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THE BLOYSCAMP MEETING

Holds Its Thirty-First Camp Meeting; Large Crowds and Considerable Interest Manifested.

By W. F. Evans.

The wheels of time grind slowly, but surely; one more camp meeting time has been recorded upon the diary of the Gods.

That which has been looked forward to with great expectation is now only a fond remembrance; some thing sweet and sacred, to be cherished in our innermost bosoms; to be handed down to the succeeding generations.

The writer with wife and baby in the Oakland, closed up the little ranch house at Dobe and followed in the wake of the bed wagon pulled by a couple of restive mules driven by "Little Juan"; they were feeling their oats and were rearing to go, but soon we passed them. The picturesque Rockpile valley, decorated with graceful trees and crowned with majestic mountains clad in nature's glad array of verdant grasses, broad spreading oaks and evergreens and wearing an armour of eternal granite, cutting the sky with jagged outlines, met our view. On up, Desert Canyon, which belies its name for here the evidence of God's handiwork is apparent, from the tiny little pine just toddling up through the leaves to the moss-covered walls of old Saw Tooth looking down upon you from dizzy heights. The matchless beauty and variety of the trees, with nature's lawns of "Crown-foot" interspersed; small rock mountains with gigantic boulders piled in rustic effect, one above the other and every which way, till the top-most rock could look down upon the Woolworth building as if it were a toy doll house.

All these proclaim the nearness of God; wherever God is nothing is deserted; it should be "nature's retreat." On down the H O hill into the canyon where the old H O ranch used to stand; where old Captain Hardwick with his long flowing beard, hatched in the two-story dobe house, now crumbled down, with his nephew Frank, who tried to drink up all the booze in Valentine, he died trying to hold all the firewater.

At the canyon's mouth a panorama of hills and valleys stretches away to the westward where the Rio Grande rises up against the sky-line 30 miles away, hiding from view the treacherous, thorn clad gulches and barren arroyos that lead off into impassable canyons; broken, unknown country, where the bandits of all colors have stored their loot, or murdered their victims; where the flood waters of summer flow into the Rio Grande, 15 miles further. Our road led to the left over the foothills and across the undulating valleys. The waving crowns-foot on the succulent grasses brushing the hubs as we rolled along. A turn around thru the dome-shaped hills and C. O. Finley's fine ranch home pops into view. Set like a jewel in a crown of granite, this home is a marvel in its natural environment. And it is a real home, its inmates are real people. This is their home through all the year and it breathes an atmosphere of refinement, peacefulness and joy. The fields, the gardens, the orchards and vineyards yield a bountiful harvest; the Jersey herd gives down the cream and the fat bees supply the smokehouse till the porkers come in, along with the snows.

On the road again; the Kelly ranch to the left; the Barrel Spring Ranch to the right; D. O. Modley to the left then a few curves and a climb thru the gap and the camp ground city lies ahead.

The camps, both portable and permanent, are peering up thru the trees all about, while the big tabernacle stands in their midst alongside of the fine monument of granite bearing the name of the late W. B. Bloys, one of God's finest and bravest of noblemen; 27 years our leader. At each camp long sheds of metal roofing shelter the cooks in the preparation of the meals, and also the furnished campers who shovel in those dainties with the most reckless abandon. Butter, preserves, cakes, etc., are always forthcoming from mysterious packages hidden in the nooks and corners; only a glimpse of their luscious goodness,

then they are gone, to return no more.

This is not only a social and religious treat to all participants, it is the most unique thing of its kind in the world. In only lasts six days. Everybody parts with tears in their eyes and their arms around each other. Down in "Old Humany" the camp meetings last six weeks, everybody parts with venom in their eyes and their arms full of each other's remains.

Here the expenses are born by the camps; come and eat your fill, burn up the midnight juice that fires the incandescents over your table as you write the news back East to Mary; pile on the wood as the rare ozone steals in through the flimsy muslins and the wispy Palm Beaches and cuts through to the hide; pour the water around as you will, or leave the hydrants running, everything is free here. Back there, so much eat, so much pay, no pay, no eat; a meter winds up the kilowatts as you turn on the light; you pay as you write; if you get too cold put on two suits if you have them, will save buying wood.

The most glorious thing of all; it is non-sectarian; free to all the churches; everybody feels like he is a part of the meeting and a part of the great spirit that pervades the West.

The most hallowed spot in all the world to those old cow-men—founders of this camp meeting—here they found the only true joy that is given to poor mortals—the joy of a close fellowship with the living God.

Here their children have found, have wooed and won their sweet hearts.

Romances that will live for all time have been woven out beneath the broad spreading oaks, the star lit sky and the silver moon. God is good, He maketh the hearts of his children glad; He lightens their burdens.

(Continued on page six.)

Brite Cattle Arrive

ONE OF BIGGEST MARFA, TEXAS, SHIPPERS HERE

L. C. Brite, of Marfa, Texas, furnished the attraction in the cattle division here today, with three carloads of steers and heifer calves, and five carloads of yearlings. Mr. Brite has long been identified with the cattle industry of that country. He carries over 3,000 high grade cows and markets all his cattle at a young age.

"It has been a favorable season, and we have one of the best calf crops we ever raised," declared Mr. Brite today. "All conditions favored us this season, so our calves are fat. Recently it became just a little dry, but since arriving at Kansas City, I received a telegram from home informing me of a good rain, which will restore pastures. It is worth noting that all along the way to Kansas City, a distance of 1,150 miles, the country looks green, and crops everywhere seem to be extra good."

Like all other breeders of his section, Mr. Brite uses the very best registered bulls and high grade cows, and raises the best type of beef cattle. Cattle from Marfa invariably command the top prices, as their quality is well established. There ranches are located in what is known as the Davis mountains, a peculiar formation standing alone in a desert, being 50 miles wide and 100 miles in length. At the highest point the elevation is 10,000 feet. Their cattle range in these mountains, where luxuriant grass and feed grows almost the year through. It was on Mr. Brite's ranch on Christmas day, 1917, that Mexican bandits made a raid, killing four men, and stealing 25 head of his best saddle horses. They also robbed his ranch store and made off with goods valued at \$1,500. His ranch is 42 miles from the Rio Grande.—Daily Drivers Telegram, Kansas City, Mo.

IN THE DAVIS MOUNTAINS

Where State Playground is Proposed; Amidst Picturesque Scenery Where Lofty Peaks Play With Clouds

In the western part of this huge state the Davis mountains lift their peaks. Strange and weird is their topography for the winds and rains of countless years have chiseled in them fantastic shapes.

It is where the Texas plains stand on end. Rough it is to be sure, for the convulsions of time have torn great gashes in the fact of nature. Great yawning canyons they are—rich in their beauty, for the hand of man has left them unspoiled.

Some day this may be a playground for all the people. The Texas legislature has named a committee to make an early investigation of the feasibility of creating a State park in the Davis Mountains. The committee is to make its inspection soon after the adjournment of the Legislature.

Champions of the proposed park are earnest in their assertions that the Davis Mountains excel in beauty anything that much advertised Colorado has to offer. The cold blue of the Rockies is lacking, and there is infinitely more variety in the color and ruggedness of this picturesque spot in Western Texas.

The agitation for the establishment of this park is already attracting automobile tourists. They enter the proposed park area through Ft. Davis with a hope that even with automobile roads still only in the minds of the park proponents, they may have a chance to see some of the many canyons which will be included.

Musquiz and Limpia Canyons may be traversed by automobiles, but the Big and Little Aguja, Madera, and others of the deeper, narrower and wilder canyons may be approached or entered by machine, but to be seen, must be negotiated, until the roads are built, on foot or by means of horses.

After seeing Masquiz, Wild Rose, Frazier, Horsethief and Cottonwood Canyons, the tourists may go northward, in the direction of Balmorea, taking in Big and Little Aguja Canyons on the way. To see Madera and Cherry Canyons, a detour must be taken at Balmorea, by way of the Head Springs and Phantom Lake to the W. L. Kingston headquarters ranch, at the mouth of the Madera Canyon.

Because of the interest being manifested in the canyons which it is hoped will be included in the proposed State park, in the Davis mountains, attention of the road commissioners of the five counties interested—Jeff Davis, Presidio, Brewster, Pecos and Reeves—is being directed toward making the roads leading to the park area more easily negotiated by automobiles and there is a move on foot to hasten the "signing" of the roads in order that tourists may reach the various points of interest by the shortest routes and without loss of time.

One of the wonders of Little Aguja Canyon is "Monument Rock," a natural monolith, seemingly insecurely based, which towers several hundred feet in the air, sole remnant of a number of similar needles which formed a natural barrier across the great masses of broken granite. In this same canyon is a great natural bridge across a smaller box canyon, which opens into the Little Aguja, forming an almost perfect arch.

In the Big Aguja (needle) canyon may be found some of the most rugged natural scenery as exemplified by or expressed in terms of towering peaks. No photograph can do justice to the scene or give more than the faintest idea of its grandeur.

The gateway to Madera Canyon is impressive because of the grandeur of the masses of granite which line the portal and through which the sightseer must guide is automobile or horse with care unless the horse is one of the mountain-bred sort, in which case it will be better for the rider to leave the choice of routes and the manner of negotiating it to the animal. He knows.

"Dead Man's Canyon" so called because the skeleton of an unknown man was found in it, many years ago, where the cattlemen first began running their herds over the Davis Mountain country, is a "box" canyon running back a short distance from the north walls of the Madera Canyon. The water flowing from perennial springs tumble over the rocky bed of the conyon in torrential fashion, adding to the beauty of the natural picture presented.

Frazier Canyon is another of the scenically beautiful canyons. It is one of the few of the gorges in the park area which can be traversed by automobile.

"Wild Rose Pass," one of the tributaries to the famous Limpia Canyon, is not only scenically beautiful throughout its length, but may be traveled by automobile. When the Government maintained a chain of fortified posts across the State of Texas paralleling the Rio Grande, the military road leading to historic Fort Davis passed through Wild Rose Pass. Even of the trail made by the feet of army mules and the wheels of army wagons were to faint to follow the rock mound built by army signal men to protect the poles of the military telegraph, will serve.

One of the highest peaks of the Davis mountains is "Star Mountain" upon the top of which the United States military authorities maintained a signal station during the trouble with Mexico in 1916, particularly while the Langhorn expedition was chasing bandits for to the southward of the Rio Grande, more than 100 miles away.

Good camping places are frequent in the canyons of the Davis mountains. The creeks and forests furnish water and fuel and the elevation of from 5,000 to 9,000 feet keeps the air cool and free from troublesome insects.

Among the touches of civilization in this wild region are the homes of Beauregard McCutcheon and W. L. Kingston, and those spots where automobiles can make a camp. Once the roads are built the residents of that country are certain the tide of tourists now wending their way to Colorado and other distant points will swing into the Davis Mountains.

The Baptists are arranging to hold a meeting next month, as preparatory for a camp meeting to be held in that beautiful place next year. It is not their purpose for this to conflict in any way with the Skillman grove camp.

There will be held at Paisano Pass a two days' meeting on the 3rd and 4th of September. This meeting has been arranged by Bro. Millican, and the Baptist churches of Marfa, Alpine and Fort Davis are to meet there in joint service for two days.

On Saturday the 3rd the meeting will be a business session of the laymen looking to the arranging for a campmeeting in this section next summer.

All of our Baptist men are urged to be there on Saturday sure. Chuck wagons will be there to feed those who attend. Dr. Neal of El Paso will speak to the men at 11 a. m., and the afternoon will be devoted to a business meeting.

On Sunday the 4th there will be an all day meeting with dinner on the grounds. Everybody invited.

Bring your lunch if you so desire, but come by all means, and there will be plenty to eat.

Our church people will go there for Sunday School and all services for the day.

Anyone who would like to go, but will have no way, please report to the pastor this coming Sunday.

We hope to make arrangements by which all of our members who desire to go, may do so.

C. S. Harrison, Pastor.

FAITH

IMMORTALITY—ETERNITY!
How incomprehensible to the human mind. God the infinite always was and always will be incomprehensible to the finite.

Whence came man and whither? These questions were and always will be the fruitful source of vain speculation, and always will be present in the human mind. Those who seek the solution through Science must finally fail and say: "We do not know."

