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THE DAVIS MOUNTAIN STATE PARK

Unanimous Vote of Committee Recommends To Legislature That Park be Bought; Area Undetermined.

By GEORGE H. CLEMENTS.

Alpine, Texas, Sept. 26.—The Legislative committee, which has been making an inspection of a number of proposed sites for state parks, met this morning and by a unanimous vote decided to recommend to the legislature that a state park be established in the Davis mountains.

No decision was arrived at as to the area of the proposed park. Estimates of the area to be acquired, in order to give the state of Texas a public playground as well as a game preserve and a health and comfort resort commensurate with the size and wealth of the state, ranged from 500 to 1500 square miles or to express it in a more familiar term 320,000 to 960,000 acres.

The legislative committee, which has spent the past ten days making a survey of the Davis mountains with a view toward determining the feasibility of locating a great state park, embracing an area of 500 square miles or more, reached Alpine at noon today on the way to Cabana, where the canyons of the Rio Frio will be viewed before the members of the committee return to their homes.

After leaving the big and little Aguja canyons Saturday, the committee was taken in automobiles to Marfa by way of the beautiful Limpia canyon and Fort Davis. At Marfa the committee and the score or more of representatives of commercial and civic organizations and good roads associations, as well as newspapermen in the party, were entertained at a luncheon prepared by the women of the city.

The luncheon was served in the community house. Following the report short talks were made by every member of the legislative committee, as well as by a number of West Texas men interested in the proposed Davis mountain state park, who were present.

The return to Fort Davis was made by way of the Blyss camp meeting grounds in the Davis mountains, to which the cattlemen of this section of the state have been repairing for worship for the past 32 years.

Saturday night a mass meeting was held in the court house at Fort Davis Sunday morning the committee and others were taken up the Indian trail one of the longest and steepest, as well as one of the crookedest automobile roads in Texas, if not in the country.

Many elected to walk up the 1000 feet of ascent rather than trust their lives in the climbing automobiles. Many of the machines could not negotiate the hairpin curves and the grades at the same time and had to be towed by cowboys, mounted on sturdy mountain ponies. No car was permitted to attempt the ascent with doubtful brakes or steering gear.

From the top of "Indian Trail" the party was taken to the headquarters ranch of J. C. Prude and company, the highest ranch house in Texas, in point of altitude above the sea, according to local men.

From there the investigators were enabled to look down into the canyons which they had been inspecting from the bottom, earlier in the trip. On the return to Fort Davis and the chuck wagons and the bedding ground a bunch of six white tailed deer was jumped while the party was passing through a broad and well wooded live oak savanna.

This morning the investigators were brought to Alpine from Fort Davis through Musquiz canyon, which is one of the most beautiful canyons in the Davis range from the standpoint of scenery. The afternoon was spent in an inspection of the building and grounds of the Sul Ross State Normal school, where a luncheon was served by the domestic science class of the institution, aided by the women of the city.

"We can imagine no more ideal place for a state park anywhere in the west, neighbor states of Texas, Arizona, Colorado, Wyoming and California, not excluded."

This is the opinion of the legis-

lative committee that has just finished a visit to the Davis mountains, reported by J. E. Quaid, one of the house committee men, who returned to El Paso Sunday night.

R. E. Thomson, former speaker of the house, delegate from the local Kiwanis club to accompany the committee, returned Sunday afternoon. "Conditions could not have been better for the occasion of the legislators' visit," Mr. Quaid said. "Water was plentiful in the Limpia, Madera, and Musquez canyons."

"The visitors from central, east and north Texas were entranced with the beauty of the mountains. Tints of fall had already settled on the mountain vegetation. It made the local citizen proud of the beauty of his locality."

Mr. Quaid left the committee at Fort Davis at 5 o'clock Sunday afternoon. They will spend today in Alpine, then go to Uvalde, where they will be met by a delegation which will take them to the Alto Frio canyon.

"The visitors are getting the longest assignment of strictly western entertainment of their lives. They are kept on their toes all of the time. The trip will be long remembered by them," Mr. Quaid said.

U. S. GRAND JURY INDICTS 100 AND THEN ADMOURNS

After returning exactly 100 indictments, the federal grand jury adjourned yesterday. The grand jury began consideration of cases Monday of last week and was in session parts of six days. Judges W. R. Smith yesterday excused the jurors for the remainder of the term.

In addition to the 100 indictments returned by the grand jury, E. B. Elfers, assistant United States Attorney, announced that more than 100 information had been filed on misdemeanor cases.

Including among the nine bills of indictments returned yesterday were two against Nicolas Rodriguez and Ricardo del Palacio, charged jointly with violation of the espionage act. Candido Aguillar and Antonio Romero, the former a son-in-law of former President Venustiano Carranza, who was arrested in Brewster county last May in connection with a reported plot to incite a revolution against the present Mexican government.

Aguillar and Romero are charge by indictment with having entered the United States without a passport on May 12.

Rodriguez and Palacio were indicted on a charge of having shipped from San Antonio about July 16 to the Mexican border by way of Marfa, "certain munitions of war," including 360 rounds of 30-30 rifle cartridges, 240 rounds of 7 millimeter rifle cartridges, six bottles of peroxide of hydrogen, 10 bottles of tincture of iodine, three boxes of absorbent cotton, 11 duck coats, 12 working shirts, eight pairs of lace boots, two cartridge belts filled with cartridges, 12 hats and a pair of field glasses. All of this property is listed as munitions of war.

Another charge against the two men is that they did "knowingly and feloniously conspire, combine, confederate and agree together to begin a certain military expedition to be carried on from thence against the territory and dominion of a foreigner people and did cause to be purchased from A. Estrada a large amount of ammunition and other munitions of war," in violation of the espionage act. The men were arrested by department of justice agents.

