

# THE SANDERSON TIMES

Volume 19

Sanderson, Texas, Saturday, April 17, 1926

No. 10

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Why annoy your neighbor for the use of his Telephone when you can have one in your house for  
**\$2 Per Month?**

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**Dress for Success**  
\$40 \$50 \$60  
**EMPIRE TAILORS**  
Tailored-to-Fit Clothes

**SPECIAL SALE 33 1-3 off**  
Sale to Last Until sold Out  
We are closing out our entire line  
**LADIES OVERCOATS AND DRESSES**  
**AT COST**  
Also Sweaters, Mens Sheep lined Coats and Vests.  
It will pay you to come early and make your selection on any of these articles.  
**SANDERSON MERCANTILE CO.**  
THE STORE OF SERVICE AND QUALITY

**ROTARY CLUB ENJOY A FINE PROGRAM**

The Rotary luncheon Wednesday was given over principally to a musical program. A few talks on the objects and views of a Rotary Club was given by various members. President Hy Laurence suggested a program be arranged to be given when District Governor Fletcher and a delegation of Rotarians come down from Marfa and Alpine when the local organization is presented with their charter. Harry McAdams will be in charge of the arrangements. P. R. Leonard of El Paso was a guest at the luncheon. Piano solos by Mrs. Lewis Lemons and Mrs. Vance McLymont and a vocal solo by Mrs. M. A. Cavender was enjoyed by everybody. Peter Gorman is the official fiddler.

**ELITE CONFECTIONERY OPENS AN ANNEX**

On Monday evening the Elite held a public opening on completion of the new annex that has just been completed to their main building. The annex is quite a nice addition to the confectionery and offers a nice up-to-date place for entertainment. An open air space provides a place where those who enjoy dancing may pass many pleasant hours. Delicious cold punch was served to the guests. Mr. Cavender, the proprietor, offered a prize for the one who suggested the best name for the new place. Several names were suggested by various ones and turned over to the committee. The name submitted by Clyde Griffith was accepted for the new addition, which was "Joyland."

M. H. Goode Jr. of the Pecos country bought a Ford coupe this week. Chester Surratt bought a Ford roadster also this week.

J. M. Corder shipped 35 cars of cattle to Oklahoma range Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Mitchell were in from their ranch near Ozona Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dunlap were in the city from their ranch on the Pecos the first of the week.

**HARRY B. STEWART**  
Henry B. Stewart, aged 75, world's famous marcher of San Diego, Cal., now on his round trip from California to California passed through Sanderson last Saturday. He started from San Diego on Washington's birthday 1924, going through Sacramento, Utah and 16 northern states, through New York to Washington, D. C. On October 24, 1924, at 1 p. m. he shook hands with our "Cal" at the White House. While resting up in Philadelphia he met his old chum, Col. D. C. Collier, an old San Diegoan who is now director general of the Sesqui Centennial in Philadelphia. And as Mr. Stewart is "beating it up for home" he has the honor of inviting all patriotic citizens, who are able, to be at the opening of the Sesqui Centennial celebration on June 1, 1926, and which runs to the end of the year. Mr. Stewart has the pleasure of shaking hands with the Governor of Texas, "Ma" Ferguson. He expresses himself as being especially delighted with the Mexican Border Highway, which carries him from Del Rio through Sanderson, Alpine and straight home. He has covered one hundred twelve thousand miles in the 16 years he has been traveling.

Mrs. Joe Nichols spent several days in Del Rio this week where she went to have dental work done.

Miss Kate Frazier, manager of the local Western Union office, left the first of the week for Kerrville, where she will visit friends and relatives.

**FERGUSON MOTOR CO. MAKE BIG CHANGES**

On the first of the month, the garage known as Mussey Bros. dissolved partnership. Reuben Mussey taking charge of the garage formerly known as the Sanderson Garage, while Cap Mussey remained in charge of the local garage. This business will be known in the future as the Ferguson Motor Company.

Mr. L. Ueot, representative of the Ford Motor Company at Houston, spent last week here helping Mr. Ferguson install steel shelves and placing genuine Ford parts in a systematic order. In the future the Ferguson Motor Company will always have in stock a good supply of Ford parts as well as parts for other cars.

The Mussey Service Station has also been very busy fixing up their garage and getting ready to serve the public far better in every way possible.

**SANDERSON LADY TO HAVE ART EXHIBIT HERE**

Mrs. J. M. Couch and daughter were in the city from Sanderson last Friday and visited the Chamber of Commerce while here. The daughter is an artist of considerable note, being a graduate of a leading art school in San Antonio and expects to have an exhibit of her work here during the Old Settlers re-union late this summer. Mrs. Couch says that she believes there will be a large attendance from Sanderson here at the Re-union this year as there has been much talk about it the past few months.

From reports coming in from various sources the past few months it is evident that the annual celebration held here is gaining much favorable publicity all over this west Texas section and Alpine's spirit of hospitality is being mentioned by those who have attended these affairs. The biggest and most successful re-union of recent years is being predicted for this year.—Alpine Avalanche.

