

Published among the Silver-Lined Clouds, 4,692 feet above sea level, where the sun shines 365 days in the year. The healthful, pure air makes life worth living.

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.

THE ROUND-UP—AND IT RAINED

A large crowd from many of the neighboring towns and throughout the county, came in Thursday to witness and some to take part in the celebration. According to program, the parade came first, led by the First Cavalry band. Then followed the companies of the First cavalry, led by Col. C. E. Stodler, with Capt. J. B. Gillett by his side. Following the army came the cowboys, at least fifty, led by Capt. John A. Pool and Mrs. John A. Pool. This was a most interesting sight, and as they passed along, from the crowd lining both sides of the street, applause broke forth. For it was a marvelous exhibition, and brought memories to many, of other days. Capt. Pool was one of the fearless riders during those bloody days over a half century ago, who rode behind a Chieftan whose name was dreaded throughout a nation then torn by bloody conflict. He is now nearing his 88th milestone along the journey of life and notwithstanding his great age, still daily can be seen riding his favorite horse. Mrs. Pool is somewhat younger, but both take great interest in passing events.

The different events for Thursday came off on schedule time. The horse races, pitching horse contest, bull riding, base ball game between Marfa and Sanderson, etc., and the barbecue, were all most successful. Then in the evening, owing to the rain, the minor sports were omitted, but the other games, ending with a big dance at the aviation field, ended up the days enjoyment. During the day a crack flier of the U. S. aviators, entertained the crowd with a splendid exhibition from the skies.

Friday night—all night—nearly—it rained and rained and the stockmen rejoiced. The track was mud and water and water and mud. The regular schedule was therefore rained to pieces. There was some talk of getting up a swimming contest—some wanted to see a revue of bathing beauties, but adjournment was made to the aviation field where the round-up was closed with another dance—on with

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT

To the members of Marfa Rebekah Lodge No. 432, we, the committee appointed to draft resolutions of respect on the death of our brother, A. M. Avant, submit the following:

RESOLVED: that whereas the loving and all-wise Father, in His infinite wisdom, has seen fit to remove from our midst the soul of our brother, and

WHEREAS, his loss is deeply mourned by all members of this Lodge who loved and admired him, and who enjoyed his genial presence so much, and;

WHEREAS, the nobleness of his character and the gentleness of his nature have left their impress upon all of us who associated with him in our work, and;

WHEREAS, the loss of our brother, his absence from among us, the loss of his good counsel and fellowship is keenly felt; therefore be it

RESOLVED, that we express to the bereaved and sorrowing relations our sincere condolence, commending them for comfort to the loving Father who heals all wounds and who "doeth all things well," and:

RESOLVED, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, and a copy be spread upon the minutes of this Lodge to bear testimony to our love and respect for our departed brother.

Signed:

Ruth Niccolls,
F. W. Jordan,
Ernest Williams.

Mrs. W. E. Hopkins and little sons who have spent the summer here for the benefit of the older boys health, will return to their home in Kingsville, Texas, Tuesday night.

the dance! If one day of the rogero was successful—and it truly was—then two days would have been, in modern flapper parlance, awfully so. Let us all rejoice and close by singing:
Oh the rain, the beautiful rain,
Falling, falling, dripping everywhere—

J. T. ROBISON, LAND OFFICIAL ILL IN HOSPITAL

J. T. Robison, State Land Commissioner, who was stricken ill at Del Rio Saturday, while spending several days in West Texas appraising State lands, was brought to San Antonio early Monday morning and taken to Lee's Surgical hospital, where an abdominal operation was performed at noon.

His condition was reported satisfactory by attending physicians Monday night.

With are Mrs. Robison and their son, Dr. J. N. Robison of Houston, who rushed to his father's bedside when notified of his illness. Dr. George W. Cox of Del Rio, accompanied the party to San Antonio.

The commissioner is "a very sick man," Dr. Robison said Monday night. "We have hopes of his recovery," he said. The operation was to relieve a pancreatic abscess, he said. He is 63 years old.—San Antonio Express.

MARFA HISTORY CLUB

The Marfa History Club met on Tuesday afternoon, August 25th, at the home of Mrs. T. M. Wilson. The president conducted a short business session, mainly appointing a committee to select a new study course for 1926. The meeting was then turned over to Mrs. Yates, the leader, for the afternoon.

Mrs. Church charmingly presented "Egypt, the Land of Mystey."

A very interesting paper, discussing China from every phase, was given by Mrs. Brite.

Questions on the Boxer Revolt and Russo-Japanese War were answered.

The club was glad to have as guests Mrs. Brown of San Marcos and Mrs. McLaughley of San Antonio.

The hostess assisted by her daughters, Misses Nell and Florence, served delicious refreshments.

The club will meet on September 29th with Mrs. Church as hostess, and Miss Jacobs leader.

Press Reporter.

WAR LOAN CATTLE SOLD FOR \$300,000 TO MARFA BUYERS

Santa Fe, N. M. Sept. 1.—Levi A. Hughes, receiver of the Livestock and Agricultural Loan Company, Monday sold approximately 10,000 head of steers to Mueller, Jones, Espy and Finley of Marfa, Texas, the high bidders, for \$5.66 per cwt. delivered at El Paso. The consideration is approximately \$300,000 for the lot.

The steers are New Mexico and Arizona cattle which had been mortgaged to the company and the war finance corporation. They are now on the ranges in the state of Chihuahua, Mexico, having been taken there for pasture during the last three years on account of drought in the southwest.

The sale is subject to the approval by Judge O. L. Phillips of the Federal district court.

TO CATTLEMEN

Those of you who have anything to sell in—
Calves, steers or heifers,
Beef or Feeder Cows,
Stock Cows,
Beef Steers or Feeder Steers.—
I have sold more than 30,000 cattle in the past ten months, why can not I sell some for you. I have customers all the way from Kansas to California.

Now have orders and inquiries and orders for more than 15,000 cattle of all kinds.

Will thank you for a listing of your cattle—absolutely no obligation unless a sale is made.

BOB EVANS,
Marfa, Texas.

BWARE OF FRAUDS

Hon. O. A. Knight,
Marfa, Texas.

Dear Sir:—
I respectfully advise you that within the past few weeks a man signing himself at times to be Meador, Metcalfe, Meaders and Mead has been collecting occupation taxes in certain counties of the State without any authority from me. The imposter is described as of

HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE

The pretty home of Mrs. V. G. Myrick was the scene of delightful hospitality Wednesday afternoon when Mrs. Myrick entertained at 42 complimenting the members of the Household Science club.

An interesting program was first given under the leadership of Mesdames Clay Mitchell, Lloyd Mitchell, McKie Mitchell, F. Barton, B. DeVolin, Henry Coffield, Kenneth Smith, P. Kerr, Arthur Kerr, H. Metcalfe, Joe Jomar, W. Jennings, Will Colquitt, Mrs. L. Bunton and Mrs. W. E. Hopkins of Kingsville were the guests of the afternoon.

U. OF T. GEOLOGY STUDENTS EXAMINE FORMATIONS IN BIG BEND REGION

A party of eleven University of Texas Geology students, chaperoned by Prof. and Mrs. F. L. Whitney of the University, are in Brewster County, studying geology at first hand. They have established the U. of T. Geology camp near Marathon, and a party of the students and Professor and Mrs. Whitney were in Alpine Monday. The boys visited the Chamber of Commerce and looked over the collection of mineral samples. They have been in the Big Bend for the past month and before returning will visit the Terlingua Mining District and the Potash Mountain and the Grand Canyon section. Those in the party are: Professor and Mrs. Whitney and daughter, Miss Marion Whitney, T. L. Allen, Austin; Neill Bingham, Mexia; A. L. Berkman, Austin; C. R. Berguisch, San Antonio; C. E. Henson, Stephenville; G. G. Gerhardt, Shamrock; Reed Cristner, Austin; T. K. Knox, H. A. Forville, Wichita Falls.—Alpine Avalanche.

The party has a letter head of this Department upon which is written a forged letter and signature of myself. He issues an ordinary printed receipt and collects cigarette occupation taxes principally, and has victimized many business people in his rounds.

I sincerely trust that you will be on the alert for this man and if located, immediately notify your sheriff, and wire me at my expense. I would also suggest that you run this notice in your local paper and notify business men in your county.

Thanking you for your kindness, and assuring you of my pleasure in serving you in any way, I am

Very truly yours,
S. H. TERRELL,
Comptroller.

Note:—Pay no occupation taxes to anyone except the Collector or to one with proper credentials from the Comptroller countersigned by me.

O. A. KNIGHT,
Collector, Presidio County, Texas.

BABY SHOW

The Baby Show, held on August 29th at the parlors of the First Christian Church, was the first of its kind ever held in Marfa, and proved a most successful affair. There was a large attendance of mothers with their babies. Altho some measured up to the standard better than others, yet all carried away blue ribbons. The highest score was 99.

The lecture delivered by Dr. Charles E. MacDonald, major medical corps, was listened to by a large audience of mothers, and from the many expressions by them, the lecture was very highly appreciated. The Doctor spoke from notes and showed a thorough knowledge of the subject.

See our New Fall Goods too

Dress Goods

Outings

Shoes

Velour Hats

Sweaters.

OH! YES, THERE'S OTHER GROCERY-MEN - BUT?

There's but One That's making it PAY YOU to Trade with-

WE DON'T SAY "May-be" WE DON'T MEAN "May-be" WE SAY "It will pay."

Fresh Fruits, Vegetables, Good Groceries, Hardware, Kitchen ware, Garden Tools,

P. S. Still Canning? - You'll need JARS, JAR RUBBERS, & TOPS, JELLY GLASSES' SUGAR.

Dry Goods
Phone No. 36.

MURPHY-WALKER COMPANY,

Groceries
Phone No. 30.

"THINK IT OVER"

BYRD TELLS OF FLIGHT PLANS

Naval Officer With MacMillan Explains How Planes Will Be Used.

Washington.—Lieutenant Commander R. E. Byrd, U. S. N., in command of the naval detachment of the MacMillan Arctic expedition under the auspices of the National Geographic society, has forwarded to the Navy department a definite plan of operations with the three navy amphibian planes in exploring the Polar regions, plans for the establishment of bases, and the difficulties and precautions necessary in airplane expeditions in that climate.

Spectacular dashes will be avoided and the unit will feel its way as it goes as the difficulties facing it are unknown, but as far as possible emergencies will be provided for.

"The base on the Polar sea will be either at Cape Columbia, Grant Land, or Cape Thomas Hubbard, Axel Heiberg Land, depending upon which seems to afford the best landing places en route. It is known that there are landing facilities at the two above mentioned capes," the communication says.

"To load an airplane to the limit is hard on its engine as too many revolutions per minute are required to get proper speed of the plane, causing lessened reliability of engine performance.

To Have Half-Way Base.

"Therefore an intermediate base will be formed between the main base at or near Etah and the base on the Polar sea. This base should be midway between the two bases, or about 150 miles from Etah. Ammunition, firearms, engine fuel and food will be put at both bases and in addition the base on the Polar sea will have a small tent, some food and spare parts, a radio operator and a radio set, smoke bombs, field glasses, a Primus (blow torch) stove, kerosene, planes' stakes and lashes for bad weather and one Eskimo and dog. The Eskimo and dog are taken along as an emergency measure in case it becomes necessary to live on the country. At least two months' supply of food will be taken to the base on the Polar sea.

"If the Polar sea base is put at Cape Thomas Hubbard the first long flight over the Polar sea will probably be 319 degrees true course.

"All compasses will be checked by the sun compass and when the sun is bright this compass may be used entirely as the other compasses are subject to the errors of the theoretical variation which will be out as much as five or ten degrees from the actual variation.

"As an aid in navigating a small amount of a solution of permanganate of potash will be dropped on the snow every fifteen minutes. Compass radio bearings will also be used whenever possible.

All Planes to Have Radio.

"All three planes will be used to form the base on the Polar sea. Two planes will go together on flights from this base and the third plane will remain at the base as a reserve plane.

All three planes will be equipped with radio.

"At least one of the two planes flying over the Polar sea must have a mechanic on board to repair the engine if possible in case of a forced landing.

"All members of the naval unit are being required to learn to send and receive radio.

"The plane left at the base should have assigned to it a competent navigator and before each flight he will be given all details relating to the course to be steered so that rescue work can be competently carried out.

"Only two persons can go in each plane in the Polar sea flight. On account of the extra gasoline tanks necessary there will not be room for navigation carrying a third person. Also a third person would cut down too much the radius of action of the plane."

