

# DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

VOL 31

SONORA SUTTON CO., TEXAS, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1921.

NO. 1578

## Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

Every Ford Product a Helper

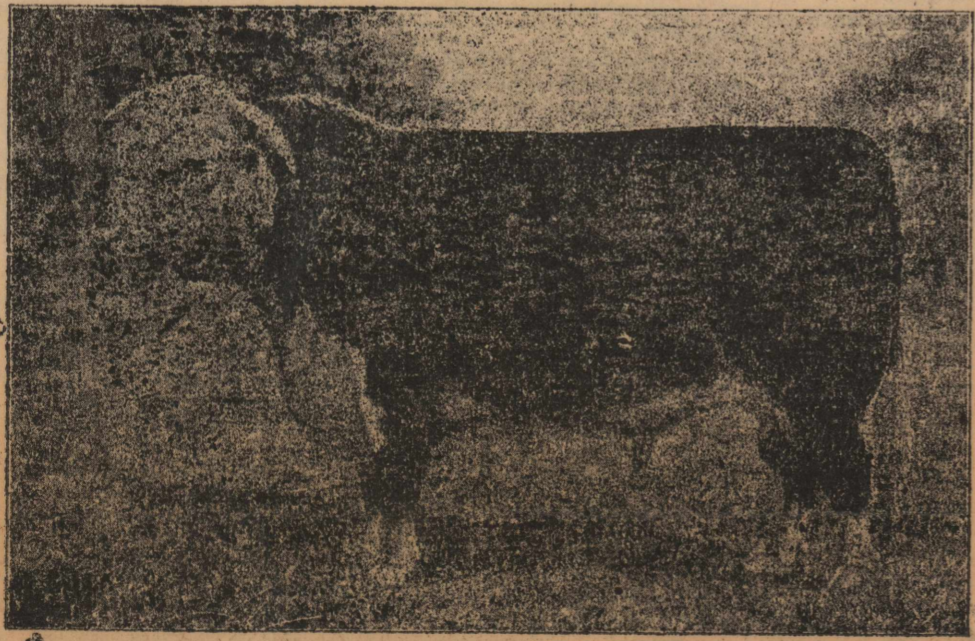
**N**OWS the time to buy that Ford Car or Ford Truck or Fordson Tractor. Never were higher quality materials woven into these great utilities; never have prices been more reasonable, nor that dependable and excellent "After-Service" so complete.

Machine work is always more precise than hand work. The special tools and machines in our garage are the same as those being used and recommended because of their precision and time-saving qualities, by the Ford Motor Co. Our modern and up-to-the minute equipment makes it possible for us to do any work on your car, truck or Fordson tractor from a minor adjustment to a complete overhaul. The promptness with which we do the work is a by-product of these specially designed machines; and we charge only the reasonable Ford prices for your work.

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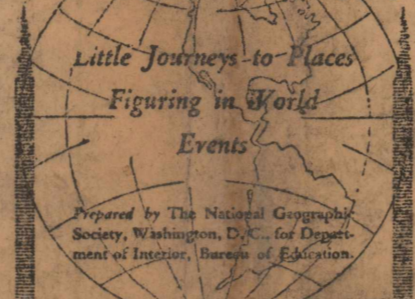
**SONORA MOTOR COMPANY.**

**Under Pure Food Laws  
Refeshing Drinks  
Are Bottled  
ALL KINDS AT  
THE HORN PALACE  
JACK PIERCE.  
MY CIGARS Are Always Prime**



**BULLS FOR SALE**  
One Car Load.  
Will Sell any Number  
All Coming Two Years Old.  
Natives of Sutton Co. The BIG BONE Type.  
Would prefer selling all to one party. Don't fail to see this lot of Bulls if you want Bulls.  
Write, wire or Come to see Me for Prices.  
**JAS. A. COPE, Sonora, Tex.**

### Today's Geography



#### SANTO DOMINGO: FIRST LOVE AND RESTING PLACE OF COLUMBUS

Christopher Columbus, in placing the great western hemisphere on the map of the world, left his impress more deeply on what is now the Dominican republic than on any other bit of land in the New World.

The very name of the capital of the republic, Santo Domingo, whose wardship under the United States has been under public discussion recently, is a family affair with the Columbuses. The great discoverer named for his father this first permanent city established by Europeans in the Americas. The same name is applied to the island of which the republic is a part almost as commonly as its aboriginal name, Haiti; and finally the paternal name is further perpetuated in that of the republic itself.

The remains of Columbus are believed by investigators who have examined the evidence in the case to lie in the cathedral in Santo Domingo city. The body of the discoverer was brought to the island of his early triumphs from Spain, where he died and was placed beside that of his son, Diego. It was thought that the Spaniards removed the remains of Christopher Columbus when they transferred sovereignty of the island to the French in 1795. It appears from later examinations of the burial vaults of the cathedral, however, that the casket which was borne in such great state from Santo Domingo to Havana at the end of the Eighteenth century and from Havana to Spain a hundred years later, contained instead the ashes of Diego, the son.

The city of Santo Domingo grew to be a wonderful place during the early days of Spanish dominion, but Columbus did not live to see much of the development. His son, Diego Columbus, however, engaged the family name deeper on the city and the country of which it was the capital, setting up there a court of such regal splendor that it aroused the envy of the Spanish king.

