

# THE SANDERSON TIMES

Volume 18

Sanderson, Texas, Saturday, Dec. 5, 1925

No. 43

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## INTERSCOLASTIC LEAGUE OFFICERS ARE NAMED

The officers for District No. 17, of Interscholastic League have been selected, and at present several changes in the schedule of the meet, which takes place at Alpine, are being contemplated by those in charge at Austin. El Paso County, which has heretofore been in no district, has now been put in this one.

The officers who will have charge of the meet here are: Professor V. J. Smith, Sul Ross State Teachers College, Director General; Supt. B. J. Brannon, Valentine, Director of Debate; Supt. W. C. Jones, Fort Davies, Director of Declamation; Miss Francis Pendley, Alpine, Director of Essay Writing; Prof. B. C. Graves, Sul Ross, Director of Athletics.

The counties which comprise District No. 17 are as follows: Brewster, Culberson, El Paso, Hudspeth, Jeff Davis, Loving, Pecos, Presidio, Reeves, Terrell, Ward and Winkler.—Alpine Avalanche.

Ladies of the W. B. A. will have a Bazaar and Parcel Post Sale Friday afternoon, December 11, at the Masonic Hall.

## Church Notes

In the memory verse contest, Ruby and Minnie Lee Luckie and Mattieue Newton won merit cards for memorizing the most verses at Sunday school.

Last Wednesday evening at the Masonic Hall, the Bible Class of Sunday school gave a Thanksgiving party. Various games and contests, especially the Mother Goose Rhyme contest, lent much merriment to the evening. The entertainment consisting of Mesdames Pierson, Holland and Morgan helped the evening to be one of merriment. Delicious pumpkin pie with whipped cream and hot chocolate was served by Mesdames Chariton, Druze, Wilkinson, G. Mussey and Robertson.

Presbyterian Ladies Auxiliary. The Ladies Auxiliary to the Presbyterian church spent a delightful social afternoon at the home of Mrs. W. E. Lea on Monday, November 23, with Mesdames Lea and Chariton as hostesses. Following a short business meeting the rest of the afternoon was spent in entertainment. Refreshments consisting of salad, sandwiches, cheese straws and coffee were served. Next meeting will be Bible study, place and date of meeting will be announced at a later date.

W. M. U. Meet.

On Monday, November 23 the W. M. U. held their monthly social meeting with Mrs. Lee Grigsby, with Mrs. Leroy Grigsby and Mrs. Grey as hostesses, assisted by Mrs. Lee Grigsby.

After a short business meeting an interesting program was rendered, Mrs. J. A. White as leader. The subject was, "The Child in the Future of the South." Those who took part on the program were Mesdames Grey, McAdams, Hallie, Duke and Miss Louise Williams. Mrs. Duke gave a very interesting report of the Womens Work as reviewed at the Associational meeting, which was held at El Paso.

At the close of the meeting delicious refreshments consisting of chicken sandwiches, fruit salad, hot coffee and tea were served by the hostesses. The next meeting, which will be Monday, December 14, will be held with Mrs. McAdams.

Oh! No! It isn't too late to order a suit or overcoat so you will have it for Christmas. Don't depend on an old, out-of-style suit for the Christmas holidays. EMPIRE TAILORS.

## INTERESTING NEWS FROM A FORMER PIONEER RESIDENT

A letter was handed to the editor this week by Mrs. Tina East, postmaster, written by a former pioneer resident of Sanderson. The letter in excerpt is as follows: St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 25, 1925.

Postmaster, Sanderson, Texas. Dear Sir:

"I want to get in touch with the editor of the daily or weekly paper which I understand Sanderson now has.

"The writer of this letter is an old timer of Sanderson. But I left there thirty-two years ago. I was Roundhouse Foreman at Sanderson from 1889 to 1893 and in those days I could have bought the town of Sanderson for a ten dollar bill.

"I spent the happiest days of my life between Sanderson and El Paso and I often wish I was there again. Tell the editor that I want to subscribe for his paper and in addition I will send him some interesting news items of queer things that happened forty years ago in and around Strobridge, now Sanderson. I was on the material train as a fireman when it first reached Sanderson. "Thanking you for this favor, I am."

Yours truly,  
W. P. Smith.

## DRYDEN NEWS.

Manton Thomas was home this week-end visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Thomas.

Mrs. Jno. Bartlett is here from New Mexico visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Latimar.

Art. Chandler made a business trip to Del Rio Saturday.

Mrs. Will Gurley and son, Bill, are visiting in Del Rio this week. W. T. Carpenter was in town on business Tuesday.

Rep. Claude Hudspeth and Tom Turner were in Dryden this week on business.

Guy Skiles was in town Monday on business.

Tom Cook was in on business Monday.

Miss Elsa Chandler left Tuesday for San Antonio to visit her sister, Mrs. A. T. Ferguson.

Mrs. W. A. Latimar spent several days in San Antonio shopping this week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Henning was in Dryden on business.

## BRIDGE CLUB.

The Wednesday Bridge Club were entertained at the Kerr Hotel this week. White chrysanthemums were effectively used as a means of decorations.

High score was held by Mrs. James Kerr and she was awarded a colonial lady powder jar. Second high score was held by Mrs. M. A. Cavender and she was given a kodak album and Mrs. F. B. Carter won low score prize, a deck of cards.

Refreshments of cheese salad, sandwiches, olives and coffee were served.

