

Write, L. O. Comp.

THE NEW ERA

Memorial Day A. D. 1925

VOLUME 38

MARFA, TEXAS, SATURDAY, MAY, 30, 1925.

NUMBER 57.

ALPINE ROTARIANS WIN

Twelve members of the Alpine Rotary Club were guests of the Marfa Rotary Club at its regular luncheon at noon, Monday, May 18. There was no special program, the hour being passed in friendly conversation with appropriate short talks by president Scott of the Alpine Club and president Petross of the Marfa club.

The base ball teams of the two clubs met at the ball park at 2:30 p. m., this being a return game for that played at Alpine on May 8th. In this game the tables were turned and Alpine went home victors by a score of 13 to 6. It was agreed to arrange for other games during the summer.

The proceeds of these games have gone and will go, in equal shares, into the Boys-Work funds of each club. The support of the merchants and citizens of each town in closing their stores during the games and in patronizing them in every way, is very gratifying.

The following Marfa business houses have the thanks of the Marfa Rotary Club for closing during the game on May 18: Marfa Boot and Shoe Co., Model Market, Murphy-Walker co., Big Bend Trading Post, Carl's Drug Store, Marfa Bakery, City Meat Market, J. M. Radford Grocery Co., Border Motor Co., Watson Anderson Co., Livingston-Rybiski Co., A. L. Block, J. Soroker, Mrs. Stool, Marfa Lumber Co., Mitchell-Gillett Co., Elite Tailors, Griffith Grocery Co., Hans Briam, Marfa Saddlery, Marfa Barber Shop, Quality Stores Inc., Mac's Drug Store, Bailey's Novelty Store and the Busy Bee Confectionary.

NOTICE

A summer school will begin June 1st for the benefit of those who wish to do work preparatory for the next regular session. This will be a subscription school, terms \$5 per month in advance. Notice will be given later as to place the school will be taught.

Jessie Blackwell

ROTARY CLUB MEETING

A special feature of the Marfa Rotary Club's regular weekly meeting, at the Longhorn Cafe, Noon Tuesday, May 26, was the singing of a number of songs, in true barber shop harmony, by a quartette composed of Carl Wease, Julian Wease, A. J. Hoffman and John McDonald.

John McDonald was elected to membership of the Club.

Harry Platt of the El Paso Rotary Club was a visitor.

It was voted that a committee write our congressman and United States senators to oppose placing Mexican immigrants under the quota provisions of the Immigration law of 1924.

CUTS WRIST WITH RAZOR

Gus Jones, 58-formerly of Alpine, Tex., early this morning was in a serious condition at Hotel Dieu as a result of wounds received when his wrist was slashed with a razor yesterday afternoon. He was found in his room at a hotel, 406 1/2 San Francisco street, about 1:30 p. m., critically ill from the loss of blood.

The hotel maid heard groans coming from his room and called the janitor, who investigated and found the man lying near a pool of blood, police were called and they found the razor used. Dr. John Hardy, police surgeon, sent the man to Hotel Dieu.

A note, addressed to Mrs. Gus Jones, 209 Upton avenue, was found on the bed beside Mr. Jones. "I am tired of living this life of hell", it said. Another note in the same envelope had been torn to bits. A second letter was found addressed to Mrs. Everett Townsend of Alpine Texas.

Relatives of Mr. Jones said he had been despondent and in ill health for some time.

He registered at the hotel Monday night. Mrs. Jones operates a boarding house in the 200 block on Upton avenue.

Although the wound was only a cut across the left wrist the man may die from loss of blood. He was to ill to talk last night.



We who now walk the shining streets of life
And quaff the wine of friendship's blessedness,
Who know the final glamor of success,
Who feel the bliss of resting after strife—
Shall we forget those troops of foolish-wise,
Love-passioned lads who purchased this, our joy,
With youth's fine gold? To whom life was a toy

With which, quick-spent, to gain time's prize?
O God of peace, let not this heart-wound heal;
Let still a reverent memory stir our soul
May we be not so brutal as to feel
No thought for those who from the heathen stole
The prize they lust for—the round earth's weal!
May we remember those who, failing, reached their goal.

Mrs. Jones visited him at the hospital last night.

Police are investigating what became of \$19 Jones had when he registered at the hotel. Police found his purse empty.

FOR RENT—Nice furnished cottage see Mrs. W. A. Wells.

Miss Austin of Dallas is visiting her friend Miss Olive Wease.

William B. Leininger of Kansas City is in the City visiting his brother Capt. D. B. Leininger of Camp Marfa.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Van Adams, May 25—a 11lb. boy.

On Monday, May 25, born to Mr. and Mrs. Shannon Miller a son—9 1/2 lbs.

JOHN D. KERR PASSES AWAY

J. D. Kerr, who has been a resident of Marfa for over 15 years, after being stricken in February last with an organic trouble of his heart, passed away May 27 at 6:15 a. m., aged 51 years, nine months and fifteen days.

Funeral services were held from the home on Tuesday morning, May 28 at 10:00 o'clock, Rev. H. M. Barton of the First Methodist Church officiating, after which the interment took place at the Cemetery.

He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Mary Kerr, three sons, Arthur, Orr and Clyde all of Marfa, and one daughter, Mrs. Eva Kerr Martin of San Antonio, also by two brothers, Amos Kerr of Marfa and Alton Kerr, of Lordsburg, New Mexico, and three sisters Mrs. Ida Lee Jordan of Marfa, Mrs. M. C. Beever and Mrs. Mary Eldridge both of Pearsall, Texas.

Although confined to his room and suffering intensely since last February he bore the constant pain with great fortitude, ever appreciative of every attention given. That he and his loved ones stood high among the people here was abundantly shown by the many who stood about the open grave, and when earth had covered from sight the casket that once held his brave spirit, its resting place was covered and heaped with so many beautiful floral offerings. And now after pain, sickness and death—
Requiescat in Pace.

NOTICE

The Sunday night union meeting, of the churches of Marfa will be held at the Opera House beginning the first Sunday in June and continuing thru the summer. The pulpit will be filled as follows:

- 1st Sunday, Rev. Barton.
- 2nd Sunday, Rev. Buehler.
- 3rd Sunday, Rev. Marsh.
- 4th Sunday, Rev. Irving.

Signed
Committee

Pass it around after every meal. Give the family the benefit of its aid to digestion. Cleans teeth too. Keep it always in the house.



Recipes famous for fifty years are in this book. Also the latest bakery treats for the family. It's yours for the asking. Send 10 cents today to cover mailing cost.



50 years of Success

You believe that easily which you hope for earnestly.

At the Very First Sign of Colds, Fevers, La Grippe, Take a Bond's Liver Pill at bedtime arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Tyson Secrest of El Paso Monday afternoon. May the young gentleman have the spirituality, meekness and wisdom of his grandfather, T. D. Secrest.

Mrs. Ware Hord has been this week visiting relatives at Marathon.

Ours is not just a price appeal—IT'S MORE--

It's the best known "Trade marked" Goods.--not the "as good as"--but the kind you want and ask for. "Give the best - at the same price" is still our Slogan.

VOILES

It matters not whether it's a plain voile or Fancy --you want, ours are the Popular colors, "you'd better buy when it's here,"--remarked a disappointed customer. We buy the better grade fancy voiles in small cuts, one and two dress patterns which is appreciated by our customers. There is no fabric that makes a more charming dress at near the same cost, nor that can be used in as many styles.

LACES

The daintiest and most fastidious of all dress trimmings is LACE, nothing so cheaply inexpensively adds to the charm of a Dress, whether it's the high, medium or low price goods-- a lace awaits your selection here, that will give the rich and elegant trimming suitable for its qualities --A shipment of White, Cream and Ochre vals. and new patterns in Filet, Linen and Spanish laces from 4 to 36 inches.

IT'S RAINED AND THE GRASS WILL SOON BE FINE --BUT FOLKS--

You can't eat grass - so we are looking for you expecting a better order now. May be Cash was a little - tight, but now it will be easier - Buy here for Cash and pocket the difference - You'd save even if the price was the same But the Price is less in paying Cash. "CHARGE IT" is like an Opiate-sleep sound at first, -But you roll and toss when you awake -- "PAY DAY". We lead, the rest try to follow in Quality and Price.

Vegetables . Groceries . Hardware . Garden Seed . & Tools

Dry Goods
Phone No. 36.

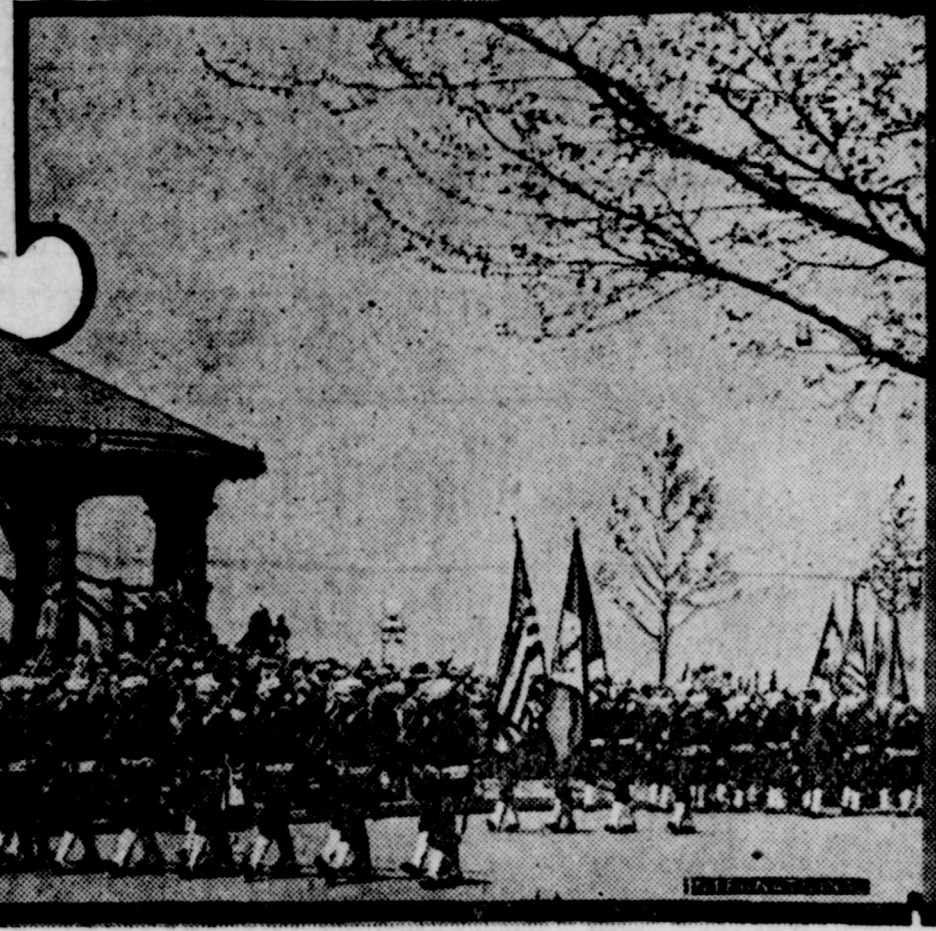
MURPHY--WALKER COMPANY,

Groceries
Phone No. 30.

"THINK IT OVER"

New York Helps Cubans Celebrate Their Flag Day

Bluejackets, soldiers, Spanish-American war vets and members of the comite pro Cuban celebrating Cuban flag day by singing and parading around a flag-draped stand on Riverside drive, New York.

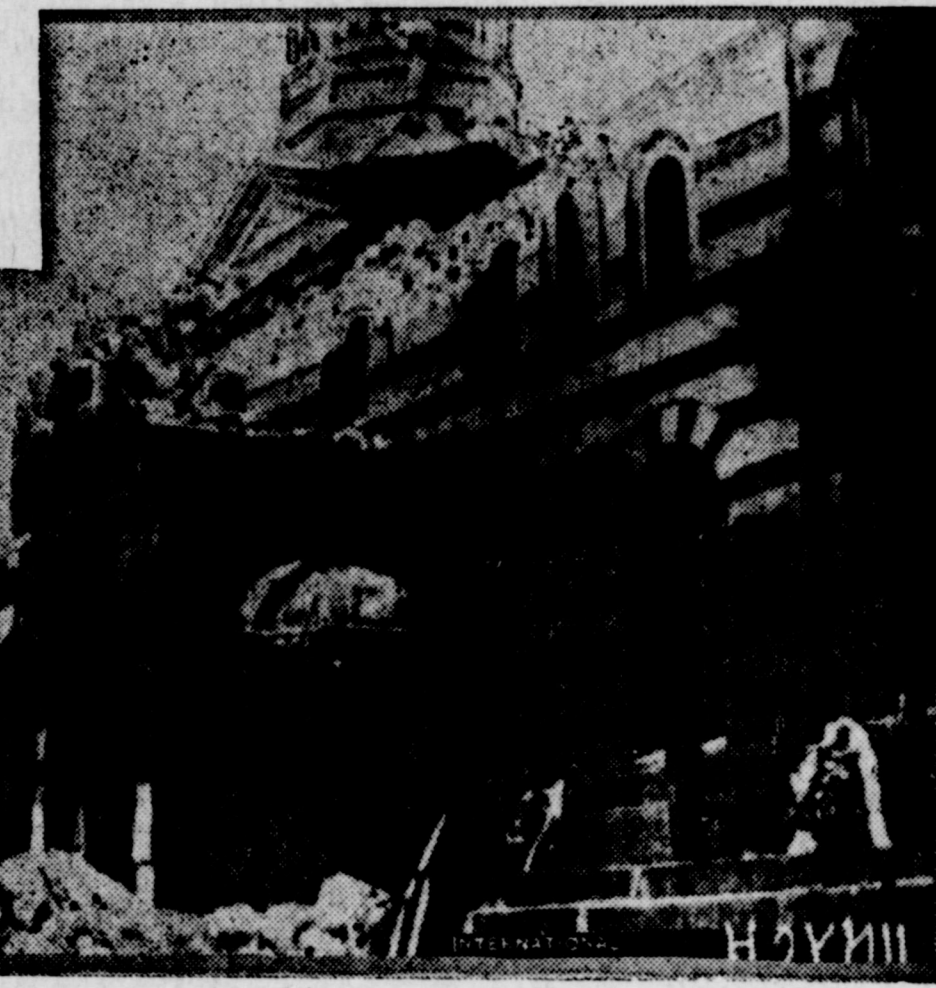


UNITED ST

H. B. HOLME

GOO
Good Gult
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Phone No. 24 Sofia Wrecked by Reds' Bomb

