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GENERAL MERCHANDISE

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DRYDEN NOTES.

By Mrs. W. R. House.

As Jack Chandler, who is employed by the Milham Corporation, was coming into town last Thursday his car caught on fire and was burned up. Mr. Chandler says he does not know what caused the fire.

The slow rain that fell from Friday up until Sunday night will be a great benefit to the country, although it made it hard on the ranchmen who had fresh shorn goats. Jess Haley lost about four hundred head, A. A. Bardwell about two hundred and Elmo Taylor eighty-five.

Mrs. Julian H. Heard returned to her home in San Antonio after spending the past ten days with her daughter, Mrs. C. C. Chambers.

Mrs. Mary L. Chambers was called to Marfa where her son, Lon Chambers, was real ill. While there she visited her daughter in Alpine.

Mr. and Mrs. Dameron from Watkins were in Monday on business.

Mrs. Virginia Bartlett spent the week-end in Del Rio with her sister, Mrs. J. C. Bailey.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. McCloud made a business trip to Sanderson Monday evening.

S. P. Witt came in Monday from Del Rio where he spent the past few days.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Presley and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Chandler were Sanderson visitors Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Chandler and daughter spent Monday evening in Sanderson.

A. D. Beasley returned to Dryden Monday after spending the past week in San Marcos and San Antonio. His family

remained in San Marcos.

Mrs. John Rutledge and Mrs. L. E. Wilson of Sanderson visited in Dryden one day last week.

Roy Barksdale was a Sanderson visitor Sunday.

Jack Belcher was in Monday from the ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Deaton and children were in Dryden Sunday on their way to the Carpenter ranch.

Mrs. Elmo Taylor spent Tuesday with Mrs. E. P. Peeples.

W. R. House and family were Sanderson visitors Sunday evening.

Mrs. W. A. Latimer and daughter, Mrs. Bartlett, spent Tuesday in Sanderson shopping and visiting friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Wilson came in the first of the week from Sheffield to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Strange.

Mrs. Lee Grigsby returned Sunday from Houston where she spent several days last week with her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Walter Grigsby.

Sunbeams Meet.

The little band of Sunbeams met Tuesday at the Baptist church. Marjorie Neil Williams was leader and had prepared a good program.

All sunbeams are urged to meet at the church Friday evening at 7 p. m.

J. M. Lackey was in town this week from his ranch. Mr. Lackey has just recently purchased a new Ford coupe from the Ferguson Motor Co.

T. M. Pyle was a business visitor in San Antonio the past week.

CULTURE CLUB HOLDS MONTHLY MEETING

The first meeting for the new year of the Sanderson Culture Club was held last Friday afternoon at the home of Mrs. A. D. Brown. Mrs. S. C. Bodkin and Mrs. Brown were joint hostesses and a delightful afternoon was spent despite the inclement weather.

The business session was presided over by the president, Mrs. H. R. Laurence. The lesson subject for the afternoon was "Citizenship," which was ably discussed under the leadership of Mrs. H. L. Stuckey. Mrs. John Stovell had as her subject, "Why Women Should Vote," and brought out many worth while points on this subject. "The Responsibility of Women," was ably discussed by Mrs. E. J. Chastain. Mrs. Addie Lee Bolling gave a paper on the "Limitation of Woman's Citizenship."

Following the adjournment of the club a social hour was held. The hostesses served a plate lunch of carrot salad, sandwiches and hot tea.

—Reporter.

Delphians Meet.

The Delphian Society met Wednesday at 3 p. m. at the Kerr Hotel. Mrs. John Stovell was the leader. The topic for the afternoon was, "The Raw Material of Modern Culture." Mesdames James Kerr, Gayle Mussey, L. H. Lemons, H. R. Laurence, Joe Brown, R. H. Murrain, Luella Lemons, W. E. Lea, J. H. Loehausen and S. E. Couch were on the program.

AUXILIARY HAS CIRCLE MEETING.

The Ladies' Auxiliary to the Presbyterian Church held their circle meeting at the home of Mrs. S. A. Kernal on Monday. There were eight members and three visitors present. Mrs. C. M. Breeding was program leader and an interesting program was given.

The next meeting will be Bible study at the church on Monday, October 1.

The Presbyterian Church.

This church invites you to its worship and religious school next Sunday. To all of us Sunday is a day of boon and blessing. It becomes increasingly so to those who do not forget its spiritual opportunities and worship accordingly. Won't you be one of such worshippers Sunday?

The Sunday school begins at 10 o'clock a. m. Its aims are to instruct and inspire.

Morning worship at 11 a. m. Sermon topic, "Christian Paradoxes."

Out of courtesy to the Baptist Church, which is now holding a series of revival services, the evening service at this church will be cancelled.

There will be special music by Keith Mitchell and Jim Stovell. J. A. McMILLAN, Minister.

Born, Tuesday, September 25, to Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Lambert, a son. Both mother and baby are doing well.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Crawford spent last Thursday as the guests of Prof. and Mrs. B. J. Brannan. They were en route to their home in Marathon from San Marcos where they had been to place their daughter, Miss Louise, in school.

Mrs. F. S. Garrison, who has been at Hot Springs, spent Monday here with Mrs. Lee Grigsby. She left Tuesday for Langtry where she went to get her furniture in preparation to move to Sanderson.

\$10.95 for 9x12 Gold Seal Congoleum rugs at Kerr's, October 1st to October 6th. Other sizes in proportion. Buy rugs for those extra rooms.

Mrs. Cox and Mrs. Summers, teachers of music, voice and expression, report that they are getting their classes well organized, and want to organize the orchestra right away.

Mrs. Summers teaches at Mrs. J. H. Loehausen's, while Mrs. Cox teaches at Grandma Savages.

R. E. GRIFFITH, Minister.

Carter-Loden.

Last Friday afternoon at the home of Justice of the Peace E. F. Howard, Miss Janie Loden and Leslie Carter, both of this city, were united in marriage. The bride is the daughter of Will Loden, who recently moved here from Rocksprings.

Leslie is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Willis Carter. He is in the ranch business and is doing well in his chosen profession.

The Times joins with their many friends in extending congratulations and best wishes to the happy couple. They will make their home here.

Night Bridge Club.

Mrs. A. E. Creigh Jr. was hostess to the members of the Night Bridge Club at her home last Saturday. Various fall flowers were used as a means of decorations.

The ladies high score for the evening was made by Mrs. Max Bogusch; P. E. Dishman made the high score for the men.

The hostess served a plate lunch of shrimp salad, sandwich, cheese pie and coffee to four tables of players.

W. M. U. Has Social Meeting.

The W. M. U. met Monday at the home of Mrs. A. D. Brown for their social and business meeting. Mrs. Brown and Mrs. D. L. Duke being hostesses.

At the business meeting officers were elected for the coming year. The members also decided to have a turkey and chicken dinner on election day.

There were 20 members present who were served pumpkin pie with whipped cream and hot tea.

Bountiful Rainfall

Sanderson and vicinity has been visited by plenty of rain lately. Last Friday it commenced to rain and was followed by a considerable drop in temperature. Saturday found people getting out their winter clothes and putting up their heaters. Reports coming in from various parts of the county are to the effect that the stock suffered and several ranchmen lost heavily from freshly shorn goats.

Church of Christ Notes.

"The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life; and he that winneth souls is wise." Prov. 11:30. What a wonderful thought, that! What are you doing to save souls? Have you made any provision to that end? When you reach heaven, the objective of living hope, will you find any lead there by your efforts, money or influence?

Jesus wants us to bear much fruit. The Old Mether earth gives up her treasures to those given to persistent toil. There is a work for all. Life is a gift to be used by each one to make the world better. It is not enough to live, but we must live well, for the "Life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for." Gal. 2:20.

What I do then, I must do as the days are passing. What am I doing to make the world better? What am I doing to make the church stronger? Indolence is a breeder of discontent. Service makes us contented and happy. We thus become the dispensers of happiness. An idle brain is the devil's work shop. Brother, is your brain the property of the wicked one? Work is the law of the universe.

Jesus says, "I must work the works of Him that sent me. The night cometh when no man can work." Am I a worker—a worker with the Lord? "We then, as workers together with Him, beseech you also that ye receive not the grace of God in vain." This means that each must be a worker or else we receive the grace of God in vain. Lord help us to be workers truly. It is a joy to be a worker with the Lord, and the joy surges with the sweep of days and years.

This is the joy of the hopeful worker. The joy that falters not at the certain stroke of death, but rejoices in hope. Have you no hope? I think that he is the poorest of the poor who has no hope. Faith is the basis of hope—the faith that works by love, and hope is the anchor of the soul that takes the bitterness out of life and makes life worth living. Let us help you. Worship with us.

R. E. GRIFFITH, Minister.

He was a little stiff
so they threw him
in the morgue

FULLER PEP



HAVE YOU DECIDED

To discard that seventh annual overcoat this winter and buy a new one? A man ought to purchase a new overcoat at least every seven years just for the looks of the thing. Of course one does become attached to a garment that holds together seven years.

Better let us take your measure for a new one right away.

Empire Cleaners & Dyers
Frank Robertson, Owner & Mgr.

Bazaar

The ladies of the Altar and Rosary Society will hold their semi-annual Bazaar at the Bohlmann Confectionery on Saturday, October 6. There will be many useful articles for sale, such as aprons, children's bonnets, etc. Pies and cakes will also be sold.

A COMPARISON OF SERVICES

Have goods from stores delivered to your home, have a suit of clothes altered, have a professional man perform a service, and you expect to pay for each and every service performed.

Ask a bank to perform any financial service—keep your books, furnish you with supplies, protect your funds, forward or collect your checks and you pay not a single penny.

All your banker asks for his services is the opportunity of making a fair profit.

This can be done only by maintaining a reasonable balance in your checking account.

The service fee at this bank simply gives us the possibility of an even break.

Sanderson State Bank
Sanderson, Texas

Wednesday Bridge Club.
The Wednesday Bridge Club met last week at the home of Mrs. L. H. Lemons. There were three tables of players that enjoyed the afternoon playing bridge. Mrs. R. S. Wilkinson made the high score for the afternoon and Mrs. S. A. Daggett made the second high score. Refreshments of Bavarian pineapple cream and cake were served.

Zander-Gump Wedding.
The Zander-Gump Wedding which was given last Friday evening at the Catholic Athletic Hall was witnessed by a large attendance. Mrs. C. H. Armstrong, wife of the Methodist pastor, directed the wedding. Most all the characters in the Funny Paper World were represented by local talent. A neat sum was realized.

We Carry Everything Handled In A General Store

<p>DRY GOODS</p> <p>The Season's New and Best Styles</p> <p>DRESS GOODS,</p> <p>MEN'S SUITS,</p> <p>HATS, CAPS,</p> <p>BOOTS AND SHOES</p>	<p>GROCERIES</p> <p>We Have Everything That's Good to Eat</p> <p>Canned Vegetables and</p> <p>Fruits,</p> <p>Jellies, Jams,</p> <p>Tens and Coffees.</p>
<p>HARDWARE</p> <p>We Are Headquarters for</p> <p>Hardware, Oil, Paints</p> <p>Stoves, Pipe Fittings,</p> <p>Wire, Nails,</p> <p>Studebaker Wagons</p>	<p>FURNITURE</p> <p>We Have a Nice Line of</p> <p>Chairs, Rockers, Tables,</p> <p>Dressers, Beds,</p> <p>Springs and</p> <p>Mattresses.</p>
<p>LUMBER</p> <p>Anything You Want in</p> <p>Building Material, Sash</p>	<p>Beers, Cement, Lime</p> <p>Brick, Roofing,</p> <p>Fencing.</p>

THE KERR MERC. COMPANY

FOR SALE—About 3
of good Rambouillet



A Sour Stomach

In the same time it takes a dose of soda to bring a little temporary relief of gas and sour stomach, Phillips Milk of Magnesia has acidity completely checked, and the digestive organs all tranquilized. Once you have tried this form of relief you will cease to worry about your diet and experience a new freedom in eating.

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

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.

Discussion Went On, but Wise Man Slept

"Sleep," said the pessimist, "is but a foretaste of death—that divine reprieve for which we poor mortals yearn."

STOP THAT ITCHING
Use Blue Star Soap, then apply Blue Star Remedy for Eczema, itch, fever, ringworm, poison oak, dandruff, children's sores, cracked heels, sore feet and most forms of itching skin diseases.

Want War on Moose
The Swedish wild moose is threatening the country's match industry by feeding too generously on the aspen trees from which matches are made.

Disposing of Them
Buddy's grandfather had been talking about his farm and the condition of the corn crop. "It looks as if we're going to have a bumper crop this year," he stated.

Silk From Coal
Among the by-products from coal at a German plant is viscose artificial silk, several tons of which were produced this year.

Travel is an education—in getting the best of it at hotels.

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

For over 50 years it has been the household remedy for all forms of Malaria Chills and Fever Dengue

It is a Reliable, General Invigorating Tonic.

BOILS
Carbol contains ingredients that quickly draw out cure of worst boil or carbuncle. Stops pain—prevents spreading. Get Carbol today from drugist. Or send for Carbol today. Send Co., Nashville, Tenn.

KING OF SLAVS IS NO PUPPET MONARCH

Alexander Takes Big Part in Nation's Affairs.

Belgrade.—Probably no other king in the world has such a grip on the affection of his country and his people as young King Alexander of turbulent Jugo-Slavia. He is not a mere symbol. Not only is he in the closest bonds with his people, but he directs the cabinet, controls the army, formulates the foreign policy, and takes an active part in every question affecting the welfare of the nation.

Only thirty-nine years old, Alexander, who was once a page in the czar's court at Petrograd, is the most powerful figure in a country which, since the World War, has increased its population from 2,000,000 to 12,000,000 and its territory from 58,000 square miles to 163,135 square miles.

Alexander is a tremendous worker. He is on the go day and night. "I have never known a man who works so hard," remarked Queen Marie about her royal son-in-law.

Seeks Racial Harmony.
Alexander's greatest ambition is to achieve unity and harmony among the Croats, Slovenes, Serbs, Dalmatians, Moslems, and other diverse nationalities of Jugo-Slavia.

