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THE NEW ERA

Marfa is the gateway to the proposed State Park, which contains the most beautiful scenery in the whole Southwest. Spend your vacation among your own scenery.

VOLUME 36

MARFA, TEXAS, SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1925.

NUMBER 62.

SUL ROSS APPRECIATES

To the People of Marfa:
The faculty and student body of Sul Ross, by a risin vote in chapel last Tuesday, expressed of the courtesy, generosity, and true western hospitality extended them by the people of Alpine, Ft Davis & Marfa on Monday June 22. As one student expressed it: "From time immemorial it has been the custom to give receptions, parades, and formal social functions to honor visiting dignitaries such as kings, presidents, and governors, but it remained for three towns of the Big Bend to eclipse all other entertainments in their scenic drive and barbecue for the hard working student body of Sul Ross. They gave their best, and they had much to give."

One of the charms of this hospitality was its uniqueness. The entire program for the day bore the stamp of originality which characterizes everything that is done in this western land. The blithe holiday spirit that greeted the guests at Berkeley Hall, the beauties of the drive, the barbecue under the cottonwoods at Fort Davis, the reception and delicious refreshments at the Community House in Marfa all went into the making of a day which stands out on the Sul Ross calendar. There are few sections that can offer to visitors such beauty as that of the Davis Mountains and Musquiz Canyon, such spots of interests as the old Fort, at Davis and the Post at Marfa; there are fewer still, perhaps that can offer a welcome so hearty and genuine, a spirit of friendliness and good cheer so infectious as that which greeted the guests at every stage of the scenic drive.

Long after many lessons have been learned in Sul Ross and forgotten, the faculty and students will remember the delightful course in fun and friendliness learned from those Heads of the School of Hospitality and Good Cheer, the people of Marfa, Fort Davis, and Alpine.

B. A. BORROUM. Pioneer Cattleman and Trail Driver

Three generations of the Borroum family have been identified with the cattle industry of Texas as cowboys traildrivers and breeders and raisers. Monroe Choate and J. B. Borroum, in 1886 bunched up 1000 big steers in Karnes County. Borroum took 200 of these steers to New Orleans to sell in order to raise money to get the remainder to the northern market. Choate started up the trail with the other 800 head and Borroum overtaking the outfit near Kansas line, going through to Ottumwa, Iowa.

B. A. Borroum was born in Lavaca county, Nov. 11, 1845, and raised there since, ranching in Old Mexico from 1884 until 1895, when he moved back to the U.S. as he succinctly expresses it "for keeps". Mr Borroum was up the trail in the years 1870, 1871, 1874, 1881, 1882, 1883 and 1884.

"My first experience on the trail," Mr. Borroum narrates, "was in the year 1870, when about first of April I started from Monroe Choate's Ranch in Karnes County with a herd of cattle belonging to Choate & Bennette. E. F. Rutledge was the boss and part owner. Among the hands were Jessie McCarty, Drew Lamb, Ben Johnson, George Blackburn, John Strait, and one or two others whose names I have forgotten. Going North all the time we crossed the Guadalupe at Gonzales, the Colorado at Austin, the Brazos, at Old Fort Graham, the Trinity at Fort Worth, Red River at Red River station, the Washita at Dr Sterns the Red Fork near Turkey creek stage Stand in Kaw Reservation, the Salt Fork at Cow Creek Station, the Arkansas at Wichita, the Smoky at Abilene, Kansas, which was our destination, and where we arrived about July first.

In the spring of 1871 I again went up with a herd belonging to Choate & Bennette with Jack Scroggin as boss and part owner. The hands on

(Continued to page 5)

Declaration of Independence



BUYS FINE SHEEP

A. C. Easterling an dwife, of Stamford, are in the city spending a few days with relatives. Mr. Easterling spent the past week on his Devil's River ranch, fourteen miles from town and reports things moving along very nicely since the rain.

He cites that he recently purchased sixteen head of bucks from T. L. Drisdale of Juno, which are considered exceptionally good. He also has a number of bucks bred by Dr. W. Lest of Ohio and W. S. Hansen of Utah. Mr. Easterling is a new man in the sheep business, but his experience in the cattle business has taught him that it pays to secure the best breeding stock obtainable.

ST. PAULS EPISCOPAL GUILD HOLDS MEETING.

The members of St. Pauls Episcopal Guild motored out to the ranch home of Mrs. Jim Walker Wednesday afternoon and held a delightful meeting. The president of the Guild Mrs. W. J. Yates, presided. The meeting opened with the Lords prayer, repeated in concert. After which Mrs. A. S. Carver made a beautiful talk on what the Lords prayer meant to her. After the regular routine of business, a social hour was held and the hostess served a tempting refreshment plate holding cream cheese, with pimiento on lettuce leaf, cream puffs, wafers and iced tea.

REVIVAL SERVICES

The Chares Reign Scoville party closed a most successful revival at the First Christian church Tuesday evening. Under the leadership of this wonderful evangelist party the church has been greatly helped. Dr. Scoville's preaching was clear-cut, straight forward, powerful and according to the Book. Mrs Scoville's gospel solo work was the best ever heard in our city and she sang in a way that was a delight to all and her work with the children was an outstanding feature of the meeting. The Booster Choir and Bible drills were much enjoyed and instructive to the children. The vocal solo by little Miss Mary Martha Coffield brought a storm of applause and was repeated at Sunday School. There were 42 additions to the church and two young ladies came forward the last night of the meeting, for Christian service. Every member of this splendid company is an expert in his or her line of work. Mrs. Scoville and Miss Scoville left Sunday night for their home in Chicago. Dr. Scoville and Mr. Farris will take a short vacation before returning home, their headquarters will be at the Brite ranch for the next few days. Mr. Axtell left Tuesday night to join his wife and children in Chicago.

PIONEER MINISTER PASSES

Rev. J. R. Miller, who died at Lubbock on June 27th aged 75 years, was buried at Fort Davis on Monday. Rev. L. R. Millican, who in the old days was associated with the deceased in pioneer missionary labors in West Texas, conducted the funeral services, assisted by Rev. R. H. Irving of Fort Davis, Rev. S. G. Marsh of Marfa and Rev. C. Bowles of Alpine. The deceased was a Baptist minister for over 45 years, having been ordained in August 1877. Walter Miller, prominent merchant of Fort Davis is the eldest son of the departed pioneer servant of Christ.

BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES

The pastor assisted in the funeral of Brother Miller at Fort Davis on Tuesday. Brother Millican a life long friend of Bro. Miller's was in charge of the service. Brethren Bowles and Irving also had a part. Bro. Miller was a pioneer preacher. He died at Lubbock.

As we come to the birthday of our nation let the christian people remember that the religious liberty that we now enjoy is a part of our American heritage and be thankful therefor. Our people may be surprised to know that today in Roumania a couple who are Baptists will not be granted a marriage license by the civil authorities. In England Nonconformists have to pay taxes to help support a church other than their own.

The B. Y. P. U. had breakfast in the Mimms pasture one morning last week. Twenty were there for the eats and fun.

The Girls Attery was entertained by Verna Anpheys Wednesday afternoon.

Last Sunday morning we had the largest mid-summer Sunday school we have ever had. Make it larger next Sunday and bring a great offering for the orphans.

Programs for Piasano are out. The session will open July 31. We want the biggest delegation Marfa has ever sent. Three new features will be the great Bible class conducted by Dr. J. B. Tidwell of Baylor University, the school of gospel music conducted by Prof. I. E. Reynolds and the boy scout work in charge of Mr. J. H. Anderson, director of that fine work in El Paso. S. F. Marsh.

Through the effort of Mr. L. C. Brite, of Marfa, Dr. Chares Reign Scoville has been secured, and is now at Marfa to conduct a religious revival at the newly completed, magnificent Christian church building. Dr. Scoville spoke at the barbecue at Fort Davis Monday. —Alpine Avalanche.

HOT WEATHER AND CAMP MEETIN' SPECIALS

Ladies- At the very time you need'm, we are going to offer our stock of Luxite and Phoenix Ladies silk Hose at REDUCED prices- Not all sizes not all colors, but big VALUES in the sizes and colors we have- they'll be on the counter, easy to see, and to select, come and see and buy those that suit you. We say Reduced and mean Reduced.

Men- Get on this DEAL yes- sir-re- they are genuine Imported English Broadcloth shirts collar attached in white and in \$1.48 gray. Size 14 to 15 1-2 not seconds or samples but 1st class Mdse. How can we do it? It's a 'pick up' for you and that's the interestin' part for you. Now is the time you need'm and NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY'M.

Mothers:- Ask the Children which shoe they prefer? They'll tell you "RED GOOSE". Not because the name sounds "sweet" but because they fit good, feel good on their feet look good too and remember- they're made that way on purpose - That is why they want "RED GOOSE"



What a satisfaction it should be to know that every order for Groceries here means two important things for you -- that you are getting Groceries of unquestionable merit -that HAVE proven up to every rightful expectation -- and worth the price.

That you are paying a "Cash" price - always a saving price - that you are PAYING for what YOU get - "Cash" means one price - small Profits-

One month trial of buying your Groceries here at our Cash prices will make you a life long Customer of our Store. We dare you to try us-- Groceries, Fresh Vegetables, Fruits, Hardware, Garden Tools.

P. S. - Need a Koolin' Drink—order a case of Grape Juice or Clicquot Ginger ale.

Dry Goods Phone No. 36.

MURPHY-WALKER COMPANY,

Groceries Phone No. 30.

"THINK IT OVER"

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

Mary Graham Bonner

WIND'S SLEEPING PALACE

"You can leave the Wind's Sleeping Palace any time you wish," the snake told Tommy, who, off adventuring, hurried along.



"Thanks," Said Tommy.

Tommy saw the Wind's Sleeping Palace.

He never believed anything could be so wonderful. He just wanted to stand and stare at it.

"Take your time," the snake said. "I'm hurrying off to the Rock Sleeping Apartments of the Snakes. They're over at the other side of the Palace."

So the snake was off and Tommy was alone. And yet there was singing going on somewhere. It sounded as though many bumblebees and humming birds and crickets and Katydid and birds were all singing very, very softly in chorus. It was like a lullaby.

Although Tommy felt very wide awake he felt that if he tried very hard even he could take a sleep with the others.

The sun was shining down and the air was filled with the perfume of sweet fern. But the Palace was the most wonderful of all.

It was made of thatched brown grass and looked as though the grass of sunny, hilly fields had been gathered to make the Wind's Sleeping Palace.

At the great entrance was a long grove of wild rosebushes, wild honeysuckle and ferns of all kinds. The windows of the palace were edged by vines and there were turrets and towers and courtyards and rooms and rooms and rooms.

Chimneys were seen here and there. At least Tommy thought they were chimneys for fluffy gray smoke passed along.

"It almost looks like the sky," Tommy said to himself. And at that moment he was joined by a lovely big butterfly.

"Did I hear you say the roof looked like the sky?" the butterfly asked. Tommy nodded his head.

"It is the sky!" the butterfly exclaimed. "Do you suppose such a great and important person as the Wind would have anything less or lower than the sky for a roof? Gracious no! Besides the Wind says he can't sleep unless he has plenty of air and a view of the sky."

"It puts him to sleep, he says. The clouds pass overhead and some of them look so fluffy that the Wind says they make him begin to dream of a soft bed and a pleasant sleep and that in this way his roof sky rests him."

"The chorus sings, too, so as to sing to sleep all those who come to the Wind's Palace."

"Do many come here?" Tommy asked.

"Dear me, yes," the butterfly answered. "Any of Mother Nature's children can come. There are any number of sleeping apartments but the Wind has the great hall in the center of the Palace for his sleeping room. He has gone there now."

"Before you get to the Wind's Sleeping hall you will find the Tread Softly Capboard."

"There you can pick yourself out a pair of guaranteed-not-to-make-a-sound moss slippers."

"The Wind never wakes up by footsteps if these slippers are worn. But on your way in be sure to go through the Wind's Royal Wardrobe and see the Wardrobe Chief."

"Thanks," said Tommy, "for telling me all this."

"Well," the butterfly said, "you've been a friend to many members of my family. You've caught us and pinned us with cruel pins. You've felt, I think, what it would be like to be pinned down and not able to fly free and happy in the sunshine. Not that you've ever had such an experience but you can imagine how a butterfly must feel."

Tommy walked now through the long grove which led to the great Palace door.

There he saw a huge sign. In bright golden letters on a great piece of birch bark were written these words: "Attention! Attention! Attention!"

"To Visitors—The Wind is now asleep. Pray walk quietly and make no noise. Uphold the traditions of the Palace. When the Wind dies down, as the Earth people say, there is silence and quiet."

The Palace Was Most Wonderful.

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"To Visitors—The Wind is now asleep. Pray walk quietly and make no noise. Uphold the traditions of the Palace. When the Wind dies down, as the Earth people say, there is silence and quiet."

Famous Forts in U. S. History

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

A Fort That Once Was a Territorial Capital

Among the military posts established by the federal government, Fort Whipple in Arizona is one of the few that can boast of having been a center of civil as well as military government and that it once served the state in which it stands as a territorial capital. It was built in 1863 near Granite creek by Maj. E. B. Willis of Col. James H. Carleton's famous "California column" and it was established there to help hold the southwest for the Union after Carleton had driven the Confederates out. It was named in honor of Brig. Gen. Amiel Weeks Whipple, who in his youthful military career had explored a part of the wilderness of Arizona before the Civil war and who lost his life at the battle of Chancellorsville.

In January, 1864, John N. Goodwin, governor of the newly-created territory of Arizona, arrived at Fort Whipple and immediately designated it as the temporary capital. In May the fort was moved about 20 miles southwest to its present location and by July there had sprung up near it a thriving little town which was named Prescott in honor of the distinguished historian. During the following years there was a spirited rivalry between Prescott and Tucson for the honor of being capital of Arizona. Eventually both lost out to Phoenix, but for a long time Prescott seemed to have the better claim, partly because of its nearness to Fort Whipple, the center of military affairs in the territory.

