

DANCING JUDITH

By CORALIE STANTON and HEATH HOSKEN
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CHAPTER XLII

"I simply cannot stand it any longer," said Judy. "I shall have to go to the police!"

She sat in the Cafe Turc, with a dozen or so of her men friends about her. It was a little less than a week after Bruce Gid-on's visit. Every day she was growing stronger, though she put on no flesh and still had to use two sticks.

She looked around the table, took up her coffee spoon, and beat it on her saucer. Dan, the Italian waiter, came running up, as he did to her lightest word.

"No, Dan," she said, "I don't want anything. The coffee's lovely, but I can't drink any more, or I shall sleep. I was talking about Miss Morley and Mr. Dumont."

She looked around the table again. "Is it possible that nobody has heard from Bastian?"

"Not a line—not a word—not a breath!" came in a chorus from the assembled artists.

"I hear that both of their places are locked up!" cried Judy. "I'm frightened to death, because such a lot of queer stories lately in the papers."

"Do you mean to say Steyne hasn't heard from Chummy?" Michael Stone asked.

"No—not a word."

Judy just said that, and no more. Her mouth closed like a little trap. Steyne had not been seen at the Cafe Turc for some time.

"It must be just a coincidence," volunteered some one. "They must have each gone away for some personal reason."

"But not to send a word to anybody!"

"They couldn't have been kidnapped."

"I believe they have been," Judy said forcefully. "Tomorrow morning I'm going to the police."

She did not do so, because she had a violent headache the next day. It was one of the results of the physical suffering and mental strain she had been through.

The doctor came to see her, and she had a long talk with him. He was a great surgeon who had treated her feet, but the practitioner who was looking after her general health. He was quite a young man and full alive to all that she meant, not only to men as individuals, but to the world of men.

"You've come to a standstill," he told her. "I'm not satisfied with you. You must go away. You must get into the sun."

"All right—I'll go," she said a little ungraciously. "I'll go before the end of this month."

"The sooner the better," he replied with decision.

Her head was very bad. When the landlady's daughter came up to ask if she would see Mr. Steyne for a few minutes, she could not resist.

"Forgive me for coming," Alan said, "but I thought perhaps you had heard from Clarissa."

"Not a word," she answered. "I'm worried ill."

Steyne came and stood near her. "Your head aches, Judy?"

His voice said that he wished his head could ache for her. Judy had heard that note in many voices; but only in his did it rouse an answering thrill.

"It's nothing," she said. She looked up at him and smiled. As on the first night when she had seen him, she was struck by his physical fitness, by the look which said that he got what he wanted.

"The doctor says I must go away," she went on.

"Judy, you are going away?"

"He says I must. You know there is just a chance that some day I may dance again. I must get well."

"Of course, you must get well," he said. "It won't do me any good to go now, because I'm so worried about Chummy."

"Yes, I know."

"Alan!" Her voice was sharp with the exasperation of continued anxiety. "Why hasn't she written to you?"

"I don't know. I can't think." "I'll drive me crazy!"

Her mouth puckered. She looked for a moment like a child about to cry.

"Judy!" Steyne said quickly. "Don't! Don't!"

She could see he was aching to take her in his arms.

"You mustn't mind anything I say today, Alan," she said wistfully. "I have a terrible headache."

"Judy, I can't stand it!"

"Nor can I. You mustn't say anything to me. It wouldn't be fair."

"Judy, I love you!"

"No, no, no! Fair! I can't!"—she managed to laugh ever so jerkily—"I can't fight today."

Then she closed her eyes, and an attack of pain sent her head helplessly back against the cushions of her chair. Steyne left her, realizing that words were useless between a vacant-faced, dark-eyed woman, thin as a rake, with very few teeth.

"Miss Morley's back," she said, smiling casually.

"What?" gasped Judy.

"Yes—and such news! Go up and see!"

Judy padded up the stairs breathlessly, both feet on each stair at the same time. Chummy's door was open. Inside there was a cloud of dust, and the furniture was all over the place.

"Chummy!" Judy called faintly. Out came Chummy, with very brown cheeks, and took Judy in her arms.

"Judy! Little, little Judy! How did you know I was back?"