The king is intensely interested in mechanics, science, medicine, archeology, art, military lore, and literature. Like King George of England and King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, he is a great stamp and coin collector, having one of the finest sets in the world.

The king's day begins at seven in the morning, when he goes through the newspapers, reads telegrams and answers correspondence. From ten o'clock onward he receives his ministers, the commander of the Belgrade garrison, the governor of the capital and army and civilian leaders. At 1:30 the king has luncheon, usually with the queen, his two baby sons, court officials, and sometimes invited guests.

Like most Slavs, Alexander is a hearty and a fast eater. He is fond of Serbian national dishes.

From 2 to 4 in the afternoon he usually takes an automobile trip with the queen into the country, sitting at the wheel himself. Occasionally he varies this by a horseback ride, a long walk, or a game of tennis. From 4 to 7 he grants audiences.

Between 7 and 8 his majesty usually takes a stroll into town, accompanied only by an aide-de-camp. He is always enthusiastically cheered, but does not relish this public adulation.

At 8 the king dines, usually with friends or official guests. After dinner he chats with his guests, plays bridge, chess, or "listens in" on his wireless.

Desirable Rural Situations to End Movement From Farm to City

By DR. GEORGE H. THOMAS, Chicago.

IT IS said that on every country road is a boy beating his way to the city. That accounts for one of our rural problems. Agriculture is still America's biggest business, but a majority of Americans now live in cities. Contrary to popular opinion, the smallest rural communities grew in population during the last census decade.

St. Andrew's church, Farm Ridge, in LaSalle county, is an example of means of fostering a desirable rural situation. Farm Ridge is not even a village. It is a community only in the sense that it has a center of religious and social life; no store, no post office, no town hall, no movie, no wayside barbecue.

One stands on the church land, a property two city blocks long; at one end is the church athletic field, at the other is the church cemetery, looking north, south, east and west over the fertile rolling prairie, he sees a farmhouse, the only one in sight, a mile away. Here lives the nearest parishioner.

St. Andrew's is self-supporting, but appearances belie every traditional feature of the "church near the home," which is the meaning of the word parish. On most any average occasion, the churchyard is packed with cars; the rectory lawn swarms with children from a few weeks old to boys and beautiful nondescript girls, in all years of the teens.

The fricassee one gets at the parish dinner is not cold storage chicken. After dinner, the church is packed for services and there are some outside who cannot get in.

This country church is a unique experiment station for solving a national rural problem. It has been a success, against handicaps. For it was established more than seventy-five years ago. One marker in the little cemetery in the churchyard bears the inscription: "Horace Beardley, born Kent, Connecticut, 1782."

Possibility That Life Processes May Have Started by Pure Chance

By DR. D. W. SWANN, Philadelphia.

Science heretofore has always felt that everything that happened could be traced to some cause, which, in turn, always had a definite effect. But we now know that the results of many purely physical phenomena, such as the transmission of heat—depend upon what science inadequately calls "laws of probability"—which is just another name for chance or luck.

Either one accepts the view of creation handed down by the Bible, or else the scientist nods his head and says he cannot answer the question. Life processes may have started by pure chance.

As a matter of fact, even the subconscious belief prevalent among physicians that laws of chance as introduced into their own subject were merely makeshifts for something more fundamental, has, in the past year, received a severe blow.

For in the most modern development of atomic structure, the old idea of the universality and definiteness of the laws which control the actions of the most fundamental entity in all physics—the electron—have had to give way to laws of chance.

No longer do we say that if an electron finds itself in an electric field, a certain consequence will definitely follow. We say only that there is a probability that such and such will take place.

No longer do we rest in the belief that the velocity of an electron will remain constant so long as it is not under the influence of an electric field. It may suddenly change its state of motion. From being at rest, it may suddenly decide to move about like a dog tired of inaction.

All that this means to the layman is that science by chance may run into the secret of synthetic life—without now even knowing anything about its start. There is no telling how soon or how long before something may happen to open the volume to the right page.

Spirit of National Interdependence Great Need of the Present Century

By REV. C. EVERETT WAGNER, New York (Methodist).

The next document to be signed by the revolutionary rebels of all nations is a declaration of interdependence. The crying need for such a declaration in this Twentieth century is just as urgent as the one in 1775 for independence of small countries like the Thirteen Colonies.

The intelligent people of America can no longer be like ostriches, sticking their heads in the sand whenever this question of our relationship to other nations is considered. To make effective this declaration of interdependence the revolutionary rebels of this age must stimulate a tremendous sympathy for the peoples of all countries. The words "stranger," "foreigner," "heathen" should be dropped from our vocabularies.

Criminal Youths of Country Recruited From Homes That Are Divided

By PERRY T. ALLEN, Springfield (Mo.) Attorney

The modern youthful criminal is not the product of poverty and want, but the result of unrestraint. They seek the thrills, look for some new experience that will offer a "kick" and do not falter at the most brutal and nauseating crimes. They are proud of the notoriety given them because of it, and glory in their misdeeds as an accomplishment which places them above the other mortals.

Eighty per cent of the youthful criminals of the United States come from divided homes—homes that were broken up by divorce or abandonment. The others come from homes where the break exists, but where it is not shown publicly but known to the child.

To meet the world, coming generations must be prepared individually. Fire is necessary, but the child, to know that it will burn, need not be dragged through the flame. A child taught from the day it is born until it reaches the age of twelve years the meaning of discipline, the difference between right and wrong, and is given the correct example by his parents, knows no other course but the right.

KENTUCKY'S RIFLES ARE PUT ON SHOW

Old Flintlocks Given to University Museum.

Philadelphia.—A gift of 35 "Kentucky" rifles of the Revolutionary period, one of the few collections of its kind in this country, has been received by the University of Pennsylvania museum through the generosity of J. Stogdell Stokes.

The importance of the gift, says Joseph Arns, curator of the decorative arts at the museum, arises from the unique part the "Kentucky" rifle played in the early days of conquering the wilderness and producing a livelihood for the pioneers and also in the winning of the Revolutionary war. The name dates back to a time not long after Daniel Boone had returned from his memorable adventures in the wilderness west of the Cumberland mountains.

Many of these old flintlocks bear the names of their makers inscribed on the barrels—names chiefly of German derivation. They were made in eastern Pennsylvania, most authorities agreeing that Lancaster probably was the center of the industry.

The stocks were made of curly maple, the most decorative obtainable, and this often was inlaid with silver wires and carved with scrolls. They were inevitably overlaid in parts with brass appliques cut in graceful designs with spread eagles or other conventional decoration. By pressing an ingeniously concealed spring in the stock, which releases a hinged cover, the patch box is revealed. This held the grease for the small pieces of linen or buckskin with which the ball was "patched" in loading.

Old Canvas Believed Work of the Druids

London.—What is believed to be a valuable discovery of Druidical remains have been uncovered by workmen at Arnos Grove, Southgate, and an invitation has been sent the archeological society to investigate.

The remains consist of two large dark caves built of huge boulders, many of which weigh over three tons. In front there is what appears to be an altar with sacrificial stones, and on one side there is an immense pillar upon which representations of serpents can be traced.

The remains as they stand are almost completely hidden by mistletoe and ivy, and big mounds of earth which it is now thought may conceal other relics of the Druids age, stand near by. The caves stand within a short distance of the famous Mitchenden Oak—a tree which is mentioned in the Doomsday Book.

The discovery was made upon an estate which once belonged to Lord Iveforth, but which is now being developed into plots for building purposes.

Seagull Loses Its Popularity in Utah

Salt Lake City, Utah.—The seagull, once esteemed in Utah, is not so popular now.

Some thirty years ago when Mormonism was threatened with a crop devastation due to an invasion of crickets thousands of the graceful birds swept in from the Pacific ocean, devoured the insect pests and averted a possible famine.

To show their appreciation Utahans erected a monument in honor of their winged friends. A great gull, sculptured with spread wings, is perched at the top.

Now, the farmers complain, flocks of the birds make their home near Salt Lake and sally out into the fields to gorge themselves on cherries, other fruits and grain crops. They are so ravenous and bold they can scarcely be shaken out of a fruit tree.

There is growing demand that the law protecting gulls be repealed, and the bitterness of some farmers is such that they advocate tearing down the seagull monument.

Cat Loses Kittens, Wins Affections of Puppies

New Orleans.—A unique rivalry for the affections of five offspring was discovered at the home of Mrs. C. J. Roquin. A black-and-white cat, Minette, lost her three kittens through death about the same time five colliers were born to Bessie, the family dog. Minette immediately set about the task of winning the affections of the young colliers and has succeeded, much to the chagrin of Bessie.

Dog Halts Traffic as He Guards Dead Pal

Beaumont, Texas.—A setter dog which refused to leave a canine pal in death caused motorists to send in a hurry call to the sheriff's office here.

When a deputy reached the scene he found the faithful creature sitting beside the body of his stricken comrade in the center of the highway, defying motorists to run him down as they had his comrade. One automobile had been thrown into the ditch to avoid hitting the dog.

RESTORE HOME OF GEN. SAM HOUSTON

Teachers With State Aid Making It a Shrine.

Huntsville, Texas.—The homestead to which Gen. Sam Houston retired when he was deposed as governor of Texas because he refused to swear allegiance to the confederacy, and the house in which he died, lonely and broken-hearted, are being restored to their original rustic beauty.

The work of making the grounds a state park and the old home a shrine for the people of Texas soon will be completed. The legislature appropriated \$15,000 for the purpose.

A quarter of a century after he had won freedom for Texas with his victory at San Jacinto, General Houston lost the governorship of the state which, as a republic, had honored him with its presidency. Somewhat embittered, he sought peace at his home near Huntsville and died two years later.

The home changed ownership many times, but in 1911 became the property of the state teachers' college, which bears the general's name.

In the last few months many changes have been made in the appearance of the place. Trees, which were not there when it was Houston's home, were chopped down, and those which he had planted were pruned and marked. The pond was enlarged to its former size and shrubs were planted on its banks.

The house was restored to its appearance of long ago, except that lumber from a sawmill replaced the rough-hewn plants. The interior, however, was given what architects pronounced an almost perfect restoration.

Now a search is being made for the furniture which Houston used during his last days. One of the first pieces recovered was a chair, found in a Negro's hut.

Chinese Converts Hand Christians a Puzzle

Canton, China.—Chinese converts to Christianity have advanced the claim that admission to the church entitles them to divorce their non-Christian wives and contract a new marriage "based on love as in the west."

The demand is a new phase of the old conflict between the customs of ancient China and the ideas implanted by Christian missionaries. Among non-Christian Chinese the bride and groom have little or nothing to do with the match.

Present-day wedding ceremonies in Canton are of a hybrid nature. Firecrackers are plentifully used and rice-throwing, not a custom indigenous to China, has been introduced by returned students from America. Many brides wear foreign-style lace veils with Chinese knit tams, while bridegrooms combine foreign straw hats and rubber-soled shoes with the conventional Chinese long silk gowns and black satin jackets.

The ancient vint ceremony and the observance before the tablets of the bridegroom's ancestors are generally observed even at Christian weddings out of deference to older members of the family. In Nationalist circles the political will of Dr. Sun Yat-sen is read and the couple bow three times before his portrait.

Saragossa Sea Place of Beauty, Not a Menace

New York.—The Saragossa sea is pictured as a place of beauty rather than a menace by H. A. Marmar of the United States coast and geodetic survey.

The water is unusually blue, due to lack of minute plant and animal life. It is so transparent that a six-foot white disc can be seen clearly at 200 feet depth.

Belief in the existence of great masses of weed in this sea has no basis in fact, Marmar writes in the United States Naval Institute proceedings.

The sea has surface weed patches up to 100 feet in diameter and occasionally as large as an acre in extent, which do not interfere with navigation.

Naughty Alligator

Bassett, Neb.—Noticing a commotion among the chickens and pigs on her farm, Mrs. A. B. McCance investigated and found a small alligator trying to get a chicken dinner. It is thought the alligator escaped from a small circus that visited here a short time ago.

Buffalo Police Bar Old Wedding Custom

Buffalo, N. Y.—The time-honored custom of playfully tossing old shoes at the groom, tying tin cans and other noise-producing articles on the rear of automobiles used by bridal parties, and blowing of horns by cars in a bridal procession, will be cause for arrest hereafter.

The Buffalo health department classifies such acts as those of "morons, diabolical, and threatening the health of the sick and nervous."

Throwing old shoes at the groom is said to be fraught with danger—a blow on the head often resulting in a fatal injury.



NURSES know, and doctors have declared there's nothing quite like Bayer Aspirin for all sorts of aches and pains, but be sure it's genuine Bayer; that name must be on the package, and on every tablet. Bayer is genuine, and the word genuine—red—is on every box. You can't go wrong if you will just look at the box.



For Wounds, Sunburn, Sore and Tired Feet—and after Shaving. Same formula for 66 Years.

DR. TICHENOR'S ANTISEPTIC

Shaken Out
A happy family of twelve arrived at an Indianapolis hotel, touring from Texas in two automobiles. After the doorman had assisted each one from the car the mother looked anxiously around to see whether she had an even dozen but counted only eleven children.

"Mistah Potah," she said to the colored doorman, "please shake those blankets in the bottom of that car again; one of the children is missin'." The "potah" did as he was requested and sure enough, out rolled the last youngster.—Indianapolis News.

Consolidated Operations

At Worcester, Mass., says the Boston Globe, three generations of Fred Halsteads lost their tonsils within the space of 45 minutes. Fred Halstead, fifty-seven; his son, Fred, Jr., twenty-nine, and his grandson, Fred III, four and one-half, were the three who made a family event of what might have been scattered incidents.

HELPED DURING MIDDLE AGE

Woman Took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Denver, Colo.—"I have taken six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and will take more. I am taking it as a tonic to help me through the Change of Life and I am telling many of my friends to take it as I found nothing before this. I had help me. I had so many bad feelings at night that I could not sleep and for two years I could not go down town because I was afraid of falling. My mother took the Vegetable Compound years ago with good results and now I am taking it during the Change of Life and I recommend it."—Mrs. T. A. MILLER, 1611 Adams Street, Denver, Colorado.



