

The Pecos Enterprise

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AND PECOS TIMES

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TOYAH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA PRESENTS SPLENDID RECITAL TO PLEASED AUDIENCE AT PECOS

Music lovers of Pecos and the surrounding country received a treat Thursday night when the Toyah School Orchestra, assisted by Mrs. Lillian Butler, soprano, of Pecos, gave a repertoire of pieces ranging from light, airy fantasies to selections of grand opera.

The Orchestra were laboring under difficulties, in as much as from ten to fifteen of the members could not get on the stage, yet in spite of this difficulty the program went through without a hitch.

The Toyah orchestra has only been in existence two school terms but under the capable leadership of Mr. E. L. Harp and his talented wife, this organization has been brought up to a high standard. There were no "kid" selections played last night; all of the music was of the best.

While no one member can be praised over the others, the Enterprise wishes to comment on the playing of Edgar Ingerson, a ten-year-old boy, playing violin. While his chubby fingers could hardly reach the full length of the neck, he never missed a note, and during the marches put the pep they deserve in his playing. Swaying with the beat of the music, Edgar came over strong in the marches, while his playing in the other selections was up with the rest of them.

Bill Seay, another of the "kids," took the house by storm with his cornet solo, "Song of the Night." He was encored and came back with another selection just as good as the first. The pure, clear tones of his cornet led the orchestra and was heard in every part of the theatre.

The selection "Apple Blossoms," number 8a on the program, was rendered practically at sight. The score for this did not come until a few days ago, and the organization had had only one rehearsal on this selection. Yet they played this as if they had practiced for years on it. It was one of the finest examples of sight playing one could ever hope to hear.

Too much emphasis cannot be put on the director, Mr. E. L. Harp, to whose untiring patience and ability for leadership this organization was made possible. He took these untrained school children in hand and made an orchestra out of them. He not only made an orchestra, but he made an organization that is becoming famous, an organization all of Reeves county, all of Texas, can be proud of.

Mr. Harp and his wife are ranch people from Toyah, and own a well appointed ranch at that place. They are both musicians of more than common ability, and both have that power of leadership that makes them both loved and obeyed by the children in their organization.

Judge Ross, being unable to come, turned his part of the program over to Henry Russell, a Pecos lawyer. Mr. Russell was not sure whether he would have to dance or sing, but after finding out that only a few remarks were required of him, he rose to the occasion nobly and praised the Orchestra highly.

The vocal solo, "Harp of Delight," sung by Mrs. Lillian Butler, scored a success. Mrs. Butler has a wonderful soprano voice, and cannot be too highly praised. As one man expressed it last night, "Mrs. Butler—well, she is just Mrs. Butler." That's all; she is just Mrs. Butler, and no flowery words can be more praise than that simple statement.

The Enterprise wishes to call the attention of its readers to the fact that when Mr. Harp started this organization only one of the members had ever played a musical instrument, with the exception of the piano. They were absolutely untrained, and under the powerful influence of Mr. and Mrs. Harp, they were welded together into the forty-piece orchestra that was heard last night.

Wednesday night the orchestra gave a recital at Toyah, the same selections being played that were given here. At that place they were also assisted by Mrs. Lillian Butler.

The complete program follows:

1. Jubilee Overture.
2. Love's Sweet Longing.
3. March—Stars and Stripes Forever.
4. Selection from "The Trovatore."
5. Song of the Night—Cornet solo by Bill Seay.
6. March—Gateway to the South. Remarks by Henry Russell.
7. Overture—Midnight Dream.
8. Apple Blossoms.
9. Intermezzo—Cavalleria Rusticana.
10. Teddy Bear's Picnic.
11. Harp of Delight—Vocal solo by Mrs. Lillian Butler.
12. Enchantment.
13. March—Color Guard.
14. Encore selection.

The following is the personnel of the Toyah Orchestra:

Violins: Mrs. M. A. Grisham, Esther Harkness, Mabel Patrick, Florence Burchard, Josephine Grisham, Helen Butrum, Messrs. L. Harkness, A. H. Bruce, Floyd Hosie, Bernice Johnson, Tootsie Seay, Barney Humphries, Edgar Ingerson, Henry Derrick, and Richard Lynn.

Violoncellos: Misses Norine Hosie and Hannah Harkness.

Clarinet: Wendell Powell, Odell Colburn, Robert Simpson, J. T. Henderson.

ACRES OF DIAMONDS IN TEXAS RESOURCES

Charlie Watson, of the Midland Reporter, usually has a level head, and is a versatile writer. In the following interesting article he hit the nail squarely on the head. Read it, it will do you, who have the idea that the end of the rainbow is just ahead, good. The article in question follows:

"The Reporter is ever a champion of home institutions. We believe in Midland, in Midland county, in West Texas, in Texas—then in the South, and then in our country as a whole—and in this sliding scale is the measure of our championship always. It is our doctrine to patronize the home merchants, home institutions in all things possible, then the nearer home, the better.

"The noted lecturer, Russell H. Conwell told the story of a successful farmer by the name of Ali Hafed, who lived near the river Indus in ancient Persia. He was contented, happy and prosperous until he was told by a Buddhist priest, a wise man of the East, of the formation of minerals, and finally of the diamond, describing it as a "congealed drop of sunlight." Said the priest: "For a diamond the size of your thumb you can purchase an entire country, a diamond mine would place all your children on thrones." Ali Hafed awoke the next morning discontented—nothing but a diamond mine would satisfy him. Selling his farm, leaving his wife and children with friends, he began his hunt for a diamond mine. Starting at the mountain of the Moon, he wandered about until he reached Palestine—after a tiresome search he reached Europe, and eventually arrived at the shores of the Bay of Barcelona. By this time he was a perfect type of wretchedness, in rags and poverty. Looking at the great waves that dashed between the Pillars of Hercules, he cast himself into the sea, ending his life.

"Shortly after Ali Hafed had departed on his search for a diamond mine, the man to whom he had sold the farm, leading a camel into the garden to drink, saw shining from the water a stone of great brilliance. He took the stone to the house and when the priest came he pronounced it a diamond. So the finding of this stone was the beginning of the great Golconda diamond mine, which is credited with excellent Kimberly and produced the great Kohinoor and Orloff crown jewels of England and Russia. Ali Hafed's farm abounded in diamonds of the finest sort.

"We have acres of diamonds right here in Texas says T. M. Knebel, vice president of Texas State Manufacturing Association. They are all about us. If we are to find these riches we must begin at home, in our own community. Take for instance the matter of supporting the industries of Texas and those of every community within the State. So we give preference in our purchases to Texas-Made Products? What are we, the citizens of Texas, doing to help keep the 150,000 workers in our industries employed? The manufacturers of Texas do not desire to build a fence about the State in order to keep out products from other sections. This would be foolish, for we need the products from other sections—they need ours. However, if we expect the industries of every community in Texas to grow and expand, we as citizens of this grand old State, must do our part by giving preference in our contracts and purchases to Texas made products. We have no fight to make with the manufacturers and business houses located thousands of miles away, but we do want to reward the good people of Texas that the manufacturers, jobbers, merchants and business men of Texas are making it possible for the State to grow, for they support our State government, our schools, our churches, and respond to the hundreds of calls made up on them for worthy causes, and the money we spend with them stays here in circulation—in our own community and State.

"It is indeed a poor citizen who makes his living within the State of Texas, yet at every opportunity seems to take pride in sending his Texas made money out of the State for the comforts and necessities of life. Stand back of your 'Home Merchant, stand back of the industries of Texas, stand back of our architects, contractors, and the professional men of Texas. Learn to live at home, for in no other way will a community prosper. If we spend our money for products made in Texas, we get a second chance at the same old dollar; when that dollar goes out of the State, it's 'Good-bye, Mary.'"

"Texas needs capital for a greater development of her industries. Capital should be encouraged in the making of investments in Texas, and capital should be made to feel that after the investment is made, that it will be protected in its rights. Let us all work for a Greater Texas."

FEDERAL COURT ADJOURNED

UNTIL SEPTEMBER

According to a telegram received Thursday by Deputy Clerk W. W. Deah from United States District Judge W. R. Smith, the Pecos Division of the Court, which had been scheduled to convene in Pecos on May 14th, will not be held at that time, owing to lack of sufficient business on the docket to justify the Judge coming to Pecos for the May term.

The present term will be adjourned until the regular September term, unless unforeseen business demands the calling of a special term in the meantime.

The date of the next regular session of the Court will be the fourth Monday in September, next.

MARRIED IN BIG SPRING

Jim Slover and Miss Minnie Hedge were married at the home of the bride's parents in Big Spring Monday, April 30. Jim is a son of Mrs. W. A. Hendrix, who both and reared in Pecos. He was an overseas veteran in the recent World War. He is of exemplary character. He is an expert mechanic, with employment in the T. & P. shops at Big Spring. The bride is beautiful, practical and will be a real helpmate. Jim is to be congratulated on winning to fair a lady. They came up Tuesday for a few days visit with his mother and other relatives. The Enterprise extends congratulations and wishes them, "bon voyage" on the matrimonial barque of life.

Miss Bebe Smith and Jamie Duncan. Sponsors: Miss Bernard. Grooms: Gage Van Horn, Bill Seay, J. L. Duncan and Mackie McAlpine. French Horns: Tom Simpson and Clarence Scholz. Trombones: Ernest Harp, Byron Johnson and Jack Seay. Euphonium: Bishop Humphries. Basses: E. G. Bernard, A. O. Harris, Joe Crow and Ted Seay. Drums and Bells: Mrs. Clyde Cargill. Piano: Mrs. E. L. Harp. Director: E. L. Harp.

The Toyah School Orchestra is indebted to Mr. and Mrs. L. Harkness, of Toyah, for the use of their piano for the concert, and to the Toyah Motor Company for the use of a truck to haul the piano and large instruments from Toyah to Pecos.

NO ONE KNOWS ORIGIN OF WILDCAT

There is one term in oildom, the origin of which history fails to record.

The first man who called a discovery well a wildcat is like the man who wrote beautiful verses and signed them "Anon."

Just why a well in a new district is called a wildcat, no one knows, but wildcat it is, and oil men have gone so far as to term a well in an untested territory the wildest of wildcats.

But as soon as the wildcat comes in—produces oil, it loses its peculiar name, and is hailed as a "discovery" well. Every oil field in the world has had its wildcat, but the wildcat is now listed as the discovery well, and is honored and revered for its work in proving new production territory.

Wildcat is not necessarily a term of derision, in fact, it has become a term accepted as indicating a sort of a pioneer spirit in the petroleum world. It is an honorable term and should not be misconstrued by the general public. If it were not for the wildcat, there would be no oil wells in existence today, for we must have our wildcat before we have our proved production area. There is no pioneering that requires more courage and imposes greater hardships.

If the operator who wildcats fails to get oil, condemnation is generally his reward. If he succeeds, he is showered with honor as having discovered or opened up new territory. The finder is soon forgotten, but the thing he has found counts with mankind. The wildcat works alone on his isolated lease, but as soon as he strikes oil, he has many neighbors, for operators flock in great droves to new proven territory, but shun it until the wildcat brings in his well, or until he strikes sufficient oil sand to indicate paying production.

Thus the term has come into the general use in the petroleum world, and it probably will always be used until someone creates a name better indicating the nature of a lonely well in a new territory.—Oil Reporter.

A CORRECTION

The Enterprise, being human, makes mistakes the same as any other, and having to deal with all manner of people and subjects probably makes these mistakes more often than the mass of people. It is the intention and purpose of the Enterprise to deal fairly with all men and all subjects and does so in so far as his limited knowledge goes. However, when a subject presents itself which appears to be for the good of the people it is handled without fear or favor.

In a recent issue of the Enterprise the matter of a difficulty between Otto Hoefs and J. C. Wilson was written up and published which was rather harsh but at the same time, had the street reports been correct, as the writer sees it, no more harsh than the subject demanded for the good of the people.

Mr. Hoefs was in to see the editor Monday and states that the statements made in the Enterprise were not true; that in the first place he never used profanity, and after having run accounts with the Pecos Mercantile for several months and paying his bills he was refused credit and remarked, "That is a hell of a way to do business," and that was not in a boisterous tone and was the worst language used by him. He also states that he never struck the first lick and is fully able to take care of himself with any man the size of his opponent. Mr. Hoefs acted as a gentleman when in this office and talked the matter over courteously and the editor is pleased to give his side of the question and states that in view of the statements the article was not justified and the Enterprise is sorry it was published.

Mr. Hoefs is of Saragosa's substantial farmers and is well liked by his neighbors, all of whom get credit at the stores at some time of the year, which is no discredit to any of them. The Enterprise hopes these statements will be satisfactory to all concerned and close the matter.

In connection with this matter it might be well to state that no member of the Pecos Mercantile force had anything to do with the publication of the article in question.

FLAMING ALCOHOL BURNS HAND

Pat Moran, one of our contemporaries, was badly burned this morning by alcohol. (Pat was burned externally, not internally). While lighting the gasoline burner under their Mergenthaler linotype, the generating pan in some manner spilt the flaming alcohol on his hand. Pat states that he looked like the statue of Liberty when he discovered himself on fire. His arm and wrist are badly blistered, but although painful the burns are not serious. The Enterprise extends their regrets for this accident and hopes Pat will soon be able to use that hand again.

CARD OF THANKS

Through the Enterprise I wish to express my gratitude to the people of Toyah for their thoughtfulness and liberality. The loss of my home was a severe blow, but it proved friendship's ties, and I am grateful for every word of sympathy, and for every gift to me or mine.

MRS. CLAUDIA SEAY.

Mrs. C. T. Dean and baby son left the early part of the week for their home in Dallas after a visit of several days with her sister, Mrs. Max Krauskopf and family.

BELL FINDS MORE OIL AND GAS— OTHER LEASES FAIL TO REPORT TO THE ENTERPRISE EDITOR

OIL GAME NOT FOR IMPATIENT PEOPLE

The Oil Reporter, published at Los Angeles, California, under date of April 21st, has several good stories which are worthy of reproduction. Among them is the following relative to the oil business. The article in question deals with that phase of the business which says "Oil Business is a Poor Business for Impatient People" and is as follows:

"The oil business is a poor business for impatient people. If you want an oil well in 24 hours, you are bound to be disappointed.

You can't go 4000 or 5000 feet in the ground in a day, and the man who tries is a failure before he starts. It takes patience and work, more patience and more work, to bring in a good oil well, but like everything else, the man who gives these things in the oil business, the investors who boost rather than knock, are the ones who win the biggest in the end. Any reward that comes after waiting is always a bigger reward than the one that comes too easy.

It is a noteworthy fact that in many California oil fields, the wells that took the longest to get were the best when they came in. Take the Bell No. 2. It took two years to get that well, but see what it meant to its owners when it did come in. Then, there is the Standard's South Whittier No. 1, started December 28, 1921, and completed November 10, 1922. Even Julian No. 1 was almost nine months getting its 8000 barrels. The Parkfield, in which many people are interested, took eighteen months to bring to successful production.