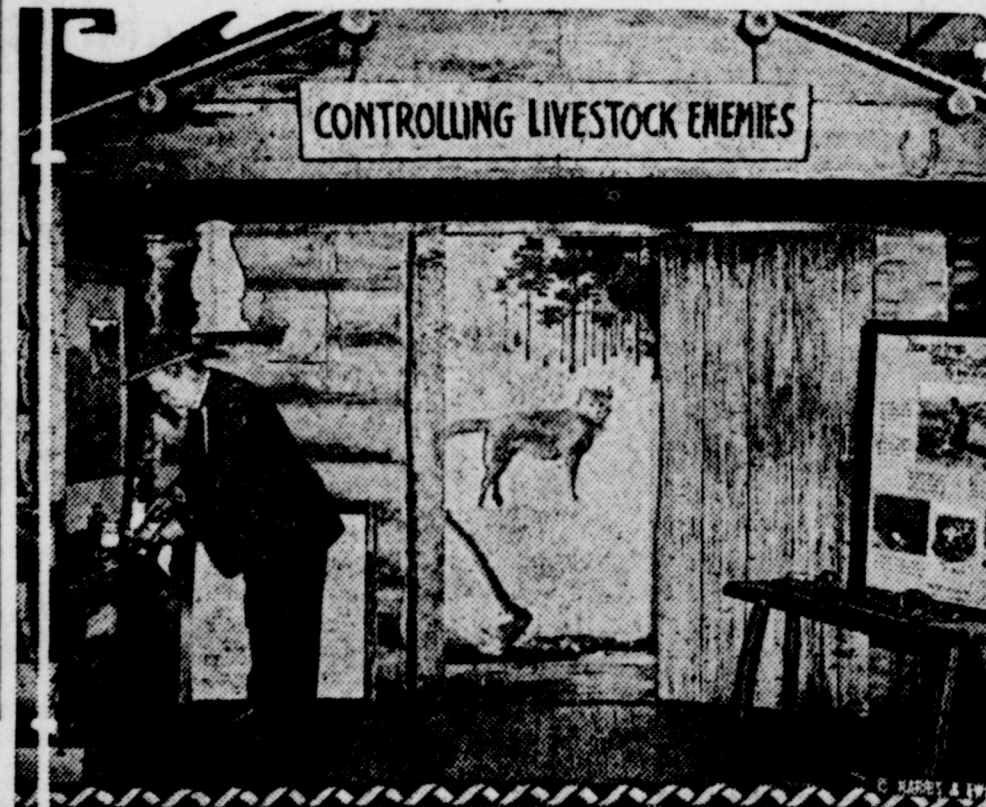


Boise Had a Right to Celebrate



The crinoline girls of Boise's pioneer days, dressed as their grandmothers dressed when the first train of any sort entered the city, posing in front of the first transcontinental train to enter the Idaho capital. Boise turned out in great style to celebrate its new place on the map, after forty years on the branch line, as the new main line of the Union Pacific system was moved to place it on the through route.

Designed for Uncle Sam's Hunters



Charles Corwin, artist of the office of exhibits, United States Department of Agriculture, has designed and built this model cabin representing the home of the government professional hunter of predatory animals. Steel traps, poison bait, gun, ax and even a timber wolf painted in the background are portrayed in this exhibit.

ALONG LIFE'S TRAIL

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK

Dean of Men, University of Illinois
(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

MAKING GOOD

IT IS to be taken as a matter of course that everyone should make good, whatever that may mean. As it is commonly understood, making good is practically synonymous with having a position rather than a job. A man with a position is pretty generally recognized as making good, while a man even with a good job is looked upon as not quite having arrived. Making good is, to most people, pretty nearly the same as making money. It seems to consist in disposing, at a profit, of large quantities of whatever stock in trade a man happens to be dealing in—legal advice, automobile tires, bonds, peanuts, religious inspirations, or facts or furniture of any sort. The more a man can get rid of the more he is making good.

"I tell you, Mahoney has made good the last ten years," Gordon said to me not long ago.

"In what way?" I asked. I'm sometimes skeptical in these matters and like to be shown.

"Oh, he's built a fine house, he's married Held's daughter, and he's just struck oil rich down in Texas."

Of course a fine house is an asset and occasionally a comfort; a rich wife, if she is docile and fond of a fellow, may feather for one a soft nest, and an oil well in Texas so long as it gushes properly is not so bad; but I knew Mahoney and I was not convinced.

Mahoney had never accomplished a great deal through his own serious efforts. He was lazy though lucky. He was selfish and had done nothing for the town in which he lived.

To my mind, Sutton, living in a comfortable little house at the other end of the street, had distinctly made good. He had married a sensible wife with no more money than he had. They had a healthy, happy group of five boys and girls that were a credit to them. Sutton was getting a salary that made it possible for him to save a little money every month, and he had the confidence and respect of everybody in town. He was interested in everybody and everything that deserved help. When he walked down the street the clouds seemed to break and disappear.

"To whom would you go if you were in trouble or wanted advice or help?" I asked Gordon. "To Mahoney?"

"Why, no; I guess George Sutton would be the most likely man," he answered.

"I guess you're right," I answered, "and I believe Sutton is making good."

MY HOPE CHEST

ELIZABETH was sitting on the floor when I came home yesterday putting things into the old oak chest that my uncle Thomas left to me—a chest that had contained his personal effects when he went round the world a hundred years ago or so as a plain sailor.

She was filling it with linen things—pillow cases, and embroidered towels, and sheets, and crocheted bed spreads, and all sorts of such paraphernalia.

"What's the idea?" I asked.

"It's my hope chest," she answered. "Some day I'm going to get married, and I'll need all these things. You never know what you're going to need after you get married."

"It's the truth," I admitted without argument, for I have enjoyed the blissful state of matrimony for a considerable number of years.

Elizabeth is sixteen, and of course is well informed concerning marital needs and exigencies.

"Men don't have 'em," she said, "so of course you're not interested."

"I'm not so certain," I replied. "I think—I'm sure—now I remember, I did have one. I make use of it yet. Grandfather started it for me."

"Tell me about it."

"Mine wasn't just like yours, but it was very useful to me after I got married, and before, too," I explained.

Mother and father worried a good deal—mother at night and father in the day time, so that in times of misfortune they ran a pretty continuous performance. I look like father and have mother's temperamental characteristics, so I began life with a rather gloomy outlook into the future.

Grandfather was different; he was an optimistic soul, and he used to tell me a number of things which ultimately I packed away in my mind and called my hope chest.

"Things are never as bad as you think," he used to say. It is true. Troubles anticipated have always seemed worse than when I met the thing face to face.

"There's always a way out," he used to say. "Usually there are two. If you can't climb over the fence, if you keep your eyes open you can usually find a loose board where you can slip under." I've kept my eye out for the loose board, and I've pretty nearly always found it when I felt too tired to climb over the fence.

"You'll need a good many things when you get married," I said to Elizabeth, "besides towels and table cloths and pillow cases. You'll get on better if you start another chest like mine."

Elizabeth smiled and winked her eye.

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Community Building

Some Advantages That "Hick Town" Boy Has

The so-called hick town has lately become a source of great inspiration to our professional humorists. If you read comic weeklies and newspaper gips you have doubtless noticed many in the last year which began like this: "A hick town is a place where—"

A hick town, say the various users of this convenient formula, is a place where a backfire is never mistaken for a pistol shot; where bedtime is orthodox; where woodpeckers eat up the depot; where central can tell you whether it was a girl or a boy; where the folks build a yellow brick gym but no sidewalks; where the neighbors will supply you with a conscience if you lack one; where there is no parking problem; where a curfew disturbs the residents' rest; where a bachelor of 35 needs a bodyguard; where fine-cut tobacco is no handicap socially; where \$50,000 is as good as a million, and so on and so on.

With no intention of becoming terribly heavy over the matter, we want to add that a hick town is a place where 26 of our 29 Presidents were born and where 7 out of 10 of the immortals in New York's National hall of fame originated. A hick town that didn't have a name produced Lincoln. Hick towns gave us most of our great literary figures of the past and practically all of those now living. Hick towns produce our Edisons; one produced a great university president just lost to Michigan. If we may, then we would like to suggest that a hick town is a place where a boy has an excellent opportunity to lay the foundation of future greatness.—Detroit News.

Tells Property Owners Importance of Paint

Chicago property owners throw away millions of dollars every year, because they fail to paint correctly, according to S. H. Stewart, president of the Chicago Paint, Oil and Varnish club, who spoke at a general conference of paint men.

This sum, he announced, is but part of the billion and a half dollars' waste which represents the national annual loss from neglect of property.

"Not only do the property owners themselves suffer an actual cash loss in depreciation of property values, repairs and more expensive paint bills when they finally do decide to call in the painter," he said, "but they put a premium upon the principal wealth of a nation, which is its physical property." In the United States there are \$80,000,000,000 worth of physical property.

This waste is prevented by paint only, according to Mr. Stewart. Paint forms an elastic coating over materials susceptible to the fungus spores of rot and the chemical action of air which results in rust. Paint is impervious to them, therefore the substance which is covered with paint is immune.

For Garden Walls

"Grow your own berries" is a slogan worthy of the attention of every person who has even a small piece of ground, for it is an easy matter to grow good crops of delicious berries in a small space. Berry growing is interesting and the time spent in cultivating and watering is a pleasure. This frequently is overlooked with the result that berries are not served as often or as fresh as they should be. In a few minutes one may pick sufficient berries for breakfast, lunch or dinner, fresh from the vines and full of rich flavor and healthful juices.—Farm and Orchard.

Newspaper's Duties

The place of the newspaper in city planning is vital. Never before in history have newspapers gone so far in playing fair with their readers. He who talks of the good old days of journalism should be sent to a lunatic asylum. Horace Greeley, in spite of his fame, didn't play fair with his readers. He gave them what he wanted them to know. But even now, the newspaper has not reached its real development in serving the city by planning for the future.—New York Times.

Plant Nut Trees

The time is not far off, according to nut-growing enthusiasts, when nut trees will replace most shade trees. Nut breeding is said to be 150 years behind that of apples and other fruits, but it is fast catching up; some day we may have a larger black walnut with a paper shell. Among the varieties recommended for orchards are black walnuts, butternuts, hickory nuts, hazel nuts, pecans and those sorts of chestnuts which are resistant to blight.

Small Principalities

The five smallest countries in the world are: Monaco, 8 square miles; San Marino, 46 square miles; Liechtenstein, 65 square miles; Andorra, 140 square miles, and Danzig (free city), 720 square miles.

Best Form of Speech

Discretion in speech is more than eloquence, and to speak agreeably to him with whom we deal is more than to speak in good words or in good order.—Exchange.

Is Your Work Hard?

Is your work wearing you out? Are you tortured with throbbing backache—feel tired, weak and worn out? Then look to your kidneys! Many occupations tend to weaken the kidneys. Constant backache, headaches, dizziness and rheumatic pains result. One suffers annoying kidney irregularities; feels nervous, irritable and worn out. Don't wait! Use Doan's Pills—a stimulant diuretic to the kidneys. Workers everywhere recommend Doan's. They should help you, too. Ask your neighbor!

A Texas Case

Noah R. Wiggs, 218 N. Blount St., Denton, Tex., says: "Mornings, my back was lame and sore and when I stooped, I got a knife-like pain in my back and it was all I could do to straighten. My kidneys were weak and acted too often. Doan's Pills rid me of the complaint."

DOAN'S PILLS
60c
STIMULANT DIURETIC TO THE KIDNEYS
Foster-Milburn Co., Mig. Chem., Buffalo, N. Y.

To Mint \$180,000,000 in Gold

The mints of Philadelphia, Denver and San Francisco will turn out \$180,000,000 in new double eagles during the first half of 1925, because the law requires that at least one-third of the total of the gold certificates outstanding must be represented by gold coins.

CHILD'S BEST LAXATIVE IS CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP



MOTHER! Even constipated, bilious, feverish, or sick, colic babies and children love to take genuine "California Fig Syrup." No other laxative regulates the tender little bowels so nicely. It sweetens the stomach and starts the liver and bowels without griping. Contains no narcotics or soothing drugs. Say "California" to your druggist and avoid counterfeits. Insist upon genuine "California Fig Syrup" which contains directions.

Will Shorten Journey
Two towns—Olancho and La Ceiba, Honduras—only 30 miles apart, but separated by a mule-pack mountainous journey of two days, are to be put within a few hours of each other by a government highway costing nearly \$125,000.

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION

BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION 25 CENTS

6 BELLANS Hot water Sure Relief

BELLANS

25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

How He Discovered Best Constipation Relief



Mr. Joseph F. Glus of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "In the past 20 years I have been constantly troubled with constipation. Every remedy I tried would work O.K. for a while—but soon failed. The only remedy I have been able to use steadily with good results have been Carter's Little Liver Pills. I don't guess when I take them—I know I'm going to feel relieved." 25c at all druggists.

Cuticura Talcum Unadulterated Exquisitely Scented

Ride the Interurban FROM Houston to Galveston

Every Hour on the Hour
Express Service—Non-Stop Trains
8:00 a. m. and 3:00 p. m.



These three sets of twins are children of Lawrence Palmer-Ball, rich manufacturer of Glencoe, Ill., suburb of Chicago. They are four, six and eight years old.

BOB AND LITTLE BOB



Senator Robert M. LaFollette of Wisconsin with his little grandson, Robert LaFollette Sucher, four months old.

British Possession

The Cocos or Keeling islands are a group of 23 small islands belonging to Great Britain and situated in the Indian ocean, 500 miles southwest of Java. The islands were discovered by Captain Keeling in 1609. The British acquired them in 1866. The population is 749, mostly Malays. It was off these islands that the German cruiser Emden was destroyed by the Australian cruiser Sydney in the World war. The islands were annexed as a British crown colony in 1908.

THE FREE TRADERS

A FIGHT FOR LIFE

SYNOPSIS.—Lee Anderson, Royal Canadian Mounted Police sergeant, is sent to Stony Range to arrest a man named Pelly for murder. He is also instructed to look after Jim Rathway, reputed head of the "Free Traders," illicit liquor runners. At Little Falls he finds Pelly is credited with having found a gold mine, and is missing. At the hotel appears a girl, obviously out of place in the rough surroundings. A half-breed, Pierre, and a companion, "Shorty," annoy the girl. Anderson interferes in her behalf. The girl sets out for Siston Lake, which is also Anderson's objective. He overtakes her and the two men with whom he had trouble the night before. She is suspicious of him and the two men are hostile. Pierre and Shorty ride on. Anderson and the girl following. In the hills the road is blown up before and behind the two. Anderson, with his horse, is hurled down the mountain side, senseless. Recovering consciousness, Anderson finds the girl has disappeared, but he concludes she is alive and probably in the power of Pierre and Shorty. On foot he makes his way to Siston Lake. There he finds his companion of the day before, and Rathway, with a girl, Estelle, a former sweetheart of Anderson's, who had abused his confidence and almost wrecked his life. Rathway strikes Estelle, and after a fight Anderson, with Estelle's help, escapes with the girl. Anderson's companion's mind is clouded and she is suffering with a dislocated knee. Anderson sets the knee and makes the girl as comfortable as possible. He has a broken rib. The two plan to make their way to a Moravian mission, of which Father McGrath has charge. Their acquaintance ripens into love. The girl remembers that her name is Joyce Pelly. She is daughter of the man Anderson has been sent to arrest. Torn between her love for her father and her regard for Anderson, the girl practically drives him from her. In the forest Anderson stumbles upon the entrance to a gorge and is convinced he has located Pelly's mine.