Feelings at night that I could not sleep and for two years I could not go down town because I was afraid of falling. My mother took the Vegetable Compound years ago with good results and now I am taking it during the Change of Life and I recommend it."—Mrs. T. A. MILLER, 1611 Adams Street, Denver, Colorado.

Turkey Takes Census

The population of Turkey, according to figures published by the director of statistics, based on the latest census, is 13,600,275 inhabitants. Of this number 1,044,306 live in Turkey in Europe and 12,615,969 in Turkey in Asia.

Underhanded

The Fan—Did you notice that underhanded throw by the pitcher? His wife (at her first baseball game)—Why do they stand for it?

Usually the older a man grows the poorer the opinion he has of himself.

Relieves Malaria in 3 Days

SWAMP CHILL FEVER TONIC

THE FEATHERHEADS

By Oshroff



FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By F. O. Alexander



Think Fast, Michael

IN LINE OF DUTY

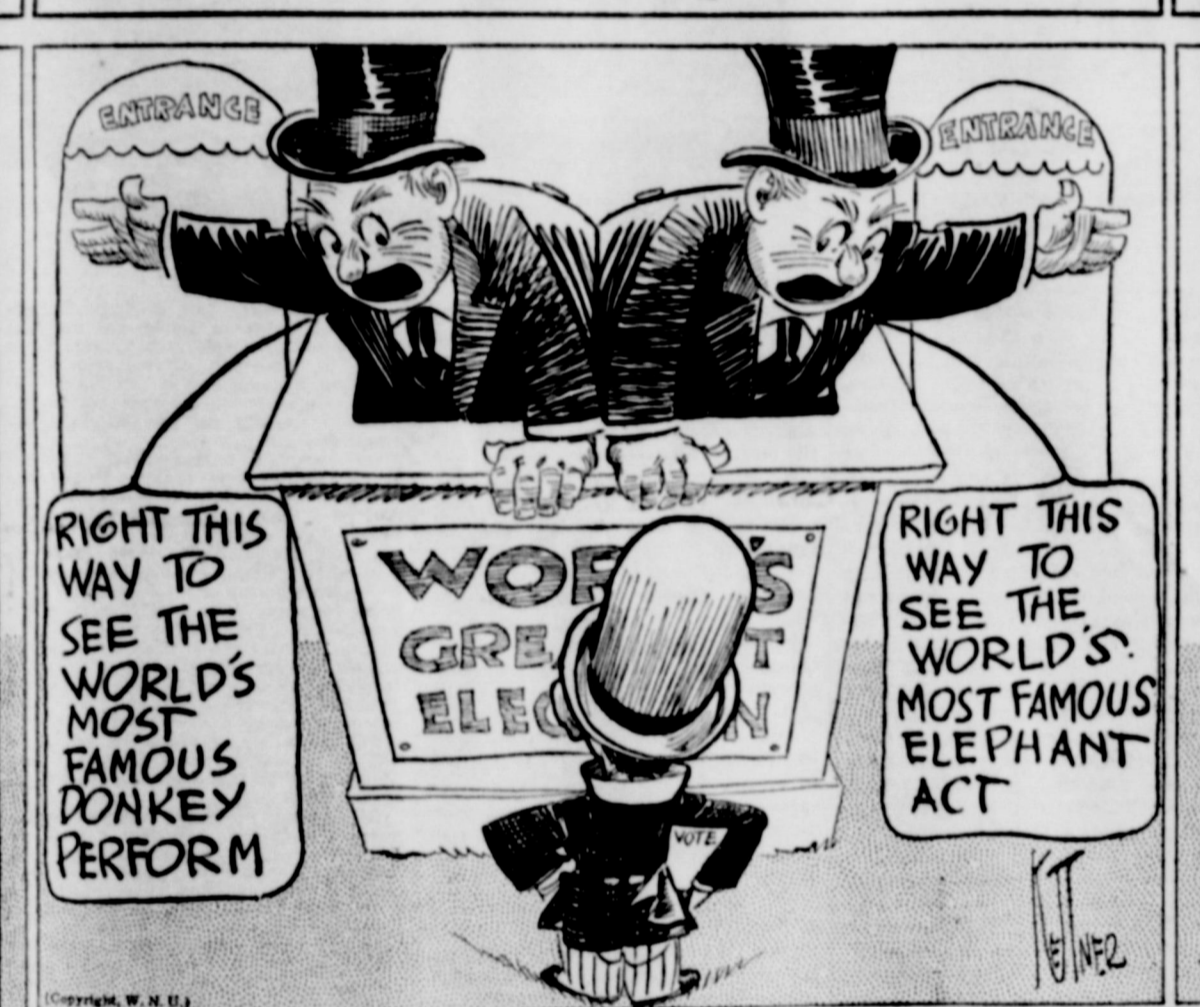
BILL BOOSTER SAYS



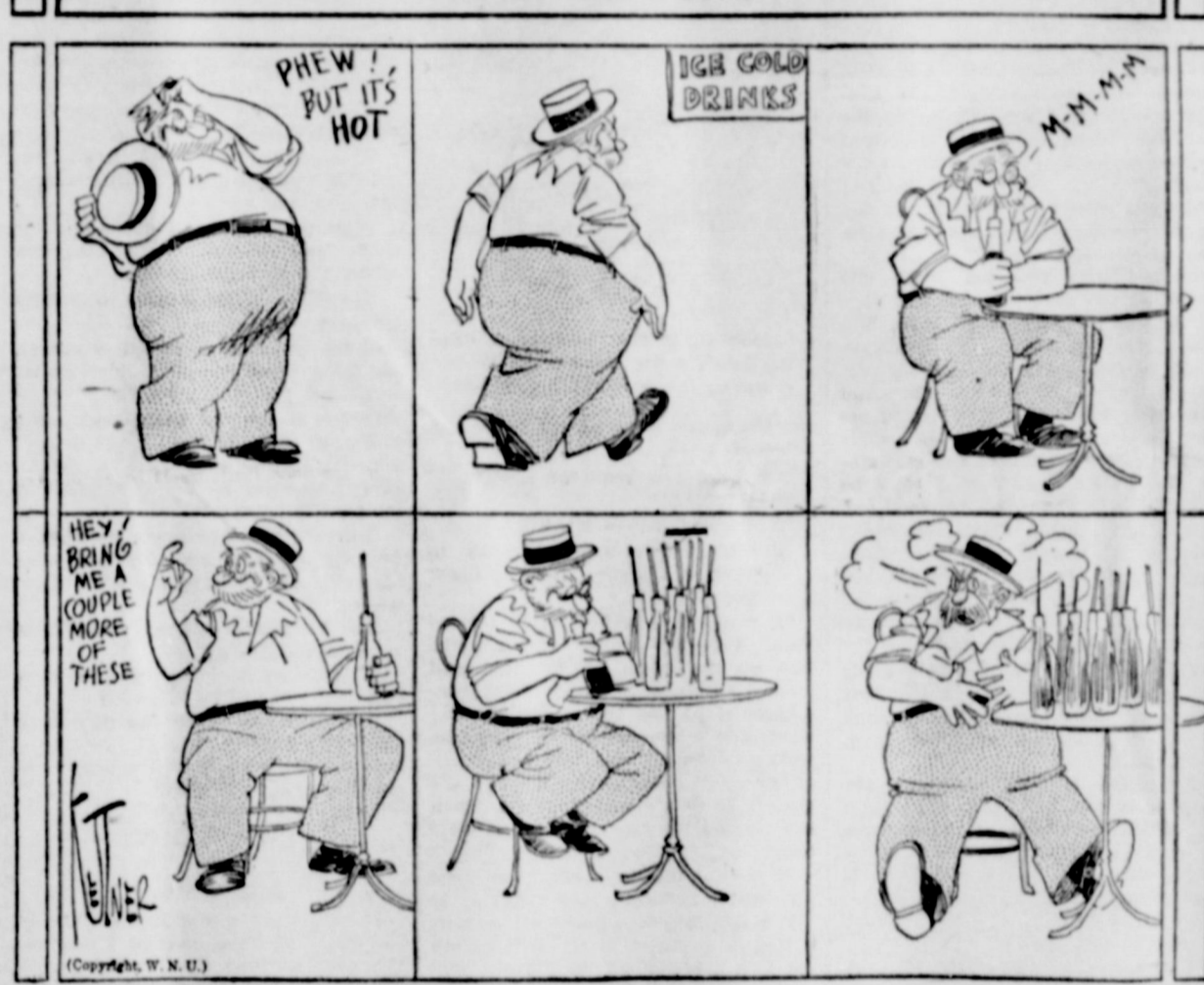
EDDIE, THE AD MAN



The Barkers



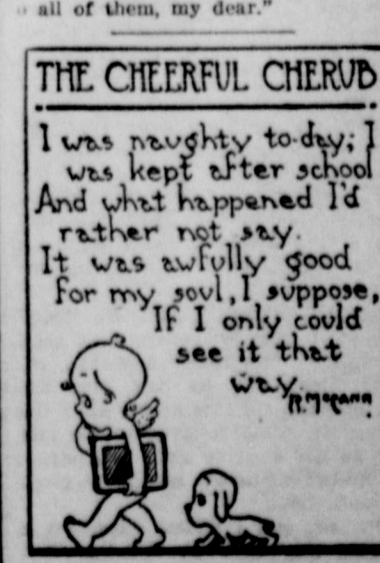
Our Pet Peeve



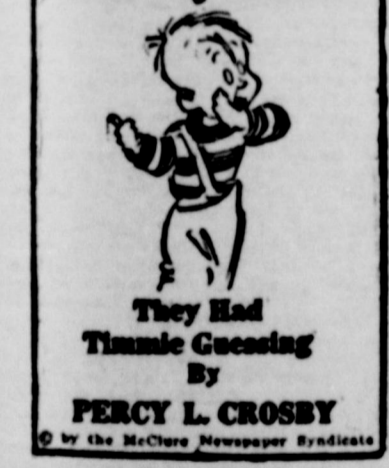
THE CONTRIBUTOR



THE CHEERFUL CHERUB



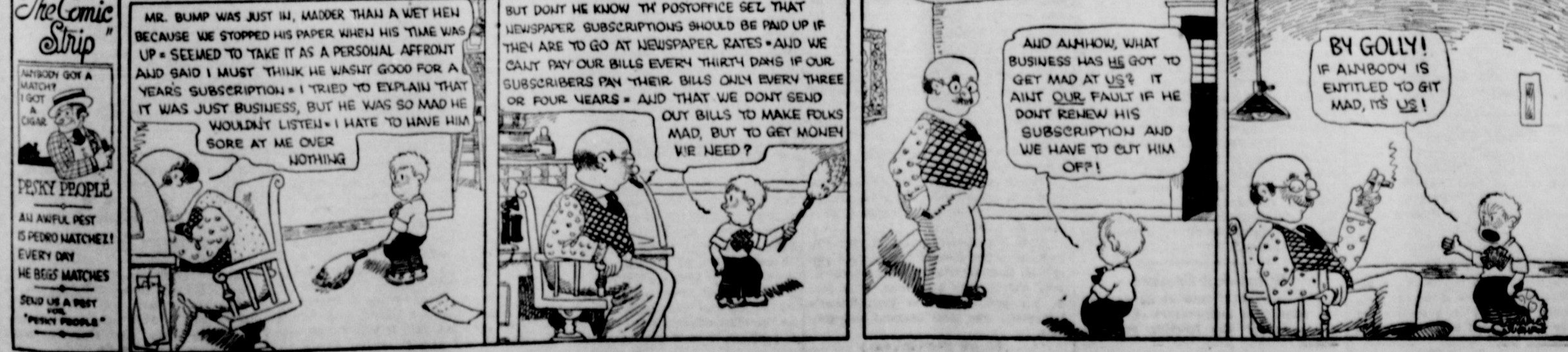
The Clancy Kids



MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughroe

And He Don't Mean Maybe



The Colfax Bookplate

By Agnes Miller
W.V.U. SERVICE.

SYNOPSIS

On a certain momentous Monday morning Miss Constance Fuller, cataloguer and seller of rare books at Darrow's New and Second-Hand Bookshop, New York, notices that the first customer is a dignified, white-bearded old gentleman, who saunters into the alcove placarded "Medical Works." Peter Burton, one of the employes, amazes Constance by telling her he paid \$110 at auction for an old law book containing a Colfax bookplate. Suddenly a girl's shriek of "Murder!" rings out in the store. The elderly customer is on the floor unconscious, with his right wrist slashed. Just before the shrieking girl falls to a faint, she calls out to Peter: "Keep it! Keep it for me!" Peter's sister, Nancy, began that morning working at Darrow's. Nancy tells Constance of her elopement with Brandon Tower, a shorthand teacher, an elopement which was cut short when Tower attempted to make off with Nancy's suitcase. Constance explains Darrow's card-index system to Captain Ashland of England, a nephew of Mr. Darrow's. They examine the bookplate Peter paid \$110 for and find the bookplate to be a forgery. Constance is appointed by Mr. Roberts to assist Detective Almy in his investigation of the murder of the elderly gentleman.

CHAPTER V—Continued

She beamed flatteringly on Mr. Almy, and held out tribute to him, looking somewhat askance at me.

"You wanted me to bring you this, you said?" she breathed.

He flipped over the carbon pages of her salesbook in businesslike style.

"You sold five books to Professor Harrington at ten-fifty-one yesterday morning, did you?" he asked. "What did he do when he bought them?"

"He left the shop."

"Very good. Now, Miss Abbott, will you describe to me what you saw and heard when the alarm regarding Mr. Grosvenor was given?"

"I was putting some books into the first alcove on the right of the main aisle," begins Daisy, willingly and thrillingly, "when suddenly I heard a scream: 'Murder! Help! Help! Help! Help!' Then Miss Grosvenor—of course I didn't know then who she was—dashed out of the law-book section just as I reached the aisle, and shrieked at Mr. Burton. 'Keep it for me!' I simply couldn't imagine what the girl meant."

"Then what?"

"Then she clutched at a table and fainted."

"Miss Abbott, did you see Miss Grosvenor hand to Mr. Burton, or in any way convey to him, an object of any sort?"

"No," said Daisy, promptly and with obvious relief.

"Did you see him take anything from her, or off the table?"

"No, not exactly."

"Mr. Roberts appeared to be courtly apologetic, but Mr. Almy leaned forward confidentially, if not tenderly.

