

THE SANDERSON TIMES

Volume 19

Sanderson, Texas, Saturday Aug. 14, 1926

No. 27

W. E. STIRMAN

The Wood, Coal and Dairy Man

Cedar, Mesquit, Oak Wood and Dawson Coal

Get Your Supply on Hand.
Be Ready For the First Cold Spell

Phone No. 2 Sanderson, Texas.

LEMONS & HENSHAW, ABSTRACTORS

Terrell County Lands

Lands Sold Property Rentered Lands Leased Taxes Paid
Abstracts Examined and Titles Passed Upon By an Efficient and Reliable Attorney.
Office with County Clerk, Sanderson, Texas

G. J. Henshaw, Mgr.

Lincoln Ford Fordson

CARS-TRUCKS-TRACTORS

Confidence in the concern with which you deal—that is the biggest thing to consider in your purchase of a new or used Ford car; and upon that basis you should naturally buy from an authorized dealer.

We carry a complete stock of FORD parts and accessories, gas, oils and Goodyear Tires and Tubes.

Our mechanics are expert workmen and we have the best equipped repair shop in the city.

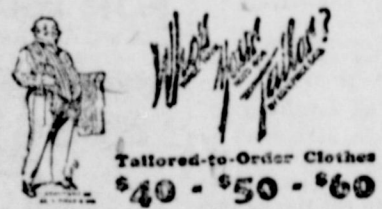
W. J. FERGUSON

A Hint to the Wise, Etc. See Manager For Contract

Why annoy your neighbor for the use of his Telephone when you can have one in your house for

\$2 Per Month?

Sanderson Telephone Company



EMPIRE TAILORS

PECIAL FOR MONDAY

No. 2 Blackberries, regular 40c value	27c
No. 2 1/2 Royal Ann Cherries 50c value	39c
No. 2 1/2 Apricots, regular 40c value	27c
No. 2 1/2 Grapes, regular 40c value	27c
No. 10 gallon cans Blackberries, regular 1.10	89
No. 10 " " g Pineapple, regular 1.10	89
No. 10 " " Pears, regular 85c	69
P. and G. Soap, 5 bars for	25
No. 2 1/2 cans Apples, regular 40c for	27
No. 1 Niana Garden Peas, regular 20c for	14
No. 1 Libby tall Tomatoes, regular 15c for	10
No. 1 Blue Label Kraut, regular 15c for	12
No. 2 Libby Pork and Beans, regular 15c for	11
No. 10 Green Gage Plums, 85c value	69c
Swifts Sunbrite Cleaner 10c size	4 for 25c

SANDERSON MERCANTILE CO.
THE STORE OF SERVICE AND QUALITY

Phone No. 40 Prompt delivery

Boy Scouts Leave for Summer Camp

Thirteen boys, accompanied by their scoutmaster left Sanderson Thursday morning by bus for Devils River where they will be in camp for ten days. These boys, together with about 125 other boys from this area, will enjoy the delights of a boy under careful supervision of one man to every 16 boys. There will be something doing for the boys from 6:30 in the morning until the first call for bed at 9:30 p.m. Those from here who made this trip are as follows: Jack Smith, Charles Robertson, Bobby and Woodlief Howard, William Lea, Arthur Spencer, Jack Laughlin, Morgan Mills, Marley Morgan, James Daniels, Rogers Franklin, Robert Stirman, Telephus Sharp and Scoutmaster Boling.

Jonah Stovell Robbed

Last Monday evening in packing preparatory to making a business trip to Del Rio, John Stovell who is staying at the Kerr Hotel, discovered that his money that he had in a pocket book in a dresser drawer in his room had been stolen. He immediately went down stairs and notified Constable J. E. Landers of the robbery. Aleck Rodriguez, a porter at the hotel, was suspected of the act and was questioned. Not satisfied with his answers, Mr. Landers put the man in jail. Next morning, after a severe questioning, the man admitted taking the money and went with the officers to show them where he had hid it. Mr. Stovell filed no charge against the man.

Forty-two Party.

Mesdames Lee Grigsby and S. C. Bodkin entertained with a forty-two party at the home of Mrs. Lee Grigsby last Saturday evening in honor of Miss Dorothy Morgan, who will leave Sanderson in a few days for her future home in Yuma, Ariz. The living room and dining room were decorated with beautiful potted plants and cut flowers. After six games were played, Miss Myrtle Harrell was awarded ladies' first score prize and Frank Robertson gentlemen's high score prize. Miss Katherine Daniels received low score prize. The honoree was presented a beautiful oakwood china bowl. Delicious refreshments consisting of chicken salad sandwiches, olives, cake and roman punch were served.

Those present were: Misses Louise Williams, Louise Cavender, Mary Alice Happle, Nelberta Lea, Irene Bledsoe, Myrtle Harrell, Lolette Lemons, Avis Crozier, Katherine Daniels, Dorothy Morgan, Mary Ellen Timman, Mable Harrell and Carrie Ivy; Messrs. Roy Bogusca, Monte H. Goode, Alfred Morgan, McDuffey Kessler, Hays Cavender, Wallace Henshaw, Frank Robertson, Walter and Ervin Grigsby, and Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Grigsby.

—Contributed.

Mrs. Wickliffe Edwards and children have returned from a visit with friends and relatives in Del Rio, Spofford and San Antonio, Texas.

LOST—

Small round gold pin. Please return to Western Union office for reward.

Master Clifford Burton Nutter arrived on Wednesday, August 4, to make his home with Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. Nutter at Girvin.

FURNISHED APARTMENTS.

For rent by Sept. 1, two room furnished apartment with bath. May be seen now. Phone 163.

Mrs. B. C. Farley and family left Wednesday for Girvin, Tex., where they will visit relatives.

SANDERSON SCHOOLS START SEPTEMBER 13

The Sanderson public schools will start this year on September 13. The teachers have all been selected for the coming term and they will meet and attend institute in San Antonio this year on September 6. Various kinds of improvements and repairs have been made on the school and school grounds during this summer and everything will be in shape for the opening day.

Entertains Bridge Club.

On Friday afternoon Mrs. J. W. McKee and Miss Myrtle McKee entertained the Wednesday Bridge Club, honoring Miss Louise Williams. The diversion of the afternoon was forty-two. After several games Miss Williams was pleasantly surprised by a beautifully decorated birthday cake being placed before her. The guests eagerly counted the candles, but they learned nothing since sixteen was the romantic number. Before cutting her cake, Miss Williams blew all the candles out at one puff. In the center was a pink tulip in the heart of which nestled a dainty hand-painted handkerchief for the honoree.

The guests then cut, and it was soon discovered that this cake miraculously held the fortune of each guest. Refreshments of pineapple sherbet and caramel nut cake were then served.

Mrs. T. L. Williams having high score was awarded a toilet set of powder and perfume; Mrs. Vance McLymont, second high, received an oakwood talcum powder jar.

—Contributed.

ROTARY CLUB HAS ENJOYABLE MEETING

At their regular luncheon Wednesday the Sanderson Rotary Club had an enjoyable meeting. The meeting was practically taken up by a splendid talk by Secretary Clyde Griffith on "Business Administration." There were also several short talks by members of the club. The musical part of the program was taken up by D. L. "Stump" Duke, who gave the club several solos.

JOHN F. NICHOLS FOR COUNTY AND DISTRICT CLERK

I will appreciate anything done for me in the coming election and if elected will faithfully perform the duties of the office.

Respectfully,
* JNO. F. NICHOLS.

Joe Jansa Jr., McDuffey Kessler, Jack Cavender and Ernest Miller returned the latter part of last week from Fort Sam Houston where they had been the past month attending the Citizens' Military Training School.

Mr. and Mrs. Lennie Borroum and children of Beeville are the guests this week of Mrs. Borroum's brother, Guy Nations, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Parsons and daughter, Mrs. Earl Stirman, and children, left this week for Snyder, Texas, to visit relatives.

Misses Celeta Mae and Ruth Smith have returned from San Antonio where they have been visiting friends and relatives the past month.

Mrs. J. W. Daniels and children left Tuesday morning for El Paso where they will visit her mother, Mrs. Heisler. From there they are going on a motor trip through the Grand Canyon and other points of interest in the West.

Mrs. J. Calvin Stansell and baby left Wednesday for Sandpoint, Idaho, where she will visit with relatives. She will also visit with relatives in Washington before her return home.

E. F. HOWARD FOR COUNTY AND DISTRICT CLERK

I hereby announce for the office of County and District Clerk. And I will appreciate anything done for me in the coming election and if elected I will assure each and every one a faithful performance of the duties of the office.

Respectfully,
E. F. HOWARD.

NOTICE!

Dr. Hodges, dentist, will be in Sanderson the later part of August.

Mrs. H. D. Williams and mother, Mrs. Riley, and Mrs. Russell Dyer and Mrs. Stella Sherod motored to Alpine last Sunday.

Mrs. Virgil Ellis, Bob and Roy Green and E. Green returned Wednesday from Del Rio where they went to attend the funeral of their sister and daughter, Mrs. John Serafine.

—Take a look at the latest styles and fabrics for the Fall and Winter.

EMPIRE TAILORS.

Miss Clara Hord returned the first of the week from a visit with relatives in San Antonio.

—Advertising in the Times pays.

BOOST!

You wouldn't give a thin dime for a knocker—he is unwelcome everywhere.