CHAPTER X—Continued

Lee saw that from the point where he was clinging, there appeared to be a fairly easy descent to the bottom. It was only the upper parts of the cliffs in the gorge that were unscalable. But he could go no further now. Anxiety for Joyce was rising in him. He was half afraid she might do something rash.

In some way Rathway seemed to be associated with Pelly; perhaps he was protecting him. Suppose, then, that the girl had gone back to the Free Traders' headquarters on Siston lake? Or fled into the storm in her frenzy?

Suppose they had been followed? Lee remembered his fancy that he had seen an Indian watching them. The Free Traders would surely have been watching the trail at either end of the lake, knowing that sooner or later they must emerge out of the forests.

Then he remembered the shadow in the log house, and this specter in which he had disbelieved, now began to assume in his mind a formidable aspect.

Suddenly, as Lee clung there, he heard a rumbling sound above his head, and a moment later something hurtled past it and smashed upon the ground of the chasm. Looking down, Lee saw the fragments of an enormous boulder lying on the ground immediately beneath him.

He had had a narrow escape. And reluctantly he turned to re-enter the tunnel. But before he had thrust his head and shoulders in, there came another rumble. And this time it was only the little projecting ledge above his head that saved his life.

The boulder struck the edge of it, shot out into the air, and, just missing him, smashed to pieces below.

Lee looked up, but the overhanging cliffs shut out the view of everything except the overhanging bushes and the sky.

Whether or not human agency was responsible for the fall of the two boulders, it was certain that the tunnel's mouth did not appear to be a particularly healthy spot at that moment.

And Lee forced his head and shoulders through, and groped for the rock ladder within, bruising his thighs and shins against the edges of the openings. Extending his hands, he felt the smooth surface of the water-worn, interior wall. He grasped the ladder, clung to it, pulled himself up, and found his footing.

And then of a sudden Lee had the unmistakable instinct that he was not alone. There was another living thing within the tunnel!

Though it was absolutely dark, except for the faintest reflection from the interior of the gorge, which filtered up from below, and though Lee could not hear the faintest sound, he felt its presence; by some inner sense that was not hearing, he felt the rhythmical pulsations of its life.

And it was a human being. Lee felt the fog of human hatred flung out toward him. Instinctively he knew the imminence of an encounter under conditions more nerve-racking than any he had ever experienced. He knew for sure now that the fall of the two boulders had been no accident.

He had been watched, he had been seen to enter, and that watcher meant to fight him to the death. And of course it was Pelly!

He did not relish the prospect of a struggle with the crazed old man, one which could hardly end in any other

way than by the death of one of them. It would be a sharp, relentless struggle, in which Lee's disadvantage lay in the fact that he could not be the first to fire.

Lee called: "Is that you, Pelly? I want to talk to you."

No answer came. He strained his eyes upward through the darkness. Colors and wheels of light flashed across his vision and went out.

"Pelly, listen to me!" Lee tried again. "You know what I've come for. You've got no chance. Surrender, and you'll get fair treatment."

Still no answer; and yet Lee could feel that other human personality close to him. He waited, baffled. There was no way to move, save vertically; and there was no possible retreat for him. The ice-smooth granite walls were all about him. The tunnel was a straight, narrow shaft, up and down, from the rocking stone above to that deadly drop below.

It was impossible to rush the other, impossible to do anything except to clamber stiffly up those slippery rungs of rock, expecting every instant to hear the roar of Pelly's pistol and to receive the bullet in his breast. It was absurdity. And once again Lee tried:

"Pelly, you'd better give up. I can shoot you from here. Surrender, and—"

He did not end that sentence. For, as he clung there, in a moment the thing above him had materialized into life, action, fury. A bellow burst from his throat, and the sound, compressed within the shaft, and deflected from wall to wall, sounded like the roar of some prehistoric monster.

And a heavy body was precipitated against him with a force that all but dislodged him. For an instant Lee struggled wildly to retain his balance—and then there came a blow over the heart that knocked the wind out of him.

Lee's hand encountered an enormous hand at his chest. Within that hand he felt the hilt of a knife. Reaching back, Lee's fingers closed upon the last inch or two of a wide blade.

The steel appeared to be buried almost to the extremity within his body. There was no sense of a stab, but for an instant Lee felt a deadly faintness overcome him, and again he reeled and clutched for foothold. Then he had torn the hand away, plucked out the knife, and hurried it down through the darkness of the tunnel into the gorge below.

The next instant he was fighting the most desperate battle of his life to win through the tunnel before he bled into unconsciousness.

He caught at two long, sinewy arms that clutched his body in the endeavor to fling him down; and, holding on by their knees and feet, the two wrestled in complete silence.

It was a man—the thing that held Lee, but it seemed more like a monster, for the naked arms were covered with thick hair, underneath which the sinews moved over each other like steel bands. Lee was no match in wrestling; he could only cling on like grim death, feeling his lungs constricted under that pressure, and expecting every moment to feel his injured rib crack in his side.

His left hand encountered a groove in the rocky rung above him, and, gripping it, determined that nothing should tear his hold away, with his right fist he began hammering his assailant's face and body incessantly.

His blows rebounded from the great chest as if it were of rubber, and each blow sent the breath issuing hoarsely from the lungs with raucous wheezing that filled the tunnel.

If the other could have got Lee's left hand, he might have torn him from his hold, but, as if unaware of his strength into the endeavor to force breath from his body and twist him backward; while Lee, clinging on desperately, continued to batter the face and body.

Although it was impossible to draw back his arm far enough to deliver a blow with full force, Lee's lower position gave him the advantage of equiptoise over his strange assailant, and enabled him to administer fearful punishment.

For a minute or two it was problematic whether Lee could withstand the strain long enough to conquer. The great shoulders swung Lee from side to side in the shaft like a child, and all the while Lee, believing himself seriously, if not fatally wounded, fought on with the mechanical action of a piston, dashing his fists into his opponent's face until at last groans began to burst from the other.

Then, feeling the clutch relaxing, Lee let go his hold, and, standing straight up on the rung, brought both fists into play. No human being could have stood up against that fearful punishment. Lee's fists were wet with blood. The grasp about him relaxed. He redoubled the fury of his blows—and suddenly found that he was hammering at the bare face of the rock.

His assailant was gone. Faintly Lee heard the scraping of his feet on the upper ledges of the rock ladder. Then, feeling cautiously above him, Lee continued his ascent, until at length there came a tiny glimmer of light from above, changing into a sudden glare as of high noon.

The tunnel was empty.

By
Victor Rousseau
(Copyright by W. G. Chapman.)
WNU Service.

beneath the stone. He flattened himself upon the ground and drew his automatic. He fired one shot, and, before the echoes had died away, had pushed the stone back and emerged, pistol in hand.

The glare had been only in contrast to the dark of the tunnel. Outside it was melancholy twilight. Lee emerged into a solitary, snowbound world. There was no sign of his antagonist, who had evidently had enough for the present.

Lee looked down at the fragments of shirt that remained to him, expecting to find himself soaked in blood. He was astonished to see only a thin thread on his chest. He tore the rag open.

There was only a scratch on the skin from the knife-point, but there was a spreading bruise—under the thick coils of Joyce's hair, in which the knife blade had become entangled.

The blow, struck immediately over the heart, would have killed him instantly but for that. Lee raised the tresses reverently to his lips. And with a deep feeling of tenderness toward the girl, he began to make his way through the twilight toward the log house.

He was torn between apprehension for her and speculation as to his assailant. His first thought had been that the man was Pelly. But now he began to doubt this. An old man might have had his assailant's strength—he would not have had the endurance. But stronger, still was the conviction that that monstrous form which had attacked him in the shaft could never have been the father of Joyce.

Yet who but Pelly knew the secret of the mine?

The problem was at present insoluble, but its consideration brought with it the fear that Joyce might have been attacked as well. Lee quickened his footsteps through the storm,



He Flattened Himself on the Ground and Drew His Automatic.

which was now subsiding, though the snow still fell steadily. He blamed himself bitterly for having left the girl. Surely the strength of that love and tenderness he felt toward her would reach her, and she would respond!

And he planned what he would say to her. He would advise her that it was improbable that her father would receive anything but a nominal sentence, that he might even go free, that in the absence of witnesses a conviction might prove impossible. His best course would be to surrender. Lee began to grow more hopeful.

The log house came into sight, standing bare and bleak in the snowy wilderness. There was no light within.

Lee's alarm increased. He hurried to the door. He called, but no answer came. He struck a match. By the tiny light he saw that the kitchen and the adjacent room were empty.

And he began going from room to room, striking matches and calling her, and knowing all the while the futility of it. Joyce was not in the house.

She had fled into the snow, and, desperately weary as he was after his encounter, Lee had no alternative but to take up the quest. She could not have gone far, but she must have been in a state of desperation to have gone out into that storm. Which way? The falling snow had surely long since obliterated her footprints.

He made his way down toward the trail beside the river. Only two ways were possible: one ran toward the mission, nine or ten miles away, the other in the opposite direction to the Free Traders' headquarters.

But suddenly Lee's hopes and spirits leaped up confidently. Stooping, he traced the tracks of a sleigh along the trail. It had been drawn by a single horse, and it was going in the direction of the mission.

There was only one reasonable inference. Father McGrath must have been passing, perhaps he had met Joyce, and he had taken her with him

Lee took up the long walk immediately. The snow was deep, progress was difficult without snowshoes, and the frost had already crusted the surface, so that his feet sank in cumbersomely at every step. But a great load was removed from his mind; the future now looked rosy.

At last the mission came into sight—a group of log huts clustered about a larger one on a low elevation, surrounded by the forest. Lights gleamed pleasantly inside them. A horse was neighing in some stables. Over the largest hut a wooden cross stood out against the background of the sea-gray sky.

Lee strode up the ascent, hesitated as to which hut to approach, stood irresolute for a moment in the open space at the crest of the little hill. Then, as he waited, the door of one of them was flung open, and a man in a mackinaw and lumberman's boots stepped out toward him. Under his arm he held a rifle. He presented it at Lee's breast.

He looked to be about fifty years of age, or a little older. He had a round, smooth face as soft as a babe's, an incipient paunch. A silver cross hung from his mackinaw. A jolly-looking priest; but the eyes within the face were steel-gray and ice cold. He stopped two paces distant.

"Take yersel' off, ye damned Free Trader," he said softly, "or I'll blow ye into Kingdom Come!"

CHAPTER XI

"If You Find My Father"

Lee spoke quietly. "I want to see Miss Pelly."

"Aye, ye want to see Mees Pelly! But ye canna see her and ye wilna see her."

"Will you give Miss Pelly my message?"

"Will ye tak' yersel' awa'?"

"No!"

McGrath flung down the rifle. "Come on, then; come on, ye swine of a hooch peddler!" he shouted, brandishing his fists.

Lee flung up his arm just in time to protect himself against a straight right that would have knocked him senseless. Next moment Father McGrath's arms were locked around him, holding him as if in a vise.

"Will ye tak' yersel' awa' before I'm tempted to forget my calling?" the father panted.

"Father McGrath—"

"I'll ha' no dealing w' ye and your nest of inequity. I'm no afraid of all the Free Traders that iver come out o' h—l. I'll send ye back to the de'il before your time, if ye come meddling w' my meeson.

"I've made my compact w' your maister, as I'd mak' a compact w' the evil one himself, to protect my bairns. Mebbe ye're a new hand—I don't remember your face—so I'll remind ye of it. Ye're to be free to peddle your filthy liquors whaur ye weel—aye, an' I dinna doot the guld Lord will score it again ye too, for sham! His good corn' whuskey by meexin' in your feethy wood alcohol the way ye do—ye can peddle them whur ye please, but ye'll leave my lassies and weans alone, or I'll mak' Siston lake too hot to hold ye."

"Father McGrath—" Lee tried again.

"Will ye fight, mon to mon, ye damned Free Trader? Will ye fight or wrestle w' me?"

"I'd be glad to, Father, but just now one of my ribs is broken. When I get better, perhaps—"

Father McGrath released him. "Ye're speakin' the truth? Well, then, tak' yersel' off. Ye canna see Mees Pelly—"

A light footstep sounded beside him. Joyce stood there. Lee swung toward her.

"I came to make sure you were safe, Joyce—" Lee held out his arms.

"Dinna speak to him, Mees Pelly. I ungerstan' he's helped ye—aye, there's good in the wurst of us—but he'll get around ye, Mees Pelly. Go back!"

"Father, there's something I want to say to him," Joyce answered in a low voice.

"Aye, but he's got a smooth tongue, and the stomp of inequity hasn't come upon his face yet. Ye wouldna theenk he'd sold himself to his maister. If ye must speak to him, I'll just stand by, and if I see he's getting 'round ye I'll send him about his business."

With which the doughty father took up his post just out of hearing, glaring at Lee and prepared for instantaneous intervention. Joyce stepped forward.

"Lee, I—I'm sorry for what I said to you this afternoon. It was partly the shock of awakening, I think. I was unjust to you, and unjust, too, in coming here without trying to get word to you. I owe you a great deal. I accept your word that when you meet me in the range you did not know who I was, that you did not pursue my acquaintance because I was the daughter of the man whom it was your duty to apprehend. I—I bear you no ill-will for having to do your duty."

"Then, Joyce—"

"But," she said solemnly, "you will see how my father's safety, perhaps his life, stands between us. We can only be enemies—at least, until—"

"That's what I wanted to speak about," said Lee. "As I understand it, this killing was committed years ago, a whole generation ago. It was more or less justified. If your father is brought to trial and convicted, it will almost certainly be for manslaughter.

His sentence will be a nominal one. Quite probably it will be impossible to produce the witnesses required to convict at all. In such case he will go free.

"He has acted ill-advisedly. He should never have fled. His best course will be to surrender. He will find himself a free man in a little while, instead of a hunted outlaw. Will you unite with me in persuading him to surrender?"

She shook her head. "We always told him that—my mother and I," she answered. "But the thing had crazed him, he hated civilization after it happened. He was insane upon that subject. He will never surrender."

"Let me try to picture to you what happened, and the treachery and faithlessness that have always pursued him. When my father fled from the law he came here and settled with my mother. I was born here. For a long time we were very happy. My father trapped, and in those days this was one of the richest fur districts in Canada.

"But my father was an educated man, and in his heart he was always chafing against his exile. He always cherished the hope some day to take us south where I could be educated properly. Then in an evil day he fancied he had discovered a gold mine.

"It became a mania with him. He would tell no one where it was, except Jacques Leboeuf, an old servant, whom he trusted. They used to go off by night and work it together. My father was always talking about the gold he had collected. He wanted to develop the mine, to sell it for a fortune, but he was always afraid of being discovered, and he put it off and put it off; and neither my mother nor I ever believed in the mine.

"Then in an evil day a man called Rathway came up. He was a small whisky peddler. He had committed some crime against the Indians. He had been beaten, pursued, and was half dead when my father saved him from their vengeance. He took him in and fed and protected him. Rathway learned of the mine, and was always searching for it, but neither my father nor Leboeuf would tell him where it was. Once he tried to spy on them, and Leboeuf had him by the throat and would have killed him if my father had not intervened in time.

