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60 YEARS OLD

GREAT ZIONIST REPRESENTATIVE
IS AT THREE-SCORE MILE POST

HIS LIFE REVIEWED

From Poverty's Depths He Forced
Himself to a Commanding Posi-
tion in World of Letters.

Paris, Aug. 3.—Max Nordau, famous throughout the civilized world as a student, writer, critic, and as one of the most distinguished representatives of the Zionist movement, celebrated his 60th birthday today, physically and mentally as strong as he was 20 years ago. Few men have as many enemies as Nordau has made by the merciless manner in which he has dissected human weakness and branded them in his writings, but that he also has staunch friends and devoted admirers was proved today by the numerous congratulations and tokens of good will showered upon him from all parts of the world. One of the most grateful tokens came from the Zionist organization and was in the form of a testimonial which was presented him on the occasion of his 60th birthday.

Max S. Nordau was born in Pesth, Hungary, of very poor Jewish parents, July 29, 1849. His father who had descended from a family of Prussian rabbis, had come to Hungary as a tutor of Jewish children, and his mother came from a Russian family in Riga. At the age of 14 Max, whose real name was Suedfeld, began to write essays and poetry for publication. As the rules of the school prohibited students from writing for newspapers, he selected Max Nordau as his pseudonym, adopting that name permanently after he had established a reputation as a writer.

At the age of 16 Nordau was employed as a writer on a newspaper in Pesth at a salary of \$12 a month. Two years later he entered the University of Pesth as a student of medicine, at the same time continuing his journalistic work, by which he earned enough to keep himself and his family. His father died in 1872 and in the following year young Nordau took his degree. He went to Vienna and discharged his military duties by serving as an army surgeon, and at the same time acted as correspondent for the Pesther Lloyd. Then he went to Berlin where he studied under Virchow and practiced in the hospitals. Then he visited Russia, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, England and Ireland, and finally reached Paris where he continued his studies, received his degree at the Paris University in 1882.

His first book was written in 1876-77, while he was in Paris. After that he lectured a season or two, and in 1882 published his book, "From the Kremlin to the Alhambra," which ran through 23 editions. In 1883 he published his "Conventional Lies," which made him famous, and at the same time the target for bitter attacks and scathing criticisms. His next book was "Paris Under the Third Republic," an interesting historical and critical study, and it was soon followed by "The Century's Disease," Nordau's first novel, which was really a study of the madness and pessimism which characterized the latter part of the nineteenth century.