"Hold'er Note,  
She's head'd right."  
**EMPIRE TAILORS.**

**SUL ROSS HOME ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT TO HAVE EXHIBIT**

The Home Economics Department of the Sul Ross State Teachers' College will hold open house during the Interscholastic League meet April 16-17, according to Miss Grace Bedell, head of the department.

Work done by students in the department will be on exhibition, and the entire department will be open for inspection.

Just recently the building which housed the Royal Tailor and Barber Shop, and owned by G. J. Henshaw was leased to John W. Pettit who has had the Royal barber shop in charge. Mr. Pettit will continue to run the tailor shop and the barber shop. Part of the building will be cut off and Mrs. Pettit will have for the ladies of Sanderson one of the best and most complete equipped beauty parlors to be found anywhere.

The first ball game of the season was played here last Sunday on Howard Field when the local town team met the Marfa boys. A good, close game was played, giving the fans a very interesting game. The game resulted in a score of 8 to 7 in favor of Marfa.

Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Nedericorn of Pecos were in the city this week. Mr. Nedericorn is district manager of the Texas-Louisiana Power Company.

W. J. Ferguson made a business trip to Ft. Stockton Wednesday. He stated that the roads were very muddy from 35 miles out of town to Ft. Stockton.

—Have you been to Joyland?

**SENIOR CLASS PLAY GIVEN**

Played to a Crowded House

Playing to a crowded house, at the high school auditorium last Friday night, the Senior Class of 1925 presented the play "Kicked Out of College." From the time the curtain rose in the first act till the drop of the curtain in the last act the audience were given a rare treat. Each one of the nineteen characters certainly did well, and play their part to perfection, until it is hard to say who was best.

The play was directed by the high school English teacher, Mrs. Sybil Savage. Quite a neat sum was realized which will go to help pay the expenses of the class.

The Times has been fortunate in securing Mrs. W. R. House at Dryden as correspondent in that city. In another part of this paper will be found some interesting happenings in that city.

**NOTICE TO LADIES**

I will open my Beauty Shop in the Royal Barber Shop about the first of May.  
**MRS. J. W. PETTIT.**

—Joyland is the new addition to the Elite Confectionery.

**THINK**  
of the Safety, Security, and Protection that the depositors of this Bank feel and enjoy—  
and, back of it all—  
**IT'S ABSOLUTELY TRUE**  
Time-Tested, Time-Tried and Proven is the  
**GUARANTY FUND**  
(Under which Guaranty Fund Banks operate.)  
of State Banks operating under that law and we are stating the  
**Plain, Unvarnished Truth**  
When we say:  
"No non-interest bearing or unsecured depositor ever lost a dollar in a Guaranty Fund Bank in Texas." Can you beat it? or even equal it?  
**This Protection Costs You Absolutely Nothing**  
**Sanderson State Bank**

**City Barber Shop**  
You will always find  
**Clean Tonsoring, Keen Tools and Skilled Workman**  
Ladies Hair Bobbing A Specialty  
Hot and Cold Baths  
**FRED YEATES, Prop.**

**We Carry Everything Handled In A General Store**

<b>DRY GOODS</b> The Season's New and Best Styles <b>DRESS GOODS,</b> <b>MEN'S SUITS,</b> <b>HATS, CAPS,</b> <b>BOOTS AND SHOES.</b>	<b>GROCERIES</b> We Have Everything That's Good to Eat <b>Canned Vegetables and</b> <b>Fruits,</b> <b>Jellies, Jams,</b> <b>Teas and Coffee.</b>
<b>HARDWARE</b> We Are Headquarters for <b>Hardware, Oil, Paints</b> <b>Stoves, Pipe Fittings,</b> <b>Wire, Nails,</b> <b>Studebaker Wagons</b>	<b>FURNITURE</b> We Have a Nice Line of <b>Chairs, Rockers, Tables,</b> <b>Dressers, Beds,</b> <b>Springs and</b> <b>Mattresses.</b>
<b>LUMBER</b> Anything You Want in <b>Building Material, Sash</b>	<b>Doors, Cement, Lime</b> <b>Brick, Roofing,</b> <b>Fencing.</b>

**THE KERR MERC. COMPANY**

# 3 a Teaspoonful?

—it depends on the Baking Powder you use. You must use a heaping spoonful of many brands because they don't contain as much leavening strength as

**CALUMET**  
THE WORLD'S GREATEST BAKING POWDER

Level spoonfuls are all that are necessary when you use CALUMET—it makes more bakings which means a real saving on bake day.

Saves 2 1/2 times those of any other brand

**No More Furnaces**  
"Aunt's oil burners expensive, old and inefficient."  
"Not as expensive as a divorce."  
Life is so short, men are justified in getting much of it to seeking what there is beyond.

**Sure Relief**  
BELLANS FOR INDigestION  
FOR COLIC  
200 YEARS

World-wide remedy for biliousness, indigestion, flatulence, headache, and other ailments.