"I just came by," said Judy, when her friend had done hugging her. "And have you been mad?"

"Perhaps a little," said Chummy, and she laughed. "You're going to scold, Judy, but you mustn't. I'll explain."

"Explain! I should like to know how you can explain, Miss Morley! And I must have a chair to sit down on."

Chummy took her into the studio and turned a chair right side up.

"But you can walk, Judy! How marvelous, marvelous!"

"And what about you?" For once Judy's voice was really cold with anger. "Do you know that you've frightened me terribly—that you've nearly killed me?"

"Judy, little Judy!" said Chummy, with the gray voice and the look of bouncing health. "I do so abjectly apologize! I've been abominably selfish, but perhaps you'll forgive me, because I—well, somehow, we felt silly and didn't like to tell."

"Didn't like to tell what?"

"That we got married and went off on our honeymoon."

"Who—got—married?" gasped Judy.

"Bastian and I!"

It took more than Chummy's wedding ring to convince Judy that her friend was not mad. It took quite a lot of explanation and repetition and assurance that Mrs. Dumont knew what she was talking about.

"You and Bastien?" Judy kept saying in a bewildered voice.

seem such tremendous friends!"

They lunched at Ginori's, and afterward went to the Cafe Turc, where the news was announced, and good will and laughter. Steyne was not there.

In the late afternoon Judy went back to her rooms. She was tired. It had been a tiring day; but the Dumonts were going to take her out to dinner.

About seven o'clock Steyne burst into Judy's sitting room.

"Judy! Judy!" He was pale, and his hands that closed over hers were cold. "You've heard! Clarissa has married Dumont—and I'm free! I don't know what I'm saying or doing. Judy, I'm free!"

He was like a young whirlwind. She nodded.

"I've been with them all day. Alan. It doesn't seem like a real world at all."

"I've seen them just now, Judy,

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Protect them in FIREPROOF VAULTS
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"Everybody's Bank"

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No ad accepted after 12 noon on week days and 4 p. m. Saturday or Sunday.

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Money to loan on automobiles. C. E. Maddocks & Co., Ranger.

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FOR RENT—One five room house, unfurnished, Close to So. Seaman. Call at 105 E. Valley.

9—HOUSES FOR RENT

FOR RENT—4 room house, Close on paved street. Phone 489.

FOR RENT—New five room modern cottage, all conveniences, on paved street. Phone 489.

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FOR RENT—Three and two-room furnished apartment with private bath, desirable location. See Mrs. Lucy Gristy, 701 Plummer, phone 343.

FOR RENT—One four room furnished apartment, 721 West Commerce, Phone 130 or 482.

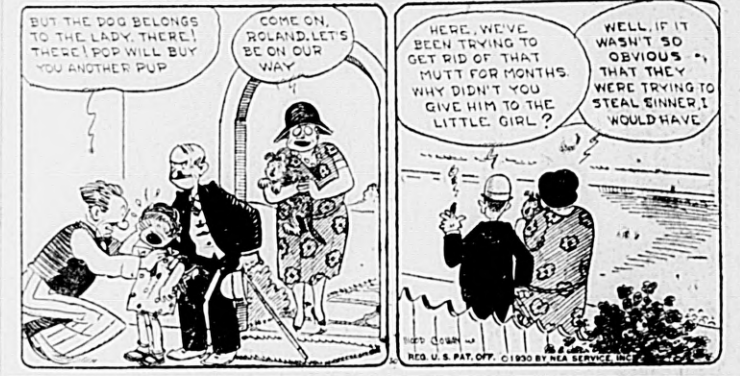
FOR RENT—Nicely furnished south east apartment. Private bath, gas, and Redwood rent. Apply 612 W. Plummer.

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Hall Tire Company.
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Midway Station, 4 miles west.
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Texaco Jones, phone 123

MOM'N POP



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"I've been with them all day. Alan. It doesn't seem like a real world at all."

"I've seen them just now, Judy,

By Cowan

and they're as brown as berries and jolly as sandboys!"

"I know. They're very happy."

"Judy, you can't say no any more now! You can't send me away any more!"

She gave him a little helpless smile.