In 1869 Fort Whipple was made headquarters of the military department of Arizona and Southern California and there in 1872 came Gen. George Crook to subdue the hostile Apaches who had terrorized the southwest from the days of the earliest white occupancy. Fort Whipple at that time was described by one of Crook's officers as "a ramshackle, tumbled-down palisade of unbarked pine logs hewn from the adjacent forest slopes, which was supposed to 'command' something—exactly what it is not known for it was so dilapidated that every time the wind blew we were afraid it was doomed."

Unimpressive as the old fort was, however, it deserves a place in history if for no other reason than that it was the base of operations of Crook's campaigns against the Apaches, as brilliant an achievement as any in the annals of the American army, which brought a greater period of peace to the harried border than it had known for centuries. Today Fort Whipple is only one of a number of posts, which the war department maintains in the west, whose glory lies in the past when the red man rode the war trail against the whites.

"He Who Finds Gold Dies in the Almshouse"

He was a Swiss adventurer, born in Germany, schooled in the French army and a member of a band of trappers who crossed the western plains to California in 1838. There the Spanish governor Juan Alvarado, made him a general and presented him with 11 square leagues of land upon which he built, at the junction of the American river and the Sacramento, a fort which he named Fort New Helvetia.

With an army of 50 men as a garrison, he dwelt here in feudal state, ruling over thousands of Indians who cultivated his broad acres of wheat, tended his vineyards or cared for his herds of 12,000 cattle, 10,000 sheep and 2,000 horses and mules. Governor Micheltorean, Alvarado's successor, presented him with an additional 11 square leagues of land and so Gen. John A. Sutter was truly a "monarch of all he surveyed."

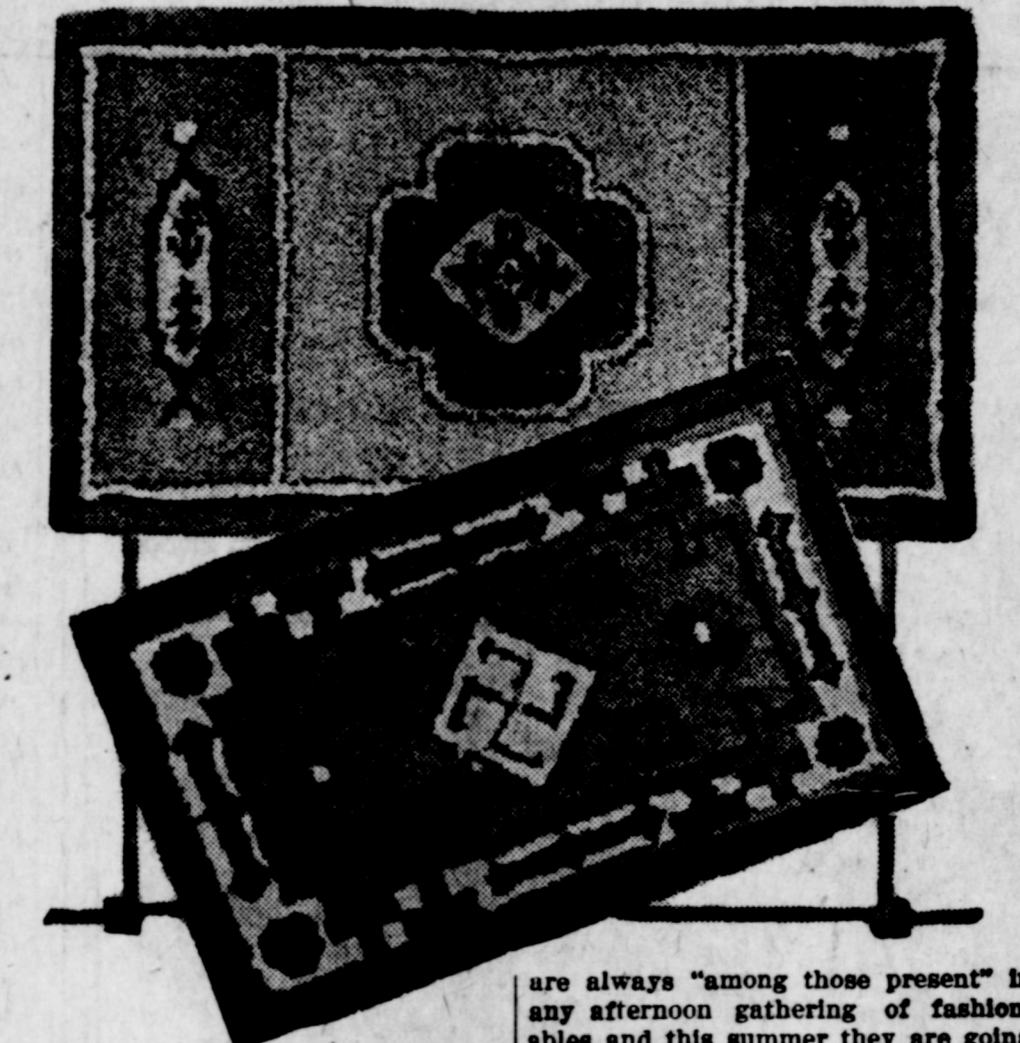
Then on January 24, 1848, Capt. James W. Marshall, employed by Sutter to build a sawmill at Coloma up the American river, found in the sands some shining particles. He told Sutter about it and although they tried to keep secret the discovery of gold, the news leaked out. One day in May a man walked down the streets of San Francisco holding aloft a bottle of shining dust and shouting, "Gold! Gold! Gold from the American river!"

The news depopulated San Francisco. Sailors deserted their ships in the harbor. A tide of gold-mad humanity surged around Fort New Helvetia or Fort Sacramento, as it was also called. The Swiss "king's" stores were looted by reckless adventurers who soon followed the first argonauts; his live stock was stolen; his lands were overrun by squatters.

"He who finds gold will die in the almshouse." So runs an old Spanish proverb. Gen. John A. Sutter learned the bitter truth of that. California became a part of the United States and the titles given by the Spanish governors were no longer recognized. He appealed to the United States courts for recompense and justice. For awhile he was given a monthly pension of \$250 but relinquished this bounty after receiving it 14 years. Embittered and poverty-stricken he went east and settled in the little town of Litz, Pa. There he died in 1880.

Fort New Helvetia, Sutter's Fort, is now the city of Sacramento, the capital of California.

Pretty Things that are made at Home



Now that interior decorators are sending people into the byways of all the older parts of the country in quest of early American home furnishings, a number of the old arts are being revived. The pieced quilt, hooked rug, colonial carpets and fine needlecraft, in personal belongings are not only revived, but they are fashionable. The possessor of a patchwork quilt, with intricate quilting, points with pride to this example of early American art. Club women "come and bring their knitting" and industriously ply their needles while discussing many subjects, serious and otherwise. They find knitting conducive to thought and soothing to the nerves. Decorators are exhibiting rooms charmingly furnished, as in the early days of our country, with homemade furnishings.

The old art of hooking promises to outstrip the handsome efforts of our grandmothers' day. A heavy yarn is used for the new hooked rugs and a special needle has been invented to make the work rapid and easy. Burlap makes the foundation of the rug and may be secured ready-stamped in

are always "among those present" in any afternoon gathering of fashionables and this summer they are going to be even more conspicuous and beautiful than they have been. Already style creators are promoting the use of sheer fabrics for midsummer ensembles. Chiffon, georgette, voile and silk that is light as a feather, contribute beauty and promise comfort for even sultry afternoons, and the chiffon coat, in black, is worn over dresses of printed silk as well as over those of crepe, georgette or chiffon. In the ensemble pictured the coat has a wide double border of fur at the bottom and on the sleeves. In this particular it is not representative of chiffon coats in general. They are usually finished with a ruching of ribbon, a fringe of monkey fur, wide tucks or with fanciful borders made of the chiffon, as petal trimmings or ruchings. In other particulars the coat is an ideal interpretation of the mode.

The most popular version of the ensemble suit for mid-summer consists of a frock of printed silk, with black chiffon introduced in bands, borders or other trimmings, worn under a long, full coat of black chiffon. Or the frock is of printed chiffon, showing a large



ENSEMBLE FOR MIDSUMMER

designs of several kinds, including those shown in the photograph. But resourceful women often make their own designs or copy some of the famous old ones. The burlap is stretched tightly on a frame and the outline of the design hooked in. As each row of hooking is finished the loops are cut. When the entire design has been hooked the background is put in. When finished the back of the rug is shellacked and lined. Color combinations can be arranged to suit any color scheme and very handsome rugs provided for the home at a small outlay.

With all their excursioning into business and professions, the instinct of home-making remains unchanged in most women. The great majority of them are more interested in beautifying their homes than anything else—except their children and themselves.

The comfortable and smart ensemble suits, introduced for spring, are things of beauty and might prove a joy all summer, if it were not that their coats will be too warm when hot weather comes. But ensembles will not be banished on that account—they

The KITCHEN CABINET

Isn't it fine when the day is done, And the petty battles are lost or won, When the gold is made and the ink is dried, To quit the struggle and turn aside To spend an hour with your boy in play And let him race all of your cares away? —Edgar Guest.

FOOD FOR TWO

Almost all housekeepers commence their housekeeping just for two. As most standard recipes are given for families of five or six, it is convenient to have a few reliable small recipes which will serve for two. The following are some:

Popovers.—This recipe makes half a dozen and there will never be any leftovers, if they are well-baked. Popover cups are necessary—deep granite cups are best. Beat one egg until light, add one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, then beat in one cupful of milk, then one cupful of flour; beat well. Pour into well-buttered popover cups and place in a hot oven for the first fifteen minutes; then after the popovers have popped well reduce and finish baking three-quarters of an hour.

Baking Powder Biscuit.—Take one cupful of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of fat, and one-third of a cupful of milk. Sift the dry ingredients, cut in the fat, and add the milk. Drop by rounding teaspoonfuls in a baking pan. Bake in a hot oven. This recipe makes eight biscuits. Potato Sour.—Scald a cupful of milk with a slice of onion; remove the onion and add one-fourth of a cupful of mashed potato, salt, pepper and minced parsley. Let come to the boiling point, add a teaspoonful of butter and sprinkle the parsley over the soup as it is served. Chopped chives make a nice garnish and flavor, if desired.

Norwegian Pudding.—Soak one cupful of sago or use the minute tapioca. Boil two cupfuls of gooseberries in two cupfuls of water, add sugar to taste. When the fruit is soft, rub through a sieve and return to the saucepan with the sago. Cook until the sago is clear. Mold, and when set, serve with plain or whipped cream.

Tapioca baked with apples, pineapples, pears or peaches and served when cold with cream and sugar makes a most dainty dessert.

Fruity Dessert Dishes.

Fruit combinations are always delightful and it is a good way to use a small quantity of fruit. A few slices of pineapple, a banana or two and an apple with a bit of chopped celery makes a most tasty salad, served with a good salad dressing, or with a sweet dressing, makes a nice dessert.

Apricot Whip.—Take two cupfuls of apricots, one-half cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of lemon juice, the whites of two eggs. If the fruit is fresh, rub through a sieve; if dried, cook and put through a sieve, adding the sugar and letting them stand to season. Fold in the egg whites, beaten stiff. Bake in a buttered dish in a slow oven for 20 minutes. Serve with cream or a soft custard, garnished with cubes of bright jelly.

Delmonico Special.—Select six oranges of medium size. Cut a slice from the end of each and carefully remove the pulp. Mix the pulp with one-half cupful each of dates and walnut meats coarsely chopped and one-half cupful of coconut. Refill the shells. Beat an egg white until stiff, add one-fourth of a cupful of sugar and place a marshmallow on top of each. Brown in the oven until a golden brown; serve at once.

Apricot Ice.—Soak four cupfuls of dried apricots in four cupfuls of water until soft; cook until tender. Press through a potato ricer to remove the skins, add one-half cupful of sugar to the pulp and the water in which they were soaked, and cook ten minutes. Remove from the fire, cool, add the juice of three lemons and freeze. When partly frozen add the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs and finish freezing.

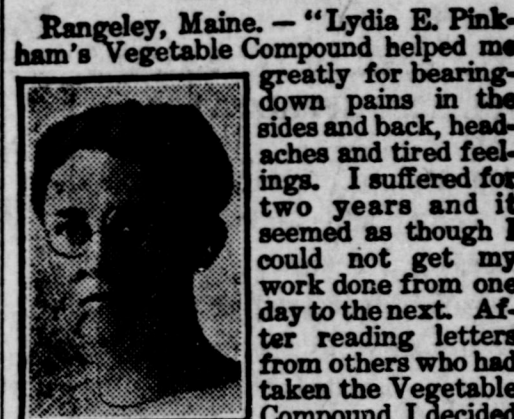
Fruit Ice Cream.—Take a quart of crushed, strained berries, adding a tablespoonful of lemon juice, sweeten to taste and add a quart of thin cream. Freeze as usual. Later in the season when peaches are ripe (or canned peaches may be used) this makes a delicious dessert. Bananas, with the juice of oranges and lemon, the bananas put through a sieve, is another well-liked combination.

Pimento Cream.—Measure and combine two cupfuls each of hot milk and veal or chicken stock. Place in a double boiler and heat. Cream four tablespoonfuls of butter and add three of flour, mix well with two tablespoonfuls of cold milk and add to the mixture in the double boiler. Take one-half a can of pimentos, press through a sieve, or potato ricer, add one teaspoonful of grated onion, a speck of cayenne, one-half teaspoonful of salt, pepper and tobacco sauce to taste. Mix well and serve with a bit of whipped cream on top of each serving. Accompany with toast strips on which grated cheese has been melted.

