

# THE SANDERSON TIMES

Volume 19

Sanderson, Texas, Friday Oct. 15, 1926

No. 36

## W. E. STIRMAN

The Wood, Coal and Dairy Man

Cedar, Mesquit, Oak Wood and Dawson Coal

**Get Your Supply on Hand.  
Be Ready For the First Cold Spell**

Phone No. 2

Sanderson, Texas.

## LEMONS & HENSHAW, ABSTRACTORS

Terrell County Lands

Lands Sold Property Rentered Taxes Paid  
Lands Leased Taxes Paid  
Abstracts Examined and Titles Passed Upon By an Efficient and Reliable Attorney.  
Office with County Clerk, Sanderson, Texas

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Confidence in the concern with which you deal—that is the biggest thing to consider in your purchase of a new or used Ford car; and upon that basis you should naturally buy from an authorized dealer.

We carry a complete stock of FORD parts and accessories gas, oils and Goodyear Tires and Tubes.

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W. J. FERGUSON

## Suit Yourself



Exercise your personal preference in your clothes.

Have them made to your own individual measures—cut and tailored to your build and attitude requirements.

Select the becoming pattern you have in mind from the 400 Fall and Winter styles we are now displaying from

*Empire Tailors*

Chicago  
Why not get measured for that new Fall suit today?

Empire Tailors

**We Carry a Complete Line of  
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Always glad to have you call and inspect our Stock and Prices. We give personal attention to all orders so as to assume prompt and satisfactory service.

We guarantee all goods sold to give satisfaction.

**SANDERSON MERCANTILE CO.**

THE STORE OF SERVICE AND QUALITY

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Prompt delivery

**ADVERTISE IN THE TIMES**

## SCHOOL LAND SALES IN TEXAS VALIDATED

While the 39th Legislature was in session in 1925 a law was passed authorizing owners of school land in Texas to apply to the General Land Office to have the land forfeited, after which it could be inspected, re-appraised, re-valued and re-purchased within ninety days. Under this law about 100,000 acres was forfeited in Val Verde County, and later re-purchased at a saving of approximately \$125,000 to the owners.

This law was passed by the Legislature for the benefit of West Texas, and some time ago a mandamus suit was filed against Land Commissioner J. T. Robison in an effort to restrain him from making additional forfeitures and sales. When the law was passed it was incomplete insofar that no provisions were made for sale, and to remedy this the bill was amended at this session of the Legislature, permitting Mr. Robison the authority of making the forfeitures and sales as he had been doing and to validate all transactions already made.

There were looking a little scarce the first of the week and a message was sent to Hon. Ben F. Foster, in Del Rio, urging him to come to Austin to assist in validating the sales made and permitting Mr. Robison to continue in the same manner he had been. Mr. Foster immediately left for Austin and the bill was finally passed Tuesday.

All those who have purchased school lands are now safe and in no danger of losing their property or being placed to additional expense and trouble.

Opposition was marked to the measure and for that reason the emergency clause could not be passed and the bill does not go into effect for 90 days. People in East and Central Texas opposed to this measure made a determined fight to prevent its passage. This was largely the cause of the big fight made on Mr. Robison last year when a man named Terrell was selected to run against him and came close to defeating the veteran land commissioner—Val Verde County Herald, Del Rio, Oct. 8, 1925.

Terrell County ranchmen are more than glad to learn the above news, as it means the saving of many dollars to the owners of school land. Several of our local land owners are and have been taking advantage of the above law and are benefitting by it.

## BENEFIT FORTY-TWO PARTY OCTOBER 22

The Parent-Teachers' Association will give a benefit forty-two party on Friday, October 22 at the Masonic Hall. There will be two parties, one in the afternoon at 3:30 and the other at night at 8 o'clock. A charge of 25 cents a player is made, the proceeds going to help the school. For table reservation call Mrs. D. A. Pollard, phone 36.

Joe Kerr returned last Saturday from San Antonio, where he attended the auction sale of mohair which was held at the Hotel Menger. Mr. Kerr was representing the local wool commission company which has several hundred thousand pounds of mohair to sell. He states that this was not sold at this time.

Mrs. A. Mitchell came in the latter part of last week from Los Angeles, Calif., where she has been the last several months.

## THERE IS NO TRUER RADIO RECEPTION THAN IS GIVEN BY FADA MODELS

We wish to announce that we have secured the franchise for this famous line of Radios and we invite your inspection of the models we now have on display. We will also carry a complete stock of Radio accessories. Let us supply your batteries, tubes, etc.

Ask us for a demonstration any evening.  
KERR MERCANTILE CO.

## DISTRICT GOVERNOR VISITS LOCAL CLUB

The regular meeting of the Rotary Club of Sanderson was held on Friday of last week instead of Wednesday in order that the club might meet with Clint Anderson of Albuquerque, N. M., who is district governor of the forty-second district of Rotary international. The board of directors and club council met with Clint at 9 o'clock of that day and were in session with him for a couple of hours. At the luncheon Clint gave a very good talk to the interest of all the members present and several guests.

Governor Clint told of the many features he expects of the clubs that are in his district in carrying out the program planned by Rotary international, which includes community service, education of Rotary and the boys' work service. He stated these three branches of the program are the most important and that he expects to hear of big things done by the clubs in these lines. He urged as many members as possible and with the delegates to come to the conference of the forty-second district which will be held at Carlsbad, N. M., on March 14 and 15, 1927.

Peter Gorman, who has been gone for several months, was welcomed back in the fold and again we will hear the soft strains of "Doc's" fiddle.

Mrs. Sims Wilkinson honored the assembly with several piano solos.

Guests of the day were: Gov. Clint Anderson, Albuquerque, N. M.; Fred Patterson, Sheridan, Wyo., and Prof. T. L. Williams and Fred Yeates.

## Mrs. Minnie Gates Comoli.

After being ill only two days, Mrs. Minnie Gates Comoli, 48 years of age, died Thursday morning, October 7, at Douglas, Arizona. Death was due to cancer of the head.

Mrs. Comoli was born in Gonzalez county, Texas, and at an early age moved to this section of the country with her parents. For years she was a teacher in the public schools here. Her former pupils, all now grown and in professions and business of their own, lay their success to the teachings and foundations of this good woman. At the age of 16 she professed faith in Christ, and joined the Baptist church and lived an exemplary life since that date. Twelve years ago she left Sanderson moving to Arizona. Those who were closest to her commend her the highest.

The funeral services were held Sunday afternoon, October 10, at McNeal, Arizona. The religious services being in charge of Rev. Wintergreen, formerly of Del Rio Texas, but now of Wilcox, Ariz.

Mrs. Comoli is survived by her husband, and three step-children; her mother, Mrs. Mary Schuppach, of this city; her father, W. M. Schuppach, Los Angeles, Calif.; and five brothers, C. W., Jim, and Ralph Schuppach of Arizona, and O. E. and O. T. of Sanderson. All the family was there with the exception of C. W. who was unable to make the trip. Many beautiful floral offerings was placed upon the grave, showing the tribute and love that friends showed for this good beautiful woman.

May the loved ones and friends be reconciled to the will of the Maker, and endeavor to be ready for our summons when it comes.

The Times joins in with the many friends of the bereaved ones in extending sympathy and condolence.

Straw hats and Summer clothes are quite out of place, so get your Fall and Winter suit now. We've got the new blues, n'every-thing.

EMPIRE TAILORS.

Read "Youth Rides West"

## P. T. A. HOLD INTER- ESTING MEETING

The regular meeting of the Parent-Teachers' Association for October was held last Thursday afternoon in the High School Auditorium, with Mrs. H. D. Williams presiding. The meeting opened with the repeating of the Lord's Prayer in unison, followed by the singing of "America" and a prayer by Mrs. J. W. McKee.

The subject studied was "Character Building." The following papers on this subject were read: First, "The Four Tests of Character Building," Mrs. A. D. Brown; second, "First Steps in Character Discipline in the Home," Mrs. W. H. Savage; third, "Courage," Mrs. Clyde Griffith; fourth, "Development," Mrs. Guy Nations; fifth, "Honoring Parents," Mrs. D. A. Pollard; sixth, "If I Were 21 Again," by Mesdames J. W. McKee and M. P. Lester.

The piano solo of little Nell Lea was very much enjoyed and was well given. Miss Beas McAdams showed unusual talent in her piano solo, which was well rendered. The topic of current events was very much enjoyed as given by Prof. T. L. Williams. The piano solo by Miss Mary Francis Corder brought forth applause and was well rendered. S. C. Bodkin, one of the trustees, was in attendance and in his pleasant way gave an interesting talk and a welcome to the association, assuring them the co-operation of the board of trustees whenever possible.

Continued on last page

## BOOST!

You wouldn't give a thin dime for a knocker—he is unwelcome everywhere.

Be a booster—If you can't boost you can keep still—and if you can't do either, then you can move.

IT IS SAID: "The devil once lived in heaven till he began knocking his own home town."—and you know what happened.

We think this the best Town in the best County in the best State—if we didn't think so we would move—and we are going to continue to ASSIST in keeping it so—

LET'S WORK TOGETHER

You Can Depend on Us.

Sanderson State Bank

## City Barber Shop

You will always find

Clean Tonsoring, Keen Tools and Skilled Workman

Ladies Hair Bobbing A Specialty

Hot and Cold Baths

FRED YEATES, Prop.

## We Carry Everything Handled In A General Store

### DRY GOODS

The Season's New and Daint Styles

DRESS GOODS,

MEN'S SUITS,

HATS, CAPS,

BOOTS AND SHOES.

### GROCERIES

We Have Everything That's Good to Eat

Canned Vegetables and

Fruits,

Jellies, Jams,

Teas and Coffee.

### HARDWARE

We Are Headquarters for

Hardware, Oil, Paints

Stoves, Pipe Fittings,

Wire, Nails,

Studebaker Wagons

### FURNITURE

We Have a Nice Line of

Chairs, Rockers, Tables,

Dressers, Beds,

Springs and

Mattresses.

### LUMBER

Anything You Want in

Building Material, Sash

Doors, Cement, Lime

Brick, Roofing,

Fencing.

**THE KERR MERC.  
COMPANY**

### BAD COLD? TAKE "CASCARETS" FOR BOWELS TONIGHT

No headache, constipation, bad cold or sour stomach by morning

Get a 10-cent box. Sick headache, biliousness, coated tongue, head and nose clogged up with a cold—always trace this to torpid liver; delayed, fermenting food in the bowels or sour, gassy stomach. Poisonous matter clogged in the intestines, instead of being cast out of the system is re-absorbed into the blood. When this poison reaches the delicate brain tissue it causes congestion and that dull, throbbing, sickening headache. Cascarets immediately cleanse the stomach, remove the sour, undigested food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels. A Cascaret tonight will surely straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist means your head clear, stomach sweet and your liver and bowels regular for months.

**INFLAMED EYES DISFIGURE YOUR LOOKS!** Don't see a doctor. Use Dr. Caldwell's Eye Salve for speedy relief. Absolutely safe. At all drug stores. HALL & BUCKEL, New York City

**SKIN IRRITATIONS** For their immediate relief and healing doctors prescribe **Resinol** Ride the Interurban FROM Houston to Galveston Every Hour on the Hour Express Service—Non-Stop Trains 9:00 a. m. and 3:00 p. m.



**Tells a Good Story** About Headaches Glendora, N. Y. Mrs. J. Schwind writes—"My head was dizzy at frequent intervals. My stomach was upset and I was horribly constipated. I took Carter's Little Liver Pills and I soon noticed a decided improvement. It is months now since I have had a headache or sick stomach. Your pills have merit." Carter's Little Liver Pills, a purely vegetable laxative, relieve the constipated condition. They cleanse the intestines of their poisonous matter. They are sugar coated, small, and easy to take. Druggists, 25 & 75c red packages.

**Dubious** "Could you tell me a story for children?" "Do you mean these wise children of today? I dunno." — Louisville Courier-Journal.

**ORANGE BREAD** 2 eggs 1 level tsp. salt 1 cup sugar 1 level tsp. Calumet 1-1/2 cups milk 1 cup powder 1 cup flour 1 cup candied orange peel 1 cup shortening 1/2 cup oil. Cut the shortening into sifted dry ingredients. Add the milk to the well beaten eggs. Mix with the dry ingredients and beat well. Add the candied orange peel. Bake in a moderate oven 350 degrees F. for 30 minutes.

That which is given with pride and ostentation is rather an ambition than a bounty.—Seneca.

