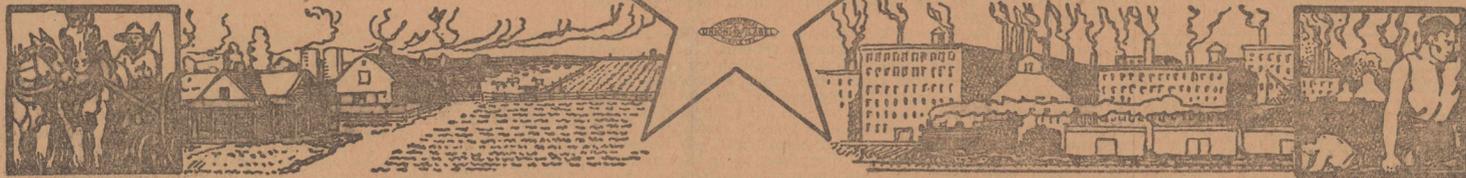


# The Ferguson Forum

WE ARE  
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INTEREST



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TAXES

VOL. X

TEMPLE, TEXAS, THURSDAY, NOV. 11, 1926

NO. 2

## Action for \$100,000 Libel Against Dallas News Filed by J. E. Ferguson at Belton

Belton, Nov. 10.—Damages in the sum of \$100,000 against the Dallas Morning News for alleged libel are asked by former Governor James E. Ferguson in a suit filed here late November 4 by A. L. Curtis.

The suit is based on an article appearing in the Dallas Morning News on October 19 under the headline: "Ferguson Demanded 10 Per Cent on Bid, Says Contractor," and also under the heading: "Probers Told He Wanted It In Small Bills," the article in question reporting the testimony of J. D. Winder, Belton road contractor, before the legislative investigating committee appointed by the house of representative at the recent called session of the 39th legislature.

The petition recites the entire article which appeared in the News on that date, and alleges that the said article was "maliciously offensive and of concerning the plaintiff and intending to mean that James E. Ferguson had demanded a bribe of 10 per cent on a road contract bid to be received and accepted by him for the use of his influence and as the husband of the governor of Texas for obtaining a road contract, through, of and from the highway commission of the state of Texas."

It is further set out in the petition that the Dallas Morning News in publishing said article "intended to charge James E. Ferguson with selling his influence to obtain road contracts with the state highway commission of the state of Texas, and it being the purpose and intention of said publication to charge this plaintiff with acting dishonestly and corruptly and with demanding and accepting bribe money for the use of his influence in obtaining such road contracts and the said defendant did compose and publish in said newspaper of and concerning the plaintiff, James E. Ferguson, the false and defamatory matter alleged in said article for the purpose of injuring the said plaintiff and to deprive him of his good name, character and reputation among the people of the state of Texas, exposing him to public hatred, ridicule and financial injury."

The petition sets forth that Governor Miriam A. Ferguson, in her proclamation calling for a special session of the legislature, did not authorize the said legislature to appoint a committee of its members to function after adjournment of the said called session in the investigation of state departments and that its power and authority ended with the adjournment of the special session.

It also alleged in the petition that "the resolution of the house of representatives, attempting to appoint said legislative investigating committee, undertook to direct said committee to proceed after adjournment of said special session of the legislature in the investigation of the various departments of state, but did not instruct or direct said committee to report the result of its findings to the 40th or any other session which may be held hereafter

by the legislature of the state of Texas. That said pretended legislative investigating committee is not in fact a legislative committee, and is not a committee of the house of representative of the state of Texas, and the said persons claiming to act as such committee are wholly without authority of law to act as such, and the proceedings of the said committee or of such persons pretending to be such, and the statements made before such persons, pretending to act as such, by other persons are not privileged under the statutes of the state of Texas, relating to privileged publications under the libel laws of the state of Texas."

The suit asks for \$50,000 actual damages and \$50,000 exemplary damages and is scheduled to come up for trial during the January term of court.

Austin, Texas, Nov. 10.—Eugene T. Smith, chairman of the Texas Highway Commission, Nov. 6, filed suit against the American Publishing company of Austin for \$100,000 damages in the Fifty-third district court. The suit was filed for Smith by his attorney, Lon A. Curtis of Belton.

In his petition, Smith asks for \$50,000 actual and \$50,000 exemplary damages. Smith bases his ground for the suit on the appearance of an article appearing in the Austin Statesman on Monday, Oct. 18, concerning testimony given before the House investigation committee by W. G. Hill, public accountant of Austin, which Smith claims is defamatory and damaging to his character and reputation.

The suit against the American Publishing company is the second \$100,000 damage suit against Texas newspapers growing out of testimony given before the house investigating committee.

In the petition Smith alleges the defendant meant and intended to mean that Smith had accepted a bribe of \$250 as secretary of the Highway Commission from W. G. Hill, "to use his influence as such secretary to obtain the immediate payment of a bill of \$3,620, which Hill claimed was due him."

Smith's petition claims that the House investigating committee is without official standing and that its power and authority ended with the adjournment of the special session of the Thirty-ninth legislature convened by Gov. Miriam A. Ferguson; that the committee is not a committee of the legislature and the proceedings of such committee are not privileged under the statutes of the state of Texas relating to privileged publications under the libel laws of the state of Texas."

Two Liquor Boats Raided. New Orleans, Nov. 9.—Two gasoline boats and liquor valued at \$150,000 were captured by federal officers who raided a plantation near Riceland, La., today.

## APPOINTING POLITICAL FRIENDS

Rewarding his political friends who contributed to his nomination and election places Dan Moody in the position of doing exactly that for which he and his friends have most vigorously denounced and criticized the Fergusons. It is all right, however, but let it be remembered that when Moody begins, even before his induction into office, distributing political favors among his personal friends and supporters, he invites the same criticism he has directed against Ferguson.

It scarcely will be denied that Moody dictated the selection of Harry Graves and Robert Critz, both of his home county of Williamson, as counsel for the legislative investigating committee now sitting in Austin. These selections in their very nature and surroundings are political and indicate that Moody has begun distribution of political patronage among his friends before he takes office as governor.

Another political appointment announced by Moody is that of Former Governor Joseph D. Sayers, of Austin, as a member of the board of pardon advisers. Former Governor Sayers has ever been a persistent and relentless political foe of Jim Ferguson and Miriam A. Ferguson. He is far past eighty years old, his steps infirm and his gait tottering, yet he is to receive this reward for his political adherence to the cause of Dan Moody and his influence in helping toward his election. Such reward by Moody for this former governor, former congressman, former lieutenant governor and gallant Confederate soldier is entirely proper but Moody and his friends must realize the position in which they place themselves by such palpable political rewards after their bitter denunciations of the Fergusons whom they charged with doing exactly the same thing—rewarding friends who supported them in their candidacies.

The Forum concedes Moody is acting within proper limitations in his distribution of political favors but cannot refrain from reminding him and other critics of the Fergusons that they must shoulder the same comments upon their actions as they place upon the shoulders of others for the same acts.

Among the many names that daily are being mentioned in the papers of those who are applying for or are being urged for appointments under Moody as governor are those whose sole claim is political, some of them being scarcely personally acquainted with the governor-elect of Texas. They have done political work and they are demanding a political reward, and this is as it should be, but it recalls the old adage that "Those who live in glass houses should be careful about throwing stones," or words to that effect.

## Washington Past Master of Dancing, Polite Flirting and Drinking, Author Says

New York, Nov. 10.—The charge that George Washington was involved in a hopeless love affair and married for money is made in two biographies just published. One was written by Rupert Hughes, who aroused quite a storm last winter by a speech regarding Washington's drinking. The other volume is by W. E. Woodward, author of "Bunk."

The books represent that Washington's marriage at the age of 26 with Mrs. Martha Custis was founded on business considerations, but that his love was given solely to Mrs. Sally Fairfax, two years his senior, and wife of the friend who had given him his first chance as a surveyor in the Valley of Shenandoah.

