

KEEPING WELL

RADIO FOR THE DEAF

DR. FREDERICK R. GREEN
 Editor of "HEALTH"

THE development of the radio brought into the world an entirely new method of amusement, education and distribution of news. How readily we have accepted it as one of the established features of every day life is shown by a joker, a Scotch professor by the way, who broadcast from Edinburgh recently a burlesque to the effect that London was in the midst of a revolution, that the house of parliament had been blown up and that all the leaders were in flames. He suffered the fate which sometimes happens to jokers who are taken too seriously. The London Daily News says that London had a very uncomfortable night and that telephone calls poured into the newspaper offices asking if the awful statements could possibly be true.

On the other hand, radio has accomplished some wonderful things of which so little has been said. It was early noticed and commented on that deaf persons often heard radio sounds nearly, if not quite, as well as persons with normal hearing. Why this is so no one knows, but it was at once recognized, by those interested in the deaf, that if this were so, it offered an unusually valuable method of teaching the deaf to speak.

It is generally known that persons born deaf are unable to learn to talk, not because there is anything wrong with their vocal machinery, but because, not being able to hear others speak, they cannot learn to make the same sounds. We call them "deaf and dumb" or "deaf mutes." They are, in fact, deaf persons who cannot hear speech and so cannot learn how to speak. As soon as it was found that many persons, deaf to other sounds, could hear by radio, a means was at once at hand for teaching these persons how to talk.

At the Central Institute for the Deaf at St. Louis two very interesting and valuable lines of work have been developed. First, by radio it is possible to test each person's hearing and determine exactly how much ability to hear he has and second, by means of the radio, the pupil can be taught how to reproduce sounds himself and so gradually be taught to speak just as the infant learns to talk by reproducing the sounds he hears others make. As over 30 per cent of all so-called deaf persons have some ability to hear and as practically all of them can learn to speak, the possibilities of this method are unlimited.

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Improved Hospital Service

The United States has been establishing new hospitals at the rate of 100 a year since 1920, the American Medical Association finds. In a series of tables of hospitals and clinical statistics for 1925 compiled by that organization it is estimated that 60 per cent of all physicians in the United States have immediate hospital connection. Even in the rural districts the sick are being better cared for, for 341 counties have been supplied with hospital service which were without it in 1920.

Many-Placed Man

Countess Russell, author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," met at a party a garrulous society woman who had taken under her wing a brilliant young soldier. The woman dearly loved a lion and she talked about her new find until the other guests felt inclined to scream. "And do you know," she remarked in a vibrating voice, "he was wounded in sixteen places." Lady Russell looked at her with a plaintive smile. "I didn't know men had so many places," she said.

Farm Yields Oysters

A bed of living oysters, twenty feet below the surface of the ground, was found by workmen excavating for a subway under the Santa Fe railroad track at Chanute, Kan., a short time ago, according to the Topeka Capital. There were about a bushel of the bivalves. They were in a gravel and sandstone formation, evidently porous enough to admit sufficient moisture to sustain life.

Forest Area in South

The forest area of the southern states is placed at 2,000,000 acres, or four times the total area of the six New England states, while Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Alabama and North Carolina each has a forest area of greater average size than the combined land area of all of these states except Maine.

Weighing Electricity

Electricity can be weighed as if it were tea or sugar, according to a British scientist. He has estimated that a small electric light bulb consumes just about an ounce of electricity in a year.

A TOUCH OF OLD SPAIN



These entertainers have been brought to the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition in Philadelphia where 150 years of American Independence is being celebrated, by the Los Angeles County, California, Chamber of Commerce. The westerners have built a fine old Spanish mission in the Palace of Foreign, Civic, Fashion and Agriculture Display and there show the resources and advantages of their native birth. The musicians and dancers entertain all visitors who enter the patio to rest a bit after "doing the exposition." The Exposition continues until December 1.

ON THE SESQUI LAGOONS



Here are Americans, visitors to the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition in Philadelphia which celebrates the 150th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, riding about the lagoons in an Italian craft, a gondola, from which they view the buildings and displays from many lands. In the distance can be seen the mammoth Sesqui Stadium; to the right is the signal tower of the United States Coast Guard building and exhibit, and to the left is one of the Japanese pagodas which dot the exposition grounds. The Grecian pavilion is one of the permanent structures on the site before the city government decided to build the Sesqui at the front door of the great Philadelphia Navy Yard. The Exposition continues until December 1.

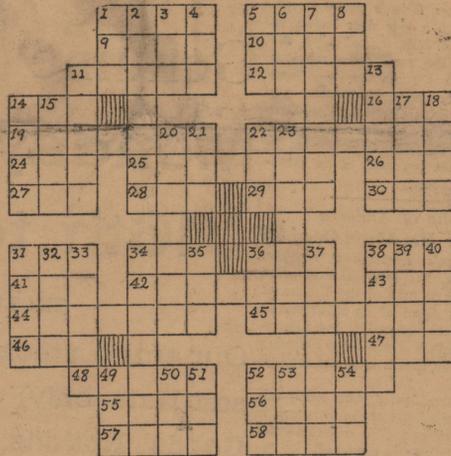
GRECIAN DANCERS AT THE SESQUI



These dancers have selected for their graceful performance the keystone shaped pool in the court yard of the Pennsylvania State Building at the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition in Philadelphia, which celebrates 150 years of American Independence. The spot is one of the most beautiful and artistic on the exposition site. The Exposition continues until December 1.

CROSS WORD PUZZLE

HOW TO SOLVE A CROSS-WORD PUZZLE
 When the correct letters are placed in the white spaces this puzzle will spell words both vertically and horizontally. The first letter in each word is indicated by a number, which refers to the definition listed below the puzzle. Thus No. 1 under the column headed "horizontal" defines a word which will fill the white spaces up to the first black square to the right, and a number under "vertical" defines a word which will fill the white squares to the next black one below. No letters go in the black spaces. All words used are dictionary words, except proper names. Abbreviations, slang, initials, technical terms and obsolete forms are indicated in the definitions.



(© 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

- Horizontal.**
 1—Ancient Roman patriot
 4—Restaurant
 9—At another time (arch.)
 10—Having wings
 11—Hackneyed
 12—Malleable material
 13—Reverential fear
 16—Donkey
 19—Fancy
 21—Number of years
 25—Pertaining to heat
 26—Period of time
 27—To soak
 28—To consume
 29—To force open
 30—Young woman introduced to society (short)
 31—Acted
 34—To flow out
 36—Admirative
 38—Falseness (slang)
 41—Part of "to be"
 42—Bellowing
 43—Same as 28 horizontal
 44—Danced
 45—Geometrical figure
 46—Insect
 47—To employ
 48—Track
 55—English school for boys
 56—Branches of learning
 57—Expired
 58—Point of a story

- Vertical.**
 2—Allive
 3—Child
 5—Eccentric rotating piece
 6—Beerlike beverages
 7—in a manner determined by fate
 8—Period of time
 11—Doctrine
 14—At a distance
 15—Salary
 17—To father
 18—To knife
 20—To shuffle along
 21—Still
 22—Unlawful taking away of personal property
 32—Persin
 33—Indentations
 34—Black variety of hard rubber
 35—Wicked
 36—Island in Pacific
 37—Highways
 38—Thigh bone
 39—The rainbow
 40—Part of bird
 49—Conducted
 50—Extinct flightless bird
 51—Finish
 52—Prefix meaning three
 54—Established (abbr.)

Solution will appear in next issue.

Answer to last week's puzzle.

BARBER QUIT
 LAIRED PLOT
 OF BRAID LORD
 NOD SPEED LIE
 DIES START PA
 SEES SLEEP L
 STRAPS TAPERS
 USTALL MINE
 GO STOOP DAME
 ARC SOULS LIP
 RARE PIUTE TO
 LEAP SMITE C
 WRIT BRANCH

Double Blossoming

Playwright Eugene O'Neill sat in the palm garden of a Bermuda hotel. Near him a group of pretty girls in white riding breeches were drinking cocktails, smoking cigarettes in long amber tubes and giving one another the addresses of reliable bootleggers.

