

# THE NEW ERA.

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## HIGHLAND HEREFORD BREEDERS HOLD ENTHUSIASTIC MEETING

### Barbecue Given for Members and Visiting Friends at the F. A. Mitchell Ranch; Meeting Held in Afternoon

Perhaps one of the most interesting and best attended meetings ever held by the members of the Highland Hereford Breeders' Association took place last Saturday.

A barbecue was given at the headquarters ranch of F. A. Mitchell at noon, attended by the members and visitors from out of town, there being quite a number of railroad officials, the press and others. It was greatly enjoyed by about sixty attendants.

The following business was transacted at the afternoon meeting. The meeting was called to order by the president, W. B. Mitchell. The report of the committee selected to visit the corn belt for the purpose of selecting places to hold sales this fall was made by H. T. Fletcher, and a vote of thanks was extended said committee on the good work accomplished by them.

The following committees were appointed:

Sifting committee: R. W. Arnold, chairman; Frank Jones and C. E. Pruett.

Transportation committee: H. L. Kokernot, chairman, J. W. Espy and D. O. Medley.

Consignment Committee: W. P. Fischer, chairman; T. C. Crosson, Captain J. B. Gillett, C. T. Mitchell, H. T. Fletcher.

The duties of the above committees are as follows: The sifting committee is to pass on all cattle that are to go into the sales. The transportation committee is to select routes to make shipments over, to order cars, and notify members when to have their cattle ready for shipment and the dates said shipments are to move. The consignment committee is to select the cattle for each sale and to notify said shippers regarding what cattle they are to put in the various sales, the number of head, etc.

A motion was made and carried that the name of the Highland Hereford Breeders' Association be copyrighted and a suitable trade mark be gotten up. The secretary was instructed to attend to this matter.

A motion was made and carried that no new members be accepted until after January 1, 1922.

Interesting talks were made by John G. Imboden, of Decatur, Ill., one of the best judges of beef cattle in the United States and one of the greatest feeders; John M. Hazleton, manager of the American Hereford Journal, of Kansas City; C. A. Brown, president of the Marfa National Bank, and T. M. Wilson, president of the Marfa State Bank.

The places that sales are to be made are as follows: St. Joseph Stocker and Feeder Show, St. Joseph Mo., October 8th; Decatur, Ill., October 18th; Indianapolis, Indiana, October 22; Kansas City, October 28th. A number of other sales will be made during November and December, but the dates for same have not been completed to date.

The Highland Hereford Breeders' Association has done more to improve the herds in the Big Bend district and has put this country on the map, than all other things combined, and the members comprising this organization are to be congratulated on the great work that they have accomplished. Through the name Highland Hereford Breeders' Association is known. Those feeders do not know one member from another, as the organization has been purely a co-operative movement and has refrained from trying to advertise any one member's cattle more than another, and this policy has been the means of the press and everyone interested in helping the organization.

## Splendid Reception Given Capt. and Mrs. S. O. Neff

A very interesting and delightful occasion was the reception Monday evening given in honor of Captain and Mrs. Samuel O. Neff at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Brite.

The guests were graciously welcomed in the spacious reception room by Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Fischer, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Bogel, Mesdames J. W. Pool and Hubbard.

The jardiniere filled with bright colored flowers and the American flag draped over the stair case made an effective background for the red white and blue punch bowl service, presided over by Misses Marie Smith and Evelyn Fitzgerald.

Vases of handsome long-stemmed American Beauty roses were the added decoration to the distinctive music room where Mr. and Mrs. Brite, Captain and Mrs. Neff, Miss Hester Brite, Mrs. Mattie Murray and Captain Hood formed the receiving line.

The dining table was lovely with silver baskets of Russell roses, pink candles in silver holders, soft marine streamers entwined with electric lights hanging from chandeliers. Presiding in the dining room were Mesdames M. R. Mahon, A. G. Church, T. C. Crosson and Misses Katherine Taft and Elizabeth Fennell. Brick ice cream and cake carrying out the color scheme, was served.

Special musical selections were enjoyed. Mrs. H. H. Kilpatrick, in her usual pleasing manner, sang "Because," with Miss Greenwood as accompanist. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Organ favored the guests by singing "Forgotten" and responded to hearty applause with an encore.

During the evening the Fifth Cavalry band rendered many enjoyable numbers.

A hearty welcome was extended

to the honor guests of this affair, for they are well known here. Mrs. Neff (nee Miss Helen Robinson) the beautiful and accomplished daughter of our highly esteemed former citizens, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Robinson, was born and reared in Marfa.

Captain Neff served as Lieutenant in the Third Infantry here part of 1918-19. In May, 1919, he and his bride went to Tientsin, China, where they have been stationed with the 15th Infantry for the past two years. They left Wednesday for Nogales, Arizona, where he takes duty with the 25th Infantry.

### DR. GEO. W. TRUETT

Will be at the meeting at Paisano Pass next Sunday. Owing to an engagement near San Angelo he was unable to attend the Skillman Grove Camp meeting.

## History Club Meets With Mrs. Humphreys

Mrs. Joe Humphreys was hostess to the Marfa History Club Tuesday afternoon at the elegant home of her daughter, Mrs. R. S. McCracken. Vases and bowls of gorgeous dahlias and roses were used for floral decorations in the music and dining rooms. The president, Mrs. W. B. Mitchell, conducted the business session. Mrs. J. C. Organ led the session, "As a Man Thinks," by Augustus Thomas, in a most interesting manner. Twenty-one members were present. The guests were Mesdames L. L. Felix, Hubbard and McKennon of Georgetown. A dainty salad and ice course was served.

## A Proclamation

WHEREAS, it has been very generally agreed and understood among the citizens of this community, that at some appropriate date there would be set aside and designated, for the purpose and intent of improving and beautifying our city, at least one day in this year to be known as Clean-up-Day; and,

WHEREAS, it has been suggested by a very goodly number of our most interested citizens that the maturing season of vegetation has, and is, approaching that particular stage where best results may be obtained by cutting down and destroying rank growths of grasses and weeds, so prevalent around premises, vacant lots, streets and alleys; and,

WHEREAS, it seems to be, and is, the consensus of opinion everywhere that what is generally understood and meant by a Clean-up-Day, is the most effective and practical method we have at our command as a community, of preventing and combating the spread of diseases and epidemics among our midst; and,

WHEREAS, it is so evident that much lasting good and benefit to our whole community was derived from the efforts expended in our cleanup day last season; even so much so that it has become known and is common knowledge gone abroad, that Marfa is on record for having one day in each year set aside and known as "Marfa's Cleanup Day;" having for its purpose to best provide a convenient and most effective opportunity for our citizens as a whole to unite and mobilize their efforts in giving to our little city a general and thorough Annual Dry Cleaning.

NOW, THEREFORE, I, John T. Hamie, by virtue of authority vested in me as Mayor, do hereby declare, designate and proclaim the second Friday in September, the same being the ninth day of said month, 1921, will, and is to be that particular day of this year to be known as MARFA'S ANNUAL CLEANUP DAY.

Issued this the 30th day of August, 1921.

John T. Hamie, Mayor.

## SOME BIG STOCKMEN VISIT INDIANAPOLIS

Messrs. W. B. Mitchell, President; H. T. Fletcher, director, and A. C. Easterling, Secretary and Sales Manager of the Highland Hereford Breeders' Association with headquarters at Marfa, Texas, arrived in Indianapolis with the intention of looking into the advisability of conducting sales of feeder calves in this section of the state.

These gentlemen are members of the Highland Hereford Breeders' Association, an organization composed of breeders of the Big Bend section of Southwest Texas, embracing the counties of Presidio, Jeff Davis and Brewster. In speaking of the organization, Mr. Easterling, the secretary, states that their membership numbers about forty-five and that they raised an average of forty thousand head of good, white-faced Hereford calves per year. That the association was organized for the purpose of encouraging better breeding of their cattle and to establish a sales organization with the object of selling direct to the feeders and bringing to their very doors a class of Hereford calves that is as good as are being raised anywhere in the United States, a class of calves that the feeders so much desire, that have the breeding, are big-boned, well developed, uniform in color and size and best of all a class of calves that responds quickly to feed when placed in the feed lots.

These gentlemen have been using registered Hereford bulls, the very best they could procure, for the past twenty years on their high-grade Hereford cows and today many of their herds are practically pure-breds. In the fall of 1919 they conducted their first exhibit and sale at the American Royal at Kansas City. Their calves won first and grand champion, and every man who purchased a load was highly pleased with his buy. Their calves won first at the St. Joseph Stocker and Feeder Show in the fall of 1919; also first and grand champion at the American Royal at Kansas City last fall. One of the loads of steer calves which was sold at the Royal was shipped to the International at Chicago and entered in the car-load feeder class and won first and grand champion.

In speaking of the section of Tex-

as where these gentlemen hail from, Mr. Easterling states that their part of the great Lone Star state, where the membership of the organization operate, consists of a section of country some fifty miles in width by one hundred miles in length. That it is a section of country north of the Rio Grande river—just now one of the wonders of the world—the only river in existence that is dry on one side and wet on the other on account of no prohibition prevailing in Mexico. During the revolution in Mexico, which has been going on for the past several years, that country has been practically depopulated of all her cattle, and that the outlook for the selling of good breeding cows and registered gulls will play an important part in the cattle business within the next few years, as the people here intend breeding better cattle than they have ever bred before. Very little damage was done to any of the ranchers on the American side by the bandits during the revolution, especially where the members of the Highland Hereford Breeders' association operate, for the reason that their ranches are some fifty miles from the border.

Mr. Easterling states that they have an altitude of 5,000 feet above sea level, with a climate that is a most equitable one, cool in the summer, and while zero weather comes to them occasionally, which is natural in any mile high atmosphere, yet their cold weather is but of short duration, and has never proved harmful to their cattle. It is a country of every natural advantage of climate and altitude, and its combination of mountain and plain, together with lavish supply of the best grass that ever grew, and a bounteous supply of pure water, makes it an ideal place for the production of big-boned cattle, all of which helps make them more desirable, more valuable to them and the feeders.

He states that their ranges are in excellent condition, that they have had splendid rains and their calves well be equally as good as the great aggregation which they sold at the American Royal last fall. They will have for sale this fall from 15,000 to 20,000 head of these good calves.

Continued on page three

## THE BIG BEND COUNTRY OF THE RIO GRANDE

### Sublimity of Scenery Surpasses Imagination; Vast Plains, Cliffs, Rugged Mountains and Waterfalls.

By Robert R. Penn, in Dallas News.