Santo Domingo seemed destined to become the bustling metropolis of a Western empire. But it became the victim of exploitation. After a turbulent history, during which the native Indians were exterminated and thousands of African slaves were imported, the latter, assisted by mulatto freemen, rose, in the last years of the Eighteenth century abolished slavery and drove their oppressors from the island. Though the land of the Dominican republic reverted for a while to Spanish control, and later was conquered by the republic of Haiti, with which it shares the island, it established its independence in 1844 and has retained its individuality since.

#### WOMEN THE FINANCIERS OF A FORGOTTEN KINGDOM

Along busy highways of ocean travel, land links between Japan and Formosa, not far from China's coastwise routes, yet visited by only two or three white persons a year—such are the Loo Choo (Luchu or Ryuku) islands. "Loo Choo is a land full of the indescribable charm and mystery of the Orient, but replete with the pathos of a vanishing race," writes Roy Chapman Andrews to the National Geographic society.

"But, although it has been 40 years since there sounded the death knell of this little hidden kingdom, Loo Choo is not yet Japan. The traveler realizes this even before he lands. The pine-clad, tomb-dotted hills which form the background of the strange little cities of Naha and Shuri have an unfamiliar look and the pretty tiled roofs of the distinctive houses, just visible over the surrounding gray stone walls, give fascinating hints of what may be found beyond their lacquered gateways. On their entire 900 square miles of land only one white man, an American missionary, is resident.

"With our money changed, we began to look about to spend it, for Loo Choo is the home of the red lacquer ware famous throughout the world. Much of it is exported, and the finest of the boxes, bowls, trays, tables, etc., which are in daily use in Japan and China and sold to tourists throughout the Orient, come from the little city of Naha, or Shuri, its neighbor across the hills. The lacquer ware, when first made, is a dull brown, but really first-class pieces improve with age and soon change to a beautiful vermillion, becoming brighter and clearer the longer they are used.

"When we came to buy lacquer we were greatly surprised to find that bargaining had no place in Loo Choo. Without exception, the first price asked for an article was the one for which it was sold. Never in the Orient had we met with a similar condition.

"It was interesting to find, also, that the women of Loo Choo conduct all business and have charge of everything pertaining to money—with the single slight exception of spending it. The market, where in the morning

trading for vegetables and fruit is carried on, resembles a suffrage meeting place, for among the crowded mass of humanity not a man is to be seen.

"The straight backs and erect carriage of the Loo Choo women are due to the custom of carrying everything upon their heads. No matter what the object, be it large or small, it is perched upon their thick, black hair, and off they walk in the most nonchalant manner.

"The most striking thing about Naha and Shuri are the high stone walls which surround the houses. These walls are generally covered by a small banyan tree, called the goja maru, growing like a great vine and sending out numberless roots which sometimes reach a hundred feet from the original stem.

"These also serve as a hiding place for a snake, a kind of adder, six or seven feet long, which is the curse of the islands. Their bite is generally fatal in a few hours, and many people are killed by them each year."

#### MODERN TATOI AND ANCIENT ATHENS

Constantine, whose return to the throne of Greece was discussed after the death of Alexander, had a famous summer palace at Tatoi, before his abdication. There he spent much time during the final uneasy months of his reign.

Tatoi is 16 miles north of Athens by way of Kophisita. In strong contrast to the harsh and stormy political situation which encompassed the members of the royal family following the outbreak of the World war, their physical environment was wholly delightful, for Tatoi is one of the most beautiful spots of Attica, nesting almost at the foot of the Parnes mountains. In the distance towers the famous Pentelikon, from whose summit one may obtain the finest view to be had from any of the Attic hills.

Historically, Tatoi is noteworthy for being freighted with unhappy associations. In its vicinity stand the ruins of an old fort, known as the Kastro, which marks the center of the deme (township) of Decelea.

It was at Decelea, 12 miles in a straight line north of Athens, that the traitor Alcibiades, he of whom Aristophanes wrote that "they (the Athenian soldiers) love, they hate, but cannot live without him," counseled the Spartans to construct strong fortifications in order to intercept the caravans of grain from Euboea, which supplied the capital with food. Alcibiades, by his betrayal of the Athenian navy which had invested Syracuse in Sicily, had already fulfilled the prophecy of the misanthrope Timon who had said upon one of the many occasions when the young Athenian's rash proposals had been endorsed by the populace, "Go on, my brave boy, and prosper; for your prosperity will bring on the ruin of all this crowd." His advice to seize and fortify Decelea in 413 B. C. brought irretrievable ruin on his native city and resulted in an incalculable loss to the human race, for it crushed Athens.

By one of the strange whims of "the crowd," the Athenian army in its darkest hour sent a message to Alcibiades inviting him to desert the Spartans in whose power he had betrayed his own people. And by an equally strange whim Alcibiades accepted the invitation, rushing to Samos to assume command of his old associates. But it was too late. Athens was doomed. Lysander, commanding the Spartan navy, administered a crushing defeat to Athenian sea power at Aegospotami on the Hellespont. Three thousand of the defeated Athenians were massacred, and Xenophon, the historian, with tragic simplicity relates that when the news reached the capital, "That night no man slept."

Tatoi is reached today by a railway journey of eight and a half miles to Kephisita, and a carriage drive of seven and a half miles from that point. The new summer palace was built for the king and the old palace was designed as the residence of the crown prince. A beautiful park and a venerable oak grove surround the royal homes. A short distance to the north is the barracks of the rural police, known as the Chorophylakes.