Mr. O'Neill nodded towards the group of girls, then he said: "What a beautiful thing it is to see young girls blossoming into womanhood! And it's doubly beautiful nowadays, when they blossom into manhood, too."

Power Now Carried Far

"Super-power" is no hazy thing of the future. It is here. Power systems are already linked to cover huge areas. New England and New York are connected and one company has power and lighting lines interconnected from Portland, Oregon to Los Angeles, Cal. The nation between is widely netted with many systems that serve parts of several states.

Few Long-Haired Maidens

Scarcity of unshorn maidens threatened the continuity of sixty-year-old May festivities of Kautsford, the most picturesque in England, for the May queen must have long hair. All but one of the aspirants for the honor appeared with either bobbed or shingled locks. The throne must go to the girl whose tresses never have been touched by scissors.

Deer's Civilized Taste

George A. Baxter of Horton, N. Y., found a large buck deer exhausted in the snow and took it home. After offering it foods which he thought a deer should eat, which it did not find to its taste, he tried giving it food from his kitchen. He discovered that the deer devoured buckwheat cakes and maple sirup, and preferred them above anything else.

Preserves Old Flags

Preserving the flags under which the sons of Illinois have gone forth to battle, from Chapultepec to Chateau Thierry, is the work now of a corps of thirty Springfield women under the direction of Miss Julia A. Rockford.

There are seven distinct operations in the process, and in the case of flags tattered by bullet and shell holes, the work occupies several months.

The first is to straighten the edges of the tatters so that they will fray no further. However, no part of the torn standards is replaced by any new material. A net of transparent black silk, imported from England, is prepared for each flag, and after its restoration the net is put over the flag and stitched to it so that the net supports the weight of the time-worn material, which might otherwise pull apart.

More than 100 of the war-time emblems of Illinois have been thus prepared. Flags of the Mexican war were treated first. When the Civil war flags were taken up, it was found that much of the work of the Springfield women of 1865-66 would have to be undone. They sewed the flags to tarlatan. This backing is being removed in the new process.

Packer Had Handled

That "Antique" Before Mitchell Kennerley, the art expert who recently sold the huge Leverhulme collection in New York, said in an interview:

"Rich men shouldn't buy antiques without an expert's help. Let me tell you an anecdote. "A clever workman in stone made in Paris for an Italian a Venetian chimneypiece of the Fifteenth century; price about \$600. The Italian shipped the chimney-piece to Venice, set it up in an old palace, photographed it in position there and mailed prints to several rich collectors.

"One collector bit. He visited Venice, studied the chimneypiece and bought it for \$10,000. It was shipped to his Paris home, and on its arrival he sent for an expert packer to unpack it.

"Watching the packer at work, the rich collector thought he was careless and told him so; but the man, smiled in a reassuring way and said:

"Don't be alarmed, sir. I know just how this chimneypiece needs to be unpacked, for I packed it myself when it left Paris."

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 Headquarters Del Rio, St. Charles Hotel.
 Headquarters San Angelo, St. Angelus Hotel.
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DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
STEVE MURPHY, Publisher.

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

Sonora, Texas. August 14, 1926.

Killing Moss in Tanks.

How to kill moss accumulating in tanks is a frequent inquiry received by M. R. Bently, Agricultural Engineer, who says that in most instances the moss is probably a plant growth known as algae.

This growth flourishes in the sunlight and does not grow in the shade and therefore Mr. Bently recommends that in case of small wooden or metal tanks that a cover be built over the top to cut out the sunlight.

Algae in open earthen tanks may be killed with a dilute solution of copper sulphate but will grow again in 10 or 40 days unless the treatment is repeated. The proper solution to use is about one ounce copper sulphate to 500 gallons of water. The copper sulphate crystals should be dissolved in a small quantity of water and then this concentrated solution should be poured into the tank. There is no danger of killing or injuring livestock with such a dilute solution.

STOCK NEWS.

G. W. Stephenson of Sonora, sold fifty Angora bunnies to Ed Davis of Mexico at \$25 per head. T. L. Beason the Sonora Commission man reports the following trade:

Sold 640 ewes for Wirt Stephenson to northern dealers.

Sold 1100 ewes for Raymond Eastwood to W. C. Djibril.

Sold 100 stock cattle for Milton Fickett to C. C. Asher & Co.

Sold 125 stock cattle for Theo. Savell to Myrick & Elliott.

Sold 2200 kids for Ben Mittel Willie Whitten.

Sold 600 kids for Cleve Jones to John Treadwell.

Sold 350 steers for Jack Wardlaw to G. R. White.

Sold 107 steers for J. T. Shunry to Myrick & Elliott.

Sold 57 stock cattle for Mrs. J. T. Burlingame to Myrick & Elliott.

Sold 6 registered Buries for B. M. Halbert to Crow & Storms of Uvalde.

Sold 100 steers for Myrick & Elliott to G. R. White.

Chas. M. Morris, of the Verde Grocery and Market, accompanied his wife and little daughter, Robbie Jo, reached home Sunday morning at an early hour from a vacation visit to Sonora and Brady they stopped in Sonora while en route to Brady, for a visit with Mrs. Morris' mother, Mrs. J. R. Wood and from that point continued on to their objective for a visit with Mr. Morris' parents, the Rev. and Mrs. I. T. Morris. Charley declared this week that the prospects throughout the Brady country this year were the brightest they have been in a score of years. He was told by one farmer that in 17 years of farming in that county he had raised a bale to the acre only one time during that period, but that if he didn't equal the feat or beat it this year, he was going to be greatly disappointed—Del Rio Herald.

Delco-Light and Frigidaire. Over 300,000 satisfied users.

John W. Young, Dealer,
Box 239,
San Angelo.

FOR SALE.

4 32x4 Dodge wheels.
5 32x4 Dodge rims
1 Universal joint for Dodge truck.
1 Check protector,
50 per cent discount.
S. H. Stokes,
Acting for Sonora Service
624 Station.

Get Back Your Grip On Health— or NO COST!



Notice the quick difference in the way you eat, sleep, look and feel—the remarkable improvement in your health, strength and energy, after taking 2 bottles! If not, the Karnak agent will refund your money.

Karnak is sold in Sonora at the Sonora Drug Store, and by leading druggists in every town.

NOTICE.

To the Merchants of Sonora: This is to notify all parties concerned, that W. T. Montgomery contractor on the Sonora-Junction road, will not be responsible for any debts made by road employes except on his written order. Signed,
W. T. Montgomery,
by **R. W. Perrine.**
Sonora, April 21, 1925.

Since the Landon Hotel fire I have my office in the basement of the Central National Bank, San Angelo, where I am better prepared to give lowest prices, quickest delivery and best terms on Peerless, the best fence on earth, than ever before.
C. W. INNES,
San Angelo, Texas.

When you go to Villa Acuna, call at Mrs. Crosby's Cafe, first two story building on left after crossing bridge. Refreshments of all kinds, good eats and quick service.

NOTICE.

The Sonora Service Station will go on a cash basis on August 5th. Any change made from this, must be by special arrangements.
S. H. Stokes, Owner.

WOOD FOR SALE.
If you want Liveoak or Shinoak wood any size, by the cord or load phone 4 rings on 88.

AGENTS WANTED IN SONORA TERRITORY. Sworn proof of \$75 per week, \$150 an hour spare time. Introducing Finest Guaranteed Hosiery. 121 styles and colors. Low prices. Auto form made. No capital or experience necessary. **WILKINSON HOSIERY COMPANY, Dept. M-15 GREENFIELD, OHIO.** 534.

