


# DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

VOL 31

SONORA SUTTON CO., TEXAS, SATURDAY, JULY 2 1921,

NO. 1599



Keep your Ford running smoothly and so get the most possible value from it. An idle Ford is worse than waste. Let us look after your Ford. We have men who can make repairs; we use only the genuine Ford materials; we give the reasonable prices set by the Ford factory. Don't try to fix your car yourself nor trust it to inexperienced workmen. Bring it here and be sure of satisfactory work.

SONORA MOTOR COMPANY.

**BOB HOLLAND**

OF

**Holland Auto Company**

SAN ANGELO

Is not connected with the Williams Auto Co., now.

He wants your business.

West Twohig Avenue, near San Angelo National Bank.

**WHEN YOU COME TO SAN ANGELO STOP AT THE BIG GARAGE ON THE HIGHWAY**

Tires, Tubes, Accessories, STORAGE Gasoline, and Oils, (The Right Kind for Your Car)

We do a General Repairing, including a Rebuilding of Automobiles, Trucks and Tractors. All Work done by skilled Mechanics. We Make It Right.

**Nabers Auto Parts Co.,**

Successors to Scarbrough Auto Co.

Jack Nabers, Manager.

309 South Chadbourne Across the street From the Landon Hotel

**PHIL BAXTER'S** Orchestra, has been engaged to play for the dance in Sonora night of July 4th.

Camp Wood, the new Railroad town in Real county, will celebrate July 4th with a big barbecue

## The Wreckers

CHAPTER X

The Man at the Window

Of course, the first thing I did, the morning after that adventure in the coal yard, was to tell the boss all about it and I was just busy enough to do it when Mr. Ripley was present. Mr. Norcross didn't say much; and for that matter, neither did the lawyer, though he did ask the boss a question or two about the real facts in the Midland right-of-way squabble. But I noticed, after that, that cur man Tarbell was continually turning up at all sorts of times, and in all sorts of odd places, so I took it that Ripley had given him his tip, and that he was sort of body-guarding Mr. Norcross on the quiet, though I am sure the boss didn't know anything about that part of it—he was such a square fighter himself that he probably wouldn't have stood for it if he had.

Meanwhile, things grew warmer and warmer in the tussle we were making to pull the old Short Line out of the mud; warmer in a number of ways, because, in addition to the fight for the public confidence, we began just then to have a perfect epidemic of wrecks.

The boss turned the material trouble over to Mr. Van Britt and devoted himself pretty strictly to the public side of things. Everywhere, and on every occasion—at dinners at the different chambers of commerce, and public banquets given to this, that, or the other visiting big-wig—he was always ready to get on his feet and tell the people that the true prosperity of the country carried with it the prosperity of the railroads; that the two things were one and inseparable; and that, when it came right down to basic facts, the railroads were really a part of the progress machinery of the country at large and should be regarded, not as alien tax-collectors, but as contributors to the general prosperity and welfare.

By this time, also, Red Tower Consolidated was beginning to find out what it meant to have active competition. The C. S. & W. people were hammering their new plants into working shape, and they were getting the patronage, both of the producers and consumers, hand over fist. Track facilities and yard services were granted freely; and while no discrimination was permitted as against the Red Tower people, the friendly attitude of the road counted for something, as it was bound to.

During those few pre-election weeks the New York end of us seemed to have petered out completely. We heard nothing more from President Dunton, worse than an occasional wire complaint about the number of wrecks we were having, though the stock was still going down, point by point, and, so far as a man up a tree could see, we were making no attempt to show net earnings—were turning all our money into betterments as fast as it came in. I knew that couldn't go on. Without a flurry of some sort, the New Yorkers would never be able to break even, to say nothing of a profit, and I looked every day for a howl that would tear things straight up the back.

While all these threads were weaving along, I'm sorry to say that I hadn't yet drummed up the courage to tell the boss the truth about Mrs. Sheila. He kept on going to the major's every chance he had, and Matisse Ann was making life miserable for me because I hadn't told him—calling me a coward and everything under the sun. I told her to tell him herself, and she retorted that I knew she couldn't; that it was my job and

to "Kenwood" that the roof fell in. The major had gone out, somewhere—to the theater, I guess—taking his wife and Matisse Ann, and the boss and Mrs. Sheila were sitting together in the major's den, with a little coal blaze in the basket grate because the night was beginning to get a bit chilly.

I had butted in with a telegram—which might just as well have stood over until the next morning, if you want to know. After I had delivered it, Mrs. Sheila gave me that funny little laugh of hers and told me to go hunt in the pantry and see if I could find a piece of pie, and the boss added that if I'd wait, he'd go back to town with me pretty soon.

I found the pie and ate it in the dining-room, making noise enough about it so that they could know I was there if they wanted to, but they went right on talking, and paid no attention to me.

"Do you know, Sheila," they had long since got past the "Mr." and "Mrs."—"you've been the greatest possible help to me in this rough-house, all the way along," the boss was saying. "You have held me up to the rack, time and again, when I have been ready to throw it all up and let go. Why have you done it?"

I heard the little laugh again, and she said: "It is worth something to have a friend. Odd as it may seem, Graham, I have been singularly poverty-stricken in that respect. And I have wanted to see you succeed. Though you are still calling it merely a 'business deal,' it is really a mission, you know, crammed full of good things to a struggling world. If you do succeed—and I am sure you are going to—you will leave this community, and hundreds of others, vastly the better for what you are doing and demonstrating."

"But that is a man's point of view," the boss persisted. "How do you get it? You are all woman, you know; and your mixing and mingling—at least, since I have known you—has all been purely social. How do you get the big overlook?"

"I don't know. I was foolish and frivolous once, like most young girls, I suppose. But we all grow older; and we ought to grow wiser. Besides, the woman has the advantage of the man in one respect; she has time to think and plan and reason things out as a busy man can't. Your problem has seemed very simple to me, from the very beginning. It asked for a strong man and an even stronger woman to take charge of a piece of property that had been abused and knocked about and used as a means of extortion and oppression, and you were to make it good."

"Again, that is a man's point of view." "Oh, no," she protested quickly. "There is no sex in ethics. Women are the natural house-cleaners, perhaps, but that isn't saying that a man can't be one, too, if he wants to be."

At this, the boss got up and began to tramp up and down the room; I could hear him. I knew she had been having the biggest kind of a job to keep him shut up in this sort of abstract corral, when all the time he was loving her fit to kill, but apparently she had been doing it, successfully. There wasn't the faintest breath of sentiment in the air; not the slightest whiff. When she began again, I could somehow feel that she was just in time to prevent his breaking out into all sorts of love-making.

"The time has come now, when you must take another leaf out of my book," she said, with just the proper little cooling tang in her voice. "Up to the present you have been hammering your way to the end like a strong man, and that was right. But you have been more or less reckless—and that isn't right or fair or just to a lot of other people."

The tramping stopped and I heard him say: "I don't know what you mean."

"I mean that matters have come to such a pass now that you can't afford to take any risks—personal risks. If the plan the enemy is trying doesn't work, it will try another and a more desperate one."

"You've been talking to Ripley," he laughed. "Ripley wants me to become a gun-to-ner and provide myself with a body-guard. I'd look well, wouldn't I? But what do you mean by 'the plan the enemy is now trying'?"

She hesitated a little, and then said: "I shall make no charges, because I have no proof. But I read the newspapers, and Mr. Van Britt tells me something, now and then. You are having a terrible lot of wrecks."

"That is merely bad luck," he rejoined easily. "Rashness is no part of true courage," she interpolated, calmly. "As a private individual you might say that your life is your own, and that you have a perfect right to risk it as you please. But as the general manager of the railroad, with a lot of your friends holding office under you, you can't say that. Besides, you are fighting for a cause, and that cause will stand or fall with you."

"You ought to be a member of this new reform legislature that some of our good friends think is coming up the pike," he chuckled; but she ignored the good-natured gibe and made him listen. "I was visiting a day or two at the capital last week, and there are influences at work that you don't know about. If the opposition can't make your administration a failure, it won't hesitate to get rid of you in the easiest way that offers."

There was silence in the major's den for a minute or so, and then the boss said: "As usual, you know more than you are willing to tell me."

"Perhaps not," was the prompt answer. "Perhaps I am only the on-looker—who can usually see things rather better than the persons actually involved. Hitherto I have urged you to be bold, and then again to be bold. Now I am begging you to be prudent."

"In what way?" "Caution for yourself. For example: you walked out here this evening; don't do that any more. Come in a taxi—and don't come alone."

I couldn't see his frown of disagreement, but I knew well enough it was there.

"There spoke the woman in you," he said. "If I should show the white feather that way, they'd have some excuse for putting me."

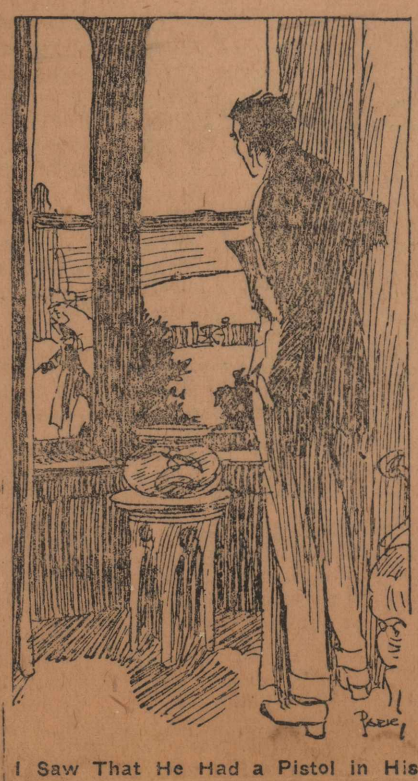
There was a silence again, and I got up quietly and crossed the dining-room to the big recessed window where I stood looking out into the darkness of the tree-shaded lawn. It was pretty evident that Mrs. Sheila knew a heap more than she was telling the boss, just as he had said, and I couldn't help wondering how she came to know it. What she said about the increased number of wrecks looked like a pointer. Was she in touch with the enemy in some way?

Then my mind went back in a flash to what Matisse Ann had told me. Was the husband who ought to be dead, and wasn't, mixed up in it in any way? Could it be possible that he was one of those who were in the fight on the other side, and that she was still keeping in touch with him?

Pretty soon I heard the murmur of their voices again, but now I was so far away from the bamboo-screened door that I couldn't hear what they were saying. I wished they would break it off so the boss could go. It was getting late, and there had been enough said to make me wish we were both safely back in the hotel. It's that way sometimes, you know, in spite of all you can do. You hear a talk, and you can't help reading between the lines. I knew, as well as I knew that I was alive, that Mrs. Sheila meant more than she had said; perhaps more than she had dared to say.

It was while I was standing there in the big window that I saw the man on the lawn. At first I thought it was Tarbell, who was never very far out of reach when the boss was running loose. But the next minute I saw I was mistaken. The man under the trees had on a long traveling coat that came nearly to his heels, and his cap was the kind that has two visors, one in front and the other behind.

Realizing that it wasn't Tarbell, I stood perfectly still. The house was lighted with gas, and the dining-room chandelier had been turned down, so there was a chance that the skulker under the trees wouldn't see me standing in the corner of the box window. To make it surer, I edged away until the curtain hid me. I was just in time. The man had crept out of his hiding-place and was coming up to the window on the outside. As he passed through the dim beam of light thrown by the turned-down chandelier, I saw



I Saw That He Had a Pistol in His Hand.

that he had a pistol in his hand, or a weapon of some kind; anyway, I caught the glint of the gas-light on dull steel.

That stirred me up good and plenty. I still had the gun I had taken out of Fred May's drawer; I had carried it ever since that night when it had nearly got me killed off in the Red Tower coal yard. I fished it out and made ready, thinking, of course, that the skulker must certainly be one of Clamahan's gunmen. I still had that idea when I felt, rather than saw, that the man was pulling himself up to the window so that he could take a look into the dining room.