Be a booster—If you can't boost you can keep still—and if you can't do either, then you can move.

IT IS SAID: "The devil once lived in heaven till he began knocking his own home town."—and you know what happened.

We think this the best Town in the best County in the best State—if we didn't think so we would move—and we are going to continue to ASSIST in keeping it so—

LET'S WORK TOGETHER

You Can Depend on Us.

Sanderson State Bank

City Barber Shop

You will always find

Clean Tonsoring, Keen Tools and Skilled Workman

Ladies Hair Bobbing A Specialty

Hot and Cold Baths

FRED YEATES, Prop.

We Carry Everything Handled In A General Store

DRY GOODS

The Season's New and Best Styles

DRESS GOODS,

MEN'S SUITS,

HATS, CAPS,

BOOTS AND SHOES.

GROCERIES

We Have Everything That's Good to Eat

Canned Vegetables and

Fruits,

Jellies, Jams,

Teas and Coffee.

HARDWARE

We Are Headquarters for

Hardware, Oil, Paints

Stoves, Pipe Fittings,

Wire, Nails,

Stadebaker Wagons

FURNITURE

We Have a Nice Line of

Chairs, Rockers, Tables,

Dressers, Beds,

Springs and

Mattresses.

LUMBER

Anything You Want in

Building Material, Sash

Doors, Cement, Lime

Brick, Roofing,

Fencing.

THE KERR MERC. COMPANY

Youth Rides West

By Will Irwin

Copyright by Will Irwin

WNU Service

Will Irwin hasn't written a novel in a great many years. When he chose the subject for "Youth Rides West" he returned to his early love and elected to write about a locale he knows best. He was born at Onelda, N. Y., in 1873, and as a boy was taken to Leadville, Colo., in the mining rush of 1879. He passed his boyhood among the scenes of that most loud and vivid of all old camps and the reader will realize as he goes along that Irwin's childhood experiences have been impressed indelibly on his mind. Here is the Cottonwood Camp in the heart of the Rockies during the rush of the Seventies. While he insists that this Cottonwood is not Leadville alone, but a composite picture of several camps in Colorado, Montana and Idaho, yet Leadville supplied the inspiration. "Youth Rides West" is more than a bare story of adventure in these wild days. It offers a vivid picture of one of the most colorful periods in American history. It is sprinkled with anecdotes, both humorous and tragic, and the reader comes to believe that he is reading a melodramatic history rather than fiction. For all life in this time and place was melodramatic. Men die with their boots on, not for the story-teller's purpose, but because that was the way they died. Any one who reads this novel will agree readily that Will Irwin deserves a front ranking with American writers.

CHAPTER I

"Drop and crawl," whispered Buck Hayden; and when he turned I saw that his complexion had turned from mahogany tan to a bronzed yellow—"and don't show yourself out of liver."

But for a wrong turn that morning Buck would not have flown this first symptom of anything like craven emotion that I ever witnessed in him; and the story I have set myself to tell might never have happened.

I say this last without being exactly sure. As I review in my eye that episode which crowned and finished my youth, I have a feeling that an iron thread of destiny ran through it all. Had it not begun dramatically, there on the hogback above Ludlow gulch, it would have begun just the same—perhaps undramatically, but just as certainly—at some other turning in the path of my fate.

Buck, when we threw our outfit and fortunes together down at Piested's, had boasted that he knew these mountains about as well as anyone. This may have been true; but in those days of the rush to the far, high camps I think that no one, not even the trappers, had gone much beyond the outskirts of ignorance. There was simply too much to know. It was like having acquaintance with every soul in New York. A road, such as it was, ran from Piested's to the new camp of Cottonwood—more than a hundred perpendicular miles to accomplish a distance which the eagle covers in fifty. On the first day of our journey we had followed that highway. It proved less road than a bog. Two hours out of Piested's we found it necessary to unload our feeblest burro because he could not pull his slender feet out of the clinging mud below and struggle with the haystack which was Buck's idea of a proper pack. All that morning our more agile outfit was threading the edge of the road to pass immigrant wagons stalled hub-deep in the mire.

A light boardwalk, extricated from the mud, presently caught up with us; we seemed to be distancing her as we went, toward noon, we struck an obstacle which equalized the race. Our way had fallen in with the course of a tumbling, roaring, fast-falling creek. In whose pools I could see the native mountain trout jumping. The road began to climb; we were threading the edge of a low cliff above a little canyon. We rounded a corner or rock, and Buck pulled up short at the very tailboard of a ponderous open freight wagon carrying a heavy load of winches and mine buckets.

"What's busted ahead?" Buck called. "Cave-in—hitch and help!" came between puffs of labored breath from the seat of the freight wagon. When I had dismounted and crawled perilously along the foot-wide strip of rock between the giddy atmosphere and the ponderous wagon wheel I saw that a ton of rock and oozy earth, dislodged by one of the miniature brooks now running from the melting snows, lay piled along the road. Five years before, during one of the abortive rushes to a camp now dead, gone and forgotten, this section of roadway had been blasted from the hillside at the top of the cliff; on one side was a sheer drop of an other eight-foot wall. We could not round the obstacle on either side; the only alternative to waiting was to go back half a mile, try to traverse the hillside and chance getting mired.

While I contemplated this quandary exit was barred in that direction by the jaunty arrival of a stage coach. Cottonwood was now reaching such importance that a regular line with daily departures ran from Piested's. It rounded the corner, the driver expertly pulling up his leaders a foot from where my bronco stood tethered at the rear of our train. My feet on the edge of the chasm, my hands against the wagon wheel, I was contemplating this party, when Buck poked me in the side with such force as nearly to make me lose my balance.

"Unship them tools!" said Buck "Getto dig!" We crawled and stopped back to our pack train, where Buck, expertly untying and knotting again, took out our two new miners' shovels. I had estimated that there were two tons of earth in the cave-in. When I, with Buck and some of the passengers, set to work it looked more like ten. And presently, as we heaved the loose,

mushy earth over into the canyon, we began scratching the surface of a rock which in itself must have weighed a ton. Long after a dozen hands had heaved over the last of the dirt we were working on that inert obstacle. It resisted the efforts of a dozen strong backs and the three crewbars which we could commandeer from the freight wagon, the stage and our pack. At one moment Buck, the stage driver and the freighter, experts all, were of the opinion that we should have to take to dynamite. But there stood the freight wagon, unable to move either forward or back; which rendered blasting impossible. Buck ventured charily that a cradle might do. The stage driver and I took axes from the freighter's tool chest, cut and heaved down trunks and brush from the dwarf fir on the ledge above. That device finally worked. With stout green poles reinforcing our crewbars, with everyone putting his back into the work, we managed to roll it to the edge of the canyon, where, with a terrible but satisfying rush and roar, it dropped to the bed of the creek.

But the episode was not entirely over. When the freighter laid his weight to the jerk-line and yelled "Go-dap!" his scrambling, tugging mules, though urged with a seven-foot blacksnake, could not budge the wagon. The wheels had been settling all this time. He was obliged to uncouple the trailer, to haul the leader a half-mile farther along the road, to return with his mules for the trailer.

While we waited every one had lunched—Buck and I from camp bread and fried bacon put up before we broke camp that morning. We fed our horses their rations from our carefully calculated store of oats, had our smoke.

Soon the six-mule team had hauled out the trailer, and we bitted, tightened cinches, mounted and stirred up our burros, which had been standing patiently on three legs, asleep with their eyes open. Where the road widened we turned into the mesa. The stagecoach, the driver's whip crackling briskly, surged round the stalled wagons and was gone smartly up the road.

I have said enough about the state of the Cottonwood road, and will only sketch the main trouble of the afternoon—that stretch of corduroy. Two



We Could Not Round the Obstacle on Either Side.

miles or so after we left the freighter we came to a piece of low country which might have been firm enough in midsummer, but was now a bog. The stage company had made it passable by cutting ten-foot poles and laying them edge to edge. That turned out to be practicable enough for the wide hoofs of our horses, but treacherous footing for the little feet of our burros. Sure of step though they were, the legs would roll under them now and then, and their legs would go scraping down into the morass. By the time we reached the end of this stretch the little beasts were fairly staggering—less from the weight of their packs than from the heart-

breaking labor of pulling out their hoofs, which cut into mud like bodkins. By now, too, they had reached the limit of endurance even for the patient ass breed. Even though I was the junior of the partnership and had resigned all direction into the hands of the expert Buck, I was about to protest, when he spoke:

"Can't kill our live stock," he said. "Keep 'em goin' till I ride ahead and look for a place to camp."

He found it a mile or so farther along. We camped, unsaddled, unpacked, staked out our horses to graze, turned loose the weary jacks to roam and feed at will, and slept.

An hour after we swung into the plain, open entrance of the old Ute trail next morning it became apparent to me that a little of the confidence with which Buck had started was wearing away. Now and then he leaned over his horse's neck, his hands folded on the saddle arm, peering unseeingly downward or ahead. At this or that patch of snow he held up his hand for a halt, dismounted and tried to trace the trail by the creases. Twice we went wrong; once trouble was signaled when the forequarters of Buck's horse disappeared under the crust, leaving his hind legs struggling and scratching grotesquely.