His greatest work, "Degeneration" was published in 1893 and caused a great stir throughout the civilized world. Nordau was violently attacked and openly branded as a degenerate and an "insane sensationalist." He became identified with the Zionist movement while it was in its infancy and soon became one of its leaders, together with Dr. Herzl, the originator of the movement. During recent years Nordau has become the head of the faction among the Zionists which favor the establishing of the Zion in Africa instead of Palestine as planned. He had many followers and the splitting of the Zionist body caused by this dissension came near causing a complete rupture within the organization. So bitter was the feeling between the two factions that on one occasion a member of the orthodox "Palestine group" made an attempt to shoot Nordau at a Zionist ball in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Douglas
Massagers
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The Man From Brodney's
By GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON
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"No," she answered, and that was all. He waited, but she did not expand her confidence.
"So it is to be in June," he mused.
"In June," she said quietly. He sighed.
"I am more than sorry that you are a princess," he said boldly.
"I am quite sure of that," she said, so pointedly that he almost gasped. She was laughing comfortably, a mischievous gleam in her dark eyes. His laugh was as awkward as hers was charming.
"You do like to be flattered," he exclaimed at random. "And I shall take it upon myself to add to today's measure." He again drew forth his pocket-book. She looked on curiously. "Permit me to restore the lace handkerchief which you dropped some time ago. I've been keeping it for myself, but—"
"My handkerchief?" she gasped, her thoughts going at once to that ridiculous incident of the balcony. "It must belong to Lady Deppingham."
"Oh, it isn't the one you used on the balcony," he protested coolly. "It substitutes that adventure."
"Balcony? I don't understand you," she protested.
"Then you are exceedingly obtuse."
"I never dreamed that you could see," she confessed pathetically.
"It was extremely nice in you and very presumptuous in me. But your highness, this is the handkerchief you dropped in the castle garden six months ago. Do you recognize the perfume?"
"You are very sentimental," she said at last. "Would you care to keep it? It is of no value to me."
"Thank! I will keep it."
"I've changed my mind," she said inconsequently, stuffing the fabric in her garter. "You have something else in that pocketbook that I should very much like to possess."
"It can't be that Bank of England."
"No, no. You wrapped it in a bit of paper last week and placed it there for safe keeping."
"You mean the bullet?"
"Yes, I should like it to show to my friends, you know, when I tell them how near you were to being shot." Without a word he gave her the bullet that had dropped at his feet on that first day at the chateau.
"Thank you, oh, isn't it a horrid thing! Just to think, it might have struck you!" She shuddered.
"He was about to answer in his delirium when a sharp turn in the road brought them in view of the chateau. Not a hundred yards ahead of them two persons were riding slowly, untended, very much occupied in themselves. Their backs were turned toward Chase and the princess, but it was an easy matter to recognize them. The glance which shot from the princess to Chase found a peculiar smile disappearing from his lips.
"I know what you are thinking," she cried impulsively. "You are wrong—very wrong. Mr. Chase, Lady Deppingham is a born coquette—a born trifier. It is ridiculous to think that she can be seriously engaged in a."
"It isn't that, princess," he interrupted, a dark look in his eyes. "I was merely wondering whether dear little Mrs. Browne is as happy as she might be."
Genevra was silent for a moment.
"I had not thought of that," she said soberly.

CHAPTER XVI
THE BURNING OF THE BUNGALOW.

HE went in and had tiffin with them in the hanging garden. Deppingham was sunny and preoccupied. Drusilla Browne was unusually vivacious. At best she was not reliable; her greatest accomplishment lay in the ability to appreciate what others had to say.
Her husband, aside from a natural anxiety, was the same blithe optimist as ever. He showed no sign of restraint, no evidence of compunction. Chase found himself secretly speculating on the state of affairs. Were the two heirs working out a pre-conceived plan, or were they, after all, playing with the fires of spring?
Immediately after tiffin Genevra carried Lady Deppingham off to her room. When they came forth for a proposed stroll in the grounds Lady Agnes was looking very bleak and tearful, while the princess had about her the air of one who has been consoled by gentleness.
"It has been an appalling dull, Genevra, don't you understand? That's why. Besides, it isn't necessary for her to be so horrid about it. She—"
"She isn't horrid about it, dear. She's most self-sacrificing."
"Rubbish! She talks about the Puritans and all that sort of thing. I know what she means. But there's no use talking about it. I'll do as you say—"