Where then is the key which will unlock these hidden mysteries, and give us as clear a vision of the glories of the hereafter as the human mind can grasp?

Faith. The blind graspings of Science can never solve nor answer. Faith—Faith alone can span between the two eternities and its whispering hope alone tells us "We shall live again."

FIVE SAN ANTONIANS SELECTED FOR STATE NATIONAL TEAM

Grierson of Fort Davis is Captain—Local Members Leave Wednesday

Five San Antonio marksmen were selected among the eleven men named for the Texas state rifle and pistol team to go to the National Matches at Camp Perry, N. J., this year. The announcement of the team, with the exception of a twelfth man, was made to Secretary L. L. Cline of the Texas State Rifle association with headquarters here, in a communication from the adjutant general's department Saturday.

The inability of O. E. Frenzell to attend the matches after being named left one place vacant on the team. A substitute will be named early next week, possibly E. A. Wheeler of Brackett.

The San Antonians appointed are A. J. Weaver, L. C. Mitchell, R. T. Chambers, Perry DuBois and H. H. Matthews. Weaver and Mitchell have attended the matches before, while the other three will be having their first experience.

B. H. Grierson, the veteran shot from Fort Davis, Texas, will captain the team, with J. F. Callan, Austin, the state rifle champion, in position number one. Robert Fehlers of Austin and G. W. Brock of Lockhart are others besides Grierson and Callan, who have previously attended national matches.

The two others named are B. W. Wheeler of Brackett and Joe Rowe of Austin.

The San Antonians, together with Wheeler, Brock and Grierson, will leave this city at 7:15 Wednesday morning over the I. & G. N. in a special pullman. The Austin members, together with the State National Guard team, will be met at Austin.

Only twelve, instead of fourteen members will be taken on each state-civilian team this year because of the insufficient appropriations. The reduction in the team came about on the orders of Col. Morton C. Mumma, who will be in charge at Camp Perry.—San Antonio Light.

MOORE—JONES

On Wednesday evening at Marfa John M. Moore of Valentine was united in marriage to Miss Mozelle Jones of El Paso. Rev. J. H. Henson officiating.

THE MARFA SURGICAL CLINIC

Drs. Orr and Simpson have recently rented all the second floor of the Kirby building and have installed an up-to-date operating room, reception and waiting rooms, also have completed a number of rooms for patients. Work is still in progress on improvements of different kinds. When completed in everything but in the number of rooms will be one of the best equipped, sanitary and up-to-date hospitals in West Texas. Mrs. Orr is in charge of the rooms.

Marfa has been in need of such an institution and there is no question but that it is a success from the very beginning.

The B. Y. P. U. will meet at 7:30. C. S. Harrison, Pastor.

NEFF VETOES PLAN FOR STATE PARK IN WESTERN TEXAS

Legislature is Told he Did Not Like Personnel of Committee Named; Both Branches Pass New Resolutions For Inspection.

Austin, Texas, Aug. 23.—Gov. J. B. Neff today vetoed the concurrent resolution adopted in the first called session providing for the appointment of a joint legislative committee to investigate the possibilities of the Davis mountains, in Jeff Davis Co., and the Frio county, for the establishment of a state park.

The governor gave as his reason that the committee should have been instructed not only to investigate the Davis mountains, but other places of interest in Texas.

The action of the Governor led Representative Stewart, of Pecos, to declare on the floor of the house that the governor had stated that he "did not like the personnel of the committee."

Just as soon as it became known that the governor had vetoed the resolution, senator Dudley had the senate adopt a simple resolution authorizing the appointment of five senators to make the inspection.

Representative Stewart in the house, had adopted a similar resolution.

Simple resolutions do not have to get the approval of the governor, so there will be an inspection of the proposed park sites, regardless of the wishes of the governor of Texas.

The senate committee was allowed \$10,000 to defray their expenses and the house committee \$5,000.

Speaker Thomas appointed the same committee that the governor had objected to, being representatives John Davis, of Dallas; Hall of Harris; Seagler, of Anderson, and Shearer of Chambers. The inspection is to be made at the conclusion of the second called session.

JONES—KINGSTON

At Skillman Grove camp meeting on August 20th Frank Jones was joined in holy wedlock to Miss Fannie Mae Kingston.

BRITE CATTLE SOLD

L. C. Brite of Marfa, Texas, marketed today five carloads of horned stockers, averaging 696 pounds at \$6.75, also three carloads of 329-lb. heifer calves at \$6.—Drivers Telegram.

These cattle were sold by the Leo Livestock Commission Company of Kansas City.

BAPTIST CHURCH

There will be preaching service by the pastor Sunday at 11 a. m. and 8:15 p. m. Some important business matters relative to a meeting to be held at Paisano Pass the following Sunday will be worked out at the service Sunday morning, and it is very much desired that all of our people be present. Others are cordially invited.

FT. DAVIS RAISES \$1,000 FOR VISIT OF LEGISLATORS

At a meeting held in Fort Davis Wednesday of last week it was decided that a fund of \$1,000 will be needed with which to meet the expense of entertaining the members of the legislative committee appointed to make a trip of inspection and investigation through the Davis mountains with a view toward determining the feasibility of establishing a state park which will embrace the deep canyons and other scenic sections of the Davis range.

Present at the meeting were Judge J. C. Merrill, chairman of the entertainment committee, and J. C. Organ of Marfa, J. M. Pouncey of Alpine, Walter N. Sutherland of Pecos and George H. Clements, publicity secretary of the Davis Mountain State Park committee, and ex-officio member of the committee on entertainment. Will Rooney of Fort Stockton, representative of the committee from Pecos county, could not be present owing to the pressure of other business, but, in a letter to J. M. Pouncey, executive secretary of the General State Park committee, Mr. Rooney said he could be counted upon to endorse any action taken by the committee on entertainment.

Money Stringency

While it was admitted that the money stringency would make it difficult to gather together the funds needed to furnish the transportation, food, bedding and other necessary comforts for the legislative party and the newspaper men and representatives of chambers of commerce, automobile associations and designated and designated highways who will accompany the committee of inspection, the occasion will be of such importance and ultimate benefit to the western portion of the state that nothing which can be done must be left undone to provide for the trip and the executive committee of the Davis Mountain State Park association was urged to exert every effort to provide the money needed.

J. C. Organ of Marfa was appointed a committee of one to provide the cots, blankets and tents which will be needed. George H. Clements of Balmorhea was named as a committee of one, with powers to name such assistants as he might need, to provide necessary chuck wagons, food, cooks, and cooks' helpers.

Each member of the entertainment committee was urged to extend every possible aid to the executive committee in the matter of securing contributions to the entertainment fund.

Important To Section

In the language of Executive Secretary Pouncey: "The occasion will be of the greatest moment to this section of the state as, if the legislative committee is convinced, as a result of the proposed trip through the Davis mountains, that the establishment of a great play ground, summer resort and game preserve is desirable and so reports to the legislature, it will mean that millions of dollars will ultimately be spent here by the state for improvements and by the tens of thousands of tourists who will be attracted to the park while it is being improved and forever afterward. We can't afford to neglect the opportunity to make the trip as comfortable and as thorough as men and money can make it."

The itinerary adopted, subject to such changes as weather of the will of the legislative committee itself may impose, comprises a rendezvous at Pecos, where the party will board a special train which will carry it to Balmorhea. At that point automobiles will transport the party to Phantom lake, where the first chuck wagon meal will be served. After that meal the party will go in automobiles to Madera canyon, where camp will be made at the old camp meeting grounds and where there will be saddle horses to carry those who care to explore the canyon as far up the gorge as they may wish to go.

The night will be spent in Madera canyon and after breakfast next morning the legislative committee will be taken to Cherry canyon. The noon meal will be held at the mouth of that "deep gash in the face of nature" and automobiles will be taken for the trip to the Little Aguja canyon, where the afternoon and night will be spent.

To Visit Fort Davis

The forenoon of the third day will be spent in Big Aguja canyon and during the afternoon the party will be taken to Fort Davis through the famous and scenic Limpia canyon.

From Fort Davis the party will be taken to Marfa to get an idea of the possibilities of that gateway to the proposed park, then to Mount Livermore, Sawtooth mountain and to the mesa, where the party will look down into the great canyons which it is hoped will be included in the park area. This will take the whole of the fifth day.

After breakfast on the sixth day camp will be abandoned and the party taken to Alpine through Muxquiz canyon, one of the most scenic

gateways to the park. Lunch will be served at Alpine and the afternoon spent at the Sul Ross State Normal school. Trains will be taken late in the afternoon.

The committee has endeavored to make it possible for the legislative committee, newspaper men and the others in the party to see as much as is possible to be seen in so short a time, with the greatest possible comfort, in order that the best possible impression may be created.

The Right Place

"I called for a little light on the financial question," said the man in the rural editor's sanctum.

"Well, you've struck the right place," returned the editor. "If there's anything else you are light on, it is the finances."

LEGISLATORS TO VISIT DAVIS MOUNTAIN PARK SITE.

Austin, Texas.—The legislative committee which is to investigate the feasibility of establishing a state park in Jeff Davis county was completed today, when senator Thomas announced the house members of the committee. They are Representatives Hall, Seagler, Shearer, John Davis of Dallas and Williams of McLennan. Lieutenant Governor Davidson and Speaker Thomas will accompany the committee. Senate members of the committee are Wood of Williamson, Bailey and Dudley.

Changed For The Worse

"Ethel, can't you tell us the shape of the world?" asked the teacher. "Yessum; it's in a pretty bad shape just now," replied Ethel, who had heard her father say a few things like that.

THE GILLET YEARLING STEERS

The story of a string of Texas Steers which have gained fame in the markets of the north is told by the Drovers Telegram. The steers were originally from Marfa and the Telegram thus relates their history: Dan Casement of Manhattan, Kans., a noted stockman of that state, made a sale today of yearling steers at \$10 which is a new top for cattle of this class this season. The steers averaged 870 pounds. Mr. Casement bought these cattle at the close of the American Royal Show here last fall at a cost of \$875. They were raised by J. B. Gillett & Son, ranchmen of Marfa, Texas, and were high grade Herefords. Mr. Gillett is a member of the Highland Hereford Association of that place, an organization which sends heavy shipments of cattle here for sale during the Show.—San Antonio Express.

Or words to that effect



IT BEATS the band.
THE WAY this thing.
KEEPS POPPING up.
THE OTHER night.
I BROKE all rules.
AND READ a high-brow book.
AND HERE'S a hot one.
THAT IT handed me.
"MANY OF us find.
THAT TASTE affords.
ONE OF the fairly.
DEPENDABLE SATISFACTIONS.
OF EVERYDAY living.
AND IT seems.
UPON LONG reflection.
THAT SATISFACTION.
COMES CLOSE to being.
THE LONG sought.
"HIGHEST GOOD."
OF COURSE that isn't.
WRITTEN WITH the ease.
AND POLISH to which.

WE ARE accustomed.
BUT IT'S a mouthful.
AS YOU'LL agree if you.
JUST PUT it into good.
UNITED STATES, like this.
"SON, YOU'LL be running.
ON FOUR flat tires.
IF YOU don't hurry.
AND WRAP yourself around.
THE ONLY cigarette.
THAT SATISFIES."

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To Read Your Ad in These Columns?

Bloys Camp Meeting

Continued from page one
It is a far cry from the slow moving, two-horse wagon, with its mere jolts, to the swift moving "Six" with its padded seats and easy riding springs, our conveyances now.

From the small brush arbor to the big metal tabernacle; from the one-preacher concern and the score of hardy souls, to a dozen preachers and several hundred people, is the result of the swift-moving years fostered by the swift-moving populace.

The big camps are Jones & Finley's, where a bunch of Mexican cooks serve in systematic style; the people line up around the long festive boards, the sun may beat down in all its intensity, the rain may fall in torrents, still the campers and the guests eat on in undisturbed serenity; the big galvanized shed protects them. At the McCutchen and Kokernot camps the same systematic care is provided—all moves like clockwork. The same is true of Merrill's camp, and Medley and Mitchell's and also Mathew's camp; systematic splendor. Means & Evans camp is noted for its utter lack of systematic control. The cooks are the best, the church is there in all of its glory, and then some; hospitality is the middle name of this camp. Come and get your plate, wade in and get it if you can find a seat at the little one-horse table that will hold you up, take it, if not, spread yourself out on the ground; or eat out of your plate standing.