"Now, listen: you want to help me, don't you?"

"Oh, yes!" breathed little Goldilocks.

"Then just tell me anything that in your judgment might help solve this baffling mystery. You might know something nobody else did!"

"Oh, yes!" breathed Daisy, fluttering her eyelids over this violation of the Scriptural injunction against strong meat for babes. "Well, if this is of any use, this is what I had in mind: You see, first both Mr. Burton and Miss Grosvenor stopped short in the middle of the aisle just as if they recognized each other. It was awfully quick, but it did happen; I saw it. But neither of them spoke a word. Then, instantly after Miss Grosvenor had stopped short, she stumbled. Then, instantly, both of them grabbed toward the table at the same time, just after she'd shrieked. 'Keep it!' That's absolutely all I saw then, Mr. Almy, and it's absolutely all true. But of course, I don't know whether any of that is useful to you—"

"You may safely leave that decision to Mr. Almy, Miss Abbott," observed Mr. Roberts, and opened the door. Daisy bestowed a flashing stare on him—being freed, she was now a free agent—a sweet smile on Mr. Almy, and nothing at all on me, and departed.

"Get Dibble now," said Mr. Almy, without further comment, and soon the keen George Henry appeared, entirely alert, as he had been the first to reach the law alcove after the alarm, Mr. Almy referred to the fact that he had seen no signs of a struggle, according to his testimony given the policeman.

"Oh, sir, and I looked sharp for a weapon, too," said Mr. Dibble; "but

not any. There was only the old man, lying fainted against the lowest shelf, on the rear side of the alcove, facing toward the back of the shop."

Mr. Dibble was dismissed with thanks, and asked to send Miss Jones up from the shop. As soon as the door was shut, Mr. Almy asked me:

"Where were you during all that time?"

"In Mr. Cuse's office, trying to revive Miss Grosvenor," I replied, wondering if I were in for more searching questions.

But Mr. Almy merely gazed at the desk blotter until Emily appeared.

"I understand you sold a copy of Schuler on Willis yesterday, Miss James," began Mr. Almy.

"Yes, to a young man. He had a brief-case. He seemed to be a law student. I inquired if he wished something in law books. He mentioned Schuler. We had the one copy. I found it at once. He gave me the exact change, one dollar and a half, and took the book without wrapping. He left the shop directly. It was just before ten o'clock, as you can see from this duplicate sales record which I have brought you."

"Very good. Now, Miss James, as you were the one person here who had any dealings with Mr. Grosvenor, will you please describe just what took place between you and him?"

"It was almost nothing," said Miss James. "He stepped from the law-book shelves as I was coming up the aisle with some books for the front shelves, and asked me to turn on the light."

"As you passed up the aisle, did you see the young lady who has been identified as Miss Grosvenor?"

"No. I first saw her when she rushed up the aisle, screaming."

"This was all Miss James knew, and it was now lunch time, and I was ordered to come straight back to Mr. Roberts' office after luncheon. And there was Peter ahead of me, alone with Mr. Almy, and I could see a trifle flustered. Mr. Almy began briskly:

"Miss Fuller, Mr. Burton says he was sitting at your desk between ten-thirty and eleven-fifteen yesterday morning, when your chat was interrupted by this applicant from the employment agency, whom you yourself mentioned to me. Can you describe his appearance, Mr. Burton?"

"He was about six feet tall, a big broad-shouldered chap; had fair hair and complexion, and wore a gray sweater and an old soft hat—gray, too, I think."

"I nodded in corroboration. Mr. Almy then asked:

"Did either or both of you see him enter the shipping office?"

"No, you can't see the door from Miss Fuller's desk," answered Peter; "but he did go in."

"How do you know?"

"I heard the time-clock ring almost immediately."

"About what time was that?"

"Well, I came down to the shop about ten-thirty," reflected Peter; "he came in a few minutes later, I guess it was about twenty minutes of eleven."

Mr. Almy plunged his hand into the desk drawer, and next minute spread out a pile of punched time-clock cards.

"Here are yesterday's records," he

said. "Look them over." We did. "There's no time, you see, punched on any card between eight-fifty-nine and noon! And furthermore, Mr. Biggs denies positively that any one applied to work for him yesterday!"

"What does the employment agency say?" I demanded.

"That they got a request from Darrow's at nine o'clock, and sent a man up as soon as possible. But he never reported back to them. And I might mention that none of the three clerks in the shop saw him, either."

"Nevertheless," said I, "that man came in just as Mr. Burton described; the time clock rang about ten-forty; and, furthermore, it rang again, ten minutes later."

"That's so, it did!" ejaculated Peter. "I remember, I looked at my watch when we heard it."

"There's no record of either of these rings on these cards," said Mr. Almy, positively.

"Well, I can't tell you what didn't happen," said I, rather exasperated. "But I have told you what did."

Nobody said anything for a while. I almost believed that Mr. Almy had been convinced that the time clock had rung, and that Peter and I were deciding it hadn't, when a sudden question came:

"Mr. Burton, were you at all acquainted with Mr. Grosvenor?"

"Not even by sight, sir," answered Peter. "I had never even seen him in



I Looked Up to See Mr. Roberts Peering Over the Barricade of Books Surrounding the Scene of Operations.

the shop, like some of the other employees."

"Or were you acquainted with his granddaughter?"

"Never met her in my life."

"Several people heard her say to you, 'keep it for me!' Do you know what she meant?"

"I couldn't possibly say," replied Peter, without a tremor, "for she was just on the point of fainting, and seemed to speak almost without consciousness of the act. I thought her mind was elsewhere to tell you the truth; I thought she had lost track of her surroundings, from the way she looked, so dazed and helpless. Then she toppled right over before I could reach her."

"I see," said Mr. Almy. We were all silent a moment, then Peter said:

"I'd like to ask a question; that is, if there's no harm in it. Is it known yet how that attack on the old gentleman was made?"

"I have a theory," said Mr. Almy. I think the attack took place from behind the rear of that law alcove. There was an outcry, so struggle; it's plausible, therefore, to suppose that the old man didn't see or hear his assailant. The position in which Dibble found Mr. Grosvenor lying—had died against the bookcase, facing the rear—is strange. If some one had

got behind that alcove, and slashed the old man's right wrist across the bookshelf as he was reaching for a book and was therefore slightly off his exact balance, he would probably have fallen in just that position. You know there was a large gap on the shelf in front of him, caused by the removal of that big book Dibble found on the floor. That shelf is about four feet above the floor, an easy height for an attack on an outstretched arm."

"You think the attack was all planned out carefully?" I ejaculated in horror.

"Well, all I will say now is that Mr. Grosvenor had evidently been watched and followed. . . . And so I've answered your question, Burton."

"Yes, sir," said Peter; "thank you. And as Mr. Almy signified that he needed him no longer, he left the office. When the door was shut:

"Miss Fuller," said Mr. Almy, evidently not despairing of trying to startle some one that afternoon with unexpected questions, "what do you know about Burton taking an apartment yesterday at Fourteen Normandy terrace?"

"This," I answered: "He and his young—very young—sister were intensely vexed by their father's sudden remarriage; the stepmother is evidently most unsympathetic. Miss Burton, on an impulse, ran away from home with a young man who was not, after all, the prince, and she then—very sensibly to my way of thinking—ran promptly back. The stepmother, having finally achieved a wedding ring herself, was scandalized at the stepdaughter's seeking farther for one; the brother took his sister's part; and the two young folks decided to leave home. They hadn't a place to lay their heads Monday night, until I happened to be trying to divert this unhappy damsel with luncheon at Ernesto's, and he chanced to mention that he had an apartment vacant. She is a somewhat impulsive young lady, and took the apartment forthwith. She had never heard of the Grosvenors; neither had I; Ernesto didn't know his tenant was dead; Peter didn't know I was taking his sister to luncheon; and I didn't know I'd take her to Ernesto's until after we'd left here. I trust, Mr. Almy, that I have now made clear the connection between Mr. Grosvenor's death and the Burton apartment at Fourteen Normandy terrace."

Mr. Almy treated himself to a smile; a little one, but a smile notwithstanding.

"You present your case ably," he said; "now, if you have nothing else to do, I wish you'd go home."

"Go home! When I have to make a catalogue—"

"Exactly. Make a mental catalogue, for ready reference, of all this rare information you've heard today."

Orders had to be carried out. And, being of a generous disposition, I added a mental questionnaire, for future reference, to the catalogue; it went as follows:

How did the professor's book-list—Daisy's testimony had identified it as his—get into Framingham's "Orations?"

Had Brandon Tower any connection with that law student?

"It so, he had come twice to Darrow's for Clarine's 'Notes'."

Why had the twice-rung time-clock left no record?

What had become of the man from the employment agency?

CHAPTER VI

Julia's Story

Having spent a profitless evening in the study of these queries, I resolved the next morning that nothing but a conviction of nature should again distract me from the rare-book catalogue until it was finished. But the clatter of my typewriter keys had hardly begun when the convulsion of nature occurred, in the form of a persistent booming which gradually resolved itself into my name. I looked up to see Mr. Roberts peering over the barricade of books surrounding the scene of operations.

Mr. Almy would like to see you at once, in my office."

"You can do the catalogue later," said Mr. Almy, next moment.

"Mr. Roberts didn't say so," I observed severely.

"He did to me."

"Indeed!" I remarked restrainedly.

"Well, then, now what?"

"This: I'm going to ask you to go and see Miss Grosvenor."

Choking off a violent impulse to refuse point-blank in a few well-chosen words, I demurred gracefully:

"Oh, . . . a stranger . . . to go and see her now? Her grandfather can't be buried yet."

"I thought of that," said Mr. Almy. "The funeral will be over by the time you go. You haven't heard the verdict of the inquest? 'Death at the hand of person or persons unknown,' as was expected. Miss Grosvenor will be able to see you."

"Mightn't she refuse to?"

"She cannot, if I send you."

"But why should you?"

"For one thing, because she asked me to."

I fell into a chair with my mouth wide open.

"I don't really think I understand," I confessed finally.

"It seems not. So kindly give me your full attention a few moments." I concentrated an intelligent gaze upon Mr. Almy.

"It is important," he began, "for you to know a few special facts before you call on Miss Grosvenor at her home at four o'clock this afternoon. The first is, her position in her grandfather's household was most unusual and distinct."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Nothing but Whisky Could Satisfy Indians

That the Indians of a century ago had a strong distaste for prohibition is indicated by an article that appeared in the North American Review in April, 1827, credited to Gen. Lewis Cass, senator and secretary of state.

At the treaty of Chicago, in 1821, the commissioners ordered that no spirits should be issued to the Indians, and informed them, in their own manner, that the bungs were driven into the barrels. A deputation of the chiefs was sent to remonstrate against this precautionary measure, and at its head was Topilbe, the principal chief of the Pottawatomie tribe, a man upwards of eighty years of age. Every argument was used to convince them that the measure was indispensable; that they were exposed to daily murders, and that while in a state of intoxication they were unable

to attend to the business for which they were convened.

All this was useless and the discussion was only terminated by the peremptory refusal of the commissioners to accede to their request. "Father," said the hoary-headed chief when he was urged to remain sober and make a good bargain for his people, "Father, we care not for the money, nor the land, nor the goods we want the whisky. Give us the whisky!"—Detroit News.

Real Things of Life

A writer in Psychology Magazine points out that the spirit of revenge—the chance to "get even"—should never concern us. She continues, "All truly great souls have a feeling of unconcern at false, detrimental tales being told about them. They ignore the lies. To cling with faithfulness to our own ideals and to the purpose we have set our lives to, is the only sensible attitude. Be concerned with your own integrity, your own fidelity to the true principles of life and you can laugh at the many petty tales of jealousy, the deliberate misconstructions that have been placed upon your actions or words."

When Soil Freezes

Soil does not freeze at 32 degrees but requires a temperature of 2 to 9 degrees below the freezing point of water.

Bright Colors

According to the London Opinion, a tailor says that life would be easier for most men if they were brighter neckties. It would. People would shudder and get out of their way in the streets.

Named for Inventor

Hero's fountain is a pneumatic apparatus, named for its inventor, Hero of Alexandria, in which a vertical jet of water is produced by the pressure of condensed air.

Fight the Fire Demon!



KEEP THE FIRE DEMON OFF

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

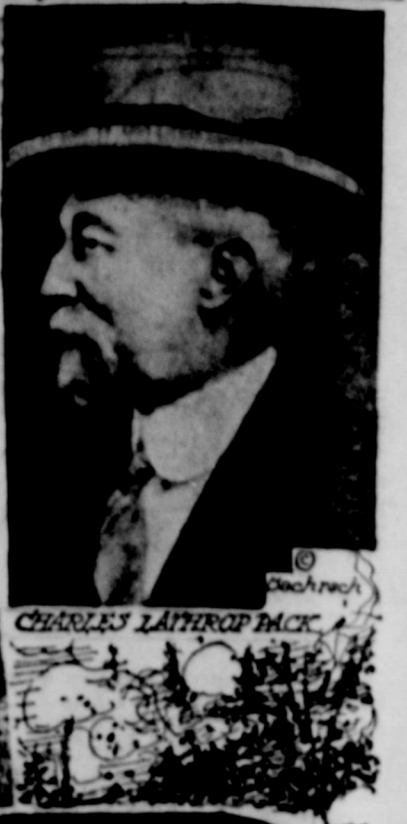
THE week of October 1 to 7 is Fire Prevention week. During those seven days the people of the United States are to be given every opportunity to learn from various organizations, both public and private, how best to resist the ravages of the greatest single enemy of prosperity and progress, the Fire Demon, which every year destroys more than \$500,000,000 worth of American property.

The fight against this menace, as exemplified in Fire Prevention week, is a nation-wide affair and it is the concern of all American citizens, whether they be city or country dwellers. More than that, it involves a national problem, the ramifications of which are far-reaching and vitally important to our whole economic system. Fire Prevention week comes at the height of the forest fire season and when one considers the appalling damage done each year by woodland blazes, it is evident that the prevention of forest fires is one of the major projects in the observance of Fire Prevention week. During the year 1925 there were no fewer than 91,000 fires with a financial loss of more than \$25,000,000. The record since then is not much better, inasmuch as governments estimate the loss at an average of \$100,000 a day.