Pedro Reyes was indicted on a charge of violating the immigration laws by bringing into the United States from Mexico two citizens of Italy, neither of whom had conformed to government regulations regarding alien. The two men were Coliboro Cianerisiano and Antonio Dente. The offense is alleged to have occurred May 29.

Carlos Alvarez was indicted on a charge of violating the Harrison act in connection with the purchase of two grains of morphine September 18.

FROM THE SLIME TO THE STARS

Herbert Kaufman, in McClures, imagination has quit writing romance to draw specifications. There are more thrills in today's blueprints than in yesterday's yellow backs.

The Nineteenth century put men in padded cells for ideas that now place them at the head of nations.

The Woolworth building would have been too much for even Benjamin Franklin to swallow. Morse himself could hardly have been expected to accept Marconi seriously. Commodore Vanderbilt (with the ridicule of his own railroad project still ringing in his ears) jeered away from his door Westinghouse and his mad scheme to stop a train of cars with a pipeful of air, and George Westinghouse, in turn, refused to subject himself to derision by attending a dinner to Orville Wright.

Twenty years ago you might have bought a half interest in Henry Ford's business for \$50,000 just as your father could have gone whacks with Bell for a less amount.

The record of progress is a continuous battle between confidence and incredulity.

Achievement has never yet failed prediction.

There are no lasting problems. Anything sufficiently important to occupy world attention soon challenges world invention.

Civilization has yet to face a brink without finally throwing a bridge across the chasm.

The worst that ever happens to civilization is a little loss of time.

Father Adam's estate is always intact—the family furniture must be repaired from time to time, but humanity's one important asset, the knowledge that man has gathered in his struggle up from the slime to the stars, passes on from generation to generation, and eventually places, one century's knowledge at the disposal of the next.

The birthright of every man is the combined intelligence of his predecessors.

We begin our era with transportation established in three dimensions, with wireless communication a commercial fact, with hydraulic electric pneumatic engineering in universal practise. Our scratch is far beyond the goal of pre-rebellion's farthest flung dreams.

If we do not achieve more in our span than was accomplished by our parents in their areas of operation, we are failures. No comparable equipment was ever at the service of any people.

MRS. JACK HOWARD'S RESIDENCE BURNS

Sunday evening Mrs. Jack Howard's home was completely gutted by fire. At the time there was no one at the house, Mrs. Howard having left about two hours previously for her shop near the center of the city. An immense volume of smoke was first seen by Mr. Nichols, a near neighbor, about 5:15. The fire originated in the second story and is supposed to have been caused by a short circuited electric wire. On the alarm of fire at first there was confusion, caused probably by the absence of most of the fire boys, who were in El Paso attending the State Convention of the American Legion. When the fire engine from the Army Post reached the scene the roof was enveloped in flames, nevertheless, by the strenuous efforts of the boys

in charge of the hose from the engine they succeeded in saving the walls, which were of adobe, from complete destruction. The building cost about \$3000 and the insurance amounted to \$1500. By using the walls left standing and unimpaired the insurance will nearly cover the loss, it is estimated. All the furniture was saved. In the upper story were two trunks containing many valued mementos of her husband, Jack Howard, deceased. After the fire several of these valuables were found in the debris. Among the articles was the six shooter he was wearing when shot down from ambush near Pilares. The rubber handle of the gun was, of course, melted, but it is thought that otherwise it is not injured.

Brown, was indicted on a charge of falsely assuming and pretending to be a major in the United States marine corps, "with the intent to defraud Mrs. L. E. Lockhart out of board and lodging" and a \$4 laundry bill, a total of \$5. A second count charges Arthur with having defrauded one Ray Farrell out of \$25 through similar representation.

Four men were indicted in connection with the theft of a safe from the Red Cross headquarters at Fort Bliss on or about the night of August 7. The safe was recovered near Camulillo. It had previously been broken open and contents to the value of \$1,324 taken according to the indictment.

The four men are Tom Ellis, Clyde C. White, alias "Slim", Joe Eckert and W. C. Miller alias "Chick" Miller. There are four counts in the indictment.—El Paso Times.

Youth is to all the glad season of life, but often only by what it hopes, not by what it attains, or what it escapes.—Carlyle.

Gov. Neff on reaching Marfa Sunday enroute for El Paso, got off the train and shook hands with several friends. The Governor inquired of Mr. Word about the whereabouts of Mr. Cargile formerly with the Casner Motor Co., and a friend of Gov. Neff.

THE SAN ESTEVAN LAKE CLAIMS ANOTHER VICTIM

Last Sunday evening word was received in Marfa that Paul Wilcox, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Wilcox, was drowned in the San Estevan Lake. A number of automobiles left immediately for the scene, but it was not until Monday evening that the body was recovered. It was brought in by Sheriff Vaughan, who with several others succeeded in locating it.

It appeared that Paul, who had just completed his seventeenth birthday, with two companions, went to the lake after ducks. He had wounded a duck and went in the water after it. His companions saw him wading after the bird in shallow water, when suddenly he disappeared, and this was the last seen of him until his body was found in about four feet of water. Being unable to swim he must have stumbled over a rock or something and in falling struck his head, which rendered him unconscious.

He was buried Tuesday evening at 3 o'clock.

Paul Wilcox was a good boy and his untimely and tragic death was a shock to his relatives and friends. The New Era extends sincere sympathy to the parents in this dark hour of their affliction.