The look satisfied him, apparently, for the next second I heard him drop among the bushes; and when I stood up and looked out again I could just make him out going around toward the back of the house. I knew the house like a book, and without making any noise about it I slipped through the butler's pantry and got a look out of a rear window. My man was there, and he was working his way sort of blindly around to the den side of the place.

I knew there was only one window in the major's den room, and that was nearly opposite the screened doorway. So I ducked back into the dining room and took a stand where I could see the one window through the door curtain net-work of bamboo beads. I was so excited that I caught

Continued on page 4.

## WOOL AND MOHAIR

CHARLES SCHREINER, BANKER.

(UNINCORPORATED)

KERRVILLE, TEXAS.

Makes Liberal Advances on Sheep, Goats, Wool and Mohair

Established 1869.

## MORTGAGE LOANS

On Improved Farms and Ranches.

E. B. CHANDLER & CO.

102 East Crockett St., San Antonio, Texas.

## 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

## E. A. YEAGER,

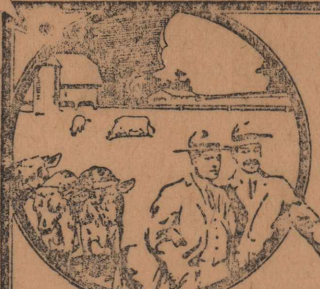
## THE TAILOR

Makes Suits, Cleans Clothes, Both Ladies and Gentlemen.

Makes Alterations and Remodels Suits and Tailored Dresses. Coats and Caraments Relined. Ladies White Kid Gloves Cleaned.

Don't send away your Clothes to be Cleaned or Pressed Before Giving Me a Trial.

## HAVE YOUR WORK DONE HERE.



**Germ Free Vaccines**

For the Prevention of Blackleg

Scientifically Prepared by Parke, Davis & Co. will help prevent losses among your cattle.

**Blackleg Aggressin** (Germ Free Vaccine)

**Blackleg Filtrate** (Germ Free Vaccine)

Field Tested - Active - Potent

Call or Write for Free Booklet on the Prevention of Blackleg.

**Blackleg Filtrate 12c.**

**Aggressin 15c.**

## SONORA DRUG STORE.

**Del Rio River News**  
 PUBLISHED WEEKLY.  
 MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.  
 STEVE MURPHY, Publisher.  
 Entered at the Postoffice at Del Rio, Texas, as second-class matter.  
 Subscription \$2 a year in advance.  
 Sonora, Texas, July 2, 1921.

**Sheep & Goat Raisers**  
**Convention**

The Annual Convention of the Sheep & Goat Raisers' Association at Del Rio was a grand success.

Had Del Rio business men known what a meeting of this kind meant to their city they would have provided for the show of sheep and goats of the country which has been one of the most interesting features of the annual meetings of this organization. However, the city did wake up at the last moment and furnished splendid entertainment for the visitors.

The younger people, who are really the life of these meetings, were furnished with an immense dancing platform and free music for three nights and are loud in their praise of this entertainment, the lack of which was their greatest complaint of the San Angelo committee last year.

Smith Brothers of Rio Frio, Bexar county, sold to M. D. Taylor of Vance and Jack Turner of Junction a 16 month old Angora Billie for \$2,001. This goat was registered in the National Angora Record Association, of which Jack Turner is President.

The sale of "Congressman Hudspehr" by John A. Ward of Sonora, to Bob Davis of Rio Frio, President of the American Angora Goat Breeders Association, for \$3,080, mention of which was made in the News last week, were the outstanding features of the sales of sheep and goats. Because there was no show held at this meeting the prices obtained in the sales ring must stand as the merits of the goats offered, but does not necessarily mean that either of them is the best goat.

Had there been a show, R. E. Taylor of Carlsbad, N.M., would have shown "Governor Taylor," John A. Ward of Sonora would have exhibited "John L. Sullivan," B. M. Halbert of Sonora would have had "Gage," the champion of the 1920 show at San Angelo, the Sonora Experiment Station would have had two entries: "Station No. 56, Assn. No. 85409, sired by Assn. No. 80627 out of Prudence Doe No. 8126 a two year old; also Station No. 84 "Mesquite 2nd" Assn. No. 85410, sired by U. S. Grant No. 78,722 out of William R. d. doe No. 78,620, and there would have been others that belong to well-known breeders but are not for sale. The members of the Association should begin now to insist on a show being held in connection with the next meeting.

The Convention endorsed the emergency tariff, the permanent tariff measure and the Southern Tariff Association. "The Truth in Fabric" bill now before congress was endorsed and the members urged to make known their support of the measure individually. The bill provides that the manufacturers be compelled to state the amount of virgin wool and shoddy wool contained in all wool clothes' even a free trader could endorse this measure. A resolution asked the Legislature for funds for the maintenance of the wool and mohair scouring plant at the A & M College and for adequate appropriations for the support and continuance of the good work being done at the Experiment Station No. 14, near Sonora.

San Angelo had a serious fire loss Tuesday afternoon and the Martin-Gluyer Co., wholesale grocery and produce merchants were burned out by a fire which started at the Pinedale Co., on the Santa Fe right of way. The loss is near \$300,000 and had it not been for the excellent fire fighting apparatus the entire wholesale district might have been destroyed. Using a standard hot barrel from a sign that caused static electricity caused an explosion. Fortunately no injuries were lost.

FOR SALE—High Grade Yearling and two year old Rambouillet Rams (native raised) at ranch near Merizon. W. E. NEWTON.

FOR SALE—High Grade Yearling and two year old Rambouillet Rams (native raised) at ranch near Merizon. W. E. NEWTON.

FOR SALE—Singer Sewing Machines, all makes, and needles by J. A. Leach.

**HELPING THE TOWN—THEY HELP THEMSELVES.**

The Roach McLymont Department Store of Del Rio has a force of about seventy-five employees who have come together in a club which is known as the Boosters' Club. It is, of course, a Social Club, but its real object is the good of the town and the greater efficiency of the Roach McLymont Company.

The Club meets monthly, and everybody attends the meeting from the President of the Company to the office boys, and everybody has an equal opportunity to express his opinions, and an equal voice in the management of the Club. Members read papers not necessarily relating to the business of a Department Store, though the subject of the paper must have some civic value. Then follows a good time.

The entire influence of the Club is bent towards civic and municipal betterment, and it has now reached a stage where it can exercise some influence on the community. But its chief reason for existence lies in the fact that it brings into sympathy and friendly cooperation the members of a large organization from the highest to the lowest and makes each feel that he is an important part of the whole.

All towns cannot have big Department Stores, but there is no reason why every town should not have a Boosters' Club.

Frank Decker, Notary Public Sutton County, Texas.

County Judge L. W. Elliott returned this week from Austin where he interviewed the State Highway Department relative to the securing of State and Federal aid in the building of the roads of Sutton county. The Department said there were not in position to render any aid at this time and would not be until Congress acted on the matter of appropriations. The next regular meeting of the Commissioners Court will be held on Monday July 11.

J. G. Ramsey and family of Edinburg were in Sonora Tuesday en route to the sea on a fishing trip. Mr. Ramsey is vice president of the Devil's River Oil & Gas Co., who have the derrick and water line completed for some time at their location on the Paul Turner ranch. says they do not at present expect to commence drilling because of the low price of the product and more particularly to await the progress of the Orient railway. He says several other wells are waiting on the railroad.

FOR SALE—High Grade Yearling and two year old Rambouillet Rams (native raised) at ranch near Merizon. W. E. NEWTON.

55¢ bags of wool belonging to Mat Karnes of Sonora were sold by the Del Rio Wool & Mohair Co., recently at 19 cents.

S. E. McKnight of Sonora is marketing at Kansas City 400 head of steers he has been feeding near Lohn, according to the Brady Sentinel. The first shipment of 130 head averaged 1,100 pounds and netted \$7.11 per hundred weight at Kansas City. They are said to be the best sent from Brady in many years.

FOR SALE—High Grade Yearling and two year old Rambouillet Rams (native raised) at ranch near Merizon. W. E. NEWTON.

**SHEEP WANTED**  
 3,000 head of ewes, ages ones, twos and threes years. September delivery. Give detailed description first letter. TON PAYNE COMMISSION CO. 98-2 Del Rio, Texas.

R. E. Taylor, of Carlsbad, New Mexico, after attending the convention at Del Rio made a visit to his old friends here. Mr. Taylor is president of the National Mohair Growers Association, and was formerly engaged in the live stock business in this county. He is developing a strain of Mohair goats that he expects to become known as the "Taylor Type" and while not in the business as long as some of the other breeders, will by selected breeding produce an ideal type. Besides, size and conformation. Mr. Taylor's special characteristic of the type of the goat he is striving to produce will be the fit lock.

FOR SALE—High Grade Yearling and two year old Rambouillet Rams (native raised) at ranch near Merizon. W. E. NEWTON.

**WONDERS OF AMERICA**  
 By T. I. MAXEY

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**THE CAVERNS OF LURAY**

IN THE midst of the broad winding valley of the Shenandoah River—the "Daughter of the Stars" as the Indians called it—in northwestern Virginia, flanked on the east by a line of mountains known as the Massanutts and on the west by the main chain of the Blue Ridge range, is the quaint, oldish town of Luray. Ten miles west is Cave Hill, under which is one of our great natural curiosities—the Luray Caverns, to which have come to wonder, study and admire, scientists, explorers and tourists from every quarter.

Here the mysterious workings of nature have produced a veritable underground fairy palace, with miles of passageways lined with an infinite variety of curious, gigantic and wonderful formations. Almost every object of nature seems to be reproduced with surprising reality. The indescribably fantastic groupings of the weird and grotesque formations, the beauty and the coloring of the stalactites, the stalagmites and the translucent and symmetrical arrangement appear to be the handiwork of nature in a playful mood.

One chamber measures almost 400 feet in length by 125 feet in width. Others possess lofty, arched and elaborately ornamented domes. A most marvelous formation bears strong resemblance to a gigantic pipe-organ. When struck, these "chimes" give out, low, sweet, full notes which re-echo rather spookily through the surrounding caverns.

This cavern is brilliantly electric lighted, surprisingly free from dampness and in fact the atmosphere is pleasantly delightful. The normal year-round temperature is about 54 degrees and the journey through it an entirely new and novel and unusual sensation.

**WONDERS OF AMERICA**  
 By T. I. MAXEY

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**THE MONUMENT TO THE PILGRIMS**

ATOP TOWN HILL in Provincetown, Massachusetts, looking out over the restless sea from the great arm which that state flings out into the Atlantic, stands a great and impressive monument of extraordinary beauty and great dignity.

This monument, one of the tallest on the continent, commemorates the landing of the Pilgrims in the historic Mayflower in the year 1620, the adoption of the first charter of a democratic government in the history of the world, the birth of the first white child born in New England and the whole chain of happenings which preceded the settlement at Plymouth.

Built entirely of Maine granite, the structure supervised by the Engineering Department of the United States Army, this structure rests upon a sixty-foot-square foundation, is 28 feet square at the base, approximately 232 feet high and the site is about 100 feet above the tides. The architect was the Italian Renaissance order, the design having been copied from the tower of Torre del Mangia at Siena, Italy.

The site was provided by Provincetown; the cost of the monument was defrayed by a joint fund contributed by Congress, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, the town of Provincetown and individuals in all parts of the country. Dedicatory exercises were held on August 5th, 1919, the President of the United States being in attendance.

This staunch and magnificent commemorative structure, standing in silent triumph, is typical of the resilience and love of freedom which characterized this little band in their battle with the elements and fate and of their descendants in all parts of the world.

**WONDERS OF AMERICA**  
 By T. I. MAXEY  
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**THE FATHER OF WATERS**

COUNTING the longest branch as a part of it, the Mississippi is the longest river in the world. Horvado de Soto lake and not Lake Itasca, as commonly supposed, is now considered by some authorities as its place of beginning.

**TREASURES IN BURIED CITY**

Visitor to Site in Mexico Is Enthusiastic Over the Discoveries Already Made.

The buried city of San Juan de Teotihuacan, near Mexico City, has been described by H. S. Bryan, former Cincinnati.