"What's the use of camping out if you can't camp out?" says Means & Evans. It is hard to leave the ways of the pack saddle and the frying pan. Come to Means & Evans camp if you want to run up against the "real West," no frills, no style. It is a heavenly place to camp; the broad semi-timbered valley, rolling hills and majestic mountains with their cliffs of red and white, yellow and grey. It is great to see the sunrise flood this wonderful panorama with its slanting beams. It is a gift from God to see the sunset bathing the landscape in its mellow receding light; it is romantic to behold the shadows of the trees cast athwart the moonlit scene. When Rev. De Burma of Waxahachie and Rev. Percy Knickerbocker of El Paso, plead with the congregation to turn these 875 cows that are now netting us \$20, over to God and let him be the Great Wagon Boss for awhile, we are about ready to slip the lead to Him.

The singing out here in God's own country. It is whole-souled, perfect and spontaneous. Miss Jessie Jones the best organist in the world is the queen of the piano. The solos and duets rendered by these children of the West are poured forth from the bottom of the heart. The appeal touches a responsive chord in all who might be so fortunate to hear the voice of God speaking through His songs.

The divine inspiration of soul-stirring music can only be measured by the highest and best that is in man; the devil walks out when sacred music walks in.

One hundred tents, from the small tepee up to the massive family wall-tents, and six 3-room metal houses, shelter these 500 campers from the elements. One hundred automobiles bear them from the ranches far and near, and from the cities across the state. Thirty Mexican cooks prepare the food which is the equal of any in the world. Twenty-two fat, juicy heaves are shot down in the pastures near by and piled into the trucks by some of the many cowboys. The refuse is left to the buzzards; the carcass is swung up in the trees near the camps, the hide removed and then the meat is left to swing in the breeze, to become chilled by the night air. As the warmth of day approaches the meat is wrapped in air tight slickers and wagon sheets and packed down in wagons through the day. By the break of day the fires are crackling against the mountain ozone at the several camps; the cooks are up and doing; the ovens are turning out the steaming cats before old Sol gets out of bed. A barrel of coffee warms up the insides of the old "punchers," their sons and grandsons; wonderful tales are told of yesteryear; then the hats begin to come off in true Western style as the mothers, the daughters and the sweethearts come forth for breakfast. At nine o'clock prayer services, led by Rev. T. V. Neal of El Paso, then preaching at eleven. A dispersal of the gaily dressed congregation to the many camps where the tables are ornamented with their long array of tinware. There were enough preachers around for one to say grace at each camp. Then in an hour or so everybody is happy. The way to a man's heart is through his stomach. Then social gatherings, auto rides to Fort Davis, 16 miles to the east, or to Marfa, 20 miles south, or to one of the many fine ranch homes near

where the luscious fruits and fragrant flowers make such a trip a delight; or perhaps the tent walls are raised to the breeze and as the gentle zephyrs play about the coverlets, Morpheus reigns awhile. The tired nerves are recuperated with an afternoon snooze. Then at 4 p. m. the men and boys meet out in the valley where the receding sun leaves the shadows stretched across the green carpet. Here in cowboy style country man and city man sprawl upon the green. It is an experience meeting, a glorification of God's name. In the meantime the ladies and girls are living over their trials and the wonderful mercies that have lifted those trials; the little children are having a kindergarten class out in a shed nearby. While the holy men of God are communing amongst themselves and asking the Great Pilot to help them guide this craft of the mountains safely to port.

The divines present at this session were:

Rev. R. L. Irving, manager, Fort Davis; Rev. J. H. Burma, Waxahachie; Rev. Percy Knickerbocker, El Paso; Rev. I. T. Neal, El Paso; Rev. L. R. Millican, Allamore; Rev. C. B. Brooks, Sierra Blanca; Rev. H. J. Reentsma, Las Cruces; Rev. W. M. Money, Alpine; Rev. W. P. Roy, Alpine; Rev. S. R. McClure, Fort Stockton; Rev. J. B. Holmes, Fort Worth; Rev. J. S. Stockard, Marfa; Rev. C. D. Daniels, El Paso; Rev. A. L. Henson, Marfa; Rev. W. R. Burnett, Ft. Davis; Rev. C. S. Harrison, Marfa; Rev. Johnson, Marfa.

Only the first four preachers held the services, the others were visiting brothers.

At the business meeting of the association Saturday at 1:30 p. m., a committee of four representing the Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians and Christians was selected to secure one preacher for each denomination for the next camp meeting and to put their choice before Dr. Irving, the leader, for his confirmation.

These preachers names will be published later on when their selection has been agreed upon.

A well 200 feet deep and equipped with a big gas engine supplies the pure water in inexhaustible quantities to all the camps. A Delco-Light system illuminates the buildings, the tabernacle and the camp sheds at night, glorifying God and Thomas A. Edison.

The blessed Sabbath was resplendent with its heavenly sunshine; the autos streamed in from the west thru the gap, from Marfa and Valentine, and up the valley from Fort Davis and Alpine, till the trees in all directions formed temporary shelter for these great steel horses. Ere the Sunday School had ended these 750 visitors in 130 autos in their Sunday best, were shaking hands with the campers out here on God's great thoroughfare. The tabernacle was packed and the autos lined around, forming temporary pews, that all might hear the Rev. Dr. Burma tell them in his forceful earnest way that "If ye are not for God, ye are against Him." There is no such thing as being on the fence with your soul; you either have to follow God, get on his side and try to get others on that side also.

A great social gathering amongst these 1250 souls, then Brother J. B. Holmes tries earnestly to lead those who have gone astray back into the way at the 3 o'clock service. The 4 o'clock prayer meeting; a wonderful sermon at night, then the roadways are white with the streams of light from the many autos, the air is vibrant with the clug of many motors; then all is silent in the valley once more. The round moon rises up from behind the sharp peaks and with the same smile that it wore 32 years ago as it looked down upon that little company of first campers, the old moon says: "It is well, my children, it is well. God be praised for his goodness."

The farewell sermon in the early morning and these children of God depart for the ranches, the towns, and the cities, awaiting Father Time to wind up one more year on his calendar. Time is reckoned by the camp meetings' coming and going, out here in the West.

Mental Cures Are Stirring Up Rows

London, Eng. Aug. 20.—Only a few years ago any British Doctor who professed faith in "mental cures" was labeled "charlatan" or "quack."

Today a violent controversy is raging in the medical press, with some of Britain's leading physicians announcing that not only nerve troubles but even pneumonia benefit by "mind treatment," "auto-suggestion and hypnosis."

The row started at the annual meeting of the British medical association. A large part of the asso-

ciation's time was devoted to debating the value of mental cures, and the discussion is continuing in the press.

Prof. Robertson, of Edinburg, a well-known physician, declared that wounds could not only be cured by mere suggestion but could be inflicted in the same way. He asserted that he knew of one case where blisters were raised on a man's body simply by telling him he was being seared with an iron.

He knew French doctors, he said, who considered mental suggestion an important treatment in cases of pneumonia because it strengthened a patient's vitality and enabled him to fight the disease with better success.

"I am not urging that we abandon the use of medicine," said Prof. Robertson, "but doctors should learn that there is something besides pills in their profession. If they would study mental cures they could throw away many a bottle of medicine."

Dr. Bernard Mollander, who advocated successfully the use of hypnosis and auto suggestion in curing cases of shell shock and nervousness during the war, said that the drinking and drug habits yielded readily to psychic healing.

Now comes Dr. F. L. Golla, assistant physician to St. George's hospital and a recognized authority on nerve diseases.

"These psychic healers forget that brain trouble always comes from bodily illness," he said. "Cure the body with pills and medicine and you cure the brain."

"The craze for mental healing came to us from America. It is dying down there now. It never made headway in France—the French are too clear-headed and it will have a short life in England."

SOME FUNNY BUSINESS

I'd like to edit a funny paper, or magazine. I could write funny stuff alright, but, personally, I'm the laziest man in Texas. Ineed an application of highlife about three times a day, but highlife is not cheap and I'd need a lot of it to have any appreciable effect on my system.

There is fun and humor, the ludicrous and the ridiculous, and none of the words are exact except synonyms. Laughter is good for the system. It is the very best liver medicine. If I couldn't laugh I'd go into rapid senile decline. I am unable to make myself work for myself. I've got to compel myself to work for somebody else. That is why my yard and garden is in such a despicable condition. Just won't work. One big reason why I allowed the Republicans to force the Ozone post-office upon me is that it will force me to work. Any business man can make more at something else than

he can with the Ozone postoffice is a mighty poor fish. But it makes me work. See? Lots of people get mad at the postmaster. That's funny. Lots of fun in the postoffice. Some people are SO funny when they get mad. If I can laugh I can work. Laughter is a tonic. "Abraham fell upon his face and laughed." The old man must have been considerably tickled.

That was a funny story that came from Washington the other day, wasn't it? Well—

Two congressmen, Pringey of Oklahoma and Langley of Kentucky, were ascending the steps of the Capitol. The "cares of empire" were evidently not pressing very heavily upon them. "Pringey," said Langley, "I'll bet you a ten-spot that eggs would fry on these steps." "I

take you," said Pringey. Langley got two eggs and broket hem on the steps, and—Pringey lost. The eggs fried. That was funny. The spectacle of the two statesmen cooking eggs on the steps of the Capitol must have been ludicrous.

Many funny things happen in our daily lives. Let us try to enjoy the fun, and forget our grouch. An ingrowing grouch is a fearful thing. Avoid ye, avoid ye.

Sheriff Elder, of Red River county, was called to Boxelder, in that county, over near the river, to investigate a reported killing. On the way he and his deputies met a man whom they asked about the killing. The man said "Yes, there was a killing, and I'm the feller what done it. I'm on my way to give up." The man was turned over to a deputy to be taken to jail in Paris, and the sheriff went on to see about the killing. Arrived at Boxelder, a man was seen on a porch serenely smoking a pipe. "Where is that dead man?" asked the sheriff. "I'm him," replied the smoker, placidly, if ungrammatically. "Well, I've come to see about holding an inquest over you," said the sheriff. "Alright," said the dead man. I'm the main witness. The feller took two shots at me, and I fell over dead, but he never touched me."

Wasn't that some funny?—Easterling in Ozona Stockman.

To Be Sure

"You cough with much greater ease this morning," the doctor remarked

"I ought to," retorted the patient, "I have been practicing all night."

On sale, Sport Silk Sweaters and Silk Skirts at Milady's Shoppe.

FARM WANTED—Wanted to hear from owner of a farm or good land for sale for fall delivery. L. Jones, Box 551, Olney, Ill.

RANCH LANDS—For lease on long term, 8-section improved ranch in splendid condition; 27 miles west of Fort Stockton, Texas. Address Neal Tanquary, 139 S. Gramercy Place, Los Angeles, California.

CHURCH NOTICES

St. Paul's Episcopal Church
Holy Communion 7 to 11 a. m. 1st Sunday in each month.
School and Bible classes 10 a. m.
Morning prayer 11:00 a. m.
The eloquence of the rector extends to all men in uniform and embraces every unit in the Big Bend country.

Rev. F. M. Johnson, Jr., Pastor.

Baptist Church
Sunday School 10:30 a. m.; preaching 11:00 a. m.; Y. P. M. 6:30 p. m.; preaching 8:15 p. m.

Rev. Chas Harrison Pastor
St. Mary's Catholic Church
Mass 10:00 a. m. Father C. Palermo, Priest.

Christian Church
Sunday School 9:45 a. m.; preaching 11:00 a. m.; C. E. 6:15 p. m.; preaching 8:15 p. m.

J. S. Stockard, Pastor.

Presbyterian Church
Preaching every second and fourth Sunday.

Rev. R. L. Erwin, Pastor.

Methodist Church
Sunday School 9:45 a. m.; preaching 11:00 a. m. and 8:15 p. m.; E. L. 7:15 p. m.

Rev. J. L. Henson, Pastor.

They won't dare!

has "Edison, New York"
From the Laboratory
of
Thomas A. Edison.
Orange, N. J.
May 21st, 1922.

Sergei Rachmaninoff, Esq.,
22 East 95th Street,
New York City.

