

THE SULLIVAN PROGRESS

Democracy always fights—right principles never know defeat.

The Majority is more often wrong than it is right.

ED C. BRANDENBURGER, PUBLISHER

SULLIVAN, ILLINOIS, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1928

72ND YEAR. NO. 45

Annual Roll Call American Red Cross Will Start Sunday

W. R. Robinson in Charge of Annual Drive for Membership. Everybody Urged to Co-operate and Support The Worthy Cause

The annual roll call of the Moultrie county chapter American Red Cross starts Sunday when the pastors of all churches have been asked to give this matter publicity in their respective churches.

The director of the roll call this year is W. R. Robinson, co-operating with the St. Louis headquarters and local chapter officials.

Friday speakers will visit the schools and talk to the children relative to this matter.

Some years ago it was decided to start the roll call on Armistice day each year, as that day brings to mind the many good things this organization did during war time.

The Red Cross is not a war time organization, however. It is on the job all of the time and wherever disaster strikes it is first on the field to render aid.

Sullivan county farmers who lost their crop in the hail storm of 1927 were given Red Cross assistance. Out of the funds on hand. Needy war veterans are given aid until other agencies can care for them.

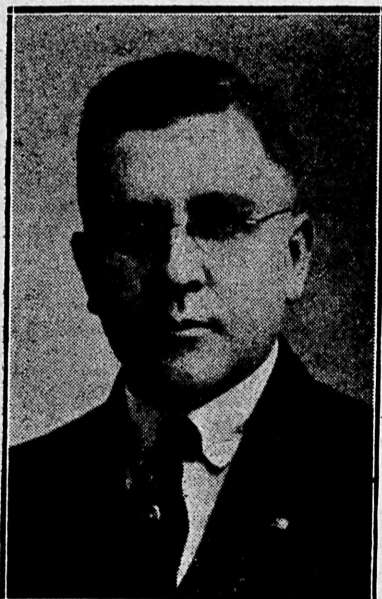
The roll call is a membership drive. The membership fee is but \$1.00. This amount is shared between the local and the national treasury. Each branch keeps its proportionate share. Out of such funds on hand emergency calls are taken care of.

Recently when a call was received here for \$200 to help Florida storm victims, the amount was immediately sent and then the chapter treasury was reimbursed through donations received.

There is no more worthy plea that reaches the people of this community than this Red Cross roll call. When you are solicited for your membership fee respond freely and willingly. Give this matter the co-operation that it so richly deserves.

TABOR IN HOSPITAL

J. B. Tabor, the grain dealer, was taken to St. Mary's hospital in Decatur Thursday morning, after having put in a few strenuous months handling a large volume of grain. Mr. Tabor spent some time at the hospital last summer, but has a recurrence now and then of an ailment which makes it advisable to go to the hospital for treatment.



R. B. FOSTER Re-elected States Attorney for another four years.

S.T.H.S. Home-coming Friday Justified Hopes Of Those Back Of It

Weather Bad, but Did Not Dampen Ardor of School Boosters. Organization Formed. Football a Blank Tie.

The Sullivan Township High school started something Friday which bids fair to mean a great deal for Sullivan in the years to come. This something was an annual home-coming, participated in by former students of the school, the parents and in fact all people of this community.

Despite the unfavorable weather Friday the first home-coming festivities proved a success. Had the weather man not handed out a sample of mean fall weather, (Continued on page 5)

EMALINE DAVIS ESTATE WILLED TO CHURCH

Mrs. Emaline Davis who died recently in Bethany made a will on August 5, 1926 in which she leaves her entire estate to the Bethany Christian church. Her son Lewis Davis is named executor.

In court J. E. Jennings was named guardian ad litem in the case and December 10th was set for a hearing.

TEACHERS' EXAM.

A teachers' examination will be held in the office of Mrs. Nettie L. Roughton, county superintendent of schools on Friday and Saturday, November 16 and 17.

Grand Jury Re-called For October 19 to Investigate Cases

Ed Kennedy of Lovington Pleads Guilty to Stealing. Court Monday Passed on Several Chancery Cases.

The Moultrie County grand jury has been recalled to meet Monday November 19th to pass on a number of criminal cases which have arisen since its last adjournment.

Among these cases are those against two men by the name of Borders and one named Moses, who some weeks ago robbed the home of Charles Evans near Lovington. Also the case against Gibson and Ehmin the two boys who stole R. A. Collins car and were later captured in Baxter Springs, Kansas.