"I suppose not."

"Judy, say you love me," he pleaded.

But she was still in the grip of what now appeared to have been a great illusion.

"I'm so muddled, Alan—I can't think straight. It seems as if it couldn't be true!"

"But it is; and now you're going to tell me that you love me, and that you'll marry me ever so soon—just as soon as it can be done." He was on his knees by her chair. "And I'm going to take you out to Persia—it's nice and warm there."

She put her little hands on his shoulders. It was as if her happiness were so much, as if she must struggle against it.

"Alan, supposing I wanted to dance again?"

"My course you will dance again! Who could imagine you not dancing?"

"You wouldn't mind, Alan?"

"Mind! You wonderful Judy! I shall be ever so proud."

She smiled dreamily.

"I mightn't want to," she murmured, "even if I could."

"Judy, say you love me!"

"You know it, silly!" She looked at him through streaming tears. "I think I want to die," she whispered, as she slipped into his arms. Then she gave a long sigh, which ended up in a rapturous smile, as she added: "Except that I want to live—with you!"

On Judy's wedding day the sun shone, and then it rained and Alan was so nervous that he dropped the ring, and Frank Hylton, his best man, was so nervous that he had to chase it halfway down the aisle.

The guests laughed and cried, and the crowd outside the church cried and laughed and threw flowers. When it was all over, everybody was worn out and felt like rags, and yet somehow they knew that it was one of the greatest days of their lives.

The flower woman at the street corner, who was one of the honored guests at the reception and one of Judy's oldest friends, summed it all up.

"We had plenty to eat and plenty to drink," she said, "and I

cried myself was never life!"

And when tom of it, more fitting title Judy...

Pair Lit

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L. C.

TIRE

W. Comm

ROBB

Satter

CAN THEY MAKE IT FLY?



The Complete Guide--Book

IF YOU'VE been a tourist in foreign lands, you've probably come to have a high regard for one or another of the standard guide-books. Surrounded by strange scenes, strange names, and with your time limited, you have turned with relief to any volume which tells you on good authority where to go and what to do.

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THE REALM of SPORT

TEXAS

Major League

By United Press

Major league leaders changed opponents today, the Philadelphia Athletics moving to Washington for a 2-game series against the Senators, their nearest rivals, and Brooklyn shifting to Philadelphia for a 4-game series against the Phillies in 3 days.

The Athletics had half a game shaved off their lead yesterday when New York Yankees pounded out a 12-3 victory, but the Mackmen still had a comfortable 6-game lead over Washington when the two leaders opened their series today.

Although ten games behind the Athletics, the Yankees had an opportunity to narrow the gap today, playing a double header against the last place Red Sox at Boston. Both National league leaders

were beaten yesterday, the Boston Braves winning from Brooklyn, 4-3, on 10 innings and the Cincinnati Reds defeating the Chicago Cubs, 4-3.

George Sisti doubled in the eighth to drive in two runs to tie the score and then singled in the tenth to drive in the winning run against Brooklyn.

Cincinnati won its ninth victory in 15 games played against Chicago, Swanson's single and Stripp's double accounting for the winning run. Harry Heimann drove in the other three Cincinnati runs with a double and home run.

The New York Giants gained a game in the National League race by handing the Phillies their 9th straight defeat, 11-5. The Giants are now 5 1-2 games behind Brooklyn.

Lloyd Warner's single in the 9th drove home a pair of runs and Pittsburgh beat the St. Louis Cardinals, 6-5.

The Chicago White Sox won from the St. Louis Browns in the other Major League game, 6-2.

OK AND SLIDES

Henry L. Farrell

DID YOU KNOW THAT—

AFTER the Cleveland Indians had lost 22 out of 25 games in a recent disastrous slump, Owner Alva Bradley took the boys out to Pepper Pike, an exclusive country club, for dinner. . . . The other teams put salt on their tails. . . . Maybe Bradley figured a little pepper wouldn't hurt the lads. . . . Since the war three players have won all the women's singles championships at Wimbledon. . . . Lengien won six times. . . . Mrs. Kathleen McKane Godfree twice. . . . and Helen Wills Moody four times. . . . An 18-year-old boy pitches every day to some of the world's greatest hitters. . . . He's Lewis Bernhard Krause, the Media, Pa., high school wonder who is on a 25-day trip with the Macks. . . . He flings 'em at Simmons, Foxx and the rest of the boys in batting practice. . . . He's a right-hander, and won 29 straight games for his school during the last two years, and his dad was John E., once a sou'paw star in the Blue Ridge League.

in September, and if it is exercised, another 100 grand will have winged its way to the coast for promising baseball talent.