Leningrad Now Drab Picture

Shorn of Former Glories Its Population Is Fast Dwindling.

Leningrad, Russia.—No city in Russia has been more profoundly affected by the revolution and its aftermath than Leningrad, the old capital. Once the "heart" of Russia, as Moscow was its "heart," the old St. Petersburg seems even to have lost its intellectual supremacy and its artistic prestige. The city is merely a decaying monument of the past.

The removal of the capital to Moscow would inevitably have spelled Leningrad's doom as a political center, but the metropolis which Peter the Great built more than 200 years ago has greatly deteriorated in other respects. Most of its great public buildings and private mansions are falling into ruin for lack of money with which to repair them.

All the fine foreign embassy buildings, including that formerly occupied by the Americans, show the ravages of time, weather and neglect. The winter palace, the admiralty, all the elegant edifices along the Neva, the palaces of the nobles, wear a dull, drab dress as if mourning for the past.

Population Dwindles Fast.

The population has decreased from 1,000,000 to 650,000. The foreign visitor expresses wonder how even this reduced number can support themselves, for the city has few industries and there is much unemployment. The business life of the city is confined almost entirely to halting retail trade.

The famous Nevsky Prospect, the "Broadway" of Leningrad, is only a ghost of its former splendor, gayety,

Asks "Only \$60,000" of Cash Found in Dead Mail

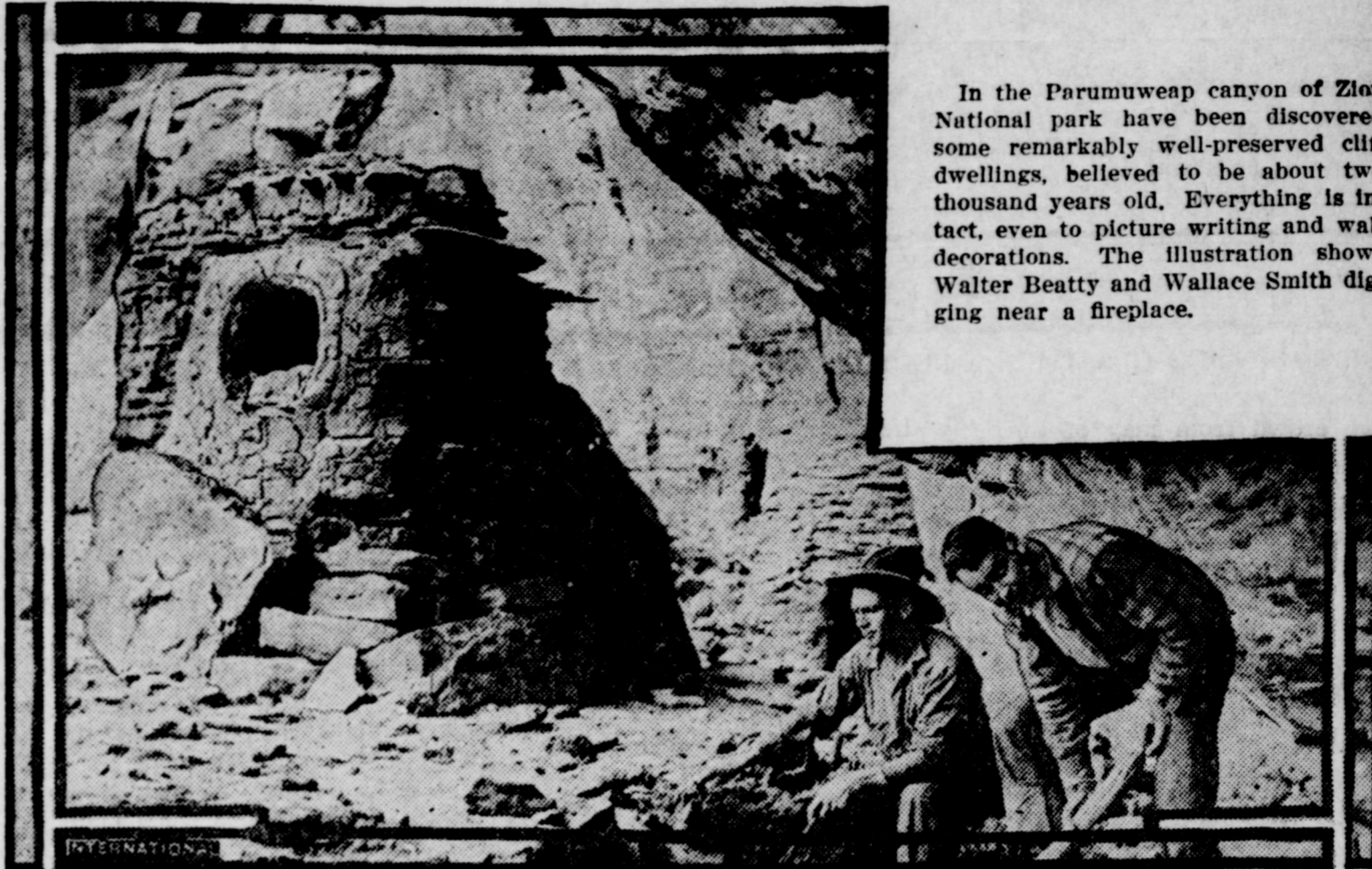
Washington.—A resident of Tomahawk, Wis., has written Postmaster General New:

"I read in the newspapers that thousands of dollars are found in the dead letters. I'm just thinking as the owners of a large number are unknown I trust that it is God's will that I could have a small part of this—only sixty or seventy thousand dollars. I surely thank you unspeakably for the kind favor by sending me a bank draft within ten days. May the dear Lord bless us more and more at all times."

Figures Age of Earth at 1,100,000,000 Years

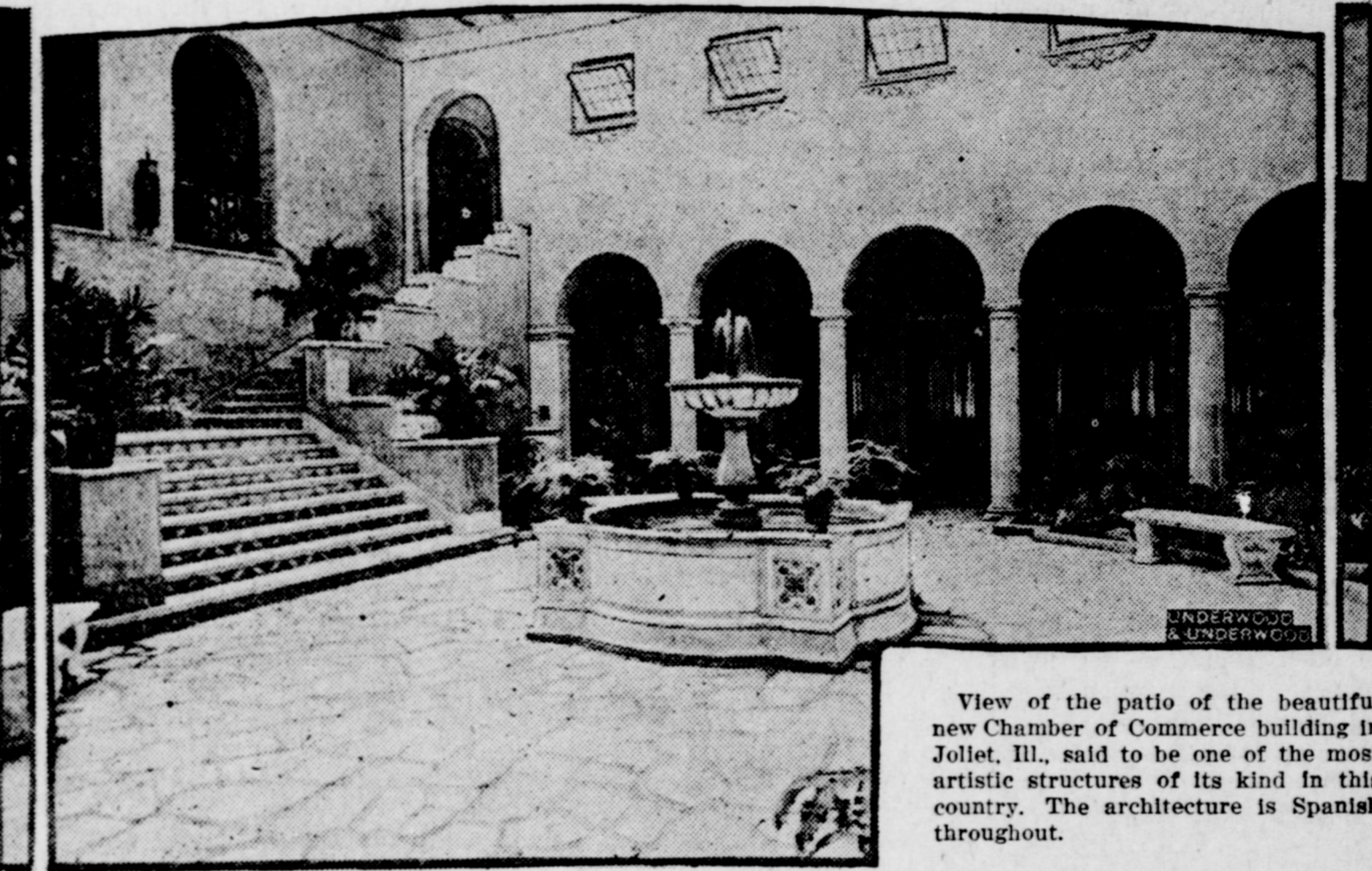
Koenigsberg, Germany.—The approximate age of the earth, in the opinion of Prof. Wilhelm Eitel, is from 1,100,000,000 to 1,200,000,000 years. An account of his investigations, just published here, shows he arrived at these figures through calculation of the radio-activity of various strata of earth, using pre-cambrian stone formations as representing the oldest known mineralogical deposits.

Where Ancient Race Dwelt in the Zion Park



In the Parumuweap canyon of Zion National park have been discovered some remarkably well-preserved cliff dwellings, believed to be about two thousand years old. Everything is intact, even to picture writing and wall decorations. The illustration shows Walter Beatty and Wallace Smith digging near a fireplace.

Joliet Is Justly Proud of This Building



View of the patio of the beautiful new Chamber of Commerce building in Joliet, Ill., said to be one of the most artistic structures of its kind in this country. The architecture is Spanish throughout.

Young Coolidge Made Corporal



John Coolidge, son of the President, shown above being inspected by Colonel Larned at Camp Devens, has been made a corporal in the Citizen's Military Training corps on the strength of the training he received last year.

ELLSWORTH IS BACK



Lincoln Ellsworth, the American who commanded one of the two planes in which the party, led by Roald Amundsen, made the attempt to reach the North pole by air, returned to New York recently.

Think the World Is Their Oyster



Members of the central executive committee of the Communist party of Russia, Stalin, Rykoff, Kameneff and Zinovieff, leaving the Kremlin in Moscow after a meeting.

GUARD PALACE DOORS 100 YEARS, NOBODY KNEW WHY

Search for Economies in French Government Reveals Functionary Continued for Century.

Paris.—A temporary functionary who with his successors has held a job for more than a hundred years has been found in the search for economies advocated by a long string of finance ministers and now by M. Caillaux. This supernumerary is the sentinel at the Palais Bourbon, where the chamber of deputies meets.

After the fall of the first republic and preceding the restoration one of the back doors of the palace which seemed to offer too many chances for besetting political mobs was heavily barred and double locked and a sentinel with fixed bayonet there to see that the door was left closed. Since that day governments have come and governments have gone, more than a hundred of them in succession have

had their short try at satisfying the parliamentarians who sit there, and automatically the sentinel has been replaced.

Never had it occurred to anyone to ask why the man paced up and down on the sidewalk in front of a door that required the genius of a super burglar to open until recently a member of the commission which passes on the chamber's expenses asked for a list of the soldiers and police detailed to guard the salons of France. Then it was learned that for more than a hundred years a sentinel, placed there about the time of the restoration on purely temporary service, had been automatically replaced ever since.

The discovery set some of the deputies to thinking of serious reforms. It was asked, for instance, why such an extremely democratic president of the chamber as M. Herriot could not do without the royal and imperial pomp

"Golden Rule" Nash Plans Clubs in Turkey

New York.—Arthur Nash of Cincinnati, who won the sobriquet "Golden Rule" Nash by paying his employees generous wages and fixing short working hours, has given \$250,000 to spread the doctrine of the golden rule in Turkey.