My dear Mr. Rachmaninoff:

Under a contract between yourself and Thomas A. Edison, Inc., dated the 24th of April, 1919, it is provided, in effect, that the royalties payable to you on various selections, which you have recorded for us, shall continue, only so long as you do not make phonographic recordings of such selections for anyone else.

I shall be very glad to give you permission to record these selections for others, without the loss of royalties under the aforesaid agreement. This will give you the opportunity to record your "Prelude in C Sharp Minor" and other important works, which you have already recorded for us.

Yours very truly,
Thomas A. Edison

Facsimile of letter written by Mr. Edison to Rachmaninoff, the noted Russian composer-pianist.

This letter gives talking-machines the right to record Rachmaninoff in his famous "Prelude in C Sharp Minor," and other compositions which he has recorded for Edison.

Will any of them exercise that right? We fear not—the parallel would be too deadly.

But Rachmaninoff has recorded other selections for the talking-machines. Hear how they sound. Then come in, hear Rachmaninoff on the New Edison, and see what an astounding difference the comparison reveals.

Do it now—because the experience will help you in

Mr. Edison's \$10,000 Contest - Closes Sept 2

Mr. Edison offers 23 prizes totalling \$10,000 in cash, for the phrases which best express the difference between the New Edison and the talking-machines. Ask for folder of information.

If you wish to experiment with the New Edison in your own home, we will gladly loan you an instrument for 3 days. No charge or obligation. Simply use the coupon.

ANDERSON'S GIFT STORE

3 Day Trial Coupon

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

This coupon, when filled out by a responsible person, entitles him (or her) to the loan of a New Edison and a selection of RE-CREATIONS for 3 days. No charge or obligation.

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Stylish Merchandise

Women and Misses will Welcome our announcement of our First Showing of

:- Early Fall Dresses :-

Featuring many lovely New Fall Frocks in prices from \$25 to \$65, such Brands as Betty Wales and Doris Dress Company.

We are very proud to announce that we have secured the Agency for MISS MANHATTAN Coat Suits and Suits out of N.Y. will appreciate your seeing this line of High Grade Coats and Suits as we know that you will be pleased with these Snappy Styles We are expecting these Goods within the next few days

:- Watch this space weekly :-

Mitchell-Gillett Dry Goods Co.

Stylish Merchandise

Arkansas New Oil Field Re-Enacts Wild West Days

El Dorado, Ark.—To get a touch of the wild western frontier days it is not necessary to travel farther west than El Dorado oil fields. Here every day are enacted scenes that will match in thrills anything that ever took place in the days of Bret Harte. Every morning "Pistol Hill" and "Shot Gun Valley" have their "man for breakfast," and sometimes two or three. These suburbs of El Dorado lie between the city proper and the rich oil fields to the south and west.

Here may be found representatives of every known class of human society. The oil man intent on striking a gusher, the lease hound ever ready to put you in touch with some close-in acreage, the demi-monde and the bad gun man. Of the latter element there are some whose reputations have followed them from the Burkburnette field of Texas.

Only this morning a celebrated gun man named "Silver Top" Booth, was found dead in the road with nine bullet holes in his body supposed to have been done by members of his gang with whom he had quarreled.

El Dorado has a population of perhaps 10,000, but it takes 35 city police and perhaps 50 deputy sheriffs to preserve even a semblance of order. In the resorts outside the city may be found the roulette wheel, crap tables, chuck-a-luck, black jack and poker games, all well patronized by the workers of the oil fields. Saloons run wide open and jazz music from the dance halls filters through the night air and chaos and ribaldry hold sway until morning dawns.

On the heels of the discovery of the Busey well, last January, came people from all parts of the country intent on getting rich as past as their capital and opportunity permitted. Everybody wanted space on the main street of the town and soon all the available frontage was taken up. It was then that the bonus system of payment became in vogue. As much as \$10,000 has been paid for a space 25x50 in the center of town,

where the original lease had passed through two or three hands.

Lining the city's streets on both sides of the main thoroughfare were hamburger stands, small novelty shops, bootblack sheds and every conceivable kind of small business. These people paid the city a monthly rental for space occupied and from this revenue alone El Dorado has built a fine city hall. The unsightly shacks have been removed, however, as they were a constant fire trap to more valuable property. "Hamburg or Row" became known to all oil men all over the west and during its existence was one of the sights of the city. The authorities are making every effort to wipe out "Pistol Hill" and "Shot Gun Valley," but no sooner is one "joint" closed than another springs up elsewhere. Human life is held very cheap in both these places, and rarely a night passes that some one is not killed.

All of the officers, both city and county, carry two large six-guns strapped to their hips, and are pick-up men, quick on the draw, and fearless in the pursuit of duty. They usually go in pairs through the tougher parts of the city and frequently they are called upon to show their metal.

The negro has been one of the greatest beneficiaries of the discovery of oil in Union county. Today, after six months of getting his royalties from oil found on his farm, he may be seen riding through the streets of his town in high priced cars, the tonneau filled with his pickaninnies and other dusky members of his family. Like the Indian of Oklahoma, he buys everything offered him and his home is often cluttered up with pianos of different makes while a phonograph plays the only tunes he hears. Quite often linoleum serves as a carpet for this costly attempt at luxury.

An amusing story is told of a Chinaman who had riches forced upon him. Some time before the discovery of oil a shrewd real estate man of Little Rock, sold the son of the Celestial empire 160 acres of land for \$10 per acre. The dealer had bought the land for \$1 per acre and keenly enjoyed the discomfiture of the Chinaman when the latter found his land was boggy and worthless. Perhaps a month later oil was discovered a few hundred yards from

the side lines of the Chinaman and a few days later he sold his quarter section for \$160,000. Wong still runs his laundry in El Dorado and buys and sells leases with the result that he is said to be worth well above \$300,000.

On the road to the oil field the streams and small bayous are covered with a thin film of oil and it is in these places cows, hogs and horses take refuge from the swarm of flies and mosquitoes that infect this section. The beautiful coats of the Jerseys and other high-bred cattle are smeared with the black liquid. They have discovered that insects will not attack them while their hide is smeared with petroleum. Their contentment is apparent at a glance.

El Dorado is experiencing a boom the like of which has never been seen in this section of the country. The town is crowded with strangers and the new comer is lucky if he can find a cot the first night of his arrival. The three banks are in despair trying to keep up with the growing business. One of these institutions keeps two shifts of clerks employed and does not close its doors until after 1 o'clock in the evening.

The present production of the El Dorado field is about 72,000 barrels a day. So far 275 wells have been drilled or which 25 have proven barren or were destroyed by salt water. For a time it was feared that salt water would prove a serious menace but this has been overcome, and now the oil and water are separated by a process that involves little expense. The majority of the wells are not affected much with salt water, tho there are some that flow oil and salt water in turn at certain intervals. Wells range in surface elevation from 175 to 300 feet above sea level and the sand produces from a height of 1,916 to 1,950 feet below sea level; in other words, from the surface to the sand, is generally between 2,100 and 2,200 feet. This depth produces a hydrostatic head of from 800 to 900 pounds which is reflected in the gas pressure.

So far no barren wells have been drilled within the area represented by a line drawn around the field connecting the extreme outside producing wells. This feature attracts the practical oil man as it is a distinct novelty in his experience.

Drilling costs are extremely low compared with other fields. Wells can be contracted for at \$3.50 per foot, owner furnishing casing, fittings, tanks and other equipment. A well in this field represents an outlay of about \$10,000 at present. Last January a well could not be drilled for much less than \$30,000. Some wells have been drilled of late for as low as \$8,000.

The recent slump in oil has had some depressing effect in the oil business here, but the recent announcement of the Standard Oil Co. that they would take all offered at 70 cents per barrel has had a most stimulating effect and it is confidently expected that \$1 oil will soon be posted. At the latter figure El Dorado will be a field much sought after by oil men. There is much wild catting going on and the limits of the pool will probably be known within six months. The oil found here is a lower grade than the mid-continent field, but the wells are usually of the gusher class which with the low cost of drilling make El Dorado a hardy rival of the other fields where high grade oil is found, but where drilling costs are nearly double what they are here. Most of the big companies are well represented and many big deals have been accomplished up to date.

It is always an easy thing for politicians to fool the public with the cry of economy, retrenchment and reform.

HIGH CLASS PIANO FOR SALE

One Becker Bros. Piano and bench practically new, in first class condition except it has not been tuned for two (2) years. Will make low price and good terms to responsible parties. Piano can be seen at residence of Mr. J. D. Nichols, Marfa. This piano was made especially for a dr yclimate and shipped direct to me from New York. For price and terms see Mr. H. M. Fennel, Marfa, 41.

J. F. TIGNER

Franklin Cafe

Formerly the Palace.

GOOD THINGS TO EAT.

Lodges--Societies

MARFA CHAPTER No. 476 R. A. M. Meets fourth Thursday in each month. Visiting members cordially invited to be present. R. E. Petross, H. P.; J. W. Howell, Secretary.

Marfa Chapter No. 344 O. E. S. meets the third Tuesday evening in each month. Visiting members cordially invited to be present. Mrs. Rada Humphreys, W. M. Blanche Avant, Secretary.

MARFA LODGE No. 506 A. F. & A. M. Meets second Thursday evening in each month. Visiting brethren are cordially invited to be present. J. Anson Coughran, W. M.; J. W. Howell, Secretary.



TWO WELL-DRESSED MEN

who owe their prepossessing appearance to the fact that both had their suits tailored by Lewis the Tailor. Whenever you see a well-dressed man in this town chances are he has his clothes made to order by us. Our style, cut, fit, material and finish belong exclusively to this shop.

LEWIS THE TAILOR
SNAP IT!

DR. A. G. CHURCH, Physician and Surgeon. Office three doors west of Marfa National Bank. Residence phone No. 114.

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THE UNIVERSAL CAR

The Ford Sedan is the favorite family car, seats five comfortably. While an enclosed car with permanent top, it has large windows, and may in a minute be changed to a most delightful open car with always a top protecting against the sun. In inclement weather it is a closed car, dust-proof, water-proof, cold-proof. Finely upholstered. Equipped with electric starting and lighting system and demountable rims with 3 1/2-inch tires front and rear. A real family car. Won't you come in and look at it? The delights of the electric car with the economy of the Ford.



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HARDWARE DEPARTMENT
Just received a NEW LINE of CROCK-
ERY and ENAMELED WARE
All Selling at Rock Bottom Prices

DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT

Are now showing the New Fall Silks, Wool Dress Goods, Beautiful New Style Sweaters for Ladies and Children. Every thing for the Baby such as Silk Caps all styles, Wool Caps and Bootees, Boys Sweaters and Caps, come and see them---the prettiest line we have ever shown.

To make room for above goods we are offering bargains on all Summer goods.

COME EARLY AND GET THE PICK

FOR TEN DAYS ONLY

FOR LADIES

Fancy Voil and Organdies.
Sale Price 35c and **65c**
Solid Colors, Blue, Ping, Tan Lin-N-
Like Suiting. Sale price per yard **40c**
Percales and Gingham.
Sale Price, per yard **12 1/2**

Georgette Waists, \$6.50 to \$7.50 Val-
ues. Sale Price **\$3.98**
Middy Blouses.
Sale Price \$1.25 and **2.25**
Ladies' House Dresses, \$2.50 Values.
Sale Price **1.75**

Polly Prim House Aprons, \$1.25
Values. Sale Price **98c**
Ladies' Patent Leather Oxfords Will
go on Sale at Per pair **\$2.95**
Ladies' Kid Oxfords In this sale at
Per Pair **3.48**

FOR MEN

Mens' Dress Shirts, Regular \$1.75
Values. Sale Price **\$1.35**
Mens' Dress Shirts, Regular \$2.25
Values, in this sale at **1.60**
Regular \$3.50 Dress Shirts Will go
on sale at **2.80**

ALL HATS 25% OFF REGULAR
PRICE
Mens' Hose, Regular 25 cent Values,
During this sale, Per Pair **12 1/2**
Kery-Cut Men's Union Suits, \$1.40
Values. Sale Price **\$1.00**

One Lot Men's Shoes on sale. Your
Pick at Per Pair **\$4.75**
Sealpax Twin Button Union Suits,
\$1.50 value. Sale Price **1.35**
Rokahr Boots, shop made, Regular
\$27.50 value. Sale Price **24.30**

Murphy-Walker Company

The Store of Quality

Homes Protected From Invasion By Dry Agents

"DRYS" DETERMINED TO FORCE ADOPTION OF CONFERENCE AGREEMENT ON ANTI-BEER BILL.

