

# THE SANDERSON TIMES

Volume 18

Sanderson, Texas, Saturday, Sept. 12, 1925

No. 31

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## SCHOOL OPENS WITH RECORD ENROLLMENT

The public schools opened here Monday with an unusual large attendance. At the opening exercises held in the auditorium of the High School several good talks were made by those interested in the progress of our school. One thing noticeable was the large number of patrons present.

Following the chapel exercises the various classes were assigned to their rooms where enrollment took place. Tuesday new books were given out and lessons were assigned. On Wednesday recitations were begun and the daily routine of work was begun. Mrs. Nations opened her kindergarten at her home Monday. She has a good attendance, this being her third year with the kindergarten pupils and she has more than made good. By the unusual demand for her to take the little tots goes to show that she is a capable teacher.

Mrs. Clyde Mills is the new music teacher this year. She has come to Sanderson highly recommended as a first class music teacher. Most of the week has been spent in arranging classes and getting her pupils started. She conducts the classes at her residence.

With such a good beginning and the splendid corps of teachers the 1925-26 term of school should undoubtedly be a success.

## Church News

Tomorrow is Rev. J. A. McMillan's regular day for Sanderson, services at 11 a. m. and 8:30 p. m. Everyone cordially invited.

Rev. M. P. Hines preached here Sunday evening as he was unable to come in the morning due to a funeral at Marathon.

Sunday school convened last Sunday with 110 present and was very glad to see the faces of those present that have been away for vacations. First bell for Sunday school at 9:30, beginning at 10 a. m. at Presbyterian church. A glad welcome to all, and hopes that there will be many more with us.

The Ladies of the W. M. U. to meet with Mrs. Druse next Monday at 4 p. m. for Bible study. Let all be present.

Epworth League at 7:30 p. n. at the Methodist church.

The Ladies Auxiliary to the Presbyterian church will meet with Mrs. VanZandt Monday at 4 p. m. for Mission and Bible study. Lesson Psalms, Questions No. 543 thru 568.

The Ladies Auxiliary will have an apron sale at the Hall on September 18 in the evening.

## LADIES ATTENTION

Milady's Shoppe, Marfa, Texas will have on display at the Kerr Hotel a splendid line of dresses at \$14.75. Hats from \$1.75 and up. Will be glad to have you see them. Wednesday and Thursday, September 16 and 17.

S. J. Kellogg left Wednesday for a visit in Dallas, Ft. Worth and other Texas.

The many friends will regret to learn of the death of Mrs. J. H. Rasco which occurred at Fort Worth on August 29. Mr. Rasco was a former sheep inspector in Sanderson.

## INFORMAL RECEPTION GIVEN FOR THE FACULTY

One of the most delightful social affairs given in sometime was the informal, honoring the faculty of the schools, given at the home of Mrs. Alexander Mitchell, Monday night, by the Parent-Teacher Association.

As the parents of the community gathered together, each and every one welcomed our new teachers as well as the old ones, making them all feel a close kindred of good feeling and co-operation. Mrs. Mitchell, assisted by the various officers of the Association served iced punch to the guests.

## ATTENTION MASONS AND THE PUBLIC

W. M. Stockwell, a 33 degree Mason, Col. F. Baker, Tom Kane and Berry B. Cobb, representing Scottish Rite of Freemasonry, will be in Sanderson Thursday, September 17. The party will put on a good program consisting of motion pictures and addresses. The main topic is "What Masonry is Doing in Texas."

The entertainment will be held at the Presbyterian church at 8 p. m. there will be no charges and all Masons, Eastern Stars and the public are cordially invited to attend.

Get out of the rut! Stop wearing cheap hand-me-down clothes. They cost you more in the long run, and they can't fit, because they are not made for you. Empire Tailors.

Mrs. R. B. Dyer returned last Saturday from a visit with relatives in New York City.

Carlton White spent several days in Houston this week attending the shop Craft Association convention held there.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Callaway, former Sanderson citizens, but now living in San Angelo spent last here visiting relatives.

W. J. Ferguson returned the first of the week from a visit with his mother in Floresville.

Mrs. W. F. and son visited relatives in El Paso the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McKee spent several days in El Paso this week where Mr. McKee attended the safety meeting.

"Little Miss Mildred Schupbach arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Schupbach on September 1, 1925, at Somerton, Arizona.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Jobe and children of Thurber, Texas came in last week to make Sanderson their home.

Born, on August 29, 1925, to Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Taylor, a boy. Both mother and baby are doing fine.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Hulsey of Fort Worth are visiting their daughter, Mrs. D. L. Duke.

The following announcement was received this week: "Born, August 23, to Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Steele, William Joseph Steele, at Flagstaff, Arizona."

## BRIDGE PARTY

On Wednesday night Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Burn were hostess to several friends at bridge. In the dining room of the Kerr Hotel, profusely decorated with bouquets of various cut flowers, five tables were arranged for the players.

At the close of several games, scores were added, Ed Downie won the gentlemen's first prize, a smoking set. The ladies prize for high score, an electric incense burner was awarded to Mrs. Downie, second high score, a miniature basket containing jellies and fruit was won by Miss Sydney Laurence. The gentlemen's second high score was won by Max Bogusch, a cigar holder. Low score was awarded to Mrs. John Stovell, deck cards.

Ice cream and individual cake was served to the following guests: Mr. and Mrs. Ed Downie, Mr. and Mrs. John Stovell, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Laurence, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Wilkinson, Mr. and Mrs. Max Bogusch, Messrs. F. B. Carter, B. P. Franklin, M. A. Cavender; Misses Sydney Laurence and Kate Frazier; Messrs. M. Boyd, Fred P. Holt Clyde Griffith, G. J. Henshaw.

Mrs. Jim Kerr has as her guests her mother, Mrs. V. Tarrillion, her brother, Will Tarrillion and family, all of San Antonio.

## CONFIDENCE

With Double Meaning:

One means to trust and believe

IN

the honesty and integrity of another. The other has reference to keeping secret things of a private nature.

THIS BANK

Has the One, and Practices the Other. We have the CONFIDENCE of our patrons, and we hold in strict CONFIDENCE their financial affairs.

THIS IS PROVEN BY

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We Have Everything That's Good to Eat

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We Are Headquarters for

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We Have a Nice Line of

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Anything You Want in

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THE KERR MERC. COMPANY



Delegates of Legion in Rome Congress of Fidac



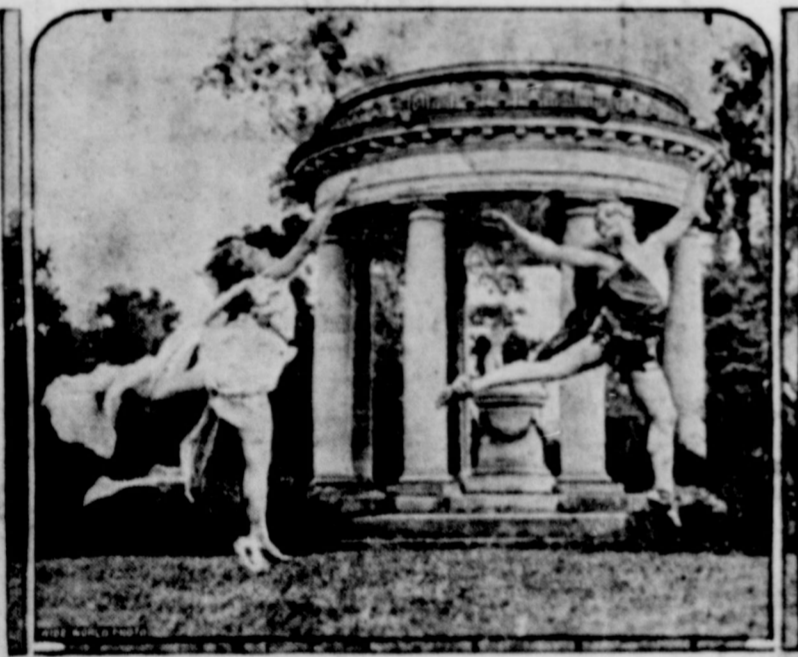
The congress of the Interallied Veterans' federation (Fidac) will be held in Rome, Italy, September 10 to 13. The American Legion delegation is comprised of the men shown in the illustration. They are (1) Representative A. Platt of Massachusetts, (2) Thomas W. Miller, president of the federation; (3) Rev. W. P. O'Connor of Cincinnati, (4) Brig. Gen. E. L. Logan of Boston, (5) Col. J. H. Thompson of Pittsburgh, (6) Brig. Gen. L. R. Gignilliat of Culver Military academy, (7) Lemuel Bolles of New York.

Max Mason Pays Visit to His New Charge



Dr. Max Mason, the newly elected president of the University of Chicago, visited that institution the other day, and is seen in the photograph chatting with some of the students. At his left hand is Franklin Gowdy, the football captain of last year.

Rehearsing for a Greek Ballet



Paul Swan and Miss Josephine France, one of his pupils, rehearsing one of the dances in the Greek ballet "Narcissus and Echo," to be given on the Vanderbilt estate, Scarborough, N. Y., in September, as a forerunner to a series of events to terminate with a great peace spectacle next May.

Mrs. Coolidge Chats With Her Mother



Mrs. Coolidge photographed with her mother, Mrs. Elmira Goodhue of Northampton, Mass., when the President and his wife were visiting at Mrs. Goodhue's home.

HIS CHEEK BRANDED



Walter Johnson of Chicago who was branded on the cheek by Victor Felici, with the letters "V. F." with a hot wire. Johnson was formerly a roomer in the Felici home and Felici accused him of forcing his attentions on his wife.

SINGER SUES PRINCE



This is June Warwick, a singer, who has begun suit for \$100,000 against Prince Raphael Emanuel for alleged breach of promise. She declines to give particulars, but says the prince is an Egyptian.

"What Do You Think Is the Real Solution of the Agricultural Problem?"

By WILLIAM M. JARDINE, United States Secretary of Agriculture.

ONE often hears the question, "What do you think is the real solution of the agricultural problem?" But there isn't only one agricultural problem; there are hundreds. On my recent trip through the Middle West, Western and Pacific states I didn't hear much about any broad general problem that presents itself in the same form to farmers everywhere. I did find many smaller problems, some of them peculiar to certain districts and others affecting farmers as a whole. Finding solutions of this and that specific difficulty as opportunity offers will get us further along the road toward improving the whole general condition of agriculture than we can ever get by sweeping cure-all schemes warranted to remedy everything that bothers the farmer, from drought to drudgery.

Agricultural conditions are better now than they were a year or two ago. They are much better than they were five years ago. Crop surpluses have disappeared, a readjustment from wartime to peacetime conditions has practically been completed and farmers are looking to the future with confidence.

There is no single solution for the difficulties of agriculture. Where land values are inflated they must come down. Where transportation costs are too burdensome a remedy must be sought either in lower rates or in better-quality and better-value shipments. Spreads between farm and city prices for agricultural goods must be lessened by increased efficiency in distribution. Farmers must effect a better adjustment of production to anticipated market needs. They must also push forward with co-operative marketing wherever conditions make that form of distribution practicable and advisable, and above all they must not slacken their efforts for increased efficiency in production, not necessarily for the purpose of increasing the output but rather to lessen the costs of farm operations.

Conservation No Longer Limited to Locking Up the Resources of Nature

By DR. HUBERT WORK, Secretary United States Interior Department.

The administration's concept of conservation is use without waste of our natural resources, and their intelligent distribution as to time. Conservation should no longer mean locking up these resources by nonuse, but to encourage their wise use.

Our economic growth has been advanced only by the liberal and often reckless utilization of natural resources. Its future expansion will depend upon a more thorough and intelligent conversion of our remaining natural wealth to industrial necessities. Nothing can justify reckless use of our people's inheritance from nature or other encroachments upon the capital of our future generations.

I believe in the extension of governmental studies organized to discover and employ our natural resources, and to advise states upon their proper use along sound economic lines against misappropriation and waste. Authoritative teaching should be centralized in the federal government, but responsibility for its application should be decentralized to states.

The Riffs Are an Ancient People, Unconquered for Two Thousand Years

By LIEUT. COM. J. M. KENWORTHY, British Naval Officer.

The Riffs are an ancient people who, in spite of many attempts by alien invaders, have remained in unconquered possession of their barren mountain territories for 2,000 years. They are Moslems, divided into clans, austere, strictly religious, moral and sober. They have fought the Spanish with varying success since 1912. Abd-el-Krim, their leader, although belonging to a well-known family, was not a ruling chief. He was educated at the university in Madrid, and served for some years in the Spanish artillery. Quarreling with the Spaniards, he returned to his native land, and with the aid of his brothers and the men of his own tribe has succeeded in welding the warring clans into the semblance of a nation. Years of hard fighting have eliminated the inefficient Caids and brought to the fore the bravest and most efficient leaders among this brave and warlike people.

At the Center of the Earth Is a Huge Sphere of Metallic Iron

By DR. HENRY S. WASHINGTON, in Scientific American.

We now conceive the earth to be constituted as follows: At the center is a huge sphere of metallic iron or nickel-iron, which extends rather more than half-way to the surface. Near its outer border particles of stony matter occur scattered through the metal. These gradually increase in quantity, while the amount of metal decreases, until the material is about half metal and half stone. From this depth outward the amount of metal decreases and that of stone increases, until the material is stone peppered with small and few specks of metal. Finally the iron disappears and the material is wholly stone at a depth of about one thousand miles.

The stone or rock is not uniform. It changes its character outward, the deepest layers or shells being of very heavy, dense rock. The very light, granitic rocks are at the top. The layers of limestone, sandstone, shale, coal, soil and other such materials, are relatively so thin that their masses are quite negligible when the composition of the earth as a whole is being considered.

Water Is Produced Chemically in the Volcano and Is Then Vaporized

By DR. T. A. JAGGER, Hawaiian Volcano Observatory.

When waters do not seep down into the earth's internal fires to produce the steam, which is the spectacular agent in volcanic eruptions, water is produced chemically on the spot and vaporized. The subsidence of great volumes of rock into volcanic craters of an active character bring to the gas-charged lavas the material they need. These old rocks, very often heavily laden with iron oxides, release their oxygen content in the presence of rising hydrogen. This oxygen then combines easily with the hydrogen present in solution in lava, heat enough to last for years is released, and water is thereupon chemically formed. The water is then vaporized by the heat, expands and rises with the lava that flows over the crater's edge, and often, as was the case on the island of Hawaii in 1919, floods into the sea for days on end, killing the fish by thousands and causing tidal waves of varying intensity. With the flow of lava come the setting of the earth's crust for miles around the active volcano, and there may be earthquakes with destruction of man-made structures in the vicinity and the snuffing out of human lives.