Guaranteed hosiery, sample your size free to agents. Write for proposition paying \$75-100 weekly full time, \$150 an hour spare time, selling guaranteed hosiery to wearers; must wear or replace free. Quick sales, repeat orders. **INTERNATIONAL STOCKING MILLS, Norristown, Pa.** 71-10

Etruscan Relic Throws New Light on History

While the foundations were being dug for a new house in Piazza Nuova at Assisi, Italy, the other day some blocks of Travertine, blackened by age, several Hermes, and a stately staircase with eight columns were brought to light, which local archeologists declare to be Etruscan. If this proves to be the case the discovery is of exceptional interest, as the general idea always has been that the Tiber was the boundary line between Etruscan Perugia and Roman Assisi. The old Franciscan legend has often been scoffed at which describes St. Clare leaving her father's palace secretly through a side door known as "La porta della morte" when she gave up the world for a religious life. In Perugia one sees these small side doors, which were only used for bringing out the dead; but Assisi being situated on the left bank of the Tiber, was believed to be without any relics of its Etruscan neighbors.

Republic of Andorra Has Cleric Overlord

Europe's least-known republic, Andorra, has received a surprise. Recently it notified the League of Nations direct of its adherence to the opium convention, but was reminded that it was not a sovereign state, and that it must act through France.

Andorra, buried in its lonely valley in the heart of the Pyrenees, is left so severely alone that this small oversight may be pardoned.

It does, as a matter of fact, claim complete independence, under a charter of Charlemagne, but that document is, alas! a forgery, and the tiny republic has really two overlords. France and the bishop of Urgel in Spain, a fact duly recognized by its only taxes, 960 francs a year to France and 460 pesetas to the bishop, a total of, say, \$100.

This joint rulership dates from the Thirteenth century, and constitutes the bishop of Urgel the only cleric in Europe still having temporal power.

Alaska Game Paradise

Alaska is today the white man's greatest big game hunting field in the world, says Gov. George A. Parks of Alaska. The big brown bear, which is found only in Alaska, is the largest living carnivorous animal. The dall or white mountain sheep, a truly magnificent animal, and certain Alaska moose are giants among moose, while the caribou are still found in immense herds, like the bison that once roamed the Western plains. The little Sitka deer is locally plentiful in southeastern Alaska, and mountain goats are common along much of the southern coast.

These animals are of great value to Alaska, both for the meat they produce and as attractions to big game hunters, nature lovers and tourists.

Garden of Eden

At Kurna, where the Tigris and Euphrates unite, there is an old tree, locally known as the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. Naturally the British Tommies took to having their pictures taken in it, and finally this was forbidden. But they persisted, and at last three of them were court-martialed, the indictment gravely reading: "For breaking a limb from the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil in the Garden of Eden."—Mary Roberts Rinehart, in Hearst's International Cosmopolitan.

Just in Time!

During the recent strike in England the volunteer driver of the London-Liverpool express performed the miraculous feat of bringing the great train into Liverpool 25 minutes ahead of schedule time. The passengers went forward in a body to thank him. A pale-green face emerged from the cab. "Don't thank me," it gasped; "thank God! I only found out how to stop this thing ten minutes ago."

Navy's New Engine

A two-cylinder aircraft engine using heavy oil has been developed by the Navy department. If it proves as successful as tests seem to promise, according to Popular Science Monthly, a more powerful engine of the same type will be constructed. The new engine, invented by A. P. Attenu, is said to be of special value for dirigibles, because its fuel is nearly inflammable.

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Our ten years of successful Commission business assures you the best service with the best of results. List your land and live stock with us and let us assist you get market value.

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Our entire stock (excepting Stetson Hats only) of Clothing, Dry Goods, Notions, Hats and Shoes, will be placed on sale at **25 per cent off for Cash.** No refund's, no returns, no exchanges—all sales final. Many special bargains at greatly reduced prices.

This is a clearance sale of our regular stock to make room for our fall stocks. Remember the Dates and the Place!
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Devil's River News \$2.00 a year

Hungry Man Couldn't Forget Magic Words

His worship, Medoric Martin, perpetual mayor of Montreal, tells how, as a young man in the '80's, he got a job as a cigarmaker with a Boston concern. The first few days he almost starved because he could not speak English. His diet was almost exclusively bread, butter and water. One noon a bride and groom sat at his restaurant table. The bride ordered "beefsteak, well done."

Young Martin clutched at those words and oft repeated them in his mind. When he was happily seated at the table that evening, the friendly waitress asked, "What are you going to eat tonight?" With head erect and shoulders thrown back and chest proudly extended young Martin responded, "beefsteak welcome."—Los Angeles Times.

Machinery Wipes Apples

Wiping machines are the latest wrinkle to be added to the mechanism of fruit packing. The Apple Growers' union of Washington state is one of the first to set up this apparatus, which is designed to remove spray residue from apples picked during the season of 1926. The fruit will pass over horizontal revolving rollers and be slipped clean by 500 pieces of canvas. The machine is electrically driven and provided with a fan to remove dirt and dust. This invention is doubtless designed to counteract the impression that seems in some regions to have gained considerable ground that poisoning has resulted from the arsenic residue left on apples during spraying.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL.



She—How can you be so subservient and obedient to your fussy, ill-natured old grandmother?
He—Where there's a will, there's a way.

"Snobs"

Chauncey Norton, recently imported from England, was driving his new speedster along the Lincoln highway. Coming down a treacherous hill, he had the misfortune of knocking a Ford full of girls off the road down into a ditch some fifty feet below. Chauncey parked his car, walked to the edge of the ditch and hollered:

"Hello, down there! Is anyone hurt?"
No response.
"I say! Is anyone hurt?"
Again no response.
Chauncey got back into his car and drove off.
"Snobs!" he said to himself.
Brinceton Tiger.

To Find Favorite Foods

What is the favorite food for each section of the United States? The Department of Agriculture is going to undertake a survey to determine the kinds of food eaten throughout the United States, the quality and the quantities consumed in various sections. There are said to have been no adequate figures on food consumption available, and there is a demand for such information for scientific research and various other groups. It is planned to determine also whether an adequately nutritive diet is within the incomes of large groups of people.

Different Ending

"I seem to have run out of gas," he said, and muttered to himself, "Here's where I do some fast work."
The girl's face, small and white, was turned up to his, her eyes glowing dizzily from beneath heavy lids. Her head swam. Her red lips were parted and she sighed faintly.
Slowly he bent over her.
Why not? He was her dentist.—Chicago Phoenix.

Answered

"Hey!" yelled the chauffeur, "don't you know anything about the rules of the road?"
"Well," said the humble pedestrian, "I know that the Golden Rule doesn't seem to be one of them."—Boston Transcript.

UNDERTAKING.

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San Angelo, Texas.



Get Rid of Roaches.

They crawl up water pipes and through cracks—but you can stop them forever. Bee Brand Insect Powder will kill every one. Sprinkle or blow it into every crevice—all around your kitchen and pantry. It's harmless to mankind, domestic animals, birds and pets of all kinds, but death to roaches.
It also kills Ants, Fleas, Flies, Mosquitoes, Water Bugs, Bed Bugs, Mites, Lice on Fowl, and many other house and garden insects.
Get Bee Brand in red sealing top cans at your grocer's or drugist's. Household size, 10¢ and 25¢. Other sizes, 50¢ and \$1.00. Patten Co. Inc.
If your dealer can't supply you, send us 25¢ for our money order and we'll send you a pack of Bee Brand Insect Powder. It kills them! A guide for killing house and garden pests.
McCormick & Co., Baltimore, Md.



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Where Cleanliness Reigns. Short Orders. Regular Dinners. Chicken Dinner on Sunday. Fresh Bread and Pastries at Reasonable Prices.
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Get your Battery in before 9 a.m. and it is ready by 5 p.m. the same day with a better, longer lived charge than you ever had before.

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Our equipment is recommended by all the leading battery manufacturers. This improved charging method lengthens battery life and cannot harm the battery.

A well charged battery gives your car more power, brighter lights, Quick start, plenty of pep.

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Sonora Motor Car

Notice to Trespassers.

Notice is hereby given that no hunting, driving stock, wood-hauling or trapping will be allowed on our ranch seven miles south of Sonora, without our permission.
Bailey Brothers,
25 2d St.,
Sonora, Texas.

Has These Sores Cured?