**Grove's Tasteless Chili Tonic**  
An Excellent Tonic for Women and Children. 50c

**CARBUNCLES**  
Cured draws out the core and gives quick relief.

**DO NOT EXPERIMENT ON YOUR EYES!**  
SERRAVALLO EYE SALVE

**"DIAMOND DYES" COLOR THINGS NEW**  
Just Dip to Tint or Boil to Dye

Each 15-cent package contains directions so simple any woman can tint soft, delicate shades or dye rich, permanent colors in linens, silks, ribbons, skirts, waists, dresses, coats, stockings, sweaters, draperies, coverings, hangings—everything!

**These Other Balls**  
Do you like hamburger balls?—I don't think I ever attended a—Burry Toreador.

A shrewdly patient makes the physician cruel.—Syrus.

**BAYER** *Genuine* **ASPIRIN**

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Moved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for  
Colds Headache Neuritis Lumbago  
Pain Neuralgia Toothache Rheumatism

**DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART**

*Safe* Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100.—Druggists.

## THE PASSING

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

### Conservation of Texas Waters.

Nature is wise in her provision for man, but man is wasteful in the use of nature's gifts. A few years ago the streams of Texas were regarded as valuable only for providing water for stock and fishing for idlers. Since Texas has become a farming country we find that we need the waters of every stream for irrigating our fertile valleys. The corporations are seeing the great value in these waters that are now going to waste and they are bidding for "water rights" along Texas rivers. The people should be slow to part with these rights, for the result will be that in time they will merely be farming for the corporations that will exact every cent for water that the farmers can pay. Great storage reservoirs should be built wherever possible, but they should belong to the people who own the adjacent lands and not to corporations. Texas needs a constitutional provision safeguarding its waters from corporate control, otherwise the streams will soon be under the control of exacting corporate interests whom the land owners will virtually be enslaved.

### Irrigation Districts the Remedy.

Whatever corporations are able to do, the people themselves can do under good management. Instead of giving the streams of Texas to private or corporate interests for the exploitation of land owners, the laws should be so amended that only the people who own lands may use the water. They may organize irrigation districts under existing laws, but individuals and corporations are on equal footing with land owners, and the public is slow to vote bonds for irrigation projects. Our laws governing water control could not have been written more to the liking of those who want to acquire this great source of wealth. As the laws now stand, unless the streams are soon saved to the people by the organization of irrigation districts, our waters will soon pass into the ownership of corporations from which it will be impossible to wrest them. Right now greedy speculators have their eyes on every stream in Texas and are using every effort to get possession of them.

### Texas Needs a New Constitution.

The constitution of Texas is out of date. It was framed for a country almost without population and that needed but few laws. Lands were then worth very little and exploitation of the public by individuals and corporations was almost unknown. Public office was regarded as a public trust and not as a private snap. The State officials, and especially the governor, were given large authority in the belief that such authority would not be abused. The powers of the governor have been increased from time to time by legislative enactment until he has, through his appointive boards and commissions, almost entire control of the State government. During his term of office he is an almost untrammelled dictator, able to bring all the strength of the State government to carry out his will, whether it be good or bad. Texas is in the unenviable position of being at the mercy of its governing head. We have exalted official rights and privileges and have lowered those of the individual. Texas needs a new declaration of principles and a constitution for their enforcement that will restore the ordinary citizen to his former rights as a citizen and that will make its officials servants of the people and not their masters.

### Hi-Jacking a Popular Profession.

Crime in every form appears to have become a popular pastime in Texas. We no longer speak of a "crime wave," but now have a "crime inundation." Criminals no longer fear grand juries, stand in awe of courts, or are terrorized by prisons. All these apparently are accepted as the possible consequences of the business, retarding it temporarily at times, but not seriously handicapping it. Criminals serve terms or are pardoned merely to resume their chosen life work, and a few influential friends with money may almost insure escape from punishment for crime of any kind.

### Crime Should Be Punished.

The public has become too lax in law enforcement; too much sympathy is being shown convicts. So-called "prison reform" methods have resulted in a maudlin sentiment that has given encouragement to crime. Prisoners are no longer reformed, but spend their short terms in prison studying new methods in their profession. Prisons have become crime schools, open forums in the discussion of methods, under the leadership of the most expert in their several lines. The most seasoned criminals among them are the greatest heroes. We need to cultivate mercy, but in failing to punish crime we are lending it public support.

### The World Gets Better.

Those who read the crime reports often conclude that the world is going to the bow-wow. Despite the boldness with which crime is committed, the criminals are comparatively few in number. The vast majority of people are improving in intellect, in morals, in religion, in all things that go to make the world better. The world is a happier place in which to live than it was a half century or so ago; the people get more joy out of life than they once did. They are doing more to make others happy.

## Andrian Track Star Tries Grid



Charlie Hoff, world's champion pole vaulter and Norway's blue ribbon athlete, who has been training on the Georgetown university campus, went out with the football squad for his first taste of the great American college game. Charlie is the good-looking "freshman" in the middle of the bottom of the pile.