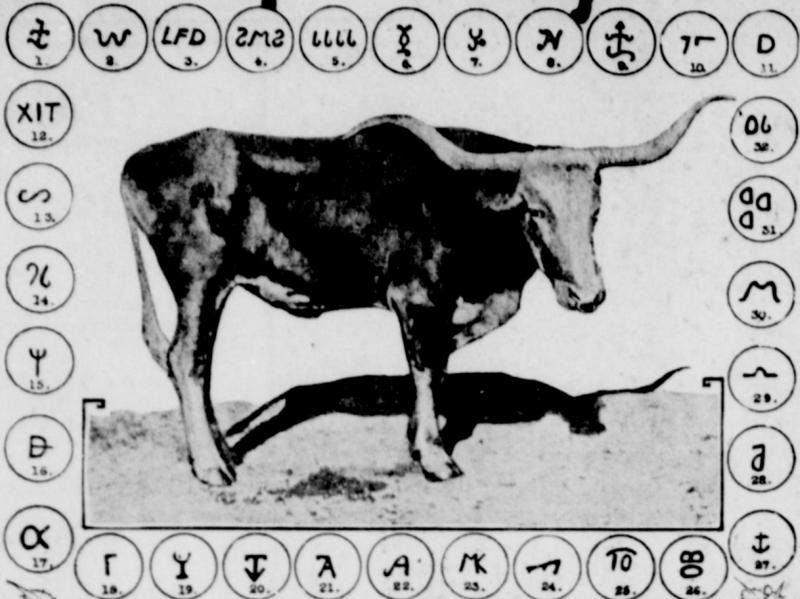
#### WATCH YOUR DAUGHTER

Dallas, Texas—"I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription at middle life and it was a wonderful benefit to me. Last summer my daughter was complaining all the time of pains in her side. I urged her to take the 'Prescription' and she finally did. It completely relieved her in a short time and we are glad to recommend it to any ailing woman as a wonderful tonic."—Mrs. J. M. Hammonds, 2117 Phelps St.

Girls, health brings beauty. Go to your neighborhood dealer and obtain Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in tablets or liquid or send 10c for trial pkg. tablets to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

**Groves' Tasteless Chill Tonic** Invigorates, Purifies and Enriches the Blood. 60c

# Saving the Longhorn



Above—Typical Longhorn. (From Yale University Press "Pageant of America." Below—Longhorns on the Trail. (Courtesy Swift & Co.)

ABOUT four years ago there appeared in a newspaper in San Antonio, Texas, in the heart of the cattle country, an item headed "The Passing of the Longhorn," which read as follows: "The Texas longhorn is no more. Today this noble creature has taken its place along with the other outstanding figures of the romantic pioneer days of early Texas. The foundation and basis of the state's greatest industry, the nucleus of a thousand herds upon a thousand hills in years gone by, and the one-time pride of the range, is today but a memory, succeeded by a fat, sleek tribe of Herefords and other breeds that graze the open range. "What change time can bring? A glance into the past and the mind sees the march of events in a never-ending panorama passing before the eyes. The day of the Indian and the buffalo, long since passed into oblivion, the advent of the longhorn steer, the birth of the great cattle industry and then the passing of a creature that brought the great West through the days of hardship. Whether or not there was any direct connection between this valiant creature and the action taken recently by the Texas Folklore society is unknown, but the fact remains that it was a statement of what was in the minds of many Texans—the fact that a picturesque animal and one which had played an important role in the history of the Lone Star state was in danger of extinction. So the Texas Folklore society at its meeting this year passed a resolution recommending that the legislature appropriate sufficient funds and provide adequate means to preserve in its purity for future generations the Texas longhorn breed—the most historic breed of cattle the world has ever known. "Back of this resolution is the movement to save the longhorn by collecting as many as possible of the survivors and placing them upon a well-protected preserve. A start toward that already has been made. The nucleus of a herd has recently been placed in the Wichita National Forest reserve by Will C. Barnes, a veteran cowboy, now connected with the forest service of the United States Department of Agriculture. So it appears now that the Texas longhorn is to escape the extinction which once threatened the buffalo, had not the American people been aroused to the danger long ago. "Not long ago a newspaper dispatch stated that a herd of 2,000 Texas longhorns had been shipped from south Texas to Kansas, but old-timers who should be in a position to know, declare that it is doubtful if a tenth of that number of genuine longhorns could be found if a census were taken. Nearly every wild-west show or rodeo exhibition company has a few and there are a few running wild in various western states, especially their native heath of Texas. But, say the old-timers, the true longhorn is so scarce that it is now a curiosity even to the cattlemen of Texas. And these are all that are left of the thousands that the Texas plains once knew. "Just where the longhorn originated is unknown. Tradition has it that they descended from the original herd of Spanish cattle which stocked the ranch of Hernandez Cortez, conqueror of Mexico, on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, nearly 400 years ago. They were a hardy, rangy, fleet-footed breed, whose long horns enabled them to make their way through the thick chaparral growth that covers much of their native home and because of the scanty grazing they were accustomed to range over a wide territory. When the Mexican ranch owners were driven out of the lower border of Texas after the Texans had won their independence in 1836, many thousands of these cattle roamed the wilderness for a quarter of a century. They were almost as wild as deer when the re-establishment of ranches in that region took place. Even then they were never domesticated in the true sense of the word, and when the Civil war called nearly all of the able-bodied men of the Lone Star state away to battlefields in other states and left the herds in charge of boys and old men, the longhorns began to break away from what little "civilization" they had known and run wild again. The rounding up of these wild herds and driving them overland to Kansas shipping towns in the late sixties marked the beginning of the epic cattle trade and laid the foundations of Texas prosperity. "It is interesting to note that Texas not only is making an effort to save the longhorn from extinction, but that it is preserving its memory in another way. Without branding, successful operation of the cattle business would have been impossible, for Mexican cattle thieves and dishonest ranch owners would have got away with the herds in short order, had it not been for the stamp of proprietorship emblazoned in bold characters on the hide of the animals. So Texas is commemorating the longhorn and the brand he wore with the unique idea of "branding" Garrison hall, the new half-million-dollar classroom building at the University of Texas, with the symbol of Texas' greatest industry. More than 20,000 cattle brands used at some time or other in that state were examined by E. W. Winkler, university librarian, who spent six months at the task, and from that number 32, representative of some step in the progress of Texas history, were selected to be engraved upon the white stone walls of Garrison hall. "No. 1 of the collection is appropriately the "Austin Spanish" brand of Stephen F. Austin, the "Father of Texas." The other thirty, pictured above, are as follows: 2—Capt. Richard King; 3—Mal. George W. Littlefield; 4—S. M. Swenson; 5—S. R. Burnett; 6—Mariano Sanchez; 7—Pedro Barbo; 8—Jose Antonio Navarro; 9—Jose Antonio de la Garza; 10—Ike T. Pryor; 11—A. H. (Shanghai) Pierce; 12—Capitol Land syndicate; 13—C. C. Slaughter; 14—Al E. McFadden; 15—Oliver Loving and Sons; 16—Mrs. Rabb; 17—Dillard Fant; 18—John R. Blocker; 19—Elliott and Deweese; 20—Joe Gunter; 21—Preston Rose; 22—Charles Goodnight; 23—S. A. Maverick; 24—Anna Martin and Sons; 25—George W. Saunders; 26—D. H. Snyder; 27—J. J. Myers; 28—John Lytle; 29—Mark Withers; 30—E. B. Millett; 31—W. T. Waggoner; 32—H. L. Kokernot. "The full history of these brands would fill volumes, but here are some of the outstanding facts connected with some of the better known ones. "5—S. B. Burnett, whose brand of the four sixes resulted from his winning a large ranch in a poker game in which he held "four of a kind." "9—Jose Antonio de la Garza, the oldest brand, was obtained from the Spanish government by Leonardo de la Garza, June 23, 1762. "11—A. H. (Shanghai) Pierce, who drove cattle from Matagorda county on the gulf and whose steers were known from the Rio Grande to the Canadian line as "Shanghai Pierce's sea lions." "12—Capitol Land syndicate, whose XIX brand was generally known as "Ten in Texas." Their holdings covered ten counties and included three million acres, given in payment for the state capitol building at Austin. "13—C. C. Slaughter's "Lazy S" brand was on more than 12,000 cattle a year in the trail-driving period after the Civil war. "21—Preston Rose was the first man to fence land in Texas and attempt to improve the longhorn breed. "22—Charles Goodnight, owner of the famous Goodnight ranch, home of buffalo, and experimenter in crossing buffalo and cattle to produce "catalo." "25—S. A. Maverick, whose name is applied to any cattle that bear no brand. He bought a small herd in the 40's, but a negro employed was so careless that he had to sell the few that remained from the hundreds stolen by rustlers. "31—W. T. Waggoner, whose brand was used on 25,000 horses and 100,000 cattle in 1865 after he had started in business with only 242 cows, 8 horses and a fifteen-year-old negro herd boy. "ships and other high offices in other states. "Americans Go to Canada "In the last fourteen years Michigan has sent more of its citizens to become Canadians than any other state of the Union, according to the Canadian department of immigration and colonization, the number being 87,107. Minnesota sent 86,992; Massachusetts, 77,750; Washington, 53,448; New York, 74,067; and North Dakota, 51,402.

**Mississippi's Governors** A student of Mississippi's historical records announces the rather surprising discovery that of the 34 governors who have served that state, only 10 have been native Mississippians, says the New Orleans Times-Picayune. South Carolina contributed five, Virginia four, Tennessee three, Georgia, North Carolina and Ohio two apiece, Pennsylvania, New York, Texas, Maine and Illinois, one each. It is explained, however, that practically all of the "outsiders" resided in Mississippi for many years before their elevation to the governorship. Gov. Adelbert Ames, the notable exception to this rule, arrived as "Military Governor" after the war between the states and his stay in Mississippi terminated with his retirement from the executive offices. Of the last eight governors it is noted that seven have been native sons. Also it is recalled that Mississippi has sent a number of native sons to governorships, senator-

### SPORT OF RUGBY BOOMS IN POLAND

Game That Was Unknown Till 1920 Now Prospers.

Rugby, which was unknown in Poland until 1920, is proving one of the most highly patronized sports of the country at the present time, reports of the minister of physical education recently released show. At the time the Russians and the Poles staged their little war and things did not go so well for Poland, General Haller of the French army came to the rescue, and with his men came a Rugby ball. When military affairs had assumed a peaceful aspect, the French soldiers began to play rugby, and a professor in the University of Warsaw was attracted by the game. He watched the French playing it, learned the rules and determined to put it in the university as one of the leading sports. He conferred with the French soldiers and learned the technique of the game from them. After the soldiers left he staged several exhibition contests in Warsaw; but the public did not take kindly to the game, and the club that he formed, the White Eagles, did not fare well; in fact, the venture lasted only a year, and by 1921 the White Eagle club was unheard of. The professor did not give up hope, however, and in 1924 the White Eagles again were playing rugby. More members came to the club, and finally enough persons were interested to warrant the staging of a game. The two teams were evenly matched, and the small crowd that saw the contest became highly enthusiastic. The result was that from that time on the sport found a firm foundation and sprang into life. Now it is played in many of the cities of the country, and is more than paying its expenses. Critics in Warsaw are anxious to arrange international matches, and it appears that in a short time the country will take its place among the leading rugby nations of Europe.

### Northwestern Now Has Finest Coaching Staff

One of the largest and finest coaching staffs that ever tutored Northwestern university gridiron candidates greeted the Purple prospects when they trotted out upon the practice field for the first time. Led by Head Coach Glenn F. Thistlewaite, who entered his fifth year with the Wildcats, the staff includes Jack Ryan, former chief coach at the University of Wisconsin; Herbert Steger, brilliant halfback and captain of the Michigan eleven in 1924; Jerome A. (Duke) Dunne, former all-conference linebacker from Michigan; Maurice A. Kent, head cage coach, who will again have charge of the freshmen candidates, and Orion Stuevelle, L. W. Business and Timothy G. Lowry, all new additions to the mentor department this year, who will assist Kent in teaching the fresh grid tricks. These men, the majority of them familiar with conference football through years of active participation both as coaches and players, will be able to give the Purple gridlers expert instruction in the type of play required in big time competition.

### How John Sullivan Met Defeat by Jim Corbett

This is the way newspaper accounts gave the twenty-first and last round of the Sullivan-Corbett title fight at New Orleans, September 7, 1892. Round 21—Sullivan rushed, but Corbett stepped nimbly aside and smashed the big fellow's nose and bleeding nose with both fists, causing the blood to flow in a torrent. Sullivan was bewildered and began to show signs of early collapse. Corbett, smiling like a schoolboy, hooked a right-hander to the side of the head. Corbett steadied himself. He sent a hard right to the ear and followed with a terrific left to the jaw and Sullivan sank helpless to the floor of the ring. He was not unconscious, but too exhausted to rise. The round lasted a little over a minute and a half. So passed Sullivan, last of the old-time fighters.

### Meusel Is Winner



Bob Meusel, who plays the outfield for the New York Yankees, has been one of the most consistent winners in baseball. He is not only a hard hitter, clever at fielding, but he is fast on the bases.