If you suffer from Sores Cured! Ringworm, Lower Tack, Foul Itch, or from Itch when in even its worst form, we will send you a bottle of Lero's Pectoral Remedy and guarantee it to please you or return it free. This is different from any other treatment and results are certain. Sonora Drug Store.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF SONORA,

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits \$225,000.00.
Our 24 years of faithful service speaks for itself.

SILVERTOWN ON THE AIR

Hello Everybody

The Silvertown Cord Orchestra has given us an idea

Why not broadcast a series of tire talks? So here goes—

Buy Silvertowns if you want economical service this season—absolute dependability, long mileage and satisfaction.

City Garage
Sonora, Texas



SILVERTOWNS ON YOUR CAR

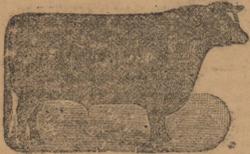
There Is Health In Every Slice.

For children who are growing fast and always romping and playing, they need the best kind of nourishment. Feed them our bread and notice the expression of keen delight and satisfaction on their faces.

Baked the most up-to-date way, cleanliness is assured.

WARE BAKERY,
Sonora, Texas.

TRY OUR CHOICE BARBECUE



Made fresh every day from the choicest cuts of meats. With our barbecue we maintain the same high standard of excellence that we do with our fresh meats and we are sure you will be pleased.

Take home a generous portion of hot barbecue today and see how the family falls for it. Save the good housewife from working over a sizzling hot stove preparing a roast.

You may have your barbecue delivered, along with your groceries. Use the phone.

COOPER & SIMS.

SONORA SERVICE STATION

S. H. STOKES, PROPRIETOR.

Has a complete stock of Seiberling casings and tubes, standard accessories, Gulf and Castorblend oils, and that good Gulf Gasoline. A part of your trade will be appreciated.

The McDonald Hotel,

Mrs. Josie McDonald, Owner.

Rates \$2.25 Per Day. Good Table and Service.

Comfortable, Convenient, Homelike

We Guarantee Every Can of **all Gold Coffee**
"Distinctly Different"

E. E. Vander Stucken-Trainer Company,
Sonora, Texas.

Devils River News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
STEVE MURPHY, Publisher.

Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora as second-class matter.

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Sonora, Texas. August 14, 1926.

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.

METHODIST CHURCH.

We are nominally a Christian nation, yet we lead the world in crime which is costing the staggering figure of three billion, eight hundred million dollars annually. This is the result of abatement of reverence for God, changed view of sin. For when the sense of sin decays, the fact of sin becomes more dreadfully real.

We need to be taught to say God in tones of reverence and conviction, and to realize that His is the Voice to command. The world looks to America for leadership. But in what are we going to lead, "in pride and financial power, irreverence of God's name and violation of His laws or shall we lead them in the spirit of peace on earth, good will toward men" and in a righteous life?

The imperative need of the day's character. America has plenty money, of plenty of brains. A large portion of these funds, this ingenuity, must be directed towards "selling character." The church is the character factory. It must increase its production and there is increasing evidence that its face is pointed in the right direction.

The Methodist Church cordially invites you to the following services.

Preaching at 11 a.m., and 7:30 p.m.

Sunday school at 9:45 a.m.

Intermediate League at 3 p.m.

Senior League at 6:30 p.m.

Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30.

A hearty welcome

R. W. Fisher, Pastor.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

The offering of divine mercy was not to the chosen people alone but to all the nations in all the earth throughout all time. Nor do we find the expansive horizon in the New Testament only but in the Old as well; for Isaiah as only as Paul magnified the world wide sweep of Messiah's Kingdom.

But while the offer is made to all nations, then certain things which they must do in order to avail themselves of it. They must thirst for it with intense desire. They must listen to the voice of God. They must enter into covenant with God. They must obey their commander.

Seek Jehovah while he may be found. Forsake sin while fetters may be broken. Receive pardon while in reach of forgiveness. Spread the good news which must not return void unto God. The results will be joy and peace and prosperity and permanence in a Kingdom unending.

Regular preach services morning and evening.

Sunday School 10 a.m., W. E. Wall, Supt.

Preaching each Lord's day at 11 a.m. and 8:30 p.m.

B. Y. P. A. at 2:30 p.m.

Singing, Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.

All are earnestly asked to come to all these services.

The young people are cordially invited to attend the Senior Union.

J. A. Stephen, Pastor.

The Second Annual Ranchmen's Roundup will be held at the Sonora Experiment Station on August 17 and 18.

An Irishman and an Englishman were standing on the deck of a steamer returning to their native lands. Watching the coast line the Irishman sighted the coast of Erin and shouted "Hooray for Ireland!" "Hooray, hell," said the Englishman in disgust. "That's right," said Pat. "Ivry man fer his own country."

Ranch Roundup Program.

The Second Annual Ranchmen's Round Up will be held at the Texas Experiment Station, about twenty miles south of Sonora, on the 17th and 18th of this month.

This is the only meeting of its kind in Texas. A large number of ranchmen from the southwest attended the first meeting last year and all had a most enjoyable and profitable two day's visit at the station.

The Sonora Station is the only experiment station in the State that is devoted exclusively to the problems of ranchmen, and as it is our station, working for our best interests, it behooves all ranchmen to take advantage of the many benefits that it offers. No better means of doing this than to attend the reunion on the 17th and 18th. Take your family and camping outfit along and enjoy these two days, and you will come home with renewed interest in your work and with a lot of new but practical ideas that you can use to advantage on your own ranch.

Among the interesting subjects that will be thoroughly discussed by authorities, are: Stomach Worms, Creeps in Cattle, Rigging in Goats, How to Sell Sample Wool Fleeces for scouring, and Swell Head in Sheep and Goats.

Thos. A. Bond, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee at the Experiment Station's second Round Up, announces that there will be a dance at the Station on Monday and Tuesday evening and one on Wednesday evening if the crowd justifies. The music for these occasions will be furnished by Sid Lewis' Pickwickians of Christoval.

A free barbecue will be served on both Tuesday and Wednesday, the 17 and 18. A polo game will be played on Tuesday afternoon, and many other entertaining features are being planned.

School Notice.

The 1926 term of the Sonora School will begin Monday Sept. 6.

W. E. Caldwell, Secty.

Bucks and bills for sale. See G. W. Stephenson, Sonora.

Miss Ruth Edgar of Cleburne is the guest of Miss Gayne Blanton this week.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Morris on Friday August 6, a girl.

Misses Guila Lowrey, Bonnie Glasscock and Jamie Gardner arrived home this week from attending the summer school at Brownwood.

Rev. L. P. Bloodworth and Mrs. Bloodworth and children of Fort Worth who are spending the summer with Mrs. Bloodworth's parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Halbert, were in Sonora Thursday shopping.

SAN ANGELO BUSINESS COLLEGE—The School that Gets Results. The head of every department a University graduate. Mrs. W. W. Carson, S. B. Pres. Miss Irene Carson, A. B. Sec. Mr. Hezzel, Carson, A. B. Tr. Sec. San Angelo, Texas. Phone 415-036.

Innes & Gano, Real Estate dealers, who were burned out in the Landon Hotel, fire now have their office in the basement of the Central National Bank. If you wish a ranch or a home or have one for sale, come and see us or write us.

INNES & GANO,
San Angelo, Texas.

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

DIED.

William I. Kirby was born in Bastrop county, Texas, July 1864 and died in Sonora, Sutton county, August 9, 1926. He was married to Miss Melissa Bartlett of Lampasas County, August 20, 1891. From this union there was born only one child, James F. Kirby who lives in Sonora and is with the maintenance department of highway here. He lives to mourn the loss of both his parents, his mother having died Feb. 14, 1924.

William I. Kirby's tragic death on the morning of August 9, occurred when he fell from a tractor on the Ozona road and was crushed to death, which brought a gloom over our community. The body was carried to San Angelo to be embalmed and was shipped to Lometa for burial where a host of his loved ones and friends live.

Brother Kirby was a member of the Christian Church, a Christian gentleman, a good citizen and a devoted father and friend.