## G. I. A. Ladies Entertain

On Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Harry Newton, Mrs. S. E. Peterson, retiring president of the G. I. A., entertained the members and their families.

Various games and contests were played. A feature of the afternoon was a "grab bag" from which each member drew a useful article. Refreshments of sandwiches, cake and coffee were served.

Those from Sanderson who attended the O. E. S. school of instruction at Marfa Tuesday were Mesdames D. L. Duke, Ed Chastain, P. F. Robertson and F. L. Cochran.

## NEW BUSINESS BUILDING HAS BEEN COMPLETED

The new building which Judge Henshaw started some time ago, was completed this week, and Thursday Mr. Pettit, manager of the Royal Barber Shop, moved in. All new and up-to-date fixtures have been put in this building. Carol Harper will have charge of the Royal Tailor Shop, and will be open for business on Monday, December 7. Judge Henshaw's building makes quite an attractive addition to that part of business along Oak Street.

## RESOLUTION.

Whereas, there has been removed from this earthly home, the father of our beloved sister, Kate Strange.

Be it resolved, that Sanderson Review No. 72 of the W. B. A. of Macabees extend to her our sincere sympathy and condolence in this her hour of sorrow.

Be it further resolved that one copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Review, one copy sent to the bereaved sister and one copy published.

Addie Lee Boling,  
Janie Bledsoe,  
Kathryn Harrell,  
Committee.

Congressman Claude B. Hudspeth was in the city Monday on business, en route to his home in El Paso.

Mrs. Mary E. Scotten, District Manager of the Woodmen Circle, of El Paso, spent several days in the city this week in the interest of the local Grove.

## ONE REASON

why our business is growing so fast, and the number of depositors increasing so rapidly is because the Public knows

This Bank is Absolutely Safe.

THE RECORD IS WRITTEN—IT STANDS FOR ITSELF

Some have been inclined to deride and belittle the Guaranty Fund for the protection of deposits—but the experimental period has passed, and the Guaranty Fund is now—instead of an experiment—

A Proven Experience

Standing the most severe strain during the period of adversity—to the absolute protection of all non-interest bearing and unsecured deposits

Without the Loss of a Single Dollar.

That's Why Your Money Is Absolutely Safe in This Bank— And That's Why You Should Do Business With This Bank—

A GUARANTY FUND BANK.

Sanderson State Bank

1925 Christmas

Greeting Cards

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SANDERSON TIMES OFFICE

We Carry Everything Handled In A General Store

## DRY GOODS

The Season's New and Best Styles

DRESS GOODS,

MEN'S SUITS,

HATS, CAPS,

BOOTS AND SHOES.

## GROCERIES

We Have Everything That's Good to Eat

Canned Vegetables and

Fruits,

Jellies, Jams,

Teas and Coffee.

## HARDWARE

We Are Headquarters for

Hardware, Oil, Paints

Stoves, Pipe Fittings,

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We Have a Nice Line of

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Dressers, Beds,

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Mattresses.

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Anything You Want in

Building Material, Sash

Doors, Cement, Lime

Brick, Roofing,

Fencing.

THE KERR MERC. COMPANY



# NEIGHBORS

By ROBERT STEAD

Author of "The Cow Puncher," "The Homesteaders"

WNU Service

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## CHAPTER XVI

After the first blank moment of surprise I turned, not to Spoofer or "Mrs. Alton" or the boy, but to Jean. There was a momentary tremulousness, but almost instantly Jean had herself under control; she was more the artist than I knew. I began to realize how far her artistry carried.

"This is news!" she cried. "When did—?" She stopped short. A wave of color flushed her face. Gerald did not admit of casual explanation.

Spoofer and his wife and I still stood as though rooted to the floor. The woman seemed to avoid my gaze, but when at times I caught a glimpse of her face there was something finer than embarrassment in it; there was something almost serene as well.

Suddenly, "I think we women should go over to Twenty-two," Jean exclaimed. "Marjorie must know the great news. Come, Jerry!"

At the door the collie joined them, capering unasily in the snow. Spoofer and I watched them as they took their way along the well-trodden trail across the gully; then we stabled his oxen in silence.

Back in the house, Spoofer drank a cupful of tea and rolled me a cigarette—I never smoked cigarettes except under Spoofer's malign influence—before he showed a disposition to talk. Then, seated on one of my rough benches behind the blue base of his own tobacco smoke, he spoke.

"I married this woman that you know as Mrs. Alton five years ago Christmas day. You will understand why Jack's wedding was something of an anniversary to me. In course of time Gerald was born. Up until then, and for some time afterward, everything was all right.

"Then—something happened. In what I chose to call righteous indignation I turned her out. Perhaps it was more mortified pride, or just blind, beast jealousy. Never mind. Through it all I gave myself credit for being just, even generous. I gave her half of my ready money, which wasn't much; I've never been much of a money-grabber, Hall; it has always seemed such an inconsequential business. But I gave her half of what I had, and settled on Gerald the small income I could command, and let her keep the boy. That was the biggest thing. I see a good deal of it through different light today, but for letting her keep the boy I demand some credit still. I've done one or two hard things, Hall. You know. That was one of them."

He finished his cigarette and lit another. "Then I came out here," he continued. "It seemed the wisest thing to do. I was settling into the hope of forgetting it all and making a new start, when she followed me." He held up his hand as if to silence me, although I had made no move to speak. "I don't blame her—now," he said. "But then—last summer, you know—if I rather interfered. I saw a good deal of it through different light today, but for letting her keep the boy I demand some credit still. I've done one or two hard things, Hall. You know. That was one of them."