EL PASO VISITORS

The following Knights of Columbus from El Paso were in the city Sunday and Monday assisting in instituting Marfa Council, 2318, Knights of Columbus: Father M. O. Leary, Joseph Neilon, J. J. Dri coll, Dr. Paul Gainger, Leo C. Hartford, Geo. Villars, N. J. Daugherty, G. B. Byers, F. R. Porras, Jas. J. Fitzpatrick, E. B. Savage, J. L. Gordon, J. E. Morgan, H. T. Juon and S. L. Poras.

ATTENDED THE EL PASO LEGION CONVENTION

Carroll Former Post of the American Legion was well represented in El Paso this week at the State Convention. Among them were noted the following:

William J. West, Sergeant Haynes and Sergeant Arthur Groh, U. S. A.; Roy, F. M. Johnson, Wm. R. Preddy, J. L. Maurer, Harry Young, H. A. Anderson, Chas. Bowman, Leon Kane and John McDonald.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Bandy and Miss Fannie Seerest of Marfa were visitors this week to the Brito ranch.

THE MARFA COUNCIL KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

On Sunday, September 25th, Marfa Council, 2318, Knights of Columbus was instituted at the Marfa Opera House. The first three degrees were exemplified by the degree team from El Paso in charge of District Deputy J. I. Driscoll. About thirty candidates were received into the order.

The day began a High Mass sung by Father C. Palomo, S. J., Pastor of Sacred Heart Church. The candidates and members received Holy Communion in a body. The Mass in honor of St. Vincent was sung by their choir, Miss Greenwood, organist.

After Mass breakfast was served and the First Degree exemplified. The evening was devoted to an experience meeting and election of officers. The officers elected are: Grand Knight, Capt. James R. Conlin; Deputy Grand Knight, W. G. Young; Chancellor, L. W. Harvey Kenan; Financial Secretary, Andrew Beaton; Treasurer, Harry Young; Recording Secretary, Ferdinand Weber; Warden, Gody Watkins; Inside Guard, E. P. Kane; Outside Guard, O. J. Sheeran; Chaplain, Father Palomo, S. J.; Advocate, T. R. Kuykendall.

The day was a very successful one and the success and enjoyment is due in no small part to the efforts of the ladies of the parish in serving an excellent dinner and supper in the dining room of the Jordan Hotel.

RETURNING TO SALT WATER

Mr. Ridout says he received a letter from his son at Floresville, who wrote that one of the sea lions which escaped during the San Antonio flood was seen in the river near Floresville, very actively swimming towards the gulf.

PRESIDENT NAMES OCTOBER 10 FIRE PREVENTION DAY

Washington, Sept. 27.—State governors were requested by President Harding in a proclamation today to designate October 10, anniversary of the Chicago fire, as fire prevention day.

The proclamation follows:

"Whereas, the United States suffers through direction of fire an annual loss of life estimated at 15,000 human beings, most of them women and children,

"Whereas in the face of the world's dire need for American products our fire losses increased during 1920 to over five hundred million dollars and during the previous five-year period totaled \$1,416,675,000, and

"Whereas, in addition forest fires during the five years, ended with 1920, further reduced our diminishing timber resources by over 85,000,000, also threatening with aridity over 56,000,000 acres of hitherto productive woodland, and

"Whereas, most of our fire losses are due to carelessness and ignorance and may be easily prevented by increased care and education on the part of citizens;

Therefore, I, Warren G. Harding, president of the United States, do urge upon the governors to designate and set apart October 10, anniversary of the Chicago fire, as fire prevention day with these principal objects in view, to-wit:

"To request citizens of their states to plan for that day and period, through pulpit, through forum and through the schools, such instructive and educational exercises as shall impress the public mind with the calamitous effects and threatened economic disaster as such unnecessary fire waste;

"To urge, as an everyday duty of citizenship individual and collective efforts in conserving our country's natural resources; and

"To promote systematic instruction in fire prevention in our schools constant observance of the ordinary precautions that safeguard us from fires and orderliness in homes and community that we may overcome this lurking peril.

"Fire is a danger that never sleeps."

TO BUILD BAPTIST ENCAMPMENT

\$200,000 will be spent by the Baptist of West Texas during the next three years, in the conversion of two sections of recently required land at the summit of Paisano Pass into one of the most complete camp meeting grounds of Texas.

The money, it is understood, will not be contributed by the Baptist church as an organization, but rather by wealthy members of that church living in West Texas.

It is said in Alpine that one wealthy ranchman, whose "initials" by the way, are Herbert L. Krokenhoff, has said that if necessary to carry out the plans for the conversion of the Paisano Pass grounds into camp meeting grounds which the beauty and accessibility of the site deserves he will contribute \$50,000 to the fund. Other large contributions are in sight.

Herbert Krokenhoff is one of the finest men on earth, and one of the most generous. Moreover, he is worth several million dollars; and if he says this thing must go through, it will—that's certain.—Ozoma Stockman.

AT THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH

It is desired that every member of the church be present next Sunday. The choir will render special music under the direction of Miss Greenwood, as pianist. The Bible school will begin at 9:45 and the morning worship at 10:45. The Junior Endeavor will meet at 3 p. m., and the Senior Endeavor will meet at 6:30 p. m. and the evening worship will begin at 7:45. Our friends and strangers will be cordially welcome.

J. S. Stockard, Pastor.

A. J. Tippitt was in the city Monday with an auto loaded with fine apples and still finer cider.

**BOOSTING AND BOOMING**

We understand that there was considerable criticism of The Herald last week in certain quarters, because we didn't throw up our hat, snatch off our coat and tear our cotton shirt to tiny shreds and read our vocal cords with wild yociferations over the discovery of a fourth shallow oil well near the other three.