"My mother died. Rathway grew fat and consequential, lived here, helped my father with his traps, and, though for a long time my father did not know it, continued debauching the Indians with his whisky. When I was a girl of seventeen he began to take notice of me. He said he loved me. I didn't know much about love, but I knew I hated him. Then one day my father came in from the woods just in time to protect me from him, and he shot Rathway through the arm.

"He was aiming again to shoot him through the heart, for he was terrible when his anger was roused, when Rathway, standing facing him, with his arm dripping blood, coolly told him he knew that my father had committed one murder already, and that the facts were in his possession, written down and left for safety with a friend in the south. The change in my father was dreadful. He dropped his rifle, he seemed almost demented. His fears for my future, conflicting with his fears for the present and his fears of Rathway, broke his will.

"After that, Rathway stayed on and on, and they were always talking together, and Rathway threatened my father, but still my father refused to show him the mine, in spite of his threats. My father wanted all of the gold for me—it was his mania.

"Once Leboeuf came to my father and offered to kill Rathway, but my father refused, and Leboeuf, who was devoted to him, never thought of disobeying his strict command.

"That happened before the Free Traders were organized in Montreal, but already the hooch sellers were getting together. They had established a number of posts, one of them at Lake Misquash, miles away, a week's journey north of here. Rathway went to Lake Misquash to confer with them. As soon as he was gone, my father seized the opportunity to send me away south to a convent, to be educated.

"Here's the big question. Will it separate the lovers, in spite of their love?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Growth of Jellyfish

The manner in which a jellyfish produces its "children" is really wonderful.

In most cases the beginning is an egg, which, lying on the bottom, produces a beautiful tree-like growth. The "tree" fastens itself to the bottom and brings forth buds which, when ripe, drop off and develop into jellyfish. The latter, in turn, lay eggs and the process is repeated, as told in London Tit-Bits.

Most of the very large species have a different way of reproducing themselves. The egg is set free in the water and develops into a pear-shaped larva, which for a while swims about rapidly, being provided with hair-like appendages that serve the purpose of ears. Then the larvae settles down, anchors itself to the bottom, increases in size rapidly and finally splits up into thin, flat discs which swim off and grow up into large jellyfishes.

After Every Meal

Pass it around after every meal. Give the family the benefit of its aid to digestion. Cleans teeth too. Keep it always in the house.

Costs little—helps much.

WRIGLEY'S

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COOK BOOK

Recipes famous for fifty years are in this book. Also the latest bakery treats for the family. It's yours for the asking. Send 10 cents today to cover mailing cost.

SNOW KING

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25 oz. 25¢

A tried and proved baking powder. Every can of Snow King is full of goodness. Economical, too—25c for 25 ounces.

50 Years of Success

You believe that easily which you hope for earnestly.

At the Very First Sign of Colds, Fevers, La Grippe, Take a Bond's Liver Pill at bedtime. It will act directly on the liver and thoroughly cleanse the system of the poisonous germs and impurities, preventing serious complications. Only 25c at all Drug Stores.—Adv.

A misplaced switch used to wreck a woman's train of thought.

Indigestion produces disagreeable and sometimes alarming symptoms. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills remove symptoms and restore digestion. 372 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

Some men are born with black eyes and some have to fight for them.

When You Buy Shoes for Hard Service See that they have

USKID SOLES

The Wonder Sole for Wear—Wears twice as long as best leather!

—and for a Better Heel "U. S." SPRING-STEP Heel

United States Rubber Company

A Godsend to the Bilious!

"I take great pleasure in telling you what a Godsend are Beecham's Pills. I am a woman twenty-five years of age. For years I suffered from bilious headaches. Ten years ago I tried Beecham's Pills. I have never been without them since.

"I hope all persons who suffer in this manner will not hesitate to try them."

Mrs. Edna Dean, Providence, R. I.

Take Beecham's Pills for biliousness, constipation, sick headaches and other digestive ailments.

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Beecham's Pills

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Soothing and Healing for Skin and Scalp Troubles

SAVE YOUR EYES! Use Dr. Thompson's Eye-Liniment. Buy at your druggist's or 125 River Street, N. Y. Booklet.

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Published Every Saturday by
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(Incorporated)

H. H. KILPATRICK, Editor and
General Manager

Entered as second class matter
May 29, 1886, at Marfa, Texas, under
act of March 2, 1879.

Subscription, per year.....\$2.00



Newspaper Association Member
Number 7798

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DEVELOPMENT OF TEXAS WILD PLANTS

Development of Texas Wild
plants will some day make this
State the richest in the Union
and give Texas several new
commercial industries at the same
time according to J. M. Del Curto
pathologist in the state department
of Agriculture at Austin.

Almost every wild plant that
grows within the borders of the
great lone star state has practical-
ly unlimited commercial possibilities.
Among those plants from which de-
velop the more important Texas
industries of the future, in the op-
inion of Mr. Del Curto, are: The
candelilla weed, the black persim-
mon, the Guayule plant, the mes-
quite tree, the cactus plant, "jim-
son weeds, and many others.

Yields Wax of High Quality

The candelilla weed and the cande-
rilla wax produced from this weed
will some day from the nucleus of a
very important Texas industry, said
Mr. Del Curto. This plant is one of
the most interesting of all Texas
wild shrubs.

The candelilla weed yields a wax
of high quality. The first experi-
ments in extracting this wax were
made, it has been reported, in Mex-
ico several years ago. The Mexican
Revolution came on and the only
plants in existence at that time
for the extraction of the wax were
forced to cease operation. These
plants were located in the Mexican
States of Nuevo Leon and Coahuila.

This weed is an annual, found ab-
undantly in the mountainous re-
gions of Northern Mexico and for
200 miles in the upper borders of
Texas.

There are millions of acres in
western Texas where the candelilla
weed grows wild, affirmed Mr. Del
Curto.

There are about 4,000,000 tons of
the weed available each year with-
in the state.

The growth of candelilla begins
at the mouth of the Pecos river and
extends to Sierra Blanca, covering
all of the southern part of the coun-
ties of Terrell, Brewster, El Paso
and Presidio. One can travel in these
counties, which are larger than
some of our states, for miles and
miles without ever getting out of
sight of the plant. On mountains
in the distance the weed appears
as shingles on a roof, from one to ten
tons growing on an acre of ground
in Western Texas.

The factories used in extracting
this wax from the candelilla grow-
ing districts of Texas, one being
situated south of Sierra Blanca, an
other near Boquillas and a third at
a point below Alpine. The output,
it is said is shipped principally to
New York.

A plant for refining of the crude
candelilla wax is located in San An-
tonio. The cost of a plant for ex-
tracting the wax is said to range
from \$500 to \$5,000. The crude pro-
duct sells, it is claimed, for prices
ranging from \$400 to \$600 a ton, and
cost the producer about \$200 a ton,
including cutting and everything.

The candelilla wax and canuba
wax, the later coming from south
America, are used practically for the
same purposes, Mr. Del Curto ex-
plained. Candelilla wax is used in
the manufacture of phonograph rec-
ords, celluloid articles, varnish, floor
wax, and various kind of chemical
mixtures.

Grows in the Poorest Soil

The candelilla weed grows in the
poorest soil is of rapid growth, and
the fact that it reproduces itself
annually when cut off at the roots,
makes the industry permanent. It is
not unusual for a growth of ten tons
per acre to be harvested. The cut-
ting is done by low priced Mexican
labor.

The candelilla plant grows from
one to three feet in height, and as
many as 5,000 and more stems come
from the same root. Hundreds of
thousands of acres are owned by
the state of Texas, and some of it
has already been leased out for util-
ization of this wax.

The usual process of manufacture
is by boiling and steaming. The me-
chanical method of beating the
weed, however, is sometimes used.
Nearly all factories or plants use
th fibrous refuse of the weed after
the wax has been extracted for fuel.
This fiber can be used with success
however, in making a high grade
of paper. Hence the paper industry
is a corollary to the wax industry,
both of the same plant. No effort
has been made to cultivate the weed
because it is so available in its
wild state. To date \$100,000 worth of
candelilla wax has been marketed
from the Fresno canyon section of
Presidio County in West Texas, ac-
cording to Mr. Del Curto.

The common black Persimmon of
East Texas frequently looked
upon as a pest, is now known to con-
tain valuable wood for use in the
making of shuttles for cotton mills.
This wood is not yet widely used
in shuttle making but because of
its adaptability to the purpose it
will some day supersede other
woods now used.

Tannic acid, now imported at great
expense by tanners of hides, is con-
tained in unlimited quantities in Tex-
as weeds and plants such as the
sumac, certain species of cedar,
oaks and other trees and shrubs.

Guayule Rubber Plant

The Guayule plant, common in
Western Texas, contain, large quan-
tities of rubber. Rubber making
from the Guayule plant, Mr. Del
Curto predicts will become another
great Texas industry. This weed
grows almost as profusely in parts
of Texas as the candelilla weed.

The mesquite tree, second only to
the cactus plant in Texas, is of great
commercial value in making certain
classes of furniture and for trinkets
because of its pleasant aroma when
properly cured. San Antonio has a
street paved with mesquite blocks
or stobs driven into the ground
that runs for several blocks.

Medicinal weeds grow in Texas in
great variety, Mr. Del Curto said.
Among them is the horehound of
Central Texas, the datura or jimson
weed, as it is commonly known, and
several others. The datura is used
in making an eye medicine in com-
mon use among ocalists.

Even the cactus plant, looked upon
as useless for so long is used to
some extent in the manufacture
of alcohol, this being another Texas
industry in its infancy.

Horticultural Possibilities

Horticulturally, Texas plants
have an almost unlimited future,
Mr. Del Curto declared. The chapar-
ral is one wild plant that grows in
limestone hills over the State. Its
fruit is gathered for jelly, which is
of a very delicious taste. Through
the process of selection this plant
may some day become as popular as
the apple which was developed
similarly from the crabapple. Mr.
Del Curto has personally developed
the chaparral from its wild state
in which it grows very small, to a
much larger plant through the pro-
cess of selection. Wild peaches var-
ied possibilities in the same line he
stated.

From the floral viewpoint Texas
wild plants may be commercializ-
ed into another great industry, ac-
cording to Mr. Del Curto. Among
the wild flowers of Texas, which
have become famous, are the wild
clematis, the bluebonnet, standing
cypress, mountain laurel and other
flowers, trees and shrubs of great
beauty.

"One man", said Mr. Del Curto,
"who lives within 30 miles of Aus-
tin, has sold to northern nurseries
\$5,000 worth of wild plants off of a
range of hills on his ranch in the
last year."

GOOD RAINS FALL OVER THE BIG BEND

This week Marfa and vicinity in
fact, from reports from different
places, fine rains have visited the
Big Bend country, and from all in-
dications now fine grass will soon
make glad the hearts of the cattle-
men and fill with contentment the
White Faces over the Hereford
Country.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Wease have
leased the Propst home and are now
comfortably located there, having
moved last week.

CITATION BY PUBLICATION

THE STATE OF TEXAS,

To the sheriff or any Constable
of Presidio county Greetings:

YOU ARE HEREBY COMMANDED
That you summon, by making pub-
lication of this Citation in some
newspaper published in the county
of Presidio if there be a newspaper
published therein, but if not, in a
newspaper published in the nearest
County to said Presidio County in
which a newspaper is published,
once in each week for four conse-
cutive weeks previous to the re-
turn day thereof, Gilberto Martinez
and G. B. Calnan, and the unknown
heirs and unknown legal represen-
tatives of the said Gilberto Mar-
tinez and G. B. Calnan, if either
or both are dead whose residence
is unknown, to be and appear be-
fore the Hon. District Court at the
next regular term thereof, to be
holden in the County of Presidio
at the Court House thereof, in
Marfa 27th day of July 1925 then
and there to answer a petition filed
in said court on the 28 day of
April A. D. 1925, in a suit number-
ed on the docket of said court, No.
2727, wherein J. M. Ingle is plain-
tiff and Gilberto Martinez and G.
B. Calnan and the unknown heirs
and unknown legal representative
of said Gilberto Martinez and G. B.
Calnan, The nature of the plaintiffs
demand being as follows to-wit:

Suit to remove cloud from title
to the following described estate
situated in Presidio County Texas
and being all of survey No. 2, in
Block No. 2, surveyed in the name
of the Texas & Pacific Railway Co.,
under the Certificate No. 1/665, and
containing 640 acres of land, ex-
cept 40 acres off of the SW end of
said survey which belongs to Con-
cepcion Fuentez. Plaintiff claims
title under the five year statute of
limitation and alleges that the
defendants are asserting some kind
of claim to said land which consti-
tutes a cloud on the title.

HEREIN FAIL NOT, And have
you before said court, on the said
first day of the next term thereof,
this Writ, with your endorsement
thereon, showing how you have
executed the same.

Given under my hand and seal
of said court, at office in Marfa,
this the 28 day of April A. D. 1925

Anita Young

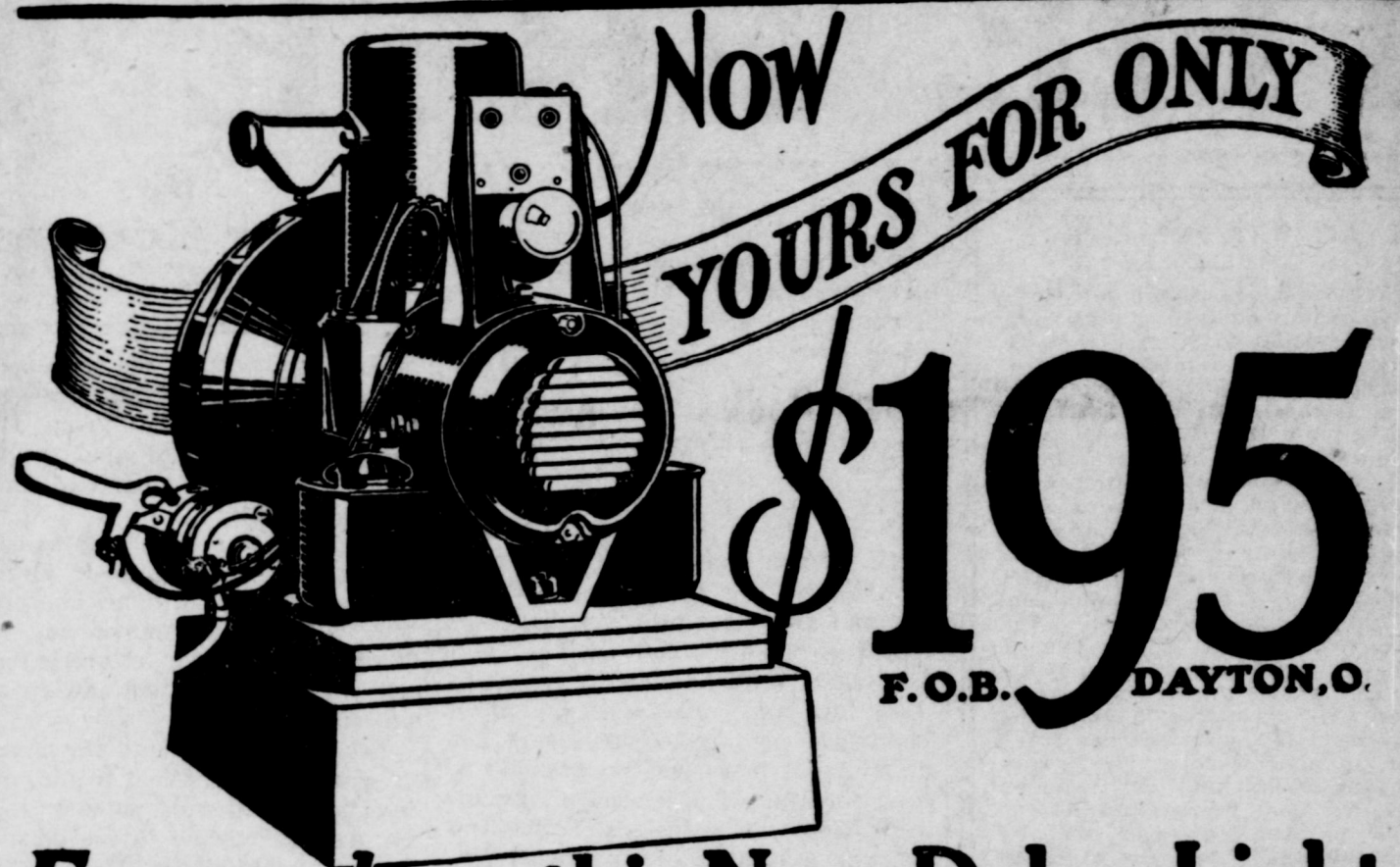
Clerk District Court Presidio Coun-
ty Texas

Issued April 28, 1925.