The colonel paid \$75,000 for Lazzeri, and the street corners aren't crowded with people bearing megaphones and shouting that Jake was gyped. The colonel paid \$50,000 to the Seals for Pitcher Vernon Gomez last year. Lazzeri, Larry, Reese and Meryl Hoag, the new outfielder, cost the colonel in the neighborhood of \$275,000. If he puts out another \$100,000 for Craghead and Daglia, his purchases on the coast alone would amount to \$375,000. It looks as though it might be cheaper to buy a franchise in the league.

If the colonel fails to buy Craghead and Daglia, it is said that Billy Evans is ready to step in with a July bid for the pair on behalf of the Cleveland Indians.

WANT ADS BRING RESULTS

ODD SPOTS IN THE "LIFE OF A RABBIT"

"I'LL NEVER LIVE THIS DOWN!"

ON MAY 26, 1929, HE DROPPED THE FIRST AND ONLY FLY BALL OF HIS BIG LEAGUE CAREER...

IN ALL THESE YEARS, THE "RABBIT" HAS HIT ONLY 3 HOME RUNS

ONE IN 1924, ANOTHER IN 1928 AND THE THIRD JUST THE OTHER DAY!

"RABBIT" ANVILLE

IN OVER 2100 GAMES MORE THAN ANY PRESENT-DAY PLAYER.

WITH BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, CUBS, AND THE BRAVES

PRORATION OF SMALL, OLD WELLS IS OPPOSED

RANGER, Texas, July 30.—The proration of oil in old, settled pools in Texas would mean the plugging of thousands of wells which are now barely yielding a profit and would result in throwing out of employment many men, thereby adding to the present depression, the board of directors of the Ranger Chamber of Commerce declare in a resolution.

John M. Gholson and W. D. Conway, well known Ranger operators, were appointed to represent this city at a hearing on proration to be held by the State Railroad Commission in Austin Wednesday.

In Eastland, Stephens, Brown, Shackelford and Coleman counties, there are approximately 720 wells that are averaging three barrels of oil a day, this being settled production which will probably continue at this rate for several years. Due to the small amount of oil produced by such

wells, the lifting charge is high in comparison to wells over the State that produce much more oil. A considerable amount of water is produced in many of these small wells and, if pumping is not maintained, the water will drown out the oil sands.

The total production of these wells is not great but many oil operators, laborers, material and supply men are dependent on this production for their livelihood, the resolution pointed out.

J. E. Spencer and Mr. Morrison of Cisco spoke on this question at the Ranger C. of C. directors' meeting Monday night.

A letter from the Eastland Chamber of Commerce was read, inviting Ranger to participate in the Eastland county Free Fall fair with Saturday, September 27, as Ranger Day. Ranger was invited to give a program on that day. A

Garage, Car and Truck Burn Up

RANGER, Texas, July 30.—Fire destroyed a truck, a Chevrolet sedan and garage at the home of G. O. Strong Monday night. The property was not insured.

The scene of the fire was in the northwestern edge of Ranger and was so far from a fire plug that it took all the hose to reach it.

The truck destroyed was the one from which former Governor Pat Neff, former Adjutant General Mark McGee and Judge L. R. Pearson spoke at a political rally here recently.

CHANGSHA, China, July 29.—Hankow Reds attacked Changsha today and captured Father Guilo Balma, procurator at the Catholic mission here. Three other foreigners, two of whom were believed to be Americans were also taken when they refused to evacuate. Sisters from the mission were saved from harm by going aboard an American gunboat soon after word

Tiger of France Leaves Vase To Arizona Town

Clemenceau Citizens Will Build Special Cabinet for Valued Gift.