## Claims Everyone Can Now Be Well

After Suffering From Nervousness and Run-down Condition Stockman Regains Health and Strength, Quickly. Takes Tanlac

George B. Huguen, 2803 Live Oak Street, Dallas, Texas, a well known retired stockman says: "Everyone can gain good health by using Tanlac. "A touch of malaria left me in a weakened condition, suffering from chills and dizzy spells, unable to eat without suffering indigestion and subject to constipation and gas. I became nervous and my work suffered because I was so weak. Still I dragged through the days, getting thinner and weaker, fighting off the dizzy headaches that became more frequent. "Upon recommendation I tried Tanlac, and the results amazed me. I slept better, could eat my food with relish and without suffering from indigestion pains. I gained weight. My nerves were quieted and I was no longer dizzy. "Tanlac made me a new man. I now enjoy perfect health, and work all day at high speed without tiring. Tanlac is the one remedy for continued good health, for keeping strong. Tanlac put me on my feet and I can recommend it as a great tonic. "Tanlac has helped thousands of men and women. It is Nature's own



remedy made from roots, herbs and minerals according to the famous Tanlac formula. The first bottle brings wonderful relief from pain. Keep up the treatment and troubles vanish, you grow stronger, healthier, robust. Don't neglect your health, don't suffer from pain needlessly, begin taking this wonderful tonic now. Ask your druggist for Tanlac—today!

### Makes Movies Natural

A photo-chemist in Germany has developed a process for producing movies in natural colors without greater expense or more trouble than in black-and-white effects. With an ordinary camera and a monochromatic film specially treated by the secret process, a film showing every shade of tone from the top to the bottom of the spectrum is obtained, which can be projected with an ordinary projector.

### Especially the Last

Thorne-Mae has too many irons in the fire. Wilson—Yes, electric iron, waffle iron, curling iron and midiron.—Detroit News. More men are married by themselves than are made by their friends. Experience is the extract of suffering.



## And then Grandma Danced

"WE were quite alarmed about mother. She wouldn't eat, was terribly constipated, bilious, and seemed to be fading fast. We thought it due entirely to her 86 years of age. But a neighbor brought over a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin and it was really remarkable how she picked right up, and now she can even dance around with her grandchildren. Now we are never without Syrup Pepsin in the house." (Name and address furnished upon request.)

**Regulates Bowels of Old Folks** Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is so palatable, sets so well in the stomach, works so easily, so gently, so kindly with old folks as to accomplish its purpose without grip, pain or other distress. For biliousness, sour stomach, coated tongue, constipation, and the lassitude, whether of children, parents or those in the evening of life, Syrup Pepsin is recommended everywhere. It is sold by all druggists. For a free trial bottle send name and address to Pepsin Syrup Company, Monticello, Illinois.

### Golfer's Real Hard Luck

A Philadelphia golfer made a world's record by driving a ball that rang in a fire alarm. A wild hook went out of bounds, broke the glass of a box, hit the lever, and brought engines on the run. "The longest shot of my career!" moaned the golfer. "If it had only gone straight!"

### Records "Show's" Effects

A machine measuring the amount of laughter and applause was operated recently in a theater in New York city. The box containing the indicating apparatus was placed at the back of the auditorium and showed the various effects of the "gag" lines as flashed on the screen.



# ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN"—Genuine Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets, you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over 25 years for

- Colds Headache Neuritis Lumbago
- Pain Neuralgia Toothache Rheumatism

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 10 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monochloroacetic acid of Salicylic acid.

# THIS WOMAN'S BATTLE

## Wins Against Ill Health

"At times I was hardly able to do my housework," writes Mrs. Margaret Wallace of 1547 Safford Ave., Columbus, Ohio. How many women have found themselves in this same condition? How many women have fought bravely on day after day, cooking, washing, ironing, doing the dishes, and keeping the house clean, when they were in a weakened condition and had not sufficient strength to perform these duties easily and properly?



When Mrs. Wallace was experiencing great difficulty in carrying on the daily tasks, a friend advised her to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and she gave it a fair trial. "I just can't give enough thanks to it," she writes. "Now I can eat anything at all and I am feeling better than I have for years. I shall never be without your medicine again."

A woman who is fighting for her health and her family's happiness is a valiant soldier. She wages her battle in her own kitchen. She has no thrilling bugles to cheer her on, no waving banners.

Many other women tell us, as Mrs. Wallace did, that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was their faithful ally in the struggle for better health.

**Handiest thing in the house**

**FOR BABY'S SKIN**

"Vaseline" jelly relieves chafing, diaper rash, scurf, and other inflammations. Wonderfully soothing and healing. Indispensable in the nursery.

Cheesebrough Mfg. Company  
State St. New York

**Vaseline**

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.  
PETROLEUM JELLY

### Youthful Rider in Luck

A pony ridden by Ray Shorty, thirteen, was killed by electricity at New Castle, Pa., but the boy escaped injury. As he rode by a pole, the youngster says, his pony fell and he jumped off. He was unable to get help, thinking that the pony had tripped, but the men who went to assist found that the body of the pony was charged with electricity. It is believed that the saddle and the boy's rubber-soled shoes acted as insulators and saved him from death.

# BREAKS A COLD IN A FEW HOURS

First dose of "Pape's Cold Compound" relieves all gripe misery

Don't stay stuffed-up!

Quit blowing and sniffing! A dose of "Pape's Cold Compound" taken every two hours until three doses are taken will end gripe misery and break up a severe cold either in the head, chest, body or limbs.

It promptly opens clogged-up nostrils and air passages; stops nasty discharge or nose running; relieves sore throat, sneezing, soreness and stiffness. "Pape's Cold Compound" is the quickest, surest relief known and costs only thirty-five cents at drug stores. It acts without assistance, tastes nice, and causes no inconvenience. Don't accept a substitute.



### Worried

"Dear, papa likes you."  
"That's fine."  
"No, it isn't. Mother never agrees with him."

Laws and ordinances in the United States exceed 2,000,000, and a New York policeman must know 10,000 statutes.

All great art is the expression of man's delight in God's work, not his own.—Ruskin.

Man: A hide full of habits.

**Sure Relief**

**BELLANS**  
INDIGESTION  
25 CENTS

6 BELLANS  
Hot Water  
Sure Relief

**BELLANS**  
FOR INDIGESTION  
25¢ and 75¢ Pkgs. Sold Everywhere

# Youth Rides West

By **Will Irwin**  
Copyright by Will Irwin  
WNU Service

### THE STORY SO FAR

On their way to the new Cottonwood gold diggings in Colorado in the early Seventies, Robert Gilson, easterner, and his partner, Buck Hayden, a veteran miner, witness the hold up of a stage coach, from which the express box is stolen before the bandits are scared off. Among the hold-up victims are Mrs. Constance Deane, and Mrs. Barnaby, who intends to open a restaurant in Cottonwood. Gilson meets Marcus Handy, editor, on his way to start the Cottonwood Courier. Arriving in town, Gilson and Hayden together purchase a mining claim. A threatened lynching is averted by the bravery of Chris McGrath, town marshal. Gilson becomes disgusted with gold digging, what with its unending labor and small rewards, and so the sudden appearance of Shorty Cray, self-styled partner of Buck, is not altogether disconcerting to him. Gilson takes a job on the Courier and arranges to sell his share in the claim to Shorty. His acquaintance with Mrs. Deane ripens. As the Courier grows in power a civic spirit is awakened. Following a crime wave, which the marshal seems to overlook, Handy, in his newspaper, demands a clean-up. Gilson meets Mrs. Deane in a notorious section of the camp. In love with her and knowing she has a husband, Gilson, noting that she seems upset about something attempts to comfort her.

### CHAPTER VIII—Continued

But as the hammering of blood against my brain died out, as the red mist cleared from my eyes, I realized that Constance had not returned my kiss, that her arms clung to me not in an embrace but as though she had grasped at me for support, for safety. Then her hands fell from my neck, began gently to push me away. We stood facing each other. Again that black mood lay on her face. She swayed, grasped at her saddle horn. I stepped forward—this time in fear she might fall, she was trembling so—but one hand lifted itself for an instant and warned me back. Now her trembling increased to a quaking which shook her whole body, broke her speech into queer fragments as she said:

"Robert—why did you—why did you—do this?"

"You know why," I said. "Because I love you!"

"Yes!" said Constance, and repeated it as though the words were a poem.

"You love me?" I said. "You too?"

She started to answer; and with another rush of blood against the base of my brain, I anticipated her word. But she did not speak. And suddenly her trembling stopped.

"If I did," she said, "what good would it do? What could come of it?"

I saw what she meant; and the obstacle between us, which only just now had appeared so feathery light, became a stone wall.

"I shouldn't have done this!" she went on, every moment becoming more the mistress of herself.

"Shouldn't have let you do it?" I replied. "I couldn't stop myself."

"Such things are always in the woman's hands." Almost was she again the Constance I knew. I had rent for an instant the veil over her soul; now I could feel its edges drawing together again. She turned to where the two horses, unperceiving witnesses of this crisis in human affairs, were grazing through their bits on the edge of the stream. "Hadn't you better hitch them?" she said. "Then come back here and talk—if you wish to talk this over any further."

The simple act of catching the horses, tossing the bridles over their heads, stended me also. I turned back. She had seated herself on a broken pillar of the castle rock, and her eyes regarded me steadily as I advanced.

"Robert," she began, "don't you think you had better go away?"

"From camp?" I asked.

"From me. See me no more. You will be safest so."

"Safest from what?"

"From yourself—and me!"

"What is the danger in you?"

"Robert, a man is always in danger when he loves a married woman—unless—" here her voice grew sharp for an instant, "unless this is only a flirtation with you. Unless you are that kind of a man."

"I couldn't tell you," I said, "how much this isn't a flirtation. Don't you think I've fought it? Don't you know that I did what I did just now because my guard was down, and you touched me and I was carried beyond myself?"

"I know all that," she said. "I'm trying to be very honest now. And it isn't honest in me, Robert, to say I doubt your honor. I'm certain of that. You're not like—well, our friend Barton, for example."

"He was—familiar?" I asked, my hands clenching.

"Oh, somewhat. But don't let that trouble you. With you, it's different. Don't you think you'd better leave me—for your own good?"

"Constance, is it absolutely hopeless?"

"Absolutely," she said finally, firmly. "But you're in trouble. I want to help. If there's one chance in a hundred million to help you, I want that more than anything else that I can have in life," I said.

She rested her elbow on her knee, dropped her chin into her palm, and gazed at the stream.

"Robert," she said finally, "if I let you—stay in my life—do you think you can go on as before—just coming to talk to me now and then until—until perhaps I go away?"

"If that is all you will give me—I have no choice!"

"I can give no more. Even then, I warn you that you are likely to be burned."

"But will you be burned? That is a thing which matters."

"No, it doesn't matter. I am already burned—scorched—withered."

"Constance, won't you tell me about yourself?"

"That isn't living up to the conditions," she replied. "No!" Suddenly, with one of her light movements, she slipped to the ground. "I'm going now. Would you mind fixing the reins for me?" As I turned to throw the bridle over her horse's head, I saw that she had swung upward from a wayside rock into the saddle.

"Where were you going?" she asked, looking not at me but at her hands as they grasped the reins.

"To Forty-Rod. Matter of a little story about a fire," I said. "It isn't really important. If—" But now she looked at me, shook her head.

"No. Go on with it. I want to ride back alone. Try to forget this afternoon. Let us play it hasn't happened." With the touch of an expert horsewoman, she gathered the reins, and her brown nag started up.

She broke him into a trot, into a lope. Once she looked back, saw me staring after her, turned her head quickly to face the road. Then she disappeared round the hill.

The aftermath of Marcus Handy's editorial on the political incompetence of Cottonwood was blurred and obscured for both the camp and me by another event, which seemed temporarily much more important in the scheme of fate.

I was awakened next morning by prolonged knocking at my door, and by the protesting grunts of Marcus Handy. As I struggled out of sleep, I saw Marcus sitting up in bed in his white-and-red nightshirt, holding his 45-calibre sidearm at ready. Then from outside a voice spoke; and Marcus, as he grasped the meaning of the words, laid down his revolver with another grunt, pulled the clothes up over his ears, and fell once more asleep.

"Does Bob Gilson live here? All right. Buck—Buck Hayden—wants to see you out to his claim right away. Says it's important!" came a heavy voice from without.

I hurried myself out of bed, anti-patiating accident and calamity, dressed, hurried to the livery stable for my horse and through a clear, inspiring June air rode up the busy creek toward the rocky curve which I seemed to have abandoned such eternities ago. Busy all the way with speculation, as usual in such circumstances I reviewed every possibility except the true solution.