Anita Young

Clerk District Court Presidio Coun-
ty, Texas.

FOR SALE—Cheap for Cash 65
Acres irrigable land near Presidio
good title. BOX 12 Presidio Texas.



Everywhere this New Delco-Light has won an Instant Welcome

A month ago we announced a new
Delco-Light electric plant—Delco-Light
at a new low price—Delco-Light so in-
expensive in cost that it could bring the
blessings of electricity to every farm
home in America.

Thousands of farmers have found, in
this new Delco-Light, the thing they've
always wanted—a genuine Delco-Light
plant that they could have, completely
installed on their farms, at a cost that
was really low. Thousands of farm
women have found the Delco-Light that
would lighten their burdens and bring
new happiness to their families—all at
a very economical cost.

We Want You to Know About It

Here is a brief description of the new
Delco-Light, and some general infor-
mation about our remarkable new plan of
complete installation and easy time pay-
ments. Read every word of this infor-
mation. And then write or telephone
immediately for the details of our com-
plete offer.

A 600-Watt Non-Storage Battery Plant

The new plant is a genuine Delco-Light
in every respect—full 600-watt capacity,
strong, sturdily built economical in op-
eration. It is equipped with a standard
Delco starter and an economical starting
battery. And its price is only \$195
f. o. b. Dayton—the lowest price and
the greatest value ever offered in a
Delco-Light electric plant.

Complete Installation at a Remarkably Small Cost

In addition to this, special arrange-

ments have been made whereby the
Delco-Light Dealer in your community
will install your plant and wire your
house for five lights to be located wher-
ever you specify. You will receive with
the plant five beautiful spun-brass light-
ing fixtures complete with bulbs.

And all of this—plant, installation,
wiring, fixtures, everything ready to turn
on the lights—will cost you only \$53, in
addition to the price of the plant itself.

A Small Down Payment— Balance on Easy Terms

Finally, we have arranged that this new
low cost for Delco-Light, completely in-
stalled, can be paid on terms so easy that
anyone can take advantage of them.
The total cost is only \$248, including
freight (a little more west of the Missis-
sippi). But you make only a small
down payment. The balance is payable
on easy terms, arranged to suit your
convenience.

Ask for Details

Never before has such an offer been
made. Never before has Delco-Light cost
so little and been so easy to buy. It
means that any farm home—your home
—can have Delco-Light today.

At the bottom of this advertisement
appear the name and address of the
Delco-Light Dealer for your community.
Call on him, write, or telephone for full
information—specifications of the plant,
illustrations of the fixtures that come
with it, details of our complete installa-
tion and wiring plan and the figures
that show how easily you can now get
Delco-Light.

Delco-Light Company, Dayton, Ohio, Subsidiary of General Motors

**J. W. Christopher,
MARFA, TEXAS**

J. W. COOPER Co. DISTRIBUTORS, 612 W. Stanton St. El Paso, Texas.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

- the feet go Marching!

UP and down—back and forth
—all day long. Tireless feet
that scrape and pound. Grit that
grinds—wet that rots. Save the
poor floor with Devco Marble
Floor Finish Varnish!

It seals the floor against abuse—
reveals the natural beauty of the
wood. Brushes out evenly—
dries quickly.

Ask us about the Devco Home Improve-
ment Plan whereby you can paint your
house—inside and out—and pay for it
in ten monthly installments.

**G. C. Robinson Lumber Co.
MARFA, TEXAS.**

ANXIOUS ABOUT HIM

One winter's day a very bow-leg-
ged tramp called at a home in Ont-
ario and stood to warm himself by
the kitchen stove. A little boy in the
home surveyed him carefully for
some minutes, then finally approach-
ing him he said, "Say mister you
better stand back; you're warping."

GIVE HIM THE GAS

Dentist—So you have broken on a
tooth have you?
Patient (youngster)—Yes, sir.
Dentist—How did you do it?
Youngster—O, shifting gears on a
lollipop!

USE the TELEPHONE



KEEP IN CLOSER TOUCH WITH
YOUR FRIENDS.

You will be able to
arrange and close
that business deal
more quickly in this
way. Long distance
business calls given
careful attention.

CONNECTION with
SHAFTER
and **PRESIDIO**

Big Bend Telephone Co.

Carl's DRUG STORE

A GIFT STORE

Dolls, Stationery, Perfume Sets, Manicure Sets,
Wreaths, Kodaks, Bill Folds, Dominoes, Cards,
Razors, Candies, Cigars, Fountain Pens,
Flash Lights, and Everything.

CARLS DRUG STORE

Local and Personal

Mayor F. E. Gillett of Alpine was a visitor to the city Wednesday.

The Model Market is now offering for the Marfa trade fat corn fed calves.

Mrs. W. F. McGaughey of Alpine has been this week a guest of Mrs. H. T. Fletcher.

Mrs. L. F. Buttrill and Mrs. Bessie Ware of Marathon brot their father Henry Simpson to Marfa this week for medical treatment.

We have a full line of Garden tools, hoes, rakes spades and etc. At G. C. Robinson Lbr. Co

George Mimms returned last week from San Antonio. He reports his mother Mrs. W. A. Mimms, who underwent an operation for appendicitis and gall stones, as recovering nicely. Mrs. C. R. Sutton and two little boys are there with Mrs. Mimms also.

Miss Norilla Bishop is visiting with friend in San Antonio, from there Miss Norilla will visit her school friend at Denton.

DR. C. H. SLAYTON
DENTIST
TELEPHONE 152.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to extend our heartfelt thanks to our many kind friends for their sympathy and assistance to us in our recent bereavement, the death of our beloved, Husband, Father and Brother, Mr. John De-Villviss Kerr. Also those who offered their assistance and the beautiful floral offerings.

Mrs. Mary Kerr,
Orr Kerr and family,
Arthur Kerr and family,
Clyde Kerr,
Mr. W. A. Kerr & family,
Mrs. Ida Lee Jordan,
Mrs. M. C. Beever.

Mrs. J. W. Wells returned this week to her home at Glendale Cal. Mrs. Well was the guest of her sister Mrs. Charles Bailey while here, also was present at the graduation of her niece Miss Ruth Bailey.

Make it rain on your garden with hose & sprinkler.
At G. C. Robinson Lbr. Co

Mrs. Pearl McEachern and two little children of Roswell, New Mexico came in some time ago to visit her mother Mrs. Charles Bailey and to attend the graduation exercises of the Marfa High School. Mr. McEachern is moving from Roswell to Amorilla and at the expiration of her visit here Mrs. McEachern and children will join him at their new home in Amorilla, Texas.

Mrs. J. S. H. Howard and daughter Nellie spent the week-end at Candelaria.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Gray of Santa Rita, New Mexico, are in the city, visiting the family of Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Moore. Mr. Gray is the geologist with the Ray Consolidated Copper Co. While here he expects to look over the mineral fields of the Big Bend.

Capt. D. B. Leininger, Veterinary Corps stationed at Camp Marfa was called to Ft. Stockton this week on professional business. He returned Wednesday morning about 1:00 a. m. reported fine rains from about 30 miles from Alpine, and was almost continuous until reaching Marfa.

PRESIDIO NOTES

Capt. W. M. Coughran who bought the Army Camp at Presidio and also the land upon which the barracks are built, is very busy this week taking down the corrals and stables and plating the land into town lots for an addition to Presidio.

Mr. M. L. Morrison who is putting the gin in at Ojinaga is building a large ferry boat and working the roads down to the river. It will soon be possible to make the trip in a car to Ojinaga, and return without so much expense.

General Galindo and associates are going to install a cotton oil mill also in connection with the gin.

DRILLING OPERATIONS IN PRESIDIO AND JEFF DAVIS COUNTIES

The Sward interest of California, have a crew of men at work at the Byler well in Presidio county, south west of Valentine, according to word received at this office from Mr. Claude Byler this week. The drilling crew arrived at the well Monday with a member of the Sward firm and the tools and machinery is being put in shape to resume drilling operations soon. This is an important test in the Big Bend County.

Mr. Byler also states that he expects to have well no. 2, which will be located some six miles or seven north of the Byler well and in the western edge of Jeff Davis co., drilling early this fall. The money for the drilling and completion of this well will be placed in the bank before operations start. The test will be located near the old old gas well drilled many years ago.

It will be drilled to 3,000 ft. if oil or gas in commercial quantities is found at a shallower depth.

—Fl. Davis Post.

EASTERN STAR HOLDS INSTALLATION.

The Eastern Star met Monday evening at the Masonic Temple in a call meeting to initiate four candidates namely: Mr. and Mrs. Sam Bunton and Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Conring of Valentine. The lodge was very happy to instal and hav with them these splendid people. Mrs. A. L. Shipman, worthy matron and Mrs. J. M. Roark worthy matron, were the officers in charge. Twenty four were present. During the social hour the lodge were pleased to have with them Mrs. H. B. Kilpatrick whos ang at this time two song Pale Moon and Ah Let Me Dream. Later Mrs. R. S. McCracken and Mrs. John Howell served a tempting refreshment plate that held chicken sandwiches, white loaf cake and ice-tea.

THE ENDOWMENT FUND

A campaign will be raised over Texas from June 1 to 6 inclusive to raise a national endowment fund of \$5,000,000 for disabled veterans and war orphans, sponsored by the American Legion.

Today Saturday May 30, is Memorial Day, tomorrow is American Legion Endowment Sunday as proclaimed by the Governor of Texas. B. S. Avant, commander of American Legion Corroll Farmer Post at Marfa, will receive any funds which any one might desire to contribute to this great cause.

"For Those Who Gave The Most"

Mrs. O. L. Shipman of Marfa spent Wednesday in Marathon enroute to Glen Springs and other points on the river. Mrs. Shipman is receiving data for her book, which relates about the ranches of the Big Bend region.

—Alpine Avalanche.

Pains Very Severe

"I suffered from womanly troubles which grew worse and worse as the months went by," says Mrs. L. H. Cantrell, of R. F. D. 9, Gainesville, Georgia.

"I frequently had very severe pains. These were so bad that I was forced to go to bed and stay there. It seemed to me my back would come in two."

CARDUI

For Female Troubles

"I taught school for a while, but my health was so bad I would have to stay out sometimes. This went on till I got so bad I didn't know what to do."

"One day I read about the merits of Cardui, and as I had some friends who had been helped by it, I thought I would try it. I began to get better after I had taken half a bottle. I decided to keep on and give it a thorough trial and I did. I took in all about 12 bottles and now I am perfectly well. I do not suffer any pain and can do all my housework."

At All Druggists' E-110

Civil War Fought by Boys

THE veterans of the Civil war are still fondly spoken of as "boys," "the boys in blue." Year after year for sixty years still "boys." It has become almost as specialized as a designation of the soldiers of the Civil war, as senator, as alderman. As age was supposed to mean wisdom, the highest legislative body of old was at first actually and later theoretically, at least, composed of old men. Senator, alderman, means simply, old man.

So the boys in blue, who were only boys when in that blue, have stayed boys in affectionate address ever since, says the Manchester Union. No succeeding war has carried that entitlement. In current conversation we hear the soldiers of the World war spoken of as "soldiers," "legionnaires," even as "veterans." But seldom indeed as "boys." Just why is this? How did the soldiers of the Civil war gain and keep the name "boys"?

Because they were boys, boys as the soldiers of none of our other wars were. That war was fought by boys. When the officer addressed them as "boys" he spoke a literal fact. When the general before a charge cried "boys" he addressed a body that might have been assembled from school and college yards, and were so assembled. These were majors and colonels under twenty. Charles Stoughton was colonel of a Vermont cavalry regiment at seventeen! Boys they were and boys they remained in name and spirit and are still.

There has always been a strange unaccountableness in the buoyancy of spirit of the soldier of the Civil war. It was the last great war that was also a great spectacle, fought over an immense territory, with imposing marches, immense rides, and it caught the imagination as modern wars do not. The dash of cavalry, the charge with the colors, has gone. The Civil war was a great sporting event, fought by boys with the high spirits that they would have fought a football game.

Animosity Forgotten



Still facing each other—but not in battle as they fought years ago in the Civil war—Maj. R. S. Anderson and Maj. James A. Abbott, doorkeepers at the senate, who have been faithful at their posts for more than a quarter of a century. Major Abbott, fighting for the Blue, and Major Anderson the Gray, faced each other at the Battle of Petersburg, Va. Now they are loyal friends and the old contention has been forgotten.

No Sectional Feeling in the Nation Today

There are days in America to celebrate and days to observe. One does not think of Memorial day as a time for celebration. Neither should it be given over to sadness because those for whom it has been set apart are the soldiers who have gone on to the greater adventure—to their final reward.

Memorial day in America came into being as a tribute to the men and the women who had made it possible for the Stars and Stripes to wave over all the land. It was a time for flowers to be strewn upon the graves of the fallen and in the waters that ran down into the sea, in memory of the sailors who lost their lives in the Civil war; it was a time for addresses and ceremonies, through which the memory might be kept green and the rising generation instructed in the debt owed those who had gone before. The time came when the old sectional bitterness passed, when the country reunited in spirit as well as in form. Then it was that the graves of the Confederate dead, whether in the North or the South, also received floral tokens. Across the years the sections joined hands, love in their hearts instead of hate; love of deeds of bravery and sacrifice, whether made in the cause that triumphed or the cause that failed.

PRESIDIO

By Howard W. Peak, Sr. Fort Worth, Texas

Have you never been to Presidio, Way down in the Big Bend of Texas, Where the cactus grows on towering hills, That rear their crests so grand; Where the prairies are all covered, With flowers and grasses high, Where the sunshine's always brilliant, And the breezes are so soft; And the passing clouds look pleasing, With the deep blue vault aloft. Have you never seen this country, Shaped out by God's own hand; This lovely land of pleasure, Down on the Rio Grande?