Probably the least known of all portions of Texas in that section of wild, rugged and comparatively uninhabited country which lies within the "Big Bend" of the Rio Grande. Yet from a standpoint of scenery and marvelous demonstrations of the tremendous forces of nature in bygone ages, Texas has nothing else to compare with it, and indeed, there are few sections of North America which can offer more.

Aside from the Mexicans migrating back and forth with their little burro herds, the soldiers of the U. S. army, the ranchmen of the Big Bend country, the silver mines of Shafter and the quicksilver mines of Terlingua and others having business in these parts, there are comparatively few who have ever been far south of the Southern Pacific railroad into the Big Bend country. Yet awaiting the visitor who is hardy enough to leave the beaten paths and rely on his own devices, rather than on towns, hotels, restaurants and garages, there are deep canyons, high mountains, beautiful waterfalls, rocks fantastically cut and carved by nature and a land and an atmosphere entirely different from any other portion of Texas.

Marfa, the county seat of Presidio County, is the principal "port of entry" for the Big Bend. A little west of the center of the Big Bend far east of Presidio are Lajitas and Hot Springs, and across the Rio Grande from Hot Springs is Boquillas, a Mexican town. From Marathon and Alpine, also, roads lead down into the Big Bend country.

There are three industries in the Big Bend country which are unique in Texas. At Terlingua are the

Terlingua quicksilver mines, where mercury is distilled from cinnabar, the quicksilver ore. This plant has been in successful operation more than twenty years. At Shafter is Texas' only commercially successful silver mine. And at Candelaria is a factory which makes wax for phonograph records from the candleilla plant, a desert weed which has a milky like sap. The weed is crushed and the sap is extracted and treated to form the finest of wax for phonograph records. There also is some irrigation in the valleys of the Rio Grande and some of the largest of American ranches are in the Big Bend country.

Marfa, which might be considered the capital of the Big Bend country, has had a remarkable growth within the past ten years, especially since thousands of American soldiers have been camped there during the recent Mexican troubles. It is one of the most prosperous towns of all West Texas. And it also is one of the oldest, having been an important army post before the Civil War, and having been the headquarters in those days of both Robert E. Lee and Albert Sidney Johnston.

The Kansas City, Mexico & Orient Railroad has a line projected from its present terminus at Alpine to Presidio and through the Big Bend. The railroad has long been in financial difficulties, which now seem to have some chance of being straightened out, and whenever a railroad is extended into the Big Bend country there may be expected a great development, for in that great and little-known area are other extensive mineral deposits besides silver and mercury, including coal, lignite and kaolin, from which porcelain is made.

### DELIGHTFUL 42 PARTY

On Friday afternoon, August 26, Mrs. A. M. Avant and daughter Miss Blanche, entertained a few of their friends at a delightful 42 party, from four to six o'clock, honoring their guests, Miss Olline Stansell of Sanderson, and Mrs. Myrtle Vanles of Clayton, N. M.

The house as beautifully decorated with cut flowers and ferns which added cheerfulness and gaiety to the party.

Mrs. C. R. Sutton sang "In a Garden" and "The Honey and The Bee," in her usual charming manner, which was much enjoyed.

After several exciting games of 42, refreshments were served in two courses. The hostess was assisted by Mesdames Bagelay, Mabry, Metcalfe and Miss Tyler Wilkinson.

Those present were the hosts, A. M. Avant and Ben S. Avant, the hostess, Mrs. A. M. Avant, and Miss Blanche Avant Misses Olline Stansell, Myrtle Rawls, Mattie Terry, Mary Thomas Virginia Thomas, Gladys Morton, Lucille Snider, Katherine Mitchell, Dorothy Mitchell, Hester Brite, Miss Smith, Mildred Ellison, Nell Wilson, Lela Hysaw and Mesdames E. R. Mabry, Frank Quarrels H. O. Metcalfe, McKinnon, J. Anderson, Ruth Krenan Orrill McHenry, C. R. Sutton, Gus Maurer and N. P. Barclay.

### BAND CONCERT

A concert will be given by the 5th Cavalry band at the Camp stand Tuesday and Thursday evenings, September 6th and 8th, from 8 to 9 p. m. The following programs will be rendered:

- Tuesday, September 6**  
 March, Three Rings.....Talbot  
 Overture, Zampa.....Herold-Neyrelles  
 Popular, La Veeda.....Alden  
 Mazurka Russe, La Czarina.....Ganne  
 Popular, Operatic Rag.....Lenzberg  
 Selection, Les Contes d'Hoffman  
 (Tales of Hoffman).....Offenbach  
 March, The Squealers.....Huff
- Thursday, September 8th**  
 March, King Cotton.....Sousa

- Medley Overture, Songs of the Sunny South.....Lampe  
 Jazz Fox Trot, Wang Wang Blues  
 Mueller-Johnson-Busse.  
 Waltz, Bleue.....Margis  
 Popular, Dark Town Strutters'  
 Ball.....Brooks  
 Italian Song, La Golondrina,  
 Serradell  
 Selection, Hawaiian Song.....Lake  
 Finale, Lassus Trombone (De Colled Valet to Miss Trombone)  
 Fillmore  
 William F. Baker, Conductor

### Death Of Mrs. Miller

On the night of the 21st the spirit of Mrs. Amanda Miller passed out of this world. Mrs. Miller was the beloved wife of Rev. J. R. Miller and was in her seventy-first year. Until quite recently they had been living in Lubbock, Texas, when they decided to come to Fort Davis to be with their son, Mr. Walter Miller of this city. Mrs. Miller had been enjoying good health until she met with an accident in which her thigh was broken. Her advanced age and the shock incident to the fall were too much for her to bear.

The Post with their many friends extend to the surviving ones their deepest sympathy and hope that God will give them comfort and consolation.—Fort Davis Post.

### I. O. O. F AT MARFA

More than a score of members of the Alpin I. O. O. F Lodge with Special Deputy Grand Master J. M. Pouncey, journeyed to Marfa Tuesday night of last week and there instituted the Marfa lodge. It was a most enjoyable occasion and the Alpine contingent are still talking about the glorious time they had in the sister city.

The Marfa lodge starts off under very auspicious surroundings and its course will be watched with much interest by the fraternity generally. The new lodge is composed of the most enterprising citizens of that little city.—Alpine Avalanche.



## How To Grow Grapes

I begin this article on grapes with much of the same feeling that Napoleon's soldiers must have had when they stood before the pyramids. Certainly, century of grape growers and grape writers have preceded me, and when I think of all they have accomplished I feel like a grain of sand in the desert.

There is no denying that grapes have had a tremendous effect on literature. In America there have been fore books written about grapes than about all other fruits combined, and their influence on other kinds of writing cannot be estimated.

I have mentioned before that our horticulture is in reality based on the liquor business, and this is to be emphasized in the case of grape growing, for certainly no other fruit lends—or lent—itsself so well to the making of alcoholic beverages as did that of the vine.

For this reason grape growing was among the earliest of the arts of the husbandman back in the dim past before the time of written history. It was for this reason, too, that grapes were among the first of the Old World fruits that were introduced to the new continent. Not that they were particularly needed, for the shores of Eastern America were a natural vineyard of native vines. So profuse were the wild grapes that the Norsemen who first landed on our shores gave the place the name of Wineland.

These wild grapes, however, were not to the liking of the French and English who followed, and they sent home for plants of the sorts with which they had been familiar, thinking that in a country filled with wild grapes the European sorts would certainly thrive.

Unfortunately, their expectations were to receive a jolt, for the introduction of the European sorts was a failure almost from the start. True the vines grew and perhaps for a time they produced some fruit, but inevitably they all died. Time after time the experiment was tried, first in one colony and then in another, until it was conclusively proved that American soil was not suited to the European sorts.

was found when it was discovered that a tiny insect on the roots was the cause of the failure of the imported grapes. The native sorts were immune to the pest and lived and thrived and grew apace, but the Vinifera from across the sea perished as the white man used to perish in a fever-ridden tropical country. This solution came so late in the day, however, that the growers had turned to native sorts, which were improved by selection until we have today an enviable assortment of varieties all derived from indigenous grapes.

In California the European sorts are grown almost exclusively and with great success, all being grafted on native roots. The same method would no doubt prove a success with European sorts in Eastern America at the present time, but with our excellent native sorts of known hardiness there is less incentive for the growers to attempt the cultivation of the more tender exotic forms.

The superior quality and flavor of European sorts may be great enough to tempt amateurs to grow them on native roots in the East, and there is no reason why such attempts should not succeed. As a commercial proposition I doubt if it would ever be particularly attractive.

The grape in some variety, is so widely adapted to soil and climate, withstands the vicissitudes and can survive in camped quarters so well that it has been called the poor man's fruit. Commercial vineyarding has its drawbacks, and it is only in certain sections that it becomes profitable, but a few vines about the farmhouse or in the dwelling yards in towns can be made a financial success with so little effort that they should never be overlooked.

I have said that some variety of grape could be found for almost any soil. This is true, but the ideal grapesoil, the sort that the commercial grower seeks, is one that is warm and loose. Like all fruits, the grape does not thrive in a cold, wet refractory soil. Neither does it do its best in soil containing too much sand. A happy medium is the best—one that is deep and well drained, not underlaid with waterholding hardpan, one that soaks up moisture in the winter and spring rains and retains this moisture through the dry summer months. Such a soil can be looked to confidently to produce vigorous vines and abundant crops of grapes. Such a soil, too, need not be over rich, but rather one of those good fruit soils that I have already described at some length in previous papers in this series.

Like other fruits grapes should be planted on land higher than the surrounding country to secure as great protection from frost as possible. A hillside sloping to the south is favored by many vineyardists as being the best exposure for the grape. So planted the vines get the benefit of the full summer sun, and it is thought that the fruit is of better flavor and quality than that grown on the more shaded hillsides sloping to the north.

The Eastern commercial grape sections are chiefly located in New York, Northern Ohio, Michigan and Missouri. In all of these states grape growing has become almost a fine art, and the residents have acquired a skill in handling the vines that is not possessed by the average or general fruit grower. Even the transient labor in such sections is more or less skilled in vineyard operation, so that the owner can more readily care for his crop and for his vines. If one should start a vineyard of any size in a section that is not already growing grapes on a commercial scale, he should understand from the start that he would have to train his helpers from the ground up.

The grape is one of the most easily propagated of all our fruits. If a new cane is allowed to remain in contact with the ground through the growing season, it will likely be found to have developed roots at the joints, and if severed back of these roots it will constitute a new plant which may be transplanted.

This tendency of the vine to root readily is the basis of the methods used by nurserymen to grow new stock. Cuttings are made in the winter while the wood is perfectly dormant. Often they are taken in the fall as soon as cold weather sets in and are kept in a cool place until early spring, when they are planted in the nursery rows. Such cuttings consist of a section of the wood of the previous summer's growth having a joint at each end. In planting the top joint is placed just at the ground line, and from it the new shoot develops. The roots form from the joint that is placed under ground. In the case of new or rare sorts it is possible to make cuttings from a single eye or ches below the surface, and both roots and sprouts come from the same node.

