

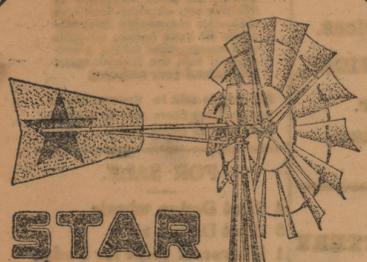
# DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

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VOL 35

SONORA SUTTON CO., TEXAS, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1926.

NO. 1867



**STAR**  
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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 pitmans bearings flooded with oil—a scientifically designed wheel with angle steel arms and braces and ball-bearing turn table.

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FOR SALE BY  
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SONORA, TEXAS.

## KEEPING WELL

### HOW THE HEART WORKS

DR. FREDERICK R. GREEN  
Editor of "HEALTH"

FOR the last twenty-five years, heart disease has increased in frequency, until it is now among the most common causes of death, especially in persons over middle age. It is today so frequent that it has passed both tuberculosis and pneumonia, which used to be considered the most common causes of death.

Almost every newspaper one picks up contains an account of the death of some man or woman from this mysterious ailment. The strange thing is that these deaths are not from the ranks of the weak and feeble but usually among those supposed to be in perfect health and vigor.

These sudden and mysterious deaths naturally excite alarm and apprehension so that the very suggestion of "heart disease" carries with it terror and visions of sudden death. What is this "heart disease" which is so common and which everyone fears?

There are many forms of heart disease, only the most common of which can be discussed here. In order to understand anything about them, it is necessary to know something about the heart, its structure and its workings.

The heart is the central and the most important part of the circulatory system by which blood is distributed to every portion of the body. It is a pumping system, in which the heart is the pump. The arteries, the vessels which carry the blood from the heart to every part of the body and the veins, the vessels by which the blood is returned to the heart. Every school boy or girl knows that the heart is located in the left side of the chest and that it is divided into two parts, the right and the left. These are really two separate pumps, which are joined together into one organ. The left side of the heart, which pumps the blood through the body, is the largest and the strongest. It has two cavities. The upper one with thin walls is called the auricle. The blood comes into it from the lungs and is forced through a narrow opening into the lower cavity which has thick and strong muscular walls. This cavity is called the ventricle. The opening between the auricle and ventricle is guarded by valves so that when the blood has been forced into the ventricle and the valves closed it cannot return into the auricle, but when the left side of the heart contracts the blood is forced out through the aorta or great blood vessel, from which it is distributed all over the body, coming back by the veins which gradually unite to form the vena cava. The blood passes into the right auricle then through an opening into the right ventricle, which forces it into the lungs where it receives the oxygen which it needs and returns to the heart by the pulmonary vein into the left auricle again.

So the heart goes on from birth to death dilating and contracting from sixty to eighty times or more a minute every hour of the day and night, keeping the blood in constant circulation in all parts of the body.

(© 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

**Plant Pest as Feed**

One of the plant pests which have caused great concern to Australian agriculturists, the ragwort, has now been discovered to be an excellent feed for sheep.

This is the outcome of experiments carried out officially on a farm in Victoria. The ragwort defeated every effort to eradicate it until it was suggested that sheep should be placed on the affected land.

Two hundred sheep in poor condition were turned out on the "block." Within two months the ragwort was cleared, and the sheep were in excellent condition.

**Mexican Police Too Hasty**

Mexico City newspapers complain that traffic cops are too loose on the trigger. They urge the police to quit shooting at violators of traffic laws. The objection is that the public is doubly imperiled. The pedestrian is not only likely to be run down by automobiles, but he also hazards being killed by a police bullet intended for a motorist. The newspapers say several persons have been killed in recent weeks by shots directed by police at traffic-law violators.

**Cause for Celebrating**

The death of one of our friends was the cause of our talking about death. I said to my husband: "Well, when I die, don't bother about my funeral. Just put me in a box and put me away."

He replied: "Why, mother, we can't do that. We have to have some sort of celebration."—E. T., in Chicago Tribune.

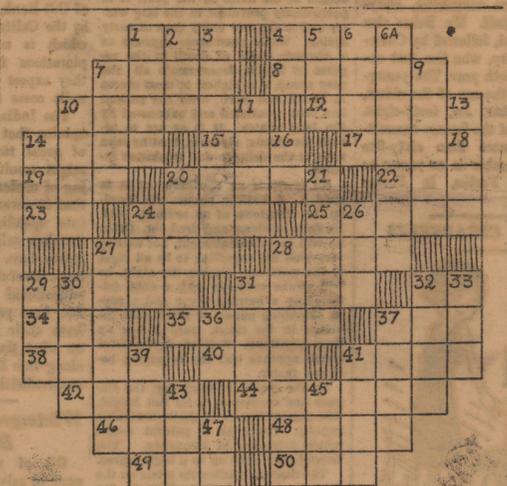
**Costs Little to Operate**

A locomotive has been designed that operates at less cost than a small automobile. It is a 100-ton oil-electric locomotive, and made a run from Jersey City to Atlantic City, N. J., 146 miles, at a cost of 14 cents a mile for fuel.

## 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.)
- |                                   |   |
|-----------------------------------|---|
| <b>Horizontal.</b>                | <b>Vertical.</b>                          |
| 1—Ember                           | 1—Small particle                          |
| 2—Famous corn state               | 2—Ancient French coin                     |
| 3—Crescent portico                | 3—Small ax                                |
| 4—Slams, as a ball                | 4—Part of "to be"                         |
| 5—Reconnoiters                    | 5—Bird of night                           |
| 6—Liquid measure in metric system | 6—To moon                                 |
| 7—Heavy plank                     | 6A—Clothed                                |
| 8—Vehicle for hire                | 7—Mark left by a wound                    |
| 9—Simplest geometric figure       | 8—Title of address (Spanish)              |
| 10—Organ of hearing               | 9—Place where two pieces are put together |
| 11—Balked                         | 11—To embark                              |
| 12—Printing measure               | 12—Communists (coll.)                     |
| 13—Part of a shoe                 | 14—Insect                                 |
| 14—States                         | 15—Part of "to be"                        |
| 15—Money making establishment     | 16—Dispatches                             |
| 16—Happy                          | 17—To loiter                              |
| 17—Apparatus for lime making      | 18—To hasten                              |
| 18—Thus                           | 19—Moving vehicle                         |
| 19—Period of time                 | 20—Scant                                  |
| 20—Well-lighted by the sun        | 21—Chinese plant                          |
| 21—To bend the body               | 22—To stretch                             |
| 22—Salary                         | 23—A knoll                                |
| 23—Not (French)                   | 24—Night bird                             |
| 24—To close tightly               | 25—Skyward                                |
| 25—Saucy                          | 26—Vegetable from which sugar is made     |
| 26—To bother                      | 27—God of love                            |
| 27—Loud shouts                    | 28—Heavenly body                          |
| 28—Tidy                           | 29—To open a keg                          |
| 29—Watering place                 | 30—German (abbr.)                         |
| 30—German (abbr.)                 |   |

### Answer to last week's puzzle.

HOLOCAUST  
SOFA OF PORT  
SELF PLY DIES  
TAT WATER PAT  
AT JAW AIR RA  
N TORN RAIL M  
DARK DEEM  
A YELL RAGE E  
RE SEA ONE OR  
DAW TROUT AWE  
STEP KIT TIER  
SEAM L FIRS  
PLEASURES

### For Temperature Study

Temperature conditions of the Pacific coast from Los Angeles and Honolulu will be studied by means of a thermograph placed on one of the regular passenger ships plying that route, by T. Wayland Vaughan, director of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography of La Jolla, Calif. The thermograph will bring important information to science and shipping men, says Doctor Vaughan, in that it will give continuous data concerning temperature, which will aid in making weather reports for the Pacific coast.

### He Had Suffered

"Here is a picture in the paper of P. Connor, the man who made all the bad weather we have had for some time," said little Audrey's papa. "He ought to be ashamed of himself."

But little Audrey just laughed and laughed, for she knew Mr. Connor had had to endure as much of it as she did.—Kansas City Star.

### A "Pearl" Wedding

"Silver," "golden," and "diamond" weddings are common events, but have you ever heard of a "pearl" wedding? This unique occasion has just been celebrated by Mr. and Mrs. George Webb of La-chock, near Chippenham, England, who were married exactly 70 years ago.