#### DIAMONDS DIAMONDS

Do you want to see a real nice selection of DIAMONDS? If so, let me order out a bunch for you. Sold on easy payments. Compare my prices. Let me---Who? T. L. Miller, I appreciate your business and will do all in my power to accommodate you.

T. L. MILLER;  
The Jeweler

### WOOL AND MOHAIR

CHARLES SCHREINER, BANKER.

(UNINCORPORATED)

KERRVILLE, TEXAS.

Makes Liberal Advances on Sheep, Goats, Wool and Mohair  
Established 1869.

### Ranch Loans,

SERVICE . . . TERMS.

E. B. CHANDLER,

Central National Bank Building.

SAN ANGELO---TEXAS---SAN ANTONIO

### WOOL AND MOHAIR

Each Clip sold on its MERITS.

Del Rio Wool & Mohair Co.

(Incorporated.)

### MARKET NOTICE.

We desire to notify our customers and the public generally that we cannot extend the monthly pay plan to those who do not settle their obligations before the 10th of each month. It should not be necessary to specify any reason for the observance of this requirement. Please arrange to pay before the 10th of each month if you desire the monthly pay system.

COOPER & SIMS.

### THE DEW DROP INN

SELLS THE RENOWNED

COLUMBIA RECORDS.

NEEDLES FOR ALL MAKES OF PHONOGRAPHS

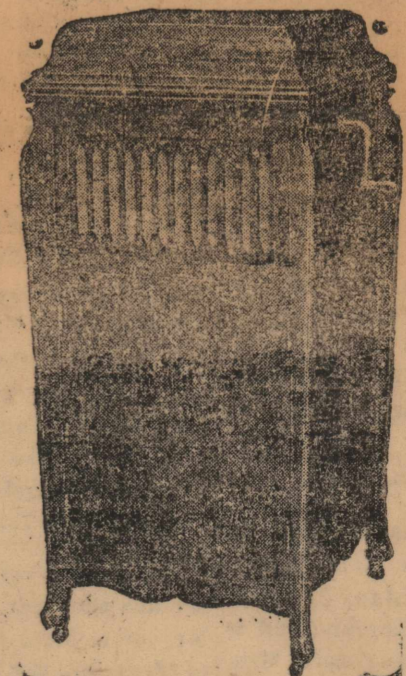
CALL AND TRY OUR DELICIOUS

Johnston's Chocolates

Golden Throated

CLAXTONOLA

The New Day Phonograph



The Phonograph with the "Golden Throat" and the "Golden Tone." Columbia and Okeh Records.

**SONORA DRUG STORE.**

Devil's River News \$2.00 a year





# FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF SONORA, TEXAS.  
CAPITAL & SURPLUS \$206,256.10  
RESOURCES OVER \$300,000.00



## Nothing More Interesting



than a bank book showing regular deposits in this bank for savings. Every line is of interest, because it is a promise. It is a promise and an assurance that in days to come, misfortune will not find the bank book owner unprepared. Everyone intends to commence saving for a rainy day sometime. That time should be now. Start today with what you have. You cannot begin good work too soon.

W. L. Aldwell, President; E. F. Vander Stucken, Vice President; George H. Neill, Assistant Cashier.  
E. E. Sawyer, D. J. Wyatt, Geo. S. Allison, Will F. Whitehead, E. F. Vander Stucken, W. L. Aldwell, Directors.



## IT DOES MAKE A DIFFERENCE

### WHERE YOU BUY.

### Groceries Are Our Specialty

# The CITY GROCERY

## NIMITZ and SMITH

We Take This Means of

## ANNOUNCING

To our many patrons and friends of San Angelo and the surrounding country.

That there will be no change in the policy of the management of our clothing house.

We also desire to thank all of our patrons, and the many staunch friends of this firm for their continued and liberal patronage, and we want to assure you that we will appreciate your future favors.

It has always been the policy of this store to see that our patrons receive full value for their money, and we are in a position to carry out this policy in the future.

We are buying all our goods now, after the market has declined, and therefore are not burdened with high priced merchandise to be got rid of. Furthermore, our patrons will benefit through this buying on the low market, as we are able to pass our saving on the goods on to them.

Our expenses are much less than most houses, enabling us to sell for a smaller profit and again making a saving for our customers. Our experience in this line of business extends over a period of many years and therefore we know WHAT and WHERE to buy, thus guaranteeing you the best that the market affords, and just what you need the most.

Mr. Nimitz has taken entire charge of the management of the business, which will continue under the firm name of

## NIMITZ & SMITH

Clothing and Gents Furnishings

231 South Chadbourne St near the Landon  
SAN ANGELO, TEXAS.

### DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS PUBLISHED WEEKLY. MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor. STEVE MURPHY, Publisher.

Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora, Texas, as second-class matter. SUBSCRIPTION \$2 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Sonora, Texas - February 5, 1921.

All Resolutions of Respect, Cards of Thanks, Notices of Entertainments where an admission fee is charged, Etc., will be charged for at our regular advertising rates.

#### SONORA WOMAN'S CLUB.

At the annual meeting of the Sonora Woman's Club January 29th, thirty-three members responded to roll call. The treasurer Mrs. J. W. Trainer, reported that when the books were turned over to her last year, the Club had in the treasury \$158.16. After paying out \$125.15 during her term of office the amount now in the treasury is \$212.17.