Out on Signal Hill, one of the most notable examples in that field was started in August, 1922, and did not come in until March, 1923, but, in the first ten days it flowed over 35,000 barrels into the receiving tank, and is still flowing at better than 3000 barrels per day.

These and hundreds of others could be cited as examples of the fact that patience and hard work in the oil business brings success, where impatience and fret brings failure.

PECOS BOYS TO AUSTIN

On Tuesday of this week, headed by Supt. R. B. Norman, W. D. Cowan, Edmund Caroline, John Wilson, Charles Weyer and Adam Ross left for Austin where they will attend the State scholastic meet to decide the winners of the Class A tournament in field and debate to be held at Austin Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week.

Adam Ross and John Wilson will enter the debate; Charles Weyer is representing Pecos in the tennis singles; Edmund Caroline, one of the best high school runners in the State, will take part in the dashes; W. D. Cowan is our broad jumper, and he will also enter the middle-distance runs and the relay; John Wilson, besides the debate, will enter the mile run.

We are expecting the boys to gather in some points, in order to show Midland and the State that we still have athletes at our school. Midland defeated Pecos in the district tournament held at that place, and she is also sending a team to Austin to try and keep Pecos out of the winner's class. We "kinda" have the idea that Midland is going to wake up and find herself beaten by these boys of ours.

RULE OR BREAK SYSTEM

The Artesia (New Mexico) Advocate, published about one hundred and twenty-five miles away up the Pecos river, is much concerned about the way Pecos business men do business. The Enterprise has been a resident of Pecos and Reeves county for sixteen years and but for the Advocate probably would never have known the real facts in the case. However this may be, our people appear to be satisfied and trade with our wholesale merchants and so far as the Enterprise has learned never a kick has been made. However this may be, if a single family has suffered for the necessities of life in Pecos since his advent into this section he has never heard of it. The Advocate is unduly worried about the affairs of the people of Pecos in the following paragraph:

"Down at Pecosopolis there is a store that sells almost everything at a profit sometimes; and at other times below cost just to drive out competition. Just any old price goes so they cut the throat of the other fellow and drive him out of town. This store has been known to wholesale a certain commodity to a merchant in that town and then sell to their retail customers at a price under that made to the retail merchant. It is sometimes to be wondered if it isn't really true as sometimes claimed that wealth has no heart or soul, that its owners will sell below cost to force away the last dollar a man has for the support of his wife and children.

Mrs. Aubrey Wolf arrived this week from Dalhart for a visit with her sister, Mrs. S. C. Vaughan and family.

THE BELL WELL

The crew at the Bell well encountered the first of the week a sand which is very much more productive in oil than any yet found in the hole. It also furnished a considerable increase in gas. When they attempted to bail down the water packer which they have been carrying to prevent mishaps due to the force of the gas, it was found that water was coming into the hole from about forty-three hundred feet. The well is now shut down awaiting casing to shut off this water in order that the sand at the bottom of the hole may be tested out. The management has every confidence that when this water is shut off they will have a good commercial producer.

FORT STOCKTON FIELD

(Fort Stockton Pioneer)

Drilling for oil in the Fort Stockton field has been progressing very satisfactorily the past week.

The new cable for the Grant No. 6, on section 19, block 140, has been received and drilling resumed.

The setting of 10-inch casing in the 592 well on section 592, C. C. & S. F. railway survey, has been completed and drilling resumed and reported making satisfactory progress.

The engine for the Quinby and associates well on section 19, block 140, arrived the latter part of last week. As soon as the roads are dry enough to pass over them with the big gasoline engine, it will be moved to the drilling site and drilling on this well immediately commenced.

The Troy well on section 20, block 140, is still waiting on material.

H. J. Blumhof and wife of Kansas City, Mo., and Peter Simpkin of Santa Monica, Calif., were here the first of the week looking over the possibilities of the Fort Stockton oil field.

ARTESIA OIL FIELD

(Artesia Advocate)

A sample of oil sand taken from Illinois No. 3 well was brought to town Tuesday and tested out. It reacted to the test splendidly, and the owners feel highly encouraged by the showing. Oil experts who saw the sand and the discoloration of chemicals used were strongly of the opinion that the oil stratum is not far away.

The Keyes & Gray Bros. well, situated about six miles southeast of Artesia, started drilling Tuesday. The cable for the derrick arrived last week, has been adjusted, and operations will now go on to get results. The new owners took over the property for that purpose, and with the facilities at hand and the necessary financial resources will no doubt realize expectations within a reasonable time. Former owners at a depth of 900 feet had capped the well and it is from this depth that drilling will continue. Encouraged by the probability of striking the oil sands within a further depth of from fifty to a hundred feet, judging by the depth at which encountered in the Brown well, the operators feel confident of bringing in a well in a very short time. The outlook is very favorable to their success.

An oil man from the newly-developed Arkansas field has been stopping in town for a few days looking over this field and taking note of the developments now under way around Artesia. He is Mr. L. M. Austin, of Russellville, Ark. and is now stopping at the Hardwick. He is very favorably impressed with the prospects here, and says this is the best "wildcat" field he has ever seen, and that he would like to acquire some interests here.

Miley Hawkins, president of the Eureka Oil Company, was called to Kansas the first of last week, on account of the serious illness of his father.

R. D. Hawkins, secretary of the Eureka Oil Company, has returned Monday from a two week's visit to El Paso, on business.

REPORT SEEING TWO DEER

BETWEEN HERE AND TOYAH

Four oil men, coming from El Paso through Pecos, and stopping at the Orient Hotel Thursday night, report that they came very near getting themselves a deer Thursday night. These gentlemen, W. E. Troy of Fort Stockton, Jas. Flanagan of Charlotte, N. C., Manly Baker, also of Charlotte, N. C., and Herman Block of New York, were traveling from El Paso via car. About nine o'clock that evening they were merrily wending their way between Toyah and Hermosa, when suddenly two deer jumped across the road just ahead of the car. One was not agile enough to get out of the way and the car struck him (or her, we don't know which) squarely amidships. The deer was evidently crippled, but limped away in the darkness.

This is the first time for quite a while that a deer has been seen in this immediate vicinity. But if they are getting so thick as to endanger harmless automobilists on a public highway, the matter should be taken up with the State Game and Fish Warden, and methods taken to prevent these animals from roaming the highways.

THAT'S DIFFERENT
 Conductor (on train in Germany):
 "Say, you can't bring that in here. All
 heavy baggage in the car ahead."
 American Tourist: "That ain't baggage
 —that's my purse—I just exchanged \$100
 U. S. money for your German marks."

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**FRANCE HAS MADE LONG
 STRIDES TOWARD RE-
 COVERY RECENTLY**

Emil Utard, President of Franco-American Board of Commerce, Tells of Nation's Accomplishments, then Points Out How U. S. Tariff Reacts Against Our Own Producers and Hinders French Economic Adjustment.

New York, May 4.—Separated by thousands of miles from France, Americans fail to realize what wonderful reconstruction work has been accomplished since November 11th, 1918, by that nation which so gallantly bore the burden of fighting during the war and found itself thereafter with a burden of damages estimated at approximately 218,000,000,000 francs. In this figure is not counted the now missing productive value of four million maimed or dead men.

Consider for a moment the appalling disaster which the war brought to France. One-thirteenth of her country devastated, 741,883 buildings destroyed, also 22,900 factories destroyed; 3,500 miles of railroads, 3,300 miles of highways, eight systems of canals badly damaged, 9,116,383 acres of land rendered practically useless. In this land were 436,230,000 cubic yards of trenches to be filled, barbed wire to be removed from an area of 446,108,000 square yards, and over one million of ammunition shells to be destroyed or removed. The number of refugees compelled to find shelter elsewhere amounted to 4,690,183. Stupendous figures—and true.

France Has Accomplished Much Since Armistice.
 But France was undaunted and quickly the tremendous work of reconstruction was started, with the following results, covering the period ending August 31st, 1922:

Trenches filled 364,435,450 cubic yards.
 Barbed wire removed from an area of 340,774,224 square yards.
 Lying shells destroyed, 1,033,793.
 Land readapted to cultivation, 4,366,998 acres.
 498,721 buildings and 19,923 factories rebuilt.

Roads, canals and railroads nearly all rebuilt.
 Over four million refugees have now returned to the devastated regions, but unfortunately a large number of them are yet living in dugouts, shanties and portable houses, since the roads, canals, railroads and factories had to be reconstructed first.

France has shown courage, not only in reconstruction, but she is making tremendous efforts to produce and export goods to aid in speedy economic recovery. The result is remarkable. The foreign trade of France in 1922 exceeded in tonnage that of 1913, according to these official figures:

Imports	1922 Tons	1913 Tons
	51,266,706	44,230,386
Exports	22,615,688	20,074,513

Struggle Now Is For Speedy Economic Recovery

The old French tariff being specific, i. e., the rates being set per head, pair, 1,000 pieces of 100 kilos, etc., it had to be modified to conform with the tremendous advance in values brought about by the war and after-war conditions. Coefficients, therefore, were resorted to progressively as conditions warranted. Other countries with tariffs based on specific rates had to do likewise. Unfortunately, this procedure seems to have been taken as a hint by such politicians as are called high protectionists, and their agitation has found so much echo in the United States among special interests that even the American tariff with ad valorem rates was deemed inadequate to cope with changed values.

This gave rise to a movement which, in spite of the most violent opposition, has resulted in a tariff now considered by many as detrimental to America as it is to foreign interests.

U. S. Tariff Reacting in Loss Even to Producers
 To judge from reports recently published, the Fordney tariff does not seem to have proved a success even for those it was supposed to give unreserved protection and prosperity. The American Farm Bureau Federation has figured out that the new tariff costs the farmers \$301,000,000 a year. It fixes at \$125,000,000 the gain to the farmers as producers, but estimates that the agricultural interests will be required to pay \$426,000,000 in increased prices on other commodities. The high duty on sugar alone means the farmers must help enrich sugar producers to the extent of \$48,000,000.

The Fordney law has shut out of the American market, because of its prohibitive rates, a number of articles for which there shall always be a demand here and which Americans will never be able to make. On this point the Fordney tariff is far-reaching in its effects in France, which, generally speaking, makes a specialty of exclusive lines, many of them luxuries.

This is why in many industrial centers of France could be formerly found manufacturers working almost wholly for the American market, who have now lost their trade with this country because of prohibitive rates.

What is the meaning of such adverse conditions created in France by the Fordney tariff? A strong reaction against American goods in general and an inducement for French people to buy all they can in countries where the franc is at a premium.

BLONDE BESS SAYS—
 "I never play cards—but if I did, I would be a sanitary gambler like the sailor boys. It says in a book I'm reading that they wash the decks before they play."

**SAFE FARMING BUILT
 AROUND SURPLUS OF FEED**

This is the year when plans should be made for the building up of a new reserve feed supply to fill the stack lots and bins which will be exhausted before the summer reaches us. A safe and profitable farming scheme in West Texas is built around a stored surplus of feed on the farm to tide over any emergency of low production. There are fewer stacks of feed to be found around the farms, and also a smaller supply of grain in the bin than has been the case for several years. The normal reserve of roughage and grain has been drawn upon both this year and last and before harvest time this fall not only will this reserve have disappeared but in many cases the feed supply will have been exhausted.

This condition means that not only a normal acreage of feed should be planted but sufficient to replenish the reserve supply and have a year's needs ahead. This is one problem which most farmers will have in common this year and one which, aside from being a difficult one to solve, in the face of present inclinations and cotton flirring around the 30-cent mark, is apt to be one of considerable importance. This is certainly true if the decision is to put off for another year the matter of sowing a liberal acreage in feed crops. It is, however, going to take more than a forked pencil to figure out how the cotton area can be increased from 30 to 40 per cent over last year and still increase the feed acreage above that of 1922 without enlarging the farm considerably. This is precisely the problem that farmers in general are facing now and it is to be hoped that the feed crop will not be slighted.—R. E. Karper, in the Progressive Farmer.

**BRAZIL LOOKED TO
 FOR MORE COTTON**

The Boston News Bureau, a publication which may be said to represent to a great degree the interests of the Eastern cotton mills, joins in the British cry for "new sources of cotton" and looks to Brazil as a promising field.

The News Bureau says:
 "Near approach to a cotton famine has put fresh emphasis on the need for new sources of cotton. The prospect, for probably an indefinite span of years, is that demand will press closely on the heels of supply, even if by one or another device of poison or mechanics the reign of the boll weevil in our own South is broken. Whether shall the spinning world turn? Is not the most likely candidate for succession our South American friend, Brazil?"

A continuing close margin if not an actual dearth of cotton is clearly suggested by often cited figures of cotton supply, consumption and stocks. The problem is for more than this or next season if weevil ravages persist or are only slowly subdued; if the South continues to turn to a wider agriculture and to a new extension of industry, absorbing more of its labor supply; and if, on the demand end, uses of cotton fabric are further to develop in volume and variety. Back of these factors are the garment needs of great populations slowly reaching to a higher material civilization in the Orient.

"The earnest quest for new fields of cotton supply within the British empire, as dictated by the imperative needs of Lancashire, has been now a matter of a good many years, without important results as yet, in Africa or elsewhere. Egypt and India have failed to expand in response to the need. The long-staple Egyptian crop, limited by physical dimensions of area, has also encountered special adversities that have cut down the yield. Political unrest is not a promising factor. India, also not entirely tranquil politically and socially, seems unable to increase its output or to lengthen the short staple of its coarse cotton.

"Recent survey of the Brazilian field by delegates to the International Cotton Conference in Rio emphasized the opportunity of Brazil to step into the breach. The report on that survey made currently to the National Association of Cotton Manufacturers by the American delegate, W. Irving Bullard, notes a total available cotton area of 75,000,000 acres, or greater than our own South—endowed with qualities of climate and soil easily capable of multiplying manifold the present Brazilian yield of 600,000 bales. Were Brazil to multiply that yield by 10 within the next few years, its contribution to the cotton equation would be highly serviceable to the world and greatly profitable to itself.

"Cotton is actually indigenous to Brazil. Samples of long-staple variety can be plucked wild in the northern highlands. In these nearly equatorial plateau staples ranging higher than one and a quarter inches can easily be raised. Some of these varieties are "perennial," the plant continuing its growth and bearing 10 to 20 years. In the cooler, more southerly region, large yields per acre of our American upland grade can be raised. Insect damage seems negligible.

"What Brazil needs most is capital, population and cotton-raising skill. Hitherto there has been the most careless and ignorant planting, picking, grading, etc. With the government awakening to need of seed farms, instruction, better culture, etc., with the gradual growth of population—helped by our own drastic policy of restriction—and the influx of capital, a large future should lie ahead of Brazil in cotton.