### Real Harm in "Cold"

According to Dr. A. R. Dochez, who is doing special research in the field, a "cold," in itself, is of comparatively little importance. Its chief harm lies in the fact that it predisposes the patient to more serious diseases, such as measles, typhoid fever, scarlet fever and lobar pneumonia.—Exchange.

### Treaty With Nicaragua

The United States holds no territory in Nicaragua, but it has taken care of the possibility that some one else might build a Nicaragua canal. A treaty was entered into in 1906 whereby the United States has a ninety-nine-year option on the Nicaragua route. This country paid Nicaragua \$3,000,000 for the right, which carries also the privilege of establishing naval bases in the Gulf of Fonseca on the Pacific side and Corn island in the Caribbean.

### Literal

Deacon White had been pacing the station platform for 20 minutes. Rather hot under the collar, he went back to the ticket window.

"I thought you said the noon local was on time today," he roared to the station master's youthful assistant.

"Wal, she were," replied the latter. "Went through here right on the dot, 'bout three minutes afore you come in an' ast me."—Everybody's Magazine.

### Defies Advancing Years

Mrs. Joseph Churchill, of Hollister, Calif., one hundred and seven years old, does her own housework and cooks the meals for her husband, eighty-nine, whom she married forty-five years ago. He is her second husband. Of fourteen children born to her before she was twenty-six years old, only the youngest, age seventy-six, still lives. Mrs. Churchill sews without aid of glasses.

### Too Near Perfection

A doctor was examining a man with a stiff knee.

"This knee means uric acid," he said, "and if you want to escape arthritis your best course will be to cut out beef, pork, lobster, cigars, dancing, late hours."

"Hold on, doc," said the patient. "Who am I that I should aspire to the best course? What's the next best one?"

### Prince Expert Archer

Prince Sumi, fourth son of the emperor and empress of Japan, who is eleven years old, is becoming a juvenile archery champion. The young prince takes weekly lessons in archery with his classmates at the Peer's school under the guidance of the noted archer, Giichi Onichi, and is said to excel as a marksman.

## WOOL AND MOHAIR

CHARLES SCHREINER, BANKER.  
(UNINCORPORATED)  
KERRVILLE, TEXAS.  
Makes Liberal Advances on Sheep, Goats, Wool and Mohair  
Established 1869.

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## The McDonald Hotel,

Mrs. Josis McDonald, Owner.  
Rates \$3.25 Per Day. Good Table and Service.  
Comfortable, Convenient, Homelike

We Guarantee Every Can of  
**All Gold Coffee**  
Distinctly Different  
E. F. Vander Stucken-Trainer Company,  
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## 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  
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Double Daily Round Trip Service.  
Rates: To Eldorado \$1.00; Christoval \$2.00;  
San Angelo \$3.00; Del Rio \$5.00  
Leave San Angelo 7:30 a.m. and 3 p.m. On return  
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Headquarters Sonora, McDonald Hotel.  
Headquarters Del Rio, St. Charles Hotel.  
Headquarters San Angelo, St. Angelus Hotel.  
Your Patronage Appreciated.  
J. B. LEE, Proprietor.

## 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.

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**Help for Tuberculous Seen in Vaccination**

Promise of immunity from tuberculosis by vaccination is seen in the results of experiments conducted by Prof. Albert Calmette, of the Pasteur Institute, and of Dr. H. Selter, of the University of Koenigsberg, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. Since June, 1924, more than 4,500 children, all living in close proximity to the disease, have been vaccinated by Professor Calmette with a weakened strain of microbe which had been cultivated for a number of years. Published records of 423 of the subjects showed that, in the first six months after vaccination approximately one-third had been exposed but not one had died from tuberculosis, although thirty had died from other causes. Unvaccinated children of tubercular parents and living under similar conditions, showed a mortality of 24 per cent in three years. Doctor Selter has experimented with virulent living microbes on the theory that inoculation with these would produce real immunity. He vaccinated nine children who were exposed to tuberculosis in their home surroundings with these virulent cultures. None of them suffered any ill effects.

**PRACTICE NEEDED**



He—Did you ever love like this before?  
 She—No. All you need is a little practice thought.

**Eagles Stick to Old Home**

The famous American eagles which have dwelt near the village of Vermilion, twenty-two miles east of Sandusky are building a new nest to replace the one destroyed by a high wind several weeks ago, says the Toledo Blade. The birds have chosen another tree—a tall oak not far from the one in which they lived until the storm forced them out. It was feared by Prof. Francis M. Herrick, of Western Reserve University, Cleveland, who long has studied them, that the birds might go elsewhere. When the nest was destroyed three baby eagles were killed.

**Stole Privat Hedge**

A handsome privat hedge surrounded the home of S. Foster Hunt at Providence, R. I., but some one stole 15 feet of it. The hedge, deep rooted, provided a difficult and tiresome task of removal and it was obtained only by dint of great digging and pulling, but apparently no one saw the thief and he worked undisturbed until he had dug up enough to start a new hedge of his own.

**Theatergoer's Hard Luck**

Having obtained two tickets to a theater, Louis Rosenberg, of New York stepped into a cigar store just before eight o'clock to telephone his wife to meet him. While he was telephoning, Julius Seibert, owner of the store decided to call it a day, locked the door and went home. The show was almost over before the police could locate the owner and have him unlock his store.

**Asphalt Production**

Exports of asphalt from Trinidad in 1925 amounted to 137,922 tons compared with 169,897 in 1924, 163,280 in 1923, and 66,742 in 1920. During 1925 the American interests controlling production from the asphalt lake obtained a renewal of their concession for its lease from the Trinidadian government, the new lease not to expire before 1961.

**Fence Posts of Steel**

There is a steady export trade from Belgium in steel fence posts, the principal markets being in South America and South Africa. These posts are made of lightweight steel rails, cut to six-foot or six-foot six-inch lengths, with holes drilled for holding the wire fencing.

**Italian Beggars Find "Profession" Good One**

Begging is forbidden in Italy, but it is done surreptitiously at street corners and in darkness. Most of the old beggars would starve if the prohibition were enforced, as they find it hard to learn a new profession. In order to help beggars begin a new life the government has established homes around cities where beggars are taught trades calculated to enable them to take an honorable place in life. When they are "converted" they are liberated. But a recent survey of such an institute in Milan, says a newspaper, showed that out of 358 inmates, 323 returned to their old profession as soon as freed. One beggar when searched yielded a costly railway ticket and a bank book showing deposits amounting to 80,000 lire (a lira is normally valued at 19.3 cents). He explained that he never earned less than 100 lire a day when he was free to beg. A "legless" colleague in Genoa, when questioned by police, jumped up and did the next hundred yards in record time, leaving behind his day's takings, 400 lire.—Chicago News.

**HE LOST THE SALE**



"I tell you this car is the bee's knee. You can walk right up the hill."  
 "Um, hah. Well, I'd sooner have a car that I can sit in and ride up the hills."

**You Might Try It**

"I finally discovered how to stretch a new pair of shoes effectively," said a venerable Leslie avenue resident. "It's a simple matter, too, and comes recommended by a shoe clerk in a Casa avenue store. All a person has to do is to saturate the leather with water over the spot where the shoe pinches. Then, when the leather is soaked and pliable, just work it with the fingers for a few moments. It stretches, and holds the stretch after it dries. The idea is going to save me a lot of painful hours when I break in my new shoes of the future."—Detroit News.

**KEEPING WELL THE CAUSE OF CANCER**

DR. FREDERICK A. GREEN  
 Editor of "HEALTH"

THE most terrifying and fatal disease to which the human body is subject is cancer. Although it has been known for many centuries, we know little more about it today than was known a thousand years ago.

Human ills are terrifying in proportion as their causes are unknown. The great epidemics of antiquity were terrifying to the people of those days, because no one knew what caused them or how they could be prevented.

One reason why cancer is so terrifying is that it is, today, almost the only human disease of which we know absolutely nothing regarding its cause. It is called cancer from the Latin word meaning crab, because, as it grows, it forces long processes or roots into the body like the legs of a crab. This is because cancer growth takes place by the growth of small round cells along the lymphatics. Even if the original tumor is removed there is great danger of some of these cells being left behind and starting a new growth.

Cancer may attack any part of the body. In its beginning, it is apparently mild and harmless. This constitutes one of its gravest dangers, since it does not cause alarming symptoms until it is too late.

Cancer is increasing in frequency. Whether this is because it is caused by some condition in civilized life from which primitive peoples were comparatively free, or is due to the fact that people, on the average, are living much longer than they did a hundred years ago, and consequently more people are living into the cancer stage of life than before, or because present-day methods of recognizing this disease are more accurate than in previous years, are questions which are hotly debated by experts on this subject. We do know, however, that cancer in the last thirty years has become one of the principal causes of death.