PHOENIX, Ariz., July 29.—In a sun-blistered town of Arizona, composed of a grotesque smelting works and a cluster of adobe houses, and isolated from the world save by one road and a small railroad line, there will soon stand in a special cabinet where they all

may gaze upon it, a lilac-colored vase bequeathed to the town by one of the most famous statesmen which France has given to the world—Georges Clemenceau.

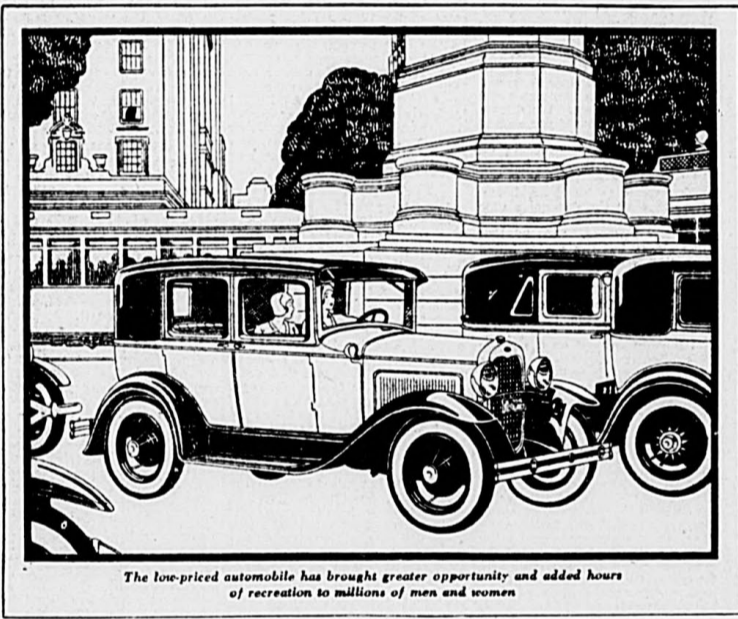
The town to be so signally honored is Clemenceau, Arizona, post-office and railroad station in Yavapai county, a community recently established through a decision of the United States Geographic board.

The town of Clemenceau, formerly known as Verde, was so named in honor of the distinguished "Tiger of France" by his life-long friend, J. S. Douglas, president of the United Verde Extension Mining Company and father of Congressman Lewis Douglas.

The elder Douglas and Clemenceau kept close contact for many years and the Arizonaan visited the "tiger" only a month before the latter's death in Verden, France.

When the will of Clemenceau was made public, a clause was revealed which read to the effect that he had left to the Arizona town bearing his name "a vase designed by Chaplet in a light lilac color which will be found on the shelf above the mirror in my study."

Meeting the Needs of Millions of People



The low-priced automobile has brought greater opportunity and added hours of recreation to millions of men and women

BECAUSE the automobile is such an important factor in the lives and prosperity of so many people, the purpose of the Ford Motor Company is something more than the mere manufacture of a motor car.

There is no service in simply setting up a machine or a plant and letting it turn out goods. The service extends into every detail of the business—design, production, the wages paid and the selling price. All are a part of the plan.

The Ford Motor Company looks upon itself as charged with making an automobile that will meet the needs of millions of people and to provide it at a low price. That is its mission. That is its duty and its obligation to the public.

The search for better ways of doing things is never-ending. There is ceaseless, untiring effort to find new methods and new machines that will save steps and time in manufacturing. The Ford plants are, in reality, a great mechanical university, dedicated to the advancement of industry. Many manufacturers come to see and share the progress made.

The greatest progress comes by never standing still. Today's methods, however successful, can never be taken as wholly right. They represent simply the best efforts of the moment. Tomorrow must bring an improvement in the methods

of the day before. Hard work usually finds the way.

Once it was thought impossible to cast gray iron by the endless chain method. All precedent was against it and every previous experiment had failed. Many men had shut their minds to the possibility of change. But fair prices to the public demanded that wasteful methods be eliminated in this operation. Finally the way was found and old methods gave place to new.

A better way of making axle shafts saved thirty-six million dollars in four years. A new method of cutting crankcases reduced the cost by \$500,000 a year. The perfection of a new machine saved a similar amount on such a little thing as one bolt. Then electric welding was developed to make many bolts unnecessary and to increase structural strength.