Nellie Maxwell

SUFFERED TWO YEARS

Finally Relieved by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, Says Mrs. Anderson

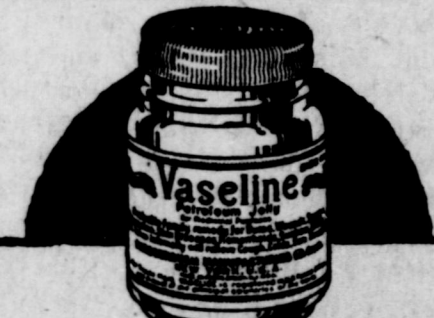


Rangleley, Maine. — "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helped me greatly for bearing-down pains in the sides and back, headaches and tired feelings. I suffered for two years and it seemed as though I could not get my work done from one day to the next. After reading letters from others who had taken the Vegetable Compound I decided to try it and now I can do all kinds of work, sewing, washing, ironing and sweeping. I live on a farm and have five in the family so am busy most of the time. I recommend the Vegetable Compound to my friends and hope my letter will help some one to take your medicine." — Mrs. WALTER E. ANDERSON, Box 270, Rangleley, Maine.

Old Musical Manuscript

The oldest known musical manuscript has been deciphered by Dr. Curt Sachs, music historian at the Berlin university. It is of Babylonian origin, with cuneiform ideographs inscribed on clay plates and was found at Assur in Asia Minor. This music is said to date back to the Second century B. C. Half tones are not employed at all, but five tones of the scale are used in fugue formation. The accompaniment to the melody is furnished by a harp of 18 strings, for which double stops are frequently prescribed.

Wise men always know more than they tell, but fools always tell more than they know.



A Splendid First Aid Remedy for Colds, Cuts, Burns, Wounds, Etc. Vaseline PETROLEUM JELLY

Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic Invigorates, Purifies and Enriches the Blood.

CORNS

Lift Off—No Pain!



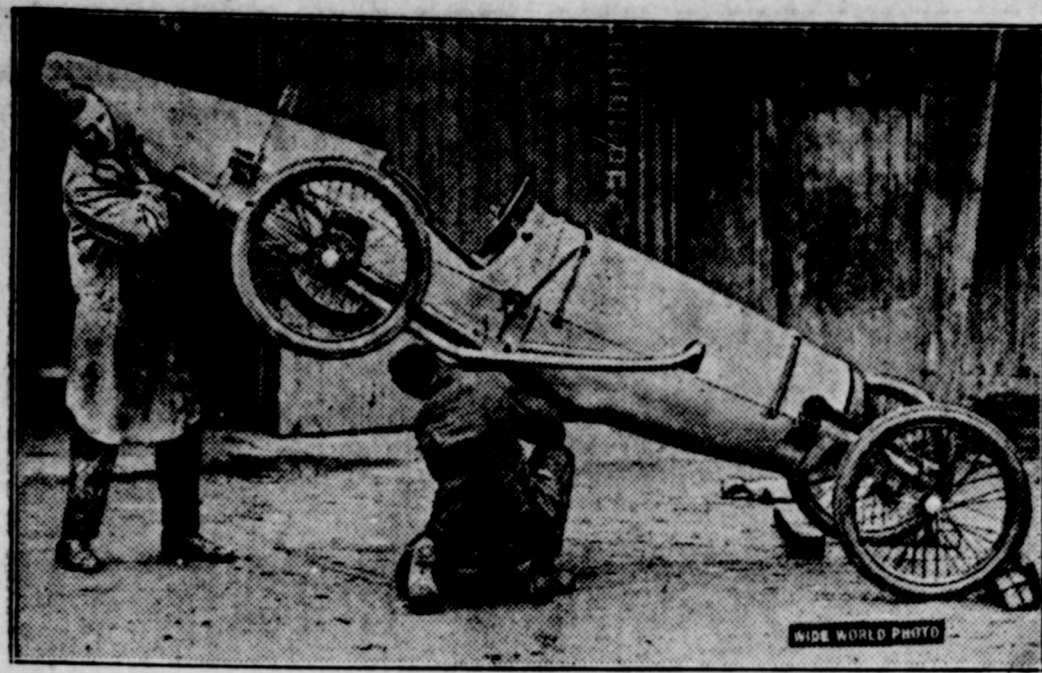
Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.

Dickey's OLD RELIABLE Eye Water relieves sun and wind-burned eyes. Doesn't hurt. Genuine in Red Folding Box. See at all druggists or by mail, DICKEY DRUG CO., Bristol, Va.—Conn.

Let Cuticura Soap Keep Your Skin Fresh and Youthful

W. N. U., HOUSTON, MO. 24-1925.

SMALLEST RACING AUTOMOBILE IN WORLD



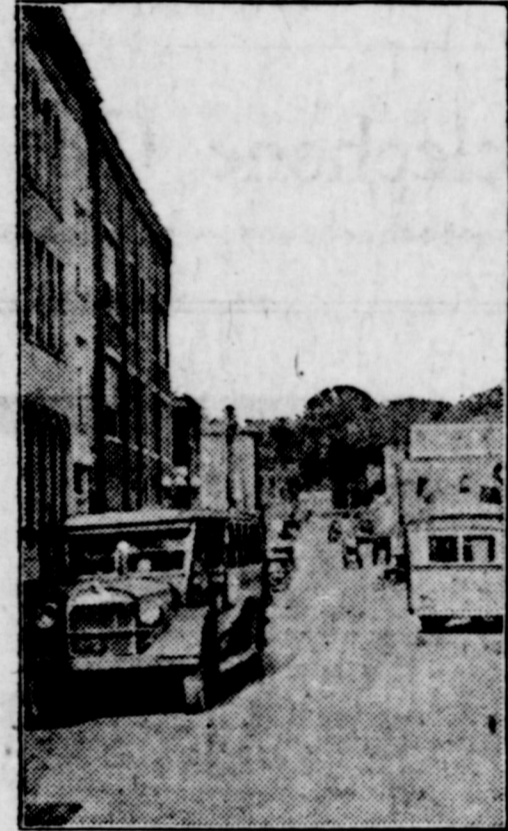
The smallest racing automobile in the world, designed in England for forthcoming racing events on the European tracks. It is known as the "Japple" and the chief features are its lightness and portability.

DEVELOPMENT OF MOTOR BUS RUNS

Vehicles Are Now Comfortable, Easy Riding and Quite Convenient.

"It is estimated that there are 40,000 motor busses in the United States, including those operated by rural schools." This extract from a recent report of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce tells briefly the history of one of the most remarkable industrial developments of recent years. The original motor bus was a cheaply constructed affair with hard cushions, cold in winter, and dusty in summer. Now we have comfortable and easy riding cars, offering convenient and quick transportation on the strictest of schedules.

In the early days of the bus it was looked upon with fear by other utilities. Street car, interurban, and railroad lines thought it an unfair competitor. But now 60 electric lines operate



Where Motor Buses Are Popular.

rate bus runs of their own, and they are being used in increasing numbers by the railroads.

Traction Lines Own Buses.
Of the traction lines which have established their own bus units, one in Ohio holds the Middle West record with an average monthly passenger business of 135,000 fares. The high mark for the nation is held by a Maryland line which carries 251,000 every month. The bus has been recognized as an essential and integral part of our transportation system, and with the spread of the gospel of hard-surfaced highways, it is growing annually in importance.

There is no doubt that motor bus lines as auxiliary transportation units are an established part of our national business life. The steady development of this means of travel from the old jitney days to the present luxury of rubber-tired "parlor cars" is conclusive proof of this assertion.

Of greater importance, however, is the fact that merchants have found that their trade expansion has been greater along the route of motor transportation lines following the course of well-made, hard-surfaced highways, than in any other sections. After a city has become well established in a business way, local stores soon reach a point of saturation with regard to expansion in selling. The only method of overcoming this threatened stagnation is to reach new trade channels.

One striking factor must obtain, however, if this ideal situation is to be developed to its true value. There must be roads that will stand up under the heavy traffic and be in shape every day in the year. Bus lines cannot operate on schedule and cannot operate at a fair profit unless the public road, which is their road-bed, is of enduring construction. The automobile was in a large sense the pioneer which led the way and established the necessity for paved roads. In bus transportation, however, the road still is the first consideration.

The roads must withstand the grueling pace of heavy traffic almost without let-up, and they must be available for rapid, safe and comfortable motor travel every day. Permanence and low maintenance cost must be the deciding factors in this important consideration in successful operation of motor bus lines from the standpoint of civic prosperity.

Did You Know—

That the top of the car, whether open or closed, should not be brushed off, but should be rubbed. Brushing digs out particles of dirt that are of value in filling in porous parts of the top material. Rubbing cleans without injuring the top. That you should never ride in the closed car while any of the doors are locked? You never can tell when it may be necessary to make a quick exit, and to have to stop to adjust the unlocking device may be a misfortune.

That air bubbles seen in the radiator solution indicate some sort of cylinder head gasket leak? The bubbles are the result of compression leaking out around the head and getting into the cooling system. This air, being under pressure, naturally finds its way to the surface of the water in the radiator.

Most Serious Accidents At Railroad Crossings

Probably more serious accidents occur among motorists at railroad crossings than at any other points in the highways, hardly a day passing that does not see two or three accidents of this kind chronicled in the press. These accidents have become so frequent and serious that they furnish a most potential argument in favor of the abolishment of grade crossings. In the light of all this, it behooves the motorist to know just what is expected of him by the law at points of this kind.

From the cases reviewed, it would seem that the courts have placed the duty to stop, look and listen at railroad crossings squarely upon the motorist. He cannot hope to recover for injury received at points of this kind unless he can show entire freedom from contributory negligence. And in exercising the required care he must of necessity take into consideration the physical surroundings of the particular place, such as trees, houses, etc., that may obstruct his view. If the surroundings demand it, he must not only stop, look and listen, but should get out of his machine and walk ahead to make certain of the way is clear. Unless he takes these precautions the probabilities are he will not be free from an imputation of negligence that will seriously interfere with his right of recovery in case of accident.

Nearly \$80,000,000 Paid in Gas Taxes Last Year.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)
Nearly \$80,000,000 was collected from the motorist in the form of gasoline taxes in the year 1924 and was used or is available very largely for road maintenance and construction according to the bureau of public roads of the United States Department of Agriculture. Thirty-five of the 48 states and the District of Columbia imposed a tax, the rate ranging from one to three cents per gallon in all states except Arkansas, which levied a four-cent tax.

The total amount collected during the year was \$79,734,490, and of this amount \$48,711,326 was made available for road construction and maintenance under the supervision of the state highway departments. A large share of the remainder was turned over to county and local road funds. In a few states a portion is turned over to general funds, school funds, and for miscellaneous purposes.

Although 35 states impose a gasoline tax, it affects only about half of the motor vehicles, since several of the states which do not impose a tax have large registrations. The amount paid annually by the average motorist where the tax is collected is \$10.30 per vehicle.

Timely Touring Tip

Don't be fooled into thinking that a detour sign doesn't mean anything because one or two other drivers ahead of you seem to ignore it. Many detours are posted with the idea of taking care of through traffic, thus allowing local motorists to use that portion of the main road where the actual work is not being done. To follow one of these local motorists, who will in all probability turn into his own private driveway before reaching the turn-up portion of the road, is to run the risk of having to go all the way back to where you started and take the detour.

Boys Make Financial Success Raising Pigs

Club Members Sell for Breeding Purposes Only.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Four farm boys of East Baton Rouge parish, Louisiana, have placed hogs of improved type on 31 farms in their own parish in three years by means of the four gilts with which they started boys' club work. In addition, according to reports to the United States Department of Agriculture, they have sold breeding stock in eight neighboring parishes and an adjoining state.

These young stockmen, Hermon Alford, Archie Robinson, Rupert Johnson and Archie Fitzgerald, bought their gilts in 1922, obtaining money for the purchases on their personal notes, which were indorsed by their fathers and business men of the county interested in the boys' progress. One of the boys also bought a pure bred. With the aid of the agricultural extension agent who conducted the club, they began feeding and caring for their pigs by the best methods known in swine management. The young pigs responded by growing into strong, healthy hogs in record time. In 1923 the boys raised 62 pigs from their four sows. This year, too, the boar was shown at a number of fairs and won a state championship in open class. The 1924 season was equally successful. Because the club members are conscientiously following the advice of the extension agent and will sell for breeding purposes only the stock which comes up to a standard in type, they have established a reputation as a source of good hogs. Their butcher stock commands top prices because of its high quality.

The business side of the enterprise has also been successful. The boys were able to pay their notes promptly and have made a net profit of \$1,018 from sale of stock, with a number of cash prizes in addition. Two of the older boys have entered the state agricultural college and are paying their expenses through their club work.

Buy and Sell Eggs and Poultry on Grade Best

The grading of both poultry and eggs is yearly becoming more important. Not so very many years ago hens sold for so much a dozen. Now the majority of dealers are discriminating between the hens of the egg breeds and those of the general purpose and meat breeds. They are paying a premium for the heavier meated fowls for the reason that they make a plumper and therefore a higher-priced carcass.

A good many people say that co-operative marketing is the reason for the added attention to grades. Others say that the regulations which have been advanced by the different departments of agriculture are responsible. Others say that the closer competition is making it necessary to buy on grade.

Perhaps all of these reasons are correct. At least all of them are partly responsible for the movement. However, there is still a good deal of confusion on account of grades not being standardized. The United States bureau of markets has worked out a system of grades which will no doubt help in standardizing the different grades as they are adopted.

The tendency to buy and sell on grade should receive the support of all poultry interests. A quality product always outsells a poorer product and the good stuff should not carry the burden of making a market for that of low grade that few care to buy.

Alfalfa Sown in August Should Be Seeded Alone

When seeded in August, alfalfa should be sown alone, that is, without a nurse crop. Whenever there is a sufficient amount of moisture in the soil at that time of year to cause rapid germination of the seed, it is easier to get a stand without interference from weeds than in the spring, whether the alfalfa be sown alone or with a nurse crop. Bear in mind, however, that the seed bed for alfalfa should be very thoroughly compacted. If stubble ground is plowed late in July or the first week in August for alfalfa, disk it thoroughly afterwards and follow with a harrow until a fine well-compacted surface has been secured.