The Secretary's membership roll shows the Club to have increased fifteen in its membership. The newly opened Library contains 118 splendid volumes. During the past year not one meeting of the Club was postponed or was adjourned for the lack of a quorum. The average attendance being about twenty. The programs, as a whole, have been well carried out and the study subjects very interesting.

Mrs. E. F. Vander Stucken, president, in declining the nomination for reelection, expressed gratitude and appreciation for the honor they again sought to bestow upon her, and after the election in announcing the result, she said she was glad to turn the club over to these efficient women and pledged her hearty support in every way possible.

The newly elected officers of the Club are: President, Mrs. H. F. Allison; Vice President, Mrs. J. A. Cope; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Sterling Baker; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Claude Stites; Treasurer, Mrs. Willie Wilson; Parliamentarian, Mrs. T. L. Benson; Auditor, Mrs. Fred Simmons.

#### Honoring Mrs. E. F. Vander Stucken.

On Saturday afternoon, Jan. 29th, at the close of the Woman's Club meeting the following invitation was read by the secretary: "Mesdames H. P. Allison, J. W. Wilson, Sterling Baker and J. A. Cope invite you to the house of Mrs. Allison for a social hour, honoring Mrs. E. F. Vander Stucken, the retiring president."

The pretty home needed no embellishment but was made more attractive with the Club colors of pink and green. In the reception hall, pink roses were in evidence and it was here that the guests were greeted most cordially by Mesdames Allison and Cope.

Mesdames Baker and Wilson receiving in the living room. In this room, pink carnations, begonias and ferns were every where. The chandeliers were beautifully shaded in pink. In the center of the dining table was a huge bouquet of pink carnations the Club flower. Mesdames Alvin Keene, Alice Evans and Claude Stites assisted in entertaining throughout the afternoon.

The "flower contest" and "a day among the Capitals" were very entertaining and in cutting for the prizes a cut glass bud vase went to Miss Bertha Eaton and a mayonaisse bowl to Mrs. Stoke Williams of Mertzon and Mesdames Gilmore and Miles captured the boobys. In this too the color scheme was carried out.

The honoree received a beautiful bouquet of pink carnations. A delightful salad course with coffee, was artistically arranged in club colors, and pink and green mints, followed, being served from bon bon dishes.

The following participated in this most delightful affair: Mesdames E. F. Vander Stucken, the honoree, T. L. Benson, J. A. Cauthorn, Claude Stites, Alvin Keene, E. E. Aldwell, Fred Simmons, W. J. Wilkinson, F. A. Williams, J. O. Willoughby, S. T. Gilmore, Jack Miles, Maggie Seward, C. B. Evans, L. W. Elliott, W. E. Haskorn, Luther Therp, Marion Stokes, Joe Walk, W. Cochran of Anson, Stoke Williams of Martzon, Sol Kelley, J. A. Martin, Alice Evans, M. Miller of Fort Worth, Lou E. Stuart, Mesdames Bertha Eaton Estelle McDonald and the hostesses, Mesdames Allison, Baker, Cope and Wilson.

Don't forget the place to save money on diamonds. T. L. Miller, Jeweler.

#### The Music Department of The Woman's Club Entertained.

Mrs. S. T. Gilmore and Miss Estelle McDonald entertained members and their escorts of the Music Department of the Sonora's Woman's Club, at the Commercial hotel Friday evening Jan. 28. The color scheme was beautifully carried out in the decorations of ferns and pink carnations.

Progressive five hundred was a pleasant past time for the evening. Mrs. Cochran of Angelo was awarded the ladies prize and Mr. Charlie Evans the gentlemen's prize.

The plate cards with fortunes, were read in turn by the guests. The favors were violin strings tied with the club colors. A delicious salad course was served.

Prior to the social hour the members of the Music Department of the Sonora Woman's Club, held their annual election of officers. Mrs. E. B. Willoughby was unanimously re-elected president and Miss Sybil Eaton secretary-treasurer. The Club looks forward to a most prosperous year.

GET MORE EGGS by feeding "Martin's Egg Producer." Double your money back in Eggs or your money back in Cash. Martin's Roup, Remedy Cures and Prevents Roup. Guaranteed by all Dealers. 63-20

#### METHODIST CHURCH.

Sunday School at the usual hour.

Pay a year meeting Wednesday evening and choir practice Friday evening.

Faithfully yours,  
O. E. Moreland, Pastor.

#### Baptist Church, Next Sunday.

Sunday school at 9.45 a.m.  
Preaching at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m.

Is Christ a Myth? Is Christianity a Dream? Does the Religion of Jesus exist today? Who Are the True Disciples of Jesus? Is the Ideal of Jesus workable in Sonora? Are we Christians or Heathens in Sonora? What is Christianity? How does it influence modern life?  
The above are samples of the vital questions being discussed at the Baptist church in the Sunday morning sermons. You are cordially invited to hear this series of discourses on: "The Life and Teachings of Jesus."  
Come, receive a blessing and bestow a blessing on others.

#### CLUB NOTES.

Omitted from list of first contributors: Mesdames Sterling Baker, Jack Pierce.

