okla., and about 4 p. m. crossed (for six-bits) the Red River and were once more in Texas. Dennison is just four miles over the line and there we went to the home our nephew and his amiable wife. To say that we were most royally entertained, would be expressing it entirely too lightly.

We drove toward Dallas Wednesday and stopped again a few minutes at Richardson and saw our friend, Sam Harben. The presses in his shop as well as folders were going at top speed running off the 20,000 copies of the Texas Advocate which he prints for the Methodists each week. The interesting feature was that both presses and folders were fed by automatic feeders.

At Dallas we phoned Corsicana and found that another nephew and his wife whom we were planning to visit were out of town, so turned south and early to Waco, where we went early to a hotel. I called up our former Brackett friend, Prof. T. S. Benton, who is now living in that thriving city. He came to the hotel later, but the wife and little ones had gone to prayer meeting, so I did not have the pleasure of meeting them. The Professor says that he is prospering in Waco and that the wife and children are well and happy. He sent his regards to all Brackett friends.

We left Waco at daylight, before 5, had breakfast in Temple and by 10 were in Austin. The 50 miles to San Antonio were soon counted off. Either J. M.'s

foot was heavy on the "Cheve" ing this county to construct a concrete bridge at each of these creeks, this State and Federal aid being in addition to the \$58,000 State and Federal aid received some time ago for assistance in our road construction program.

The trip was an unusually pleasant one, no engine trouble, very little tire trouble, not a bit of mud, very little dust and lots of paved roads. It was a trip that the editor enjoyed hugely for J. M. is a careful driver. Had we not been leaving our old mother for what will undoubtedly be the last time we shall ever see her, that two weeks trip was one of the most enjoyable we ever spent.

Major Hutson, our capable county engineer, has practically completed the surveys on the highway west of this community, and is at work in his office now putting the finishing touches thereon. Plans for the bridges will be drawn up immediately following the completing of the survey work for the western section of the State highway.

Kinney County was indeed fortunate in being able to secure the services of a capable engineer as Major Hutson, who has given the work considerable attention and interest that is bringing results. This, and the splendid work of county officials in this direction, will soon result in Kinney County having some good roads, and such sort of roads that mean progress.

The Commissioners' Court at their last meeting ordered the advertising of bids for road machinery, and every thing is shaming up for a speedy commencement of the road construction program proper.

ADDITIONAL AID FROM HIGHWAY COMMISSION

At a meeting of the State Highway Commission held in Austin on Tuesday, July 19, Major Hutson, county engineer for Kinney County, presented a request from the County Commissioners' Court asking for State and Federal assistance for the purpose of constructing bridges over the Elm and Orongo Creeks on State Highway No. 3, west of Brackettville.

The State Highway Commission granted the sum of \$13,883.31 for the purpose of enabl-

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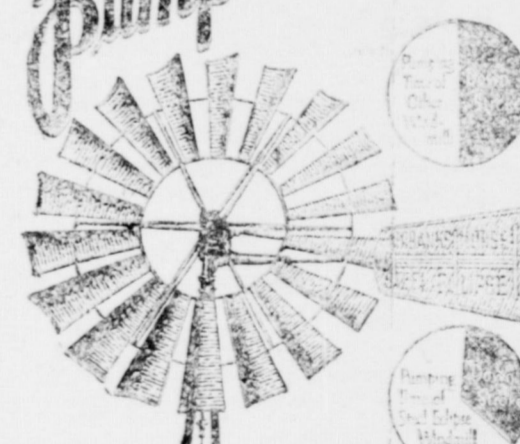
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COWBOY IS NOW TURNING FARMER

Rider Loses Battle Against Economic Change.

Washington.—The cowboy of the northern ranges is passing, believes Mary Roberts Rhinehart, the novelist. In her latest book, "Lost Ecstasy," she pictures the cowboy waging a losing battle against restricted range, herds of sheep and the force of economic change.

"The eastern demand for young beef and the increasing tendency of farmers in the Middle West to sell their grain on the hoof, has increased the cowboy's problem," says Mrs. Rhinehart, who has spent parts of many years in the cattle country, winter and summer. She confesses the bitterness of one to whom "the passing of the cowboy is a personal tragedy."

"For the last six years it was thought in Wyoming and Montana that the slump in prices for range stock was temporary," she continues. "But now they are realizing that the cattle industry of the old days will never return. To own cattle is, in bad years, to be poor in proportion to the number you own. And so out goes the cowhand. What is he to do? Become a farmhand?"

He was an aristocrat, a free lance whose equipment was his nerve and his skill. Now he becomes a tiller of the fields, with equipment manufactured in Chicago.

"It is not that I regard the change as a retrogression," she said. "But for the individual it is something of the sort. His skilled profession is taken away. But the blow to pride in his greatest blow."

"From being an artist in his line he must become a mere unit of man power. I have seen them, my own friends, go to driving a team in the fields or a truck between the little towns. Sometimes they take to clerking in stores."

"But when spring comes they are apt to gather up their saddles and spurs and move on. There may be little work for them left, but a rumor of it is sufficient to call them. And some of them regard it as more suitable to be a cowpuncher out of work than a farmhand making money."

Big Lava Cave of Idaho Is Now Being Explored

Idaho Falls, Idaho.—Exploration of what is believed to be the largest lava cave in the United States has begun at Twin Buttes, west of Idaho Falls. Boy scouts of Teton Peak's council, the Idaho Falls Chamber of Commerce and others are making the exploration.

Located between the Twin Buttes, sister peaks, which lie isolated from all other mountains on a flat, barren, desolate stretch of sand, the cave yawns with an air of mystery at the bottom of a 40-foot lava crater. The opening presents weird formations of rock, left ages ago by nature's molding of molten and rapid-flowing lava from long-since extinct volcanoes.

Tortuous twists and phenomenal phantasies of nature's handiwork are embellished in the tunnel.

If the cave is as large as the prospective explorers believe, southeastern Idaho will add another mark on its already well spotted map of scenic attractions and natural wonders. It is pointed out that the cave is larger than Kentucky's Mammoth cave and contains more formations than Oregon's caves along the Columbia river.

Town Limits Oil Wells to Save Its Buildings

Oxford, Kan.—Because it appeared probable this town might have to move to make way for oil rigs, the city council has passed an ordinance limiting drilling to one well in each city block. All property owners in the block shall receive a prorated royalty in the event of production, according to their holdings in square feet.

Soon after oil was found here a feverish boom developed in town-lot oil leases and virtually every square inch of the city, except the streets and public property, was placed under lease. The opera house was torn down and an oil well started in the former basement.

When plans developed to tear down other buildings and to sink numerous wells in front yards the city stepped in and called a halt.

Australian Bushmen Fast Vanishing Race

Washington.—The Australian bushmen apparently are preparing to join the dodo, the passenger pigeon and the mammoth in the limbo of extinction.

This aborigine has been notable chiefly by reason of the scientific conclusion that he personifies very closely the lowest standard of human culture. By comparison, the early American Indian was a model of civilization.

The decline of the bushman is noted in a report to the Commerce department from Sydney. A census just completed concludes that the death rate among them is five of each 100 annually. The latest census placed their number at 52,293.

DROP IN SARDINES AFFECTS BRITANNY

Fishermen and Cannery Workers Stirred Up.

Washington.—What price sardines? In France just now this is more than a question of gustatory interest.

The price of the little fishes has fallen so low that the discouraged fishermen and cannery workers of Brittany, the world's chief source of sardines, are threatening Bolshevism, and have even elected "commissars of the people," according to press dispatches. Brittany and its leading industry are the subjects of the following bulletin from Washington (D. C.) headquarters of the National Geographic society.

"For more reasons than one Brittany might be called 'the Ireland of France,'" says the bulletin. "The Bretons are Celts, cousins of the Irish. They have the same interest in things of the spirit, and the same tendency, on occasion, to emotional outbursts. For centuries, too, they had the same antagonism toward outside rule that so long animated the Irish. For 1,500 years they fought successfully against Roman, Norman, English and French, for the independence of Brittany. They managed to keep a parliament of their own until the French revolution."

Has France's Best Harbors.

"Today Brittany has no political existence, and is not even represented on many maps. It occupies the spout of the French 'teapot,' the westernmost peninsula of France, the northern coast of which forms the southern mouth of the English channel. This land, about the size of Maryland, was formerly Armorica, but got its present name during the Fifth and Sixth centuries because of the heavy immigration of Britons, driven from across the channel by the Angles and Saxons. It is a rough country, covered with rocks and hills and semi-mountains. Its coast line is deeply indented, and has the best harbors in France. This fact and the existence of large numbers of fish offshore, turned the eyes of the Bretons seaward. They are France's greatest fishermen and her chief reliance as material for her navy and merchant marine.

"Many sorts of fish and sea food are taken in Brittany waters, but by far the leading product is the sardine.

"Brittany's sardine industry began to develop in 1845 when the first cannery was built. This was not long after the preservation of food products by canning had been placed on a sound basis. Now there are more than 200 canneries in the region. The sardine fishermen number 30,000 or more, and some 20,000 workers, mostly girls and women, are engaged in the packing industry.

"The prosperity of Brittany hinges on the little fish, and it is fickle in its favors. Some years there will be practically none in the offshore waters, and as many as four poor years have followed one another. When this happens there is real suffering; at times 80,000 people have been practically on the verge of starvation, and the French government has had to lend a hand.

"The sardines are taken in nets in the meshes of which they are caught by their gills. It is necessary, however, to use large quantities of bait salted cod eggs. When a school of sardines appears near a fishing boat, bait is thrown beyond the dangling net, and the little fishes rushing for the falling food, are snared in the meshes. The net is then lifted aboard and the fish gently shaken out. The fishing takes place near shore and often the fish are in the canneries within an hour or so after they are taken from the water.

"The fishermen sell by the thousand, according to size, the larger fish bringing the best price. Prices range from one dollar to five per thousand according to conditions. The cannery workers go through a complicated procedure. They clean and behead the little fishes, soak them in brine, dry them in wire baskets, immerse the baskets of fishes in boiling oil, pack the sardines in tin boxes, pour in oil, seal the boxes, and finally boil them in huge cauldrons of water for two hours. The boxes are then labeled and are ready for market.

Prehistoric Monuments.

"Inland Brittany is an agricultural country, but much of the land is infertile. There are numerous wild woodlands. On these are some of the most interesting prehistoric remains found in Europe, the rough stone monuments of the early Celts. Huge stones have been stood on end. These are known as 'menhirs.' When they have been placed in circles or arcs (as in the British Stonehenge made also by Celts at about the same time) they are called 'cromlechs.' When the great upright stones-support horizontal ones they are 'dolmens.' The most striking of these monuments are the alignments of menhirs.

"The early Celts are supposed to have erected the stones in connection with their religious rites, and apparently the great Carnac alignment was a sort of Mecca and a holy burial place. Keystones in the cromlechs were oriented with regard to certain seasonal positions of the sun. This has furnished a clue for astronomers and archeologists working together, and they have computed the approximate building date of the oldest monuments at 2000 B. C. The latest of the monuments were probably erected during the first century, B. C."

WILL VISIT "LOST WORLD" OF NOVEL

American Museum Expedition Will Explore Place.

New York.—The scene of Conan Doyle's famous novel and movie, "The Lost World," will be visited and its animal life studied this summer by T. D. Carter and G. H. H. Tate of the American Museum of Natural History in their expedition to Mount Roraima, Brazil, under the auspices of Lee Garnett Day.

Mount Roraima, which is in the northern tip of Brazil bordering on British Guiana, is an ancient district geologically. With some of the country south of the Amazon it formed a continent ages before the formation of the rest of South America. This was long before the existence of the Amazon river. Later the Amazon divided the old continent, and new land appeared, forming the South America of today.

Mount Roraima consists of a plain from which rises a sugar-loaf mountain with sharp cliffs. The geological structure of the plain differs from that of the mountain. The plain is thought to date back to the preterozoic era, one of the earliest periods in which life is known to have existed. The mountain, however, is of red sandstone, probably of the Jurassic period of the age of reptiles, a much later time.

Because of the early formation of this land, Mount Roraima became one of the first strongholds for mammals and birds when they appeared upon the earth. Little is known of the present-day animal life of this region and it is hoped that the expedition will bring to light some interesting species. The dinosaurs and pterodactyls of Conan Doyle's romance have, of course, been dead for many ages, but relics of archaic mammalian and bird faunas probably haunt the region still.

15,000 Cypriotes Roam About Without Country

Cairo.—The unhappy plight of the "man without a country" seems to be multiplied many times in the case of Cypriotes, as the natives of Cyprus are called in Egypt, and that entirely without any fault of their own. It will be recalled that Cyprus formally was annexed by Great Britain at the outbreak of the war with Turkey, in November, 1914, and in that act all the inhabitants of the island were made British subjects. There were and are today in Egypt, however, about 15,000 Cypriotes, for whom no provision was made in the act of annexation.

For a dozen years they have occupied an equivocal position, not having renounced their allegiance to Cyprus, and yet not being recognized as subjects of the new sovereign of that island. Now the Egyptian government puts them in an awkward quandary by demanding peremptorily that they either become Egyptian subjects or citizens or else quit the country as undesirable aliens.

The Cypriotes have sent a delegation to London to appeal to the British government for its protection, assuming that if it extends its citizenship to them, as it did to the actual residents of Cyprus, they will be enabled thus to remain in Egypt, where their interests chiefly lie, or else to return to Cyprus as citizens of that island.

Mountain Fort Stands Guard on Adriatic Sea

Vallona, Albania.—Saseno (or Sazan), the mountain in the sea that guards the entrance to the landlocked harbor of Vallona, has acquired the new name of "The Italian Sentinel of the Balkans."

Albanians say the Italians, who acquired it from Albania a few years ago, have so fortified it that it not only protects the harbor but that its guns, uniting their fire with those of Brindisi can close the Adriatic to any sort of navigation. They can also command the Albanian coast as far north as Durazzo.

The island, rising gradually from the sea to a height of 500 feet, is of limestone. Roads the Italians have built to the summit and the earthworks erected there and on the flanks of the mountain may be seen from a distance.