The leading burro, which I had already noted as a grizzled, pessimistic veteran of the trails inclined to trouble when trouble might vary the monotony of life, took a plunge forward; in turn his forequarters were lost. He lurched aside with a metallic clang as he rolled on to our cooking outfit, Dutch oven and all. Buck was strangely silent as he swung from the saddle, jerked his horse backward on to a patch of the snow which covered some kind of firm footing, and set out with my help to extricate him grotesquely.

Buck, as he reproved the delinquent burro with a heavy boot, heaved the pack back into place, and threw a new diamond hitch here and there, had a sinister gleam in his gray eye and worked in a strange silence, quite contrary to his usual profane habit in face of trouble. After a long inspection of the surface, varied with squints at the sun, the atmosphere and the peaks above, he silently beckoned me to follow. We rounded a clump of dwarf pines perched on a little knoll—and came out in face of a cliff. The train halted automatically. I saw Buck cock his eye upward, then turn it on me; and I, abandoning the rear of the train, rode forward for a conference. Buck's head was wagging; and now I could hear his roll of low, complicated and picturesque language.

"No mortal sense in this," he concluded. "We'll wait here all day. Gotto strike west an' see if we kin connect with the d—n, muddy Cottonwood road."

Getting lost in this manner—with the whole day ahead of us, with an intact train of live stock, and with ample provisions in our packs—struck me at the moment as a minor and rather enjoyable adventure. Besides, there was the joke on Buck, who, in our brief partnership, had been rather patronizing toward my youth and earnestness.

Our way, after we crossed the patch of snow, revealed no trail, but a passable surface. Half a mile beyond rose a rather sharp hogback, dotted here and there with that species of dwarf fir which seems to choose rocks in preference to soil. I conjectured that Buck expected to reach the Cottonwood road below the further slope of this hogback, and would be perplexed to find a trail. I was not surprised, then, when he pulled up just short of the obstacle, threw himself out of the saddle, tossed the reins over his

horse's head and went forward on foot. Buck had halted near the crest of the hogback and I was close behind him, when I was stopped short by the sound of two shots—rifle shots, I noted mentally as they reverberated like a diminishing volley among the rocks.

The sound did not strike me as especially significant; some one, I thought, was shooting at a deer. It was then that Buck whispered through his beard:

"Drop and crawl, and don't show yourself out of liver!"

Across a very uncomfortable carpet of rock I wriggled to Buck's side. He lay peering from under a low-hung branch of dwarf fir. I ranged myself beside him, looked; and caught my breath.

Some seventy-five yards away stood a stagecoach, in build and color twin to the one which we had seen yesterday. Three of its horses were struggling and milling, with the driver throwing all power on to the reins. The fourth, a little white leader, lay on his side, feebly kicking; as I looked I saw a pool of blood by his head. I was aware of a man posed like a statue before the horses, his feet wide apart, a repeating rifle held at ready; I was aware that a black mask dropped from the lower edge of his sombrero.

Another man, he very tall, stood just by the edge of the road. His back was toward me, but I could see the band of a mask cutting his black hair. He was holding close in by his chest two heavy revolvers, trained upon an outside passenger who stood with his hands in air, balanced dizzily on a seat. Other details swam in upon me—the passengers coming out through the door, their hands up—two women among them—the bandit with the rifle exchanging that weapon for a revolver and stepping forward—finally, two other men, masked also, lying sprawled on a shelf of rock, their repeating rifles trained on the group about the stage.

I remember now with some pride that in my whirl of emotions—astonishment, righteous rage, pure fear—the manner for a moment prevailed. We at least could fight! My hand went to my hip. Buck had apparently seen the motion; for he whispered: "No chance, kid. An' somethin' might hit the ladies."

The bandit whom I had noticed first, he who had just exchanged his rifle for a revolver, was saying something now to the man who stood balanced at the top of the stage—the express messenger, I learned afterward. The messenger leaped from the seat to the ground and landed in a heap; as he scrambled to his feet he showed a comic eagerness to get his hands up again. I could hear Buck chuckling lightly in his beard. Then he spoke in a whisper which scarcely carried to me:

"We're all right if they don't come out this way."

"Why aren't we all right even then?" I asked, in my innocence.

"They don't want witnesses," replied Buck. "Shoot a witness quicker'n they would a passenger." He paused a moment. "Guess I'd better get them long guns," he whispered. "You stay an' watch—signal if they start this way." We had two long guns—that pride of our lives, a new-fangled Winchester repeating rifle and a shotgun for small game. Providing against trouble, Buck had slipped in among our shotgun ammunition fifty shells loaded with buck-shot.

Buck tipped away, his heavy boots making only a gentle rustling. I was free to fix my attention on the drama below. The two inactive bandits still

lay like great, evil lizards across the rock, their rifles gently swinging over the field of action. I, from above, could see their figures as a whole. To the passengers they must have appeared simply as hats, black masks and polished steel barrels. He of the two pistols stood covering the line of passengers. He also was swinging his muzzles suggestively over the group. I looked for the fourth robber, the tall one who had stood at the edge of the road, and who appeared to be the leader. During my conference with Buck he must have mounted the stage; for there he stood in the express messenger's seat. At that moment he was heaving over the rail a heavy box which half buried itself in the mud. With a lightness

lay like great, evil lizards across the rock, their rifles gently swinging over the field of action. I, from above, could see their figures as a whole. To the passengers they must have appeared simply as hats, black masks and polished steel barrels. He of the two pistols stood covering the line of passengers. He also was swinging his muzzles suggestively over the group. I looked for the fourth robber, the tall one who had stood at the edge of the road, and who appeared to be the leader. During my conference with Buck he must have mounted the stage; for there he stood in the express messenger's seat. At that moment he was heaving over the rail a heavy box which half buried itself in the mud. With a lightness

lay like great, evil lizards across the rock, their rifles gently swinging over the field of action. I, from above, could see their figures as a whole. To the passengers they must have appeared simply as hats, black masks and polished steel barrels. He of the two pistols stood covering the line of passengers. He also was swinging his muzzles suggestively over the group. I looked for the fourth robber, the tall one who had stood at the edge of the road, and who appeared to be the leader. During my conference with Buck he must have mounted the stage; for there he stood in the express messenger's seat. At that moment he was heaving over the rail a heavy box which half buried itself in the mud. With a lightness

lay like great, evil lizards across the rock, their rifles gently swinging over the field of action. I, from above, could see their figures as a whole. To the passengers they must have appeared simply as hats, black masks and polished steel barrels. He of the two pistols stood covering the line of passengers. He also was swinging his muzzles suggestively over the group. I looked for the fourth robber, the tall one who had stood at the edge of the road, and who appeared to be the leader. During my conference with Buck he must have mounted the stage; for there he stood in the express messenger's seat. At that moment he was heaving over the rail a heavy box which half buried itself in the mud. With a lightness

lay like great, evil lizards across the rock, their rifles gently swinging over the field of action. I, from above, could see their figures as a whole. To the passengers they must have appeared simply as hats, black masks and polished steel barrels. He of the two pistols stood covering the line of passengers. He also was swinging his muzzles suggestively over the group. I looked for the fourth robber, the tall one who had stood at the edge of the road, and who appeared to be the leader. During my conference with Buck he must have mounted the stage; for there he stood in the express messenger's seat. At that moment he was heaving over the rail a heavy box which half buried itself in the mud. With a lightness

lay like great, evil lizards across the rock, their rifles gently swinging over the field of action. I, from above, could see their figures as a whole. To the passengers they must have appeared simply as hats, black masks and polished steel barrels. He of the two pistols stood covering the line of passengers. He also was swinging his muzzles suggestively over the group. I looked for the fourth robber, the tall one who had stood at the edge of the road, and who appeared to be the leader. During my conference with Buck he must have mounted the stage; for there he stood in the express messenger's seat. At that moment he was heaving over the rail a heavy box which half buried itself in the mud. With a lightness

lay like great, evil lizards across the rock, their rifles gently swinging over the field of action. I, from above, could see their figures as a whole. To the passengers they must have appeared simply as hats, black masks and polished steel barrels. He of the two pistols stood covering the line of passengers. He also was swinging his muzzles suggestively over the group. I looked for the fourth robber, the tall one who had stood at the edge of the road, and who appeared to be the leader. During my conference with Buck he must have mounted the stage; for there he stood in the express messenger's seat. At that moment he was heaving over the rail a heavy box which half buried itself in the mud. With a lightness

lay like great, evil lizards across the rock, their rifles gently swinging over the field of action. I, from above, could see their figures as a whole. To the passengers they must have appeared simply as hats, black masks and polished steel barrels. He of the two pistols stood covering the line of passengers. He also was swinging his muzzles suggestively over the group. I looked for the fourth robber, the tall one who had stood at the edge of the road, and who appeared to be the leader. During my conference with Buck he must have mounted the stage; for there he stood in the express messenger's seat. At that moment he was heaving over the rail a heavy box which half buried itself in the mud. With a lightness

lay like great, evil lizards across the rock, their rifles gently swinging over the field of action. I, from above, could see their figures as a whole. To the passengers they must have appeared simply as hats, black masks and polished steel barrels. He of the two pistols stood covering the line of passengers. He also was swinging his muzzles suggestively over the group. I looked for the fourth robber, the tall one who had stood at the edge of the road, and who appeared to be the leader. During my conference with Buck he must have mounted the stage; for there he stood in the express messenger's seat. At that moment he was heaving over the rail a heavy box which half buried itself in the mud. With a lightness