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Not if you are jolting over bumps and ruts. Not if you get stuck in the mud.

In addition to the time you thus lose along the way, you also pay from one to four cents a mile more in gasoline, tire and repair bills than you would pay on permanently paved highways.

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Rubbing It in

One of the best ways to make men appreciate woman's labor would be to set aside a Husband's Laundry week during roasting-ear time. — Toledo Blade.

Man is "Leading Lady"

In China, most of the native theatrical troupes are composed entirely of men or women. Men play the parts of "leading ladies," and vice versa.



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# Neighbors

By ROBERT STEAD

Author of "The Cow Puncher," "The Homesteaders"

WFO Service

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## THE HOMESTEADERS

**SYNOPSIS**—Lured by his four-year-old playmate, Jean Lane, Frank Hall, aged six, ventures on the forbidden wall of a dam in a small Ontario town. He falls into the water and is saved from possible death by clinging to Jean's outstretched arms. Next day Jean informs him that because of their adventure of the day before he is in duty bound to marry her. He agrees when they are "grownups." With Jean's brother John, also aged six, Frank begins school. Two years later they are joined by Jean and Frank's sister Marjorie. A little later Jean confides to Frank, in verse, her hope of some day becoming "Mrs. Hall." He accepts the "proposal." Frank is fourteen when his mother dies. The boys are eighteen when John's father is killed in an accident. Two years later Frank's father and John's mother are married. Disatisfied with conditions and ambitious, the two boys make plans to go to Manitoba and "homestead," the girls agreeing to go with them. They set out at Regina they meet "Jake," who agrees to find them satisfactory homesteads.

## CHAPTER III—Continued

Jake threw a quizzing stress on the word sisters, but it was against all nature to be offended at him. Had we resented his remark he would have laughed our seriousness out of court. But we decided to see some of the adjoining sections.

Sixteen appealed to Jack. We could have taken the west half, and so, working together, we would have had a mile furrow. The gully also touched sixteen, and would have given us the same advantages as Jake claimed for the sections he had recommended. However, we found him very fixed in his preference for Fourteen and Twenty-two, and finally we accepted his arguments, and set out to make a more detailed survey of the land. The gully angled between the two quarters taking scarce an acre off either of them. A jolly stream, brown with the grass of its banks, gurgled along its bed.

I knelt down to try the water; there was the taste of snow, but there was also the harder, sharper note of spring water mingled with it.

"Runnin' water like that is worth a thousand dollars on any man's farm," Jake declared. "An' come up this way. Wait till I show you somethin'."

The "something" proved to be a widening in the valley, where was a considerable growth of small willows and poplars. "Fence posts and firewood," said Jake, "an' on railroad land, too, that won't be sold for years. You'll have 'em all cut down before then. That timber's worth another thousand, or half that, anyway."

I thought of the great pine back on the old farm in Ontario, and the "timber" looked to me like gods and switches. None of it was tall enough to reach out of the little valley and show a green tip to the bald surface of the prairie. But we were not in Ontario now; we were in a land where even a three-inch tree was not to be despised.

"An' here's somethin' more," he said, setting an example for us by walking stealthily on his pudgy legs through the clumps of willows. At the other end of the wooded space we found a little pond opening out, and a score of wild ducks drowsing placidly on its smooth surface.

"An' Englishman," Jake remarked, when we had turned back, "would take this farm for the duck pond alone. They're the damdest people ever was fer wantin' to kill somethin'. He don't care if his farm is all sand or wallows, 's long as there's somethin' to shoot, the Englishman don't. But fer a Yankee it mus' be every acre wheat land. He don't care fer nothin' but the long green." Jake paused as though to think over these national characteristics.

"Let's find a badger hole," he continued, and we had little trouble in locating one. "Now look at this. This hole goes down five, six, seven, feet, maybe more, in the ground. Look what his ribs has kicked out. Fine, loamy, sandy soil, not too light an' not too sticky, all the way down. That goes plumb to kingdom come. Course, the top is a little darker, on account of the grass roots, but it's all soil. None o' yer down east three inches o' muck an' a rock-bottom to that."

Jake took a fresh chew of tobacco and looked out over the greenish-brown prairie.

"I have it figured out like this," he went on, "an' my fingers is right; this land is worth more than any gold mine between hell an' Whoopoo. When you take the gold out o' a mine you ain't got nothin' left, but you can take gold out o' this mine next year, an' the year after, an' the year after, fer ever an' ever an' there's still as much there as when you started—if you farm it right."

Our inspection satisfied us in every particular. Jake explained, as we already knew, that we would have to build separate shacks on the two quarters to comply with the law about sleeping on the land claimed. "But you can build one stable in the gully

for the live stock," he added; "the government don't care where they sleep, jus' so's the homesteader himself is sufficiently uncomfortable."

We smiled over his interpretation of regulations which, as we knew, were necessary to prevent the wholesale blanketing of the free lands by people who had no intention of living on them.

"Now we better pick a second an' a third choice, jus' in case someone slips in ahead of us on this," said Jake, and we spent the afternoon driving about and making fresh locations. Much of the land was already taken up, Jake told us, and although there were as yet no signs of settlement we would see a great change by fall.

We camped on Fourteen that night, and Jack and I were filled with plans for our shacks and our stable. The shacks would be up on the prairie level, on opposite sides of the gully, in full view of each other, and about a hundred yards apart. The stable would be in the gully, close to the road allowance, sheltered from the winds, and convenient to water. The crossing of the stream was passable, but would stand improvement.

Early in the morning we started back, and after three full days in the democrat we found ourselves one evening swinging up the now strangely familiar streets of Regina. The raw prairie city of 1904 already almost seemed like home. We were like travelers returning from strange lands to scenes of old recollections. We had been away just seven days, but in that time we had swung far out into the universe; we had drunk of the air of God's new creation; we had been strangely conscious of the company of our souls.

In the morning we went with Jake to the land office; Fourteen and Twenty-two in the township where we had decided to locate were still open, and we had no difficulty in filling our claims. We returned to the stable with Jake.

"What's the damage?" Jack demanded.

Jake expectorated profusely, spread his feet, and scratched his head. "Seven times seven is forty-nine; fifty dollars fer locatin' makes ninety-nine; I guess she's ninety-nine, boys; gosh darn it, we might have made it a hundred."

We paid him the ninety-nine and Jack threw in another. "We'll make it an even hundred," he said. "Come out and see us when you get a chance; we may have a bite of fried coyote for you."

"Oh, I'll be along, I'll be along," said Jake. "I'll blow out there often."

We shook hands with Jake and turned away with a strange feeling of cutting ourselves adrift. We had not known how quickly an attachment may grow—on the prairies.

## CHAPTER IV

If we thought we had finished with Jake it was evidence that we still had much to learn about our guide's business qualities. Jake had a follow-up peculiarly his own, and that afternoon he came steaming into our presence as we sat in the bare lounge room of the hotel, making a list of necessities on the back of an envelope.

"I been chasin' you fellows all over hellanogone," he announced, with a profuse expectation to facilitate speech. "I got a fistful o' luck fer you. Chap down at the stables—trouble o' some kind or other—wants to sell his horses; as pretty a team 'o' bays as ever switched a fall in flytime, an' I can put you next."

"That's good of you," said Jack, "but we'st just figured that we can't afford horses. It's a case of horses and no cow, or oxen and a cow, and the vote at the moment stands unanimous for milk to our porridge, even at the risk of our characters. They tell us that even a good man swears when he drives oxen."

"That's wrong," Jake corrected. "A good man don't drive oxen. He may be good before he drives them, but not while he drives them, nor immediate afterward. It's agin human nature. I've seen profanity on some o' the ox trails o' this country so thick it lay jus' like a fog on the prairie. Oxen has started more fellows on the wrong road than any other critters—'cept women."

"Well, we're going to take a chance with both," was Jack's answer. "You don't happen to have a hard-up friend who would part with a yoke of oxen, for a consideration, do you?"

Jake scratched his tousled hair meditatively. "Come to think o' it, I believe I do," he said at length. "I jus' remember a chap who was talkin' o' sellin' his oxen 'tother day. As sleek a yoke as ever switched a fall in flytime; gentle an' strong, an' speedy as a scart rabbit. I reckon I could get you a special price on 'em, pretendin' it was myself that was buyin'."

"And a cow," I ventured. "Have you a cow on your bargain list?"

"Jake has everything on his bargain list that we may happen to need," said Jack. "Everything from a cow to a cookstove. It's all right, Jake; we don't mind your little graft so long as you play the game half fairly, and see that we get at least fifty cents' worth

on the dollar. Buying on our own judgment we would probably get less than that."

So it was arranged that Jake was to be our purchasing agent, with a sort of gentleman's understanding that he might cheat us a little in consideration of his services in preventing other people from cheating us a great deal. The arrangement, I believe, worked out to our advantage. Jake undoubtedly bought our supplies for less than we could have thought of the possibility of a rival. Even now I do not think of such a thing seriously. It was true that there was no engagement between us, unless the word of a man of six and a woman of four can be taken as binding, but I looked on Jean as mine, nevertheless, and I resented the action of the mounted policeman in seeking her acquaintance. I resented, too, the fact that she had gone walking with him, and I told her so at the first opportunity.

It came that afternoon. Jean said she was tired riding, and got down to walk, on my side of the wagon. We trudged along for some distance in silence, save for my occasional words of rebuke and exhortation to the oxen. "You're cross at me," she said at length.

"I'm not," Why I said that I can't imagine. I was, and wanted her to know it.

"I didn't mean to offend you," she went on. "Marjorie was just a little bit—spiteful."

"I know she was," I agreed. "But you shouldn't have gone walking with him."

"Why?"

"He was a stranger. You didn't even know his name."

"I do now. It's Harold Brook. Besides, in this country, you don't have to know people's names. You just speak anyway."

"Oh, do you?" I said, sarcastically. "So I see."

"Don't be cross," she coaxed. "See, I can beat you to that badger hole. One—two—three—"

She was off like the wind. For a moment I hesitated, then joined in the race. But she had too much start, and besides, she was almost a match for me. She reached the little mound first, and as she turned she swerved a little from her course, and I happened to plunge into her. To save herself from falling she seized me about the neck, and her hair brushed against my face.

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And so we chattered on, saying nothing of moment, but feeling the great joy of possession welling in our hearts. It was a day and a night to be lived over many a time in memory. For the first time in our lives we were drinking of the wells of possession—the enchanted streams which draw men and women into the wilderness to live and die on the outskirts of civilization.

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"A ducklet? What ducklet?"

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"More likely on the gun," said Jean, for we had included a cheap shotgun among the articles considered indispensable. "Wait until Frank gets after him."

I was greatly flattered by Jean's wholly unwarranted confidence in my marksmanship and eager to justify it at the earliest moment.

"No time like the present," said I, picking up the gun and filling my pocket with cartridges. "Besides, we have a surprise to show you."

So we started out in the gathering darkness. I going first, as became the bearer of the gun; Jean at my heels; Jack and Marjorie a little in the rear. Down the steep edge of the gully we worked, and then along by the ripple of the brown snow water which raged happily over beds of bending grass.

At a short distance we came to the spot where the valley broadened out and the little grove of trees had found its place of shelter from Chinook winds in winter and prairie fires in spring and fall. The air was full of the sweet scent of bursting willow buds and balsam-gilead, and as we picked our steps as noiselessly as we could the slightly stirring limbs above us wrought their dark tracery against the blue and starry heaven.

"Oh, Frank! You never told me of this! How wonderful!"

"Wait until you see the pond," I whispered, as one who keeps the beat to the last. "We did not select Fourteen and Twenty-two without a reason."

There was no path between the slim, close-growing trunks of poplar and balsam, and we had to make progress as best we could. . . . Jack and Marjorie had fallen considerably behind.

Then, suddenly, the still waters of the pond burst upon our view, and at the same moment, as though the very heavens conspired to set the stage to the best advantage, a blood-red moon sent its first pinion of light sweeping down from the northeast and splashing burnt-orange and ochre across the slightly ruffled surface of the pond. We stood for a time as mortals transfixed, watching the great red globe drawing swiftly into the blue above, until its light painted Jean's face and mine. In the moonlight her fine features were wonderful, irresistible. . . . We were brought to earth by a flutter and splashing in the water. Two ducks, sweeping swiftly down out of the darkness, alighted not a dozen yards in front of us, and directly in the line of light. I drew my gun to my shoulder, and even as I did so their murmured grumbings, sibilant almost as the lip of water on a gravelly shore, came to our ears, and they began to swim slowly about in graceful little circles. There was even a motion about the head of the male, as he brought it close to that of his mate, that was surely nothing short of a caress.

"Don't, Frank, don't; you mustn't!" Jean exclaimed suddenly.

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"No, I didn't get him," I explained. "I didn't even try to get him. I just wanted to see how far the gun would carry."

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"It's much more horrible to have no wild duck—ducklet I mean—for tomorrow's dinner," said Jack.

"And those cartridges cost ever so much; what is it—three or four cents each," Marjorie remonstrated. "Well, let's go back."

We returned to our camp and started to make ready for the night. But Jack, true to his promise, gathered up his blankets, waded the cold stream, and slept under the stars of Twenty-two. We had begun our "period of residence."

Jean, perhaps because she had not spoken first. At any rate he saw them safely home, and dallied over his responsibility and the rate post until they said they must go in. He called the next night and wanted to take them to a "show," but they would not go; at any rate, Jean would not go.

"But you went walking with him," Marjorie challenged.

"He asked you, too," said Jean, her pretty face coloring. "You started with us, and then went back."

"I saw how the land lay, or the wind blew, or whatever it was. I had nothing to do at home, but I knew I would be busier there than out walking with you and your policeman."

"Marjorie! How can you—"

"And he told her he would call on her after we were settled."

"He did no such thing!" He asked me where we were going to settle, and I told him I didn't know, and he said he hoped he would be patrolling there. He's going to be sent out from barracks soon, and he said it would be safer for me—for us—if someone were patrolling our district."

"Not for you, dear," said Marjorie, meaningly, and there was a little sting in her words which brought me into action.

"I believe you're jealous, Marjorie," I said, in tones intended to be severe. "And aren't you?" she retorted. "You ought to be."