War Delays Hunt for Cradle of Mankind

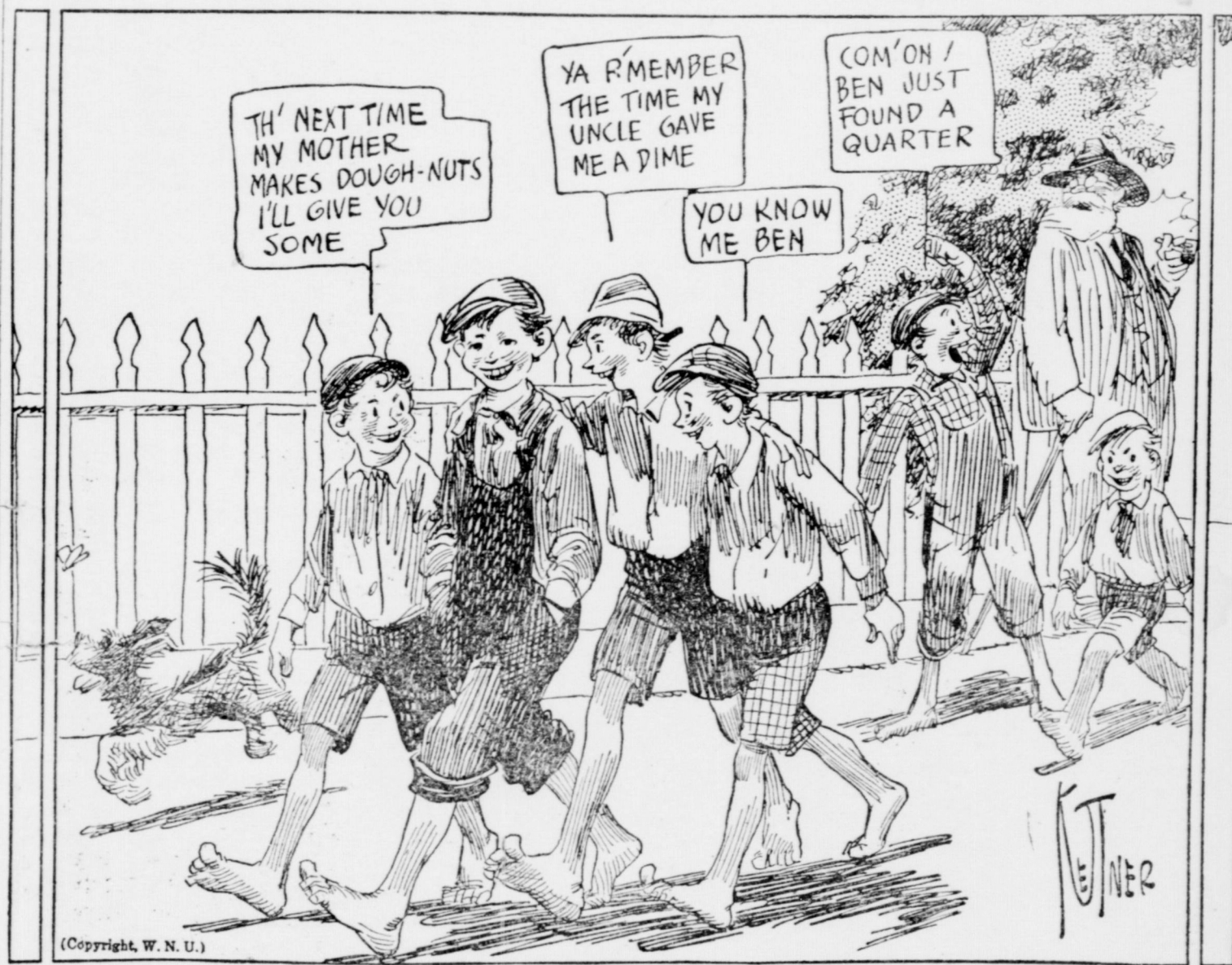
Tacoma, Wash.—War and science should be divorced. At least so thinks Roy Chapman Andrews of the expedition in Mongolia and the Gobi desert seeking the cradle of mankind.

Because of disturbed conditions in Mongolia and China the scientists have postponed exploration work for a year and all members of the party will return early to the United States.

George Olson, member of the expedition reached here recently on the President Jefferson and reported the scientific equipment assembled at great expense was menaced in the first leg of the journey toward Gobi and that Andrews decided to take no chances of meeting brigands.

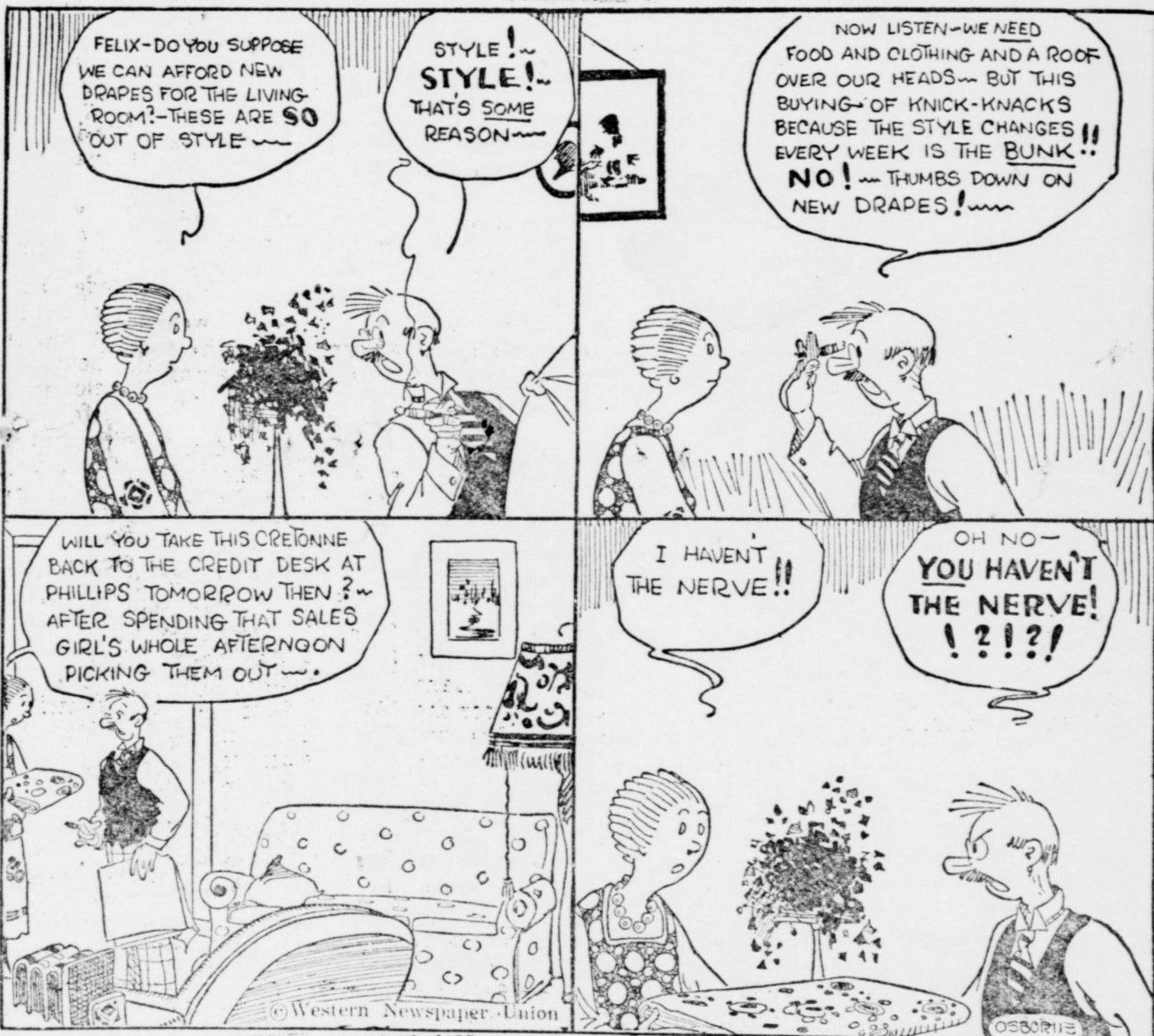
OUR COMIC SECTION

Events in the Lives of Little Men



THE FEATHERHEADS

Round One Is Fanny's



FINNEY OF THE FORCE

Victoria Herself



Selwood of Sleepy Cat

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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CHAPTER XII—Continued

"What do you mean?"
"I mean," submitted the big fellow, "when you're headin' for Sleepy Cat, I'm headin' likewise. I ain't easy in my own mind, not a bit, since what the Scotsman says about a girl I'm not namin'—no matter who she is. But she's worth a whole wagon-load of old buffalo bones like Dave's—not meaning no disrespect to nobody, whatsoever, at all."
"If that's the way you feel, Bill, what about me?" demanded Selwood, almost angrily. "I'm here to look out for Christie Fyler."
"That's just it, John," persisted Pardaloe, placatingly. "And to look out for Christie Fyler, now, single-handed, you know what you're up against—same as I know," snorted Pardaloe, "same as everybody here knows. That's why I say to h—ll with Thief River and Tracy; I'm trailin' you."
"But this is my fight, not yours."
"I'm makin' it mine, John."
"Stop talking, you old tub. If they can dig a grave up there big enough to hold you, I can edge into one corner of it. But, Bill!"—Selwood raised one hand, simply—"who rides with me tonight ought not to care much about coming back!"



"What Do You Mean?"

Pardaloe was chewing slowly, but with the steadiness of fate. "Nothin' particular, as I know of, John, callin' me anywhere back!"
"Come along, Bill!"
A further parley was held; Tracy at last pleaded to be taken back to Sleepy Cat, and, as everybody else was for it, Selwood gave in. It was arranged that Pardaloe should ride with Selwood and Scott, and that McAlpin should follow in the wagon with Tracy.
While Tracy's cot was hastily set back in the wagon and the horses were being got up, Selwood took the ammunition out from under the seat—a slender store, but, like a shower, a life-saver in a drought—and apportioned it into three parcels among Pardaloe, Scott, and himself.
It lacked but little of daybreak when the three men reached the river again. Forging the stream, the horsemen secreted their horses in the undergrowth below the river bench, and climbed up the nearest gully to the flats, that were being laid out for a railroad yard. Spreading out again, the three men circled this open space singly and without molestation, and came together on higher ground, where they could reconnoiter the town.
The fires that had lighted the sky earlier in the night had died down—chiefly for lack of material for the flames. An important part of Sleepy Cat lay in ruins, though the extent of the destruction was hidden in the darkness. One quarter of the straggling settlement had escaped the torch and the vigilantes and the reprisals of the outlaws—this was the corner embracing the stage barns, Carpy's hotel, and the new railroad station.
From the hill where they had halted, Selwood and his companions, recovering their horses, made their way under such cover as they could find, to the stage barns.
Lefever met them. Selwood asked for the news. Lefever pointed to a pile of smoking ruins down the hill. "Some of them river rats have burned the bunk-house on us, John," said Lefever. "That's the way they keep their promises!"
"McAlpin told me nothing of that," exclaimed Selwood, looking angrily down the hill.
"Didn't know it was on fire when he started," returned Lefever. "But I'm telling you the teamsters are rarin' to go. They're only waiting for you."
"Just hold 'em till I get some bearings," was all Selwood replied.
Bull Page took the steaming horses back to their stalls, and Scott was sent out to scout. Lefever told Selwood and Pardaloe what more he could of the situation; Starbuck, who had been missing for a time at the outset, had taken the gamblers' flight in hand at a moment when the vigilantes were driving all before them, turned the tables on the clean-up men, and now held the survivors of the disorganized force at bay in the un-

finished railroad station. Starbuck had sent word by messenger that he would give them an hour to get out of the station and out of the town—coupled with the threat that if they didn't move they would be burned out by daylight. Starbuck's men, Lefever added, held the only building left in the River Quarter, where most of the burning had been—Bunty Bartoe's place down next the river; it had escaped the flames. In the upper town Carpy's hotel, which had been gutted, the gamblers had spared. He knew nothing about Christie.
Pardaloe had been dispatched to the station with the ammunition. He came back with a long face, but a long face was nothing new for Pardaloe. Carpy, wounded, was there treating the wounded, who lay on the floor in the freight room. There was only a pretense of a guard kept about the building; within it, disgruntled vigilantes nursed their grievances, railing chiefly at one another; and in one corner, with nobody to command, owing to lack of ammunition, Old General Roper, though hit, was maintaining headquarters, with neither head, as Pardaloe tartly put it, nor quarters. The only thing that prevented the refugees from running away was the fear of getting shot if they put their noses outside.
Selwood felt he must first of all see and learn what he could from Carpy. Directing his few companions to stick together and telling Lefever to throw out a stronger guard about the barn, Selwood started for the station.
By skirting the river bank and working from one to another of the breaks in the beach, he reached the rear door of the station without drawing any fire either from its defenders or its besiegers. He pushed open the door and entered the hall without being opposed or observed. A glance was enough to reveal to Selwood's unsympathetic scrutiny the complete demoralization of the vigilante element. It was almost by accident that Abe Cole, the bandaged but still fighting blacksmith, saw Selwood and, running toward him, greeted him with a shout that drew attention to the long-headed-for arrival of the taciturn gambler. As men, wounded and unwounded, crowded about him, he eyed the scar-faced, blurring blacksmith, coldly, paying no attention whatever to his effusive welcome.
"You running this thing, Abe?"
"Running it," echoed Abe hoarsely. "It was running it—nobody's running it. They wouldn't do a thing I told 'em to do," declared Cole, with a plentiful sprinkling of profanity; "now they're cornered, jus' as I told 'em they'd be if they didn't obey orders, and there's about as much fight in 'em now as there is in a bunch of jack-rabbits!"
Selwood, ignoring impatient interpleaders that raised their voices, some abusing the blacksmith and some one another, looked about the two rooms. The figure that instantly arrested his attention was that of Carpy, his head swathed in a wild-looking bandage, moving about among his wounded, who, filling one corner, lay on the floor in various attitudes of prostration, anger, and disgust.
Selwood, silencing those closest, spoke to Cole. "I sent what cartridges I could rake up, Abe; it's all I know of this side of Medicine Bend, outside what Starbuck's got. So I'd advise you not to pass any of 'em out to the jack-rabbits; put 'em in the hands of men that will use 'em."
"The teamsters, your men, are standing up," blurted out Abe. "They stopped 'em from rushing us an hour ago. But they ain't got six rounds apiece left. Starbuck will come back."
Selwood's glance had wandered. "Hello, Doc," he said as he saw Carpy elbowing his way toward him.
Carpy, wounded and infuriated, was grateful but grim. Selwood reached for the bloody hand stretched out. He listened with patient attention to the wrought-up surgeon, who tried to explain the wreck of their plans, though with an expression in his eyes that indicated his mind wandered.
Looking over the shoulders of those around him, Selwood saw the cowed spirit of the vigilantes. One exception attracted his attention; one man appeared profoundly indifferent to the fortunes of the night. In a comfortable chair in the farthest corner of the second room, his head in a huge fur cap well pulled down, and his hands clasped in his lap, sat the queer pioneer trader of Sleepy Cat and of the mountain country—old man Van Tassel. Everything he had in the world had but just gone up in the smoke of Fort street, but the tragedy had apparently failed to shake his spirit. Composed and collected he struck Selwood as an odd contrast to the waiter of wrangling, confusion, and cowardice about him. The gambler silently laughed.
He turned his eyes on Cole. "Well," he said in response to many words from several mouths, "you've made a mess of it. They've got you cornered. Where are the bums that licked you hanging out? Does anybody know?"
He was assured that Bartoe's place was the only building that had escaped the flames in the River quarter.
"That's where they are, then," was Selwood's comment.
"What are you going to do?" sputtered Cole.