command, I mean. I'll try to be a prude. Heaven alone knows what a real prude is. I don't. All this tommy rot about Bobby and me wouldn't exist if that wretched Chase man had been a little more affable. He never noticed us until you came. No wife to snoot after him and—why, my dear, he would have been ideal."
"It's all very nice, Agnes, but you forget your husband," said Genevra, with a tolerant smile.
"Genevra," said Lady Agnes solemnly, "if you'd been on a barren island for five months as I have with nothing to look at but your husband and the sunsets you would not be so hard on me. I wouldn't take Drusilla's husband away from her for the world. I wouldn't even look at him if he were not on the barren island too. I've read novels in which a man and woman have been wrecked on a desert island and lived there for months, even years, in an atmosphere of righteousness. My dear, those novelists are ninnes. Nobody could be so good as all that without getting wings. I'm tired of men and angels. That's why I want you for awhile. You've got no wings, Genevra, but it's of no consequence, as you have no one to fly away from."
"Or to, you might add," laughed Genevra.
"That's very American. You've been talking to Miss Peilham. She's always adding things. By the way, Mr. Chase sees quite a lot of her. She types for him. I fancy she's trying to choose between him and Mr. Saunders. If you were she, dear, which would you choose?"
"Mr. Saunders," said Genevra promptly. "But if I were myself I'd choose Mr. Chase."
"Speaking of angels, he must have wings a yard long. He has been chosen by an entire harem, and he flies from them as if pursued by the devil. I imagine, however, that he'd be rather dangerous if his wings were to get out of order unexpectedly. But he's nice, isn't he?"
The princess nodded her head tolerantly.
Her ladyship went on: "I don't want to walk, after all. Let us sit here in the corridor and count the prisms in the chandeliers. It's such fun. I've done it often. Mr. Britt has advanced a new theory. We are to indulge in double barreled divorce proceedings. As soon as they are over Mr. Browne and I are to marry. Then we are to hurry up and get another divorce. Then we marry our own husband and wife all over again. Isn't it exciting? Only, of course, it isn't going to happen. It would be so frightfully improper—shocking, don't you know. You see, I should go on living with my divorced husband even after I was married to Bobby. I'd be obliged to do that in order to give Bobby grounds for a divorce as soon as the estate is settled. But Deppy has put his foot down hard. He says he had trouble enough getting me to marry him the first time. He won't go through it again. Of course it's utter nonsense."
"A little nonsense now and then is"—began the princess and paused amiably.
"Is Mr. Chase to stay for lunch?" asked Lady Agnes irrelevantly.
"How should I know? I am not his hostess."
"Holly toity! I've never known you to look like that before. A little dash of red sets up your cheeks off— But Genevra threw up her hands in despair and started toward the stairway, her chin tilted high. Lady Agnes, laughing softly, followed. "It's too bad she's down to marry that horrid little Brabets," she said to herself, with a sudden wistful glance at the proud, vibrant, lovable creature ahead. "She deserves a better fate than that."
Genevra waited for her at the head of the stairway.
"Agnes, I'd like you to promise that you will keep your avaricious claws off Mrs. Browne's husband," she said seriously.
"I'll try, my dear," said Lady Agnes meekly.
When they reached the garden they found Deppingham smoking furiously and quite alone. Chase had left some time before to give warning to the English bank that trouble might be expected. The shadow of disappointment that filled across Genevra's face was not observed by the others. Bobby Browne and his wife were off strolling in the lower end of the park.
(To be continued.)

Stock News.
Roy Hudspeth was in town this week and reports one of the finest rains on his ranch in three years. Roy had just returned from a trip to San Antonio and also visited Kerrville, where he was present at Capt. Schreiner's wool sales. He was highly pleased over the prices obtained for his wool, it having brought 22 cents per pound, and says that Capt. Schreiner got from 22½ to 24 cents for all of his six months wool, having cleaned out the entire lot at the above prices. Roy says that without an exception Capt. Schreiner is the best wool salesman in Texas, and that if you take the past record prices and compare with other commission men, you will find he is right. Roy says the next time it gets dry in his neck of the woods he is going to take another trip.
Clyde Mills bought from Hanks, McAuley & Stocks 2000 lambs and 1000 yearling ewes, at \$2.25 and \$3.25 per head, delivered September 1 with wool on.
Coleman Whitfield bought from Hanks, McAuley & Stocks 1250 sheep, yearlings and two-year-old ewes, at

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\$2.25 and \$3.50 per head.
Charlie Blanton of Val Verde county bought from Hanks, McAuley & Stocks 2300 sheep, yearlings and two-year-old wethers at \$2.25 and \$3.50 per head.
W. C. Strackbein sold a three-year-old stallion out of the Yellow Wolf stock of horses to Franz Klein of Fredericksburg for \$125.
Aug. Meekel of Sonora sold to E. R. Jackson 446 wether goats, yearlings, at \$2.15 per head.—Devil's River News.
Lewis Jamerson made the sale this week to S. J. Blucker of one hundred head of yearlings at \$17 a round.—Ballinger Ledger.
G. H. Brown, a Lampasas county shipper, sold 27 cows of 625 pounds at \$2.50; 20 calves of 163 pounds, at \$5.10, and 5 calves of 275 pounds at \$2.50.
C. C. West sold 8 head of horses this week to Ed Roe for \$640. His dun team sold for \$225, and his bay team brought \$175, while the others brought \$60 per head.—Kildorado Success.