lay like great, evil lizards across the rock, their rifles gently swinging over the field of action. I, from above, could see their figures as a whole. To the passengers they must have appeared simply as hats, black masks and polished steel barrels. He of the two pistols stood covering the line of passengers. He also was swinging his muzzles suggestively over the group. I looked for the fourth robber, the tall one who had stood at the edge of the road, and who appeared to be the leader. During my conference with Buck he must have mounted the stage; for there he stood in the express messenger's seat. At that moment he was heaving over the rail a heavy box which half buried itself in the mud. With a lightness

lay like great, evil lizards across the rock, their rifles gently swinging over the field of action. I, from above, could see their figures as a whole. To the passengers they must have appeared simply as hats, black masks and polished steel barrels. He of the two pistols stood covering the line of passengers. He also was swinging his muzzles suggestively over the group. I looked for the fourth robber, the tall one who had stood at the edge of the road, and who appeared to be the leader. During my conference with Buck he must have mounted the stage; for there he stood in the express messenger's seat. At that moment he was heaving over the rail a heavy box which half buried itself in the mud. With a lightness

lay like great, evil lizards across the rock, their rifles gently swinging over the field of action. I, from above, could see their figures as a whole. To the passengers they must have appeared simply as hats, black masks and polished steel barrels. He of the two pistols stood covering the line of passengers. He also was swinging his muzzles suggestively over the group. I looked for the fourth robber, the tall one who had stood at the edge of the road, and who appeared to be the leader. During my conference with Buck he must have mounted the stage; for there he stood in the express messenger's seat. At that moment he was heaving over the rail a heavy box which half buried itself in the mud. With a lightness

lay like great, evil lizards across the rock, their rifles gently swinging over the field of action. I, from above, could see their figures as a whole. To the passengers they must have appeared simply as hats, black masks and polished steel barrels. He of the two pistols stood covering the line of passengers. He also was swinging his muzzles suggestively over the group. I looked for the fourth robber, the tall one who had stood at the edge of the road, and who appeared to be the leader. During my conference with Buck he must have mounted the stage; for there he stood in the express messenger's seat. At that moment he was heaving over the rail a heavy box which half buried itself in the mud. With a lightness

lay like great, evil lizards across the rock, their rifles gently swinging over the field of action. I, from above, could see their figures as a whole. To the passengers they must have appeared simply as hats, black masks and polished steel barrels. He of the two pistols stood covering the line of passengers. He also was swinging his muzzles suggestively over the group. I looked for the fourth robber, the tall one who had stood at the edge of the road, and who appeared to be the leader. During my conference with Buck he must have mounted the stage; for there he stood in the express messenger's seat. At that moment he was heaving over the rail a heavy box which half buried itself in the mud. With a lightness

lay like great, evil lizards across the rock, their rifles gently swinging over the field of action. I, from above, could see their figures as a whole. To the passengers they must have appeared simply as hats, black masks and polished steel barrels. He of the two pistols stood covering the line of passengers. He also was swinging his muzzles suggestively over the group. I looked for the fourth robber, the tall one who had stood at the edge of the road, and who appeared to be the leader. During my conference with Buck he must have mounted the stage; for there he stood in the express messenger's seat. At that moment he was heaving over the rail a heavy box which half buried itself in the mud. With a lightness

lay like great, evil lizards across the rock, their rifles gently swinging over the field of action. I, from above, could see their figures as a whole. To the passengers they must have appeared simply as hats, black masks and polished steel barrels. He of the two pistols stood covering the line of passengers. He also was swinging his muzzles suggestively over the group. I looked for the fourth robber, the tall one who had stood at the edge of the road, and who appeared to be the leader. During my conference with Buck he must have mounted the stage; for there he stood in the express messenger's seat. At that moment he was heaving over the rail a heavy box which half buried itself in the mud. With a lightness

lay like great, evil lizards across the rock, their rifles gently swinging over the field of action. I, from above, could see their figures as a whole. To the passengers they must have appeared simply as hats, black masks and polished steel barrels. He of the two pistols stood covering the line of passengers. He also was swinging his muzzles suggestively over the group. I looked for the fourth robber, the tall one who had stood at the edge of the road, and who appeared to be the leader. During my conference with Buck he must have mounted the stage; for there he stood in the express messenger's seat. At that moment he was heaving over the rail a heavy box which half buried itself in the mud. With a lightness

lay like great, evil lizards across the rock, their rifles gently swinging over the field of action. I, from above, could see their figures as a whole. To the passengers they must have appeared simply as hats, black masks and polished steel barrels. He of the two pistols stood covering the line of passengers. He also was swinging his muzzles suggestively over the group. I looked for the fourth robber, the tall one who had stood at the edge of the road, and who appeared to be the leader. During my conference with Buck he must have mounted the stage; for there he stood in the express messenger's seat. At that moment he was heaving over the rail a heavy box which half buried itself in the mud. With a lightness

lay like great, evil lizards across the rock, their rifles gently swinging over the field of action. I, from above, could see their figures as a whole. To the passengers they must have appeared simply as hats, black masks and polished steel barrels. He of the two pistols stood covering the line of passengers. He also was swinging his muzzles suggestively over the group. I looked for the fourth robber, the tall one who had stood at the edge of the road, and who appeared to be the leader. During my conference with Buck he must have mounted the stage; for there he stood in the express messenger's seat. At that moment he was heaving over the rail a heavy box which half buried itself in the mud. With a lightness

lay like great, evil lizards across the rock, their rifles gently swinging over the field of action. I, from above, could see their figures as a whole. To the passengers they must have appeared simply as hats, black masks and polished steel barrels. He of the two pistols stood covering the line of passengers. He also was swinging his muzzles suggestively over the group. I looked for the fourth robber, the tall one who had stood at the edge of the road, and who appeared to be the leader. During my conference with Buck he must have mounted the stage; for there he stood in the express messenger's seat. At that moment he was heaving over the rail a heavy box which half buried itself in the mud. With a lightness

lay like great, evil lizards across the rock, their rifles gently swinging over the field of action. I, from above, could see their figures as a whole. To the passengers they must have appeared simply as hats, black masks and polished steel barrels. He of the two pistols stood covering the line of passengers. He also was swinging his muzzles suggestively over the group. I looked for the fourth robber, the tall one who had stood at the edge of the road, and who appeared to be the leader. During my conference with Buck he must have mounted the stage; for there he stood in the express messenger's seat. At that moment he was heaving over the rail a heavy box which half buried itself in the mud. With a lightness

lay like great, evil lizards across the rock, their rifles gently swinging over the field of action. I, from above, could see their figures as a whole. To the passengers they must have appeared simply as hats, black masks and polished steel barrels. He of the two pistols stood covering the line of passengers. He also was swinging his muzzles suggestively over the group. I looked for the fourth robber, the tall one who had stood at the edge of the road, and who appeared to be the leader. During my conference with Buck he must have mounted the stage; for there he stood in the express messenger's seat. At that moment he was heaving over the rail a heavy box which half buried itself in the mud. With a lightness

Bud Taylor and Jim Elliott



When Bud Taylor, the "Terre Haute Terror," stopped over to scramble a few ears with Young Nationalists, he discovered his old pal "Big" Jim Elliott, who is catching for the Seattle Indians in the Pacific Coast league. Things went fine, but Jim wanted the conversation a little more private, so he hoisted Taylor up to his level.

BASEBALL SQUIBS

Eppa Rixey, Cincinnati pitcher, is an active member of the Cincinnati Indoor Tennis club.

Billy Burke, former boxer and referee, is now trainer of the Oakland (Calif.) baseball club.

Miller Huggins hopes to win 95 games and the American league pennant with his reconstructed Yankee team.

Win Ballou, the young pitcher Stanley Harris sent to the St. Louis Browns in a trade last winter, is coming along nicely.

Roland Locke, Nebraska sprinting star, recently made his debut with the Sioux City stock yards baseball nine. Locke played shortstop.

Owen "Rats" Kahn, star shortstop of the William and Mary college nine for the last two seasons, has joined the St. Louis Cardinals.

Richard Lloyd Williams, manager of the Logan team of the Utah-Idaho league, has been appointed manager of the San Francisco Seals.

The average player in the 16 major league baseball clubs is an athlete twenty-eight years of age, 5 feet 11 inches tall, and weighs 172 pounds.

The Pacific Coast league may adopt the seven-inning second-game rule in double headers. The idea is popular in the Western and International leagues.

Walter (Doc) Gutreaux of the Boston Braves is the smallest man in baseball—a midget of 5 feet 2 1/2 inches, weighing approximately 152 pounds.

Father and son played alongside each other for the Charliers in the Alleghany league. Ben Wilson is captain and first baseman and his son plays at second.

Horse racing is the greatest of all sports in France. Daily attendances run from 20,000 to 40,000, and on Sundays the number of spectators varies from 50,000 to 100,000.

After a lapse of twenty years or more Bill England, famous old-timer, has returned to baseball as manager of the Hawthorne (Pa.) team, of which his son is a member.

Lee Meadows, star Pittsburgh hurler, finally met defeat after turning in seven straight wins. The Cards took Lee down the line the other day, counting six runs on eight hits.

The end of what is claimed to be a major-league fielding record came when Max Bishop, second baseman of the Philadelphia Athletics, made his first error in 65 consecutive games.