"It has lost supremacy in rubber. It has not been over-fortunate lately in coffee. Meanwhile it has been fiscally a bit extravagant. Does not cotton offer a vast possibility of profit and service?"
 All of which sounds very interesting. More than that, it is illuminating with respect to the international character of the cotton-spinning interests.

**CHEMISTS THINK MILKWEED
 WILL PRODUCE RUBBER**

Detroit, April 25.—If experiments of Henry Ford and Thomas Edison are successful, high grade rubber may soon be made from milkweed.

Ford and Edison have for some time past, it was learned, been experimenting with plants to which family the milkweed belongs, with the aim of producing a rapid growing plant from which rubber can be made. The raw material is now obtained from trees which take many years to grow.

Ford's chemists are making daily experiments with the idea also of utilizing the weeds to produce resin and other ingredients going into paints and varnishes. The perennial nature of these weeds affords no opportunity for more than one crop a year.—Fort Worth Star-Telegram.

**MERCHANTS SHOULD
 ADVERTISE MORE**

Following is the authoritative advice of the great Babson agency:

During the next few months local merchants should advertise. National manufacturers are utilizing the great power of advertising in the distribution of their products. The successful department stores are also using large space in the newspapers, but the smaller retailer has yet failed to advertise as he should. Perhaps this is why he is small—one cannot tell. There surely is some reason why the people flock to one merchant and pass by another. Statistics certainly indicate that the season is closely connected with the advertising. Let me also take this occasion to urge retailers to use the newspapers in a dignified way rather than attempting to use bill-boards and novelty contrivances. During the past two months I have motored considerably throughout different sections of the country. At almost every cross-road is some sort of a sign, a windmill or something else sold to one bank or merchant who thought he had discovered a cheaper or more effective method of advertising than his newspaper. As a matter of fact he unconsciously disfigures the highways, endangers life and makes enemies instead of friends. Merchandising is a profession and should be treated in a dignified way. Moreover, how banks can adopt such cheap appearing methods of publicity is beyond the comprehension of most business men. Yet I understand the temptation, having once fallen for outdoor advertising myself much against the advice of the advertising agency that handles our copy.

Instead of worrying about chain stores the independent retailer should copy their good features and avoid their pitfalls. The chain stores are revolutionizing retailing. They are introducing many good features from which every retailer should profit. But chain stores have many troubles ahead. When their employees organize into a labor union—as is inevitable with such big units—then the independent merchant will again have a great opportunity. I, however, do believe that it would be wise for independent merchants to get together more among themselves and form small chains which they themselves can control. Personally I should not want to struggle with one lone grocery store, but had just as soon have a group of a dozen grocery stores.

General business is good. The Babson chart stands today at 3 per cent above normal compared with 16 per cent below normal a year ago.

ATTENTION! BATTERY SALE

We have a reduction on all sizes of Exide Batteries. Call and get our prices before purchasing elsewhere. We have the right battery and size for your car. Ford batteries reduced from \$21.85 to \$16.50, for a short while only.—Stack's Battery Station, Phone No. 7. 34-tf. (Advertisement)

Cotton itself is one of the chief assets of the United States. Even in the present world situation and with the limited production of the past two years, nearly half of the crop is exported and it forms the chief single export of the United States. The domestic mills have never consumed more than half of the crop, and even that condition has grown up only since the outbreak of the World War in 1914, and there is no assurance that it will be permanent. In any event, the time will never come when American mills will consume all the cotton produced in America. It will always be one of our chief assets in international trade.

And yet here is an American publication crying out for foreign production of cotton. This sentiment in the cotton trade must be recognized. It is not enough to "pooh-pooh" the idea of cotton production in new fields. It may be altogether feasible to create a cotton-growing industry of great proportions in Brazil. What must be recognized is the motive behind such sentiment. What these gentlemen want is cheaper cotton. And that means cotton produced at a lower standard of living than that which only recently has been achieved by the Southern cotton grower. They may not be conscious of it, but they are seeking ways to restore the condition of "cotton slavery" under which the South has struggled for years. They talk about the boll weevil and other things, but the truth is they have not yet come to the point where they are willing to pay a fair return to the producer permanently.

In the face of this there is no course for the Southern producer but to continue to perfect the machinery of co-operation for the production and marketing of cotton. And if the efforts to create new fields of production in other countries succeed, the producers' efforts must become international also and co-operation must be spread to these fields. But meantime it is a short-sighted policy on the part of the spinners. It is to the interest of the whole industry to place the producer on a sound business foundation.—Farm and Ranch.

**STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MAN-
 AGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY
 THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24,
 1912, OF THE PECOS ENTERPRISE AND
 TIMES, PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT PECOS,
 TEXAS, FOR APRIL, 1923.**

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared John Hibdon, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor-owner-manager of the Pecos Enterprise and Times and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:
 Name of— Post office address—
 Publisher John Hibdon, Pecos, Texas.
 Editor John Hibdon, Pecos, Texas.
 Managing Editor John Hibdon, Pecos, Texas.
 Business Manager John Hibdon, Pecos, Texas.
2. That the owners are John Hibdon, Pecos, Texas.
3. That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: The Mortgage Lintype Company of New York, N. Y.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing absent full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is:
 JOHN HIBDON.
 Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of April, 1923.
 (SEAL) E. L. COLLINGS,
 Notary Public, Reeves County, Texas.
 My commission expires May 31, 1924.

YES, SAY WE
 Tossie—And, as he was leaving, he
 threw me a kiss.
 Bessie—Such a lazy fellow.

Ladies calling cards neatly printed at this office.

Would you pick up a dime on the street? Then read the ads in The Enterprise. They guide you to merchants who save you dimes, and dollars, too. When it is worth advertising it is worth having.

Examinations and Reports made on Mineral, Oil and Ranch Lands
JOSEPH A. DANIEL
 VAN HORN, TEXAS

R. P. HICKS
 TRANSFER
 Coal, Wood, Kindling and Hay
PIANOS MOVED
 Without a Scratch
 Baggage Hauled Day or Night
 PHONES—Residence 181; Office 42.



WHOEVER uses them knows the quality of Goodyear Tires. He knows the greater mileage they give is a part of Goodyear quality. He knows their fine, troublefree performance is only another phase of Goodyear quality. And he has learned that the non-true tire economy is Goodyear Quality and Goodyear Service.

As Goodyear Service Station Dealers we sell and recommend the new Goodyear Cords with the beveled All-Weather Tread and back them up with standard Pecos Auto Co.
GOODYEAR
 "Western Made For Western Trade"



The Distinctive Granite of Barre, Vt.

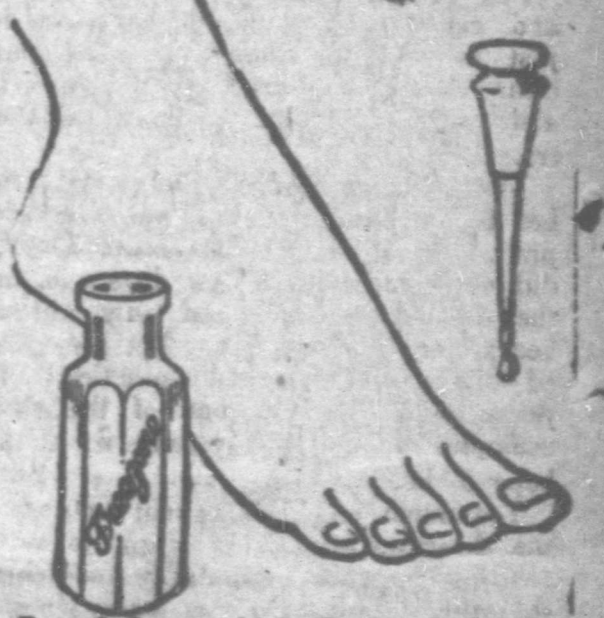
The Distinctive Granite of Barre, Vermont.

PIONEER MONUMENT COMPANY

—Write for Illustrated Folder—
 PRICES CHEERFULLY GIVEN
 3803 Alameda Ave.,
 El Paso, Texas.

LIFT OFF CORNS!

Apply few drops then lift sore, touchy corns off with fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little Frezome on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then you lift it right out. Yes, magic!
 A tiny bottle of Frezome costs but a few cents at any drug store, but is sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, corn between the toes, and the callus, without soreness or irritation.
 Frezome is the sensational discovery of a Cincinnati genius. It is wonderful.
 (Advertisement)

After Every Meal

WRIGLEYS

Chew your food well, then use WRIGLEYS to aid digestion. It also keeps the teeth clean, breath sweet, appetite keen.
 The Great American Sweetmeat



IF YOU HAVE
 Malaria, Piles, Sick Headache, Constipation, Bowels, Dumb Ache, Sour Stomach, and Belching: your food does not assimilate, you have no appetite.

Tutt's Pills
 will remedy these troubles

A TONIC

Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic restores Energy and Vitality by Purifying and Enriching the Blood. When you feel the strengthening, invigorating effect, see how it brings color to the cheeks and how it improves the appetite, you will then appreciate its true tonic value.
 Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic is simply Iron and Quinine suspended in syrup. So pleasant even children like it. The blood needs QUININE to Purify it and IRON to Enrich it. Destroys Malarial germs and Grip germs by its Strengthening, Invigorating Effect. 60c.

THAT CAMPING TRIP

(Farm and Ranch)

Seeing the Southwest presupposes seeing it with the right equipment. There is a comparatively slight margin of expense separating the difficult, tiring sort of trip from the easy, de-luxe expedition. And this slight extra expense, experience repeatedly shows, is eminently worth while if it can be reasonably afforded.

The temptation, of course, is to carry excess baggage. And for this reason, before setting foot on self-starter, it is well for Pa and Ma, little brother and little sister, to have a clear understanding of the law of limitations. All superfluous equipment should be left behind. Wardrobe trunks and spring bonnets are out of order, simple "roughing" togs, sensible shoes or boots, and only the necessary changes of clothing finding their way into the luggage.

The car should preferably have a companion on the road—a little two-wheeled vehicle coupled behind, capable of bearing the brunt of the "toting." The modern trailer is designed especially for motor-camping trips, and is perhaps the biggest factor in insuring the comfort of family tourists. It allows weary bodies to relax, and makes possible a more complete camping outfit. Riding is free, uncramped, enjoyable; there are not a million bundles underfoot.

If one has a trailer, the tent problem is already solved, for tent and trailer form a single entity. But if the two-wheeled "attachment" is somewhat beyond the vacation budget, a suitable tent that can be carried on the running board is first in importance. It should be absolutely rain-proof, well ventilated, easy to put up, exactly large enough to accommodate the party. Uneasy, uncomfortable nights are manifestly incompatible with days of bright, fresh beauty and invigorating air. More than that, they are unnecessary.

Of hardly less importance than the matter of baggage transportation and camp shelter is the little camera that shall enable the pleasure seekers to live and relive the vacation in future years. Anticipation and retrospection just about match realization itself. With a handy, inexpensive camera and a generous number of films, a complete chronicle from beginning to end is easily made. There is fun in the making of pictures, pride and happiness in viewing them later. Don't forget to take along the little friend who shall prove to be the best of observers with the finest of memories and the most faithful powers of portrayal.

Next comes tackle—good tackle, not makeshift poles and lines. Every year farmer-sportsmen come home with tales of "the big 'un that got away." A rotten line snapped at the critical moment, or a rusty hook broke, or an antiquated reel balked at precisely the worst time. A split bamboo or steel rod of the correct weight for the type of fishing contemplated, together with a reel that will lessen the likelihood of backslashing, and a complete assortment of lines and shiny hooks, will do much to insure full creels and a satisfactory supply of fish for the table. Mimow nets and creels and sometimes "waders" and artificial lures, will naturally be included.

Many is the time that a Southwestern lake or stream lies temptingly before one, with nary a boat upon it. The fish, of course, have sought the depths and shore-fishing is impracticable. Moreover, Ma and the youngsters are eager for a ride on the water to vary the voyaging upon land. It is a simple problem, and the attraction of the lake is a challenge not to be ignored. So Pa unites the portable boat, adjusts to its stern the lightweight portable motor—and whizz! we're off. Little brother's hand is dangling in the rushing waters and the cool spray forms a little rainbow in the air. Dad's line is out and he is all "set" for the vicious strike of a five-pounder bass. It takes a wealthy map to own a power-launch, but the tourist's pocketbook is often large enough to take care of the boat and motor of the automobile expedition.

By all means keep a flashlight handy. Flashlights are of inestimable advantage to motor campers who leave their cars and find it necessary to tramp "homeward" at night. They are useful in making boat landings in the dark, and for finding things in the pack after nightfall. Flashlights come in a variety of forms, suited to a variety of purposes. Some are made to fit the hat and others are adapted for carrying in the hand. A dollar and a half will cover the cost. Indispensable in the outfit, as every farmer will admit, are a good gun, a camp axe, a group of serviceable knives, a waterproof match box, a pocket compass, a small grid for cooking, the essential cooking utensils, etc.

There is no apparent end to the list of things that may be taken on a camping trip. The real problem is to decide the bare minimum necessary to real comfort. Many an "old timer" for weeks has been scrutinizing catalogs, turning over in his mind the pretty problems and delightful possibilities of the 1923 spin. And who can disparage his enjoyment! There are circulars lighted with the glow of running waters and the ebullience of the spring woods—pictures "from kiver to kiver." There, in the little booklet, may be seen photographs of the man chopping wood for the camp blaze, so realistic that one can almost hear the sound of the chips as they hit the ground; of the man frying bacon, so natural that one can smell the fragrance of the sizzling slabs; of the woman lifting the fish, wriggling and tossing, out of the landing net.

will or experience, governs human action and marks the course of human development. If he be correct, here is ample explanation for the new sprightliness, the quickened enthusiasm, the unaccustomed sense of physical rejuvenation that attends the perusal of all this fascinating "dope." And the fine reality is that wonderful motor-camping trips fully equaling those of the intriguing folders can be made by the average farmer at the small expense that the average farmer is usually willing to shoulder! He can spend as much or as little as he chooses.

DO NOT SCARE THE CHILD

Children more than any other class of people have a right to happiness. As they grow up they will have many troubles. Therefore, it is of great importance that older people see to it that children are happy.

One of the great hindrances of happiness is fear. There are many objects of which children are naturally afraid, and to encounter one of these is to be filled with terror. It is nothing short of criminal for adults wilfully to frighten children to force obedience from them. Many times I have heard mothers say, "Now, don't go up in the woods. The old black man might get you," or "You'd better not open that trunk. An old dog might jump out at you," or "You'd better come here as I told you. Don't you see that dog behind you?"

I cannot understand how a human being can be so depraved as to believe that such treatment can make a child obedient. All that it does is to take a great deal out of a little child's life. A child to whom its elders talk of imaginary terrors can never appreciate the beauties and wonders of nature. It will learn to think of the forest as a place inhabited by terrible creatures; and of night as a time when monsters prowled.