He finished his cigarette and lit another. "Then I came out here," he continued. "It seemed the wisest thing to do. I was settling into the hope of forgetting it all and making a new start, when she followed me." He held up his hand as if to silence me, although I had made no move to speak. "I don't blame her—now," he said. "But then—last summer, you know—if I rather interfered. I saw a good deal of it through different light today, but for letting her keep the boy I demand some credit still. I've done one or two hard things, Hall. You know. That was one of them."

"Frank, she lit a thousand old fires of memory that morning. Moving about in my room; sitting at my table; pouring my tea—G—d, man, do you understand? It was too much for anybody. . . . I don't know what would have happened. At any rate, I ask you to believe that I was making my fight. . . . Then you came."

He threw away half of an unsmoked cigarette and rolled another. "Then I spent some sleepless nights, Frank, old boy. I was glad you had come, and even in my gladness for that sometimes I wished you— We humans are such queer mixtures; beyond analysis. But the more I admitted these things to myself the more I had also to admit that something might be said for Alice. Alice had once been to me all that it now seemed that Jean might be. I wondered if, by some miracle, that might not come again. Women are strange creatures. Besides, I wanted tremendously to see the boy."

"So yesterday I hitched the oxen and broke trail over to 'Widow Alton's.' My afflictions had brought me to a sufficiently humble frame of mind to let Alice say her say. For while she couldn't say anything; just went, you know, and cried my name over and over, and sometimes Gerald's. Mighty uncomfortable for a man standing around and feeling that in some way he's to blame for it all.

"Well, when we got down to facts she had come in the hope of raising money by means of homesteading so that she could educate the boy. But when she found, through old Jake, that I had located here, she wasn't above following. And yet she was afraid of me; afraid she'd meet me somewhere; afraid I'd come over to her homestead; and all the time hoping I would! Women are strange creatures.

"Well, we talked it all over, and— and for the first time in his narrative Spoofer's face lighted with a gentle smile. "I didn't go back to Two last night at all. We're planning a sort of quinquennial honeymoon progress about the district, and, properly enough, our first call is at Fourteen. And now that that's off my chest, behold a man happy once more. I am amazed at the folly that denied me all these years—Men, too, are strange creatures. There's just one thing—a very insignificant thing compared with Alice's happiness, and mine, and Gerald's, but it's this: In taking up her homestead she had to declare herself a widow. She did it for the boy's sake, and she knows she will have to give up the claim, but will she get into further trouble? Will they let it go at that?"

"That was a power, and I turned it over in my mind for some minutes. "Hetter see Jake about that," I suggested. "He'll find a way."

"That's right!" said Spoofer. "Jake's the boy. And he owes me something yet on that cogitation nut transaction. Just one more thing." Spoofer resumed, after a little. "I've told you a great deal more than I propose to tell anyone else. It seemed to me that you—and Jean—had a peculiar right to know."

It had been arranged that during the busy season I should take my meals at Jack's, and Jean had volunteered the duty of carrying my afternoon lunches to the field. There was little time now for either poetry or prose, and yet we lived amazingly in the spirit. Between the plowhandles one must think of something, and I recalled and re-remembered those things I had read during the winter. At lunch time, or in the evenings, I would talk of them with Jean, always trying to approach her from some new and unsuspected angle. As, for instance, when a summer shower threatened us, I quoted (I had borrowed a Shelley from Spoofer):

"I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,  
From the seas and the stream;  
I bear light shade for the leaves when  
That wakes  
In their noonday dreams.  
From my wings are shaken the dews  
That waken  
The sweet buds every one—"

One evening Spoofer came over, carrying his gun. "There's a good crane shooting out at Reed lake," he said. "Brown and I were up last night; got four beauties. Jean seems to be shooting rather well; thought you and she might like to go out on a crane hunt, so I brought over my gun."

"But you—you'll come won't you?" "No, not this time," said Spoofer, sagely. "I've got all I can use for some days."

Jean was enthusiastic, so we quit work early the next afternoon and drove to Reed lake, about seven or eight miles to the west. I fastened a horse blanket to the side of our wagon, dropping one edge to the ground. In front of it I spread another on the grass, and here we sat, sheltered from the cool night breezes that came solemnly whispering over the tops of the reeds that bordered the lake.

Jean seemed to doubt the efficiency of any method of hunting that consisted in sitting down beside a horse blanket and waiting for the game to come up and be shot. She could understand crawling for a hundred yards, head down and heels down, except as a wading foot might serve to semaphore her signals. But to sit and wait. . . . She was counting stars.

"There they come!" I suddenly breathed, scarce daring to whisper, as a new note came up from the water. "Quietly—quietly."

We rose to our feet and stalked silently to the water's edge. There was nothing to be seen. We were surrounded entirely by reeds higher than our heads. We were sinking slowly in the moist mud; water was trickling through the lace holes in my boots.

"We'll have to go in," I whispered. "Are you game?" "I felt the pressure of her free hand upon my arm. "Anywhere—with you."

So we stepped quietly but boldly into the water. It came to the ankles, the calves, the knees. Then we were through the reeds and the lake lay before us, dim and misty, like a sheet of frosted glass.

"Well, wait here. If we're lucky they'll come our way." Out of the air came a rushing. Great wings beat almost upon our heads. But they came and were gone before we knew it.