Hughes, represents that Washington, before he won the rich widow Custis tried for the hand and fortune of Miss Mary Phillips, who owned 51,000 acres. Martha Custis had only 15,000 acres, but she also owned 150 calves and \$100,000 in cash.

Hughes depicts Washington as a church shunner and a most exacting man in business, although liberal with rum in his dealings with the voters. "Washington was always drinking, but never drunk," Hughes says.

Woodward writes: "Washington was a one-bottle man. At dinner he customarily drank a pint of madeira besides rum, punch and beer. If he was ever intoxicated, I have never read of it, and, judging from what I know of his character, I am inclined to think he never was."

From a letter Washington wrote Mrs. Fairfax after his engagement to Mrs. Custis was announced, Hughes quotes: "The world has no business to know the object of my love declared in this manner to you when I want to conceal it. . . . Adieu to happier times if I shall ever see them. Hours at present are melancholy dull."

Hughes characterizes Washington as a past master of dancing, drinking, gambling, polite and exquisite flirtation.

Hughes' book, "George Washington, the Human Being and the Hero," is published by William Morrow & Co. Woodward's biography is entitled "George Washington, the Image and the Man," and is published by Boni & Liveright.

Hughes in an "afterword" says the purpose of the volume is "to find out as far as possible and to report as truthfully as possible just what George Washington was, did, said, wrote, thought, and why and how."

"No other man's history has suffered so much from malfeasance. Nearly all of Washington's biographers have felt it their duty not only to correct his writings, but to blue-pencil, prettify and falsify his character."

"In their frantic zeal for denaturing this big, blundering, bewildered giant they have done a further injustice to all his contemporaries, of whom they have made either dwarfs or acolytes, and of his sincere adversaries demons of malices and envy."

"It is poor patriotism, ridiculous idolatry and rank dishonesty to rob the host of other strugglers for liberty and progress of their just deserts, and to perpetuate old slanders against his enemies at home and abroad in order to turn Washington into a god. As a god, Washington was a woeful figure; as a man he was tremendous."

Mr. Hughes stirred up a storm of controversy some months ago when in a public address he attacked the school book conception of the first president.

## Old Absinthe House in New Orleans Is Closed by Padlock

New Orleans, Nov. 10.—The old Absinthe House, headquarters of Jean Lafitte, pirate of the eighteenth century, and one of the historical spots of New Orleans, has been ordered padlocked.

The order was issued by federal court upon testimony that the proprietors had violated the Volstead act.

A portion of the building was constructed in 1798. Another section was erected in 1825. The place has been identified with some of the most colorful meetings in the history of New Orleans.

The military of the old Spanish regime and then of the French ruled shoulders there with actors, artists and noted men of all professions.

The marble front bears deep fissures worn by the constant dripping of soda in the preparation of the milky concoction from which the place drew its name.

The building has been used largely as a safe since 1825, but, testimony showed, hard drinks had served surreptitiously since enactment of the Volstead act.

## Nine Widows Made by Death of Man Given to Many Marriages

New York, Nov. 10.—Nine wives were bereaved Friday when their collective husband, John Lawrence LeClaire, died in Clinton prison.

Dannemora, where he was serving a sentence of five years for bigamy and two years for perjury.

His recorded wives were: Frances of Ogdensburg, N. Y.; Rena of Port Chester; Anna of New York; Dora of Syracuse; Velma of Fitchburg, Mass.; Maudie of Lake George, N. Y.; Maude of Gloucester, Bertha of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and Flora of Cohoes, N. Y.

The Poughkeepsie wife caused LeClaire's arrest.

Is Sentenced for Forgery. Hattiesburg, Mo., Nov. 8.—Dr. G. S. Harmon, erstwhile newspaper publisher and minister, was sentenced in circuit court here today to serve ten years in prison after he had entered pleas of guilty on each of seven indictments charging forgery of notes totalling \$55,000.

## One-Half of Rented Farms Is Owned by One-Fifth of Owners of All Farm Lands

Fort Worth, Texas, Nov. 10.—A fifth of the farm landlords in the United States own approximately half of the rented farms, while the other four-fifths have but one tenant each, according to an announcement by the United States Department of Agriculture made through their local bureau. This estimate is made from a survey of the ownership of rented farms in 184 counties grouped in half the states. In degree of concentration of ownership of rented farms, conditions in 1920 were similar to those which existed in 1900, it was said.

Farm landlords reported an average of more than two tenant farms each and some landlords, especially some Southern landlords, have many tenants. Over half the tenant farmers of a group of Mississippi counties work for landlords who have at least twenty tenants, but north of the Ohio river landlords with twenty or more tenants own less than 1 per cent of the rented farms. In the South many landowners have tenant farmers only because they are willing actively to supervise laborers who work for an interest in the crop and five-eighths lived on farms.

Farm landlords who are largely a phase of farm or plantation operation it was said. Of representative groups of owners of rented farms over half of those in the south reported themselves engaged in farming and five-eighths lived on farms. In the North, only a fifth farmed and three-eighths lived on farms.

Southern farm landlords who have made their living in farming quite generally dispose of their places when they retire at an age which average between 53 and 54 years, it was discovered. Although landlords of Northern tenant farms who

have farmed, retired at about the same age, they quite generally keep their farms as sources of income on which to live after they have retired.

Replies of farm landlords to questionnaires indicate that 12 per cent of the farm tenants in the South are related to their landlords, 24 per cent in the States of the great plains and 36 per cent in the North Central states.

There are relatively few absentee farm landlords, and few who have not had farm experience. Four-fifths of the farm tenants rent from landlords who live in the same county, and over nine-tenths rent from landlords who live either in the same county or in bordering counties. Landlords report that over half their farms are within three miles of their residence.

Farm landlords average about 58 years of age. Northern landlords about 60 years and Southern landlords about 54 years. The difference in age is due largely to the fact that the run of tenants are more responsible in the North than they are in the South, it was said, and so require less of the supervision which aged landlords are likely to find difficult to give.

Most persons who own rented farms have worked on farms in acquiring land. Only a sixth of the acreage owned by farm landlords was inherited and less than a tenth of the farm landlords are without farm experience, the survey showed. That farm landlords are not a class distinct from the farmers is indicated by the fact that not very far from half of the men who own rented farms have been tenant farmers themselves, and about three-fourths have farmed for themselves, it was declared.

## Texas Club Women Charge Federal Government Aiding Sale of Pistols in Texas

Dallas, Tex., Nov. 9.—The federal government was charged with encouraging Texas gun toting in a resolution presented here today to the Texas Federation of Women's clubs in 29th annual convention.

Numerous killings in this state, many of them unpunished, are deplored by the resolution and the organization is asked to petition the state legislator "to control and regulate the sale of firearms."

The resolution was among a number read by Mrs. Frank B. Slater of Dallas, chairman of the resolutions committee. With all other resolutions, it is to be held for action until later in the convention. Mrs. Slater had 14 resolutions, of which she read seven. There was no discussion.

The anti-gun resolution declares that "daily reports reveal an appalling number of firearms being carried by citizens" and states that the "federal government encourages this by advertising its cast-off army and navy pistols for sale."

Selection of the Mocking Bird as the official state songster was suggested in another recommendation read by Mrs. Slater. Other resolutions urge appropriation by congress of \$10,000,000 for a national art gallery, the teaching of the United States constitution in the schools, and a closer co-operation between the state's institutions of higher learning and the club women.

About 500 club women from every section of the state attended as Mrs. J. U. Fields, of Haskell, state president, called the convention to order with a gavel made out of native mesquite by Mrs. W. R. Chapman, of Stamford, chairman of the arts and crafts department of the federation.