"The buried city contains stonework, painting and carvings the like of which cannot be found anywhere else in the world," he said. "The inhabitants were sun worshippers. Immense stone snakes, some 150 feet long; giant staircases, constructed with stone interlocking, and a pyramid which is the second largest in the world, have defied the seasons of probably centuries, and stand today a perfect specimen of masonry."

"A few gold ornaments have been found. The chief wealth of the city was in its large quantities of jade, which must have come from China." Extensive explorations are being made among the ruins of the buried city by Prof. William Niven, brother of James Niven of Cincinnati, who is sending many specimens to the Metropolitan museum and Harvard university, Mr. Bryan said.

**NOT HIS FAULT**



Judge—You are charged with begging.  
 Prisoner—But I wasn't begging, your honor. I held out my hand to see if it was raining, and a lady dropped a nickel in it.

**ROBBERS FACE NEW OBSTACLE**

German burglars face a new obstacle in a strong box which a Berlin inventor has placed on the market. The portable strong box is equipped with an alarm which can be set before the lid is closed.

When the box is lifted or moved even so slightly the alarm sounds, and can be stopped only by unlocking the box and adjusting the mechanism which controls the buzzer.

Hotel guests are buying the strong box and placing it against their doors at night, or setting it on luggage which they wish to protect. The boxes are produced in various sizes and with alarms varying in strength from an ordinary buzzer to a fire alarm gong.

**AIR SHOULD BE MOIST.**

To live in too dry an atmosphere is unhealthy and adds to the doctor's bill. Statistics show that about one-third of all deaths in this country have been due to diseases of the throat and lungs. Fresh, clean, pure, humid air as found out of doors is the treatment generally prescribed for such ailments; and until people understand the need for the proper kind of air in the home, especially during the seasons when the doors and windows are kept closed, the recurrence of such discomforts are to be expected, says Farmers' Bulletin 1194, recently published by the United States Department of Agriculture.

**A WILLING WORKER.**

"It is charged that you are spending money too freely. That our Plunkville schools cost too much."  
 "Well, I'm willing to gather data," said the urbane head of Plunkville's school system. "Get me an appropriation and I'll visit every town in the United States."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**THEN SHE HURRIED HOME.**

Mrs. Jobson had gone away from home leaving Mr. Jobson lamenting. On arriving at her destination she missed her gold bracelet and sent a postcard to her servant asking the girl to let her know if she found anything on the dining room floor when sweeping it next morning.

The servant duly replied: "Dear Madam—You ask me to let you know if I found anything when sweeping the dining-room floor this morning. I beg to report that I found thirty matches, three corks and a pack of cards."

Mrs. Jobson returned by the next train.

FOR SALE—Singer Sewing machines, oil, needles, belts, etc. J. A. Leach. 90-1

Experience Makes Us Familiar With Your Grocery Needs. It also teaches us which are the best and Most Satisfactory Brands. Quality is a bigger item than ever before because of freight rates.

It does make a difference where we and you buy.

**Groceries Are Our Specialty**  
**The CITY GROCERY**

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

**Marja Man Wins Prize.**

John A. Pool of Marja is the lucky winner of the \$100 ram which was given away by the big Roach McLymont Department Store during the Del Rio Sheep & Goat Raisers' Convention.

Every visitor to the store was given a ticket for this prize, and altogether between two thousand five hundred and three thousand tickets were given out. The drawing was held on the last day of the Convention, Thursday evening, in the presence of a large crowd.

Haynes Luckie, the Hereford cattle and fine sheep raiser of the Luckie neighborhood, was in town this week visiting. He was accompanied by his wife.

John Swinburn, the market gardener, returned last week from the Mexia oil field where he owns some property. Development is near his property on one side and not far away on another. He says the changes have been numerous and wonderful since his last visit to that country.

The Board of Directors of the Texas Chamber of Commerce at Dallas, has addressed President Harding, as favoring the \$50,000,000 extension of credit to stock men through the War Finance Corporation. The resolution welcomed the \$50,000,000 "Bankers Pool" as an additional loan, but opposed it as a substitute for the original proposition.

MARTIN'S SCREW WORM KILLER kills worms in one application. Keeps off flies and beats worms. Money back if not absolutely satisfied. Guaranteed by all Dealers. 88-26

Fred Jungk, the manager of the Sonora Moving Picture house has again made arrangements to give three shows a week. He has booked such favorites as Wallace Reid, Doug Fairbanks, Wm. S. Hart, the man Mary Garden thinks is the limit, Dorothy Dalton, Marguerite Clark, Dorris May and many other notable screen artists for your pleasure and entertainment this summer.

The shows will be given on Tuesday, Friday and Saturday nights, and it is hoped the public will give sufficient patronage to keep this place of amusement open. The prices will be popular and if the proper patronage is given we feel sure Mr. Jungk will from time to time put on some special and extra fine productions.

**Attention Ladies.**  
 I am prepared to do hemstitching and Pie tting. Give me a trial order. Charges reasonable. Phone 42. 19-21 Mrs. John W. Martin.

**MONEY TO LOAN.**  
 On Panch List. Will buy first vendor lien notes. 88-1 T. L. BENSON.

**NOTICE.**

All property owners within the City limits are hereby requested to cut the weeds on and around their premises. On account of recent rains weeds in some places are very unsightly as well as dangerous to good health, and permitting them to grow is a violation of the sanitary laws.

We have recently received a 15 cent reduction in insurance rate on residence property, as a reward for our Spring clean up. Let's retain this by keeping the weeds down, and at the same time demonstrating our civic pride.

W. E. CALDWELL, Mayor.

**Fourth of July**  
**Celebration.**  
**Commencing at**  
**7:30 p. m. at the**  
**Sunken Garden in**  
**front of the Sonora**  
**Mercantile Co.**

**Ice Cream, Cake**  
**and Lemonade.**  
**Music by Bull**  
**Frog band.**  
**A good time is**  
**guaranteed. Every**  
**body invited.**

**Methodist Ladies**  
**Missionary Society.**

**For Sale or Trade.**  
 Some good real estate property in Sonora, will exchange for sheep or goats. 86-17 T. L. BENSON.

**The**  
**CITY MARKET**  
 Deals in  
**Choice Beef, Mutton & Pork.**  
 Buys and Sells  
**Poultry, Butter, Eggs, Etc**  
**Buy Dry and Green Hides**  
**COOPER & SIMS.**

**WOOD WANTED**  
 Sealed bids for 15 cords of 24 inch and 25 cords of 12 inch good dry oak lumber wood will be received by the undersigned for the Board of Trustees of the Sonora Independent School District until Thursday 6 p.m. July 28th.  
 Right reserved to accept any or reject all bids.  
 W. E. Caldwell, Secretary.

**W. McCOMB**  
**WINDMILL DOCTOR.**  
**Phone No. 144**  
**SONORA TEXAS**

**ENLARGED KODAK PICTURES FREE**  
 Send us a Trial Order For Best Kodak Finishing You Ever Saw  
**PRINTS FROM ONE CENT UP**  
**The MAYO STUDIOS**  
**Brownwood, TEX**

**NOTICE OF SALE.**

The State of Texas, County of Sutton. Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an order of sale issued out of the Honorable District Court of Sutton County, Texas, by the clerk of said court, on the 29th day of June, A.D. 1921, in the case of B. W. Hutchinson vs R. Blaine Jordan, No. 489, on the docket of said court, on a judgment rendered in said court on the 24th day of March, A.D. 1921, in favor of the said B. W. Hutchinson and against the said R. Blaine Jordan for the sum of Five Hundred, Twenty and 80/100 Dollars, with interest thereon from the 24th day of March, A.D. 1921, at the rate of ten per centum per annum and costs of suit, with a foreclosure of an attachment filed on the following described real estate, to-wit: Lots eleven (11) and twelve (12) in Block Nineteen (19) in the town of Sonora, in Sutton County, Texas, as shown by the map or plat of said town on file in office of the Clerk of said County, as said attachment lien existed on the 3rd day of January, A.D. 1921, and levied upon as the property of R. Blaine Jordan, and that on the 11th day of July, 1921, the same being the 5th day of said month at the courthouse door of Sutton County, Texas, in the town of Sonora, between the hours of 10 o'clock A.M. and 4 o'clock P.M. I will offer for sale and sell at public auction, for cash, to the highest bidder, all the right, title and interest of the said R. Blaine Jordan in and to said above described real estate.

Witness my hand, this 10th day of June, A.D. 1921.

R. A. STERN,  
 County Clerk, Sutton County, Texas.

**Baptist Church, Next Sunday**  
 Sunday school at 9:45 a.m.  
 Preaching by Pastor at 11 a.m. and 8 p.m.  
 W. E. Harburn, Pastor.

**METHODIST CHURCH.**

Sunday school at 9:45 a.m.  
 Preaching by the Pastor at 11 a.m.  
 Prayer meeting Wednesday evening. You are most cordially invited to all the services of this church.

Preaching Sunday evening.  
 O. E. Myland, Pastor.

**Church of Christ.**

[First story Mas tie Hall.]  
 Sunday school 10 a.m.  
 Preaching 11 a.m.—Subject.—We have the mind of Christ.  
 Communion 11:30 a.m.  
 Preaching 8:15 p.m. by Elvin Best of Fredericks, Okla.  
 Everybody invited.



# FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF SONORA, TEXAS.  
CAPITAL & SURPLUS \$208,258.10  
RESOURCES OVER \$800,000.00



## Nothing More Interesting



There is 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. Addison, Will F. Whitehead, E. F. Vander Stucken, W. L. Aldwell, Directors.



## TIME AND SAVING ACCOUNT DEPOSITOR?

Bring your Savings Account Pass Book to the Bank and have the last six months interest placed to your credit.

Open a Savings Account with this Bank.

We Pay Five per cent on Saving and Time Deposits

## FIRST NATIONAL BANK

AFTER you begin buying Fisk Tires you wonder why you did not begin such a pleasant relationship sooner.

Next Time—BUY FISK.

## CITY GARAGE



Devil's River News \$2.00 a year

For Sale at a Bargain

25 of the Best Hornless RAMBOUILLET RAMS  
2 and 3 Years Old Must be sold at Once.

Make Us an Offer.

## FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

### DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.

STEEF'S MURPHY, Publisher.

Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora as second-class matter.  
Subscription \$2 a year in advance.

8 p.m. Tex. July 2, 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.

#### MARRIED

Word has been received here from Supt. M. O. Britt of the resignation of Miss Dixie Bailey, who was re-elected for the coming year as Spanish teacher in the Sonora school. The resignation came as the result of the recent marriage of Miss Bailey to Roy Rees of Sonora.

Mr. and Mrs. Rees are now in San Antonio making preparations to leave for Natchez, Miss., where Mr. Rees has accepted a position with a live stock commission company.

#### PETERS-STOUT.

E. M. Peters, Superintendent of the Sonora Station, Texas Agricultural Experiment Station, was united in marriage to Miss Winifred Stout at Seguin. Miss Stout was the teacher of English in the Sonora high school, 1919 session.

#### RIFE-SHURLEY

Edgar Shurley and Miss Ray Rife of Anna were married in San Angelo Thursday. Miss Rife was primary teacher here the past few seasons and is a popular and competent young woman. The groom is a successful stockman and in business with his father, J. T. Shurley.

#### Attends Burial Soldier Brother

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Holmig went to Del Rio to attend the re-interment of the remains of, gr. Walter Holmig who met death "over there". He was a brother of our fellow citizen and was among the first to go from Del Rio where his parents reside.

#### Have You Something to Sell

Joe Brown was on the black board. "Joe Brown can buy the eggs better than any boy in the school." The teacher seeing this called him up. "Joseph did you write that," she asked. The children waited for Joe to come out, when they began to guff him. "Got a hickin', didn't you?" "No." "Get jived?" "No." "What did she do?" they asked. "Shan't tell said Joe but it pays to advertise."