"Just a couple of strays beating around the lake," I explained. "We'll wait for the waders." Presently, and without notice save the soft splashing of water, they came wading down the shallows close to where we stood, their great bodies dim and dark against the frosted glass; their long necks stretched high, or grubbing in the reeds beside them. One—two—three—four—five—six; on they came.

rod away; then—right barrel—left barrel—we woke the echoes of the lake and filled the air with tempestuous noises. From every side came the splash of water and the rush of wings. The stillness, the gentleness of the night in a moment became the wildest babel of confusion.

But we had no thought for that. Splashing right before us were great forms; flapping, struggling, eddying about. I would have held Jean back but she rushed ahead of me into the melee. She had one by the neck; the last of killing was upon her; it was a fight to a finish. . . . Afterward we dragged them out—three of them. Jean declared there had been another, but he managed to hide himself in the rushes.

Then we built a fire beside the willow and warmed ourselves. . . . Before the water was warm enough for bathing I sent to Regina for a bathing suit. "The gaudiest thing you have," I said, and they took me at my word. It was a great day when I made my appearance in it. In the evenings, after a day of dust in the fields, we reveled in the cool waters of our pond. Jean would race me from end to end, but she was much too good a swimmer for me.

Then came one of those rare summer nights—rare on the prairie—when the air does not cool off with

of the way of them, here. Get up and let's go for a swim." A flash of lightning revealed her in her bathing suit. I was soon out of bed and into mine.

"Beat you to the other end of the pond," she said, as we threaded our way down the well worn path. "You always beat me," I confessed. "But I'm game; I'll try again."

We took the water together; its comforting tide wrapped us about as we swung through it with long, easy strokes. Jean suited her pace to mine; her body was a rhythmic machine, lithe, supple, almost serpentine in its movements. Her hair was down. When a glow of distant lightning fell about her face was ivory white, cameo-like against the black water.

"I had a dream, Frank," she said at length. "I dreamed you were wrecked on a lonely island, where you seemed doomed to spend all your days. But one night when you were sleeping a nymph of the wilderness stole up and whispered something in your ear. And this is what she said: 'Go down to the beach at midnight and light a fire on the sand, and a beautiful maiden shall come up out of the sea. Take her; she is yours.'"

"And you turned in your sleep and said, 'Mine—forever?' And the nymph said, 'Forever, if you will obey the law.'"

"And you said, 'What law?' And the nymph said, 'The law of romance, which is the law of life. If you are true to that law she shall be yours not only now, but forever, and this shall no longer be a lonely island, but a place called Paradise.' And then I woke up."

"That was a very wonderful dream, Jean," I said. "A very wonderful dream."

"And I have been wondering, Frank," she continued, her liquid voice dropping very low and soft, "I have been wondering if you were to light a fire on this beach—what would happen?"

"It would be an interesting experiment," I agreed. "But I have no matches."

"I have provided against that. See, on this stone are matches, and beside it wood for a fire." "Jean!" I exclaimed, a great light breaking about me. I extended my arms toward her; I would have rushed to her, but she evaded me. "Suppose you try the experiment, Frank," she said. "Let us see if there is anything in dreams."

I found the stone with the matches; I struck one; its light glowed genially in my face. I found the little pile of dry wood which she had gathered together; I knelt and set my match to it. I think in that moment I felt some-thing like a god before an altar; a whiff of fragrant willow smoke filled my nostrils like incense. Then I stood up and looked around for Jean. She was gone.

My little fire crackled and burned up merrily, sending its shaft of pale blue smoke heavenward in the night. The distant clouds still heliographed each other across the sky; their flash-lights blinked on the surface of our pond from time to time.

Then I sat down and tried to recall what Jean had said. "A beautiful maiden shall come up. . . . Take her. . . . She is yours—forever—if you obey the law."

"I will—I will obey!" I breathed. Out on the dark water glowed a phosphorescent point. It drew steadily, straight toward me. It was the ripple of white water as a silent graceful figure clef the tide in two. Onward she came, steadily, stroke by stroke. A flash of distant lightning lit her face cameo-like against the depths behind. She had touched the sand; she drew up from the water; she stood before me. I took her in my arms.

"Dreams do come true. If they're properly staged," she said when she could speak.

[THE END.]

"First" Roads There probably will be all sorts of rivalries and disputes in the near future over the question of precedence among American railroads, just as there were a few years ago over the date and identity of the first steamboat. It seems not unlikely that the honor will have to be divided and distributed according to the interpretation of the term. The first road on which vehicles ran on rails was per-haps that on Beacon Hill, in Boston, in 1807. The first road to employ steam power seems to have been the 27-mile stretch built by the Delaware & Hudson Canal company in 1827 from Honesdale to Carbondale, Pa. The first road to carry passengers was probably the Baltimore & Ohio, which in May, 1830, began running from Baltimore to Ellicott's mill, 13 miles, by horse power.—New York Herald-Tribune.

The chief benefit of a vacation is the renewed conviction that it's darned nice to have a regular job.—Duluth Herald.

## Preparation of Young Men to Be the Heads of the Homes of the People

By PRESIDENT COOLIDGE, International Y. M. C. A. Address.

YOUR Christian associations represent a practical effort to organize and augment in every field the lay forces and to translate the truths of religion into the life of the people.

It is increasingly true that the hope of the future lies in the youth of the present. Probably no other lay force asserts so large an influence upon the young people as that which you represent. It stands as a direct challenge to materialism. It is a constant assertion that there is something more than the things that are seen: It seeks to overcome the tendency of an age of profusion which is so likely to develop into a condition of luxury and pleasure, selfishness and ease, destructive of the vitality and character of society.