Recent contributors: Mrs. Luella Cauthorn, Messrs and Mesdames Tom Davis, Harold Saunders, Sol Kelley, John A. Martin, Leo Brown, Del Rio, J. S. Allison, San Angelo.

The Club is grateful for the books received and will be pleased to receive others at any time.

Mrs. H. E. Allison,  
Chairman of Library Committee.

If you are in the market for diamond goods large or small see  
T. L. Miller, Jeweler.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John P. Reiley, Wednesday, January 26th 1921, a boy.

The B. T. Frazier, Pueblo, Colorado. Saddles are sold by the  
Sonora Mercantile Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Wilson returned Wednesday from a visit to Del Rio.

Oscar Appelt was in town Tuesday on his way to the ranch from a visit to his family in Angelo.

Harry Neguess the popular hardware drummer was in Sonora this week calling on the trade.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bond returned Sunday from San Antonio where they had gone because of the serious illness of Mrs. Richardson, mother of Mrs. Stanley Green, who formerly were ranch neighbors to the Bonds. Notice of Mrs. Richardson's death appears in another column in this issue.

King V. E. Scott, the building contractor has returned from a months visit to his old home at McKeesport, Pa., and to Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Philadelphia, New York. He had a great time and says it is easier to evade the Volstead law in those cities and you enjoy it more than crossing the Border.

## ANTHRAX VACCINE MULFORD AGGRESSIVE BLACKLEG VACCINE (natural) SONORA DRUG STORE.

## EVERYBODY INVITED!

Miss Myrtle Rees

Presents Her  
Expression Class

In A

### Dramatic Recital

At The

School Auditorium

February 5th, 7:30 O'Clock.

No Admission Charged.

### PROGRAM.

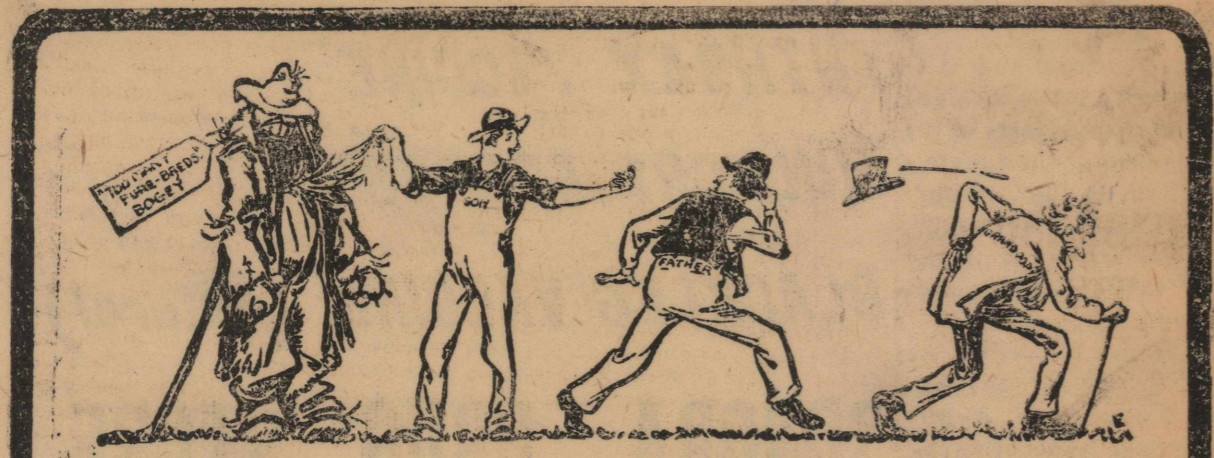
Welcome Song	.....	.....
May Cauthorn, Dorothy Baker, Jessie Lou & Evans, Lee Allison, Charles Harold Evans.		
The Last Leaf	.....	G. Henry
Contented John	.....	Jane Taylor
Her Name	.....	Arcus F. Burnham
.....	Angie Robinson	
Papa's Letter	.....	.....
Little Helper	.....	Pauline Culp
.....	Adie Haltert	
Peach Pies	.....	Anna E. Koros
Giving	.....	Louise Varnum
.....	Lee Allison	
Hunchback Polly	.....	I. J. Case
Somebody Did	.....	.....
.....	Marvella Ford	
Pillow Fights	.....	Anonymous
No Sun Not For Me	.....	.....
.....	George B. Hamilton	
Daddy's Sentinel	.....	Mary Farrar
Hardships of a Boy	.....	.....
When I'm a Man	.....	Charles Harold Evans
.....	.....	F. E. Vander Beck
Instrumental Solo	.....	Thelma Rees
Only a Newsboy	.....	.....
Theology in The Quarters	.....	J. A. Mason
.....	Duke Bryson	
Saying Grace	.....	.....
Sleeping Dogs May Lie	.....	Edwin Sawyer
.....	.....	.....
Little Jim	.....	.....
When Hilda Speaks Her Beau	.....	Adah Moses
.....	.....	.....
Mothers Room	.....	.....
The Football Game	.....	Gerald Richardson
.....	.....	R. W. Childs
The Man In The Shadow	.....	Eula Mae Ross
.....	.....	Evans Moreland
A Comedality	.....	.....
Girls Don't Have No Fun	.....	.....
.....	.....	.....
Her Reasons	.....	.....
Modern Fairy Story	.....	Annella Stites
.....	.....	Eugene Field
Two Opinions	.....	.....
The Bald Headed Man	.....	Hamilton Ford
.....	.....	Charles Klein
The Lion and The Mouse	.....	D. A. Ellsworth
Gwine To Marry Jim	.....	Mary Shields
.....	.....	Mr. and Mrs. O'Conno
Instrumental Duet	.....	.....
.....	.....	.....
Dolly's Funeral	.....	.....
Advice To John	.....	Lena V. Stokes
.....	.....	.....
Jerry	.....	.....
Lechivar	.....	.....
When Mr. Brown Got A Hair Cut	.....	Lorraine Herbert
.....	.....	J. B. Couch
The Dying Boy	.....	Jessie Louise Evans
.....	.....	Charles Furkins
The Jilting	.....	Eula Mae Ross
.....	.....	Howard Fielding
How Prayer Was Answered	.....	Rena Britt
The Mustard Plaster	.....	.....
.....	.....	James W. Riley
Out To Old Aunt Marys	.....	.....
Song	.....	Rena Britt and Evans Moreland