#### Matrimonial Institution.

Oh, Girls, Listen. Three of the former school teachers at Sonora married the same week, and the School Board does not know whether to require that applicants for the school this year sign an agreement not to marry or advertise the fact that good looking teachers of the Sonora school always marry. Those marrying this week were: Miss Dixie Bailey to Roy Rees, Miss Ray Rife to Edgar Shurley, Miss Winifred Stout to E. M. Peters. The same thing has happened before and many of the Sonora country stockmen's wives are former school teachers, and they make good wives, too.

Mrs. Masie Brown and son Hillman left Thursday on a three weeks visit to their old home in Pineapple, Alabama.

Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Word and daughter Mrs. Luella Leary and baby and Miss Black were in from the ranch last Saturday shopping.

Miss Edith Cooper and brother, Bevans Cooper, who have been attending the Sisters of Mercy Academy at Stanton, returned home last week.

Frank Cloude and sons, Walter, O. B., and Frank Cloude, Jr., well known Edwards county ranch men, were business visitors here Tuesday.

Frank Baker the Junction stock man was here Tuesday. Frank has cattle in the Osage, about ten miles from where W. A. Miers is fattening his herd. Messrs. Baker and Miers expect to meet frequently at Pawbuck when the shipping season opens.

Mrs. Bob Stene left for her old home in Monterey, Alabama, Thursday, on a three weeks visit.

Mrs. Geo. B. Hamilton and Mr. John D. Lowrey returned from a visit to San Angelo Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Corder and family of Sanderson, were guests at the Commercial hotel the first of the week.

Noah Schrier and daughter, Miss Hazel Taylor, were visitors in town Monday from the ranch in the eastern part of the county.

Woodie Martin is having improvements made to his home on East Corcho avenue that will cost about \$1,000. John L. Martin is doing the work.

Joe Brown Ross is home from Georgetown where he was a student in the Southwestern University. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Ross.

Max Luckie and family are here on a visit to relatives from the ranch in the Dryden country on the Rio Grande, where Mr. Luckie says the range is better than for many years.

Miss Eleanor Fields has returned from Denton where she received the B. A. degree at the College of Industrial Arts. Miss Eleanor is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Fields.

J. T. Evans, who has his ranch in Edwards county, and who received a severe fracture of his leg a short time ago is recuperating at his home here and is able to be around town in the cool of the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Willoughby were in town Wednesday from the ranch 14 miles north of Sonora. Mrs. Willoughby has recovered her accustomed good health.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stabling and Miss Rayham of Lajano were visitors in Sonora Wednesday. Mr. Stabling is a well known stockman and banker and was here on business.

BANISH BLUE BUGS and all Rio de Sucking insects simply by feeding "Maggie's Blue Bug Remedy" to your chickens. Your money back if not satisfied. Ask your dealer. 88-27

Miss Willie McRae of El Paso after a few days visit here with Miss Willie Winn, has gone to the Judge Wardlaw ranch where she will be the guest of Mrs. Wardlaw for a few weeks.

Miss Lois Eaton, after a week's visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Eaton, left on Wednesday for Beaumont to complete her work at the Hotel Dieu Hospital. Miss Eaton has finished her training but it will be October before her three year course expires.

Judge L. J. Wardlaw was here this week on a visit to the ranch. Mr. Wardlaw who has an office in Fort Worth went immediately to Del Rio on receiving news that his former partner and friend James Cornell, was in trouble.

Wallace Davis, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Walter Davis, and Clyde Martin, son of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Martin, sailed last week from Galveston for Liverpool, England. The boys expect to be gone all summer. Wallace Davis will resume his studies at the University on his return. It will be a great experience for the boys.

Miss Estelle McDonald left on Wednesday for Houston where she will be one of a house party given by Mrs. G. H. Nash to her former school girl friends. Miss Nell Sackett of Coleman will join her at that place. Mrs. Nash passed through Sonora enroute to California in April and while here met Misses McDonald and Sackett and decided to have the house party on her return from California.

E. L. Downs of Temple and Chas. Rogan of Austin members of the Governing Board of the Texas Agricultural Experiment Stations, after attending the Sheep & Goat Raisers Association annual convention at Del Rio, visited the Sonora Station and while in Sonora Friday, reported conditions on the Station as very fine and the work progressing as well as lack of funds will permit. Mr. Downs is active vice president of the First National Bank of Temple, and Mr. Rogan is a prominent lawyer of Austin. Both gentlemen take a great interest in the development of the States resources and give generously of their time to the Experiment Stations.

### NEW SHEARING MACHINE FEATURE OF CONVENTION.

At the Del Rio Sheep & Goat Raisers' Convention last week, the demonstration of the STEWART IMPROVED SHEARING MACHINE was the chief attraction of the sales grounds. Under the direction of Manager W. C. Rau, expert sheep shearers showed visitors how easy it is to operate this new STEWART Model, which can be handled by any ranchman or ranch hand without the least trouble. So convincing was the demonstration that scores of ranchmen notified Mr. Rau that they intended to purchase the machine.

The custom of hiring professional sheep shearers, who furnish the machine, and charge a stiff price per head for shearing, is both unsatisfactory and expensive, as every sheepman knows. This inconvenience and expense will be eliminated by the sheepman who owns and operates a STEWART IMPROVED Machine, which pays for itself in a year or two, and which lasts indefinitely.

THE BOACH McLYMONT COMPANY of Del Rio are district agents for the STEWART Machine. Every ranchman who is looking for low expenses and large wool profits will buy one of these plants.

All purchasers are given a thorough instruction in the use of the machine. For further particulars, call or write THE BOACH McLYMONT COMPANY, Del Rio.

### TO THE PUBLIC, Our Friends and Customers:

ALL GOODS SOLD BY US AFTER JULY 10TH MUST BE FOR CASH AT TIME OF DELIVERY.

We regret the necessity for this action. But our Customers must appreciate our Extending of credit through the stressing Times just past.

We realized that it was impossible for many to adjust themselves to the changed conditions, and now that prospects are brighter we find it necessary to go on a Cash basis, and hope that those indebted to us will call and settle their accounts.

THE ONLY EXCEPTION WE WILL MAKE TO THIS RULE WILL BE DOCTORS PRESCRIPTIONS.

## SONORA DRUG STORE.

An Old Fashioned BARBECUE

THURSDAY and Friday, July 14 and 15 Menard, Texas

There will be speaking, Goat Roping, Pony Races, Two Dances, Good Music, Ball Games, Splendid Camping Grounds with plenty of Shade and Water.

### Everybody Invited

Remember! Menard never fails in a barbecue. Come and get one good square meal.

Continued from page 1.

only snatches of what Mrs. Sheila was saying to the boss, but the bits that I heard were a good deal to the point.

"No, I mean it, Graham. . . it is as I told you at first. . . there is no standing room for either of us in that ground. . . and you must not come here again when you know that I am alone. . . No, Jimmie lent enough."

I wrenched the half-working ear-earse aside and jammed it into my eyes, concentrating hard on the window at which I expected every second to see a man's face. If the man was a murderer, I thought I could beat him to it.

The suspense didn't last very long. A hand came up first to push the window sashes aside. It was a white hand, long and slender, more like a woman's than a man's. Then against the glass I saw the face, and it gave me such a turn that I thought I must be going batty.

Instead of the ugly mug of one of Clannahan's gunmen, the laggard face framed in the window sash was a face that I had seen once—and only once—before, on a certain Sunday night in the Bullard when the loose-lipped mouth belonging to it had been babbling drunken curses at the night clerk. The man at the window was the dissipated young founder who had been pointed out as the nephew of President Dunton.

CHAPTER XI

The Name on the Register

So long as I was looking on to the notion that the man outside was one of Clannahan's thugs, hanging around to do the boss a mischief, I thought I knew pretty well what I should do when it came to the pinch. Would I really have hunted out and shot a man, in cold blood? That's a tough question, but I guess maybe I could have screwed myself up to the sticking point, as the fellow says, with a sure-enough gunman on the other side of that window—and the boss' life at stake. But when I saw that it was young Collingwood, that was a horse of another color.

What on earth was the president's nephew doing, prowling around Major Kendrick's house after eleven o'clock at night, lugger a pistol and peering into windows? I could see him quite plainly now. He had both hands on the sill and was trying to pull himself up so that he could see into the end of the room where the fireplace was.

Just for the moment, there wasn't any danger of a blow-up. Unless he should break the glass in the window, he couldn't get a line on either the boss or Mrs. Sheila—if that was what he was aiming to do. All the same, I kept him covered with the automatic, steadying it against the door-jamb.

While the strain was at its worst, with the man outside flattening his cheek against the window-pane to get the sidewise sash, I heard the boss get out of his chair and say: "I'm keeping you out of bed, and you want; look at that clock! I'll go and wake Jimmie, and we'll vanish!"

Just as he spoke, two things happened: a taxi chugged up to the gate and stopped, and the man's face disappeared from the window. I heard a quick padding of feet as of somebody running, and the next minute came the rattle of a latch-key and voices in the hall to tell me that the major and his folks were getting home. I had barely time to pocket the pistol and to drop into a chair where I could pretend to be asleep, when I felt the boss' hand on my shoulder.

"Come, Jimmie," he said, "it's time we were moving along," and in a minute or two, after he had said good-night to the major and Mrs. Kendrick, we got out.

At the gate we found the taxi driver doing something to his motor, and from the scree from which I was still shaking to make my legs wobble, I grabbed at the chance which our good fortune was apparently holding for us.

"Let's ride," I suggested; and when we got into the cab, I saw a man stroll up from the shadow of the sidewalk cottonwoods and say something to the driver; something that got him an invitation to ride to town on the front seat with the caddy when the car was finally cranked and started. I had a sight of our extra fare's face when he climbed up and put his back to us, and I knew it was Tarbell. But Mr. Norcross didn't.

When we reached the Bullard the boss went right up to his rooms, but I had a little investigation to make, and I stayed by the lobby to put it over. On the open page of the hotel register, in the group of names written just after the arrival of our train from the West at 7:30, I found the signature that I was looking for, "Howard Collingwood, N. Y." Putting this and that together, I concluded that our young rouser had come in from the West—which was a bit puzzling, since it left the inference that he wasn't direct from New York.

Waiting for a good chance at the night clerk, I ventured a few questions. They were answered promptly enough. Young Mr. Collingwood had come in on the 7:30, but he had been in Portau City a week earlier, too, stopping over for a single day. Yes, he was alone, now, but he hadn't been on the other occasion. There was a sign with him on the earlier stop-over, and he also registered from New York. The clerk didn't remember the other man's name, but he obligingly looked it up for me in the other register. It was Bullock, Henry Foglock.

I suppose it was up to me to go to bed. It was late enough, in all conscience, and nobody knew better than

I did the early-morning, early-office-opening habits of Mr. Graham Norcross, G. M. Just the same, after I had marked that Mr. Collingwood's key was still in his box, I went over to a corner of the lobby and sat down, determined to keep my eyes open, if such a thing were humanly possible, until our rouser should show up.

Finally my patience, or whatever you care to call it, was rewarded. Just after the baggage porter had finished singing his call for the night express westbound, my man came in on the run.

When he rushed over to the counter and began to talk fast to the night clerk, I wasn't very far behind him. He was telling the clerk to get his grips down from the room, adjectively quick. While the boy was gone for the grips, my man made a straight saunt for the bar, and when I next got a sight of him—from behind one of the big onyx-plated pillars of the bar-room commode—he was pouring neat liquor down his throat as if it were water and he on fire inside.

That was about all there was to it. By the time Collingwood got back to the clerk's counter, the boy was down with the bags. Collingwood looked up sort of nervously at the big clock, and paid his bill. And while the clerk was getting his change, he grabbed the pen out of the counter in-stand, and made out as if he was shading in a picture, or something, on the open register.

A half-minute later he was gone. When the taxi purred away I turned to the open register to see what my man had been drawing in it. What he had done was completely to obliterate his signature. He had scratched it over until the past master of all the hand-writing experts that ever lived couldn't have told what the name was.

It was while we were eating breakfast the next morning in the Bullard cafe—the boss and I—that we got our first goss of the Petrolite wreck. The story was re-headlined in the Morning Herald—the Hatch-owned paper—and besides being played up good and strong in the news columns, there was an editorial to back the front-page screen.