"I'll take what men I've got with me at the barn and go after 'em."
"Wouldn't it be better to fight 'em here, John?" asked Cole.
"You're licked here," retorted Selwood. "If Starbuck stuck his head in the door most of these fellows would jump into the river. Get back to your wounded"—he took Carpy's arm—"looks to me, they're about all the fighting blood you've got left here."
As he spoke, he drew the surgeon apart. "You know the reason I'm in this mess, Doc," he said sternly and without wasting words. "Where is Christie Fyler?"
Carpy, controlling his excitement, caught Selwood's arm in his hand. "That's why I wanted you, quick as you could get here. So help me God, I don't know where the girl is, John. I only wish I did. This evening she and her father took supper at the hotel. I warned Christie privately to stay close—I couldn't trust Fyler with anything. Starbuck," said Carpy with a curse, "was prancing around here and had the gall to try to stay to supper with 'em. I knowed Christie would stick close and would be all right, but I never figured on us getting drove like this. When I seen what was coming I run up to the hotel and told all hands to light out for the depot. I run to Christie's room myself and told her what was up, and to make for the depot."
"Why didn't you bring her there yourself?" demanded Selwood.
"She wouldn't leave without her father," protested Carpy, defending himself, "and the dashed old mule wouldn't budge—I couldn't take her from him—she wouldn't go."
"So you left her there?"
"What else could I do?"
"Knock him on the head and drag her here, yourself," said Selwood savagely. He made no effort to restrain himself, and his words fell like whip lashes. "You knew her danger, he thundered; 'she didn't! So you left her there!' exclaimed the gambler, sardonic in his wrath. "A fine mess you've made of it!"
"John," protested Carpy, "I'll go over there this minute with you, myself."
"Stay where you are. What was the number of her room?"
"Twelve, at the top of the front stairs. John, I don't want you to go off mad this way. I did what I could—I tell you she wouldn't leave her father."
Selwood paused only to make a brief amend for his outbreak and to promise to return; he told Carpy he was going to look for Christie at the hotel—though in his heart he had no hope of finding her there.
On a table close at hand, where the doctor had set his instrument-case and dressings, stood a lighted pocket-lantern. Selwood, picking it up, closed the slide, put it out, and slipped it into his coat pocket.
"Hey!" exclaimed Carpy, "don't take that!"
"I may need it," said Selwood.
Walking toward the door with Selwood, Carpy pointed to one of the wounded men on the floor near where they were passing. He lay on his back, with his eyes closed, and his stertorous breathing was noticeable. "There's the old general," he said, "hit pretty bad, too; want to speak to him?"
"No," blurted out Selwood.
"He may die," observed Carpy critically.
Selwood was brutally resentful. "He won't need me to help him," was all he said. And flinging open the back door, he took one look out into the hall, slammed the door behind him, and slipped out into the night.
On the town side of the station he could hear sporadic firing, answered at intervals by the fringe of guards defending the railroad building. He

met no opposition on the way to the hotel. It was far enough out of the line of fighting to have been overlooked. He scouted about the building for a minute, and entered through a side door which he found unlocked, opening into the dining-room. Without risking a light, he felt his way across to the hall, picking up a wood-bottomed chair as he did so, and pausing at intervals to listen for sound. He could hear nothing anywhere, and walking up the front stairs without much attempt to avoid the inevitable creaking of the treads, he felt along the wall for the door of room number twelve. Laying his hand after a moment on the knob, he tried it. The door was unlocked. Without opening it, he knocked softly. There was no response. He listened intently for sounds of breathing, but could hear none. He then set the chair in front of the closed door, lifted from his coat pocket the dark lantern, lighted it, set it facing the door on the chair, pulled back the slide of the lantern's eye, drew his revolver, and, standing to one side, threw the door quickly open; if a shot were to come from within, the lantern should draw it.
But no shot was hurled at him, no response of any sort was made to the rude intrusion; the silence was almost ghostly. Selwood picked the lantern up from the chair, threw its light rays from side to side of the room, and, crossing the threshold with unabated caution, looked about him.
The bed had not been disturbed. Selwood lighted a lamp. One of Christie's familiar straw hats lay on the bureau. Beside it he saw a pair of gloves that he took up in his hand, felt of, and looked at. The simple toilet articles of a frontier girl, the brush and comb and lesser feminine accessories, together with a black leather belt and a handkerchief, lay at hand.
Everything gave mute evidence that the defenseless owner had been spirited away, or had fled without a moment's warning.
To find himself standing thus surrounded by her most intimate belongings—belongings so familiar, some of them, to his observant eyes that in looking at them he was stirred to a frenzy at the thought of danger coming to her—was too much.
Without allowing himself to linger a moment where sweetness seemed still to exhale from her former presence, Selwood jerked the counterpane from under the frightened cat, and dumped into it, man-fashion, Christie's belongings. He then emptied the bureau drawers, caught up and tied the counterpane corners into a sling, and, catching the bundle up on one arm, hastened down the stairs and rejoined his men at the barn.
CHAPTER XIII
Barbanet Is Persuaded.
Selwood got back without further incident, and deposited his queer-looking bundle with care inside a cupboard in the harness-room. Scott had returned and had covered the River quarter, unmolested. His report confirmed all information that Bunty Bartoe's place had not been burned, and, Scott added, was now noisy with Starbuck's following, who, passing in and out, were celebrating their victory.
"Is Starbuck there?" asked Pardaloe.
It was a question Scott could not answer.
Selwood's mind worked as he listened. "I've got to know for sure where Starbuck is," he said, his eyes moving from face to face of those listening about him. "Where's Bull Page?" he asked after a moment's thought. "Get him here quick."
Facing Selwood within a moment and alone with him in the office, the dilapidated but amiable Bull looked as surprised in being summoned at

such a moment by the boss as the other men were.
Selwood spoke to him kindly and without haste, and asked an odd question: "Bull, you haven't done the world very much good in your eventful lifetime, have you?"
Poor Bull, greatly taken aback, countered with a sickly smile. "Well—I hope I ain't done nobody a whole lot o' harm—have I, John?" he asked in his quavering, throaty tones.
"Not to anybody except yourself, Bull. If the truth be told," replied Selwood evenly, "Not half as much harm as I've done, Bull, by a long shot. But tonight there's a chance for both of us to do something for somebody. You've seen that young girl whose father kept the mock-auction store down street, one of the stores that were burned tonight?"
Bull nodded. "I seen her, John."
"Somewhere in this row she's got lost, I'm afraid she's fallen into bad hands. You never can tell what will happen, you know, a night like this."
"Wouldn't want no wimmin folks of mine mixed up in it."
"Then listen," continued Selwood. "I've seen you many times drunk, Bull, trying to make me think you were sober."
Bull nodded as if confessing to the indictment.
"Tonight I want you sober, trying to make everybody else think you're drunk."
Bull saw a flash of humor in the suggestion. "That," he returned, his chin pushed well down into his throat, "ain't goin' to be so awful hard, John, I don't think."
"There's one feature you may not like. But you're entitled, fair and square, to know it now. We may one of us or both of us, get killed."
"Willing to go where you go, John," he replied simply.
Selwood showed his own surprise at the unassuming assent by a longer breath than usual. "John Barleycorn spoiled a man when he got you, Bull," he observed, regarding him gravely.
Bull's smile had long been in rags, but it shone brave through the tatters of his seamy face. He said nothing.
Selwood believed that if any man at the barn could get into Bartoe's that night alive, it would be Bull Page. Bull, though janitor at Selwood's place, left his wages impartially at the various dives along the river front. He thus enjoyed a certain standing in the lower town as well as the upper, and he moved without prejudice among the different factions of the town.
"I don't want to ask you to do anything I wouldn't do myself—if I could," said Selwood, explaining to Bull what he meant to attempt. "But you can get through doors barred against me and against any stranger; and with you to guarantee a stranger, I might make it. Anyway, Bull, if you're game we'll try; and they won't get us both without some kind of a hearing."
Pardaloe and McAlpin were called in. "If you'll hold your men together here a while," said Selwood to Lefever, "we'll know exactly what we are going to do. In, say, ten minutes, John, bring all of them that want to fight down to Bartoe's and maybe they can be accommodated. I'm taking Bull Page with me, and suppose you and Scott come along, Bull," he added to Pardaloe. "If we don't all of us get back, some of us might."
"What are you going to do?" asked Lefever.
"I'm going down to Bartoe's to look around."
Scott, with the quickest instinct of his listeners, looked at the gambler and with a skeptical smile. "You're not going inside?"
"I am, if I can make it," returned Selwood. He began to unbutton his coat. "And I'll borrow your hat and



Tied the Counterpane Corners into a Sling.

coat and boots if you're willing, Bob," he added. As he spoke he took a cap of McAlpin's hanging on a nearby hook and stuffed it into his trousers pocket.
Scott began to take off his coat. Lefever sat partly on the table, with one leg swinging over the edge. He slipped uneasily from his perch and stood before Selwood.
"John," he asked, "what are you actually going to do? You don't honestly mean you are going to try to go into Bunty's place tonight?"
"Why not?"
Lefever eyed him with indignation and contempt. "You're looking to quit, sure."
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Eel Only Fish Which Seeks Prey in Packs

Among fishermen the pike is called "the tiger of the stream" because of its daring and ferocity and in the havoc it plays among the lesser denizens of the under-water world.
But, as in the jungle, the wolf pack is responsible for more killings than is the solitary tiger, so the depredations of the wolves of the stream, the eels, are ten times greater, although perhaps less visible than the spectacular dashes of the pike, says the London Mail.
Eels are practically omnivorous and will eat anything—fish, flesh, fowl or insect. Nothing from a dainty spinner to a dead dog or cat comes amiss to these ravagers of the stream. They wage relentless war on all other species of fish, devouring their spawn

and hunting the small fry from their hiding places under stones and weeds.
Eels are the only species of fish which actually hunt their prey in company. The pike, perch and trout are all predators, but in hunting they work singly. But eels, like wolves, although hunting individually where the smaller prey is concerned, do not hesitate to band together and attack victims for which they would be no match in single combat.
On the Smoker
A house painter once sat next to the great Sargent and asked him for the loan of a match. Then, noticing the great painter's brushes, easel and box of colors, he said gallantly: "I see we're both in the same line."
"I see we are," said Sargent, with a laugh.
"I've been whitewashin' a barn today," said the house painter. "How's trade with you?"
"Brisk," said Sargent. "I coated a village this morning and gave second coats to a castle, a river and a mountain this afternoon. I finished up the day with a flash of lightning—gold-leafed her, you know."
"Gosh, some hustlin'!" said the house painter. "You sure must be on piecework."

Dogs That Don't Bark

The Siberian sled-dogs, which are reported to be very efficient in spite of the fact that many of them are on the verge of starvation from time to time, do not bark as do domesticated dogs. They have a manner of howling something akin to the wolf. In the summer time they subsist on frozen fish, but in winter they are hard put to it to get enough to eat.—Nature Magazine.

Keep Stomach and Bowels Right
By giving baby the harmless, purely vegetable, infant and children's regulator.
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Brings astonishing, gratifying results in making baby's stomach digest food and bowels move as they should at teaching time. Guaranteed free from narcotics, opiates, alcohol and all harmful ingredients. Safe and satisfactory.
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HAY-O is guaranteed to give instant and absolute relief to any case of HAY FEVER in the world, or money refunded. Price \$1. THE HAY-O CO., Sandusky, Wyoming.

Nuts Now Quickly Dried
Nut growers in the United States have found one more way to beat nature at her own game. They now dry walnuts by electricity in 24 hours instead of waiting weeks for sun and wind to do it by the method used previous to the past season. This enables them to ship to market when the market is ready. More than 35 per cent of the California walnut crop was dried by the new means in 1923 and a greater proportion is expected this year.

Explained
"That stunning woman over there has been wanting to meet you all the evening."
"I know it, but I must refuse."
"I think you owe her an apology."
"No, I owe her alimony."—Boston Transcript.

Lispless False Teeth
Dr. Rupert E. Hall, of Chicago, has invented an "articular" machine, designed to eliminate the "whistle in store teeth." False teeth, he says, generally make the wearer lisp, but the new invention assures a pleasing articulation.
Satisfied With Her Taste
"Why do you allow your wife to pick your company?"
"She's a good judge—she picked me."

Money in Old Letters. Look in the old trunk and send me all the old envelopes up to 1876. Do not remove the stamps. Will pay highest prices. George Hakes, 200 Broadway, New York.—Adv.
One feature about democrats is very marked: They are not afraid to pile up the taxes.
No matter how careful you are, your system needs a laxative occasionally. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills help nature gently, but surely, 372 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

Many people's whole interest seems to be in saving up for their vacations.
Bunions
Quick relief from pain. Prevent shoe pressure. At all drug and shoe stores.
Dr. Scholl's
Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone

THE NEWS-MAIL

Entered as second-class matter November 22, 1906, at the Postoffice at Brackettville, Texas, under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

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Local News

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Rose of Del Rio were visitors here Monday.

Mrs. J. M. Patton left Tuesday for a few days visit in San Antonio.

Mrs. Mary Kellam of San Antonio is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Veltmann.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Meyers and children of San Antonio are visiting at the Nolan ranch this week.

Miss Dorothy Gilder returned home Sunday after spending a few days visiting with friends in San Antonio.

One and one half inches rain fell Saturday and the same amount on Monday. The rain was needed, and being almost general, was most beneficial.

Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Stadler and daughter, Ethel Mae, and Mrs. E. P. Durham returned on Sunday from San Antonio. We are glad to report Ethel May is rapidly improving.