The embezzlement case against Mrs. Minnie Heacock, an employe of the Alumbaugh grocery store, has been bound over to the March grand jury and she is at liberty (Continued on page 5)



HERBERT HOOVER, OUR PRESIDENT

HERB HOOVER IS NATION'S CHOICE FOR PRESIDENT

Former Food Administrator and Secretary of Commerce in the Harding and Coolidge Cabinets Sweeps the Country. Smith Is Badly Defeated.

Herbert Hoover was elected president and Charles Curtis vice president in Tuesday's election by an overwhelming majority. They will receive at least 444 electoral votes of a total of 521.

The Smith-Robinson ticket from latest reports carried only eight states as follows: Massachusetts, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Arkansas.

Four southern states which have not gone Republican since the Civil War swung into the Re- (Continued on last page)

ROMEY HARMISON HAS DOMESTIC TROUBLE

Romey Harmison was brought into the county court Thursday morning on an information charging him with wife and child abandonment. He was ordered to pay his wife \$10 per week for the support of herself and the children. Not being able to give bond that he would do this he was confined in the county jail.

BRING CANNED FRUIT

The Christian church is making up a barrel of canned fruit for the Christian Home for the aged at Jacksonville. Anyone desiring to assist in this worthy cause is asked to bring the donation to Mrs. Pearce at Dr. Kilton's office. Quart jars are preferred. Containers will be returned.

LABORERS DISAGREE; ONE CHARGES STEALING

Otto Shafer a railroad worker employed on the Big Four near Windsor appeared before states attorney R. B. Foster Thursday morning and swore to an information charging John Layman with stealing about \$4.00 from him. The men had been drinking and the money disappeared during their periods of sobriety.

SUPERVISORS TO MEET

The board of supervisors of Moultrie County will meet on either Friday of Saturday of next week. The exact date has not been decided on.

Democrats Elect Two In County; G.O.P. Also Elects Two

Cadell West Given a Good Majority Despite Landslide to Hoover by 1152. Smith's Religion and Prohibition Stand Disapproved.

Moultrie county voters gave Herbert Hoover a majority of 1152 in Tuesday's election which was perhaps the biggest majority ever given a republican candidate. He carried all but two of the 19 precincts of the county, Bruce and Sullivan 3, standing firm while the Hoover landslide swept by.

Cadell West, democratic candidate for circuit clerk was re-elected with a majority of 469, a tribute to his personal popularity, his close attention to the affairs of his office and a very thorough canvass of the voters during the campaign.

States Attorney R. B. Foster, democrat was re-elected without opposition. In the race for coroner W. R. (Continued on page 3)

Mrs. Hubert Wright Called by Death Thursday Morning

Was Native of Indiana But Spent Greater Part of Life in This Community. Worked Many Years in Dry Goods Stores.

Luella Mae Wright, wife of Hubert W. Wright died about 11:30 o'clock Thursday morning after having been ill a long time. For the past few weeks her death was hourly expected.

She was born in Indiana, February 6th, 1870 and was a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. I. M. Richardson. The family moved to this state when she was but six years of age.

She spent a great portion of her active life clerking and served in such capacity in the Todd stores here for fourteen years.

On February 27, 1927 she was united in marriage with Hubert W. Wright, who survives her, and who tenderly cared for her and nursed her during her long illness.

She also leaves her brother Homer of Mattoon, Elmer of this city and sisters Ethel Newbould of this city and Susie, wife of Nathan Powell who resides east of Sullivan. One brother, Clarence W. died in 1894 and a sister, Bertha died in 1925.

Funeral services Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the M. E. church. Interment in Greenhill.

FATHERS' NIGHT AT PARENT-TEACHERS MEETING TUESDAY

The annual fathers' night will be the feature of the Parent-Teachers program at the south side school Tuesday night. Besides the regular business session which will be in charge of Mrs. Tichenor the following program has been arranged:

Prof. Kenneth Roney will take care of the musical numbers.

Rev. George V. Herrick of the M. E. Church will speak.

William Merkel of Windsor will give several readings.

Mr. Merkel is a real entertainer in the matter of giving readings and those who have heard him have not only enjoyed his selections but have usually gotten the deeper message that they convey.

The committee which has secured these program features extends an urgent invitation to the fathers of Sullivan to honor the Tuesday night's meeting with their presence.

Unofficial Tabulation of Vote Cast in Moultrie County Tuesday

Table with columns for candidates (Cadell West, R. B. Foster) and precincts (Sullivan, Lovington, etc.).

Robinson Elected Coroner J. Y. Bailey County Surveyor

Table with columns for candidates (Herbert Hoover, J. Y. Bailey) and precincts (Sullivan, Lovington, etc.).