Washington, D. C.—The safeguards thrown around "home brew" by the house substitute for the Stanley search warrant amendment to the anti-beer bill went glimmering.

The house provision, which modified the Stanley amendment requiring a search warrant for the invasion of any property or premises by dry enforcement agents so as to limit it to a search warrant, could not be issued unless there was reason to believe the dwelling was to private dwellings, carried an ad-being used to make liquor for sale.

The senate and house conferees

today agreed to a compromise between the Stanley amendment and the house substitute, providing, in the case of dwellings, merely against search without a warrant. "Home brew," therefore, goes back to its original status under the Volstead act, which prohibits the manufacture of any intoxicating beverage of more than one-half of one per cent alcohol.

The only additional security home brew has is that liquor dry officers must have sufficient knowledge to swear out a search warrant before being able to enter a home.

The compromise agreed upon by the conferees retains that part of the Stanley amendment protecting the home against indiscriminate search for liquor but permits the searching of automobiles, boats—in fact, any place except a bonafide dwelling house—without a search warrant when dry agents have "reasonable cause" to believe liquor is being transported or held in violation of the law. To apply the penalties provided in the amendments for search without a warrant it would be necessary, under the compromise,

to show that the raiders acted "maliciously and without reasonable cause."

The conference agreement was reported to the senate today and laid on the table until the house acts. Representative Volstead in charge of the measure in the lower branch, plans to call it up Monday. No serious opposition is expected in the house.

The attitude of the opposition in the senate, however, is such that the beer bill threatens to interfere with the plans for a recess. The dry leaders who favor the compromise said tonight they expected the wets to object to it and in view of the fact that Wednesday has been agreed upon as the date to begin the recess they may attempt to force it over.

Representative Volstead and the dry forces in the house, however, were reported tonight to have determined to force adoption of the conference report by the senate by refusing to permit adoption by the house of the resolution providing for the recess. As the drys are in an overwhelming majority in the house they could do this easily if they

should stick together.

Senator Ashurst, Democrat, Arizona, who bolted the conference early in the week, and Representative Dyer, Republican, Missouri, failed to sign the report. It was approved, however, by Senators Sterling and Nelson, Republicans, and Representative Volstead, Republican, and Summers, Texas, Democrat.

The only point at issue in final deliberations of the managers was the searching provision. In reaching a compromise both the senate and the house amendments on the subject were discarded. In their place the conferees adopted the following section:

Section Six: That any officers, agent or employee of the United States engaged in the enforcement of this act, or the national prohibition act, or any other law of the United States, who shall search any private dwelling as defined in the national prohibition act, and occupied as such a dwelling without a warrant directing such search, and who while so engaged, shall without a search warrant, maliciously and without reasonable cause search any

other building or property, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction thereof shall be fined a first offense not more than one thousand dollars, and for a subsequent offense not more than one thousand dollars or imprisonment not more than one year, or both, such fine or imprisonment.

"Whoever not being an officer, agent, or employe of the United States, shall forcibly represent himself to be such officer, agent or employe and in such assumed character, shall arrest or detain any person, or shall in any manner search the persons, buildings of other property of any person, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction thereof shall be punished by a fine of not more than one thousand dollars, or imprisonment for not more than one year, or by both such fine and imprisonment."

DR. TRUETT WILL PREACH TO COWBOYS

Dr. George W. Truett, pastor of the First Baptist church of Dallas, Texas, is at Hotel Paso del Norte,

with Mrs. Truett and their two daughters, Miss Mary Truett and Miss Annie Truett.

They have been attending the Cristoval encampment 20 miles south of San Angelo, where Dr. Truett has spoken for the last ten days.

Dr. Truett said there were 3,000 campers on the grounds, and the Sunday crowd reached 6,000.

Dr. and Mrs. T. V. Neal entertained Dr. Truett and family at a dinner at the Paso del Norte Monday evening, and afterward they went for a ride over the Scenic Drive. The visitors will leave this afternoon for the Means-Evans ranch 90 miles from Silver City, N. M. Dr. Truett will preach to cowboys and ranchmen near there for several days, he said.

In the party which will leave by automobile are: Mr. and Mrs. John V. Means, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Means, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Lea, Dr. George W. Truett and Annie and Sallie Truett, Dr. S. J. Porter, the pastor of the First Baptist church at Oklahoma City, and rs. Marie Porter.—El Paso Herald.

THE NEW ERA

Published Every Friday by

New Era Printing Company
(Incorporated)

Subscription, per Year.....\$2.00

ADVERTISING RATES

Display ad., run of paper, except first page, 25c per inch.

One-half page or more, 20c per inch.

Ads. in plate form, 15c per inch.

Legal advertising, 10 cents per line first insertion, 5 cents per line each subsequent insertion.

Cards of thanks, 50 cents.

Bank reports, 10 cents a line.

H. H. KULATRICK, Editor and General Manager

Entered as second class matter May 29, 1886, at Marfa, Texas, under act of March 2, 1879.

Classified advertising, 1 cent a word; minimum price, first insertion, 25 cents; after first insertion, minimum price 15 cents.

Reading notices, 10 cents a line.

Obituary poetry, memorial notices and resolutions, 10 cents a line.

Obituary notices, 5 cents a line, minimum charge 50 cents.

ALEXANDER GORDON FRENCH

(L. A. LaCrosse in West Texas News)
A wave of sorrow swept over the city of Del Rio last Thursday evening, August 11th, when the announcement was made that Alexander Gordon French, district clerk of Val Verde County, was dead.

We all realized that his illness was of a fatal nature, since he was stricken down at San Antonio, two weeks earlier, yet we believed that he would last several days more and that his many friends would have a chance to see him at his comfortable quarters in the Finney home, where he had been placed only that morning.

The funeral service was conducted at the Doran Undertaking Parlors and at the grave Friday afternoon at 5:30 o'clock, and on the J. J. Foster plot of ground in the Masonic Cemetery, all that was mortal of our good friend was consigned to the clasp of Mother Earth.

Mrs. A. N. Henry, a devoted friend, arranged the music and a solemn and beautiful solo was sung by Val W. Albritten, accompanied by Miss Lou Emma Weinert, on the violin. This was especially fitting for it was known that Mr. French was very fond of the singing of the one and the sweet playing of the other.

The funeral was preached by Rev. C. M. Raby of the Methodist church, who splendidly depicted the life and character of our dear friend in a most earnest and eloquent manner.

A prayer was offered by Rev. Philip King of the Christian Church.

When the mound was completed above the grave, it was converted into a bank of lovely flowers, contributed by dear friends, who knew the man, appreciated his character and felt the loss to the very depth of their hearts.

The pall bearers were: Judge W. K. Jones, Judge B. B. Troop, Clarence Herford, Louis J. Nagens, L. A. LaCrosse and Austin Callan.

The introduction of A. Gordon French to Del Rio was in 1908 when he came here to edit the West Texas News, which was established by Henry W. Schutze, of Marfa.

It was a case of "love at first sight" between him and the "City of Roses," and while for a brief period of time he returned to Marfa and published the New Era there, he felt that this was the place he wanted to spend the last years of his life. And when the touch of death came to him at San Antonio; when he doubtless recognized the chilly hand, his one great wish was to be brought back home.

Mr. French severed his connection with this paper, which he ably edited, in order to become district clerk of Val Verde County and made a most efficient officer and was highly respected by every member of the court.

On February 23, 1851, this remarkable man first saw the light of day in England. He came of an influential family and was directly related to Sir Douglas French of world wide fame. But he never mentioned these things, for he loved the simple life and was democratic to the core. At the age of 19 Mr. French graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts from the London University and for a time was identified with the commercial life of the greatest city in the world. When he attained his majority something called him away from his native heath. Red blooded and opposed to the doctrine of the divine right of Kings, he set his face towards the setting sun, towards "the land of the free and the

home of the brave," and for more than fifty years he lived a loyal American who loved the flag and every bright star that gleamed on its field of blue.

Before leaving England Mr. French was united in wedlock to Miss Mary Weatherhead, a beautiful woman, and the daughter of Governor John Weatherhead of Holloway. To this union one child was born before the voyage across the Atlantic was made and two came to bless the home on this side.

Mrs. French died in 1884, and was carried back to High Gate Cemetery in North London for burial. One of the most touching stories that we have ever read: "The End of The Saddest Day," had reference to this event of sorrow in the life of our friend. The three children also died, and something said in conversation led us to believe that the wife and one of the children perished in a storm or railroad wreck. But it was a sacred matter and we never attempted to trespass in that garden of the past, where sometimes Mr. French wandered.

For 20 years he lived in Austin and established the Sifter, a free lance publication which was very popular. He was also engaged in other undertakings, up to 1905, when he assumed management of the New Era at Marfa. Since coming to Del Rio in 1908, Mr. French has been an ardent booster for the town. He believed in progress in good schools and churches and in a clean city.

Personally the owner of the West Texas News loved and appreciated Mr. French. Our association together was always pleasant. We found him high-minded, earnest, enterprising and loyal. He fought for the things in civic uplift, in social customs and in politics that he believed to be right, and nothing would swerve him from the high pathway of duty.

His life went out as peacefully as the summer's day when he breathed his last. We will not see his beaming face and we will not hear his cheering voice again, but in memory he will live with us through all the years.

The State teachers' salaries have been cut 20 per cent on all salaries over \$2,000. This should be handed down to future generations as a great victory by the retranchers—NOT.

The more we study the tariff schedule the less we know about it. However, we are firmly convinced that the tariff question should be handled by a non-partisan commission and absolutely removed from party wrangling forever.

LUMBER MARKET IMPROVING

The general lumber market continues to show improvement and the most encouraging feature to the lumber manufacturers is that the improvement is largely in trades which have not been showing much activity for several months. Railroad buying is becoming a considerable factor in the market, thus making it possible to dispose of lumber for which there has been little or no demand for some time.

The furniture manufacturers are also buying considerable quantities of hardwoods though they are finding it difficult to secure as much high grade stock as they would like. The fact that hardwood production has been on a scantier basis this year than for many years, although hardwood sales have been limited, the situation is such that at present there is very little unsold high grade hardwood in the South, in the West or North, therefore an increase in buying is sure to exert a very strong effect on the market—much stronger in fact than would be the case were a normal amount of hardwood lumber being produced.

House building is going on in fair volume in the cities. There are prospects that even though the fall is approaching the volume of houses building will be fairly large because money is becoming more plentiful with the result that banks are showing a tendency to be more liberal in making home building loans. One of the greatest factors which has held back home building this year has been the inability to secure loans and consequently an increase in the amount of money available for loans is going to result in some stimulation to building.

Production, shipments and orders practically offset each other; that is, lumber producers, taking the country as a whole, are receiving orders for as much lumber as they produce and are shipping the same amount they produce so that on the whole, stocks are not increasing.

From the week ending January 8 to the week ending July 30, the National Lumber Manufacturers' Association reports as follows on production, shipments and orders (in board feet): Production 4,460,798,622; shipments, 4,486,320,644; orders, 4,548,743,209. San Antonio Express.

On sale, Sport Silk Sweaters and Silk Skirts at Milady's Shoppe.

PROBATE NOTICE

The State of Texas,
To the Sheriff or any Constable of Presidio County—Greeting:

You are hereby commanded to cause the following notice to be published in a newspaper of general circulation which has been continuously and regularly published for a period of not less than one year preceding the date of the notice in the County of Presidio State of Texas, and you shall cause said notice to be printed at least once each week for the period of ten days exclusive of the first day of publication before the return day hereof:

NOTICE

The State of Texas:
To all persons interested in the welfare of James Fenton Reynolds and Howard Reynolds, minors, H. W. Reynolds has filed in the County Court of Presidio County, an application for Letters of Guardianship upon the persons and estate of said minors in cause No. 208, which will be heard at the next term of said court which will convene on the first Monday, the same being the 5th day of September, 1921, at the Court House thereof, in the town of Marfa, Texas, at which time all persons interested in said welfare of said minors may appear and contest said application if they see proper.

Herein fail not under penalty of law, and of this Writ make due return.