Dr. John Bayne Aschan, former pastor of Avondale Methodist church in Cincinnati, was here on the way to Turkey in behalf of Mr. Nash. Doctor Aschan will organize six clubs in principal cities of Turkey which will be known as Turkish-American clubs and will operate in much the same manner as the Young Men's Christian association.

The fundamental purpose of the clubs is to promote the doctrine of the golden rule and a better knowledge of Christianity.

with which the presiding officer makes his entry into the chamber.

Japs Develop Camera for Use by Submarines

Sasebo, Japan.—Optical instruments and photographic devices used in the Japanese navy are being improved upon rapidly, says a naval official here.

It is announced that a method has been perfected for the taking of pictures through the periscope of submarines, the details of which are being kept secret.

It is declared that, by the use of the periscope-telescopic camera, movements of enemy ships can be easily recorded without the submarine itself being detected.

The device is being tested, and if it proves to be successful all the submarines in the Japanese navy will be equipped with it.

A gigantic artificial waterfall is to be built on the River Ebro to supply electric power to the northeastern provinces of Spain.

Will Be Dedicated in September



The Harding memorial in Stanley park, Vancouver, B. C., which is to be unveiled September 17 next by Herbert Hoover. It is being erected by the Kiwanis clubs of America near the spot where the late President made his last speech extending fraternal greetings to Canada. The figures represent Columbia and Canada.

IT'S WELL LIGHTED



"What a well-lighted apartment," said the queen bee as she led her swarming family to this street lamp Seattle, Wash.

The Vanishing Men

By Richard Washburn Child

(W. N. U. Service)

(Copyright by E. P. Dutton & Co.)

SYNOPSIS

Out of uniform, at the end of the World war, with the rank of major, Peter DeWolfe, young American of wealth and family, is urged by an English comrade in arms, Eversby Benham, to visit the Benham home and meet the Englishman's mother and sister, and, incidentally, Brena Selcoss, young woman about whom there is an air of mystery. Muriel Benham, Eversby's sister, becomes infatuated with Peter, but he is interested only in the mysterious Brena Selcoss, of whom he has had only a glimpse. Muriel urges him to forget her, warning him that if she (Brena) should like him he is in danger of "vanishing"—like the others. Peter meets Brena in a tea room. After a few days' companionship the feeling between Peter and Brena ripens into love. Brena confesses that she is married and that her husband has "vanished." Brena's life story is out of the ordinary. Her father had been forced to leave Greece because of revolutionary affiliations, and his death, following quickly upon that of his wife, leaves Brena penniless, at Dallas, Texas. She secures work, and meets Jim Hennepin. He falls in love with her. He urges her to meet him in St. Louis.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

This was the man who withheld his questions, bided his time and gazed at Brena Selcoss with frank admiration on his absurdly youthful and academic face. He turned away from her, walked to the window and looked out at the night, at the wall of the neighboring house upon which the light of the full moon was bluish white, and then, like an actor who has rehearsed the part of a cool and collected man he walked toward Brena and said clearly and calmly, "I've come for information."

He could not see the slightest quiver in the girl's eyes, though he looked for it.

"Yes," said he. "May I close this door?"

Mrs. Wilkie, who was outside pretending to read the names in the telephone book, saw the front room door gently swing to and heard the latch.

"How old are you?" Parmalee was asking Brena.

"Eighteen this month," she said. "Well, that's surprising—very, indeed," he said. "You are more of a woman than a girl."

Brena was not pleased by the patronizing manner of this rich cotton man. She said promptly:

"The information you wanted? Was it about me?"

Parmalee looked up with a single sharp thrust of his glance; he adjusted his tie and his opinion of Miss Selcoss at one time. He put upon his unwrinkled, clean-shaven face a typical ingratiating smile. He took his pointed chin, which, combined with his upslanting eyebrows to give him a satanic expression, not unpleasing, in his small, white, cold hand.

He said: "Oh, no; the information I seek is about a certain man."

She glanced around her quickly, as if to be sure that no one else had come with him and was sitting outside the circle of radiance from the gas mantle that made the faces of human beings suddenly turn livid and ghastly as Parmalee's had turned and as she felt her own had turned.

"Yes. You want me to be more specific," he said in a low voice. "I will be. The man is—"

He stopped, simulating perhaps a reluctance to speak the name.

Brena held her breath.

"Jim Hennepin," he said. "An employee—or perhaps a better word is associate."

Without a flutter in her dark eyes, Brena said:

"Oh, then you do not want to see me—you want to see Mr. Hennepin's aunt—Mrs. Wilkie."

Parmalee shook his head from side to side. "Perhaps we'd better sit down," he suggested.

Her face flushed as she told him she would prefer to stand, but he only shrugged his shoulders.

"Has she heard from him?" he asked. "Today?"

"No," said Brena, "she hasn't had a line from him since he left Dallas. There isn't anything—at the office?"

"No, his accounts are all right," replied Parmalee. "It appears that you are anxious on that point—in his behalf. Are you fond of him?"

"Not in the slightest." Brena answered with a voice which showed no emotion whatever, she might have been asked whether she liked cold raw sliced tomatoes.

"Well, that's surprising—very, indeed," he said with a thrust of his glance. "You were friendly?"

"Yes," she said. "I suppose that we were very friendly. I do not know why you are asking me these questions."

"That will appear," he said gravely. "You will see that I am your friend in this, Miss Selcoss. I think you will say that I came here to do you a service."

For just a flick of time something rose from the depths of Compton Parmalee and Brena saw it. It was almost an effluvia of the buried best

in him—the stir of a dying thing trying to come to life. It was half a benevolent love of his fellow man; half the call of an isolated, warped and lonely soul. It was the thing which she saw later and to which she gave in her folly, but now it flickered for a moment on that strange esthetic gambler's face and was gone.

"You telegraphed to Jim Hennepin from St. Louis," he said. "That telegram was opened."

"When?" asked Brena. "When it came? Of course."

He did not deny it. He said: "It was just your message, 'I am waiting,' and it was signed, 'B.' It took a little inquiry for me to know that this telegram was probably sent by you."

"But nearly five months have gone."

"I know."

"And why now do you come to me?"

"You needn't tell me anything you do not wish to tell. I assume that you arranged to meet him in St. Louis."

Brena put her hand up and felt her throat. It was hot—the skin was hot under the cold hand.

"It was a great mistake," she said in a low voice—"a great mistake."

"The idea was marriage?"

"It was my idea—if I had any clear idea."

"You were very young."

"Yes, I think so—looking back."

"You know what was in Jim Hennepin's mind?"

She did not answer.

"The dirty dog!" said Parmalee.

"What a smiling face he had!" Brena shuddered.

"Well, here is the telegram," said the visitor. "I opened it myself. There is no one else who knows it was ever sent."

He wet his thin lips; he said:

"It is a secret—ours," and stretched out his hand with the yellow envelope held daintily in his fingers.

The girl, however, was looking searchingly into his eyes; she was young but not too young to be suspicious of a secret shared by two, when one treats that secret as if it were a kind of asset.

Apparently he read her thoughts, for he said hurriedly, "You needn't feel under any obligation to me for keeping the secret. I have my stains and blights, but they are not of that kind. As I said, all I came for was information."

She took the telegram, which he had held toward her, and nodded.

"Of course, if he were to meet you he probably told you more. He probably told you where he was going, eh—and why?"

He leaned forward as he asked this question and turned one side of his face as if the answer could best be heard by his right ear alone.

"No," she said. "He spoke of making a great sum of money, of getting it from some place."

"He did not say where?"

"No."

Parmalee sighed as if he had gone up a blind alley and had found its end.

"He spoke of some call—some message," said Brena.

The broker's eyes widened until they were in a staring distention.

"Ha! So he did! What did he tell you?"

"Nothing."

Parmalee sat down in a chair and stared at the carpet for a long time.

"It is very peculiar," he said at last. "He left you to meet him in St. Louis. He went on an errand of some strange kind and refused to tell you what it was. Well! Well! And then you waited in St. Louis—in vain."

"How did you know he didn't come?"

"Your telegram."

Brena said: "I waited three three days. I waited. I was frightened. But I grew more in those three days than I have ever grown in three years."

"Yes," said Parmalee with a flicker of tenderness again. "I can understand."

"You have heard no word from him since?"

"No word. And I thought that it might be my duty to tell—"

"No, no, no!" exclaimed the man, jumping up. "If there is any duty in the world it is not to tell. Few would ever understand—as I understand. It would do no good. If I can do nothing, what purpose would it serve you to try? For God's sake think of yourself."

"And I promised him," she said. "What difference does it make that I see clearly now what a man he is—my promise to keep silent?"

"Quiet!" commanded Parmalee. "Not so loud. No purpose is served by stirring up a search."

"A search? You mean that you do not know where he is, Mr. Parmalee?"

The broker lowered his voice: "Yes," said he. "Not only have you and Mrs. Wilkie heard nothing and his father heard nothing, but I have heard nothing. Apparently after he had decided to take you away from Dallas this thing described as a call came."

"Yes."

"There is still a balance of a considerable sum to his credit in the office. I will tell you confidentially that

he has not claimed it. As far as I can find out, no man, woman or child for nearly half a year has seen Jim Hennepin. No one misses him, to be sure. And for you to sacrifice yourself—that would be utter folly! He has gone—like this!"

Parmalee held up his small clenched fist, opened it suddenly and blew an imaginary speck of dust from its palm into oblivion.

CHAPTER VII

Midwinter had come before Brena saw Compton Parmalee again. He sent for her two days after Christmas; he asked if she could come to his office.

The call had come over the telephone to the store where she was still employed and Brena answered that she would try to leave an hour earlier than usual so that she could come at four.

Winter dusk had begun to settle over the city before she was shown into the broker's office by a stenographer, who, never having seen a woman caller before, raised her eyebrows as she closed the door after the entrance of this beautiful stranger. Through the great plate glass windows of the luxurious office Brena could see the flaming sunset in the west and against it, in dark outline, the figure of Parmalee who had risen as she had come in.

With a gesture of gallantry he took her furs from her and put them across the white papers on his desk, and when she sat down he touched these furs caressingly for several moments. He might have been thrusting his glances at her, but she could not tell.

"You were very young," he said. "Yes, I think so—looking back."

"You know what was in Jim Hennepin's mind?"

She did not answer.

"The dirty dog!" said Parmalee.

"What a smiling face he had!" Brena shuddered.

"Well, here is the telegram," said the visitor. "I opened it myself. There is no one else who knows it was ever sent."

He wet his thin lips; he said:

"It is a secret—ours," and stretched out his hand with the yellow envelope held daintily in his fingers.

The girl, however, was looking searchingly into his eyes; she was young but not too young to be suspicious of a secret shared by two, when one treats that secret as if it were a kind of asset.

Apparently he read her thoughts, for he said hurriedly, "You needn't feel under any obligation to me for keeping the secret. I have my stains and blights, but they are not of that kind. As I said, all I came for was information."

She took the telegram, which he had held toward her, and nodded.

"Of course, if he were to meet you he probably told you more. He probably told you where he was going, eh—and why?"

He leaned forward as he asked this question and turned one side of his face as if the answer could best be heard by his right ear alone.

"No," she said. "He spoke of making a great sum of money, of getting it from some place."

"He did not say where?"

"No."

Parmalee sighed as if he had gone up a blind alley and had found its end.

"He spoke of some call—some message," said Brena.

The broker's eyes widened until they were in a staring distention.

"Ha! So he did! What did he tell you?"

"Nothing."

Parmalee sat down in a chair and stared at the carpet for a long time.

"It is very peculiar," he said at last. "He left you to meet him in St. Louis. He went on an errand of some strange kind and refused to tell you what it was. Well! Well! And then you waited in St. Louis—in vain."

"How did you know he didn't come?"

"Your telegram."

Brena said: "I waited three three days. I waited. I was frightened. But I grew more in those three days than I have ever grown in three years."

"Yes," said Parmalee with a flicker of tenderness again. "I can understand."

"You have heard no word from him since?"

"No word. And I thought that it might be my duty to tell—"

"No, no, no!" exclaimed the man, jumping up. "If there is any duty in the world it is not to tell. Few would ever understand—as I understand. It would do no good. If I can do nothing, what purpose would it serve you to try? For God's sake think of yourself."

"And I promised him," she said. "What difference does it make that I see clearly now what a man he is—my promise to keep silent?"

"Quiet!" commanded Parmalee. "Not so loud. No purpose is served by stirring up a search."

"A search? You mean that you do not know where he is, Mr. Parmalee?"