## Registered BULLS For Sale.

Forty head of Registered Hereford Bulis, From Calves to Three year olds, for sale. Prices \$100 to \$175. See them.

### G. F. STEWART, Sonora, Texas.

Devil's River News \$2.00 a year



### Too Many Pure-Breds?

Grandpap had his chance to go in for pure-breds. "No," he said, "too many already." Again opportunity knocked at father's door. "The breeding business is being overdone," father declared. Today the same chance is presented to you. Many persons will still tell you there are too many pure-breds. Don't believe them. It is the same old bogey—the scarecrow with a heart of straw that fooled grandpap and father. LESS THAN TWO PER CENT OF OUR CATTLE ARE PURE-BREDS. These are the facts—the 98% are scrubs or grades!

It is too late for Grandpap; and for father—his chance may be gone; but the road is open to YOU. Join those who have become independent by breeding good cattle. Thousands of men in the United States who went in for pure-breds ten years ago are now independent. Tens of thousands who go in now will become independent during the ensuing decade. Our hope is that you will be one of them. Now is the time to buy, when all prices are low. Get ready to share in future high prices.

For instances showing what pure-breds have done for farmers in average circumstances we refer you to the week-by-week articles in THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN. It combs the country for every sort of news of interest to farmers, and in this very ad is due to its desire to be of service. It is really hard to contrive more pleasure and profit than \$1.00 spent for a year's subscription (\$2 issues) to THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN will bring you. You'll want it eventually—why not order it TODAY?

### Texas Hereford Breeders' Association

John Lee, Secretary, San Angelo, Texas.

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN, Philadelphia, Pa. I'm glad to see you pushing our organization with good advertising. And here's my dollar for a subscription for one year, fifty-two issues. The two go well together. (My Name) (My Address) (Town) (State)

### DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY. MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor. STEVE MURPHY, Publisher. Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora as second-class matter. SUBSCRIPTION \$2 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 1002 - February 5, 1921.

All Resolutions of Respect, Cards of Thanks, Notices of Funerals where an admission fee is charged, Etc., will be charged for at our regular advertising rates.

### WHEN THE NEAR EAST IS CIVILIZED

"Roughly speaking, Turkey was divided into five great provinces or districts—Anatolia, Armenia, Kurdistan, Mesopotamia and Syria." With this introduction William H. Hall, writing to the National Geographic society, sketches the resources of Turkey, which have an opportunity for development with measures that may lessen the horrors of misrule, injustice, deportations, massacres and famines. He continues: "The same broad plains that once fed and clothed a population of 40,000,000 human beings are waiting today for the plow, the seed and the reaper. The mountains still hold riches of coal and iron and copper. The quarries still have abundance of choice marbles. The rivers are potent with power to turn the wheels of industry. The natural harbors invite the fleets of merchantmen and the river valleys and mountain passes offer natural lines of communication and transportation, as in the days when great caravans passed along these natural highways, bringing the merchandise of the East to the markets of the West. "The whole land has been lying fallow for centuries—a land that modern exploration reveals as one of the richest in natural resources and as unsurpassed by its geographic location for being the trade center of the world. "Exclusive of Arabia, which was never more than nominally under the Ottoman domination, the Turkish empire embraced about 540,000 square miles of territory at the beginning of the World war. Only about 10,000 square miles of this were in Europe. The Turkish empire was equivalent to the combined areas of the British Isles, France and pre-war Germany. It was larger than all of the area east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio and Potomac rivers. "The boundaries were the Black sea and Caucasus on the north, Egypt on the south, the Aegean and Mediterranean seas on the west, and the Syrian desert and Persia on the east. "Turkey in Europe was almost a negligible area, as the Balkan wars stripped the Turks of all their European possessions except Constantinople and a narrow territory along the Bosporus and Dardanelles some 40 miles in width; so that when the Turkish empire has been referred to in recent years, Asiatic Turkey was nearly all that the term embraced.