Almost every conceivable cause for cancer has been suggested. None of them, so far, has been proven to be the real cause. Like almost every other human disorder, it has been attributed to climate. It has also been claimed that certain localities were more subject to cancer than others. Since the development of our knowledge of germs, naturally many microscopical bodies have been accused of being responsible for cancer. Nothing has been proven in regard to them. The popular opinion has prevailed for many years that cancer was "hereditary." While there are some facts that may point in this direction, it has not been proven.

**"Big Business" Keeps Old Men for Council**

If you are forty-five or fifty or even sixty and haven't reached the top, don't despair. The average age of the General Electric directors is over sixty. C. A. Coffin, the venerable upbuilder of this unique enterprise, is eighty-two. The age of the American Telephone and Telegraph directors averages, curiously enough, exactly the same, a trifle over sixty. The range here is greater than in any of our other colossal industrial corporations. George F. Baker leads the directors, in point of age, with eighty-six years to his credit, while W. S. Gifford, president and director, is only forty-one. The United States steel directors average still older than those of these other two companies, sixty-three and one-half. Mr. Baker also heads this board, followed by Chairman E. H. Gary, who has just entered his eightieth year. The youngest member is the son of the oldest, George F. Baker, Jr., forty-eight. The members of the finance committee average more than sixty-five years. No member is as young as fifty.—B. C. Forbes, in Forbes Magazine.

**BANISH CIGARETTES**



First Co-ed—I hear they are going to banish cigarettes in our college.  
 Second Co-ed—I banished three this morning.

**Legend of Barbarossa**

"Barbarossa" was a nickname given to Frederick I (1152-1190), emperor of Germany, owing to the color of his beard. Frederick Barbarossa was one of the three leaders of the Third crusade, the other two leaders being Richard I of England and Philip Augustus of France. Barbarossa was a prince of great valor and was endowed with strong character. He was drowned while bathing in a little stream in Cilicia, in Asia Minor, in 1190. According to a legend, it is said that Frederick Barbarossa never died, but that he is sleeping with six of his knights in Thuringia. At the appointed time he will come forth and lead Germany to the foremost place among the nations of the world.—Exchange.

**The Defense**

Philip Murray, vice president of the United Mine Workers, was criticizing in Washington a railroad's answer to the charge that it profited in bituminous coal.

"This answer," he said, "reminds me of a minister's daughter. She was a very lovely girl, and when the minister went unexpectedly into the parlor one night she jumped up from a young man's lap."

"After the young man had gone home the minister said to her: 'My dear, what am I to think? You were sitting on Charlie Simpson's lap, were you not?'"

**Who Saw America First?**

While "The Flaming Frontier" was showing recently at the Colony, in New York, two Indians were employed for advertising purposes outside the theater.

Accepting one of the red men, an inquisitive gray-haired woman asked: "You are a real Indian, aren't you?"

"Yes, madam," was the courteous response.

"How do you like our city?"

"Fine, madam. How do you like our country?"—Motion Pictures Today.

**Unkind**

Lady (in drug store)—I want some insect powder.  
 Police Clerk—Will you take it with you?  
 Lady—No, I'll have the bugs call and you can give it to them.—New York American.

**T. L. BENSON,**  
 LAND AND LIVE STOCK DEALER  
 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.

**KEEPING WELL**

**PNEUMONIA**  
 DR. FREDERICK A. GREEN  
 Editor of "HEALTH"

PNEUMONIA is one of the most common and dangerous of human diseases. Some diseases are particularly dangerous at certain times of life. Pneumonia is a danger that confronts us from birth to death. Children are as apt to have it as adults and it is so common in old age that some authorities have described it as the natural end of the old person. It is an especially common cause of death in persons who have suffered for years with other diseases, such as chronic Bright's disease, diabetes, nervous diseases and long continued infections. It is equally common in hot and cold countries. Although it occurs at all times of the year, it is particularly prevalent in the late winter and in the raw chilly days of early spring. While pneumonia appears as a common cause of death in the reports of health departments all the year round, it is highest in most places in March and April, after the patient has been weakened and exhausted by the long winter. It is as apt to attack the strong, vigorous, healthy man as it is the delicate and weakened invalid.

Its onset is as terrifying as it is sudden. A healthy person will develop the symptoms of an ordinary cold. He feels run down and tired out. Often he will go to bed at night, not feeling very well but expecting to be all right in the morning. During the night, he will awake suddenly with a chill, followed by a burning fever and a rapid, throbbing pulse. A sharp pain develops in the chest, more severe on deep breathing. A short, dry, painful cough appears and the breathing becomes faster.

By the second or third day, the disease has developed to its full height. The patient lies on his back, breathing rapidly. There is a painful cough which increases in frequency. The temperature goes up to a high degree. The disease reaches its crisis on the seventh or eighth day. This is one of the few diseases with a real crisis. At the end of that time, either the overworked heart is exhausted, trying to pump the blood through the solid lung and the patient dies from heart failure, or the lung begins to clear up, the temperature falls, the skin becomes moist, breathing gets easier and recovery begins.

What has happened to the patient to account for these painful and alarming symptoms? The real cause of pneumonia besides the weakened condition of the patient due to overwork, lowered resistance caused by some other disease or exposure such as severe chilling is, like all infectious diseases, a germ or little vegetable body thrown off by some other person and drawn into the lungs in breathing.

**Messages in Bottles**

**Make Long Voyage**  
 M. Beilvaire, second mate of the French steamship Michigan, fixes his position miles out at sea. He writes it on a slip of paper, puts the paper in a bottle, cork it up and throws it overboard. Three hundred and fifty-eight days later and 1,450 miles away, the bottle is washed ashore, all covered with barnacles, and is picked up by T. Oliver at Braye harbor, Channel isles, England.

The finder of the paper sees on it a request, printed in seven languages, to mail it to the hydrographic office, Navy department, Washington.

The most remarkable drift of a bottle paper, as to distance and time, afloat, was that of a paper thrown overboard by the British steamship Australpine, which traveled about two-thirds around the world in the Indian and south Pacific oceans. It was cast adrift about 750 miles south of and east of Africa; it drifted eastward to the south of Australia, and after three years afloat was recovered on the coast of Chile, 8,900 miles away.

**Divorce Easy Matter in Bosnian Territory**

The birthplace of the World war has its harems; since it is the only place left in Europe and the Near East where Mohammedan polygamy still exists legally, it provides a haven for discontented Vienna and Budapest husbands whose wives refuse to give them divorces. It was at Sarajevo, a sleepy Bosnian town, that a Serbian student shot and killed the heir of the Austrian throne and precipitated the world into war.

It is possible for an Austrian or Hungarian husband, whose love for his first wife has died, to go to Bosnia, adopt the Mohammedan religion and a Turkish name and wed his new love before a Mohammedan imam. It is on record that eight members of Budapest and Vienna society, manufacturers and merchants, have resorted to this plan recently.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

**Constantinople Polyglot**

The different peoples who go to make up the population of Constantinople have been segregated in the latest official census taken there which shows: Of the total of 1,011,265 persons counted, 632,801 are Turks, 181,183 are Greeks, 68,601 are registered Greeks of foreign alliance, 27,867 are Gregorian Armenians, 1,268 are Protestant Armenians, 378 are Catholic Greeks, 3,732 are Bulgarians, 3,519 are Latin Catholics, 564 are Chaldeans and 146 are Assyrians. The Jews were not listed separately.

**NOTICE**  
 The Sonora Service Station will go on a cash basis on August 6th. Any change made from this, must be by special arrangements.  
 S. H. Stokes, Owner.

**Believe Indians Will Use Wealth Properly**

The Indian department pays high tribute to the stability of the Black-foot Indians who even in the face of promised wealth from great oil wells have stuck to their farming program with a steadfastness that has resulted in a remarkable agricultural development for this tribe through the Glacier National park reservation.

For these Indians have good reason to believe that they are apt to fall heir to much greater wealth than nature bestowed upon the tribes that happened to hold the oil lands of Oklahoma.

A tract of 8,000 acres in the Two Medicine valley of Glacier National park, twelve miles southeast of Cut Bank, Mont., has been leased by the California Refining company which is now beginning its explorations for oil. Oil men say they expect to see some marvelous wells come in.