At two o'clock in the morning a fast westbound freight had left the track in Petrolite Canyon, and before they could get the flagman out, a delayed eastbound passenger had collided with the ruins. There were no lives lost, but a number of people, including the engine-man, the postal clerk and the baggage man on the passenger, were injured.

The editorial, commenting on the wire stuff, was sharply critical of the Short Line management. It hinted broadly that there had been no such thing as discipline on the road since Mr. Shafter had left it; that the rank and file was running things pretty much as it pleased; and with this there was a dig at general managers who let old and time-tried department heads go to make room for their rich and incompetent college friends—which was meant to be a slap at Mr. Van Brit, our own and only millionaire.

Unhappily, this fault-finding had a good bit to build on, in one way. As I have said, we were having operating troubles to beat the band. With the rank and file apparently doing its level best to help out in the new "public-be-pleased" program, it seemed as if we couldn't worry through a single week without smashing something.

Latterly, even the newspapers that were friendly to the Norcross management were beginning to comment on the epidemic of disasters, and nothing in the world but the boss' policy of taking all the editors into his confidence when they wanted to investigate kept the rising storm of criticism somewhere within bounds.

Mr. Norcross had read the paper before he handed it over to me, and afterward he hurried his breakfast a little. When he reached the office, Mr. Van Brit was waiting for the chief.

"We've got it in the neck once more," he gritted, flashing up his own



"Did You Read That Editorial?" copy of the Herald. "Did you read that editorial?" "Never mind the newspaper talk. How bad is the trouble this time?" "Pretty bad. The freight is practically a total loss; a good half of it is in the river. Kirgan says he can pick the freight engine up and rebuild it; but the passenger machine is a wreck."

WARDLAW & ELLIOTT. Attorneys-at-Law. SONORA, TEX. Will practice in all the State and Federal Courts.

"How did it happen?" "It's like a good many of the other. Nobody seems to know. Brockman put the freight engine crew on the rack, and they say there was a small boulder on the track—that it rolled down the canyon slope just ahead of them as they were turning a curve. They struck it, and both men say that the engine knocked it off into the river apparently without hurting anything. But two seconds later the entire train left the track, and dived up all over the right-of-way."

The boss was sitting back in his chair and making little rings on the desk blotter with the point of his letter-opener.

"Upton, these knock-outs have got to be stopped." "Good Lord!" exclaimed the little millionaire; "you don't have to tell me that! If we can't stop 'em, Uncle Dunton will have plenty of good reasons for cleaning us all out, look, look, and barrelled in with Carter, in the claim office, this morning. Our loss and damage account for the past month is something frightful!"

"It is," said the boss gravely. And then: "Upton, we're not altogether as bright as we might be. Has it never occurred to you that we are having too much bad luck to warrant us in charging it all up to the chapter of accidents?"

Mr. Van Brit blew his cheeks out until the stubby, cropped mustache bristled like porcupine quills.

"So you've been getting your pointer, too, have you?" he threw in. Mr. Norcross didn't answer the question directly.

"Put Tarbell on the job, and if he needs help, let him pick his own men," he directed. "We want to know why that boulder tumbled down ahead of Number Seventeen, and I want to see Tarbell's report on it. Keep at it night and day, Upton. The inference is getting into the rank and file and it's spreading like a sickness. If it becomes psychological, we shall have all the trouble we need."

"I know," nodded the superintendent. "I went through a sieve of that kind on the Great Southwestern, one winter. It was horrible. Men who had been running trains year in and year out, and never knowing that they had any nerves, went to pieces if you'd snap your fingers at them."

"That's it," said the boss. "We don't want to fall into that ditch. Things are quite bad enough, as they are."

This ended it for the time. The Petrolite Canyon wreck was picked up, the track was cleared, and once more our trains were moving on time. But anybody could see that the entire Short Line had a case of "nerves." Kirgan, Kirgan, the cold-blooded, showed it one afternoon when I went over to his office to return a bunch of blue-prints sent in for the boss' approval. The big master-mechanic had a round-house foreman "on the carpet" and was harrying him like the dickens for letting an engine go out with one of her truck safety chains banging loose.

Ever since we had gone together on the rescue run to Timber Mountain, Mart and I had been sort of chummy, and after the foreman had gone away with his foot in his hand, I joshed Kirgan a little about the way he had hammered the round-house man.

"Bad medicine," I told him. "It's worrying the bosses, too. What's doing it, Mart?" "Maybe you can tell," he growled. "It's a hoodoo—that's what it is. Seven engines in the shops in the last nine days, and three more that haven't been fished out of the ditch yet. I wish Mr. Van Brit 'd fire the whole jumpy outfit!"

It didn't seem as though firing was needed so much as a dose of nerve tonic of some sort. Tarbell was working hard on the problem, quietly, and without making any talk about it, and Kirgan was giving him all the men he asked for from the shops; quick-witted fellows who were up in all the mechanical details, and who made better spotters than outsiders would be because they knew the road and the ropes. But it was no use. I saw some of Tarbell's reports, and they didn't show any crookedness. It seemed to be just bad luck—one landslide after another of it.

Meanwhile, New York had waked up again. President Dunton had been off the job somewhere, I guess, but now he was back, and the things he wired to the boss were enough to make your hair stand on end. I looked every day to see Mr. Norcross pitch the whole shooting-match into the fire and quit, cold.

He'd never taken anything like Mr. Dunton's abuse from anybody before, and he couldn't say crookedness to it. But he was loyal to Mr. Chadwick; and, of course, he knew that Mr. Dunton's hot wires were meant to nag him into resigning. Then there was Mrs. Sheila. I sort of suspected she was holding him up to the rack, every day and every minute of the day.

It was one evening after he had been out to the major's for just a little while, and had come back to the office, that he sent for Mr. Van Brit, who was also working late. There was blood on the moon, and I saw it in the way the boss' jaw was working.

and letting the men believe what they pleased. We'll change all that. I want you to call your trainmen in as fast as you can get at them. Tell them—from me, if you want to—at there isn't any bad luck about it; that the enemies of this management are making an organized raid on the property itself for the purpose of putting us out of the fight. Tell them the whole story, if you want to; how we're trying our best to make a spoon out of a spoiled horn, and how there is an army of grafters and wreckers in this state who'd be doing its worst to knock us out of the box.

"If you give the force something tangible to lay hold of, it will work the needed miracle. It is only the mysterious that terrifies. Railroad engines are making an organized raid on the property itself for the purpose of putting us out of the fight. Tell them the whole story, if you want to; how we're trying our best to make a spoon out of a spoiled horn, and how there is an army of grafters and wreckers in this state who'd be doing its worst to knock us out of the box."

"For a full minute our captive millionaire didn't say a word. Then he grinned like a good-natured little Chinese god.

"Who gave you this idea of taking the pay-roll into your confidence, Graham?" he asked softly.

"For the first time in all the weeks and months I'd been knowing him, the boss dodged; dodged just like any of us might."

"I've been talking to Major Kendrick," he said. "He is a wise old man, Upton, and he heeds a good many things that don't get printed in the newspapers."

"I could see that this excuse didn't fool Mr. Van Brit for a single instant, and there was a look in his eye that I couldn't quite understand. Neither could I make much out of what he said."

"We'll go into that a little deeper some day. Graham—after this inter-fering attack has been fought off. This idea—which you confess isn't your own—is a pretty shrewd one, and I shouldn't wonder if it would work, if we can get it in motion before the hoodoo breaks us wide open. And, as you say, the accusation is justifiable, even if we can't prove up against the Hatch outfit. That turned-over rail in Petrolite Canyon, for example, might have been helped along by—"

It was Kello, Mr. Van Brit's stenographer, smushed in with the inter-fering idea in his shirt-sleeves, as if he'd just got up from his typewriter, and he rushed in with his mouth open and his eyes like saucers.

"They—they want you in the dispatcher's office!" he panted, jerking the words out at Mr. Van Brit. "Durgin has let Number Five get by for a head-ender with the 'Flyer,' and he's gone crazy!"

HAD THEIR OWN TROUBLES Diplomats in London Found It Hard to Bring Back Their Days of Magnificence.

The opening of the British parliament is still an odd mixture of modern and medieval ceremonial. The recent opening was attended by several ambassadors, those of France, Italy, Spain and Japan seizing the opportunity of driving in their state coaches, which had not been seen in London's streets since the war began. At one time every ambassador had his state coach, which very often was more magnificent than beautiful. But today only a few have great coaches. And it wasn't such easy going for those who took part in the recent procession as one might imagine. The coaches were there, but there were no horses, since diplomacy is largely dependent upon motorcars. Horses had to be hired, and here again came the difficulty that confronted the peers who wished to drive in their state coaches to the coronation of King George. Horses big enough and strong enough to draw a cumbersome vehicle like a state coach are not easily found, but enough of them were finally mustered. The livery, too, was there, gorgeous raiment displaying the national colors, but it had been built, like the coaches themselves, on huge proportions, and men of the necessary stature and girth had to be found to fill them.

REVENGEFUL



Mrs. Woods—I should think you'd be afraid to marry Mr. Butcher. You know how cruelly he treated his first wife. Miss Cole—Yes, I know, and that's why I'm marrying him.

NOTICE OF ELECTION.

Notice is hereby given that an election will be held at the courthouse in the town of Sonora, in the Sonora Independent School District, on the 2nd day of July, A.D. 1921, to determine whether the Board of Trustees of said district shall have power to annul and collect a tax upon all taxable property in said district, for the support and maintenance of public free schools in said Sonora Independent School District, and at the rate of not exceeding fifty cents on the one hundred dollar valuation of the taxable property of the district, which election is to be held in accordance with an order made and entered by the Board of Trustees of the Sonora Independent School District on the 28th day of May, A.D. 1921, as follows:

It is, therefore, ordered by the Board of Trustees of the Sonora Independent School District that an election be held at the courthouse, in the town of Sonora, in the said Sonora Independent School District, on the 2nd day of July, A.D. 1921, to determine whether the Board of Trustees of said district shall have power to annul and collect a tax upon all taxable property in said district, for the support and maintenance of public free schools in said Sonora Independent School District, and at the rate of not exceeding fifty cents on the one hundred dollar valuation of the taxable property of the district; such tax, when levied, to be levied and collected for the year 1921, and annually thereafter, or so much thereof as may be necessary.

R. Thorp is hereby appointed judge of said election, and J. A. Luch and W. E. Hathorn are appointed clerks to assist him in holding the same.

None but property taxpayers who are qualified voters in said Sonora Independent School District shall vote at said election; and the vote in favor of the tax shall be written on their ballot "FOR MAINTENANCE TAX," and those against the tax shall write or have printed on their ballot "AGAINST MAINTENANCE TAX."

It is further ordered that the Secretary of the Board of Trustees shall cause notice of said election to be given in accordance with law.

In pursuance of said order, I, W. E. Caldwell, Secretary of the Board of Trustees of the Sonora Independent School District, issue this notice, this 2nd day of June, A.D. 1921.

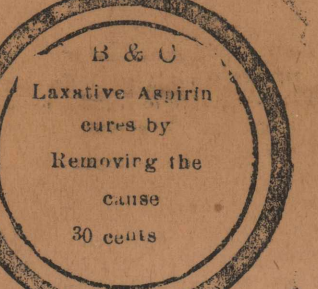
W. E. CALDWELL, Secretary of the Board of Trustees of Sonora Independent School District.

MARK THE GRAVES OF YOUR LOVED ONES. I am agent for the Cherokee Marble and Granite Co., manufacturers of everlasting monuments and memorials. Before placing your order, let me figure with you.

Satisfaction Guaranteed. GEO. J. TRAINER, Agent.

NEW MAIL & PASSENGER SERVICE. C. J. Griggs of San Angelo is the new mail carrying contractor on the Sonora-San Angelo route. Mr. Griggs proposes to give service, not only to the Government but to the people. The equipment consists of two Texas five passenger cars and an All-American truck. The truck has pneumatic tires and is a comfortable ride. The passenger fare to San Angelo is six dollars or eleven dollars for round trip.