Tommy Conley of Hartford may be sold to the Chicago Cubs before the season is over. In fact, there is a well-founded report that Chicago has bought the player for fall delivery.

The Boston Red Sox sold Shortstop Dudley Lee to the Hollywood club of the Pacific Coast league. Lee looked like a coming star in 1924, but last season fell off and was not better this year.

Read in the next installment of Constance Deane, the young woman of mystery, whose role in the story is bigger than you'll guess.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sets New Record



Photograph shows Helen Zabriske, speedy mermaid of the Flatbacker club of San Francisco, who set a new record for the 150-yard Medley swim when she defeated Hilda Curtis at Idora park recently. Miss Zabriske was timed in 2:13 3-8, bettering the old mark by several seconds.

Big Sport Amphitheater Is Planned For Boston

Outrivaling the huge sports amphitheaters in New York, Los Angeles and London, a \$10,000,000 athletic center is planned for Boston.

On a plot of 31 acres of land in South Boston, the project calls for the erection of huge buildings to house winter sports and a dancing pavilion while an outdoor stadium seating 60,000 persons with an additional arrangement for 30,000 emergency seats will be built.

Although the present plans call for twelfth league baseball games on the field, it is hoped to persuade the major leaguers to abandon their plants and play on the new field.

Every kind of sporting event will be provided for at the field and arrangements are also made for the housing of any great conventions.

Double Plays Big Help in Capturing Pennants

Washington double-played itself into two American league pennants in a way many of the baseball experts have of explaining the success of the Nationals for 1924 and 1925.

Undoubtedly the ability to pull double plays in a pinch had much to do with the success of both big league pennant winners last season. Pittsburgh led in the National with 171 two-play killings, while Washington showed the way in the American with 166.

"Willingness to take a chance by fast handling of the ball, plus a perfect knowledge of the style used by the player, is the secret of double plays," says Stanley Harris.

"Too many infielders try to make double plays by lobbing the ball instead of setting something on it."

THE FEATHERHEADS

By L. F. Van Zeln



Strategy



BILL SAM'S DICTIONARY



By J. L. MARTIN
I notice that the nickel, which became almost worthless during the late war, except in church collections, is about to regain its former place in financial society.
NICKEL: A once popular American coin, which, during the war, was not allowed to go anywhere unless accompanied by a penny. Bill Sam's Dictionary, page 613.



MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughree

After the Paper Is Out

NO HUM! ANOTHER EDITION OF THIS GREAT FAMILY JOURNAL PLUNGES TO A WAITING WORLD - "THE HISTORY OF A SMALL TOWN" FIFTY-TWO VOLUMES A YEAR - PERHAPS A FEW THOUSAND YEARS FROM NOW, THE HISTORIANS DRIVING IN THE RUINS OF OUR CIVILIZATION WILL UNEARTH COPIES OF OUR TODAY'S EDITION FROM WHICH THEY CAN RECONSTRUCT THE LIFE OF A TYPICAL AMERICAN COMMUNITY - BUT HEAVEN HELP THEM IF THEY FIND NAUGHT BUT YELLOW JOURNALS FROM THE BIG CITIES, OR THEY WILL ASSUME WE SPENT OUR DAYS IN ROBBING AND MURDERING EACH OTHER, AND MISS COMPLETELY THE FRIENDLY AND WHOLESOME SPIRIT OF THE AMERICAN RURAL COMMUNITY, THE BACKBONE OF OUR NATION

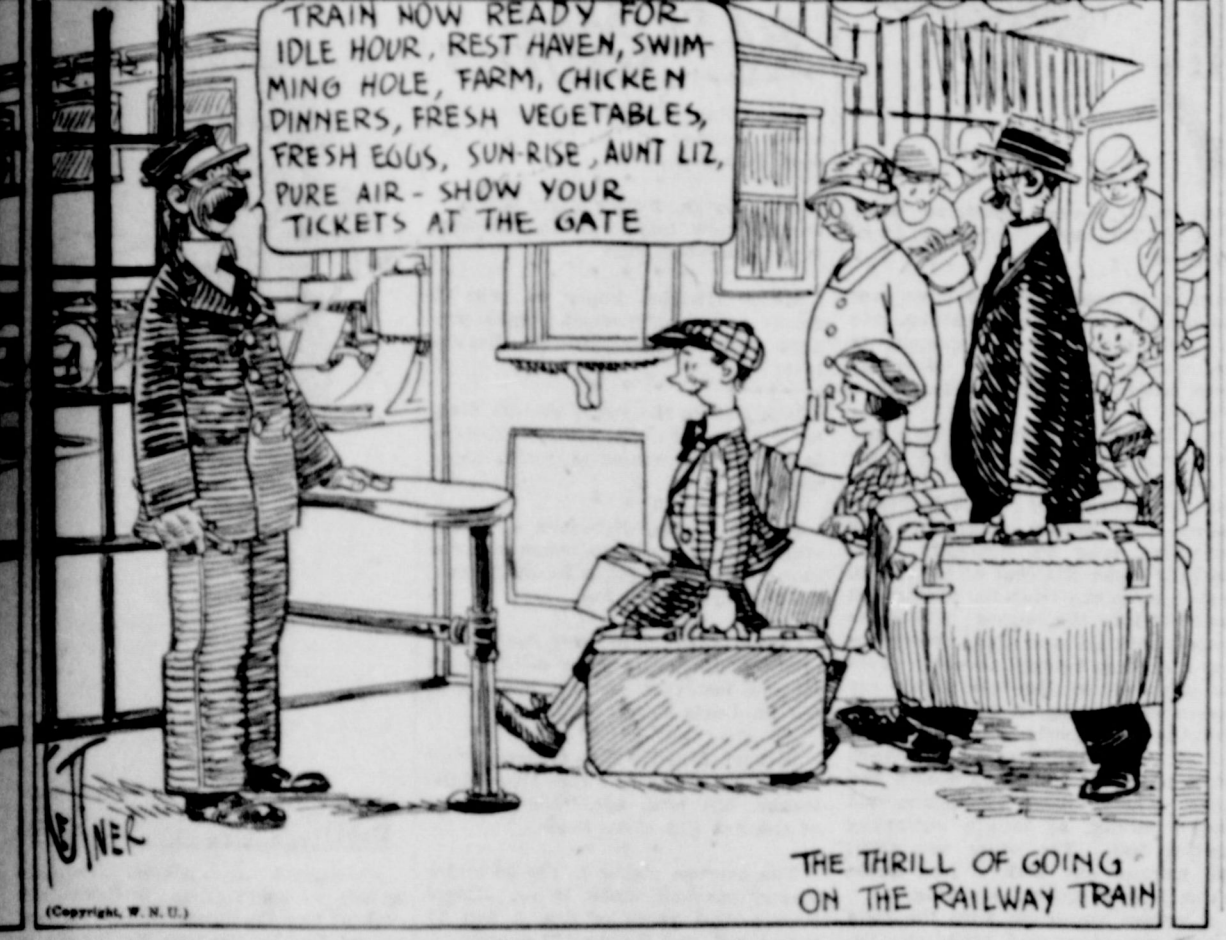


"THE CITIES HAVE THEIR WONDERS - THEIR BRIGHT LIGHTS - THEIR MAGNIFICENCES - BUT WHAT OF THEIR DARK SIDES? CONSIDER THE CRUELITIES OF POVERTY STAGNATION, BRIMING THAT DESTROY THEIR THOUSANDS OF VIRTUOUS NEARLY! CONSIDER THE HARDNESS OF HEART THAT COMES TO THOSE LIVING IN OUR MODERN BABYLONS, AND BE GLAD, FRIEND READER, THAT YOU LIVE OUT WHERE LIFE IS SIMPLE AND FRIENDSHIP RUNS STRONG! WHERE YOU CAN CROSS THE STREET WITHOUT RISKING YOUR LIFE, WHERE YOU CAN LEAVE YOUR DOORMAT OUT ALL NIGHT AND FIND IT THERE NEXT MORNING AND WHERE YOUR HOME NEWSPAPER DOESN'T DEVOTE ITS COLUMNS TRYING TO SHOW THAT MOST OF THE TOWNSFOLK OUGHT TO BE IN JAIL!



Events in the Lives of Little Men

Famous Last Words



THIS IS THE FIRE FAN



Here we have a Fire Fan. He always beats the Fire Company to the fires with his little Chemical Extinguisher and has the Bias out by the Time the Boys get their Hose Uncolled. But some day there will be a Big Fire and then the Fire Fan will have to Go Away Back and Sit Down.

TURN ME OVER



HOME WANTED FOR A BABY



IN THE PRISON VAN



Lady Visitor - Poor unfortunate man, how did you get here?
Surlly Sam - In the prison van, m'am, in the prison van.



THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

There's a circus today and I haven't a cent. Last week was a ball game and I couldn't go. But hardships are good for a person, and gee - sometimes I can just feel my character grow!

SAFFRON SKIN FROM SOUR BILE

SOUTH GEORGIAN DRIVES OUT ENORMOUS QUANTITY SOUR BILE WITH DODSON'S LIVER TONE.