Was trouble breaking between Buck and Shorty? I wondered, as I rode toward the claim. Even had there been a tragedy? And, whatever happened, I must get through this thing quickly. For I did not want to miss a single one of those noon breakfasts at Mrs. Barnaby's, which were midday dinner for the rest but noon breakfast for me, and where daily I met—Constance Deane.

This was the claim, at the curve of the creek; but what had happened to the cabin? Its thatched and sodded roof lay on the bank, braced up six feet high on posts; from beneath it protruded various familiar objects of human use, such as our Dutch oven, my old set of red blankets. Where the cabin itself had stood were only chips, piles of sawdust, strips of bark, a trampled floor.

I was halted from the hillside across the creek. I looked up, and was aware of a new object in the landscape. A timbered hole gaped at me, black and brutal-mouthed; beside it lay a fresh new dump, so small that even my in-expert eye could see how shallow as yet was the tunnel which fed it. From that orifice Buck had emerged, taking off his hat to extinguish a miner's lamp, was walking toward me not with his customary even stride, but rapidly, jerkily. I dismounted, started toward him; he waved me back. As he approached, I saw that his eye glittered with some unnatural excitement.

"Got to see you alone, kid—all alone!" he shot out. He looked round; his eye rested on that ridiculous shack of thatching and poles. Into this he drew me. He squatted on his heels, scrutinized all approaches before he burst out:

"Kid, don't it beat the Dutch?—I've struck it—struck it rich!"

"You have?" I asked inconsequently.

"I sure have—Shorty and me—have as rich as—" Buck paused, as though to find a simile wild enough to express the situation. "Rich as h—!" he concluded.

From my whirl of thoughts and emotions, not all generous, I brought out another triviale.

"Gold quartz?" I asked.

"Gold quartz your grandma!" ejaculated Buck. "Gold's a sucker proposition. No! What I've got is the only poor man's ore. Silver carbonates!"

He might have been talking Arabic for all I grasped the dramatic mean-

ing in that technical term. But Buck was running on:

"You can scoop her out with a spoon—assays three hundred to the ton—she widens as she goes in—that stuff we hated so like pizen—"

"That sand?"

"You've called it. Shorty seen it!" Buck stopped here, fumbled through the pockets of his overalls, produced a creased paper. "Here's where you come in," he said. It was a mining claim, filled out in my name and as yet, I saw, unregistered. "Ah! our claim!" Buck hastened to explain. "It's the ground next. And"—waved an excited hand toward the hillside—"she's crammed with it, jammed with it! You can't lose! Your play is to get this registered quick, before the rush starts. Ride, boy!"

Yet I lingered to extract the details. Two years before, Shorty, as Buck expressed it, had been "shoved out of Mexico." With a "college-bred mining expert"—Buck's phrase again—he had been looking for gold. And down in Chihuahua they had found the natives washing not gold but a brittle sand. It was lead carbonates bearing silver, the expert informed Shorty. Further, they had tunneled into the adjoining hill, had found the parent body. Some of this ore assayed better than three hundred dollars a ton.

They put two and two together 4-2 quick! Shorty's sitting on your claim with a shotgun and the Swede," he added. "Already started a shaft so's you can claim development work. But you never can tell. Git this registered and git back—no vamoose!"

My room, I had discovered, possessed a trick of speed. I let him go his best. I was in a state of mind which I can describe only as triumphant greed. I was going to be rich, rich! Rich in my own right, through my own enterprise! I had absorbed, indeed, not only the joyous greed of Cottonwood, but its indomitable optimism. I no more doubted than Buck that the piece of inert earth of which I was so strangely possessed, held fortune. That I was already a pampered child of luxury, needing no wealth beyond that which my father had won for me, never entered my mind. I had made a fortune in my own right. I would tell Constance about it—Constance Deane. She and I—and there the rosy light which illuminated my dream flickered and went out. I could not throw this fortune into the lap of Constance. Encircling Constance Deane, a barrier and a cage, was that mysterious wedding ring.

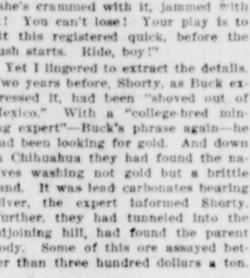
And as I rode furiously down the creek road and into the head of Main street, another drop of acid worry curdled my triumphant mood. That morning's Courier would carry the editorial about the Curtis case, a challenge to Marshal Chris McGrath. And Chris was the official registrar of mining claims. Was he up yet? He usually slept late. If he was already in his office, he might find ways to block my claim. But when I entered, giving an impersonation of leisure, there was within only his blond, sphinx-like clerk. He glanced over the form which Buck had filled out for me.

"All right," he said, "come back tomorrow." I had not expected this, and my ingenuity was taxed to invent a plausible excuse to suit the circumstances. I created it at last—something about having to leave camp that afternoon to be gone a week.

"I'll make a lot of trouble," said the clerk; and his manner was insinuating. By good fortune, I carried most of my money on my person, as was the fashion in Cottonwood. I drew out a gold double-egg, balanced it carefully as I said:

"I'd be sorry to trouble you, but I want it done now." The clerk felt immediately to work; in ten minutes, I had the title, all registered and sworn; and he had, besides his fee, my twenty dollars. Another glimpse, I reflected, into the room of affairs at Cottonwood. My little piece of justifiable bribery had occurred to me just in time; for as I mounted and rode away, I passed the marshal, headed for his office.

Then, as I emerged into the head of Main street, I saw that I was not riding alone. Down the road, other horsemen, carrying awkwardly across their saddles shovels, picks, mining paraphernalia, were spurring furiously northward. Dotted here and there over Hayden hill, horses were tethered or rearing at will; groups of men were digging or driving stakes; riders, fording the creek at a furious gallop, were spurring on over the crest. Down by the site of our cabin, Buck's



There, Coming Along the Pavement Toward Me, Was Marshal McGrath.

So much they extracted from the chelo workmen. Then the "Mex boss" came back. He looked at things differently. That night he tried to murder the two Americans and, failing, raised the rraiges against them. They barely got out to El Paso with their lives.

And Shorty had not worked a day on our claim before he recognized that brittle sand, which had so hampered our gold washing, as the same ore. It was lead carbonates; and the sample assayed three hundred dollars a ton in silver alone. How Shorty overcame the innate conservatism of Buck did not at this moment come out. I imagine that when Buck raked over those little pellets of pure silver which the blowpipe had magicked from this inert sand, his single-minded belief in gold collapsed. At any rate, he was by now so thoroughly converted as to forget that he ever held any other road. Of course, the sand in our stream was but a trifling overflow from some main body of ore. Where did it lie? Shorty, working merely on a hazy resemblance between the lay of this land and that in the Mexican diggings, "sort of suspected"—said Buck—the hillside across the creek.

He selected, I know now, the spot which of all locations on that hillside would have been the last choice to an expert mining engineer. But there he found a streak of carbonates. It widened to a vein, to a pocket, to Heaven knew what. Buck's conscience and kindness were troubled because I, who shared the discovery of that curious sand, had no longer any stake in the game. And Shorty refused to give me a share, maintaining with justice that hundreds of others must have seen that sand and failed to identify it; that if anyone should be favored in this transaction it was he, Shorty. So yesterday, before they visited Cottonwood to get final results, Buck had staked out for me a

claim next to the twin property of the partnership, had drawn up the necessary papers; and, but for Shorty's insistence on their agreement of secrecy, would have broken the news to me there and then. The samples from the tunnel assayed three hundred dollars a ton and upward; the farther you went, the richer it got. In approaching Major Brown, the Cottonwood assayer, Buck had maintained the fiction that he came from over the range. But in Brown's porter and man of all work—who was not in the office when he delivered the samples—Buck recognized an individual that Buck formerly delivered meat along the creek. This porter hailed him by name. "He's here this tunnel—the boys on these here placers think I am digging for gold quartz. Only a matter of time till he puts two and two together and she gets out," remarked Buck. He swept his gaze over the hill. "By Gee, she's out now!" he said. "Lookee thar!" Dim on the hillcrest, two men were digging furiously. Buck scrutinized the group for a moment. "Just as I figured," he said; "Major Brown, the assayer, and his hired man. They put two and two together 4-2 quick! Shorty's sitting on your claim with a shotgun and the Swede," he added. "Already started a shaft so's you can claim development work. But you never can tell. Git this registered and git back—no vamoose!"

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last stake in his gamble with fortune, staked a knot of men gesticulating. As I rode toward them, I saw Buck in their center; and as I dismounted, the air shook with a resounding, unambiguous "Aye!" The meeting, whatever it was, stood adjourned. Part of the crowd splashed through the creek and part surrounded Buck, shaking hands, slapping him on the back.

"Hello—there's the kid!" exclaimed Buck as I approached. "Boys, shake hands with Mr. Gilson, the kid—located the next claim after ours—" and I had to take my own pummeling. "And now," concluded Buck, "you boys better hustle back to your locations and git set for the rush!" Obediently, the rest of the crowd scattered; Buck, but yesterday a private in the hosts of ill luck, had become a commanding general in the army of fortune. And already he looked it; his tall, rangy figure had stiffened to a pose of authority. For the first time I realized that Buck, if he should ever clean up, would be a mightily presentable figure of a man.

"Miners' meeting!" he answered my word of inquiry. "If we don't work together, there'll be claim-jumping and shooting all over the hill tonight! Just as soon as the crowd gets thick enough—we'll have all Cottonwood up here by nightfall—I'm going to hire mine guards for the whole bunch—you too. And a miner or two to keep your development work going. They're locat' in' fast. Got any friend you want to let in on this?"

My conscience smote me a resounding thump. I had been less generous than Buck; I had never thought of Marcus Handy, employer and friend. It is odd, as I look back, to remember that Constance Deane did not cross my mind in connection with this gamble for fortune. But to me Constance dwelt in a world apart from the practical realities of Cottonwood.

Still breakfastless, I mounted and spurred back toward camp. I had not gone two hundred yards before I realized that my generous impulse had come too late. The trickle along the road was now a flood. Horsemen weaved through knots of pedestrians, walking briskly or puffing along at a clumsy run. All Hayden hill must be staked out by now. Then I saw a way out; and the tangled, excited emotions of that full morning melted into a rosy, altruistic glow. It would take money to reach my ore body. I had no money, or but little—unless I drew on my mother. Marcus should put up that money and receive half of my claim.

Main street was almost deserted as I galloped toward the office. I pulled up my horse to make a sharp turn round a freight wagon blocking the entrance to our street, and there coming along the pavement toward me was Marshal McGrath. He had seen me first, was stopping. His face was reaching toward his hip. His face was a mask—as on that night when he stopped the lynching. My arm dis-gled with an impulse which a flash of reason, happily for me, put back. Did I but make a motion to draw, this dead shot would kill me in my tracks. Suddenly the marshal's hand stopped, fell to his side; and he turned away.

"Tenderfoot, better go up and look after your little, blackmailin' friend," he said through clenched teeth.

I galloped on. From the door of the Courier burst Johnnie the office boy—mercurial, excitable, Celtic.

"The boss is hurt—oh, the boss is hurt!" he gasped.

I rushed inside. Marcus sat at his desk, head and back hunched over his arms. There was blood on the scattered papers. And then—he moved—moved, turned round, faced me. His nose was bleeding. So was a cut over his left eye. One side of his mouth was beginning to puff, but the other smiled.

"He beat me up," said Marcus, "that dirty crook McGrath—sneaked on me and got my gun and beat me up. Didn't kill me and didn't give me a chance to kill him—just beat me up. G—d, I feel relieved!"

To clean up a mining camp, as you will soon see, isn't the simplest task in the world. The fact is—but wait! Judge for yourself.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Vital Food Elements Made in Laboratory

The five food factors are salts, fats, carbohydrates, proteins and vitamins. Theoretically speaking, the first three of these can already be made in a laboratory. The fourth seems possible and chemists are optimistic about the fifth, says Floyd W. Parsons, in the Saturday Evening Post.

Important question does not so much concern our ability to make these vital food elements, but rather can we manufacture the essential constituents of our daily diet as cheaply as plants can make them.

The French scientist, Berthelot, has produced foodstuffs artificially in a laboratory by subjecting gases to the action of ultra-violet rays. He proceeds on the idea that it is the light of the sun rather than its heat that produces growth in plants. In the growth of animals, the foodstuffs consumed are reduced to carbonic acid and water vapor, but in the case of

plants the action is just the reverse. The plant takes the two gases exhaled by animals and combines them again to form the sugars and other hydrocarbons that animals feed upon.

Berthelot's work tends to discredit the notion that the synthetic functioning of plants is a vital action, the secret of which is locked upon in that profound puzzle concerning the creation of life itself.

### Remove Dent in Table

To remove a dent from a table apply moisture and heat. Wet a cloth with warm water, not hot, and lay it over the dent. Hold near a hot iron, but not near enough to scorch or char the wood. Repeat until the bruise comes up, then lay over the bruised surface a cloth dipped in linseed oil. Finally rub with a mixture of equal parts of turpentine and linseed oil and polish.