It is an effort to secure that development which only comes through action, and to strengthen the physical, intellectual and moral life by an ever active campaign against disease, ignorance, poverty and other evils. It seeks to create better understanding, to reveal young men to themselves, to show them their great powers, to direct them into unselfish ways, to give them more self-control and broaden the whole scope of their lives. It is a most practical effort in the training of citizenship.

One of the important results of all these activities is the preparation of young men to be the future heads of the homes of the people. There are too many indications that the functions of parenthood are breaking down. Too many people are neglecting the real well-being of their children, shifting the responsibility for their actions and turning over supervision of their discipline and conduct to the juvenile courts. It is stated on high authority that a very large proportion of the outcasts and criminals come from the ranks of those who lost the advantages of normal parental control in their youth. They are the refugees from broken homes who were denied the necessary benefits of parental love and direction.

The home is the cornerstone of the nation, and any effective better-homes movement must begin with the training of the youth for those responsibilities, or we shall see the disposition to attempt in some way to turn over to the government the responsibilities for the rearing of children constantly increased. What the youth of the country need is not more public control through government action, but more home control through parental action. These associations are an effort in that direction.

## Whether Less Surgery or More Surgery, We Shall Have Better Surgery

By DR. H. A. ROYSTER, in Medical Journal and Record.

In spite of notorious prognostications to the contrary, progress in surgery has been made. Erichsen, an English surgeon of Danish birth, in 1855 voiced the feeling of many of his day when he said that the practice of surgery then reached its climax and that no further advances in the art would be possible.

The science of surgery has been a late development. It was ushered in by the advent of anesthesia and antiseptics, and is now being brought to its highest degree by associated studies in other branches of medicine. The ebb and flow of the surgical tide has caused us to take up the old if it were genuine and to discard the new if it were spurious.

Unnecessary operations constitute the peculiar office of those surgeons who fail to understand that the highest aim of surgery may be the avoidance of operations. Whether we shall see less surgery or more surgery, I believe we shall have better surgery, as we progress toward the lofty ideals now being erected in the name of standardized hospitals.

## New Ireland With Which Americans Are Unfamiliar Is Being Created

By SENATOR J. T. ROBINSON, in New York Times.

During the last two years Ireland has almost disappeared below the news horizon. This is due in part to the fact that radicalism among the Irish people has been superseded by conservatism. Political agitation has almost ceased. Nothing sensational has occurred in Ireland during the last two years. No social upheaval is threatened. Nevertheless a new Ireland with which Americans are unfamiliar is being created. The last two years probably have been more important to Ireland than any other period of equal duration, for the reason that these two years have witnessed changes of great and lasting consequence. Nothing in modern history is more striking than the quick transition under the new Irish government from the lawlessness and guerrilla warfare which prevailed in Ireland before and just after the establishment of the Free State to the astonishing condition of orderly peace which now exists. This of itself is a great triumph. It could not have occurred if Irishmen generally had not become weary of violence and agitation.

## Beauty of Budapest Is City Beauty—the Perfect Grouping of Buildings

By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM, in "Warfare in Hungary."

Naples approached by sea is glorious. So is Lisbon. So is poor battered Dublin. So are a dozen other cities. But for the most part they owe their beauty chiefly to their surroundings. The Bay of Naples would be splendid if there had never been a house built on the shore of it. So would the Tagus scenery if there had been no city of Lisbon. But the beauty of Budapest is city beauty, depending very little on the rolling hills westward, not at all on the flat land to the east. I think that what makes it so beautiful is the wonderful grouping of the buildings on both sides of the river. . . . Nobody planned it. Nobody, I think, ever does plan the successful grouping of buildings. When it occurs it is the result of accident or some instinct. It exists elsewhere, of course. You see it in England, in Somerset, for instance, where church, manor house, great barn and village street are exquisitely grouped. But I have never seen more perfect grouping than in Budapest.

## Quebec, Last Refuge and Asylum of the Liberties of the People

By H. HENRI GAGNON, Editor Quebec Le Eclair.

Quebec is the last refuge and asylum of the ancient liberties of the people of this continent. It is bounded on the south by the benighted states, on the east by a late spring, on the west by the faddist regime, and on the north by the bowels of the earth.

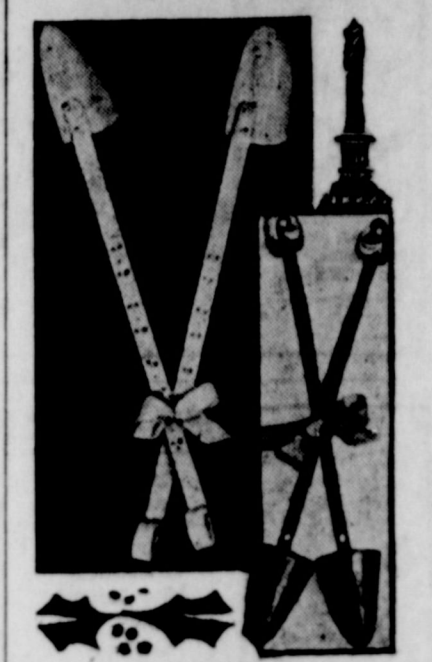
The people of Quebec are chiefly engaged in minding their own business, an attitude which arouses the resentment and occasionally the mirth of the rest of the continent. It makes them so very conspicuous.