Just a little while ago, an endless chain conveyor almost four miles long was installed at the Rouge plant. This conveyor has a daily capacity of 300,000 parts weighing more than 2,000,000 pounds. By substituting the tireless, unvarying machine for tasks formerly done by hand, it has made the day's work easier for thousands of workers and saved time and money in the manufacture of the car. All of these things are done in the interest and the service of the public—so that the benefits of reliable, economical transportation may be placed within the means of every one.



FORD MOTOR COMPANY

SOCIETY, CLUB and CHURCH NEWS

The Telegram, 106 E. Plummer, Phone 500.

MR. AND MRS. CHILDRESS COMPLIMENT FRIENDS

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Childress complimented Mr. and Mrs. J. U. Stroup of Dayton, Ohio, with a party at their home last evening. Many interesting games and contests furnished the amusement. Ice cream and cake was served to the following: Messrs and Mrs. S. J. Smith, James Graham, J. D. Matlock of Olden, W. A. Terworth, E. R. O'Rourke, W. A. Garner, Bud Copeland, H. E. Lawrence, C. F. Fehl, P. L. Harris, B. E. Robison, J. R. Boggs, E. D. Reagan, J. E. Bills, Lester Brittain, M. J. Pickett, Wiley Horton, Willie Hastings, Guy Sherrill, M. C. Miller, Loretta Herring, H. J. Thompson, Clara Crossley, Leola Bartley, Misses Luciene and Audrey Brawner, and Hiram Childress, Jack Testworth, Quinman Hurley, Hilton Harbin and Mr. and Mrs. J. U. Stroup, honorees.

and host and hostess Mr. and Mrs. Lan Childress. About 25 children were present.

YOUNG PEOPLE HAVE PICNIC

The Young People's Department of the Methodist Sunday School went on a picnic last evening at 8 o'clock, to the Magnolia Dam. Many amusing games were played and several clever contests were held.

A picnic lunch consisting of sandwiches, salads, pickles, olives, potato flakes, cookies, fruit, ice cream and iced tea, was spread. Those present were: Misses Mary McCarty, Virginia Neil Little, Sue Eppler, Opal Harrell and Earle Mayo, Tilman Stubbfield, Jack Kimble, Joe Gray, Howard Miller, George Brogdon, Max Kimble and Mr. and Mrs. Ed Willman and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Crowell and two children.

Boy, 19—

(Continued from page 1)

Steve Trigg, Allen's grandfather, came to the mountain ranch now owned by Allen's father, when he was a boy of seven years, and spent the balance of his life, more than 73 years, there. The elder Trigg and his wife died and were buried on the ranch, which is known until this day as the "Old Steve Trigg" or I. G. N. Ranch. Allen didn't know what the initials I. G. N. stood for.

The ranch, which was inherited by Allen's father, is comprised of 45 sections, 18 of which is government land. It is located in an isolated mountainous country not easily accessible. There are no rivers, but numerous mountain streams fed by springs high up on the sides of high mountains. Allen did not know much about the country. He did not know what counties he lived in and Albuquerque was the only town he had ever heard anything about.

The mountains, he stated, were high and snow capped much of the time. In fact, he said, the winter season lasts almost nine months out of the year and much of this time they have to feed their herds, which he said consisted of about 8,000 head of common cattle, with feed hauled by truck and team from a point on the railroad six miles out of Albuquerque. In shipping season the cattle are driven to Albuquerque and shipped to Kansas City and other markets. "We don't make much money out of the business, only a living," Trigg said.