How that loss can be reduced is indicated by the fact that 72 per cent of the fires in 1925 were caused by man, 12 per cent by lightning and 16 per cent were of undetermined origin. Criminally careless smokers, who dropped matches or cigar or cigarette stubs without extinguishing them, were responsible for 10 per cent of those fires and sparks falling from engines of railroads caused 13 per cent. Due to the efficiency of our national forestry service with its air plane patrols and other means of spotting and checking fires in our national forests before they got a good start, the inexcusable carelessness of campers is somewhat counterbalanced so that the ravages of the Fire Demon in the nation's preserves are reduced to a minimum.

But this does not prevent a huge annual loss caused by fires on privately owned lands. In the state of Pennsylvania this year four times as many forest fires have occurred on privately owned lands as on public preserves and the burned area has been 40 times as great. The principal cause is the inexperience of those who attempt to burn brush on private land. The flames get beyond their control and spread to both private and public lands for the Fire Demon is no respecter of land titles. In the Southern states this problem has become so acute that the American Forestry association has launched a \$150,000 educational campaign to prevent such fires in the states of Georgia, Florida and Mississippi.

"In no section of the country," declares O. M. Butler, executive secretary of the association, "are forest fires so currently widespread and so detrimental to forest regeneration as



CHARLES LATHROP PACK



THE DEMON'S FIERY BREATH

in the south. The seriousness of the situation is reflected in the fact that 80 per cent of all forest fires reported in the United States during the past ten years have occurred in the southern states. More than one-third of the entire pine area embracing millions of acres has been so completely lumbered and so repeatedly devastated by fire that it lies idle and non-productive. In addition, forest fires are wiping out the game and wild life over vast areas throughout the South.

"Woods burning arising from a traditional custom of great numbers of rural people, ignorant of the social and economic benefits of forests, places a tremendous handicap upon efforts to renew forests on millions of acres. To stop these fires and to make the growing of forests a safe undertaking is the great and immediate problem of forestry in the South."

The menace which the observance of Fire Prevention week attempts to combat is of importance in both city and country in this way: Forest fires reduce the amount of available forest products and city fires at once cause a new call for more forest products. Thus the ravages of the Fire Demon immediately become a part of our vast economic system and a part of a national problem. Further light on that national problem and an attempt at its solution is given by a recent statement of Charles Lathrop Pack, president of the American Tree association, who for years has been the foremost exponent of a forestry policy which shall not only preserve our fast dwindling timber supply but guarantee an adequate supply for our future needs. In this statement Mr. Pack says:

"With one-twelfth of the world's people North America uses about one-half of all the timber consumed in the world. That is the economic situation this country must solve sooner or later. Estimates show the population of the United States to be increasing at the rate of a million a year. This means a population of about two hundred million in the year 1950.

Railroads use about 11,000,000 saw wood ties every year. There are about 3,000 to the mile. Something like 5,000,000 trees are cut annually for telegraph and telephone wires; we use 200,000,000 fence posts every year. Millions of feet of pulpwood are used every year to keep the newspapers of the country providing you with the news of the day. About two-thirds of the population uses wood for fuel. A greater amount goes to this than for any other purpose. There are eighty-one million acres of idle land in this country all of which should be put to work growing trees.

The passage of the important Mc-

Sweeney-McNary bill during the late hours of congress marks for the first time a national effort to provide for a scientific program of forestry study through a long period of years. We need this research because we foresters have really no answer to many questions.

Co-operation is becoming the keyword in forestry today. Under the Clarke-McNary law forestry study forestry has made progress. The law itself provides a powerful impetus toward bringing together the state and federal government, under certain conditions, with small trees to plant on their idle lands and it is advising farmers as to the best way to handle their woodlands.

All this has not come a day too soon. We are a rapidly growing nation. An increase in population means an increasing need for wood and the census bureau tells us that the country is increasing at the rate of one million inhabitants a year. This means a population of 150,000,000 in 1950 and about 200,000,000 in 1975. The forest industry tells us that the country is increasing at the rate of one million inhabitants a year. This means a population of 150,000,000 in 1950 and about 200,000,000 in 1975. The forest industry tells us that the country is increasing at the rate of one million inhabitants a year. This means a population of 150,000,000 in 1950 and about 200,000,000 in 1975.

Forests and Taxes

Certainly this holds true of our timber reserves. To protect them against fires and other wastes is a prime duty both of government and of organized industry. But protection alone will not suffice. There must be also reforestation of lands now barren and unsuited to other purposes; and there must be such a system of taxation as will encourage, instead of virtually preventing, the growing of timber on a large scale as a money crop. If the crop does not pay, it will not be produced; and pay it cannot unless re-

Bugs Boost Lumber Cost

Insects and diseases directly affect the price of lumber, for they cut down the supply by tens of thousands of trees every year, says the Forestry Primer of the American Tree association. The trees, like children, must be kept in good health.

CAPE ENSEMBLES OF VELVET; FALL VELVETS IN SOLID COLORS



VELVET capes are coming in for a considerable share of fashion for fall and winter.

MARTHA'S OLD LEGHORN HAT

THE mirror was exactly opposite the opening door and as Martha Lane entered her room she was faced by her own reflection. She gazed at that afternoon was instantly confirmed.

chair before the big glass. With her own hands she removed the leghorn. "Shut your eyes," she said, and she might have added: "Open your mouth," for that was exactly what Martha did a moment later.



A BLUE TONGUE

"Well," said the Blue Tongued Lizard, "I look very much like a small white snake."



Kill Rats Without Danger

A New Extremator that is Wonderfully Effective yet Safe to Use



Little Profit to Him in Breaking Records

Edward A. Neylan, exalted ruler of the New York Elks, said at a dinner: "I am afraid our arm and our automobile racers are trying for impossible records—impossible and deadly records. They remind me of a story."

"A tramp was complaining that he had eaten nothing for three days, when another tramp called him down, when another tramp called him down, when another tramp called him down."

Constipated Since Childhood; In Fine Shape Now

"I just couldn't resist any longer telling you of your wonderful medicine, Milks Emulsion. I have been constipated as long as I can remember."

Birds Kill Rattler

Attracted by the repeated swoopings of two pheasants, a farmer's wife stopped her car by the roadside near Miller, S. D., and watched them battle with a rattlesnake.

The Considerate One

Peter was playing at Johnny's house. When it was time to go home it started to rain.

What Puzzled Youngster

A father took his son of six years to the incubator in the cellar to see the eggs hatch.

A Spanking Case

Da' Be—Come on down to the dock with me, Bobbie. There's a fine, spanking breeze blowing.

Jelly made with PEXEL turns out like this

MAKING jelly jell is not a new idea—but Pexel is certainly a new idea. It is tasteless, colorless, odorless!

PEXEL never like this

PEXEL never like this

PEXEL never like this

PEXEL never like this

PEXEL never like this

PEXEL never like this

PEXEL never like this

PEXEL never like this

Supplement to The Sanderson Times, Friday, Sept. 28, 1928

THE SANDERSON TIMES Official and Only Paper Published in Terrell County \$2 per year payable in advance

MRS. ADDIE LEE BOLING Owner, Publisher and Editor

Entered as second class matter July 2nd, 1908, at the post office, Sanderson, Texas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Cut your silk bills in half by using "Run-None." Empress Confectionery.

Don't forget the dates, October 1st to October 6th, 9x12 genuine Gold Seal Congoleum rugs for \$10.95

PARENTS—YOUR PROBLEM SOLVED!

The problem of selecting a college with which to entrust the business training of your son and daughters is of the utmost importance.

At Tyler Commercial College the maintenance of a high moral standard is considered of first importance and, when you entrust your sons and daughters to our care, you may be sure that they will be surrounded by influences that will make for upright manhood and womanhood, as well as for educational thoroughness.

The Tyler school employs a nurse-matron whose sole duty is to look after the welfare of the student body.

Thanks to Mrs. Pinson, your nurse-matron, for the excellent

care she gave Willie, Joe and Minnie while they were attending Tyler Commercial College. Mrs. Pinson is certainly splendid in her work.

This paragraph, taken from a letter recently received from Mrs. S. C. Robert, Greenville, Texas, occupies a place of honor in the private files of the president of Tyler Commercial College.

Mrs. Pinson, nurse-matron at the world's greatest business training school, is just as much a part of that institution as is any member of the faculty.

Mothers and Fathers: If you have been denying your son or daughter the advantages of T. C. C. training because you hesitate to have them away from home influence, you owe it to yourself to make the acquaintance of Mrs. Pinson.

TYLET COMMERCIAL COLLEGE Tyler, Texas

Name _____ Address _____ See the editor of the Sanderson Times for scholarship.

The week of October 1st to October 6th will be Congoleum rug week at Kerr's.

straight way to Miss Parker, the milliner, and buy a wise little black cloche for \$2.98. She could afford that. And it would be suitable for one who looked as old as she did.

"Where are you going, dear?" asked pale, ineffectual Mrs. Lane as Martha passed through the room.

"I'll be back in twenty minutes, mother—in time to make the tea if you want to on the teakettle."

Five minutes to Mrs. Parker's—ten minutes to buy the black cloche—then home.

Miss Parker was stout and jolly. "Well, there, Martha," she said. "I am glad you've come to me for a hat at last."

"I want a black cloche."

"You want no such thing. Sit down before that glass and let me show you what you do want."

She fairly pushed Martha into the

Spider Long a Victim of Stupid Prejudice

Millions of hairs turned prematurely gray, thousands of years lost from human lives, quarts of adrenalin expended, hundreds of shrieks gone by recovery—all by mistake. For the spider, the cause of all these things, far from being one of man's most implacable enemies to be feared, avoided and killed is actually one of his greatest friends—a buddy, if ever there was one.

All mankind owes a debt of gratitude to the spider, but the sportsman, among all others, enjoys greater advantages from their co-operative habits. There is no other creature of the fields and streams rendering the service that the sportsman receives from the spider.

Goethe Met Friends

Among the excavations being carried out at Rome now is the work round the Roman theater of Marcellus, which involves the pulling down of many old dwellings so that the main entrance to the Roman theater may be freed.

Cafe in Rome Where

Nature's Laws Saved Fish From Extinction

The productivity of the dwellers in sea and river is one of the marvels of the ages, and from the most primitive days, fish has been one of the staple food articles of man.

What Puzzled Youngster

A father took his son of six years to the incubator in the cellar to see the eggs hatch.

A Spanking Case

Da' Be—Come on down to the dock with me, Bobbie. There's a fine, spanking breeze blowing.

Jelly made with PEXEL turns out like this

MAKING jelly jell is not a new idea—but Pexel is certainly a new idea. It is tasteless, colorless, odorless!

PEXEL never like this

PEXEL never like this

PEXEL never like this

PEXEL never like this

PEXEL never like this

PEXEL never like this

PEXEL never like this

PEXEL never like this

For daytime wear, the velvet cape or coat in plain coloring over a patterned velvet frock is outstanding in the autumn mode.

So extravagantly have the praises of velvet been sung, it would seem that there is nothing more to be said upon the subject—until one catches a glimpse of the new velvets for this season.

Then does one realize that the story of velvet is only at its beginning. There was a time when velvet was just velvet, suitable to wear only a few months in the year, and then laid aside until the coming of another winter season.

Now! In color glory, in sheerness of texture, in artful patterning or in superbly beautiful monotone, velvet challenges the most exquisite of chiffons and other supple lightweight weaves to outdo it. That there is a velvet for every occasion also adds greatly to its prestige.

as an autumn item but for midwinter resort wear as well. Stressed in the styling of these lovely colorful velvets are finely plaited skirts which vie with those of circular treatment. The soft jackets are usually detailed with scarves, the latest wrinkle being to monogram them.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY. (© 1928, Western Newspaper Union.)

in Transparent Velvet.

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The Colfax Bookplate

By Agnes Miller

SYNOPSIS

On a certain momentous Monday morning Miss Constance Fuller, cataloguer and seller of rare books at Darrow's New and Second-Hand Bookshop, New York, notices that the first customer is a dignified, white-bearded old gentleman, who saunters into the alcove placarded "Medical Works." Peter Burton, one of the employees, amazes Constance by telling her he paid \$150 at auction for an old law book containing a Colfax bookplate. Suddenly a girl shriek of "Murder!" rings out in the store. The elderly customer is on the floor unconscious, with his right wrist slashed. Just before the shrieking girl falls in a faint, she calls out to Peter: "Keep it! Keep it for me!" Peter's sister, Nancy, began that morning working at Darrow's. Nancy tells Constance of her elopement with Brandon Tower, a shorthand teacher, an elopement which was cut short when Tower attempted to make off with Nancy's suitcase. Constance explains Darrow's card-index system to Captain Ashland of Eastland, a neighbor of Mr. Darrow's. They examine the book Peter paid \$150 for and find the bookplate to be a forgery. Constance is appointed by Mr. Roberts to assist Detective Almy in his investigation of the murder of the elderly gentleman.

CHAPTER V—Continued

She beamed gratefully on Mr. Almy, and held out tribute to him, looking somewhat askance at me.

"You wanted me to bring you this, you said," she breathed.

He flipped over the carbon pages of her salesbook in businesslike style.

"You sold five books to Professor Harrington at ten-fifty-one yesterday morning, did you?" he asked. "What did he do when he bought them?"

"He left the shop."

"Very good. Now, Miss Abbott, will you describe to me what you saw and heard when the alarm regarding Mr. Grosvenor was given?"

"I was putting some books into the first alcove on the right of the main aisle," began Daisy, willingly and thrillingly, "when suddenly I heard a scream: 'Murder! Help! Help! Help!' Then Miss Grosvenor—of course I didn't know then who she was—dashed out of the law-book section just as I reached the aisle, and shrieked at Mr. Burton. 'Keep it for me! I simply couldn't imagine what the girl meant.'"

"Then what?"

"Then she clutched at a table and fainted."

"Miss Abbott, did you see Miss Grosvenor hand to Mr. Burton, or in any way convey to him, an object of any sort?"

"No," said Daisy, promptly and with obvious relief.

"Did you see him take anything from her, or off the table?"

Daisy drooped again.