The truth is, I was. Jean had always belonged to me so absolutely that I had never thought of the possibility of a rival. Even now I do not think of such a thing seriously. It was true that there was no engagement between us, unless the word of a man of six and a woman of four can be taken as binding, but I looked on Jean as mine, nevertheless, and I resented the action of the mounted policeman in seeking her acquaintance. I resented, too, the fact that she had gone walking with him, and I told her so at the first opportunity.

It came that afternoon. Jean said she was tired riding, and got down to walk, on my side of the wagon. We trudged along for some distance in silence, save for my occasional words of rebuke and exhortation to the oxen. "You're cross at me," she said at length.

"I'm not," Why I said that I can't imagine. I was, and wanted her to know it.

"I didn't mean to offend you," she went on. "Marjorie was just a little bit—spiteful."

"I know she was," I agreed. "But you shouldn't have gone walking with him."

"Why?"

"He was a stranger. You didn't even know his name."

"I do now. It's Harold Brook. Besides, in this country, you don't have to know people's names. You just speak anyway."

"Oh, do you?" I said, sarcastically. "So I see."

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## Walter Johnson and Ty Cobb



Walter Johnson of the Washington Nationals, and Ty Cobb, manager of the Detroit. Eighteen years ago when Johnson pitched his first game in the big league he pitched against the Tigers and also against Ty Cobb.

## Bat Practice Hurts Style of Moundsmen

Pitchers say that batting practice spoils them. Pitching to batters in the daily practice cramps their style.

To pitch to batters in practice means laying the ball over the plate with nothing on it. Any time the pitcher hooks one he is called down. He cannot use any stuff on the ball. An amount of this kind of pitching means that the pitcher gets into the habit of laying the ball over and he does it unconsciously when called on to pitch in a game.

It is the explanation they give for pitchers suddenly being hit hard in a game and the explanation carries a certain amount of logic.

## Doc Crandall Back



Otis ("Doc") Crandall, a big league pitcher of ten years ago, who, it is rumored, will soon join the New York Yankees as a relief hurler. Crandall was a star with the Giants in 1904, right through to 1910, and is now more than forty years old.

## Sporting Squibs

A total of \$180,000,000 was bet on horse races in the Argentine last year.

A monument costing \$20,000 is to be erected in Manila in memory of Panchito Villa.

Illinois A. C. relay teams have been A. U. champions nearly twenty years.

The Olympic club at San Francisco is considering a new home to cost \$2,000,000.

Irony: Taking up golf for exercise. Giving a 75-pound caddy a dollar to carry around 40 pounds of clubs.

John L. Sullivan to James J. Corbett: "Stand still, you dancing idiot!" France to Abd-el-Krim: The same.

Sporting authorities are beginning to suggest the question of whether Jack Dempsey is a fighter or a strategist.

"I've got this thing down to a science," said the golfer, "I now have a special swear word for each club in the bag."

Among the famous horses that have won the classic Saratoga special for two-year-olds, first run in 1901, have been Irish Lad, Sycouby and Morvich.

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## BASEBALL NOTES

Infielder Reider, late of the Kansas City Blues, has been secured by Spartanburg.

Wichita Falls bought Pitcher Jess Winters from Portland of the Pacific Coast league.

Red McMillan, regarded as the ace of Carolina league flingers, has been signed by Spartanburg.

Mexia has sold Clyde Glass, sensational third baseman, to Waco of the Texas league. It is said the price was around \$3,000.

Catcher Steve O'Neill and Outfielder Lawton (Whitely) Witt, both made free agents by the New York Americans, have joined Reading.

Brick Owens, the big pitcher obtained by San Antonio from Terrell of the Texas association, has been doing good work for the Bears.

Howard Brown is now managing the Hanover team, having succeeded Roy Clunk. Brown played second base for Birmingham last season.

Pitcher Billy Englishman, a Detroit rookie southpaw, who has been warning the bench for Toronto of the International league most of this season, has been purchased by the Kitchener club.

Left-hander Shields, of Richmond, sent to the Colts by the New York Americans, was stopped after winning nine straight games. He is also a strikeout artist, whiffing 31 in three games.



MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughron  
© Walter Hoppe, Lion

Not for Long



HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

AN THOUGHT AN'S JES' EZ  
SKEERED UV A HANT EZ  
AN WUZ UV A GUN, BUT  
DEV'S A NIGGUA WID A  
GUN RUNNED ME RIGHT  
SMACK THU A GRAVE-YARD  
TOTHER NIGHT!!!!



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TURN ME OVER



WY doncher propose  
to that circus strong  
woman, if you admire  
her so much?

THE FEATHERHEADS

By L. F. Van Zelm  
© Charles Sughron, Lion

Where There's Hope There's Life



Events in the Lives of Little Men

Our Pet Peeve

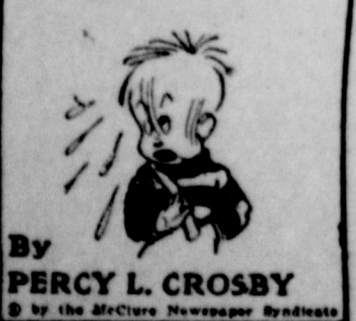


HOME WANTED FOR A BABY



The Clancy Kids

And a Paper Shortage On - Oh, Sawful Sterrible!!



By PERCY L. CROSBY  
© by the McCrear Newspaper Syndicate



WHAT'S IN A NAME  
Grace: I hear you're running an elevator?  
Kitty (haughtily): What lowbrow pulled that? I'll have you know I'm conducting a lift!



DO PEOPLE LAUGH AT THIS?

GENEROUS  
The man who thinks he knows it all is generous; you'll agree: He wants mankind, both great and small, To be as wise as he.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I'd like to be a poet. And I think I shall sometime, For now free verse is stylish. And it doesn't have to rhyme.





# Neighbors

By ROBERT STEAD

Author of "The Cow Puncher," "The Homesteaders"

WNU Service

Copyright by Robert Stead

## THE HOMESTEADERS

**SYNOPSIS**—Lured by his four-year-old playmate, Jean Lane, Frank Hall, aged six, ventures on the forbidden wall of a dam, in a small Ontario town. He falls into the water and is saved from possible death by clinging to Jean's outstretched arms. Next day Jean informs him that because of their adventure of the day before he is in duty bound to marry her. He agrees when they are "grownups." With Jean's brother John, also aged six, Frank begins school. Two years later they are joined by Jean and Frank's sister Marjorie. A little later Jean confides to Frank, in verse, her hope of some day becoming "Mrs. Hall." He accepts the "proposal." Frank is fourteen when his mother dies. The boys are eighteen when John's father is killed in an accident. Two years later Frank's father and John's mother are married. Dissatisfied with conditions, and ambitious, the two boys make plans to go to Manitoba and "homestead." The girls agree to go with them. They set out at Regina they meet "Jake," who agrees to find them satisfactory homesteads.

## CHAPTER III—Continued

Jake threw a quizzing stress on the word sisters, but it was against all nature to be offended at him. Had we resented his remark he would have laughed our seriousness out of court. But we decided to see some of the adjoining sections.

Sixteen appealed to Jack. We could have taken the west half, and so, working together, we would have had a mile furrow. The gully also touched sixteen, and would have given us the same advantages as Jake claimed for the sections he had recommended. However, we found him very fixed in his preference for Fourteen and Twenty-two, and finally we accepted his arguments, and set out to make a more detailed survey of the land. The gully angled between the two quarters, taking scarce an acre off either of them. A jolly stream, brown with the grass of its banks, gurgled along its bed.

I knelt down to try the water; there was the taste of snow, but there was also the harder, sharper note of spring water mingled with it.

"Runnin' water like that is worth a thousand dollars on any man's farm," Jake declared. "An' come up this way. Wait till I show you somethin'."

The "something" proved to be a widening in the valley, where was a considerable growth of small willows and poplars. "Fence posts and fire-wood," said Jake, "are on railroad land, too, that won't be sold for years. You'll have 'em all cut down before then. That timber's worth another thousand, or half that, anyway."

I thought of the great pine back on the old farm in Ontario, and the "timber" looked to me like gads and switches. None of it was tall enough to reach out of the little valley and show a green tip to the bald surface of the prairies. But we were not in Ontario now; we were in a land where even a three-inch tree was not to be despised.

"An' here's somethin' more," he said, setting an example for us by "walking stealthily on his pudgy legs through the clumps of willows. At the other end of the wooded space we found a little pond opening out, and a score of wild ducks drowsing placidly on its smooth surface.

"An Englishman," Jake remarked, when we had turned back, "would take this farm for the duck pond alone. They're the dandiest people ever was for wantin' to kill somethin'. He don't care if his farm is all sand or wallows, 's long as there's somethin' to shoot, the Englishman don't. But for a Yankee it mus' be every acre wheat land. He don't care for nothin' but the long green." Jake paused as though to think over these national characteristics.

"Let's find a badger hole," he continued, and we had little trouble in locating one. "Now look at this. This hole goes down five, six, seven feet, maybe more, in the ground. Look what his ribs has kicked out. Fine, loamy, sandy soil, not too light an' not too sticky, all the way down. That goes plumb to kingdom come. Course, the top is a little darker, on account of the grass roots, but it's all soil. None o' yer down-east three inches-o'-muck-an'-a-rock-bottom to that."

Jake took a fresh chew of tobacco and looked out over the greenish-brown prairie.

"I have it figured out like this," he went on, "an' my fingers is right: The land is worth more than any gold mine between hell an' Whoopup. When you take the gold out of a mine you ain't got nothin' left, but you can take gold out of this mine year after, an' the year after, an' the year after, an' ever an' ever, an' there's still as much there as when you started—if you farm it right."

Our inspection satisfied us in every particular. Jake explained, as we already knew, that we would have to build separate shacks on the two quarters, to comply with the law about sleeping on the land claimed. "But you can build one stable in the gully

for the live stock," he added; "the government don't care where they sleep. Jus' so's the homesteader himself is sufficiently unconformable."

We smiled over his interpretation of regulations which, as we knew, were necessary to prevent the wholesale blanketing of the free lands by people who had no intention of living on them.

"Now we better pick a second an' a third choice, jus' in case some one slips in ahead of us on this," said Jake, and we spent the afternoon driving about and making fresh locations. Much of the land was already taken up, Jake told us, and although there were as yet no signs of settlement we would see a great change by fall.

We camped on Fourteen that night, and Jack and I were filled with plans for our shacks and our stable. The shacks would be up on the prairie level, on opposite sides of the gully, in full view of each other, and about a hundred yards apart. The stable would be in the gully, close to the road allowance, sheltered from the winds, and convenient to water. The crossing of the stream was passable, but would stand improvement.

Early in the morning we started back, and after three full days in the democrat we found ourselves one evening swinging up the now strangely familiar streets of Regina. The raw prairie city of 1904 already almost seemed like home. We were like travelers returning from strange lands to scenes of old recollections. We had been away just seven days, but in that time we had swung far out into the universe; we had drank of the air of God's new creation; we had been strangely conscious of the company of our souls.

In the morning we went with Jake to the land office; Fourteen and Twenty-two in the township where we had decided to locate were still open, and we had no difficulty in filing our claims. We returned to the stable with Jake.

"What's the damage?" Jack demanded.

Jake expectorated profusely, spread his feet, and scratched his head.

"Seven times seven is forty-nine; fifty dollars fer locatin' makes ninety-nine; I guess she's ninety-nine, boys; gosh darn it, we might have made it a hundred."

We paid him the ninety-nine and Jack threw in another. "Well, make it an even hundred," he said. "Come out and see us when you get a chance; we may have a bite of fried coyote for you."

"Oh, I'll be along, I'll be along," said Jake. "I'll blow out there often."

We shook hands with Jake and turned away with a strange feeling of cutting ourselves adrift. We had not known how quickly an attachment may grow—on the prairies.

## CHAPTER IV

If we thought we had finished with Jake it was evidence that we still had much to learn about our guide's business qualities. Jake had a follow-up peculiarly his own, and that afternoon he came steaming into our presence as we sat in the bare lounge room of the hotel, making a list of necessities on the back of an envelope.

"I been chasin' you fellows all over hell-an-azone," he announced, with a profuse expectation to facilitate speech, "I got a fistful of luck for you. Chap down at the stables—trouble of some kind or other—wants to sell his horses; as pretty a team o' bays as ever switched a tail in flytime, an' I can put you next."

"That's good of you," said Jack, "but we've just figured that we can't afford horses. It's a case of horses and no cow, or oxen and a cow, and the vote at the moment stands unanimous for milk to our porridge, even at the risk of our characters. They tell us that even a good man swears when he drives oxen."

"That's wrong," Jake corrected. "A good man don't drive oxen. He may be good before he drives them, but not while he drives them, nor immediate afterward. It's agin human nature. I've seen profanity on some of the ox trails of this country so thick it lay jus' like a fog on the prairie. Oxen has started more fellows on the wrong road than any other critturs—'cept women."

"Well, we're going to take a chance with both," was Jack's answer. "You don't happen to have a hard-up friend who would part with a yoke of oxen, for a consideration, do you?"

Jake scratched his tousled hair meditatively. "Come to think of it, I believe I do," he said at length. "I jus' remember a chap who was talkin' 'bout sellin' his oxen 't'other day. As sleek a yoke as ever switched a tail in flytime; gentle an' strong, an' speedy as a scart rabbit. I reckon I could get you a special price on 'em, pre-tendin' it was meself that was buyin'."

"And a cow," I ventured. "Have you a cow on your bargain list?"

"Jake has everything on his bargain list that we may happen to need," said Jack. "Everything from a cow to a cookstove. It's all right, Jake; we don't mind your little graft so long as you play the game half fairly, and see that we get at least fifty cents' worth

on the dollar. Buying on our own judgment we would probably get less than that."

So it was arranged that Jake was to be our purchasing agent, with a sort of gentleman's understanding that he might cheat us a little in consideration of his services in preventing other people from cheating us a great deal. The arrangement, I believe, worked out to our advantage. Jake undoubtedly bought our supplies for less than we could have bought them, even after providing his secret commissions. Moreover, he knew what was essential and what was not, and he saved us valuable time.

When at last our outfit was complete it presented a picturesque and somewhat pathetic turnout. On our wagon we had built a temporary box of boards, and on this were piled our trunks and personal effects, a plow, a stove, food supplies, a tent, a crate with hens and another with a young pig, while over all roosted, if I may use the term, the two girls. The cow we tied behind, while Jack and I walked as a sort of flank guard on either side of the oxen. These two phlegmatic creatures rejoiced in the names of Buck and Bright, and stolidly pursued their destiny at a pace of two and a half miles an hour. Their resignation in adversity was sublime; in fact, we soon found it impossible to invent any adversity to which they were not resigned.