PROGRAM
For the week beginning July 29th

Friday MARGARET LIVINGSTON in a Fox Picture RICH BUT HONEST
Saturday GARY COOPER in a Paramount Picture THE LAST OUTLAW
Sunday MATT MOORE in a Fox Picture MARRIED ALIVE
Monday LOUISE FAZENDA in a Fox Special Picture CRADLE SNATCHERS
Tuesday RONALD COLEMAN in a United Artists Picture A NIGHT OF LOVE
Wednesday BUCK JONES in a Fox Western GOOD AS GOLD
Thursday COLEEN MOORE in a First National Picture NAUGHTY BUT NICE

STAR THEATRE

C. K. Sims returned Sunday from a few days visit with relatives in San Antonio.

C. C. Belcher and Brien Montague of Del Rio were here Monday attending County Court.

Mrs. C. L. St. John and daughter, Margaret, returned Tuesday from Abilene where they spent a good portion of the summer.

Rev. and Mrs. F. H. Stallknecht of Del Rio were here Sunday. Rev. Stallknecht filling the the St. Andrew's church pulpit.

Mrs. F. M. Dudley was stung by a centipede last Friday, but without any serious results, due no doubt, to prompt attention to the wound.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Covington and children left Tuesday on an extended vacation trip through Bell County and other points in East Texas.

Mrs. Dan Franks and Mrs. Ella Dubose and Dan Abby and Betty Jean Franks of Del Rio, spent Sunday in Brackett as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Thompson.

Friday's boxing card at Fort Clark was right interesting. In the main event, Irish McConnel received the decision from Mickey Young, of San Antonio on a foul. In the semi-final, Danny Gasparo of Fort Clark was too good for and won handily over Red Foster of San Antonio. Snakes of Fort Clark lost a great scrap to Eddie Polo, of San Antonio on the decision. Keller, 5 cavalry, kayoad Ray Dodman, machine gunner; and Fike, cavalryman, lost the decision to Red Martin, machine gunner.

Today's bread is tomorrow's pudding

FULLER PEP



THANK YOU

Your patronage shows that you appreciate the service—so willingly rendered—which we are endeavoring to give you all the time.

Our ideal is PERFECT SERVICE. Toward that end we are constantly striving.

Drive in and get Gulf Oil and Gas for your car.

Deason Service Station

Miss Mayme Louise Eidson of Dallas was the house guest of Miss Winifree Thompson two days this week.

C. C. Belcher has moved his family from Del Rio to the Mariposa Ranch on the Pinto where they will spend several weeks.

Ben Nolan and Ray Davis were at the Kerrville Convention last week, while there purchasing some fine animals.

Dr. and Mrs. W. W. Nipper returned Friday from Kerrville where they had been to the Goat and Sheep Raisers Convention.

Mexican Boy Killed

Manuel Avila, 7-year-old Mexican youth, was accidentally shot and fatally wounded Thursday evening of last week.

The accident occurred at the G. C. Talamantes Store, the little boy in some way finding a pistol kept in the store. The weapon was accidentally discharged and the bullet passed through the boy's head, death coming soon after.

Burial of the remains was made Friday evening last.

Fort Clark Wins Game

The Fort Clark ball team Sunday won a fast game by a score of 6-2 from the Del Rio Latinos. It was a good game and well attended. The Post team continues its winning stride.

O. R. C. THROUGH TRAINING AT CLARK

The Organized Reserve Officers' Training Course which was being held at Fort Clark during the past two weeks, came to a close Thursday of last week, and the majority of the men left soon after for their homes.

The majority of the members of the camp were from Oklahoma, some being from this State. They were the officers from the 311th, 312th and 313th cavalry organizations.

Cleaning Streets.

The work of cleaning the streets and alleys of the town is continuing with gratifying results.

Much of the brush and weeds which were growing around the drainage ditches and along the sides of the streets have been cut down, and burned, and as the work is being extended to other streets, the community is taking on a more attractive and sanitary appearance. Not only that, but it removes a menace from our midst in more ways than one, as the tall weeds and shrubs provided hiding places for snakes and breeding places for mosquitoes.

The work being done is to be commended, and is in good time.

Horse Show Coming.

Preliminary elimination contests looking forward to the big Horse Show, which we are informed will be held about the first of September, will be held this week at Fort Clark.

Considerable interest will be manifested in the Horse Show by local people, as it will be the first in several months, and coming at a time when entertainment and sports are at low ebb, due to the hot weather, it should attract good attendance. Then, too, there will be the usual splendid program of horse events which delight the lover of equine sports.

NEWS GLEANINGS.

The Clamp & Storey Market the past week-end installed a new type electric meat cutter in their shop, which makes the work of the employees easier and more efficient.

The streams of tourists coming through town is increasing daily, the majority traveling through in late afternoons or early mornings.

Two truck loads of Mexican and negro laborers left here the past week-end for Rocksprings for some construction work to be done there.

A number of Mexican families are preparing to leave here soon for cotton picking, and other such work. Scores of Mexican laborers bound for the plains country are passing through daily.

...and Groceries, too!

Before you make another purchase of fancy or staple groceries call around and inspect our complete line of fine and fresh

GROCERIES

Plan your Sunday dinner, and your every-day meals too, right in our own Market with our line of groceries, vegetables and meats to select from. Let us help you.

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Meats, Vegetables and accessory line.

CLAMP & STOREY PRODUCE CO.

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Fords

are a good lesson in Economy!

They cost less, and are easier to operate and keep up

Why not let us demonstrate one?

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A GOOD MEAL

—consists of a Hearty Appetite, Wholesome Food and Good Cooking. Bring your hearty appetite to this Cafe for an introduction to our wholesome food and our good cooking. A good meal with these three together, and you'll know it's a fine place where to eat.

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Look Your Best!

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And Remember We are LAUNDRY AGENTS

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Why we sell the DUNLOP TIRE

FOR 39 YEARS Dunlop has been building the world's supreme tire. Dunlops wear longer because Dunlop knows how to build better at each vital point.

Take the hidden carcass beneath the tread. Dunlop owns its own cotton mills for no other purpose than to spin the best long-fibre cotton into the famous cable-twist cord that goes into this carcass.

The extra strength in these cords means an added factor of safety against constant load and pounding of roads—longer life and greater mileage.

The extra "stretch" enables the carcass to give under severe blows, and to come back into its original position without internal injury.

The Dunlop tread—the toughest rubber development known—wears slowly and smoothly, making sure that you get out of your Dunlops, all the extra mileage that added care and longer experience have built into them. We recommend that you put Dunlops on your car.

Henry Veltmann & Co
Brackettville, - Texas



every 2 1/4 seconds someone buys a

DUNLOP

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Sheep and Goat Raisers

ATTENTION: Here is a Real Help for the eradication of STOMACH WORMS in Sheep and Goats. Farke, Davis & Company of Detroit, after twenty years research, have at last perfected a remedy that removes these worms. No starving, set-back or loss. No strangulation or Pneumonia. No harm to the Sheep or Goat. Two years use and not an animal lost. Absolutely destroys the worms.

Nema Capsules

is the new discovery. Two sizes—large and small, graded dose. Sheep and Goat Raisers in Western Texas declare these capsules to be wonderfully effective and improvement in the flock begins in from 12 to 48 hours after giving the capsule.

NIPPER DRUG CO.

Social Happenings

Of Brackett and Fort Clark

BY MARY LOUISE THOMPSON

Night Bridge Club Is Entertained

Mr. and Mrs. Pat Veltmann entertained the members of the Night Bridge Club on Thursday evening of last week with a delightful supper party.

Supper was served in two dainty courses at 7:15, followed by a pleasant two hours spent in playing bridge at five tables. Mrs. A. E. Bartberger held high score among the ladies, and she was presented with a large box of fragrant dusting powder; Mr. J. M. Patton received a leather bill fold for men's high score; Mrs. John Dooley cut consolation and was given a deck of Congress Playing cards.

The guests included Judge and Mrs. John H. Stadler, Mr. and Mrs. V. G. Deason, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Bartberger, Mr. and Mrs. Mrs. T. J. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Burn Ballantyne, Mr. and Mrs. John Dooley, Mrs. E. D. Yerby, Mrs. Frank Lane, Mrs. J. J. McCabe, Mr. Will Dooley and Mr. J. M. Patton.

Birthday Party

Little Miss Suzanne Yerby entertained a number of her young friends on Monday afternoon, at the home of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Veltmann, with whom she is spending the summer. The party was in celebration of Suzanne's fifth birthday anniversary.

On account of the inclemency of the weather, indoor games, such as "Thimble", "Spinning the Plate" and other old-time favorites gave happy diversion for several hours. A lovely birthday cake, surmounted by five tapers, was cut and served with delicious ice cream. Suzanne was the recipient of many beautiful little gifts brought by the little friends who came to wish her many happy returns of the day.

The guests were Oscar Thomas and Billie Seargeant, Jimmie and Perry Hybarger, Maud and Mary Katherine Nipper, Evelyn Storey, J. J. McCabe, Allen

Dennis Williams, Roberta B. Cowley, Joan Smith, Mary Jane Veltmann, Ernie Oxton, Betty and Frederick Kellam, Jack and Junior Veltmann.

Brackettville Methodist Church

Our Invitation:

To all who mourn and need comfort. To all who are weary and need rest. To all who are friendless and wish friendship. To all who are homeless and wish sheltering love. To all who pray and to all who do not, but ought. To all who sin and need a Savior, and to whosoever will. —This church opens wide the door and makes free a place, and in the Name of Jesus, the Lord, says Welcome.

SERVICES FOR SUNDAY, JULY 31.
Sunday School 9:45 a. m.

Morning Worship Service 10:45 a. m. Subject "What Does It Mean to be a Christian?"

Evening Worship Service 8 p. m. Special Vacation Service—"Seeing God in Nature". The Orchestra from Fort Clark is preparing special numbers for this service.

A welcome awaits all who will come and worship with us.
Geo. J. Stemman, B. A., B. D., Pastor.

The humor of most people is like the "funny bone"—it isn't so hilarious if it is made the object of someone else's humor.

The principle of the principal is the interest.

The road to the poorhouse is lined with automobiles.—Ex.

Things may not be what they seem as the poet says, but at that they too darn often seem to be that which they are not.

Money, in the olden days, made the mare go. Now days some perform miracles and use credit to make the old bus wagon go.

Notice To Bidders

Notice is hereby given that sealed bids will be received until 11:00 o'clock A. M. on August 27th, 1927, by the Commissioners' Court of Kinney County, Texas, for the following articles of road building equipment:

One-10 ton, 60 engine horse power, crawler type tractor. One 12 foot engine hitch grader, approximate weight 8000 pounds. Two one man power maintainers, complete with engine and either rubber tired wheels or crawler type track.

Bidders are requested to submit with their bids complete description and specifications of article bid on. Bids will be accepted on any or all classes of equipment specified above. All prices bid are to be F. O. B. Spoford. The right is reserved to reject any or all bids. The specifications given in this advertisement are approximations, and are given to indicate the approximate types desired.

A certified check payable to the County Judge of Kinney County, for 5% of the total amount of the proposal must accompany each bid.

JOHN H. STADLER
County Judge, Kinney Co., Texas.

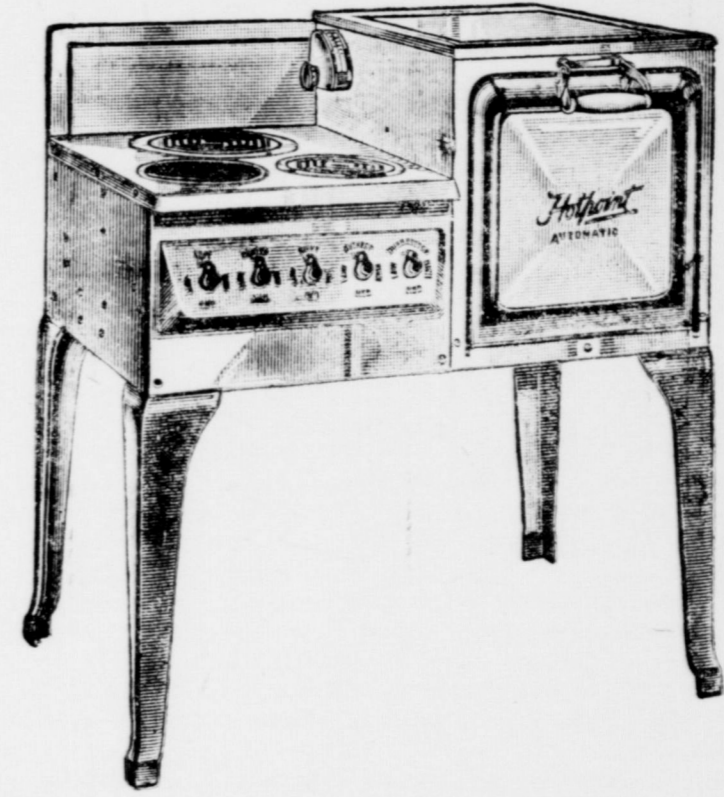
Citation By Publication

The State of Texas,
To the Sheriff or any Constable of Kinney County—Greeting:

You Are Hereby Commanded, That you summon, by making Publication of this Citation in some newspaper published in the County of Kinney if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in any newspaper published in the 63rd, judicial district; but if there be no newspaper published in said judicial district, then in a newspaper published in the nearest district to said 63rd judicial district, for four weeks previous to the return

The House-wife of Today

—wants to learn her trade, modernize her home, do better work in less time, reduce her daily household expense and forget the high wages of servants.



The Electric Ranges

we have on the market today will solve her problem. They are truly invisible servants, turning the heat on at a predetermined time and off at a predetermined temperature, and the cooking continues to completion on stored heat. They are almost human in their action. And what does this mean? It means that the housewife can go shopping or busy herself with other household, church, club or social duties without a thought of the meal, for it will be ready to serve.

All of our Employees are instructed in First Aid Recusitation for both severe Electric shock and drowning and will gladly give their assistance when called upon.

ALSO THE COMPANY URGES AN EXPENDITURE OF \$75,000,000.00 FOR ADVERTISING THE SOUTH BECAUSE IT WILL PAY TEN-FOLD

"Courteous Service Always"

Central Power & Light Co.

C. L. ST. JOHN, MGR.

day hereof, Clarence Castleberry whose residence is in the City of Albany, New York, to be and appear before the Hon. District Court, at the next regular term thereof, to be holden in the County of Kinney at the Court House thereof, in the town of Brackettville, on the Sixth Monday after the first Monday in July, 1927, the same being the 15th. day of August, 1927, then and there to answer a Petition filed in said Court, on the 16th., day July A. D. 1927, in a suit numbered on the docket of said Court No. 1163, wherein Versie Castleberry is plaintiff and Clarence Castleberry, is defendant. The nature of the plaintiff's demand being as follows, to-wit:

Suit for a divorce on the grounds of excesses, cruel treatment, and outrages toward Plaintiff by Defendant, of such nature as to render their living together insupportable, said excesses, cruel treatment, and outrages consisting of vile and abusive language, and personal violence, and threats by defendant to take plaintiff's life.