## Battling Nelson Was Champion Only Year

Battling Nelson, one of the greatest lightweights, only held the championship a little over a year. Nelson came into the honors July 4, 1908, beating Joe Gans, the crownwinner, in seventeen sessions. It was their second meeting, Gans having won on a foul the first time. That bout went forty-two rounds. Nelson usurped Nelson's title in 1910. The battle was staged on Washington's birthday. Wolgast made the great Dane toss up the sponge in the fortieth round. Nelson was virtually out on his feet. But protested the stopping of the massacre.

## Sport Notes

Golf is to be adopted by Japan. Field hockey is now played by women athletes in Japan. Yale has won 12 intercollegiate swimming championships in 13 years. In the matter of engaging in a fight, Mr. Dempsey still is on his war basis. John Farrand, the son of the president of Cornell university, is a track star. Canada will not send boxers to South America this spring, as requested. Indiana has no fewer than 3,000 basketball teams with upwards of 30,000 players.

## BASEBALL SQUIBS

Arthur Witchery, a catcher, has been signed by the Columbus club of the American association. Waterbury of the Eastern league, has signed Gus Winters, a young infielder from Springfield, Mass. Raymond Flood, young outfielder of Lancaster, Ohio, has been signed by Clarkburg of the Middle Atlantic league. Mervin Shea, catcher of the Sacramento club of the Pacific Coast league, sprained an ankle while sliding in camp. The Memphis club of the Southern league, has sold Pitcher Monroe Mitchell to the Rochester club of the International league. Winston-Salem of the Piedmont league has obtained Pitcher Eldon Furcell from the Spartanburg club of the South Atlantic league. Harry Shriver, former pitcher of the Brooklyn Robins, has been made manager of the Clarkburg team of the Middle Atlantic league. Harry Weaver, former Indianapolis and Columbus pitcher, has signed with the Toledo club of the American association. Weaver was a free agent. Jim McAuley, veteran infielder, made a free agent by Los Angeles, of the Coast league, was signed by the Minneapolis club of the American association. Benny Meash, a youngster of much promise from the lots of Washington, D. C., has been signed by Gabby Street, manager of the Augusta team of the South Atlantic league. On the request of Wade Killefer the Atlantic club of the Southern league has turned Joe Jenkins, veteran catcher, over to the Seattle club of the Pacific Coast league.

## FIT "SPECTACLES" TO BLIND HOLES

Many Clubs Have One or More of Them.

Methods of "fitting spectacles" to blind holes on golf links were discussed by Thomas J. Morseau, a golf architect. While such holes, whose greens are invisible from the tee, are not so popular as they used to be, many clubs have one or more and do not care to rebuild them. Blind greens have been condemned by many because the player cannot see what he is shooting at, but more particularly because the ball cannot be kept in sight and the shooter is never sure when the green is clear of players.

Schemes for giving sight to blind holes will not overcome the first objection, but will cure the others. Larger clubs are remarking such holes, but other alleviations are possible. The most picturesque plan has been made use of by the Victoria Country club in the capital of British Columbia. The thirteenth hole of this links, which lies partly among rugged rocks on the seashore, has its tee on some crags. The green is cut off from view by a ridge of granite and one day a golfer let fly a tee shot on this 200-yard hole without ascertaining whether the players ahead had holed out. The ball hit a man. Then players became wary and waited longer than necessary to tee off.

Finally a member presented a large schoolhouse bell, handsomely embossed, and had it installed at the edge of the green. When players have finished putting they sound this tootin' tee and those following know that the way is clear.

Another scheme is employed by the Moosejaw Country club in the broken prairie country of Saskatchewan. The club built a lookout platform at the tee of a blind hole and the players may send a caddy up the winding stairs of this tower to see that the way is open and to watch the flight and roll of the balls.

More romantic and just as effective, and requiring less effort, is the apparatus used by the Calgary Country club in Alberta. This is really a pair of spectacles, for the members have erected a large periscope at the left of the tee. The player may look into the bottom mirror and see that the green is vacant. Then he may place his caddy or opponent at the glass to watch the flight and final resting place of his ball.

The shaft of the periscope is some fifteen feet high, but as it is built of plain boards lined with taw paper, the cost is low. The arrangement of mirrors places the green in plain view although it nestles in a deep valley beyond a high ridge.

## Record for Lackie



Miss Ethel Lackie, Illinois A. C., exceeded by two-fifths of a second the world's record for the 50-yard free style swimming in an exhibition match at Philadelphia. The exhibition marked the dedication and formal opening of the Penn A. C. pool. Her time was 27 seconds flat.

## Alumni to Be Taxed \$5 at Big Three Grid Games

Five dollars hereafter will be the price to alumni for single tickets to football games played by the "Big Three," Yale, Harvard and Princeton—among themselves, it was announced at Yale for itself and sister universities. This is an increase from \$3 a ticket to alumni, while by the agreement single ticket to "members of the university community" shall be \$2, or \$1 less than heretofore. Increase in revenue sought by the change in prices will be applied "solely in maintenance and development of general athletic facilities and not to increase budgets of intercollegiate athletic teams."