### THE GRASSHOPPER: MUSCICAN, MONSTER AND AVIATOR

Once more the ravenous grasshopper wrought devastation upon Western fields this fall, and the plague became especially destructive in Texas. Writing to the National Geographic society, David Fairchild describes this fascinating, if ruthless, creature as follows: "The young king grasshopper is probably twenty days old and its wings have not developed, but it can jump a hundred times its length, whereas man can scarcely cover three times his length at a leap. When its wings grow and its internal air sacs fill with air it can sail away for miles. One representative of this great family can sail for a thousand miles before the wind, and they go in such numbers that they make a cloud 2,000 square miles in extent. "Its great front lip hides a pair of jaws as effective as a hay-chopper, and it has an appetite as voracious as that of a hippopotamus. This voraciousness and these jaws are what have made several of its relatives the plague of mankind. They multiply in such numbers as to buffet all calculation, and every living green thing for thousands of square miles disappears down their throats, leaving the country they infest desolate. "When the young grasshopper emerges from the egg it is very small indeed—a wingless, helpless little creature, all legs and mouth. "It passes through successive ages, or stages, as they are called, each one of which is separated from the other by a moult or casting of its outer shell. "These moults take place at fixed periods, and as the insect flits about restrained by its firm, inelastic skeleton, a longitudinal rent occurs along the back, and the insect, soft and dangerously helpless, struggles out of the old skin inclosed in a new but delicate cuticle, which takes some time to harden and color up. "Whether this creature has a personality or not may be forever extremely difficult for humans to decide. Its eyes, that look like cows' eyes, really cast a thousand images on a special kind of brain, so different from our own that we cannot understand it, and then besides these great big eyes it has three others. Its short, ringed horns are not horns at all, but sense organs of so complicated a nature that we do not yet know certainly whether they are organs of smell or not, and it is supposed that they may be the seat of sense organs that we humans do not have. "In front of the great thighs imbedded on each side of the body are the so-called ears, tuned no doubt to catch vibrations of the air far too delicate or too frequent for our ears. "The jumping legs of the creature are filled with powerful muscles, which, when they expand, can hurl it through the air and enable it to escape from its enemies. On the inner side, along the lower rib, of the wing is the muscular instrument. It is a row of hard, bendable projections, which are very highly developed in the males, but not at all in the females. When the edge of the wing is scraped over these projections a musical sound is made."

### Why Suffer?

Cardui "Did Wonders for Me," Declares This Lady. "I suffered for a long time with womanly weaknesses," says Mrs. J. R. Simpson, of 57 Spruce St., Asheville, N. C. "I finally got to the place where it was an effort for me to go. I would have bearing-down pains in my side and back—especially severe across my back, and down in my side there was a great deal of soreness. I was nervous and easily upset. TAKE CARDUI The Woman's Tonic. "I heard of Cardui and decided to use it," continues Mrs. Simpson. "I saw shortly it was benefiting me, so I kept it up and it did wonders for me. And since then I have been glad to praise Cardui. It is the best woman's tonic made." Weak women need a tonic. Thousands and thousands, like Mrs. Simpson, have found Cardui of benefit to them. Try Cardui for your trouble. ALL DRUGGISTS. Jack Pierce News Agent.

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### The Voice of the Pack

BY EDISON MARSHALL. (Copyright, 1920, Little, Brown & Company)

### BOOK TWO The Debt. CHAPTER I.

September was at its last days on the Unuppa divide—that far wilderness of endless, tree-clad ridges where Dan Felling had gone for his last days. Everywhere the forest people were preparing for the winter that would fall so quickly when these golden September days were done. The Under People of the forest—those smaller people that live in the dust and have beautiful, tropical forests in the ferns—found themselves digging holes and filling them with stores of food. Of course they had no idea on earth why they were doing it, except that a quiver at the end of their tails told them to do so; but the result was entirely the same. They would have a shelter for the winter. But the most noticeable change of all in these days of summer, was a distinct tone of sadness that sounded throughout the forest. Of course the wilderness note is always somewhat sad; but now, as the leaves fell and the grasses died, it seemed particularly pronounced. All the forest voices added to it—the wail of the geese, the sad fluttering of fallen leaves, and even the whisper of the north wind. Of course all the tones and voices of the wilderness were clearest at night—for that is the time that the forest really comes to life—and Dan Felling, sitting in front of Lennox's house, watching the late September moon rise over Bald mountain, could hear them very plainly. It was true that in the two months he had spent in the mountains he had learned to be very receptive to the voices of the wilderness. Lennox had not been mistaken in thinking him a natural woodsman. He had imagination and insight and sympathy; but most of all he had a heritage of woodlore from his frontiersman ancestors. Two months before he had been a resident of cities. Now the wilderness had claimed him, body and soul. These had been rare days. At first he had had his expeditious to a few miles each day, and even then he would come in at night staggering from weariness. He climbed hills that seemed to rear his bosomed lungs to shreds; Lennox wouldn't have been afraid, in a crisis, to trust his marksmanship now. He had the natural cold nerve of a marksman, and one twilight he brought the body of a lynx tumbling through the branches of a pine at a distance of two hundred yards. He got so he could shatter a grouse out of the air in the half of a second or so in which its bronze wings glinted in the shrubbery; and when a man may do this a fair number of times out of ten he is on the straight road toward greatness. Then there came a day when Dan caught his first steelhead in the North Fork. There is no more beautiful thing in the wilderness world than a steelhead trout in action. He simply seems to dance on the surface of the water, leaping again and again, and racing at an unheard-of speed down the rift in the rocks, only from three to fifteen pounds. But now and again amateur fishermen without souls have tried to pull him in with main strength, and are still somewhat dazed by the result. It might be done with a steel cable, but an ordinary line or leader breaks like a cobweb. When his majestic steelhead takes the fly and decides to run, it can be learned after a time that the one thing that may be done is to let out all the line and utter prayer and humblyness try to keep up with him. Dan no longer wore his glasses. Every day his eyes had strengthened. He could see more clearly now, with his unaided eyes, than he had ever seen before, with the help of the lens. And the moonlight came down through a rift in the trees and showed that his face had changed, too. It was no longer so white. The eyes were more lustrous. The lips were straighter. "It's been two months," Silas Lennox told him, "half the four that you gave yourself after you arrived here. And you're twice as good now as when you came." Dan nodded. "Twice! Ten times as good! I was a wreck when I came. Today I climbed halfway up Baldy—within a half mile of Snowbird's cabin—without stopping to rest." Lennox looked thoughtful. More than once, of late, Dan had climbed up toward Snowbird's cabin. It was true that his guest and his daughter had become the best of companions in the two months; but on second thought, Lennox was not in the least afraid of complications. The love of the mountain women does not go out to physical inferiors. "Whoever gets her," he had said, "will have to tame her," and his words still held good. The mountain women rarely mistook a man's tenderness for an appealing plea for love. It wasn't that Dan was weak except from the ravages of his disease; but he was still a long way from Snowbird's ideal. Although Dan had courage and that same rigid self-control that was an old quality in his breed, he was still a long way from a physically strong man. It was still an even bet whether he would ever wholly recover from his malady. But Dan was not thinking about this now. All his perceptions had sharpened down to the finest focal point, and he was trying to catch the spirit of the endless forest that