# WRIGLEY'S P.K. CHEWING SWEET



Here is a treat that can't be beat! Benefit and pleasure in generous measure!

Peppermint Flavor



There may be a Treasure in Your Attic

Back in the days when the pony express, the top hat and the postbox were Grandmother or Grandfather or perhaps your Mother or Father carried on a correspondence with some friend or relative. These letters have been preserved from year to year and today the stamps on the envelopes MAY be valuable.

In your attic—in that old trunk or discarded desk—are those old letters. Look them up RIGHT NOW remove the letters from the envelopes and send the complete envelope to me. I will pay you cash for the stamps or will return them to you if they are of no value.

Turn a few moments' time into possible dollars today. Do not remove stamps from envelopes.

A. H. SCHUMACHER

Care Bering-Curtis Bldg. Co.

HOUSTON, TEXAS.

### The Other "You Lady"

"She insulted me by calling me 'You lady,'" declared a Plainstow woman in the Bow County court.

Judge Snagge—A compliment, surely.

Woman—There are two ways of saying it.—London Tit-Bits.

# Install CHAMPION Spark Plugs NOW!

A new set will assure easier winter starting—better performance—save oil and gas.

Stop at your local dealer's and he will supply you with a set of the correct type of Champions for your car.

Champion 3— exclusively for Ford's—packed in the Red Box Each 60c

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Dependable for Every Engine. Toledo Ohio

LADIES—We pay \$26 a hundred gliding cards. Opportunity for beginners. No selling. Address envelope brings particulars. UNIVERSAL CARD, 188 William St., New York.

Stop That Cold, Hay Fever, Asthma, Chloroform will do it. Inhaler and 50 treatments. \$1.00. At drugists or write. CHLOROFORM CO., 1330 N. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.

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JOIN EXCHANGE CLUB. Unlike now. We help you exchange property, articles, etc. \$1 monthly. \$1 semi. \$1 annually. P. O. Box 2012, Los Angeles, Calif.

THE FEATHERHEADS

By L.F. Van Zeln



Felix Has a Large Following

BILL SAM'S DICTIONARY



MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL.

By Charles Sughroe

One "Yeah" Too Many



By J. L. MARTIN  
A number of persons, including the constable, rushed to one of the churches in Taterhill Sunday night during the services and looked in at the windows. They were attracted to the churches by cries which they thought were being made by some one in great agony, but were disappointed when they found out that it was only Miss Sophronia Perkins, who had just come home from college, singing a solo.  
SOLO: A sort of singing in which the intensity of the agony on the part of the singer and the audience is supposed to be equal. Bill Sam's Dictionary, page 744.

TURN ME OVER



Famous Last Words

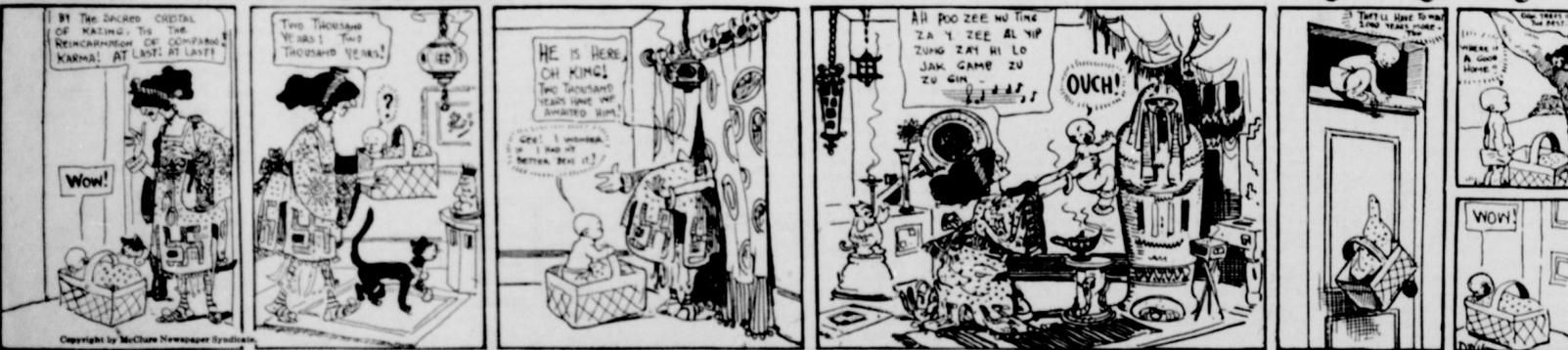
Along the Concrete



THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

Just keep trying all the time  
Till at last your life is done,  
You may never reach the top  
But the climbing's lots of fun.  
RTCC

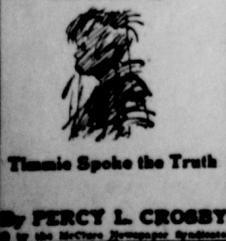
HOME WANTED FOR A BABY



GOOD MARKS



THE CLANCY KIDS



SWELL SIGHT





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MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughroe

One "Yeah" Too Many



Famous Last Words

Along the Concrete



TURN ME OVER



THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

Just keep trying all the time Till at last your life is done, You may never reach the top But the climbing's lots of fun. RT

HOME WANTED FOR A BABY



GOOD MARKS



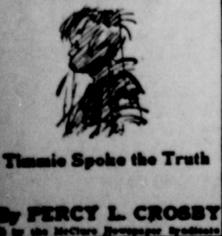
"Your son is getting good marks at school I suppose?" "I'll say he is - cuts, bruises, scratches and black eyes."

SWELL SIGHT



"Hey, want to see something swell?" "Sure." "Just drop this little sponge in some water then."

THE CLANCY KIDS



Timmie Spoke the Truth By PERCY L. CROSSBY



# THIS WOMAN'S BATTLE

## Wins Against Ill Health

"At times I was hardly able to do my housework," writes Mrs. Margaret Wallace of 1547 Safford Ave., Columbus, Ohio. How many women have found themselves in this same condition? How many women have fought bravely on day after day, soaking, washing, ironing, doing the dishes, and keeping the house clean, when they were in a weakened condition and had not sufficient strength to perform these duties easily and properly?

When Mrs. Wallace was experiencing great difficulty in carrying on the daily tasks, a friend advised her to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and she gave it a fair trial. "I just can't give enough thanks to it," she writes. "Now I can eat anything at all and I am feeling better than I have for years. I shall never be without your medicine again."

A woman who is fighting for her health and her family's happiness is a valiant soldier. She wages her battle in her own kitchen. She has no thrilling battles to cheer her on, no waving banners.

Many other women tell us, as Mrs. Wallace did, that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was their faithful ally in the struggle for better health.

**Handiest thing in the house**

**FOR BABY'S SKIN**

"Vaseline" jelly relieves chafing, diaper rash, cradle cap, scurf, and other inflammations. Wonderfully soothing and healing. Indispensable in the nursery.

Cheesbrough Mfg. Company  
State St. New York

**Vaseline**

THE U. S. PATENT PETROLEUM JELLY

**Youthful Rider in Luck**

A pony ridden by Ray Short, thirteen, was killed by electricity at New Castle, Pa., but the boy escaped injury. As he rode by a pole, the youngster says, his pony fell and he jumped off. He went to get help, thinking that the pony had tripped, but the men who went to assist found that the body of the pony was charged with electricity. It is believed that the saddle and the boy's rubber-soled shoes acted as insulators and saved him from death.

# BREAKS A COLD IN A FEW HOURS

First dose of "Pape's Cold Compound" relieves all gripe misery

Don't stay stuffed-up!

Quit blowing and sneezing! A dose of "Pape's Cold Compound" taken every two hours until three doses are taken will end gripe misery and break up a severe cold either in the head, chest, body or limbs.

It promptly opens clogged-up nostrils and air passages; stops nasty discharge or nose running; relieves sick headache, dullness, feverishness, sore throat, sneezing, soreness and stiffness.

"Pape's Cold Compound" is the quickest, surest relief known and costs only thirty-five cents at drug stores. It acts without assistance, tastes nice, and causes no inconvenience. Don't accept a substitute.



**Worried**

"Dear, papa likes you."

"That's fine."

"No, it isn't. Mother never agrees with him."

Laws and ordinances in the United States exceed 2,000,000, and a New York policeman must know 10,000 statutes.

All great art is the expression of man's delight in God's work, not his own.—Ruskin.

Man: A hide full of habits.

**Sure Relief**

**BELLANS INDIGESTION**

6 BELLANS Hot water Sure Relief

**BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION**

25¢ and 75¢ Pkts. Sold Everywhere

# Youth Rides West

By **Will Irwin**  
Copyright by Will Irwin  
WNU Service

## THE STORY SO FAR

On their way to the new Cottonwood gold diggings in Colorado in the early Seventies, Robert Gilson, easterner, and his partner, Buck Hayden, a veteran miner, westerner, were on a stage coach, from which the express box is stolen before the bandits are scared off. Among the hold-up victims are Mrs. Constance Deane, and Mrs. Barnaby, who intends to open a restaurant in Cottonwood. Gilson meets Marcus Handy, editor, on his way to start the Cottonwood Courier. Arriving in town, Gilson and Hayden together purchase a mining claim. A threatened lynching is averted by the bravery of Chris McGrath, town marshal. Gilson becomes disgusted with gold digging, what with its unending labor and small rewards, and so the sudden appearance of Shorty Crawford, partner of Buck, is not altogether disconcerting to him. Gilson takes a job on the Courier and arranges to sell his share in the claim to Shorty. His acquaintance with Mrs. Deane ripens. As the Courier grows in power a civic spirit is awakened. Following a crime wave, which the marshal seems to overlook, Handy, in his newspaper, demands a clean-up. Gilson meets Mrs. Deane in a notorious section of the camp. In love with her and knowing she has a husband, Gilson, noting that she seems upset about something attempts to comfort her.

## CHAPTER VIII—Continued

But as the hammering of blood against my brain died out, as the red mist cleared from my eyes, I realized that Constance had not returned my kiss, that her arms clung to me not in an embrace but as though she had grasped at me for support, for safety. Then her hands fell from my neck, began gently to push me away. We stood facing each other. Again that black mood lay on her face. She swayed, grasped at her saddle horn. I stepped forward—this time in fear she might fall, she was trembling—but one hand lifted itself for an instant and warned me back. Now her trembling increased to a quaking which shook her whole body, broke her speech into queer fragments as she said:

"Robert—why did you—why did you do this?"

"You know why," I said. "Because I love you!"

"Yes!" said Constance, and repeated it as though the words were a poem. "You love me!"

"And you too?" I said. "You too?"

She started to answer; and with another rush of blood against the base of my brain, I anticipated her word. But she did not speak. And suddenly her trembling stopped.

"If I did," she said, "what good would it do? What could come of it?"

I saw what she meant; and the obstacle between us, which only just now had appeared so feathery light, became a stone wall.

"I shouldn't have done this!" she went on, every moment becoming more the mistress of herself. "Shouldn't have let you do it."

"You couldn't have stopped me!" I replied. "I couldn't stop myself."

"Such things are always in the woman's hands." Almost was she again the Constance I knew. I had rent for an instant the veil over her soul; now I could feel its edges drawing together again. She turned to where the two horses, unperceiving witnesses of this crisis in human affairs, were grazing through their bits on the edge of the stream. "Hadin't you better hitch there?" she said. "Then come back here and talk—if you wish to talk this over any further."

The simple act of catching the horses, tossing the bridles over their heads, stabled me also. I turned back. She had seated herself on a broken pillar of the castle rock, and her eyes regarded me steadily as I advanced.

"Robert," she began, "don't you think you had better go away?"

"From camp?" I asked.

"From me. See me no more. You will be safest so."

"Safest from what?"

"From yourself—and me!"

"From yourself—and me?"

"From that orifice Buck had emerged, taking off his hat to extinguish a miner's lamp, was walking toward me not with his customary even stride, but rapidly, jerkily. I dismounted, started toward him; he waved me back. As he approached, I saw that his eye glittered with some unnatural excitement.

"Got to see you alone, kid—all alone!" he shot out. He looked round; his eye rested on that ridiculous shack of thatching and poles. Into this he drew me. He squatted on his heels, scrutinized all approaches before he burst out:

"Kid, don't it beat the Dutch?—I've struck it—struck it rich!"

"You have?" I asked inconsequently.

"I sure have—Shorty and me have—as rich as—" Buck paused, as though to find a simile worth enough to express the situation. "Rich as I—!" he concluded.

From my whirl of thoughts and emotions, not all generous, I brought out another trivium.

"Gold quartz?" I asked.

"Gold quartz your grandma!" ejaculated Buck. "Gold's a sucker proposition. No! What I've got is the only poor man's ore. Silver carbonates!"