## Ball Clubs Top-Heavy With Pitchers in 1925

A tabulation of the rosters of the American league last season shows that of 264 players who appeared in the box scores, 102 of them were pitchers. Most of the clubs had top-heavy burling staffs. The Chicago White Sox used 15 pitchers during the season. Washington also had 15 pitchers. Connie Mack, of the Athletics, used only 12 men in the box, the smallest number of any club in the organization. Some men listed as pitchers had very little to do. The St. Louis Browns carried Chester Falk all season, and he pitched in only 25 innings. Manager Sisler also hung on to Stauffer and used him in but 30 innings.



## Alabastine instead of Kalsomine or Wall Paper

Pound for pound Alabastine covers more wall surface than any substitute. So easy to apply you can do a satisfactory job yourself. Ask your dealer for colorcard or write Miss Ruby Brandon, the Alabastine Company, Grand Rapids, Michigan. Alabastine—a powder in white and tints. Packed in 5-pound packages, ready for use by mixing with cold or warm water. Full directions on every package. Apply with an ordinary wall brush. Suitable for all interior surfaces—plaster, wall board, brick, cement, or canvas. Will not rub off when properly applied.

**all colors for all rooms**

Florida Land, 980 Acres Unimproved on paved highway and beautiful lakes in scenic highlands. Florida's best. Each for northern homes. A. J. McGill, Hotel Des Arts, Tampa, Fla.

NANCY HALL AND PORTO RICAN Sweet Potato Plants, tomato and pepper plants—150 for \$1.00. Boston, Okla. Plants From Guaranteed Inspected, Selected red Porto Rican potatoes. \$1.25 M. Delivered. Orders filled. Jas. A. Chaucer, Scriven, Ga.

**Not an Acquaintance**  
"Have you seen 'The Barber of Seville'?"  
"No, I don't know him."

**Shake into your Shoes**  
And Sprinkle in the Foot-Bath  
**ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE**  
The Antiseptic, Healing Powder for tired, swollen, smarting, aching feet. It takes the friction from the shoe, prevents blisters and sore spots and takes the sting out of corns and bunions. Always use Allen's Foot-Ease for Dancing and to Break in New Shoes. Sold everywhere.

**Kill All Flies!** THEY SPREAD DISEASE!  
Daisy Fly Killer, kills all flies, mosquitoes, house flies, and other pests. Made of metal, will not rust or injure anything. Guaranteed.  
Daisy Fly Killer  
HAROLD SOMERS, Brooklyn, N. Y.

**NR Tonight Tomorrow Alright**  
Get a 25c. Box.  
Nature's Remedy  
Your Doctor

An Australian has devised an electric process for quickly thawing meat that has been frozen for shipment long distances.

**Quick safe relief CORNS**  
In one minute your misery from corns is ended. That's what Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads do safely by removing the cause—pressure or rubbing of shoe. You risk no infection from amateur cutting, no danger from "drops" (acid). Zino-pads are thin, medicated, antiseptic, protective, healing. Get a box at your druggist's or shoe dealer's today—35c.  
For Free Sample write The Scholl Mfg. Co., Chicago

**Dr Scholl's Zino-pads**  
Put one on—the pain is gone

**Boschee's Syrup**  
HAS BEEN Relieving Coughs for 59 Years  
Carry a bottle in your car and always keep it in the house. 30c and 90c at all druggists.

**Clear The Pores Of Impurities With Cuticura Soap**  
Scent, Chlorine, Talcum and glycerine.

# THE WIFE-SHIP WOMAN

## THE GIRL

**SYNOPSIS**—Traveling by canoe on the Mississippi, on his way to Biloxi, in the early days of the settlement of Louisiana, William Brampton, English spy, known to the Indians and settlers as the "White Indian," sees a Natchez Indian post a declaration of war against the French. For his own purposes, he hastens to Biloxi to carry the news to Bienville, French governor.

## CHAPTER II—Continued

"Ah, but Sieur de Bienville? I, your friend, wish by all the saints that you knew him! After you went up the river the last time 40 of his excellency's soldiers deserted, running away to Carolina. And he vowed he would hang you if he ever caught you, for enticing them away."

This was disturbing news. I could trust Joe Labrador, old companion in many a venture, to speak naught but the truth. Then I became angry, as a man will who is wrongfully accused. There was much Bienville could have arranged me for; I might even have seduced his soldiers from their allegiance had it appealed to me as being feasible. So I became incensed now I was charged with something I was innocent of—doubtly resentful because I had not had the wit to think of it.

Labrador mistook my silence for hesitation, and earnestly said:

"You must turn back at once before any of Monsieur du Prat's people see and recognize you. I will go with you as far as Fort Rosalie, perhaps farther, I will forget my new wife. I will go beyond Chartres. Bah! there will be women enough for all of us. Sieur de Bienville is in a temper. Now France and Spain have had a peace-smoke he is like a bear with a sore head. For years he has begged to have the seat of government changed to la Nouvelle Orleans. He has been denied. Par Dieu! What will the muscicles in France have? Bienville is to make the Lilies grow in the valley. Yes. He is to send the immigrants on their way as far as the Missouri and the Yazoo. To be sure. But behold! Nothing but jailbirds, worn-out rakes and women of the street have been sent over. And even these so fast he cannot have time to send them to the plantations. Thank the good God some decent women will be coming along now! Bienville is a bad man to have against one."