Frankly we saw no cause for such high jinks. So far as we can see the new well proves little that was not proved by the other three close by, unless it be that the product is somewhat more plentiful. We too, hope that a big supply will be tapped and sold at a good price by the home people.

But until more evidence of a big find is fully shown, we do not purpose to fill our columns with oil company propaganda, designed to stir up a great excitement and make suckers bite wildly at the leases to be dangled before them at the proper psychological moment by the experienced angler for such fish. Why should we? Why should we assist in transferring the cash of our citizens into the pockets of out-siders? Del Rio finds it rather hard to secure funds for badly needed improvements, even for residences, for constant addition to our population; why should we lessen the available capital to line the pockets of shrewd promoters? Test wells are soon to be sunk; when these develop positive proof of oil in paying quantities, it will then be time to tell the world that great pools of oil underlie this immediate vicinity. The companies proposing to test out the field need no aid from local newspaper publicity for their present plans, or they would have secured it (at so much per line) just as they are doing in the oil papers of the state.

If we were being employed, as we suspect the force of a paper in a nearby town is being employed by "oil game promoters", we would have left to us about as little choice in the matter as they have.

But we are told that we ought to "boost our town." Sure! That's largely what we are here for. To boost, but not to exaggerate. The Herald has gained and kept its superior circulation because it sought to get all possible facts of public interest, and to tell them in plain straightforward, truthful fashion, with a minimum of matter smacking of "promotion." Hence our readers have come to depend upon us for a calm, and sensible statement of the facts about things, leaving them

to form their own opinions and make their own decisions. Only in the editorial columns do we, as a rule, seek to present advice or "propaganda" of any sort. In our news stories we strive to state all the facts obtainable, and let our readers form their own opinions.

The present editor of the Herald is a born booster; but he has none of the boomer in his make-up. He was trained to tell the truth, not to throw artificial and undeserved bouquets at any business, nor to "knock" any legitimate enterprise which was playing fairly and frankly with the public. He expects to boost everything good in and for Del Rio, as the various opportunities present themselves. When he cannot boost the good things and the good people in this town, he'll hunt another job. The churches, the school, the welfare work, the railroads-to-be, new stores, new factories, good roads, sanitation, athletics, the Boy Scouts and their band—these are all being watched constantly for things to mention and commend. A look at our recent issues will show that each of these has been boosted by us in a sane and sensible fashion which we hope to continue.

But we will not "boom". The worst thing that can happen to a good town like Del Rio is a wild boom, such as some people would like to see inflicted upon our city. A boom temporarily helps the hotels and a few other lines; but it demoralizes many more. The dearest saddest spots in Texas today, are towns which had a wild oil boom. There are doubtless dozens of people in Del Rio today who cannot buy the good things advertised weekly in our columns—autos, fine clothing, furniture, paint, and paper, and so on, because they sank their savings in oil speculations.

We want all the clean money possible to come to Del Rio; but we also want to keep all the clean money possible for local use. We are a thousand times more interested in seeing Del Rio grow safely and sanely into the good city we believe she will become, than in seeing her suffer a mushroom growth that would leave her such a wreck as we have seen in other sections of this state.

We are not a wonderful word-painter; and if we were, we'd rather paint in their true colors the many lasting assets of our little city than to splash the rosy crimson onto some outsider's dowgiac for local folks to bit at. The Herald has small circulation among the oil men of the state, and they are being reached in

other wayother ways. As to other than capable oil men (the latter will come anyway), we'd rather not invite the kind of crowd which always come to a boom town.

"Once bit, twice shy", and if we brought a big bunch here and showed no more of new production than this fourth seep well, we'd damn Del Rio as a "hot-air burg", and would not be believed when we do strike something big.—Val Verde Herald.

**OIL MEN WATCH DEL RIO WELLS WITH INTEREST**

Del Rio, Texas, September 24.—Del Rio has been producing high grade oil for many years, and this has been known to a number of old settlers, but nothing has ever been thought of it until the recent development of the several shallow wells now producing a considerable amount of oil near the city pumping plant.

"I have known of the oil seep on the San Felipe for more than 40 years" said an old timer last week, "and we never thought anything about it."

Taking a barrel a day as a conservative basis, the 40 years of the seepage near the bridge has produced some 14,640 barrels of oil, or about 614,880 gallons of kerosene to date. Figuring the average price of kerosene at 10 cents per gallon for 40 years gives \$61,488 worth of oil that Del Rio has produced but allowed to waste passing down the San Felipe and on into the Rio Grande.

These figures are given by an oil scout to show the returns from a shallow well that has been given no attention whatever. Had the well been cleaned out and other pits sunk near this one and the oil pumped into tanks and saved and sent to market a handsome revenue would have been paid to the owners of the property.

A pump has been installed and storage tanks erected near the new well and additional wells are now being sunk by the owner, John Tiana, who recently refused a handsome offer for a half interest in his well which is producing high grade oil at the rate of five barrels a day at a depth of 11 feet.

After several visits recently by officials of the Humble Oil and Refining company, whose main office is at Houston, Texas, who have been looking over their vast interests in the Del Rio field, it is learned on good authority that the geological and scout headquarters of the Humble company will soon be moved to Del Rio, Geologist F. M. Gortzenbaner

and his ten assistants will make up the first party to come here.

The coming of the field department of the Humble Oil and Refining company to Del Rio is the forerunner of additional departments that will soon move here to take care of an extensive drilling campaign that the Humble expects to start at an early date. It is understood that the development, long delayed by the Humble people, will soon be under way and that a number of strings of tools will be transferred to this field from Breckenridge, where they are now idle and in storage.