The broker lowered his voice: "Yes," said he. "Not only have you and Mrs. Wilkie heard nothing and his father heard nothing, but I have heard nothing. Apparently after he had decided to take you away from Dallas this thing described as a call came."

"Yes."

"There is still a balance of a considerable sum to his credit in the office. I will tell you confidentially that

he has not claimed it. As far as I can find out, no man, woman or child for nearly half a year has seen Jim Hennepin. No one misses him, to be sure. And for you to sacrifice yourself—that would be utter folly! He has gone—like this!"

Parmalee held up his small clenched fist, opened it suddenly and blew an imaginary speck of dust from its palm into oblivion.

"Ten months ago I scraped together all the money I could and I threw it into a final play. That's neither here nor there. I am now worth a little over two million dollars. I am through with business, with trading, with speculation, with this office, and with Dallas, Texas—forever!"

"And now—" asked Brena.

He laughed. "That is it!—What? The fur stole on the desk in front of him he smoothed gently with his open hand. Brena made no suggestion as to what he should do with his life, and after a moment he went on, "There is left to me now collecting books, travel, perhaps an opportunity to do some one a kindness now and then and taking good care of my health. I shall buy a painting occasionally. Can you think of anything else?"

To Brena the problem was new; she did not have a ready answer.

"I have burned out," said Parmalee.

"I am ashes."

Of this he spoke cheerfully as if he had repeated it over and over to himself until it had lost its blackness and now gave the strange pleasure that all final conclusions of human limitations and disasters give at last when they are accepted.

"You see, I am not a great man," he explained. "It was necessary for me to throw all of myself into the fight—every resource I could summon. I do not smoke. I know as much about smoking as any man alive. I have measured its effect with accuracy. It is a greater dehydrator than alcohol. But I do not drink, either. I have conserved and guarded all my sensations until I have none. All my life—my last twenty years of life—I have promised myself indulgences—indulgences of gigantic and exquisite design, but now that I can have them, this body of mine rejects them all, refuses them all. Fate laughs in my ear and says, 'You're done for. The most sensuous pleasure you shall have will be the flavor of that apple sauce you have eaten for lunch for fifteen years and will eat for lunch for the rest of your days.' Isn't this a grim joke, Miss Selcoss?"

"I do not know," said Brena uneasily.

Even in the dark he sensed her desire to go.

"Don't leave me," he said with a voice which almost broke into a low sob. "You are the only one who can understand."

"All right," she said, astonished that she had become important to anyone.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Parmalee."

"Let me tell you something else," he went on. "I have dreamed of a certain prestige—a kind of background of life that I would enjoy when I was ready. To that end I have given liberally to campaign funds. Next year if I wish I can be minister to Portugal. Personally I think this is a grim jest. It is the system, however."

Brena clasped her ungloved hands in her lap and thrust her arms out until it appeared that she was expressing something of the thrill of imagination which the picture of diplomatic life in a European capital had given her.

"But I shall not take the office," said Parmalee.

Brena uttered an exclamation.

"No, I shall not take it. I do not want more brilliance. I want more dim light. I like the dusk. I do not want to see my name in printed letters. I never want to see it again. I do not want men and women to say, 'That is Compton Parmalee.' I want all strangers to neglect me. I want to live in a dim light—like this—now in this office."

He sighed.

"I've made many mistakes," he said. "I want now to become buried, to be unseen—like a ghost."

Brena protested. "There are so many things you can buy with your money," she said.

"Only one," he replied sharply. "And that—"

"Is you."

She pushed her chair back from the desk with both her hands.

"You need not be alarmed," said his calm voice. "I have stated it purposely at its worst. It is better for you to have this thought presented at first and perhaps we can overcome it later. I put it in the terms of the world will use; Dallas will say, 'He bought her.' But, after all, we will not be in Dallas. We will be in Peking or in Bombay or in sight of the Pyramids or in the crags of the Norway coast. I am more than twenty years older than you are. But the varied and interesting and important persons with whom we may dine will only say, 'He has a beautiful young wife with a free mind. Her father was a patriot of Greece.'"

"You know—"

"All that I could about you," said Parmalee.

"But it has been a long time," Brena said, as if cross-examination might bring clarity to displace her puzzled mind. "You did not—"

"Come back?" he asked. "No."

Outside the plate glass window the rising wind tuned mournfully.

"You are very young," he said. "You would not foresee as I foresee that I could not see you without starting the tongues of scandal. You are penniless, young, working. I am rich, worldly, conspicuous. I should have liked to send you extravagant presents. You would not have understood. You would have thought I was an old fool trying to be a lover. I was not that, but the others would have said even worse of me. So I waited, clinging to a single strand that brings us together."

"Us?"

"Yes—sympathy. Because you saw in me the one thing left that you might salvage and find valuable. Not because I am a man and you are a woman, but because I am a human being and you, who can see with a vision of the gods, saw in my ashes one unburned thing."

"You knew?"

"Yes, I knew," he said sadly. "No one else could see. Underneath there is something left—a kind of tenderness for humanity. It is to fan this spark that I want to buy you."

Brena said nothing; he had made good his promise that he would tell her something she had never heard of before.

"I do not want a wife," he said. "That would be the title, but I do not want a wife. It is too late. I want a mother. I want you to make my spirit clean and white as it was when I was ten."

"And yet," said Brena, "you do not think of me."

Suddenly this unhappy man rose to his feet trembling, intense, gesticulating.

"Think of you," he said. "How can you say that I have not thought of you? Is this thing I propose so unnatural as the foolish world has said of it? Is it base of me to want to take a diamond from the mud where no one else has seen it? Is it an ugly thought that I feel repulsion when I see you, who are made of the rarest materials, wasted upon cheap labors and cheap, garish surroundings and being worn down like a fine, wonderful machine, abused by coarse use? Am I a fool to believe that with the only contacts available to you, you will only meet the vulgar men you can never marry? Did I not see that you had a vision as from Olympic heights which was being blinded in this routine of middle-class horrors?"

Brena's face, upon which the last light fell, was white and frightened as if she had seen a ghost. It was enough to tell him that she knew that he spoke truly.

"I do not ask you to give anything to me except your help to make me new again," he said. "I do not ask you young love. I have none to give. I cannot take you away or keep you near me without marriage. It would blast us both. But if you marry me you shall be made free whenever the day comes that you wish to go. I ask no promises."

Brena got up and stood looking out the window. The tall office building overlooked not only the old center of the city and the red angular prisms of brick and the square roofs laid out like fields upon level farmland, but also the distant stretches of rolling prairies. There was an impulse to go over that distant horizon: the same strong impulse of youth, adventure, ambition that runs like a current in the blood of animals and men. To be free! To grow! To range! To know! To be emancipated from the sordid round of days!

"Do not answer now," said Parmalee. "I have said all I can. It has taken me several weeks to plan how I should say this. I have said it all in a cold, fair statement. No one could say I had made love to you, Brena."

She took his hand; it was as cold as ice.

"Write me," said he brusquely.

A week later he got her letter: it was on his desk apart from the business envelopes. He tore it open.

"Nothing you said to me can be denied," she wrote. "You have inquired about me; I have no hesitation in telling you that I have inquired about you. I do not feel that I have gained anything by my inquiry, for it is true that there comes to me at strange moments a clear vision and an insight. I think you are, above all, honorable."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Hard to Fit

A city man, driving his automobile along a little-used country road, heard something rattle beneath his car, stopped, looked back and saw a bright metal object lying in the road a short distance behind. It was a pinpoint, evidently lost by some farmer.

It was fully half an hour before the next car came along, and its occupant, seeing the first man flat on his back under his vehicle by the roadside, stopped and asked what the trouble was.

The city man emerged and held up the pinpoint.

"This blooming thing dropped off my car," he said, "and I've been hunting for half an hour to find out where it belongs."—Exchange.

Watch as Compass

It is quite an easy matter to use a watch as a compass. Let your watch lie flat in your hand with the hour hand pointing toward the sun, and the point on the circle half way between the hour hand and XII will be directly south in the northern hemisphere and directly north in the southern hemisphere.



Ford owners all over the world buy Champion X for Ford Cars, Trucks and Fordson Tractors, as a matter of course.

Champion X for Ford's 60c. Blue Box for all other cars, 75c. More than 95,000 dealers sell Champion X. You will know the genuine by the double-ribbed core.

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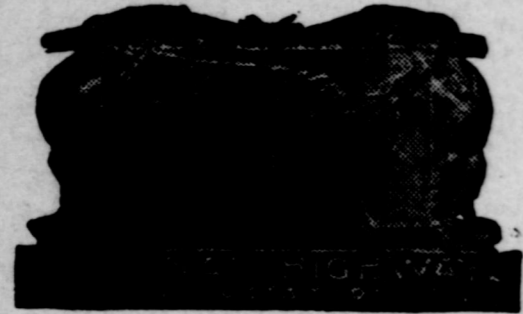
THE NEW ERA

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quent insertion.

FORD ANNOUNCES IMPROVED LINE OF BODY TYPES

Changes are Most Pronounced—
Bodies Longer, Lower and
All-Steel

Body changes and chassis refine-
ments more pronounced than any
made since the adoption of the
Mod-T chassis were announced
here today by the Ford Motor Com-
pany. There will be no advance in
price, it was also stated. Produc-
tion on the improved type will be-
gin September 1 at the Houston
branch of the company, which cov-
ers this territory.

Outstanding features of the im-
provements in both open and en-
closed types are lower, all-steel
closed types are lower, all-steel
bodies on a lowered chassis, com-
plete new design in most body

types, a change from black to color
in closed cars, larger, lower fenders,
newly designed seats and larger,
more powerful brakes.

Longer effected through higher
radiator and redesigned cowl and
bodies are apparent in all the im-
proved Ford cars, but are especial-
ly pronounced in the open types.
Wide crown fenders hung close to
the wheels contribute to the gener-
al effect of lowness and smartness.

While Runabout and touring car
remain in black, the closed bodies
are finished in harmonic color
schemes, enhanced by the nickel ra-
diators. The Coupe and tudor bod-
ies are finished in deep channel
green, while the Fordor is rich

Windsor Maroon.

Greater comfort is provided for
driver and passengers in both open
and closed cars by larger compart-
ments, more deeply cushioned seats
and greater leg room.

Many new conveniences are also
incorporated in the improved cars.
In the Runabout, Touring car, Coupe
and Tudor, the gasoline tank is un-
der the cowl and filled through an
ingeniously located filler cap com-
pletely hidden from sight by a cover
similar in appearance to a cowl
ventilator. One-piece windshield and
narrowed pillars in the tudor and
coupe offer the driver greatly in-
creased visibility and improved ven-
tilation.

Driving comfort is materially im-
proved by lower seats, scientific-
ally improved back rests and lowered
steering wheel. Brake and clutch
pedals are wider and more conven-
iently placed.

Four doors are now provided on
the touring car and two on the run-
abouts, permitting the driver to
take his place from the left side of
the car. Curtains held secure by
rods, open with the doors.

Most important in the mechan-
ical changes are the improved brakes.
The transmission brake drum and
bands have been considerably in-
creased in size which gives the foot
brake softer and more positive ac-
tion as well as longer life. The
rear wheel brake drums are larger
and the brake of self energizing
type.

Cord tires are now standard equip-
ment on all Ford cars.

HIGHWAY LAWS

After September 1, ignorance of
the law will not bring relief and
careless and negligent chauffeurs
may get to face the judge on any of
the following charges:

- Driving with faulty headlights.
- Driving with cut-out on car.
- Driving while intoxicated.
- Speeding.
- Obstructing Highways.
- Depositing glass on highways.
- Willful and negligent collision.
- Driving with faulty brake equip-
ment.
- Chauffering without license.
- Failing to stop after being party
to accident.
- Driving without front and rear
license plates.
- Operation of auto without con-
sent of the owner.
- Driving truck with overload.
- Offering for sale a car with deal-
ers license, or persistently using
car with dealers license for pleas-
ure.
- Being in possession of car with
obliterated engine number.
- Giving bill of sale in blank for
sale of second hand car.

—Cover your roof with "Seal-a-
Leak." It is guaranteed for six
years.—G. C. Robinson Lumber Co.



The Meanest Thief in the World!

BY day and night—the whole
year round—he steals. Rain,
snow, heat and cold—these are
his burglar's tools. His name is
Rot, and the only thing Rot fears
is — Paint.

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Paint. It takes fewer gallons,
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Ask us about the Devoe Home Improve-
ment Plan whereby you can paint your
house—inside and out—and pay for it
in ten monthly installments.