CADELL WEST Re-elected circuit clerk for another four year term.

JOSEPH SHERMAN NOT GETTING ALONG SO WELL Joseph Sherman of Lake City who recently underwent an operation at Mayo Bros. hospital in Rochester, Minn., is reported not getting along so well as hoped and his son Bud who went to Rochester to be with him at time of operation, had not yet returned home the early part of the week.

TWIN SISTERS OBSERVE THEIR 75TH ANNIVERSARY Mrs. S. H. Purvis of this city and Mrs. J. W. Fears of near Cooks Mills observed their 75th birthday anniversary at the home of Mrs. Fears Thursday November 1st. A chicken dinner was served at the noon hour. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Sam Purvis, daughter Dulcinea Pearl and son David, Mrs. R. C. Parks of Houston, Texas, Mrs. Purvis and Mr. and Mrs. Fears.

I THANK YOU I desire to express my sincere thanks to the people of Moultrie county, for re-electing me to the office of Circuit Clerk. Cadell West.

THE LAST OF THE DUANES

by Zane Grey

Illustrated by Verne C. Christy

WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE

Buck Dwayne on the draw kills Cal Bain in self-defense and finds himself an outlaw. Flying from pursuit, he meets Luke Stevens, another outlaw, and the two become pals. Luke narrowly escapes capture and Duane is shocked to find his brother outlaw severely wounded.

NOW GO ON WITH STORY

Feller's name was Brown. Me an' him fell out over a hoss I stole from him over in Huntsville. We had a shootin' scrape then. Wal, as I was straddlin' my hoss back there in Mercer I seen this Brown an' seen him before he seen me.

"Could have killed him, too. But I wasn't breakin' my word to you. I kind of hoped he wouldn't spot me. But he did—an' fust shot he got me here. What do you think of this hole?"

"It's pretty bad," replied Buck, and he could not look the cheerful outlaw in the eyes.

"I reckon it is. Wal, I've had some bad wounds I lived over. Guess mebbe I can stand this one. Now, Buck, get me some place in the brakes—leave me some grub an' water at my hand—an' then you clear out."

"Leave you here alone?" asked Duane sharply.

"Shore. You see, I can't keep up with you. Brown an' his friends will follow us across the river a ways. You've got to think of number one in this game."

"What would you do in my case?" asked Duane curiously.

"Wal, I reckon I'd clear out an' save my hide," replied Stevens. Duane felt inclined to doubt the outlaw's assertion. For his own part he decided his conduct without further speech.

First he watered the horses, filled canteens and water-bag, and then tied the pack upon his own horse. That done, he lifted Stevens upon his horse and holding him in the saddle, turned into the brakes, being careful to pack out hard or grassy ground that left little signs of tracks.

All that night Duane, gloomy and thoughtful, attentive to the wounded outlaw, walked the trail and never halted till daybreak. He was tired then, and hungry. Stevens seemed in bad shape, although he was still spirited and cheerful. Duane made camp. The outlaw refused food but asked for both whiskey and water. Then he stretched out.

"Buck, will you take off my boots?" he asked with a faint smile on his pallid face.

Duane removed them, wondering if the outlaw had the thought that he did not want to die with his boots on.

"Pard, you—stuck—to me!" the outlaw whispered.

Duane caught a hint of gladness in the voice—he traced a faint smile in the haggard face. Stevens seemed like a little child.

To Duane the moment was sad, elemental, big with a burden of mystery he could not understand. Duane buried him in a shallow arroyo and heaped up a pile of stones to mark the grave. That done he saddled his comrade's horse, hung the weapons over the pommel and mounting his own steed he rode down the trail in the gathering twilight.

Presently the trail widened into a road, and that into a kind of square lined by a number of adobe and log buildings, or rudest structure. Within sight were horses, dogs, a couple of steers, Mexican women with children and white men, all of whom appeared to be doing nothing.

His advent created no interest until he rode up to the white men, who were looting in the shade of a house. This place evidently was a store and saloon, and from the inside came a lazy hum of voices.

As Duane reined to a halt one of the loungers rose with a loud exclamation.

"Bust me if that ain't Luke's hoss!"

The others accorded their interest, if not assent, by rising to advance toward Duane.

"How about it, Euchre? Ain't that Luke's bay?" queried the first man.

"Plain as your nose," replied the fellow called Euchre.

"There ain't no doubt about that then," laughed another, "fer Bosomer's nose is shore plain on the landscape."

These men lined up before Duane, and as he coolly regarded them he thought they could have been recognized anywhere as desperadoes.