W. H. Ritchey, general manager of the Haveline Oil and Gas company of San Francisco, has arrived in Del Rio to look after the work on land about five miles northeast of Del Rio and adjoining lands owned by the Humble Oil and Refining company, the Magnolia, Gulf and the Governor Sproule interests of Pennsylvania.

Contracts calling for two wells to be drilled at 3,200 feet with cable tools will be let as soon as Mr. Ritchey can get bids. The company has deposited money in Del Rio banks to cover the full cost of the casing and drilling the well.

Several geologists have made careful surveys and examinations of the holdings of the Haveline company and it is on their recommendation that the California people are spending their money in developing this new territory. It is believed that good pay will be found around 2,100 feet according to the geologist's report.

**\* CHURCH NOTICES \***

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

**Baptist Church**  
Sunday School 10:00 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. Palermo, Priest.

**Christian Church**  
Sunday School 9:45 a. m.; preaching 11:00 a. m.; C. E. 6:15 p. m.; preaching 8:15 p. m.  
J. S. Stockard, Pastor.

**Presbyterian Church**  
Preaching every second and fourth Sunday.  
Rev. R. L. Erwin, Pastor.

**Methodist Church**  
Sunday School 9:45 a. m.; preaching 11:00 a. m. and 8:15 p. m.; E. L. 7:15 p. m.  
Rev. J. L. Henson, Pastor.

**BIG BEND TITLE CO.**  
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We have Complete  
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Marfa, Texas.



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**NOTICE OR SHERIFF'S SALE.**

The State of Texas, County of Presidio.

By virtue of an order of sale issued out of the Honorable County Court of Dimmit County, on 27th day of August 1921 A. D., by the Clerk there-of, in the case of the Standard Motors Finance Co., Inc. A corporation of New Orleans, La., versus Uel E. Bursleson No. 315, and to me as Sheriff, directed and delivered, I will proceed to sell for cash, within the hours prescribed by law for Sheriff's Sales, on the 40th day in October A. D., 1921, it being the 10th day of said month, before the Court House Door of Presidio County, in the town of Marfa, the following described property, to-wit:

One Ford Ton truck, Moline Stake body, Model No. 1920, Motor No. 4360065 motor containing four cylinders.

Sold to satisfy judgment for \$648.34 with six per cent interest on \$84.56 from July 13th 1921 at the rate of ten per cent per annum and to foreclose a chattle mortgage as it existed Jan. 7th 1921, levied on as the property of Uel E. Bursleson to satisfy a judgment amounting to \$648.34 in favor of the Standard Motors Finance Co. Inc., and costs of suit.

Given under my hand, this 26th day of September, 1921, Presidio County, Texas.

Wisdom is gray hairs unto men, and an unspotted life is ripe old age. Jesus the Son of Sirach.



**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 Cigarette*

**Real Estate and Live Stock**  
**Grass and Oil Lands Specially**

**Lee Means--Alford E. Means**  
Valentine, Texas

**MARFA MARKET**

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

**PHONES 75 AND 3**

**ALAMO LUMBER CO.**

**LUMBER**

When you think of Building, Painting or Repairing

**REMEMBER**

It costs no more to have it done right

**ALAMO LUMBER CO.**

"Ask the man who deals with us."



**Ford**  
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

**NEW PRICES**  
F. O. B. DETROIT

Chassis	\$295
Runabout Without Starter	\$325
Runabout With Starter	\$400
Runabout With Starter and Demountable Rims	\$425
Touring Without Starter	\$355
Touring With Starter	\$430
Touring With Starter and Demountable Rims	\$455
Couplet " " " "	\$595
Sedan " " " "	\$660
Truck Chassis, Standard	\$445

These are the lowest prices in the history of the Ford Motor Company.

Orders are coming in fast, so place your order promptly to insure early delivery.

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**Alamo Lumber Co.**

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### SAVE YOUR DOLLARS BY TRADING AT THE BIG STORE

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

### DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT

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



## Nashua

### Woolnap Blankets

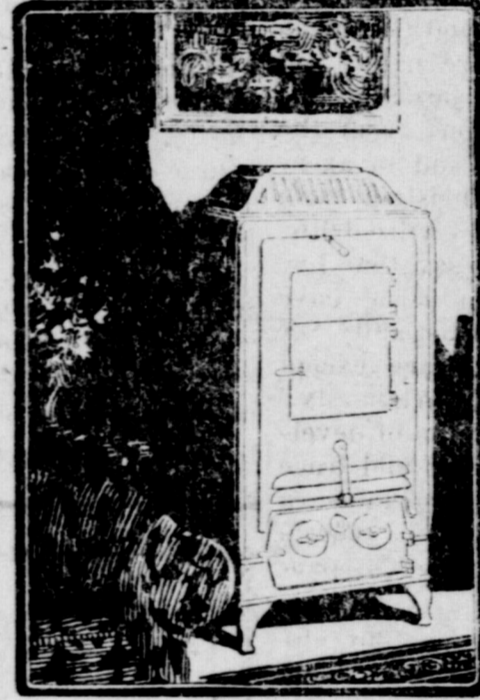
Keep You Warm

If blankets are on your list of practical gifts, make your selection from our extensive line of

Nashua  
Woolnap  
Comforts

All sizes.  
BLANKETS FOR BABY

## Estate HEATROLA



Phonograph?

No

It's a Furnace

Come and see it

The Parlor Pipeless Furnace

# Murphy-Walker Company

## The Store of Quality

### WEST TEXAS

Below we are reproducing an article published in an Eastern journal titled West Texas. The writer, who says that he lived 54 years in that part of Texas feels that he is well qualified to write from experience and observation. Although he paints a glowing picture, still he must have found something attractive, or else he could not have stood it for over 50 years. Nor does he inform us how extensively he traveled, if any at all, he must have missed the Transpecos territory. His picture does not fit at all.