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## Railway to Tomb of Prophet Elijah Is Soon to Be Built

Jerusalem, Nov. 5.—A funicular railway to the tomb of the prophet Elijah on Mount Carmel, Haifa, is one of the plans which will be carried shortly by Pinhas Rutenberg, promoter of the Palestine electric corporation.

## Brewery Shares Willed to Seven M. E. Preachers by Canadian with Grim Humor

Toronto, Nov. 5.—The will of Charles Vance Millar, lawyer and sportsman, in which he left brewery stock to Methodist ministers and Ontario Jockey Club shares to persons opposed to horse racing was regarded by his friends today as a joke. They said he intended to make another will, but no indication of another was available today.

The document, drawn up in 1921, disposes of an estate estimated at \$1,000,000 to \$2,000,000. It provides that the proceeds of the estate after nine years be given to parents of the largest family born in the province during that time. Mr. Millar died last Saturday.

Some friends said that before his death he told them he intended to make a new will. Ontario Jockey Club shares valued at \$25,000 are left to W. E. Raney, former attorney-general of Ontario, the Rev. Ben Spence of the prohibition union, and N. W. Rowell, king's counsel, all of whom are opposed to horse racing. These beneficiaries must hold the shares for three years and draw dividends.

The McFee Beverage stock worth \$750,000 is left to seven Methodist ministers. To retain the stock they must draw dividends on it and vote in the management of the company. A rider says the bequest is made "to see whether their avarice for money was greater than their principles."

Another bequest of \$10,000 to a Catholic priest is for masses for the soul of a prominent citizen, "who will need them wherever he is."

## Pecan Is Crowned King of Nuts in Elaborate Style at Big Show in San Saba

San Saba, Tex., Nov. 10.—Despite the nipping wind, Monday morning found out-of-town visitors from each adjoining county on hand to witness San Saba's initial parade and the crowning of the pecan, the king of nuts, by Dr. P. W. Horn of Texas Technological college, who made an address befitting the occasion and to one of the largest crowds that has assembled in San Saba for years.

The parade, which was four blocks long, drew the admiration and applause of the crowd that lined the line of march. Practically all of the cars' occupants showed much painstaking effort and were admirably successful in utilizing the pecans and carrying out the real intent of the parade to show visitors the potential possibilities of the pecan in this section of the county.

The judges awarded first place in the decorated cars to Mrs. M. E. Fairman with a very artistically arranged car that carried on the front two gigantic pecans as king and queen. Second place went to Garners Alvis, and third to Miss Nora Walker.

First prize for the best stunt went to a float entered by young married women, who arranged baskets resembling pecan shells swinging from a pecan tree. From these bursting shells protruded laughing babies, who finally cried and then slept.

Second place for stunts went to Mrs. W. D. Cowan and third to San Saba Pecan Nursery. As the parade approached a stand built for the occasion and on which 40 costumed girls presided as maids in waiting,

Dr. Horn marched between a double line of pages fittingly costumed to a place beside the throne which was occupied by a very large pecan.

Following Dr. Horn came two attractive little crown bearers, who gave the sparkling crown to Miss Thelma House to hold while Dr. Horn made his address before he placed the crown on the pecan, proclaiming to the world that the pecan was the king of nuts.

Musical for the coronation ceremony was furnished by the Lampasas band, directed by A. B. Ronald. San Saba's band, dressed in their pecan costumes, headed the parade.

Out-of-town visitors were taken to the armory for luncheon by the chamber of commerce, where a splendid meal had been prepared by the ladies. Hear again the pecan was featured in salads, cakes and pies.

The afternoon was given over to sight-seeing and cars were on hand to take all visitors for a trip to points of interest and beauty near town. A trip was also made to the new discovery potash deposit five miles east of town.

The San Saba chamber of commerce sponsored the initial parade and coronation ceremonies in an effort to familiarize the world with the quality and quantity of pecans produced in this section. Several hundred feet of film was made, which will be shown on the path circuit.

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NOW IN OUR TENTH YEAR

The Forum now is well embarked into its tenth year and greets its friends all over Texas with renewed promises of service in their behalf and will keep up its battle for lower taxes, better rural education facilities and appropriations and fairer treatment for the farmer and laboring man, the real producers of wealth.

At this time the Forum is making a campaign for a largely increased circulation and calls upon its friends everywhere to rally to our help. The subscription price has been reduced to \$1.00 per year and at this figure the expense of white paper and printing and mailing is barely covered so that it is easy to see that the Forum is not setting out to make money. We are making history; have made much history already in Texas and want your help to keep up our record and let the people know what their servants are doing; how their tax money is being spent and what the politicians are plotting to do to them.

Help us by sending in one dollar for your own subscription if your time is out and then ask your neighbors and friends to subscribe and so enlarge the field of usefulness and effort of this paper which in many cases has been the only medium through the real truth about public affairs and political combinations and conspiracies has been carried to the plain people. Help make the tenth year of the Forum more memorable than any other by the growth in its circulation and influence. If each of our good friends will help just a little there will be a mighty army of Forum readers in this state and the politicians will take heed of their tricks and plots.

The record of the nine years just passed is one of which the Forum is proud. Now if we can add to that record further achievements in behalf of the people of Texas we will have greater cause a year from now for gratification over our record. Pass the Forum along and help get new readers.

WHERE PARENTS FAIL IN THEIR DUTY

Last week the Forum carried in its news columns a report from Rock Island, Ill., which told of the experience of a mother who for years had been writing magazine articles advising parents how to train their daughters awakening with a shock to find that here own fifteen year old daughter had developed into a "hard-boiled" flapper bandit. This mother said she had learned her lesson and realized that parents of this time do not give the attention and companionship they should to their sons and daughters.

Of the same tenor is a report made on conditions among the criminal young recently by a great magazine. This report is discussed in an editorial way by the Houston Chronicle which voices its findings and those of other investigators in these words:

Official statistics show that of 1217 prisoners received by direct commitment in Sing Sing for the year ending June 30th, 1925, the majority were in their 20s, the greatest number being 22, 23 and 24 years of age; 75 were only 20, 53 were 19 and one was only 16. Almost three-fourths of them were native born.

What makes such figures at once more surprising, alarming and distressing is that only 30 had not had any schooling at all. Nineteen had gone to college, 106 had had a high school training, 124 had graduated from grammar school, and nearly 700 had gone part of the way through grammar school.

When these fearful figures were put forth one of the most widely circulated magazines in America sent a member of its staff to see if it was possible to determine the cause of crime among young people.

She made the report that the sharp, unanimous reply of prison officials was that the trouble is with the parents. That most of the boys were never taught to obey and never taught to live up to any religious or moral code, and the officials asked: "What can you expect with home conditions as they are? There is nothing the matter with our young people. The trouble is with their parents."

Warden Lawes, a famous prison manager, declared that on the whole he believed the young people of this generation were as sound as those of any past day, and when asked the cause of banditry and other like crimes, he replied: "The lack of home training. It is the one big cause lying behind the apparent increase of crime committed by young men."

Colonel R. K. Coulter, who has devoted his life to the problems of the sinful and sinned-against youth, and who was for 10 years clerk of the Children's Court and now general manager of the New York Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, agreed with Warden Lawes that young people were as sound as ever, or would be if given the right training.

He said: "Considering the lack of attention, love, sympathy and understanding bestowed on our 'teen age boys and girls, I am amazed that they are as decent as they are."

He said he was "not speaking of the middle classes, nor of the very poor, but of women with time to play bridge, whose children collide with the law just as do the children of the tenements. The mother is the best friend of the daughter and the father the best chum of the son. They must encourage frank discussion of everything, particularly of sex relations. Many boys and girls not thus instructed are drifting to immorality and degeneracy."

The experienced worker in a most important field then passed on to a fundamental fact:

"Above all else there should be religious instruction from the cradle up. A child must be given some sense of a higher power to which he is responsible. I have observed that unless a child has been given that even conscientious parents may later find themselves helpless."