With such an outfit our progress was much slower than it had been with Jake and his "dyin' ants," but it was an experience of unbounded freedom and delight. The days held bright and warm, as it was still too early for the May rains; the nights were cold and starry, with a tang of frost toward morning; the dawns were a rush of color, and the sunsets indescribable.

At nights we pitched the tent and made down blankets for the girls, but Jack and I slept under the stars. We were roughing it, but every muscle in our young bodies was vibrating with the tense new life of the open. When the girls called us to breakfast of fried bacon and potatoes and steaming

coffee and milk from our traveling dairy we were more happy and more hungry than anything we had ever known to be possible.

And the girls! We saw them growing browner every day, but with their sunburn they seemed to take on a strange new charm and competence. They treated the whole experience as a high adventure, and after cramped hours on the top of "the ark" they would race like wild things across the prairies, their hair flying in the breeze, and a vagrant wind tossing the skirts about their shapely limbs.

"They had taken the precaution to provide themselves with sunbonnets, but the prairie sun is an impetuous lover, and their cheeks and lips showed the mark of his caresses. He was a rival who did not pique my jealousy, for in his embrace I saw the woman Jean bursting forth from the bud of girlhood in a beauty that kept my blood a-tingle.

There was just one note that bothered me. It was sounded a day or two after we left Regina in some covert remark which Marjorie made about Jean's Mounted Policeman. It seemed that while Jack and I had been away land hunting the girls, too, had been doing a little prospecting. Regina was the headquarters of the mounted police, and the fine figures of these young riders of the plains with their scarlet tunics and trim gold-ribbed riding trousers and clanking spurs have turned more heads than Jean's before and since. It seems the girls were walking along a business street when they saw a young policeman coming at a short distance, and they happened to stop to admire something in a window while he approached. He also stopped to admire, and Marjorie said something—which Jean would not have done—and a conversation started up, and the policeman seemed to prefer

Jean, perhaps because she had not spoken first. At any rate he saw them safely home, and dallied over his responsibility and the gate post until they said they must go in. He called the next night and wanted to take them to a "show," but they would not go; at any rate, Jean would not go.

"But you went walking with him," Marjorie challenged.

"He asked you, too," said Jean, her pretty face coloring. "You started with us, and then went back."

"I saw how the land lay, or the wind blew, or whatever it was. I had nothing to do at home, but I knew I would be busier there than out walking with you and your policeman."

"Marjorie! How can you—"

"And he told her he would call on her after we were settled."

"He did no such thing! He asked me where we were going to settle, and I told him I didn't know, and he said he hoped he would be patrolling there. He's going to be sent out from barracks soon, and he said it would be safer for me—for us—if someone were patrolling our district."

"Not for you, dear," said Marjorie, meaningly, and there was a little sting in her words which brought me into action.

"I believe you're jealous, Marjorie," I said, in tones intended to be severe. "And aren't you?" she retorted. "You ought to be."

The truth is, I was. Jean had always belonged to me so absolutely that I had never thought of the possibility of a rival. Even now I did not think of such a thing seriously. It was true that there was no engagement between us, unless the word of a man of six and a woman of four can be taken as binding, but I looked on Jean as mine, nevertheless, and I resented the action of the mounted policeman in seeking her acquaintance. I resented, too, the fact that she had gone walking with him, and I told her so at the first opportunity.

It came that afternoon, Jean said she was tired riding, and got down to walk, on my side of the wagon. We trudged along for some distance in silence, save for my occasional words of rebuke and exhortation to the oxen. "You're cross at me," she said at length.

"I'm not." Why I said that I can't imagine. I was, and wanted her to know it.

"I didn't mean to offend you," she went on. "Marjorie was just a little bit—spiteful."

"I know she was," I agreed. "But you shouldn't have gone walking with him."

"Why?"

"He was a stranger. You didn't even know his name."

"I do now. It's Harold Brook. Besides, in this country, you don't have to know people's names. You just speak anyway."

"Oh, do you?" I said, sarcastically. "So I see."

"Don't be cross," she coaxed. "See, I can beat you to that badger hole. One—two—three—"

She was off like the wind. For a moment I hesitated, then joined in the race. But she had too much start, and besides, she was almost a match for me. She reached the little mound first, and as she turned she swerved a little from her course, and I happened to plunge into her. To save herself from falling she seized me about the neck, and her hair brushed against my face.

We walked back slowly, arm in arm, and I had a sense of being very much of a brute. . . . Jean had wound me around her little finger.

There are certain thrills of accomplishment, certain epochs of development, which come only once in a lifetime. One of these is when a young man writes his first check, or first turns his key in his own door, or first sees his name on an office signboard. But the greatest is when he first looks upon land he can call his own. True, this land was not yet ours, but it was pledged to us if we carried out our part of a very simple agreement, and already we had a proprietary interest in it. We showed it to the girls with the pride of a mother displaying her first-born. We were desperately anxious that our choice should be justified.

We waited for their verdict, but neither spoke. "Well, what do you think of it?" Jack asked at length.

"It looks all right," said Marjorie. "I suppose it is as good as any. But I don't see how you are going to tell it from other people's land. It's all alike."

"What do you say, Jean?"

But Jean was looking at the sunset, where the Master Artist was splashing pastels of bronze and copper against a background of silver and champagne. "Wonderful, wonderful!" she murmured.

"Fourteen is Frank's and Twenty-two is mine," Jack explained. "We'll pitch the tent for the girls here, and Frank may do as he likes, but I'm going to cross the gully and sleep to-night under my own vine and fig tree, so to speak. My six months' residence begins tonight!"

"Fig tree?" Marjorie exclaimed. "The trees around here are just about high enough to tickle your ear—when you're lying down."

"You haven't seen the trees yet," said Jack, knowingly. "Now, let's pitch camp."

We dragged the tent close to the brow of the gully and pitched it on the spot where we had planned that my shack should be. We also unloaded part of our equipment so that we could make use of it in the housekeeping operations. It was with great zest that we carried out coals to the door of the tent and strung up two or three lengths of pipe. In a few minutes Jack appeared from somewhere with an armful of wood, and as the dark-

ness settled down we gathered about a fire on our own farms, for the first time in our lives.

And so we chattered on, saying nothing of moment, but feeling the great joy of possession welling in our hearts. It was a day and a night to be lived over many a time in memory. For the first time in our lives we were drinking of the wells of possession—the enchanted streams which draw men and women into the wilderness to live and die on the outposts of civilization.

We had finished supper, and the gray gloom of twilight was crawling slowly up from the east when a sharp, whistling rattle almost above us brought the girls to their feet with a start.

"What was that?" Jean exclaimed. "It was almost like a bullet."

"Nay, nay," said Jack, indulging in a very sorry joke. "It is a ducklet."

"A ducklet? What ducklet?"

"That, my dear sister, was the whistle from the wing of a wild duck, darting into the darkness at a couple of hundred miles an hour. He had just got his eye on you."

"More likely on the gun," said Jean, for we had included a cheap shotgun among the articles considered indispensable. "Wait until Frank gets after him."

I was greatly flattered by Jean's wholly unwarranted confidence in my marksmanship and eager to justify it at the earliest moment.

"No time like the present," said I, picking up the gun and filling my pocket with cartridges. "Besides, we have a surprise to show you."

So we started out in the gathering darkness, I going first, as became the bearer of the gun; Jean at my heels; Jack and Marjorie a little in the rear. Down the steep edge of the gully we worked, and then along by the margin of the brown snow water which rippled happily over beds of bending grass.

At a short distance we came to the spot where the valley broadened out and the little grove of trees had found its place of shelter from Chinook winds in winter and prairie fires in spring and fall. The air was full of the sweet scent of bursting willow buds and balm-o'-gilead, and as we picked our steps as noiselessly as we could the slightly stirring limbs against us wrought their dark tracery against the blue and starry heaven.

"Oh, Frank! You never told me of this! How wonderful!"

"Wait until you see the pond," I whispered, as one who keeps the best to the last. "We did not select Fourteen and Twenty-two without a reason."

There was no path between the slim, close-growing banks of poplar and birch, and we had to make progress as best we could. . . . Jack and Marjorie had fallen considerably behind.

Then, suddenly, the still waters of the pond burst upon our view, and at the same moment, as though the very heavens conspired to set the stage to the best advantage, a blood-red moon sent its first pinpoint of light sweeping down from the northeast and splashing burnt-orange and ochre across the slightly ruffled surface of the pond.

We stood for a time as mortals transfixed, watching the great red globe drawing swiftly into the blue above, until its light painted Jean's face and mine. In the moonlight her fine features were wonderful, irresistible.

We were brought to earth by a flutter and splashing in the water. Two ducks, sweeping swiftly down out of the darkness, alighted not a dozen yards in front of us, and directly in the line of light. I drew my gun to my shoulder, and even as I did so their murmured grumbings, sibilant almost as the lip of water on a gravelly shore, came to our ears, and they began to swim slowly about in graceful little circles. There was even a motion about the head of the male, as he brought it close to that of his mate, that was surely nothing short of a caress.

"Don't, Frank, don't; you mustn't!" Jean exclaimed suddenly.

Her arm darted out in front of me, seized the barrel of the gun and drew it swiftly to one side. I had been taking a most deliberate aim, to justify the high opinion already referred to, but at Jean's sudden interference I pressed the trigger, or, as I always claimed, it pulled itself against my finger, and went off. There was a loud report, and the sound of shot harmlessly lashing the water.

"Did you get him—did you get him?" shouted Marjorie and Jack, rushing down upon us.

"No, I didn't get him," I explained. "I didn't even try to get him. I just wanted to see how far the gun would carry."

"I wouldn't let him," said Jean. "It would have been a—just a horrible thing to shoot one of those poor creatures, the very first night we were here! How beautiful they were, and how—how loving!" She said the last word with a bashful, falling inflection that was wonderful to hear.

"It's much more horrible to have no wild duck—ducklet I mean—for to-morrow's dinner," said Jack.

"And those cartridges cost ever so much; what is it—three or four cents each," Marjorie remonstrated. "Well, let's go back."

We returned to our camp and started to make ready for the night. But Jack, true to his promise, gathered up his blankets, waded the cold stream, and slept under the stars of Twenty-two. We had begun our "period of residence."

Setting up housekeeping under these conditions would seem to be the wildest sort of an adventure. What next?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Walter Johnson and Ty Cobb



Walter Johnson of the Washington Nationals, and Ty Cobb, manager of the Detroit. Eighteen years ago when Johnson pitched his first game in the big league he pitched against the Tigers and also against Ty Cobb.

## Bat Practice Hurts Style of Moundsmen

Pitchers say that batting practice spoils them. Pitching to batters in the daily practice cramps their style.

To pitch to batters in practice means laying the ball over the plate with nothing on it. Any time the pitcher looks on he is called down. He cannot use any stuff on the ball. An amount of this kind of pitching means that the pitcher gets into the habit of laying the ball over and he does it unconsciously when called on to pitch in a game.

It is the explanation they give for pitchers suddenly being hit hard in a game and the explanation carries a certain amount of logic.

## Doc Crandall Back



Otis ("Doc") Crandall, a big league pitcher of ten years ago, who, it is rumored, will soon join the New York Yankees as a relief hurler. Crandall was a star with the Giants in 1904, right through to 1910, and is now more than forty years old.

## Sporting Squibs

A total of \$130,000,000 was bet on horse races in the Argentine last year.

A monument costing \$20,000 is to be erected in Manila in memory of Pancho Villa.

Illinois A. C. relay teams have been A. A. U. champions nearly twenty years.

The Olympic club at San Francisco is considering a new home to cost \$2,000,000.

Irony: Taking up golf for exercise. Giving a 75-pound caddy a dollar to carry around 40 pounds of clubs.

John L. Sullivan to James J. Corbett: "Stand still, you dancing idiot!" France to Abd-el-Krim: The same.

Sporting authorities are beginning to suggest the question of whether Jack Dempsey is a fighter or a strategist.

"I've got this thing down to a science," said the golfer. "I now have a special swear word for each club in the bag."

Among the famous horses that have won the classic Saratoga special for two-year-olds, first run in 1901, have been Irish Lad, Sycoby and Morvich.

At present there is only one golf course in Australia, that of the Vienna club in the Prater park. The game is gradually growing in popularity, however, and it is likely that several additional courses will be laid out in the near future.

## BASEBALL NOTES

Infielder Reider, late of the Kansas City Blues, has been secured by Sparta-berg.

Wichita Falls bought Pitcher Jess Winters from Portland of the Pacific Coast league.

Red McMillan, regarded as the ace of Carolina league flingers, has been signed by Sparta-berg.

Mexia has sold Clyde Glass, sensational third baseman, to Waco of the Texas league. It is said the price was around \$3,000.

Catcher Steve O'Neill and Outfielder Lawton (Whitey) Witt, both made free agents by the New York Americans, have joined Reading.

Brick Owens, the big pitcher obtained by San Antonio from Terrell of the Texas association, has been doing good work for the Bears.

Howard Brown is now managing the Hanover team, having succeeded Roy Clunk. Brown played second base for Birmingham last season.

Pitcher Billy Englishman, a Detroit rookie southpaw, who has been warning the bench for Toronto of the International league most of this season, has been purchased by the Kitchener club.

Left-hander Shields, of Richmond, sent to the Colts by the New York Americans, was stopped after winning nine straight games. He is also a strikout artist, whiffing 31 in three games.

Dutch Bensen found trying to run the Beaumont team as manager, as well as play, and act as business manager, too much of a load and has resigned to give his full attention to the business office.

Ralph Erickson of Pocatello, Idaho, has been signed for a trial with the Chicago White Sox. He was the star pitcher for the University of Idaho last season and has been pitching sensational ball in semi-pro circles.

The Yankees are reported ready to recall Pitcher Walter Beall from St. Paul of the American association. The former Rochester flinger, who cost the New York club close to \$50,000 late last season, has been pitching line ball for St. Paul.

Frank Walker, an outfielder, has been sent to Indianapolis of the American association by the New York Giants, subject to recall. Walker is a first-class player, capable of holding down a major league berth, but there was no room for him as an active outfielder.

Jack Dunn of Baltimore, tried Johnny Roser, the home-run hitter, out as a pitcher in the Rochester series. He was touched for a dozen hits in the four and two-thirds innings he left-handed them. Dunn does not want to use the hard-hitting chap in the outfield any more because of his uncertainty in fielding.