The individual in Quebec is known as the habitant, a simple creature who hath an abiding and childlike faith in God, and for this reason is regarded by the rest of the hemisphere as practically helpless.

## Nice Things for Christmas Gifts

Among Favorite Gifts

Painted metal shoe trees are among the old favorites in gifts that appear in new guise this year. On a black pair grotesque faces promise smiling and faithful service to a master, and on a blue pair pretty pink blossoms bespeak a mistress' approval.



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## Lo, the Poor Indian



Great will be the elation of the small boy who wakes up on Christmas morning to find himself in possession of an Indian camp, with trees, tepees, men and squaws on a green-covered board. These are all made of crepe paper and wire, which is wound with strips of the paper to fashion the figures. Small canoes may be made of paper or real birch bark, blankets of bits of cloth and war bonnets of tiny feathers or paper.

## Clever Sewing Bag



A clever work bag that every woman will like has made its appearance among novelties for Christmas. It may be used as a sewing bag or to carry one's knitting, or other picky work, to the club or elsewhere. Nothing more unusual than an old straw hat crown, some figured silk and lamp shade or bead fringe is needed to make it. The straw bottom is lined with plain satin and the top closed with a silk cord.

## Scroll Saw Toys

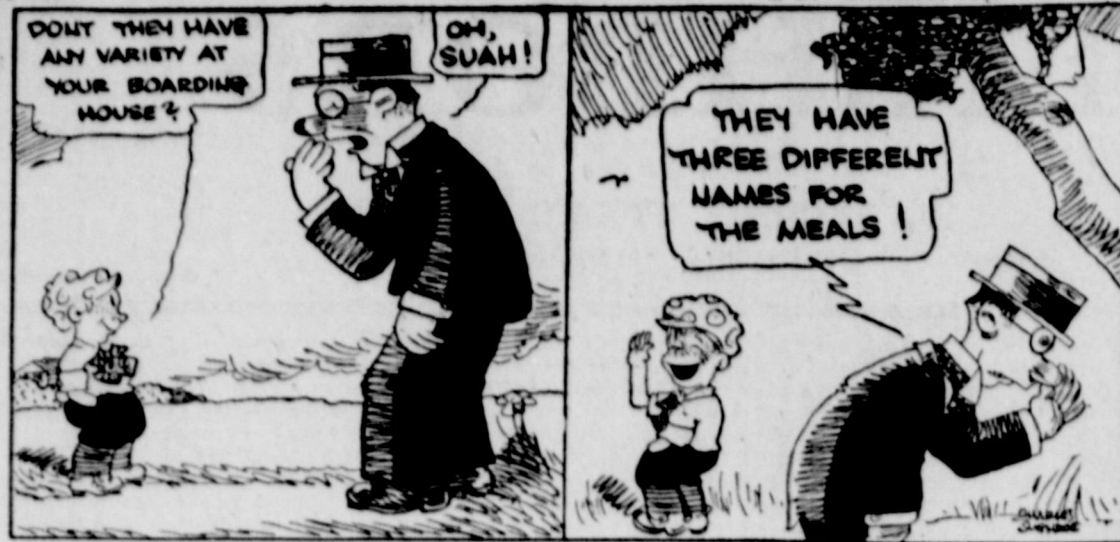


All kinds of figures—animals or children, cut from printed crepe paper, make captivating toys when pasted to thin board and sawed out with a scroll saw. Little Boy Blue and a dancing girl are pictured. They are glued to little wooden blocks.



### MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Squires  
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### For Prunes and Hash

### PEOPLE OF OUR TOWN



The Kid is a combination of pep, curiosity, devilment, goodness, fun, trouble and noise. Some days he brings his father's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave, and other days he brings back Dad's lost youth. The Kid is hard to get along with sometimes, but still we can't get along without him.

### TURN ME OVER



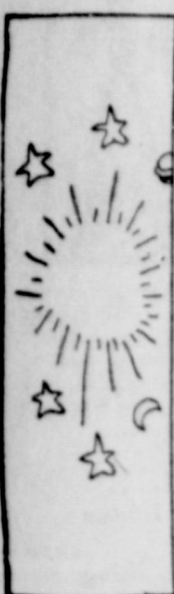
Whasser difference between a belated suburbanite and an athlete gettin' ready for a half-mile sprint?

### HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

DOCTUH LOW AH USETER BE SLOW BOUT PAYIN' MAH BILLS BUT AH DONE STOPPED DAID STILL NOW!



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### THE FEATHERHEADS

By L. F. Van Zeln  
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YESTERDAY FELIX WENT TO THE ROOF TO REQUEST MRS. SLAUGH TO TAKE HER WASHING OFF HIS RADIO AERIAL. MR. SLAUGH OBJECTED TO FELIX'S TONE OF VOICE AND A CHASE ACROSS THE ROOFS FOLLOWED.



### In the Wrong House



### Events in the Lives of Little Men



### Our Pet Peeve



### HOME WANTED FOR A BABY



### THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

The way the world just sails through space without machinery or fuss is quite disquieting—I hope there's some one looking after us after we're gone.



### VOICE STILL THE SAME



"How do you recognize her when she's made up?" "Well—er—her voice is still the same."