The man called Bosomer, who struck out in advance of the others was a hard-looking customer, with yellow eyes and an enormous nose. He had sandy hair and a skin the color of dust.

"Stranger, who are you, an' where did you git that bay hoss?" he demanded.

His yellow eyes took in Stevens' horse, then the weapons hung on the saddle, and finally turned their glinting, hard light upward to Duane.

"Stranger, who are you?" asked another man, somewhat more civilly.

"My name's Duane," replied Buck curtly.

"An how'd you come by the hoss?"

Duane answered briefly, and his words were followed by short silence, during which the men looked at him. Bosomer began to twist his bearded lips.

"Reckon he's dead all right, or nobody'd hev his hoss an' guns," said Euchre.

"Mr. Duane," began Bosomer, in ow stinging tones, "I happen to be Luke Stevens' side partner."

Duane looked him over, from dusty, worn-out boots to his slouchy sombrero. The look seemed to inflame Bosomer.

"An' I want the hoss an' them guns," he shouted.

"You or anybody else can have them for all I care. I just fetched them in. But the pack is mine," replied Duane. "And say—I befriended your pard. If you can't use a civil tongue you'd better cinch it."

"Civil? Haw! Haw!" rejoined the outlaw. "I don't know you. How do we know you didn't plug Stevens, an' stole his hoss, an' jest happened to stumble down here?"

"You'll have to take my word, that's all," replied Duane sharply.

"Stranger, Bosomer is shore hot-headed," said the man Euchre. He did not appear unfriendly, nor were the others hostile.

At this juncture several more outlaws crowded out of the door, and the one in the lead was a tall man of stalwart physique. His manner proclaimed him a leader. He had a long face, a flaming red beard, and clear cold blue eyes that fixed in close scrutiny upon Duane. He was not a Texan; in truth Duane did not recognize one of these outlaws as native to his State.

"I'm Bland," said the tall man

authoritatively. "Who're you and what're you doing here?"

Duane looked at Bland as he had at the others. This outlaw chief appeared to be reasonable, if he was not courteous. Duane told his story again, this time a little more in detail.

"I believe you," replied Bland at once. "Think I know when a fellow's lying."

"I reckon you're on the right trail," put in Euchre. "That about Luke wantin' his boots took off—that satisfies me. Luke hed a mortal dread of dyin' with his boots on."

At this sally the chief and his men laughed.

"You said Duane—Buck Duane queried Bland. "Are you a son of that Duane who was a gun-fighter some years back?"

"Yes," replied Duane.

"Never met him, and glad I didn't said Bland with a grim humor.

Bosomer appeared at the door, pushing men who tried to detain him and as he jumped clear of a last reaching hand he uttered a snarl like an angry dog.

Manifestly the short while he had spent inside the saloon had been devoted to drinking and talking himself into a frenzy. Bland and the other outlaws quickly moved aside letting Duane alone. When Bosomer saw Buck standing motionless and watchful, a strange change passed quickly in him. He halted in his tracks, and as he did that the men who had followed him out piled over each other in a hurry to get to one side.

Duane saw all the swift action, felt intuitively the meaning in it, and in Bosomer's sudden change of front. The outlaw was keen, and he had expected a shrinking or at least a frightened antagonist.

But Duane did not speak a word. He had remained motionless for a long moment, his eyes pale and steady, his right hand like a claw.

That instant gave birth in Duane a power to read in his enemy's eyes the thought that preceded action. But he did not want to kill another man; he did not intend to. When Bosomer's hand moved Duane's gun was spouting fire, and Bosomer fell with his right arm shattered. He would never be able to draw a gun again.

When Duane went out with Euchre the sun was setting behind a blue range of mountains across the river in Mexico. The valley appeared to open to the southwest.

"The only feller who's goin' to put a close eye on you is Benson," said Euchre. "He runs the place an' sells drinks. The gang calls him Jackrabbit Benson because he's always got his eye pelled an' his ear cocked. Don't notice him if he looks you over, Buck."

"Benson is scared to death of every newcomer who rustles into Bland's camp. An' the reason, I take it, is because he's done somebody dirt. He's hidin'. Not from a sheriff or ranger! Men who hide from them don't act like Jackrabbit Benson."

"He's hidin' from some guy who's huntin' him to kill him. Wal I'm always expectin' to see some feller ride in here an' throw a gun on Benson. Can't say I'd be grieved."

"What have you against him?" inquired Duane, as he sat down beside Euchre.