Mrs. Colonel Bovill, a worker for 40 years in the Salvation Army, after deploring the fearful delinquency of girls and the indifference of parents, said:

"Especially we must instill religious principles in our children. In my own home I found religious instruction my greatest aid in raising my children."

That motherly old woman then indulged in some observations which have nationwide application:

"What girls need is patient, loving guidance. The modern parent must set youth a better example. We have too many dancing and bridge playing mothers today. We are auto may dressing in vulgarly immodest. I believe it is imperative for the sake of our nation that we return to old-fashioned family life."

Such evidence from such sources goes to show that lack of parental control, discipline, guidance and example, and neglect of religious training, are the chief causes in the product of immorality and crime. Millions will agree with what these so situated as to be able to speak with authority have said. Instruction and training in the fundamentals of morality and righteous living can not be neglected without imperiling the safety of society.

The daily weekly press still carry columns upon columns of advice to cotton growers on how to get relief.

James K. Hackett one of the foremost and most popular of Shakespearean actors dropped dead in Paris. His death removes one of the few remaining exponents of living drama and there seems little disposition on the part of players these days to develop excellence in dramatic portraiture upon the stage.

Thanksgiving is near and there will be cause for thanksgiving upon the part of Texas farmers if some of their volunteer advisers and counsellors will put an end to their persistent theorizing and let the cotton grower work out his own salvation in his own way, as eventually he must do.

The race for sheriff of Dallas county was settled definitely and decisively in the November election by the voters who registered their approval of Allen Seale for the place by a majority of more than 3,000. Schuyler Marshall Jr., incumbent and defeated candidate against Seale says he will give his successor full support and co-operation. That sounds good at any rate.

Cruelty of Steel Trap Is Described by Hunter, Who Tells of Pitiful Example

BY RAYMOND THOMPSON

When I say the steel trap is savagely cruel some will wince. Why? Because it is true! Understand this: I firmly believe that man is justified in killing wild animals humanely for their fur. I believe a just God placed the little furbearers here to be of use to man, otherwise He would not have endowed man with the faculties of being "master of all he surveys." Can you see no more in killing a wild animal for its pelt than in slaughtering domesticated cattle for their hides and beef. But brother, would you suffer your neighbor to chain a beast to a fence post and wait for it to die?

When I have often done in trapping. Let us consider a few ways and means under which furbearers are taken: Foxes are especially wanted by the present-day trapper, chiefly on account of their scarcity and consequent high value in the fur market. In trapping the foxes of this country a few methods which are in common use may be mentioned. These sets are all made in the snow which comes early in the fall and stays long after a fox skin is unneeded. Commonly the trap is fastened to a "peg" or pole, say 2 1/2 inches in diameter and six or eight feet long. The stick, also attached to the trap, is buried in the snow at the selected spot and the bait or scent placed in the desired position. In rare cases, when dealing with an animal of cunning, two and even three and four traps are thus set in one locality. The fox, after due deliberation, is eventually satisfied and investigates. Can you imagine the terrorized state the poor animal subjected to when those merciless steel jaws close on him? I have frequently caught poor "Reynard" by both forefeet in the same trap, probably due to his pouncing toward the bait much as a cat would alight upon a mouse.

Then there is the "trail" or blind set for foxes. I mean that there is no bait or scent to arouse the suspicions of the slyest fox. One winter in particular I had good luck with blind sets. That was on the Baptiste River in the Athabasca country. The snow was very deep and the river banks were so high as to hold the weight of even such a small animal as a fox. In consequence they had regular trails where they crossed the frozen stream in leaps. Armed with a few No. 3 double-springed traps, already fastened to the trees, I would travel the river on skis. Whenever I crossed one of the aforementioned trails I set a trap and sometimes two, without moving from my skis. It was a surefire set, providing no heavy snowfall intervened in the interim between setting the trap and Mr. Reynard's return to that locality.

But, mound set, trail set, bait set or blind set—they are all the same where cruelty is concerned. The animal is more to be pitied in mild weather than when the thermometer registers sixty degrees below zero in extremely cold weather the fox, always a bitter trap fighter, soon becomes exhausted and succumbs to the cold. As a result it is seldom a fox lives more than a very few hours in severe weather, but that the animal suffers during that length of time it is impossible to realize. When the weather is mild the suffering becomes a process of deadening pains and hopeless hunger which gradually weakens the animal until it finally dies, inch by inch, of exposure. I compared with this, the Indian method of burning at the stake pales into insignificance.

One spring while trapping on the Berland River in northwestern Alberta, I was unable, on account of high water, to take up a certain fox trap. Some weeks later I visited the spot and found a cross fox in the trap. It was warm on that hillside and the poor animal was panting freely. It eyed me in an apathetic way and allowed me to free it without a show of interest. How long it had been in that trap God alone knows, but every vestige of hair was worn off its body through struggling to liberate itself. I carried the poor creature to the river's edge and was rewarded in the end by seeing it limp painfully away. Perhaps the marvelous vitality of the animal brought it through this terrible ordeal. Who knows!

As I previously stated, the fox fights a trap as long as life lasts. The lynx is the direct opposite. Any wilderness trapper will tell you that a No. 1 marten trap will hold a lynx indefinitely, if it has a grip on only one toe.

The season of 1916-17 my partner, J. C. Knowles, and I were trapping between Baptiste River Crossing (Mile 40, G. P. Trail) and Kimberly Lake, some twenty miles northwest. Of course, this twenty miles was only a portion of our trapline but it was the best territory for lynx trapping we held. Early in January I made a hasty trip with the dog sleds to Kimberly Lake. We were expecting a heavy snowstorm as the snowfalls had been unusually light down to that time. Now it is no secret among trappers that all wild animals travel fast and far immediately preceding a heavy storm. My intention was to leave all the trap sets in the best of shape for the expected "run."

A day after I returned to our headquarters the storm struck us and the first night more than a foot of snow fell. For two weeks we were hemmed in by blizzards unusually severe for a bush country. The third week we started to uncover our traps. We were certain that any animal in our traps had been caught before the first heavy fall, for the simple reason that the traps could not have been sprung afterwards on account of the depth of snow covering them. They were what a trapper calls "snowed in" after that. Some traps held foxes, some wolves, a few minks, several ermine, two martens and on the line to Kimberly Lake, which we cov-

ered last, there were five lynxes in traps. Of these five two were dead. The live animals had evidently crawled up in a furry ball, defying frost and snow to do its worst. The warmth of their bodies had melted the snow till each had a snug bed some three feet below the outside level. But what of the other two, why were they dead?

Well, No. 1 lynx was caught in a V-shaped pen built of dry pieces of logs with the trap set in the entrance. The bottom log on one side of the V was a few inches above the frozen surface of the snow. When the animal first got in the trap he had evidently tried to crawl under this log and had got fast there. Then along came one or maybe two brush wolves, mortal enemies of the lynx. Finding the animal helpless, they killed him and ate all but the head and shoulders.

Lynx No. 2 committed suicide by hanging. He was caught at the base of a scrub jackpine. Whether he was captured in this act or merely thought to escape the trap, I cannot say. At any event we found him, after searching some minutes, hanging from a limb near the top of the jackpine. How he ever got so near the top with that trap fastened to a six-foot pole was a subject for some discussion on our part.

But my theme deals primarily with the first three that lived (and suffered) so long in the steel trap. I believe that any physical pain in animals (man or beast) has a height, that once reached, culminates in either death or in a state of apathy or numbness. Certainly after the first sharp pangs occasioned by the biting grip of the steel trap have been experienced, the lynx does not suffer directly from that source. The one impioned foot becomes numb and unfeeling and the animal is more concerned for his stomach's sake. In a hollow, underneath where one of the live lynx was lying, were the feathers of a horned owl. The only conclusion that I can reach and I could arrive at was this: The owl, in quest of a midnight feast, had mistaken the lynx for a dead animal and pounced upon him from the air. Mr. Lynx, in return for being so rudely accosted, knocked his assailant silly with one sweep of his huge forepaw and turned the tables by devouring the tough carcass of the "tiger of the air."