Down where the Southern Pacific Speeds on her western way; To the "Glorious Land of Sunshine" So poetic writers say. Where the prairie dog and the rattler, And the lonesome whippoorwill, Keep your eyes always a watching— Sending through your frame athrill. Where the bob cat and the panther Are bold to seek their prey; And the coyote is fiercely howling On the hillside o'er the way; And the wild deer is disporting On the crags of the upland; Down in the Mexico country, On the lovely Rio-Grande.

Never been to Presidio County, Out on the Southern way; Where the fish and game are plenty And the mocking birds sing gay? Where on the mountain the sheep are grazing At the rising of the sun; And the shepherd drives them homeward, When the long day's work is done. Where the perch and bass are sporting In the rippling waters pure; And the huntsman seeks the campfire, To rest and dream secure. Then quit your toiling brother, Take rod and gun in hand; And shape your course southwestward, To the lovely Rio Grande.



This Sketch Was Made From An Actual Photograph.

The house shown in the above sketch was located only a couple of mile from Washington D. C. The storn that smashed this house destroyed thousands of dollars worth of property.

This Agency of the Hartford Fire Insurance Company will see that you are protected against windstorm losses.

Call, Write or Phone today.

J. HUMPHRIS

Marfa, Texas

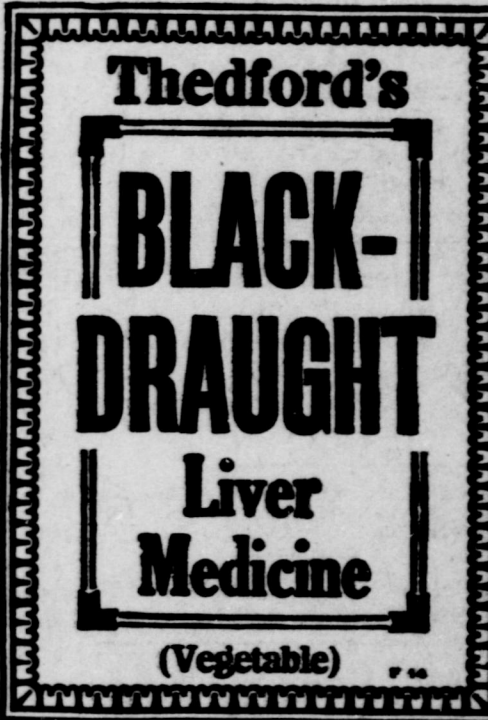
ELECTRICITY

ICE - WATER

Full Stock Westinghouse Globes

Marfa Electric & Ice Co.

V. C. Myrick, Manager "Courteous Service"



Wanted

To buy a two room house in Marfa,

in payments like rent. If you want to sell it under above plan call in THE NEW ERA OFFICE and ask for Rivera.

MODEL MARKET

We handle eggs and butter—none nicer. Brookfield Sausage, Swift's Sliced Bacon, Fresh Kettle Rendered Lard, All Kinds Packing House Products, Veal, Beef, Pork and Mutton.

MODEL MARKET

Gifts That Last

Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Sterling Silver the kind of Goods worth buy and a good Assortment to Select from.

Millinery, Ladies Ready to wear. you will find our Goods just as good Style, and for less money than the large City Store ask.

We like to have you come and see our Goods and won't feel hurt if you don't see fit to buy

THE LOCKLEY'S

Lockley's Jewelry Store The Woman's Toggery.



Alab for all your walls

For sleeping rooms—formal parlors and reception halls—dining room and living room—for the library—and for public buildings.

Properly applied it won't rub off. Ask your dealer for Alabastine Colorchart, or write Miss Ruby Brandon, Alabastine Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

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.

Better and more Economical

Greek Industry Helped

Industry in Greece has received a great impetus from the keen merchants and traders who have migrated from Asia minor and Constantinople since the conclusion of the war between Greece and Turkey, and one of their thriving industries is the manufacture of carpets.

Shave With Cuticura Soap

And double your razor efficiency as well as promote skin purity, skin comfort and skin health. No mug, no slimy soap, no germs, no waste, no irritation even when shaved twice daily. One soap for all uses—shaving, bathing and shampooing.—Advertisement.

Must Also Be Rebuilt

By expenditure of \$10,000,000 St. Paul's cathedral of London may be rebuilt so that it will be safe for another thousand years, says the city surveyor.

If your eyes smart or feel sealed, Roman Eye Balm, applied on going to bed, will relieve them by morning. Adv.

Why ask your dealer to supply you with butter of the first rank?

BRINGS YOUTH TO OLD FOLKS

One of Tanlac's greatest blessings is the new life and vigor it brings to old folks. Men and women up in the seventies and eighties are writing to us every day to thank us for Tanlac's wondrous benefits.

Tanlac is a natural tonic. It drives poisons from the blood, stirs up the lazy liver and puts digestive organs in working order.

Made after the famous Tanlac formula from roots, herbs and rare herbs, it is nature's own tonic and builder—harmless to man or child.

If your body is weakened and run-down, if you lack ambition, can't eat or sleep, you'll be delighted with Tanlac's quick results.

Take Tanlac Vegetable Pills for Constipation

TANLAC FOR YOUR HEALTH

Indispensable

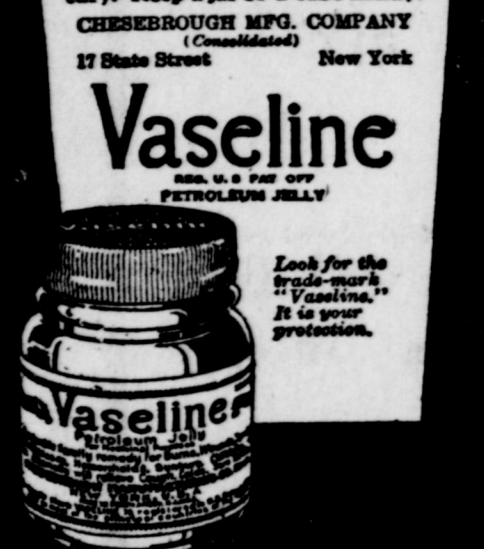
As a safe, soothing and healing dressing for cuts, scalds, burns, sunburned, dry and chapped skin and for all common skin troubles.

"Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly has been indispensable to man or child, and mothers for over half a century. Keep a jar or a tube handy.

CHESEBROUGH MFG. COMPANY (Consolidated) New York
17 State Street

Vaseline

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



Skin Troubles Can Be Cured

Hooper's Tetter-Rem is guaranteed for all skin diseases or troubles, makes no difference of how long standing. If you are troubled with Eczema, Tetter, Itch, (any form) Ringworm, Pimples, Salt-Rheum, Dandruff, Cracked Hands, Follicle Iry, Old Sores, Erysipelas, or any other skin disease or trouble, secure a bottle of Hooper's Tetter-Rem on our positive guarantee to give you entire satisfaction or your money back. A stainless-liquid germicide. Two sizes, 75c and \$1.50. Mfgd. by Euclidean Medicine Co., Dallas, Texas. Sold on money-back guarantee by all druggists, or direct by mail.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale
By Mary Graham Bonner

SOME DAY

John had been promised that some day he would be taken to Cow Bay.

Cow Bay was a most wonderful stretch of beach overlooking a bay or arm of the sea.

No one quite knew why it had been called Cow Bay. There were no cows there. True, you passed cows in pastures as you drove down or walked down to the bay.

It was just a funny old, old name that had stuck. But some people didn't think it was a pretty enough name for so lovely a spot and they called it Silver Sands.

None of the people who had loved it for years called it anything else but Cow Bay. Maybe the name was foolish and maybe it wasn't a very beautiful name.

But if you've always had a name for a place you become attached to it and even if it isn't just the right name, you don't want to change it.

Cow Bay was really a gorgeous spot. It had a great wide, wide beach, and it was very, very long. From one end of the beach to the other the surf rose and fell, tumbled in foamy white tumblers and came dancing up on the sunlit sand.

The water was always so deep and gorgeous blue. The foam so white and fluffy and as it came rushing in on top of the waves the sun danced a rainbow dance through it.

Behind the beach was a forest of low fir trees. It was quite far away from any place except some farms and people did not gather there in large numbers.

So, when you had a picnic there, you felt as though you almost owned the sky and the sea and the beach and the forests—there was so much of all.

"Some day you'll go to Cow Bay. That's a promise." This was what John was told.

"Some day we'll have a picnic at Cow Bay and you'll go, too." This was what they said to him.

Then the days began to get warm and they planned to go to Cow Bay. They planned the picnic they would have. John's family were going and some friends of the family and another little boy was going so John would have someone just his own age with whom to play.

They would have lunch there and afternoon tea. There would be milk for John and his friend instead of afternoon tea, but they would have it in the afternoon, so they could call it afternoon milk. There would be cookies at this meal, too.

It was splendid to see the lunch basket being packed with all the delicious sandwiches which John's mother made.

It was fun to start off in the motor. First they went through the town where John lived.

Then they took a ferry and it was great fun to ride upon a boat right in the car and then stand still while the boat carried them all across the water to the other side.

At the other side they started the car again and went through a small town, then through some woods and beyond some farms to Cow Bay.

There it all was—the blue, blue sea stretching away, way out as though it knew it had all the room in the world, the banks at each far end of the great wide beach, the surf, the clear, clean salt air mingled with the fragrance of the forests—oh, what a heavenly place it was.

They ran races, they went in wading, they went swimming, they ate, they rested, they had their pictures taken, they went in wading again and swimming again and ate again, and they came home after a wonderful day the same way they had gone.

But when they got home there was just one thing John couldn't understand.

They had said they were going to Cow Bay "some day," and now they had gone on Tuesday.

Why hadn't they gone "some day" as they had said instead of Tuesday? And then they explained to John that "some day" meant any day upon which people did the thing they had planned to do "some day."

Ambition

Kindly Old Gent—Well, my little man, what would you like to be when you grow up?
Little Man—I'd like to be a nice old gentleman like you, with nothing to do but walk about and ask questions.

STYLES IN SUMMER WARDROBE; KNITTED WEAR FOR CHILDREN

WHEN the business of assembling a summer wardrobe is under way, the question is not, "Will you have an ensemble suit?" but, "What kind of ensemble will you have?" The attractiveness of ensembles made so strong an impression on the feminine world that the ensemble idea has been exploited in every direction, greatly to the advantage of women. They have made rapid progress in learning to buy things that harmonize and belong together, in their street and other



FINE EXAMPLE OF THE ENSEMBLE SUIT

clothes—even when the outfit is not an ensemble suit.

A fine example of the ensemble suit for summer is pictured here in flannel and printed silk, and it consists of a dress of figured silk and plain flannel, combined, and a long coat of the flannel. A suit of this kind might be developed in any of the season's popular colors—the tan, wood and sand shades, light brown, navy, lavin green or gray. All the natural or "unbleached" shades are well established in the modes for summer and they combine well with other colors. But the model is adapted to other cloths besides flannel, kasha, twills, pongee and the crepe weaves. The underdress is a long tunic with a deep band set on at the bottom and narrower, graduated bands above it. Ensemble suits of this kind may be varied by making a plain skirt to match the coat and wearing long overblouses or tunic blouses with it. In the wood, sand, natural or gray colors, and even in livelier hues, a long, plain coat, like the one pictured, will make itself very

luminous with stripes of brightest-ever orange. Note that this sweater is of brushed wool. The fact that the brushed wool of nowadays is as light in weight as a feather bespeaks its continued favor. Then, too, there is another argument in its behalf, in the pleasure the "kiddies" take in these soft-as-down fuzzy-wuzzy knitted coats.

The popularity of bright red extends into the sweater field for children. Another beloved color this season for little folks' sweaters is madonna blue. In fact blues of all shades are important.

Some adorable full-length fine lightweight coats are being displayed among distinctive knitted outerwear for tiny folks. They are knitted in ribs, and are double-breasted. A little hat to match is made up with a wee roll brim and a perky yarn pom-pom.

Among clever new ideas which a tour of adventure into a fairland of knitted finery for children reveals, are tots' jersey frocks, these having lots



NOVELTY AND GAY COLOR FEATURED

generally useful over light summer dresses.

Among the new showings in ensembles there are suits for formal wear, in which figured silk and black georgette are charmingly combined. The coats are made in long, loose lines with some sort of ribbon ruching, or other trimming at the bottom to give them flaring hues, and their sleeves are fuller.

To visit the juvenile realm of things knitted is like journeying through an Alice-in-Wonderland scene of enchantment. One fascinating discovery after another greets the eye, in the way of cunningly devised sweaters, frocks, capes, scarfs and other charming knitted items too numerous to relate. Gay color? There's a wealth of it. That is what this season's knitted togs for little boys and girls is noted for and this is as it should be, for what more joyous combination is there than children and color?

The little girl in the picture radiates cheer in her sweater of tan blue.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.
(©, 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

THE KITCHEN CABINET

(©, 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

There is so little rest! There is such an unreasoning passion for activity. And so we skim the surface of all things; we never look down into their depths and see the power of help and culture which they might contain.—Philips Brooks.

EVERYDAY FOODS

Nearly everybody will eat and enjoy a good meat pie, if it is well seasoned and properly baked. In a small family there are always leftover meats that may be used in such a pie. For chicken add the gravy, a little thin cream or milk to the bits of meat, cover with baking powder biscuit and bake. Be sure that the chicken is boiling hot when putting on the biscuit, as this will insure them from being soggy, or soaked.

A bit of chopped onion, parsley or a bit of a clove of garlic may be added to a meat pie, making it more appetizing.

Dutch Pot Pie.—Cut into dice one-half pound of smoked ham, cook slowly until well-heated, then add six sliced potatoes, three onions sliced; cook a few minutes with the ham, then add three pints of boiling water. Cover with biscuits made from butter-milk and baking powder, as they are especially light and flaky.

California Eggs.—Have eight hard cooked eggs cut lengthwise. Parboil the tips of a bunch of asparagus. Butter a baking dish, put the eggs into it cut-side up, cover with the asparagus, then add the remaining eggs, yolks down. Prepare a white sauce, using cream and the liquor from the asparagus. Pour this over the dish, sprinkle with seasoning and well-buttered crumbs and bake fifteen minutes.

Breakfast Tomato.—Hollow out small tomatoes and fill with the following: Drop a raw egg into each tomato, season with salt and pepper and cover with two slices of bacon. Add a bit of Worcestershire sauce to each, skewer the bacon with toothpicks and bake in a hot oven twenty minutes.

If you have a little ginger bread left over, or any plain cake, steam it and serve with a lemon or vinegar sauce, for dessert. Use one cupful of sugar, a tablespoonful of flour, one-half cupful of boiling water, a grating of nutmeg and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar or lemon juice. Add a teaspoonful of butter, just before serving.

Add a teaspoonful of sugar to peas, or roast or stewed meats; it adds to the flavor.

Variety of Good Things.

Every little while some one asks for a recipe for Scotch short bread. It is too rich for daily food, but will be enjoyed occasionally; it is nice served with a cup of tea.