A short while ago one of my neighbors was in my home for a visit. She saw my little three-year-old boy climbing the stairs. Thinking that I probably did not want him to go upstairs, she said: "You had better not go upstairs. There's a big old black bear up there." When I heard her say that to my child I told him that it was not true, and I explained to her that I had never found it necessary to lie to my children to make them obey me. When I do not want them to go upstairs I tell them my reasons for not wanting them to go and if they disobey, I punish them, but never by putting fear into their souls, hideous fear of unreal things.—Mrs. B. S., in The Progressive Farmer.

DAWNING OF A NEW ERA IN MARKETING

What has been the main reason for the formation and phenomenally rapid growth of the co-operative cotton associations in every cotton state including Missouri? I asked that question wherever I went and uniformly the answer was "To guarantee that the grower would get the market price of his cotton." In Texas I discussed this matter with J. T. Orr and Walton Pettee, of the Texas Farm Bureau Cotton Association, in Dallas; W. E. Long, secretary of the Austin Chamber of Commerce; C. O. Moser, secretary of the American Cotton Growers Exchange; G. C. Palmer and R. O. Tackett of Corpus Christi; and C. M. Evans and W. B. Latham of the extension service at College Station.

"For several years," said Mr. Latham, "we have maintained cotton classes in various counties, stapling cotton growers and putting them in touch with buyers who will pay what the cotton actually grades. In 1922 we classed 114,000 bales, thus securing for the farmers from \$5 to \$12.50 a bale more than the buyers had offered."

In another state it was estimated that the farmer had been systematically skimmed to the tune of \$5 to \$40 a bale by underclassing. A little later on my trip I was told of 17 cotton buyers in one county who paid income tax on \$500,000 in 1922. "These buyers," said my informant, "made at least \$10 a bale above a fair profit. But \$10 a bale on the tenant's five bales would give each tenant an additional \$50, which would put a single credit merchant in the same town robbed the growers of \$12 a bale him on the right side of the account. And on 2,000 bales, thus raking down a little swag of \$24,000 in addition to charging the growers 40 per cent above cash price for all supplies furnished to them."

But all such conditions will soon be merely matters of history. They belong to an era from which we are very rapidly emerging. They may have been true here and there in 1922, and to a greater extent in previous years. But mighty few planters will henceforth try to exploit their tenants. And not many merchants or cotton buyers will have further opportunity to take unfair advantage of ignorance. The co-operative cotton growers' associations have changed all that. They are obtaining credit for the small grower at 5 to 6 per cent instead of 8 to 30 per cent or more. And they are giving him correct and authoritative information on the grade and value of his cotton. The long-suffering small grower, who for the past 60 years has been considered the legitimate prey of evildoers that infested the troubled waters of the cotton empire, has at last a valiant champion.

If the combined cotton wisdom of the south should form a gigantic plot to show the small growers how to get bigger acre yields and how to get the full market price for their cotton, the biggest storm cloud on the cotton horizon would be dispelled.—E. V. Wilcox in the Country Gentleman.

DID HE?

English Judge (trying Irish rebels): Rap-rap-rap—"Order in the court room—and the next person who yells 'Down with England!' will be thrown from the court room."

Quick-thinking prisoner: "Rah—Down with England!"

NEW PUBLICATION LAW IN EFFECT IN JUNE

Some inquiry has been made of us lately with reference to the new publicity law passed by the last legislature. It was passed as an emergency act, and follows:

H. B. No. 185, "An act to provide for the printing of all proclamations and legal notices or other advertising matter by the different institutions of the State, districts, counties and sub-divisions thereof, and providing for maximum fees to be charged for said publications and directing the manner of payment thereof, and repealing all laws in conflict herewith, and declaring an emergency."

Be it enacted by the Legislature of the State of Texas:

Section 1. All proclamations of the Executive Department and all other notices required to be published by the State or any department or institution thereof or the Board of Control, and all publications or advertising of any department, institution, board, district, county or subdivision thereof which are to be paid for out of State, district or county funds, or that are required to be published under any law of the State of Texas and charged as costs and fees shall be published in the newspaper selected by the Secretary of State, if from the Executive Department, or in the newspaper selected by the department or institution or board of control or district or county official issuing such notice or charged with the publication thereof. The rate charged for each official publication shall not exceed the lowest rate accorded commercial advertisers for a like amount of space. Any newspaper carrying any such publication shall upon request of the Secretary of State or the Board of Control or the department or institution or district or county official charged by law with the publication of such notice, file with such official not later than ten days after request made therefor by him, a schedule of rates showing the rate then charged by such newspaper for space therein. And the Board of Control, Secretary of State or any district or county official charged with the publication of such notice, may at any time, require any further or additional information or proof necessary to insure the rigid compliance with the terms of this act. All bills for publication shall be accompanied by a certificate of the publisher, under oath, certifying the number of publications and the dates thereof, together with a clipping of said publication from an issue of said newspaper and said bill shall be audited by the board of control or by the district or county official charged with the publication thereof.

Sec. 2. The board of control or any district or county official charged with the publication of any notice required by law to be published is hereby fully authorized and empowered to cancel and terminate any contract made by them or either of them in the event such board of control or district or county official may ascertain or determine that a higher rate is being charged by said newspaper for similar space for like or advertising purposes.

Sec. 3. All laws or parts of laws in conflict herewith are expressly repealed.

Sec. 3a. All political advertising shall be done at the same rate as legal notices and under the same supervision and regulations, and political advertising shall include the announcements for public office.

Sec. 4. The fact that there is now no adequate law fixing a proper and reasonable charge to be made for publication of notices of the several departments of the state required to be published and the further fact that such printing is being paid for at too high a rate in some sections and too low a rate in others for the service performed, creates an emergency and an imperative public necessity requiring the suspension of the constitutional rule which requires all bills to be read on three several days, and the said rule is hereby suspended, and this act shall and after its passage, and it is so enacted. Signed by the Governor at Austin, Mar. 1st, and becomes a law June 14th, 1923.

GETTING BY

Bill had forty-nine jobs in some forty-nine years, and he'll have a lot more, ere he dies. For his bosses each one, bounced him out on his ear. 'Cause he worked "just enough to get by."

He went at each job with a whoop and a shout. With the light of success in his eye, But his flame of ambition before long flickered out, And he did "just enough to get by."

He finds that positions now come mighty slow. When it used to be as easy as pie, To find a new job, but the bosses all know, That he works "just enough to get by."

Opportunity's lurking in factory and store. For the man who'll consistently try, To favor his job with a little, bit more. Than just barely enough to get by. —Clint Brown, in Pop.

ATTA BOY, JONES

Salesman: "There isn't a dollar's worth of watered stock in our company, Mr. Jones. How much do you want?" Farmer Jones: "Young man, the next stock I buy will be able to walk—and I'll tend to the waterin' myself."

No Worms in a Healthy Child

All children troubled with Worms have an unhealthy color, which indicates poor blood, and as a rule, there is more or less stomach disturbance. GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC given regularly for two or three weeks will enrich the blood, improve the digestion, and act as a General Strengthening Tonic to the whole system. Nature will then throw off or dispel the worms, and the child will be in perfect health. Pleasant to take. 60c per bottle.

FINANCIAL REVIEW

Prepared For The Enterprise By The First National Bank In St. Louis.

The total value of imports of paper except printed matter during the calendar year 1922 was \$85,914,879 according to figures compiled by the Department of Commerce. This compares with \$88,673,487 for 1921 and only \$16,047,128 for 1913. Our exports of a similar schedule of paper commodities for the three periods were \$24,152,567, \$29,029,673, and \$11,248,102 respectively.

As in the past years newsprint supplied the greater part of the imports, with 1,029,268 short tons valued at \$72,454,266 in 1922, against the 792,508 short tons and \$79,125,355 in 1921. Of the total 1922 imports of paper, 896,314 short tons, valued at \$64,127,112 were newsprint from the various provinces of Canada.

Of the other main items imported during 1922 paper boards rank first in quantity, with 33,681 short tons, worth \$1,714,766; 32,931 short tons of wrapping paper came in, priced at \$2,764,437, while the total import of "other printing paper" was 2,599 short tons at \$320,302 or nearly four times the amount of 1921.

SKINS WE MOVE TO TOUCH —the bozo who claims is a "C. P. A." —champion poker artist.

ACCIDENT ENOUGH Blythe: "I hear Simpkins has a new car. Has he had any accidents yet?" Smythe: "Has he? The other evening he was riding around with the new milliner—and his wife caught him."

MEN INSTRUCTIVE FREE EDUCATIONAL BOOK

If you are losing your manly strength—If you are weak, nervous, dependent of suffering from last study from excess, age or other causes GARDNER'S will quickly restore you to normal strength and youthful vigor or no change will be made. Write today for free literature booklet mailed postpaid in plain wrapper. PURITAN LABORATORIES NASHVILLE, TENN. DEPT. 216

To Stop a Cough Quick

take HAYES' HEALING HONEY, a cough medicine which stops the cough by healing the inflamed and irritated tissues.

A box of GROVES' O-PEN-TRATE SALVE for Chest Colds, Head Colds and Croup is enclosed with every bottle of HAYES' HEALING HONEY. The salve should be rubbed on the chest and throat of children suffering from a Cold or Croup.

The healing effect of Hayes' Healing Honey inside the throat combined with the healing effect of Groves' O-Pen-Trate Salve through the pores of the skin soon stops a cough.

Both remedies are packed in one carton and the cost of the combined treatment is 50c. Just ask your druggist for HAYES' HEALING HONEY.

It's "Usco" Time Again United States Tires are Good Tires



THE 30x3 1/2 "Usco" is still the fabric money's-worth of America. If your dealer tries to sell you something else he won't be surprised if you tell him "No."

"Usco's" are built by the same people who make Royal Cords.

This fact counts.

Where to buy U.S. Tires

We are headquarters for Exide, Dutton and Service, and if you are in need of them don't miss getting it where we sell it. Phone No. 7, 34-ff. S. R. T. Battery Station.

Gold's Cream Soap and Lotion. LAMARINE MARK'S GARDNER TABLETS. Just ask your druggist for HAYES' HEALING HONEY.

Force that Free Not Affect the Head. THE LAMARINE MARK'S GARDNER TABLETS are better than ordinary medicine and clear out your nervousness and bring you back to normal. Remember the full name and ask for the signature of H. W. GROVES, Inc.

Editorial A Town is No Greater Than the Faith of Its Steadfast Citizens

This Woman Started Something

The Virginia woman who pinned a note to a potato she had raised, reading: "I got 24 cents a bushel. What did you give?" started something, because the man who noticed the potato paid \$1.20 a bushel, and the facts leaked out. Trust a woman to find an ingenious way to bring oppression to public notice. Also happily, trust the American man to change conditions when they assail the welfare of our womanhood.

One of these days we will bring into being a real commission of inquiry, one with vision, one with practical business sense, one with sound economic knowledge and finally one without self-interest and free from pull. An impossible combination! No, some day it will be found, and then a happier condition will arise as rapidly as the blood-suckers who live on the labor of their fellows fall by the wayside. Middlemen are necessary, of course, due to the great complexities of our modern civilization, but in the last twenty years the consumer has been removed so far from the producer that they have nothing in common.

Every day the strain is getting harder and harder to bear, and it will get worse before it gets better. Nature brings about man's advance by the lash. There seems to be no other way. One day, however, we will implant in the minds of our high-school boys and girls a love for economics—perhaps under a more attractive name—the Science of Human Freedom, for example. Then will arrive a generation that will not be fooled by the exploiters of mankind.

Let Down Bars; Let Labor In

Unless the government takes some action to ease up restrictions on immigration the American people will soon be digging into their bank accounts to meet the rising cost of living. Shortage of labor is growing more acute every day. This provides a temporary boom for the workman. But prosperity based on present labor condition has the qualities of the boomerang. The workman is a buyer of commodities as well as the seller of his labor.

When the immigration laws were framed "for the protection of the American workman," the people generally believed that at last we had found a means of establishing prosperity on a firmer basis. The statisticians figured that the excess of government employees thrown into the labor market would more than take care of the demands of growing domestic trade, and that we could get along very well without the foreigners. The situation, however, has not worked out that way. When the armistice was signed the government had on its pay roll 917,760 civilian employees. This list has been cut to 542,618. Within the four-year period the reduction has been approximately 40%, but the shortage of labor is acute. It is next to impossible to hire skilled workmen. Domestic servants are dictators of the household, and even with the stupendous wages it is next to impossible to get an honest day's work. Everyone, of course, is in sympathy with the American workman, but the employer cannot be crushed between the nether millstones. The net result, of course, is rising prices, and the only solution lies in letting down of the immigration restriction bars.

Punchettes



DRIFTING HOMES

How about your home, Mr. Five-hand and Mrs. Wife? The average husband is a coward and the average wife a bully. Are you?

Many have either yielded to the spirit of the day and have permitted their wives to dominate the domestic circles to its disgrace, or they have practically abandoned their homes.

Consequently they occupy one section of the city, namely, the business and the club sections, the saloon or the pool hall, while the wives take a similar direction in another part of the city; the bomb stands between these two factors in a neglected condition.

Women have been thrown out into the world and seem to care more for the activities, amusements, parties and outside games, than they do for the domestic drudgery, education, responsibilities and glories of home.

Women ought to be forced to go home. But their husbands are too cowardly to force them, or they are too indifferent to their responsibility, or they would rather glide or travel the road of least resistance, and let the home drift.

The home is drifting; children are roaming; wives are gadding. Their husbands are practicing fraud and dishonesty on their families. They are cowardly.

The time has come to re-establish the home with the sovereignty of the federal head, the sacredness of domestic education, and the proper adjustment of domestic duties.

The dark spot in the present civilization is the neglected home. Cowardly husbands are responsible for every phase of domestic decline. Let the men awake, reassert themselves, re-establish their homes and build again the domestic—the national fertilization—namely, a well-organized domestic circle.

THE ENTERPRISE

Pecos Valley News, established 1887; Pecos Weekly Times established 1897; Reeves County Record, established 1910; consolidated Nov. 23, 1912. The Enterprise absorbed Pecos Times June 1, 1917. PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

JOHN HIBDON
EDITOR, OWNER AND PUBLISHER

ADVERTISING RATES
Display, per inch, flat..... 40c
Singles, per line..... 15c
Classified wants, per word..... 1c
Minimum 25 cents paid in advance.
Copy must be in the office not later than Wednesday noon to insure publication in current issue.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
One Year, \$2; Six Months, \$1.25
Positively in Advance
No subscription taken for less than six months.
Entered as second class matter October 22, 1915, in the postoffice at Pecos, Texas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Foreign Advertising Representative
THE AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION



FOOD FOR THOUGHT

During the past two weeks a transient photographer stopped over in Pecos and gathered in quite a few shekels and departed. He did a land office business and as soon as he had made a cleaning left the town. In the person of W. F. Howard, Pecos has one of the best photographers in Texas and one of the best equipped galleries, put in at an enormous cost to him. His work is said to be cheaper than the transient and it will in all probability not take a very long time for those who patronized him (the transient) to find out that the work of Mr. Howard is much better and lasting. At any rate when it is done by a resident of the town you have a come-back and if the work is not good and lasting you invariably call back and have him make it good, which, by the way, he is always glad to do. The transient has your money and is gone and if the work fades in a few weeks all you will have to do is to do without or go to Howard for a first-class job.