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Delegation Leaves Sunday for Fort Worth to Meet Board and Place San Angelo's Claim.

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RAPID FUTURE GROWTH

Carl Crow, Staff Correspondent of Star-Telegram, Tells of Things He Saw While Here Recently.

By Carl Crow, in the Fort Worth Star-Telegram.

There are several ways by which the stranger in a town may mark it and set it down in the class to which it belongs. One of the surest ways is to note the subjects on which the residents talk. In San Angelo they talk of San Angelo.

This is a healthy indication. It is a sure indication that the town is growing and the people who live there have faith in it. If they did not they would talk about the taxes or the Santa Fe cut-off. But in San Angelo the city itself is the most interesting subject of conversation. Those who have lived there the longest marvel the most over its growth; have the most faith in its future. The newcomer finds first that the climate is healthful and invigorating and next he finds that the people are the kind one likes to associate with and after that he gets the San Angelo habit.

This habit is the philosophy of Billiken, to look always on the bright side and to believe that San Angelo is the finest town on earth. It is surprising how soon one can get the habit and one has never heard of a cure. There is an eleventh commandment in San Angelo and it reads: "Always speak a good word for the town and work for it day and night."

These facts are set down here because San Angelo has not been discovered by the outside world. Not so very many years ago there was a fort established down in the southwestern part of the state known as Fort Concho, its principal object being to exterminate several bands of redskins who were particularly busy. The redskins were soon exterminated. Then the settlers came. Some one built a house then others went up until soon there was a little village known as San Angelo. Within the last few years the village has grown outover a wide expanse of prairie. It incorporated itself into a city and now is growing so fast that a new census would be out of date long before it could reach Washington.

Its Growth Not Accident.

This growth is not an accident. No one drops into San Angelo accidentally. The railroad runs there and stops and the trains must turn around and come back. It is a long journey and costs considerable railroad fare. But the city is the center of a buying territory as large as the state of Missouri. It has a beautiful location and the people who laid it out had a great deal of gumption and more grit. The town couldn't be boomed artificially. It is too far away from outside purchasers. But it has grown steadily. A new family this week and two or three another until it now has a population conservatively estimated at 16,000. Some will say that the population is 20,000, but though the figures will not bear them out they are not far from wrong. Under the present incomplete system of census taking the mere number of men is taken and no account is made of the value. San Angelo men are above par. If they were set down in the middle of the Sahara desert they would find some way to till the soil, induce railroads to build to them and all grow rich. That is the reason they have built a city which is so ideal in many respects.

Of course they haven't solved all the problems. Just at present the water problem is bothering them. They have plenty of water, for the Concho rivers converge at the city. But occasionally these rivers get on a rampage and the waters turn muddy and the result is that the water is unpleasant to drink and uninviting for bathing purposes. The misbehavior of the rivers may be a blessing after all for they are looking for another supply and have found it. Thirty miles from the city at an elevation of several hundred feet higher are to be found a group of springs worth going to see. Here, at the head of Spring creek enough fine spring waters pour out of the rocks to supply the city of Fort Worth. It makes a stream so clear that you can count the speckles on a trout lying at the bottom of a ten-foot pool. San Angelo people are planning to pipe this water right into the city. It will mean the cutting down of mountains and bridging of ravines and the spending of much money. But when it is accomplished the city will have a supply of water second to none in the state except it be Memphis, for spring water has been running through Memphis hyd-

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Good Pictures

More Railroad Coming.