The Indian department is of the opinion that the sudden production of great riches for these Indians might result in the wholesale buying of modern farm implements but that it never would stampede them into spending their money "like drunken sailors," since they fortunately have been diligently following a carefully directed agricultural educational program during the last four years. As a result they have their minds pretty well set on what they desire to accomplish along this line, the Indian department officials maintain.

**Wintergreen Must Not Be Taken Internally**

Oil of wintergreen, commonly used in salves and liniments, is extremely poisonous when taken internally even in moderate doses. Drs. N. C. Wetzel and J. D. Nourse report that quantities of less than two fluid ounces have resulted in death.

The toxic effects of this familiar drug, in frequent use in medical practice to allay pain and reduce fever, seem not to have been generally recognized. They are ascribed to the fact that oil of wintergreen, after being taken into the body, undergoes very little chemical destruction, or breaking up into less dangerous components.

Editorial comment in the Journal of the American Medical Association says that from the standpoint of public welfare "access to oil of wintergreen should be made impossible for children and for persons ignorant of its poisonous proportions."

**Maps From Planes**

With the world's eyes on Alaska, the want of good maps of that region has been felt. Three amphibian planes and a force of aviators, photographers and mechanics are leaving San Diego to supply the want during the coming season. They can fly over that mountain wilderness between Point Barrow and Nome, of which no chart worthy of the name exists, since the overland surveyors have scarcely touched the region. Map-makers today have facilities which were not known to cartographers in the gold-rush era. The change from the plane-table to the plane itself means an enormous saving in equipment.—New York Evening Post.

**Substitute for Glass**

Celcon, patented in Germany by Doctor Eichengruen and brought forward by one of the largest manufacturers of explosives of the world, is used on many foreign automobiles as a substitute for glass. It is unbreakable, bendable and fireproof. Celcon is now used for telephones, electric switchboards, toilet articles, windows for automobiles, airplanes and dirigibles and is a perfect insulating material for all electric apparatus, can be cut and trimmed with an ordinary knife, is impervious to water, gasoline, petroleum, oil, turpentine and gas.

**NOTICE**  
 The Sonora Service Station will go on a cash basis on August 6th. Any change made from this, must be by special arrangements.  
 S. H. Stokes, Owner.

**SUNSHINE INN**

Where Cleanliness Reigns.  
 Short Orders.  
 Regular Dinners.  
 Chicken Dinner on Sunday.  
 Fresh Bread and Pastries at Reasonable Prices.

MRS. OORA NICKS,  
 Proprietor.  
 Sonora, Texas.

**ONE DAY BATTERY**

Charging Service  
 Saves Time and Money for You.

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.

**No Long Expensive Waits or Rentals.**

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.

Try our one day battery service just once and you'll always have your battery charged by this improved method.

Sonora Motor Co.

**Delco-Light and Frigidaire. Over 300,000 satisfied users.**  
 John W. Young, Dealer,  
 Box 380,  
 San Angelo.

**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 to Trespassers.**  
 Notice is hereby given that no hunting, firing stock, wood hauling or trapping will be allowed on our ranch seven miles south of Sonora, without our permission.  
 Shurley Brothers,  
 Sonora, Texas.

**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.

**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  
 62-4 Station.

**FOR SALE**  
 Registered and Purebred Angora Bucks, out of the J. D. Cowart flock of Registered and Purebred goats. We have 75 good wooled bucks for sale. Satisfied customers speak highly of these goats. Inquiry and inspection solicited.  
 Cardwell Ranch,  
 64 6 Junction, Texas.

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.

**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 employe except on his written order.  
 Signed,  
 W. T. Montgomery,  
 by R. W. Perrine,  
 Sonora, April 21, 1926.

**AGENTS WANTED IN SONORA TERRITORY.** Sworn proof of \$75 per week, \$1.00 an hour for spare time. Introducing Finest Guaranteed Hosiery. 125 styles and colors. Low prices. Auto furnished. No capital or experience necessary. WILKIN HOSIERY COMPANY Dept. M-65 GREENFIELD, OHIO.

**Meat Those Bore Gums**  
 If you suffer from Bore Gums, Bleed ing Gums, Loose Teeth, Foul Breath, or from Pyorrhoea in any its worst form, we will send you a bottle of Leto's Pyorrhoea Remedy and guarantee it to please you or return money. It is different from any other treatment and results are certain. Sonora Drug Store.

**SAN ANGELO BUSINESS COLLEGE—The School that Gets Results**  
 The head of every department a University graduate. Mrs. W. W. Carson, G. B. Press, Miss Irene Carson, A. P. See, Mr. Haight, Carson, A. B. Tracy San Angelo, Texas. Phone (11) 53-0

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

**For Sale.**  
 About 600 ewes, lambs and mittons.  
 Mrs. M. V. Sessom,  
 Sonora, Texas.

**Wood For Sale.**  
 I have 80 cords of dry live oak wood, any size, at \$10 per truck load, delivered. Send in your orders early.  
 Phone 4 rings on 74  
 Bill Mittel,  
 Sonora, Texas

**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

**Goodrich Silvertowns**

SILVERTOWNS ON YOUR CAR

**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.

**Devil's River News \$2.00 a year**



**"The Vine"**

This magnificent bronze by Harriett Fishburn is on display in the Palace of Fine Arts at the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition in Philadelphia where the 100th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence is being celebrated. This is but one of the many gorgeous and beautiful things to be seen in the Fine Arts exhibit. Famous artists from all parts of the world have sent their paintings, etchings and sculptures to Philadelphia to be exhibited during the exposition, which continues until December 1.

**Posted**

My pasture known as the Black pasture, 30 miles south east of Sonora, is Posted. Any one caught trespassing will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

W. L. Myers,  
 Sonora.

**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

**Notice to Trespassers.**

We will not allow any hunting, driving of stock, wood hauling or trapping in what is known as the Rancho Ricos pasture (part of the Fort Terrett Ranch).

"FURTHER" on and after Oct. 1st., the gates from the Eight Mile Water Hole East, will be locked.

**M. M. STOKES CO.**

**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, September 11, 1926.

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

**METHODIST CHURCH.**

Study the Bible. It contains the mind of God, the state of man, the way of salvation, the doom of sinners, the happiness of believers. Its doctrines are holy, its precepts binding, its history true, its decision immutable. Read it to be wise, believe it and be safe, practice it to be holy.

The Bible contains light to direct you, food to support you, comfort to cheer you. It is the travelers map, the pilgrims staff, the pilots compass, the solders sword, and the Christian character.

Christ is its good subject, your good its design and the glory of God its end. It should fill your memory, rule your heart, guide your feet. Read it slowly, frequently and prayerfully. It is given in life, opened at judgment, remembered forever. It involves the highest responsibilities, rewards the greatest rewards, it condemns all who trifle with its contents. But if led by it, it will lead you to the Garden of God where wealth of the eternal ages will be your portion.

Read the word at home, hear it taught and preached in church services and Sunday school. 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 regular services will be conducted at the pastors' home at 11 a.m. and 8 p.m. next Sunday, Sept. 12, and the Sunday school will meet at 10 a.m. every Sunday morning. We have room for all who will come. Come and help us, we want you and need you. Come and welcome.

Regular preach services morning and evening.  
 Sunday School 10 a.m., W. E. Wallace Supt.  
 Preaching each Lord's day at 11 a.m. and 8:30 p.m.  
 B.Y.P.U. at 9:00 p.m.  
 Singing Wednesday at 8:00 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 Episcopal Sunday School.**

The Episcopal Sunday school will open again Sunday, Sept. 12. We feel sure every pupil, teacher and officer is anxious to begin the years work, and we hope to make this, a year of the most intensive study since our organization. Strangers to our town and other visitors are always welcome. Any one not affiliated with another church in town, who would care to, we should be glad to have join us in our studies.

Services begin promptly at 10 o'clock. Mrs. Roy Atwell.

Mrs. Arthur Nathan of San Antonio, Mrs. Bud Ellis and Mrs. Stoke Williams of Mertzon, were the guests of their sisters, Mesdames Stanley and Gardner this week.

Mrs. S. T. Gilmore entertained Thursday evening of last week with six tables of bridge, hoping her brother and niece, Mrs. Reasonover won high score. Mrs. Fred Simmons low score, Mr. Roy E. Aldwell high score and Mr. L. W. Elliott low score. Everybody had a very delightful evening.

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

**SCHOOL OPENING.**

The opening exercises of the school Monday morning were attended by a large number of patrons and by a larger number of pupils than is usual for the opening day.