Herein Fail Not, And have you before said Court, on the said first day of the next term thereof, this Writ, with your endorsement thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Given under my hand and seal of said Court, at office in Brackettville, this, the 20th. day of July, A. D. 1927.

CARL KARTES,
Clerk District Court Kinney County, Texas. (Seal)

SAFE

for over 100 years
HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO.
See L. A. NEASE

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Clamp were Del Rio visitors Tuesday.

Hemstitching and piecing, accordiar, box and side plaiting, covered buttons and buttonholes made Mrs. H. B. Houston, Uvalde

A Ford truck was parked on the edge of the hill by the Gonzales store. Saturday. When the drive came to look for his truck, he found it at the foot of the hill against a rock wall, very much damaged. The brakes slipped.

SEE ME FOR
HAIL and WINDSTORM
FIRE and all other forms of
Insurance

D. R. Stallknecht
Agent

THE HIGHWAY CAFE

is now open and ready to serve you with
**Mexican Dishes, Short Orders,
Cold Drinks and Ice Cream**
CLEAN — SANITARY

Your patronage is appreciated!

J. T. AND SONS

GOOD DRINKS

Carbonated Beverages
That Satisfy the Thirst and
have sure-nuf' Coolness

PHONE 6
Brackett Grapico Bottling Works

HOT DAYS?

DON'T SUFFER AND SWELTER
WHEN THERE'S A REMEDY HERE

FANS! FANS!



EMERSON "NORTHWIND"
and POLAR CUB FANS
PRICED AS LOW AS \$5.00

"SNAPPY" SERVICE

THE ELECTRICAL SHOP

L. A. KAMPS
Phones: Store 34. Residence 17.

RADIO

Use of Wave Trap for Good Results

Part Is Serviceable Even in Loop Receiver, Radio Expert Says.

By JAMES H. CARROLL, Associate, Institute of Radio Engineers, in Radio World.

From all quarters of the compass come inquiries as to wave traps and their uses and as to what is the best type of trap to use for good results. Evidently there is a great interest in this handy little apparatus, especially under present conditions; and even when the air is eventually cleared a wave trap still will be a good thing to have around.

Take as an example the solenoid wave trap, as represented by the "WEB" model.

There are two main reasons theoretically for the success of this kind of trap and one is because of the solenoid winding which enables the electrical currents flowing through it to establish a more evenly balanced set of lines of force which concentrate themselves in the center of the tubing and upon the concentration point of the variable condenser. In this type of wave trap it has been discovered that this makes for efficiency and has a great deal to do with tuning.

Micrometer adjustment of interference elimination is necessary for reactor circuits. Therefore, when using a wave trap of this variety the condenser plates will be pressed very slowly or the operator will not trap out the unwanted station. This is a point in favor of such a trap.

Wave traps of this type can be effectively used in many different places. If you have been unfortunate in obtaining good results with a wave trap you may not have used it in the right place. In other words, you may have inserted it in your aerial circuit when it would give you the best results in your ground circuit or some other place, instead.

In the Aerial Circuit.
Let us first try the aerial circuit. Disconnect the aerial from your set and connect it to one of the posts on your wave trap. With a short wire connect the other post of the trap to the aerial post of your set from whence you previously removed the aerial. This is the simplest and most usual use of a wave trap, and it is a good one, but under certain conditions it will not prove the most effective. If by this method we do not succeed in perfectly eliminating an offending station on the lower wave lengths let us try inserting our trap in the ground circuit. This is done in the same way except that we substitute the ground wire for the aerial wire. This means is especially recommended for efficient low wave elimination but reports show that it also works equally well with the highest wave lengths and that also by this method additional stations have been tuned with a wave trap of the design we are discussing.

Now, if we are working with a loop, we can connect our trap in the grid circuit, the most approved method of eliminating interference in such a case and the only way of using a wave trap with a loop set. First locate your grid wire that goes to the tuning device in your set, either coil or condenser. Disconnect this wire at the point of contact with the grid post of the socket. Connect it to one end of a flexible wire about two feet long. Connect another piece of flexible wire of the same length at the place from which you disconnected the other wire and run these two wires outside your set to your wave trap, attaching one wire to one post of the trap and the other to the other post of the trap. You are now ready to eliminate interference. This method, even if it is a little more troublesome to try out, is well worth while, because it will make any set selective.

Another Means May Be Used.
Another means we may use is the aerial and ground shunt, which is one of the oldest methods known and among the most popular. All that need to be done to use this method of insulation is to run a wire from the aerial post of the set without disconnecting the aerial wire to one of the posts of the wave trap. Then run another wire from the ground post of the set to the wave trap. Although no tuning can be done with a wave trap used in this way it functions as an excellent trapping system and stations in the vicinity of the set can be dominated by this means.

Do not confuse a wave trap of this type with an apparatus such as the centralab short wave selector, which is what the name implies and not a wave trap. It fills a very definite function of its own and can be used very satisfactorily in conjunction with a trap of the type we have selected as the best.

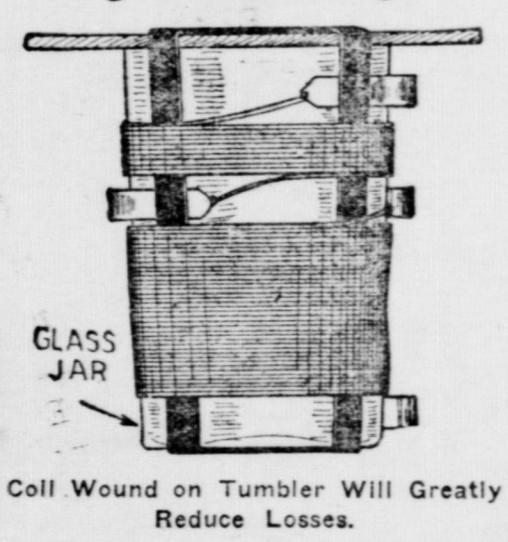
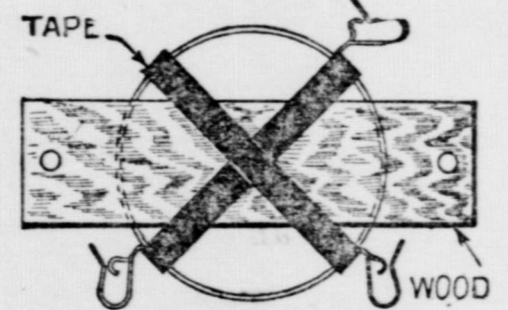
While our testing was being done and before this article was completed, a letter came to a hand from a fan signing himself a Junior Radio Bug asking for practically the information given in this text, and among other things inquiring as to what became of the trapped station when it was captured, probably figuring that it remained in the trap ramping around and beating its waves against the

walls in a futile effort to escape. Well, Junior, you have staggered us here as we haven't the slightest idea as to what becomes of the invading station; our idea is that perhaps, getting its nose or its tail pinched in the trap, it tears away on the trail of other prey in the form of sets not protected by a beneficent wave trap. The earliest form of trap of any kind known to history was a pit dug in the ground by the cave man in front of his cave apartment. This was covered by twigs, branches and grasses so that it looked like a solid surface. Along came the marauding mammoth, in search of meat to vary his vegetarian diet, and tumbled in with a crash that shook the row of caves and dislocated every aerial in miles. Then, all that remained for Mr. Cave man and his tribe was to squat around the trap and sing and howl in chorus until they sang the threshing bobemoth to death, in which case they became the partakers of meat. It is evident, then, that the inventor of the wave trap modeled it upon this efficient device, taking a hole, or a pit, as it were, enclosing it in bakelite, disguising it with a solenoid winding and adding the pinching condenser that squeezes the invading station until it howls for mercy.

An Easily Made Coil, Cheap and Efficient

Quite often in his experimenting a radio fan needs a coil that is easily made, cheap and efficient. The materials needed for this coil are an ordinary drinking glass, some No. 24 D. S. C. wire, a roll of tape, four Fahnestock clips and a piece of thin wood, such as may be obtained from a cigar box.

The wood should be cut to 1 1/4 by 4 1/2 inches and then placed across the middle of the open end of the tumbler. Double a piece of the tape and wrap it



Coil Wound on Tumbler Will Greatly Reduce Losses.

tightly across the glass and obliquely over the wood. Then double another piece of tape and place it over the glass and wood, so that it divides them into four equal parts. Bend the clips in the middle and round them a little so that they will fit against the curve of the glass. Slip the ends of the clips under the tape and to their end solder the wire. The coil can then be mounted by means of holes drilled in the wooden base. If the wire is wrapped tightly around the glass and tape there will be no danger of its slipping off, and the coil will be found to be an efficient one.—Radio News.

Used Aerial Lead Fish to Pick Up the Message

When the two-way radio apparatus failed, observers on the ground were perplexed as to how they could give instructions to occupants of an airplane during army maneuvers, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. The problem was solved by tying the dispatch in a tobacco sack weighted with small stones and attaching that to a string about twenty feet long, which was held taut by two men. The pilot, informed by the panel signal to stand by for instructions, descended close enough to see what was going on, then returned presently with the radio antenna unreeling. As he approached the men holding the string, he throttled the engine, allowing the lead "fish" at the end of the aerial to hang more nearly vertical. It caught the cord and the message was hauled into the cockpit. This method is now in general use for communication in the air corps when the radio sets do not work and the panel signal will not give sufficient data.

Air Speeches Act as Tests for Receivers

It may be annoying to listen to an uninteresting lecture, but there are certain definite dividends to be derived from tuning-in on one. One of the best ways to check up on the efficiency of the set is to listen-in to some speaker and note how well the words come through.

Do not feel satisfied if the announcer's speech comes through in good shape. Announcers have a radio voice to begin with. They may be making an effort to speak plainly, no matter how unconscious this may be. The casual speaker, however, gives just a normal broadcast, thus enabling the radioist to make an "average" test.

If the words sound "mushy" and indistinct, the chances are that the batteries are not up to par. Much of this mushiness is not so often noted in picking up music. Many just assume that it is some new orchestral effect,

BY MAN SHALL HIS BLOOD BE SHED

(By D. J. Walsh.)

THE wounded man roused himself, then motioned to the nurse. She bent over him.

"Read to me."
"What chapter?"
"Genesis; ninth chapter, fifth and sixth verses."
Turning to the places designated, the nurse said:
"And surely your lives of your blood will I require it and at the hand of every beast will I require it, and at the hand of man; at the hand of every man's brother, will I require the life of man whosever I sheddeth. . . . by man shall his blood be shed; for in the image of God made he man."
The nurse would have read on, but he halted her.

"Raise me."
She adjusted his pillow and he leaned back, gasping.

"That is better," he said, reclining on the pillow, his chest rising and falling as he breathed with effort. "It has been ten years since first I heard those words you just read."
"You must not talk. The doctor's orders are for you to remain quiet."
"Those words," he went on, ignoring the nurse's commands, "impressed me little ten years ago, except as being mighty appropriate for the time and occasion. It was in a little church at Valcartier. The congregation of soldiers—part of the 33,000 Canadian expeditionary forces that landed first in England in October. I had left my cabin—the wilds to enlist, but was rejected—too old!"

"I stayed on anyway, several days visiting with Calhorn, who had enlisted and was eager as any of the men to be away at the front."

"Calhorn! that is the name of the man who stabbed you, isn't it?"
"The same. But it isn't the first time you have heard of two old friends turning on each other like a couple of wolves, is it?"

The nurse admitted it wasn't. "The minister chose his text that day in a little church at Valcartier from the verses you just read. He told the solemn, silent congregation where they were going many of them would shed the blood of their brothers and in turn their own in the rising emergencies of war. He told them blood was precious, sacred, an atonement for the soul—a vehicle belonging to God, and always demanded, always forfeited, sooner or later the debt was contracted, and exhorted them never to shed it needlessly. How weighty and significant his words seem now when they then but passed with the hearing!"

"You were strong and well then. Soon will be again if you obey the doctor's orders. What appears mortal to a sick person shrinks to mole hills when they are well and strong again."
"A man," he rumbled on in self-analysis, "may regard truth lightly, trample it heedlessly all his days, but he never will stamp it out. It smolders on, one day to blaze up."
"All my life I have been a man of slaughter. Shedding blood needlessly—a trapper in the Canadian wilds! I have made countless orphans. Many, many furred and feathered parents desolate that I might secure money. I have enough now, gained from that source, to supply all the needs of life, and have wasted as much again in useless excesses."

"Beasts! what of their blood?"
"But the book says 'at the hand of every beast.' If the blood of beasts does not count why is it mentioned? I went back to the wilds. Returning with furs to sell. Was at the station when the boys entrained on the Canadian Northern for the seaport where they would take ship for the eastern front. I had my knife with me. It had a deerfoot handle. I had carried it all my trapping days. It had been dipped in the blood of beasts countless numbers of times—so often that the ten-inch blade had become bluish with dark brown spots—blood had dried and would not scour off in sand or any way I tried. That blade had been stained with human blood, too! I had used it more than once in fights over game poached from traps and traps stolen. I wore the knife in my belt as I stood by the train talking with Calhorn. He, leaning from the window, noticed it.
"A pretty knife you have there, Jim. Let's see it!"
"I handed it to him. His fingers closed around the handle and he made several swipes with the blade through the air.
"A dandy weapon in a set-to with a boche!"
"It's sure fire. Take it along, I yelled as the train pulled out."
Suddenly he straightened up from his pillow, his eyes wild, demanding:
"Where is the weapon he cut me with?"
"There, there," the nurse soothed as she reached over and attempted gently to force him back on his pillow. "You have exerted yourself enough, too much, already. Recline and go to sleep."
He pushed her hands away. His voice rose, insistent, angry:
"Get me that weapon. I must see it!"
"You have already seen it. You pulled it from your side with your own hands when he cut you," the nurse replied, alarmed, but hoping to quiet her patient.
"True, I did. But I was too excited

—too drunk to notice whether I had been stabbed with a knife, a sword or a bayonet. Calhorn himself did not know. Crazy, in our drunken quarrel, he reached up among his collection of weapons on the wall brought back from the fields of Ypres, the Somme and Vimy Ridge. His fingers closed on the first they touched and he struck me."

With hopes of quieting the patient the nurse stepped over to the telephone.
"Mr. Keller; this is Miss Collins. Old Man Priest wants you to bring over the weapon he was stabbed with. Says he must see it; at once!"
"He's bringing it right over," she reported, returning to the bedside. The patient relaxed on his pillow. He was so weak! It was pitiful to see one but a few hours before strong and robust now as helpless as a child.