May God comfort the loving son and other loved ones, and may they all meet at last around the throne of God where there will be no more parting.

Lovingly subscribed,
J. A. Stephen.

ENTERTAINED.

Mrs. Bryan Hunt was hostess to the Girls Club last week at the beautiful home of her mothers, Mrs. Theo Savell. The members of the club with a few guests enjoyed the popular game of bridge with Mrs. L. L. Stuart winning high score, Mrs. Carl Morrow the consolation and Mrs. J. W. Will son winning the high guest prize. A delicious ice course was served.

Mrs. L. L. Stuart entertained the Girls Bridge Club on last week end at the home of Mrs. Ira Shurley, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion with the color scheme of pink and yellow being carried out. The party culminated in a kitchen shower for Mrs. Frank Bond, who is moving into her new ranch home soon. A highly decorated wheel barrow heavily laden with beautiful and useful articles was wheeled into the room and placed before the honoree. With a little persuasion the twofold purpose of the event was grasped. In bridge Mrs. J. C. Morrow won high, Mrs. Joseph Vander Stucken the consolation and Mrs. E. F. Vander Stucken the high guest, after which an ice course was served.

Mr. and Mrs. Doc Friend and daughter, Miss Bernice Stokes, left Friday for their home in Sonora after spending a few days here as the guest of Traffic Officer and Mrs. H. L. Bridge during the Sheep & Goat Raisers' Convention.—Del Rio Herald.

Miss Gynne Blanton of Sonora following a visit to Misses Violet Miers and Mabel Madison, returned home Wednesday. Miss Blanton came in time to attend the Sheep & Goat Raisers' convention sale and rodeo held here last week and first visited with Miss Miers, the latter part of her visit being spent as the guest of Miss Madison.—Del Rio Herald.

Another old Sonora landmark has made room to be substituted with a modern building. It is the Motion Picture show house which has been managed for the past 6 years by F. K. Jungk. It is due to his tireless efforts that Sonora will have a theatre that every citizen of Sonora will be proud to point out to visitors and tourists, and he is sure that the Sonora people will ably assist him in making this theatre a success. Mr. Jungk has for the past 3 years given his patrons the latest and current picture releases, showing them in Sonora often before they were shown in larger Texas towns. Let us follow the example of the builders of this theatre and replace more old buildings in Sonora with new ones. Watch our surrounding towns and see them build. Do not let them get ahead of us, let's live up to our reputation of being the best progressive little town in the south west.

J. O. HIGHTOWER,

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

LET US FURNISH YOUR SUPPLIES.

We carry an unusual good stock of dependable

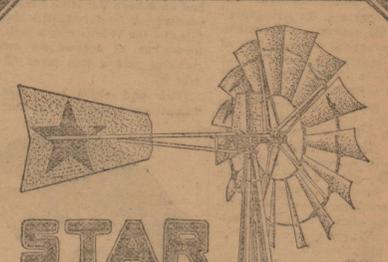
General Merchandise at reasonable prices.

Talk It Over With Us. Phone 3

J. O. HIGHTOWER,

"The House That Saves You Money."

SONORA, TEXAS.



STAR

Running-in-oil

You will find in the new running-in-oil STAR the many features you have always wanted in a windmill—one oiling a year—your choice of Timken Tapered Roller Bearings or "NO-OIL-EM" Bearings—two gears, two pinions and two pitmans—direct center lift to pump rod—crosshead, guides and pitman bearings flooded with oil—a scientifically designed wheel with angle steel arms and braces and ball-bearing turn table.

The fans of this new Star are curved to give great efficiency in an 8 to 10 mile an hour wind. Plunger pump in crank case floods crosshead, guides and pitman bearings with oil, and tight cover keeps out dirt, rain or snow.

One filling of crank case with oil each year will save many trips up the tower. May be fitted on any tower.

The new STAR is the last word in Windmill construction. Come in and let us show you this mill. You will want to know about it whether you are needing a new mill right now, and we want you to know what a really fine windmill we have in this new Star.

FOR SALE BY
West Texas Lumber Co.,
SONORA, TEXAS.

DENTAL NOTICE

ALL WORK PAINLESS

Pyorrhea Treated Written Guarantee
All instruments sterilized in boiling water.
German, Spanish and English Spoken.

THE SANITARY DENTISTS

BY DR. P. L. GUFFIN
612 CONGRESS AVENUE AUSTIN, TEXAS
Office, Bearce Building, Eldorado, Texas.

SCOFIELD ROYE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, KERI VILLE.

OPENS SEPTEMBER 29.
The Rev. F. W. Jones, Rector, St. Peter's Episcopal Church Principal. Intermediate, High School and College Preparatory Departments.
Athletics a specialty.
Christian Education and Character Emphasized.
Enrollment Limited. Rates Low.
Address the Rev. F. W. Jones, Kerrville, Texas.

We have the most complete Optical Shop in West Texas, Mr. F. E. Vaughn, State Licensed Optometrist in charge.

We guarantee to make you a pair glasses that will help you to see better or will refund your money. F. C. Rockwell, Jeweler and Optometrist, Del Rio, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. John Cooper and daughters of Prescott, Arizona were here Wednesday visiting friends. Many old timers will remember Mr. and Mrs. Cooper, who lived here about 35 years ago.

Bucks and bills for sale. See G. W. Stephenson, Sonora.

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So Big

achieved this feat with a rather magnificent composure. Her round, pink face, as she turned away, was placid; her great cowlike eyes mild. She stepped nimbly into her own neat phaeton with its sleek horse and was off down the hard snowless road, her head high.

"Well!" exclaimed Selina, feeling as though she had witnessed the first act of an exciting play. And breathed deeply. So, too, did the watching congregation, so that the widow could be said to have driven off in quite a rust.

As they jogged home in the Pool farm wagon Maartje told her tale with a good deal of savor.

Pervus DeJong had been left a widow two years before. Within a month of that time Leendert Paarenberg had died, leaving to his widow the richest and most profitable farm in the whole community. Pervus DeJong, on the contrary, through inheritance from his father, old Johannes, possessed a scant twenty-five acres of the worst lowland—practically the only lowland—in all High Prairie. The acreage was notoriously barren. Pervus DeJong patiently planted, sowed, gathered crops, hauled them to market; seemed still never to get on in this thrifty Dutch community where getting on was so common a trait. He had to be long thought a virtue. Luck and nature seemed to work against him. His seedlings proved unfruitful; his stock was always ailing; his cabbage were worm-infested; snout-betle bored his rhubarb. When he planted largely of spinach, hoping for a wet spring, the season was dry. He had to turn the following year to sweet potatoes, all anticipated pointing to a dry spring and summer, the summer proved the wettest in a decade. Had he been small, puny and insignificant his bad luck would have called forth contemptuous pity. But there was about him the loveliness and splendor of the stricken giant.

It was on this Pervus DeJong, then, that the widow Paarenberg, rich in acres, the comfortable farmhouse, the gold neck chain, the silk gowns, the soft white hands and the cooking talents, had set her affections. She wooed him openly, notoriously, and with a Dutch vehemence that would have swept another man off his feet. It was known that she sent him a weekly baking of cakes, pies and bread. She tickled, cajoled or nagged him into eating her simple meals. She even asked his advice—that subtlest form of flattery. She asked him about his seedlings, his stock, his cabbages were worm-infested; snout-betle bored his rhubarb.

Feeling that the entire community was urging him toward this profitable match with the plump, rich, red-lipped widow, Pervus set his will like a stubble and was uncomformable in his untidy house; he was lonely, he was unhappy. But he would have none of her. Vanity, pride, resentment were all mixed up in it.

The very first time that Pervus DeJong met Selina he had a chance to protect her. With such a start, the end was inevitable. Then, too, Selina had on the wine-colored cashmere, the gold neck chain, the silk gowns, the soft white hands and the cooking talents, had set her affections. She wooed him openly, notoriously, and with a Dutch vehemence that would have swept another man off his feet. It was known that she sent him a weekly baking of cakes, pies and bread. She tickled, cajoled or nagged him into eating her simple meals. She even asked his advice—that subtlest form of flattery. She asked him about his seedlings, his stock, his cabbages were worm-infested; snout-betle bored his rhubarb.