### The Clancy Kids

It Was a Good One at That



By PERCY L. CROSBY  
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**PROGRGM**

**TONIGHT, SATURDAY:**  
 "SPIRIT OF U. S. A." Also "The Fighting Ranger."  
**MONDAY and TUESDAY:**  
 "SALLY" featuring Colleen Moore. Story taken from Flo Ziegfeld's Musical Comedy. Prices 20c and 50c.  
**WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY**  
 Joseph Sedgwick in "DARING DAYS." A Blue Streak Western. Also "The Go Getters." Prices 20c and 30c.  
**FRIDAY and SATURDAY:**  
 "WHERE NORTH BEGINS" featuring the Wonder Dog Rin-Tin-Tin. Also "Fighting Ranger." Prices 20c and 40c

**Princess Theater**

**SANDERSON GARAGE**

**"WE ARE ALWAYS AT YOUR SERVICE"**

**FOODS TO PLEASE**

Our customers may be certain that our stock of Groceries—staple and fancy—Fresh Fruits—Vegetables—are of the finest and that our price and service will please. We offer pure Foods at reasonable prices.  
 Phone No. 35  
**W. H. Farley**  
 The Store of General Merchandise

**Only the Best and Purest Used**

In our Drinks and Ice Cream and a full line of King's Chocolates.  
 Everything in School Supplies, Pencils, Inks, Stationery, Etc., Toilet Articles, Powders, Perfumes, Shaving Cream and Lotions.  
 Call and see our goods. Try our drinks.  
 Your trade will be appreciated.  
 "Yours For Better Service"  
**BOHLMAN CONFECTIONERY**  
 H. E. Jobe

**Ford Service**  
 Genuine Ford parts  
 Repairing done on any make car  
 Accessories—Everything for your car—Motor Motors, radiator caps, chamois skins, sponges, polish, Goodyear and Fisk Tires and Tubes.  
 Cars stored, washed and greased with Alemite Grease—we are sole agents for Alemite.  
**MUSSEY BROS.**

**SALLY**

She's back in our Alley  
**See Colleen Moore in "SALLY"**  
 At the Princess, Dec. 7 and 8  
 Boys She's a scream.

For sanitary home cooked meals go to the Dew Drop Inn for them.  
 —Don't wear shabby clothes any time, especially during the Christmas Holidays. Clothes ordered next week can be delivered by Christmas Day.  
**EMPIRE TAILORS.**  
 Sweet Potatoes for Sale.  
 Sweet Potatoes, 4c a pound, guaranteed free of weevils and worms; no order less than 50 pounds, money to accompany order. Louis Gottwald, Del Rio, Texas. 4t

For a good home cooked meal go to the Dew Drop Inn.  
 —Do the millions who die help us? Write box 877, El Paso, Texas. 4-t-p.  
 —Buy your Christmas gifts at the W. B. A. Bazaar.  
 —Box Stationery with name printed on make lovely Christmas Gifts at the Times office.

**E. F. Howard**  
 Agent For  
 Good Reliable  
**FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES**  
 Your Business will be Appreciated

**"COLD IN THE HEAD"**  
 Is an acute attack of Nasal Catarrh. These subject to frequent "colds" are generally in a "run down" condition. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is a Treatment consisting of an Ointment to be used locally, and a Tonic, which acts quickly through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces, building up the System and making you less liable to "colds."  
 Sold by druggists for over 40 Years.  
 F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

—Silver and Gold Hemstitching at 20c per yard. Hemstitching and picoting 10c a yard. Mail orders will receive prompt attention. Mrs. Dixie Schupbach.

**THIS BARGAIN BOOK**

SEND TODAY for this wonderful book of savings. Its 800 pages are literally bursting with bargain prices on the world's best merchandise. Almost everything you need is listed among the 35,000 items pictured, described and plainly priced—priced at a very definite and substantial saving for you.



**MAIL THIS COUPON**

Hearn, Roebuck and Co. TD 400  
 Chicago Philadelphia Dallas Seattle Kansas City  
 Send Latest General Catalog.  
 Name \_\_\_\_\_  
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 Rural Route \_\_\_\_\_ Box No. \_\_\_\_\_  
 State \_\_\_\_\_  
 Street and No. \_\_\_\_\_

**Notice to Creditors and Debtors**

To those indebted to, or holding claims against the Estate of Juan Baldez, deceased.  
 The undersigned having been duly appointed Executor of the Estate of Juan Baldez, deceased, late of Terrell County, Texas, by the County Court of Terrell County, Texas, on the 14th day of November A. D. 1925, during a regular term thereof, hereby notifies all persons indebted to said estate to come forward and make settlement, and those having claims against said estate to present them to him at his residence at Sanderson, Texas where he receives his mail, this 16th day of November, 1925.  
**JOE KERR,**  
 Executor.  
 4-t-c.

—Christmas is in at the Elite.



—Let the Elite help you with your Christmas Gifts.

**Gift Shop Goods**  
 I have a nice line of stamped goods, Christmas novelties, etc., in my gift shop at the residence. Ladies please call and examine before buying elsewhere.  
**MRS. P. F. ROBERTSON.**

—For meals like the kind mother used to cook, try the Dew Drop Inn.

Plaiting; skirts, panels, ruffles; hemstitching; covered buttons, tailored buttonholes. Mrs. V. B. Houston, Uvalde, Texas.