It is a deplorable fact that Pecos people patronize too many of these fly-by-night people and almost in every instance pay more than is asked for the same product by our home people. The merchants order printing of foreign concerns to save a few measly pennies; the people pattern after them and order goods from the mail order house for the same reason and here we go. This is a matter for serious consideration by our people. So long as we pull apart we do not pull together, and so long as we do not pull together so long will we be depreciating our own town and our own people. To build a town it takes concerted action. Those of that town will have to pull together and help each other. Those who pay the taxes with which to build sidewalks and improve the streets and do the many other things which go toward the making of a city are entitled to every consideration of the public and until such a time as our people realize this fact our town will not forge to the front as it should do. Nearly everyone you approach in Pecos is "busted" and unable to meet his obligations and the whole sequel to this situation is the fact that, regardless of the fact that our home people are supporting the town and doing their best to make out of it a real city, each individual is sending his money out of town and purchasing that which our home people should be supplying, even at a small advance in the price asked by foreign concerns.

Suppose we of Pecos think this matter over seriously and act wisely and all get together, spend our money at home, keep it at home as far as possible and watch the results for a few months and see if it does not pay in the long run. Cut out the transient, whether it be a photographer, vendor of underwear or of printing.

Speaking of the non-stop dancing, like all other editors are, it is our opinion that the only feasible and logical method of dealing with it is to convert that wasted energy into something useful. Call a meeting of the celebrated scientists of the States, and let them evolve a plan of harnessing that energy for the benefit of mankind. Convert it into electrical or mechanical energy—maybe by use of a treadmill, and perhaps by utilizing the movement of the body to turn a system of cams. Then hold open house, and let the house wives hook their washing machines, vacuum sweepers, etc., to the dancers. While we are not authorities on dancing, from personal experience in gliding over the floor, we should say that 60 to 70 hours of dancing should run a couple of laundries, and maybe a factory or so.

The Shattuck (Oklahoma) Monitor says that "Bacon from the United States is selling in England markets in competition with Danish bacon at about 25 cents a pound, while the people of Shattuck are paying all the way from 32 to 45 cents a pound for practically the same quality." It is ever thus and in view of this it is no wonder that our people are always kicking about the price. If our meats can be shipped to England and sold for 25 cents per pound why in the name of common sense cannot the same product be sold at home for the same price and still a very much greater margin of profit be made?

It is the privilege of little things to stay little because they don't advertise and of big things because they do, but it ought to wise some people up to the value of advertising.—Shattuck Monitor.

The high cost of living is coming again. Everything seems to be going up. Commodities are above pre-war prices more than double, and the prediction is being made that they are going still higher. What in the world is the matter with our country anyway?—Shattuck Monitor.

When a guy can't save a dollar a week out of his salary it's a strange thing to us why he would put himself up as an advisor to other people.—Shattuck Monitor.

Again one of the old theories of the movements of planets is destroyed. In a recent news item the statement is made that the earth does not move about the sun, but the sun moves around the earth. It is proven by relativity. While this new theory may stand the scientific world on its ear, it means just as much to the ordinary man as the destruction of the financial world means to a tramp.

At that relativity is a great thing. Orators, debaters, and common "arguers" would do well to study up on that subject. With it as a basis of argument one can prove what is ain't and what ain't is; which is what; how is why; when is where; and vice versa. In fact, anything can be proved with this little relativity theorem.

Seventy-five per cent of the audience attending the recital of the Toyah School Orchestra last night at the Rialto Theatre was made up of Barstow and Toyah Patronage. The program was of high grade selections and rendered in a manner which would have been a credit to any professional orchestra. The slim patronage of our Pecos people fully demonstrates the lack of appreciation of our, practically, home talent. This seeming indifference of our people towards the advancement of a beautiful and refining art among our school children is deplorable to those who are at heart interested in this matter.

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM
An Alaskan Indian was arrested for murder. His captor started with him upon a wearisome journey over snow which stretched several hundred miles of waste between him and jail. During the journey the captor fell ill; so ill that he was helpless. Whereupon the Indian dragged him the remaining hundred miles to his safety, and his own imprisonment, or perhaps, death.

A short time ago an American Indian, under sentence of death, got a stay of execution that he might arrange his affairs and harvest his crops for his family. At the end of the reprieve he voluntarily showed up for execution.

Nor are these instances unique; there are many such.

Apparently the untutored savage has a great respect for law. To his mind, the ukase of real authority is made to be respected and obeyed. If broken, the law enacts a punishment. The Indian mind does not "see" any point to evading that punishment. Even the fact that the punishment may mean death, does not deter him.

There have been instances of white men who left jail on parole and returned; yet one would hesitate to trust any man with freedom, who was under sentence of death!

With such examples given by savages men with little or no education, civilization, or training, it is the more reprehensible when we, the citizens of a nation which prides itself upon being self-governed, deliberately violate laws because we don't like them. Instances are everywhere; the bootlegger and his customer are but samples of many. Big business violates the law; see any Federal Trade Commission report. Automobileists violate the law; see any police court docket. Granted that misparking and mislabeling are not crimes to be mentioned with murder; granted that buying or selling a drink is not to be classed with robbery. Nevertheless, a violation of the law is a wrong; it is un-American, unpatriotic, cowardly.

Indians are said to be men with children's minds. With the above instances in mind, "A little child shall lead them," takes on a new meaning.

GROUCH HIRES A STENOGRAPHER
Baby stare;
Bobbed hair;
Shoulders bare;
Take th' air.

WORTHY OF ATTENTION

The record of automobile accidents in America is one of the things of which this nation never boasts. In Fort Worth and Tarrant County the rate of fatalities and injuries is not far below the average, to make the best of the matter. There is a challenge to American good sense and American organizing ability in these unpleasant facts.

Nothing will be done so long as the emphasis of the traffic regulations of the country is placed upon speed alone. That is a relic of the old days when the first "horseless carriages" scared the horses and the staid inhabitants met and limited their speed. Most of our speed limits are too low for the practical handling of modern traffic. The real "speeder," however, should be severely dealt with.

Careful driving, proper traffic regulations, backed up with the police personnel and mechanical control devices—these are the elements of the traffic situation that need present emphasis. Until we stop the mere chasing of motorists who exceed eighteen or twenty-five miles an hour, and make the streets safe through a broad handling of the whole problem, we will get nowhere.

The blazing headlights permitted under present laws have killed more people than driving at speeds between eighteen and forty miles an hour on wide roads in open country. Careless driving, corner cutting, failure to signal, irresponsible drivers—these things have cost more lives and more suffering than moderate but illegal speed.

No effort is made here to justify law-breaking, but an effort is made to emphasize the fact that car-chasing on motorcycles is an incidental part of traffic control, that the heavy emphasis should be on more important things.

The police departments and the sheriffs will have to have more money if they are to tackle traffic in any real manner. But lives are precious, limbs are valuable and the money their protection costs is well spent.

Fort Worth ought to have a strong automobile club, of more than local significance, a club organized and operating on the lines of the famous Automobile Club of Southern California. A body like that would arouse public sentiment for real handling of the traffic problem and in all matters connected with the automobile in modern life. And it would have the facilities and the power to get worthwhile action.—Fort Worth Record.

WHAT ADVERTISING HAS DONE

Advertising has made the Victrola dog famous.

It has made the cash register a big brother to retailers all over the world.

It has introduced the world to a substitute for sole leather.

It is displacing the truck horse with 40 horsepower trucks.

It has helped you to an appreciation of Stetson hats, Walk-Over, Douglas and Emerson shoes.

It has made the hand-written letter an oddity in business.

It has put hair oil on heads where no hair oil would do any good, and on heads where no hair oil was needed.

It has put Castoria down your throat, left bristles in your gums, and then came along with a Rubber-set and took them out.

It has put Sozodont, Pebeco and Pepsodent on your teeth.

Advertising has put a Gillette against your bayfield.

It has put Murine in your eye, sold you Cuticura for pimples, Pears for the bath, and Ivory for the tub.

It has put Arrow collars around your neck and Ingersols around your wrist.

It has jammed your feet in Holeproof sox, put Paris garters on your legs, and Tiffany rings on your fingers.

It has stuck Robert Burns cigars between your teeth, worn out your jaws on Wrigley's and posted you on what to buy to cure corns, warts, bunions and ingrowing toe nails.

Go anywhere you want to, do anything you wish, and advertising has had a hand in it—absolutely.

And then some people ask "Does Advertising Pay?"

We are offering Exide Batteries at a big reduction, for a short time only. Come in and let us fit you up with the right size for your car. Phone No. 7, Slack's Battery Station. 34-tf. (Advertisement)

BOOSTING A BOOSTER

Blessed is the man who believes in his home town and boosts for it. Also blessed is the town that can lay claim on such a citizen, for verily it shall prosper as the green bay tree and the community knocker shall not prevail against it. A breath of the true western boosting spirit was wafted into the reporters shop Monday, when our friend of former years, Frank Donahue, Artesia, New Mexico, wedged himself in at the front door. His rotund countenance radiated glad tidings while numerous red signs on his whoopee screamed out the fact that he hailed from the best town what is. Sidewalk observers thought the shebang was an advance wagon for Mollie Bailey's Great Family Hippodrome. Being a successful banker, Mr. Donahue knows that advertising pays and was taking the advantage of a pleasure trip to tell about the town of his adoption. Pity 'tis that more folks haven't such spirit of loyalty. The Reporter editor happens to know Mr. Donahue's habit and a lot of the people out there who took a bit of a desert and made of it a garden—where apple blossoms are now leading sweet incense to the valley and alfalfa blossoms will soon reflect the blue from a sky that is cloudless, 364 days in the year—and where nature's benediction is no more remarkable than the patriotism of its citizenship.—Lomets (Tex.) Reporter.

COTTON SEED

For Planting—\$1.25 and \$1.00 per bushel.—J. N. GREEN, Pecos, Texas, telephone 87. 37-4f

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days

Druggists refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure itching, blind, bleeding or protruding Piles. Instantly relieves itching Piles, and you can get restful sleep after the first application. Price 60c.

Would you pick up a dime on the street? Then read the ads in The Enterprise. They guide you to merchants who save you dimes, and dollars, too. When it is worth advertising it is worth having.

WATER PIPE and FITTINGS

Get Our Prices
Groves Lumber Co.

Habitual Constipation Cured in 14 to 21 Days

"LAX-FOS WITH PEPSIN" is a specially-prepared Syrup Tonic-Laxative for Habitual Constipation. It relieves promptly but should be taken regularly for 14 to 21 days to induce regular action. It Stimulates and Regulates. Very Pleasant to Take. 60c per bottle.

GATES TIRES

The Tire with the Wider and Thicker Tread

You Can Depend on This—

It comes from a man of standing and one who knows. He says—

"I have Gates Tires on cars of mail men, oil companies and gravel contractors. They are giving the best service these customers ever got from any tire—and I'm convinced this is due to the wider and thicker tread. "I never before gained so many new and steady customers as since I started handling Gates tires."

This man is a leading tire merchant in Iowa. His name if you wish it.

MARSHALL H. PIOR

For Sale

ONE CAR DOUBLE REGISTERED

POLL BULLS

Will arrive in Pecos about May 11th or 12th and will be at stock pens for a few hours.

Albert Kyle

OLD CATTLE TRAILS OF THE SOUTHWEST

(The Richardson Echo)

George Barrow was a trail driver of the early seventies. As a boy he worked in a grocery store for his uncle. The stock carried by his uncle consisted of a crate of axhandles, some dried peaches and a barrel of home-made sorghum molasses. That is, it consisted of these articles until a certain day when George left the corral running to listen to a fellow who was wearing a big white hat and a pair of spurs. When he got back to the barrel its contents had overflowed on the floor.

The fellow with the white hat and the spurs had been up the trail and he was telling about the fighting Indians, roping buffalo and swimming the Wichita river. George was very much interested in the story and wanted to quit his job right away and be a cowboy, and when the uncle saw the molasses running loose in the dirt without anybody on guard he made it easy enough for George to quit. In fact, he was paid off fifteen minutes later. The uncle said that if he had to dig up a dollar a week for a hand, he was certainly going to pay it to somebody who would watch the sorghum barrel while he played checkers.

Two weeks later a herd of cattle was started from Lockhart, Texas, to a point up on the Smoky river, not far from old Fort Hays in Kansas. The herd was in charge of Bill Montgomery and George was employed as a drag driver. It was his first experience with cattle and he was as happy a human being as anybody ever saw. His spurs had regular bells on them and he wore the widest brimmed hat he could buy and was dolled out in a suit of buckskin.

The country was all open at that time. There was not a fence of any consequence from South Texas to the Kansas line. It was necessary to hold cattle under guard at night and when George was put on duty for the first time, he gave another boy a fine pocket knife to keep one eye on the herd for him while he practiced roping. Riding off about three hundred yards from the herd, he took his lariat and commenced "twirling the string" and pitching it at first one thing and then another. Finally he made a run at something dark that he saw behind a clump of bushes. When he got close to his object a big Indian rose up and grunted. That concluded the boy's first lesson in the one art that every cowboy had to get down pat. George was close enough to have roped the Indian, but he said his horse wouldn't stay there and that he didn't know what in thunder he could have done with an Indian anyway.

The redskin had undoubtedly crawled close up to camp for the purpose of stampeding the saddle horses and stealing them. It was a trick often practiced by them in those days.

There was more or less excitement all along the way. A few miles north of Waxahachie a near cyclone struck the

herd and the cattle went in a hundred directions at once. The twisting wind was followed by a severe hail storm and many of the stones were as large as a hen egg. The experienced puncher pulled the saddle from his horse and held it over his head. Those who didn't do this had sore heads for a week following. It took hours after the storm subsided to get the herd together and strung out on the trail again.

"I had to roll up in wet blankets that night," said George, "and for the first time on the trip I longed to be back at Uncle's. He was as cranky as the very devil, but he kept the bedding dry and it was warm and soft."

Somewhere out west of Fort Worth the boys encountered a big drove of buffalo. "I don't like to say how many there were," George remarked trying to figure out something conservative, "for it will not seem creditable these days. There was one, though, I am sure of that and she was just a little more than I bargained for. That one was a cow and when I got on her string she led me a merry chase and somebody or something besides this old trail driver was 'almost' in the chase. I was just as much at the mercy of Miss Buffalo right then as I had been at the mercy of a little school girl back home I loved so hard that the doctor thought I had the yellow 'anders'."