The express office is at the Tailor shop. Mr. Griggs hopes to have the support of the people and will do all in his power to merit their patronage.



FOR SALE BY THE Sonora Drug Store.

The next few years will be marked by important and historical changes in the life of the United States deeply interesting to every citizen. The Three-Week World which is the greatest example of tabloid journalism in America will give you all the news of it. It will keep you as thoroughly informed as daily at five or six times the price. Besides, the news from Europe for a long time to come will be of overwhelming interest, and we are desirous and vitally concerned in it. The Three-Week World will furnish you an accurate and comprehensive report of everything that happens. The Three-Week World's regular subscription price is only \$1.00 per year, and this pays for 156 papers. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the Devil's River News together for one year for \$2.00. The regular price of the two papers is \$3.00.

EVER BILIOUS? Charleston, Miss.—Mrs. R. V. Heins, of this place, says: "I have never had to use very much medicine, because if I felt headache, dizziness, or colds, had taste in the mouth, which comes from torpid liver, I would take a dose or more of Black-Draught, and it would straighten me out and make me feel as good as new. We have used it in our family for years." THELDFORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT and it certainly is the best liver medicine I ever saw. It has not only saved me money, it has helped keep my system in shape, and has never weakened me as so many physics do. I recommend it to my friends and am glad to do so. Black-Draught is the old, reliable liver medicine which you have doubtless heard much about. When you feel badly all over, stomach not right, bad taste in your mouth, bilious, or have a headache, try Thedford's Black-Draught. At all Druggists. Always Insist on the Genuine! 1.7

West Texas Lumber Co SONORA, TEXAS QUALITY and SERVICE.

REGISTERED HEREFORD BULLS 7 Two and Three Year Olds 12 Yearlings for sale. All Good Individual's \$150 to \$200. Cash or Terms to Suit Purchaser. John F. Allison, Menard, Tx

THE COMMERCIAL HOTEL, MRS. JOSIE McDONALD, Proprietress. Rates \$2.50 Per Day. HEADQUARTERS FOR COMMERCIAL MEN. Best accommodations, rates reasonable. Sonora, Texas.

THE DALLAS NEWS THE NEWEST, THE BEST, THE MOST RELIABLE—THAT'S ALL E. J. PIERCE Circulator at SONORA, TEXAS.

DEVIL'S RIVER OIL & GAS COMPANY. (UNINCORPORATED) SITUATED IN ELWOODS COUNTY, TEXAS. DOES THINGS DIFFERENT. STUDY OUR PLAN. A careful study of the Devil's River Oil & Gas Company's plan will convince the close student of investments that we are offering the BEST inducement in the OIL fields. Oil production in Texas fades the total gold production of Alaska in its best days into insignificance. Alaska's best production of gold was only \$15,000,000.00, while Texas is producing about \$150,000,000.00 worth of oil. The production is increasing so rapidly that it is conservatively estimated that the output will be close to \$300,000,000.00 in 1920. NO is the time to get in the oil business in order to reap the early harvest. With 600 acres of oil lands to draw from, we anticipate making big profits on our most liberal plan. PROFITS that will make fast friends for our company in future enterprises which we have in mind when the Company's present plans are in operation. DO NOT DELAY your subscriptions. There is nothing to gain and MUCH to lose by deferring until some future date. NOW is the time to INVEST, and OUR company is the ONE to be in, for it gives you the biggest run for your money in the race for MILLIONS. Fill in the subscription blanks NOW and sail in the good ship PROSPERITY. See our Agent, GEO. J. TRAINER.

DR. J. W. YANCEY, DENTIST. Offices Sonora, Eldorado and Ozona. Latest Equipment and Methods Employed. Now at Ozona.

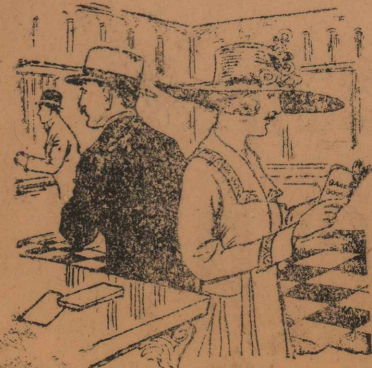


# FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF SONORA, TEXAS.  
CAPITAL & SURPLUS \$208,258.10  
RESOURCES OVER \$800,000.00



## 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.



## TIME AND SAVING ACCOUNT DEPOSITORS:

Bring your Savings Account Pass Book to the Bank and have the last six months interest placed to your credit.

Open a Savings Account with this Bank.

We Pay Five per cent on Saving and Time Deposits.

## FIRST NATIONAL BANK

AFTER you begin buying Fisk Tires you wonder why you did not begin such a pleasant relationship sooner.

Next Time—BUY FISK!

CITY GARAGE



Devil's River News \$2.00 a year

For Sale at a Bargain

25 of the Best Hairless RAMBOUILLET RAMS  
2 and 3 Years Old Must be sold at Once.

Make Us an Offer.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

## 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.

8 cent. per copy. July 2, 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.

### MARRIED

Word has been received here from Supt. M. O. Britt of the resignation of Miss Dixie Bailey, who was re-elected for the coming year as Spanish teacher in the Sonora school. The resignation came as the result of the recent marriage of Miss Bailey to Roy Rees of Sonora.

Mr. and Mrs. Rees are now in San Antonio making preparations to leave for Natchez, Miss., where Mr. Rees has accepted a position with a live stock commission company.

### PREPARED TO GO

E. M. Peters, Superintendent of the Sonora Station, Texas Agricultural Experiment Station, was united in marriage to Miss Winifred Stout at Seguin. Miss Stout was the teacher of English in the Sonora high school, 1919 session.

### LIFE-SHURLEY

Edgar Shurley and Miss Ray Riffe of Anna were married in San Angelo Thursday. Miss Riffe was primary teacher here the past few sessions and is a popular and competent young woman. The groom is a successful stockman and in business with his father J. T. Shurley.

### Attends Burial Soldier Brother

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Holmg went to Del Rio to attend the reinterment of the remains of Sgt. Walter Holmg who met death "over there". He was a brother of our fellow citizen and was among the first to go from Del Rio where his parents reside.

### Have You Something to Sell

Joe Brown, wrote on the black board, "Joe Brown can hug the girls better than any boy in the school." The teacher seeing this called him up. "Joseph did you write that," she asked. The children waited for Joe to come out, when they began to guff him. "Got a heckin', didn't you?" "No." "Get jawed?" "No." "What did she do?" they asked. "Shan't tell," said Joe but it pays to advertise."

### Matrimonial Institution

Oh, Girls, Listen. Three of the former school teachers at Sonora married the same week, and the School Board does not know whether to require that applicants for the school this year sign an agreement not to marry or advertise the fact that good looking teachers of the Sonora school always marry. Those marrying this week were: Miss Dixie Bailey to Roy Rees, Miss Ray Riffe to Edgar Shurley, Miss Winifred Stout to E. M. Peters. The same thing has happened before and many of the Sonora country stockmen's wives were former school teachers, and they make good wives, too.

Mrs. Masie Brown and son Hillman left Thursday on a three weeks visit to their old home in Lineapple, Alabama.

Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Word and daughter Mrs. Luella Leary and baby and Miss Black were in from the ranch last Saturday shopping.

Miss Edith Cooper and brother, Bevans Cooper, who have been attending the Sisters of Mercy Academy at Stanton, returned home last week.

Frank Cloudt and sons Walter, O. B., and Frank Cloudt Jr., well known Edwards county ranch men, were business visitors here Tuesday.

Frank Baker the Junction stockman was here Tuesday. Frank has cattle in the Osage, about ten miles from where W. A. Miers is fattening his herd. Messrs. Baker and Miers expect to meet frequently at Pawhuska when the shipping season opens.

Mrs. Bob Stone left for her old home in Monterey, Alabama, Thursday, on a three weeks visit.

Mrs. Geo B. Hahilton and Mrs. John D. Lowrey returned from a visit to San Angelo Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Corder and family of Sanderson, were guests at the Commercial hotel the first of the week.

Noah Schrier and daughter, Miss Hazel Taylor, were visitors in town Monday from the ranch in the eastern part of the county.

Woodie Martin is having improvements made to his home on East Concho avenue that will cost about \$1,000. John L. Martin is doing the work.

Joe Brown Ross is home from Georgetown where he was a student in the Southwestern University. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Ross.

Max Luckie and family are here on a visit to relatives from the ranch in the Dryden country on the Rio Grande, where Mr. Luckie says the range is better than for many years.

Miss Eleanor Fields has returned from Denton where she received the B. A. degree at the College of Industrial Arts. Miss Eleanor is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Fields.

J. T. Evans, who has his ranch in Edwards county, and who received a severe fracture of his leg a short time ago is recuperating at his home here and is able to be around town in the cool of the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Willoughby were in town Wednesday from the ranch 14 miles north of Sonora. Mrs. Willoughby has recovered her accustomed good health.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stribling and Miss Rayham of Llano were visitors in Sonora Wednesday. Mr. Stribling is a well known stockman and banker and was here on business.

BANISH BLUE BUGS and all blood sucking insects simply by feeding "Morton's Blue Bug Remedy" to your chickens. Your money back if not satisfied. Ask your dealer. 85-25

Miss Willie McRae of El Paso after a few days visit here with Miss Willie Winn, has gone to the Judge Wardlaw ranch where she will be the guest of Mrs. Wardlaw for a few weeks.

Miss Lois Eaton, after a weeks visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Eaton, left on Wednesday for Beaumont to complete her work at the Hotel Dieu Hospital. Miss Eaton has finished her training, but it will be October before her three year course expires.

Judge L. J. Wardlaw was here this week on a visit to the ranch. Mr. Wardlaw who has an office in Fort Worth went immediately to Del Rio on receiving news that his former partner and friend James Cornell, was in trouble.

Wallace Davis, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Walter Davis, and Clyde Martin, son of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Martin, sailed last week from Galveston for Liverpool, England. The boys expect to be gone all summer. Wallace Davis will resume his studies at the University on his return. It will be a great experience for the boys.

Miss Estelle McDonald left on Wednesday for Houston where she will be one of a house party given by Mrs. C. H. Nash to her former school girl friends. Miss Nell Sackett of Coleman will join her at that place. Mrs. Nash passed through Sonora enroute to California in April and while here met Misses McDonald and Sackett and decided to have the house party on her return from California.

P. L. Downs of Temple and Chas. Rogan of Austin members of the Governing Board of the Texas Agricultural Experiment Stations, after attending the Sheep & Goat Raisers Association annual convention at Del Rio, visited the Sonora Station and while in Sonora Friday reported conditions on the Station as very fine and the work progressing as well as lack of funds will permit. Mr. Downs is active vice president of the First National Bank of Temple, and Mr. Rogan is a prominent lawyer of Austin. Both gentlemen take a great interest in the development of the States resources and give generously of their time to the Experiment Stations.

## NEW SHEARING MACHINE FEATURE OF CONVENTION.

At the Del Rio Sheep & Goat Raisers' Convention, a week ago, the demonstration of the STEWART IMPROVED SHEARING MACHINE was the chief attraction of the sales grounds. Under the direction of Manager W. C. Rau, expert sheep shearers showed visitors how easy it is to operate this new STEWART Model, which can be handled by any ranchman or ranch hand without the least trouble. So convincing was the demonstration that scores of ranchmen notified Mr. Rau that they intended to purchase the machine.

The custom of hiring professional sheep shearers, who furnish the machine, and charge a stiff price per head for shearing, is both unsatisfactory and expensive, as every sheepman knows. This inconvenience and expense will be eliminated by the sheepman who owns and operates a STEWART IMPROVED Machine, which pays for itself in a year or two, and which lasts indefinitely.

THE ROACH McLYMONT COMPANY of Del Rio are district agents for the STEWART Machine. Every ranchman who is looking for low expenses and large wool profits will buy one of these plants.

All purchasers are given a thorough instruction in the use of the machine. For further particulars, call or write THE ROACH McLYMONT COMPANY, Del Rio.