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MARFA, TEXAS



Ford

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No Increase in Prices

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improved transmission and rear axle brakes on all
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cars; double ventilating type on open cars. Curtains
opening with all doors on Touring car and Run-
about. Closed cars in colors, with upholstery of
finer quality to harmonize; and nicked radiator
shells. Many other refinements now add to the
beauty and quality of these cars. See your nearest
Authorized Ford Dealer today for complete details.

Ford Motor Company
DETROIT, MICH.

THE ROAD DAMPHOOL

We had rather meet a drunk man
driving an auto, than just a plain
damphool. The latter tears by you
at fifty miles an hour, his car sway-
ing from side to side, endangering
the lives and the limbs of all those
who happen on the road with him,
and there seems to be no relief
from his work. Of course he will,
in time, meet death in his reckless-
ness racing, but the trouble is that
he will probably take several souls
with him on his journey to the other
world. That is the pity of it.
We have adequate laws in Tex-
as to prevent such damphoolishness
but the law is not enforced as it
should be, therefore these speed
manning men, women and children
maniacs go merrily on killing and

for day to day.

What if it were your little child
instead of "the other fellow's"?
Only a few days ago in San Angelo
one sweet little fellow was killed
and his little sister badly bruised.
Only recently an almost fatal acci-
dent occurred just west of Big
Lake on the highway, then a few
days later a drunken fool drove in-
to another car loaded with women
and children and took the fenders
off of it, but fortunately no one was
hurt. However, it is only a matter
of time until some one will be kil-
ed unless such driving is STOPPED!
It may be you; it may be your
child! Let's stop this recklessness
before such happens. It's too late
after the corps is brought in.—Big
Lake News.

Is Chiropractic Limited?

The man, woman or child
of impaired health

Should never be discouraged to the point where the malady is
considered hopeless. There is one way—THE CHIROPRACTIC
WAY—it has succeeded after everything else has failed.

I want every man, woman and child to know that Chiroprac-
tic is effective in caring for at least 95% of all human ailments.
Spinal curvature, weak eyes, all sorts of defects in vision, skin
eruption, paralysis, defects of hearing, digestive disorders, kid-
ney trouble, lumbago, headaches, constipation, defects of the
heart, high blood pressure, sleeplessness, inflammatory condi-
tions of all kinds whether in the air passages, in the appendix
or in some remote organ; diabetes, Bright's disease, tumors—
these and hundreds of other diseases are conditions where the
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Put Your Faith in CHIROPRACTIC. It Holds a Remarkable
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arrange and close
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way. Long distance
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SHAFTER
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Big Bend Telephone Co.

Locals and Personals

Do your remodeling and repair work before cold weather. Let us help you.—G. C. Robinson Lbr. Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Oren Bunton and little daughter of Shafter, attended the Round-up Thursday and Friday.

Mrs. George Shannon and children of Shafter were visitors to Marfa this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Hub Guyon and children came in Tuesday from Deming, N. M., to spend a week with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Livesay of Anthony, N. M., came in Thursday to visit old friends and to look over the changes in the city. About 25 years ago they left Marfa. Joe Livesay was formerly one of our highly respected and prominent citizens, and his wife—she married her here—was one of Marfa's most popular and loved matrons. She is a near relative of one of the Souths great generals, Joseph E. Johnston.

FOR SALE

Baby bed and sulky for sale by Tuesday.

Mrs. W. E. Hopkins, At Mrs. Sam Davis' Phone 96.

TO LAND OWNERS:

I represent the San Antonio Joint Stock Land Bank, loaning money on lands 33 years at 6 per cent interest, with 5 years privilege to pay. Shall be glad to see and talk the matter of loans over with you.

BOB EVANS, Marfa, Texas.

BIRTHDAY PARTY

Tuesday was a happy day for little Miss Lucile Perry, who celebrated her 10th birthday with a delightful party from 4 to 6. Merry games and contests afforded the entertainment feature. The dining room table was attractively decorated and held the lovely birthday cake, iced in pink and held ten pink tapers in rose holders, in which the children took a special delight, and then there was an abundance of fruit punch, olives and sandwiches. Fourteen little friends gathered to help Lucile celebrate her birthday anniversary, each bringing a dainty and useful gift to the honoree.

APPLES—At orchard for cooking, at 50c. a bushel—Choice apples \$1.50 and \$2.00.—E. H. Carlton, Fort Davis, Texas.

THUNDERING HERO

A Paramount special at the Opera House Sept. 4 and 5th. Price, adults, 40c. Children 10 and 15c.

FOR SALE

68 inch crotch Mahogany buffet, genuine Colonial style; very old but in perfect condition—\$50.00.

Mrs. B. H. Grierson, Ft. Davis, Tex.

Capt. L. L. Martin left Wednesday evening for Fort Riley, where he will enter the officers school.

LOST—One suitcase containing wearing apparel. Finder leave at New Era office and get reward.

Mrs. Chas. Bailey and daughter, Miss Ruth, arrived home this week from a two months vacation spent in California.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Greenwood and children of Anthony, N. M., came in this week to visit their parents. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Greenwood and incidentally, take in the Round-up and meet their old Marfa friends.

1900

1925



25 Years of

Firestone Service

to Highway Transportation

25 years of anticipating the requirements of motorists—making manufacturing processes more certain—producing a higher standard of quality—25 years of unswerving adherence to the Firestone pledge, "Most Miles per Dollar"—summarizes Firestone's record of service to car owners.

Firestone factories have grown from a small building approximately 75 x 150 feet to mammoth plants having floor area of over 60 acres—from a capital of \$50,000 to over \$50,000,000—from an annual sales volume of \$100,000 to over \$100,000,000—all in the short period of 25 years.

This Firestone record could only have been made through furnishing the public with outstanding values and is, consequently, your assurance of quality and lowest prices.

If you would like to know more of this wonderful record, ask your Firestone dealer to send you an illustrated folder.

With today's high cost of crude rubber and other raw materials, Firestone's opportunity to serve the public was never better, due to its great volume and special advantages in buying, manufacturing and distribution.

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AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER... *W. B. Whitcomb*

Marfa Lumber Co.

J. W. HOWELL, Mgr.

Brick

Wagons

Fencing Material

Builders' Hardware

Carpenters' Tools

Lumber,

Paints, Oils, :

Varnishes, Glass,



Doors

Sash, Shingles

A satisfied customer is our motto

WANTED—One Sectional Bookcase 34 to 36 inches wide. J. B. Gillett, Marfa, Texas.

DR. J. C. MIDKIFF

CEDAR POSTS Good, straight red cedar posts. Ask for delivered prices, stating sizes wanted. T. M. WOODLEY, Sabinal, Texas.

Announces that he has returned and intends to resume the practice of medicine here. He may be found at his old office in the Midkiff building, up-stairs.

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

- MILADY'S SHOPPE -

QUALITY - STYLE - NEWNESS

AT

Remarkably low figures.— Mrs. Kilpatrick has just returned from a 3 weeks trip to St. Louis and New York.— While in St. Louis she worked in the French Pattern Hat Dept. of Rosenthal - Sloan's thus familiarizing herself with the latest in Styles and materials. In New York She visited the Millinery Departments of some of the largest Wholesales Stores and many of our BEST HATS are exact copies of their most expensive models, sold by us at very moderate prices. In our DRESSES the newness consists of a radical departure from previous Seasons. In Quality the best material obtainable is used, rich Crepe back Satins— durable and sustaining a fine "Make-up"—QUALITY and STYLE given even with the low Prices.— OUR COATS are better than ever, they have both the Ripple and straight effect— in the newest Colors and many trimmed with furs.— NO LEFT OVERS.



RE-TRIMMING A SPECIALTY,

Marfa

Texas

WELL ONE DAY IN BED THREE

That Was the Life of Mrs. Hollister Until she Began Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Wyandotte, Michigan. — "After my baby was born I did not do my own work for six months and could hardly take care of my own baby. I always had a pain in my right side and it was so bad I was getting round shoulders. I would feel well one day and then feel so bad for three or four days that I would be in bed. One Sunday my mother came to see how I was, and she said a friend told her to tell me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. So the next day I got a bottle and before it was half taken I got relief. After I was well again I went to the doctor and he asked me how I was getting along. I told him I was taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and he said it did not hurt any one to take it. I am always recommending the Vegetable Compound to others and I always have a bottle of it on hand." — Mrs. HENRY HOLLISTER, R. F. D. No. 1, Box 7, Wyandotte, Mich.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a dependable medicine for all women. For sale by druggists everywhere.

Target Skill in Vain
Miss Catherine Murdock, treasurer of a theater in Kansas City, practiced shooting for months so that she might cope with thugs or highwaymen who are always expected at a theater box office. One day as she was taking \$1,200 to the bank she was waylaid, and gave up the day's receipts without making an effort to shoot, explaining later that she couldn't kill a man for \$1,200 and that to have shot would have meant death as her aim had become remarkably true.

When a man freely admits that his wife is stubborn he can afford to stop praying.



Are you ready to enjoy social duties, sports or recreations? If not try **HOSSETTER'S Celebrated Stomach Bitters**, for over seventy years noted as a wholesome tonic, appetizer and corrective.

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The Hostetter Company, Pittsburg, Pa.

HOSSETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

NR To-NIGHT Tomorrow Alright

A vegetable aperient, adds tone and vigor to the digestive and eliminative system, improves the appetite, relieves Sick Headache and Biliousness, corrects Constipation.

Head for over 30 years

Chips off the Old Block
NR JUNIORS—Little NR
One-third the regular dose. Made of same ingredients, then candy coated. For children and adults.
SOLD BY YOUR DRUGGIST

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.

RESINOL
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DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

Mary Graham Bonner
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LEONARD'S LOST DOG

Leonard had a lovely dog. Leonard was very proud of his dog, as well he had every reason to be.



His dog was a collie, and what a playful dog it was. As a pet name Leonard called his dog "Girle."

They used to play together and the dog would play with others in the neighborhood. But one day Girle was lost. Girle had been out playing and Leonard had been called in the house. Girle had been all right. But along came a mother with two children. There was a dog, a lovely, playful dog, and the dog greeted them politely, and in a nice, friendly fashion.

The two children had always wanted a dog. "That's a stray dog, mother," they said. "Do let us have that dog."

To be sure the dog wore no collar, for Leonard had taken Girle's collar off when they had been playing.

And they urged Girle to follow them. Now Girle was ready to play with other children, but of course these were not children of the neighborhood, so when they came to the end of the block Girle started to go home.

But one of the two children dragged Girle into an apartment house where they lived and the other child helped pull, too.

It was a dreadful thing to do when Girle showed by her actions, even though she was without a collar, that she was not a stray dog.

She looked too well-kept, she was too happy to be a stray dog.

There is a sad, pitiful look in the eyes of every stray dog, as though he craved affection but could not be at all sure that would be his good luck or bad luck.

Oh, how miserable Girle was. Oh, how wretched and lonely!

And she couldn't get out.

The next day she was taken for a walk on a leash and though she pulled all she could those wretched two children were so strong they pulled her back with them.

And Leonard?
Well, if Girle was miserable it was nothing more than was the feeling Leonard had. He just seemed to feel as though he could not stand it.

Oh, the loneliness in anyone's heart when one's pet dog, one's animal companion, has gone!

It was dreadful. Nor did Leonard know what had happened to Girle.

When he had returned and found her gone he had thought she had taken a run and would be back soon.

That first night without Girle was pitifully lonely and wretchedly quiet. No friendly bark, no wagging tail, no watchful eyes, no cold nose stealing quietly into his hand ready for a pat. Just loneliness—loneliness for a devoted dog.

Nor had the other nights been any better. Leonard was so worried, too. He asked about Girle. Everyone looked for Girle. The other children had not been out when Girle was by herself.

Then came good news. But Leonard was not sure; he did not yet dare to be sure. He could not stand being disappointed over anything like this.

But the man who delivered the newspapers brought him far better news than was to be had in the papers he carried. He said he thought he had heard Girle's bark and had caught a glimpse of her as someone had opened an apartment door when he had left the paper that morning, up the block and around the corner.

Leonard went off with the man to the apartment. They did not let Leonard in. He spoke, as they opened the door just a crack. "How do we know it's your dog?" they said, in reply.

But Girle had heard Leonard's voice and was scratching on the door so that the door would have been ruined if they had not let Girle out.

And no one could say, after having seen Girle and Leonard greet one another, that Girle was not Leonard's dog.

Just Loneliness.

groups of dresses and suits prepared for the school girl.