"Wal, mebbe I'm cross-grained" replied Euchre apologetically. "Shore an outlaw an' rustler such as me can't be touchy. But I never stole nothin' but cattle from some rancher who never missed 'em, anyway. The sneak Benson—he was the means of puttin' a little girl in Bland's way."

"Girl?" queried Duane, now with real attention.

"Shore. Bland's great on women. I'll tell you about this girl when we get out of here. Some of the gang are goin' to be so- sical, an' I can't talk about the chief."

During the ensuing half hour a number of outlaws passed by Duane and Euchre, halted for a greeting, or sat down for a moment. They were all gruff, loud-voiced, merry, and good-natured. Duane replied civilly and agreeably when he was personally addressed, but he refused all invitations to drink and gamble.

Evidently he had been accepted in a way, as one of their clan. No one made any hint of an allusion to his affair with Bosomer. Duane saw readily that Euchre was well liked. One outlaw borrowed money from him; another asked for tobacco.

Next morning Duane found that a moody and despondent spell had fastened on him. Wishing to be alone, he went out and walked a trail leading around the river bluff. He thought and thought.

When he returned to the shack Euchre was cooking dinner.

"Say, Buck, I've news for you" he said, and his tone conveyed either pride in his possession of such news, or pride in Duane. "Feller named Bradley rode in this morning. He'd heard some about you."

"Told about the ace of spades they put over the bullet holes in that cowpuncher Bain you shot. Then there was a rancher shot at a water-hole twenty miles south

of Wellston. Reckon you didn't do it?"

"No, I certainly did not" replied Duane.

"Wal, you get the blame. It ain't nothin' for a feller to be saddled with gun-play he never made. An' Buck, if you ever get famous, as seems likely, you'll be blamed for many a crime." The border'll make outlaw an' murder out of you. . . Wal, the's enough of thet. I've more news. You're goin' to be popular."

"Popular? What do you mean?" "I met Bland's wife this mornin'. She seen you the other day when you rode in. She shore wants to meet you an' so do some of the other women in camp. They always want to meet new fellers who've just come in. It's lonesome for women here an' they like to hear news from the towns."

"Well, Euchre, I don't want to be impolite, but I'd rather not meet any women," rejoined Duane.

"I was afraid you wouldn't. Don't blame you much. I was hoping though, you might talk a little to thet poor lonesome kid."


"What kid?" inquired Duane, in surprise.

"Didn't I tell you about Jennie—the girl Bland's holdin' here—the one Jackrabbit Benson had a hand in stealin'?"

"You mentioned a girl. That's all. Tell me now," replied Duane abruptly.


(Continued Next Week.)

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In order to bring these mammoth facilities of the Chevrolet factories to Chevrolet dealers and owners everywhere, there have been erected 26 huge parts warehouses in the principal centers of distribution. This expansion program is continually going on—for four great additional warehouses will be in operation by January first and seven more by the summer of 1929.

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Armistice Day Program

Sunday, November 11

'Men of Purpose'

THE OFFICIAL PICTURE OF THE WORLD WAR AT THE

Mattoon Theatre

Mattoon, Ill.

2 p. m. to 10

Auspices of the American Legion, The Lawrence Riddle
Post No. 88

MUSIC
Voice -- Piano
MRS. BLANCHE FOSTER
Phone 432

NINETY YEARS AGO


—On November 8, 1838—

The First Engine in the Mississippi Valley was placed on the Wabash track at Meredosia, Ill.

Ninety Years of Service

From the time that little train of ninety years ago, the first in the Mississippi Valley, puffed its way over the Northern Cross Railroad, now a part of the Wabash Railway, from Meredosia, Illinois, to Morgan City, a distance of 12 miles, at the "thrilling" speed of 6 miles an hour, service has been the big idea on the Wabash. Did Mrs. Doty but flutter her handkerchief from the back pasture, the engineer obligingly stopped the train, and the conductor helped her on, and off again at her cousin Martha's farm. Was a crate of chickens or a barrel of potatoes waiting along side the track, the train again stopped and the conductor and engineer loaded them on. When farmer Lazenby objected to the train running right through his farm, or the Jacksonville citizens begged that it chug right down their main street, the road was obligingly re-routed to please. Ninety years have passed. Most of them of pioneering hardships, and some of achievement. But the same spirit of service first manifested in 1838, and continued during the intervening years, is reflected today in the new standard of Wabash service. This service unites hundreds of cities and communities to the business of the world. This service has joined the forces of a vast army of highly trained employes to demonstrate what service really means to the traveller, and to the shipper of merchandise.

Ninety Years of Serving!



1838



1928

WABASH

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