## Australia Has Real Heavyweight Star

Australia's first real heavyweight pugilist since the late Bob Fitzsimmons may be Walter Walker, of Newcastle. The town is located in the coal center of Australia, and Walker, until he began boxing a year ago, was a miner. He is twenty-two years of age, six feet one inch tall and weighs about 185 pounds. He has had a brilliant career, his latest victory being over Albert Lloyd, who stopped him in an earlier bout. Sir Waddy and George Cook are heavyweights Walker has not yet squared off against.



MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charis Squires

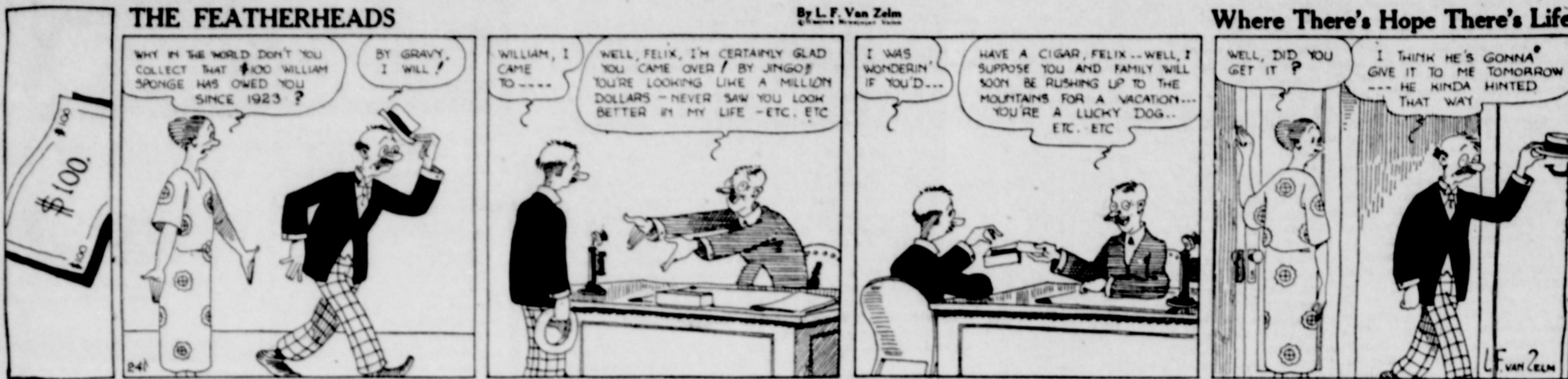
Not for Long



THE FEATHERHEADS

By L. F. Van Zeln

Where There's Hope There's Life



Events in the Lives of Little Men

Our Pet Peeve



HOME WANTED FOR A BABY



The Clancy Kids

And a Paper Shortage On - Oh, Sawful Sterrible!!



By PERCY L. CROSBY



BAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

AN THOUGHT ANS JES' BE SKEERED UV A HANT EZ AN WUZ UV A GUN, BUT DEV'S A NIGGUM WID A GUN RANED ME RIGHT SMACK THU A GRAVE-YARD TOTHER NIGHT!!!!



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TURN ME OVER



Why doncher propose to that circus strong woman, if you admire her so much?



DO PEOPLE LAUGH AT THIS?

GENEROUS. The man who thinks he knows it all is generous, you'll agree: He wants mankind, both great and small, to be as wise as he.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I'd like to be a poet. And I think I shall sometime. For now free verse is stylish And it doesn't have to rhyme.





# Neighbors

By ROBERT STEAD

Author of "The Cow Puncher," "The Homesteaders"

WFO Service

Copyright by Robert Stead

## THE HOMESTEADERS

**SYNOPSIS**—Lured by his four-year-old playmate, Jean Lane, Frank Hall, aged six, ventures on the forbidden wall of a dam, in a small Ontario town. He falls into the water and is saved from possible death by clinging to Jean's outstretched arms. Next day Jean informs her father of the cause of their adventure of the day before he is in duty bound to marry her. He agrees when they are "grownups." With Jean's brother John, also aged six, Frank begins school. Two years later they are joined by Jean and Frank's sister Marjorie. A little later Jean confides to Frank, in verse, her hope of some day becoming "Mrs. Hall." He accepts the "proposal." Frank is fourteen when his mother dies. The boys are eighteen when John's father is killed in an accident. Two years later, Frank's father and John's mother are married. Dissatisfied with conditions, and ambitious, the two boys make plans to go to Manitoba and "homestead," the girls agreeing to go with them. They set out. At Regina they meet "Jake," who agrees to find them satisfactory homesteads.

## CHAPTER III—Continued

Jake threw a querying stress on the word sisters, but it was against all nature to be offended at him. Had we resented his remark he would have laughed our seriousness out of court. But we decided to see some of the adjoining sections.

Sixteen appealed to Jack. We could have taken the west half, and so, working together, we would have had a mile furrow. The gully also touched sixteen, and would have given us the same advantages as Jake claimed for the sections he had recommended. However, we found him very fixed in his preference for Fourteen and Twenty-two, and finally we accepted his arguments, and set out to make a more detailed survey of the land. The gully angled between the two quarters, taking scarce an acre off either of them. A jolly stream, brown with the grass of its banks, gurgled along its bed.

I knelt down to try the water; there was the taste of snow, but there was also the harder, sharper note of spring water mingled with it.

"Rummin' water like that is worth a thousand dollars on any man's farm," Jake declared. "An' come up this way. Wait till I show you somethin'."

The "somethin'" proved to be a widening in the valley, where was a considerable growth of small willows and poplars. "Fence posts and firewood," said Jake, "an' on railroad land, too, that won't be sold for years. You'll have 'em all cut down before then. That timber's worth another thousand, or half that, anyway."

I thought of the great pine back on the old farm in Ontario, and the "timber" looked to me like gods and switches. None of it was tall enough to reach out of the little valley and show a green tip to the bald surface of the prairies. But we were not in Ontario now; we were in a land where even a three-inch tree was not to be despised.

"An' here's somethin' more," he said, setting an example for us by walking stealthily on his pudgy legs through the clumps of willows. At the other end of the wooded space we found a little pond opening out, and a score of wild ducks drowsing placidly on its smooth surface.

"An Englishman," Jake remarked, when we had turned back, "would take this farm for the duck pond alone. They're the dangdest people ever was fer wantin' to kill somethin'. He don't care if his farm is all sand or wallows, 's long as there's somethin' to shoot, the Englishman don't. But fer a Yankee it mus' be every acre wheat land. He don't care nothin' but the long green." Jake paused as though to think over these national characteristics.

"Let's find a badger hole," he continued, and we had little trouble in locating one. "Now look at this. This hole goes down five, six, seven feet, maybe more, in the ground. Look what his ribs has kicked out. Fine, loamy, sandy soil, not too light an' not too sticky, all the way down. That goes plumb to kingdom come. Course, the top is a little darker, on account of the grass roots, but it's all soil. None o' yer down-east three inches-o'-muck-an'-rock bottom to that."

Jake took a fresh chew of tobacco and I looked out over the greenish-brown prairie.

"I have it figured out like this," he went on, "an' my fingers is right; this land is worth more than any gold mine between hell an' Whoopung. When you take the gold out o' a mine you ain't got nothin' left, but you can take gold out o' this mine next year, an' the year after, an' the year after, fer ever an' ever, an' there's still as much there as when you started—if you farm it right."

Our inspection satisfied us in every particular. Jake explained, as we already knew, that we would have to build separate shacks on the two quarters to comply with the law about sleeping on the land claimed. "But you can build one stable in the gully

fer the live stock," he added; "the government don't care where they sleep, jus' so's the homesteader himself is sufficiently uncomfortable."

We smiled over his interpretation of regulations which, as we knew, were necessary to prevent the wholesale blanketing of the free lands by people who had no intention of living on them.

"Now we better pick a second an' a third choice, jus' in case someone slips in ahead o' us on this," said Jake, and we spent the afternoon driving about and making fresh locations. Much of the land was already taken up, Jake told us, and although there were as yet no signs of settlement we would see a great change by fall.

We camped on Fourteen that night, and Jack and I were filled with plans for our shacks and our stable. The shacks would be up on the prairie level, on opposite sides of the gully, in full view of each other, and about a hundred yards apart. The stable would be in the gully, close to the road allowance, sheltered from the winds, and convenient to water. The crossing of the stream was passable, but would stand improvement.

Early in the morning we started back, and after three full days in the democrat we found ourselves one evening swinging up the now strangely familiar streets of Regina. The raw prairie city of 1904 already almost seemed like home.

We were like travelers returning from strange lands to scenes of old recollections. We had been away just seven days, but in that time we had swung far out into the universe; we had drunk of the air of God's new creation; we had been strangely conscious of the company of our souls.

In the morning we went with Jake to the land office; Fourteen and Twenty-two in the township where we had decided to locate were still open, and we had no difficulty in filing our claims. We returned to the stable with Jake.

"What's the damage?" Jack demanded. Jake expostulated profusely, spread his feet, and scratched his head. "Seven times seven is forty-nine; fifty dollars fer locatin' makes ninety-nine; I guess she's ninety-nine, boys; gosh darn it, we might have made it a hundred."

We paid him the ninety-nine and Jack threw in another. "We'll make it an even hundred," he said. "Come out and see us when you get a chance; we may have a bite of fried coyote for you."

"Oh, I'll be along, I'll be along," said Jake. "I'll blow out there often." We shook hands with Jake and turned away with a strange feeling of cutting ourselves adrift. We had not known how quickly an attachment may grow—on the prairies.

## CHAPTER IV

If we thought we had finished with Jake it was evidence that we still had much to learn about our guide's business qualities. Jake had a follow-up peculiarity his own, and that afternoon he came steaming into our presence as we sat in the bare lounge room of the hotel, making a list of necessities on the back of an envelope.

"I been chasin' you fellows all over hellagone," he announced, with a profuse expectation to facilitate speech. "I got a fistful o' luck fer you. Chap down at the stables—trouble o' some kind or other—wants to sell his horses; as pretty a team o' bays as ever switched a tail in fyttime, an' I can put you next."

"That's good of you," said Jack, "but we've just figured that we can't afford horses. It's a case of horses and no cow, or oxen and a cow, and the vote at the moment stands unanimous for milk to our porridge, even at the risk of our character. They tell us that even a good man swears when he drives oxen."

"That's wrong," Jake corrected. "A good man don't drive oxen. He may be good before he drives them, but not while he drives them, nor immediet afterward. It's agin human nature. I've seen profandy on some o' the ox trails o' this country so thick it lay jus' like a fog on the prairie. Oxen has started more fellows on the wrong road than any other critters—cept women."

"Well, we're going to take a chance with both," was Jake's answer. "You don't happen to have a hard-up friend who would part with a yoke of oxen, for a consideration, do you?"

Jake scratched his tousled hair meditatively. "Come to think o' it, I believe I do," he said at length. "I jus' remember a chap who was talkin' o' sellin' his oxen 'other day. As sleek a yoke as ever switched a tail in fyttime; gentle an' strong, an' speedy as a scart rabbit. I reckon I could get you a special price on 'em, pretendin' it was meself that was buyin'."

"And a cow," I ventured. "Have you a cow on your bargain list?" "Jake has everything on his bargain list that we may happen to need," said Jack. "Everything from a cow to a cookstove. It's all right, Jake; we don't mind your little graft so long as you play the game half fairly, and see that we get at least fifty cents worth

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So it was arranged that Jake was to be our purchasing agent, with a sort of gentleman's understanding that he might cheat us a little in consideration of his services in preventing other people from cheating us a great deal. The arrangement, I believe, worked out to our advantage. Jake undoubtedly bought our supplies for less than we could have bought them, even after providing his secret commissions. Moreover, he knew what was essential and what was not, and he saved us valuable time.

When at last our outfit was complete it presented a picturesque and somewhat pathetic turnout. On our wagon we had built a temporary box of boards, and on this were piled our trunks and personal effects, a plow, a stove, food supplies, a tent, a crate with hens and another with a young pig, while over all roosted, if I may use the term, the two girls. The cow we tied behind, while Jack and I walked as a sort of flank guard on either side of the oxen. These two phlegmatic creatures rejoiced in the names of Buck and Bright, and stolidly pursued their destiny at a pace of two and a half miles an hour. Their resignation in adversity was sublime; in fact, we soon found it impossible to invent any adversity to which they were not resigned.

With such an outfit our progress was much slower than it had been with Jake and his "flyn' ants," but it was an experience of unbounded freedom and delight. The days held bright and warm, as it was still too early for the May rains; the nights were cold and starry, with a tang of frost toward morning; the dawns were a rush of color, and the sunsets indescribable.

At nights we pitched the tent and made down blankets for the girls, but Jack and I slept under the stars. We were roughing it, but every muscle in our young bodies was vibrating with the tense new life of the open. When the girls called us to breakfast of fried bacon and potatoes and steaming



Race Across the Prairies.

coffee and milk from our traveling dairy we were more happy and more hungry than anything we had ever known to be possible.

And the girls! We saw them growing browner every day, but with their sunburn they seemed to take on a strange new charm and competence. They treated the whole experience as a high adventure, and after cramped hours on the top of "the ark" they would race like wild things across the prairies, their hair flying in the breeze, and a vagrant wind tossing the skirts about their shapely limbs.

They had taken the precaution to provide themselves with sunbonnets, but the prairie sun is an impetuous lover, and their cheeks and lips showed the mark of his caresses. He was a rival who did not pine for jealousy, for in his embrace I saw the woman Jean bursting forth from the bud of girlhood in a beauty that kept my blood a-tingle.

There was just one note that both of them were lacking, and that was a high adventure, and after cramped hours on the top of "the ark" they would race like wild things across the prairies, their hair flying in the breeze, and a vagrant wind tossing the skirts about their shapely limbs.

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Jean, perhaps because she had not spoken first. At any rate he saw them safely home, and dallied over his responsibility and the gate post until they said they must go in. He called the next night and wanted to take them to a "show," but they would not go; at any rate, Jean would not go.

"But you went walking with him," Marjorie challenged. "He asked you, too," said Jean, her pretty face coloring. "You started with us, and then went back."

"I saw how the land lay, or the wind blew, or whatever it was. I had nothing to do at home, but I knew I would be busier there than out walking with you and your policeman."

"Marjorie! How can you—"

"And he told her he would call on her after we were settled."