A frock of tan wool jersey, as shown here, designed for late summer wear, is a forerunner of the simple modes for fall, except that the fall dresses have long sleeves. Some of them, for the older juniors, adopt the scarf neckline and, in this particular, fall may present some little diversity in styles.

Well may the world of fashion join in a vote of appreciation to Madam Mode for deciding to incorporate the scarf as a very part of the frock, rather than consider it as a mere accessory. Not only is it a charming idea, that of attaching the scarf to the dress to which it is related by virtue of being created of the same medium as the frock itself, but from the standpoint of service and comfort, it is proving a genuine joy.

Especially does the scarf, which is a component part of its matching gown, find favor in the designing of the newest knitted costumes. Undoubtedly the attached combination scarf-collar adds greatly to the attractiveness of the handsome rayon knitted dress in the picture—not to mention the satisfaction of its protection when autumn breezes begin to assert themselves. The color scheme of

FOR FALL SCHOOL FROCKS; KNITTED FROCKS OF RAYON

NEWLY arrived groups of school dresses for fall, designed for girls in their early teens, are made of woolen materials and on tailored lines—from which we gather that it is fashionable to be sensible. Young Miss Twelve-to-Seventeen is given much latitude in party frocks and formal dresses. She may choose black satin or even metallic, brocaded chiffon, in frocks, with the widest of flares in the skirt, long, fancy sleeves, circular flounces and other new style points in the "grown-up" modes. But for school and street wear, fashion decrees woolens and provides a diversity of charming materials to choose

this adorable knitted frock is canary yellow with white, and it does not require much power of imagination to sense the effectiveness of this white scarf with its yellow borderings, which so accommodatingly serves as convertible collar.

How important a role is rayon playing in the progress of fashion! Surely the faithful silkworm has met with a powerful competitor in this new artificial silk industry.

It is characteristic of the newer rayon knit frocks that they bear a distinguished appearance of conservative tailleur. This tendency to accent simplicity holds good only in regard



Frock of Tan Wool Jersey.

from. The company of woolens includes balbriggan jersey, flannels, kasha cloths, twills, serges and wool crepes.

Some combination jumper-frocks employing two materials, associate a silk blouse with a wool skirt, making an outfit that is practical for school wear; for the jumpers, crepe de chine remains the best choice in materials. The skirts may be plain, striped or checked woolens. Balbriggan jersey and flannel are popular for jumper suits. The return of navy blue to favor and the introduction of Russian and other dark greens add interest to the

to the styling of the costume. When the question of color is considered, then is all restraint abandoned. Just at the moment it is the jumper suit of exaggerated simplicity as to silhouette and of super-color effect which holds the center of interest among knitted outerwear fashions. Pink, orange, scarlet, and bright green, also lovely pastel shades are the chosen shades, not forgetting the supreme importance of all-white.

Often the sleek, glossy silkiness of the rayon is offset with trimmings of sheered wool, and this is particularly effective in the construction of the



Scarf Collar Feature of This Costume.

white knitted costume. Again the dress with long coat to match gains its point of effectiveness through an interknitting of fine wool with the rayon in fanciful stitch. Frocks of summer weight are charmingly knit, also entirely of rayon in a lacy drop stitch pattern such as is used in the developing of the mode illustrated.

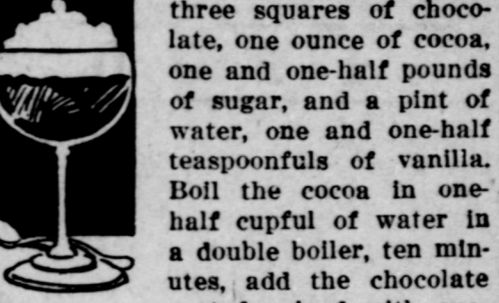
JULIA BOTTOMLEY.
(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

THE KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)
Take every good thing that comes your way. There are so many pleasant little outings that would send you home rested and with different viewpoint, but you think up some excuse and do not go.

DISHS FOR WARM DAYS

A nice drink which most people like is prepared with:



Chocolate Sirup.—Take three squares of chocolate, one ounce of cocoa, one and one-half pounds of sugar, and a pint of water, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of vanilla. Boil the cocoa in one-half cupful of water in a double boiler, ten minutes, add the chocolate grated, mixed with one-third of its measure in sugar; add this to the boiling cocoa, stirring constantly, then add the remainder of the sugar and boil for ten minutes. Remove from the fire, strain and cool and add the vanilla. Add a tablespoonful of sirup to cold milk or ice water, top with a spoonful of cream or a marshmallow. This sirup will keep in the ice chest for some time.

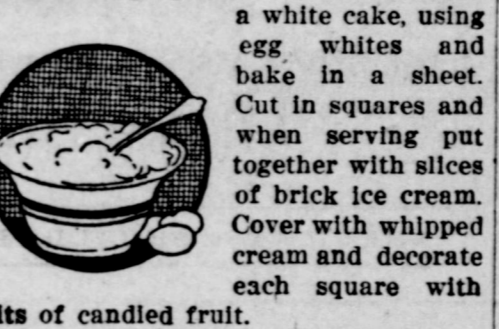
Coffee Frappe.—Make a strong infusion of coffee, strain, cool and pack in ice and salt. Serve with whipped cream as a garnish. Chocolate or cocoa may be frozen and served in the same way.

When serving roast of lamb try this sauce to serve with it:

Orange Sauce.—Take one-half cupful of gravy from the roast, add two tablespoonfuls of flour and cook until smooth, add the juice of two oranges and the grated rind of one, one-half cupful of boiling water, salt, cayenne and the juice of a lemon. Serve hot.

Glazed Tongue.—Wash and soak the tongue over night. In the morning place it in a kettle with cold water to cover. Bring to the simmering point and cook at that temperature for several hours until the tongue is very tender. Set away to cool in the liquor. When cold remove the skin from the tongue and trim, fastening the tip and the end together, lay in a mold. Heat three cupfuls of the broth, add one cupful of tomatoes, a bay leaf, a slice of onion, salt and pepper to taste, twelve cloves, some allspice and simmer for twenty minutes. Strain and add two tablespoonfuls of gelatin which has been softened in cold water. Cover the tongue and set away to harden. Unmold and garnish with olives and parsley.

Seasonable Good Things.
A delicious cake to serve for a nice occasion is prepared as follows: Make a white cake, using egg whites and bake in a sheet. Cut in squares and when serving put together with slices of brick ice cream. Cover with whipped cream and decorate each square with bits of candied fruit.



Herring and Potato Salad.—Take one cupful of herring cut in dice, three cupfuls of cooked diced potatoes, one teaspoonful of onion juice, two tablespoonfuls of minced green peppers, four tablespoonfuls of olive oil, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, a dash of paprika and a few grains of salt. Prepare a French dressing of oil and vinegar and let the fish and potato stand in it for an hour. Mix all the ingredients and pile in the center of a platter, surrounded with shredded cabbage mixed with salad dressing. Sprinkle with chopped green peppers and garnish with whole herring.

Stuffed Fruit Dessert.—Take halves of peaches or pears, place in a baking pan, fill the centers with marmalade, raisins, dates, figs or chopped nuts. When thoroughly heated, remove to a warm dish and pour over a soft custard.

Fried Corn.—Take the corn cut from half a dozen ears, add to three tablespoonfuls of hot butter in a frying pan, cover and simmer until the corn is cooked, adding more butter and salt and pepper to season.

Puree of Summer Squash.—Slice three onions and cover with two quarts of cold water; bring to the boiling point and add a large summer squash cut in thin slices. Let simmer slowly for two hours, then rub through a sieve. Mix one tablespoonful of cornstarch with a cupful of milk and seasonings; add to the soup with butter, if desired. Serve hot.

Blackberry Sherbet.—Strain the juice from a quart of blackberries, add half as much water as juice, and sugar if needed, with a tablespoonful of lemon juice. Freeze to a mush, then add the whites of two eggs beaten stiff, and freeze hard. Thin cream may be used in place of the water.

Sauteed Tripe.—Cut pieces ready for serving; parboil for ten minutes, using equal parts of milk and water to cover tripe. Drain, season and roll in flour. Saute in butter.

Swiss Toast.—Mash half a box of berries, sweeten with one-fourth cupful of sugar. Cover five slices of bread with the berries, reserving some of the juice. Heat two tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying pan, and cook the bread until brown on the under side, basting the berries with the butter while cooking. Serve on a hot platter with the rest of the juice poured over the bread. Serve at once.

Neelie Maxwell

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Some men are like phonographs—they say a great deal, but never say anything original.

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W. N. U., HOUSTON, NO. 33-1925

Community Building

Financial Value in Beauty of Building

Architectural beauty has as real a commercial value as structural strength or material excellence. Over the rugged sinews of steel and brick the architect evolves an adornment the beauty expressing fittingly the character desired.

It is this beauty of design, combined with a carefully planned utility which makes buildings desirable, not only in the eyes of the owner, but in the regard, as well, of those upon whose opinion the commercial value of a building depends.

Men pride themselves upon homes which, in their quiet beauty, reflect their owner's station in life. The building of commerce, designed along lines of refined prosperity, is, for the very character and beauty of its design, a desirable place in which to locate. The hotel which best expresses an inviting and generous hospitality, wins patronage through the appeal of attractive appearance.

The architect, by virtue of his training and talents, understands the meaning and application of architectural design. Only he can bring out the beauty so much desired.—Chicago Evening Post.

All Business Helped by Improved Homes

Business men and trade organizations, not directly allied with the building industries, are now taking active steps to educate the public to own and properly furnish their homes, as they realize that a demand for better homes means not only prosperity for the builder, but also added business in many retail lines.

The advantages of this far-seeing policy are many. In the first place the householder becomes a permanent factor in the growth of the city. He is actuated to greater industry and wise economy. His trade, also, belongs to the community in which he resides. He is an asset to every retailer, and a patron to be cultivated. A nation of home owners would be a nation of stable, conservative citizens.

One of the chief considerations in thus promoting the cause of home ownership is to discourage unwise extravagance on the part of the owner and systematize his outlay for maintenance and upkeep so that his debts do not become burdensome.

Attractive Shrubbery

Shrubbery planting on small places assumes three forms—the plantings at the foundation of the house, plantings in angles of walks, drives and property corners next to the public sidewalk, and the large shrubbery borders designed to give privacy and serve as screens. The shrubs used in the foundation plantings and angle plantings are generally of the low type, with perhaps a few medium height shrubs and evergreens used as accents where window arrangement would permit. Care should always be taken that material used in a foundation planting will not grow so large that it will shut out light and air. Spiraea Anthony Waterer, spiraea Froebeli, deutzia gracilis, hydrangea arborescens, snow berry, Japanese barberry, Indian currant and Regel's privet are a few of many shrubs which would be safe to use in such a planting.

Shrubbery borders as a rule require the use of all three types of shrubs—namely, the low, medium and high forms. The two lower types are generally used in front of the taller group to serve as a transition from the front to the back of the border. Many times, however, the taller varieties are allowed to stand out boldly in front or on a point to serve as an accent.

Plea for Garden Cities

America, like European countries where the evils of urban overgrowth make themselves felt with equal or even greater force, is now confronted with the necessity of squarely facing a situation which in reality constitutes the greatest menace to our civilization. Can the garden-city idea be transplanted into American soil? Does it not conflict too violently with the hyper-individualistic tendencies of American economic life? If such is the case, would it not be possible to realize in America garden cities of a somewhat modified but nevertheless effective type?

This, it would seem, is well worth taking into consideration. It would serve the purpose of achieving what city planning alone, as applied to the great cities in existence, is incapable of doing—namely, effectively relieve the population pressure of the overgrown cities and improve a housing situation none too good.—New York World.

Name "Carved" in Grass

About seventy-five years ago the owner of a farm at Phillipsburg, Maine, spelled his name on the grass of a hillside by sprinkling wood ashes. The letters are several feet high and read "S. H. Rogers." In the spring when the new grass is coming up fresh and green, the letters are particularly distinct and can be read easily a long distance away. It is said that only twice since the letters were originally made have they received a fresh coating of wood ashes.

FARM STOCK

ERADICATE SCRUBS TO IMPROVE HERDS

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

"Scrub-bull eradication campaigns" are rapidly gaining the favor of enterprising county agents as a means of improving the cattle of their counties, says the United States Department of Agriculture. Fifteen dairy bulls of quality were added recently to the bovine population of Hopkins county, Ky. Prior to the campaign in this county two committees from each community made a survey of their school district to determine the number of bulls, cows, and heifers on the farms, what breed they were, and whether scrub or pure bred. The survey covered 850 farms and showed a dairy cattle population of 1,924 mature grade cows, 536 grade heifers, 101 mature pure-bred cows, and 31 pure-bred heifers; also that more than 80 per cent of the farm herds were being bred to scrub or grade bulls, and only about 19 per cent to pure-bred bulls.