Given under my hand and seal of office, in the town of Marfa, Texas, the 4th day of August, A. D. 1921.
Attest: J. H. Fortner, Clerk County (Seal) Court, Presidio County.
By Lorene Settle, Deputy. 10-3

Partnership Dissolution Notice

Notice is hereby given that the partnership lately subsisting between J. W. Wilson as a party and F. W. Cook and wife Jesus Cook as a party, of Presidio, Presidio County, Texas, doing business under the firm name of La Junta Farms, was on the 28th day of July, A. D. 1921, dissolved by mutual consent.

All debts owing by said partnership are to be received by the said F. W. Cook, and all demands on the said partnership are to be presented to the said J. W. Wilson for payment.
July 28, 1921.

J. W. Wilson
F. W. Cook,
Jesus Cook.

9-4

Partnership Dissolution Notice

Notice is hereby given that the partnership lately subsisting between James Halper and Andreas Salgado of Shafter, Presidio County, Texas, doing business under the firm name of Shafter Mercantile Company, was on the 23rd day of July, A. D. 1921, by mutual consent dissolved.

Said mercantile establishment will be continued by the said Andreas Salgado under the same mercantile name, and all future business, purchases and sales, will be on his individual account. All accounts owing to said partnership will be payable to the said Andreas Salgado, and all demands against said partnership will be presented to him for payment.

This July 26th, 1921.
James Halper
Andreas Salgado.

9-4

G. L. MAURER

Painter and Decorator
Agent for
HENRY BOSCH WALLPAPER
Box 194 Phone 139
Marfa, Texas.

9-4

BIG BEND TITLE CO.

Abstractors
We have Complete
Index of County Records
Marfa, Texas.

9-4

See our bargains for Saturday and all next week. Ladies Shoes and Mens' Shoes, Ladies and Mens' Hose, Remnants of Dress Goods and Domestic. Murphy-Walker Co. The Store of Quality.

Get your SB at Anderson's.

AT THE MODEL

Choice steak at 30 cents per lb.
Round " 25 cents per lb.
Shoulder " 20 cents per lb.
Stew " 15 cents per lb.
Roast " 20 and 25 cents per lb.

OUR SPECIALTY

Orders for parties our specialty. All kinds of cream and ices in bulk or bricks.

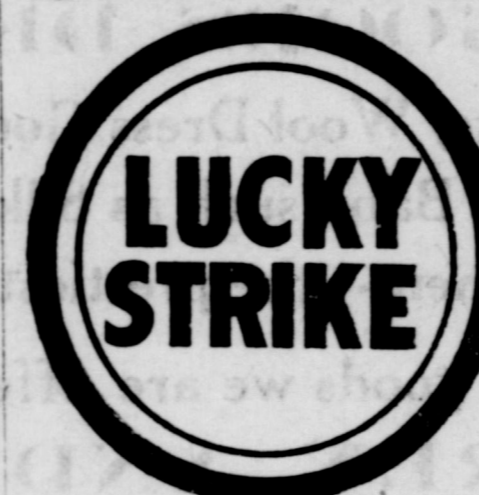
If you wish to carry out some color scheme we will make any colors in cream or candy.

Mints, fancy bon bons, coconut fluffs, etc. Salted almonds, peanuts and pecans.

THE CANDY SHOP.

LIVINGSTON UNDERTAKING COMPANY

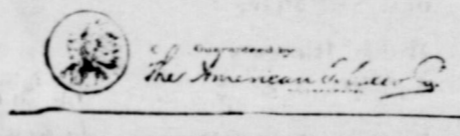
W. G. Young, G. W. Livingston
Coffins, Caskets, Funeral Goods.
Licensed Embalmers



Cigarette

To seal in the delicious Burley tobacco flavor.

It's Toasted



"If there were no renters in the world there would be very little business for the second-hand furniture dealers."

OWNING YOUR HOME

will eliminate the eternal house-hunting; much moving and ruining of costly furniture and good dispositions, and the paying of unreasonable rents.

BUILD NOW

Let us furnish the material for your building. They will satisfy.

Alamo Lumber Co.

Stool's Dry Goods Store

Ladies and Mens' Ready to Wear

Good Shoes

PRICES RIGHT

Marx Stool, Prop.

The Marfa National Bank

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$100,000

Solicits your accounts on the basis of being able and willing to serve you well and acceptably.

UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY

MODEL MARKET

Headquarters For

Fresh Meat and Vegetables.

Phones 19 and 60

Purity Blackleg Vaccine

It Stands The Test

MAC'S DRUG STORE

Marfa Electric and Ice Co.

Water---Electricity---Ice

Marfa Manufacturing Co.

(INCORPORATED)

BLACKSMITH, MACHINE SHOP and Garage

SAMSON AND ECLIPSE WIND-MILLS, GASOLINE ENGINES, PIPES AND WATER SUPPLIES, AUTOMOBILE CASINGS, TUBES AND ACCESSORIES

Marfa - - - Texas

A One Price Store



The oldest piano house in El Paso. 25 years' experience finding the pianos suitable for this climate.

EL PASO PIANO CO.

215 Texas Street (Between Mesa and Stanton)
SOLE AGENTS FOR
Everett, A. B. Chase, Fischer, Brambach, Harvard, Shutes, Kurtzmann, Haddorf, Clarendon, Aeolian Co's. Pianola Pianos.

Locals and Personals

Line of Sport Hats at Milady's Shoppe.

Ranger Geo. Brown of Presidio was in Marfa Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Bunton were in from their ranch Wednesday.

John Holland and his son Clay Holland were in the city Monday.

You can't find a better place to trade than Griffith Grocery Co.

Mrs. Bulah Spencer Ellison is here on a visit to her mother, Mrs. W. G. Young.

Mrs. J. S. Howard returned Tuesday from a three weeks' trip to St. Louis.

Milady's Shoppe has now on display a full line of beautiful advanced fall style silk dresses.

H. W. Shultz left Tuesday evening for Austin on a short visit to his mother.

Golden State (pasteurized) Butter. Ends the quest for the best. Griffith Grocery Co.

Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Wood of the Chanatti ranch were registered at the Alta Vista Saturday.

F. W. Cook, ex-county surveyor, now residing at Presidio, was in the city Wednesday on business.

Milady's Shoppe has just received a beautiful line of fall ready-to-wear hats.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Casner and Mrs. J. D. Jackson of Alpine were registered at the Jordan Hotel Saturday.

Stormy Lease of Brewster county was in the city Monday. Some years ago he was foreman on the T. M. Wilson ranch.

CANOVA Coffee is famous for its cup value. Try it. You will like it. Griffith Grocery Co.

Judge and Mrs. James Cornell stopped a short time in Marfa Monday on their return from the Bloys Camp Meeting.

D. G. Knight left Tuesday for El Paso, accompanied by J. S. Stockard. Mr. Knight will be operated on for cataract of both eyes.

Beautiful line of Fall Dresses at Milady's Shoppe.

Mrs. Mary Young and daughter Miss Anita, returned Friday from a two months' trip to Los Angeles and other California places.

Accordian, box and side plaiting; hemstitching, pinking, braiding, buttons and buttonholes made. Mrs. H. B. Houston, Uvalde, Texas.

Call 288 if you want service, quality and the lowest possible price. Griffith Grocery Co.

Mrs. Joe Humphreys will be hostess to the Marfa History Club Tuesday, August 30th, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. R. S. McCracken.

Hays Main has accepted a position in San Antonio and at an early date is preparing to move there with his family. Marfa is the loser while San Antonio will gain a splendid citizen.

Beautiful line of Fall Dresses at Milady's Shoppe.

Miss Mand Parr has recently purchased the Beauty Parlor from Miss Jewell Lightfoot. Miss Parr several months ago was in charge of the Western Union Telegraph station here.

CANOVA COFFEE is noted for its strength and aroma, making it economical and delicious. Griffith Grocery Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Bell left Wednesday morning for their home in Valentine. They took back with them that fine looking young son, which the stork brought them several weeks ago.

When in a hurry for your groceries ring 288. We believe you will like our service. Griffith Grocery Company.

Frank Anderson has just installed in front of his "Gift Store" a beautiful clock. With this, together with many others recently added, Marfa can now boast of having one of the finest jewelry stores in West Texas.

Guy S. Combs and family spent last Saturday and Sunday, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Mimms. Monday evening Henry Wilson and George Mimms returned with them for an outing on the Combs ranch near Marathon.

Line of Sport Hats at Milady's Shoppe:

Dr. J. C. Darracott has moved to El Paso, where he will practice his profession. His family expect in a short time to follow. Dr. Darracott has formed a partnership with Dr. Crouse, one of the most brilliant physicians in El Paso.

Milady's Shoppe has just received a beautiful line of Tailored Hats.

Henry Grierson left Saturday for the National Rifle Meet, which this year is at Camp Perry, Ohio. He has been appointed by the Adjutant General, Captain of the Texas team. Mrs. Grierson will accompany him part of the way, stopping off in Illinois to visit relatives.

IDLE? Big business is ready for you. Sell 137 products direct to farmers on credit. If you own team or auto, are under 50, can give bond, we start you. Twenty million use our products. Good territory open. Write J. R. Watkins Co., Dept. 115, Winona, Minn. It's your life chance

BAND CONCERT

Band concerts will be given by the Fifth Cavalry band at the post band stand on Tuesday and Friday, August 30th, and September 1, 1921, from 8 to 9 p. m. Following is the program for Tuesday August 30th:

March, Marche Militaire.....Schubert
Overture, Light Cavalry.....VonSuppe
Popular, Venetian Moon.....Goldberg
Waltz, Blue Danube.....J. Strauss
Selection, So Long Letty.....Carrall
Fantasia, La Paloma.....Yradier
Popular, Fancies.....Spencer
March, Trombonium.....Withrow
Program for Friday, September 1:
March, On Wisconsin.....Purdie
Medley Overture, Introducing King
Chanticleer. Also Rag, Who are you
With Tonight Remick-Lampe
Bolero, Flores de Cuba Broekenshire
Popular, Rock-a-Bye Baby with a
Dixie Melody.....Schwartz
Waltz, On the Shores of Tripoli.....Dubin
Popular, Margie.....Conrad
Popular, Miss Trombone, A Slippery
Slip.....Eilmore
March The Cavalry Wiggle.....Broekenshire
William F. Baker, Warrant
Officer, Conducting.

SENATE ASKED TO CENSURE REED FOR VOLSTEAD ATTACK

Washington, Aug. 23.—The senate was requested today in a resolution adopted by the house by a vote of 181 to 2 "to take appropriate action" concerning remarks by Senator Reed Democrat, of Missouri, during debate on the anti-beer bill last week, which the house held were "improper, unparliamentary and a reflection on the character" of representative Volstead, Republican, of Minnesota.

It is the first time in history, so far as official records show, that the house has taken such action. On two previous occasions, however, it censured a representative for making uncomplimentary statements about senators and senate. In both incidents the offending remarks were eliminated from the Congressional record by a house vote.

The resolution, which was offered by Representative Newton, Republican, Minnesota, was adopted after brief debate and was referred to the rules committee when it reached the senate. Mr. Reed made no comment concerning it.

Senator Reed's language, as printed in the Congressional Record, follows:

"Until the other day I never had the pleasure of seeing the distinguished author of the Volstead act. His brief biography states that he was born in the United States. I am however, informed he speaks in very broken English. I do not know what his ancestry may be, but I do know that I have gazed upon pictures of the celebrated conspirators of the past, the countenances of those who have led in fanatical crusades, the burning of witches, the executioners who applied the torch of persecution, and I saw them all again when I looked at the author of this bill.

"I have no respect for a man, whether he be a member of the house or elsewhere, who proposes to whittle down the constitution of the

ALAMO LUMBER CO.

:- LUMBER :-

When you think of Building, Painting or Repairing

REMEMBER

It costs no more to have it done right

ALAMO LUMBER CO.

"Ask the man who deals with us."

United States, who tries to leave it, as does he amendment of the house, so that an officer can go into every building except a residence; who puts the discovery of a bottle of beer above the constitution; who, in the pursuit of his favorite pastime of hunting somebody who may take a drink, is willing to destroy that constitution when he held up his hand and before Almighty God swore he would maintain, protect and preserve.