## TO THE PUBLIC, Our Friends and Customers:

ALL GOODS SOLD BY US AFTER JULY 10TH MUST BE FOR CASH AT TIME OF DELIVERY.

We regret the necessity for this action. But our Customers must appreciate our Extending of credit through the stressing Times just past.

We realized that it was impossible for many to adjust themselves to the changed conditions, and now that prospects are brighter we find it necessary to go on a Cash basis, and hope that those indebted to us will call and settle their accounts.

THE ONLY EXCEPTION WE WILL MAKE TO THIS RULE WILL BE DOCTORS PRESCRIPTIONS.

## SONORA DRUG STORE.

An Old Fashioned BARBECUE

THURSDAY and Friday, July 14 and 15 Menard, Texas

There will be speaking, Goat Roping, Pony Races, Two Dances, Good Music, Ball Games, Splendid Camping Grounds with plenty of Shade and Water.

Everybody Invited

Remember! Menard never fails in a barbecue. Come and get one good square meal.

Continued from page 14.

only snatches of what Mrs. Sheila was saying to the boss, but the bits that I heard were a good deal to the point. "No, I mean it, Graham. . . It is as I told you at first. . . there is no standing room for either of us on that ground. . . and you must not come here again when you know that I am alone. . . No, Jimmie isn't enough."

I wrenched the half-working ear-earse aside and jammed it into my eyes, concentrating hard, on the window at which I expected every second to see a man's face. If the man was a murderer, I thought I could beat him to it.

The suspense didn't last very long. A hand came up first to push the window vines aside. It was a white hand, long and slender, more like a woman's than a man's. Then against the glass I saw the face, and it gave me such a turn that I thought I must be going batty.

Instead of the ugly mug of one of Clamshaw's gunmen, the faggard was framed in the window sash was a face that I had seen once—and only once—before, on a certain Sunday night in the Bullard when the loose-tongued mouth belonging to it had been babbling drunken curses at the night clerk. The man at the window was the dissipated young rouser who had been pointed out as the nephew of President Duntun.

CHAPTER XI

The Name on the Register

So long as I was holding on to the notion that the man outside was one of Clamshaw's thugs, hanging around to do the boss a mischief, I thought I knew pretty well what I should do when it came to the pinch. Would I really have hauled off and shot a man, in cold blood? That's a tough question, but I guess maybe I could have screwed myself up to the sticking point, as the fellow says, with a sure-enough gunman on the other side of that window—and the boss' life at stake. But when I saw that it was young Collingwood, that was a horse of another color.

What on earth was the president's nephew doing, prowling around Major Kendrick's house after eleven o'clock at night, lugging a pistol and peering into windows? I could see him quite plainly now. He had his hands on the sill and was trying to gull himself up so that he could see into the end of the room where the fireplace was.

Just for the moment, there wasn't any danger of a blow-up. Unless he should break the glass in the window, he couldn't get a line on either the boss or Mrs. Sheila—if that was what he was aiming to do. All the same, I kept him covered with the automatic, steadying it against the door-jamb.

While the strain was at its worst, with the man outside fattening his chest against the window-pane to get the sideways stant, I heard the boss get out of his chair and say: "I'm keeping you out of bed, as usual; look at that clock! I'll go and wake Jimmie, and we'll vanish."

Just as he spoke, two things happened: a taxi chugged up to the gate and stopped, and the man's face disappeared from the window. I heard a quick padding of feet as of somebody running, and the next minute came the rattle of a hatch-key and voices in the hall to tell me that the major and his folks were getting home. I had barely time to pocket the pistol and to drop into a chair where I could pretend to be asleep, when I felt the boss' hand on my shoulder.

"Come, Jimmie," he said. "It's time we were moving along," and in a minute or two, after he had said good-night to the major and Mrs. Kendrick, we got out.

At the gate we found the taxi driver waiting something to his motor. With the scree from which I was still shaking to make my legs wobble, I grabbed at the chance which our good angel was apparently holding for us.

"Let's ride," I suggested; and when we got into the cab, I saw a man stroll up from the shadow of the sidewalk outcrops and say something to the driver; something that got him an invitation to ride to town on the front seat with the cobby when the car was finally cranked and started. I had a sight of our extra fare's face when he climbed up and put his back to us, and I knew it was Tarbell. But Mr. Norcross didn't.

When we reached the Bullard the boss went right up to his rooms, but I had a little investigation to make, and I stayed in the lobby to put it over. On the open page of the hotel register, in the group of names written just after the arrival of our train from the West at 7:30, I found the signature that I was looking for, "Howard Collingwood, N. Y." Putting this and that together, I concluded that our young rouser had come in from the West—which was a bit puzzling, since I left the inference that he wasn't direct from New York.

Waiting for a good chance at the night clerk, I ventured a few questions. They were answered promptly enough. Young Mr. Collingwood had come in on the 7:30. But he had been in Portal City a week earlier, too, stopping over for a single day. Yes, he was alone, now; but he hadn't been on the other occasion. There was a man with him on the earlier stop-over, and he, also, registered from New York. The clerk didn't remember the other man's name, but he was obligingly looked it up for me in the older register. It was Bullock, Henry Bullock.

I suppose it was up to me to go to bed. It was late enough, in all conscience, and nobody knew but our

I did the early-rising, early-appearing habits of Mr. Graham Norcross, G. M. Just the same, after I had marked that Mr. Collingwood's room-key was still in its box, I went over to a corner of the lobby and sat down, determined to keep my eyes open, if such a thing were humanly possible, until our rouser should show up.

Finally my patience, or whatever you care to call it, was rewarded. Just after the baggage porter had finished singing his call for the night express westbound, my man came in on the run.

When he rushed over to the counter and began to talk fast to the night clerk, I wasn't very far behind him. He was telling the clerk to get his grips down from the room, adjectively quick. While the boy was gone for the grips, my man made a straight snoot for the bar, and when I next got a sight of him—from behind one of the big one-plated pillars of the bar-room command—he was pouring neat liquor down his throat as if it were water and he on fire inside.

That was about all there was to it. By the time Collingwood got back to the clerk's counter, the boy was down with the bags. Collingwood looked up sort of nervously at the big clock, and paid his bill. And while the clerk was getting his change, he grabbed the pen out of the counter inkstand, and made out as if he was shading in a picture, or something, on the open register.

A half-minute later he was gone. When the taxi purred away I turned to the open register to see what our man had been drawing in it. What he had done was completely to obliterate his signature. He had scratched it over until the past master of all the hand-writing experts that ever lived couldn't have told what the name was.

It was while we were eating breakfast the next morning in the Bullard cafe—the boss and I—that we got our first news of the Petrolite wreck. The story was red-headlined in the Morning Herald—the Hatch-owned paper—and besides being played up good and strong in the news columns, there was an editorial to back the front-page scream.

At two o'clock in the morning a fast westbound freight had left the track in Petrolite Canyon, and before they could get the flagman out, a delayed eastbound passenger had collided with the wreck. There were no lives lost, but a number of people, including the engineer, the postal clerks and the baggage man on the passenger, were injured.

The editorial, commenting on the wire stuff, was sharply critical of the Short Line management. It hinted broadly that there had been no such thing as discipline on the road since Mr. Shaffer had left it; that the rank and file was running things pretty much as it pleased; and with this level best to help out in the new "public-be-pleased" program, it seemed as if we couldn't worry through a single week without smashing something.

Unhappily, this fault-finding had a good bit to build on, in one way. As I have said, we were having operating troubles to beat the band. With the rank and file apparently doing its level best to help out in the new "public-be-pleased" program, it seemed as if we couldn't worry through a single week without smashing something.

Latterly, even the newspapers that were friendly to the Norcross management were beginning to comment on the epidemic of disasters, and nothing in the world but the boss' policy of taking all the editors into his confidence when they wanted to investigate kept the rising storm of criticism somewhere within bounds.

Mr. Norcross had read the paper before he handed it over to me, and afterward he hurried his breakfast a little. When he reached the office, Mr. Van Britt was waiting for the chief.

"We've got it in the neck once more," he gritted, flashing up his own



"Did You Read That Editorial?" copy of the Herald. "Did you read that editorial?" "Never mind the newspaper talk. How bad is the trouble this time?" "Pretty bad. The freight is practically a total loss; a good half of it is in the river. Kirgan says he can pick the freight engine up and rebuild it; but the passenger machine is a wreck."

WARDLAW & ELLIOTT, Attorneys-at-Law, SONORA - TEX. Will practice in all the State and Federal Courts.

DR. J. W. YANCEY, DENTIST. Offices Sonora, Elmore and Ozona. Latest Equipment and Methods Employed. New at Ozona.

"How did it happen?" "It's like a good many of the others. Nobody seems to know. Brockman put the freight engine crew on the rack, and they say there was a small boulder on the track—that it rolled down the canyon slope just ahead of them as they were turning a curve. They struck it, and both men say that the engine knocked it off into the river apparently without hurting anything. But two seconds later the entire train left the track and piled up all over the right-of-way."

The boss was sitting back in his chair and making little rings on the desk blotter with the point of his letter-opener. "Upton, these knock-outs have got to be stopped."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the little millionaire; "you don't have to tell me that! If we can't stop 'em, Uncle Duntun will have plenty of good reasons for cleaning us all out, lock, stock, and barrel! I was talking with Carier, in the claim office, this morning. Our loss and damage account for the past month is something frightful!"

"It is," said the boss gravely. And then: "Upton, we're not altogether as bright as we might be. Has it never occurred to you that we are having too much bad luck to warrant us in charging it all up to the chapter of accidents?"

Mr. Van Britt blew his cheeks out until the stubby, cropped mustache bristled like porcupine quills. "So you've been getting your pointer, too, have you?" he threw in.

Mr. Norcross didn't answer the question directly.

"Put Tarbell on the job, and if he needs help, let him pick his own men," he directed. "We want to know why that boulder tumbled down ahead of Number Seventeen, and I want to see Tarbell's report on it. Keep at it night and day, Upton. The infection is getting into the rank and file and it's spreading like a sickness. If it becomes psychological, we shall have all the trouble we need."

"I know," nodded the superintendent. "I went through a siege of that kind on the Great Southwestern, one winter. It was horrible. Men who had been running trains years in and year out, and never knowing that they had any nerves, went to pieces if you'd snap your fingers at them."

"That's it," said the boss. "We don't want to fall into that ditch. Things are quite bad enough, as they are."

This ended it for the time. The Petrolite Canyon wreck was picked up, the track was cleared, and once more our trains were moving on time. But anybody could see that the engine Short Line had a case of "nerves."

Kirgan, Kirgan the cold-blooded, showed it one afternoon when I went over to his office to return a bunch of blue-prints sent in for the boss' approval. The big master-mechanic had a round-house foreman "on the carpet" and was harrasing him like the dickens for letting an engine go out with one of her truck safety chains hanging loose.

Ever since we had gone together on the rescue run to Timber Mountain, Mart and I had been sort of chummy, and after the foreman had gone away with his foot in his hand, I joshed Kirgan a little about the way he had hammered the round-house man.

"Bad medicine," I told him. "It's worrying the bosses, too. What's doing it, Mart?"

"Maybe you can tell," he growled. "It's a hoodoo—that's what it is. Seven engines in the shops in the last nine days, and three more that haven't been fished out of the ditch yet. I wish Mr. Van Britt 'd fire the whole jumpy outfit!"

It didn't seem as though firing was needed so much as a dose of nerve tonic of some sort. Tarbell was working hard on the problem, quietly, and without making any talk about it, and Kirgan was giving him all the men he asked for from the shops; quick-witted fellows who were up in all the mechanical details, and who made better spotters than outsiders would because they knew the road and the ropes. But it was no use. I saw some of Tarbell's reports, and they didn't show any crookedness. It seemed to be just bad luck—one landslide after another of it.

Meanwhile, New York had waked up again. President Duntun had been off the job somewhere, I guess, but now he was back, and the things he wired to the boss were enough to make your hair stand on end. I looked every day to see Mr. Norcross pitch the whole shooting-match into the fire and quit, cold.