Appreciated talks were made by Rev. J. A. Stephen and Rev. W. Fisher, stressing the importance of high community ideals and the close relationship between the home, the church and the school.

Mrs. E. E. Sawyer discussed the plans of the Woman's Club library and the community of interests between the school and the club.

Mrs. S. T. Oilmore outlined the work of the Parent-Teacher's Association and requested the continued cooperation of the teachers and parents in forwarding the work of the organization.

Miss Custard, explained the club and school work of the County Demonstration Agent.

Mr. Caldwell spoke of the school and its work from the standpoint of a school board member.

Recitation work began Tuesday. The end of the first week finds all classes fully organized and the work moving along in a very satisfactory way.

The football boys are rapidly getting in shape for their first game. Coach W. C. Bryan comes from two years successful work as coach of the Big Springs high school team.

Prospects are good for another successful season for the Sonora boys.

The faculty assignments are as follows:

Miss Elizabeth Mauldin, first grade. Miss Sallye Harris Cobb second grade. Miss B. St. Clair, third grade. Herndon Mabery, fourth grade.

In the grammar grades, Miss Elizabeth Little, English and music. Fay Jeffries, arithmetic writing and drawing. Alva White geography and history.

In the high school, Miss Irene Henderson has the English; Miss Annie Duncaea history. Dorothy Mims, science. W. C. Bryan, Spanish and mathematics and athletics and M. O. Britt, mathematics.

Grady Lowrey, of Del Rio, visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Lowrey here Sunday. Grady is County Attorney of Val Verde County.

Born on August 2nd, at San Angelo, to Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Resley a girl. The little one has been named Wisano Lynn.

Mrs. L. W. Elliott entertained with bridge Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. Murphy winning high score and Mrs. Ira Shurley cut prize.

Mrs. Murphy had three tables of bridge, Friday the Sept. 3rd. Mrs. Elliott received high score, Mrs. Sam Hull low score and Mrs. Reasonover cut prize, all enjoyed the afternoon.

Walker & Stites the Chevrolet agents have bought the Smoots machine shop and have placed E. O. Reynolds in charge. They will do all kinds of auto repairing.

Walker & Stites the Chevrolet agents report the following sales: Collier Shurley, coupe; C. O. Ridley, coupe; John D. Lowrey, sedan; B. W. Hutcherson, sedan; Mrs. G. P. Hill, sedan.

**Shurley Knows His Bible**

A letter to the editor of the New York Times tells of a Brooklyn (N. Y.) man who has read the Bible through 702 times. He lives at 1674 Bergen street, and his name is E. C. Lockhart. It has taken him some thirty-five years to do it, during two years of which time he read aloud to a man whom he was caring for eight hours a day, reading exclusively from the Bible. During all these years he practically has done no other reading. There are 1,180 chapters in the Bible. Reading these 702 times means 834,672 chapters. Sixty-six chapters a day for thirty-five years would accomplish the feat, the writer points out.

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

Born on Sunday Sept. 5th, to Mr. and Mrs. Perry Ory, a girl.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Morrow returned Monday from a visit to San Antonio.

Ray Glasscock left for Brownwood last Saturday where he will attend Howard Payne college.

W. C. Smoots sold his machine shop to Walker & Stites the Chevrolet agents.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Allison and children were the guests of Mrs. Geo Allison last week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Lovelace of Christoval, visited Mr. and Mrs. Reasonover here this week.

Paul Otto the Jeweler, left for Jacksonville, Florida, Sunday, where he will reside for a time.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Smoots and children left for their old home in Mobile, Alabama, Thursday.

Geo B Hamilton and Duke Bryson will attend the Schreiner Institute at Kerrville again this year.

Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Baker and daughter, Miss Dorthy, have returned from a visit to the Davis Mountains.

Miss Lula Bell Caldwell and brother Billy Caldwell expect to leave about Sept. 20, to enter the S. W. University at Georgetown.

Mrs. Ed. Mayfield and son, Stanley, have returned from San Antonio where Mrs. Mayfield had been visiting her sister Mrs. E. C. Beam.

Mrs. Ira Shurley entertained a few friends Saturday afternoon with bridge. Mrs. E. F. Vander Stucken winning high score, Mrs. J. W. Wilson the low score. A very pleasant afternoon was spent.

About twenty members of the choir of the First Presbyterian church were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Thompson of Sonora in a dinner party at the McDonald hotel at Sonora Monday afternoon. Mr. Thompson is a road contractor working out of Sonora. The Rev. B. O. Wood and family attend the dinner party.—Standard.

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

**WILSON'S DRYER**  
 Will Dry Shearing  
 Cuts in 4 Hours  
 Wilson's Screw Worm Preventative also cures screw worm wounds after worms have been killed.  
 For sale by the Sonora Drug Store.  
**W. F. WILSON,**  
 Montell, Texas.

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



**You Can Easily Kill and Prevent Bed Bugs**

You can't be too careful about these horrid pests. No home is safe unless you take the right precautions. But Bee Brand Insect Powder will keep them out and it's safe and easy to use.

Seal up thickly on springs and mattresses, into cracks and crevices. It's a clean powder that can't rust springs or stain fabric. Better be safe than sorry. Use Bee Brand before bed bugs come.

It also kills Ants, Fleas, Flies, Mosquitoes, Robbers, Water Bugs, Moths, Lice on Fur, and many other household and garden insects.

Get Bee Brand in red sitting top cans at your grocer's or drugstore. Household sizes, 16 and 26. Other sizes, 50c and \$1.00. Puffer \$1.00.

If you don't see an empty can, send us 25c for large amount size. Give dealer's name and ask for free booklet, "It Kills Them," a guide for killing house and garden pests.

McCormack & Co., Baltimore, Md.



I will appreciate it if the party who borrowed my automatic shot gun will please return it.  
 J. D. Lowrey,  
 Sonora.

**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.**

**SCOFIELD HOME SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, KERRVILLE.**  
 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. H. 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. Roekwell, Jeweler and Optometrist, Del Rio, Texas.

**For Sale.**  
 3 burner Coleman Gasoline stove—\$18.00. 3 piece Wicker Living Room set—\$45.00  
 H. P. Stockton,  
 Sonora, Texas.

**BUCKS FOR SALE.**  
 100 choice Rambouillet Bucks, fine condition on my ranch 20 miles west of Sonora.  
 Ed Glasscock,  
 64 ft. Sonora, Texas.

**WANTED**  
 300 head of stock cattle to pasture. Lots of grass and water. Ranch 18 miles west of Rock Springs. Phone.  
 Mrs. P. F. Wittenburg,  
 65 1/2 Rock Springs, Texas.

**WANTED**  
 100 head of cattle to pasture, lots of grass and water. Pasture 5 miles west of Rock Springs.  
 Bob B. Sherrill,  
 Rock Springs.

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

**WILSON'S DRYER**  
 Will Dry Shearing  
 Cuts in 4 Hours  
 Wilson's Screw Worm Preventative also cures screw worm wounds after worms have been killed.  
 For sale by the Sonora Drug Store.  
**W. F. WILSON,**  
 Montell, Texas.

**SHEEP AND GOAT RANCHES FOR SALE.**  
 One 2700 acre, one 2300 acre, and one 18,00 acre ranch, Val Verde County. Well watered, sheep proof, on high way and railroad, fine sheep country, never troubled with stomach worms. Price \$4.75 easy terms.  
 Hal A. Hamilton, Room 12 Warner Bldg., Del Rio, Texas.

I will appreciate it if the party who borrowed my automatic shot gun will please return it.  
 J. D. Lowrey,  
 Sonora.

**Treasurer's Quarterly Report.**

**STATE OF TEXAS.**  
 Sutton County.

In Commissioners Court, August Term, 1926.

**BEFORE ME, J. D. Lowrey Clerk of the County Court in and for said County, personally appeared the Members of the Commissioners' Court, whose names are below subscribed, who, upon their oaths, do say: That the requirements of Art. 867, Chapter 1, Title XXV, of the Revised Statutes of the State of Texas, as amended by the regular session of the Twenty-fifth Legislature, have in all things been fully complied with, and that the cash and other assets mentioned in the quarterly report made to and filed in this Court by Mrs. A. J. Smith County Treasurer of said County, for the quarter ending the 9th day of August 1926, and held by her for said County, have been fully inspected and counted by them at this Term of said Court; and that the amount of money and other assets in the hands of said Treasurer are as follows, to wit:**

Total amount of cash in the various Funds belonging to the County, Sixty five Thousand Two Hundred and thirty one dollars and seven cents (\$65,231.07).  
 Total amount of assets other than actual cash to the credit of the County, Five Thousand dollars (\$5,000.00).