For the organization meeting the Hopkins county farm bureau arranged a banquet for the community committeemen and business men. One hundred and fourteen attended. An executive committee of five men was selected. During the week of the campaign 30 meetings were held in all sections of the county with a total attendance of 1,632, averaging about fifty-four persons at each meeting. The bulls were selected by the purchasing committee in Christian and Todd counties, Ky., and brought to a local garage for exhibition and sale during the campaign. Fifteen bulls were sold by the end of the week. The majority of the bulls purchased were from dams with advanced registry records. The stimulating influence for better bulls never ends with the close of the campaign week. In Buncombe county, N. C., where a similar campaign was conducted early last fall, at which time 12 bulls were placed during the week of the campaign, the county agent reports a total of 29 bulls being placed, 17 after the close of the campaign.

A campaign was also held in Chester county, S. C., where 16 bulls were placed during the week. The county agent reports that he has several more prospects for pure-bred bulls, also that a number of communities have pledged themselves to eliminate the scrub bull.

Some Mineral Mixtures Are Good for Porks

Some of these simple mixtures are good for swine: Equal parts by weight of ground limestone and salt; equal parts of wood ashes and salt. These supply calcium, but no appreciable amounts of phosphorus. Equal parts of ground limestone, salt and either bone meal or ground rock phosphate. This furnishes both calcium and phosphorus. Nine parts of either bone meal or ground rock phosphate and one part tankage for flavoring. These mixtures also furnish both calcium and phosphorus.

The most necessary elements which are furnished by all mineral mixtures are calcium, phosphates and chlorine. All of the above simple mixtures supply these elements.

Experimental data shows that hogs which have access to good, succulent pasture are benefited to a very slight degree by mineral mixtures. Also, hogs which are fed upon a ration of corn and tankage respond very little to mineral mixtures. However, there is a place for mineral mixtures where hogs are fed an unbalanced ration, especially in the dry lot.

Skim Milk Will Improve Ration for Market Hogs

Skim milk added to a ration of corn and tankage enabled the Ohio experiment station to market hogs weighing 255 pounds almost three weeks earlier than those fed on corn and tankage alone, at a saving of 78 cents a hundred weight on feed costs. The corn and tankage ration produced a gain of 0.9 pounds per pig daily with a ration of 3.61 pounds corn and 0.38 pounds of tankage. The cost per hundred pounds gain in this lot was 9.79.

The skim-milk-fed lot received a ration of 4.96 pounds of corn, 0.28 pound of tankage, and 2.95 pounds of skim milk daily. The average daily gain was 1.33 pounds daily at a cost of \$8.91 per hundred pounds gain. The saving on feed for each 100 pounds of skim milk fed was 30.6 pounds. The skim-milk-fed lot received a small amount of limestone in the ration, and this helped to increase the gain.

Eradicate Stomach Worms

As a drench for the eradication of stomach worms in sheep, gasoline is the one most commonly used by flock owners in the United States. It should be given on three successive mornings after the animals have been kept away from all food and drink for sixteen hours, and after the dose is given they should be fasted for two or three hours more. Each dose should be measured separately and given in milk, linseed oil or flaxseed oil.

ALONG LIFE'S TRAIL

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK

Dean of Men, University of Illinois.

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GROWTH OR DECAY

WE HAD been talking about the Gibsons, Nancy and I. They had been absent from a meeting which they were supposed to attend, and I had remarked upon the fact—not that their presence would have added to the interest or progress of the meeting, but they simply hadn't been there.

"They're at Miami, spending the winter," Nancy explained, "but it doesn't matter much where they are, for they don't count wherever they are. They haven't developed any in forty years."

And yet when they were young people the Gibsons had been very active and very influential in the community in which they lived. They both had a fair education and normal brains. They were church people and leaders in the church which they attended. Gibson was a good farmer when they were married, and she a careful housekeeper, and when they moved into town, he showed himself a shrewd business man. But that was a good many years ago.

They didn't read any; they never changed their viewpoint on anything. As new social and economic conditions developed the Gibsons did things in the same old way. They did not grow, and like all things living, when they ceased to grow, decay set in.

Gibson is still as rigid in his religious views as is our famous Nebraska Democrat. He has probably never heard of the doctrine of evolution, and he still believes in all the details relating to Jonah and the whale. For him there has been no development in religious thought; he is still way back where he was fifty years ago.

The Watsons see nothing to commend in modern dress or the ways of modern society. They are very old-fashioned, not that being old-fashioned is to be condemned excepting as it puts one out of touch and out of sympathy with society.

Watson still keeps his old farm, and he operates it exactly as he did when, as a young fellow, he first went onto it. He has little faith in modern discoveries, in scientific processes, in anything that is new in agriculture.

Watson politically is a stand-patter. He hasn't changed his political views since just after the Civil war. He is as deeply immersed in political darkness as those Democrats in the Tennessee mountains, who are said to be still voting for Andrew Jackson.

There is no standing still for anything living. We grow or we decay; we grow better or worse; we go forward or we step back. It isn't enough to have been once good or wise or useful. We just keep on developing. When we stop growing, death has begun.

OPTIMISM

THINGS are seldom as bad as we think they will be.

The crepehanger and the prophet of evil almost always make things worse than they are.

The case of a neighbor of mine when I was a boy in the country comes to my mind as I write. He was constantly obsessed with the thought of drought and flood, of pestilence and famine, of cyclones and devouring insects. He invariably took the gloomy view. He constantly courted disaster and predicted calamity, and he looked forward with melancholy resignation to the time when he would be quartered on the county, his home and his friends gone. Yet he regularly prospered, his crops always matured, prices were much higher than he had anticipated, the yield of grain was satisfactory and he got on well. He extended his possessions regularly, until he is now one of the solid, substantial farmers in the community in which he lives. But he is not happy. Today, he is looking for trouble, though most of the things which have made his life miserable during his sixty years have never happened.

Yesterday morning I woke with the thought that I had two extremely disagreeable tasks to perform during the day that involved the saying of things that would not be pleasant to me nor to the person who had to listen. I felt like running, I shrank back from the disagreeable duty. I wished that I might shunt it upon some one else. But I found when I faced it courageously, when I went to it straightforwardly and kindly, that most of the disagreeable part disappeared. I got through rather easily.

And so I have found that most of the objectionable and disagreeable and trying experiences of life are worse in anticipation than in realization. The trouble and privation and the sacrifices that we look forward to with dread either never come to us or prove far less trying than we anticipate. Even the dreaded specter of death, I have no doubt, when we come to meet him face to face, will have lost his terrors. Most people whom I have seen go have done so courageously, fearlessly, painlessly and often without regret. Who knows but that the hereafter, which we sometimes shrink from, may not hold for each of us more joy and greater opportunities than does the present? It may not be so dull and monotonous in heaven as we fear, even if we are given a harp to strum.

Solitariness of Civilization

By R. S. HOLLAND

(©, 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

HE HAD been in the wilds of South America for five years, living among aboriginal tribes along the Amazon, and now he was in New York.

Undecided as to whether he should dine alone or should hunt up some former friends who might be in the city, he wandered toward the telephone booths. A page waved to him an eager-faced young man.

"Mr. Prentice?" asked the young man. "The Amazonian explorer?"

Prentice gave a nod. "I'm from the Morning Universe, and I'd like to get a story from you. Something about the headhunters and cannibals you've been living among."

"A story?" ejaculated Prentice, who didn't like the young man's grin. "I'm a scientist, not a romancer. Whatever I may care to say will appear in the scientific journals."

"Oh, I don't want any highbrow stuff. Just a few good yarns about your adventures."

"I won't say a word!" stated Prentice. "Not one word! That's final! Good-night!" And he turned away, thoroughly exasperated. "D—n these reporters!" he said aloud, addressing the air.

In front of him, in a big upholstered armchair, sat a young woman with cornflower blue eyes. She was looking directly at him, and at his voluble exclamation she gave a decided nod. "It's too bad!" she murmured. "The people here won't let a stranger alone."

The words and the glance she gave him were friendly, the first warming experience he had encountered since his arrival. He smiled and said casually, "They don't have reporters where I came from—the wilds of Brazil."

"Oh, Brazil!" she exclaimed; and then, with a quick flush, she looked away, as if she had inadvertently allowed herself to become too much interested.

Prentice moved off, toward the telephone desk, but as he picked up the directory he glanced over his shoulder. "Are you interested in Brazil?" he asked, coming back to the young woman.

"Very much," she smiled. "You see I'm not a New Yorker, so I care for places beyond Manhattan Island."

Prentice sat down in the next chair. "In the Amazon country we speak to anyone we want to. I haven't got used to the solitariness of civilization."

"I know," she said. "New York is a lonely place, especially in the evening, when you want someone to play with."

"Exactly," declared Prentice, and hesitated. "I say—if you're a stranger here, like me—couldn't we—couldn't we have dinner together?"

Again the flush and a veiling of the blue eyes. Then a half-defiant toss of the pretty head. "I think that would be very pleasant."

"Good," said Prentice. "And since I don't suppose you're quite such a complete stranger as I am, you shall name the place."

The girl named a restaurant and they taxied thither; she chose the dinner, which was very much to Prentice's taste. Couples were dancing on the shining floor and the music was very heady. "I don't know anything about these new dances," he said, "but I'm willing to try."

They danced three times before they left the restaurant, and when they came outdoors Prentice suggested a music hall. They sat through a revue, which Prentice interspersed with more stories of his adventures with cannibals. He was having a splendid time, and insisted on topping off the evening with a visit to a cabaret, more food, more yarns and more dancing.

At last they came out into the night and Prentice hailed a taxicab. "Where shall I drive you?" he asked. "Back to the hotel?"

"No," she said, and gave him a number.

Prentice helped her in and settled down in the corner. "It's been a glorious evening!" he declared. "And I suppose in a way I owe it all to that beastly reporter."

"That beastly reporter!" she murmured. "Well, Mr. Prentice, I owe you an explanation. I'm on the staff of the Evening Era, and I went to your hotel to get a lively story about you for my paper."

Prentice sat up. "You won't!"

"You've given me some wonderful copy," mused the young woman. "What a headline: 'Famous Explorer Detests Civilization! He Prefers the Headhunters' Dance to Modern Jazz!'"

Prentice sank back. "What a fool I'll look! The laughing stock of scientists!"

"No, no, you won't," she said. "Because I won't write that story. I'll tell the Era I'm sorry, but Mr. Prentice had nothing to say."

There was a long-drawn sigh from the corner of the taxi. "You're a gentleman," said Prentice; "I mean you're a perfect lady. And I'll tell you what I'll do. If you'll lunch with me tomorrow I'll give you the first authorized account of my discoveries, if you'll promise to print only what I say."

"I promise," agreed the young woman. "But what'll we use for a headline?"

The explorer gave a chuckle. "We might say, 'John Prentice Finds Civilization More Attractive Than He Expected.' That's the truth, you know!"

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General Sales Department, 1819 Broadway, New York.

PLANTS AT:
Elizabeth, N. J., Lansing, Mich., Oakland, Calif., Toronto, Can.

20% MORE POWER

Good Indeed
Little Lucy—Mother, I must be a very good child. You never keep a maid more than a week or two, but I've been with you ten years.

Piscatorial Notation
The objection to fishing on a creek bank is that comparatively so few of the bites you get come from the water. —Baltimore Sun.

People who swallow a sailor's yarns are apt to get worsted.

Work hard and do something so your family can loaf and do nothing.



Genuine
ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!
Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Headache	Neuralgia	Colds	Lumbago
Pain	Toothache	Neuritis	Rheumatism

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

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoceteticacidester of Salicylicacid

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

SOLD 50 YEARS — A FINE GENERAL TONIC

It is made by your druggist, write Wintersmith Chemical Co., Louisville, Ky.

"Just a little Bee Brand Insect Powder and all the Flies were dead."

Thousands of housewives have discovered that the fly-nuisance is unnecessary. One writes from Greenwood, Miss., "We used _____ until the odor made us sick, but no results. We then sprinkled just a little Bee Brand Insect Powder in the room and in a few minutes the only flies in sight were dead."

Bee Brand Insect Powder is so easy to use, and so quickly effective. Close doors and windows. Blow Bee Brand from a piece of paper into the air. The almost invisible particles find the flies and kill them. It is also effective to burn the powder. Bee Brand Insect Powder kills Flies, Fleas, Mosquitoes, Ants, Roaches, Water Bugs, Bed Bugs, Moths, Lice on Fowl and Plants, and many other House and Garden Insects.