Undesirable varieties that have shown themselves to be inferior or not adapted to a given locality may be grafted to any sort the owner may desire. There are various ways of doing this, but the easiest is to dig the earth away from the vine for a distance of several inches below the soil. In this way the trunk is exposed, and it is then cut off two or three inches below the surface. The stub is split, and a wedge-shaped cion is inserted, much after the fashion employed in cleft-grafting the apple. If the stub is an inch or more in diameter one should use a bit of twine to bind the stub and thus secure a perfect contact. After the operation the wound should be wrapped with tin foil or oiled paper and the earth replaced and mounded up around the protruding cion. Such grafts inserted in strong, old native vines have made a growth of eighty feet in one season.

Grafting is not resorted to in commercial nurseries except for the growing of European sorts, which, as I have stated, cannot be grown in this country on their own roots. The soil for grapes should be prepared by plowing or digging it very deeply. Ordinary plowing is hardly sufficient, especially in we think of plowing in this country. Our ordinary farm plows do not break the soil to a sufficient depth for grapes, which are naturally a deep-rooted plant. In the vineyard sections of the old world the vineyard locations are prepared by hand, the soil being dug up much more deeply than we ever think necessary—perhaps this is one of their secrets of success.

The surface should be harrowed and smoothed much as we would prepare it for any other crop and the vine locations measured off and staked for each individual vine. The holes should not be dug until the plants are actually on hand and ready for setting, as it is important that the roots have fresh-turned earth in contact with them if they are to start in growth promptly and satisfactorily.

In the East vines are planted at various distances. Our own vineyard, planted in squares eight by eight feet, is too close. It is difficult to drive through, and the vines overlap each other. Nine by nine feet is a commonly used spacing, but probably nine by twelve is better with the nine-foot distance between the rows.

The pruning of the grapes starts when the vine is planted. Furthermore, the young plant is pruned at both ends and the tops and roots reduced to almost rudimentary proportions. The top should be cut back to one or two buds, and most of the long fibrous roots should be cut off. When a large number of vines is to be planted it becomes quite a job to do this pruning, for the young grapes have a way of making a tremendous lot of fibrous roots. If planted unpruned many of the roots would die anyhow and might prevent the young plants from doing as well as they should. I remember that when we planted ten acres of vines we thought we would never get through cutting off roots. Then someone had a bright idea. We got a section of a beech log and set it on end like a small butcher's block. Taking up a bunch of vines we placed the fibrous roots on the block and pruned a dozen or more at one swipe—with a hatchet. This method proved effective and rapid, and the vines so handled grew just as well as those that we had carefully prepared, one at a time, with a hand knife. I might add that all of them grew excellently.

I have mentioned that grapevines are grown from cuttings containing two points. From this it follows that vines of different varieties will not be the same in size. Some sorts have long distances between the nodes, and the plants of such varieties are so long that they are planted with difficulty. Instead of planting them with the main trunk straight up and down, we made long holes and installed the plants in an inclined position, trying, of course, to get the bottom end as deep in the ground as possible.

Many books have been written around the general subject of grape pruning. It has been one of those tempting controversial affairs that horticulturists have enjoyed mulling over. As a matter of fact almost any system of pruning will result in some fruit—just as will no system at all. After a vine gets a good start it is difficult to do anything to it that will keep it from bearing some fruit—though there are certain insects and diseases that seem to be able to accomplish this result with very little effort.

One should remember one thing when he attacks a vine with a view to pruning it—that the fruit is produced on shoots which spring from the canes of last year's growth. The canes of last year's growth, if they are thinned out if too thick, and the remaining ones are shortened in. In this way the number of branches that the vine might produce is reduced but the individual bunches will be increased in size owing to the reduced drain on the vines. Such is grape pruning.

If one cares to make a distinction between pruning and training—and I think we might do this in the case of the grape—he may have a wide variety of styles to choose from.

One system of training is, to my notion, the most serviceable one for the average grower. It is technically called the "Knifin drooping system." By this plan the young vines are allowed to grow for one or two seasons, keeping the growth confined to one or two main stalks. At the end of the second season the main stalks or trunks are ready to tie to wires. Two wires are used at heights of three and six feet above the ground. One of the trunks is headed so that it comes to the lower wire and the other so that it reaches the top one. From these main stems lateral branches are allowed to develop so that a vine is trained out along the wires on each side of the main stems. If there is only one main stalk it supports all four of these lateral branches, two of which are allowed to grow at the height of the lower wire and two at the upper. At the end of their first year's growth these lateral branches, called canes, are shortened in until from four to eight buds or points are left.

From these four to eight buds will spring new shoots which will drop from the wires and on which the fruit will be produced. During the early summer it is the practice to go over the vines carefully and remove all of the fruit from those shoots which are nearest the trunk—that is, four new shoots nearest the trunk are allowed to grow without fruit. At the next pruning the old wood is all removed except the virgin shoot from which the grapes were taken early in the year. These shoots are then bent upward and are tied in place on the wires and form the points of origin of the next season's fruit-bearing shoots.

This system of pruning results in a maximum yield of fruit. But if a hard winter comes along and kills back a lot of your vines, or if the seventeen-year cicada goes on a spree and ruins the tops of the trunks, your beautiful system may go blooey. In that case thank your

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Thousands of letters are received from satisfied subscribers. Mr. Clarence R. Wise, Dept. of Chemistry, University of Wisconsin, writes: "I am living in a fraternity house, and of course many deep questions arise. Only yesterday we got into a discussion as to the time of the building of King Solomon's Temple. Of course, I found it in Nelson's. I am very glad I made the purchase. I think that every man who has a home, or intends having one, should feel that it is not complete until he has in his possession a set of Nelson's Perpetual Loose-Leaf Encyclopedia. It is certainly a wonderful asset. All that has been said of Nelson's is certainly true.

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The great war has turned the attention of most people to the greater necessity of education. Nelson's Patented Loose-Leaf binding device has solved the problem. Every six months the subscribers to Nelson's receive their Renewal Pages—250 pages or more, making 500 to 600 pages each year. These include over 2000 changes which are necessary to keep Nelson's perpetually accurate and in step with the NEW WORLD.

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# Murphy-Walker Co.

--INCORPORATED--

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Arriving  
Daily

SAVE YOUR DOLLARS BY TRADING AT  
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GROCERY DEPARTMENT  
AT YOUR SERVICE  
Quality, Prices and Satisfaction  
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WANT

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

#### STOCKMEN VISIT INDIANAPOLIS

(Continued from page one)  
besides a great number of yearlings and aged steers, all being bred by members of the association and are as good as can be secured anywhere. They are delighted with the section of the country they have visited, the cordial reception which they have met with from the feeders, as well as many of the prominent men in commercial lines.

They were accompanied by Indianapolis by John G. Imboden, of Decatur, Ill., one of the premier authorities on feeding in the United States, a man who has been feeding cattle for the past 50 years, and a judge of many years' experience.—Indianapolis (Ind.) Daily Live Stock Journal.

#### ATTY. METCALFE ENTERTAINED

Mrs. F. I. Carnes entertained in her home Monday with a lovely dinner complimenting their old friend, Lawyer Metcalfe of Marfa. Those present were, Judge Metcalfe, Misses Sarah and Martha Noble and R. S. Carnes.—Alpine Avalanche.

#### EMPLOYED BY MICA MINE

F. H. Doran returned Saturday from some weeks spent with J. T. Mace in exploring the mineral sections of West Texas. He was greatly interested by a visit to the silver mines at Shafter, which are still producing much valuable ore. Mr. Doran considers the mines at Shafter as valuable as the famous silver lodes in Mexico. He says that Shafter also furnishes an interesting study of a company-owned town, since all the utilities and businesses there are controlled by the mining company. Mexicans are used in all work except for the expert chemical processes and in a few executive positions. He was still more interested in the mica mines some 15 miles south of Van Horn, which use Coleta, on the G. H. & S. A. as their shipping point. According to Mr. Doran, these are easily the greatest mica mines in America, and are now being put in shape to furnish immense quantities of this mineral to manufacturers.—Val Verde Herald

#### MAKE PLANS TO COMPLETE ORIENT

Arrangements for financing the completion of the Texas and Mexican lines of the Kansas City, Mexico & Orient railroad by September 10, according to J. Edward Dillon, assistant to president W. T. Kemper. Mr. Dillon passed through El Paso Sunday en route to San Diego, Calif., where he will meet Mr. Kemper.

English stockholders of the company have voted \$20,000,000 for the completion of the lines from Kansas City to Mexico City and to Topolobampo on the west coast of Mexico. The only thing that remains to be done is to arrange satisfactory exchange of the British capital in America. Clifford Histed, president of the board, is in London to arrange for that.

The completion of the Texas lines from Alpine to Del Rio will give connection with Mexico City. Com-

pletion of the line to Presidio and sections in the republic of Mexico will give connection to Mexican west coast seaports. English capitalists recently came over the Texas lines of the company and viewed the sites of the uncompleted sections.—El Paso Herald.

#### Marfa Wins

Van Horn, Aug. 27.—It is estimated that 2000 attended the Old Settlers' reunion at Van Horn Saturday.

Dan M. Jackson, El Paso attorney, made a public address at the court house today, which was followed by a dance. Dinner, which included barbecue, was served cafeteria style from a large shed built west of the courthouse.

In the afternoon the Marfa and Van Horn baseball teams played a game, which was won by Marfa 9 to 3. Horse races followed with a relay and boys' pony race and broncho "busting." A feature was a mule race. The mules pitched along the course, one rider being thrown when his saddle girth broke.

The program ended with a barbecue supper and dance which lasted until midnight.

#### Couple Observe Anniversary

Hope, New Mexico, Aug. 26.—Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Mellard, surrounded with their children, grandchildren, relatives and friends from Texas and New Mexico, celebrated the 50th anniversary of their wedding.

Fifty years ago at Wrightsboro, Gonzales county, Texas, Mellard led Miss Sallie Lytle Wilson to the altar.

A feast was prepared for the celebration here, a yearling and two muttons. Garland Mellard prepared the meat and Ned Richards, an old-time roundup cook barbecued it.

Mr. Mellard is an oldtime cowman and trail boss, having made his first trip up the trail from Texas to Dodge City in 1871. Thereafter he drove a herd each year for thirteen years up the trail.

He came here from Van Horn.