FARM FACTS

Sweet clover makes a good hog pasture.

Every thistle cut this year means a lot less next year.

Feed what eggs are made of. A ration is like a chain, just as strong as its weakest link.

A legume not only increases the production of crops which follow it in rotation, but furnishes a valuable feed in itself.

If we should have a dry season, shallow level cultivation will help conserve soil moisture and perhaps save the corn crop.

A brush and can of kerosene are mighty good tools to loosen dirt and rust so that bearings may be properly adjusted and bolts and nuts tightened.

The Baseball Umpire

By ARTHUR B. HERBERT

(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

"RUNNER SA—"

First Baseman Crowley glared at Umpire Tom Hayden, glared and twisted his lips in significant threat.

Hayden's flattened hands, palms downward, stopped in midair, hesitated; then the left dropped dejectedly, the right moving shamedly over his shoulder in the gesture that spells failure to a baserunner.

"Runner out!" Hayden announced it doggedly and closed his ears to the catcalls from the stands. But he could not close them to the unmerciful denunciation from within, the sickening realization that once more he had betrayed his position to save himself.

Five years of faithful service behind the umpire's mask stood to Hayden's credit, five years that would this season culminate in promotion to the big leagues. Five years of faithful and joyful service, until this season Red Crowley had made his appearance with the Pointers—Red Crowley, the one man who could point to that one spot in Hayden's past that would not stand exposure.

In humiliation and self-condemnation Hayden made the trip to his hotel. Absent-mindedly he received his mail, then brightened at the familiar script on one of the envelopes.

"My big chance at last. . . . Manager Tompkins has promised to let me start a game in the Pointers' series. . . . a regular berth if I win. . . . but you know that I have the stuff, and I'll stand that Pointer crowd on their ears!"

It seemed but a few years back that Hayden had romped on the floor with the writer of that letter—now Recruit Pitcher Tom Emerson of the Panthers. All the sentiment of his bachelor heart Hayden had centered in this boy, his nephew and his pitching heir.

The figure of Crowley crossing the foyer terminated Hayden's reverie abruptly. What would Crowley do? Would Crowley interfere in young Tom's game? Umpire Curran would be behind the plate during the Panthers' series; Hayden would not have to call Tom's delivery to Crowley.

A week later the Pointers came to the plate for the last game of the series with the Panthers, to face the delivery of young Tom Emerson. His last game with the Pointers, Hayden reassured himself as, from his station near first base, he tried to keep his gaze from the repellent Crowley and on his protegee in the pitcher's box.

In the third inning fate took a hand to upset Hayden's assurance. Curran went down, hit by a wicked foul tip, and the injured man took the field.

Hayden donned the mask and chest protector with a feeling of foreboding, which increased to near panic when his gaze fell upon a gray-clad, patriarchal figure in one of the boxes, Carruthers, the league president.

Crowley opened the Pointers' fifth. Three balls, two strikes. He turned to glare at the umpire, then nodded significantly toward Carruthers' box. Panic seized Hayden. The pitcher wound up for the fast strike his uncle had taught him to use in emergencies. It split the plate.

"Ball four—take your base!" Hayden could not miss the look of puzzled hurt on the youngster's face. And had he looked toward the boxes he would have seen a gray-clad figure viciously chewing a cigar and crushing a letter in his hand.

In the sixth the Panthers scored twice; the Pointers went out in order. Another for the Panthers in the seventh. Crowley strode to the coach's box, but his attention was fixed not on the Pointer runner on first base, but on the umpire. And again Hayden quailed. Before the seventh inning terminated the Pointers scored two unearned runs.

Hayden did not dare to meet the accusing eyes of his nephew as he called each added run decision.

The ninth—one more nightmare inning, and freedom. Three to two for the Panthers. In the last half of the final inning Emerson showed his first unsteadiness—two passes in a row. Then two easy outs.

Crowley glanced at the umpire, then sauntered toward the presidential box. One more point and this fearful game would be over! But panic seized Hayden again and two bad decisions walked the batter, filling the bases. With a confident leer Crowley stepped to the plate.

Strike one—Crowley swung for it. Strike two, straight over the plate; Crowley glared at the umpire.

"The next is a ball unless I kill it," he warned evenly.

Again panic seized Hayden. Young Tom out there in the box, the great old game of baseball itself—what did they matter? He had himself to look out for; self-protection is the—

The ball cut the plate.

Hayden stood mute while Crowley turned viciously.

"Strike three—batter out!" Hayden lifted his head proudly and walked past the cursing player, out to the boy he had trained, the boy who should have had a shut-out.

And the gray-clad, patriarchal figure spat out a chewed cigar butt, smiled contentedly. Then he slowly and methodically tore up first a printed resignation which had been ready for Hayden's signature, and then the miserable snitch letter which had brought him to the park. Its contents had been old knowledge to him, and Hayden had just vindicated his chief's original judgment.

Children Cry for



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

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

Consider the Nurse

A nurse has a greater opportunity than any other professional woman to be of real service to the world and at the same time command a better income. Our graduates are holding responsible positions all over the country, and some are in foreign fields as missionaries.

Applicants between the ages of 19 and 35, who have a High School diploma, may enter now and receive, FREE OF CHARGE, their education, room, board, uniforms and a monthly cash allowance for ordinary needs. NO OTHER PROFESSION MAKES SUCH AN OFFER. ACCEPT NOW. Write to MRS. E. JOLLY, Supt. of Nurses, Baptist Hospital, 602 Lamar, HOUSTON, TEXAS

Cottonseed Oil

Public attention was first called to the usefulness of cottonseed oil by the London Society for Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures and Commerce, in 1783. The first recorded attempts to extract crude cottonseed oil were made at Natchez, Miss., in 1834, and at New Orleans, 1847. Neither was successful. The first successful attempt at crushing the seed in a mill was made by Paul Aldige of New Orleans in 1855. In the North a mill was started at Providence, R. I., 1855-56.

Insure Your Complexion!

USE **Marcelle** Face Creams and Cold Cream Powder
Their fragrance is charming and they impart that delightful feeling of well-being so much appreciated by every dainty woman. Best dealers everywhere sell it. Write for liberal FREE SAMPLE today. C. W. Beggs Sons & Co., 1744 N. Richmond St., Chicago, Ill.

Antiques Are Playthings

Antiques to the antique lover; but to a child they are valuable only for the fun they will give. One Detroit boy heard a noise of something rolling along the front hall. Investigating, he found his four-year-old son and his chum rolling a carved circular bread board that had come from England with an early colonist, and occasionally bumping the varnish off a hallrack that dated before the Revolution.—Detroit News.

Land of Rubber

A traveler can ride for seven hours by train between Singapore and Penang, through the Malay states, and not once lose sight of the rubber plantations which support that country.

Let Tanlac restore your health

If your body is all fagged-out and run-down, if you are losing weight steadily, lack appetite, have no strength or energy—why not let Tanlac help you back to health and strength? So many millions have been benefited by the Tanlac treatment, so many thousands have written to testify to that effect that it's sheer folly not to make the test.

Tanlac, you know, is a great natural tonic and builder, a compound, after the famous Tanlac formula, of roots, barks and herbs. It purges the blood stream, revitalizes the digestive organs and enables the sickly body to regain its vanished weight.

You don't need to wait long to get results. Tanlac goes right to the seat of trouble. In a day or so you note a vast difference in your condition. You have more appetite, sleep better at night and the color begins to creep back into your washed-out cheeks. Don't put off taking Tanlac another precious day. Step into

TAKE TANLAC VEGETABLE PILLS FOR CONSTIPATION

TANLAC FOR YOUR HEALTH



Tanlac Restored Her Health
"Typhoid fever reduced me to 95 lbs. and left me weak as a rag. Failing to get relief from other sources I tried Tanlac and after 6 bottles had gained 20 lbs. Now I enjoy a fine appetite and feel like a new woman. As a nurse I give Tanlac to all my patients."
Mrs. J. B. Terry, 1101 Park St., Ft. Worth, Tex.

the nearest drug store and get a bottle of this world-famed tonic. That's the first important step back to health and vigor.

THE NEW ERA

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One-half, page or more, 20c per
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Legal advertising, 10c per line first
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quent insertion.



The Radical Bloc in the Senate has been reduced by half by the deaths of Senators LaFollette and Ladd. The two remaining "outcasts" are Smith Wildman Brookhart of Iowa, and Lynn Frazier of North Dakota, supported at times by the Farmer-Laborite, Shipstead of Minnesota. It is now expected that the leadership of the "ultra-progressives" in the Senate will fall to George Norris of Nebraska, rated as a Republican, but with ideas as wide and free as those of the dead LaFollette.

The President has been invited to review the great parade which Pennsylvania Avenue in August. Klan officials pointed out that the President reviewed the parade last year of the Catholic Holy Name Society, and that there was no reason why he should not do the same for them. Under present plans from 150,000 to 200,000 Klansmen, all in white robes will take part in the spectacle. The parade license issued by the Metropolitan Police provides, however, that no masks be worn.

The Coolidges have decided to return to the Pre-Rooseveltian days, when there was no social secretary at the White House. Miss Laura Harlan the present secretary will be retired this fall, and formal social affairs henceforth will be under the direction of the State Department. This change was based upon the President's policy of cutting down expenses wherever possible. Miss Harlan has received an annual salary of \$5,000. The same work will now be handled by a \$3,000 a year clerk in addition to his regular duties.

Some criticism is being heard among extreme dries to the new prohibition enforcement plan of the Treasury. This scheme, drafted by General L. C. Andrews, one of Secretary Mellon's assistants and approved by the president, will remove control of enforcement from the prohibition commissioner and will place it directly under the commissioner of internal revenue. The country will be divided into twenty-two enforcement districts and the present state officials will be abolished beginning August first. The dries claim that the new plan will destroy co-operation between the states and the federal government but the administration believes that it will be more efficient, and less costly. As the plan goes into effect a large number of federal prohibition agents, supervisors, and directors

will use their official heads. Prohibition Commissioner Hayes is said to be greatly displeased with the change in policy, which takes away nine-tenths of his authority, and he is expected to resign.

CITATION BY PUBLICATION

THE STATE OF TEXAS
COUNTY OF PRESIDIO:

TO THE SHERIFF OR ANY CONSTABLE OF PRESIDIO COUNTY, GREETING:

Oath having been made as required by law, you are hereby commanded to summon Mrs. L. E. Petit a feme sole, divorced wife of J. N. Petit, by making publication of this citation once in each week for four consecutive weeks prior to the return date hereof, in some newspaper published in your county, if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not then in the nearest county where a newspaper is published, to appear at the next regular term of the District Court of Presidio County, Texas, to be held at the courthouse thereof in the city of Marfa, Texas, on the 4th Monday of July, A. D. 1925, the same being the 27th day of July, A. D. 1925, then and there to answer a petition filed in said court on the 24th day of June A. D. 1925, in a suit numbered on the docket on said court No. 2733, wherein Richard Voges is plaintiff and Mrs. L. E. Petit, a feme sole, divorced wife

of J. N. Petit, is defendant and said petition alleging that said plaintiff is the legal and equitable owner of the following described lands situated, lying and being in the County of Presidio and State of Texas, to wit:

Survey 30, patented to the heirs of W. H. Smith, containing 80 acres of land; and survey 456, certificate 4/837, original grantee GC&SF Ry. Co. containing 640 acres of land. That this suit is brought against defendant to perfect plaintiff's title in said lands. That plaintiff acquired said lands by deed from Mrs. H. L. Lackey on May 20, 1921, which said deed is recorded in Vol. 69, page 441 of the Deed Records of Presidio County, Texas; that the plaintiff pleads the statute of limitation of 5 years as well as the statute of limitation of 10 years against all the irregularities as may exist against his title as against this defendant and he prays the judgement of the court against said defendant declaring and adjudging said lands to the plaintiff and for general and special relief.

Herein fail not but have you before said court, at its afore said regular term, this writ, with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Given under my hand and seal of said court at office in Marfa, Texas, this the 24 day of June A. D. 1925.

Anita Young
Clerk, District Court, Presidio County, Texas.
(Seal)

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT

Whereas, the divine Father has seen fit to remove from our midst our beloved friend and club member Mrs. Ione Rosson, therefore be it:

Resolved: that in her death, the Household Science Club has lost one of its most faithful members.

Resolved: that in our sorrow for a true friend and beloved member we find it is well with her, for she knew in whom she believed.

That we extend to her husband and each member of the bereaved family our sincere sympathy and commend them for comfort to the God, in whom she trusted.

That a copy of these resolutions be placed upon the minutes of this club, a copy be sent to the family and a copy be sent to the New Era for publication.

Mrs. H. O. Metcalfe,
Mrs. V. C. Myrick,
Mrs. Joe Jamar,
Committee.

Ted McDaniels, son of Mr. and Mrs. John H. McDaniel left last Friday for Marfa on a visit to relatives.

—Floresville Chronical-Journal

FOR RENT—One furnished room with private bath, hot water, suitable for two occupants, outside entrance.
Mrs. N. P. Barclay
Phone No. 2

Proclamation

WHEREAS, the President of the United States, has authorized a Second Defense Test, similar to that held September 12, 1924, which will be held July 4th, 1925, and:

WHEREAS, the concluding words of the Declaration of Independence of the United States are, "And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each others our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor."

THEREFORE, in accord with the true Spirit of America as handed down to us from the founders of this Nation, as acting Mayor of Marfa, I proclaim July 4th., as Defense Day in Marfa, and call upon the Citizens of Marfa to meet at the Court House, in Marfa, at 9:00 A. M. Saturday July 4th., to participate in a patriotic demonstration and to enroll themselves as signifying their support of the principles of National Defense, it being understood that no obligation is implied in this enrollment.

Given under my hand this day of June 30th.,
A. D. 1925.

J. M. Rosson
Acting Mayor.

The First Cavalry of the U. S. Army, will parade through the streets of Marfa at 9:00 A.M., and the First Cavalry Band will play on the Court House Lawn.