I consider the instances I have mentioned as being fairly representative of the cruelty of steel trapping. And I intend to "practice what I preach" on behalf of humanness to the fur-bearer.

First, in the case of the fox, I will use a wire cord snare. Snares are easier to carry than steel traps and when once set properly rarely need attention. I have proved to my own satisfaction that they will catch the slyest fox and will kill very quickly, inasmuch as the snare quickly the animal's neck and its struggles soon choke it to death.

The lynx may also be snared with splendid success. In fact, I have known many expert trappers who rarely set a steel-trap for a lynx. A special cord for snaring lynx may be obtained at almost any sporting goods house in Canada. Small "cages," somewhat resembling half an inverted bushel basket, are built against a tree, leaving an opening in front just large enough to receive the snare noose.

There are a few steel traps on the market that may be relied upon to "kill" their catch, but they are only of use on small game and are generally heavy, complicated and expensive.

The use of poison is rarely permitted by game laws existing in this extermination of obnoxious animals. I have heard that the pelt of a poisoned animal deteriorates in quality but will say that this applies only to the warmer climes. In this country the severe frosts seem to retard the action of poisons as far as the pelt of the dead animal is concerned, and it remains as white and clean as the skin of a shot or trapped animal. However, even when game laws permit its use, there is one serious drawback to poisoning too much game. It is lost through it. Especially is this true in a timbered or bush country or wherever the snowfall is heavy. So poison, with me at least, is taboo.

After all is said, no hard and fast rule can be laid down as to what manner of traps we may use, but I do sincerely believe that it is a moral obligation on our part as trappers to be as humane in our taking of furs as possible.

Will Discuss Plan For Education For Every Texas Child

Fort Worth, Texas, Nov. 8.—How Texas may give every school child an equal opportunity for an education will be discussed from every angle by the Texas State Teachers' association in convention in El Paso, November 25, 26 and 27. The best educational talent of America has been drawn on for speakers for the occasion. Railroads have granted the lowest rates in the history of the association's conventions, and attendance will be large.

El Paso citizens have arranged sight-seeing trips for the visitors, including a visit to Old Mexico, a drive through the irrigated farms area, and a drive over the mountains.

Rural school problems, general school finance, courses of study, and other of the most critical Texas public school questions will be discussed by experts. Ellwood P. Cubberley, California; Frank D. Boynton, New York; Ernest Horn, Iowa; J. R. Grant, Arkansas; and George W. Frasier of Colorado are included in the out-of-Texas speakers list, while Texas schools will furnish P. W. Horn of Lubbock; B. F. Pittenger, Austin; J. F. Kimball, Dallas; and S. H. Whitley of Commerce.

Thieves Scale Wall of Historic Castle to Steal Rare Gems

Chantilly, France, Nov. 10.—The theft of a 100-carat diamond valued at more than \$2,000,000, and other articles of value from the chateau of the Duc d'Aumale has stirred France more than any other crime since Leonardo da Vinci's famous portrait, Mona Lisa, was stolen from the Louvre, in 1911. The perpetrators were still at large. The police, however, believe they have a clue pointing to one of the band of daring thieves consisting of at least four men.

The suspect was released from the penitentiary 18 months ago. He formerly resided in Chantilly and is known to be connected with one of the most skilled gangs of acrobatic burglars in France. The thieves scaled the wall of the seventeenth century castle and crossed a moat with a 40-foot ladder.

The police believe the thieves were provided with an automobile which enabled them to get from Chantilly to Calais in time to catch a boat before the general alarm announcing the burglary reached the ports of France.

Fingerprints taken in "the Room of Gems," which the thieves looted, have been examined at the police laboratory.

Jewelers say although the pink rose diamond is likely to prove a white elephant on the part of the thieves, nevertheless the marauders ought to realize enough on the two diamond-studded daggers, the bracelets and other booty to make their operation profitable.

When Mona Lisa was taken from under the Louvre, the theft was made for it throughout the world. It was finally found in 1913 in Florence, Italy. An Italian named Perugia was arrested, charged with the theft. He was sentenced to one year and 15 days imprisonment. The portrait was returned to the Louvre.

Help for Red Cross Urged on Texans by Governor Ferguson

Austin, Tex., Nov. 10.—Governor Ferguson November 6 issued a proclamation calling on the citizens of Texas to aid the American Red Cross.

"The American Red Cross holds today a foremost and paramount place among American institutions," the proclamation read. "It is the one organization to which we instinctively turn in great and sudden calamities and instances of dire necessity and need."

"The American Red Cross needs neither eulogy nor defense. Its services speak for themselves in all phases of suffering—in army camps, in fire and flood and in every instance where organized effort may be necessary to relieve suffering and distress."

"In its many services to suffering humanity the Red Cross has in the name of all the people of the United States. Each year, from Armistice Day to Thanksgiving Day the organization gives the people an opportunity to enroll in its ranks. This stupendous work is supported by membership dues. It is the patriotic duty and the great privilege of people of Texas to share in the support of this organization."

"Now, therefore, I, Miriam A. Ferguson, Governor of Texas, do call upon people of this state to remember what the American Red Cross means in times of disaster, in distress and suffering and in war, and do urge your renewal of membership in this organization of mercy."

"In testimony whereof, I have hereunto signed my name and affixed the Seal of State, this 6th day of November, 1926."

Rules for Preparing Birth Certificates Will Be Explained

Austin, Texas, Nov. 10.—The annual meeting of county and city health officers of the state will be held in Austin, Nov. 24-25, according to announcement made by Dr. H. O. Spangston, state health officer. An interesting program has been arranged and the visitors will be given the opportunity of inspecting the workings of each department of the state board of health.

Special attention will be given to the registration of vital statistics, and Dr. C. P. Durham, director of the bureau, will have on exhibit copies of numerous improperly filled out birth and death certificates that are frequently received by his department, and will give a demonstration of the correct way of making out these certificates and the way in which they are filed in the office.

Demonstrations of the work of the pathological and bacteriological laboratory from the simple urine analysis to the most intricate pathological tissue diagnosis, will be made under the direction of Dr. Livingston Anderson, assistant state health officer. The visiting health officers will also be able to see every phase of analytical chemistry which has to do with the determination of misbranded and adulterated food stuffs and drugs, this work being in charge of Dr. H. Golaz, director of the pure food and drug division.

Operation of municipal water plants will be discussed by V. M. Ehlers, state sanitary engineer, and the maintenance of sewage disposal plants will be discussed by E. C. Eggert, assistant sanitary engineer. Dr. H. Muench, director of the bureau of county and city health officers, will give a lecture on co-operative work of county and city health officers with the state board of health.

Instead of candy, make sweets to tuck in the school lunch boxes by grinding together in the meat chopper 1 pound of figs, 1 pound of dried prunes or seedless raisins (or both), and 1 pound of nuts. Mix thoroughly, roll out on board about half an inch thick to a until dredged with confectioner's sugar, and cut into small pieces. Or make into balls, rolled in the sugar. Wrap in paraffin paper to keep.

ARMISTICE DAY

Eight years ago, November 11, 1918, at 11:11 in the morning, European time, the world war came to an end with the signing of the Armistice under which the guns were silenced and the greatest conflict of human history ceased. The news of the signing of that memorable document threw the United States into the wildest demonstrations of joy and congratulation, impromptu parades were staged in every city, town and hamlet and along the highways of the country; powder and other fireworks were burned, bands blared, horns rent the air with maddening sound and shouts and smiles were everywhere in evidence. Although the news reached the United States in the early hours just before dawn the populace awoke almost if touched by an electric spark and the joy of the occasion knew no bounds.