Keller, the lawyer, thinking he might be in the way of obtaining some new legal points in the case, came hurrying over, the weapon roused himself excitedly as the bearer of the parcel entered and approached the bedside. He snatched the parcel and tore off the wrapping.

"The same knife!" he gasped, sinking back on his pillow. "Old deer-foot!" champing his fingers around the unique handle and holding the knife up as Keller and the nurse looked on, fascinated oddly.
"Blood-letting weapon of a lifetime," continued the patient, oblivious of the nurse and lawyer's presence. "Who can explain your strange return?"
He raised his burning eyes to those of the lawyer.
"Do not prosecute Calhorn. I do not want him prosecuted. Promise Shell-shocked, gassed in France. Maddened by the abuse heaped upon him in our drunken roud. He did not know what he was doing. Promise!"
"I shall present your request at the examination," rejoined the lawyer.
Priest sank back on his pillow and lay quiet for a spell. Then, rousing again suddenly, looked at the keen, worn bright blade. Held it up so that the sun's warm rays coming in through the window scintillated on the glittering steel—held it up for the nurse and lawyer to gaze.

"See!" he quavered. "The spots! I could not scour off are gone! The blade is clean!"
The nurse hastened to the patient's side. A smile had parted his lips. His hands relaxed and dropped heavily onto the coverslet. The knife clattered from his fingers to the floor. He fell back heavily against the pillow with a tired outlet of breath. His head fell forward, lolled, on his breast.

The lawyer sprang to assist the nurse, but all they could do was straighten the deserted body.
Took Full Advantage of Croesus' Kināness
Croesus, informed of Alcemeon's kindnesses, made him a present of as much gold as he should be able to carry at one time about his person. Finding that this was the gift assigned to him Alcemeon took his measures and prepared himself to receive it in the following way:
He clothed himself in a loose tunic, which he made to bag greatly at the waist, and placing upon his feet the widest buskins that he could anywhere find, followed his guides into the treasure house.

Here he fell to upon a heap of gold dust, and in the first place packed as much as he could inside his buskins between them and his legs; after which he filled the breast of his tunic quite full of gold, and then sprinkling some among his hair, and taking some likewise in his mouth, he came forth from the treasure house, scarcely able to drag his legs along, like anything crammed full, and his bulk increased in every way.
On seeing him Croesus burst into a laugh, and not only let him have all that he had taken, but gave him presents besides of fully equal worth. Thus this house (the Alcemeonidae) became one of great wealth; and Alcemeon was able to keep horses for the Olympic race, and won the prize at Olympia.—Herodotus.

Evolution of Pockets

Man's trousers pocket is said to be just 300 years old, says the Los Angeles Times. Before that time the citizen was wont to carry his petty valuables in a little bag of cloth, which might be tied about the waist. But thieves would slip up behind some fat party in the crowd around the score board and slit the string with a knife—thereby making off with the treasure. So a thoughtful Frenchman sewed the bag in the lining of his garments and thereby instituted the first regular pocket. Now there are 15 pockets in the average suit of clothes and the wife can find them in the dark. What wonderful progress the world has made.

History of Silver Dollar

The original coinage of the silver dollar was authorized in 1792. By the act of January 18, 1837, the weight and fineness of the coins were changed. The act of February 12, 1875, provides for the discontinuation of the coinage of silver dollars. The acts of February 28, 1876; July 14, 1890, and March 3, 1891, authorized the recoinage of silver dollars. The silver purchase under the act of 1891 was consummated in 1904. There was no further authorization to purchase silver for dollars until the passage of the Pittman act of April 23, 1918. From that time on, silver dollars have been issued each year.

Humor Found Even in Somber English Jails

Rev. Eustace Jervis, at one time or another chaplain at some of the largest English jails, tells these two stories in his book, "Twenty-five Years in Six Prisons":

There was a very refined but sad looking doctor at one prison. A man who was under sentence of death complained of toothache. He asked the doctor if he would take the tooth out for him. The doctor looked at him sadly for a moment or two, and said:
"Do you really think that it is worth while?"

A wife whose husband was "doing" three years wrote that she would have nothing to do with him when he came out. She said she had met a very nice gentleman, who had taken her and the three children to live with him. They had tea for dinner every night, he took them to the pictures, and had bought the children new clothes and boots. She had never been so happy and comfortable and cared for in her life. After bidding him farewell, she signed herself:
"Your broken-hearted wife, Clara."

Just Why Hobo Had to Leave His Happy Home

Frederick A. Wallis, New York's commissioner of corrections, believes that prisoners should maintain themselves.
"Prisoners must work," he said. "After all, prison is a punishment, and there's no call for reformers to pamper the lawbreaker."

"A tramp asked a farmer's wife one day for a piece of bread. As she gave him a piece of pie she said:
"Poor fellow, you look as if you'd seen better days."
"Yes, so I have, ma'am," said the tramp. He shoved about a cubic foot of pie into his mouth with his knife and added, "Once I dwelt in marble halls."
"And how," said the farmer's wife, "did you come to lose such a nice home?"
"Term expired," said the tramp.

CHILD'S BEST LAXATIVE IS CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP

HURRY MOTHER! A teaspoonful of "California Fig Syrup" now will thoroughly clean the little bowels and in a few hours you have a well, playful child again. Even if cross, feverish, bilious, constipated or full of cold, children love its pleasant taste. Tell your druggist you want only the genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother, you must say "California." Refuse any imitation.



How It's Done

Joe—There's a man who makes things count in this world.
Dan—What does he do?
Joe—Makes adding machines.
Plenty of Work
Friend—Are you affiliated with a reform organization?
She—Indeed, I am. I'm married!

Be Free From Dizziness

headaches, biliousness, constipation, fevers and jaundice, by keeping the liver active and bowels regulated with Bond's Liver Pills. They are made solely for the liver and they assist Nature in removing the poisonous waste. All druggists recommend Bond's Liver Pills. Cost only 25c.—Adv.

Evolution of Pockets

If the movie actor is a handsome chap, the play doesn't need much of a plot.

Evolution of Pockets

A single dose of Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" is enough to expel worms or tapeworm. Why not try 117 372 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

SHE WENT FROM BAD TO WORSE

Down to 98 Pounds—Finally Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



Cleveland, Ohio.—"After having my first baby, I lost weight, no matter what I did. Then a doctor told me I would be better if I had another baby, which I did. But I got worse, was always sickly and went down to 98 pounds. My neighbor told me about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as it helped her very much, so I tried it. After taking four bottles, I weigh 116 pounds. It has just done wonders for me and I can do my household work now without one bit of trouble."

—Mrs. M. KRISTINGBERG, 10094 Nelson Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

If some good fairy should appear, and offer to grant your heart's desire, what would you choose? Wealth? Happiness? That's the best gift. Health, as riches that gold cannot buy and surely health is cause enough for happiness.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound may be the good fairy who offers you better health.

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

Malaria Chills and Fever

Constipated?

Take **NR TO NIGHT**—NATURE'S REMEDY—tonight. Your eliminative organs will be functioning properly by morning and your constipation will end with a bowel action as free and easy as nature at her best—no pain, no griping. Try it.
Mild, safe, purely vegetable—
NR TO NIGHT
TOMORROW—ALRIGHT
At Druggists—only 25c

Itching Piles

Instantly Relieved and soon cured by applying **PAZO OINTMENT**. It Stops Irritation, Swelling, Heat and is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. All Druggists have **PAZO OINTMENT** in tubes with pile pipe attachment at 75c; and in tin box at 60c.

Freckles Disfigure

the most beautiful face; remove them with Dr. C. H. Berry Co.'s Freckle Ointment. \$1.25 and 50c per dealer by mail shipment. Beauty Booklet Free. Dr. C. H. Berry Co., 255 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh A Healing Antiseptic

Money back for first bottle if not suited. All dealers. W. N. U., HOUSTON, NO. 30-1927.

Rays Solve Crime

Criminals who alter documents with any ink that contains iron can be detected by ultra-violet rays, according to Professor Bruning, Berlin scientist, in Popular Science Monthly. Postal thieves who open letters and reveal their also are branded guilty by the rays; one kind of maulage, for instance, glows with a fluorescent light under the rays, while another does not.

Crowding Londoners

Scientists have succeeded in figuring out that out of every 10,000 people included in the London census, 222 are Scotch and 230 Irish.

Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST! Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 25 years.

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Hand "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticester of Salicylic acid.

SLEEVELESS BLOUSE POPULAR; ALSO THE GINGHAM ENSEMBLE

NOT one or two but many a blouse will the woman of smart fashion be buying in the months to come. The blouse theme includes many versions from the sports type to the costume blouse, the latter so essential to the jacket and skirt ensemble.

Being summer, when the game of golf and tennis are the sports of the hour, interest centers to a great extent around the sleeveless blouse. Such cunning types as one sees these days! Perhaps none are of more compelling chic than those fashioned of

two-piece and three-piece ginghams at once struck a note of popularity, for they were just what were needed in the summer wardrobe. All the fashionable world is color-struck this season, which is another "reason why" stylists recognize in gingham a medium directly adaptable to current modes. Always cool and fresh looking, never lose color in the tub, never lose color in the sun, no wonder gingham has become a favorite for fashionable midsummer wear. The gingham ensemble in the pic-



OF ROMAN-STRIPE SILK

Romany striped silk, such as the one shown in this picture. A detachable scarf adds a striking style touch to this model.

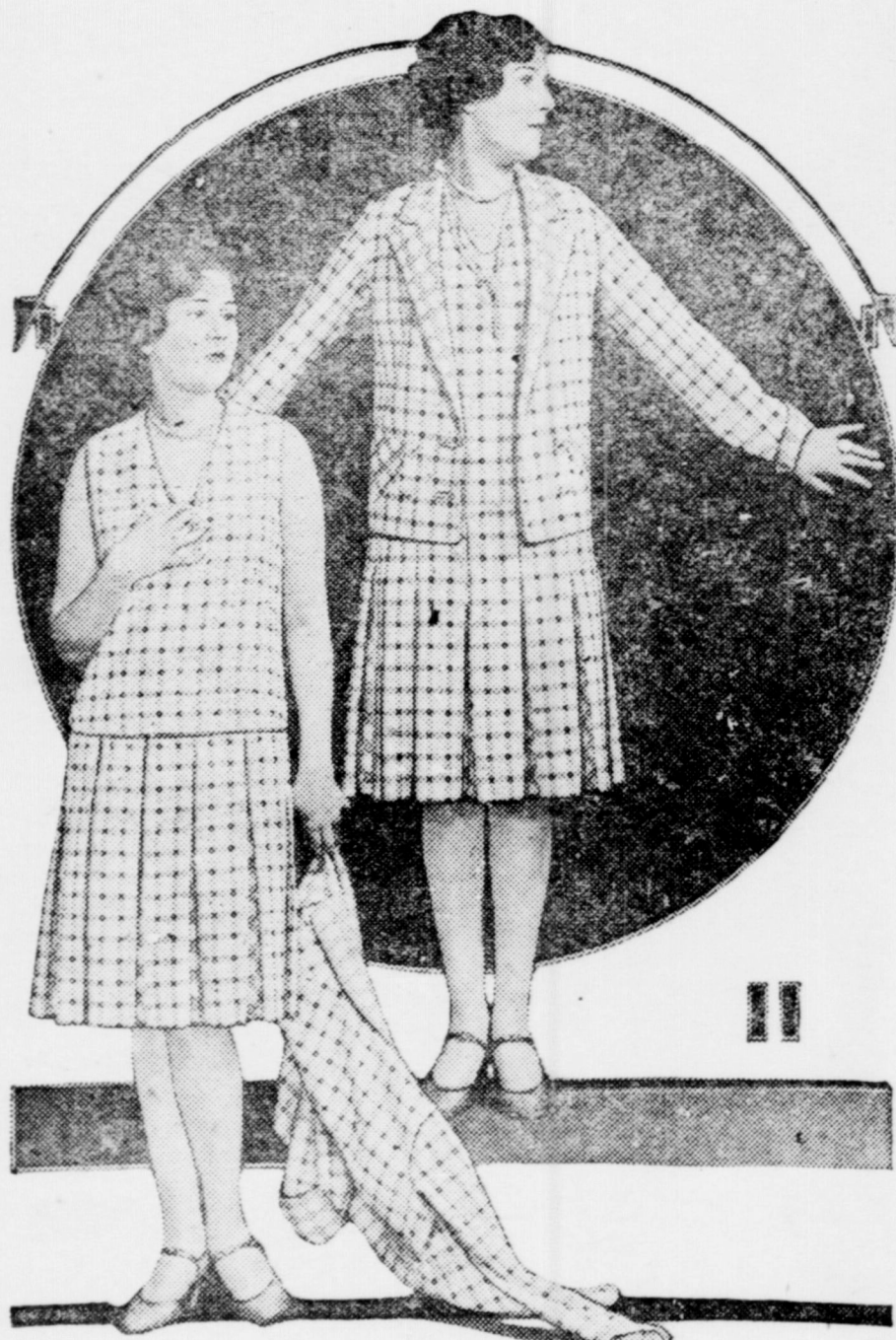
Other blouses of this gay Roman stripe make their appearance with a matching neck kerchief square. This style especially suits the pretty "bobbed" flapper who wears it with a nonchalance that is captivating.

One cannot touch upon the subject of the blouse without referring to the new all-over lace types. These, of course, are dressy, and intended to wear with either plaited silk skirts or with skirts of lace finely plaited.

Not only are blouses of gray or beige lace registering as fashionable,

ture bespeaks a latest style trend. In this one-piece dress with short jacket milady finds comfort, style and plentiful color. This model has a finished sleeve that can be set in either the coat or the dress in the "twinkling of an eye." Any woman can see the advantage of this. There is quite a rivalry just now between the sleeveless jacket and the sleeveless dress. As pictured, the sleeveless frock wins, the coat being sleeved—which is a thoroughly practical arrangement.

A reversible gingham in a novelty check of orange and blue on a white ground is selected for the making of this gown. Where the check is orange on one side it is blue on the other. There is no right or wrong side. This



TWO STREET COSTUMES

but lovely lace models are shown in exquisite pale greens, rose shades, blue and yellow tones. Rhinestone buttons, also grosgrain or velvet ribbons trim the blouses of lace most fetchingly.

A foreword as to fall fashions predicts not only metal cloth and novelty blouses but a possibility of beaded blouses again being favored by the mode.