ELECTRICITY

ICE - WATER

Full Stock
Westinghouse Globes

Marfa Electric & Ice Co.

V. C. Myrick, Manager "Courteous Service"

USE the TELEPHONE



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

KEEP IN CLOSER TOUCH WITH YOUR FRIENDS.

CONNECTION with SHAFTER and PRESIDIO

Big Bend Telephone Co.

Soon Felt Improvement

"The first time I took Cardui I was in an awful bad way," says Mrs. Ora Carilla, R. F. D. 5, Troup, Texas. "I went fishing one day. A heavy storm came up and I got soaking wet in the rain. I was afflicted with awful smothering spells. I could not get my breath. My mother had some

CARDUI

For Female Troubles

in the house that she was taking, so she immediately began giving it to me. In a few days I got all right. "Last fall I got run-down in health. I was weak and puny and I began to suffer. I would get so I could hardly walk. Having taken Cardui before, I sent to the store for a bottle of it. Almost from the first dose I could feel an improvement. "Cardui has helped me a lot and I am glad to recommend it. I don't feel like the same woman I was last fall. My appetite is good now, and I'm sure it's Cardui that's made it pick up."

All Druggists' E-11

KODAK

FINISHING and ENLARGING
First Class Work
F. J. GOTTHOLT, Marfa, Texas.

The Fly is dangerous keep him out with screens from
G. C. Robinson Lbr. Co.

He'll Make His Way

Frederick Thomas, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Thomas of Greencastle, is not out of the grade school. It was the night of a basketball game and Frederick was enthusiastically talking of the contest when his father inquired whether he had the price of admission for the evening. The son replied in the negative. Mr. Thomas asked how he thought he could get in. "That's easy, dad, you see I'll back in and the doorkeeper will think I'm coming out."—Indianapolis News



This Sketch Was Made From An Actual Photograph.

BRICK STRUCTURES ARE RUINED, TOO

Stores, manufacturing plants and other properties built of brick are likely to be damaged by windstorm. Hundreds of such buildings are ruined every year. They should be insured.

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

FOR SALE—Forty Leghorn hens \$1.00 each and Fryers 40c. per pound. Telephone 19

MALE HELP WANTED

Wanted—Someone to represent the original J. R. Watkins Company in Marfa. You can supply daily necessities to regular customers and make \$35-\$50 a week easily. Write The J. R. Watkins Company, Dept. J. 2, 62-70 West Iowa St. Memphis, Tenn.

Free Transportation, chuck, lodging and baths to the proper person who cares to accompany me to the Ruidosa Hot Springs and will assist my Mexican nurse to handle me in and out of baths. For Particulars write IRA E. BROWN, FORT STOCKTON, TEXAS.

FOR SALE—Baby chickens R. I. Reds and Cornish Games also eggs for setting. Phone 165.

Locals and Personals

E. H. Carlton was over from Ft. Davis Monday.

NOTICE

The Model Meat Market will be closed all day Saturday July 4th.

Simon Terango, merchant at Candelaria was in the city Monday. He reports cotton in fine shape and Mucha agua en el Rio.

TRADE- Will trade for irrigated farm, Teams, tools, hay press-engine and 50 acres in Alfalfa.

Write Box 343
Fort Stockton, Texas

During her recent three months absence from our community, Miss Bessie Jacobs visited Austin and graduated taking a B. A. degree at the State University, the institution at which her brothers, Major J. R. and Lieut. H. S. had done likewise in the past. While away Miss Jacobs visited friends and relatives in San Marcos, San Antonio and Corpus Christi, places which her father, Rev. J. R. Jacobs, had charge of Presbyterian churches.

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

FOR SALE— 8 lots 2 houses and windmill
K. C. Miller.

Mrs. Spencer Gregg and children of San Antonio came in this week to spend the summer.

Mrs. Bryan DeVolin and little son returned yesterday from a delightful trip to San Diego, Calif., where they visited at the home of her father, Mr. Claud Smith.

FOR SALE— Piano in good condition 125, N. C. O. Camp.

Mrs. W. A. Mimms returned the first of the week from San Antonio Mrs. Mimms has been away from home several months having gone to San Antonio for medical treatment.

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

Miss Mildred Poole is visiting her mother Mrs. Frank Poole at Shafter.

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

Judge and Mrs. C. R. Sutton and two little sons returned yesterday from a delightful trip to Galveston.

FOR SALE— Set of reducing records
Phone 272

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Jackson and Mrs. McGaughey of Alpine were visitors to our city Monday and Tuesday, coming over to attend the Revival at the christian church.

FLY time is here get these **SCREEN DOORS** from G. C. Robinson Lbr. Co

A. M. Avant has been in El Paso this week on business.

DR. C. H. SLAYTON
DENTIST
TELEPHONE 152.

Mrs. Chas. Rootes and daughter Miss Virginia Rootes, of Grandview Texas, came in Thursday to visit with Mrs. N. P. Barclay.

FOR SALE— Upright Piano apply Augustina Montoya.

Miss Katherine Schutze student at the T. C. U. and one of the leaders of her class, popular with both, the teachers and her classmates, returned Sunday to spend her vacation with her homefolks.

(Continued from page 1.)

this trip were W. M. Choate, John Paschal, Monroe Stewart, Joe Copeland, John Ferrier, Myself and John Summer, the cook. We started from Rock Creek, Atascosa county, about the first of April, and traveled the same trail after coming into it at Gonzales through to Abilene. We went into Chisolm Trail about three miles below Red River Station, and just as soon as we crossed the Red River all our stock seemed to go wild, especially our horses, although we did not come into contact with any Buffalo until we reached a point between the Red Fork and the Salt Fork of the Arkansas River. Several herds lost heavily at this time by cattle and horses getting into the Buffalo drifts, which are at this season northward. These animals were in count less numbers, in fact the whole face of the earth seemed to be covered with them, all going in the same direction. The drives were compelled to send men on ahead to keep them from stampeding their herds. On a plain about half way between the Red and the Salt Fork of the Arkansas we had to stop our herds until the buffalo passed. Buffalo, horses, elk, deer, antelope, wolves, and some cattle were all mixed together and it took several hours for them to pass, with our assistance, so that so that we could proceed on our journey. I think there were more buffalo in that herd than I ever saw of any living things, unless it was an army of grass-hoppers in Kansas in July, 1874. Just after we crossed the Red Fork I went on ahead of the herd to the Trinity Creek Stage Stand, a distance of about six miles, and at this place I found the present president of the Old Trail Drivers' Association, George W. Saunders, surrounded by a big bunch of Kaw Indians. George was mounted on a little grey pony, his saddle had no horn, and one stirrup-leather was made of rawhide and the other was a grass hopple. He was trying his best to trade those Indians out of a buffalo gun, as he was in the buffalo range. And he made the deal.

I went up the trail again in 1874, starting from Druce-Rachel's ranch on the Nueces bay in San Patricio county, March 25th. This herd also belonged to Choate & Bennett, with D. C. Choate as boss. We followed the same trail as previously mentioned. After crossing Red River we stopped on the Minnesquaw for the summer, and shipped out in the fall from Great Bend. The Osage Indians being on the warpath, bringing them back to Texas crossing the Arkansas River near Coffeyville into the Cherokee. Creek we had to detour our horses in Chocktaw and Chicksaw nations crossing Red River at Colbert's Ferry near Sherman Texas.

In the 80's I drove several herds up the western trail to Dodge City Kansas, for the firm of Borroum & Choate. I think every one of the boys that went up with the herds mentioned above have passed beyond the divide from which no mortals return, except Brown (A. B.) Paschal and myself.

From 1881 the firm became Borroum and Choate (K. B.). In 1884, the winding-up year, the climax came. Borroum and Choate drove 11,000 head. Five thousand went to Seven Rivers N. M. and were sold to J. B. Eddy for ranch stocking. Eddy was one of the big ranchers and promoters of New Mexico, Carlsbad being one striking instance. The rest of this year's drive went to Dodge City, Kansas and the cattle business to oblivion. While Borroum was delivering cattle to New Mexico his partner, K. B. Choate, was in Kansas delivering when killed.

Owing to freak financial and weather conditions of the winter, 1884 and 85, the cattle industry saw many of its operators go "broke". Falling prices holding up Borroum's cattle they were turned in for the

winter into the Osagepasture in the Cheyenne, Rapahoe territory. Out of 6000 turned in Sept. 1, 1884 only 835 were gathered in the spring of 1885. From the sale of these animals, \$8500 was due under contract for pasturage. In an adjoining pasture were 3200 head which had been sold by John Wolford. Of these two hundred head were gathered in the spring. Due to the severe and unusual climatic conditions—snow sleet and rain all winter—the whole north went broke.

The years 1872-4 witnessed the killing off of the vast herds of buffalo and the formation of great cattle syndicates, and Colorado, Wyoming and Montana became a market or Texas cattl., for stocking up purposes on the vast ranges.

In 1874 while in camp between north fork and south fork of the the Arkansas a general stampede occurred among the herds encamped in the vicinity. The herd of the notorious Joel Collins was next to Borroum's and stampeded into his herd. After shaping up and counting the next morning fifty head of beeves were short. Their trail was struck about 10 a. m. an followed that day and the next, when it was heard that the cattle had gone into another herd 20 miles north of salt creek, some sixty miles from the starting point. Having had nothing to eat in the meantime coming up on an old beef, they killed and ate of the more delicate parts and all alike too sick subsequently. The party, consisting of McElroy, W. M. Choate, Borroum and two others went on to Pony Creek. Knowing that the herd would not move until their return Borroum and Brad Alexander started back late in the evening to the outfit 60 miles away. They camped on the trail and next morning started for camp. The first thing seen was a bunch of buffalo coming Borroum said, "Kill one and I'll rope one" and I roped one.

"Looking around I saw Brad's horse had stepped in a dog-hole and Brad, horse and six-shooter, were all piled up. Not being hurt he came to my assistance. We thought we would take "Buff" back neck hi mand take him on to Kansas, but the critter proving contrary we killed him. Going to camp we arrived just in time to intercept the departure of a crowd of the boys who were about to follow our trail after redskins whose tracks had covered ours and it was feared we had been overtaken and killed. The herd then started up the trail. I picked up Mr. Buffalo and went on smoothly to destination."

Upon leaving Goliad in 1884 and going to Del Rio, Mr. Borroum had leased a hundred thousand acre ranch across the Rio Grande in Old Mexico, for \$500 (Mexican money) per annum. In June the same year he crossed 1000 head of cattle and put them on the range. After eleven years there he crossed back and ranched in Kinney county, retiring eventually in 1902.

Mr. Borroum has since led a life devoted to the development of the community, has his name on the town plat as the promoter of an addition to Del Rio, is serving his eighth year as county commissioner of precinct 1, is a booster for good roads, his county having 150 miles of road turned over to the state.

B. A. Borroum married fifty years ago Elizabeth Harriman, of Goliad, their golden wedding anniversary having been celebrated on Nov. 25, 1924. To this union five children were born and thirteen grandchildren, all members of the family still living. Remarkably there has been no deaths in the family connections for 50 years.

Mr. J. L. Borroum of Cedarvale, Kansas, son of B. A. Borroum, is the third in line of decent, and is well and nationally known cattleman. He is one of the trustees of the estate of R. R. Russell of San Antonio.

—The Pioneer.

Mrs. H. M. Fennell, a resident of Presidio County, and formerly a prominent citizen of Marfa, is a daughter of B. A. Borroum.

Long-Headed Youngster

S. S. Shambaugh, assistant treasurer and sales manager of the Kokomo Steel and Wire company, has a son who arrived at the mature age of six several days ago.

"I went home that evening without taking the youngster a birthday present, so when the subject was mentioned, I handed him a five-dollar bill," said Mr. Shambaugh, telling the story.

"Buy your own present," I told him.

"He studied for a moment, then remarked:

"Thank you, daddy—but don't you think you ought to make it six dollars? I'm six years old."

"And," concluded Mr. Shambaugh, "that's that!"—Indianapolis News.



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Use it in your work. Give the family evening drives and week-end outings. It will give them an economical vacation this summer. You can buy a Ford on easy payments.

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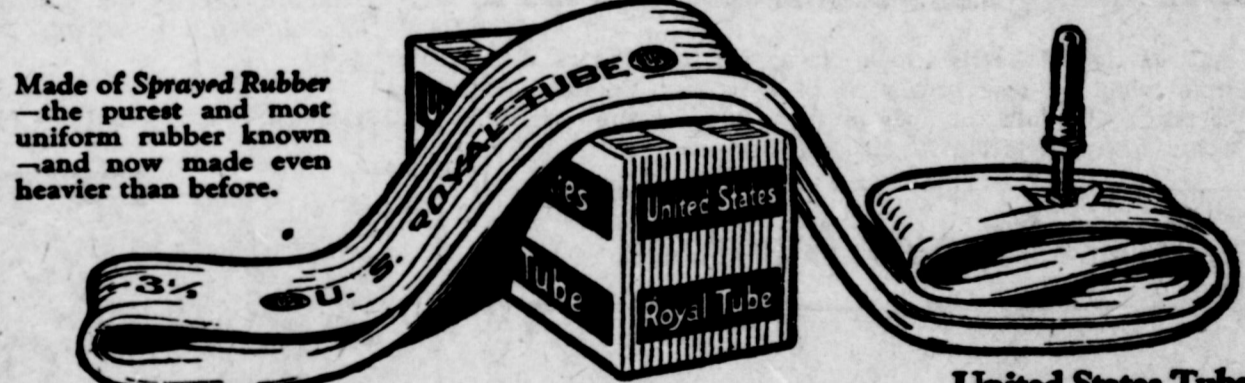
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Buy Tubes as Carefully as you buy Tires

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built to give mileage and get mileage. They resist heat, hold their shape and retain their elasticity. To get all the mileage out of a new casing or to make an old casing last—put a U. S. Royal or Grey Tube inside it.

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Made of Sprayed Rubber—the purest and most uniform rubber known—and now made even heavier than before.