All the world joined in paeans of joy and yet only eight years after the close of the great struggle jarring notes are heard in the national councils of those nations who were greatest beneficiaries of America's sacrifice of blood and treasure. The gallant soldiers of England, France, Belgium and Italy still fraternize in friendliest manner but the French Chamber resounds with harsh criticisms and blatant denunciation of the United States for asking for a portion of the billions laid out that the march of the kaiser upon Paris might be turned back. "Shylock" is the poliest title applied by these forgetful French statesmen to the nation whose khaki clad warriors and whose abundant cash, poured out with lavish hand saved the lily from being trampled beneath the iron heel of the kaiser's army.

The burst of joy with which all France greeted the signing of the armistice has changed to petulant resentment of an honor debt by the politicians and diplomats who are guiding the uncertain destinies of France eight years after America snatched their country from the talons of the Prussian eagle. How quickly forgetfulness of rescue follows when politicians grip the helm of state.

Never will the world witness another war of such bloodiness and ruin and the anniversary of the signing of the Armistice by which that most terrible of all human struggles was ended should always be remembered with joy and thanksgiving by the people of the United States regardless of the unfriendly attitude of the beneficiaries of their efforts to save the world for democracy. Those who had part in the struggle and those near and dear to them and to those others who went "West" battling for world safety, should hail with fervent gladness each recurring November 11 as an occasion on which to refresh their memories on the meaning of American liberty and the guarantees of the constitution under which the world has been redeemed from tyranny.

POKING FUN AT PATENT MEDICINES

Another feature of the never ceasing warfare between makers of patent medicine and regular pharmacists and physicians is given in the following advice given in the syndicated monthly health news bulletin of the American Public Health Association in its first issue which recently was circulated over the country:

For weak lungs: Purchase a nice chamomise-lined chest protector. Put it on your pet poodle dog, and take ten deep breaths slowly before an open window each morning. Retire to a warm bath room and take a cold plunge above the waist line. This do daily.

For Constipation: Take three or four of Dr. Patent Medicine's Pink Pills. Roll each pill around the block, using your hand as propeller. Drink one pint of cold water before breakfast and at bedtime. Eat with regularity less meat and more vegetables. Wash your teeth with a toothbrush. Don't forget to masticate your food thoroughly.

For Dyspepsia: Procure a box of Charcoal Dyspepsia Tablets. Put them in your flower pot. Charcoal is good for house plants. Go to your dentist and have your teeth cleaned and filled. Avoid anger. If fatigued, rest before eating. Select good, wholesome diet, avoiding condiments and spices. Cut out midnight lunches, consisting principally of pastry and coffee.

Disagreements among doctors are proverbial and the above quips form just another stage in the constant clash between men of medicine.

Subscribe to the Forum and you will not be in the dark about what the politicians are doing.

Probably some men, especially in Dallas, will welcome the announcement that the Texas Federation of Woman's Clubs in session early in the week at Dallas discussed gun-toting and took a strong stand against the wide-spread carrying of weapons. A number of Dallas graves are filled by men whose wives or woman friends shot with fatal and unerring aim.

Such warnings as this sounded by Fletcher's Farming of Hondo will fall upon unhearing ears and be read with unheeding minds by those who have pitched their campaign upon hate and prejudice: "In their effort to make political medicine to 'pizen' Jim Ferguson's candidacy for the United States Senate the Investigating (?) committee bids fair to overdo the thing. Persecution has often defeated its own purpose, and the act of a man within the law are his own concern."

Former Governor Jim Ferguson must be given credit, says the Big Springs Herald editor, for some of the good things he does, however blind his critics may be to them. "One of the late expressions of 'Farmer Jim', the Herald adds "is that the farmer is getting too much advice now, from town and institutions. In that position the state administration is refraining from advising legislative or other official action relative to what is best to do to raise the price of cotton. State regulation of acreage planted, of cultural methods or other wild proposals, cannot be incorporated into Texas laws and Governor Jim knows it and says it out loud."

This is Armistice Day, a day to be remembered with patriotic gratification by every true American as the day when the gallant sons of America regardless of race, creed, color or social condition, sealed the doom of "Kultur" and set thrones toppling and crowns crumbling. In the consummation of that day the Western Cowboy, the "Fighting Jew," the daring New Englander, the Tennessee backwoodsman, the preacher and the Holy Roller shared with equal glory and the only aspersions of those brave men who followed the Stars and Stripes through the Argonne into Berlin have been heard since, their task accomplished, they have returned home to resume their places as citizens.

Bickering among members of Queen Marie's party on her special train have resulted in bountiful publicity and so great has been the publicity given various incidents and quarrels that the woman press agent for Lote Fuller, the dancer, who accompanies the queen, has become a victim of nervous prostration. An alleged representative of Henry Ford who had given out a statement that Henry was paying all the incidental expenses of the special train and its occupants, even to making loans for cigarette and entertainment funds, was ejected from the train, and Samuel Hill dropped off after he and one of the military attaches had clashed and Hill had threatened to box the officer's ears. The queen will have good cause for remembering her visit to the United States.



# Armistice Day Confession of Young American Soldier Who Says He Enjoyed War

By BERTON BRALEY (In New York World Sunday Magazine)

We were swapping war yarns the other day in Paris—this round-faced boy and I. Born and raised in New York, he had entered the French Army early in that first terrific year and had risen to be a Second Lieutenant. Next Thursday, Armistice Day, he can, if he chooses, wear the Cross de Guerre on his breast, and a regimental decoration on his left shoulder. Also a wound stripe on the sleeve.

"Well," I remarked at last, "you were glad when the war was over?"

"No," he said, "I enjoyed it!"

"You enjoyed it?" I exclaimed.

"Enjoy isn't just the word," he answered, "but for three years war was my work, my aspiration, and my education. And you can dwell all you like on the ugliness, the hideousness, the wreck and desolation and horror of it, but there is a glory, a thrill, a wonder to the clangor of arms nothing else can give.

"You see, I was a freshman at Columbia when I decided to come over; just a beginner at life, with no particular responsibilities and with only a boy's outlook on things. Then—war! It was to take the place in forming me that college, and home, and society and business would otherwise have occupied. And

so far as I am concerned war, as I said before, has been my education. And man, what an education!

"In civil life how much do you see of the 'naked soul' of man?" Well, I believe I have seen it. I believe I have seen the naked soul of a nation—France. And I, a boy of seventeen when I joined the French Army, have been a part of Verdun—Verdun, where the French lost 300,000 dead to stop the German advance; where I remember waiting one night when things looked their darkest, listening to the roar of the German guns, and wondering, wondering whether the lines at our right, which we knew were being attacked, had held. Then I felt the silence as the German barrage ceased, and in the little pause chilled to my toes—as if I had been alone in the world. I wonder whether our lines were over or night holding. Suddenly out of the night came the ripping, staccato, vicious speech of the 75s and the crackling sound of rifle and machine guns, and we knew they're holding that the Boche once more had found 'No Throughfare'.

"I tell you that was glory, rather because of what it cost to hold than in spite of it. We Americans gave the final impetus that won the war; we bore our share as an army in the fighting which ended it; but if you are really to know war in its full sweep and horror and stark splendor you must have been with the French Army.

"Do you know the Foreign Legion? Of course you do. It's made up of daredevils, adventurers, glorious madmen and crazy band of every speech and every land, with a bulk of Frenchmen who are paying by service to their country for some rotten thing in their lives past. There isn't in the world an organization equal in number which could stand against it. I don't believe there is a body in any army which has lost so heavily.

"And I was next to them when they retook Lionmont. Mort, L'Homme was the hill which dominated Verdun, and if it fell, Verdun fell. The Boche had stormed it after days and days; the Legion captured it in a single charge. I climbed that hill alone after, before the dead were buried and I had to stop carefully to put my feet on the ground. It was awful, but it was magnificent.