Among the children of the couple present were F. C. Mellard of Marfa, (Hereford breeder), who married Helen Buchanan of Snyder, Texas; Joe S. Mellard of Amarillo, who married Miss Roberta Hill of Amarillo; R. B. Mellard of Hope, who married Miss Clyde Upchurch, of Leander, Tex.; G. C. Mellard, of Hope who married Miss Nan White, of Uvalde, Tex.; J. W. Mellard of Hope who married Miss Phyllis Stephens of Van Horn, Tex.; Mrs. G. W. Elliott, of El Paso, Tex.; Miss Mae and Miss Lytle Mellard of Hope.

Brothers and sisters of Mrs. Mellard present were W. A. Johnson, president First National bank, of Snyder, Tex.; A. S. Johnson, ranchman, of Roton Texas, Fisher county; Mrs. A. M. Avant of Marfa, Texas.

Mr. Mellard's sister, Mrs. Kate Wimberly of Hope, was also present

#### For Freedom

Convict—"I'm here for having five wives."

Visitor—"How are you enjoying your freedom?"

First Flea—"Been on a vacation?"  
Second Flea—"No, on a tramp."



# THE NEW ERA

Published Every Friday by  
**New Era Printing Company**  
 (Incorporated)

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

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Cards of thanks, 50 cents.  
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**H. H. KILPATRICK, Editor and General Manager**

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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.

### HE WOULDN'T CUT HIS WEEDS

I dreamt I met the Devil—  
 He took me down to hell  
 I saw many, many faces,  
 And some that I ken well.  
 I saw heating apparatus of every different sort—  
 From the common old Dutch oven  
 To the finest gas retort.  
 Then we came upon a furnace  
 Built of massive stones,  
 From whence there came unto my ears,  
 Heart-rending shrieks and groans.  
 I said: Oh tell me, Mr. Devil, who roasts upon nhtis hearth?  
 And what his occupation  
 While residing on the earth?  
 The Devil shook his forked tail,  
 And shimmered round in glee,  
 From his nostrils came a flame of fire

As he spoke thus to me:  
 "That fellow came from your hometown

A so-called highbrow there.  
 There are several more I'm expecting down.

And a hot time will prepare.  
 He had no fixed profession,  
 But money for all needs.  
 He rolled 'em high and cut some ice  
 But he wouldn't cut his weeds."

—John Moore.

Now is a good time to cut the weeds.

The school apportionment for the year 1921-22 per pupil will be \$11. Last school year it was \$14.50.

The Scholastic Roll of Presidio County as approved by the Department of Education shows 3,095 pupils within school age.

### HIGH PRICES AND PROSPERITY

The two terms do not necessarily go together. In fact they cannot go together for a very long time. It may seem a good thing to be able to sell your potatoes to your neighbors at \$3 a bushel. They may be willing to pay you that price or rather able to pay that price under extraordinary stress for one season. But as sure as they have to continue paying that they will quit eating potatoes and you will not be able to sell them any at all till a price within their reach is placed on potatoes.

Prosperity does not depend upon our success in selling all the time at high prices and buying at low prices; or as a nation, upon selling much and buying little. Each of us must buy as well as sell. The absurdity of the theory that prosperity depends upon selling at high prices and buying at low prices all the time is seen when we come to reflect that such trading must be at the loss of some and the gain of others, and those who would gain would soon have the world's wealth in their control and we would be at their mercy.

Such an idea goes back to the time when robbery and conquest, rather than fair trading and exchange of goods were the means whereby nations and individuals sought to become rich. The Chinese Wall and the protective tariff belong to such an age. This idea is the friend of privilege and the enemy of democracy.

Service and value given is the essential of permanent success in commerce and industry. The potatoes are not worth \$3, and in the end the man who charges that for them will repay, in some form or another, the excess price he collected off his neighbor.

Economic production, that is producing the crop of the manufacturer

at the lowest cost, and the selling of the product or exchanging it for some other product, for money is the only medium of exchange, at a fair price, considering cost of production and a reasonable profit is the only sound basis of prosperity, and such basis always means average prices. When fair prices obtain for all products of farm and factory the mass of the people enjoy the greatest prosperity. We want prosperity of masses, rather than of individuals.  
 —Southland Farmer.

## ARRANGING SALE HERE

### PROMINENT HEREFORD BREEDERS OF SOUTHERN TEXAS VISIT CITY

W. B. Mitchell, President; H. T. Fletcher, director, and A. C. East-erling, secretary and sales manager of the Highland Hereford Breeders' Association, with headquarters at Marfa, Texas, arrived in Galesburg yesterday morning to look into the advisability of conducting sales of feeder calves in this section of the state, and especially to study the availability of Galesburg in that respect. They are among the largest breeders of Hereford cattle in the country and have extensive ranches. On October 12th they held a sale at the farm of John G. Imboden & Son at Decatur. In the third week of October they begin a similar series of sales at Indianapolis, and it is their hope to follow that with a sale here the latter week of October or the first of November.

They spent the day here and went to the Farm Bureau's picnic and talked the matter over with a number of farmers and found them in favor of the project. Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Fletcher later went with C. C. Craig to one of his farms, and in the evening at the Custer hotel the visitors met with the officers of the Farm Bureau, of whom they presented the object of their visit.

After studying the situation, Mr. East-erling said that they believed that Galesburg offered fine opportunities for such a sale owing to its location and fine railroad facilities.

In regard to the visitors, these gentlemen are members of the Highland Hereford Breeders' association, an organization composed of breeders of the Big Bend section of southwest Texas, embracing the counties of Presidio, Brewster and Jeff Davis

In speaking of the organization Mr. East-erling states that their membership numbers about forty-five and that they raise an average of 40,000 head of good, white-faced Hereford calves per year. That the association was organized for the purpose of encouraging better breeding of their cattle and to establish sales organization with the object of selling direct to the feeders and bringing to their very doors a class of Hereford feeder calves that is as good as are being raised anywhere in the United States, a class of calves that the feeders so much desire, that have the breeding, are big-boned, well-developed, uniform in color and size and, best of all a class of calves that respond quickly to feed when placed in the feed lots.

Those gentlemen have been using registered Hereford bulls, the very best they could secure, for the last twenty years on their high-grade Hereford cows, and today many of their herds are practically pure-breeds. In the fall of 1919 they conducted their first exhibit and sale at the American Royal at Kansas City. Their calves won first and second grand champion, and every man who purchased a load was highly pleased with his buy. Their calves won first at the St. Joseph Stocker and Feeder Show in the fall of 1920; also first and grand champion at the American Royal at Kansas City last fall. One of the loads of steer calves which was sold at the Royal was shipped to the International at Chicago and entered in the carlotfeeder class and on first and grand champion.

The ranches are above the quarantine line and the cattle are vaccinated and immune from black leg.—Galesburg (Ill.) Daily Republican-Register.

### REFUSED DRAPPIE O' WHISKEY SCOTCHMAN SEEKS MAN'S ARREST

"Ship me some're east of Suez  
 Where the best is likethe worst,  
 And there ain't no ten commandments

And a man can raise a thirst."  
 —Kipling.

New York, Aug. 22.—Sandy Duncan a Scotch sailor, who for four years

## PHONOGRAPH? NO IT'S A FURNACE!



### ESTATE HEATROLA Come and See It The Parlor Pipeless Furnace MURPHY-WALKER CO.

### Stool; Dry Goods Store Ladies and Mens' Ready to Wear Good Shoes PRICES RIGHT Marx Stool, Prop.

has been sailing between Calcutta and Shanghai, learned today that the United States had gone dry. He tried to have a bartender arrested for refusing to sell him a wee drappie of whiskey.

The ship steamed into Brooklyn and he immediately visited a place ashore where white aprons are worn "A glass of whiskey," said Sandy.

He didn't believe the story he then heard about prohibition, and he called at a police station to seek justice for "discrimination against a Scotchman." When he learned the truth, he said he'd select ships sailing east of Suez hereafter.

No Symptoms.

"Who is the mysterious stranger?"  
 "Some kind of investigator."  
 "Working for the Government?"  
 "I doubt it. He keeps pretty busy"

### Schools Will Get \$13 Per Capita

Austin, Texas.—At a meeting of the State Board of Education today the State apportionment was fixed at \$13 per capita. The total number of scholastics in the State was reported by the State Superintendent as 1,298,382. The estimate of expenses for the purchase of free text books for the scholastic year of 1920-21 was given as \$1,681,003. The balance in the textbook fund on August 1 was estimated to be \$300,000. The board set aside \$1,381,003 as a textbook fund, the board being required to include each year the balances in the textbook fund to meet the expense of the ensuing year.

Grew On Him

"Did you really call this gentleman an old fool last night?" asked the judge.

The prisoner tried hard to collect his thoughts.

"Well, the more I look at him, the more likely it seems that I did," he replied.

#### 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.

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



## LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTE

### It's toasted

To seal in the delicious Burley flavor

Once you've enjoyed the toasted flavor you will always want it

The American Tobacco Co.

## 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 Meza and Stanton)  
 SOLE AGENTS FOR  
 Everett, A. B. Chase, Fischer, Brambach, Harvard, Shutes, Kurtzmann, Haddorff, Clarendon, Aeolian Co's. Pianola Pianos.



## Locals and Personals

Line of Sport Hats at Milady's Shoppe.

O. C. Dowe was a visitor to the city Saturday.

Miss Myrtle Rawls was an El Paso visitor this week.

Ben Avant returned from his vacation trip last Friday.

Line of Sport Hats at Milady's Shoppe.

Mrs. V. M. Mason is in the city visiting her mother Mrs. Chambers.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Knight, accompanied by the children, were in Marfa Saturday.

Mrs. Sam Neil spent the week-end at the Brite ranch, returning home Monday afternoon.

Sam Hensley, who was operated on recently for appendicitis, is able to be up and around.

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

Mr. R. T. Petross made a business trip to Shafter Monday, returning home Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Jessie Jones was in the city Monday. She expects to teach in the El Paso schools this year.

Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Wood, of the Chanate Cattle Company ranch attended the celebration at Van Horn last Saturday.

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

Mrs. Oscar Wells came in the first of the week from the Brite ranch and was the guest of her mother, Mrs. Charles Poer.

Miss Carire Lee Agee, of Las Angeles, California, spent the past week in Marfa, the guest of the family of J. H. Evans.

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

N. L. Casner after his operation which confined him for about ten days, is now out on the streets looking almost as well as usual.

Mr. and Mrs. Karl Word accompanied by their son Karl, are visiting relatives East. They expect to return by the 12th of September.

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

Buck Casner, wife and baby, left this week for California to spend a month. Mr. Casner has recently undergone an operation for appendicitis.

Beautiful line of Fall Dresses at Milady's Shoppe.