Scotch Short Bread.—Take two pounds of flour, one pound of butter, one-half pound of sugar and two beaten eggs, a grating of nutmeg and a teaspoonful of grated lemon peel. Mix and roll one-half inch thick. Prick with a fork and bake in a hot oven.

Breakfast Toast.—Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying pan. Cut bread into one-fourth-inch slices and cut each into squares. Lay these in melted butter. Beat four eggs well; add salt, paprika and pepper to season with one-half cupful of milk; pour over the bread. Cook until well-browned on the bottom, then turn each piece with a spatula and brown on the other side. Serve hot.

Arabian Ambrosia.—This sounds good enough for any occasion, but is a most simple and easy-to-prepare dessert. Measure two cupfuls of choice dates, wipe them carefully and remove the pits. Cut the dates into quarters and combine with one cupful of walnut meats coarsely chopped; add one tablespoonful of lemon juice and arrange the mixture in sherbet glasses; top with a spoonful of whipped cream, or marshmallow cream.

Fruitines.—Beat two eggs and add one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, one-half cupful of softened butter and a teaspoonful of salt. Soak one cupful of raisins in two tablespoonfuls of orange or any fruit juice for an hour, then put through the meat grinder. Mix and sift three and one-half cupfuls of pastry flour; add the fruit juice, one teaspoonful of soda, two tablespoonfuls of milk, one teaspoonful of cinnamon and one-half teaspoonful of cloves. Mix all together and beat well; add the raisins and drop by teaspoonfuls on a baking sheet, two inches apart. Bake eight to ten minutes. This recipe makes about fifty cookies.

Chop Suey.—Take one-half pound of lean veal, cut into pieces, two cupfuls of celery, one-half cupful of onions cut fine, one can of bean sprouts and three tablespoonfuls of Chinese sauce. Heat the mazzola, cook the meat in it until done but not brown, add the celery and onions and cook until well-heated through, but not soft. Add meat stock or water from the bean sprouts to cook the vegetables. To one cupful of broth add two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch to make the gravy; season well, add the chop suey sauce and serve hot.

Nellie Maxwell

CORNS

Lift Off—No Pain!



Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers.

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.

SPOHN'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND

Don't take chances of your horses or mules being laid up with distemper, Indisense, Pink Eye, Laryngitis, Heaves, Coughs or Colic. Give "SPOHN'S" standard remedy for 30 years. Give "SPOHN'S" for Dog Distemper. 60 cents and \$1.20 at drug stores. SPOHN MEDICAL CO. GOSWEN, IND.

Fewer Spaniards Emigrate

Improvement in business and labor conditions in Spain is causing a decrease in the number of people leaving the country permanently.

WHY DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND SWAMP-ROOT

For many years druggists have watched with much interest the remarkable record maintained by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine.

It is a physician's prescription. Swamp-Root is a strengthening medicine. It helps the kidneys, liver and bladder do the work nature intended they should do.

Swamp-Root has stood the test of years. It is sold by all druggists on its merit and it should help you. No other kidney medicine has so many friends.

Be sure to get Swamp-Root and start treatment at once.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.

Somehow the sun never shines half so hot on the baseball grounds as on the harvest field.

NR TONIGHT Tomorrow Alright

It's a mild, vegetable laxative to relieve Constipation and Brighten and keep the digestive and eliminative functions normal.

Used for over 20 years

Chips off the Old Block

NR JUNIORS—Little Mice

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

For children and adults.

SOLD BY YOUR DRUGGIST

ANTS Bee Brand INSECT POWDER

It kills them! Bee Brand Insect Powder won't stain or harm anything except insects. Household sizes, 10c and 25c—other sizes, 50c and \$1.00, at your druggist or grocer.

Write for Free Booklet, "It Kills Them". McCORMICK & CO., Baltimore, Md.

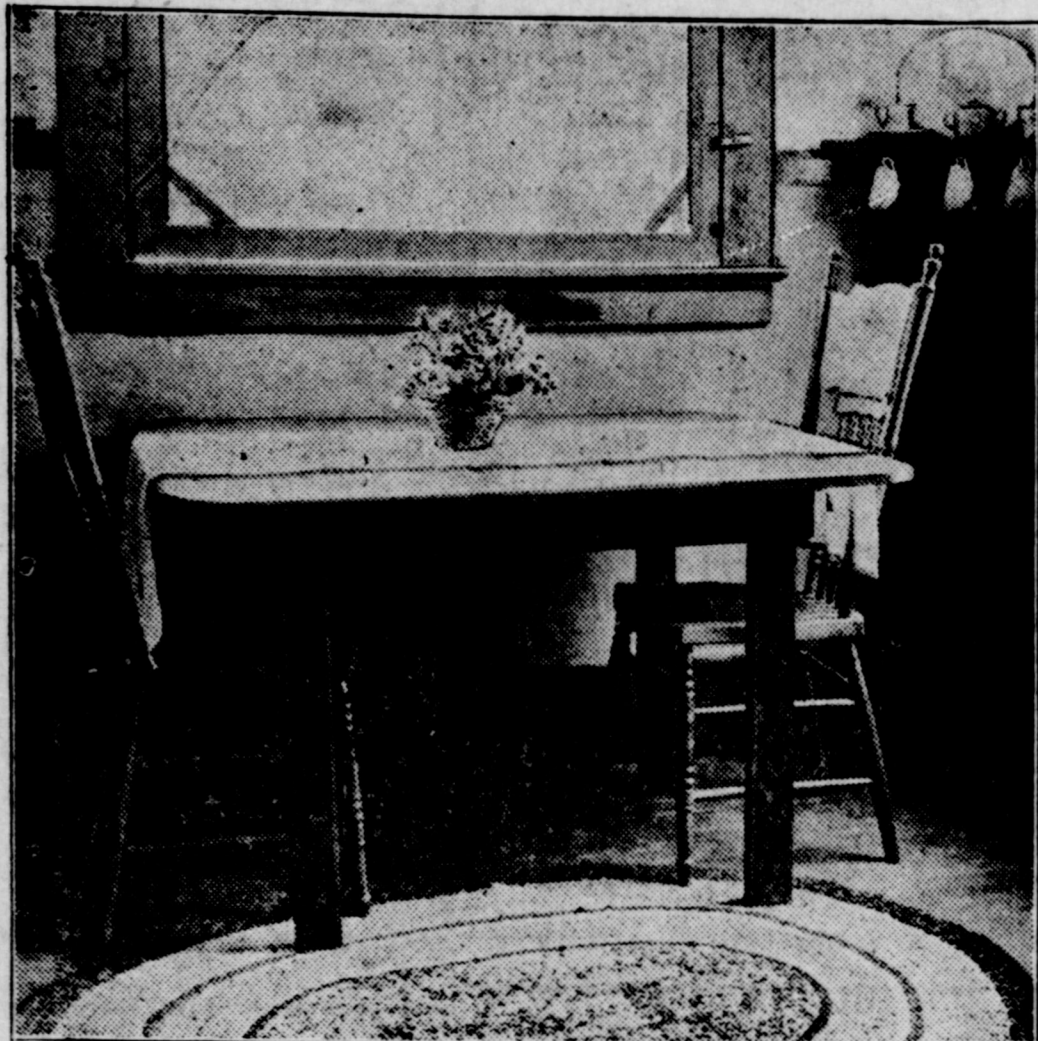
Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic

For Pale, Delicate Women and Children. 60c

ITCH!

Money back without question if HUNT'S SALVE fails in the treatment of ITCH, ECZEMA, RINGWORM, TETTER or other itching skin diseases. Price 75c at druggists, or direct from A. B. Roberts Medicine Co., St. Thomas, Va.

NOOK FOR BREAKFAST IN FARM KITCHEN



Breakfast Nook in Virginia Farm Home.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

In many modern houses a space is especially set apart, either in a corner of the kitchen or between the kitchen and dining room, for what has come to be known as a "breakfast alcove." The fashion has been to have a painted stationary table in this alcove, and built-in benches or seats to match. When painted in gay colors these little alcoves are cheerful and attractive, and as they are so close to the source of supplies and so easily kept clean they save the housewife considerable labor.

A farm woman in Chesterfield county, Virginia, who found it convenient to serve breakfast in her kitchen decided that even if she had no space or materials for building a "breakfast alcove" she could apply the idea to her own needs and the furniture she had already. So she set one end of the kitchen apart for a "breakfast nook" and made it as gay and cheerful as she could with little corner shelves, a bowl of flowers on the table, a fresh table runner, and a bright homemade rug on the floor. Two windows let in the sunshine, and the old table and chairs were given a coat of varnish and polished to make them fit into the general scheme. Except for the varnish no money was spent. The picture was taken by the United States Department of Agriculture.

LAUNDRY METHODS HELP HOUSEWIFE

Much Drudgery Can Be Removed in Ironing.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Clothes should be sorted according to the kind of garment and the amount of soil, the United States Department of Agriculture advises. Stains should be removed, and the clothes should be soaked in cool water one-half, or if convenient, soap badly soiled parts, roll up, just cover with water and let stand over night.

A soap solution makes suds more quickly than soap in the cake. It also cleans more evenly, with less wear to the material, than soap rubbed on. A quantity for use as needed can be made up at one time by dissolving one cake of white soap or two cups of soap flakes, chips or scraps, in three quarts of hot water. For blankets add two tablespoonfuls of borax and one-fourth cupful ammonia.

The clothes may be washed either in clean, hot, soapy water or in cold water and naphtha soap. After rubbing, put in boiler of cold soapy water and boil five minutes. Boiling helps to sterilize and whiten the clothes. Rinse until no dirt or soap comes out into the water. Use warm water in the first rinsing so the soap will not harden.

If clothes are dried in open air and sunshine, bluing should not usually be necessary; but if white clothes have become very yellow or if they must be dried indoors, bluing may be used in



Have Irons Clean and Hot.

the final water. It is better to make a dark bluing water and then add enough to the final rinsing water to bring the desired shade. Stir well. Use less bluing for fine, soft materials and linens and more for coarse thick materials. Some bluing contain a compound of iron which will cause rust spots if it comes in contact with soap. Therefore it is necessary to rinse out all soap before bluing.

The rolls of the wringer should be set tight for cotton materials and loose for linen, or linen can be squeezed out in the hands. Hard wringing creases it badly. Fold buttons in flat to prevent tearing in the wringer.

Soft water is necessary for easy laundry work. Soften either by boiling or by chemicals carefully measured and thoroughly dissolved in the wash water before putting in the clothes. To each gallon of water add one-half tablespoonful of washing

soda, or else teaspoonful of lye for ordinary white cotton and linen materials and one tablespoonful of borax for other fabrics.

For silks, woolsens, and colored materials use lukewarm water with no change of temperature between the washing and rinsing. A soap solution is much better than soap rubbed on the fabric. Use a kneading motion with these materials rather than rubbing. Silks should be put through a wringer with very loose rollers.

Much of the drudgery is taken out of the ironing of white cotton and linen materials if the clothes are evenly dampened and the irons are clean and hot. Iron with the thread of the goods, preferably with the lengthwise threads, until thoroughly dry. Iron as large a space at one time as possible and iron first the parts which hang off the board when finished, and which would dry out quickly.

WATERGLASS KEEPS EGGS MANY MONTHS

Surplus Product Should Be Preserved.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

If you have chickens it is quite probable that from the beginning of April to the end of June you will have a good many more eggs than your family ordinarily needs. Why not save these surplus eggs for use in the fall and winter months, when the hens do not lay so well, and prices in the market for supplementary eggs are very high? Eggs preserved in waterglass solution will be good for all purposes for the table and for cookery after six or even ten months if properly put down. Three simple points must be observed: The eggs must be absolutely fresh when they go into the preserving solution—right off the nest or one day old is best; never more than two days old. Every egg should be examined by candling for minute cracks which might cause spoilage. Every egg should at all times be completely immersed in the solution, at least two inches below the surface.

Get several large stone crocks—three or five gallon size, according to your needs—and put them in the cellar or other cool, dry place where they can remain undisturbed until all the eggs are used. If a jar is moved after the eggs are in it some of the eggs may crack and spoil, which would affect the entire crock.

Thoroughly clean the crock you are ready to use, scald it and allow it to dry. To prepare the waterglass solution add nine parts of water that has been boiled and cooled to one part of waterglass (sodium silicate), which can usually be purchased at drug stores. Stir well and fill the crock with the solution. Put the eggs down into the crock very carefully, from day to day, as they are gathered. If any of the solution evaporates more should be mixed in the same proportion, and added. Very little evaporation will occur, however, if the jar is covered with a tight lid or waxed paper.

Many housekeepers who buy all their eggs arrange in the spring to have a few extra dozen of guaranteed freshness delivered for putting down in waterglass solution. When the retail rate is going up they will have excellent eggs on hand, bought at the season's lowest prices. Even when the family prefers freshly laid eggs for the table, a supply of eggs put down in waterglass will be found both economical and convenient for use in cakes, puddings and other cookery.

Next let us consider crossbreeding. The first generation in this system does very nicely, but if the crossbreds are kept for breeding purposes they are unsatisfactory. Their offspring show lack of uniformity and marked inferiority in many respects.

Now let us consider the scrub. Scrubs are usually unprofitable. They are responsible in a large measure for live stock selling for such a low price. We do not think that they should have a place in southern agriculture.

All that remains for the mass of live-stock producers is to produce high grades by making use of pure-bred sires. We need a few good breeders of pure-bred live stock so that pure-bred sires may be furnished for those interested in raising high grades. The following definitions taken from "Types and Market Classes of Live Stock," by Vaughan, will help farmers to better understand the breeding end of the live-stock business:

LIVE STOCK

EDUCATIONAL FACTS ABOUT LIVE STOCK

It is a well-known fact that at least 90 per cent of the breeders of pure-bred live stock make failures. These are due to many factors, such as high prices of foundation stock, expense of high-priced feeds, expense of keeping animals registered, lack of experience, and the small demand for pure-bred live stock. Since so many make failures in the pure-bred business we would recommend only a few men who know bloodlines, have had experience and understand the fundamentals of breeding, feeding and management—to try it, advises L. V. Starkey, chief of the animal husbandry division of Clemson college.

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"A pure-bred animal is a member of a breed, and is registered or eligible to registry in the herd book of that breed.

"A crossbred animal is one whose sire and dam were both pure bred, but belonged to different breeds. A cross between a Poland-China boar and a Duroc-Jersey sow produces crossbred pigs.

"A grade animal is one produced by mating a scrub female with a pure-bred male. If this grade as a result of the above cross is a female and is in turn mated to a pure-bred male of the same breed (and preferably of the same breed) as its own pure-bred parent the result will be a grade. Grade animals possess from 50 to 75 per cent of pure breeding.

"A high-grade animal is one produced from a scrub foundation by three or more successive crosses of pure-bred sires of the same type and preferably of the same breed. High grades possess 87 1/2 per cent or more of pure breeding.

"A scrub animal is one that bears no evidence of good breeding—one without any pure-bred ancestors, or at most very few and very distant ones."

Much Lamb Loss Is Due to Mistakes in Feeds

Lamb losses in this state are largely due to errors in feeding, and mostly by the lack of appropriate feeds for the ewe before lambing and for both the ewe and lamb after lambing.