Selina looked up into the wrathful face of Pervus DeJong. Pervus DeJong looked down into the startled eyes of Selina Penke. Large enough eyes at any time; enormous now in her fright at what she had done.

"I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I thought if I could—there's no way of getting my lunch box up there—such a crowd—"

A slim, appealing, lovely little figure in the wine-red cashmere, amidst all those buxom bosoms, and over-heated bodies, and flushed faces. His gaze left her reluctantly, settled on the lunch box, became, as possible, more bewildered. "That? Lunch box?"

"Yes. For the raffle. I'm the school teacher, Selina Penke."

He nodded. "I saw you in church Sunday."

"You did! I didn't think you. . . Did you?"

"Wait here. I'll come back. Wait here."

He took the shoe box. She waited. He plowed his way through the crowd like a juggernaut, reached Adam Ooms' platform and placed the box inconspicuously next a colossal hamper that was one of a dozen grouped awaiting Adam's attention. When he had made his way back to Selina he again said, "Wait," and plunged down the wooden stairway. Selina waited. She had ceased to feel distressed at her inability to find the Pools in the crowd, a slight thought that she was. When presently he came back he had in his hand an empty wooden soap box. This he up-ended in the doorway just behind the crowd stationed there. Selina

They came out a beautiful brown but somewhat leaden. Still, anything was better than a wedge of soggy pie, she told herself. She boiled eggs very hard, halved them, devilled their yolks, filled the whites neatly with this mixture and clapped the halves together again, skewering them with a toothpick. Then she rolled each egg separately in tissue paper twisted at the ends. Daintiness, she had decided, should be the keynote of her supper box. The food neatly packed she wrapped the box in paper and tied it with a gay red ribbon yielded by her trunk. At the last moment she whipped into the yard, twisted a brush of evergreen from the tree at the side of the house, and tucked this into the knot of ribbon atop the box. She stepped back and thought the effect enchanting.

She was waiting in her red cashmere and her cloak and hood when Hoogen-dunk called for her. They were late arrivals.

Selina, balancing her box carefully, opened the door that led to the wooden gateway. The hall was on the second floor. The clamor that struck her ears had the effect of a physical blow. She hesitated a moment, and if there had been any means of returning to the Pool farm, short of walking five miles in the snow, she would have taken it. Up the stairs and into the din. Evidently the unloading of supper baskets was even now in progress. The auctioneer was Adam Ooms who himself had once been the High Prairie school teacher. A fox-faced little man, bald, fawsetto, the village clown with a solid foundation of shrewdness under his clowning and a tart layer of malice over it.

High and shrill came his voice. "What am I bid! What am I bid!"

"What Am I Bid Thirty Cent! Shame or You, Gentlemen!"

"Thirty cents! Thirty-five! Shame on you, gentlemen. What am I bid! Who'll make it forty?"

Selina felt a little thrill of excitement. She looked about for a place on which to lay her wraps, espied a box that appeared empty, rolled her cloak, muffler, and hood into a neat bundle and, about to cast it into the box, saw, upturned to her from its depths, the round pink faces of the sleeping Kuyper twins, aged six months. Oh, dear! In desperation Selina placed her bundle on the floor in a corner, smoothed down the red cashmere, snatched up her lunch box and made for the doorway with the childish eagerness of one out of the crowd to be in it. She wondered where Maartje and Kias Pool were in this close-packed roomful; and Roelf. In the doorway she found that broad black-coated backs shut off sight and ingress. She had written her name neatly on her lunch box. Now she was at a loss to find a way to reach Adam Ooms. She eyed the great-shouldered expatriate just ahead of her. In desperation she decided to dig into it with a corner of her box. She dug, viciously. The back winced. Its owner turned. "Here! What?"

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mounted it; found her head a little above the level of his. She could survey the room from end to end. There were the Pools. She waved to Maartje; smiled at Roelf. He made as though to come toward her; did come part way, and was restrained by Maartje catching at his coat tail.

Adam Ooms gazed at a wooden potato masher crashed for silence. "Ladies!" (Crash!) "And gents!" (Crash!) "Gents! Look what basket we've got here!"

Look indeed. A great hamper, grown so plerotic that it could no longer wear its cover. Its contents belled into a mound smoothly covered with a fine white cloth whose glistening surface proclaimed it damask. A Himalaya among hampers. You knew that under that snowy crust lay gold that was fowl done crisply, succulently; emeralds in the form of gherkins; rubies that melted into strawberry preserves; cakes frosted like diamonds; to say nothing of such semi-precious jewels as potato salad; cheeses; sour cream to be spread on rye bread and butter; coffee cakes; crullers.

Crash! "The Widow Paarenberg's basket, ladies—and gents: The Widow Paarenberg! I don't know what's in it. You don't know what's in it. We don't have to know what's in it. Who has eaten Widow Paarenberg's chicken once don't have to know. Who has eaten Widow Paarenberg's cake once don't have to know. What am I bid on Widow Paarenberg's basket! What am I bid! Whatbidwhatbidwhatbidwhatbid!" (Crash!)

The widow herself, very handsome in black silk, her gold neck chain rising and falling rhythmically with the little turry that now agitated her broad bosom, was seated in a chair against the wall not five feet from the auctioneer's stand. She bridled now, bushed, cast down her eyes, cast up her eyes, succeeded in looking as unconscious as a complaisant Turkish slave girl on the block.

Adam Ooms' glance swept the hall until it reached the tall figure towering in the doorway—reached it, and rested there. His gimlet eyes seemed to bore their way into Pervus DeJong's steady stare. He raised his right arm aloft, brandishing the potato masher. The whole room fixed its gaze on the blond head in the doorway.

"Speak up! Young men of High Prairie! High now, Pervus DeJong! Whatbidwhatbidwhatbid!"

"Fifty cents!" The bid came from Gerrit Pon at the other end of the hall. A dashing offer, as a start, in this district where one dollar often represented the profits on a whole load of market truck brought to the city.

Crash! went the potato masher. "Fifty cents I'm bid. Who'll make it seventy-five? Who'll make it seventy-five?"

"Sixty!" Johannes Ambul, a widower, his age more than the sum of his bid.

"Seventy!" Gerrit Pon. Adam Ooms whispered it—his bid. I wouldn't repeat out loud such a figger. I would be ashamed. Look at this basket, gents, and then you can say 's-s-seventy'!"

"Seventy-five!" the cautious Ambul. Scarlet, flooding her face, belied the widow's outward air of composure. Pervus DeJong, standing beside Selina, viewed the proceedings with an air of detachment. High Prairie was looking at him expectantly, openly. The widow bit her red lip, tossed her head. Pervus DeJong turned the auctioneer's meaning smirk with the mild gaze of a disinterested outsider.

"Gents!" Adam Ooms' voice took on a fearful note—the tone of one who is more hurt than angry. "Gents!" Slowly, with infinite reverence, he lifted one corner of the damask cloth that concealed the hamper's contents—lifted it and peered within as at a treasure. At what he saw there he started back dramatically, at once rapturous, despairing, amazed. He rolled his eyes. He smacked his lips. He rubbed his stomach. The sort of dumb show that, since the days of the Greek drama, has been used to denote gastronomic delight.

"Eighty!" was wrenched suddenly from Goris Von Vuuren, the nineteen-year-old fat and gluttonous son of a prosperous New Haarlem farmer.

Adam Ooms rubbed brisk palms together. "Now then! A dollar! A dollar! It's an insult to this basket to make it less than a dollar." He leaned far forward over his unformed pupil.

"Did I hear you say a dollar, Pervus DeJong?" DeJong stared, immovable, unamused. "Eighty-eighty-eighty-eighty—gents! I'm going to tell you something. I'm going to whisper a secret." His lean face was veiled with craftiness. "Gents. Listen. It isn't chicken in this beautiful basket. It isn't chicken. It's—a dramatic pause—" "It's roast duck!" He swung back, nipped his brow with his red handkerchief, held one head high in the air. His last card.