After a long period of the worst form of weakness and the terrible feeling of sickness that comes from a system loaded with sour bile, Mr. Sam Puckett says: "When I kept getting those bilious attacks reckon I took enough calomel to kill a mule. Got worse all the time. Finally I turned saffron color all over. My wife happened to read about Dodson's Liver Tone in the Weekly Constitution, so we drove to town and got a bottle. It was like magic. It drove quarts of sour bile out of me as black as ink. From that day I have felt as if I had a new liver, and whenever I begin to feel weary and bilious, with no appetite, a dose of Dodson's Liver Tone puts me to rights."

This wonderful, quick-action, liver purifier ought to be in every household, if for no other reason than to stop the use of dangerous calomel. Dodson's Liver Tone is pleasant to take, even for children, and never makes you sick.

Dodson's Liver Tone is personally guaranteed by every druggist who sells it. A large bottle costs but a few cents, and if it fails to give easy relief in every case of liver sluggishness and constipation, you have only to ask for your money back.

Donor Hides Identity

A man, whose only identification is his statement that he was born in England but has lived in the United States for the last fifty years, recently sent Winston Churchill, chancellor of the exchequer in England, bonds to the value of \$2,500, to be applied to the reduction of the Anglo-American debt. This is the third donation sent by the man in the last three years as a contribution toward the English war debt. Churchill was unable to write the man through lack of address, but publicly thanked him through the press.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP IS CHILD'S BEST LAXATIVE



HURRY MOTHER! Even a fretful, peevish child loves the pleasant taste of "California Fig Syrup" and it never fails to open the bowels. A teaspoonful today may prevent a sick child tomorrow.

Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

His Identity

"I am told that 90 rattlesnakes have been killed on that hillside over there in the last month," said a motorist who had stopped his car in the big road to get a drink of water. "Who did it?"

"The dumbest—p'tu—liar in the county," responded Gap Johnson of Riparius Ridge.—Kansas City Star.

Sure Sign

Robb—My wife is a better cook than your wife.
Burke—How do you know?
Robb—Our pile of empty tin cans is bigger than yours.

Cuticura for Sore Hands.

Soak hands on retiring in the hot suds of Cuticura Soap, dry and rub in Cuticura Ointment. Remove surplus ointment with tissue paper. This is only one of the things Cuticura will do if Soap, Ointment and Talcum are used for all toilet purposes.—Advertisement.

Reason for Impoliteness

Mannishly-dressed Lady—Did you catch any fish, little boy?
Country Boy—No.
M. D. L.—No, what?
Boy (gazing dubiously at her rig)—Durned if I know.

Heed the Danger Signals

Headaches, dizzy spells, Neuritis, Bad Breath, indigestion and even Pimples are Nature's warning that there is an obstruction on the track. That obstruction is usually an inactive liver. When these signals appear, don't let another night pass before taking one Bond's Fil at bedtime. You will wake up well next morning.—Ady.

Safety First

"What did you plant this year?"
"Some money in the bank; that's the only way I can get vegetables."

For economy's sake, why not buy a vegetable which expels worms or tapeworm with a single dose? Dr. Perry's "Dead Shot" does it. 312 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

No man is quite so good as his son-in-law should be.

STYLE PROCLAIMS TUNIC BLOUSE; JUNIOR MIDSEASON MILLINERY

IT REQUIRES more than one blouse or tunic to complete a stylishly appointed wardrobe. A blouse for every occasion is not an extravagance, but rather an evidence of careful thought. A sports blouse for outings and practical wear, a suit-blouse for one's tailored street costume, a dressy blouse or tunic, gay in coloring, to wear over one's plaited black satin princess slip or a handsome lace tunic which is the

preferences are being given a very definite recognition. There is the matter of choosing one's hats, for instance. Nowadays Juvenile, Junior and Miss Subble are invited to visit a special section or salon, if you please, which is distinctly their own realm where millinery designed by specialized talent is displayed in a very tempting array. A glance at the collection of charm-



A GAY TUNIC BLOUSE

mode's latest word, these and a few extras for one's white plaited skirt are none too many if one would be dressed at a moment's call.

The latest sports blouse, which after all is not so much a blouse as a waistcoat type, is made of checked linen toweling with a plain back and just below-the-shoulder sleeves, which is almost equivalent to saying sleeveless.

To wear over a black plaited foundation choose a tunic of striking color. One cannot grow too reckless in the matter of bizarre coloring. The model in the picture features a gorgeous embroidery done after the manner of the handwork and colorings which so glorify the Spanish shawl. Some stylists go so far as to add fringe, which further emphasizes the

ing hats shown in this picture reveals the fact that millinery for the younger generation is vastly interesting these days. In each model the spirit of youth is maintained and there is every evidence that infinite care and attention is being lavished on millinery for the growing girl. To be sure, the first is made of quilted silk after the manner of grown-up's smart styling, but somehow the designer has contrived to adapt it to the school-girl age.

In the top model to the right silk is again the medium, although this time it is corded and tucked—which goes to show the importance of the all-fabric hat.

A generous bow of hemmed taffeta gives a girlish aspect to the hat below to the left in the group. The off-



SHOW SMART STYLING

Spanish influence. Note in the picture that the girle shows a plaited panel. This is something new and matching the skirt as it does the tendency is to give the impression of a complete costume rather than a separate blouse and skirt.

If you have never owned a lace tunic or blouse do not let the season go by without acquiring one. They are a real asset in one's collection.

An outstanding enthusiasm among the youth of this day is that of self-expression. Nor is it a mere theory confined to classroom discussion. In the commercial world, as well as in every other walk of life, youth and its individual needs and

the-face effect given by the plaiting of taffeta across the front assures becomingness.

Very colorful is the large hat to the right. The crown is formed of knitted viscra in brilliant yellows, greens and blues offset by a brim facing and a rosette of shirred satin, which may be of any bright shade desired.

Leghorn, that ever faithful friend of youth, appears to picturesque advantage when crowned and bound with silk and embellished with tiny handmade flowers such as one sees in the concluding hat of this group.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY
(© 1924 Western Newspaper Union)

FISHER BODIES

GENERAL MOTORS



THE NEW CARS—THE NEW BEAUTY

Body by Fisher is the outstanding charm of the new General Motors cars now commanding public attention. Into the new models, Fisher has introduced new standards of beauty to match the highest standards of safety, comfort and convenience. As the new cars are announced, Fisher leadership becomes inescapable.

Look at the names—Cadillac, Buick, Chevrolet, Oakland, Oldsmobile, Pontiac—the greatest cars on the market in their respective classes—and attached to them the magic symbol—Body by Fisher.

Magic because Body by Fisher is the buyer's greatest assurance that here is supreme quality and value.



In age one can be your friend without demanding the intimacy that youth does.

25c L-V DUST CLOTH
made of especially woven fabric "Crepe" for only 10 cents and
FREE

LIQUID VENEER
Buffalo Specialty Company
4 Liquid Veneer Bldg. Buffalo, N. Y.

"DYNAMITE!"

An amazing new book that reveals the true principles of QUICK, SURE and LASTING SUCCESS! A revelation in modern psychology. Every man and woman should secure a copy at the special introductory price. It may mean success and fortune for YOU!
SEND NO MONEY! Just clip this ad and write name and address plainly on slip of paper. Mail to "Dynamite," 610 Post Dispatch Bldg., Houston, Texas.
Keep the book 5 days, and if pleased beyond all expectations, remit \$1.50 in full payment. Otherwise return the book to us without obligation.

Ride the Interurban FROM Houston to Galveston
Every Hour on the Hour
Express Service—Non-Stop Trains
9:00 a. m. and 3:00 p. m.

PATENTS
obtained and trademarks and copyrights registered.

HARDWAY & CATHEY
Bankers Mortgage Bldg., Houston, Tex.
"20 Acres and Plenty." Free book tells truth about F. A. land, monthly payments \$1.00 on interest; no taxes, sick benefit features, Sylvester E. Wilson, Dept. A 248, Orlando, Fla.
LADIES, WE PAY \$10.00 PER HUNDRED to give gratuity cards. Free particulars for addressed envelopes. YORKVILLE CARP, Dept. F, 214 Lexington Avenue, New York.
W. N. U., HOUSTON, NO. 33-1926.

Device Shows Strain Incurred by Flyers

Instruments have been devised for measuring an airplane's speed, altitude and direction; now comes a gauge for the aviator himself, called the accelerometer, an intricate little apparatus which shows how his body reacts to the craft's bounces, sudden turns and dips. It is the invention of Lieut. James H. Doolittle of the engineering division of the army air service, according to Popular Mechanics Magazine, and it is placed under the pilot's seat. Stresses and strains on his body are outlined on a small strip of film.

Lieutenant Doolittle has found that a flyer can stand instantaneous movements of the plane without ill effects, but comparatively slower dips and dives, if continued several seconds, sometimes cause him to lose his faculties. In rounding a pylon at high speed, for instance, the blood is driven to the feet. A pilot in the pink of condition can stand this, but about 12 seconds is the limit.

Suspicious

The man crawled from under the wrecked car and got to his feet. He had escaped miraculously with only some injury to his right ear, but they took him to a hospital to have the hurt examined.

The doctor peered into the injured member, probed and peeped again. "Yes," he said at length, "you have punctured the wall of your ear."

"The patient moaned.

"The very ears have walls," he said miserably.

They rushed him at once to the observation ward.

Where Age Counted

Little Emily had been spending the afternoon with Uncle Will and had been quite fascinated by his stories. She was particularly impressed with some exploits of a famous man before he became President of the United States.