During Labrador's outburst I had had time to cool off. I remembered the card I had to play, and could not believe the governor would deal harshly with me. I was innocent of deceiving his soldiers away. They had not needed my urging to make them deserters. And small wonder that any were left for garrison duty, now it had become necessary for the governor to quarter them among the Indians, where they dressed—rather, undressed—and painted themselves like savages, and learned ways of idleness, which unfitted them for routine work.

"Where is the governor?" I asked.

"At New Biloxi. If he has not been warned of your coming you have every chance to get away. It is your lucky star that sent you by this cut-off instead of down to la Nouvelle Orleans; for he has spoken ill of you there, and every cabin is ready to gobble you up."

"He is unjust. He wrongs me. I'll see him. No man on earth can send me running to cover when I am innocent," I declared, feeling very virtuous because I was innocent of the crime charged.

He eyed me admiringly, yet pityingly.

"You know you are English," he softly reminded me.

"Runaway English," I gruffly corrected. "There are runaway English, just as there are runaway Frenchmen. I've lived on the river for three years. It suits me. I'll stay."

"Ma foi! Yes, you'll stay!" he growled.

"And you? You go back to Orleans?"

He hesitated, his soul struggling between friendship, fear and hopes of matrimony. One of the last two won for a time; and he muttered:

"I return to Bayou St. Jean. When the ship comes in some of the women are to be sent at once to la Nouvelle Orleans. I shall be there, waiting. I shall marry a good girl. If she turns out bad I can always go deep into the forest."

I could not blame him for avoiding my dangerous company when his presence could aid me none. He was one of the Labradorers of Canada, and like the majority of the Canadian born or bred had small liking for the French born. Just as the latter looked with contempt on the children of the new world.

He showed his native astuteness in avoiding the governor's displeasure by keeping clear of me for the time. I knew that when it came to a pinch he would cheerfully make any sacrifice to aid me; for there was a small matter between us, born of the dangers of the Illinois country, an affair of my aiding him to escape the snake. And he believed he was indebted to me.

He reasoned that just now he could help me none by accompanying me to Biloxi. More than likely such an association with the White Indian—as I was called because of my forest-running—would place him under suspicion. And lastly, were not new wives coming to la Nouvelle Orleans, and those on the spot would have first choice.

## By Hugh Pendexter

Author of "Kings of the Missouri," "Pay Gravel," "A Virginia Scout," etc.  
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WNU Service

"My friend," he softly called as his light canoe moved off a few rods toward the St. Jean shore, "if you find the path rough I shall know it. The river is all ears and a great gossip. My ear is to the ground. I shall hear. If the worst comes the river path to the north shall be opened, and we will follow it and find plenty of room to live our lives in the good God's country up there. You are runaway English. I will kiss my wife goodbye and be runaway French. Bon jour et bon voyage."

Bienville had vision. He knew the importance of a river port. He had fretted much because the government had ignored his preference for New Orleans. It was the one spot on the river in close proximity to the gulf that would answer for a permanent settlement. I think he would have won his point if not for a rise in the river inundating the little settlement; and Biloxi was again chosen. Like a shuttlecock the seat of government had shifted back and forth between Biloxi and Mobile.

If any one could seal the Mississippi valley for France it would be Bienville with his bulldog determination and his commonsense. Even though working under the tremendous burden of trash for colonists and the company's frantic orders for the discovery of mines, or anything else which could be immediately realized upon as an asset, he believed he could win out if permitted to develop New Orleans and other river ports. To control the destiny of the valley from the gulf was impractical. One might as well try to govern it from Pensacola as from Mobile or Biloxi. And I was determined to complete my journey and meet this cool-headed, sagacious executive with but one card to play against his belief that I was something more than a renegade Englishman.

For the rest of the trip across the lake I saw no one except a Choctaw hunter after birds, and was opposite the mouth of the River of Pearls, when two Frenchmen in a clumsy sailing packet came along and went into the wind, and gaped at me in amazement.

"The White Indian!" one of them exclaimed, while the sail flapped impatiently against the stub of a mast.

"I was beginning to think you had lost your tongue," I replied. "I am bound for Biloxi. Can you give me a tow?"

They exchanged quick glances, and the elder of the two bowed most graciously and insisted:

"Better than that, monsieur. The pirogue will annoy you. Make it fast for a tow, then come aboard and take your pleasure decently."

The byplay of their eyes had not escaped me; nor did I doubt they had been ordered to watch for my coming. It mattered nothing, however, so long as I wished to make Biloxi. The boat would be more comfortable, and if they were secretly delighted to serve their master, I too, could rejoice at being relieved from the exertion of paddling the heavy pirogue the full distance.

So we set off, contented and gay, the two of them singing snatches of chansons which invariably reflected some amorous sentiment. Between these bits of sentiment they asked me polite questions about the upper river. It was plain that word had been passed along the river to watch for and report my presence. Joe Labrador had said the very huts at New Orleans were ready to "gobble" me up. The nearer I drew to Biloxi the more sharp set would I find this disposition to be.