"Eighty-five!" he roared the fat Goris Von Vuuren.

"Eighty-five! Eighty-five! Eighty-five! Eighty-five! Eighty-five! Eighty-five! Eighty-five! Eighty-five! Eighty-five!" (Crash!) "Gone to Goris Von Vuuren for eighty-five."

A sigh went up from the assemblage; a sigh that was the wind before the storm. There followed a tornado of talk. It crackled and thundered. The rich Widow Paarenberg would have to eat her supper with Von Vuuren's boy, the great thick Goris. And there in the doorway, talking to teacher as if they had known each other for years, was Pervus DeJong with his money in his pocket. It was as good as a play.

Adam Ooms was angry. His lean, fox-like face became pinched with spite. He prided himself on his antics as auctioneer; and his chief d'oeuvre had

brought a meager eighty-five cents, besides doubtless winning him the envy of that profitable store customer, the Widow Paarenberg. Goris Von Vuuren came forward to claim his prize amidst shouting, clapping laughter. The great hamper was handed down to him.

Adam Ooms scuffled about among the many baskets at his feet. His nostrils looked pinched and his skinny hands shook a little as he searched for one small object.

When he stood upright once more he was smiling. His little eyes gleamed. His wooden scooper pounded for silence. High in one hand, balanced daintly on his finger tips, he held Selina's little white shoe box, with its red ribbon binding it, and the plume of evergreen stuck in the ribbon. Affecting great solicitude he brought it down then to read the name written on it; held it aloft again, smiling.

He said nothing. Gazing, he held it aloft. He turned his body at the waist from side to side, so that all might see. The eyes of those before him still held a mental picture of the huge hamper, food-packed, that had just been handed down. The contrast was too absurd, too cruel. A ripple of laughter swept the room; rose; swelled to a roar. Adam Ooms waited with a nice sense of the dramatic until the laughter had reached its height, then held up a hand for silence. A great scolding "Ahem!" as he cleared his throat threatened to send the crowd off again.

"Ladies—and gents! Here's a dainty little tidbit. Here's something not only for the inn man, but a feast for the eye. Well, boys, if the last lot was too much for you, this lot ought to be just about right. If the food ain't quite enough for you, you can tie the ribbon in the lady's hair and put the pony in your bottomhole and there you are. There you are! What's more, the lady herself goes with it. You don't get a country girl with this here box, gents. A city girl, you can tell by looking at it. Just. And who is she? Who did you see this dainty little box just big enough for two? He inspected it again, solemnly, and added, as an afterthought, "If you ain't feeling specially hungry. Who?" He looked about, apishly.

Selina's cheeks matched her gown. Her eyes were wide and dark with the effort she was making to force back the hot haze threatening them. Why had she mounted this wretched soap box? Why had she come to this ridiculous party? Why had she come to High Prairie! Why! . . .

"Miss Selina Penke, that's who, Miss Selina Penke!"

A hundred balloon faces pulled by a single cord turned toward her as she stood there on the box for all to see. They swam toward her. She put up a hand to pinch them back.

"What'm I bid! What'm I bid! What'm I bid for this here lovely little tidbit, gents! Start her up!"

"Five cents!" piped up old Johannes Ambul, with a snicker. The tittering crowd broke into a guffaw. Selina was conscious of a little sick feeling at the pit of her stomach. Through the haze she saw the widow's face, no longer sulky, but smiling now. She saw Roelf's dark head. His face was set, like a man's. He was coming toward her, or trying to, but the crowd wedged him in, small as he was among those great bodies. She lost sight of him. How hot it was! How hot. . .

An arm at her waist. Someone had mounted the little box and stood teetering there, his feet pressed against her slightly, reassuringly. Pervus DeJong. Her head was on a level with the doorway, on the soap box, for all High Prairie to see.

"Five cents I'm bid for this lovely little mouthful put up by the school teacher's own fair hands. Five cents! Five—"

"One dollar!" Pervus DeJong. The balloon faces were suddenly punctured with holes. High Prairie's jaw dropped with astonishment. Its mouth stood open.

There was nothing plain about Selina now. Her dark head was held high, and his fair one beside it made a vivid foil. The purchase of the wine-colored cashmere was at last justified.

"And ten!" cried old Johannes Ambul, his rheumy eyes on Selina. Art and human selfishness struggled visibly for mastery in Adam Ooms' face—and art won. The auctioneer triumphed over the man. The term "crowd psychology" was unknown to him, but he was artist enough to sense that some curious magic process, working through this royal of people, had transformed the little white box, from a thing of beauty, of value, of infinite desirability. He now eyed it in a catlepsy of admiration.

"One-ten I'm bid for this box all tied with a ribbon to match the gown of the girl who brought it. Gents, you get the ribbon, the lunch, and the girl. And only one-ten bid for all that. Gents! Gents! Remember, it ain't only a lunch—it's a picture. It pleases the eye. Do I hear one—"

"Five bits!" Barnd DeRoos, of Low Prairie, in the lists. A strapping young Dutchman, the Brom Bones of the district. He drove to the Haymarket with his load of produce and played cards all night on the wagon under the gas torches while the street girls of the neighborhood assailed him in vain. Six feet three, his red face shone now like a harvest moon above the crowd. A merry, mischievous eye that laughed at Pervus DeJong and his dollar bid.

"Dollar and a half!" A high clear voice—a boy's voice. Roelf.

"Oh, no!" said Selina aloud. But she was unheard in the gabble. Roelf had once confided to her that he had saved three dollars and fifty cents in the last three years. Five dollars would purchase a set of tools that his mind had been fixed on for months

past. Selina saw Kias Pool's look of astonishment changing to anger. Saw Maartje Pool's quick hand on his arm, restraining him.

"Two dollars!" Pervus DeJong. "And ten!" Johannes Ambul's cautious bid.

"Two and a quarter." Barnd DeRoos. "Two-fifty!" Pervus DeJong. "Three dollars!" The high voice of the boy. It cracked a little on the last syllable, and the crowd laughed.

"Three-three-three-three-three-three. Three once—"

"And a half!" Pervus DeJong. "Four!" DeRoos. "And ten!"

The boy's voice was heard no more. "I wish they'd stop," whispered Selina.

"Five!" Pervus DeJong. "Six!" DeRoos, his face very red. "And ten."

"It's only jelly sandwiches," said Selina to DeJong in a panic.

"Eight!" Johannes Ambul, gone mad. "Nine!" DeRoos. "Nine! Nine I'm bid! Nine-nine-nine! Who'll make it—"

"Let him have it. The cup cakes fell a little. Don't—"

"Ten!" said Pervus DeJong. Barnd DeRoos shrugged his great shoulders.

"Ten-ten-ten. Do I hear eleven? Do I hear ten-fifty. Ten-ten-ten-ten-ten-ten-ten-ten! Gents! Ten once. Ten

twice! Gone—for ten dollars to Pervus DeJong. And a bargain." Adam Ooms mopped his bald head and his cheeks and the damp spot under his chin.

Ten dollars, Adam Ooms knew, as did all the countryside, this was not the sum of ten dollars merely. No basket of food, though it contained nightingales' tongues, the golden apple of Atalanta, wines of rare vintage, could have been adequate recompense for these ten dollars. They represented sweat and blood; toil and hardship; hours under the burning prairie sun at midday; work doggedly carried on through the dreching showers of spring; nights of restless sleep snatched an hour at a time under the sky in the Chicago market place; miles of weary travel down the rude corduroy road between High Prairie and Chicago, now up to the hubs in mud, now blinded by dust and blowing sand.

A sale at Christie's, with a miniature going for a million, could not have met with a deeper hush, a more dramatic bubble following the hush.