"West of a line from the mouth of the Colorado river to where it emerges from Bastrop county and from thence a straight line north west to where Peas river enters the Red, just for a name call it West Texas, what have you? If you do not know I can tel you after 54 years of occupancy and observation. It is a region full of promise and totally devoid of performance, all prospects and no realization, the hardest corner of the entire earth not excepting Sahara, to find any

imitation of contentment or satisfac-  
io. Sahara offers nothing to attract  
the visionary therefore it is avoided  
by them, all the verdure, perfumes  
and beauties of Arabia the blessed,  
after there has been a little rain in  
the spring time and the arctic circle  
has ceased its visits. Then the man,  
oh foolish man, is tempted to go out  
in his field and garden and there  
plant the choicest seeds where from  
to produce sustenance for those de-  
pendant upon him, even his horse,  
ox and A2, mules, but the mists of  
the morning passeth by without a  
drop of rain, weeks and months  
come and go, the days grow longer,  
the sun shine hotter, instead of per-  
fumes, the south wind is laden with  
dust and the cents of withering vege-  
tation and the waters have dried up  
and disappeared, the man has to take  
himself to the well, not expecting to  
find a Rebecca there to relieve him  
of the labor of drawing water. Per-  
haps he has invested his last few re-  
maining dollars in a wind mill and  
pump which after standing a short  
time has disappeared in a storm and  
he is sore at heart as well in hands  
with drawing water and he prayeth

in vain with the little mind he has  
left for rain not observing that he  
rains in West Texas, not regarding  
his prayers come when they may, as  
the waters flow down stream or the  
winds goeth wither they will. All  
his vain hopes and bright prospects  
have vanished in hot air his creditors  
beseech him for payment, the bank  
honoreth not his check, the yellow  
Azteek and the dark skinned heathen  
from Africa importunith him early  
and late for the wherewithal to ap-  
pease their hunger and the man is  
sorely trouble. When the rain come s  
they are too late to relieve his dis-  
tress, they fall in floods, and ruineth  
the land, the dry courses overflow  
and the man sayeth unto himself and  
curseth the country round about,  
thinking that he is a fool for staying  
in a place fit only for long horned  
cattle, short haired goats, javalenas,  
coyotes, skunks, snakes, scorpions,  
jack rabbits and-fools. The next year  
comes, the grass rises, spring ap-  
proaches, the birds and the breezes  
singeth the old songs sweeter than  
ever of yore and the vision of bounty,  
happiness and prosperity returneth  
with great encouragement and past

experience is forgotten, borne away  
on gentle zephyrus. Such is West  
Texas."

### Mrs. E. G. Adams Gives Receipt For Favorite Bread Of The South

One of the south's favorite old  
recipes is that for batter bread,  
spoon bread some call it. This week  
Mrs. Eoline G. Adams gives us here  
recipe for old Virginia batter bread  
which is made thus:  
Make 2 teacups of soft cornmeal  
mush, let it cool 10 minutes; then  
stir in 2 well beaten eggs, a teacup-  
ful of buttermilk in which a tea-  
spoonful of soda has been dis-  
solved a teaspoonful of salt, half  
a teaspoonful of sugar; beat all to-  
gether into a soft creamy batter;  
have a teaspoonful of lard or butter  
in an earthen baking dish, very hot;  
pour the batter in on this and bake in  
a hot oven.  
Serve from the baking dish  
(which may be set on the table in  
a plate) with a spoon, eat hot with  
butter.

Ladies, read Mrs. Lockley's ad.

EAGLE "MIKADO" Pencil No. 174  
  
For Sale at your Dealer Made in five grades  
ASK FOR THE YELLOW PENCIL WITH THE RED BAND  
EAGLE MIKADO  
EAGLE PENCIL COMPANY, NEW YORK

Get our soap bargains—Murphy-  
Walker Co.

### 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 col-  
ors in cream or candy.  
Mints, fancy bon bons, coconut  
fluffs, etc. Salted almonds, peanuts  
and pecans.

### THE CANDY SHOP.

Folgers Golden Gate Coffee, money  
back if not satisfied—Murphy-  
Walker Co.

Special in high grade canned fruits  
this week—Murphy Walker Co.

### HIGH CLASS PIANO FOR SALE

One Becker Bros. Piano and bench  
practically new, in first class con-  
dition 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 resi-  
dence of Mr. J. D. Nichols, Marfa.  
This piano was made especially for  
a dry climate and shipped direct to  
me from New York. For price and  
terms see Mr. H. M. Fennel, Marfa,  
Mt. J. F. TIGNER

Quality merchandise at lowest  
possible prices.—Murphy-Walker Co

## THE NEW ERA

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

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

### ADVERTISING RATES

Display ad., run of paper, except first page, 25c per inch.  
 One-half page or more, 20c per inch.

Ads. in plate form, 15c per inch.  
 Legal advertising, 10 cents per line first insertion, 5 cents per line each subsequent insertion.

Cards of thanks, 50 cents.  
 Bank reports, 10 cents a line.

**H. H. KILLATRICK, Editor and General Manager**

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

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

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

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

See the window display of Silk Sale at Livingston-Mabry Co.

### MONASTICISM

By Doyle D. Jackson, Principal  
 Marfa High School.  
 (Part One.)