"A man who thinks more of getting a bootlegger than he does of preserving the palladium of human liberty is not fit to be in a legislative body and is not fit to be a citizen of the United States. I have more respect for an anarchist, who, in his blindness, stands upon a soap box proclaiming against all, than I have for the man who will, in this body or in the house of representatives, swear before the Almighty God that he will preserve the constitution of the United States and then employ the authority and power the people vested in him to preserve the constitution for the purpose of destroying that sacred document."

PIANO AND VOICE

I am now prepared to take a limited number of pupils for lessons on piano and voice. Studio in my residence.

Floy Midkiff.

Speed And Traffic Regulations; Watch Your Step

The City Administration wishes to call the attention of the citizens of Marfa to the traffic regulations of our city. A great many of us have of late become careless with reference to the observance of our speed limit, and other traffic regulations, with perhaps no intent to violate the spirit of the law. However, there has been so much speeding within the city limits of late that numerous complaints have been registered with the city authorities, together with suggestions that we rigidly enforce the ordinance regulating traffic within the city limits.

With a view of protecting life and property we trust every person driving automobiles will be careful to remain within the speed limit and to drive to the right hand side of all marking posts, and you will render a valuable service to the city administration, and the community at large, if you will use your influence with others to do likewise.

We trust and believe all good citizens will accept the warning here-with referred to in the same good spirit in which it has been offered, and cooperate with the city marshal in his earnest efforts to make our little city a safer town in which to live.

Jno. T. Hamci, Mayor.

MARFA GARAGE

FELTS & HUGHES
AUTOMOBILES FOR SALE
FIRST CLASS REPAIR WORK DONE.

Our Prices are Reasonable and our Work is done under a GUARANTEE
We make a Specialty of Battery Work and our Facilities for Charging your Battery are FIRST CLASS.

We will soon have a Full Line of New Cars on Display In our Show Rooms

LOCATION:
Same side of Street and one door South of OPERA HOUSE

PHONE No. 213. CALL US AT ANY TIME
-- Your Patronage Will be Appreciated. --

Real Estate and Live Stock

- Grass and Oil Lands Speciatly -

Lee Means--Alford E. Means

Valentine, Texas

MARFA MARKET

Quality Meats and Vegetables
Fish and Oysters in season
Butter and Eggs

PHONES 75 AND 3

Just Arrived

New Fall Dresses
New Fall Hats
New Fall Sweaters

Livingston-Mabry Co.

BULL-DOG DRUMMOND

The Adventures of A Demobilized Officer Who Found Peace Dull

by
CYRIL McNEILE

"SAPPER"

Illustrations by
IRWIN MYERS

Copyright by Geo H Doran Co

She waved a charming hand in farewell, and turned to her companion. But Drummond, though he went into the hall outside, did not immediately leave the hotel. Instead, he buttonholed an exquisite being arrayed in gorgeous apparel, and led him to a point of vantage.

"You see that girl," he remarked, "having tea with a man at the third table from the big palm? Now, can you tell me who the man is? I seem to know his face, but I can't put a name to it."

"That, sir," murmured the exquisite being, with the faintest perceptible scorn at such ignorance, "is the marquess of Laidley. His lordship is frequently here."

"Laidley!" cried Hugh, in sudden excitement. "Laidley! The duke of Lampshire's son! You priceless old stuffed tomato—the plot thickens."

Completely regardless of the scandalized horror on the exquisite being's face, he smote him heavily in the stomach and stepped into Pail Mall. For clear before his memory had come three lines on the scrap of paper he had torn from the table at The Elms that first night, when he had grabbed the dazed millionaire from under Peterson's nose.

The duchess of Lampshire's pearls are at present chess of Lamp-

The duchess of Lampshire's pearls were world-famous; the marquess of Laidley was apparently enjoying his tea. And between the two there seemed to be a connection rather too obvious to be missed.

THREE.

"I'm glad you two fellows came down," said Hugh thoughtfully, as he entered the sitting-room of his bungalow at Goring. Dinner was over, and stretched in three chairs were Peter Darrell, Algy Longworth, and Toby Sinclair. "Did you know that a man came here this afternoon, Peter?"

"I did not. Who was it?"

"Mrs. Denny has just told me," Hugh reached out a hand for his pipe, and proceeded to stuff it with tobacco. "He came about the water. And he told her that I had told him to come. Unfortunately, I'd done nothing of the sort."

"What do you mean, Hugh?" asked Toby Sinclair.

"It's pretty obvious, old boy," said Hugh grimly. "I should say that about five hours ago Peterson found out that our one and only Hiram C. Potts was upstairs."

"Good Lord!" spluttered Darrell, by now very wide awake, "what do we do, sergeant-major?"

"We take it in turns—two at a time—to sit up with Potts," Hugh glanced at the other three. "D—n it—you blighters—wake up!"

"I don't know what it is," Darrell said, rubbing his eyes. "I feel most infernally sleepy."

"Well, listen to me—confound you, Toby!"

"Sorry, old man," with a start Sinclair sat up in his chair and blinked at Hugh.

"They're almost certain to try and get him tonight," went on Hugh. "Having given the show away by leaving a clue on the wretched secretary, they must get the real man as soon as possible. It's far too dangerous to leave the leave—the—his head dropped forward on his chest; a short, half-strangled snore came from his lips. It had the effect of waking him for the moment, and he staggered to his feet.

The other three, sprawling in their chairs, were openly and unashamedly asleep; even the dogs lay in fantastic attitudes, breathing heavily, inert like logs.

"Wake up!" shouted Hugh wildly. "For God's sake—wake up! We've been drugged!"

Iron weight seemed to be pressing down on his eyelids; the desire for sleep grew stronger and stronger. For a few moments more he fought against it, hopelessly, despairingly; while his legs seemed not to belong to him, and there was a roaring noise in his ears. And then, just before unconsciousness overcame him, there came to his bemused brain the sound of a whistle three repeated from outside the window. With a last stuporous effort he fought his way toward it, and for a moment he stared into the darkness. There were dim figures moving through the shrubs, and suddenly one seemed to detach itself. It came nearer, and the light fell on the man's face. His nose and mouth were covered with a sort of pad, but the cold, sneering eyes were

"Lakington!" gasped Hugh, and then the roaring noise increased in his head; his legs struck work together. He collapsed on the floor and lay sprawling, while Lakington, his face pressed against the glass outside, watched in silence.

"Draw the curtains," Lakington was speaking, his voice muffled behind the pad, and one of the men did as he said. There were four in all, each with a similar pad over his mouth and nose. "Where did you put the generator, Brownlow?"

"In the coal-scuttle," a man whom Mrs. Denny would have had no difficulty in recognizing, even with the mask on his face, carefully lifted a small black box out of the scuttle from behind some coal, and shook it gently, holding it to his ear. "It's finished," he remarked, and Lakington nodded.

"An ingenious invention is gas," he said, addressing another of the men. "We owe your nation quite a debt of gratitude for the idea."

A guttural grunt left no doubt as to what that nation was, and Lakington dropped the box into his pocket.

"Go get him," he ordered briefly, and the others left the room.

Contemptuously Lakington kicked one of the dogs; it rolled over and lay motionless in its new position. Then he went in turn to each of the three men sprawling in the chairs. With no attempt at gentleness he turned their faces up to the light, and



studied them deliberately; then he let their heads roll back again with a thud. Finally, he went to the window and stared down at Drummond. In his eyes was a look of cold fury, and he kicked the unconscious man savagely in the ribs.

"You young swine," he muttered. "Do you think I'll forget that blow on the jaw?"

He took another box out of his pocket and looked at it lovingly.

"Shall I?" With a short laugh he replaced it. "It's too good a death for you, Captain Drummond, D.S.O., M.C. Just to snuff out in your sleep. No, my friend, I think I can devise something better than that; something really artistic."

Two other men came in as he turned away, and Lakington looked at them.

"Well," he asked, "have you got the old woman?"

"Bound and gagged in the kitchen," answered one of them laconically. "Are you going to do this crowd in?"

The speaker looked at the unconscious man with hatred in his eyes. "They encumber the earth—this breed of puppy."

"They will not encumber it for long," said Lakington softly. "But the one in the window there is not going to die so easily. I have a small unsettled score with him."

"All right; he's in the car." A voice came from outside the window, and with a last look at Hugh Drummond, Lakington turned away.

"Then we'll go," he remarked. "Au revoir, my blundering young bull. Before I've finished with you, you'll scream for mercy. And you won't get it."

Through the still night air there came the thrumming of the engine of a powerful car. Gradually it died away and there was silence. And then, with a sudden crack, Peter Darrell's head rolled over and hit the arm of his chair.

CHAPTER SIX.

In Which a Very Old Game Takes Place on the Hog's Back.

ONE.

A thick grey mist lay over the Thames. It covered the water and the low fields to the west like a thick white carpet; it drifted sluggishly

under the old bridge which spans the river between Goring and Stratley. It was the hour before dawn, and sleepy passengers, rubbing the windows of their carriages as the Plymouth boat express rushed on toward London, shivered and drew their rugs closer around them. It looked cold . . . cold and dead.

Slowly, almost imperceptibly, the vapor rose, and spread outwards over the wooded hills by Bastidon. It drifted through the shrubs and rose-bushes of a little garden, which stretched from a bungalow down to the water's edge, until at length wisps of it brushed gently round the bungalow itself. Suddenly the window of one of the downstairs rooms was flung open, and a man with a white haggard face leaned out drawing great gulps of fresh air into his lungs. Three other men lay sprawling uncomformably in chairs, and two dogs lay motionless on the hearthrug.

After a moment or two the man withdrew, only to appear again with one of the others in his arms. And then, having dropped his burden through the window on to the lawn outside, he repeated his performance with the remaining two. Finally he pitched the two dogs after them, and then, with his hand to his forehead, he staggered down to the water's edge.

"Holy smoke!" he muttered to himself, as he plunged his head into the cold water, "talk about the morning after!"

After a while, with the water still dripping down his face, he returned to the bungalow and found the other three in various stages of partial insensibility.

"Wake up, my heroes," he remarked, "and get your great fat heads in the river. We were all of us drugged or doped somehow. And now," he added bitterly, "we've all got heads, and we have not got Potts."

"I don't remember anything," said Toby Sinclair, "except falling asleep. Have they taken him?"

"Of course they have," said Hugh. "Just before I went off I saw 'em all in the garden, and that swine Lakington was with them. However, while you go and put your nuts in the river, I'll go up and make certain."

With a grim smile he watched the three men lurch down to the water; then he turned and went upstairs to the room which had been occupied by the American millionaire. It was empty, as he had known it would be, and with a smothered curse he made his way downstairs again.

TWO.

"Has it struck you fellows," remarked Hugh, at the conclusion of lunch, "that seated around this table are four officers who fought with some distinction and much discomfort in the recent historic struggle?"

"How beautifully you put it, old fella!" said Darrell.

"Has it further struck you fellows," continued Hugh, "that last night we were done down, trampled on, had for mugs by a crowd of dirty blackguards composed largely of the dregs of the universe?"

"A veritable Solomon," said Algy, gazing at him admiringly through his eyeglasses. "I told you this morning I detested your friends."

"Has it still further struck you," went on Hugh, a trifle grimly, "that we aren't standing for it? I propose that we should tackle the blighters tonight."

"Tonight!" echoed Darrell. "Where?"

"At The Elms, of course. That's where the wretched Potts is for a certainty."

"And how do you propose that we should set about it?" demanded Sinclair.

Drummond drained his port and grinned gently.

"By stealth, dear old beans—by stealth. You—and I thought we might raze in Ted Jenningsham, and perhaps Jerry Seymour, to join the happy throng—will make a demonstration in force, with the idea of drawing off the enemy, thereby leaving the coast clear for me to explore the house for the unfortunate Potts. An accident. . . . A car. . . ."

What is the connecting-link. . . . Why, drink. Write it down, Algy, or we might forget. Now, can you beat that?"

"We might have some chance," said Darrell kindly, "if we had the slightest idea what you were talking about."

"Pay attention, all of you," said Hugh. "Tonight some time about ten of the clock, Algy's motor will proceed along the Godalming-Guildford road. It will contain you three—also Ted and Jerry Seymour, if we can get 'em. On approaching the gate of The Elms, you will render the night hideous with your vocal efforts. Stray passers-by will think that you are all tight. Then will come the dramatic moment, when, with a heavy crash, you ram the gate. Horrified at this wanton damage to property, you will leave the car and proceed in mass formation up the drive."