Joe F. Logan acting County Judge, Sutton County.  
 Joe F. Logan, County Commissioner, Precinct No. 1.  
 D. Q. Adams, County Commissioner, Precinct No. 2.  
 W. H. Kelley, County Commissioner, Precinct No. 4.  
 Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 9th day of August, 1926.  
 J. D. Lowrey, County Clerk, Sutton County, Texas.

Mrs. Louis Waddell of Enard was visiting her parents here and Mrs. C. J. were here this week.

**Navv Develops 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. Attenua, is said to be of special value for dirigibles because its fuel is nearly noninflammable.

**Poker Puzzle**  
Those who like puzzles and know poker hands are having a great time this summer with this problem. Take 25 cards, any 25 that anyone wishes to select for you, and make up five "pat" poker hands, that is, five hands containing straights, flushes, four or full houses. Any 25 cards can be made into the five hands, although it may take some time to figure them out.

# So Big

By EDNA FERBER

It would be enchanting to be able to record that Selma, next day, had phenomenal success, disposing of her carefully bunched wares to great advantage, driving smartly off up Husted street toward High Prairie with a goodly profit jingling in her scuffed leather purse. The truth is that she had a day so devastating, so catastrophic, as would have discouraged most men and certainly any woman less desperate and determined.

She had awakened, not to daylight, but to the three o'clock blackness. The street was already astir. Selma brushed her skirt to rid it of the clinging bay, tidied herself as best she could, leaving Dirk still asleep, and crossed the street to Chris Spankoebel's. She knew Chris, and he her. He would let her wash at the faucet at the rear of the eating house. She would buy hot coffee for herself and Dirk to warm and revivify them. They would eat the sandwiches left from the night before.

As Selma entered the long room there was something heartening, reassuring about Chris' clean white apron, his ruddy color. From the kitchen at the rear came the sounds of sizzling and frying, and the gracious scent of coffee and of frying pork and potatoes.

Selma approached Chris. His round face beamed out through the smoke like the sun in a fog. "Well, how goes it all the while?" Then he recognized her. "Um Gotes!—why, it's Miss DeJong!" He wiped his great hand on a convenient towel, extended it in sympathy to the widow. "I heard," he said, "I heard." His inarticulateness made his words doubly effective.

"I've come in with the load, Mr. Spankoebel. The boy and I. He's still asleep in the wagon. May I bring him over here to clean him up a little before breakfast?"

"Sure! Sure!" A sudden suspicion struck him. "You ain't slept in the wagon, Miss DeJong! Um Gotes!"

"Yes. It wasn't bad. The boy slept the night through. I slept, too, quite a little."

"Why you didn't come here? Why?" At the look in Selma's face he knew then. "For nothing you and the boy could sleep here."

"I know that! That's why."

"Don't talk dumb, Mrs. DeJong. Half the time the rooms is vacant. You and the boy elust as well—twenty cents, then, and pay me when you got it. But anyway you don't come in regular with the load, do you? That ain't for women."

"There's no one to do it for me, except Jan. And he's worse than no body. Just through September and October. After that, maybe." Her voice trailed off. It is hard to be hopeful at three in the morning, before breakfast.

She went to the little wash room at the rear, felt better immediately she had washed vigorously, combed her hair. She returned to the wagon to find a panic-stricken Dirk sure of nothing but that he had been deserted by his mother. Fifteen minutes later the two were seated at a table on which were spread what Chris Spankoebel considered an adequate breakfast. A heartening enough beginning for the day, and a deceptive.

The Haymarket buyers did not want to purchase its vegetables from Selma DeJong. It wasn't used to buying of women, but to selling to them.

Selma had taken the covers off her vegetables. They were revealed crisp, fresh, colorful. But Selma knew they must be sold now, quickly. When the leaves began to wilt, when the edges of the cauliflower heads curled over so slightly, turned brown and limp, their value decreased by half, even though the heads themselves remained white and firm.

Down the street came the buyers—little black-eyed swarthy men; plump, short-sleeved, greasy men; shrewd, tobacco-chewing men in overalls. Stolid red Dutch faces, sunburned. Lean, dark foreign faces. Shouting, clatter, turmoil.

The day broke warm. The sun rose red. It would be a humid September day such as frequently came in the autumn to this lake region. Garden stuff would have to move quickly this morning. Afternoon would find it worthless.

The peddlers looked at her bunched bouquets, glanced at her, passed her

by. It was not unkindness that prompted them, but a certain shyness, a fear of the unaccustomed. Her wares were tempting but they passed her by with the instinct that the ignorant have against that which is unusual.

By nine o'clock trading began to fall off. In a panic Selma realized that the sales she had made amounted to little more than two dollars. If she stayed there until noon she might double that, but no more. In desperation she harnessed the horses, threaded her way out of the swarming street, and made for South Water street farther east. Here were the commission houses. She knew that Pervus had sometimes left his entire load with an established dealer here, to be sold on commission. She remembered the name—Talcott—though she did not know the exact location.

The boy had been almost incredibly patient and good. At the wagon he had stood sturdily next his mother, had hustled himself vainly assisting her in her few pitiful sales; had plucked wilted leaves, brought forward the freshest and crispest vegetables. But now she saw that he was drooping a little as were her wares, with the heat and the absence from accustomed soil.

"Where we going now, mom?"

"To another street, Selma."

"Dirk, where there's a man who'll buy all our stuff at once—maybe. Won't that be fine! Then we'll go home. You help mother find his name over the store. Talcott—T-a-l-c-o-double t."

William Talcott had known Pervus, and Pervus' father before him, and had adjudged them honest, admirable men. But of their garden truck he had small opinion.

In his doorway, he eyed the spare little figure that appeared before him all in rusty black, with its strained anxious eyes, its great deep-sunked jaw. "DeJong, eh? Sorry to hear about your loss, ma'am. Pervus was a fine lad. No great shakes at truck farming, though. His widow, hm? Him? Here, he saw, was no dull-witted farm woman; no stolid Dutch woman truckster. He went out to her wagon, unlocked the boy's brown check.

"What's now, Miss DeJong, you got a right smart lot of garden stuff here and it looks pretty good. Yessir, pretty good. But you're too late. Ten, pret' near."

"Oh, no!" cried Selma. "Oh, no! Not too late!" And at the agony in her voice he looked at her sharply.

"Tell you what, mabelle. I can move half of 'em along for you. But stuff don't keep this weather. Turns wilty and my trade won't touch it. . . . First trip in."

She wiped her face that was damp and yet cold to the touch. "First—trip in." Suddenly she was finding it absurdly hard to breathe.

He called from the sidewalk to the men within: "George! Ben! Hustle this stuff in. Half of it. The best. Send you check tomorrow, Miss DeJong."

One hand on the seat she prepared to climb up again—did step to the hub. You saw her shabby, absurd side boots that were so much too big for the slim little feet. "If you're just buying my stuff because you're sorry for me—" The Peake girl.

"Don't do business that way. Can't afford to, ma'am. My dater's sick, studying to be a singer. In Italy now, Caroline is, and costs like all get-out. Takes all the money I can scrape together, just about."

There was a little color in Selma's face now. "Italy? Oh, Mr. Talcott! You'd have thought she had seen it, from her face. She began to thank him, gratefully.

"Now, that's all right, Miss DeJong. I notice your stuff's bunched kind of

Dirk. "We going home now? I'm hungry."

"Yes, lamb." Two dollars in her pocket. All yesterday's grim toil, and all today's, and months of labor behind those two days. Two dollars in the pocket of her black calico petticoat. "We'll get something to eat when we drive out a ways. Some milk and bread and cheese."

The sun was very hot. She took the boy's hat off, passed her tender work-clothes hand over the damp hair that clung to his forehead.

She made up her mind to drive east and then south. Pervus had sometimes achieved a late sale to outgoing grocers. Why not try to sell some of them here, in these big houses? In an hour she might earn a few dollars this way at retail prices slightly less than those asked by the grocers of the neighborhood.

Agilely she stepped down the wheel, gave the reins to Dirk. She filled a large market basket with the finest and freshest of her stock and with this on her arm looked up a moment at the house in front of which she had stopped. The kitchen entrance, she knew, was by way of the alley at the back, but this she would not take. Across the sidewalk, down a little flight of stone steps, into the vestibule under the porch. She looked at the bell—a brass knob. "Pull it!" said the desperate Selma. "I can't! I can't!" cried all the prim Vermont Peakes, in chorus. "All right. Starve to death and let them take the farm and Dirk, then."