Panthers plentiful Panther, grey black bear, some deer, many antelope, wild turkeys, wild horses and wild donkeys are to be found in the mountains which are covered with cedar in the lower regions and pine on the higher points. "Battle-snake Camp," so named because of the large number of rattlesnakes that are to be found there, "Eagle Mountain," "Twin Mountain," "Snow Cap," and "Double Mountain" are some of the mountains, Trigg said. He did not know

New, Alluring Gowns



Here are two exclusive photos of new, Alluring Paris gowns. Louise-bouanger used black tulle for the foundation of the dress shown at the left, over which squares of white kid are sewn. A band of fur outlines the decollete, and the accompanying wrap is of kid satin. At the right is a startling evening model by Tollmann of pale pink georgette, with a bodice entirely embroidered in pink beads and strass. The long wing sleeves are attached to the arm by bands of black beads and strass, which also form the belt.

changing the brand on that many. Webster, knowing the habits of panthers, turned his cow pony about, circled the thicket and headed for home. When he arrived he found the wounded mule had made it home and entered a shed, where he bled to death from the long, deep gashes in his hips and legs made by the panther. We tried to stop the bleeding by putting dirt into the wounds, but they were so deep the bleeding could not be stopped, Trigg said.

Riding Ahead of Herd Trigg also told of numerous instances where he had had to ride at the head of a stampeded herd of cattle. One time his horse ran off a 7-foot bluff with him and broke Trigg's right leg. He never had a doctor to set it, but left his boot on for three months until it got well. The same foot was also broken up again when a horse fell on it, and now is crooked, although he walks well on it.

Panther Kills Pack Mule In talking about the wild animals on the ranch Triggs told a story of a panther taking a pack mule away from his brother, as he put it. "Some of our calves fell off a bluff not far from the ranch headquarters and broke their legs. My brother, Webster, took his cow pony and a big pack mule and went to take cakes to the injured calves, which we had corralled to await the healing of their broken legs. After feeding the calves and starting back to the ranch house and as he was approaching thicket near the trail he was following, his horse and the mule he was leading, became excited and wanted to run away from the thicket. Triggs said that one of the places in the mountains that held much interest for him, was a mammoth cave 20 miles from his home, which ranchers said, was used by cattle rustlers as a hide-out in the early days. About eight years ago, Trigg said, a cattle thief that caused the ranchers much concern, was said by the cattlemen to have used the cave as his headquarters, slipping out occasionally to brand the other fellows cattle. He used a brand representing a five pointed star, according to Trigg, which, when put on over the XIT brand of a neighboring rancher, completely obliterated the former brand. The rustler succeeded in branding 200 or 300 head of cattle, or rather

"Of all the wild animals I have had anything to do with the wild donkey is the most stubborn," Trigg said. "We have captured them and tried to tame them, but they will starve to death for food and water before they will eat or drink while in captivity," he declared. Trigg has three brothers older than himself. They are Webster, 28; Hubert, 26; and Parris, 23. He has no sisters.

"The only land in cultivation on our ranch is about two acres which we plant in corn and cultivate with a push plow to raise feed for mother's uncles, Trigg said. Trigg said that his mother is 60 years of age and so far as he knows has never been out of the ranch country. His father is 68 and has spent his entire life on the ranch he now lives on. His mother, Trigg said, is apparently

A King in Sport of Kings



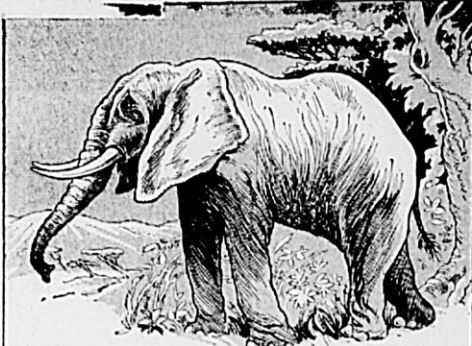
Wherever thoroughbreds and racing are known, the name of Colonel E. R. Bradley, above, is a byword, for the owner of the famous Idle Hour farms has bred, reared and developed hundreds of winners in America's great turf classics at Churchill Downs, Saratoga, Arlington, Belmont and other racing plants. Besides promoting clean racing and developing fast horses, Colonel Bradley also has devised novelties that have become recognized as standard turf equipment. One of his recent inventions is a set of wind-breaking blinders, as shown on Blue Larkspur in the inset, which is said to aid the Bradley horses.