"What is the latest news, my friends?" I finally managed to ask as their chattering queries slowed down.

"A wife-ship comes to Biloxi. We hurry home," said the younger man with a snicker.

"Silence, Basile," sternly rebuked the other. "Monsieur, the White Indian, we are Jules and Basile Mattor, father and son. What the boy says is true; a wife-ship comes. It is bad for man to live alone." And he fetched a deep sigh.

"The Company of the Indies has listened to his excellency's advice and will send no more wantons across the ocean," babbled the young man.

"Silence, child!" commanded the father. "Yes, monsieur, the White—" "Monsieur Mattor, I am William Brampton," I broke in.

"Monsieur Brampton, I am more glad to meet you than you can know. As the boy says, this wife-ship will be filled with honest women. Women one can love and cherish, and take pride to show to one's friends. Good cooks, good—"

"But what of the news?" I interrupted.

Mattor pored drew a long face and mournfully replied:

"The last trade law goes bad with us. As for that all our trade laws are bad. To get supplies we must go to Mobile, Pensacola or Massacre Island (the old name for Dauphine Island, so called from the mounds of human bones found there). For delivery at la Nouvelle Orleans we must pay five per cent extra, twice that if delivered at Natchez, and 13 per cent—ah, mon Dieu! How that extra premium does climb up—at the Yazoo."

I suppressed a smile to hear how foolishly the Company of the Indies was playing into English hands. It would be hard enough for them to hold their trade without penalizing their customers. The directors of the company could never comprehend that to succeed it must encourage the colonists to work for themselves. "Work for us," was their motto. Mattor ran on:

"But that is not the worst, Monsieur Brampton. If we would trade we must send our products to la Nouvelle Orleans, Biloxi, Ship Island, or Mobile. And first-grade tobacco can bring only 25 livres the hundred, rice 20 livres the hundred, the best wheat flour 15 livres, and a livre for a deerskin—think of it!"

"It is hard to be a planter here," I agreed. "Now in Carolina—but I cannot return there."

"We understand monsieur's very sensible emotion. Monsieur cannot return there," said Jules.

His expression and bearing were simplicity itself; his words contained a veiled threat.

"Bah! Who cares?" I cried. "Not I. I have lived in the woods so long I am known as the White Indian. I will never be cooped up in a settlement again, even if free to come and go as I pleased. All I wish now is to find Sieur de Bienville."

"Then you will go to Ship Island, for his excellency went there this morning to await the coming of the wife-ship," said Jules.

I rolled my robes in a pillow and stretched out in the bow and fell asleep almost at once. When I awoke it was to see the stars overhead. I slept again, and on my second awakening found we were behind Ship Island and making for the anchorage on the north side, where the masts of a ship were silhouetted against the morning sky. As I surveyed the Bay of Biloxi, the

the very packet seemed to sniff the prospect of silver and leaped more buoyantly through the shallow waters. At Ship Island, where the boats anchored—the Mattors called it Isle Françoise—there was twenty feet of water. As we drew nearer we saw the ship was discharging merchandise, while men and women were roaming about in all directions, receiving their first impressions of the new world.

"Land me near the ship. I'll hunt the governor afoot," I said.

We ran into a cove near the ship and I tossed Jules some silver pieces, which he kissed enthusiastically and then hid in his clothes.

"It's the Matre," cried Basile, his eyes lighting with boyish interest. "I saw her last season when she came in to Dauphine with the warship Africaine. They were bringing blacks from the Guinea coast. Fugh! A sweet-smelling ship for the ladies!"

"And they are ladies!" cried Jules. "I see one in black who walks like a queen. Wives for some of us. First come, first served!"

"It is hard to be a planter here," I agreed. "Now in Carolina—but I cannot return there."

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He crouched for a spring, his eyes glaring like a tree-cat's, and I was ready for him, when to my surprise the rage died out of his face. His dark countenance began twisting up like old parchment. "God is good!" he whispered exultingly. "That brown head! That big nose! Broil me and boil me if it isn't the White Indian! He! He!"

"The White Indian, yes. What of it, you nimblerjack?"

"No, no," he softly cried. "I shall not be drawn into a quarrel with monsieur. He is game for my betters. Ah! But this rare news. I leave you to console the wench, monsieur, while I go to tell his excellency."

And off the racial ran.

I turned to help the woman to her feet, but she was already erect, a slim figure in black, the somber tone of her attire being accented by the mass of yellow hair and the clear ivory pallor of her features. And as I gazed I found myself thinking that the hardships of the voyage had left her all eyes. Several times she turned her head to look at me, and a glance told me Bienville's insistence that decent women only be sent had not been heeded. I would have turned away if not for the unspoken appeal in the oval face of the sergent's victim.

"I have not thanked you, monsieur," she whispered.

"Nor shall you, I did nothing. But you are ill, mademoiselle."

"A hunter bargaining for a wife!" shrilly screamed a wanton. "They swim out to meet us. Don't waste time on that sneiving thing, my big man!"