At that she pulled the knob hard. Jungle went the bell in the hall. Again. Again.

Footsteps up the hall. The door opened to disclose a large woman, high cheek-boned, in a work apron; a cook, apparently.

"Good morning," said Selma. "Would you like some fresh country vegetables?"

"No." She half shut the door, opening it again to ask, "Got any fresh eggs or butter?" At Selma's negative she closed the door, bolted it. Well, that was all right. Nothing so terrible about that, Selma told herself. Simply hadn't wanted any vegetables. The next house, and the next, and the next. Up one side of the street, and down the other. Four times she refilled her basket. At one house she sold a quarter's worth. Fifteen at another. Twenty cents here. Almost fifty there.

Twenty-first street—Twenty-fifth—Twenty-eighth. She had over four dollars in her purse. Dirk was weary now and hungry to the point of tears. "The last house," Selma promised him, "the very last one. After this one we'll go home."

The last house. She had almost five dollars, earned in the last hour. "Just five minutes," she said to Dirk, trying to make her tone bright, her voice gay. Her arms full of vegetables which she was about to place in the basket at her feet she heard at her elbow:

"Now, then, where's your license?"

She turned. A policeman at her side. "License?"

"Yeh, you heard me. License. Where's your peddler's license? You got one, I s'pose."

"Why, no, no." She stared at him, still.

"Well, say, where d'ye think you are, peddler without a license? A good d'f'd to run you in. Get along out of here you and the kid. Leave me ketch you around here again!"

"What's the trouble, officer?" said a woman's voice. A smart open carriage of the type known as a victoria, with two chestnut horses whose harness shone with metal. "What's the trouble, Reilly?" The woman stepped out of the victoria.

"Woman peddling without a license, Mrs. Arnold. You got to watch 'em like a hawk. Get along wid you, then." He put a hand on Selma's shoulder and gave her a gentle push.

There stood Selma from head to foot such a passion, such a storm of outraged sensibilities, as to cause street, victoria, silk-clad woman, horses, and policeman to swish and shiver in a haze before her eyes. The rage of a fastidious woman who had had an alien male hand put upon her. Her face was white. Her eyes glowed black enormous. She seemed tall, majestic even.

"Take your hand off me!" Her speech was clipped, vibrant. "How dare you touch me! How dare you touch my hand!" The blazing eyes in the white mask. He took his hand from her shoulder. The red guard into her face. A tanned swarthy, bearded toll-woman, her abundant

hair skewered into a knob and held by a long gray-black hairpin, her full skirt grimed with the mud of the wagon wheel, a pair of old side boots on her slim feet, a grotesquely battered old felt hat (her husband's) on her head, her arms full of ears of sweet corn, and carrots, and radishes and bunches of beans—a woman with bad teeth, flat breasts—even then Julie had known her by her eyes. And she had stared and then run to her in her silk dress and her plumed hat, crying, "Oh, Selma! My dear! My dear!" with a sob of horror and pity. "My dear!" And had taken Selma, carrots, beans, corn, and radishes in her arms. The vegetables lay scattered all about them on the sidewalk in front of Julie's house. Selma's great, strong horse on Prairie avenue. But strangely enough it had been Selma who had done the comforting, patting Julie's plump plump shoulder and saying, over and over, soothingly, as to a child, "There, there! It's all right, Julie. It's all right. Don't cry. What's there to cry for! Sh-sh! It's all right."

Julie lifted her head in its modest black plumed hat, wiped her eyes, blew her nose. "Get along with you, de." she said to Reilly, the policeman, using his very words to Selma. "I'm going to report you to Mr. Arnold, see if I don't. And you know what that means."

"Well, now, Mrs. Arnold, ma'am. I was only doing my duty. How did I know the lady was a friend of yours. Sure, I—"

He surveyed Selma, cart, jaded horses, wilted vegetables.

"And why not?" demanded Julie with superb unreasonableness. "Why not, I'd like to know. Do get along with you."

He got along, a defeated officer of the law, and a bitter. And now it was Julie who surveyed Selma, cart, Dirk, jaded horses, wilted left-over vegetables. "Selma, whatever in the world! What are you doing with—"

She caught sight of Selma's absurd boots then and she began to cry again. At that Selma's overwrought nerves snapped and she began to laugh, hysterically. It frightened Julie, that laughter. "Selma, don't! Come in the house with me. What are you laughing at! Selma!"

With shaking finger Selma was pointing at the vegetables that lay tumbled at her feet. "Do you see that cabbage, Julie? Do you remember how I used to despise Mrs. Tebbitt's cabbage she used to have boiled cabbage on Monday nights?"

"That's nothing to laugh at, is it? Stop laughing this minute, Selma Peake!"

"I'll stop. I've stopped now. I was just laughing at my ignorance. Sweat and blood and health and youth go into every cabbage. Did you know that, Julie? One doesn't despise them as food, knowing that. . . . Come, climb down, Dirk. Here's a lady mother used to know—oh, years and years ago, when she was a girl. Thousands of years ago."

**Chapter IX**

The best thing for Dirk. The best thing for Dirk. It was the phrase that repeated itself over and over in Selma's speech during the days that followed. In this period of bewilderment and fatigue Julie had attempted to take charge of Selma much as she had done a dozen years before at the time of Sineon Peake's dramatic death. And now, as then, she pressed into service her wonder-working father and bounden slave, August Hempel.

"Pa'll be out tomorrow and I'll probably come with him. I've got a committee meeting, but I can easily—"

"You said—did you say your father would be out tomorrow! Out where?"

"To your place, Farm."

"But why should he? It's a little twenty-five-acre truck farm, and half of it under water a good deal of the time."

"Pa'll find a use for it, never fear. He won't say much, but he'll think things. And then everything will be all right."

A species of ugly pride now possessed Selma. "I don't need help. Really I don't, Julie, dear. It's never been like today. Never before. We were getting on very well, Pervus and I. Then after Pervus' death so suddenly like that I was frightened. Terribly frightened. About Dirk. I wanted him to have everything. Beautiful things. I wanted his life to be beautiful. Life can be so ugly, Julie. You don't know. You don't know."

"Well, now, that's why I say. We'll be out tomorrow, pa and I. Dirk's got to have everything beautiful. We'll see to that."

It was then that Selma had said, "But that's just it. I want to do myself, for him. I can. I want to give him all these things myself."

"But that's selfish."

"I don't mean to be. I just want to do the best thing for Dirk."

It was shortly after noon that High Prairie, hearing the unaccounted chug of a motor, rushed to its windows or porches to behold Selma DeJong in her mashed black felt hat and Dirk in his battered straw wildly, riding up the Husted road toward the DeJong farm in a bright red automobile that had shattered the nerves of every farmer's team it had met on the way. Of the DeJong team and the DeJong dog, and the DeJong vegetable wagon there was absolutely no sign. High Prairie was rendered unfit for work throughout the next twenty-four hours.

In the twelve years' transition from butcher to peaker August Hempel had taken on a certain authority and distinction. Now, at fifty-five, his hair was gray, relieving the too-ruddy color of his face. In the last few years he had grown very deaf in one ear, so that when you spoke to him he looked at

you intently. This had given him a reputation for keenness and great character insight, when it was merely the protective trick of a man who does not want to confess that he is hard of hearing.

Selma's domain he surveyed with a keen and comprehensive eye.

"You want to sell?"

"No."

"That's good. Few years from now this land will be worth money." He had spent a bare fifteen minutes taking shrewd valuation of the property from fields to barn, from barn to house. "Well, what do you want to do, de, Selma?"

They were seated in the cool and unexpectedly pleasing little parlor, with its old Dutch tuster set gleaming softly in the cabinet, its three rows of books, its air of comfort and usage. Selma clasped her hands tightly in her lap—those hands that, from much grubbing in the soil, had taken on something of the look of the gnarled things they tended. The nails were short, discolored, broken. The palms rough, calloused. The whole story of the last twelve years of Selma's life was written in her two hands.

"I want to stay here, and work the farm, and make it pay. I can. I'm not going to grow just the common garden stuff any more—not much, anyway. I'm going to specialize in the fine things—the kind the South Water street commission men want. I want to drain the low land. Tile it. That land hasn't been used for years. It ought to be rich growing land by now, if once it's properly drained. And I want Dirk to go to school. Good schools. I never want my son to go to the Haymarket. Never. Never."