"And do you remember him?" asked the little girl.

"Yes, indeed," replied her uncle.

"You see I'm much older than you."

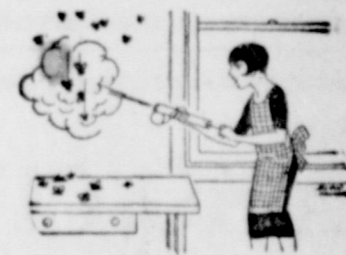
"Well, then," she asked, "how much older will I have to be before I can remember him?"

It's a mean bachelor who advises a girl to marry and then fails to propose.

Envy like fire, sours upward.

An Egyptian company is giving motion-picture educational entertainments in nearly 400 small towns of Egypt.

"Cantaloupe" is a new color in England for women's dresses and are worn with bronze hats and bronze shoes.



Fly - Flit - Flop!

FLIES breed in filth, feed on filth and bring filth into your home.

Flit spray clears your home in a few minutes of disease-bearing flies and mosquitoes. It is clean, safe and easy to use.

Kills All Household Insects

Flit spray also destroys bed bugs, roaches and ants. It searches out the cracks and crevices where they hide and breed, and destroys insects and their eggs. Spray Flit on your garments. Flit kills moths and their larvae which eat holes. Extensive tests showed that Flit spray did not stain the most delicate fabrics.

Flit is the result of exhaustive research by expert entomologists and chemists. It is harmless to mankind. Flit has replaced the old methods because it kills all the insects—and does it quickly.

Get a Flit can and sprayer today. For sale everywhere.

STANDARD OIL CO. (NEW JERSEY)



FLIT

DESTROYS
Flies Mosquitoes Moths
Ants Bed Bugs Roaches

"The yellow can with the black band"

STANDARD FOR 50 YEARS
WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC
A Fine Tonic. Builds You Up
Prevents and Relieves
Malaria-Chills and Fever-Dengue

Princess Theater Program

TONIGHT, SATURDAY

"TOO MANY KISSES"

Prices 20c and 40c

MONDAY and TUESDAY:

Don Dare-devil Jack Hoxie Picture

Candy Papa's Mama

Prices 30c and 20c

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

My Old Dutch Pat O'Mally featuring

Too Many Babies

Prices 30c and 20c

FRIDAY and SATURDAY:

Are Parents People? an all star cast

And a Western Comedy

40c and 20c

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

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

Sanderson, Texas

1885

1925

ALAMO CITY Business College

Woolworth Bldg., San Antonio, Texas.

Play Your Part in Life

Get a Business Education

It is time to decide; to get in touch with a school that has succeeded in training young people for more than 40 years; to begin to make your dreams come true. The Alamo City Business College will give you the highest type of training and then assist you to good employment. Write for more information. Join those who are already enrolled from your home community. Clip and mail this ad.

Name

Address

It Pays You to ADVERTISE

IN THE TIMES

ANNOUNCEMENT COLUMN.

District \$15.00
County \$10.00
Precinct, Commissioner, Justice of the Peace, Constable . . . \$5.00

Terms: Strictly cash in advance. No announcement inserted unless cash accompanies same. Announcements inserted in order in which fees are paid at office.

For Tax Assessor:
W. J. FERGUSON.
(Re-election)

FRED YEATES.

For County Judge:
G. J. HENSHAW, (re-election.)

For County and District Clerk:
LUELLA LEMONS,
(re-election.)

JNO. F. NICHOLS

E. F. HOWARD

For County Treasurer:
FRANK K. HARRELL,
(Re-election)

H. L. GATES.

For County Attorney:
J. CALVIN STANSELL,
(Re-election)

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

Notice is hereby given that the firm of Nichols & Smith, heretofore operating under the trade or firm name of "The Sanderson Mercantile Company" is dissolved as a co-partnership and said firm has applied for a charter under the name of "The Sanderson Mercantile Company" and all persons dealing with said firm in the future will take notice of this change of the co-partnership to a corporation.

J. D. NICHOLS,
CHESTER SMITH
4t-8-7.

Position Wanted.

In first class grocery or general mercantile store now or by August 15. I have had 17 years experience as a buyer, salesman and stock keeper. I am 45 years of age, can speak German and some Spanish. References: Hasler Bros. Co., Citizens State Bank, Placke and Guse Co. Write A. J. Elzner, Bastrop, Texas, Box 416.

Hemstitching and picotting, 10c a yard. See Mrs. Dixie Schupbach.

E. F. Howard

Agent For Good Reliable

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES

Your Business will be Appreciated

Highway Lunch Room

Short Orders a Speciality

A Good Place to Eat

Notice to the Public

Anyone caught dumping cans or rubbish on my ranch or swimming in any of my tanks or otherwise trespassing on my property in any way will be prosecuted.

CHAS. DOWNIE.

"We've got the Blues" of the newer designs such as Radio, Herringbone, Diamond and Wide Wale and they'll get it too.

EMPIRE TAILORS.

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

Notice.

No hunting, fishing or camping allowed on my premises.
W. J. BANNER.

Resolutions of Respect.

Whereas thereas passed from this life to the heavenly home above, Mrs. John Seraffine, the beloved sister of our fellow members, Lillie Green, Maudie Ellis, and Jessie Cochran.

Therefore, be it resolved that the members of the W. B. A. Sanderson Review No. 72, extend to them our sincere sympathy in this their hour of sadness.

Be it further resolved that a copy of these resolutions be sent to our bereaved sister, a copy be placed upon the minutes of this Review, and a copy published in the Sanderson Times.

Fraternally submitted,
KATHARYN HARRELL,
KATE STRANGE,
ADDIE LEE BOLING,
Committee.

Resolutions of Respect.

Whereas thereas passed from this life to the heavenly home above, Mrs. John Seraffine, the beloved sister of our fellow members, Lillie Green, Maudie Ellis, and Jessie Cochran.

Therefore, be it resolved that the members of the W. B. A. Sanderson Review No. 72, extend to them our sincere sympathy in this their hour of sadness.

Be it further resolved that a copy of these resolutions be sent to our bereaved sister, a copy be placed upon the minutes of this Review, and a copy published in the Sanderson Times.

Fraternally submitted,
KATHARYN HARRELL,
KATE STRANGE,
ADDIE LEE BOLING,
Committee.

Notice to the Public

Anyone caught dumping cans or rubbish on my ranch or swimming in any of my tanks or otherwise trespassing on my property in any way will be prosecuted.

CHAS. DOWNIE.

Notice.

No hunting, fishing or camping allowed on my premises.
W. J. BANNER.

To the Voters of Precinct No. 4, Terrell County.

I am not a candidate for reelection to the commissioner's office from Precinct No. 4 the next term, and positively will not serve if elected. I want to thank the voters of this precinct for the co-operation they gave me during my term of office. Thanking you one and all, I am,

Yours sincerely,

WALTER C. DUNLAP.

Mrs. H. C. Crabtree and children have returned from Dallas where they went with Mrs. Crabtree's mother, Mrs. G. E. Smith, who has been here with her. Mrs. Smith found this climate to be too high for her and was not well while here. Mrs. Crabtree reports that her mother was very much improved when she left her.

In this issue of The Times E. F. Howard announces his candidacy for the office of County and District Clerk of Terrell County. Mr. Howard asks the consideration of the voters of Terrell County when they go to the polls in November.

Mr. Howard has been a resident of this county for a number of years.

Wallace Henshaw Jr., who has been working in the Mirando oil fields near Laredo, came in last Saturday to visit with relatives and friends here.

Mrs. D. A. Pollard has returned from Houston where she has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Gaines.

Mrs. Ed M. Reeves came in Wednesday from El Paso to visit her sister Mrs. E. P. Halley.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Fletcher spent the week-end in Valentine, Texas, where they visited Mr. Fletcher's mother, Mrs. J. H. Fletcher and family.

C. A. (Tennessee) Wilburn and R. G. Morris spent several days here this week from Santa Rita, Texas, visiting friends.

RESOLUTION.

Whereas, there has passed from this life to the life beyond, the mother of our sister, Ida Laughlin.

Therefore, be it resolved by the officers and members of Sanderson Review No. 72, W. B. A., extend to her our sincere sympathy in her loss.

Be it further resolved that a copy of these resolutions be sent to our bereaved sister, a copy be placed upon the minutes of this Review, and a copy published in the Sanderson Times.

Fraternally submitted,
KATHARYN HARRELL,
KATE STRANGE,
ADDIE LEE BOLING,
Committee.

Resolutions of Respect.

Whereas thereas passed from this life to the heavenly home above, Mrs. John Seraffine, the beloved sister of our fellow members, Lillie Green, Maudie Ellis, and Jessie Cochran.

Therefore, be it resolved that the members of the W. B. A. Sanderson Review No. 72, extend to them our sincere sympathy in this their hour of sadness.

Be it further resolved that a copy of these resolutions be sent to our bereaved sister, a copy be placed upon the minutes of this Review, and a copy published in the Sanderson Times.

Fraternally submitted,
KATHARYN HARRELL,
KATE STRANGE,
ADDIE LEE BOLING,
Committee.

Notice to the Public

Anyone caught dumping cans or rubbish on my ranch or swimming in any of my tanks or otherwise trespassing on my property in any way will be prosecuted.