What a thrill the smart set is getting out of cotton goods these days. Imagine Paris indorsing the gingham ensemble for street and sports wear. Well, that is just what has happened and we in America are quite taken with the idea, too. These

gives an excellent opportunity for self-trim. In this instance the reverse of the fabric forms a clever trim for the collar, revers, cuffs and other details with the dress made up accenting the blue, while the coat emphasizes the yellow. The whole is finished with a piping in one-tone blue gingham to match the check and adds to its beauty.

Here's an interesting item to remember when buying gingham for the new ensemble you are planning—for every designed gingham there comes a one-tone weave for trimming.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY. (© 1927, by Western Newspaper Union.)

DADDY THE DAIRY

GUARD COW FROM ATTACKS OF FLY

Although the effect of flies on dairy cattle is commonly overestimated, dairymen are finding that there are times when the pests are sufficiently numerous to warrant the use of repellents, states E. J. Perry, New Jersey extension dairy specialist.

Where flies and mosquitoes are numerous, spraying with some good fly mixture makes the cows more comfortable and helps somewhat to prevent a drop in milk production. Many good repellents are on the market, but some are better than others, says Mr. Perry.

The experience of dairymen has been that to secure satisfactory results spraying must be done twice daily. They spray after milking in the morning and again one hour before the night milking. All pails and cans are left outside the barn while the spraying is going on and kept out as long as possible. In this way, tainting of the milk is avoided. The milk is strained inside the barn. Commercial mixtures are coming more and more into use, but for those who wish to make their own fly repellents the following are suggested by the dairy specialist:

- No. 1.
- Powdered resin4 pounds
 - Laundry soap4 pounds
 - Fish oil2 quarts
 - Oil of tar2 quarts
 - Kerosene3 quarts

Boil the powdered resin, laundry soap and fish oil in one gallon of water. After boiling for a few minutes add two gallons of water and the kerosene and oil of tar. Boil this mixture for 15 minutes. Shake well and apply as needed.

- No. 2.
- Kerosene2 gallons
 - Pine tar1 quart
 - Crude carbolic acid8 ounces
 - Fish oil2 quarts
 - Linseed oil2 gallons

Mix thoroughly and apply as usual.

Garget Caused by Germ in the Udder of Animal

Garget, an affection of the mammary glands of the cow, and of some other animals, is caused by a germ that gets into the udder through the teat duct. It was formerly thought that there were two forms of this trouble, one being caused by mechanical injury, but investigators are now inclined to believe that every case is caused by bacteria. It is thought that with a heavy-producing cow or one that has just freshened the milk accumulates in the udder and forms a good medium for bacteria to multiply should they get into the udder. They set up an inflammation and the result is called garget. These harmful bacteria are not always present, but when they do gain entrance to the udder there is trouble, if conditions are favorable for their development.

Dairy Cows Will Reduce Living Costs on Farms

Every farmer realizes that the difference between what he gets for food products and what the consumer pays for these products is much larger than it used to be. Economists agree that this large difference must continue as long as freight rates and wages remain as high as they are now. But the farmer is a consumer also, and the best way for him to beat the game is to produce more of his own food on the farm. Milk and cream occupy first rank because they take the place of the most expensive foods the farmer has to buy—meat and fats—and also because they are such healthful foods. There is nothing like milk and cream to make the children grow, keep the whole family healthy and cut down the doctor's bills.

Dairy Facts

Milk utensils should be sterilized. This not only kills bacteria and makes utensils sweet and wholesome, but they also dry quickly, which prevents rusting.

Cows, however well bred or selected, which are unduly thin or out of condition do not make profitable returns from rations. It pays to keep cows in thrifty condition at all seasons of the year.

The amount of salt required daily by the dairy cow varies according to the milk production and feed consumption. Allow the herd to have free access to salt or give them a certain amount regularly with their feed.

The man who can have—and has them—green pastures throughout the winter months does not need a silo for his cows.

Ten milk cows will need about 30 tons of silage next winter. Ten milk cows and their young offspring will need about 50 tons.

The cow which is allowed to shrink in milk flow will never come back to normal. Keep up the flow of milk through the dry-pasture period with green corn and sorghum.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

THE SUN'S HELP

It had been a very hot day. The sun had beaten down with such force that many people could not stay out at all.

They kept saying: "Hasn't it been a hot day? My, but it has been a hot day. It certainly has been a very hot day."

Then Peter Gnome said to his friends: "Do any of you know the reason why it has been so hot?"

They all said that they did not know. They asked him: "Was there a reason?"

"Most certainly," said Peter Gnome. "And it was this: 'A few days ago a little girl was sick, and the doctor said that the thing which would save her life would be the sun.'

"Now, you can imagine, the sun was very proud when he heard that.

"To think," said he to himself, 'that I am so necessary in the world! It makes me very happy to think that I may save a little sick girl's life.

"What could be finer! And doctors even admit I can help when they are quite powerless and have done all they can.

"Really, when you think of it I am just like a splendid big specialist, but instead of paying me a lot of money, or maybe going many miles to see, here I am, and no one has to pay a cent!

"He talked on to himself in this manner for some time.

"He wasn't really conceited. It was his pride and delight that he was able to save the life of a little girl, and he said that he most certainly would save her life.

"In the summer the days are longer than in the winter, and he was given more opportunity.

"But the next day when he was shining brightly and was making



It Makes Me Have Freckles.

everything, oh, so warm, he heard a little girl say to a friend of hers: "Oh, I do wish that horrid old sun would not shine so hard!"

"Why," asked her little friend, "don't you like it when it is nice and warm? We can play and never have to put on any horrid wraps, and we can go in wading and swimming, and just have the best time!"

"No," said the little girl, "I simply hate it because it makes me have freckles.

"I just hate the freckles I have in the summer, and every one teases me so about them."

"Why, how absurd!" answered her little friend. "What do you care if you have freckles in the summer? They aren't so dreadful."

"The sun listened to the conversation with great interest, and he said to himself:

"Well, if any one is going to make such a fuss about a few little freckles I am going to get mad and blaze.

"I'm going to see that my little sick friend is cured by me, just as the doctor said she would be."

"And I shall see that it is a fine sunny summer so everyone will have a good time and feel well!"

"You see," said Peter Gnome, "Mr. Sun is keeping his word, and is helping the little sick girl and not minding about those who complain of him."

"We see," said the gnomes, who were very happy to think of the fine work Mr. Sun was accomplishing.

Just Like Grandpa

Grandma and mother were, as usual, discussing the new baby. "I can't make up my mind whom she favors," remarked grandma.

"Neither can I. It's hard to trace the slightest resemblance to anybody in the family," agreed mother.

"No, it isn't!" helpfully piped Otto. "Her hair and teeth are exactly the picture of grandpa's. They've each got none."

Hello, Daddy!

A little boy laughs Over all sorts of things, Puppy dogs, engines And spiders on strings; But there's probably nothing That pleases him more Than seeing his daddy Come in at the door! —Woman's Home Companion

Sandman Not Wanted

Big sister's guest was scheduled to arrive during the afternoon, and Mary Beth didn't want to take her nap, thinking she would miss something. "Mudder, why can't we call up the Sandman and tell him not to come to-day?" she said plaintively.

CALOMEL ATTACKS THE BONES AND DEADENS THE BOWELS

Never take calomel. It is mercury—a dangerous drug. If you are constipated, bilious, sick, headachy, stomach sour, meals don't taste right, hot days make you drowsy and lazy, take Dodson's Liver Tone. That's all you need.

Calomel salivates. That's why you have to take salts the next day to get it out of your system so it will not eat your bones. You have to stay at home a day to recuperate from the shock it gives you. No wonder Dodson's Liver

Tone is so popular. All you do is take a spoonful at night. By morning you are cleaned out good, head is clear, you feel as light as a feather; you are not sick, no danger of salivation, and you can eat anything you want. Think of that.

Get the big bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone from your nearest store. They all have it. Keep it in the house so you will have it handy to take nights before going to bed.

Big Rats in Rochester

Rats not only grow large, but they grow hard in the Granite state's Rochester. A rat was recently caught in a trap in that city which measured 15 1/2 inches from tip of its nose to the tip of its tail. This giant rat, claiming to be twenty years old, always turned the trick on the cats of the town. Residents claim that during its life the rodent killed seven cats.

Heir-Breadth Escape

Friend—Did you and your partner get the estate settled up? Lawyer—Yes, but the heirs almost got a part of it.

Every time a married man says that he is free from worry and care other married men give him the merry grin.

No man deserves success who can be spoiled by it.

This Great Healing Oil Must Speedily Bring Comforting Relief to Tired, Aching, Swollen Feet

Or Your Money Back. That's the Plan on Which Emerald Oil Is Sold by All Good Druggists.

This wonderful preparation now known all over America as Moone's Emerald Oil is so efficient in the treatment of inflammatory foot troubles that the unbearable soreness and pain often stops with one application.

Moone's Emerald Oil is safe and pleasant to use; it doesn't stain or leave a greasy residue. It is so powerfully antiseptic and deodorant that all unpleasant odors resulting

from excessive foot perspiration are instantly killed.

Be patient; don't expect a single bottle to do it all at once but one bottle which is fully guaranteed we know will show you beyond all question that you have at last discovered the way to solid foot comfort.

Ask your druggist today for a 2-ounce original bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil. Almost every druggist in the country can supply you.

The Majority

"Energy and courage bring sure success in America," said Secretary Hoover at a dinner in New York. "That's why so many foreigners want to immigrate here.

"Our failures are generally lazy and faint-hearted. A famous doctor who labors 18 hours a day said to me the other evening: 'Worry kills more people than work.'

Then he laughed and added: 'More people worry than work.'

No Danger

Mother—"I'm afraid he's a bit fast." Daughter—"Don't worry. He won't get away."

It intimidates the public somewhat to tell it, that something it likes is "immoral," even if it isn't.

In the old days "the king could do no wrong." In these new days, he is not allowed to do anything.

Explanation is not study.

Ma Buzz has unexpected guests

FLIT spray kills ants, bed bugs, roaches, and their eggs. It also clears your home of flies and mosquitoes. Fatal to insects but harmless to mankind. Will not stain. Get Flit today.

DESTROYS Flies Mosquitoes Moths Ants Bed Bugs Roaches

"The yellow can with the black band"

Caves near Pines, Ariz., contain springs of lime water in which an ordinary felt hat, if left for a few months, can be "petrified."

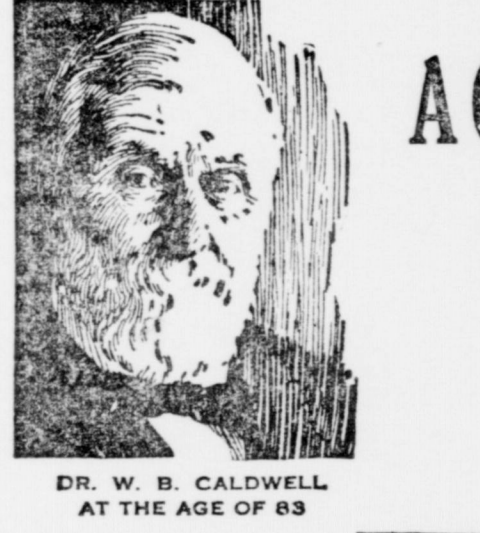
No wise person ever goes to a confidence man in confidence.

Hope is brightest when it dawns from fears.—Sir Walter Scott.

Social agencies in New York city spend more than \$100,000 a year in finding jobs for the physically and mentally handicapped who need work.

The street is full of humiliations to the proud.—Emerson.

Some writers have a fine flow of other writers' thoughts.



DR. W. B. CALDWELL AT THE AGE OF 83

A Child's Laxative Which Mothers Can Rely On

To Dr. W. B. Caldwell, of Monticello, Ill., a practicing physician for 47 years, it seemed cruel that so many constipated infants and children had to be kept "stirred up" and half sick by taking cathartic pills, tablets, salts, calomel and nasty oils.

While he knew that constipation was the cause of nearly all children's little ills, he constantly advised mothers to give only a harmless laxative which would help to establish natural bowel "regularity."

In Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin mothers have a regulating laxative which they can depend upon whenever a child is constipated, bilious, feverish or sick from a cold, indigestion or

sour stomach. All children love its pleasant taste. Buy a large 60-cent bottle at any store that sells medicine or write "Syrup Pepsin," Monticello, Illinois, for a FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE and just see for yourself how perfectly it cleanses and regulates the bowels of infants and children.

Dr. Caldwell's SYRUP PEPSIN

THE STATE OF TEXAS.

To the Sheriff or any Constable of Kinney County, Greeting:

You are commanded to summon W. B. Scates and the unknown heirs of W. B. Scates; Wm. B. Scates and the unknown heirs of Wm. B. Scates; Theodorio C. Scates and the unknown heirs of Theodorio C. Scates; J. R. Scates and the unknown heirs of J. R. Scates; Mrs. J. R. Scates and the unknown heirs of Mrs. J. R. Scates; Sarah E. Scates and the unknown heirs of Sarah E. Scates; Sarah E. Hill (formerly Sarah E. Scates) and the unknown heirs of Sarah E. Hill; Thomas A. W. Hill and the unknown heirs of Thomas A. W. Hill; Jacob de Cordova and the unknown heirs of Jacob de Cordova; Mrs. Jacob de Cordova and the unknown heirs of Mrs. Jacob de Cordova; George Weeks and the unknown heirs of George Weeks; Mrs. George Weeks and the unknown heirs of Mrs. George Weeks; William P. Simpson and the unknown heirs of William P. Simpson; W. P. Simpson and the unknown heirs of W. P. Simpson; Rachel H. Simpson and the unknown heirs of Rachel H. Simpson; Thomas H. Duval and the unknown heirs of Thomas H. Duval; Sam S. Smith and the unknown heirs of Sam S. Smith; Jos. Veltmann; F. B. McNear and the unknown heirs of F. B. McNear; Fidelity Trust Co., unknown to plaintiffs if it be a corporation, and if it is not a corporation, or if it is a defunct corporation, then the unknown stock holders, successors or legal representatives are here sued as well as the said Fidelity Trust Co.; H. I. Grimes and the unknown heirs of H. I. Grimes; J. T. Mosier and the unknown heirs of J. T. Mosier; George H. Currier and the unknown heirs of George H. Currier; Harvey Crude Oil Company, unknown to plaintiffs if it be a corporation, and if it is not a corporation, or if it is a defunct corporation, then the unknown stock holders, successors or legal representatives are here sued as well as the said Harvey Crude Oil Company; Little Sioux Oil Company, unknown to plaintiffs if it be a corporation, and if it is not a corporation, or if it is a defunct corporation, then the unknown stock holders, successors or legal representatives are here sued as well as the said Little Sioux Oil Company; L. A. DeVoss and the unknown heirs of L. A. DeVoss; Sinclair Oil & Gas Company, a corporation of the State of Texas; T. D. Rife and the unknown heirs of T. D. Rife; W. E. Hitchcock and the unknown heirs of W. E. Hitchcock; Wm. G. McCarthy and the unknown heirs of Wm. G. McCarthy; O. M. Taylor and the unknown heirs of O. M. Taylor; C. M. Spraggins and the unknown heirs of C. M. Spraggins; The Pacific Texas Oil Leasing Syndicate, unknown to plaintiffs if it is a corporation, or whether it is unincorporated, and if it is not a corporation, or if it is a defunct corporation, then the owners and holders, or stock holders, successors, or legal representatives of The Pacific Texas Oil Leasing Syndicate are here sued as well as the said The Pacific Texas Oil Leasing Syndicate; A. S. Hickok and the unknown heirs of A. S. Hickok; Robert Baker and the unknown heirs of Robert Baker; Fritz Dittmer and the unknown heirs of Fritz Dittmer; A. N. Carstensen and the unknown heirs of A. N. Carstensen; H. O. Bell and the unknown heirs of H. O. Bell; North American Fiscal Corporation, unknown to plaintiffs if it is a corporation, or whether it is unincorporated, and if it is not a corporation, or if it is a defunct corporation, then the owners and holders, or stock holders, successors, or legal representatives of the North American Fiscal Corporation, are here sued as well as the said North American Fiscal Corporation; Great Western Development Co., unknown to plaintiffs if it is a corporation, or whether it is unincorporated, and if it is not a corporation, or if it is a defunct corporation, then the owners and holders, or stock holders, successors, or legal representatives of the Great Western Development Co., are here sued as well as the said Great Western Development Co.; Lewis Oil Corporation, unknown to plaintiffs if it is a corporation, or whether it is unincorporated, and if it is not a corporation, or if it is a defunct corporation, then the owners and holders, or stock holders, successors, or legal representatives of the Lewis Oil Corporation, are here sued as well as the said Lewis Oil Corporation; Lewis Oil Corporation of Texas, unknown to plaintiffs if it is a corporation, or whether it is unincorporated, and if it is not a corporation, or if it is a defunct corporation, then the owners and holders, or stock holders, successors, or legal representatives of the Lewis Oil Corporation of Texas, are here sued as well as the said Lewis Oil Corporation of Texas; Arthur J. Veltmann and Mrs. Jos. Veltmann, an adult female sole are defendants, and said petition alleging:

Plaintiffs aver and show to the Court that Homer E. Jones, Deulah Jones Carr and husband William L. Carr, are plaintiffs, and W. B. Scates and the unknown heirs of W. B. Scates; Wm. B. Scates and the unknown heirs of Wm. B. Scates; Theodorio C. Scates and the unknown heirs of Theodorio C. Scates; J. R. Scates and the unknown heirs of J. R. Scates; Mrs. J. R. Scates and the unknown heirs of Mrs. J. R. Scates; Sarah E. Scates and the unknown heirs of Sarah E. Scates; Sarah E. Hill (formerly Sarah E. Scates) and the unknown heirs of Sarah E. Hill; Thomas A. W. Hill and the unknown heirs of Thomas A. W. Hill; Jacob de Cordova and the unknown heirs of Jacob de Cordova; Mrs. Jacob de Cordova and the unknown heirs of Mrs. Jacob de Cordova; George Weeks and the unknown heirs of George Weeks; Mrs. George Weeks and the unknown heirs of Mrs. George Weeks; William P. Simpson and the unknown heirs of William P. Simpson; W. P. Simpson and the unknown heirs of W. P. Simpson; Rachel H. Simpson and the unknown heirs of Rachel H. Simpson; Thomas H. Duval and the unknown heirs of Thomas H. Duval; Sam S. Smith and the unknown heirs of Sam S. Smith; Jos. Veltmann; F. B. McNear and the unknown heirs of F. B. McNear; Fidelity Trust Co., unknown to plaintiffs if it be a corporation, and if it is not a corporation, or if it is a defunct corporation, then the unknown stock holders, successors or legal representatives are here sued as well as the said Fidelity Trust Co.; H. I. Grimes and the unknown heirs of H. I. Grimes; J. T. Mosier and the unknown heirs of J. T. Mosier; George H. Currier and the unknown heirs of George H. Currier; Harvey Crude Oil Company, unknown to plaintiffs if it be a corporation, and if it is not a corporation, or if it is a defunct corporation, then the unknown stock holders, successors or legal representatives are here sued as well as the said Harvey Crude Oil Company; Little Sioux Oil Company, unknown to plaintiffs if it be a corporation, and if it is not a corporation, or if it is a defunct corporation, then the unknown stock holders, successors, or legal representatives are here sued as well as the said Little Sioux Oil Company; L. A. DeVoss and the unknown heirs of L. A. DeVoss; Sinclair Oil & Gas Company, a corporation of the State of Texas; T. D. Rife and the unknown heirs of T. D. Rife; W. E. Hitchcock and the unknown heirs of W. E. Hitchcock; Wm. G. McCarthy and the unknown heirs of Wm. G. McCarthy; O. M. Taylor and the unknown heirs of O. M. Taylor; C. M. Spraggins and the unknown heirs of C. M. Spraggins; The Pacific Texas Oil Leasing Syndicate, unknown to plaintiffs if it is a corporation, or whether it is unincorporated, and if it is not a corporation, or if it is a defunct corporation, then the owners and holders, or stock holders, successors, or legal representatives of The Pacific Texas Oil Leasing Syndicate are here sued as well as the said The Pacific Texas Oil Leasing Syndicate; A. S. Hickok and the unknown heirs of A. S. Hickok; Robert Baker and the unknown heirs of Robert Baker; Fritz Dittmer and the unknown heirs of Fritz Dittmer; A. N. Carstensen and the unknown heirs of A. N. Carstensen; H. O. Bell and the unknown heirs of H. O. Bell; North American Fiscal Corporation, unknown to plaintiffs if it is a corporation, or whether it is unincorporated, and if it is not a corporation, or if it is a defunct corporation, then the owners and holders, or stock holders, successors, or legal representatives of the North American Fiscal Corporation, are here sued as well as the said North American Fiscal Corporation; Great Western Development Co., unknown to plaintiffs if it is a corporation, or whether it is unincorporated, and if it is not a corporation, or if it is a defunct corporation, then the owners and holders, or stock holders, successors, or legal representatives of the Great Western Development Co., are here sued as well as the said Great Western Development Co.; Lewis Oil Corporation, unknown to plaintiffs if it is a corporation, or whether it is unincorporated, and if it is not a corporation, or if it is a defunct corporation, then the owners and holders, or stock holders, successors, or legal representatives of the Lewis Oil Corporation, are here sued as well as the said Lewis Oil Corporation; Lewis Oil Corporation of Texas, unknown to plaintiffs if it is a corporation, or whether it is unincorporated, and if it is not a corporation, or if it is a defunct corporation, then the owners and holders, or stock holders, successors, or legal representatives of the Lewis Oil Corporation of Texas, are here sued as well as the said Lewis Oil Corporation of Texas; Arthur J. Veltmann and Mrs. Jos. Veltmann, an adult female sole are defendants, and said petition alleging:

The said 2,312 acres of land which is owned jointly by the plaintiffs, is described as follows, to-wit: All Abst. No. 1282, Cert. No. 25,80, Survey No. 945, Original Grantee A. Burleson, acres 2.6; all Abst. 1474, Cert. No. 1160, Survey No. 956, Original Grantee P. V. de Rubio, acres 46.8; part Abst. No. 547, Cert. No. 41, Survey No. 236, Original Grantee W. B. Scates, acres 99; all Abst. No. 1483, Cert. No. 759, Survey No. 971, Original Grantee Lydia A. Smith, acres 125.1; part Abst. No. 609, Cert. No. 433, Survey No. 237, Original Grantee George Weeks, acres 358; all Abst. No. 449, Cert. No. 4538, Survey No. 199, Original Grantee I. & G. N. Ry. Co., acres 629; part Abst. No. 439, Cert. No. 4837, Survey No. 29 1/2, I. & G. N. Ry. Co., acres 249; part Abst. No. 441, Cert. No. 4839, Survey No. 191, Original Grantee I. & G. N. Ry. Co., acres 195; part Abst. No. 191, Original Grantee I. & G. N. Ry. Co., acres 68; part Abst. 828, Cert. No. Pre-emp, Survey No. 57, Original Grantee John Jones, acres 1.7. The original petition on file gives meters and bounds to which reference is made. The plaintiffs in addition to having a fee simple title to said land, allege that they have a good title to said land by the statutes of limitation of five (5), ten (10) and twenty-five (25) years, and said statutes are specially pleaded. And judgment is prayed against each of the defendants herein cited by publication, removing clouds and quieting title to land, and that certain oil leases be cancelled and held for naught, and the plaintiffs pray for general and special relief against the defendants cited by publication. Herein fail not, and have before said Court, at its aforesaid next regular term, this writ with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same. Given under my hand and seal of said Court, at office in Brackettville, Texas, this the 29th day of June, A. D. 1927. CARL KARTES, Clerk, District Court Kinney County. By ELLIE H. PERRY, Deputy.

of Theodorio C. Scates; J. R. Scates, if living, and if dead, the unknown heirs of J. R. Scates; Mrs. J. R. Scates, if living, and if dead, the unknown heirs of Mrs. J. R. Scates; Sarah E. Scates, if living, and if dead, the unknown heirs of Sarah E. Scates; Sarah E. Hill (formerly Sarah E. Scates), if living, and if dead, the unknown heirs of Sarah E. Hill; Thomas A. W. Hill, if living, and if dead, the unknown heirs of Thomas A. W. Hill, and Jamie Olive Jones, minor, are defendants, and said petition alleging that the plaintiff, in the capacity in which she sues, is, together with the defendant, Jamie Olive Jones, minor, the legal and equitable owner of 828 acres of land in Kinney County, Texas, actually surveyed on the ground and consisting of the number of acres stated here, out of the following tracts of land, viz: 567.2 acres out of Original Survey 237, Geo. Weeks; 162.1 acres out of Original Survey 282, Francisco Salinas; 37.0 acres out of Original Survey 234, S. A. Maverick; 61.7 acres out of Original Survey 236, Wm. B. Scates. The original petition on file gives meters and bounds, to which reference is made. The plaintiff in the capacity in which she sues, and the defendant, Jamie Olive Jones, in addition to having a fee simple title to said land, alleges that they have a good title to said land by the statute of limitation of five (5), ten (10), and twenty-five (25) years, and said statutes are specially pleaded. And judgment is prayed against each of the defendants herein cited by publication, removing clouds and quieting title to land, and that certain oil leases be cancelled and held for naught, and the plaintiff in the capacity in which she sues, prays that the undivided interest held by the minor, Jamie Olive Jones, be sold, as prayed for in petition, and prays for general and special relief against the defendants cited by publication. Herein fail not, but have before said Court, at its aforesaid next regular term, this writ with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same. Given under my hand and the seal of said court, at office in Brackettville, Texas, this the 29th day of June, 1927. CARL KARTES, Clerk, District Court, Kinney County, Texas. By ELLIE H. PERRY, Deputy.

No Trespassing
The Kemper ranch is posted. No fishing, hunting, or otherwise trespassing will be allowed. No permits issued.
A. L. Wickham
Trespass Notice
Notice is hereby given that all hunting, hog hunting or otherwise trespassing, is strictly forbidden on the premises controlled by C. Y. Slator. All violators will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.
9-25-26. C. Y. Slator.
POSTED
The pastures known as the blue water hole and battle grounds are posted. No hunting, fishing or otherwise trespassing allowed. No permits issued to anyone.
Joe Bradford.
Posted
All of our pastures in Kinney County are posted according to law, and any one found hunting or trespassing will be prosecuted according to law. No permits will be given.
Jackson and Locke
by S. E. Causey (foreman).
Trespass Notice.
Notice is hereby given that all trespassers on the ranch owned and controlled by the undersigned, including Heriberto Pinto ranch for the purposes of hunting, fishing, cutting wood or hunting hogs will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. There will be no permits issued to camping parties.
If A. M. Slator.

SOCIETIES
Las Moras Lodge No. 444 A. F. & M. meets first and 3rd Monday every month in Masonic Hall in the Old Court House. A cordial invitation to all visiting Brethren. J. E. Thomson, Worshipful Master; Will. W. Price, Secretary.
The Brackettville Chapter No. 60 Order of The Eastern Star meets on the first and third Tuesdays of each month at 8 p. m. Visiting members are cordially invited. Mrs Myrtle Hirsch, W. M. Mrs. Maud O'Mara Secretary.
Las Moras Camp No. 2383 W. O. W. meets every Monday night in the Filippone Hall
Visiting Sovereigns invited to attend. A. Lopez, C. C. O. B. Castro Clerk.
NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC
I hereby notify the public that all my pastures are posted, and no trespassing of any kind will be allowed.
All violations will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.
W. G. Lackey 9-4-26
Parents Take Heed.
A device in a radio patent is described as "Resistance included in arms." Fathers and mothers will approve.
The News-Mail \$2.00 per year.

CHURCH NOTICES
METHODIST CHURCH
Sunday School, 9:45 A. M.
Preaching Service, 10:45 A. M.
Preaching Service, 8:00 P. M.
Mid-week Service, Wednesday 7:45 P. M.
Geo. B. Steinman, Pastor
Episcopal Church
9:30 a.m. Sunday School.
Evening Prayer and sermon on the second and fourth Sunday evenings in each month by the Missioner. Come, and worship with us.
F. H. Stallknecht, Missioner.
Spofford Methodist Church Services
Sunday School every Sunday at 10 A. M.
Preaching 1st. and 3rd. Saturday nights and 3rd. Sunday morning.
Prayer meeting 7:30 P. M. every Sunday night.
We need your help and presence.
Geo. B. Steinman Pastor.
Spofford Baptist Church
Sunday School every Sunday, 10 A. M.
Preaching Service 1 A. M. Second and fourth Sun days.
S. M. York, Pastor.
CATHOLIC CHURCH
Sunday Mass at the Parish Church at 7:50 a.m.
Sunday Mass at the Ft. Clark Service Club at 9:00 a.m.
Sermon in Spanish one Sunday and in English the next Sunday.
Every first Sunday of the month the Mass will be at Spofford instead of Fort Clark.
Mass 7 a.m. during the week.
Rosary and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament on Sundays at 7 p.m.
Rev. Ericson, Rector.
Friendly Philosophy.
You may say the little stream or may change its course, but unless you check it at its source you cannot stop the flow. Likewise with trivial faults of our own. Check them at the outset and the greater errors will not occur.

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