He might have been talking Arabic for all I grasped the dramatic mean-

She rested her elbow on her knee, dropped her chin into her palm, and gazed at the stream.

"Robert," she said finally, "if I let you—stay in my life—do you think you can go on as before—just coming to talk to me now and then until—until perhaps I go away?"

"If that is all you will give me—I have no choice!"

"I can give no more. Even then, I warn you that you are likely to be burned."

"But will you be burned? That is a thing which matters."

"No, it doesn't matter. I am already burned—scorched—withered."

"Constance, won't you tell me about yourself?"

"That isn't living up to the conditions," she replied. "No!" Suddenly, with one of her light movements, she slipped to the ground. "I'm going now. Would you mind fixing the reins for me?" As I turned to throw the bridle over her horse's head, I saw that she had swung unaided from a wayside rock into the side-saddle.

"Where were you going?" she asked, looking not at me but at her hands as they grasped the reins.

"To Forty-Rod. Matter of a little story about a fire," I said. "It isn't really important, if—" But now she looked at me, shook her head.

"No. Go on with it. I want to ride back alone. Try to forget this afternoon. Let us play it hasn't happened." With the touch of an expert horsewoman, she gathered the reins, and her brown nag started up.

She broke him into a trot, into a lope. Once she looked back, saw me staring after her, turned her head quickly to face the road. Then she disappeared round the hill.

The aftermath of Marcus Handy's editorial on the political incompetence of Cottonwood was blurred and obscured for both the camp and me by another event, which seemed temporarily much more important in the scheme of fate.

I was awakened next morning by prolonged knocking at my door, and by the protesting grunts of Marcus Handy. As I struggled out of sleep, I saw Marcus sitting up in bed in his white-and-red nightgait, holding his 45-calibre sidearm at ready. Then from outside a voice spoke; and Marcus, as he grasped the meaning of the words, laid down his revolver with another grunt, pulled the clothes up over his ears, and fell once more asleep.

"Does Bob Gilson live here? All right. Buck—Buck Hayden—wants to see you out to his claim right away. Says it's important!" came a heavy voice from without.

I hurried myself out of bed, anticipating accident and calamity, dressed, hurried to the livery stable for my horse and through a clear, inspringing June air rode up the busy creek toward the rocky curve which I seemed to have abandoned such eternities ago. Busy all the way with speculation, as usual in such circumstances I reviewed every possibility except the true solution.

Was trouble breaking between Buck and Shorty? I wondered, as I rode toward the claim. Even had there been a tragedy? And, whatever happened, I just got through this thing quickly. For I did not want to miss a single one of those noon breakfasts at Mrs. Barnaby's, which were midday dinner for the rest but noon breakfast for me, and where daily I met—Constance Deane.

This was the claim, at the curve of the creek; but what had happened to the cabin? Its thatched and sodded roof lay on the bank, braced up six feet high on posts; from beneath it protruded various familiar objects of human use, such as our Dutch oven, my old set of red blankets. Where the cabin itself had stood were only chips, piles of sawdust, strips of bark, a tanned floor.

A trail hailed from the hillside across the creek. I looked up, and was aware of a new object in the landscape. A timbered hole gaped at me, black and brutal-mouthed; beside it lay a fresh new dump, so small that even my in-expert eye could see how shallow as yet was the tunnel which fed it. From that orifice Buck had emerged, taking off his hat to extinguish a miner's lamp, was walking toward me not with his customary even stride, but rapidly, jerkily. I dismounted, started toward him; he waved me back. As he approached, I saw that his eye glittered with some unnatural excitement.

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claim next to the twin property of the partnership, had drawn up the necessary papers; and, but for Shorty's insistence on their agreement of secrecy, would have broken the news to me there and then. The samples from the tunnel assayed three hundred dollars a ton and upward; the farther you went, the richer it got. In approaching Major Brown, the Cottonwood assayer, Buck had maintained the fiction that he came from over the range. But in Brown's porter and men of all work—who was got in the office when he delivered the samples—Buck recognized an individual that had formerly delivered meat along the creek. This porter hailed him by name. "He's seen this tunnel—the boys on these here places think I am digging for gold quartz. Only a matter of time till he puts two and two together and she gets out," remarked Buck. He swept his gaze over the hill. "By Gee, she's out now!" he said. "Looker that!" Dim on the hillcrest, two men were digging furiously. Buck scrutinized the group for a moment.

"Miners' meeting!" he answered my word of inquiry. "If we don't work together, there'll be claim-jumpin' and shootin' all over the hill tonight! Just as soon as the crowd gets thick enough—we'll have all Cottonwood up here by nightfall—I'm going to hire mine guards for the whole bunch—you too. And a miner or two to keep your development work goin'. They're locatin' fast. Got any friend you want to let in on this?"

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"Hello—there's the kid!" exclaimed Buck as I approached. "Boys, shake hands with Mr. Gilson, the kid—located the next claim after ours—" and I had to take my own pummeling. "And now," concluded Buck, "you boys better bustle back to your locations and get set for the rush!" Obediently, the rest of the crowd scattered; Buck, but yesterday a private in the hosts of ill luck, had become a commanding general in the army of fortune. And already he looked it; his tall, rangy figure had stiffened to a pose of authority. For the first time I realized that Buck, if he should ever clean up, would be a mightily respectable figure of a man.

"Miners' meeting!" he answered my word of inquiry. "If we don't work together, there'll be claim-jumpin' and shootin' all over the hill tonight! Just as soon as the crowd gets thick enough—we'll have all Cottonwood up here by nightfall—I'm going to hire mine guards for the whole bunch—you too. And a miner or two to keep your development work goin'. They're locatin' fast. Got any friend you want to let in on this?"

My conscience smote me a resounding thump. I had been less generous than Buck; I had never thought of Marcus Handy, employer and friend. It is odd, as I look back, to remember that Constance Deane did not cross my mind in connection with this gamble for fortune. But to me Constance dwelt in a world apart from the practical realities of Cottonwood.

Still breakfastless, I mounted and spurred back toward camp. I had not gone two hundred yards before I realized that my generous impulse had come too late. The trickle along the road was now a flood. Horsemen weaved through knots of pedestrians, walking briskly or puffing along at a clumsy run. All Hayden hill must be staked out by now. Then I saw a way out, and the tangled, excited emotions of that full morning melted into a rosy, altruistic glow. It would take money to reach my ore body. I had no money, or but little—unless I drew on my mother. Marcus should put up that money and receive half of my claim.

Main street was almost deserted as I galloped toward the office. I pulled up my horse to make a sharp turn round a freight wagon blocking the entrance to our street, and there coming along the pavement toward me was Marshal McGrath. He had seen me first, was stopping. He was reaching toward his hip. His face was a mask—as on that night when he stopped the lynching. My arm tingled with an impulse which a flash of reason, happily for me, put back. Did I but make a motion to draw, this dead shot would kill me in my tracks. Suddenly the marshal's hand stopped, fell to his side; and he turned away.

"Tenderfoot, better go up and look after your little, blackmaltin' friend," he said through clenched teeth.

I galloped on. From the door of the Courier burst Johnnie the office boy—merriment, excitable, Celtic. "The boss is hurt—oh, the boss is hurt!" he gasped.

I rushed inside. Marcus sat at his desk, head and back hunched over his arms. There was blood on the scattered papers. And then—he moved—moved, turned round, faced me. His nose was bleeding. So was a cut over his left eye. One side of his mouth was beginning to puff, but the other smiled.

"He beat me up," said Marcus, "that dirty crook McGrath—sneaked on me and got my gun and beat me up. Didn't kill him, but didn't give me a chance to kill him—just beat me up. G-d, I feel relieved!"

To clean up a mining camp, as you will soon see, isn't the simplest task in the world. The fact is—but wait! Judge for yourself.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Vital Food Elements Made in Laboratory**

The five food factors are salts, fats, carbohydrates, proteins and vitamins. The plant takes the two gases exhaled by animals and combines them again to form the animals' food upon hydrocarbons that animals feed upon. Berthelot's work tends to discredit the notion that the synthetic functioning of plants is a vital action, the secret of which is looked upon in that profound puzzle concerning the creation of life itself.

**Remove Dent in Table**

To remove a dent from a table apply moisture and heat. Wet a cloth with warm water, not hot, and lay it over the dent. Hold near a hot iron, but not near enough to scorch or char the wood. Repeat until the bruise comes up, then lay over the bruised surface a cloth dipped in linseed oil. Finally rub with a mixture of equal parts of turp

THE FEATHERHEADS

By L. F. Van Zahn



Felix Has a Large Following



BILL SAM'S DICTIONARY



By J. L. MARTIN

A number of persons, including the constable, rushed to one of the churches in Taterhill Sunday night during the services and looked in at the windows. They were attracted to the churches by cries which they thought were being made by some one in great agony, but were disappointed when they found out that it was only Miss Sophronia Perkins, who had just come home from college, singing a solo.

SOLO: A sort of singing in which the intensity of the agony on the part of the singer and the audience is supposed to be equal. Bill Sam's Dictionary, page 744.

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughroe

One "Yeah" Too Many



Famous Last Words



Along the Concrete



TURN ME OVER



THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

Just keep trying all the time Till at last your life is done, You may never reach the top But the climbing's lots of fun.

HOME WANTED FOR A BABY



GOOD MARKS



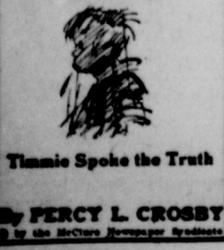
"Your son is getting good marks at school I suppose?" "I'll say he is—cuts, bruises, scratches and black eyes."

SWELL SIGHT



"Hey, want to see something swell?" "Sure." "Just drop this little sponge in some water then."

THE CLANCY KIDS



Timmie Spoke the Truth By PERCY L. CROSBY



### Keep Eliminative System Active

Good Health Requires Good Elimination.

ONE can't feel well when there is a retention of poisonous waste in the blood. This is called a toxic condition, and is apt to make one tired, dull and languid. Other symptoms are sometimes toxic backaches and headaches. That the kidneys are not functioning properly is often shown by scanty or burning passage of secretion. Many people have learned the value of Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, when the kidneys seem functionally inactive. Everywhere one finds enthusiastic Doan's users. Ask your neighbor!

### DOAN'S PILLS 80c

Stimulant Diuretic to the Kidneys  
Foster-McBee Co., Mfg. Chemists, Buffalo, N. Y.

Enjoy GOOD HEALTH

and Success



### Nature's Remedy

Relieves constipation, biliousness, sick headache

A SAFE, DEPENDABLE LAXATIVE

### WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

For over 50 years it has been the household remedy for all forms of Malaria Chills and Fever Dengue

It is a Reliable, General Invigorating Tonic.



The late Bishop Williams was in a box of the opera one night, when after looking around, one of the ladies exclaimed: "My dear Bishop, did you ever see anything like it in your life?" "Never," gravely replied the Bishop, "never since I was wounded."

Any unusual exposure may cause a cold, headache or sore throat, and may develop into serious ailment unless given prompt attention. When nature gives warning by a sniffle or cough, it is time to take

### BOSCHEE'S SYRUP

The old reliable remedy. 30c and 90c bottles at all drug stores. If you cannot get it, write to Dr. G. G. BOSCHEE, Inc., Woodbury, N. J. Don't wait until a cold gets its grip on you. Knock it out in the first round.

### Cuticura Talcum Unadulterated Exquisitely Scented

WHAT CAUSES BOILS. Boils and carbuncles are the result of improper diet or infection of the skin. It is sometimes hard to determine the exact cause but CUTICURA will give quick relief. No expensive operation is necessary as one application of CUTICURA promptly stops the pain and swelling and use draws out the core. Get a 50c box from your druggist. Your money back if you are not satisfied.

### CORNS

Quick relief from painful corns, tender toes and pressure of tight shoes. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Cock-a-Doodle-Do! Van Husen—I say! Why are you putting chicken feathers in those goblets?

New Butler—Didn't you tell me to serve cocktails?

Yessa Jack—I stepped out with a red-head chicken last night.

Clifford—Oh, I see. A henna. It takes an accomplished peacemaker to patch up a quarrel so the patches won't show.

### Today's Big Offer to All Who Have Stomach Agony

Read About This Generous Money Back Guarantee

When you have any trouble with your stomach such as gas, heaviness and distention, why foot with things which at best can only give relief.

Why not get a medicine that will build up your upset, disordered stomach and make it so strong and vigorous that it will do its work without any help.

Such a medicine is Dore's Montha Peppin, a delightful elixir that is sold by your local dealer and druggists everywhere with the distinct understanding that if it doesn't greatly help you your money will be gladly returned.

It has helped thousands—it will no doubt help you.

### Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

#### SOMEONE'S TALK

Now Someone, the Gnome, was a little creature with bright, big brown eyes and dark, dark brown hair, who wore a green suit with gold buttons and a green cap.