"My life doesn't count, except as something for Dirk to use. I'm done

with anything else. Oh, I don't mean that I'm discouraged, or disappointed in life, or anything like that. I mean I started out with the wrong idea. I mean I kept better now. I'm here to keep Dirk from making the mistakes I made."

Aug Hempel's tone was one of meditation, not of argument. "It don't work out that way, seems. About mistakes it's funny. You got to make your own; and not only that, if you try to keep people from making theirs they get mad." He whistled softly through his teeth following this utterance and tapped the chair seat with his finger.

"It's beauty!" Selma said then, almost passionately. Aug Hempel and Julie plainly could make nothing of this remark, so she went on, eager, explanatory. "I used to think that if you wanted beauty—if you wanted it hard enough and hopefully enough—it came to you. You just waited, and living your life as best you could, knowing that beauty might be just around the corner. You just waited, and then it came."

"Beauty?" exclaimed Julie, weakly. She stared at Selma in the evident belief that this work-worn haggard woman was bemoaning her lack of personal pulchritude.

"Yes. All the worth-while things in life. Work that you love. And growth—growth and watching people grow. Feeling very strongly about things and then developing that feeling to—"

She threw out her hands in a futile gesture. "That's what I mean—beauty. I want Dirk to have it."

"For pity's sake!" pleaded Julie the literal. "Let's stop talking and do something. Pa, you've probably got it all fixed in your mind long ago. It's time we heard it. Here Selma was one of the most popular girls in Miss Flister's school, and lots of people thought the prettiest. And now just look at her!"

A flicker of the old flame leaped up in Selma. "Selma!" she murmured. "Selma!" she murmured. "If you think giving your whole life to making the boy happy is going to make him happy you ain't so smart as I took you for. You're trying to live somebody else's life for them."

"I'm not going to live his life for him. I want to show him how to live so that he'll get full value out of it."

"Keeping him out of the Haymarket at the Haymarket's the natural place for him won't do that. How can you tell! Monkeying with what's to be, in all the yards every day, in and out of the cattle pens, talking to the drovers and herdsmen, mixing in with the buyers. I can tell the weight of a hog and what he's worth just by a look at him, and a steer, too. My son-in-

law, Michael Arnold, sits up in the office all day in our plant, dictating letters. His clothes they never stink of the pens like mine do. . . . Now I ain't saying anything against him, Julie. But I let my grandson Eugene—"

he repeated it, stressing the name so that you sensed his dislike of it—"Eugene, if he comes into the business at all when he grows up, won't go within smelling distance of the pens. His office, I bet, will be in a new office building on, say, Madison street, with a view of the lake. Life! You'll be hoggin' it all yourself and not know it."

"And I suppose," reported Selma, spitefully, "that when your son-in-law, Michael Arnold, is your age he'll be telling Eugene how he roughed it in the office over at the yards in the old days. These will be the old days."

August Hempel laughed good-humoredly. "That can be, Selma. That can be." He checked his cigar and settled to the business at hand.

"You want to drain and tile. Plant high-grade stuff. You got to have a man on the place that knows what's what, not this Rip Van Winkle we saw in the cabbage field. New horses. A wagon. I will get you the horses, a bargain, at the yards." He took out a long flat check book. He began writing in it with a pen that he took from his pocket—some sort of marvelous pen that seemed already filled with ink and that you unscrewed at the top and then screwed at the bottom. He squinted through his cigar smoke, the check book propped on his knee. He tore off the check with a clean rip. "For a starter," he said. He held it out to Selma.

"There now!" exclaimed Julie, in triumphant satisfaction. That was more like it. Doing something. But Selma did not take the check. She sat very still in her chair, her hands folded. "That ain't the regular way," she said.

August Hempel was screwing the top on his fountain pen again. "Regular way? for what?"

"I'm borrowing this money, not taking it. Oh, yes, I am! I couldn't get along without it. I realize that now, after yesterday. I realize that now, after yesterday! But in five years—seven—I'll pay it back."

Then, at a half-hearted protest from Julie, "That's the only way I'll take it. It's for Dirk. But I'm going to care it—and pay it back. I want a—"

she was being enormously businesslike, and unconsciously enjoying it—"an I. O. U. A promise to pay you back just as—as soon as I can. That's business, isn't it? And I'll sign it."

"Sure," said Aug Hempel, and unscrewed his fountain pen again. "Sure that's business." Very serious, he scribbled again, busily, on a piece of paper. A year later when Selma had learned many things, among them that simple and compound interest on money loaned are not mere problems devised to fill Duffy's arithmetic in her school-teaching days, she went to August Hempel between laughter and tears.

"You didn't say one word about interest, that day. Not a word. What a little fool you must have thought me."

"Between friends," protested August Hempel.

But—"No," Selma insisted. "Interest."

"I guess I better start me a bank pretty soon if you keep on so business-like."

Ten years later he was actually the controlling power in the Yaris & Rangere's bank. And Selma had the original L. O. U. with its "Paid in Full, Aug Hempel," carefully tucked away with other keepsakes that she foolishly treasured—ridiculous scraps that no one but she would have understood or valued—a small silver shite such as little children use (the one on which she had taught Pervus to figure and purse) a dried bunch of trilliums; a bustled and panniered wide-red cashmere dress, absurdly old-fashioned; a letter telling about the Infanta Estelle of Spain and signed Julie Hempel Arnold; a pair of men's old side-boots with mud caked on them; a crude sketch, almost obliterated now, done on a torn scrap of brown paper, and showing the Haymarket with the men's vegetable-loads and the men gathered beneath the street-lights, and the patient farm horses—Reef's childish sketch.

**Fate's Odd Turn**

Levin J. Chase, manager of the Concord (N. H.) Electric company, has received a special license that permits him and the men of his staff to kill gray squirrels, for the animals have developed the habit of establishing short circuits on the company's lines. Fate has forced Mr. Chase into a role different from one that he filled in the New Hampshire legislature, when his eloquence forced the first gray squirrel protection bill through the house, and again, when its repeal was threatened, prevented removal of the law from the statute books.—Exchange.

**She Admits It**

The other day the Topeka Journal society column printed an announcement that a beautiful Washington sorority girl would be married this month to a young newspaper man and they will live in the College Hill district.

Which caused the young lady to remark: "We are not going to be married in July. We are not going to live in the College Hill district and my prospective husband is not a newspaper man. I'll admit the rest is true."—Kansas City Star.

**Notice to Trespassers.**

Just the roads through my pasture west of town. Anyone driving stock or otherwise trespassing without my consent will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

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**KEEPING WELL**  
BRIGHT'S DISEASE  
DR. FREDERICK B. GREEN  
Editor of "HEALTH"

**Villages Show New Growth**

Villages and small towns are again showing increase in population, contrary to popular understanding. As a matter of fact the Institute of Social and Religious Research has found from heretofore unpublished census figures that the rate of city population increase in 1900 to 1920 fell from 84 per cent to 52.1 per cent while the rural rate was pushed up to 20.7 per cent. This discrepancy is due to government bookkeeping, according to Robert McCulloch, who made a study for the survey. The government automatically changes a town or village to a city when it reaches 2,500 population.

**A "Perfect" Choice**

"I only had two marriage opportunities," asserted a Palmer avenue matron. "One of my suitors was the son of the home-town banker. He had wealth and social position. The other was a rugged tackle on the university football eleven. I turned down the banker's son and picked the football player. No one could quite understand my decision. But I knew the wisdom of my choice. For now I have a husband who can unscrew the tops off my jars of canned fruit with perfect ease. And that means complete happiness."—Detroit News.

**Rat Had Good Nerve**

J. Forest Harding of Boston while at his summer home at Silver Lake, Bryantville, was sawing some fence posts. One happened to be hollow. He had cut off three lengths, and after cutting the fourth found that he had cut off the tail of a good-sized rat which had lodged itself at the farther end of the post and had remained motionless during the sawing-off process.

**As She Gathered Up the Reins He Stood in His Doorway, Cool, Remote.**

exty, and all of a size. Fixin' to do that way right along?"

"Yes, I thought—they looked prettier that way—of course vegetables aren't supposed to look pretty, I expect—" she stammered, stopped.

"You fix 'em pretty like that and bring 'em in to me first thing, or send 'em. My trade, they like their stuff kind of special, Yessir."

As Selma gathered up the reins he stood again in his doorway, cool, remote, unlighted cigar in his mouth, while hand-trucks rattled past him, barrels and boxes thumped to the sidewalk in front of him, wheels and hoods and shouts made a great clamor all about him.

"We going home now?" demanded

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