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H. B. HOLMES, jr., Filling Station

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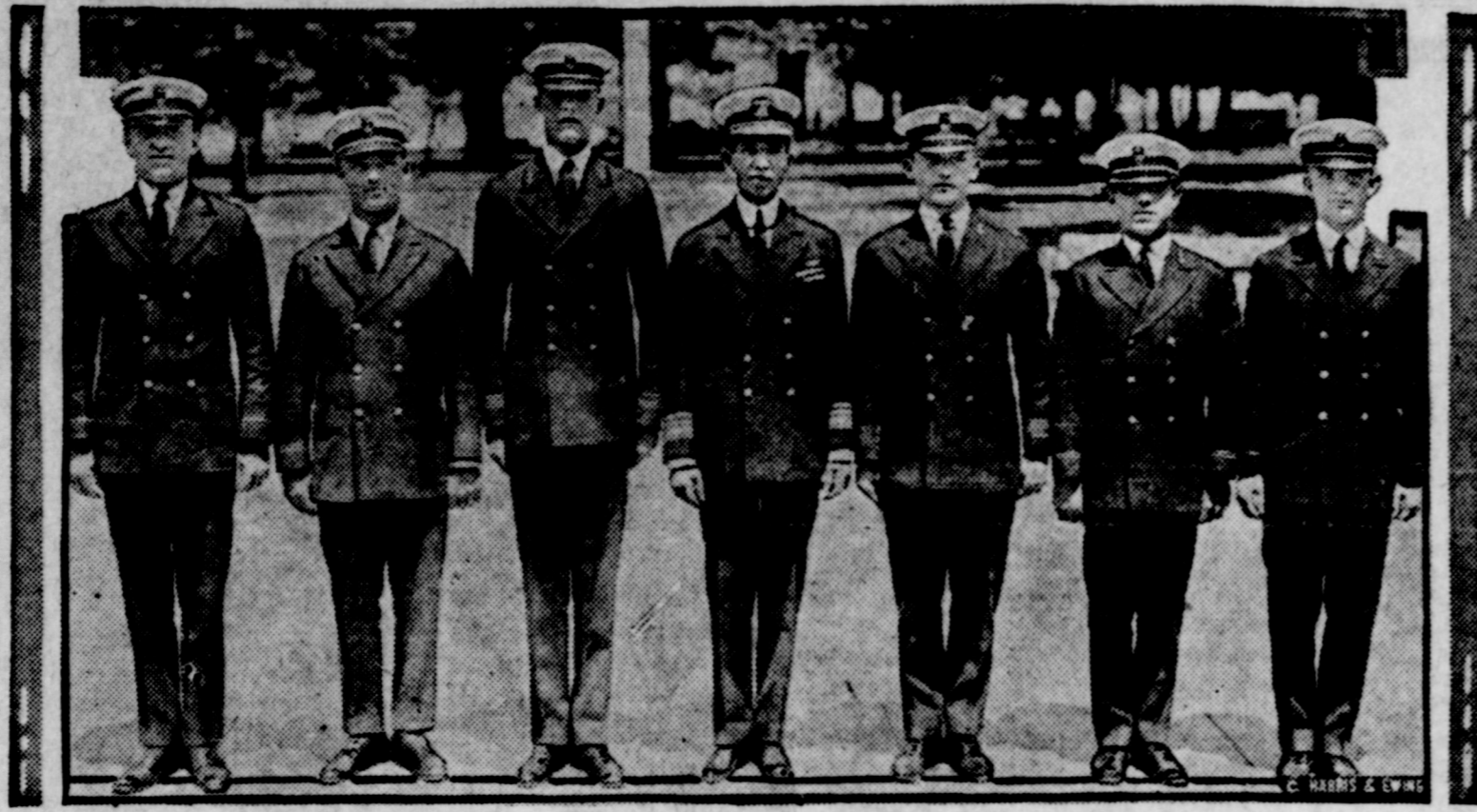
FOR SALE—Cheap for Cash 65 Acres irrigable land near Presidio good title. BOX 12 Presidio Texas.

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

This Year's Six Honor Men at Annapolis Academy



The six honor men of the class of 1925 at the naval academy at Annapolis, with Admiral Nulton, superintendent, in the middle of the line. On June 2 these men, left to right, received the following awards: D. A. Ross, Hoboken, N. J., the Thompson prize, a navigating sextant; J. H. Wellings, Boston, Mass., the dress sword presented by the Daughters of the American Revolution; R. R. Sentman, Wilmington, Del., the 1897 class sword and cup; E. H. Edmondson, Salem, Ore., Sons of the Revolution cup; H. E. Hubbard, Baltimore, Md., class of 1871 sword, and W. O. Gallery, Chicago, the Van Dyke prize gold watch.

Murdered Chicago Gangster Given Fine Funeral



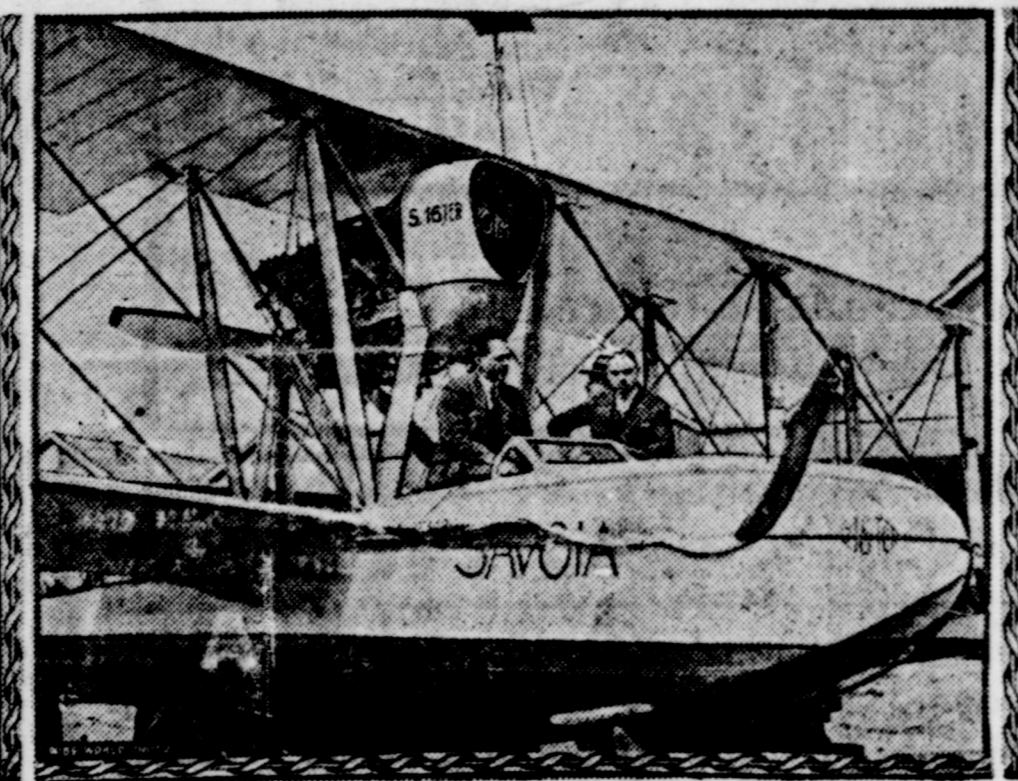
Angelo Genna was a gang leader of Chicago and a notorious rum runner; but he also was a political power, and so, after he was murdered, he was given one of the most elaborate and costly funerals seen in Chicago in years, and among the mourners were many local and federal officials. The flowers filled thirty-two automobiles.

Proud Day for "Pa" Jedding



"Pa" Jedding, a mail carrier of Battle Creek, Mich., for forty years, had the thrill of his lifetime when he was presented to President Coolidge at the White House. The trip to Washington was given to him by the citizens of Battle Creek as a token of appreciation for his long service.

Italian Flyers Reach Australia



Commander De Pinedo and his mechanic, Campanello, who have arrived in Australia on their airplane flight from Italy to Japan.

ALONG LIFE'S TRAIL

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK

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

BURTON'S ROOM

IT IS interesting how much the places in which we live tell of our characters and of our tastes.

The club was crowded, the clerk said when I called for my reservation, and instead of putting me into the room which I usually occupy, he assigned me to a room left temporarily vacant by the absence of one of the regular guests. There were a few rows of books in the open shelves; pictures covered the walls, and the furniture and the hangings at the windows were apparently the property of the regular occupant of the room.

It was curious how quickly and accurately the contents of the room revealed the man who had lived in it. I got his name from a signed photograph on the wall—the picture of a well known Philadelphia physician. The signature read: "To Robert Burton, courageous fighter, who did a hard piece of work well."

He had been a college man, it was clear to see, interested in athletics. Other pictures showed his love for out-of-doors, for rivers and lakes and high mountain peaks. There were camping scenes with dogs and guns and a beautiful white horse showing in numerous prints. There was a wide sweep of sea with men in a beautiful sailboat in the foreground. There were mountain scenes of the Jungfrau and El Capitan rearing his majestic head above the Yosemite valley, and of the Canadian Rockies, and every one testified to the man's love of a clean healthy out-of-door life.

His books revealed a discriminating taste, though a rather narrow range of interests. He was a chemist and a physicist apparently, for there were many treatises on chemistry and physics on his book shelves. There was some poetry and some fiction in the collection, but these, too, were healthy practical sorts, concerned most with adventure, with nature and the great out-of-doors. There were no problem novels, no poetry of sentiment, but Zane Gray's Western tales were there, and Kipling's "Captain Courageous" and his "Barrack Room Ballads."

There were no children's faces looking down from the walls, and the only woman's face was that of a sweet gray-haired old lady—his mother's face no doubt. Cupid had evidently found him stony-hearted and had gone away discouraged. He was no lady's man; that was clear to see.

But the whole atmosphere of Burton's room showed him to be strong and healthy, orderly and friendly. He was a man of good taste, a clean liver and a clear thinker. I left his room with a great respect for him, though I had never seen him and may never do so.

REMEMBERING NAMES

I HAVE an unfortunate reputation for being able to remember names, a reputation which, though often undeserved, I feel under obligation to keep untarnished. It is worth a good deal to be able to call a man by name whom one has not seen for twenty-five years.

I talk to fifty or more young fellows a day, and if I can call them by name or better still by their first names, I am infinitely more effective than if I stall along not knowing whether the man in front of me is Jones or Rosenstein.

Memory is a matter of associations the psychologists tell us, and I presume I have learned usually to make mine unconsciously, out sometimes the unconscious association refuses to come and the simplest names elude me.

I could never say Hepburn's name, for instance. I knew him well; I was never confused as to his identity. I knew where he lived, where he came from, his roommate's name, his business, and everything about him, but his name was always playing about the outer edges of my memory.

I believe I have more than ordinary curiosity about people. When I see a familiar face to which I cannot attach the proper name, I give myself no peace until I have run the name to cover. My lazy reluctant memory knows that I shall not be satisfied until I get the elusive name, and so usually goes after it at once. Sometimes it takes me days to find the forgotten name, but I never give up until I find it.

We forget names often because we do not get them distinctly and not hearing them distinctly, we do not visualize them. It helps a good deal to speak a man's name whenever one meets him, and at once to attach to it some other details of place or situation or relationships.

Mead was introduced to me two or three days ago, and before he got out of the office I discovered his home town, his business, his friends with whom I am also acquainted. All these will help me to remember him when he comes to see me again as he will within three months.

Remembering names is a matter of interest in people, of persistence in following up the elusive name. It is a matter of association, unconscious or consciously devised. Some people remember names more easily than others, but anyone can learn the trick just as everyone can learn to spell or to like beats if he keeps at it persistently.

BELOIT'S APOLLO



Claire Pierce of Medford, Wis., as she will appear in a modern interpretation of Apollo, in Euripides' "Alcesteis," in the revival of the Greek play in an outdoor amphitheater at Beloit college, Beloit, Wis. Pierce is president of the senior class.

INDIANS NAME QUEEN



Miss Jane Mayes of Pryor, Okla., a Cherokee, was elected queen of the National Indian convention for 1926, at the 1925 pow-wow in Ponca City, Okla.

Community Building

Pays to Take Time on Plan for Garden

The laying out of the vegetable garden on paper is desirable for the purpose of economy of time and space, in the first place, and in order to insure the proper placing of the vegetables in regard to sun and shade and convenience in cultivating.

The taller-growing vegetables, such as corn and pole beans, are usually placed toward the western portion of the garden, because they will cast shade then only during the hottest portion of the day when a little shade may be helpful. The earliest vegetables usually are placed nearest to the back door for convenience in gathering in spring when the earth is likely to be muddy and where there will be no necessity for walking over the surface of the newly spaded and tilled soil.

The most practical means of laying out a vegetable garden is to draw a plan on a scale of half an inch to a foot on tough wrapping paper which is not easily torn and which will not break with folding. On this scale a 50-foot garden patch would occupy a 25-inch square. When vegetables are charted in place, after careful study and thought, there will be room on the paper to make notes as to experiments and results in the garden and as to various insect pests. The chart will become a record of the time necessary to mature the earliest crops from sowing and will furnish an excellent guide in seasons to come. By reference to the chart and notes, the same mistakes need not be made again.

If he has two rows of the same vegetable and uses a different succession crop in each row, the gardener may note which was the most successful combination.

In small gardens where intensive fertilizing and cultivation are simple, the rows need not be as far apart as in larger gardens. Eighteen inches is ample for most of the vegetables.

School Playgrounds Educational Necessity

School playgrounds, educational leaders realize, are as essential as school buildings. "We talk no more in terms of square feet per child, but in acres per school," states Dr. James E. Rogers, director, Community Recreation Training School, Playground and Recreation Association of America, in School Life, a publication of the Interior department, bureau of education.