It's harmless to mankind, domestic animals and plants—non-poisonous—non-explosive.

Will not spot or stain. In red, sifting-top cans, at your grocer's or druggist's. House-hold sizes 10c and 25c. Other sizes 50c—\$1.00.

No expensive gun necessary. Puffal gun, 10c.

Get our FREE Booklet, "It Kills them!" a guide for killing house and garden insect pests.

Bee Brand Necessary as Soap and Water

Every home needs the protection of Bee Brand Insect Powder. It should be used regularly to prevent insects. Keep a can always on hand—and blow or scatter it wherever insects may be hidden.

McCormick & Company, Baltimore, Md.

MARFA CHAPTER No. 344
O. E. S., meets the 3rd
Tuesday evenings in
each month. Visiting
members are cordially
invited to be present.

Mrs. Ruth Roark, W. M.
 Edwena Hurley, Sec.

MARFA LODGE
NO. 64, I. O. O. F.

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

FLOYD NICCOLLS, N. G.
 DR. A. G. CHURCH, Sec.

MARFA CHAPTER
No. 176, R. A. M.

Meets 4th Thurs-
 day night in each
 month. Visiting
 companions welcome.

C. E. MEAD, H. P.
 J. W. HOWELL, Sec.

MARFA LODGE Number 596
A. F. & A. M.

Meets second Thurs-
 day evening in each
 month.

Visiting brethren are
 cordially invited to be present.

CARL WEASE, W. M.
 N. A. Arnold, Secretary

Chas. Bishop

Drayage
 Light and Heavy Hauling

— Phones —
 Union Drug Store, 45
 Residence, 108

Let us make your new Boots
 or repair your old Shoes

Our work is guaranteed—
 Prices Reasonable

MARFA BOOT AND SHOE CO.
 Gotholt Brothers

Marfa, - Texas

Mead Metcalfe

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

General Practice

MARFA, - TEXAS

Hans Briam

The merchant who has prac-
 tically everything and will
 Sell It for Less

Marfa, - Texas

J. C. Darracott

Physician and Surgeon
 Office over Briams Store
 X-ray laboratory in Connection
 Phone 107

MARFA, TEXAS

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR LETTERS—ESTATES

THE STATE OF TEXAS,
 To the Sheriff or any Constable of Presidio County—GREETING:
 YOU ARE HEREBY COMMANDED to cause the following notice to be published in a newspaper of general circulation which has been continuously and regularly published for a period of not less than one year preceding the date of the notice in the County of Presidio, State of Texas, and you shall cause said notice to be printed at least once each week for the period of ten days exclusive of the first day of publication before the return day hereof:

Notice of Application for Letters—Estates of Decedents
 THE STATE OF TEXAS,
 To all persons interested in the estate of James Sloan, deceased, Edwin F. Hill has filed in the County Court of Presidio County, and application for letters of administration upon the estate of said James Sloan, deceased, which will be heard at the next term of said Court, commencing the first Monday in September, A. D. 1925, at the Court House thereof, in the town of Marfa, Presidio County, Texas, at which time all persons interested in said estate may appear and contest said application should they desire to do so.

Herein Fail Not. But have you then and there before said Court this Writ, with your return thereon endorsed, showing how you have executed the same.

Given under my hand and seal of said Court August 20, A. D. 1925.
 J. H. FORTNER,
 Clerk County Court, Presidio County, Texas.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION TO PROBATE WILL

THE STATE OF TEXAS,
 To the Sheriff or any Constable of Presidio County—GREETING:
 YOU ARE HEREBY COMMANDED to cause the following notice to be published in a newspaper of general circulation which has been continuously and regularly published for a period of not less than one year preceding the date of the notice in the county of Presidio, State of Texas, and you shall cause said notice to be printed at least once each week for the period of ten days exclusive of the first day of publication before the return day hereof:

Notice of Application for Probate of Will
 The State of Texas,
 To all persons interested in the estate of Abner M. Avant, Deceased, Ida A. Avant has filed in the County Court of Presidio County, an application for the probate of the last will and testament of Abner M. Avant, deceased, and asking that she be appointed executrix, which will be heard at the next term of said Court, commencing the first Monday in September, A. D. 1925, at the Court House thereof, in the town of Marfa, Texas, the same being Sept. 7, 1925, at which time all persons interested in said Estate may appear and contest said application should they desire to do so.

HEREIN FAIL NOT, But have you then and there before said Court this Writ, with your return thereon endorsed, showing how you have executed the same.

Given under my hand and seal of said Court, August 18, A. D. 1925.
 J. H. FORTNER,
 Clerk County Court, Presidio County, Texas.

SHERIFF'S SALE

THE STATE OF TEXAS,
 County of Presidio,
 In the District Court, Presidio County, Texas.
 The Marfa State Bank, versus W. H. Colquitt and W. K. Colquitt.

WHEREAS, by virtue of an order of sale issued out of the District Court of Presidio County, Texas, on a judgment rendered in said Court on the 13th day of August, 1925, in favor of The Marfa State Bank, and against the said W. H. Colquitt and W. K. Colquitt, in Cause No. 2725, on the docket of said Court; I did on the 26th day of August, 1925, at 10:00 o'clock a. m. levy upon the following described tracts and parcels of land, situated in the County of Presidio, State of Texas, and belonging to the said defendants, to-wit: all of lots Numbers One, Two, and Three, and ten feet off the East side of Lot No. Four, all in Block No. Nine, in the City of Marfa, according to the official plat of said city; and on the 6th day of October, 1925, being the first Tuesday of said month, between the hours of 10:00 o'clock a. m. and 4:00 o'clock p. m., at the Court House door of said County, I will offer for sale and sell at public auction for cash, all the right, title, and interest of the said W. H. Colquitt and W. K. Colquitt, in and to said property.

Dated at Marfa, Texas, this the 26th day of August, A. D. 1925.
 J. E. VAUGHAN,
 Sheriff Presidio County, Texas.
 By J. W. Morris, Deputy.

MONITION

Notice is hereby given that there has been seized in this Collection District for violation of U. S. Custom laws, one Ford touring car, motor No. 9,031,529 and 38 quarts spirituous liquor. The liquor will be disposed of according to law. The automobile will be sold at auction to the highest bidder for cash September 26, 1925, at 10:00 a. m. in front of the Court House, Marfa, Texas. Anyone claiming any of the above must file claim with the Collector of Customs, El Paso, Texas, within twenty days from first publication of this notice.

T. P. GABLE, Collector.

Our country has entered upon the new era of family dynasties, logically following upon the heels of nepotism.

Politicians have been using the power they bring from the people in the name of democracy to reward relatives even to the third degree. Now we are to have political power handed down as an entail of the undertaker.

Instances are multiplying of deceased congressmen and senators being succeeded by a son or the widow. The accident of wearing crepe or the operation that involved a lethal shock is to determine choice of law makers.

We shall soon see the disease of dynasticism spread to judicial appointments and beloved Portas will cheerfully view the consolation and expense of a new robe to retain the family perquisite. Senator La Follette is to be succeeded by his son, Congressmen are succeeded by their wives, and in many states and county offices the widow of a politically qualified official gets the office.

As nepotism came from Rome, so dynasticism of office holders came to us from Egypt and the Orient. Satrapcy follows democracy and history repeats itself.

Jefferson plead for limits on office holding. All foreign diplomatic positions were limited to seven years. "Let them come home and return to private life and unlearn the ways of monarchy with its class distinctions and social privileges that are altogether un-American."

Do we in this advocate holding fat jobs for life tenures and a family succession?
 President Jackson advocated ro-

Marfa Rebekah Lodge No. 432
 Meets 2nd and 4th Friday
 at 8:15 p. m.
 Oddfellows Hall

Mrs. Winnie B. Kilpatrick, N. G.
 Mrs. May Norton Moore, Sec.

tation in office, as against the self-perpetuating officialism that uses power to swell taxes to an intolerable burden.

The founders of this Republic did not capitalize public office by lecturing at \$500 per appearance or write books for newspaper syndicates. They were real commoners, not stung by the money-making bee.—Exchange.

Jim Powell, formerly a prominent citizen of Jeff Davis county and at one time one of the largest stockmen, spent several days in Marfa this week. For several years he has made his home in El Paso, where he represents the Schneider markets.

The Marfa National Bank

HAS SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES FOR RENT AT \$1.50 \$3.00 OR \$5.00 PER YEAR.

UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY

FASTEST SELLING CAR
of all the One-Profit Studebakers

INCREASED volume of sales—founded on Studebaker's policies of one-profit manufacture, and no yearly models—made it possible to reduce the price of this Standard Six Coach by \$100.

Already a wonderful value—a leader of the line—the lowest priced closed car ever sold by Studebaker—its previous low price has been cut one hundred dollars.

Many of the superiorities of this one-profit Coach are hidden until revealed by thousands of miles of usage. You can't see the fine workmanship and materials inside the engine and body which gives excess mileage. But here are some things that you can check against competitive cars to satisfy yourself that this is a Studebaker of the same fine quality as before the price cut—a Studebaker more up to date than the newest yearly models.

EXCESS POWER—According to rating of National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, this is the most powerful car of its size and weight.

WOOL UPHOLSTERY—Durable.

INSTRUMENTS—Including 8-day clock, gasoline gauge, speedometer, oil pressure gauge and ammeter, in single grouping under glass, on beautiful silver-faced dial.

FULL-SIZE BALLOON TIRES—For which the steering gear, fenders and even the body lines are specially designed.

AUTOMATIC SPARK CONTROL—No spark lever on steering wheel, but: **SAFETY LIGHTING CONTROL**—On the steering wheel, at the driver's finger tips.

IMPROVED ONE-PIECE WINDSHIELD—Automatic windshield cleaner, weatherproof visor, rear-view mirror, attractive cowl lights and cowl ventilator.

CO-INCIDENTAL LOCK—To ignition and steering wheel, which serves to reduce the theft insurance rates—single key operates this lock as well as that on the door and the clever device on the spare-tire carrier.

COMPLETELY MACHINED CRANK-SHAFT—To obtain perfect engine balance and thus reduce vibration to a minimum.

There are only two cars manufactured on the one-profit basis: Studebaker in the fine car field, and the Ford in the low priced field. Only in these two cases does one company in its own plants make all bodies, all engines, all clutches, steering gears, differentials, springs, gear sets, gray iron castings and drop forgings.

Come in and see this coach. You will find it the same fine car as before the price reduction.



HORD MOTOR CO.
 Marfa - Alpine.
THIS IS A STUDEBAKER YEAR

Cramped and Suffered

"My back and head would ache, and I had to go to bed," says Mrs. W. L. Ennis, of Worthville, Ky. "I just could not stay up, for I would cramp and suffer so. I was very nervous. My children would 'get on my nerves.' It wasn't a pleasure for me to try to go anywhere, I felt so bad. My mother had taken

CARDUI

For Female Troubles

at one time, so she insisted that I try it. I took four bottles of Cardui, and if one should see me now they wouldn't think I had ever been sick.

"I have gained twenty pounds, and my cheeks are rosy. I feel just fine. I am regular and haven't the pain. Life is a pleasure. I can do my work with ease. I give Cardui the praise."

Cardui has relieved many thousands of cases of pain and female trouble, and should help you, too.

Take Cardui.
 At All Druggists

Marfa Manufacturing Co.
 (INCORPORATED)

SAMSON WINDMILLS
ECLIPSE WINDMILLS
GASOLINE ENGINES
PIPES AND WELL CASINGS
PIPE FITTINGS AND VALVES
CYLINDER AND-SUCKER RODS
PUMP JACKS
AUTOMOBILE CASINGS AND TUBES
AUTOMOBILE ACCESSORIES
GASOLINE AND OILS
TRUCK TIRES
FILLING STATION.

BLACKSMITH, MACHINE SHOP AND GARAGE
 MARFA - - - - - Phone 83 - - - - - TEXAS

There are multitudes of small men in every great movement.

Don't kick a strange dog just to find out whether he is good natured.

SUBSCRIPTION TO NEW ERA

Full Line of Electrical Supplies
COMPLETE STOCK OF MAZDA GLOBES
 110 Volts - 32 Volts
ALL SIZES.
BIG STOCK OF RADIO BATTERIES.
Repair work and Wiring SOLICITED.
COFFIELD ELECTRIC SHOP,
 Marfa . . . Texas