Mrs. Arthur Mitchell underwent an operation Monday in El Paso at Hotel Dieu. Mrs. Mitchell stood the operation well and at this writing is doing nicely.

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

F. A. Mitchell has gone to Kansas where he will superintend the shipping and marketing of about one hundred car loads of steers belonging to himself and J. W. Spsy.

Miss Sybal Shaw and Miss Agnes Clifford of Eagle Pass, Summer Normal Students at Sul Ross, spent the day with Miss Elizabeth Fennell last week before returning to their homes.

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

Secretary A. C. Easterling, of the Highland Hereford Breeders' Association, has been the busiest man in Marfa since his return from Kansas, Illinois and Indiana. He is getting ready for the fall sale of calves and yearlings for his Association and will be kept on the go until next January. He will leave October 1st and will have charge of all sales at the various places throughout the corn belt states. The Highland Hereford Breeders' Association will have approximately 20,000 head to dispose of this fall.

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

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Murphy left Tuesday for El Paso, where Mr. Murphy will visit the Eastern Sample rooms opened there and probably purchase Christmas goods for the Big Store.

Mr. Guy Combs, of San Antonio, was in Marfa last Saturday. Mr. Combs is spending the summer on his ranch near Marathon. He was accompanied back to the ranch by Mr. Jack Colquitt.

Beautiful line of Fall Dresses at Milady's Shoppe.

Mrs. Ben Pruett and daughter, Jettie Grace, returned this week from a pleasant visit to friends and relatives at Deming, New Mexico. They also stopped over in El Paso for a few days visit.

Pat Murphy, who was operated on for appendicitis about 5 days ago, is now doing nicely. His father, J. R. Murphy, has been here with him for several days. Mr. Murphy, who is a very pleasant gentleman, says he has only 8 boys.

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

Dr. W. T. Jones was over from Fort Davis Tuesday enroute for El Paso. For several months Dr. Jones has been in New Mexico, but since the recovery of his health, is anxious to return to Fort Davis to renew his practice there.

Mr. Luis Brian of San Antonio is here on a visit to his brother, Mr. Hans Brian. His brother, August Brian, one of the prominent citizens of Bexar county, has been recommended by Congressman Muzbach for postmaster of San Antonio.

Accordian, box and side plaiting; hemstitching, pinking, braiding, buttons and buttonholes made. Mrs. H. B. Houston, Uvalde, Texas. 52

Mr. A. S. Gage, of San Antonio, was in Marfa last Saturday attending the meeting of the Highland Hereford Breeders' Association. Mr. Gage was enroute home from a trip to California. He is one of the Association's enthusiastic members and the largest breeder in the organization. He has nothing but praise for the organization.

### CLAYTON-BYNUM

On Thursday evening at the Christian Church, Rev. J. S. Stockard officiating, Lieut. Robert Clayton and Miss Elizabeth Bynum were united in marriage.

Mrs. W. F. Whittington of Ardmore, Okla., is visiting her sister, Miss Vina Jones and son W. A. Foley of Valentine. Mrs. Whittington is one who especially enjoys receiving each week, the Fort Davis Post and reading about the "Folks at Home."—Fort Davis Post.

**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. 415, Winona, Minn. It's your life chance

Those members from out of town to attend the meeting of the Highland Hereford Breeders' Association here last Saturday were as follows: H. L. Kokernot, A. A. Murray, H. T. Fletcher, J. C. Bird, H. H. Moore representing Mrs. W. M. Kennedy, Alpine, J. W. Espy and E. G. Gleim and J. W. Merrill, Fort Davis; R. N. Arnold, Marathon and A. S. Gage, San Antonio.

Milady's Shoppe has on display a beautiful line of Wool Dresses, also Canton Crepe, Crepe-back Satin and Kittenear Dresses at pre-war prices.

G. A. Monkhouse, formerly well-known Floresville stockman who recently moved to Marfa, came in Monday afternoon from San Antonio and will spend several days here on business. Of course he had an excuse to offer for his early return to his old home—said he brought down a car of calves which he sold in San Antonio Monday. But from the broad smile that has graced his face ever since his return, he seems mighty happy to get back to old Floresville, among his friends and the best people on earth.—Floresville Chronicle-Journal.

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

The following were in attendance upon the meeting of the Highland Hereford Breeders' Association held last Saturday: W. C. McCormick, A. G. F. & P. A. Nat Parks, Livestock Agent, Trainmaster Etheridge of the Southern Pacific Railway; E. F. Tillman, General Livestock Agent, St. Louis and San Francisco Railway, of Springfield, Mo.; A. Peterson, Division Freight and Passenger Agent, Rock Island Lines Amarillo; W. H. Hargrove General Freight and Passenger Agent, K. C. M. & O. Ry., San Angelo.

### Canaries For Sale

Beautiful Singing Canaries for sale \$5 each. Add to the music of your home a Sweet songster.—E. W. King, Presidio, Texas.

### INSTITUTE COMMENCES

Next Monday, Sept. 5th, the Presidio County teachers Institute convenes and will continue in session five days. On September 12th the schools throughout the county open for the fall term.

### STORE ROBBED

Last Saturday night the store of Romaldo Segura was robbed of two sacks of flour and two sacks of beans, besides several sacks of flour and other merchandise. The thieves must have had a wagon or an auto to haul off their plunder.

### BRIDGE PARTY

Mrs. W. R. Ake gave a delightful bridge party Thursday afternoon, the 25th, complimentary to the Ladies Bridge Club. In addition to the regular members several guests were present. Five tables were arranged for the players and an enjoyable afternoon was spent. A color scheme of rose and white featured in the decoration and was tastefully carried out in the refreshments, which consisted of brick ice cream and cake.

### BAPTIST CHURCH

There will be no services at the Baptist church Sunday, but all of the regular services of the church, morning and evening, will be held at Paisano Pass, where we meet in a joint service between the Marfa, Alpine and Fort Davis churches.

A cordial welcome will be extended to any who attend the services there.

C. S. Harrison, Pastor.

### HELP YOURSELVES

To the Editor of the New Era: A general invitation is herewith extended to all who desire to visit El Alamo Ranch, Mexico, free of charge. A good auto road from Ojinaga to the Hacienda, about 8 hours ride. Hunting, fishing, shade, wood and water. Help yourselves. Those desiring further information address E. W. King, Presidio, Texas.

### IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

A telegram from Bro. Millican announces that Dr. Neal of El Paso and Dr. J. S. Porter of Oklahoma City will be with us at Paisano Pass Sunday. Come and bring your basket. Everybody invited. C. S. Harrison, Pastor.

### TO VIOLIN STUDENTS

Having been elected by the school board as instructor in violin and piano for the year 1921-22, I solicit your patronage. After September 5th I shall appreciate your calling to make arrangements at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Jno. W. Howell.

Mattie Mills.

### TO PIANO STUDENTS

Having been elected by the school board as piano instructor for the year 1921-22, I shall appreciate your patronage. I shall be in Marfa September 5th at the home of Mr. John W. Howell. Those desiring to study piano, please call and make arrangements.

Lillian Peace.

### Now In The 88th District

The legislature passed a representative redistricting bill on the last day. As finally passed the bill provides for 150 representatives, the constitutional limit, Presidio Co. is now in the 88th representative district, composed of the following counties: Presidio, Jeff Davis, Reeves, Ward, Winkler, Loving, Pecos, Ector, Crane, Upton, Midland Martin and Andrews.

# PAY YOUR BILLS

## PROTECT YOUR CREDIT

By

Paying your Bills before the 10th of September The Retail Merchants Association is anxious to assist you in keeping a Good Credit, but you must help us by being prompt in meeting your Local Obligations.

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Pay your Bills promptly upon receipt of same. This will enable you to not only keep a Good Credit here, but in neighboring towns and cities as well.

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# BULL-DOG DRUMMOND

## The Adventures of A Demobilized Officer Who Found Peace Dull

### by CYRIL McNEILE "SAPPER"

#### Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

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calm and suave as usual, answering Jerry. From the garden in front came the dreadful sound of a duel by Algy and Peter. Not a soul was in sight; the back of the house was clear. All that he had to do was to walk quietly through the wicket-gate to The



"The Soldier!" He snarled. "You Young Pup!"

Larches with his semi-conscious burden, get to his car, and drive off. It all seemed so easy that he laughed. . . . But there were one or two factors that he had forgotten, and the first and most important one was the man upstairs. The window was thrown up suddenly, and the man leaned out waving his arms. He was still gasping with the strength of the ammonia, but Hugh saw him clearly in the light from the room behind. And as he cursed himself for a fool in not having tied him up, from the trees close by there came the sharp clang of metal.

With a quick catch in his breath he began to run. The two men who had rushed past him before he had entered the house, and whom, save for a passing thought, he had disregarded, had become the principal danger. For he had heard that clang before; he remembered Jim Smith's white horror-struck face, and then his sigh of relief as the thing—whatever it was—was shut in its cage. And now it was out, clodding through the trees, let loose by the two men. He heard something crash into a bush on his right, and give a snarl of anger. Like a flash he swerved into the undergrowth on the left.

Then began a dreadful game. He was still some way from the fence, and he was hampered at every step by the man slung over his back. He could hear the thing blundering about searching for him, and suddenly, with a cold feeling of fear, he realized that the animal was in front of him—that his way to the gate was barred. The next moment he saw it.

Shadowy, indistinct, in the darkness, he saw something glide between two bushes. Then it came out into the open, and he knew it had seen him, though as yet he could not make out what it was.

Cautiously he lowered the millionaire to the ground, and took a step forward. It was enough; with a snarl of fury the crouching animal slung himself toward him. Two hairy arms shot out toward his throat, he smelt the brute's foetid breath, hot and loathsome, and he realized what he was up against. It was a partially grown gorilla.

For a full minute they fought in silence, save for the hoarse grunts of the animal as it tried to tear away the man's hand from its throat, and then encircle him with its powerful arms. And with his brain cold as ice Hugh saw his danger and kept his head. It couldn't go on; no human being could last the pace, whatever his strength. And there was only one chance of finishing it quickly, the possibility that the grip taught him by Olaki would serve with a monkey as it did with a man.

He shifted his left thumb an inch or two on the brute's throat, and the baboon, thinking he was weakening, redoubled its efforts. And then, little by little, the fingers moved, and the grip which had been tight before grew tighter still. Back went his head; something was snapping in its neck. With a scream of fear and rage it wrapped its legs round Drummond, squeezing and writhing. And then suddenly there was a tearing snap, and

the great limbs relaxed and grew limp.

For a moment the man stood watching the still quivering brute lying at his feet; then, with a gasp of utter exhaustion, he dropped on the ground himself. He was done—utterly cooked; even Peterson's voice close behind scarcely roused him.