The woman in black was shrinking from her mates, and well might she, as with foul abuse they upbraided her for trying to "steal the first proper man." There was death in her face as the torrent of filth was loosed, and I would have retreated to save her something of embarrassment had not the Mattors now come up to be instantly pounced upon by the harpies.

While attending his sheep on the downs of Pycombe, near Brighton, George Pearce, an elderly shepherd, tripped over a rut and broke a bone in his leg, says the South Wales News in a recent issue.

His cries for help having passed unheeded, he determined to round up his sheep before seeking aid for himself.

With the aid of his dog he drove them into a pen and fixed several hurdles to prevent their escape.

Then, limping in great pain, he carried three bags of fodder, which he put in the troughs for the lambs.

Having made certain that his charges would not suffer, Pearce limped over rough ground to his cottage, nearly two miles away, and there collapsed at the door.

Whatever be the conditions which surround you in your work, do it with high thought and noble purpose. Do not whine and complain because of your unhappy lot; but accept it, humble and obscure as it may be, knowing that it is possible to clean out a gutter with the self-respecting dignity of manhood or to blacken a shoe with the enthusiasm of religion.—Hugh O. Pentecost.

Well, the hero has met the heroine. Who and what is she? (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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## "Mysterious Mr. A" Is Enthroned



Wearing wonderful robes of gold and a turban studded with priceless jewels, Sir Hari Singh, who figured in the remarkable Robinson divorce case in London, when he was referred to as the "Mysterious Mr. A." was enthroned recently as the maharajah of Kashmir in India, the brilliant ceremony taking place at Jammu, India. Photograph shows Sir Hari Singh seated in center under canopy, during coronation ceremonies.

## "Fire Clown" Telling of Fire Dangers



Harry Rogers of Chicago, known as the "Fire Clown," is in Washington to teach the school children, through his clown antics and miniature fire-fighting apparatus, the dangers of fire started by carelessness. His campaign is being sponsored by the United States Chamber of Commerce.

## Big Job for Pages of Senate



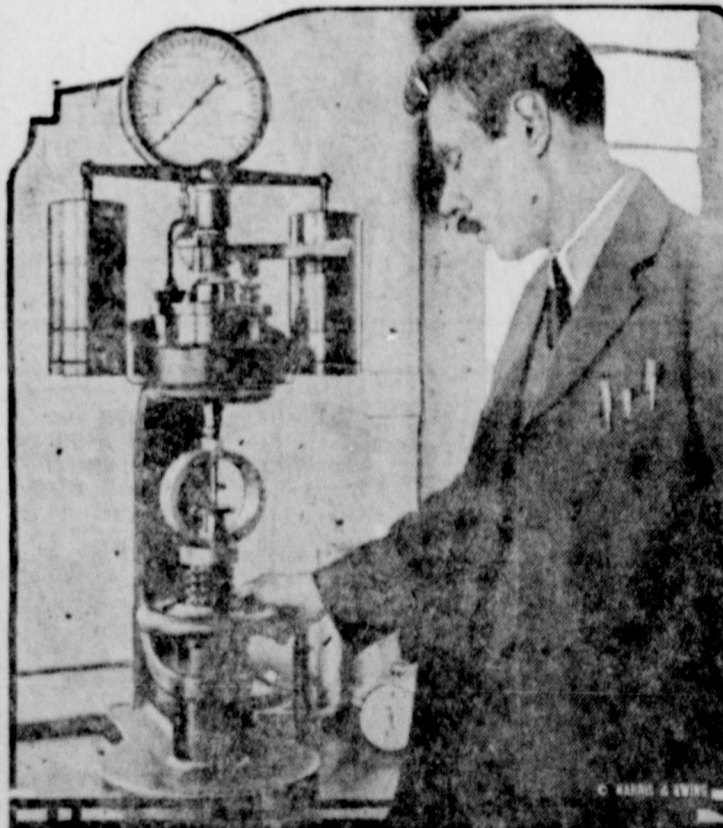
It keeps several of the pages in the United States senate busy tearing up old bills and calendars so that the senators' desks will be cleared for action afresh each morning. Many thousands of pieces of paper must be destroyed each day.

## NOT A CAKE



This photograph, taken of one of the Black forest district many, is very interesting. What like a cake is 4 1/2 inches or 12 inches in diameter and high, weighing from 5 to 10 pounds, consisting of 10 rows of glass beads and bands in various colors and sizes, embellished with small mirrors and other glittering ornaments. It is worn by all maidens at festivities such as church, family, christening, wedding and social affairs. A bride wears this from early morning until the church ceremony and wedding dinner and until ten at night, when she dons housewifely garb to show her submission to her husband.

## New Government Measuring Device



In ancient times, it was the magic carpet; today it is the magic proving ring. This is a new device designed by the bureau of standards, the ring being able to measure the load in a testing machine, up to a maximum of more than 6,000 pounds. Capt. S. N. Letrenko of the engineering mechanics section, the inventor, is shown in the picture.

## DR. ALBERT WOODS



Dr. Albert Woods, former president of the Maryland State university, is the new director of scientific work in the Department of Agriculture.