"He did no such thing! He asked me where we were going to settle, and I told him I didn't know, and he said he hoped he would be patrolling there. He's going to be sent out from barracks soon, and he said it would be safer for me—for us—if someone were patrolling our district."

"Not for you, dear," said Marjorie, meaningly, and there was a little sting in her words which brought me into action.

"I believe you're jealous, Marjorie," I said, in tones intended to be severe. "And aren't you?" she retorted. "You ought to be."

The truth is, I was. Jean had always belonged to me so absolutely that I had never thought of the possibility of a rival. Even now I did not think of such a thing seriously. It was true that there was no engagement between us, unless the word of a man of six and a woman of four can be taken as binding, but I looked on Jean as mine, nevertheless, and I resented the action of the mounted policeman in seeking her acquaintance. I resented, too, the fact that she had gone walking with him, and I told her so at the first opportunity.

It came that afternoon. Jean said she was tired riding, and got down to walk on my side of the wagon. We trudged along for some distance in silence, save for my occasional words of rebuke and exhortation to the oxen.

"You're cross at me," she said at length. "I'm not." Why I said that I can't imagine. I was, and wanted her to know it.

"I didn't mean to offend you," she went on. "Marjorie was just a little bit—apful."

"I know she was," I agreed. "But you shouldn't have gone walking with him."

"Why?" "He was a stranger. You didn't even know his name."

"I do now. It's Harold Brook. Besides, in this country, you don't have to know people's names. You just speak anyway."

"Oh, do you?" I said, sarcastically. "So I see."

"Don't be cross," she coaxed. "See, I can beat you to that badger hole. One—two—three—"

She was off like the wind. For a moment I hesitated, then joined in the race. But she had too much start, and besides, she was almost a match for me. She reached the little mound first, and as she turned she swerved a little from her course, and I happened to plunge into her. To save herself from falling she seized me about the neck, and her hair brushed against my face.

We walked back slowly, arm in arm, and I had a sense of being very much of a brute. . . . Jean had wound me around her little finger.

There are certain thrills of accomplishment, certain epochs of development, which come only once in a lifetime. One of these is when a young man writes his first check, or first turns his key in his own door, or first sees his name on an office signboard. But the greatest is when he first looks upon land he can call his own. True, this land was not yet ours, but it was pledged to us if we carried out our part of a very simple agreement, and already we had a proprietary interest in the pride of a mother displaying her first born. We were desperately anxious that our choice should be justified.

We waited for their verdict, but neither spoke. "Well, what do you think of it?" Jack asked at length. "It looks all right," said Marjorie. "I suppose it is as good as any. But I don't see how you are going to tell it from other people's land. It's all alike."

"What do you say, Jean?" "But Jean was looking at the sunset, where the Master Artist was splashing pastels of bronze and copper against a background of silver and champagne. "Wonderful, wonderful!" she murmured.

"Fourteen is Frank's and Twenty-two is mine," Jack explained. "We'll pitch the tent for the girls here, and Frank may do as he likes, but I'm going to cross the gully and sleep to-night under my own vine and fig tree, so to speak. My six months' residence begins tonight!"

"Fig tree!" Marjorie exclaimed. "The trees around here are just about high enough to tickle your ear—when you're lying down."

"You haven't seen the trees yet," said Jack, knowingly. "Now, let's pitch camp."

We dragged the tent close to the brow of the gully and pitched it on the spot where we had planned that my shack should be. We also unloaded some of our equipment so that we could make use of it in the housekeeping operations. It was with great zest that we carried our cookstove to the door of the tent and strung up two or three lengths of pipe. In a few minutes Jack appeared from somewhere with an armful of wood, and as the dark-

ness settled down we gathered about a fire on our own farms, for the first time in our lives.

And so we chattered on, saying nothing of moment, but feeling the great joy of possession welling in our hearts. It was a day and a night to be lived over many a time in memory. For the first time in our lives we were drinking of the wells of possession—the enchanted streams which draw men and women into the wilderness to live and die on the outskirts of civilization.

We had finished supper, and the gray gloom of twilight was crawling slowly up from the east when a sharp, whistling rustle almost above us brought the girls to their feet with a start.

"What was that?" Jean exclaimed. "It was almost like a bullet."

"Nay, nay," said Jack, indulging in a very sorry joke. "It is a ducklet." "A ducklet? What ducklet?"

"That, my dear sister, was the whistle from the wing of a wild duck, darting into the darkness at a couple of hundred miles an hour. He had just got his eyes on you."

"More likely on the gun," said Jean, for we had included a cheap shotgun among the articles considered indispensable. "Wait until Frank gets after him."

I was greatly flattered by Jean's wholly unwarranted confidence in my marksmanship and eager to justify it at the earliest moment.

"No time like the present," said I, picking up the gun and filling my pocket with cartridges. "Besides, we have a surprise to show you."

So we started out in the gathering darkness, I going first, as became the bearer of the gun; Jean at my heels; Jack and Marjorie a little in the rear. Down the steep edge of the gully we worked, and then along by the margin of the brown snow water which rippled happily over beds of bending grass.

At a short distance we came to the spot where the valley broadened out and the little grove of trees had found its place of shelter from Chinook winds in winter and prairie fires in spring and fall. The air was full of the sweet scent of bursting willow buds and balm-o'-Gilead, and as we picked our steps as noiselessly as we could the slightly stirring limbs above us wrought their dark tracery against the bipe and starry heaven.

"Oh, Frank! You never told me of this! How wonderful!"

## Walter Johnson and Ty Cobb



Walter Johnson of the Washington Nationals, and Ty Cobb, manager of the Detroit. Eighteen years ago when Johnson pitched his first game in the big league he pitched against the Tigers and also against Ty Cobb.

## Bat Practice Hurts Style of Moundsmen

Pitchers say that batting practice spoils them. Pitching to batters in the daily practice cramps their style.

To pitch to batters in practice means laying the ball over the spot where with nothing on it. Any time the pitcher hooks one he is called down. He cannot use any stuff on the ball. An amount of this kind of pitching means that the pitcher gets into the habit of laying the ball over and he does it unconsciously when called on to pitch in a game.

It is the explanation they give for pitchers suddenly being hit hard in a game and the explanation carries a certain amount of logic.

## Doc Crandall Back

Otis ("Doc") Crandall, a big league pitcher of ten years ago, who, it is rumored, will soon join the New York Yankees as a relief hurler. Crandall was a star with the Giants in 1904, right through to 1910, and is now more than forty years old.

"Don't, Frank, don't; you mustn't!" Jean exclaimed suddenly.

Her arm darted out in front of me, seized the barrel of the gun and drew it swiftly to one side. I had been taking a most deliberate aim, to justify the high opinion already referred to, but at Jean's sudden interference I pressed the trigger, or, as I always claimed, it pulled itself against my finger, and went off. There was a loud report, and the sound of shot harmlessly lashing the water.

"Did you get him—did you get him?" shouted Marjorie and Jack, rushing down upon us.

"No, I didn't get him," I explained. "I didn't even try to get him. I just wanted to see how far the gun would carry."

"I wouldn't let him," said Jean. "It would have been a—just a horrible thing to shoot one of those poor creatures the very first night we were here! How beautiful they were, and how—how loving!" She said the last word with a bashful, falling inflection that was wonderful to hear.

"It's much more horrible to have no wild duck—ducklet I mean—for tomorrow's dinner," said Jack.

"And those cartridges cost ever so much; what is it—three or four cents each," Marjorie remonstrated. "Well, let's go back."

We returned to our camp and started to make ready for the night. But Jack, true to his promise, gathered up his blankets, waded the cold stream, and slept under the stars of Twenty-two. We had begun our "period of residence."

## Sporting Squibs

A total of \$130,000,000 was bet on horse races in the Argentine last year.

A monument costing \$20,000 is to be erected in Manila in memory of Pancho Villa.

Illinois A. C. relay teams have been A. U. champions nearly twenty years.

The Olympic club at San Francisco is considering a new home to cost \$2,000,000.

Irony: Taking up golf for exercise. Giving a 75-pound caddy a dollar to carry around 40 pounds of clubs.

John L. Sullivan to James J. Corbett: "Stand still, you dancing idiot!" France to Abd-el-Krim: The same.

Sporting authorities are beginning to suggest the question of whether Jack Dempsey is a fighter or a strategist.

## Australia Has Real Heavyweight Star

Australia's first real heavyweight pugilist since the late Bob Fitzsimmons may be Walter Walker, of Newcastle. The town is located in the coal center of Australia, and Walker, until he began boxing a year ago, was a miner. He is twenty-two years of age, six feet one inch tall and weighs about 185 pounds. He has had a brilliant career, his latest victory being over Albert Lloyd, who stopped him in an earlier bout. Sen Waddy and George Cook are heavyweights Walker has not yet squared off against.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Stephens

Not for Long



THE FEATHERHEADS

By L. F. Van Zeln

Where There's Hope There's Life



Events in the Lives of Little Men

Our Pet Peeve



HOME WANTED FOR A BABY



The Clancy Kids

And a Paper Shortage On -Oh, Sawful Sterrible!!



By PERCY L. CROSBY



BANBONE'S MEDITATIONS

AN THOUGHT AN'S JES' EZ SKEERED UV A HANT EZ AN WUZ UV A GUN, BUT DEYS A NIGGUR WID A GUN RUNNED ME RIGHT SMACK THU A GRAVE-YARD TOTHER NIGHT!!!!



TURN ME OVER



WY doncher propose to that circus strong woman, if you admire her so much?



DO PEOPLE LAUGH AT THIS?

GENEROUS. The man who thinks he knows it all is generous, you'll agree. He wants mankind, both great and small, to be as wise as he.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I'd like to be a poet. And I think I shall sometime. For now free verse is stylish and it doesn't have to rhyme.





# WRIGLEYS

AFTER EVERY MEAL



THE FLAVOR LASTS

Probably one reason for the popularity of WRIGLEYS is that it lasts so long and returns such great dividends for so small an outlay. It keeps teeth clean, breath sweet, appetite keen, digestion good. Fresh and full-flavored always in its wax-wrapped package.



### Easy on Conductors

Loud speakers will be installed on trains of the Japanese railways, so the conductor won't have to shout so loudly in calling the stations.



A new full set of Champions every 10,000 miles will greatly improve engine performance and pay for themselves in oil and gas saved.

Champion X for Ford's 60c. Blue Box for all other cars, 75c. More than 25,000 dealers sell Champions. You will know the genuine by the double-ribbed core.

Champion Spark Plug Co. Toledo, Ohio. Windsor, Ont., London, Paris



# FAULTLESS STARCH

Always ready for instant use

YOU can make a wonderful boiled starch by simply adding boiling water to your cold water starch mixture or you can use it as a cold water starch when you buy FAULTLESS.

It is equally effective when used for plain everyday ginghams or the finest organdies—a clean starch, free from lumps. The favorite starch in millions of homes for more than 35 years.

Faultless Starch Company Kansas City, Mo.



### Green's August Flower

For Constipation, Indigestion and Torpid Liver

Successful for 50 years. See and See bottles—ALL DRUGGISTS



INFLAMED EYES Use Dr. Thompson's Ointment. Sold at your Druggist's. 100 M. B. T. Co., N. Y.

## THE PASSING DAY

WILL H. MAYES Former Dean Department of Journalism University of Texas

### Texas Doing Big Things.



Cameron county, of which Brownsville is the county seat, has voted a three and a quarter million dollar bond issue for flood conservation and irrigation. That Amarillo project of which I wrote recently will mean the investment of millions and the irrigation of more land than many of the states have. Numerous other irrigation projects are under way. Plans are being made everywhere to harness and use the water that is going to waste in Texas. Railroads are proposing extensions and are quarreling among themselves as to which shall get into choice territory. Cotton mills and garment factories are being constructed. Gulf ports are being improved. Oil is being found everywhere, and natural gas is having to be locked in the earth for lack of consumers. Banks are full of money, and the State treasury balance runs into millions. Every progressive county is building hard-surfaced roads. Skyscrapers are going up in the cities. New churches and school buildings are under construction almost everywhere. Surely Texas is doing big things just now.

### What Part Are You Playing?

When one thinks of all this really remarkable growth, unless he is closely allied with some of the numerous enterprises, he is likely to form a rather poor opinion about himself, and to wonder of what use he is in the scheme of worthwhile things. I seldom get into a large city with its great buildings and huge enterprises without at first having a feeling of discouragement because of my own insignificance. A superficial knowledge of astronomy appals one and causes him to feel that human beings here on earth are of very little consequence—merely as so many ants in the great scheme of things. I am at times inclined to take something of the same view of my personal relation to the great development, all about me, when I see how little I have accomplished and am accomplishing as compared with some others. When in such a mood, my own part in things about me seems so small as not to be worth the effort I put into it.

### Results Can't Be Measured.

If every worker should quit because he can't see as large results from his efforts as from those of some one else, there wouldn't be but one person left to carry on the work, and doubtless he would at times feel that some one was ahead of him and get discouraged at his failure. It never was intended that all persons should get the same results or like returns from their efforts. If this were so there would be no rivalry and without rivalry there would be no progress. It is hard to compare the results of the efforts of different persons, or on different lines of work. I once knew a preacher whose voice failed so that he could not speak above a whisper. He thought his life work was destroyed and that he could be of little more use to his fellow men. He had to make a living and from necessity began a small private school. He never had more than thirty students in his school at a time, but from it there went out scores of men and women who have done great work. He accomplished more through his little school than he could ever have done preaching, though no doubt he often thought himself a failure because he could not sway great congregations.

### See What My State Is Doing.

When we see the big things being done in Texas, we should look at them with a spirit of personal pride in Texas achievements, just as though they were the results of our personal work and as if they belonged to us as individuals. When I see what Brownsville and Amarillo are going to do, I like to feel that WE TEXANS are doing something to be proud of, though I do not own a foot of land in either section of the State.

One of the finest men I know—a real philosopher—says he gets far more pleasure out of Texas' magnificent capitol and the beautiful grounds than if he owned them, because he can enjoy them without having to be bothered with keeping them up. He can walk about the corridors, chat with his friends there, sit under the shades on the grounds, enjoy the beautiful flowers, all without expense or trouble—he doesn't even have to pay any taxes, as he owns no property to be taxed.

### It Is What We Enjoy That Counts.

It is strange that most people can't enjoy a thing they do not own. My neighbor across the way has a pretty grass-covered lawn that costs him much work and money and beds of beautiful flowers, but I can sit on the swing on my front porch and enjoy them. I have a front yard that is densely shaded with hackberry trees beneath which grass and flowers will not grow. Why do I have to own his grass and flowers to get pleasure from them? And I am sure that he likes our hackberry trees better on our grounds than if they were on his lawn.