"Yes, I roped that plumed buffalo cow and if it had to be done over a minute after the lariat was tangled up in her horns, I would have reneged. She pitched higher than old Muchaway the time he threw me into the middle of a bunch of prickly pears farther down the line, and the way she did bellow. It was enough to make the biggest bull in the bunch feel like he had a wheezy throat and a set of weak lungs. I was forced to quit the drive and make for a tree a hundred yards away and the boys say the caudal appendage of my hickory shirt stuck out so straight that it would have made a good table to play cards on."

"A fellow named Jones killed one of the fat young bulls and I had my first buffalo meat at the chuck wagon that night. It was sweet and juicy and all of us enjoyed it highly, for our cattle were poor and we had been eating 'sow' and 'frijoles' until we were about fed up on both."

"After that we encountered several big droves of buffaloes. Many hunters were in that section killing them merely for the hides. Some of the meat was dried or 'jerked' and then taken back to the settlements, but thousands of skinned carcasses were left to rot on the prairies. We saw one outfit that had big wagons and ox-teams and the men were making a business of something that should have remained a sport for the coming generations. I was only a boy then, but it looked bad to me to see so many of those things of the range shot down and their hides peeled off with a team of oxen or mules, while the balance of the animal was wasted."

"The next real excitement I had after out-running that buffalo cow was swimming the Canadian river. It was hankful when we pushed our herd off into it, and a lot of cattle got to milling on the opposite bank. There was only a narrow place for them to go out and when they floated below this it was a difficult job to save them. Now and then an old puncher would get his rope on one's horns and rescue him. It was dangerous for the bank was slippery and my horse slid off into the stream where the water was at least fifteen feet deep. He threw me plumb clear of him and I could not have made it to land with my boots and leggins on, but I saved myself by grabbing to his tail as he swam out."

"A young fellow from Tennessee called 'The Seewanee Kid' was drowned. He was caught in the middle of a bunch of cattle that were 'milling' and somehow slid from his pony's back. We saw him go under and attempted to save his life but he never showed up again. His body was found next day a mile below in a sitting position. We gave him a cowboy's funeral, in spite of the burden of the song that we all knew. 'O, bury me not on the lone prairie. 'In a narrow grave sixteen by three. 'It was far from any settlement and

-And Their Mother is Only 35



Mrs. O. D. Dalton, of Valdosta, Ga., age 35, is the mother of these ten beautiful children, the oldest 15 years and the youngest 14 months. Only one pair of twins is included. Mrs. Dalton is believed to be the youngest mother of ten.

there wasn't a preacher in the outfit, but we would have some fine sermons occasionally: All we could do was to wrap the poor fellow in a blanket and put him down deep enough to be out of the coyote's reach. I never saw a more impressive ceremony, however. Even the boss was hardboiled and always declared that he didn't want to catch anybody playing the baby act while out on the trail.

"No doubt, the dead kid had some people somewhere, but none of us knew a thing about him. He said that he ran away from Seewanee for a good and sufficient reason and right there he would close up like a steel trap. If he ever wrote a letter to anybody or ever received one, we didn't find out anything about it. No doubt, however, back in the old home some mother wept often at eventide for his return, and at last, bent and gray, looked through her tears towards the setting sun and hoped in vain until she reached the end of life's long trail."

"We had lots of hardships," said George, "and sometimes we had sorrows. But it was a great life out in the big open under God's blue-spangled sky. I walked once more until I was leg-weary and hungry and sick, because the Indians had driven our horses off, and another time I rode twenty-four hours under a blazing sun without a drop of water to quench my thirst. I have been all up and down the line from the blue bonnet fields of old Medina county to the banks of the far-away Coldwater; I have seen Indians rearing for a fight and I have seen them stampede the herd; I have looked upon herds of buffalo that made the earth tremble as they ran past and have seen deer and antelope by the thousands."

"To me it was great then, and I would like to go through it again. The railroads reach the market now in a few hours; the swollen streams are spanned by modern bridges; the red man is peaceful and the buffalo are gone. We are living in an entirely different world. Progress has come and in many instances improvements have been made, yet there was a companionship, a loyalty, a red-blooded tingle and a touch of romance to the old trail that calls to me out of the great past in a voice both sweet and insistent."—By Austin Callan.

We protect your homes with tornado and hail policies. Think of the awful destruction in a few moments' time. Two Hundred Thousand dollar loss in thirty minutes at Henrietta. One hundred and eight claims paid at Sweetwater for 30 minutes hail. Service is not a slogan with us. It is a habit. Protect your home by insuring with E. L. COLLINGS INSURANCE COMPANY. Remember, if you lose we pay.

NOT GUILTY

Athlete—Did you take a shower bath?
Freshman—No, is there one missing?

Ladies calling cards neatly printed at this office.

THE SONG PRIMITIVE

I am a runaway from school,
And from the realm of Art,
A wayward wight who knows no rule
Down deep enough to be out of the coyote's reach. I never saw a more impressive ceremony, however. Even the boss was hardboiled and always declared that he didn't want to catch anybody playing the baby act while out on the trail.

I do not want to only see,
I want to feel and hear
The wind's touch on the cheek of me.
His whisper in my ear;
And learn how come he frolicsome,
And free, and full of cheer.

I do not want a bought bouquet
Of flowers done to death,
I want to find them bright and gay,
And with a living breath,
The gladdest things that Nature brings,
And God's hand sheltereth.

I want to walk among the trees
That are not fenced about,
And listen to the melodies
That uncaged birds pour out;
And still not be nor bird nor tree,
But free from fear and doubt.

I want to dig down far and deep
In field and meadow lands,
Sustained by what I find to keep,
Brought forth by soil-stained hands,
And glory in the wealth I win
To pay what life demands.

I want to sit at Nature's knee,
Held close by Mother Earth,
And learn to hear, and feel, and see,
Life's impulse and its birth,
And child-like live the primitive
Upon their love-lit hearth.

And if at eve I want to sing
The song I lived all day,
I take my harp with but one string,
And tune it to my lay,
A simple song that trips along
Barefooted on its way.
—John P. Sjolander in Farm and Ranch.

WHY BUY HIGH-PRICED LIQUOR?

Chicago, April 26.—Experiments that indicated excessive drinking of water caused intoxication similar to that caused by alcohol were related here by Dr. L. G. Rowntree of Rochester, N. Y., speaking before the Chicago Medical Society of Internal Medicine.

Animal subjects in the experiments, Dr. Rowntree said, developed all manifestations commonly associated with intoxication, starting with a period of playfulness, followed by convulsions and climaxed when the animals lapsed into a state of coma.

Two persons who voluntarily tested the theory, the physician said, developed such acute cases that no further experiments were tried on men.

ANSWER ME THEM

Who mends the crack of dawn?
What keeps the night from breaking when it falls?

Read the ads and know the facts.

WELL, WHO WOULD
Photographer: "Smile, please."
Customer: "But this picture is for business purposes."
Photographer: "All the more reason why you should SMILE."
Customer: "Who'd want a smiling undertaker?"

PECOS STEAM LAUNDRY
I have equipped a steam laundry in my home and am now ready for business. Will call for and deliver your laundry and will appreciate a share of your work. Rough dried 40 cents per dozen. Phone 168. 30-tf

MASTER POSITIVE CONTACT TIMERS

WATERPROOF. Makes starting easy. Guaranteed one year.

FREE A Master Valve Lifter worth \$1.00. Ask Agent

J. W. REINHARDT
Box 242 Pecos, Texas

TOVASCO

Nature's Finest Fertilizer

It is prepared from a natural mineral deposit.

It contains unretorted, inoculated sulphur, activated gypsum, and lime in proper proportions to apply to soils.

The unretorted, inoculated sulphur in TOVASCO is considered superior to sulphur which has been cooked, or melted, in mining, allowed to set hard as brimstone, and then pulverized.

The activated gypsum in TOVASCO is in process of conversion into active sulphur compound, therefore is unlike ordinary gypsum. It is not inert, but is inoculated with bacteria that produce this transformation.

TOYAH VALLEY SULPHUR COMPANY

Mines and Shipping Office: Orla, Texas
General Offices: New Orleans, La.

WATER PIPE AND FITTINGS

Get Our Prices

Groves Lumber Co.

CLASSIFIED

LOST

LOST—A down baby pillow. Please return to Mrs. W. D. HUDSON, JR. 1t

FOR SALE.

IMPROVED Mebane cotton seed from reliable breeder at Saragosa and Pecos \$1.50 per bushel.—E. F. Fuqua, Pecos Phone 110. 35-2t

HOT LUNCHES—Served for 25 cents by Mrs. W. E. Wilson at Mrs. E. J. Weyer's residence. Your patronage solicited. 34-3t.

FOR SALE—Lumber worth the price. A few thousand feet ceiling, flooring, boxing and 2x4s and 2x6s. Phone 110. E. F. Fuqua, Pecos, Texas. 25-tf.

FOR SALE—Or will consider drilling contract; on 40 acres, known as tracts 45, 47, 49, and 51, Section 86, Block 33, H. & T. C. Ry Co. Survey, Loving County, Texas. Date of lease Jan. 1920; term five years; rental one dollar per acre. Practically located between the Bell and Toyah-Bell wells, title guaranteed; rental paid to January, 1924. Write J. A. Law, 4284 S. Harvard Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

WANTED

WANTED—Fat Poultry; cull out the boarders and sell for a good price. Shipping days up to and including Thursday of each week. Free delivery within city when enough for a shipment.—E. F. Fuqua, Phone 110. 27-tf.

FOR RENT.

APARTMENT for rent. Inquire of Mrs. Brooks, West Fourth St. 38-1t

FOR RENT—Four and five room houses furnished. I. E. Smith. 49-tf

MODERN nine room house for sale. Also modern four room apartments for rent. See Mr. Weyer, phone 62. 38-2t

RIALTO THEATRE

Special MONDAY and TUESDAY, May 7th and 8th.

Wm. Fox Presents
"OVER THE HILL"

THE GREATEST HUMAN STORY OF ALL TIMES

A picture that will live forever

One solid year in New York.
Ten months in London. Six months in Chicago. Six months in Boston.

ANNOUNCING

THE OPENING OF A PARLOR WHERE YOU CAN GET THE VERY BEST IN

Hot Coffee Milk Sandwiches
Home Made Pies

We Are Here to Serve and to Please

NORWOODS CASH GROCERY

Everything in Groceries Phone 27

While They Last

I have one hundred tires and three hundred tubes to sell at the falling price. Better look them over for it will be a long time before you can buy tires and tubes at this quality and price again. Your old tires taken in trade. Also five hundred Wing boots at 25 cents in all sizes.

	Gates Super-Tread Tires	Michelin	Michelin and Gates Tubes
	Fabric	Cord	Cords
30 x 3	\$ 8.50	—	—
30 x 3 1/2	9.50	11.00	1.85
32 x 3 1/2	12.85	—	2.00
31 x 4	—	12.00	2.40
32 x 4	16.70	22.95	2.50
33 x 4	18.00	24.00	2.60
34 x 4	19.00	25.00	2.75
32 x 4 1/2	23.00	29.70	3.20
33 x 4 1/2	24.10	30.25	3.30
34 x 4 1/2	25.00	31.10	3.40
35 x 4 1/2	26.05	—	3.50
36 x 4 1/2	—	—	3.55

BETTER LOOK IT OVER ONCE MORE

MARSHALL H. PIOR

VULCANIZING A SPECIALTY

B4423 PECOS, TEXAS CALL 100

Government Experts Aid Fresh Water Pearl Button Industry

More Than Three Billion Mussel Shell Buttons Now Annual Output

An American Enterprise

A SIMPLE rule for judging the quality of a ready-made garment that every housewife should observe is the test of the garment by the quality of the button that it carries. In America "a good button means a good garment," because you can always judge a garment by the buttons that are on it. The housewife with an eye for good buttons can more easily select garments of better quality, using this simple basis of judgment as an infallible shopping guide.

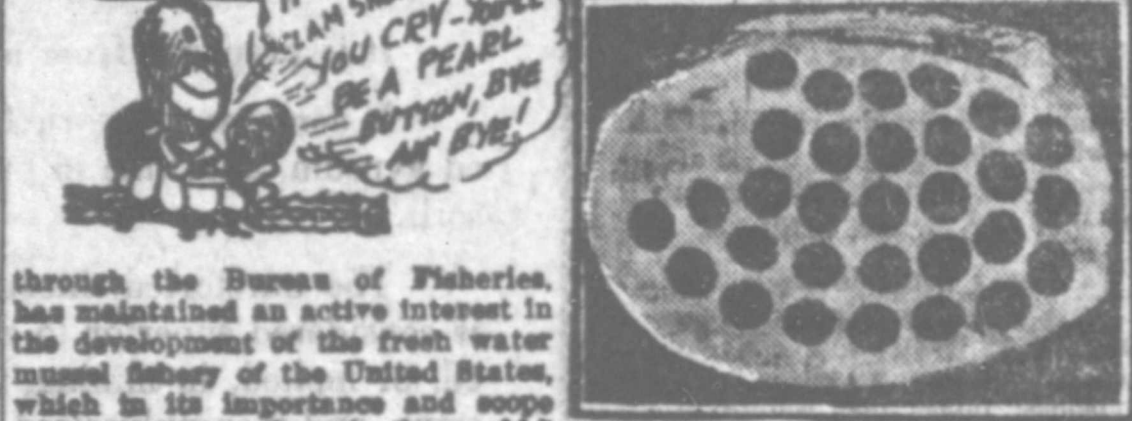
The fresh water pearl button, made from American river shell, is one of the cheapest things in the world, considering the service that it gives. This button, which is in universal use in this country today, is American to the core, it is entirely an American product and invention. American machinery is used wherever pearl buttons are made. So important is the industry that it is now fostered by the United States government. Every assistance is given by the Bureau of Fisheries of the Department of Commerce to render the shell resources of this country inexhaustible.

Secretary Hoover Tells of Industry's Development

Herbert Hoover, secretary of the Department of Commerce, who has given a great deal of his personal attention to the fresh water pearl button industry, recently said: "The history of the fresh-water mussel industry gives an illustration of the promptness with which an American industry may be developed once the pathway is found.

Undertaken in a small way about thirty years ago, the manufacture of pearl buttons from mussel shell began almost immediately to assume the proportions of a national industry, and coincident with the rise of the manufacturing industry there developed an important and widespread fishery, directly employing thousands of persons and indirectly affecting persons and communities of various occupations.

"The Department of Commerce,



Mussel Shell Buttons are Very Fond of Water

Much of the popularity of the fresh water pearl button, particularly for wash garments, is due to the fact that this button has a positive fondness for water. Other buttons such as the horn and bone are soaked to soften the substance in the process of manufacture, but the pearl button is the only button which may be said to be a native of the water.

The fresh water pearl button likes hot water, as well as it does cold, and, unlike some other buttons, it never curls up or cracks when

Above: Power Boat with Barges of Shells on the Mississippi River. Below: Class Shell, Showing How Fresh Water Pearl Buttons are Cut.

placed in very hot water. It is because of the reputation this button has of surviving the laundry tub that nearly three billion fresh water shell buttons are made in this country each year.