"I wonder if you know the story some Frenchmen wrote of the grand review he imagined taking place after the war? He pictured the cuirassiers riding with sparkling helmets and waving plumes down the Champs Elysees, showered with flowers and a target for thrown kisses; the sturdy, cocky little chasseur-a-pied swaggering after a bulk of Frenchmen who are clustered about by worshipping women and hundreds on hundreds of veteran Poilu regiments greeted with all the enthusiasm of which the French are capable.

"And then—the Legion. Silence. No flowers, no cheers, no kisses no embraces from women or men. They look about, hurt; a little angry, wondering what is the matter. And they see—the people are on their knees!

"I was in the Champagne too. It was there in 1916 that I saw one of those relics of past warfare—a huge cavalry charge.

"It was folly; sheer romantic and lavish waste of life; for it failed and I see now was bound to fail. But Lord! what a sight to see those ranks of horses and those waves on waves of flying plumes, those tiers on tiers of pennoned lances sweeping over the plain. When I think of it even now I tingle to my bootheels, for though the shrapnel crumpled up horses and men and the remnant came back broken and sick at soul, the surge and thunder of their advance still linger in my memory with a vividness that submerges the horror of their return.

"To have been a witness of a thing like that, to have been in place after the war, which is an old army, an army that had made every field of Europe shake under the tread of its feet, the thud of its horses' hoofs, the rattle of its artillery wheels—think of what that experience was worth to an American college freshman with a boy's heart, a boy's sensitiveness and responsiveness to outward impressions and inward emotions.

"You know, the American Army hasn't really experienced this war. It's probably one reason that army did so much to win it. The soldiers had not had the time nor the experience to be weary and fagged by it, they had not been in it so long that they had come to consider war as the continuing condition of existence, its beginning almost forgotten, its end beyond vision.

"For the Yanks it was a definite job to be finished as quickly as possible; it was something abnormal to their life, while for us in the French Army it had—unfortunately, but naturally enough—lost that aspect. We accepted it and doggedly went on—because going on or holding on was the condition of our employment. I don't know whether I make that clear or not.

"We had had our enthusiasm, and it had lost us men in uncounted thousands, and apparently brought nothing but a few yards of devastated territory—not room enough to bury our dead in separate graves. And so, because we—I speak, you understand, as one of the French Army—that no such inexhaustible reservoir of men to draw upon as you had, we settled down to war as a matter of ugly, cruel and continuing fact.

"But I found even the weariest monotony of it full of a strange savor. Take the stalemate of the trenches, for instance, when for days and weeks on end the eyes never saw a German, when only the everlasting shelling, the occasional spiteful snap of a sniper's rifle, or the sudden evil clatter of a ma-

chine gun showed there was life in and behind the parapets facing us. There was always the tension of suspense to keep one keyed up, as a master writer gives you that great book. There was the watching of signs of concentration behind the lines, the occasional alert for gas attacks, the occasional lull in the ordinary pounding of artillery that might presage the concentrated barrage prior to a drive.

"Then there was mining. To me it is one of the fundamental thrills of war. You are holding a trench line, grimly, with your forces seeping away gradually from shell and gas and machine guns, and replacements trickling in to fill the vacancies. You organize patrols which sometimes come back with prisoners and information, and sometimes do not come back. Otherwise you just wait.

"And while you wait you hear, somewhere far below you in the earth, 'tick, tick, tick' and a pause, and then 'tick, tick, tick' and so on for hours and hours and days and days, and you know the Boche sappers are mining below you and there is nothing you can do but sit tight and wait for that ticking to end—in a roar and crash that may blow you and all your men to nothingness. Your own sappers are doing the same beneath you. The Boche trenches; sometimes their saps run into those he makes and there is a battle underground, but you, an infantryman in the trenches, hear nothing, see nothing but the 'tick, tick, tick' while you wait, and you know that out a hell to explode below you. It's maddening, nerve wracking, terrific—but in some way I can't explain to you it was poignantly enjoyable.

"Maybe I'm different from most soldiers, but I think I'm merely more articulate in expressing what deep down in our inner consciousness we feel—a sort of stern exaltation and pleasure in playing the mightiest game of all.

"My mind hates war, my moral nature rebels against the idea of its snarling, wastefulness, its organized brutality. But it gets in the blood, it grips the heart, it suffuses every fibre of me. It's like drink to the dipsomaniac, a thing he abominates and shudders over, but which fulfills some inner need and makes him a god while he lies in the gutter.

"Even the most dreadful phase of it all, which you find in a field hospital, brings up memories as beautiful as they are ghastly. Why for all the pain and agony of it, it was wonderful, the palms of my hands were bleeding. But I'm well now, I have four precious scars in my leg, and a memory of pain that makes me kin to everybody who has suffered. And that is part of the education of war.

"Next to me was a French Colonel who was dying. He had seen a good deal of a martinet, but great soldier. And all night, in his fever, but always with diminishing power to his voice, he cried out, 'So, Jacques, you have been impudent again—eight days prison. Ah, Francois, I told you if you gain overstay your leave you would be punished. Eight days prison.' And as he delivered the sentence his lifted, shaking hand pointed at the imaginary culprits.

"Near him was a boy named who had one ambition—to win the Croix Militaire. He too was dying, but he had won the cross. The papers were not yet arrived, but he nurse had put the cross in his hand, and all the while he was awake he gripped it tightly. When he died he held it as if it were his fingers would loosen about it, but let anybody step, however lightly, past his bed, he would wake, seize the medal and hold it close over his heart. He had given his life for that medal, and it was his fear that some one might take it from him.

"At dawn he sat suddenly up on his cot and held forth the medal with a gesture of unmatchable pride.

"See, Suzanne, for you and for me—the Croix Militaire," he cried, and fell back dead.

"Am I somewhat abnormal, different from you?" the Lieutenant asked, "when I say that all this was to me a glory of war, a splendid—horrid, perhaps, but nevertheless a splendid thing that came out of the tumult of conflict, where brave men risked everything, spent all for the sake of a woman, who is France?"

"But are you an American," I said, and it was adventure rather than France which called you?"

"That called me, but it was France which held me, thrilled me," he answered. "It couldn't be otherwise. For such was the spirit of the men around me."

"And was that all that held you?" I persisted.

He smiled tenderly.

"Every man must have something to typify the immaterial, abstract ideal for which he fights," he said. "Particularly when he is, like me, not a son of the country in whose service he has found his way. In France, I shall take her back home with me."

"But after I found her, she was France to me, the living, breathing embodiment of the country which had held at Verdun and surged forward in the Champagne battle, 80,000 dead on one field in one charge. And I learned from other men in the closeness that war engenders, that to each of them there was some one—wife, mother, sweetheart or mistress—who made France individual and warmly human. And 'Yet without her I think I should till have found war a great advantage and a marvelous absorption. It casts a spell over me in its every phase—the immensity of its mechanism, its forces, its noise; the

### New Standards Mark Regime of Hubbard as C. I. A. President

By ERIC G. SCHROEDER

Denton, Texas, Nov. 10.—Perhaps the very reserve of Louis H. Hubbard is his most compelling characteristic. At first one loses sight of his other traits in trying to fathom the man whose calm, almost tired eyes seem always mildly appraising, and whose sparse words are delivered in a voice that is seldom lifted above a level, well modulated tone.

He has taken seriously his new assignment of directing the destinies of the second largest women's college in the world. Perhaps his naturally quiet mien is accentuated by the rather sudden acquisition of added responsibilities.

President Hubbard has determined to set certain new scholastic standards at the College of Industrial Arts and to maintain rigidly certain older ones. And to glance at his firmly set mouth, to note the resolution of his eyes under an expansive brow, is to feel somehow—he will do it.