Joliet, Ill., a town of 50,000, has one school with 20 acres, and the others average more than five acres each. Elyria, Ohio, with 25,000 people, has bought an athletic field of 18 acres for its high school. Tacoma, San Diego, Peoria, and many others have great stadiums. In Gary, Ind., every high school has a playground a block square, a gymnasium, and an auditorium. These mean clearer brains, more active bodies, and make for better study and recitations. On playgrounds and athletic fields are learned some of the greatest lessons of life. For this reason, Doctor Rogers urges, schools should maintain their physical education for 12 months rather than for 9.

For Street Planting

With attention and care, trees of small size will thrive in small patches of soil where larger trees, with their spreading root systems, might languish, says the American Tree association of Washington, in urging you to join the tree-planting army. The effect of these formally pruned trees is dignified and decorative, and gives a fine touch of green to a street lined with high-class shops or handsome houses in solid rows. For a 2-cent stamp the association will send you tree-planting suggestions.

Mothers' Aid System

All the cities and 17 of the towns of Rhode Island have adopted the system of mothers' aid since the state mothers' aid law came into effect July, 1923. Two hundred and twenty-three families are being cared for at present under the law. Improvement has taken place in the health of the families aided and in the school records of the children, it is reported by the Rhode Island public welfare commission.

Community Acquaintance

We should all take a little more time in visiting around our local industries. Many folks do not know just what we have here in the Colbert county district. Let's try to get acquainted with our neighbors' plants. —Tusculum Times.

Have Permanent Abode

Own your own home even if you have to go in debt to do it.—Huntsville Times.

Human Intelligence

It is now asserted that human intelligence reaches its maximum at sixteen years. After that there is nothing left to do but to learn how to use it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer. And at sixty, one almost knows, we suspect.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

An Inducement Even

Real Estate Agent (showing house to prospect)—Too far from the station? My dear sir, with your waist measure!—American Legion Weekly.

Know What Real Comfort Is—Wear

"U.S." SPRING-STEP Rubber Heels

Made of Sprayed Rubber—the purest, toughest and most uniform rubber known

And for the best shoe sole you ever had—

USKIDE

—the wonder sole for wear

United States Rubber Company

Horses Make Record

A team of horses in Canada holds the world record for the greatest traction pull, a sport which has been indulged in by horse fanciers for many ages. The fine lines and strength of a horse of working breed are admired for what they represent in pulling power and stamina. The team in Canada pulled 3,100 pounds.

WOMEN NEED SWAMP-ROOT

Thousands of women have kidney and bladder trouble and never suspect it. Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

Pain in the back, headache, loss of ambition, nervousness, are often times symptoms of kidney trouble.

Don't delay starting treatment. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a physician's prescription, obtained at any drug store, may be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

Get a medium or large size bottle immediately from any drug store. 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.

Mixed, All Right

The visitor to the village church took the old verger to task at the close of the morning service.

"You told me they had a 'mixed' choir here. Why, they're all males."

"Yes, sir, I know that. But it's mixed all the same. Some of 'em can sing and some of 'em can't."—London Answers.

TREAT YOUR LIVER WISELY

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

Appropriate

"What shall we have for the grand Amazon march?"

"The music of the spears."

Many of the so-called professional actors are but professional amateurs.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP IS CHILD'S BEST LAXATIVE



HURRY MOTHER! Even a bilious, constipated, feverish child loves the pleasant taste of "California Fig Syrup" and it never fails to open the bowels. A teaspoonful today may prevent a sick child tomorrow.

Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.



It's invaluable for Rashes Burns Chafing Stings Sunburn Cuts That's why you need

Resinol

Ride the Interurban FROM

Houston to Galveston

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

The Free Traders

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

WNU SERVICE

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CHAPTER XVI—Continued

The cave grew narrower; then, just when Lee thought that they had reached the end, it suddenly vaulted out and up into a large chamber.

The roaring of the waterfall immediately became accentuated as the sounds echoed from wall to wall. By the light of the candle they could now see what looked like a sheer drop into darkness immediately in front of them.

They drew back from the edge hastily. But the next moment they perceived that what they had taken for a precipice was a river, inky black, a swift and perfectly soundless stream rushing through the cavern from side to side of the mountain.

It emerged through a low tunnel in the rock and disappeared through another, barely two feet in height, upon the other side. And the roaring that they heard was not caused by this stream within the cave, but by some distant cataract, either beyond the mountain or deep within the bowels of the earth.

There were evidences, in the shape of rusty pots and kettles, and disintegrating tin strewn about the place, that this had been Pelly's headquarters, while on the opposite side of the cavern there was a deep sand tunnel extending into a smaller cavern under the wall, showing that Pelly had worked this part for gold. And the whole interior was piled high with wood ashes and remains of charred logs.

This seemed, in fact, to be the heart of Pelly's gold mine.

Suddenly Rathway, who had been wandering apparently aimlessly about the interior, uttered a shout and leaped toward the obscurity of the opposite wall. In another moment he had returned, dragging with him a large sack, from whose mouth tiny yellow particles exuded.

As if unconscious of the presence of Lee and Joyce, he knelt down, and, muttering feverishly, began untying the cord about the sack's mouth. The gaping sides disclosed a pit of gold.

Gold in fine dust, gold in nuggets. Rathway plunged his arms within the sack up to the elbows, chucking and mumbering. There was a fortune in that bag, the accumulation of old Pelly's years of nocturnal labors. It was impossible to estimate it, but it would make its possessor a very rich man for life.

"Well, I'm glad you've got it," said Lee.

But he was thinking bitterly of Joyce's loss.

He turned away. Suddenly some instinct caused him to duck and spin around. The flash of flame spurted almost into his face. He heard Joyce's cry ring through the cavern.

Rathway had pulled a second pistol from his clothes and fired at Lee at five or six feet distance.

The bullet chipped a sliver of granite from the wall behind his head. At the same instant Lee saw Joyce aim her automatic and fire deliberately at Rathway.

But of course no discharge followed the pulling of the trigger. Lee had known the automatic was empty, though it had not seemed necessary to warn Joyce.

As he sprang forward, Rathway brought the butt of the weapon smashing down upon Lee's forehead.

Lee dropped foolishly upon his knees; he saw Rathway's face, convulsed with fury, over him; Rathway's arm, yellow with gold dust, raised to strike again. Lee leaned backward, overbalanced, fell into the stream.

He saw Joyce run forward and grasp at him as he was swept past, saw Rathway grappling with her—then he was in the whirling current, and Joyce and Rathway and the cavern vanished as swiftly as a picture on the screen.

Lee was only dimly conscious of what was happening to him, for his senses reeled under Rathway's blow, and it was only an intense effort of the will that enabled him to keep his face above the water. He had a vague consciousness that he was being whirled through the depths of the mountain in complete darkness. The rock roof swept his hair, and the rock walls on his two sides formed a sort of hydraulic tube against which the stream tossed and buffeted him, hurling him from side to side in its fury.

And ever the stream grew swifter, and ever that ominous roaring sounded louder in his ears.

The river was carrying him toward some subterranean waterfall. Half conscious, Lee visualized death among the grinding rocks—death in that viscous blackness that no ray of sunlight had ever illuminated.

He knew in a dim way that this was the end, and resistance being impossible, resigned himself to the rush of the waters, gasping in a few mouthfuls of air whenever it was possible.

The tunnel was growing still narrower, and now the roaring sounded in his ears like thunder. The rock roof dipped to the water. Lee drew in one last breath. He went under. He flung up his arms, and his fingers

scraped the roof—then touched only emptiness. The current hurled him to the surface again. He opened his eyes.

Starlight overhead, appearing between high, precipitous walls, that seemed to scrape the sky. A narrow gorge, through which the current whirled him still more furiously. In the distance a line of white, the boiling of the torrent about the rocks of the falls.

Involuntarily a great cry of anguish broke from Lee's throat. Again and again it broke forth, the spontaneous protest of the body against inevitable destruction.

Upon the brink of the gorge, which had a tiny ledge of rock or undercliff beside the water, a beacon fire leaped into view, far away. Silhouetted against it was the black figure of a man. Lee fancied that he shouted in answer. His head was growing clearer now.

The gorge had become as narrow as a hall bedroom, and the rush of the black torrent toward the falls terrific. It whirled Lee around and around like a ball. The line of white was coming nearer with awful rapidity. Lee saw the figure on the edge of it, tossing its arms as it raced along the brink, but if it was shouting now, its voice was indistinguishable in the roar of the torrent.

Great fallen rocks lined the banks. Lee grasped at them as he was swept by, but they always eluded him, always the current carried him away. Now he seemed poised upon the brink of the tumbling cataract. He grasped at a rock projecting out of mid-stream, missed it. . . .

Something descended over his head, checking him. He seemed to float still in the current, which boiled about and past him. He reached out to the rock, found it, clung there. He reached up one arm and found that he was enveloped in the folds of a long fishing net. He saw Leboeuf upon the brink, not ten feet distant. The man was shouting, but Lee could not distinguish a word. He was pointing toward the shore, to the rock. Lee let himself go.

The great shoulders and arms strained themselves upon the net against the torrent. Completely emmeshed, Lee felt himself being slowly drawn, like a gigantic fish, toward the bank. There was one instant when the force of the current seemed to be pulling old Leboeuf into the stream. The huge body bent like a bow, there was an instant of suspense, then he

The only thing for Rathway to do was to remove the gold and the girl simultaneously. He carried the bag of gold to the cave's mouth, but in spite of his great strength, the weight was terrific. He reconciled himself to his labors, however, by the reflection that the bag contained a fortune.

Then, returning to Joyce, he carried her to the bag and set her down beside it.

It was fortunate for him that Joyce remained unconscious, or he would have been impossibly handicapped in his maneuvers. Cursing and struggling, first with the bag and then with the girl, Rathway at last got them to the rock at the foot of the tunnel which Lee had so indiscreetly pointed out to him.

Then arose the most difficult problem of all. Either the girl or the gold would have to be left on the upper side of the tunnel while he went back for the other. And during his absence—Rathway shuddered at the thought of any prowler coming along and making off with the treasure.

He was not convinced in his mind that his aides had not followed him. Rathway chose to leave the gold in safety. It was the greater of his two passions. Gathering Joyce in his arms, he essayed the ascent of the cliff.

How he got to the tunnel's entrance he hardly knew afterward. It was a feat which only the spur of triumph enabled him to accomplish. He had to hold on with both hands while gripping the girl with the insides of his arms.

At length, however, he did succeed in reaching the tunnel's mouth, dragging himself through, and pulling Joyce through after him. The ascent of the rock ladder was trifling in comparison.

He looked at Joyce. She was still in a condition of profound unconsciousness. Breathing an unvoiced prayer to whatever gods controlled his soul, that she would not awake, Rathway laid her down between the moonlight and the rocking stone, and went back for the gold.

This job of hoisting the heavy bag up the side of the cliff, required less dexterity, but every ounce of strength that he possessed. Inch by inch, straining and scrambling up the rocky wall, Rathway pushed it before him until, bruised by the impact of the treasure, he got it safely within the tunnel, and thence to the rocking stone above.

He stopped to breathe. He wiped the sweat from his face. It was not very far from dawn. He must have spent hours on that hideous task.

Then, carrying the bag and the girl alternately, he pushed on toward the house. He wakened his aides with a yell. They came staggering out, drunk and half asleep.

"Start up the engine, Kramer," he shouted. "We'll have to be on our way by daylight. Gimme a drink!"

He gulped down half a bottle of his own liquor. The reaction after his incredible labors, the possession of the gold, the supreme triumph of that night exalted him. But he was anxious to get away as soon as possible.

At Siston lake, which was only a few hours' journey by motor boat, he would be in his own retreat. He could wait till then to enjoy success. He gloated as he looked down at the unconscious girl.

Something had gone wrong with the engine, and Rathway fussed and fumed while Kramer, the mechanic, was repairing it. The packs were got together, the engine overhauled. Rathway placed the bag of gold dust in the middle of the boat, and carried Joyce to it. He laid her down, and they pushed off.

Joyce had fallen into a profound sleep of exhaustion. She began to stir, stretched out her arms.

"Lee, dear," she murmured.

She opened her eyes and looked into Rathway's vulpine face. She screamed. She struggled. She remembered.

She fought like a mad woman, and Rathway was forced to call for a rope. He tied her ankles together and fastened her arms to her sides. He passed the rope around one of the cleats. In spite of her bonds she struggled so that it was all Rathway could do to keep her from tilting the boat over. She screamed continually and tried to throw herself over the side.

At last she stopped, however, and lay still from exhaustion. She never renewed her struggles. She lay in the bottom of the boat with her eyes closed, drawing in convulsive breaths. Despite his triumph and his anticipations, Rathway was afraid of her. He wondered what was going on inside her mind.

It was about noon when they reached the promontory.

Rathway, preceded by Pierre and Shorty with the gold—he would not leave it in the motor boat—carried the girl across the neck of land to an isolated hut about three hundred yards away, following a secret passage among the reeds. He laid her down upon the camp bed. Joyce lay rigid, looking at him with dilated pupils, and still drawing in those shuddering breaths. Rathway went out with a

sign of relief; he was still more afraid of her in that condition.

Another person he feared was Estelle, and it was with relief he learned that she was not at the promontory. Estelle had odd ways of wandering alone about the country. Rathway was glad of this temporary respite. Going to the stables, a shanty with two stalls close by, where he kept two horses and fodder for use in unexpected emergency, he saw that one of the animals was missing. No doubt Estelle had gone out riding.

Estelle's personality was a stronger one than Rathway's. He could never cow her by violence, as he cowed his men; on the contrary, he feared her hissing tongue when she was aroused.

He had seen Pierre, Shorty, and Kramer gloating over the gold, and he knew that he would have short shrift if once his men suspected that he was unable to keep it against them, or if they trusted each other sufficiently to combine against him. That was why he had removed it to the hut in the swamp, approachable only by a single narrow track.

There were six other men at the promontory, one of them, the man whom Lee had shot through the hand, being still disabled. Rathway set the whole lot on various jobs, to keep them busy during the remainder of the day. He knew that they would be talking about the gold at night, but he was making his own plans. And, left alone, he paced the track, now gloating over the gold, now over Joyce who still lay silent on the bed, her lips compressed, and that awful look in her eyes.