Fresh water pearl buttons may be found on popular priced men's business shirts, work shirts, pajamas or knit underwear. Children's rompers and any wash garment always carry them.

of the B-battery, attaching the positive pole of the battery to the plate. Otherwise, the diagram is correct.

- #### VACUUM TUBE SAFETY HINTS
1. Don't burn vacuum tube filaments above rated amperage and voltage.
 2. Don't rely solely on an ammeter for proper current consumption—filaments should be burned at constant voltage rather than constant amperage.
 3. Don't insert vacuum tubes in sockets unless absolutely certain that rheostats are turned off or at the proper setting for normal operation.
 4. Watch your battery connections. DON'T connect the plate battery to the filament terminals.
 5. Don't take one tube out of a parallel circuit unless the power is off. This causes a rise in voltage which may burn out the other tube.
 6. Don't expect an amplifier tube to work as a detector and vice versa.

To date there has been but very few requests for the course in radio offered the public through these columns a few weeks ago. The fact of the matter is that we do not feel we should run this series without a proper appreciation of it by the public. It entails a great amount of work and will necessarily crowd out other matter just as important. Naturally, we wish to cater to the public's taste in the matter, and so we are leaving it up to them. If prospective readers of this column will drop a line to its editor, telling him they want it, the public will get it. So, let's go, folks, and give us a little encouragement.

BOLL WEEVIL AND DAIRY COW

In 1920, statistics show the State of Georgia had 1,000,000,000,000 boll weevils and one single solitary creamery. The scrub cow was there plenty too, but she was so notoriously a poor producer and consequently so unprofitable to keep that business enterprise, along with the boll weevil, paid no attention to her. But there was deep significance, to the boll weevils especially, in that one creamery of the state supervised by the single solitary but official State Dairy Inspector. For generations the boll weevils had reigned supreme because cotton was the only thing the Southern farmer thought he could raise. Had the boll weevil used more discretion—had he been satisfied to take his toll in moderation—this story about Georgia would never have been told.

The worm turns at last. The Georgia farmer, weary of the war on weevils, after generations of single crop raising, turned to the dairy cow as his savior, and she did not fail him. The State Dairy Inspector, who in 1920 amused himself by inspecting the one and only creamery in the State, had on January 1, 1923, sixteen creameries in his charge, the largest of which made more than 60,000 pounds of butter during the month of December, 1922, and nearly 73,000 pounds in January, 1923. In addition, there are seventeen ice cream plants and five cheese factories.

The Georgia farmer, gambling each year against the boll weevils, has at least realized the blessings of an insured steady income. The old scrub cow with which he was familiar was to blame for keeping the true facts from him. But the gospel of milk and butterfat that spread slowly in every direction from the parent creamery of the State convinced him that salvation lay in well-bred, good-producing animals, and while he will continue his campaign against the boll weevil and raise all the cotton he can, he now knows that the secret of the steady income lies in the monthly cream check and the judicious raising of dairy cattle.—Farm and Ranch.

WHEN FIGURES LIVE

Up in the Northwest where the railroad rates seem to bear hardest—because on farm products the receiver so seldom pays the freight as he does on almost everything else—it is a familiar story that a farmer may often find after shipping and selling his stuff that he is still out of pocket for the freight.

Most of those stories, however, are merely something we read. There came into the office last week a lumberman from Oregon who showed by his papers that it cost him \$409 to ship \$425 worth of lumber from Oregon to Utah. That is to say \$409 worth of lumber became worth \$834 after traveling about 1,000 miles and when sold would have to pay, of course, a profit on the whole \$834.

Other papers showed that an \$800 car of lumber shipped to Philadelphia ate up \$816 in freight, compelling the Philadelphia home builder to pay profit on at least \$1,616 for \$800 worth of lumber.

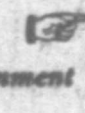
A Stanton, Michigan, farmer sold his potatoes for 25 cents a bushel. It occurred to him to do a little practical work in political economy, so he wrote a little note and deftly inserted it with a plug into a potato. The note read: "I get 25 cents a bushel for these potatoes. How much did you give?" A woman in Pennsylvania found the note while peeling potatoes for dinner. She paid 30 cents a peck. That is, 25 cents worth of potatoes became worth \$1.20 while going a day's journey by railroad.

These are facts which may take on many different colors under the treatment of the experts. But no amount of expertness can expunge the facts of the farmer underpaid and the workingman's family overcharged. When it is worth 95 cents to convey 25 cents worth of potatoes from a farmer to a workingman, you have only to picture a sufficient increase in the middleman to see what it will all come to. Extend farming and industry universally and you have wealth. Extend this kind of middleman universally and you have nothing.—Dearborn Independent.

To Cure a Cold in One Day Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE (Tablets.) It stops the Cough and Headache and works off the Cold. E. W. GROVES' signature on each box. 50c.

Saving Made Easy

It's not so hard—Uncle Sam is ready to tell you how in his New Free Book. Send for it today and get the "know-how" of what seems to be the hardest thing in the world. Treasury Savings Certificates make it easy and safe. Get your copy now.

To get the book mail this coupon to  Name _____
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IF SICK, BILIOUS! START YOUR LIVER

Don't Take Calomel! "Dodson's Liver Tone" Acts Better and Doesn't Gripe, Salivate or Make You Sick—Don't Lose a Day's Work—Read Guarantee

Ugh! Calomel makes you sick. It's horrible! Take a dose of the dangerous drug tonight and tomorrow you may lose a day's work. Calomel is mercury or quicksilver which causes necrosis of the bones. Calomel, when it comes into contact with sour bile crashes into it, breaking it up. This is when you feel that awful nausea and cramping. If you are sluggish and "all knocked out," if your liver is torpid and bowels constipated or you have headache, dizziness, coated tongue, if breath is bad or stomach sour, just try a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone tonight. Here's my guarantee—Go to any drug store and get a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone for a few cents. Take a spoonful and if it doesn't straighten you right up and make you feel fine and vigorous I want you to go back to the store and get your money. Dodson's Liver Tone is destroying the sale of calomel because it is real liver medicine; entirely vegetable, therefore it can not salivate or make you sick.

H. & G. N. RY. LANDS FOR SALE IN REEVES COUNTY

Survey Nos. 43, 47, 53, 55, E. half of 61, and 63, in Block 4; and Nos. 45, 47 and W. half of 57 in Block 4. The surveys in these blocks are situated from 5 to 8 miles from Pecos City, in the eastern belt of the Pecos River country and will be sold only in whole sections. Also, surveys Nos. 49 in block 6 and Nos. 5, 13, and 15 in Block 7. Also surveys Nos. 1, 2, and 5, fronting on the Pecos River, in Reeves county, and Nos. 19 (a street survey) Pecos county. Also 12 surveys in block 11 and 3 surveys in block 12. None of these are river lands. All are in Pecos county. All these lands are under lease for oil, gas and mineral purposes and any sale of same will be made subject to such lease. E. G. LOVE of Pecos is agent for the sale of all these lands situated in Reeves County and application should be made to him for the purchase of same. There is no local agent for the sale of the lands in Pecos County, and parties desiring to purchase any of same should apply to the undersigned.

EUGENE CARTLEDGE, Agent and Attorney in Fact AUSTIN, TEXAS

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and address on a post card or in a letter and we will mail free and postpaid, a sample copy of **Popular Mechanics** MAGAZINE

the most wonderful magazine published. 160 pages and 400 pictures every month, that will entertain every member of the family.

It contains interesting and instructive articles on the Home, Farm, Shop and Office—the newest developments in Radio, Aviation, Automobile and Garage. Each issue contains something to interest everybody. We do not employ subscription solicitors so you will not be urged to subscribe and you are not obligating yourself in the least in asking for a free sample copy. We gladly send it to prospective readers. If you like it you can buy a copy every month from any newsdealer or send us your subscription—\$3.00 for one year.

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ASPIRIN

Say "Bayer" and Insist!

Genuine 

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer product prescribed by physicians over twenty-two years and proved safe by millions for

Colds	Headache
Toothache	Lumbago
Earache	Rheumatism
Neuralgia	Pain, Pain

Accept "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" only. Each unbroken package contains proper directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Drugists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Mono-aceticacidester of Salicylicacid (Advertisement)

THE DALLAS NEWS

THE NEWEST, THE BEST, THE MOST RELIABLE—THAT'S ALL

TOM McCLURE CIRCULATOR AT PECOS, TEXAS

If you want results Mister Man, use Enterprise ads.

RADIO COLUMN

All communications concerning radio should be addressed to The Radio Editor, Pecos Enterprise, Pecos, Texas.

WBAP PROGRAM FOR FOLLOWING WEEK

- Sunday, May 6.—11 a. m. to 12:15 p. m.—Complete services of the First Methodist Church, Rev. J. W. Bergin, pastor; Will Foster, organist. 3:30 to 4:30 p. m.—Sabbath Day concert.
- Monday, May 7.—7:15 to 8 p. m.—Concert by Mrs. Emet Davison and other artists from Mineral Wells, Texas. 9:30 to 10:30 p. m.—Concert and novelty features by the De Melay Orchestra of Fort Worth.
- Tuesday, May 8.—7:15 to 8 p. m.—Concert by Rex Maupin's Original Texas

Hotel Orchestra. 9:30 to 10:30 p. m.—Concert by the Harmony Club of Fort Worth, offering its final radio concert of the season.

Wednesday, May 9.—7:15 to 8 p. m.—Concert of vocal and instrumental numbers by the Denton Epworth League. Wardo Fouts, director. 9:30 to 10:30 p. m.—Concert by the Fort Worth High School Orchestra.

Thursday, May 10.—7:15 to 8 p. m.—Concert by the Choral Club of Stephenville, Texas. 9:30 to 10:30 p. m.—Concert of instrumental and vocal music under the direction of Will Foster, organist of the First Methodist Church.

Friday, May 11.—7:15 to 8 p. m.—Concert by the Junior Lutheran Club of Ft. Worth. Mrs. J. Edward Cooley, director. 9:30 to 10:30 p. m.—Concert under the direction of the School of Music, Texas Christian University.

Saturday, May 12.—7 to 7:20 p. m.—

Review of the interdenominational Sunday School lesson and Bible class by Mrs. W. F. Barnum, leader of the Barnum Bible Class of the First Methodist Church.

"A Reader" writes us an interesting letter stating that the other night while twirling the dials of his receiving set he heard a series of dots and dashes but could not make out what they were, and asks us for information. We can not be sure ourselves, but are of the mind that it was a 600 meter station calling some other station, using the International signal—dash-dot-dash-dot-dash—this being the signal preceding the call letters of the station calling. This signal is repeated three times.

"Radio Fan" enclosed a hook-up of a regenerative set and asks us what is wrong with it, as no signals whatever come in. We suggest that he change the polarity



HOME SWEET HOME

YOU COULD AT LEAST DO SOMETHING WHEN MY PRUNY STAINING HER LESSONS FOR EXAMINATIONS—GO IN AND SHUT UP! DON'T ARGUE!

OH—ALRIGHT.

CAN YOU TELL ME, DAD, WHY THEY CALL THIS LANGUAGE THE MOTHER TONGUE?

HEY!

HOME HABITS

HAVE YOU A LITTLE MARY IN YOUR HOME? SEND IT TO US AND WE'LL PRINT IT—R.B.S. SENT THIS—MY BROTHER ALWAYS EATS HIS DESSERT FIRST!

...TUT, TUT! WHAT ELSE COULD THEY CALL IT? FATHER NEVER GETS A CHANCE TO USE IT!

Plodding Prospectors Now Millionaires

For thirty years Bill Mason and Bob McManon were plodding prospectors in the Mojave Desert of California, then overnight their toil was rewarded — for they struck a ledge of gold worth a king's ransom. "Gold-towns" sprung up and these two are now millionaire mine owners.

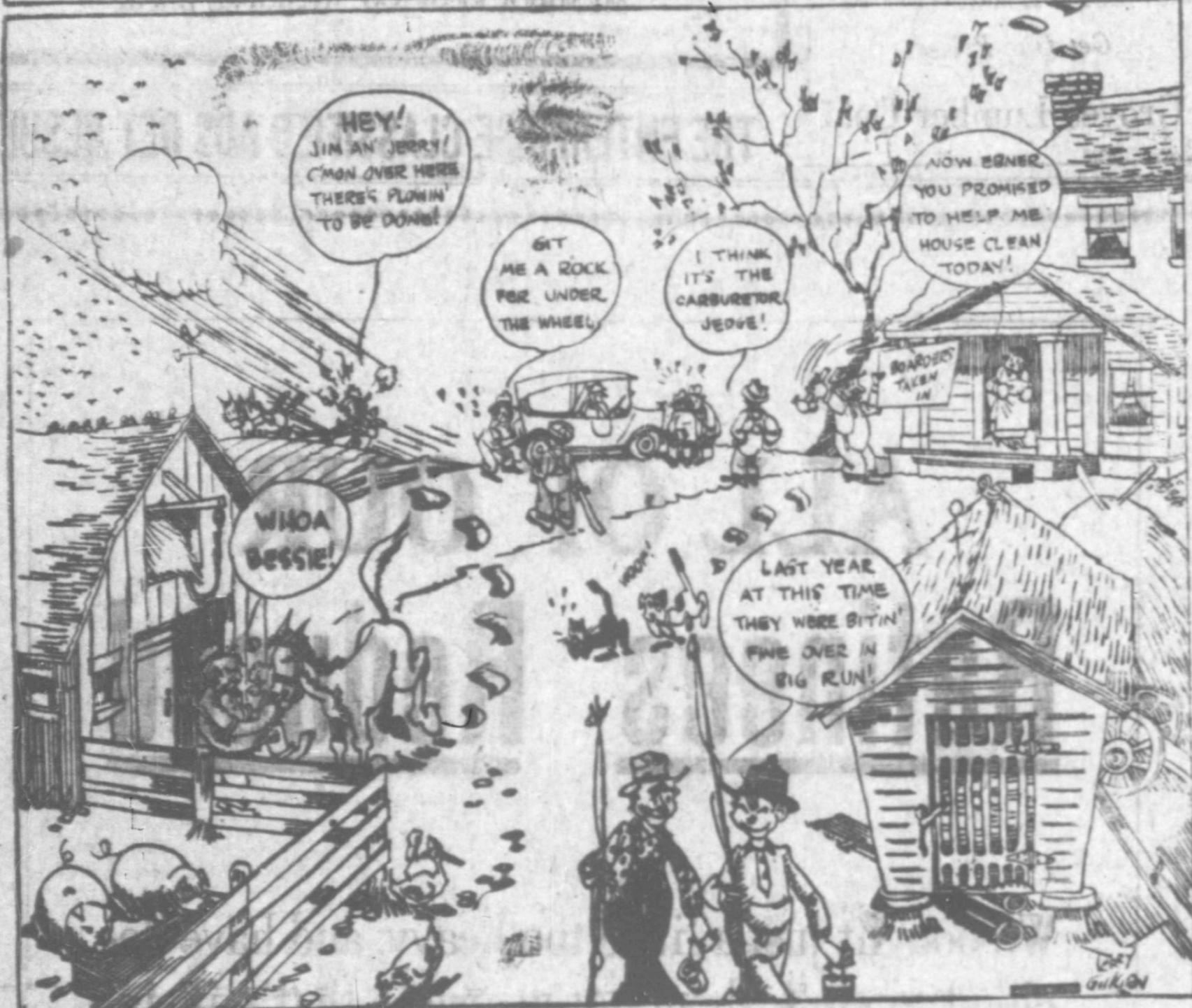


Uncle John's Joke

BE CAREFUL WHAT EXAMPLES YOU SET - THEY MAY BE HATCHED -



Spring on the Farm



Richard Lloyd Jones Says

COMMENCEMENT IS INVESTMENT TIME



Once more our schools and colleges come to commencement time. School is an outfit shop. It is where we get the tools with which to do our part of the world's work.