So far San Angelo has had but one railroad, the Santa Fe. but in a short time there will be more. The Orient has completed its grade to the city and has even graded the spot to be used as the yards and erected the piers on which the bridge is to be placed. Trains will be running this fall. In a few years the line will be completed on to the border and then the city will have a real trunk line. In addition there is a line to Sterling City talked of and several feasible projects to connect with San Antonio. All of these will not be built, of course, but some of them will and each one will boost the city a little further toward the realization of its citizen's hopes.

The limited railroad facilities have been supplemented by freighters and automobiles and the man who thinks an automobile lacks picturesqueness should see those at San Angelo. Every morning they leave the Landon hotel for Sterling City, Big Springs, Sherwood, Sonora, Ozona, and other Texas towns loaded until the car is almost lost to sight in bundles. The roads are all good—the finest auto road in the state is to be found in dry weather between San Angelo and Ballinger—and the cars make long journeys in a day. Most of them are battle-scarred veterans, but they cover the distance, with suit cases strapped on the running board, mail bags tied over the hood, passengers filling the seats and small baggage tied on the tops. It is an automobile country and even the weather beaten old freighters, who haul immense loads of merchandise to the interior towns have learned to look on the autos as fellow travelers and share the roads with them uncomplainingly.

The general outside idea of the land around San Angelo is that it is too dry for farming and suitable only to the raising of goats and sheep. It is true that there is little danger of a crop being spoiled by too much rain but the rainfall has been increasing annually as the land is settled up and tilled. Down thirty miles south of San Angelo a bunch of thrifty farmers settled. They were not worried about drouths but set to work to build an irrigation ditch from the spring to which San Angelo looks for a water supply. The ditch is eight miles long and traverses a valley as prosperous and fertile as one would care to see. Today the corn and alfalfa in that valley would make farmers envious and could be compared to any in the state.

Still Picturesque.

With all of its rapid growth San Angelo has not quit being picturesque. On any bright day the streets are full of enough red sashed and sombreroed Mexicans to fill a kodak film with interesting pictures. Some of these sashed Mexicans pay taxes on considerable city property, but they haven't quit being picturesque—they can't help it. Then there are the freighters wagons and the spurred and booted cowboys who are more like the stage cowboys than any others extant in Texas.

The Mexicans look well with the old building of Fort Concho as a background.

San Angelo hasn't reached the manicure stage yet. The only woman in town who peroxide her hair has to send away for the chemicals and in the Landon hotel where the meals are served "a la carte" as well as "table d'hôte" one can go coatless without losing the respect of the head waiter. But these incidents are of no importance and will be attended to by the rising generation, many of whom have been educated in New York. The present generation is one of building and all are now intent on three story bricks, while a six story sky tickler is now being planned. San Angelo is going to surprise Texas some of these days and it will not be very long either.

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Dallas	107	59	48	551
Fort Worth	108	55	53	509
Shreveport	104	52	52	500
Waco	107	41	66	383
Galveston	105	39	65	371

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San Antonio	5 10 1
Oklahoma City	2 10 3

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At Shreveport.

R. H. E.	
Houston	4 8 2
Shreveport	1 3 1

Batteries: Shreveport, Beeker and Garvin; Houston, Rose and Gordon.

At Dallas.

R. H. E.	
Galveston	3 10 5
Dallas	4 10 1

Batteries: Galveston, Crabble and Quisser; Dallas, Peters and Onslow.

At Fort Worth.

R. H. E.	
Waco	9 10 6
Fort Worth	10 12 4

Batteries: Waco, Miller, Barenkamp and White; Fort Worth, Burk, Powell, Brady and McKay.
 (Ten innings.)

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at together, st-calf Wed way we ca and pulli r throug ed other t got but to the n her down as if w ask a man eat to br want what a spare. w, this is to the Yal to your r s can, then that's wh pling. are going