"Still giving tongue?" queried Darrell.

"Still giving tongue. Either Ted or Jerry or both of 'em will approach the house and inform the owner in heartbroken accents that they have damaged his gate post. You three will remain in the garden—you might be recognized. Then it will be up to you. You'll have several men all round you. Keep 'em occupied—somehow. They won't hurt you; they'll only be concerned with seeing that you don't go where you're not wanted. The last thing they want to do is to draw any suspicion on themselves—and, on the face of it, you are merely five 'convivial wanderers who have looked on the wine when it was red."

I think," he added thoughtfully, "that in minutes will be enough for me." "What will you be doing?" said Toby.

"I shall be looking for Potts. Don't worry about me. I'll look after myself. Now, is that clear?" "Perfectly," said Darrell, after a short silence. "But I don't know that I like it, Hugh. It seems to me, old son, that you're running an unnecessary lot of risk."

"Got any alternative?" demanded Drummond.

"If we're all going down," said Darrell, "why not stick together and rush the house in a gang?"

"No go, old bean," said Hugh, decisively. "Too many of 'em to hope to pull it off. No, low cunning is the only thing that's got an earthly chance of succeeding." With a grin he rose, and then stroled toward the door. "Now go and rope in Ted and Jerry, and for the love of Heaven don't ram the wrong gate."

"What are you going to do yourself?" demanded Peter suspiciously.

"I'm going to look at her from close to. Go away, all of you, and don't listen outside the telephone box."

THREE.

Hugh stopped his car at Guildford station and, lighting a cigarette, strolled restlessly up and down. He looked at his watch a dozen times in two minutes; he threw away his smoke before it was half finished. In short he manifested every symptom usually displayed by the male of the species when awaiting the arrival of the opposite sex. Over the telephone he had arranged that she should come by train from Godalming to confer with him on a matter of great importance; she had said she would, but what was it? He, having no suitable answer ready, had made a loud buzzing noise indicative of a telephone exchange in pain, and then rung off. And now he was waiting in that peculiar condition of mind, which reveals itself outwardly in hands that are rather too warm, and feet that are rather too cold.

"When is this bally train likely to arrive?" He accented a phlegmatic official, who regarded him coldly, and doubted the likelihood of its being more than a quarter of an hour early.

At length it was signaled, and Hugh got back into his car. Feverishly he scanned the faces of the passengers as they came out into the street, until, with a sudden quick jump of his heart, he saw her, cool and fresh, coming toward him with a faint smile on her lips.

"What is this very important matter you want to talk to me about?" she demanded as he assisted her into his car.

"I'll tell you when we get out on the Hog's Back," he said slipping in his clutch. "It's absolutely vital."

He stole a glance at her, but she was looking straight in front of her, and her face seemed expressionless.

"You must stand a long way off when you do," she said demurely. "At least if it's the same thing as you told me over the phone."

Hugh grinned sheepishly.

"The exchange went wrong," he remarked at length. "Astonishing how rotten the telephones are in town these days."

"Quite remarkable," she returned. "I thought you weren't feeling very well or something. Of course, if it was the exchange. . . ."

"They sort of buzz and blow, don't you know," he explained helpfully.

"That must be most fearfully jolly for them," she agreed. "And there was silence for the next two miles."

Once or twice he looked at her out of the corner of his eye, taking in every detail of the sweet profile so near to him. Except for their first meeting at the Carlton, it was the only time he had ever had her completely to himself, and Hugh was determined to make the most of it. He felt as if he could go on driving for ever, just he and she alone. It was then that the girl turned and looked at him. The car swerved dangerously. . . .

"Let's stop," she said, with the suspicion of a smile. "Then you can tell me."

Hugh drew into the side of the road, and switched off the engine.

"You're not fair," he remarked, and if the girl saw his hand trembling a little as he opened the door, she gave no sign. He came and stood beside her, and his right arm lay along the seat just behind her shoulders.

"Tell me about this important thing," she said a little nervously.

He smiled, and no woman yet born could see Hugh Drummond smile without smiling too.

"You darling!" he whispered, under his breath—"you adorable darling!" His arm closed around her, and, almost before she realized it, she felt his lips on hers. For a moment she sat motionless, while the wonder of it surged over her, and the sky seemed more gloriously blue, and the woods a richer green. Then, with a little gasp, she pushed him away.

"You mustn't . . . oh! you mustn't," Hugh, he whispered.

"And why not, little girl?" he said exultantly. "Don't you know I love you?" His face was still very close to hers. "Well?"

"Well, what?" she murmured.

"It's your turn," he whispered. "I love you, Phyllis—just love you."

"But it's only two or three days since we met," she said feebly.

"And what the devil has that got to do with it, at all?" he demanded. "Would I be waiting longer to decide such an obvious fact? Tell me," he went on, and she felt his arm round her again forcing her to look at him

"Tell me, don't you care . . . a little?" "What's the use?" She still struggled, but, even to her, it wasn't very convincing. "We've got other things to do. . . . We can't think of. . . . And then this very determined young man settled matters in his usual straightforward fashion. She felt herself lifted bodily out of the car as if she had been a child: she



She Found Herself Lying in His Arms, with Hugh's Eyes Looking Very Tenderly into Her Own and a Whimsical Grin Around His Mouth.

found herself lying in his arms, with Hugh's eyes looking very tenderly into her own, and a whimsical grin around his mouth.

"Cars pass here," he remarked, "with great regularity. I know you'd hate to be discovered in this position."

"Would I?" she whispered. "I wonder. . . ."

She felt his heart pound madly against her; and with a sudden quick movement she put forth her arms round his neck and kissed him on the mouth.

"Is that good enough?" she asked, very low; and just for a few moments, time stood still. . . . Then, very gently, he put her back in the car.

"I suppose," he remarked resignedly, "that we had better descend to trivialities. We've had lots of fun and games since I last saw you a year or two ago."

"Idiot boy," she said happily. "It was yesterday morning."

"The interruption is considered trivial. Mere facts don't count when it's you and me." There was a further interlude of uncertain duration, followed rapidly by another because the first was so nice.

"To resume," continued Hugh, "I regret to state that they've got Potts. The girl sat up quickly and stared at him.

"Got him? Oh, Hugh! how did they manage it?"

"I'm d—d if I know," he answered grimly. "They found out that he was in my bungalow at Goring during the afternoon by sending round a man to see about the water. Somehow or other he must have doped the drink or the food, because after dinner we all fell asleep. I don't remember anything more till I woke this morning with the most appalling head. Of course, Potts had gone."

"I heard the car drive up in the middle of the night," said the girl thoughtfully. "Do you think he's at The Elms now?"

"That is what I propose to find out tonight," answered Hugh. "We have staged a little comedy for Peterson's especial benefit, and we are hoping for the best."

"Oh, boy, do be careful!" She looked at him anxiously. "I'd never forgive myself if anything happened to you. I'd feel it was all due to me, and I just couldn't bear it."

"Dear little girl," he whispered tenderly. "You're simply adorable when you look like that. But not even for you would I back out of this show now." His mouth set in a grim line. "It's gone altogether too far, and they've shown themselves to be so completely beyond the pale that it's got to be fought out. And when it has been," he caught both her hands in his. . . . "and we've won . . . why then, girl o' mine, we'll get Peter Darrell to be best man."

Which was the cue for the commencement of the last and longest interlude, terminated only by the sudden and unwelcome appearance of a motor-bus covered within and without by unromantic sightseers, and paper-bags containing bananas.

"They drove slowly back to Guildford, and on the way he told her briefly of the murder of the American's secretary in Belfast, and his intervening the preceding afternoon with the impostor at the Carlton.

"It's a tough proposition," he remarked quietly. "They're absolutely without scruple, and their power seems unlimited. I know they are after the duchess of Lampshire's pearls; I found the beautiful Irma consuming tea with young Laidley yesterday—you know, the duke's eldest son. But there's something more in the wind than that, Phyllis—something which, unless I'm a mug of the first water, is an infinitely larger proposition than that."

The car drew up at the station, and she strolled with her to the platform. Then the train came in, and he put her into a carriage. And two minutes later, with the touch of her lips warm on his, and her anxious little cry, "Take care, my darling!—take care!" still ringing in his ears, he got into his car and drove off to an hotel to get an early dinner.

FOUR.

At a quarter to ten he backed his car into the shadow of some trees not far from the gate of The Elms. Save for a light in the sitting-room and one in a bedroom upstairs, the front of the house was in darkness, and, treading noiselessly on the turf, he explored all round it. There was one bedroom light at the back of the house, and thrown on the blind he could see the shadow of a man. As he watched, the man got up and moved away, only to return in a moment or two and take up his old position.

"It's one of those two bedrooms," he muttered to himself. "If he's here at all."

Then he crouched in the shadow of some shrubs and waited. Through the trees to his right he could see The Larches, and once, with a sudden quickening of his heart, he thought he saw the outline of the girl show up in the light from the drawing-room. But it was only for a second, and then it was gone. . . .

He peered at his watch: it was just ten o'clock. The trees were creaking gently in the faint wind; all around him the strange night noises—noises which play pranks with a man's nerves—were whispering and muttering. Bushes seemed suddenly to come to life, and move; eerie shapes crawled over the ground toward him—figures which, existed only in his imagination. And once again the thrill of the night stalker gripped him.

He remembered the German who had lain motionless for an hour in a little gully by Hebuterne, while he from behind a stunted bush had tried to locate him. And then that one creak as the Boche had moved his leg. And then. . . . the end. On that night, too, the little hummocks had moved and taken to themselves strange shapes; fifty times he had imagined he saw him; fifty times he knew he was wrong—in time. He was used to it; the night held no terrors for him, only a fierce excitement. And thus it was that as he crouched in the bushes, waiting for the game to start, his pulse was as normal, and his nerves as steady as if he had been sitting down to supper. The only difference was that in his hand he held something tight-gripped.

At last faintly in the distance he heard the hum of a car. Rapidly it grew louder, and he smiled grimly to himself as the sound of five unmelodious voices singing lustily struck his ear. They passed along the road in front of the house. There was a sudden crash—then silence; but only for a moment.

Peter's voice came first: "You priceless old ass, you've rammed the blinking gate."

It was Jerry Seymour who then took up the bawl. His voice was intensely solemn—also extremely loud. "Preposterous. Perfectly preposterous. We must go and apologize to the owner. . . . I . . . I . . . absolutely . . . must apologize. . . . Quite unpardonable. . . . You can't go about country . . . knocking down gates. . . . Out of question. . . ."

Half-consciously Hugh listened, but now that the moment for action had come, every faculty was concentrated on his own job. He saw half a dozen men go rushing out into the garden through a side door, and then two more ran out and came straight toward him. They crashed past him and went on into the darkness, and for an instant he wondered what they were doing. A little later he was destined to find out. . . .

Then came a peal at the front-door bell, and he determined to wait no longer. He darted through the garden door, to find a flight of stairs in front of him, and in another moment he was on the first floor. He walked rapidly along the landing, trying to find his bearings, and, turning a corner, he found himself at the top of the main staircase—the spot where he had fought Peterson two nights previously.

He walked quickly on to the room which he calculated was the one where he had seen the shadow on the blind. Without a second's hesitation he flung the door open and walked in. There lying in the bed, was the American, while crouched beside him, with a revolver in his hand, was a man. . . .

For a few seconds they watched one another in silence, and then the man straightened up.

"The soldier!" he snarled. "You young pup!"

Deliberately, almost casually, he raised his revolver, and then the unexpected happened. A jet of liquid ammonia struck him full in the face, and with a short laugh Hugh dropped his water-pistol in his pocket, and turned his attention to the bed. Wrapping the millionaire in a blanket, he picked him up, and, paying no more attention to the man gasping and choking in a corner, he raced for the back stairs.

Below he could hear Jerry biccoughing gently, and explaining to the pro. . . . pro. . . . prior that he personally would repair . . . insisted on repairing. . . . any and every gate post he possessed. . . . And then he reached the garden.

Everything had fallen out exactly as he had hoped, but had hardly dared to expect. He heard Peterson's voice,

(To be Continued)