CHAS. DOWNIE.

Notice.

No hunting, fishing or camping allowed on my premises.
W. J. BANNER.

RESOLUTION.

Whereas, there has passed from this life to the life beyond, the mother of our sister, Ida Laughlin.

Therefore, be it resolved by the officers and members of Sanderson Review No. 72, W. B. A., extend to her our sincere sympathy in her loss.

Be it further resolved that a copy of these resolutions be sent to our bereaved sister, a copy be placed upon the minutes of this Review, and a copy published in the Sanderson Times.

Fraternally submitted,
KATHARYN HARRELL,
KATE STRANGE,
ADDIE LEE BOLING,
Committee.

Resolutions of Respect.

Whereas thereas passed from this life to the heavenly home above, Mrs. John Seraffine, the beloved sister of our fellow members, Lillie Green, Maudie Ellis, and Jessie Cochran.

Therefore, be it resolved that the members of the W. B. A. Sanderson Review No. 72, extend to them our sincere sympathy in this their hour of sadness.

Be it further resolved that a copy of these resolutions be sent to our bereaved sister, a copy be placed upon the minutes of this Review, and a copy published in the Sanderson Times.

Fraternally submitted,
KATHARYN HARRELL,
KATE STRANGE,
ADDIE LEE BOLING,
Committee.

Notice to the Public

Anyone caught dumping cans or rubbish on my ranch or swimming in any of my tanks or otherwise trespassing on my property in any way will be prosecuted.

CHAS. DOWNIE.

Notice.

No hunting, fishing or camping allowed on my premises.
W. J. BANNER.

DEW DROP INN

Do you want a good meal every day?

Come to the Dew Drop Inn.

At a price that you can afford to pay?

Come to the Dew Drop Inn.

Homelike cooking all the while

Served in good old family style.

It will surely make you smile.

Come to the Dew Drop Inn.

Biscuits served here every night.

Come to the Dew Drop Inn;

Home-made pies and cake so light.

Come to the Dew Drop Inn.

All food served is of the best.

Bring the wife, give her a rest;

You will be our welcome guest.

Come to the Dew Drop Inn.

DEW DROP INN

DRYDEN NEWS

Roy Barksdale is driving a new Ford touring car.

Grandma Chambers returned to Dryden Wednesday, after spending a month at her home in Marfa.

Earnest Miller is home after spending a month at the Citizens Military Training Camp at San Antonio.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Bailey and baby spent Sunday at the home of W. A. Latimer, and were accompanied home by Bill Bartlett to spend the week with them.

Will Taylor made a business trip to Del Rio Thursday and returned Friday.

Miss Sarah Thomas of El Paso is visiting her cousin, Miss Martha Thomas, this week.

Mrs. Earl Sankey's mother is visiting her this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmo Taylor and children and Mr. and Mrs. W. R. House and children spent Sunday on the Independence and Pecos river.

Mr. and Mrs. Boyd Cox went to Del Rio Sunday to spend several days there.

Mr. and Mrs. Turk had as their guest for the past week Mrs. Turk's sister, Miss Jim Burney of Uvalde.

A. B. Chambers made a business trip to Alpine last week and stayed several days.

Mrs. Elmendorf of El Paso who has spent the past two weeks with her mother, Mrs. C. C. Chambers, returned to her home in El Paso Thursday.

Charley Rogers of Sanderson is building a small dwelling here to occupy during the school months.

Mrs. C. C. Chambers, Mrs. Elmendorf, and Mrs. W. R. House spent Saturday evening in Sanderson.

J. R. Taylor and son Will, and Mrs. Burdwell spent Monday in Sanderson on business.

Miss Jack Banner spent the past week at the home of Mrs. Chas. Thomas.

Mrs. John Reynolds and baby left Wednesday for Uvalde to spend some time with her husband there.

Mrs. Elmo Taylor and children are spending several days in Comstock visiting her father.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Gray were in Dryden Wednesday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Chandler shopped in Sanderson Saturday evening.

Those attending the dance at Langtry last week were Martha Thomas, Jack Banner, Sarah Thomas, Mr. Hutson, Sargent Boskes, Geo. Schanlan and Manton Thomas.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Garvey and daughter of San Antonio are visiting Mrs. Garvey's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Doak at the Doak ranch.

DRYDEN NEWS

In another column of The Times will be found the announcement of John F. Nichols who announces himself for the office of County and District Clerk of Terrell County. Mr. Nichols needs no introduction as he has been a resident of this county for several years. He states he will appreciate the support of the voters in the November election and will, if elected, fulfill the duties of the office to the best of his knowledge.

T. J. Banner returned Wednesday from Comanche, Texas, where he visited relatives. While away Grandpa Banner attended the reunion of Mt. Remnant, 5th Brigade, 5th Texas Division U. C. V., which was held in Christoval, Texas, August 4 to 6.

26 WEST TEXAS TOWNS HAVE WHITE WAYS

Nowhere in America declared the West Texas Utility News, has the idea of modern street lighting made more rapid advance than among the smaller cities and towns of West Texas.

Travelers will tell you that one of the impressive features of West Texas is the number of small towns they pass through whose business districts after nightfall blaze with radiance in real big city style.

Of the sixty-two towns and communities served by the lines of the West Texas Utilities Company twenty-six already have installed white ways with ornamental iron standards of the most modern type. Others are to follow during the current year. These towns are finding that adequate street illumination is worth while, not only from the standpoint of civic pride but as a matter of comfort, convenience and security of life, limb and property.

Mrs. E. P. Halley and children have returned from a visit with relatives in Arkansas.

Mrs. J. H. Hayre returned Wednesday morning from a visit with relatives in Tennessee. Mr. Hayre and Jack accompanied by Dr. Gorman are driving through from Tennessee and are expected here the last of the week.

Minton White returned the first of the week from Kerrville, Texas, where he has been the past two months playing ball.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Duncan left the first of the week for Del Rio where they will make their home. For the past two years that Mr. Duncan has been here he has erected several nice homes that are a credit to the town as well as to Mr. Duncan's skill as an architect and contractor.

Mrs. C. F. Burling and children of Alpine are here visiting her mother, Mrs. J. D. Ross, and other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Pettit left the first of the week for Big Lake, Texas, where they will make their future home. While here Mr. Pettit was with the Royal Tailor and Barber Shop. Their many friends here wish for them much success in their new home.

C. H. White bought the W. J. Duncan home in the north part of town and moved in on Monday of this week.

Misses Jewel Goode and Nelberta Lea were visitors at the M. H. Goode ranch the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Mills and family spent the week-end in Del Rio visiting friends.

Advertise in the Times.

RATTLE OF THE RAIL.

Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Daggett motored to Alpine Friday returning the same day.

Fireman J. R. Goodykoontz has been assigned to a regular freight run here.

Owing to an increase in business the ninth engineer has been placed in service.

Engineer C. Gillespie has been assigned to the work train of the El Paso Valentine district.

Engineer D. E. McNail of El Paso is working out of here on extra list.

Fireman R. A. Hurst has returned from a visit to Pierson, Mexico.

Wednesday Bridge Club. Mrs. Clyde Griffith was hostess to the Wednesday Bridge Club this week. Pink roses, beautiful varied color dahlias lent a charming color to the living room.

Following the usual number of tables of bridge, the scores for the afternoon were added. Mrs. Max Bogusch made high score and was given a silver bon bon dish; a Madeira tray cloth was the second high score prize won by Miss Avis Crozier; while Mrs. J. C. Green drew the cut prize, a novelty powder puff. Delicious refreshments consisting of raisin pie a la mode was served to the following guests: Mesdames Joe Kerr, O. G. Porter, R. S. Wilkinson, J. W. McKee, M. A. Cavender, Max Bogusch, J. C. Green, B. P. Franklin, F. C. Holt, L. H. Lemons, Vance McLymont, A. E. Creigh Jr., E. F. Howard, H. R. Laurence, J. M. Bass, and Misses Myrl McKee, Avis Crozier, and Louise Williams.

Bridge Party. Mrs. Fred P. Holt entertained several friends at the Kerr Hotel on Thursday. Bridge was the diversion of the afternoon. Bouquets of cut flowers were used as a means of decorations.

The high score prize, a piece of lingerie was won by Mrs. Laurence; the second high score prize, a hand embroidered towel, went to Mrs. Vance McLymont; while Mrs. Griffith drew the cut prize, a bridge set.

Mrs. Holt served delicious refreshments consisting of lime punch, ice cream and angel food cake to the following guests: Mesdames F. B. Carter, Max Bogusch, Joe Kerr, Ed Downie, Clyde Griffith, H. R. Laurence, R. S. Wilkinson, J. W. McKee, L. H. Lemons, E. F. Howard, B. P. Franklin, J. C. Green, S. S. Daggett, Vance McLymont, and Misses Myrl McKee and Avis Crozier.

Mrs. E. L. Bussey of Uvalde is visiting Mrs. F. B. Carter.

Renew Your Health by Purification

Any physician will tell you that "Perfect Purification of the System is Nature's Foundation of Perfect Health." Why not rid yourself of chronic ailments that are undermining your vitality? Purify your entire system by taking a thorough course of Calobats—once or twice a week for several weeks—and see how Nature rewards you with health.

Calobats are the greatest of all system purifiers. Get a family package, containing full directions. Only 25 cts. At any drug store. (Adv.)