"Quite one of the most amusing entertainments I've seen for a long time." The calm, expressionless voice made him look up wearily, and he saw that he was surrounded by men. The inevitable cigar glowing red in the darkness, and after a moment or two he scrambled unsteadily to his feet.

"I'd forgotten your d-d menagerie. I must frankly confess," he remarked. "What's the party for?" He glanced at the men who had closed in round him.

"A guard of honor, my young friend," said Peterson suavely, "to lead you to the house. I wouldn't hesitate . . . it's very foolish. Your friends have gone, and, strong as you are, I don't think you can manage ten."

Hugh commenced to stroll toward the house.

"Well, don't leave the wretched Potts lying about. I dropped him over there."

### CHAPTER VII.

#### In Which He Spends an Hour or Two on a Roof.

### ONE.

Drummond paused for a moment at the door of the sitting room, then with a slight shrug he stepped past Peterson. During the last few days he had grown to look on this particular room as the private den of the principals of the gang. He associated it in his mind with Peterson himself, suave, impassive, ruthless; with the girl Irma, perfectly gowned, lying on the sofa, smoking innumerable cigarettes, and manhandling her already faultless nails; and in a lesser degree, with Henry Lakington's thin, cruel face, and blue, staring eyes.

But tonight a different scene confronted him. The girl was not there; her accustomed place on the sofa was occupied by an unkempt-looking man with a ragged beard. At the end of the table was a vacant chair, on the right of which sat Lakington regarding him with malevolent fury. Along the table on each side there were half a dozen men, and he glanced at their faces. Some were obviously foreigners; some might have been anything from murderers to Sunday school teachers. There was one with spectacles and the general appearance of an intimidated rabbit, while his neighbor, helped by a large red scar right across his cheek, and two bloodshot eyes, struck Hugh as being the sort of man with whom one would not share a luncheon basket.

Peterson's voice from just behind his shoulder roused him.

"Permit me, gentlemen, to introduce to you Captain Drummond, D. S. O., M. C., the originator of the little entertainment we have just had."

Hugh bowed gravely. "My only regret is that it failed to function," he remarked. "As I told you outside, I'd quite forgotten your menagerie. In fact"—his glance wandered slowly and somewhat pointedly from face to face at the table—"I had no idea it was such a large one."

"So this is the insolent young swine, is it?" The bloodshot eyes of the man with the scarred face turned on him morosely. "What I cannot understand is why he hasn't been killed by now." Hugh wagged an accusing finger at him.

"I knew you were a nasty man as soon as I saw you. Now look at Henry up at the end of the table; he doesn't say that sort of thing. And you do hate me, don't you, Henry? How's the jaw?"

"Captain Drummond," said Lakington, ignoring Hugh and addressing the first speaker, "was very nearly killed last night. I thought for some time as to whether I would or not, but I finally decided it would be much too easy a death. So it can be remedied tonight."

If Hugh felt a momentary twinge of fear at the calm, expressionless tone, and the half-satisfied grunt which greeted the words, no trace of it showed on his face. Already the realization had come to him that if he got through the night alive he would be more than passing lucky, but he was too much of a fatalist to let that worry him unduly. So he merely stifled a yawn, and again turned to Lakington.

"So it was you, my little one, whose fairy face I saw pressed against the window. Would it be indiscreet to ask how you got the dope into us?"

Lakington looked at him with an expression of grim satisfaction on his face.

"You were gassed, if you want to know. An admirable invention of my

friend Kauffner's nation."

A guttural chuckle came from one of the men, and Hugh looked at him grimly.

"The scum certainly would not be complete," he remarked to Peterson, "without a filthy Boche in it."

The German pushed back his chair with an oath, his face purple with passion.

"A filthy Boche," he muttered thickly, lurching toward Hugh. "Hold him the arms of, and I will the throat tear out."

It all happened so quickly. At one moment Hugh was apparently intent upon selecting a cigarette, the next instant the case had fallen to the floor; there was a dull, heavy thud, and the Boche crashed back, overturned a chair, and fell like a log to the floor, his head hitting the wall with a vicious crack. The bloodshot being resumed his seat a little limply. Hugh resumed his search for a cigarette.

"After which breezy interlude," remarked Peterson, "let us to business get."

Hugh paused in the act of striking a match, and for the first time a genuine smile spread over his face.

"There are moments, Peterson," he murmured, "when you really appeal to me."

Peterson took the empty chair next to Lakington.

"Sit down," he said shortly. "I can only hope that I shall appeal to you still more before we kill you."

Hugh bowed and sat down.

"Consideration," he murmured, "was always your strong point. May I ask how long I have to live?"

Peterson smiled genially.

"At the earnest request of Mr. Lakington you are to be spared until tomorrow. At least, that is our present intention. Of course, there might be an accident in the night; in a house like this one never can tell. Or"—he carefully cut the end off a cigar—"you might go mad, in which case we shouldn't bother to kill you. In fact, if you go mad, we shall not be displeased."

Once again he smiled genially.

"As I said before, in a house like this, you can never tell. . . ."

The intimidated rabbit, breathing heavily, was staring at Hugh fascinated; and after a moment Hugh turned to him with a courteous bow.

"Laddie," he remarked, "you've been eating onions. Do you mind deflecting the blast in the opposite direction?"

His calm imperturbability seemed to madden Lakington.

"You wait," he snarled thickly; "you wait till I've finished with you. You won't be so d-d humorous then. . . ."

Hugh regarded the speaker languidly.

"Your supposition is more than probable," he remarked, in a bored voice. "I shall be too intent on getting into a Turkish bath to remove the contamination to think of laughing."

Slowly Lakington sank back in his chair, a hard, merciless smile on his lips; and for a moment or two there was silence in the room. It was broken by the unkempt man on the sofa, who, without warning, exploded unexpectedly.

"A truce to all this fooling," he burst forth in a deep rumble; "I confess I do not understand it. Are we assembled here tonight, comrades, to listen to private quarrels and stupid talk?"

A murmur of approval came from the others, and the speaker stood up waving his arms.

"I know not what this young man has done; I care less. In Russia such trifles matter not. He has the appearance of a bourgeois, therefore he must die. Did we not kill thousands—aye, tens of thousands of his kindred, before we obtained the great freedom? Are we not going to do the same in this accursed country? Kill him now—"



"Kill Him Now—Throw Him in a Corner and Let Us Proceed."

throw him in a corner and let us proceed." He sat down, amidst a murmur of approval, in which Hugh joined heartily.

"Splendid," he murmured. "A magnificent perforation. Am I right, sir, in assuming that you are what is vulgarly known as a Bolshevik?"

The man turned his sunken eyes, glowing with the burning fires of fanaticism, on Drummond.

"I am one of those who are fighting

for the freedom of the world," he cried harshly, "for the right to live of the proletariat." He flung out his arms wildly. "It is freedom; it is the dawn of the new age."

Hugh looked at him with genuine curiosity; it was the first time he had actually met one of these wild visionaries in the flesh. And then the curiosity was succeeded by a very definite amazement: what had Peterson to do with such as he?

For the moment his own deadly risk was forgotten; a growing excitement filled his mind. Could it be possible that here, at last, was the real object of the gang; could it be possible that Peterson was organizing a deliberate plot to try and Bolshevize England? He looked up to find Peterson regarding him with a faint smile.

"It is a little difficult to understand, isn't it, Captain Drummond?" he said, carefully flicking the ash off his cigar. "I told you you'd find yourself in deep water." Then he resumed the contemplation of the papers in front of him.

Hugh half closed his eyes, while a general buzz of conversation broke out round the table.

Fragments of conversation struck his ears from time to time. The intimidated rabbit, with the light of battle in his watery eye, was declaiming on the glories of workmen's councils; a bullet-headed man was shouting an inspiring battle cry about no starvation wages and work for all.

"Can it be possible," thought Hugh, grimly, "that such as these have the power to control big destinies?" And then, because he had some experience of what one unbalanced brain, whose owner could talk, was capable of achieving; because he knew something about mob psychology, his half contemptuous amusement changed to a bitter foreboding.

"You fool!" he cried suddenly to the Russian; and everyone ceased talking.

"You poor d-d boob! You—and your new earth! In Petrograd today bread is two pounds four shillings a pound; tea, fifteen pounds a pound. Do you call that freedom?" He gave a contemptuous laugh.

Too surprised to speak, the Russian sat staring at him; and it was Peterson who broke the silence with his suave voice.

"Your distress, I am glad to say, is not likely to be one of long duration," he remarked. "In fact, the time has come for you to retire for the night, my young friend."

He stood up smiling; then he walked over to the bell behind Hugh and rang it.

"Dead or mad—I wonder which," he threw the end of his cigar into the grate as Hugh rose. "While we



He Opened the Door and Stood There Smiling.

deliberate down here on various matters of importance we shall be thinking of you upstairs—that is to say, if you get there. I see that Lakington is even now beginning to gloat in pleasant anticipation."

Not a muscle on the soldier's face twitched; not by the hint of a look did he show the keenly watching audience that he realized his danger. Lakington's face was merciless, with its fiendish look of anticipation, and Hugh stared at him with level eyes for a while before he turned toward the door.

"Then I will say 'Good night,'" he remarked casually. "Is it the same room that I had last time?"

"No," said Peterson. "A different one—specially prepared for you. If you get to the top of the stairs a man will show you where it is." He opened the door and stood there smiling. And at that moment all the lights went out.

### TWO.

The darkness could be felt, as real darkness inside a house always can be felt. Not the faintest glimmer even of greyness showed anywhere, and Hugh remained motionless, wondering what the next move was going to be. Now that the night's ordeal had commenced, all his nerve had returned to him. He felt ice-cold; and as his powerful hands clenched and unclenched by his sides, he grinned faintly to himself. Then very cautiously he commenced to feel his way toward the door.

At that moment someone brushed past him. Like a flash Hugh's hand shot out and gripped him by the arm.

The man wriggled and twisted, but he was powerless as a child, and with another short laugh Hugh found his throat with his other hand. And again silence settled on the room. . . .

Still holding the unknown man in front of him, he reached the foot of the stairs, and there he paused. He had suddenly remembered the mysterious thing which had whizzed past his head that other night, and then elanged suddenly into the wall beside him. He had gone up five stairs when it had happened, and now with his foot on the first, he started to do some rapid thinking.

If, as Peterson had kindly assured him, they proposed to try and send him mad, it was unlikely that they would kill him on the stairs. At the same time it was obviously an implement capable of accurate adjustment, and therefore it was more than likely that they would use it to frighten him. And if they did—if they did. . . . The unknown man wriggled feebly in his hands, and a sudden unholy look came on to Hugh's face.

"It's the only possible chance," he said to himself, "and if it's you or me, laddie, I guess it's got to be you."