Monasticism has been for more than a thousand years a great factor in the history of the world. It was a power in the hands of Popes and Emperors, and time will never efface the monuments that this society at large and great individuals of particular, have left behind. Gasquet says: "It is undeniable that the monastic order is a great factor in the history of European civilization. Augustine in England, Boniface in Germany, Ansgar in Scandinavia, Willibrod in the Netherlands, Adalbert in Bohemia, Gall and Columban in Switzerland—all are names of monks who must be regarded as the first to lead the nations from the darkness of paganism and savagery to the light of the Christian faith and the blessings of a civilized life. It is not too much to say that few nations of the modern world have been converted to Christianity, or tutored in the arts of peace, except through the medium of Christianity." Let us follow the course of development of this movement and trace its significance and importance in the history of mankind in general and the history of education in particular.

The monastic type is not by any means confined to Christianity. Long before Christ, adherents to the Buddhist and Brahministic religion were found, who withdrew from the world and lived in the wilderness and in the deserts, who inflicted pains on their bodies and submitted themselves to the severest ascetic life. Monasticism is a natural outgrowth of a very strong religious tendency. Wishart in his 'Monks and Monasteries' says: "Monasticism proceeds from religious seriousness, enthusiasm, and ambition from a sense of vanity of the world and an inclination of noble souls toward solitude, contemplation, and freedom from the bonds of the flesh and the temptations of the world." This Oriental tendency of asceticism was imparted to the early Christians, and received fresh impetus by various forms of philosophy and religious life. A school of philosophy has been developed among the Greek whose fundamental idea was that matter is the seat of evil. Over against matter was set the spirit. But since spirit is always intimately connected with matter, one could only overcome evil by suppressing the material wants and desires. This was the philosophy of the Cynics and the religious belief of the Gnostics. Furthermore, the pagan world degenerated more and more and filled the noble men and women with a deepening sense of disgust with the world and a sincere longing for soul purity.

All monks can largely be divided into two groups, the Anchorites and Cenobites. The Anchorites were hermits who abandoned worldly pleasures and desires to lead a life of self-denial and sacrifice in lonely deserts and forsaken places. Some of these saints became famous through piety and miraculous powers. But as Aristotle already has stated thousands of years ago, "man is a social animal", and the social instinct is so strong in men, even in hermits, that they tired of living by themselves and flocked together or grouped themselves around one great master.

They no more dwelt in little huts, but gradually came to live in houses, in which each monk had his own cell, while chapel service and meals were held in common. This was the dominant form of monastic life in Europe and it is this phase of monasticism which we intend to discuss in this paper.

Through Egypt the monastic system was carried over to Rome. Rome possessed then the requirements of a proud civilization, acquisitions of wealth and outward refinements. But Rome lacked one great thing, a thing that is absolutely necessary to the welfare of a nation, it lacked morals.

Wishart says: "In the souls of men there was a fatal degeneracy; there was outward prosperity but inward corruption." So Rome was doomed. Like a dying giant she embraced religion in her death-agony, but death was certain. The effect that Christianity had on this degenerated empire was tremendous. Men and women alike saw their vices and the emptiness of their lives, and with an eager longing to make good, they threw themselves into the redeeming arms of Christianity. Many of the best Roman families, the Scipia, the Gracchi, the Marcelli, the Camilli, sold their gold and their jewels in order to support the poor and the sick. They put on the coarse grey dress of the monks and were not ashamed to mingle in this garment with the senatorial purple. They fasted all their lives and kept up active ministrations of charity. This was done by noble men and women. We hear of one noble family where every man seemed to be born a consul, but which had still given a greater number of virgins to the Church than of consuls to the republic. As much they had all before lived in the world, did they now try to get out of the world, and thus a vast number of nunneries and monk-cloisters was built, where devout men and women gave up their lives for divine service.

Monasticism has found its way from the East to the West, but while it was lifeless and insignificant in the East, it became a world-wide movement in the West. The Monks of the East led a life of indolence, and idleness surrenders easiers to temptation; the monks of the West were untiring workers. Monasticism in the East has had no history, monasticism in the west has wielded the fate of nations and directed the course of historical events in Europe. This conquering sway of monasticism in the West was set in motion by two conditions, one political, one social; the political was the corrupted state of Roman society and the approaching overthrow of the Roman empire, the other was the secularization of the Church. Through

hundreds of years monasticism was the most effective tool in the hands of the Popes and emperors to christianize and civilize the Barbarians and extend the church and the state.

St. Benedict is the scion of a noble family in Rome. When only fourteen years old, he renounced his fortune, his family, all the happiness in the world and fled to the rocks of the Apennines to lead a pious life. A monk gave him a haircloth shirt and a monastic dress made of skins. Three years he spent in a narrow cave of these rocky mountains. Even here, it is said, he had to fight against the temptation of evil. Before his excited senses appeared the picture of woman, whose beauty had formerly impressed him. To free himself of her, whose memory haunted him constantly, he took off his dress of skins and threw himself in a bush of thorn and briars which was near his grotto. He rolled himself in the thorn until his body was covered with blood, but he had forever extinguished the fire that had tormented him in the desert. Montalembert in his 'Monks of the West' relates how Francis of Assisi visited this place 700 years later, "he prostrated himself before the thicket of thorns which had been a triumphal bed to the masculine virtue of the patriarch of the monks, and after having bathed with tears the soil of that glorious battle-field, he planted there two rose-trees. The roses of St. Francis grew and have survived the Benedictine briars. Such was the hard and savage cradle of the monastic order of the West. From this cavern and thicket of thorns have issued legions of saints and monks whose devotions have won the Church her greatest conquests and purest glories."