For Restaurant Wear



(Photo from Maybelle Manning.) There is leisure-hour grace and dignified beauty in a restaurant costume for the elegant made of red chiffon, polka-dotted in coin dots of white. It is made with the new drop shoulder line from which small leaves puff out. In the new-old quaint manner, and little cuffs of white organdie peep from beneath them. There is a little collar of the same crisp organdie. The frock has fitted lines and a flaring, long-all-around skirt that flatter the feminine figure. It is topped by a lacy black hat that flares off the face, dropping in graceful manner in the rear.

Mother Natures Curio Shop



ELPHANTS' TUSKS ARE BUT MODIFIED INCISOR TEETH. THEY OFTEN WEIGH OVER 150 LBS. PER PAIR.



BIG TOM ... A CARRIER PIGEON IN THE WORLD WAR, CARRIED A MESSAGE 24 MILES IN 25 MINUTES THOUGH WOUNDED TWICE ON THE WAY.

YELLOW LILY PROPAGATED

ST. LOUIS, July 30.—A dozen little sprouts in the bottom of a milk bottle have assured botanists at the Missouri Botanical Garden here that the "lost yellow lily" will be lost no more. The flower, which blossomed here for the first time in civilization and then only after a 12-year search, can be perpetuated, botanists learned, when the sprouts germinated from the blossomed lily appeared.

The lily which blossomed here grew from seeds obtained in Africa after an expedition visited that continent in search of the flower. Botanists then expressed fear that the plant would not be perpetuated. Forty years ago was the first time botanists had evidence of the existence of the flower when a scientist sent a dried specimen to Germany. Since then the flower has been entirely unknown to civilization. The re-discovery of the lily now gives botanists an opportunity for an entire new series of lily hybrids. The lily, according to the garden scientists, will enable many other combinations by crossing the new specie with other more widely known varieties.

Camp Martin—

(Continued from page 1)

ices under direction of C. A. Moore started. The chapel services were interesting in that some scout or scout leader was called on from time to time to talk. Troop 4, Cisco, caught an Armadillo and Troop 17, Breckenridge, started a June Bug endurance contest. A. J. Campbell started music practice. The band was a great asset to camp in that it furnished music for all campfires and other occasions.

July 19: Scoutmaster Ernest Lennen, troop 4, Cisco, organized his swimming classes into the Scout Life Guards to assist in teaching and looking after boys who could not swim. Tree sitting contests were started by several of the scouts. Roger Morehead, troop 6, Eastland, won the endurance record with about 14 hours in the tree to his credit. Inspection of tables to determine which troop had the cleanest table following each meal was begun with the winner every day receiving a prize of something to eat.

July 20: The Bugle Call, daily memographed camp paper, came out with special comic and magazine section. This is the third year that the paper was published daily during the camp and is much in demand among the scouts while in camp. Camp Martin was officially inspected by H. B. Yates, special deputy Regional executive.

Chapel exercises were conducted by Rev. Cooper of Mason and several visitors came to camp. July 21: More than one hundred people from Mason accompanied by the scouts at camp with a watermelon feast and band concert. An interesting program was given by

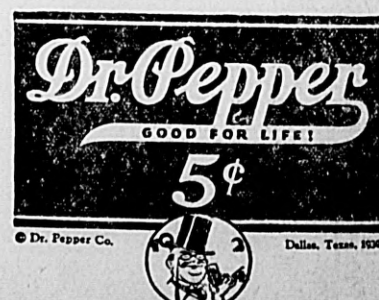
the visitors and scouts at the campfire and watermelon was served following the program. Captain W. C. Hickey of Ranger arrived in camp and started giving the scouts tests in marksmanship. Dr. Lovett completed giving physical examinations to every scout in camp.



Every Little Cell In Your System Says That For Nourishment

You've seen "flowers in the rain, lift up their heads again". Well! that's how it is with hungry little cells when you answer their cry for food. At first the call is a whisper; you're just a little restless, or languid and tired. This happens at mid-meal hours; around 10-2 & 4 o'clock. Go then. Don't wait. Drink a bite to eat and see how much better you'll feel.

A little nourishment at such a time tides you over 'til another meal; puts an edge on your brain and body; picks you up and puts you "on your toes." Try it... at regular hours... for just one week. No kidding! It works. Not a thing in it can harm you. It's one good habit to get. It won't get you



AT 10-2 & 4 O'CLOCK