## THE WORLD OVER

Interesting Items of Present Important Happenings.

### EVERY ITEM A NEWS ITEM

Relating to the Latest Happenings of Interest Just Now Throughout the World.

#### WASHINGTON NEWS.

The United States government Tuesday laid bare to the eyes of a curious public for nationwide inspection the federal income tax records, which testify to individual and corporate contributions toward the government's running expenses for 1924. It was estimated that tax returns of 8,000,000 persons and corporations were contained in the books thrown open for inspection in the various tax offices over the country.

Taking a hand in the continuing dispute between the shipping board and President Leigh C. Palmer of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, President Coolidge has demanded the resignation from the board of Bert E. Haney of Oregon, whom he considers an obstructionist to the Palmer program.

Increased express rates on fruit and vegetables between Mountain Pacific and Eastern territories, proposed by the American Express Company to become effective September 1, were ordered held in abeyance by the interstate commerce commission Tuesday until December 30.

#### STATE AND DOMESTIC NEWS.

T. O. Walton, for eight years head of the extension service of the A. and M. College of Texas, Thursday was selected president of the A. and M. College. The new president fills the vacancy created by the resignation some months ago of Dr. W. B. Hize, president for seven years, who accepted the presidency of the University of Oklahoma.

The giant dirigible Shenandoah is no more. It went down in three pieces Thursday at Caldwell, Ohio, in a storm and killed its commander, Lieutenant Commander Zachary Lansdowne, and at least thirteen of the officers and men making up her crew.

An exact replica of the first Texas capitol at "Old Washington" on the Brazos, in Washington county, will be built on the site where the ancient building stood, in what is known as Washington State Park, it was announced Thursday by the state board of control.

Five hundred families in South El Paso, Texas, and three suburban additions are homeless in the worst flood experienced since 1857. Damage is estimated at \$400,000.

The federal government's new offensive against illicit sale, manufacture and possession of intoxicating liquor got under way in Texas and Oklahoma Tuesday, when Major Herbert H. White, regional prohibition administrator, took office and announced the appointment of six assistants.

Approximately 150 Texas concerns and individuals in the First District of the income tax division, in the internal revenue department, comprising Southern Texas, paid more than \$10,000,000 income tax for 1924, according to figures made public Tuesday. Ninety thousand returns were filed.

A distinct earthquake shock was felt at Calexico, Calif., Sunday, followed immediately by lesser shocks.

Open season on prairie chickens opened in Texas Tuesday, Sept. 1 for the first time in 10 years. The killing of prairie chickens will be allowed for 10 days with a bag limit set at five for one day, or 10 for the entire season.

#### FOREIGN NEWS.

The French cabinet Thursday named the debt commission which is to go to Washington under the leadership of Finance Minister Caillaux. The commission will consist of four senators, four deputies and two bankers. The personnel of the commission is: Senators Beranger, Chapal, Dausset and Dupuy; Deputies Auriel, Lamoureux, Bokanowski and Dechambrier; the banker, Simon (Maurice Simon, controller of the French treasury) and Andre Moreau-Neret.

Drastic steps have been taken by the Mexican government in recent months to combat the growth of communism in the country.

No trace has been found of the Italian submarine Sebastiano Veniro, which disappeared with 50 officers and men aboard during naval maneuvers off the Sicilian coast last week.

Madame George Bakmeteff, wife of the former Russian ambassador to Washington, who died in Paris in June, left an estate valued at \$1,120,000, most of which was in stocks, bonds and securities.

#### Army Officer Sentenced.

Manila—Lieutenant J. S. Thompson Wednesday was found guilty of the murder of Miss Audrey Burleigh of Memphis, Tenn., whom he shot to death in his automobile at Manila last April, and was sentenced to be hanged.

## Two Letters

The first written twenty years ago, the second recently by Mrs. J. H. Bourland, Frankston, Texas.



### June 2, 1904, the writer—

"For twenty-three years I was a constant sufferer from chronic catarrh. I had a severe misery and burning in the top of my head, a continual dropping of mucus into my throat causing frequent expectoration. My entire system became involved and I grew worse. It seemed as if I could not recover from a constant cough and frequent attacks of bilious colic. My bowels were affected, causing alarming hemorrhages. I tried many remedies and finally took Pe-ru-na. In three days I was relieved of my bowel trouble and entirely cured by five bottles. I most cheerfully recommend Pe-ru-na."

### June 30, 1924, Mrs. Bourland writes again—

"I will soon be seventy-nine years old and enjoy good health for one of my age. I still recommend Pe-ru-na and take it myself when necessary. For more than half a century Pe-ru-na has a proud record of good done. Men and women the world over stand ready to testify to its value in the treatment of all catarrhal disorders.

Send 4 cents postage to the PE-RU-NA COMPANY, Columbus, Ohio, for book on catarrh.

Pe-ru-na in either tablet or liquid form sold everywhere.

### A Health Builder

HOSTETTER'S Celebrated Stomach Bitters is a wholesome tonic. Keeps the stomach in good condition and improves the appetite.

At All Druggists

### Don't hesitate

Does burn, bruises, wounds and cuts, rashes and sore mouths. It keeps out dirt and air and keeps healing. For cuts and sores take a teaspoonful several times a day. It is tasteless, odorless and absolutely harmless.

CHESTERBROUGH MFG. CO. (INCORPORATED) New York

### Vaseline

Look for the trade-mark "Vaseline" on every package. It is your protection.

## RESINOL

Soothing and Healing For Rashes and Chafing

### Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic

Makes the Body Strong. Makes the Blood Rich.

## NR TONIGHT Tomorrow Alright

NR a mild, vegetable laxative to relieve Constipation and to loosen and keep the digestive and eliminative functions normal.

### Chips off the Old Block

NR JUNIORS—Little NR

One-third the regular dose. Made of same ingredients, then candy coated.

## Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

### COBRA-DE-CAPELLO

"Well, well, well, here I am," blushed the Cobra-de-Capello.

"So I see," said Billie Brownie, who had come to the snake house in the zoo to hear some of the stories the snakes had to tell him.

"Then, as you know, he would send forth his stories for others to hear, and the night that he got back to Fairyland and Brownie and all the Elves and Fairies, Gnomes, Gnomes, Old Witty Witch, Old Mr. Giant, the members of the Hooey and Gaf families would come and hear what he had to say.

"You know, of course, too, that Mother Nature gave Billie Brownie the power to understand the different languages of her children and to see them when he wished.

"When people were around he wore his invisible robe so they could not see him.

"Brownies and Gnomes and Elves and Fairies are shy and do not want to be seen by people.

"Yes, here you are," blushed the Coral Snake, both to Billie Brownie and to the Cobra-de-Capello.

"What is there to do in the zoo?" asked the Cobra-de-Capello.

"Nothing much," said the Coral Snake.

"Doesn't sound encouraging or cheerful," said the Cobra-de-Capello.

"How about people? Do many of them come around, or do we just have



"So I see," said Billie Brownie.

To go out of our cage and search for them?"

Billie Brownie knew that he was safe, as his robe was also an absolute protection.

Sometimes when the animals talked in a very wild fashion Billie did tremble a little!

But he knew he was really safe.

He thought now that these snakes were talking among themselves it would be more interesting just to listen to them than to ask them questions.

So he sat by and listened.

"I can't get out of here it seems just now," said Cobra-de-Capello, "but I suppose I will find a way.

"Answer my question, Coral Snake, do we go for the people or do they come around these parts so that they are easy to get?"

"Lots and lots of people come to the zoo," said the Coral Snake.

"Great joy!" blushed the Cobra-de-Capello. "Great joy. We don't have to look for people. They come to us.

"That is fine. How my month waxes! Let me see—I could kill about two thousand people a month nicely by biting them."

"Ha, ha, ha," blushed the Coral Snake, "you will do nothing of the sort."

"I beg your pardon," said the Cobra-de-Capello, "you don't realize to whom you are speaking. You are talking to the most dreadful snake in all of India.

"No one can cure a snake whom I have bitten. I have a poison which no one understands, it is so horrible. Ah, it is fine to be so powerful.

"They felt glad when I left India—they hated me! Oh, how they hated me! I rejoice in that fact."

"I know perfectly who you are and what you are," said the Coral Snake, "but you are in the zoo and the people who come here only come to look at you. They don't come to be bitten."

"Then I will give them a surprise," said the Cobra-de-Capello.

"Oh no, you won't," said the Coral Snake, "for you can't get out of your cage, and the people can look at you without being touched."

"So that is what the zoo is, eh?" said the Cobra-de-Capello. "Oh, well, I'm worth looking at, and if they feed me enough and let me sleep enough, I'll be happy. Still, if ever they want to see how powerful I am they can let me out and I'm sure I'll never forget my wonderful poisonous bite."

"You won't forget it, but you won't have the chance to remember it," said the Coral Snake, and Billie Brownie went away much satisfied at this.

### Proving a Proverb

"Now, boys," said the master, "always remember that the early bird catches the worm."

Next morning a small boy appeared with a tear-stained face.

"What's the matter, Tommy?"

"Please, sir, you said it was the early bird that got the worm."

"Yes."

"Well, father thrashed me!"

"What for?"

"Because I let our CERRY out early this morning and it hasn't come back with the worm."

## The Cuticura Toilet Tale.

Having cleared your skin keep it clear by making Cuticura your everyday toilet preparations. The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal, the Talcum to powder and perfume. No toilet table is complete without them.—Advertisement.

### Evidently They Were Coming in Quantities

The Randall Rabbits, who live over near Hollenbeck park, are very proud of their twins, so one day when Mrs. Rabbitt brought one out and placed it in the baby carriage, she was not at all displeased when a little boy, a stranger in the neighborhood, came up and said: "Oh, what a nice little boy!" "Thank you," said the fond mother. "Would you mind watching him till I come back?" Presently she returned with the other twin and the little boy's eyes doubled in size as he exclaimed: "My goodness! Wherever is your detting all those babies!"—Los Angeles Times.

### Australian Child Brides

Australia's child brides during 1923 numbered 483, under seventeen years of age, the youngest being only thirteen, and seventy-three women of sixty-five years and over. The oldest bridegroom was eighty-six. Among the young mothers was a child of twelve, while six girls of only thirteen years gave birth to children. Referring to infant mortality, the president of the Health Association for Women and Children in Victoria, stated that Australia had lost 122,478 children under the age of five years between 1918 and 1922.—Family Herald.

## Sure Relief

BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION

6 BELLANS Hot water Sure Relief

25c and 75c Pkgs. Sold Everywhere

## WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

SOLD 50 YEARS A FINE GENERAL TONIC

### Maine Hen Lore

A contributor to a Cleveland newspaper, telling of a hen running through heavy traffic with a bright ribbon dangling from her tail feathers, adds: "Evidently she had been struck before." Tut! tut! Is it possible that the writer has never heard of that time-honored method of "breaking up" a setting hen by attaching a bit of red cloth to her tail—red flannel preferably? Just why flannel has never been satisfactorily explained, but flannel has always been demanded by the good folk who believe in this plan, and happy was the boy who was called upon to affix the streamer and then watch the crazy antics of its unwilling wearer.—Portland Press Herald.

### TREAT YOUR LIVER WISELY

When you require medicine for an inactive liver, get the best. Get an established remedy such as Bond's Liver Pills. They are a prescription intended solely for the liver and they cure Headaches, Biliousness, Dizziness and all liver troubles. 25c the bottle.—Adv.

### Standardize Undies

The bureau of standards now is seeking to standardize underwear sizes. At present the underwear of various manufacturers is just enough different so that many people find suits of the same size but of different makes do not fit them.

### Would, If He Had a Chance

Gwendoline—"Daddy, do you love me still?" Father—"Yes, dear, but you never are."—Stray Stories.

Pain is the outcome of sin.—Buddha.

## WEAK, RUN-DOWN NERVOUS, DIZZY

Mrs. Lee Suffered From All These Troubles, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Made Her Well



Terre Haute, Indiana.—"I was weak and run-down and in such a nervous condition that I could hardly do my work. I was tired all the time and dizzy, had no appetite and could not sleep. I tried different medicines for a year but they did not help me. Then my husband saw the ad. for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the newspapers and had me take it. I regained my strength and never felt better in my life. It completely restored me to health. I had practically no suffering when my baby boy was born and he is very strong and healthy. I know that the Vegetable Compound is the best medicine a woman can take before and after childbirth for health and strength. I would be willing to answer letters from women asking about the Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. Wm. J. Lee, Route E, Box 645, Terre Haute, Indiana.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a dependable medicine for all these troubles.

For sale by druggists everywhere.

## Ride the Interurban

FROM Houston to Galveston

Every Hour on the Hour Express Service—Non-Stop Trains 9:00 a. m. and 3:00 p. m.

IMPROVED CHOICEST CITRUS LAND Rio Grande Valley, 150 acres near paved highway, and citrus packing plant. Excellent citrus grove, 100 acres, planted by the Rio Grande Valley Citrus Co. in 1910. Soil rich, water abundant. Irrigation system installed. Fruit trees 7 to 10 years old. Some bearing. Fruit, vegetables, cotton, etc. in the world are produced. Independent of rainfall and fertilizer. Irrigated citrus land all in cultivation six years, some growing 150 citrus trees. Two to four hundred crop possible on several acres yearly. Growing citrus in warmer climates and longer growing season, this is the greatest opportunity ever offered for a few small acres to produce several small citrus groves in the coming country. A large district, where citrus alone will double the value in 12 months. Make most attractive offer. Write for details. F. B. ENOCHS, MALLIN, TEXAS.

## PATENTS

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### HARDWAY & CATHEY

Bankers Mortgage Bldg., Houston, Tex.

### Dickey's OLD RELIABLE Eye Water

relieves sun and wind-burned eyes. Doesn't hurt. Genuine in Red Folding Box. 25c. All druggists or by mail. LUCKEY DRUG CO., Bristol, Va., Tenn.

## ECZEMA

### After Others Fail

### PETERSON'S OINTMENT

Big Box 60 Cents

The mighty healing power of Peterson's Ointment when eczema or terrible itching of skin and scalp tortures you is known to tens of thousands of people the country over. Often the itching goes overnight.