With a quick heave he jerked the man off his feet, and lifted him up till his head was above the level of his own. Then clutching him tight, he commenced to climb. His own head was bent down, somewhere in the region of the man's back, and he took no notice of the feebly kicking legs.

Then at last he reached the fourth step, and gave a final adjustment to his semi-conscious burden. He pressed his head even lower in the man's back, and lifted him up another three inches.

"How awfully jolly!" he murmured. "I hope the result will please you."

"I'd stand quite still if I were you," said Peterson suavely. "Just listen."

As Hugh had gambled on, the performance was designed to frighten. Instead of that, something hit the neck of the man he was holding with such force that it wrenched him clean out of his arms. Then came the clang beside him, and with a series of ominous thuds a body rolled down the stairs into the hall below.

"You fool," he heard Lakington's voice, shrill with anger. "You've killed him. Switch on the light. . . ."

But before the order could be carried out Hugh had disappeared, like a great cat, into the darkness of the passage above. As luck would have it the first room he darted into was empty, and he flung up the window and peered out.

A faint, watery moon showed him a twenty-foot drop onto the grass, and without hesitation he flung his legs over the sill. And at that moment something prompted him to look upward.

It was a dormer window, and to an active man access to the roof was easy. Without an instant's hesitation he abandoned all thoughts of retreat; and when two excited men rushed into the room he was firmly ensconced, with his legs astride of the ridge of the window, not a yard from their heads.

Securely hidden in the shadow, he watched the subsequent proceedings with genial toleration. A raucous bellow from the two men announced that they had discovered his line of escape; and, in half a minute the garden was full of hurrying figures. One, calm and impassive, his identity betrayed only by the inevitable cigar, stood by the garden door, apparently taking no part in the game; Lakington, blind with fury, was running round in small circles, cursing every one impartially.

"The car is still there." A man came up to Peterson, and Hugh heard the words distinctly.

"Then he's probably over at Benton's house. I will go and see."

Hugh watched the thick-set, massive figure stroll down toward the wicket gate, and he laughed gently to himself. Then he grew serious again, and with a slight frown he pulled out his watch and peered at it. Half-past one. . . . two more hours before dawn. And in those two hours he wanted to explore the house from top to bottom; especially he wanted to have a look at the mysterious central room of which Phyllis had spoken to him—the room where Lakington kept his treasures. But until the excited throng below went indoors, it was impossible to move. Once out of the shadow, any one would be able to see him crawling over the roof in the moonlight.

At times the thought of the helpless man for whose death he had in one way or another been responsible recurred to him, but he shook his head angrily. It had been necessary, he realized; you can carry someone upstairs in a normal house without him having his neck broken—but still. . . . And then he wondered who he was. It had been one of the men who sat round the table—of that he was tolerably certain. But which? . . . Was it the frightened bunny, or the Russian, or the gentleman with the blood-shot eye? The only comfort was that whoever it had been, the world would not be appreciably the poorer for his sudden decease. The only regret was that it hadn't been dear Henry. . . . He had a distate for Henry which far exceeded his dislike of Peterson.

"He's not over there," Peterson's voice came to him from below. "And we've wasted time enough as it is."

The men had gathered together in a group, just below where Hugh was sitting, evidently awaiting further orders.

"Do you mean to say we've lost the young swine again?" said Lakington angrily.

"Not lost—merely mislaid," murmured Peterson. "The more I see of him the more do I admire his initiative."

Lakington snorted.

"It was that d-d fool Ivolsky's own fault," he snarled; "why didn't he keep still as he was told to do?"

"Why, indeed?" returned Peterson, his cigar glowing red. "And I'm afraid we shall never know. He is very dead." He turned toward the house. "That concludes the entertainment, gentlemen, for tonight. I think you can all go to bed."

He disappeared into the house, and the others followed slowly. For the time being Hugh was safe, and with a sigh of relief he stretched his cramped limbs and lay back against the sloping roof. If only he had dared to light a cigarette.

### THREE.

It was half an hour before Drummond decided that it was safe to start exploring. First he took off his shoes, and tying the laces together, he slung them around his neck. Then, as silently as he could, he commenced to scramble upward.

It was not an easy operation; one slip and nothing could have stopped him sliding down and finally crashing into the garden below, with a broken leg, at the very least, for his pains. In addition, there was the risk of dislodging a slate, an unwise proceeding in a house where most of the occupants slept with one eye open. But at last he got his hands over the ridge of the roof, and in another moment he was sitting straddled across it.

A sudden rattle close to him made him start violently; only to curse himself for a nervous ass the next moment, and lean forward eagerly. One of the blinds had been released from inside the room, and a pale, diffused

light came filtering out into the night from the side of the glass roof. He was still craning backward and forward to try and find some chink through which he could see, when, with a kind of uncanny deliberation, one of the panes of glass slowly opened. It was worked on a ratchet from inside, and Hugh bowed his thanks to the unseen operator below. Then he leaned forward cautiously, and peered in. . . .

The whole room was visible to him, and his jaw tightened as he took in the scene. In an armchair, smoking as unconcernedly as ever, sat Peterson. He was reading a letter, and occasionally underlining some point with a pencil. Beside him on a table was a big ledger, and every now and then he would turn over a few pages and make an entry. But it was not Peterson on whom the watcher above was concentrating his attention; it was Lakington, taking a red velvet box out of a drawer in the desk. He opened it lovingly, and Hugh saw the flash of diamonds. Lakington let the stones run through his hands, glittering with a thousand flames, while Peterson watched him contemptuously.

"Baubles," he said, scornfully. "Pretty baubles. What will you get for them?"

"Ten, perhaps fifteen thousand," returned the other. "But it's not the money I care about; it's the delight in having them, and the skill required to get them."

Peterson shrugged his shoulders. "Skill which would give you hundreds of thousands if you turned it into proper channels."

Lakington replaced the stones, and threw the end of his cigarette into the grate.

"Possibly, Carl, quite possibly. But it boils down to this, my friend, that you like the big canvas with broad effects; I like the miniature and the well-drawn etching."

"Which makes us a very happy combination," said Peterson. "The pearls, don't forget, are your job. The big thing"—he turned to the other, and a trace of excitement came into his voice—"the big thing is mine."

The sound of the door opening made both men swing round instantly; then Peterson stepped forward with a smile as Irma entered.

"Back, my dear. I hardly expected you so soon."

In a few words he told the girl what had happened, and she clasped her hands together delightedly.

"Assuredly I shall have to marry that man," she cried. "He is quite the best thing I have met in this atrocious country." She sat down and lit a cigarette. "I saw Walter tonight. He came over especially to see you. They want you there for a meeting, at the Ritz."

Peterson frowned.

"It's most inconvenient," he remarked with a shade of annoyance in his voice. "Did he say why?"

"Among other things I think they're uneasy about the American," she answered. "My dear man, you can easily slip over for a day."

"Of course I can," said Peterson irritably; "but that doesn't alter the fact that it's inconvenient. Things will be shortly coming to a head here, and I want to be on the spot. However—" He started to walk up and down the room, frowning thoughtfully.

"Your fish is booked, now and," continued the girl to Lakington. "He has already proposed three times; and he has introduced me to a dreadful-looking woman of extreme virtue, who has adopted me as her niece for the great occasion."

"What great occasion?" asked Lakington.

"Why, his coming of age," cried the girl. "I am to go to Laidley Towers as an honored guest of the duchess of Lampshire." She threw back her head and laughed. "What do you



**HOW TO GROW GRAPES**

Continued from page two stars if you have anything at all left to prune, and remember that the fruit is always borne on shoots that spring from canes of last year's growth. If you remember that one fact you are not likely to go very far wrong in any man's vineyard.

Intensive cultivation of orchards is a comparatively new thing and is valuable today no less than it was two or three thousand years ago, and the modern viticulturists recognize the fact.

There are a number of insects which attack grapes, and in some sections and some seasons they are very injurious. The first to make its appearance is the grapevine flea beetle, a steely-blue insect about a quarter of an inch in length, which feeds on the opening buds of the vine. The injury can be prevented by spraying with arsenate of lead at the rate of two pounds to fifty gallons of water. The larval form of the beetle feeds of the leaves. It is automatically poisoned in regularly sprayed vineyards. However, since the insect lives on wild vines, it should be watched for each year whether the vineyard has been regularly sprayed or not.

The grape berry moth is an annoying pest, the larval form of which feeds in the fruit. Repeated sprays of arsenate of lead are needed in sections where it is common. The spray solution should also contain enough soap to enable the spray to spread over the surface of the grape and to prevent it from drying on in drops.

The grape root worm has caused serious damage in vineyards in many sections. It feeds on the small roots of the vine, reducing its vitality and ultimately causing its death. Clean cultivation is of some value in this connection. The adult beetles feed on the surface of the leaves, and many of them can be killed by spraying.

There are a number of injurious diseases that affect the grape in different ways. Several forms of rot may attack the fruit. The importance of these diseases varies with the location to a great extent. In some sections the vines are fairly free from such trouble, while in other places the crop may be almost entirely destroyed by rot.

Most careful vineyardists spray three or four times during the season, the first spray being applied just as the buds are breaking. The second application is made just after the bloom falls and the third when the fruit is the size of small peas. In some years additional sprays are put on just before the bloom, and two weeks after the small-pea stage has been reached.

In all cases Bordeaux mixture is used as the basis of the spray solution, and to it are added two or three pounds of arsenate of lead. Soap should be added to some of the sprays in order to secure good spreading quality.

Where spraying is impossible, or where grapes are grown on a small scale, the individual bunches can be protected from insects, and to some extent from fungous diseases, by tying them up in small paper bags. A two-pound sugar bag such as is used by grocers everywhere serves admirably for this purpose. It is slipped over the bunch of fruit when the berries are the size of peas or smaller and tied firmly around the stem. In addition to keeping the fruit free from insects and rot these paper bags protect the cluster from dirt and dust of all kinds, and the fruit comes out in the fall beautifully clean and perfect.

Those who grow grapes for home use should always take the extra time and trouble to bag a portion of the crop at least, for the fruit when so protected will remain in good condition long after the exposed bunches are gone. I have frequently had them in perfect shape late in November, and there is nothing more refreshing than to open a bag of grapes on the vine some crisp, cool morning when the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder has all been hauled into the barn.

The question of marketing the grape crop has undergone very severe revision in recent years. Formerly a good portion of the fruit was converted into wine, as has been the case since Bible times. With the advent of prohibition this outlet for the crop was eliminated, and for a time it appeared that the vineyard owners would have to tear out their vines and turn their attention to some other crop. In a few instances this was actually done, but the growers who held on have made money by doing so. After the country went dry there appeared an increased demand for unfermented grape juice.