Graduation day is not a time to recall achievements but to plan them. It is not a day for reflection, but of prediction, a time for looking forward, not backward.

Education is the search for truth. Truth is progress.

The bud is a manifestation of the truth of nature. Because it is true to the laws of nature it does not remain a bud but unfolds into the flower. The seed laid in the clod finds its way to the light.

Light is truth. Be a light seeker. Truth is ever ahead, never behind. Keep pursuing it. You cannot serve truth and repose.

We seek education that we may know how to progress, to serve; that in this world we may be live seed and not dead seed.

It is not what you know that gives you recognition in the world, but what you know how to do.

Commencement is not accounting time—it is investment time.

The intellectual miser is of no more use in the world than the money miser. The world never honors an idle intellect. There is but one nobility that lasts and that is the nobility of usefulness.

He who cannot USE that which he has acquired from his text books has labored in vain for his grades. We are measured by what we can GIVE, not by what we can GET.

Education is wasted time and effort unless it inspires us to test our strength rather than our weakness, to dare the impossible rather than complacently follow the line of least resistance.

The world has but little need of the man who can "do almost anything." But it has great use for the man who can DO SOMETHING.

Education, once looked upon as a luxury, is now regarded as a necessity. Once its influence was contemplative, now it is contributive.

In the dark ages people belonged to kings. When the light of education spread, kings belonged to the people.

Education emancipates. It is the advance guard of democracy. It demands that the rights of the many prevail above the rights of the few. It is altruistic, not individualistic.

If you are truly educated you are a friend of the masses. That is educated patriotism.

Education is a movement outward, not inward.

No day on the school calendar is so well named as Commencement. It is the beginning of work, not the end; it is the binding to duty, not the release from it.

Poem by Uncle John. The country's got no patience with the old, back-number skate, but she allers holds a welcome for the one that's up-to-date... an' while my lot was cast betwixt the tall grass an' the brush—I've set my inner workin's to the task of keepin' fresh. A NEW AUTOMOBILE Of course we love the ladies, from our store of southern pride—and you'll see us steppin' higher when there's one on either side.—and while we've got convictions that I hardly keer to state, in regards to shorter dresses—we admire 'em up to date! There's enough of disenchantment to abide by when we must—so we ostracize the flivver that's a pile of rags an' rust, and—of taxes ever draps below the confiscation rate, you'll be apt to catch me figgerin' on a boat that's up to date!

HOMEY PHILOSOPHY for 1923. Every morning when we wake up now, the sun is shining, and birds are chirping a welcome to the new-born day. Why not fall in line—arise and shine—smile and perk up at the call of this delightful Spring. If we want to grant and moan of course we can do it, but the sun will shine just the same for those who have enough sense to enjoy it. Old Dame Nature has fixed things up so that there's no chance for the fellow who keeps out of step putting the whole procession on the blink. You might just as well bow to that old dame and march along. When a woman will she will, you may depend on't, and when she won't she won't, and there's an end on't.

On the Second Every Second



Human wants are constant and continuous. Food, clothing, shelter, and their infinite subdivisions are daily needs.

There is not a clock tick that does not register a million human desires.

The newspaper is the closest thing in the world to the people's daily wants. It is an expression of the ever-pressing desire for news.

The advertiser who uses the weekly newspaper reaches people with his message at exactly the right moment.

Somewhere, with some person wanting something, newspaper advertising registers every second of the day.

It brings buyers and sellers together because it brings the right message at the right time.

There is no advertising medium so close to the people as the newspaper.



The Pecos ENTERPRISE IS A GOOD PAPER

PERSONAL

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Willoughby were over from Toyah Wednesday on business.

W. H. Browning, Jr., was a business visitor to Valentine the latter part of the week.

A. G. Van Horn of the Toyah Motor Company was a Pecos visitor Wednesday of this week.

Max Krauskopf will leave Saturday to attend the grand lodge of the Knights of Pythias, which convenes in Houston next week.

Stella Richards, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Richards, has been confined to her home this week with an attack of tonsillitis.

Miss Mabel Nold returned Monday from a two week's visit with her sister, Mrs. Richard Ritz, at their ranch home near Ochova, New Mexico.

The many friends of Major Thos. H. Bomar will be glad to know that he is improving from the recent attack of illness and will soon be out again.

The Methodist ladies will serve chicken dinner at the old Pecos Dry Goods building at noon and supper in the evening, May 7th. Give them your patronage.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Wingate have returned to their home in Minneapolis, Minnesota, after a visit of several weeks with their son, Jack Wingate and family.

Mrs. J. O. Cross and baby daughter left Saturday for their home at Waco after a visit with her sisters, Mrs. Tatum Moore, Mrs. Hardin Ross and Miss Evelyn Somes.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hubbs were over from their home at Fort Stockton last week, packing and shipping their household goods preparatory to making Stockton their permanent home.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Drummond were called to El Paso last Friday night on account of the serious illness of their son, Tote. A telephone message from them last night said that he was improving, which is good news to their many friends.

Judge Ben Palmer has not been so well this week and has been confined to his home for the last few days. He and his family are planning a fishing trip on the Concho and a visit to San Angelo in the near future.

Valentine Zuber and son, Otto, were in from their Saragosa farm-ranch Thursday. Mr. Zuber never comes to town without bringing something to sell, hence always has a plenty at home and a bank account, and is among our best and most prosperous citizens.

Miss Floyd Gooding, who spent some time in Pecos last year, where she made many friends, arrived Saturday from her home at Mt. Vernon, Mo., to accompany her aunt, Miss Linnie Jeffords, home. Miss Jeffords is not well and it was not deemed safe for her to undertake the trip alone. Her many friends in Pecos hope the change may bring about her complete recovery.

G. W. Pittman, an ex-confederate veteran and of the Confederate Home at Austin is on a visit in this country with his children at Grand Falls. He was the guest Tuesday of Major Thos. H. Bomar. These two old gentlemen were friends and comrades of earlier days. They are of the few surviving grand and chivalrous gentlemen of the Old South.

OPEN CLASS IN MUSIC.
Mrs. Lucy Mitchell, who is a graduate in music, holding a B. M. degree in a recognized college, and who has done post-graduate work and who is a recognized musician of marked ability, will open a summer class in music at her home, Monday, May 21. If you would like to study music during the summer under an expert and experienced teacher, see Mrs. Mitchell at her home. 38-3t

ANDERSON-HUNT

Cards have been received by friends in Pecos, announcing the marriage of Mr. Thomas Blake Anderson and Miss Orlean Houx Hunt, April fourteenth, nineteen hundred twenty-three, at Dallas, Texas.

Tommy, as he is called by friends at home, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Anderson. He is a Pecos boy, was raised here, and his early education was obtained in the schools of Pecos, but the last two years he has spent in school in Dallas. He is a splendid and trustworthy young man.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Hunt, prominent people in the business world and social life of Dallas, being long-time residents there.

The Enterprise joins their many other friends in Pecos in wishing for them all the happiness and prosperity possible in life.

Uncle Charlie Wilson died at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Blake Monday after a short illness. He had attained the age of 74 years and there are no surviving relatives. He was a Union soldier in the Civil War during the sixties. Funeral services were held at the residence of the Blakes Tuesday afternoon, conducted by Rev. L. L. Thurston, who was assisted by Rev. J. M. Garner and J. L. Spears, after which burial was made in Fairview Cemetery.

THURSDAY BRIDGE CLUB

Mrs. W. W. Dean was hostess to the Thursday Bridge Club this week. There were seven tables of players. High score was made by Mrs. Dean. Mrs. David Tudor made second. A delicious ice course was served, the hostess being assisted by Mrs. H. B. Prickett.

The next meeting will be held in two weeks with Mrs. J. A. Drane. Besides the club members present, the invited guests were Mrs. Chas. Manahan, Mrs. John Baker, Mrs. Jack Wingate, Mrs. H. R. Anderson, Mrs. Statin of Corpus Christi, and Miss Bisbee of Minneapolis, Minnesota.

I. J. Kesler went to Lamesa, Texas, Monday to open up a bottling works in that city.

The home of Mrs. Claudia Seay in Toyah was destroyed by fire Monday night. While it was partly covered by insurance the loss will be heavy and she will have the sincere sympathy of a host of friends all over the county.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Patterson arrived in Pecos last week and are now located in one of Dr. Smith's houses. Mrs. Patterson is the sister of Mrs. Andy Waugh. We are glad to have these good people settle in Pecos and hope the future finds them solid citizens.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshal H. Pior received the sad news of their little nephew's death, little Mack Dowell Pior, Jr., by falling in a tub of scalding water. Mr. and Mrs. Mack Pior were formerly of Pecos, but now of Amarillo, Texas, where the Marshal Piors went to attend the funeral and comfort the fond parents of this dear little child. The Enterprise extends its sincerest sympathy to the bereaved parents.

Professor and Mrs. A. E. Blount left yesterday morning, the Professor to make his home at Gatesville, and Mrs. Blount on a visit to her relatives at Houston, afterwards to join Mr. Blount at their new home. The Blounts have only been in Carlsbad for a short time but have gathered about them many warm friends who regret their leaving, and at the same time are extending best wishes for a happy home in the new location.—Carlsbad Current.

PIANO CLASS RECITAL

The piano and voice classes of Mrs. Lillian Butler and Mrs. C. B. Jordan will give their annual commencement recital Friday evening at 8:30, May 11, at the Baptist Church. The public is cordially invited to attend.

Fresh and cured meats—our own make. chill. City Market. 1t

THE CHURCHES

BAPTIST CHURCH

Sunday marks the beginning of Rev. Garner's third year with the local church. A committee has arranged the following program to be rendered at the eleven o'clock service in order to review the progress made during the past two years.

Anthem.
Scripture reading and prayer.
Talk by A. G. Taggart, one of the deacons, "Our Church."

Talk by H. H. Johnson, Sunday School Superintendent, "Our Sunday School."
Duet by Mrs. W. H. Browning and Ralph Williams.

Talk by Mrs. F. L. Johnson, "Our B. Y. P. U.'s."
Talk by Mrs. B. A. Toliver, "Our W. M. S."

Male quartet.
Number by Sunbeams.
Talk by J. M. Garner, pastor, "What We Hope to Accomplish in the Future."
Song.
Benediction.

The public is invited.
We would also like to call attention to the fact that the annual meeting of the Pecos-El Paso District of the Women's Missionary Union is to be held here May 9th and 10th. Many visitors are expected and a good time is assured.

METHODIST CHURCH

Baptism of infants will take place at the Methodist Church during the earlier part of the preaching hour next Sunday. Several have already expressed a purpose so to present their little ones, and all are exhorted to do so, if they have not already thus covenanted them with the Lord. A suitable sermon will follow.
L. L. Thurston, pastor.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR PICNIC

The Junior Christian Endeavor Committee on social affairs, composed of several ladies of the Christian Church, gave the children a picnic at the Alamo playgrounds yesterday afternoon. There were twenty-eight children present besides a number of mothers as chaperones.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to sincerely thank all those who so generously protected our home during the recent fire. We feel that it was largely due to their efforts that it was saved.

Sincerely,
MR. and MRS. J. B. YOUNG

Mr. T. A. Randals had a birthday April 25th, reaching the ripe old age of 77 years.

Judge and Mrs. Ben Randals surprised their father by a magnificent dinner and the presence of 10 of his old comrades. The average age of these was 82 years, and the years combined would have been 820 years. After the splendid dinner had been served, the social hour was spent in discussing the kukluxers and telling war stories. Those invited were, besides T. A. Randals, Bros. Pinkston, Briscoe, Ashworth, Bomar, Blake, J. W. Prewitt, Dr. Leeman, Morrison, McCarver and Chas. Tudor thrown in for good measure. Mrs. Albert Sisk furnished the flowers. Mr. and Mrs. Ben. Randals made this a pleasant occasion for these guests but honored themselves by honoring their father.

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WAR BETWEEN INSECTS AND MAN

Chas. P. Shoffner, in the Farm Journal, says that scientists have expressed the opinion that the human race once occupied only the tropics, or else nature would have provided man with feathers, fur or hair for his protection against cold weather; that the human race would still occupy the tropics if the insects had not driven them out.

A French naturalist has estimated that if all the birds were destroyed, man could not exist upon the earth for a longer period, than nine years because the they would eat and destroy all vegetation.

Just how accurate these scientists are in their theories and estimates are merely conjectures. It is a fact, however, that insects are the greatest enemies of mankind. They attack our food, our clothing, our buildings and even living animals. There are over 300,000 species of insects thus far classified and each one of these has almost innumerable family divisions. The rapidity with which they reproduce is marvelous. One pair of potato beetles, if left undisturbed, will multiply to 60,000,000 in one season. Many other insects reproduce much more rapidly. Millions are spent annually in an effort to reduce their ravages, but our success is only temporary. One brief period of rest from the fight and the insect enemies make new conquests. They never cease to wage their war against mankind and all those things so necessary to his existence.

With all our boasted intelligence man continues to substitute his own methods for those of Mother Nature. Because a bird eats a few berries, or dines in the orchard, we go out and kill it, and yet

the birds are the natural enemies of insect life. We spend millions for dust guns, sprays and poisons and then arm our boys with air rifles, shot guns and other weapons and permit them to slaughter birds for the mere love of killing something. Bird destruction is keeping pace with bird reproduction. In many sections our feathered friends are becoming exceedingly scarce. They have been either killed or driven to unsettled portions of the country by the war made upon them. If their numbers continue to decrease in the same proportion as they are now the earth in time will become inhabited almost solely by creeping, crawling or jumping things and they in turn will die of starvation because of the utter destruction of all vegetation.

The value of bird life should be taught in every school of the land. The Legislatures of every State in the Union should pass stringent laws to protect these friends from thoughtless men, alleged sportsmen and others who kill, either for the sake of killing, or because they are possessed with the erroneous idea that they are protecting their crops.—Farm and Ranch.

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