**Peter R. Gorman, D. C.**  
 Chiropractor

Palmer Method Graduate T. C. C.  
 Office at Tom Parson's Residence

**How Doctors Treat Colds and the Flu**

To break up a cold overnight or to cut short an attack of grippe, influenza, sore throat or tonsillitis, physicians and druggists are now recommending Calotabs, the purified and refined calomel compound tablet that gives you the effects of calomel and salts combined, without the unpleasant effects of either.  
 One or two Calotabs at bed-time with a swallow of water—that's all. No salts, no nausea nor the slightest interference with your eating, work or pleasure. Next morning your cold has vanished, your system is thoroughly purified and you are feeling fresh with a hearty appetite for breakfast. But what you please,—no danger.  
 Get a family package, containing full directions, only 35 cents. At any drug store. (adv)

Mrs. Beulah Rawlings, grand examiner of the Grand Chapter of the O. E. S., spent last Saturday and Sunday here as the guest of Mrs. F. L. Cochrane.

Mrs. W. H. Savage spent the Thanksgiving holidays in San Antonio with her sister, Miss Merle McKee.

—Gifts for everyone. Come out and enjoy the evening, Friday, December 11, at the Masonic Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Vance McLymont left Monday for Del Rio where Mrs. McLymont was put under hospital care.

Miss Louise Cavender returned Sunday from San Antonio where she completed a business course at Draughn's College.

Mrs. A. B. Woodlief, of Henderson, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. E. F. Howard and family.

—The Elite will give away a \$14.00 box of candy on Christmas —LOST—A blue, male Maltese cat, has a little white on the breast. Finder please return to Mrs. Crabtree. 1-t-c.

T. R. Kuykendall was down from El Paso this week on leg business.

Miss Ella Savage has returned to El Paso after a pleasant visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Savage.



The best surprise of all—a

**KODAK**

The best place of all to select Kodaks for Christmas is this store. The line is well represented; our sales people are well informed.

Kodaks \$5 up—Brownies \$2 up

**Sanderson Drug Co.**

**School Notes**

The senior class has started early to raise money for the commencement exercises and other expenses. There being so many in the class they will have to have several entertainments to make the money. A parcel post sale was given Thursday at the P. T. A. meeting. The ladies showed great interest in the class by giving packages for the sale.

Football season just being over and basketball season beginning, the boys met Monday to organize their team. Walter Grigsby was elected captain for 1925-26. They are beginning as soon as possible to train so as to win the championship this year. Although they lost it last year by a few points they intend to win it this year.

**Announcing The Opening of Royal Tailor Shop**

In our new Building  
 Monday, December 7

Clothes to be Cleaned and Pressed will be called for and delivered  
 Phone No. 6  
**CAROL HARPER,**

**Ford**

TUDOR SEDAN  
**\$580**

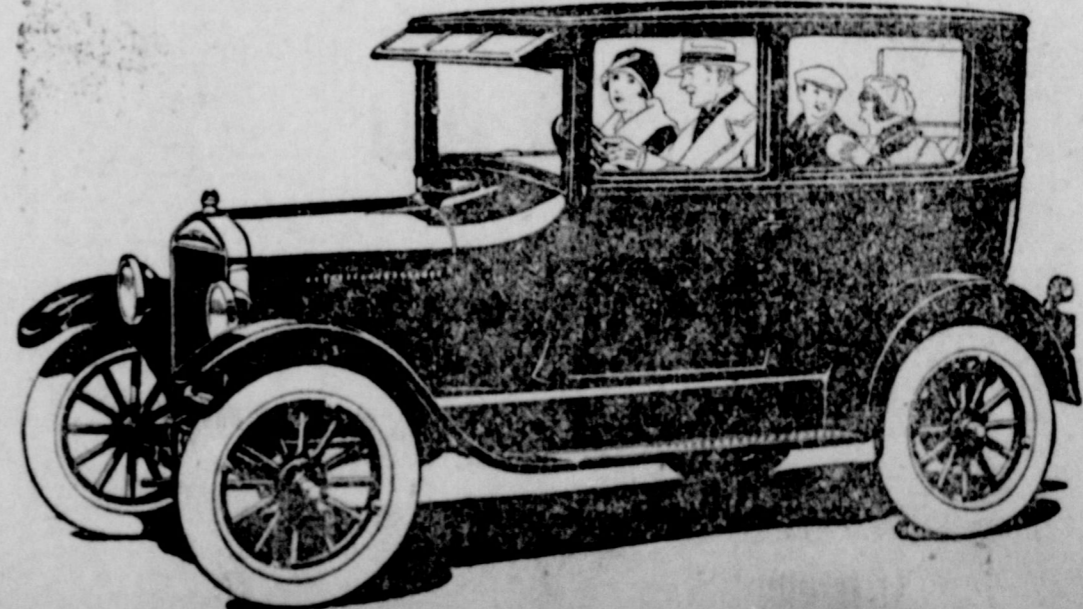
- Runabout - \$260
  - Touring - 290
  - Coupe - 520
  - Fordor Sedan 660
- Closed cars in color. Demountable rims and starter extra on open cars.  
 All prices f. o. b. Detroit

To anyone familiar with closed car values, it is amazing that such quality and workmanship can be had at this low price.

Everyone admires the smart lines and the cozy interior, with its strong, hand-built seats and attractive upholstery. Windows and windshield are of fine plate glass.

Inspect all the new features at any Authorized Ford Dealer's showroom. Any Ford car can be purchased on very easy payments.

**Ford Motor Company**  
 Detroit, Mich.



**We Are Prepared To do your Oil Field Equipment Hauling**  
 We specialize in the Hauling of Drilling Well Tools  
**FARLEY & NUTTER**  
 Call or Write B. C. Farley  
 Phone No. 50  
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