Today a large part of the crop is converted into this temperance beverage. There has also been a marked increase in the demand for fresh grapes, and consumers pay a price

far above that which was obtainable a few years ago and apparently offer no objections. Even with these higher prices, however, the growers of today do not have altogether easy sailing. Increased costs of distribution have reduced the profit, not to the point of loss, to be sure, but to a place dangerously near that. With a readjustment of the freight rates it is probable that the grower will still obtain a good price for his product and take his own profit instead of turning it over to the carriers.

Unless a material revision of rates is made, the grape grower will be in the same box with other fruit producers, and the answer will be a more widely distributed system of producing. Local production for local markets will take the place of centralized production for distant markets.

**HAS YOUR LOCAL PAPER ANY CLAIM ON YOU?**

Any town nowadays that makes pretense to being more than a mere cross-roads village would be greatly handicapped without a local newspaper. The first thing that any village desires when it begins to think of becoming a center to attract people and business institutions is a newspaper. Why? No community can develop under twentieth century conditions if it has no means of giving expression constantly to the purposes and ambitions of its people; if it has no means of keeping constantly before the world the advantages it has to offer as a place to live, as a place to do business, as a place of solid progressive, educational, religious, commercial and industrial advantages.

You probably, if you have not thought seriously about it, consider that your local newspaper is nothing more than any other private business establishment in your town. But suppose that it failed, neglected or refused to say Troup is a good town. Suppose that it should say that the country about Troup has no advantages to offer. Suppose that it never should say a word about the good people and the healthful climate—suppose, in short, that its attitude was that of "damning by giving scant praise," and that it, by implication, if not outright, told people to do their business elsewhere and to make their homes elsewhere. In that case you would more clearly see what a local newspaper is worth to you, both directly and indirectly.

No local newspaper can do much for its community unless it has the moral backing and generous material and substantial backing of every institution and individual in the town where it is published. People always judge a town and community by its local newspaper—you do yourself. The first thing you want to know about any town is the kind of newspaper it maintains. If you were figuring on moving to another community for business or other purposes for trading, or for residential reasons, you would not select that new home in a community whose local newspaper showed a lack of support and generous patronage from its home people. Would you?—Troup Banner.

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

**Jones-Kingston**

Saturday morning at the Camp Grounds Fannie Kingston and George Jones were united in marriage immediately after the opening song at the nine o'clock service, Rev. R. L. Irving, D. D., performing the ceremony.

The bride was dressed in a brown coat suit, trimmed in Hudson seal, with boots and hat to match.

Miss Kingston is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Kingston, while Mr. Jones is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Jones, both the young people are well known to practically every one in West Texas, as they have lived in Jeff Davis county all their life.

The contracting party left immediately for El Paso and other points west, and will be at home shortly to their many friends, at the Kelly ranch.

The Post joins their many friends in congratulations and wishing them a bright and happy journey through life.—Fort Davis Post.

WANTED—College graduate hold permanent certificate, three years experience in teaching, desires position as governess. References. Address: Miss Clara Willell, 935 Gordon Street, San Antonio, Texas.

LOST—Ladies Gold wrist watch and chain (Swiss make) Reasonable reward offered to any one finding same. R. N. Settle.

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**CHURCH NOTICES**  
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**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 welcome 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 10:00 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. Palerno, 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.  
 On sale, Sport Silk Sweaters and Silk Skirts at Milady's Shoppe.

"I don't like these photos at all," he said. "I look like an ape." The photographer favored him with a glance of lofty disdain. "You should have thought of that before you had them taken" was the reply as he turned back to work.—News Trade Journal.

**EAGLE "MIKADO" Pencil No. 174**



For Sale at your Dealer Made in fire grades  
 ASK FOR THE YELLOW PENCIL WITH THE RED BAND  
**EAGLE MIKADO**  
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**Real Estate and Live Stock**  
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Quality Meats and Vegetables  
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**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. --:

**When you come right down to reason, what is there to "discount" tires —**

**THE** next time a friend comes to you all excited about some wonderful tire bargain—ask him how much *value* he ought to get for each dollar of tire money.

It's astonishing that any car owner today should not know all the tire service he is entitled to.

Nor how to check up between the economy of par quality on one hand—and big discounts, surplus stocks, discontinued lines and retreads on the other.

For two years U. S. Tire makers have been telling the American people all about tires.

They have laid open the tire business from every angle.

They have always led the fight for better tires.

They have consistently maintained quality *first* standards with certain economy for the tire buyer.

They have established 92 Factory Branches all over the country. Perfecting U. S. distribution so that you get a *fresh, live* tire every time you buy a U. S. Tire.

So when a man once decides on U. S. Tires he knows what he is getting in quality—service—economy.

In support of his own judgment he gets the pledged word and reputation of the largest and most successful tire concern in the world.

A sound reason for the fact that you see more U. S. Tires on more cars than ever this year.

**United States Tires**  
**United States Rubber Company**

**ALAMO LUMBER CO., Marfa, Tex. JAMES HALPER, Marfa, Tex.**  
**W. P. HENSON, Alpine, Tex. FT. DAVIS AUTO CO., Ft. Davis, Tex.**



**The U. S. CHAIN TREAD**  
 One of the few tires of which it may be said that they deliver economy year in and year out and tire after tire.

"You get a fresh, live tire every time you buy a U. S. Tire."



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

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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

### OFFICERS RAID NEW BRAUNFELS

New Braunfels, Aug. 23.—Ten prohibition enforcement officers carried grief to the prosperous and pretty little town of New Braunfels and into many a carby country home Wednesday and Thursday, arrested six prominent men, and confiscated more than 500 gallons of alleged illicit liquors and wines, much of the new wine crop of that section went into the Gaudalope river which winds itself lazily around the town and more than 100 stills, which operated in various sections of the town and adjacent country, were thrown into the river by their owners as news of the raid spread.

The onslaught was conducted under the personal supervision of David H. Morris, state supervisor of prohibition enforcement, headquarters Austin, who subsequently announced it was the first of a series planned "to make Southwest Texas as dry as a Sahara desert."

While only six arrests were made, including one of the town's peace officers, officials said Friday that other complaints would be filed and that probably twelve persons would eventually be taken into custody.

The names of those charged were not made public by United States Commissioner R. L. Edwards, before whom complaints were filed, because he said, the marshal had not completed serving warrants. Those accused are to appear before the commissioners Saturday morning at 10 o'clock for a hearing. It was stated, however, that among the complaints is one against a peace officer.

reached New Braunfels Wednesday from the north, ten dry officers, headed by Morris, stepped onto the platform of the quiet little village. They began a systematic search of the down town places and residences fortified by search warrants which had been sworn out several days previously. While officers will not confirm the statement, it is reported that a total of 165 search warrants were obtained to use in the

"swoop down on New Braunfels." News of the raid spread with the first arrest.

Crowds gathered as the officers made that arrest and hauled nearly 250 gallons of new wine into the street, and bursting open the kegs started it on its way toward the Gaudalope river and the sea. According to officers operators of illicit stills, frightened at the wholesale crusade, began to throw their stills into the river, and illicit stills, ranging from the snail type to the finished product were cast into the stream. Stills might be seen they say, for a distance of ten miles from New Braunfels, those cast into shallow water, protruding above the surface.

Water ran red for miles, from the fresh new wine that the New Braunfels section was once famous for producing. Home-brew beer, also, officers charge, was loosened from its barrels and bottles and mingled with wine and with corn likker, and with prune juice in the clear waters of the river.

Four arrests were made the first day, and two on the second day of the arrest. The dry officers merely served warrants upon the men whom they accuse, and that action will be followed by their formal arrest by the marshal.

According to the officers at the home of a prominent merchant they found two quarts of home-made liquor, and eight gallons of corn mash. The merchant, they said, declared the mash was for the hogs, but agents say they found no hogs. At the home of the peach officer, they say, they found fine new wine—about 250 gallons of it. At a farm ten miles north of town, they found fifteen gallons of wine, and at a farm eighteen miles southeast they found 45 gallons, and a quantity of beer, they claim.

Thursday the raid was re-enacted at 87 gallons of wine was found at one place, 65 at another, and 22 at another. Smaller quantities, it is claimed were found at other places.

#### Book Agent got The Dope

A prohibition agent in the guise of a book salesman secured evidence which led to the raids in New Braunfels during Wednesday and Thursday, when six prominent men were arrested on charges of violating the

Volstead act, it became known here Saturday.

The agent, whose name was not disclosed, went to New Braunfels several days before the raids began, ostensibly as a book agent. He registered at a hotel under a fictitious name, it is said, and began to canvass the town. He was always thirsty, and because of a prepossessing personality, made friends quickly. Soon he was invited to the homes of the people, where he played with their children. He is said to have been treated to drinks. He became solicitous and wanted to know how much good wine was made, and subsequently inspected stills and was informed in the gentle art of creating "a drink with a kick."

Then he disappeared. He left behind many fond remembrances. The children he had fondled and who had listened with gaping mouths at the weird stories he told, missed him. The grown-ups too, missed him, for they had laughed until their sides ached at the jokes he told from an apparently inexhaustible supply.

Then came the federal agents, forewarned and with information regarding practically every private still in the countryside.

Saturday five of the men arrested were arraigned before United States Commissioner R. L. Edwards, all charged with manufacturing and possessing intoxicating liquor. They were released on \$1,000 appearance bonds each.

Those who appeared before Commissioner Edwards were: Otto Preusser, said to be a farmer; Fritz Galle; also a farmer; William Strate man, said to be a contractor in New Braunfels; O. L. Pfanzteil, merchant and H. R. Krause, said to be a painter.

The sixth man was to be arraigned before Commissioner Edwards at 3 o'clock Saturday afternoon.

The five men came to San Antonio Saturday morning from New Braunfels in automobiles. As they trooped into the office of Commissioner Edwards on the second floor of the French building, they seemed a little depressed. With the men were deputy United States marshals and a prohibition agent.

None of the men wanted a hearing declaring they would lay their case

before the federal court. One of the men declared the alleged wine seized from him really was grape juice and said he was afraid it would ferment before the cases came up for trial and would then be real wine. He declared it had never been his intention of making wine of it.

**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.

#### 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, fanck bon bons, cocoanut fluffs, etc. Salted almonds, peanuts and pecans.

#### THE CANDY SHOP.

#### 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 yclinate and shipped direct to me from New York. For price and terms see Mr. H. M. Fennel, Marfa, 4t.

J. F. TIGNER

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

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GOOD THINGS TO EAT.

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MARFA CHAPTER No. 176 R. A. M.  
Meets fourth Thursday evening in each month.  
Visiting companions welcome. 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. 596 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.

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SNAP IT!

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