For pimples, acne, rough and red skin, old sores, ulcers, piles, chafing, sunburn, burning feet and all hemorrhoids and eruptions it is supremely efficient, as any broad-minded druggist will tell you. Peterson Ointment Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

### Standardize Undies

The bureau of standards now is seeking to standardize underwear sizes. At present the underwear of various manufacturers is just enough different so that many people find suits of the same size but of different makes do not fit them.

### PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. 25c. All druggists.

### HINDERCORNS

Removes Corns, Calluses, etc. stops all pain, restores comfort to the foot, makes walking easy. Use by mail. Druggists. Hixson Chemical Works, Paterson, N. Y.

### Trained

Swimming Instructor—Can you swim very well?

Frosh—No, sir; but I can sure wade.

## CHILDREN CRY FOR

## Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHER—Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher. Absolutely Harmless—No Opium. Physicians everywhere recommend it.



## PROGRAM

**TONIGHT, SATURDAY, SEPT. 5th:**  
**"HER TEMPORARY HUSBAND."** The merriest little mix-up comedy that ever slipped across the screen. You'll laugh right through it. Prices 20 and 40c.

**MONDAY and TUESDAY:**  
**"THE CALL OF THE WILD"** from the famous dog story by Jack London. Prices 20c and 40c.

**WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY:**  
**"THE MAD WHIRL,"** with May McAvoy. A story of wayward parents, and a romance two young hearts that beat as one. Prices 20c and 40c.

**FRIDAY and SATURDAY:**  
 Colleen Moore in **"THE HUNTRESS."** A comedy-drama. Prices 20c and 30c.

NOTE—Beginning Sept. 14 Show starts 8 p. m. SHARP

Princess Theater

# SANDERSON GARAGE

"WE ARE ALWAYS AT YOUR SERVICE"

E. F. Howard

Agent For  
 Good Reliable  
 FIRE INSURANCE  
 COMPANIES  
 Your Business will be  
 Appreciated

Peter R. Gorman, D. C.

Chiropractor

Palmer Method Graduate T. C. C.  
 Office at Tom Parson's Residence

Sleep where you please, but,  
 Dew Drop Inn for your eats.

### "COLD IN THE HEAD"

is an acute attack of Nasal Catarrh. Those subject to frequent "colds" are generally in a "run down" condition. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is a treatment consisting of an Ointment, to be used locally, and a Tonic, which acts quickly through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces, building up the System, and making you less liable to "colds."  
 Sold by druggists for over 40 Years.  
 F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

Plaiting: skirts, panels, ruffles; hemstitching; covered buttons, tailored buttonholes. Mrs. U. B. Houston, Uvalde, Texas.

When need of stationery, either blank or printed, call at The Times office.

## Ford Service

Genuine Ford parts  
 Repairing done on any make car

Accessories—Everything for your car—Motor Meters, radiator caps, chamois skins, sponges, polish, Goodyear and Fisk Tires and Tubes. Cars stored, washed and greased with Alemite Grease—we are sole agents for Alemite.

MUSSEY BROS.

For sanitary home cooked meals go to the Dew Drop Inn for them.

You know a summer suit will be funny looking after Sept. 15, so take the hint and get your Fall and Winter clothes now. E. V. Price and J. L. Taylor clothes are the best in style and fabric. Empire Tailors.

### Ranch Loans

Loans made on amortization plan for 33 years at—

### 6 per cent INTEREST

With option to pay loan in full or in part on any interest paying date after 5 years.

Prompt inspections and quick service. Write us for particulars.

**BOGESS THURMOND & LaCROSSE**  
 Del Rio, Texas

Agents for Dallas Joint Stock Land Bank

For meals like the kind mother used to cook, try the Dew Drop Inn.

### Tailored to Fit

Are the clothes that you buy from us.

Come in and let us take your measurement for a new suit. 12 day service on all clothes ordered.

One day service on all cleaning and pressing.

Phone No. 6.

### Royal Tailor Shop

For a good home cooked meal go to the Dew Drop Inn.

### Renew Your Health by Purification

Any physician will tell you that "Perfect Purification of the System is Nature's foundation of Perfect Health." Why not rid yourself of chronic ailments that are undermining your vitality? Purify your entire system by taking a thorough course of Calotabs, —once or twice a week for several weeks—and see how Nature rewards you with health.

Calotabs are the greatest of all system purifiers. Get a family package, containing full directions, price 35 cts.; trial package, 10 cts. At any drug store. (Adv.)

It is better to be early than late! Have your measurement taken now for a winter suit or overcoat, and have it delivered any time this winter. Empire Tailors.

### UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

The San Pedro Cafe which has been closed for the past month, has been re-opened and is now under new management. American or Mexican short served at all hours. After theater or dance party suppers can be had by phoning your orders in advance. J. P. (Little Pete) Villareal.

### CHEAP SHEEP RANCH FOR SALE

In Val Verde, the County having more sheep than any county in Texas. Sheep proof pastures on railroad and highway. Abundance never failing water. \$4.75 per acre. Will sell 3,000 acres or more of my ranch to suit buyer. HAL A. HAMILTON, Del Rio, Texas.

### THE STATE OF TEXAS, County of Terrell.

To Patrick Dooling and all persons owning or having or claiming any interest in the land or lots hereinafter described, the same being delinquent to the State of Texas and County of Terrell for taxes, and the same lying and being situated in the County of Terrell, and State of Texas, to-wit:

Abstract No. 220, Certificate No. 1053, Survey No. 51, Original Grantee C. C. S. D. & R. G. N. G. Ry., Acres 640, which said property is delinquent to the State of Texas and County of Terrell for taxes for the years 1921 to 1924, aggregating the sum of \$83.75, including interest, penalties and costs, said taxes having been legally levied, assessed and rendered against said land and lots, and the same being a lawful charge and constituting a prior lien against the same in favor of the State of Texas and County of Terrell to secure the payment thereof.

And you are commanded to be and appear before the Honorable District Court of Terrell County, Texas, at the next regular term thereof, to be held at the Court House of said County, in the City of Sanderson, Texas, on the fourth Monday in January A. D. 1926, the same being the 25th day of January A. D. 1926, then and there to show cause why judgment should not be rendered against you and the said land and lots sold under fore-closer of said lien to satisfy said taxes, interest penalties and costs, and all court costs, all of which, together with other and further relief, general and special, being fully set out and prayed for in the plaintiff's original petition filed in said court on the 2nd day of April and appearing on the docket thereof as suit No. 1207, wherein the State of Texas is plaintiff, and Patrick Dooling is defendant and all persons owning or having or claiming any interest in said land or lots, defendants.

Given under my hand and seal of said court, at office in the City of Sanderson, Texas, in the County of Terrell, this 20th day of July A. D. 1925.  
 (Seal) LUELLA LEMONS,  
 Clerk, District Court, Terrell County, Texas

### THE STATE OF TEXAS, County of Terrell.

To Mrs Emily Hume, and all persons owning or having or claiming any interest in the land or lots hereinafter described, the same being delinquent to the State of Texas and County of Terrell for taxes, and the same lying and being situated in the County of Terrell, and State of Texas, to-wit:

Abstract 273, Certificate 1620, Survey 23, Original Grantee E. L. & R. R. Ry. Co., Acres 320, which said property is delinquent to the State of Texas and County of Terrell for taxes for the years 1916 to 1924, aggregating the sum of \$86.83, including interest, penalties and costs, said taxes having been legally levied, assessed and rendered against said land and lots, and the same being a lawful charge and constituting a prior lien against the same in favor of the State of Texas and County of Terrell to secure the payment thereof.

And you are commanded to be and appear before the Honorable District Court of Terrell County, Texas at the next regular term thereof, to be held at the Court House of said County, in the City of Sanderson, Texas on the fourth Monday in January A. D. 1926, the same being the 25th day of January A. D. 1926, then and there to show cause why judgment should not be rendered against you and the said land and lots sold under fore-closer of said lien to satisfy said taxes, interest, penalties and costs, and all court costs, all of which, together with other and further relief, general and special, being fully set out and prayed for in the plaintiff's original petition filed in said court on the 2nd day of April and appearing on the docket as suit No. 1211, wherein the State of Texas is plaintiff, and Mrs. Mrs. Emily Hume as defendant and all persons owning or having or claiming any interest in said land or lots, defendants.

Given under my hand and seal of said Court, at office in the City of Sanderson, Texas, in the County of Terrell, this 20th day of July A. D. 1925.  
 (Seal) LUELLA LEMONS,  
 Clerk, District Court, Terrell County, Texas

### Free SHOW Free

THE J. H. G. CO.

### In Sanderson all Next Week

They have been giving some wonderful programs, of singing, dancing and good black face comedy. Really the best Show we have had in several years and it is Free to Every one, every night. Dock Gassaway gives some good lectures on your health and how to maintain it.

Bring your family out and enjoy a good show.

The Show is on the Lot Across From the M. E. Church

Free Every Night

Show Starts 8 p. m.

### FOR SALE.

I have for sale 100 head pure bred angora bucks, aged one and two years. Will sell for \$20.00 each. These goats will please the most particular breeders. Come and see them at my ranch on Pecos River. 4-t-c.  
 RAY DUNLAP.

### SAFETY FIRST—

### BLACK DIAMOND SCREW WORM KILLER

Every Bottle Guaranteed

—ABSOLUTELY SAFE AND A SURE SCREW WORM KILLER

The Price is Right.—All Sizes

SABINAL DRUG COMPANY

Sabinal, Texas.

Or Any Dealer

### THE STATE OF TEXAS

County of Terrell.  
 To Benton Land and Cattle Co. and all persons owning or having or claiming any interest in the land or lots hereinafter described, the same being delinquent to the State of Texas and County of Terrell for taxes, and the same lying and being situated in the County of Terrell, and State of Texas, to-wit:

Abstract 701, Certificate 111, Survey 9, Original Grantee M. K. & T. E. Ry. Co., Acres 320, which said property is delinquent to the State of Texas and County of Terrell for taxes for the years 1923 and 1924, aggregating the sum of \$41.02, including interest, penalties and costs, said taxes having been legally levied, assessed and rendered against said land and lots, and the same being a lawful charge and constituting a prior lien against the same in favor of the State of Texas and County of Terrell to secure the payment thereof.

And you are hereby commanded to be and appear before the Honorable District Court of Terrell County, Texas at the next regular term thereof, to be held at the Court House of said County, in the City of Sanderson, Texas on the 4th Monday in January A. D. 1926, the same being the 25th day of January A. D. 1926, then and there to show cause why judgment should not be rendered against you and the said land and lots sold under fore-closer of said lien to satisfy said taxes, interest, penalties and costs, and all court costs, all of which, together with other and further relief, general and special, being fully set out and prayed for in the plaintiff's original petition filed in said court on the 19th day of June A. D. 1925 and appearing on the docket thereof as suit No. 1243, wherein the State of Texas is plaintiff, and Benton Land & Cattle Company are defendant, resides out of the State of Texas, and all persons owning or having or claiming any interest in said land or lots, defendants.

Given under my hand and seal of said Court, at office in the City of Sanderson, Texas, in the County of Terrell, this 20th day of July A. D. 1925.  
 (Seal) LUELLA LEMONS,  
 Clerk, District Court, Terrell County, Texas

### FOODS TO PLEASE

Our customers may be certain that our stock of Groceries—staple and fancy—Fresh Fruits—Vegetables—are of the finest and that our price and service will please. We offer pure Foods at reasonable prices.

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W. H. Farley

The Store of General Merchandise

### We Are Prepared

To do your Oil Field Equipment Hauling

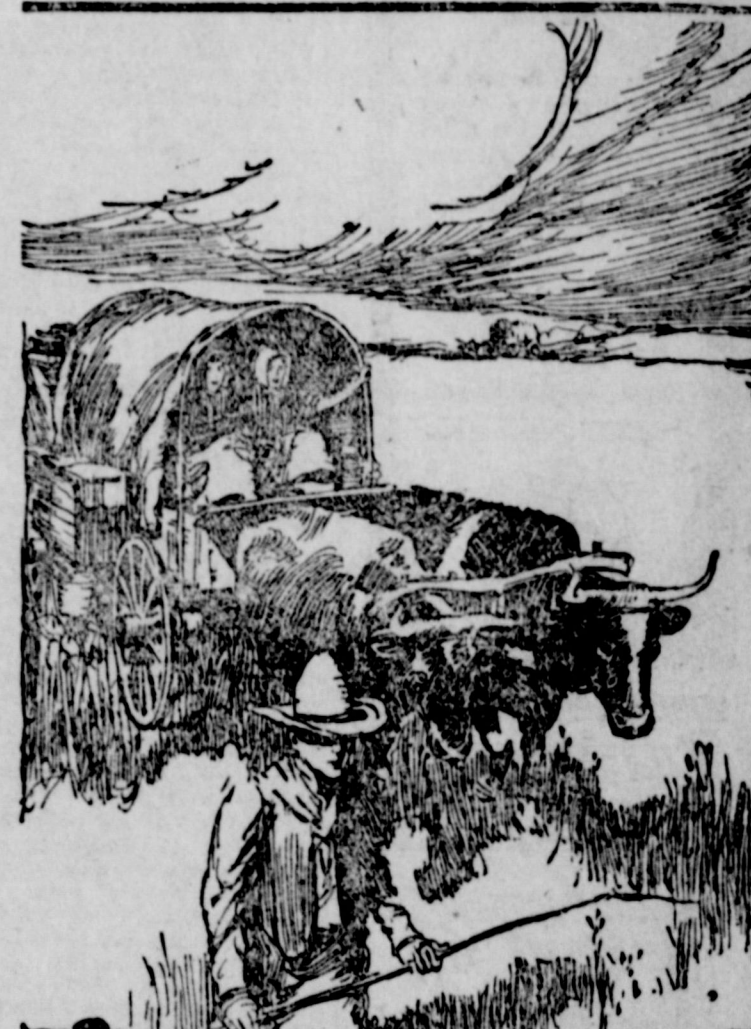
We specialize in the Hauling of Drilling Well Tools

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Sanderson, Texas



# NEIGHBORS

BY ROBERT STEAD

AUTHOR OF "THE COW PUNCHER" "THE HOMESTEADERS"

A HAPPY NOVEL of the Northwest, depicting in fascinating style the romance of homesteaders on the Canadian plains. A story for men and women who love the West and take an interest in its real, not its impossible characters. Few writers have an ability equal to Stead's to present the prairie and foothills people just as they are. In this case they seem like neighbors to the reader. The story contains matters of vast interest to all lovers, whether married or single, and to all who have ever loved.

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 THE SANDERSON TIMES