They ate their lunch together in one corner of Adam Ooms' hall. Selina opened the box and took out the deviled eggs, and the cup cakes that had fallen a little, and the apples, and the sandwiches sliced very, very thin. The coldly appraising eye of all High Prairie, Low Prairie, and New Haarlem watched this sparse provender emerge from the ribbon-tied shoe box. She offered him a sandwich. It looked infinitesimal in his great paw. Suddenly all Selina's agony of embarrassment was swept away, and she was laughing, not wildly or hysterically, but joyously and girlishly. She sank her little white teeth into one of the absurd sandwiches and looked at him, expecting to find him laughing, too. But he wasn't laughing. He looked very earnest, and his blue eyes were fixed hard on the bit of bread in his hand, and his face was very red and clean-shaven. He bit into the sandwich and chewed it solemnly. And Selina thought, "Why, the dear thing! The great big dear thing! And he might have been eating breast of duck. . . . Ten dollars!" Aloud she said, "What made you do it?"

He seemed not to hear her; bit ruminantly into one of the cup cakes. Suddenly: "I can't hardly write at all, only to sign my name and like that."

"Read?"

"Only to spell out the words. Anyways I don't get time for reading. But figuring I wish I knew. 'Rithmetic. I can figger some, but those fellows in Haymarket they are too sharp for me. They do numbers in their head—like that, so quick."

Selina leaned toward him. "I'll teach you. I'll teach you."

"How do you mean, teach me?" "Fiveness."

He looked down at his great calloused palms, then up at her. "What would you take for pay?"

"Pay! I don't want any pay." She was genuinely shocked.

His face lighted up with a sudden thought. "Tell you what. I could start for you the fire, mornings, in the school. And thaw the pump and bring in a pall of water. This month, and January and February and part of March, even, now I don't go to market on account it's winter. I could start you the fire. Till spring. And I could come maybe three times a week, evenings, to Pool's place, for lessons." He looked so helpless, so humble, so large; and the more pathetic for his lugeness.

She felt a little rush of warmth toward him that was at once impersonal and maternal. She thought again, "Why, the dear thing! The great helpless big thing! How serious he is! And funny." She laughed, suddenly, a gay little laugh, and he, after a puzzled pause, joined her companionably.

"Three evenings a week," repeated Selina, then, from the depths of her ignorance. "Why, I'd love to. I'd—love to."

"Three evenings a week," repeated Selina, then, from the depths of her ignorance. "Why, I'd love to. I'd—love to."

HOWE ABOUT

By ED HOWE

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All my life I have been hearing much men get a week.

I begin to marvel at fifty dollars, and seventy-five seems enormous.

I hear of a New York man who gets three thousand dollars a week, and so well worth it that his employer worries for fear he will quit, or die, which would be worse. Thousand-dollar-a-week men are common in New York, I am told. I was talking with such a man the other day. In my home, when a neighbor came in who is rather proud because of getting sixty-five dollars every Saturday night.

"Joe," I said to him, "shake hands with a man who draws down a thousand dollars a week."

But prices are higher in New York. I took the high-priced man to a restaurant in our town for lunch. Three of us ordered all we wanted, and we wanted a good deal. The food was really excellent. The girl waiting on us was pretty, young, modest, and neatly dressed. "The New York man said she could be 'fixed up,'" and make a bit in the Folies chorus."

There was music, and pretty good music. The fixtures were fine, and everything clean and nice.

The check was a dollar and forty-five cents.

I showed it to the New York man; I think it interested him more than anything else he encountered in our town. The day the New York man was at my house, some one had sent me flowers, because of my birthday. The flowers were arranged in excellent taste; they were fine and fresh, and as abundant as the design called for.

The man took so much interest in the flowers that, to satisfy him, I inquired around, and found out what they cost; it is easily done in the country.

The New York man was astounded; the price was so low that he had a picture taken to show his friends in New York what could be done in the country for a little money.

We are very comfortable in the country, and none of us get a thousand dollars a week, or anywhere near it.

The man who became famous with the saying, "there is nothing new under the sun," made an easy guess. . . . Writers are always asking: "What will happen in the future?" I can tell them; the same old things. There is nothing new to eat, nothing new to think, nothing new to do.

I am of the opinion that every girl should be a vigorous, popular, good-natured tomboy until twelve or thirteen years old. . . . Then she must become a lady and keep it up the rest of her life.

Millions in Pearls



This pagoda, a part of the Japanese exhibit at the Sequoi-Centennial International Exposition in Philadelphia, celebrating the 150th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, is made entirely of pearls and its value exceeds \$1,000,000. The exposition continues until December 1.

KEEPING WELL

FRANCE FORBIDS PACIFIERS

DR. FREDERICK B. GREEN
Editor of "HEALTH"

THE French government has found time in the midst of its troubles and perplexities about post-war problems, money worries and depreciation of its currency, to pass a bill forbidding the manufacture and sale of France of what are commonly known as "baby pacifiers." These little devices, as everybody knows, are rubber nipples, with a handle, a ring or a string attached to keep the baby from swallowing them. They are put into the baby's mouth to keep it quiet.

Babies, like the young of all animals, have an instinctive tendency to put anything they get their hands on into their mouths. This is instinct, but while a baby has instinct, it has not sufficient knowledge, intelligence or experience to be able to decide whether the object it puts into its mouth is good or bad. This knowledge must be furnished for it by its mother or nurse, so the mere fact that a baby will occupy itself and be satisfied with a pacifier does not prove that it is a good thing for it.

Many persons who read the news item in the papers, that the French government has passed a law forbidding pacifiers for French babies, probably said, "Well, that's another sample of French foolishness. Haven't they got enough to worry about without wasting time on a silly thing like that?"

But wait a minute. Perhaps they aren't as foolish as you think. France has many things to worry about today. She has to rebuild her war-ridden cities, to care for her thousands of maimed and crippled soldiers, to reestablish her industries and commerce, to pay her war debts and to reorganize her finances. If she's taking time to think about pacifiers for her babies, she has a good reason.

France knows that her most important problem is her people and especially her future population. The falling birth rate and the rising baby death rate are more to her than industries and finance.

Pacifiers are a bad thing for a baby. The baby with a pacifier may be a quiet baby, but isn't a healthy baby. While it's sucking its pacifier, it's filling its little stomach full of air, it's developing acid coats, and its digestion, it's pushing its milk teeth out of position, so that the permanent teeth come in crowded and crooked, and in general, it's preparing a poorly developed and diseased man for the future. So France doesn't want any pacifiers for its babies.

KEEPING WELL

AROUND THE WORLD BY DAYLIGHT

DR. FREDERICK B. GREEN
Editor of "HEALTH"

UP TO the time of the invention of the steam engine, the limit to man's speed was the speed of a swift horse or car. When Stephenson's engine achieved a speed of twenty miles an hour, much attention was expressed. No human being could see the wisecracks of that day, could possibly travel at such an awful speed and live.

Travel by steam engines has certain definite limitations. Probably these limits have been reached. But the development of aviation in the last twenty years opens up new and hitherto undreamed-of possibilities.

James Watt invented the steam engine in 1763 but it was not until 1829 that George Stephenson successfully applied it to a locomotive engine. Seldon in 1855 first applied the principles of an internal explosion engine to a road vehicle and in 1900 Olds made the first successful gasoline automobile. So the automobile is only twenty-six years old and the airplane still younger. Air travel today is about the same stage of development as railroads were in 1850. Yet already A. J. Williams of the United States navy has made a record of 206 miles an hour.

Locomotive and swift is now not least five times as fast as the fleetest animal. Suppose we could only equal the flight of the swiftest air animal, how fast could we travel? This fascinating question is asked and answered in a recent issue of the Scientific Monthly by Dr. Chas. H. Townsend. In a paper read before the Third Pan-American Scientific congress at Lima, Peru, he says that the existence of the airplane and aviation is the result of the study of flight among lower animals and insects. The swiftest living thing we know of is a certain kind of fly which, he estimates, can travel 400 yards a second or 815 miles an hour.

The earth at the fortieth parallel, on which New York lies, is only 13,835 miles around. An airplane, traveling as fast as one of these flies in