The C. I. A. head was born at Mayaguez, Porto Rico, on Feb. 10, 1882, but almost his entire life has been spent in Texas. When he was 5, his family moved to El Paso and he lived there 13 years, working his way through high school while in the employ of the El Paso Herald, and later holding a position in the freight department of the Southern Pacific railroad.

The four years after his graduation from high school were spent at the University of Texas, where he received his bachelor of science degree in 1902. He was an ardent athlete, a member of the football team in his senior year and was awarded a "Y" by the athletic association.

President Hubbard has had a wide experience as a teacher. He taught English in the Belton high school from 1903 to 1906. From 1906 to 1908 he was principal of the school and then went to San Angelo, where he served in a similar capacity for two years. In 1910, he became superintendent of Belton schools and remained in that position for 14 years, going to the University of Texas in 1924 as dean of men. He came to C. I. A. as its president last June 1, after nearly completing work for a Ph. D. degree.

President Hubbard is a life member of the Texas State Teachers association and one of the organizers and a former president of the State English Teachers association, which later merged in the State Teachers association as the English section. He was one of the organizers of the Belton Rotary club, serving three years as its president.

Hubbard was married to Miss Bertha Altizer of Salem, Va., in 1912 at Long Beach, Cal. They have two children, Martha Louise, 10, and John Randolph, 7.

There is a certain competency expressed in President Hubbard's reserve, his carefully weighed words, that is reassuring. Behind that sober, unassuming manner burns an ardent flame of idealism, ambition and resolve for the state college for women that promises much.

### Anthrax Is Cleared From Texas and Ban Soon Will Be Ended

Fort Worth, Texas, Nov. 10.—The Livestock Sanitary Commission, through Leo Callan, chairman, announces that Texas now is practically clear of anthrax and that all area quarantines will be released immediately and that the premise bans will be lifted within a week.

After a conference with Dr. N. F. Williams, state veterinarian, Callan announced that the anthrax situation is now under complete control. Speaking of the situation, Dr. Williams said:

"Reports for our inspectors indicate that the few premise quarantines for anthrax that are left will be eligible for release within a week. Practically all of Llano county, where the disease was most prevalent, has been cleared up, and only one of two premise quarantines are left in Uvalde county. These will be cleared up and the ban lifted in a week's time and that marks the end of anthrax in Texas herds for the present.

"The thing that is worrying the commission at present is the prevalence of hog cholera all over the state," Callan said after the conference.

Dr. Williams reports a shortage of serum with which to combat the malady. He said also that the situation in the Panhandle and Plains country is growing serious, particularly in Lamb, Bailey and Palmer counties, the most serious outbreak being in the neighborhood of Sudan in Lamb county.

Hog dealers, he said, are bootlegging swine from Oklahoma to New Mexico in trucks, driving them part of the way through Texas in violation of the quarantine laws of Texas, and this practice should be stopped. Due to a shortage of serum, the state of Oklahoma is suffering from the ravages of cholera, Dr. Williams said.

A new outbreak has been reported in the Denton area. This, Dr. Williams ascribes to the custom of Oklahoma swine dealers bringing trucks of hogs into the state, presumably for the packing houses at Fort Worth for immediate slaughter, as they are permitted to do under the law, and selling them on the way to farmers, which is in violation of the law.

"The only alternative at the present," Dr. Williams declared, "is for the farmers to immunize their herds, and this should be done at once."

The commission will seek to have more drastic quarantine laws passed when the Legislature meets in January, Callan said.

### "Save My Permanent Wave" Writes Teacher Who Ends Life in Gorgeous Finery

New York, Nov. 10.—"Dear C. P." wrote Charlotte Vogel, a Newark school teacher, in a note left for the County Physician, "you will never know the reason for my act. Kindly do not disarrange my permanent wave, which I got for this occasion, and please take good care of my clothes."

She was found dead in the kitchen of her apartment, No. 1162 Broadway, Newark, seated in a chair facing a gas range, five jets of which were open. On a table were notes she had written and on her lap was a newspaper she had been reading.

She was forty-four and unmarried. There were few who knew her, fewer still who could break through her reserve. Her clothes were always of the simplest and, so far as is known, no curling iron ever had touched her hair.

But this day was different. She prepared for her death as a bride would for her wedding day. She obtained a permanent wave. She had bought rare perfume; dressed in underwear of fine silk, and donned a beautiful embroidered silk kimono.

Then in the darkness with the scent of incense and perfume slowly fusing with the smell of gas, she sat, pencil in hand, writing.

"I am alone," she wrote, "with nobody to keep me company. This business of fixing up for a nose dive into eternity is no joke."

"Dear one," read the next note, "remember what I told you. My last thought will always be with you. I am scribbling this in the dark because I fear an explosion."

Then the last note: "1:48 a. m. Ready to hop off with no one to wish me bon voyage."

Earlier in the night she had written two other messages. One was a letter to her brother, Aaron Vogel, of No. 208 North Seventh street, Newark, in which she told him he would find her dead when next he called on her. Another was a letter addressed "to the world in general and my acquaintances," in which she once again repeated her request to take good care of her clothes and not to disarrange her permanent wave.

By way of postscript she wrote critically of the Public Service Corporation's gas and street car service.

"Because of Prohibition," she wrote, "I have decided to use Mr. McCarter's weak gas. It will take a little longer, but I will have the flat wheels of his trolley cars for music while I wait."

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PAY for a South Plains farm with rents under my new crop payment plan. Only \$2.50 to \$5 per acre cash down required. Write John W. Blalock, Littlefield, Texas. 11-4-19

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QUIT TOBACCO easily, inexpensively without drugs. Send address W. F. Stokes, Mohawk, Fla. 11-4-4

### Leahy Loses Attack on Jurisdiction and Seeks Venue Change

George West, Tex., Nov. 10.—A motion challenging the jurisdiction of the Thirty-sixth district court in which Harry J. Leahy faces trial on a charge of slaying Dr. J. A. Ramsey was presented by defense attorneys and immediately overruled by Judge T. M. Cox, while state's attorneys still examined a defense motion for change of venue presented Monday.

The motion alleged that publicity given the disappearance and slaying of Dr. J. A. Ramsey precluded the possibility of a fair trial in this county.

Leahy personally assisted in preparation of the motion, and it was indicated will take a prominent part in conducting his own defense.

### Air Fleet to Keep Watch on Rum Row Goes into Action

New York, Nov. 10.—The prohibition air fleet, comprising at present three large amphibian planes armed with machine guns and having a cruising radius of 600 miles, began service this week as the eyes of the coast guard.

The ships are the first provided by congress at its last session. Two of them will have the new coast guard station on Ten-Pound Island, Gloucester, Mass., as a base, while the third will fly from base No. 9 at Cape May, N. J. The planes are similar to that used by Commander Richard E. Byrd on his Greenland trip last year and a type used by the army, navy and marine corps.

Experiments are being made with a special reel and lifeline which, if perfected, would be used by the planes in running lines from wrecks to the shore. Their chief duties for the present, however, will be that of spotting rum runners. Each plane is equipped with wireless.

The aircraft are bright yellow with black lettering. They have especially thick metal bottoms for protection against driftwood and special skids for landing on rocky beaches.

A thick slice of ham, with raw sliced potatoes spread over it, and baked in milk for about an hour and a half, is unusually good. Sprinkle the potatoes with flour when you put them in the dish.

### Telegraph Operator on Sherman's March to the Sea Is Dead

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 9.—Jack Gordon Sholes, who as a lad of 16, was General Sherman's personal telegraph operator on the famous march to the sea, is dead at his home here at the age of 31. His father was Christopher Latham Sholes, inventor of the typewriter.

### Leavenworth Warden Resigns

Washington, Nov. 9.—Warden W. I. Biddle of Leavenworth penitentiary resigned today, effective November 15. Thomas White, who had been acting deputy warden, was named by Attorney General Sargent as acting warden pending the appointment of Biddle's successor.

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**JIM FERGUSON**  
The Editor

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