"No, no, not exactly."

Mr. Roberts appeared to be court-ing apoplexy, but Mr. Almy leaned forward confidentially, if not tenderly.

"Now, listen: you want to help me, don't you?"

"Oh, yes!" breathed little Goldlocks.

"Then just tell me anything that in your judgment might help solve this baffling mystery. You might know something nobody else did!"

"Oh, yes!" breathed Daisy, futtering her eyelids over this violation of the Scriptural injunction against strong meat for babes. "Well, if this is of any use, this is what I had in mind: You see, first both Mr. Burton and Miss Grosvenor stopped short in the middle of the aisle just as if they recognized each other. It was awfully quick, but it did happen; I saw it. But neither of them spoke a word. Then, instantly after Miss Grosvenor had stopped short, she stumbled. Then, instantly, both of them grabbed toward the table at the same time, just after she'd shrieked. 'Keep it!' That's absolutely all I saw then. Mr. Almy, and it's absolutely all true. But of course, I don't know whether any of that is useful to you."

"You may safely leave that decision to Mr. Almy, Miss Abbott," observed Mr. Roberts, and opened the door. Daisy bestowed a frowning stare on him—being fired, she was now a free agent—a sweet smile on Mr. Almy, and nothing at all on me, and departed.

"Get Dibble now," said Mr. Almy, without further comment, and soon the keen George Henry appeared, entirely alert. As he had been the first to reach the law alcove after the alarm, Mr. Almy referred to the fact that he had seen no signs of a struggle according to his testimony given the policeman.

"Yes, sir, and I looked sharp for a woman, too," said Mr. Dibble; "but

not any. There was only the old man, lying tumbled against the lowest shelf, on the rear side of the alcove, facing toward the back of the shop."

Mr. Dibble was dismissed with thanks, and asked to send Miss Jones up from the shop. As soon as the door was shut, Mr. Almy asked me:

"Where were you during all that time?"

"In Mr. Case's office, trying to revive Miss Grosvenor," I replied, wondering if I were in for more searching questions.

But Mr. Almy merely gazed at the desk blotter until Emily appeared.

"I understand you sold a copy of Schuler on Willis yesterday, Miss James," he said.

"Yes, to a young man. He had a briefcase. He seemed to be a law student. I hoped if he wished something in law books. He mentioned Schuler. We had the one copy. I found it at once. He gave me the exact change, one dollar and a half, and took the book without wrapping. He left the shop directly. It was just before ten o'clock, as you can see from this duplicate sales record which I have brought you."

"Very good. Now, Miss James, as you were the one person here who had any dealings with Mr. Grosvenor, will you please describe just what took place between you and him?"

"It was almost nothing," said Miss James. "He stepped from the law-book shelves as I was coming up the aisle with some books for the front shelves, and asked me to turn on the light."

"As you passed up the aisle, did you see the young lady who has been identified as Miss Grosvenor?"

"No, I first saw her when she rushed up the aisle, screaming."

"This was all Miss James knew, and it was now lunch time, and I was ordered to come straight back to Mr. Roberts' office after luncheon. And there was Peter ahead of me, alone with Mr. Almy, and I could see a trifle flustered. Mr. Almy began briskly:

"Miss Fuller, Mr. Burton says he was sitting at your desk between ten-thirty and eleven-fifteen yesterday morning, when your chat was interrupted by this applicant from the employment agency, whom you yourself mentioned to me. Can you describe his appearance, Mr. Burton?"

"He was about six feet tall, a big broad-shouldered chap; had fair hair and complexion, and wore a gray sweater and an old soft hat—gray, too, I think."

"I nodded in corroboration. Mr. Almy then asked:

"Did either or both of you see him enter the shipping office?"

"No, you can't see the door from Miss Fuller's desk," answered Peter; "but he did go in."

"How do you know?"

"I heard the time-clock ring almost immediately."

"About what time was that?"

"Well, I came down to the shop about ten-thirty," reflected Peter; "he came in a few minutes later. I guess it was about twenty minutes of eleven."

Mr. Almy plunged his hand into the desk drawer, and next minute spread out a pile of punched time-clock cards.

"Here are yesterday's records," he



said. "Look them over." We did. "There's no time, you see, punched on any card between eight-fifty-nine and noon! And furthermore, Mr. Riggs denies positively that any one applied to work for him yesterday!"

"What does the employment agency say?" I demanded.

"That they got a request from Darrow's at nine o'clock, and sent a man up as soon as possible. But he never reported back to them. And I might mention that none of the three clerks in the shop saw him, either."

"Nevertheless," said I, "that man came in just as Mr. Burton described; the time clock rang about ten-forty; and, furthermore, it rang again, ten minutes later."

"That's so, it did!" ejaculated Peter. "I remember, I looked at my watch when we heard it."

"There's no record of either of those rings on these cards," said Mr. Almy, positively.

"Well, I can't tell you what didn't happen," said I, rather exasperated, "but I have told you what did."

Nobody said anything for a while. I almost believed that Mr. Almy had been convinced that the time clock had rung, and that Peter and I were deciding it hadn't, when a sudden question came:

"Mr. Burton, were you at all acquainted with Mr. Grosvenor?"

"Not even by sight, sir," answered Peter. "I had never even seen him in

got behind that alcove, and slashed the old man's right wrist across the bookshelf as he was reaching for a book and was therefore slightly off his exact balance, he would probably have fallen in just that position. You know there was a large gap on the shelf in front of him, caused by the removal of that big book Dibble found on the floor. That shelf is about four feet above the floor, an easy height for an attack on an outstretched arm."

"You think the attack was all planned out carefully?" I ejaculated in horror.

"Well, all I will say now is that Mr. Grosvenor had evidently been watched and followed. . . . And so I've answered your question, Burton."

"Yes, sir," said Peter; "thank you." And as Mr. Almy signified that he needed him no longer, he left the office. When the door was shut:

"Miss Fuller," said Mr. Almy, evidently not despairing of trying to startle some one that afternoon with unexpected questions, "what do you know about Burton taking an apartment yesterday at Fourteen Normandy terrace?"

"This," I answered: "He and his young—very young—sister were intensely vexed by their father's sudden remarriage; the stepmother is evidently most unsympathetic. Miss Burton, on an impulse, ran away from home with a young man who was not, after all, the prince, and she then—very sensibly to my way of thinking—ran promptly back. The stepmother, having finally achieved a wedding ring herself, was scandalized at the stepdaughter's seeking farther for one; the brother took his sister's part; and the two young folks decided to leave home. They hadn't a place to lay their heads Monday night, until I happened to be trying to divert this unhappy damsel with luncheon at Ernesto's, and he chanced to mention that he had an apartment vacant. She is a somewhat impulsive young lady, and took the apartment forthwith. She had never heard of the Grosvenors; neither had I; Ernesto didn't know his tenant was dead; Peter didn't know I was taking his sister to luncheon; and I didn't know I'd take her to Ernesto's until after we'd left here. I trust, Mr. Almy, that I have now made clear the connection between Mr. Grosvenor's death and the Burton apartment at Fourteen Normandy terrace."

Mr. Almy treated himself to a little

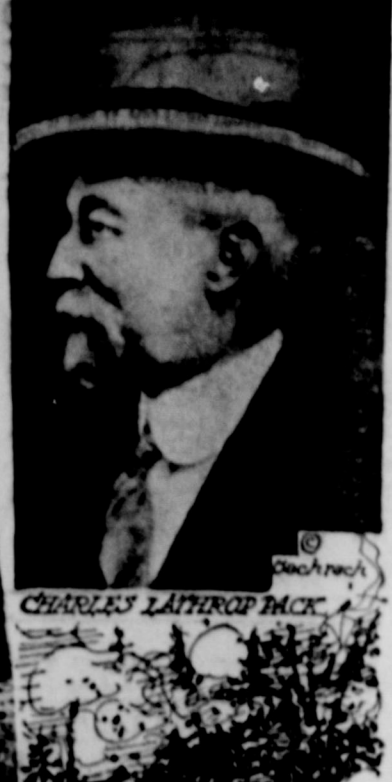
Fight the Fire Demon!



THE DEMON'S FIERY BREATH

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

THE week of October 1 to 7 is Fire Prevention week. During those seven days the people of the United States are to be given every opportunity to learn from various



CHARLES LATHROP PACK

the south. The seriousness of the situation is reflected in the fact that per cent of all forest fires reported in the United States during the past years have occurred in the south-states. More than one-third of entire pine area embracing millions of acres has been so completely burned and so repeatedly devastated by fire that it lies idle and non-productive. In addition, forest fires wiping out the game and wild life over vast areas throughout the south burning arising from a custom of great numbers of people, ignorant of the social and economic benefits of forests, a tremendous handicap upon the renewal of forests on millions of acres. To stop these fires and to encourage growing of forests a safe and sound program is the great and immediate problem of forestry in the south.

which the observance of Fire Prevention week attempts to bring to the attention of the public of importance in both city and country in this way: Forest fires are a constant menace to the amount of available forest land in this country. In fact, the amount of forest land in this country is being destroyed at a rate of one million acres a year. This means a population of 150,000,000 in 1955 and about 200,000,000 in the year 2000. Over against this is the stern fact that although our population may increase, the amount of land in this country available for growing timber is steadily decreasing. Our only way out of the problem of supplying a continually increasing demand for wood—a demand that is being made upon a constantly decreasing forest—is to put every acre of available land to work growing trees.

For the problems of forestry are by no means all solved. Even though interest in forestry is increasing and effective forestry is being enacted, productive forests in this country are still rapidly decreasing, while the waste acres are growing larger. It is not unlikely that in 1950, at the present rate, we may have an area of idle land larger than New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia and all the New England states.

How, in the face of all this waste, shall we satisfy the wood needs of those hundred and fifty million people the census bureau tells us we will have? We still fall far short of providing for the future production of the 240,000,000 acres of forest land that is in industrial ownership.

In the life of a tree the year 2000 is not very far away. Indeed, in our own shorter human lives that date is not so far distant that we need disregard it. Time goes hurrying by. There are children in our schools today who will write that date. Today is not a day too early for us to be thinking of the welfare of those who come after us. For a shortage in our wood supply is in no way comparable to a shortage in our supply of cotton and wheat.

These may be grown in a few months, but our great timber crop—on whose existence our civilization today is based—requires many years to reach maturity. Whether or not the year 2000 is to be blessed with a supply of reasonably priced timber must be decided within the decade. We cannot always reap without sowing. We must grow trees for our growing nation.

heved of heavy taxes until its maturity and marketing, at which time it should contribute its portion of public revenues.—Atlanta, (Ga.) Journal

Bugs Boost Lumber Cost

Insects and diseases directly affect the price of lumber, for they cut down the supply by tens of thousands of trees every year, says the Forestry Primer of the American Forestry Association. The trees, the children, must be kept in good health.

Nothing but Whisky Could Save

That the Indians of a century ago had a strong distaste for prohibition is indicated by an article that appeared in the North American Review in April, 1827, credited to Gen. Lewis Cass, senator and secretary of state.

At the treaty of Chicago, in 1821, the commissioners ordered that no spirits should be issued to the Indians, and informed them, in their own manner, that the bungs were driven into the barrels. A deputation of the chiefs was sent to remonstrate against this precautionary measure, and at its head was Tognibe, the principal chief of the Pottawatome tribe, a man upwards of eighty years of age. Every argument was used to convince them that the measure was indispensable; that they were exposed to daily murders, and that while in a state of intoxication they were unable

Bright Colors

According to the London Opinion, a tailor says that life would be easier for most men if they wore brighter neckties. It would, People would shudder and get out of their way in the streets.

Named for Inventor

Hero's fountain is a pneumatic apparatus, named for its inventor, Hero of Alexandria, in which a vertical jet of water is produced by the pressure of condensed air.

Real Thi

A writer in Points out that the chance to "get er concern us. S truly great souls ha concern at false, de ling told about them lies. To cling with own ideals and to th set our lives to, th attitude. Be concern integrity, your own true principles of li laugh at the many pe ony, the deliberate that have been placed tions or words."

When Soil F

Soil does not freeze but requires a temper degree below the freezing point of water.

Science

Science. No longer does anyone whose judgment counts look upon conservation as a locking up of natural resources, but rather as the most efficient use of them, and, if possible, their steady replenishment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CAPE ENSEMBLES OF VELVET;
FALL VELVETS IN SOLID COLORS



Formal Cape Ensemble.

VELVET capes are coming in for a considerable share of notice for fall and winter. The vogue extends to types for both daytime and evening wear. The short circular velvet capes which fashionables are wearing with their new one-piece frocks of novelty or plain woolen, certainly are clever looking. They are especially charming with one of the new sheer monotone worsteds, especially if they are an exact color match, which they should be, or else black. They are equally as effective with frocks of gay print or plaid. They top jersey dresses smartly, too.

Together with the vogue for the informal daytime velvet cape comes a new development—that of the dressy velvet ensemble which includes a matching cape. One of the handsomest of its kind, and for which the audience expressed enthusiastic admiration, was recently shown at a Chicago style exhibit which was presented under the auspices of the Associated Dress Industries of America. This charming ensemble, which is here pictured, follows the full longer-at-the-back hemline of the skirt with a similar movement in the softly silhouetted cape. Instead of the usual black-and-white idea being carried out, the delicately beaded blouse is in that new and lovely eggshell tint. The fur collar and the satin lining of the cape are in cream tones.

The beauty of this exquisite ensemble is that it lends itself not only to evening occasions but to formal functions as well. The cape not only admirably complements this costume, but it serves through the social season as a handsome evening wrap.

The coming season of opera and other equally as brilliant social events will see velvet capes of extravagant

While the new and enchanting prin-velvets are conspicuously in the limelight, they have in no way detracted from the vogue for sheer handsome solid-color velvets. So far the velvet vogue is developing on a fifty-fifty basis, plain colors and prints sharing the honors.

In the tailored daytime costumes, sheer monotone velvet finds one of its happiest expressions. The model in the picture, which is of transparent velvet in a deep wine tone, merits a place in the fall wardrobe of the woman who understands the art of dressing with distinction. It would be equally as attractive developed in one of the handsome and voguish autumn browns, or in dark green, which is also a very fashionable color this season.