He was the one people meant when they said that they didn't know the answer to a certain question but that they supposed Someone knew.

Or that they didn't know or understand but they supposed Someone did. He was Someone.

He was talking to little Mahalla. "It's a rule," he said, "in Father Time's family that no hour should ever be lost."

Mahalla had been saying that she had lost a whole hour.

"Every single hour," said Someone, "is just so obedient to that rule that it is quite remarkable."

"You could look for that hour and never find it because another hour came and took its place."

"But I'll tell you where that hour went even though you can't have it again, living right along with it."

"That hour went to the Valley of Memories and all who wish can close their eyes and think again of that hour so that it almost seems to leave the Valley of Memories and come right back to life."

"Oh, do tell me more about the Valley," said Mahalla.

"Would you really like to hear?"

"Oh, yes," said Mahalla.

"If you'd rather I can take you to the Valley of Memories."

"Perhaps you'd rather just hear about it but you can come with me to the Valley of Memories if you wish."

"We call it the Valley of Beautiful Memories."

"You see if there are sad thoughts or sad memories we give them new clothes in which they wrap themselves



They Went Down a Passageway.

so that the sad thoughts are underneath and only the happy parts of the thoughts on top.

"Come along."

So Mahalla took the right hand of the Gnome and together they went down a passageway that seemed to be made of soft, soft moss.

"They walked ever and ever so quietly."

After they had walked quite a little distance they came upon a wide, wide space that looked something like a beautiful field with many wild flowers growing in it.

Above was a blue, blue sky and a slight breeze blew so that the fragrance from sweet ferns and the scent of the flowers filled the air with the loveliest of perfumes.

Surrounding the field was a deep, deep forest.

"In that forest," said Someone, "are memories, too. It is a part of this valley."

Far beyond and around us there are high mountains.

"These mountains are the ambitions of people and they are hard to climb but not in the least impossible. There are no jagged peaks and no danger points."

"Here in the valley we love our mountains and we look at them with so much admiration."

"Some of them have been there for years. I will later tell you some of the names of our mountains, but now you must be getting back home."

**No Machine Work**  
A little boy who had lived in London all his life was invited by a distant relative to spend a week-end in the country.

All his friends complimented him on his luck, but the boy himself was not at all happy at the thought, and he refused.

Coaxing, argument, pleading and promises of untold wonders left him cold. "No country for me," was his ultimatum.

"But why not?" asked his father.

"Because," replied the son, "they've got thrashing machines down there, and it's quite bad enough here, where it's done by hand."

**Myth Is Defined**  
"Now, can anyone tell me what a myth is?" asked the teacher.

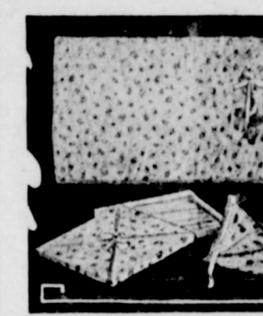
A solitary hand was raised, and a voice exclaimed: "Please, miss, it's a female moth."

De Laval Monthly.

**Fell Down Together**  
Jimmie fell downstairs. When he struck the bottom, he sat quietly, felt himself all over, and said, "Well, I guess every bit of me fell down together."

## Pretty Things that are Made at Home

"I'M GOING to make one just like it"—is not that the way the picture of this lovely dresser set makes one feel? It is certainly a well worthwhile ambition, for seldom does anything in the way of fancywork yield such handsome returns at so little cost as does this charming ensemble of fittings for one's top dresser drawer. Wouldn't you just love to have your own dresser drawer lined with a perfumed flower-strewn cushion, matching in which are cunning receptacles for handkerchiefs, gloves and various knick-knacks? Of course you would, likewise your friends who will exult over a Christmas gift of this sort.



LOVELY DRESSER SET

All the material this dainty dresser ensemble requires is: one roll rosebud patterned crepe tissue paper, two sheets of ivory cotton, one skein of raffia straw, two shallow pasteboard boxes (one square, one oblong), a bit of ribbon, a trifle of pink paper for lining, and a tube of paste.

Cut the cotton sheeting to exactly fit the bottom of the dresser drawer. Cover this pad top and bottom with the rosebud crepe paper. Use the fine raffia straw exactly as you would silk floss to buttonhole-stitch around the edges of this padded quilt or cushion. Form a square handkerchief case and an oblong glove case in the same way. Tie together as shown in the picture with narrow ribbon.

Cover both boxes with the rosebud paper. Line them by crinkling the paper or rather puffing. The inside edges are finished with a pink tissue heading formed by twisting very narrow strips at every half inch. Make each article radiant with sweet odor by attaching cunning little sachets which consist of wee colorful paper packs which contain the powder, tied tight at one end, then opening into flower petals which look like unfold-

more and more lavish with winter's approach.

The new cloakings are exceedingly handsome. One is impressed by the profusion of warm colorings. In plain coatings pile and suede finished weaves vie with each other for supremacy. Novelty woolsens are fascinating in their colorings and patterns. Some of the imported tweeds are rubbed on the surface, some have ombre stripes and plaids, while the most intriguing worsteds are interwoven with metal threads in a manner not showy but eminently elegant looking. There is much rivalry between these gay cloakings and those of handsome black.

Velvet trimming is featuring the newest cloth coats. With the use of velvet in this manner a wide scope of ideas is being unfolded. The velvet usually matches the cloth in color. Often there are wide borderings of the velvet. Sometimes it is attached on in man, rows. Again it is applied in not only conventional motifs but

also in elaborate modernistic patternings. Though one would expect this to produce super-ornateness, the designer takes care that it does not by being careful to use the velvet and embroidery in monotone coloring with the cloth.

Fetching details in the new cloth coats stress long sleeves and the most interesting item is the revival of bell sleeves. These are quite exaggerated in width at the bottom. New also are the up-to-date elbow fur cuffs which adorn the cloth coat. Melon-shaped fur cuffs or half sleeves are very smart. The flat belts are used, such as squirrel, seal and beaver.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.  
(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)



BLOUSE TREATMENT FOR AUTUMN COATS

ing morning glories. A cluster of these sachets are caught with ribbons to the center of the dresser-drawer pad. Sachet powder is also sprinkled under the pasted paper linings of the boxes.

When a coat is bloused at the back, as it so persistently is in the newer models, it may or may not be bloused all around. Bloused, however, it must be at some point in its design, for so reads fashion's rules and bylaws for now and the coming winter months.

There are ways and ways of acquiring the new bloused fashioning. Sometimes the feat is accomplished by triple box plaits which begin at the neckline and stop at waistline, in a

manner as shown in the picture. Rust-colored bolivia is the handsome cloak selected for this up-to-the-moment topcoat. By limiting the blousing to the back, the smart straightline silhouette is maintained. That is one of the outstanding features of the new coats, for notwithstanding the fact that dolman effects, big armholes and blouse treatments are introduced, the impression of slimmness is retained.

Among the interesting new handlings, one notes many blouse-cupe effects across the back of the coats. Then again appears a side blouse achieved by employing little vertical tucks in the underarm skirt portion, ending at the waistline.

Almost every cloth coat has at least a fur collar with cuffs to match. It is foretold that fur trims will grow

### Wild Life Not Wiped Out by Civilization

Notwithstanding a population of several billion in northwestern states, and cities from 100,000 to 450,000, Oregon, Washington and Idaho still retain a generous supply of wild life in the primeval wilderness, mostly within national parks and forests. The federal forest service has just completed a census showing Washington still has fifty caribou and fifteen grizzlies, unknown to hunters and to millions who never have seen them. Idaho and Oregon have grizzlies, but no caribou. Deer are the most numerous of the larger animals, numbering 100,000, of which Oregon has 50,000. Washington boasts 8,500 elk, Oregon 3,500 and Idaho 2,000. There are mountain goats, sheep, black bear, all the predatory prowlers and numbers of fur bearers in the wilder parts of the region. The census proves that with protection all wild life tends to increase rapidly.

**Cuticura Soothes Itching Scalp.**  
On retiring gently rub spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment. Next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Make them your everyday toilet preparations and have a clear skin and soft, white hands.—Advertisement.

**Alfonso's Trip Costly**  
King Alfonso of Spain is reported to have distributed about \$100,000 in the recent trip he and the queen made to London. The money was spent in various philanthropies, shopping, hotel expenses and ordinary purchases. King Alfonso is said to be a very wealthy monarch and extremely generous.

**DEMAND "BAYER" ASPIRIN**  
Take Tablets Without Fear If You See the Safety "Bayer Cross."

Warning! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 26 years. Say "Bayer" when you buy Aspirin. Imitations may prove dangerous.—Adv.

**Radio in Polar Regions**  
The MacMillan expedition to the polar regions had radio for its only means of communication. Using low power and short wave lengths, the Bowdoin communicated with several stations in the United States while the ship was frozen in thousands of miles away. Broadcasting concerts from the United States stations were heard during the long, dark nights of the Arctic zone. The call letters were WNP, the slogan was Wireless North Pole, and the power was about 500 watts.

**MOTHER!**  
Child's Harmless Laxative is "California Fig Syrup"

Hurry Mother! A teaspoonful of "California Fig Syrup" now will thoroughly clean the little bowels and in a few hours you have a well, playful child again. Even if cross, feverish, bilious, constipated or full of cold, children love its pleasant taste.

Tell your druggist you want only the genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother, you must say "California." Refuse any imitation.

**Style Hint**  
On his recent visit to America Daniel, French designer of feminine apparel, was asked for his recipe of a successful gown. He replied: "In this day and age there is but one formula: Never leave off tomorrow what you can leave off today."

Everybody wants to boss somebody, and there is always somebody who wants to boss everybody.

Silence is golden is the cardinal doctrine of the man who wants the opportunity to talk.

## Children Cry for



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

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

One fact appears certain: No man was ever ashamed of his ability to save money. Best cure for a bad habit is to get tired of it. Common sense is then a great help.

## FRIGIDAIRE and DELCO-LIGHT

### also may be bought on the GMAC Plan

Besides General Motors cars, two other well-known utilities—products of General Motors—may be had on the GMAC Plan of credit purchase:

FRIGIDAIRE electric refrigerators, in whose production General Motors has applied the same manufacturing processes which have brought the automobile within reach of the average family.

DELCO-LIGHT electric light and power plants, which bring the conveniences and labor-saving devices of the city to the farm.

Through the GMAC Plan, sound credit service at very low cost is available to those who desire to purchase these products out of income.

Your nearest dealer will be glad to explain how you may adapt the GMAC Plan to your requirements.

## GENERAL MOTORS ACCEPTANCE CORPORATION

operating the GMAC Plan for the purchase of

CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE  
OAKLAND · BUICK · CADILLAC  
FRIGIDAIRE · DELCO-LIGHT

## DOUBLE ACTING



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

SALES 2 1/2 TIMES THOSE OF ANY OTHER BRAND

Calumet contains two leavening units—one begins to work when the dough is mixed, the other waits for the heat of the oven, then both units work together. And that means double value, double protection against bake-day failure and waste. Try it.

MAKES BAKING EASIER

## Princess Theater Program

TONIGHT, FRIDAY

"THE LOVE THIEF" Norman Kerry and Greta Nissen  
This Picture played a solid week at the Aztec Theatre in San Antonio last week

SATURDAY:

"BLUE BLAZES" Jack Hoxie  
A Blue Streak Western  
"RADIO DETECTIVE" chapter 5

MONDAY and TUESDAY:

Rex Beach's Famous Story  
"WINDS OF CHANCE" Anna Q. Nielson, Bert Lyon  
A big special of the Klondike Gold Rush filmed in British Columbia and Alaska.

## FOODS TO PLEASE

Our customers may be certain that our stock of Groceries—staple and fancy—Fresh Fruits—Vegetables—are of the finest and that our price and service will please. We offer pure Foods at reasonable prices.

Phone No. 35

**W. H. Farley**

The Store of General Merchandise

**WE WASH EVERYTHING BUT THE BABY**  
And Return Everything But the Dirt

**OUR PRICES ARE RIGHT**  
Flat Work at Regular Rates  
Rough Dry 12 pieces for 50c  
Wet wash 8c pound  
PHONE NO. 53  
Electric Process Laundry

## Sanderson Market

Meats, Vegetables and Groceries

Telephone Number 94

Tip Frazier, Prop.

"We appreciate Your Business"

Do Drop in at the  
**DEW DROP INN**

Meals served family style

Mother does the cooking

You'll come and go with a smile.