"Ewes that come through the winter in poor flesh can't raise a strong thrifty lamb. This is too evident to need data to certify it," says G. P. Williams, sheep extension specialist for the North Carolina State College of Agriculture. "This condition is proved beyond doubt by the fact that lambs arriving after grass starts grow off promptly. Ewes that eke out the winter on hays of the meaneest kinds and on cottonseed hulls or that graze the stark, weatherbeaten landscape can score no success at lambing time.

"Much of the lamb losses attributed to cold weather is in fact due to a badly nourished and thin ewe and to a weak lamb that can't help being weak and flimsy under such circumstances. The foundation of success with ewes at lambing time rests on proper feeding through the winter coupled with outside exercise on range sufficient to keep the bodily processes strong and vigorous."

Scarcity of Hog Feed

The probability of a great scarcity of hog feed in the summer of 1925 is now troubling many farmers. One way out of the difficulty is early seedling and early threshed barley. If everything goes well, it should be possible over a large part of the corn belt to have barley ready to feed to hogs by the last week in July. Of course the barley should be ground, but even after the expense of grinding, the barley should keep the spring pigs growing much more cheaply than the exceedingly scarce and high-priced corn of the crop of 1924.

Feeding Oats to Hogs

The bulk of past experiments indicate that for fattening hogs a bushel of oats has only about 40 per cent as much value as a bushel of corn. For growing hogs and for breeding stock, they may be worth about half as much per bushel as corn. Grinding oats helps a little, but it is doubtful if it helps enough to pay for the cost of grinding. With fall pigs weighing 100 pounds, feed about one-half to a pound of oats per head daily for a month or so.

Famous Forts in U. S. History

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

Outposts of the Old S. W. Frontier

When white "squatters" began trespassing upon the lands set aside for the Choctaw Indians in the present state of Oklahoma a hundred years ago, the government determined to establish military posts in that region to protect its red wards. Accordingly Col. Matthew Arbuckle, commandant at Fort Smith, Ark., was ordered to select sites for two new forts, one near the mouth of the Verdigris river in the valley of the Arkansas and the other near the mouth of the Kiamitia in the Red river country.

Arbuckle asked Col. Auguste P. Chouteau, a Creole French trader who was familiar with the region, to select the site for the post on the Verdigris and by the middle of April, 1824, Chouteau and Capt. Nathaniel Pryor, another well-known frontiersman of that day, had chosen the place. Within a few weeks Arbuckle had established there a stockaded fort and it was occupied by a force of 300 men. This was the beginning of Fort Gibson, named in honor of Col. George Gibson, then commissary general.

The first few years of Fort Gibson's existence were uneventful. It was a lonely outpost with canoe travel on the Grand river as the only means of communication with the outside world until 1828, when the first steamboat arrived. In 1832 Washington Irving visited the post, and in his book "A Tour of the Prairies" we are given some interesting glimpses of life at this far western military post.

In 1844 there was organized at Fort Gibson an expedition to return to their people some captive Kiowa and Wichita Indian children, who had been ransomed from the Osages, and Gen. Henry Leavenworth came to the fort to take command. This was the first appearance of the newly organized First dragoons which numbered among its officers such celebrities as Henry Dodge, Stephen W. Kearney, Edwin V. Sumner, Philip St. George Cooke and Jefferson Davis. George Catlin, the famous Indian painter, also accompanied the expedition.

From that time on Fort Gibson was an important post in the southwest and with the exception of three or four years just before the Civil war it was continuously garrisoned by regulars until 1890. During the Civil war it was the center of operations for the armies which were contesting for control of Indian Territory but after the war the frontier had been pushed so far beyond it that it gave place in importance to several other Oklahoma forts, notably Fort Sill.

A Citadel of the Plains

"Whenever the history of the Southwest shall be written, more than one long and interesting chapter must be devoted to the first permanent settlement on its plains and the first permanent settler there," writes George Bird Grinnell, the eminent historian of the west, and he is referring to Bent's Fort on the Arkansas and Col. William Bent, Colorado's first settler and first settler. What Fort Laramie was to the Oregon Trail country, Bent's Fort (which, like Laramie, was also first called Fort William) was to the land through which ran the Santa Fe historic trail.

It was in 1828 that William Bent, his brother Charles and Ceran St. Vrain began this post, 15 miles above the mouth of the Purgatoire river, and when they had finished it in 1832 it was a veritable citadel of the plains. More than 150 Mexicans had labored on it, building it of adobe, 180 feet long, 135 feet wide, 15 feet high and with walls four feet thick, impervious alike to Indian arrow or torch. Two high loop-holed towers stood at opposite corners and over the main gate was a watchtower in which was mounted a telescope which swept the whole surrounding landscape.

Bent's Fort is rich in history for it stood on a great highway along which swept the whole colorful procession of western conquest. It saw the Doniphan and Kearney expeditions march past on the way to Mexico in 1846. It saw the long wagon trains of the Santa Fe trade winding along that historic trail and it was visited by many famous travelers and explorers.

After the decline of the fur trade Colonel Bent tried in the early '50's to sell his fort to the government as a military post but failed. So in 1852 he laid charges of gunpowder under it and blew its massive walls into the air. By this time the settlers were arriving and near here grew the present city of Pueblo.

In 1853 Bent began a new fort of stone on the north side of the Arkansas river about 38 miles below the site of the old one. In 1859 the government leased this fort and named it Fort Fauntleroy, then renamed it Fort Wise, in honor of the governor of Virginia. But when he joined the Confederacy at the outbreak of the Civil war it was renamed Fort Lyon in memory of the Union general who fell at the battle of Wilson's Creek, Missouri. Although the site of the post has changed several times, the Fort Lyon, Colo., of today claims as its progenitor the historic "Bent's Fort on the Arkansas."

AFTER HER BABY CAME

Mrs. Hollister Unable To Do Her Work for Six Months

Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Health



MRS. HENRY HOLLISTER, WYANDOTTE, MICHIGAN

Wyandotte, Michigan.—"After my baby was born I did not do my own work for six months and could hardly take care of my own baby. I always had a pain in my right side and it was so bad I was getting round shoulders. I would feel well one day and then feel so bad for three or four days that I would be in bed. One Sunday my mother came to see how I was, and she said a friend told her to tell me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. So the next day I got a bottle and before it was half taken I

got relief. After I was well again I went to the doctor and he asked me how I was getting along. I told him I was taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and he said it did not hurt any one to take it. I am always recommending the Vegetable Compound to others and I always have a bottle of it on hand."—Mrs. HENRY HOLLISTER, R. F. D. No. 1, Box 7, Wyandotte, Michigan.

Another Woman's Case

St. Paul, Minnesota.—"I have a little girl three years old and ever since her birth I have suffered with my back as if it were breaking in two, and bearing-down pains all the time. I also had dizzy spells. I had read several letters of women in the newspapers, and the druggist recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to my husband for me. As a result of taking it my back has stopped aching and the awful bearing-down feeling is gone. I feel stronger and do all of my housework and tend to my little girl. I have also taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills for constipation. I have recommended these medicines to some of my friends and you may use this letter as a testimonial if you wish. I will be pleased to answer letters of other women if I can help them by telling them what this medicine has done for me."—Mrs. PRICE, 147 West Summit Avenue, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Many a girl has lived to regret the day she married a man just to keep some other girl from getting him.

A New York man claims to be a female reformer. He manufactures costumes for chorus girls.

CHILDREN CRY FOR

Fletcher's CASTORIA

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To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

A good many people, who are trying to get into the social swim, should put on life preservers. An egotist is a man who thinks that the world thinks as much of him as he does of himself.

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"I had 30 running sores on my leg for 11 years, was in three different hospitals. Amputation was advised. Skin grafting was tried. I was cured by using Peter's Ointment."—Mrs. F. E. Root, 237 Michigan Street, Buffalo, N. Y. Mail orders filled by Peter's Ointment Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

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W. N. U., HOUSTON, NO. 19-1925.

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LESSON FOR BOYS

THE boy or girl in school can honor Memorial Day by a quiet resolution to prove a patriot of peace. It is no mere figure of speech to assure the high school boy that peace can offer him as true a challenge as war offered to the doughboy going over the top. To see to it that a spirit of chivalry from boys toward girls marks our schoolhouse and our town; to keep the graduating class clean from jealous bickering politics; to insist on fair work in class and fair play everywhere—will not those opportunities for right dealing call out the soldier tone? Indeed they will! If every family caught the spirit of valiant living that marks Memorial Day, should not America witness a new generation of fearless patriots of peace?—Youth's Companion.

Memorial Day Observance

WHAT does "memorial" signify? The answer is, in memory of our dead or a day to decorate the graves of those we love and friends we respected, not forgetting our unknown soldier.

All nationalities and different religious denominations in churches and out in the open pay religious tribute to those who have departed to meet their Maker through the most fervent prayers, and the laying of flowers and flags on the graves of our dead is a most solemn duty accompanied by joy and tears—a joy on that day i. we are in close proximity to those we loved and tears when our recollections of the past are so vividly fresh in our minds.

Memorial day is the one day in the year when the good and bad, the rich and poor, the haughty and humble, through their grief at the resting place of their beloved forget the difference of their stations in life, because here is the time and the place where only through the name on the tombstones is there any distinction.

Little children assist in decorating the graves of those they love—perhaps a schoolmate, sister or brother, mother or father. Of all times in their lives this is the most solemn, their faces plainly indicating their seriousness, proving that the heartaches of all vary but little.

All these most human labors of love for the departed ones take place in nearly every hamlet of this great nation. Also, the meaning of Memorial day reaches wherever our people may be—around the world from the most prosperous individual to the most willful whose liberty is curtailed to the confines of their place of incarceration, because the most hardened men and women have sincere recollections when thinking of their dead.

This is the day set aside by most states of our Union to forcibly bring to our minds that those whom we loved in life and our country's heroes should not be forgotten in their lonely surroundings.

A single flower of little value placed on a grave denotes thoughtfulness or a possible sacrifice by a humble sufferer. However, value does not count, but remembrance does. This is the real meaning of the word "memorial."

May 30 is a day when in the morning at least we should refrain from doing things that create too much jollification, as this is the time when many in an official capacity and otherwise are visiting the homes of our dead, performing a most sacred duty. A little serious thought on what the day represents would mean more reverence for our dead.—J. P. Brophy, in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

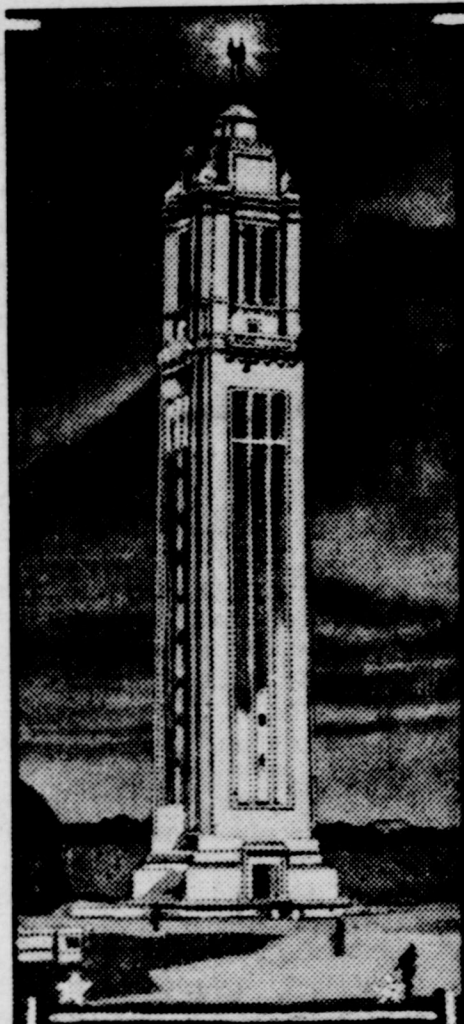
Impressive Tribute



One of the most striking pieces of statuary on the famous battlefield of Gettysburg. It surmounts the monument erected to the One Hundred and Twenty-third New York Regiment on Culp's hill.

Chimes in Tower of World War Memorial

Beauty to eye and ear is embodied in a carillon tower designed as a memorial to the sacrifices and ideals of the American people during the World war. Containing 54 bells said to be able to produce 270 tones, the monument is to be erected in Washington by the National Carillon association at



Monument to Be Erected That Will Have Bells in Tower for Playing Chimes.

a cost of \$3,000,000. Columns near the top of the tower will provide openings so that the chimes may be heard at a considerable distance. It is planned to have masters in carillon performance give concerts on the set at appropriate occasions.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Memorials Worthy of America's Great

Strikingly in contrast are the two memorials by the banks of the Potomac to two great American Presidents. The tall shaft which expresses the nation's tribute to George Washington is wholly different from the lower, square, temple-like memorial to Abraham Lincoln a short distance to the west. Each is a perfect example of its style. Each is a complete expression of the nation's thought.

The Washington obelisk rises high above all other structures in the capital. It is simple, pure and stately. It dominates the landscape. For many miles it is visible, the first mark of Washington, the city. It is of a form that in the ancient days was adopted to perpetuate the fame of the rulers of Egypt, a classic type, geometrically perfect, architecturally complete.

The Lincoln memorial could not have been effective if similar to its loftier neighbor. There could be no second tall shaft without lessening the significance of each.

Between Lincoln and Washington stretched a space of 64 years, from the end of the former's term to the beginning of the latter's, a little less than the space that has elapsed since Lincoln's death to this day. Thus in a way the Lincoln memorial marks the midpoint of the national career to the present from the first administration under the Constitution.

Other memorials will doubtless arise to the great men of the nation who have rendered valuable services, but none will be more eloquent than these two.

Day of Peace

On Memorial day the republic honors the memory of its heroes of three wars. Yet the day is distinctly a day of peace. We are grateful for peace, and we are grateful to the men who died to assure us peace with liberty and honor.

HIS DECORATION

By Gertrude West



The whole little village far and wide was gleaming bloom for its honored dead. With tears for those who had died and died, but I—had only held. The scent of the roses so wind-blown sweet went billowing by like God's caress. And I saw a son and a mother meet—and ached with loneliness. So my eyes were blurred till I could not see the wreath-bright crowd's advance. Until one little flower girl ran to me—"Oh, buy a poppy for France," said she; "For Flanders Field and France."

For France—and my face stung sharply hot. This May day sweet with its blossom strewn

To be a soldier and be forgot—a few short years—so soon! She looked up sweetly and said, "Don't grieve.

Perhaps you've your own cross Over There?" I smiled and showed her my empty sleeve and said, "My cross I bear!"

And, "Alone" she murmured. "Beneath the flag your blood was spilled to lift?" Then she tore out the bloom from her hair at that

And thrust it into my ragged hat—All day I wore her gift. —Youth's Companion.

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J. W. HOWELL, Sec.

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1st Tuesday Night, 1st Degree
2nd Tuesday Night, 2nd Degree
3rd Tuesday Night, 3rd Degree
4th Tuesday Night, Initiatory Degree. All visiting brothers are cordially invited to be present.

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DR. A. G. CHURCH, Sec.

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