He'd never taken anything like Mr. Duntun's abuse from anybody before, and he couldn't seem to get hardened to it. But he was loyal to Mr. Chadwick; and, of course, he knew that Mr. Duntun's hot wires were meant to nag him into resigning. Then there was Mrs. Sheila. I sort of suspected she was holding him up to the rack, every day and every minute of the day.

It was one evening after he had been out to the major's for just a little while, and had come back to the office, that he sent for Mr. Van Britt, who was also working late. There was blood on the moon, and I saw it in the way the boss' jaw was working. "Upton," he began, as short as piecrust, "have you thought of any way to break this wreck hoodoo yet?"

Mr. Van Britt sat down and crossed his solid little legs. "If I had, I shouldn't be losing sleep at the rate of five or six hours a night," he rasped.

"There's one thing that we haven't tried," the boss shot back. "We've been advertising it as bad luck, keeping our own suspicions to ourselves."

Notice to Trespassers. Notice is hereby given that all trespassers on my ranch east of Sonora for the purpose of cutting timber, hauling wood or hunting hogs, without my permission, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. W. J. FIELD, Sonora, Texas

and letting the men believe what they pleased. We'll change all that, I want you to call your trainmen in as fast as you can get at them. Tell them—from me, if you want to—that there isn't any bad luck about it; that the enemies of this management are making an organized raid on the property itself for the purpose of putting us out of the fight. Tell them the whole story, if you want to; how we're trying our best to make a spoon out of a spoiled horn, and how there is an army of grafters and wreckers in this state which is doing its worst to knock us out of the box.

"If you give the force something tangible to lay hold of, it will work the needed miracle. It is only the mysterious that terrifies. Railroad employes, as a whole, are perfectly intelligent human beings, open to conviction. The management which doesn't profit by that fact is lame. If you do this and appeal to the loyalty of the men, you will make a private detective out of every man in the train service, and every one of them keen to be the first to catch the wreckers. You can add a bit of a reward for that, if you like, and I'll pay it out of my own bank account."

"For a full minute," the captive millionaire didn't say a word. Then he grinned like a good-natured little Chinese god.

"Who gave you this idea of taking the pay-roll into your confidence, Graham?" he asked softly.

"For the first time in all the weeks and months I'd been knowing him, the boss dodged; dodged just like any of us might."

"I've been talking to Major Kendrick," he said. "He is a wise old man, Upton, and he hears a good many things that don't get printed in the newspapers."

I could see that this excuse didn't fool Mr. Van Britt for a single instant, and there was a look in his eye that I couldn't quite understand. Neither could I make much out of what he said.

"We'll go into that a little deeper some day, Graham—after this epidemic attack has been fought off. This idea—which you confess isn't your own—is a pretty shrewd one, and I shouldn't wonder if it would work, if we can get it in motion before the hoodoo breaks us wide open. And, as you say, the accusation is justifiable, even if we can't prove up against the Hatch outfit. That round-over rail in Petrolite Canyon, for example, might have been helped along by—"

It was Kelson, Mr. Van Britt's stenographer, smashed in with the interruption. He was in his shirt-sleeves, as if he'd just got up from his typewriter, and he rushed in with his mouth open and his eyes like saucers.

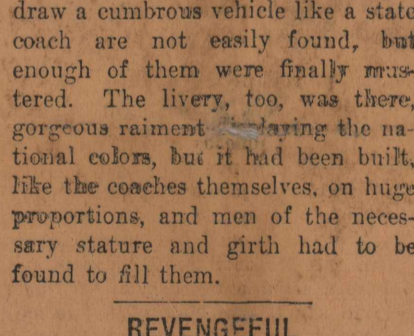
"They—they want you in the dispatcher's office!" he panted, jerking the words out at Mr. Van Britt. "Dunghin has let Number Five get by for a head-end with the 'Flyer' and he's gone crazy!"

HAD THEIR OWN TROUBLES

Diplomats in London Found It Hard to Bring Back Their Days of Magnificence.

The opening of the British parliament is still an odd mixture of modern and medieval ceremonial. The recent opening was attended by several ambassadors, those of France, Italy, Spain and Japan seizing the opportunity of driving in their state coaches, which had not been seen in London's streets since the war began. At one time every ambassador had his state coach, which very often was more magnificent than beautiful. But today only a few have great coaches. And it wasn't such easy going for those who took part in the recent procession as one might imagine. The coaches were there, but there were no horses, since diplomacy is largely dependent upon motorcars. Horses had to be hired, and here again came the difficulty that confronted the peers who wished to drive in their state coaches to the coronation of King George. Horses big enough and strong enough to draw a cumbersome vehicle like a state coach are not easily found, but enough of them were finally mustered. The livery, too, was there, gorgeous raiment displaying the national colors, but it had been built, like the coaches themselves, on huge proportions, and men of the necessary stature and girth had to be found to fill them.

REVENGEFUL



FOR SALE BY THE Sonora Drug Store.

The next few years will be marked by important and historical changes in the life of the United States deeply interesting to every citizen. The Thrice-a-Week World which is the greatest example of tabloid journalism in America will give you all the news of it. It will keep you as thoroughly informed as a daily at five or six times the price. Besides, the news from Europe for a long time to come will be of overwhelming interest, and we are deeply and vitally concerned in it. The Thrice-a-Week World will furnish you an accurate and comprehensive report of everything that happens.

Miss Woods—I should think you'd be afraid to marry Mr. Butcher. You know how cruelly he treated his first wife.

Miss Cole—Yes, I know, and that's why I'm marrying him.

NOTICE OF ELECTION.

Notice is hereby given that an election will be held at the courthouse in the town of Sonora, in the Sonora Independent School District, on the 23rd day of July, A.D. 1921, to determine whether the Board of Trustees of said district shall have power to annul the levy and collect a tax upon all taxable property in said district, for the support and maintenance of public free schools in said Sonora Independent School District, of and at the rate of not exceeding fifty cents on the one hundred dollar valuation of the taxable property of the district, when election is to be held in accordance with an order made and entered by the Board of Trustees of the Sonora Independent School District on the 28th day of May, A.D. 1921, as follows:

It is, therefore, ordered by the Board of Trustees of the Sonora Independent School District that an election be held at the Courthouse, in the town of Sonora, in the said Sonora Independent School District, on the 23rd day of July, A.D. 1921, to determine whether the Board of Trustees of said district shall have power to annul the levy and collect a tax upon all taxable property in said district, for the support and maintenance of public free schools in said Sonora Independent School District, of and at the rate of not exceeding fifty cents on the one hundred dollar valuation of the taxable property of the district, such tax, if voted, to be levied and collected for the year 1921, and annually thereafter, or so much thereof as may be necessary.

I. R. Thorp is hereby appointed judge of said election, and J. A. Luch and W. E. Hathorn are appointed clerks to assist him in holding the same.

None but property taxpayers who are qualified voters in said Sonora Independent School District shall vote at said election; and the vote in favor of the tax shall write or have printed on their ballot "FOR MAINTENANCE TAX," and those against the tax shall write or have printed on their ballot "AGAINST MAINTENANCE TAX."

It is further ordered that the Secretary of this Board of Trustees shall cause notice of said election to be given in accordance with law.

In pursuance of said order, I, W. E. Caldwell, Secretary of the Board of Trustees of the Sonora Independent School District, issue this notice, the 23rd day of June, A.D. 1921.

W. E. CALDWELL, Secretary of the Board of Trustees of Sonora Independent School District.

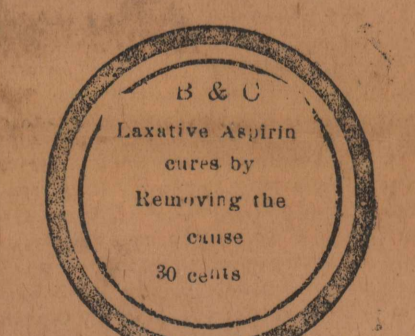
MARK THE GRAVES OF YOUR LOVED ONES.

I am agent for the Cherokees Marble and Granite Co., manufacturers of everlasting monuments and memorials. Before placing your order, let me figure with you.

Satisfaction Guaranteed. GEO. J. TRAINER, Agent.

NEW MAIL & PASSENGER SERVICE.

C. J. Griggs of San Angelo is the new mail carrying contractor on the Sonora-San Angelo route. Mr. Griggs proposes to give service, not only to the Government but to the people. The equipment consists of two Texas five passenger cars and an All-American Truck. The truck has pneumatic tires and is a comfortable driver. The passenger fare to San Angelo is six dollars or eleven dollars for round trip. The express office is at the tailor shop Mr. Griggs hopes to have the support of the people and will do all in his power to merit their patronage.



FOR SALE BY THE Sonora Drug Store.

The next few years will be marked by important and historical changes in the life of the United States deeply interesting to every citizen. The Thrice-a-Week World which is the greatest example of tabloid journalism in America will give you all the news of it. It will keep you as thoroughly informed as a daily at five or six times the price. Besides, the news from Europe for a long time to come will be of overwhelming interest, and we are deeply and vitally concerned in it. The Thrice-a-Week World will furnish you an accurate and comprehensive report of everything that happens. The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only \$1.00 per year, and this pays for 150 papers. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the Devil's River News together for one year for \$2.50. The regular price of the two papers is \$3.00.

EVER BILIOUS? Charleston, Miss.—Mrs. R. V. Heins, of this place, says: "I have never had to use very much medicine, because if I felt headache, dizziness, or colds, bad taste in the mouth, which comes from torpid liver, I would take a dose or more of Black-Draught, and it would straighten me out and make me feel as good as new. We have used it in our family for years." THEODORE'S BLACK-DRAUGHT and it certainly is the best liver medicine I ever saw. It has not only saved me money, it has helped keep my system in shape, and has never weakened me as so many physics do. I recommend it to my friends and am glad to do so. Black-Draught is the old, reliable liver medicine which you have doubtless heard much about. When you feel badly all over, stomach not right, bad taste in your mouth, bilious, or have a headache, try Theodore's Black-Draught. At all Druggists. Always Insist on the Genuine! 17

West Texas Lumber Co SONORA, TEXAS QUALITY and SERVICE. REGISTERED HEREFORD BULLS 7 Two and Three Year Olds 12 Yearlings for sale. All Good Individual's \$150 to \$200. Cash or Terms to Suit Purchaser. John F. Allison, Menard, Tx THE COMMERCIAL HOTEL, MRS. JOEIE McDONALD, Proprietress. Rates \$3.50 Per Day. HEADQUARTERS FOR COMMERCIAL MEN. Best accommodations, Rates Reasonable. Sonora, Texas.

THE DALLAS NEWS THE NEWSIEST, THE BEST, THE MOST RELIABLE—THAT'S ALL E. J. PIERCE Circulator at SONORA, TEXAS.

DEVIL'S RIVER OIL & GAS COMPANY, (INCORPORATED) SITUATED IN ELWARDS COUNTY, TEXAS. DOES THINGS DIFFERENT. STUDY OUR PLAN. A careful study of the Devil's River Oil & Gas Company's plan will convince the close student of investments that we are offering the BEST inducement in the OIL fields. Oil production in Texas fails the total gold production of Alaska in its best days into insignificance. Alaska's best production of gold was only \$15,000,000.00, while Texas is producing about \$150,000,000.00 worth of oil. The production is increasing so rapidly that it is conservatively estimated that the output will be close to \$200,000,000.00 in 1920. NO is the time to get in the oil business in order to reap the early harvest. With 800 acres of oil lands to draw from, we anticipate making big profits on our most liberal plan. PROFITS that will make fast friends for our company in future enterprises which we have in mind when The Company's present plans are in operation. DO NOT DELAY your subscriptions. There is nothing to gain and MUCH to lose by deferring until some future date. NOW is the time to INVEST, and OUR company is the ONE to be in, for it gives you the biggest run for your money in the race for MILLIONS. Fill in the subscription blanks NOW and sail in the good ship PROSPERITY. See our Agent, GEO. J. TRAINER.