He went to her side and cut the bonds that bound her. There was no need to guard her; she could not escape him. Joyce sat up slowly, still looking at him in that terrible way. He could not face her eyes. He felt helpless before her. He needed two allies—night and whisky.

"Come, dearie," he began, in a voice that was meant to be placable, "you know everything I've done has been out of love for you—"

"Murderer!" Rathway trembled before her outstretched finger. He had thought to have her at his mercy; she seemed to have him at hers.

"Come, now, my dear, if I had to treat you rough—"

"Murderer!"

"He was pulling a gun on me. He fell into the stream himself. I didn't hit him."

"You—murderer!"

Rathway beat a retreat. Her eyes were blazing like a panther's. He couldn't understand his fear of her. He crossed the neck, went into his hut, and began drinking. His mind was muddled, and worse, his will was wavering. That girl was bad enough—then there would be Estelle to face.

Curse those women! The mental picture of Joyce rose up before his eyes. She had never seemed so desirable. He saw her unconscious in the mine again, with her short, fair hair hanging about her neck, her eyes closed, helpless. Curse her! Why had he only been thinking of the gold? He had had her at his mercy then.

He looked cautiously into the hut again. Joyce was still sitting on the bed, still as a carved statue. Rathway was beginning to be afraid that she was going mad. If she would only give him the chance, he wanted to tell her that he would share the gold with her. Why couldn't she be reasonable? It was that d-d Anderson! How long would she be thinking of him? Weeks, perhaps.

His suspicions of Joyce and Anderson lashed him, and he raged all the afternoon, abusing his men, and giving them unheard of tasks. He had the boats cleaned, the engine overhauled, a drum of gasoline placed in the motor boat. He sent some food to Joyce. The men grumbled and went about their work sullenly. Rathway fancied he saw looks passing between them, as if they had some secret understanding. He believed they were conspiring against him. And where the devil was Estelle?

In spite of the hate that he now felt for her, he turned to her in his thoughts in time of difficulty. Curse the woman! She was getting too strong a hold on him! He must send her packing.

His desire for Joyce was a constant goad to him. But he was still afraid of her. He must give her time to weaken. It was not dark enough. And he had not drunk enough.

At nightfall the men began a carousal, gathering in a hollow between the huts, protected by a skin roof and sides, but open in front, where a huge fire was kindled. Usually Rathway kept liquor from them, except when on long journeys and for the weekly debauch which he permitted, but now they were openly defying his rigid rule. The possession of the gold had disintegrated everything.

For Rathway, too. He cared no longer. The drunker his followers became, the better for the plans that were condensing in his mind.

As he passed, one of the men defiantly held up a bottle, an act that would have brought swift physical retribution under other circumstances. A man at his side dashed it out of his hand, whispering in his ear. The bottle smashed, and the spirit ran out on the ground. Rathway affected not to notice the incident.

Another man, staggering out of a hut, lurched past him with a mumbled gibe. Rathway affected not to notice that either. Let the fools weave their halter!

He went into his own hut and swallowed a cupful of whisky. It helped to steady his nerves. He crossed the neck and made his way to the hut where Joyce was. It was nearly dark now, and through the darkness he could see her sitting where he had

left her, her hands folded in her lap. Fear of her sprang up in him again, and with the fear unreasoning fury. Hate and love left him neutral for the moment, so strongly they contended within him.

The girl did not turn her head, and he steered a wide course of the bed, edging sidewise toward the sack of gold dust. Picking it up, he made his way quickly outside. With a great effort he managed to hoist it upon his back, and, staggering along, almost bent double by his burden, he made his way among the reeds until he reached the shore of the lake, a few yards from where the motor boat lay beached at the end of the broken parapet.

He laid the bag down in the swamp growth. He felt more at ease now. No one would think of looking for it

there, and to hoist it into the motor boat would be a matter of only a minute or two.

Looking into the boat, he saw that Kramer had placed the drum of gasoline in it, as he had ordered.

Rathway chuckled. Joyce, the boat and the gold—and Estelle away! What more was needed?

A few hours' delay, until the men were stupefied with whisky, then—

One minute's start was all he needed. Then he was safe. He could make Lake Misquash in three days. There, in the far north, at the last outpost of the Free Traders, run by the half-breed whom he supplied periodically with hooch for sale, he would remain with Joyce, safe against pursuit through the long winter. In any event it was not likely that the gang would have the enterprise to follow him.

In spring Joyce and he would move south by other trails. By spring the girl would have forgotten Anderson.

It was beginning to snow again. Clouds would cover the moon that night. Things could not have turned out more favorably. Best of all was Estelle's absence.

But then, through the fading twilight, Rathway saw Estelle coming toward him along the path through the reeds.

And a fury of resentment rose in his breast at the sight of her. He had never hated her more. Why had he tolerated this woman so long after she had ceased to mean anything to him? There was murder in his heart as he advanced to meet her.



Rathway Laid the Bag Down in the Swamp Growth.

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CHAPTER XVII

Lee Is Given a Powerful Tool

It was dawn in the gorge when Lee opened his eyes. At first his memories were confused so that he could carry them no further forward than the moment when he turned away from the log house, leaving Joyce with Rathway.

He had meant to kill him then—and here he must have fallen asleep in the forest, for it was daylight. And Joyce had been all night in Rathway's power!

Murder filled his heart; and again everything else was blotted out of his mind but the insensate desire to slay, a primal instinct that swamped every other part of the man's being.

He started up. But—this was not the forest! He was amazed to see the walls of the gorge on either side of him, dwindling away in the distance into open country, with a vista of trees beyond, and splashes of sunshine, interspersed with long waves of shadow, showing that the sun had already risen.

Almost immediately beneath the ledge on which he lay was a cataract, but not deep—a roaring stream of water rushing among the rocks.

And not far away was old Leboeuf, placidly frying bacon in a skillet over a wood fire.

Then all the events of the night flashed into Lee's mind. He uttered a cry, got on his legs.

"Leboeuf!"

At Lee's cry the old Indian turned and came toward him, the skillet in his hand.

"Monstieur?"

"We must go back, Joyce—" And he began to tell the old man of the events of the night, that Joyce and he were married—but it was all incoherent, and he was not sure that he succeeded in making Leboeuf understand.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



He Saw Joyce Run Forward and Grasp at Him as He Swept Past.

slowly the great shoulders swung back, and Lee grasped the rocky ledge through the folds of the net. He felt himself raised to the rock rim, felt Leboeuf's arms about him, and collapsed into unconsciousness.

CHAPTER XVII

Rathway Takes Thought of His Spoils

Rathway laughed like a hyena as he saw Lee disappear in the swift waters of the torrent. He spun about and struck the pistol from Joyce's hands, pulled the girl to him, and crushed her brutally against his breast.

And Joyce, overcome by this climax of the night's work, suddenly relaxed in his arms and fainted.

Rathway laid her down on the sand and looked at her in perplexity.

He discovered that he was somewhat in the same situation as the fox with the sack of corn and the goose.

If he carried the girl through the tunnel and left her while he went back for the gold she might escape him.

On the other hand, if he left her in the cave while he carried the gold away, she might fling herself into the stream in her despair. And someone might take the gold.

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Bishop Waldorf said in an address in Wichita:

"In their success talks to Young Men's Christian associations some of our millionaires enunciate rather anti-Christian views.

"In a recent talk of this kind an aged millionaire said earnestly:

"I tell ye, young fellers, in this race for success it ain't enough to know how to push yourself along—ye got to know how to push the other feller out o' the way."

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Cause of the Uproar

"What was going on at yore house last night about nine o'clock, Gap?" asked an acquaintance. "I went past there, coming back from town, and I swear it sounded like you was whaling all the children at once."

"None!" replied Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge. "me and wife was just getting a plaster off'm our least boy, Bearcat's, back that had been on there since before Christmas.—Kansas City Star.

Hurry Frogs' Growth

By means of thyroid treatment tadpoles have been made to develop into fullgrown frogs inside of a week or two. The experiments are reported by Dr. C. C. Spield of the University of Virginia and Prof. Reid Hunt of the Harvard Medical school. Dried thyroid glands of sheep were administered to the tadpoles.

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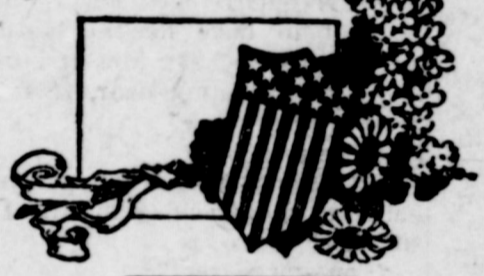
AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let Freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze
And ring from all the trees
Sweet Freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our Father's God, to thee,
Author of Liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.



Dinner to Lafayette Marked by Hilarity

A subscription dinner was, on Tuesday, given at Matthew Wilson's hotel by a number of the members of the legislature to General Lafayette, pursuant to arrangements previously made by Dr. Kitchen of the senate and Messrs. Gilleland and Meredith of the house of representatives, the committee appointed for that purpose by the subscribers. His excellency, the governor, General Lafayette, the heads of departments, Judge Gibson, Mr. G. W. Lafayette, Mr. Leveseur, the committee from New York in attendance upon the general and a few veterans of the Revolution, residents of this place, were present as guests. Mr. Speaker Marks presided and was assisted by Mr. Speaker Sutherland and Mr. Roberts of the house of representatives. About 120 gentlemen sat down to the dinner, which was served at a little after four o'clock. The dinner was an excellent one, says a report in the Harrisburg Chronicle, February 3, 1825.

The most cordial hilarity prevailed throughout the whole entertainment, in the course of which, at the particular and repeated request of the general, "Hail Columbia" was sung by himself and the whole company standing. The governor and General Lafayette retired at about eight o'clock and the company broke up shortly afterwards. At 11 o'clock on Wednesday General Lafayette took his departure for York.



Momentous Meeting

The first session of the Continental congress was held in Carpenter's hall, Philadelphia, September 5, 1774, with 44 members present; all the colonies were represented except Georgia and North Carolina. Peyton Randolph of Virginia was president, and Charles Thomson was secretary.



KOSCIUSKO STATUE

This statue of Gen. Thaddeus Kosciusko, the Polish patriot who served the United States in the Revolutionary war, is located in Lafayette square, across Pennsylvania avenue from the White House.

Did you know that five of America's six great wars commenced in April, that the Civil war ended and America's greatest tragedy occurred in this same month?

Here are the facts:
The Revolution began April 19, 1775, at Lexington and Concord.
The Mexican war began April 24, 1846, on the Texas frontier.
The Civil war began April 12, 1861, with the bombardment of Fort Sumter, S. C.
The Spanish-American war began April 19, 1898.
The United States declared war on Germany April 6, 1917.
The Civil war closed with Lee's surrender at Appomattox, and President Lincoln was assassinated in April, 1865.

SAW BEGINNING OF NEW FREEDOM

Historic Yorktown Dear to All Americans.

Yorktown monument, erected by the national government at Yorktown, Va., commemorates the last battle of the Revolution fought there which won independence and created New world government. Lord Cornwallis, after a desperate siege, finally surrendered to Washington October 19, 1781, thus ending British hostilities in the colonies. General Washington experienced indescribable joy at that event, with the remark: "The work is done, and it has been done well."

In 1781 the first congress which met after the Revolution ordered an appropriation of \$100,000 to erect an imposing monument to pay lasting tribute and evidence American gratitude for victory and the birth of freedom. Nearly 100 years elapsed before the idea of a suitable memorial was carried out.



Old Custom House, Yorktown.

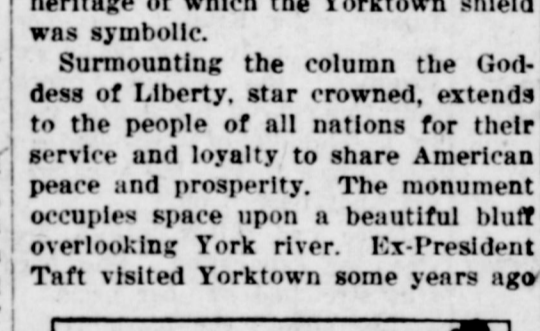
In 1880 R. M. Hunt and J. Q. H. Ward, artists of New York, and Henry Van Brunt of Boston modeled this most beautiful conception of "Liberty and Peace." Its cornerstone was laid in October, 1881, during the centennial celebration.

The Yorktown monument is built of Maine granite, standing 100 feet 6 inches high. The four sides of the base are given to inscriptions delineating the valor and victory on this illustrious battlefield, the narration of the siege, a treaty of alliance with the king of France, a treaty of peace with the king of England. Over these four sides, near the base, are the carved emblems of nationality, emblems of war, emblems of alliance, emblems of peace. The base is devoted to inscriptions or historical statements upon the sources of American government. Grouped on the circular podium are 13 female figures, representative of the 13 original colonies, beneath their feet are these words: "One Country, one Destiny, one Constitution."

The 38 stars on the column represent the states which up to the time of unveiling had been admitted to the Union.

"The Branch of Peace" is adroitly chiseled midst the stars. This was the heritage of which the Yorktown shield was symbolic.

Surmounting the column the Goddess of Liberty, star crowned, extends to the people of all nations for their service and loyalty to share American peace and prosperity. The monument occupies space upon a beautiful bluff overlooking York river. Ex-President Taft visited Yorktown some years ago



Headquarters of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

while secretary of war, and upon his suggestion the government then put the grounds about the monument in order, granolithic walks were laid and an iron fence instead of the dilapidated wooden fence incloses this hallowed site.

Throughout the year many thousand visitors pay homage to this most illustrious scene in American history. And in the annual celebration on October 18 once again the last battlefield of the Revolution becomes the center scene to immortalize the glorious achievements won in final victory for the American people.

Immortal Toast
Independence now, and independence forever.—Daniel Webster.

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