stretched in front of the house. His pipe had gone out, and for a long time Lennox hadn't spoken. He seemed to be straining too, with ineffective senses, trying to recognize and name the faint sounds that came so tingling and tremulous out of the darkness. As always, they heard the stir and rustle of the gnawing people; the chipmunks in the shrubbery, the gophers who, like blind misers, had ventured forth from their dark burrows; and perhaps even the scaly glide of those most-dreaded poison people that had lain in the rock piles. Dan felt that at last the wilderness itself was speaking to him. He had waited a long time to hear its voice. His thought went back to the wise men of the ancient world, waiting to hear the riddle of the universe from the lips of the Sphinx, and how he himself—more in his unconscious self, rather than conscious—had sought the eternal riddle of the wilderness. He had asked questions—never in the form of words but only ineffable yearnings of his soul—and at last it had responded. The strange rising and falling song was his own voice, the articulation of the very heart and soul of the wilderness. "It's the wolf pack," Lennox told him softly. "The wolves have just joined together for the fall rutting." "Then this means the end of the summer?" Dan asked. "In a way, but yet we don't count the summer ended until the rains break. Heavens, I wish they would start! I've never seen the hills so dry, and I'm afraid that either Bert Cranston or some of his friends will decide it's time to make a little money fighting forest fires. Dan, I'm sus-



"Dan, I'm Suspicious of That Gang."

picious of that gang. I believe they've got a regular arson ring, maybe with unscrupulous stockmen behind them, and perhaps just a penny-winning deal of their own. I suppose you know about Lanky Hildreth—how he's promised to turn state's evidence that will send about a dozen of these vipers to the penitentiary? "Snowbird told me something about it. "He's got a cabin over toward the marshes, and it looks like to me that he's going to start tomorrow, or maybe has already started today, down into the valley to give his evidence. Of course, that is deeply confidential between you and me. If the gang knew about it, he'd never get through the thickets alive." But Dan was hardly listening. His attention was caught by the hushed, intermittent sounds that are always to be heard, if one listens keenly enough, in the wilderness at night. "I wish the pack would sound again," he said. "I suppose it was hunting." "Of course. And there is no living thing in these woods that can stand against a wolf pack in its full strength." "Except man, of course." "A strong man, with an accurate rifle, of course, and except possibly in the starving times in winter he'd never have to fight them. All the beasts of prey are out tonight. You see, Dan, when the moon shines, the deer feed at night instead of in the twilights and the dawn. And of course the wolves and the cougars hunt the deer. It may be that they are running cattle, or even sheep." But Dan's imagination was afeared. He wasn't content yet. "They couldn't be hunting man?" he asked. "No. If it was midwinter and the pack was starving, we'd have to listen better. It always looked to me as if the wild creatures had a law against killing men, just as humans have. They've learned it doesn't pay—something the wolves and bears of Europe and Asia haven't found out. The naturalists say that the reason is rather simple—that the European peasant, his soul scared out of him by the government he lived under, has always fed from wild beasts. They were fillers of the soil, and they carried hoed instead of guns. They never put the fear of God into the animals and as a result there are quite a number of true stories about tigers and wolves that aren't pleasant to listen to. But our own frontiersmen were not men to stand any nonsense from wolves or cougars. They had guns, and they knew how to use them. And they were preceded by as brave and as warlike a race as ever lived on the earth—armed with bows and arrows. Any animal that hunted men was immediately killed, and the rest found out it didn't pay. "Just as human beings have found out the same thing—that it doesn't pay to hunt their fellow men. The laws of life as well as the laws of nations are against it." But the words sounded weak and dim under the weight of the throbbing darkness; and Dan couldn't get away from the idea that the codes of life by which most men lived were forgotten quickly in the shadows of the pines. Even as he spoke, man was hunting man on the distant ridge where Whitefoot the cougar had howled.

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