From a standpoint of styling reference should be made to the surface opening of the soft coat, which achieves an especially clever scalloped fastening at one side. One of the advantages of a jacket-and-skirt costume like this is that it can be made more or less dressy by tuning the blouse worn with it to the occasion, preserving tailored simplicity for casual hours, and for the formal function wearing a very handsome metal fabric type or one otherwise elaborated.

Smartly simple two-piece models of transparent velvet such as this one and others equally as intriguing are registered on the calendar, not only



In Transparent Velvet.

beauty both as to color and styling. Lavish furring will, to be sure, embellish many, but there is also a tendency to design gorgeous wraps of bright velvet with conspicuous neck ruffs and other collars of self-material which has been elaborately shirred, puffed, corded and otherwise manipulated.

For daytime wear, the velvet cape or coat in plain coloring over a patterned velvet frock is outstanding in the autumn mode.

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JULIA BOTTOMLEY.
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MARTHA'S
OLD LEGHORN
HAT

(By D. J. Walsh.)

THE mirror was exactly opposite the opening door and as Martha Lane entered her room she was faced by her own reflection. She gazed, and the opinion she had been forming all that afternoon was instantly confirmed.

It had been an agonizing afternoon. All the other women at Mrs. Sheffield's had come out in charming new attire. Cynthia Haven had been positively radiant, although Mrs. Thompson had worn the more expensive apparel, Cynthia had convinced all comers that a woman's charm is coherent with the shoes she puts on her feet, the dress she clothes herself in, the hat that covers her head. That hat! Oh!

Martha moved forward to the mirror and sat down before it. The closer view did just what she knew it would—brought her hat into greater prominence. She sat looking at it with despair in her eyes.

It was a leghorn hat, one of those durable, flexible weaves that will last forever and permit endless shapings. This hat had gone through every possible variation of its style. It had begun by being floppy with a wreath, but that was long ago, the year Martha was sixteen. She had worn it so for two summers. Then the wreath had faded in service and so something was done with ribbon—blue ribbon; she was still young enough for floppy hats with blue sashes. Two summers more passed. And now she had bent the brim and fastened it with knots of pale roses. Gordon had thought she had a new hat and she had laughed. "Really? Didn't he recognize it?" "No, only the fact that she looked very nice." In her thoughts she had blessed the old hat, not Gordon's lack of observation. People were beginning to ask when she was going to be married and what she was doing with her hope chest and she shook her head gaily. All in Gordon's good time. She was, of course, ready any time she spoke, but not impatient. She had changed the old hat again by covering the crown with green leaves when Gordon went away. He had got a job out West. And still she felt he would say something definite before they parted, but he said nothing, save the old friendly things. And Martha kept her pride right on top till he was gone, then nothing mattered for a long time. Still she did not know then as she knew now that he had simply walked out of her life and shut the door behind him. And a woman, however yearning, does not open the door a man has shut in this way.

She went on wearing the leghorn hat summer after summer, but now she did not care. What did she care about what she wore or who saw her now that Gordon was gone? The old hat did her very well tricked out with black velvet with a new twist to the brim. It was growing limp and yellow and the last blocking had been very successful. But the fact remained she must wear it because she could not afford another one.

Times had gone wrong with them. Her mother, a gentle silling woman, had been caught in the glamor of a misperceived investment and had lost most of what her father had left to them. Martha's music pupils left her almost in a body to go into the classes of young Professor Weston. She kept her church position, but that was not much. She could afford to do to keep up the expenses of the tiny house and pay her mother's doctor bills. There was absolutely nothing for new clothes.

Yet this afternoon she had felt with sudden poignance the truth of that axiom: "Nothing succeeds like success." Surely nobody could have looked more unsuccessful than herself, wearing that old hat with its fresh disguise of colorite and ribbon. She had been ill at ease and had played badly. Her fingers had tripped over the familiar passages of the Peer Gynt suite, which she had given as an accompaniment to Mrs. Thompson's Greg essay.

Yes, she had failed miserably. The hat had given her away. It had done more than that, it had revealed to her as nothing else could the fact that she was too old for floppy brims and blue ribbon. She was twenty-four and her cares had matured her, in time would age her. The girlish freshness of sixteen, the charm that had almost won Gordon Elbridge had vanished. She was thin and tired and close to despair.

And the hat—she would never wear it again for today. She would go straight way to Miss Parker, the milliner, and buy a wise little black cloche for \$2.98. She could afford that. And it would be suitable for one who looked as old as she did.

"Where are you going, dear?" asked pale, ineffectual Mrs. Lane as Martha passed through the room.

"I'll be back in twenty minutes, mother—in time to make the tea if you will put on the teakettle."

Five minutes to Mrs. Parker's—ten minutes to buy the black cloche—then home.

Miss Parker was stout and jolly. "Well, there, Martha," she said. "I am glad you've come to me for a hat at last."

"I want a black cloche."

"You want no such thing. Sit down before that glass and let me show you what you do want."

She fairly pushed Martha into the

chair before the big glass. With her own hands she removed the leghorn. "Shut your eyes," she said, and she might have added: "Open your mouth," for that was exactly what Martha did a moment later.

Was this she—this delicately lovely young person whose dark eyes sparkled from under an alluring henna brim over which softly fell the flues of an uncurled ostrich plume! Color rushed to Martha's face and made her still more unbelievably attractive to the sight.

"Take it off," she gasped "and bring me that black cloche."

Miss Parker laughed.

"No! The hat is yours, Martha. I've traded even for your leghorn—I now don't say a word! I won't listen. There comes Mrs. Lacey and I'm in for a bad half-hour. Take your hat and run. Shoo!"

"Miss Parker—" Martha tried to protest. But Miss Parker had her by the shoulders and was shoving her toward the door. "Go—go, I say, and Martha, if you should meet—" She stopped as if she had said something she did not want to, and turned her attention to the entering customer.

Dazedly Martha left the shop. At another time she would have it out with Miss Parker and pay her properly even though it took her last cent.

Then suddenly she lifted her eyes and saw looking toward her a man whose first look was inquiring, whose next encompassed glad recognition.

"Martha!" he exclaimed.

But for the new hat and the consciousness of what it did to her Martha could never have passed through the ordeal of meeting Gordon Elbridge like this. As she looked at him she saw that he had changed from the careless boy to a subdued serious man—a man who showed prosperity and the press of many affairs.

"I'm salesmanager for the K. M. people and in town overnight," he explained. "I'm going to dine with Miss Parker, my cousin, you know. But can I see you afterward—at your home this evening?"

"Yes," Martha said merely.

Many things were illuminated for her as she went on home—why Miss Parker had made her take that hat. Of course! She had known she must meet Gordon. Bless Miss Parker for a thoughtful, middle-aged angel!

Gordon had come back into her life to stay although Martha did not know this. Her thoughts, concerned with the glorifying present, contained one dark thread. Suppose she had been wearing the old leghorn!

Daddy's Evening
Fairy Tale

MARY GRAHAM BONNER
AUTHOR OF "THE BLUE TONGUE"

A BLUE TONGUE

"Well," said the Blue Tongued Lizard, "I look very much like a small white snake."

"I have a blue tongue and of my blue tongue I could talk a great deal. I have always been proud of my blue tongue. I have always been so pleased that I had a blue tongue."

"I would hate to have a red tongue. So commonplace. Just think! If a doctor come to me and said: 'Please put out your tongue!' how proud I would be to put out my beautiful blue tongue."

"In fact I am so proud of it that I will do it without asking; that is, I will do it of my own free will and just as they say, without anyone urging me to do so."

"And I am glad that I have been named after my tongue, for that is unusual."

"Few creatures are named after their tongues. In fact, I don't know that I can think of any at this moment."

"To be named after one's tongue is splendid; that is, if one is a blue tongued lizard and is proud of the fact."

"Yes," said the Salamander, "you are something unusual and to be named after a tongue is something which doesn't very often happen."

"Thank you, Blue Tongued Lizard. 'I have enjoyed my talk with you immensely.'"

And the Blue Tongued Lizard was very proud, and he felt he was quite nicely received at the zoo.

Right at the start he had been noticed and now the Salamander had heard his story.

The Salamander had seemed to like his story, too, and after all, why not? It was an interesting story and an unusual story. It was not every one in the world who could tell a story

Little Profit to Him
in Breaking Records

Edward A. Neylan, exalted ruler of the New York Elks, said at a dinner: "I am afraid our airmen and our automobile racers are trying for impossible records—impossible and deadly records. They remind me of a story."

"A tramp was complaining that he had eaten nothing for three days, when another tramp called him down. 'Aw, quit yer complainin'. A pal o' mine, old Redface Leary, went for 52 days once without food or drink.' 'Gosh! Why, that busted the world record. How did it happen?' said the first tramp, forgetting his own hard luck. 'Redface got locked up hard and fast in a box car what was left in a lonely place ten miles from nowhere.' 'Gosh! I guess most guys, before they could go 52 days without food or water, would have laid down and died.' 'Sure,' said the other tramp. 'That's what old Redface did. He croaked 'tween weeks before they found him.'"

Constipated Since
Childhood; In Fine
Shape Now

"I just couldn't resist any longer telling you of your wonderful medicine, Milks Emulsion. I have been constipated as long as I can remember. Had typhoid fever when I was eight years old and since then my bowels haven't moved freely. I have taken pills, salts, castor oil, and everything a person could think of."

"Now, whenever I hear anyone say they are constipated I immediately tell them of Milks Emulsion. I have taken about 12 large bottles, not all of them regular. Now I keep Milks Emulsion in the house and take it regular. I have taken so much medicine that I thought it was all alike."

"I had a sallow complexion, no color, and felt miserable all the time; but now I have the color of health, and health is something I wouldn't exchange with anyone for a fortune. I wouldn't take ten times the price I paid for Milks Emulsion for the results I have obtained."

"I am 19 years old and weigh 165 pounds. Have gained 5 pounds since taking your medicine and am still gaining. My face is round and my arms are getting round. Before, people used to hang their hats on my elbows, thinking they were hatracks. Now I am going to keep on with Milks Emulsion until I weigh 125 pounds."

"You may publish this letter if you wish and anyone that wants to ask me about your medicine may do so. I promise to answer every letter. In fact, I couldn't do enough for Milks Emulsion to repay them for what their medicine has done for me." ROSEMOND BOWER, Frontenac, Kans.

Sold by all druggists under a guarantee to give satisfaction or money refunded. The Milks Emulsion Co., Terre Haute, Ind.—Adv.

Birds Kill Rattler

Attracted by the repeated swoopings of two pheasants, a farmer's wife stopped her car by the roadside near Miller, S. D., and watched them battle with a rattlesnake. She saw the rattler strike many times at the pheasants, which had no difficulty in keeping out of reach. As it struck at one bird the other would dive down and give it a vicious peck until at length it was dispatched.

The Considerate One

Peter was playing at Johnny's house. When it was time to go home it started to rain. Mrs. White, however, gave Peter Johnny's raincoat and galoshes.

"Don't take so much trouble, Mrs. White," said Peter politely.

"I'm sure your mother would do as much for Johnny," she replied.

"My Mother would do more," said Peter. "She'd ask Johnny to stay to supper."

What Pazzled Youngster

A father took his son of six years to the incubator in the cellar to see the eggs hatch.

Said dad impressively—"Isn't it queer how the little chicks get out of the shell?"

"Hub," said the youngster, "What gets me is how they get in there."—Watchman Examiner.

A Spanking Case

Da—"die—Come on down to the dock with me, Bobbie. There's a fine, spanking breeze blowing."

Bobbie—"Whatcha pickin' on me for? I didn't start it."

Spider Long a Victim
of Stupid Prejudice

Millions of hairs turned prematurely gray, thousands of years lost from human lives, quarts of adrenalin expended, hundreds of shirts gone beyond recovery—all by mistake. For the spider, the cause of all these things, far from being one of man's most implacable enemies to be feared, avoided and killed is actually one of his greatest friends—a buddy, if ever there was one.

All mankind owes a debt of gratitude to the spider, but the sportsman, among all others, enjoys greater advantages from their co-operative habits. There is no other creature of the fields and streams rendering the service that the sportsman receives from the spider. And we know now that a few flies and mosquitoes are more dangerous than all the spiders in Christendom.

Mankind's greatest suffering by reason of spiders has been mostly in the form of needless and wholly absurd fear. There is not an officially authenticated case on record of a human being having died wholly as the result of a bite received from any spider indigenous to the continental portion of the United States. The real danger is infection rather than the spider venom.—John F. Hogg in Field and Stream Magazine.

Cafe in Rome Where
Goethe Met Friends

Among the excavations being carried out at Rome now is the work round the Roman theater of Marcellus, which involves the pulling down of many old dwellings so that the main entrance to the Roman theater may be freed. Among these was a tall medieval house where, in a corner on the ground floor, was the little-known "Osteria della Catena" frequented by the workmen who daily passed through the street in this busy part of Rome. On the wall of the coffee house King Ludwig of Bavaria had a marble tablet raised to commemorate (in pigeon Latin) the fact that Goethe, on a visit to Rome, used to meet Faustina, a young Roman girl, here among a small circle of literary friends who frequented the cafe during the second half of the Eighteenth century.

Nature's Laus Saved
Fish From Extinction

The productivity of the dwellers in sea and river is one of the marvels of the ages, and from the most primitive days, fish has been one of the staple food articles of man.

But for this tremendous power of productivity, and the providential provision of sufficient living room for the ever propagating population, the finny tribe as a whole would long since have suffered extinction, owing to man's incessant warfare against it. Every conceivable weapon, from the simplest to the most ingenious, has been invented and leveled against the swimmers of the sea; birds and even animals not only prey upon them, but are included in this formidable armory for the destruction and capture of fish for the use and benefit of man.



Kill Rats
Without Danger

A New Extremator that is
Wonderfully Effective yet Safe to Use!

K-R-O is relatively harmless to human beings, livestock, dogs, cats, poultry, yet is guaranteed to kill rats and mice every time.

Avoid Dangerous Poisons
K-R-O does not contain arsenic, phosphorus, barium carbonate or any other deadly poison. Its active ingredient is supplied as recommended by the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture in their latest bulletin "Rat Control."