A Hint to the Wise, Etc. See Manager For Contract

Why annoy your neighbor for the use of his Telephone when you can have one in your house for

**\$2.25 Per Month?**

**Sanderson Telephone Company**

THE SANDERSON TIMES  
Official and Only Paper Published in Terrell County  
\$2 per year payable in advance  
MR. AND MRS. M. A. BOLING  
Owners, Publishers & Editors  
Entered second class matter July 2nd, 1908, at the post office, Sanderson, Texas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

### ANNOUNCEMENT COLUMN.

District - - - - - \$15.00  
County - - - - - \$10.00  
Precinct, Commissioner, Justice of the Peace, Constable - - \$5.00  
Terms: Strictly cash in advance. No announcement inserted unless cash accompanies same. Announcements inserted in order in which fees are paid at office.

**For Tax Assessor:**  
W. J. FERGUSON,  
(Re-election)  
FRED YEATES.

**For County Judge:**  
G. J. HENSHAW, (re-election.)

**For County and District Clerk:**  
LUELLA LEMONS,  
(re-election.)  
JNO. F. NICHOLS  
E. F. HOWARD

**For County Treasurer:**  
FRANK K. HARRELL  
(Re-election)  
H. L. GATES.

**For County Attorney:**  
J. CALVIN STANSELL  
(Re-election)

**For Sheriff & Tax Collector:**  
J. M. CORDER.  
J. J. NANCE, (Re-election.)

Hemstitching and picotting, 10c a yard. See Mrs. Dixie Schupbach.

**Peter R. Gorman, D. C.**

Chiropractor

Palmer Method Graduate T. C. C.

Office at Tom Parson's Residence

## Mattress Factory in Sanderson

Only Here for a Short Time.

All Work Guaranteed.

We Also Carry Ticking.

MAYES MATTRESS CO.

**E. F. Howard**

Agent For

Good Reliable

FIRE INSURANCE

COMPANIES

Your Business will be

Appreciated

## Highway Lunch Room

Short Orders a Speciality

A Good Place

to Eat

Notice to the Public

Anyone caught dumping cans or rubbish on my ranch or swimming in any of my tanks or otherwise trespassing on my property in any way will be prosecuted.

CHAS. DOWNIE.

By keeping your clothes well pressed, you won't look hard pressed.

EMPIRE TAILORS.

Plaiting: skirts, panels, ruffles; hemstitching; covered buttons, tailored buttonholes. Mrs. H. B. Houston, Uvalde, Texas.

Notice.

No hunting, fishing or camping allowed on my premises.

W. J. BANNER.

## FOR GOVERNOR



COL. HARVEY H. HAINES  
of Houston  
Republican Nominee  
for Governor

Mr. Haines will pass through Sanderson going east Sunday, October 17th, on passenger train No. 102, which arrives here at 6:15 p. m. All who can do so are urged to be down and meet him. Terrell County Republican Chairman.

## At the Princess

Monday and Tuesday

October 18-19

Rex Beach's

"WINDS OF CHANCE"

With

Anna Q. Nielson, Bert Lyon, Hobart Bosworth and scores of others

No hunting or fishing on the C. F. Cox Ranch.

C. F. COX.

To the Voters of Terrell County.

On account of the death of my wife's brother in Tennessee I have been unable to get around to see the voters. However, next week will find me going all over county and will try to see everyone. Will appreciate all votes.

JOHN F. NICHOLS.

Range for about 1,000 goats. For particulars see or phone Dr. P. F. Robertson.

Wanted—Man with car to sell complete quality Auto Tires and Tubes. Exclusive territory. Experience not necessary. Salary \$300.00 per month.

Milestone Rubber Company, East Liverpool, Ohio.

## 6 per cent

## RANCH LOANS

Loans made on amortization plan for 33 years at 6 per cent interest, with option to pay loan in full or in part on any interest paying date after 5 years.

Write for particulars

**B. T. CORDER**

Marfa, Texas

Agent for Dallas Joint Stock Land Bank.

## Death of W. W. Standifer.

Walter Wayne Standifer died Monday morning, October 4, at his home on Fifth Street, surrounded by his wife and loved ones, after an illness of but two months.

Some two months ago Mr. Standifer was seized with what was thought to be indigestion, but what developed into a very serious stomach trouble, which proved to be cancer. All that medical science could do was done to stay the dreaded disease, but to no avail. Mr. Standifer bore his suffering heroically and uncomplainingly, and it was only during the last ten days of his illness that he consented to confinement in bed.

He was born in Elgin, Texas, March 31, 1864, at which place he remained until early manhood, when he came West, first to Cisco and later to Colorado City, where on February 22, 1892, he was married to Mrs. M. F. Frost.

Mr. and Mrs. Standifer remained in Colorado City for several years, after which they moved to Comanche and later to Sanderson. Some ten years ago they moved to Fort Stockton, since which time they have made their home here.

Most of Mr. Standifer's life was connected with the ranch and farm industries in Texas, but during the past two years he had been deputy sheriff of this, Pecos County, with headquarters at Sheffield. He was a man of generous and genial temperament, a good neighbor, loyal friend and an honest, upright citizen, whose death is sincerely mourned by those who loved him.

Impressive funeral services were conducted Tuesday morning at the family residence by the Rev. K. H. W. Barker, assisted by the Rev. M. L. Eaves, after which Walter Wayne Standifer was tenderly laid to rest in East Hill Cemetery beneath a flower laden mound.

He leaves to mourn his passing, his sorrowing wife, a son, Glenn Standifer, and two daughters, Mrs. George Patty and Mrs. John L. Trent.—Ft. Stockton Pioneer.

Mr. Standifer at one time lived in Sanderson, and while here made many friends who will regret to learn of his death. Sincere sympathy is extended to the bereaved ones.

## SCOTTISH RITE MEET IN EL PASO NEXT WEEK

Following is the entertainment program for the fall reunion of the El Paso Scottish Rite that is to be held in that city next week:

Sunday, October 17, 3:00 p. m., free concert under direction of Mrs. Robert Lander, auditorium, Scottish Rite Cathedral.

Monday, October 18, class will assemble at 7:00 p. m. Address of Welcome by Mayor H. P. Jackson. Response for class, Pink L. Parrish, Mayor of Lubbock, Texas. Music by Shrine Band.

Tuesday, October 19, 3 p. m., sight-seeing trip for class members and ladies. 5:45 p. m., dinner for class members and ladies, Scottish Rite Cathedral, banquet hall.

Wednesday, October 20, 4:00 p. m., picture show for ladies.

Thursday, October 21, 3:00 p. m., automobile trips. 7:00 p. m., annual banquet for all Scottish Rite Masons in honor of class.

Friday, October 22, 12 o'clock luncheon for visiting ladies. 1:00 p. m., class photo at Scottish Rite Cathedral.

Saturday, October 23, ceremonial El Maida Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S.

Mrs. W. E. Bell of Valentine, Texas, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. C. Green.

Make that reservation now for the forty-two party. You will enjoy the evening very much.

John Stovell spent this week in Austin on business.

Mrs. C. W. Crabb of Houston is visiting her friend, Mrs. W. E. Lea.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Blythe left Wednesday for Del Rio, where they will make their home.

Read "Youth Rides West"

## P. T. A. Hold Interesting Meeting

(Continued from page 1)

The business meeting followed this program. The attendance record for the afternoon was won by the third and fourth grade room. This room had fourteen mothers in attendance; Miss Delma Harper is the teacher. The prize was a beautiful pot plant donated by Mrs. J. W. McKee.

The Association voted to bring Charles Pierre King, entertainer and a teacher of public speaking and dramatic art. He comes highly recommended.

Mrs. Clyde Griffith was elected first vice-president, and she also is chairman of the program committee. The ways and means committee, of which Mrs. James Kerr is chairman, announced that the association will give a benefit forty-two party on Friday, October 22, at the Masonic Hall.

"We always knew that the mothers were back of the Parent-Teachers' Association, but really we never dreamed that such interest would be shown as was showed last Thursday at the meeting, if an attendance of mothers and members means anything. It is gratifying to see and to know that such an interest is being taken."

—Reporter.

## Forty-Two Party.

Mesdames Harry McAdams and W. R. Holland were hostesses to friends on Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. McAdams in honor of Mrs. Fred Patterson of Sheridan, Wyo., and Miss Bess Tyler of Sabinal, sisters of Mrs. McAdams. The living rooms were tastefully decorated with dahlias and marigolds.

Forty-two was the diversion of the afternoon. After playing several interesting games scores were added. High score prize, a hand embroidered pillow top, went to Mrs. Ed Downie; Mrs. J. W. McKee won second high score prize, an orchid linen guest towel. The cut prize, an address book, went to Mrs. W. J. Ferguson. Each of the honor guests were given dainty hand-painted handkerchiefs. Refreshments consisting of angel food cake and ice cream were served.

The guest list included the honorees; Mrs. Fred Patterson and Miss Bess Tyler, and Mesdames Ed Downie, H. R. Lawrence, James Kerr, F. B. Carter, John Stovell, Max Bogusch, S. S. Daggett, H. D. Williams, D. A. Pollard, E. F. Howard, M. P. Lester, W. H. Savage, Gayle Mussey, J. W. McKee, Clyde Griffith, Joe Kerr, N. E. Charlton, Guy Nation, Frank Vaughn, B. P. Franklin, C. I. White, M. A. Boling, Jim Mitchell, J. M. Corder, W. J. Ferguson and J. A. MacMillan; Misses Louise Williams, Delma Harper, Pearl Nix, Elizabeth Alred, Myrtle Harrell, Aileen White, Ila Lowman and Inez Lyons.

Mrs. C. D. Strange left Wednesday for Fabens, Texas, where she went as associational delegate to the W. M. U. convention that is being held in that city Thursday and Friday.

Mrs. Annie Ware came in Saturday from Brownsville to visit her daughter, Mrs. Clyde Griffith.

Miss Kate Blakey of Marathon is visiting her niece, Mrs. Luella Lemons.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Corder and children have returned from Los Angeles, Calif., where they spent the summer.

Alfred E. Creigh Jr. and son spent several days in San Antonio this week on business.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Carter and children from Marathon spent Sunday at the ranch home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Q. Carter.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Attaway left the first of the week for Alpine, where Mr. Attaway has accepted a position with the Casner Motor Co.

Don't forget the P. T. A. benefit forty-two party. Time—Friday, October 22. Place—Masonic Hall.

Earl Faulkner, who has been a driller at the Williams well, left the latter part of last week for Del Rio to make his home.

## DRYDEN NEWS

Mrs. Joe Bailey and daughter, Dorothy Ann, are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Latimar.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Goode Jr. were in Dryden Tuesday on business.

Elmo Taylor made a business trip to Langtry Monday evening.

E. P. Peoples spent the week-end at his home in Dryden.

Miss Elsie Chandler is spending the week with her sister, Mrs. Rob Doak out on the ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. V. N. Mason and family of Alpine spent Sunday at the home of C. C. Chambers.

Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Cox were in Dryden Monday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Gid Brooks spent the week-end visiting Mr. and Mrs. Ray Parker in Sanderson. Mrs. W. R. House entertained Friday night with a forty-two and bridge party. Delicious cake and punch was served to the following guests: Mr. and Mrs. Elmo Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Kercheville, Mesdames W. D. Chandler, Lennan, Grant W. Wheaton, C. C. Chambers, and Messrs. Geo. Scanlon, Murray and McCain.

Grandma Chambers returned to her home in Marfa Sunday to spend the winter after several months visit with her son here.

Mr. and Mrs. Doc Turk had as their guest last week Mrs. Turk's mother, Mrs. Mat Burney of Uvalde.

Mrs. W. T. Carpenter spent several days visiting at the home of Mrs. M. Miller this week.

Mrs. Bartlett returned to her home in Hope, New Mexico Tuesday after spending the past month with her parents.

## THE DALLAS NEWS TO OFFER BARGAIN

We are in receipt of a letter from The Dallas News, stating that its Third Annual Reduced Rates Offer will be announced not later than December 1. Once a year, The News offers its readers an opportunity to make a substantial saving on yearly subscriptions. This is a sort of Christmas present from The Dallas News to its readers. Last year and the year before, practically all of the old subscribers availed themselves of this opportunity, and thousands of new readers were added.

Among other things, The News stated that it maintains the highest priced news gathering organization in the Southwest. Its ten leased wires, aided by an army of regular and special correspondents, bring the news from all parts of America and the remote corners of foreign lands.

This news, concerning the big State newspaper, which has meant so much to the growth of Texas, will be of interest to the entire reading public.

Announcements were received in the city by friends from Marathon stating: "Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Haass announce the arrival of Charles Ernest on October 11, 1925, at 12:30 p. m."

The talk of the town—P. T. A. Benefit Forty-Two Party. Meet your friends there, and you will have one more gay time.

## Select Christmas Cards Now.

We now have several selections of engraved Christmas cards ready for your inspection and approval. Make your selections now. You also have the advantage of getting your name engraved or printed and your orders complete when you place it with The Times. Get your cards from the printing shop to be delivered to you by December 15, and do not be bothered about them until then. See samples at The Times office now.