Many letters testify to the great merit of K-R-O. "I bought two boxes K-R-O and put it out according to directions here at the Star Farm with promising results. Picked up and handled a way 57 dead rats.—J. M. Jackson, Warren No. 2, Ark. State Farm, Tabor, Ark."

SOLD ON MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. See all your druggists or direct from us at \$1.00 delivered. Large size (four times as much) \$2.00. K-R-O Co., Springfield, Ohio.

K-R-O
KILLS-RATS-ONLY

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GIRLS—We want to send you one of our B.L.A. HEAD SPREADERS FREE. Write for coupon, send no money STAR SPECIALTY COMPANY, BERKELEY, CALIF.

FILES CURED AT HOME. Blind, bleeding, protruding, itchy sores. Absolutely guaranteed. Write for particulars. HINER CO., 219 N. Willamette Ave., Dallas, Texas.

Salesmen to Sell Coveralls, Motor Coats, Knives, Jackknives, Full line work clothes direct factory to consumer. Most complete line offered. Union Job, Box 239, New Orleans, La.

300. NO MORE, buy option 10,000 by wheat or corn. Possibility large profits. Particulars from TRADER SERVICE 539 PETERS TRUST BLDG., OMAHA, NEBR.

WATCHWORK, JEWELRY WORK AND Engraving taught at Bradley Polytechnic Institute, Florida, Ill. Catalogue from Address Bradley Watch School, Peoria, Ill., Dept. 21.

KILL-A-WORM

GUARANTEED TO KILL SCREW WORMS
30¢ SOLD EVERYWHERE 60¢

For Exchange, 343 Acres
of level land in Dimmitt County, Tex., can be irrigated from artesian well. In wonderful Winter Garden District, for a residence in or near Miami, Fla.

PAUL O. MORRIS
101 Cedar Street - - - Fulton, Ky.

YOU CAN EARN MORE MONEY. Our Big Opportunity. Invest with us. See our N. MONROE SERVICE, FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.

Distributors and Salesmen

Exclusive sale one or more counties. High Grade. Fast Selling Item for city or country. Very profitable. Equipment unnecessary. Retail \$4.25 for demonstrator and proposition. Reply for \$7.50. W. J. REISS, Massena, Ill.

Grove's
Tasteless
Chill Tonic

Purifies the Blood and
makes the cheeks rosy, etc.

Hen's Long Service

A twenty-four-year-old hen, believed to have set a record for longevity for chickens, recently died at the farm of Charles Witchey, of Beaver Valley, Pa. The hen had been the property of Witchey all her life and laid eggs until about two months before death. In recent years the hen had been rather feeble and lost her sense of balance, but continued laying.

To Cool a Burn
Use Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

Money back for first bottle if not suited. All dealers.

PILE REMEDY
Guarantee

Every 30 days with this pain and every 60 days with this PILE OINTMENT is sold by all druggists with the understanding that money will be refunded if it fails to cure any case of Itching, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Why not try it?

W. N. U., HOUSTON, NO. 39-1928.

Hard Work

"Algy says he does an awful lot of brain work."

"I believe it. To make what little he has work must be awful."

Do little boys "play horse" any more, or do they generally play "fire-engine"?

Jelly made with PEXEL
turns out like this

MAKING jelly jell is not a new idea—but Pexel is certainly a new idea. It is tasteless, colorless, odorless! It is a 100% pure-fruit product which, in addition to making jelly jell, saving hours of time, and cutting down cost per glass, does not dilute or change the finest flavor or color.

Pexel saves from one to three times the 30c it costs. Eliminates long and tedious boiling. Saves fruit juice, sugar and flavor—and makes more jelly. Get Pexel at your grocer's. Recipe booklet in each package. 30c. The Pexel Company, Chicago, Ill.



PEXEL
never
like this

Baptist Church.

In spite of the weather, the meeting that is being held at the Baptist church, has had fair attendance. But there are many who have not been helped by holding aloof of the things that God has placed here for your good.

The meeting continues through the first week of October, and it is our hope and prayer that it shall be one of the most helpful weeks that we have known in a long time.

Friday evening of this week, September 27th, the subject to be discussed is: "The Two Greatest Railway Systems the World Has Ever Known." 7:30 is the hour for the music to begin, and there will be some special, and very fine music too, come in time to hear it all.

Sunday evening at 8:00 the music will begin, and this subject is to follow: "Repentance and Restitution." This is one of the most worthwhile subjects we know. It is the great doctrine taught by our Savior.

There will be preaching in the morning too. Every body is invited, and urged to come.

I. E. OWEN, Pastor.

Mrs. H. D. Johnson left last Thursday for San Antonio where she underwent a major operation last Friday. Reports from her bedside are very satisfactory.

Mrs. H. D. Williams spent Monday in Del Rio.

FOR SALE—About 350 head of good Rambouillet bucks for sale at \$25 per head, 1 to 4 years old. See me at Fort Stockton. J. M. Montgomery. 6t

Mrs. Troxie Daugherty spent the week-end in Alpine with her son, Fred.

No Questions Here

You don't have to wonder about what you'll get in Tire quality—or what you'll be asked to pay—or what service you'll get when you buy your tires here.

We sell Goodyear Tires—the All-Weather Tread; the "World's Greatest Tire" and the Pathfinder—big quality for little money.

The service? Our standard Goodyear, the very best in town.

Prices plainly marked—and low.

Ferguson Motor Co.

Lincoln—Ford—Fordson
Phone 10

PRINCESS THEATRE

TONIGHT, Friday, Sept. 28,—

POLA NEGRI in "THREE SINNERS"

SATURDAY and MONDAY, Sept. 29 and Oct. 1—

COLLEEN MORE in "Her Wild Oats"

From Rags to Ritz! From dirty dishes to a Duchess! From a lunch wagon to a limousine! That's how captivating Colleen travels in this comedy drama of a slavey who became a society belle until somebody discovered she was a "ringer." It's her biggest hit.

TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, Oct. 2 and 3—

"FOUR FLUSHER"

Special cast. A Good Comedy!

THURSDAY and FRIDAY, Oct. 4 and 5—

GEORGE BANKROFT in "Tell It to Sweeney"

You will remember him by his splendid acting in "The Underworld."

COMING—"Legion of the Condemned," and "Old Ironsides." Watch this column for the date.

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 Sheriff and Tax Collector
LEE A. COOK.
W. J. BANNER.
For County and District Clerk:
LUELLA LEMONS.
for Re-Election.
E. F. HOWARD.
For Tax Assessor:
JIM NANCE.
FRED YEATES.
FOR RE-ELECTION
For County Treasurer:
FRANK K. HARRELL.
For Re-Election
For County Attorney:
ALFRED E. CREIGH JR.
J. CALVIN STANSELL.
Re-Election.
For County Judge:
G. J. HENSHAW.
for Re-Election.
For Justice of the Peace Precinct No. 1:
HENRY GATES.

DRINK IT WITH YOUR MEALS
Smooth—Mellow—Full of Life
Hollywood Dry
PURE CRISTAL

Bottled in Bond
Your Surety of Quality
Empress Confectionery

Clyde Mills Commission Co.

I have for sale exclusively quite a number of ranches at a bargain. Get your finances ready, make your dates, and rest assured someone else will not get ahead of you.

Also live stock of all kinds at all times.

Don't forget "Buys anything any time," "Sells everything every time."

Forschheimers Sweaters

LADIES, MENS, BOYS, GIRLS.

LADIES COATS.

Blankets

....Prices Right....

L. Forschheimer

You will Enjoy

Our meats. Tender as can be, tasty and richly flavored, is the meat that you order from us.

"YOUR BUSINESS APPRECIATED"

Sanderson Market

JACK GRAY, MGR.

It is easier, now, to kill insects

—and keep them away. Bee Brand Insect Powder or Liquid kills Flies, Ants, Mosquitoes, Fleas, Lice, Mosquitoes, Flies, Bed Bugs, and other insects. Won't spot or stain. Use powder on plants and pets. Write us for FREE insect booklet. If dealer can't supply, we will ship by parcel post at prices named. McCORMICK & CO., Baltimore, Md.



For Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

Bigger and Better

QUALITY AT LOW COST

Casner-McKnight Motor Co.

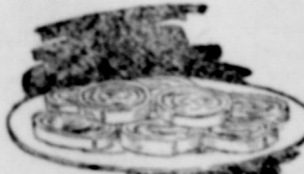
Ask for this COOK BOOK!

Ask for the new electric cooking book, containing many new and delightful recipes, well illustrated. Yours for the asking at our store.



Baked Stuffed Tomatoes

6 uniform size ripe tomatoes
6 tablespoons of butter
6 slices of onion
3 cups bread crumbs
pepper salt
basil strips
Remove a round piece from stem end of each tomato and remove seeds and pulp to leave a shell. Chop the pulp fine. Fry chopped onion in butter; then add tomato pulp and bread crumbs. Season with salt and pepper. Stuff tomato case. Place this strips of bacon on top and bake TEMPERATURE: 350 degrees. TIME: 20 minutes.



Toasted Cheese Pinwheels

1 loaf white bread salt
1 cake pimento cheese pepper
1 tablespoon cream
Remove crusts from bread and spread cheese, which has been softened with fork and seasoned with salt, pepper and little cream, over bottom of loaf. Cut very thin slices horizontally from loaf and roll tightly lengthwise. Repeat until as many rolls are made as will be needed. Wrap rolls in damp cloth and leave in refrigerator until ready to use. Then cut in thin slices and place in oven to toast. TEMPERATURE: 425 degrees. TIME: Until brown.



Would you wear "Leg-o-Mutton sleeves" today?

"THE HEART" of Mervin Smythe-Baineville skipped a beat as Priscilla swept into the room with the soft rustle of silk and satin."

You REMEMBER those thrilling novels of the bustle-and-leg-o-mutton-sleeve days? Women then not only "swept into the room" . . . they swept the room itself with their long, cumbersome skirts.

TODAY WOMEN dress more sensibly, more healthfully, more attractively. They are modern in their dress.

AND THEY are modern in their cooking! No longer do they spend long, weary, health-breaking hours over a hot stove. They cook with an electric range.

THE DRUDGERY of old methods has given way to the beauty and pleasure of the new. Failures are eliminated by "controlled heat!" Dishes are flavored more deliciously as all the natural, tasty juices are cooked into the food. By simply following directions even the now bride produces dishes that are "just like Mother used to make" . . . with a new lusciousness added.

ELECTRIC COOKERY is clean, cool, convenient and pleasant. It saves time, saves food, saves you. Come in and let us tell you more about the electric range. (Sold on monthly payments with your old range taken in exchange).



RATTLE OF THE RAIL.

Two of the new P-13 passenger engines have been received on the El Paso division and are regularly making the run between Houston and El Paso on the same train. They are fully equipped with modern improvements, including booster and automatic train control, and have the largest tenders of any engines that have ever worked here, being 16,000 gallons of water and 4,912 gallons of oil. This enables them to go from here to Houston without taking additional amount of fuel oil.

Fireman R. Knox attended the fuel conservation meeting held in El Paso Wednesday.

Fireman T. R. Arrington has been assigned to a regular freight run here in vacancy of John Reininger, who is now working out of Del Rio.

Owing to increased business an additional engine crew has been added to each of the El Paso and Del Rio sub divisions. W. H. Wehner is now firing on the passenger run between El Paso and Sanderson. Engineer A. J. Kelley made an emergency run up from Del Rio a trip this week. Fireman H. H. Wehner has

been assigned to the 101-102 passenger run between Del Rio and Sanderson in the vacancy caused by resignation of Fireman E. Hord.

Excellent selection of beautiful patterns of rugs in stock for Congoleum, week at Kerr's; October 1st to October 6th.

Mrs. W. H. Savage and son have returned from San Antonio. She was accompanied home by her mother, Mrs. J. W. McKee, who came out for a few days. Mrs. McKee returned the last of the week to San Antonio to be with Mr. McKee, who is still in the hospital there for treatment of an infected knee. Mr. McKee's many friends are glad to know that he is improving.

Mrs. Clyde Mills was a week-end visitor in San Antonio.

F. S. Garrison came in the first of the week from Langtry where he has been stationed at one of the railroad pumps. He will have charge of one of the oil pumps here. Mrs. Garrison is now at Hot Springs but will soon join her husband here. Their many friends welcome them back.

Highway Lunch Room

Short Orders a Speciality
A Good Place to Eat

Bertha Whistler
Chiropractor
OFFICE AT RESIDENCE
Phone 53



The Spine is the human Switchboard controlling Health and Vigor

Chiropractic releases The Power Within

ANTI-KNOCK



RED CROWN GASOLINE
needs no "dop"

PASOTEX PETROLEUM COMPANY

Christian Science Society. Christian Science services are held each Sunday evening at 8 o'clock at the Masonic Hall. The public is cordially invited.

Laundry called for and delivered. Phone 37.

Golden Crust Bread

The Bread with real taste and strength-building ingredients put into it in the making and the baking.

BREEDING'S BAKERY

FOR SALE—Angora billies, 14 head of Angora billies; big bone and heavy shearers. Roy Harrell, Sanderson, Texas. 6t

Mr. and Mrs. Nottley Scott returned last Saturday from a motor trip through Wyoming and other points.



W. C. ROUNTREE, M. D.

Pellagra A Specialty
If you have any of the following symptoms, I have the remedy, no matter what your trouble has been diagnosed: Nervousness, stomach trouble, loss of weight, loss of sleep, sore mouth, pains in the back and shoulders, peculiar swelling in the head, frothy like phlegm in throat, passing mucus from the bowels, burning or itching skin, rash on the hands, face and arms resembling sunburn, habitual constipation, (sometimes alternating with diarrhoea) copper or metallic taste, skin sensitive to sun heat, forgetfulness, despondency and thoughts that you might lose your mind, gums a fiery red and falling away from the teeth, general weakness with loss of energy. If you have these symptoms and have taken all kinds of medicine and still sick, I especially want you to write for my booklet, Questionnaire and FREE Diagnosis. W. C. ROUNTREE, M. D. AUSTIN, TEXAS, BOX 1150.

You make yourself a present of two pairs of silk hose when you treat them once with "Rounnon." One 25c package will treat ten pairs thus giving you over twenty pairs free. Empress Confectionery.