The young anchorite was not left long in his lonely cave. He was asked to become the abbot of a neighboring monastery. He consented, but his demands for soul-purity were too rigid, so that his own monks attempted to poison him. He left them and went gladly back to his den. Here he was soon surrounded again by numerous monks who wanted to become his disciples. He founded, therefore, twelve monasteries, each inhabited by twelve monks. His work seemed successful, he converted Romans and Goths, clergy and laymen. But Benedict himself had the ordinary fate of great men and saints. His many conversions and the fame of his austerity awakened a homicidal envy against him. First his life was attacked, then, a wicked monk tried to sow the seeds of evil in the hearts of his young disciples. At the recognition of this, Benedict despaired in his work. He set superiors over each of the monasteries and left the wild gorge of Subiaco where he had spent thirty-five

years of his life.

He went towards the South, along the Abruzzi, and stopped on an isolated hill "the vast and rounded summit of which overlooks the undulating plain, that extends toward the shores of the Mediterranean, and the narrow valleys which towards the North, the East, and the West are lost in the lines of the mountainous horizon." This is Monte Cassino. And here was erected that monastery that was to become the most powerful and celebrated in the Catholic universe, celebrated, because Benedict here wrote his 'rules', and because this was the type after which hundreds of monasteries have been formed. Here in Monte Cassino Benedict worked for fourteen years. He regulated the life at the monastery, gave advice to all that demanded such of him, and was the vigilant head of that community. Here he worked out his plans for an austere life. He had ample opportunity, for from all parts of the country youths flocked to him to lead a strictly regulated life of obedience and sincerity. "He bound all-nobles and plebeians, young and old, rich and poor, under the same discipline." And he permitted no violence against this discipline. He was strict against himself, and he demanded the same of others.

In relating the life of Benedict, we must not forget to mention one who of all human beings was dearest to him. It was his twin-sister Scholastica. She had become a nun before and later in life had established a sunnery near Monte Cassino according to the plan of her brother and always guided by his advice. Brother and sister were connected by the deepest love, but above this love they loved God. They only met once a year and, then, passed most of the time in common prayers. A few days after their last meeting, Benedict, being at the window of his cell, had a vision in which he saw his sister enter heaven under the form of a dove. He rejoiced and he knew that his own end was near at hand. And truly forty days later he died, standing at the foot of his grave, his arms extended towards heaven. Brother and sister buried in the same tomb.

(Continued.)

Miss Manhattan Coats, Suits and Dresses, Also Doris and Betty Wales Dresses and Redfern coats and suits Call and see the many new creations Mitchell-Gillett D. G. Co.

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

Beautiful Suits \$25.00 at Milady's Shoppe.

## 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

## SILK SALE

300 yards NEW SILK just arrived and will be on Sale 8 days beginning

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1

WE have these Silks in CHIFFON, TAFFETA, WASH SATIN, CREPE DE CHENE, FANCY SILK SILK SHIRTING, and KIMONA SILK

SALE PRICE  
 \$1.69 Per Yd.

Livingston-Mabry Co.

A One Price Store

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



EL PASO PIANO CO.

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

Locals and Personal

Our stocks are complete in every department with only the best and newest grades and styles.—Mitchell-Gillett D. G. Co.

Mrs. De Ella Davis of El Paso is a guest at the Jordan hotel this week.

Attend the Silk Sale at Livingston-Mabry Co.

Horace Porter left Sunday for El Paso where he will enter High School.

Ladies, read Mrs. Lockley's ad.

Judge Roy Tingle of Riodosa was in the city on business the first of the week.

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

Edward and Lewis Young of Shafter were visitors to Marfa Saturday and Sunday.

The Mimms Ranch will deliver you the best of whole sweet milk in quart bottles or gallon cans.—Phone 59.

D. Alarcon, in charge of the government property at Presidio was in the city Wednesday.

Mr. Wm. Cresup was in the city several days this week, returning to the ranch Tuesday.

Good looking hats for the little tots—Milady's Shoppe.

W. G. Moore came from the Love ranch Monday—Leo Moore and family accompanied him.

Read Mitchell-Gillett Co's. ad, it will help in your money matters.

Francis Rooney, Walter Rooney and F. Burling of Alpine were Marfa visitors the first of the week.

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

Wm. Kingston who had charge of the Park Committee in the Davis Mountains was in the city Monday.

Attend the Silk Sale at Livingston-Mabry Co.

T. R. Kuykendall, Gus Collins and J. F. Reinenger of Sanderson, Texas, were registered at the Jordan Sunday.

Men's and Boys' clothing, silk shirts, hosiery and neckwear. Mitchell-Gillett D. G. Co.

Only young men, young men between the ages of six months and two years understand women—Luke McLuke.

Ladies, read Mrs. Lockley's ad.

A. J. Tippett, at Alpine, owner of the famous Mitre Peak orchard, will ship you apples and other fruit, on order. These are near and the express rates are not so heavy.—Big Lake Weekly.

Place your order now. Best apples now ripe. Prices 50c. to \$2.50 per bushel. See or phone E. H. Carlton at Hotel ordan.

We are indeed glad to note that G. A. Monkhouse is able to be up and about after several days' illness confining him to his bed at the home of his son-in-law, John W. Reese. Mr. Monkhouse expects to return to his home in Marfa the first of the next week.—Floresville Chronical-Journal.

We are agents for Bradley Knit Wear. Sweaters, Caps and Gloves, for the entire family. Also the Bradley's famous Infant's Suits, Sackets and Caps.—Mitchell-Gillett D. G. Co.

W. H. Taylor and James Stout of San Angelo with their wives have taken charge of the Mimms dairy and will live out there. These people made a success of the dairy business for 5 years. They will milk the cows handle the milk and keep everything clean. Several years ago they left the dairy business for farming, but the drought, etc., caused them to go back to their former business. The new Era welcomes these new people to our midst.

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

See the window display of Silk Sale at Livingston-Mabry Co.

MARFA HISTORY CLUB

Mrs. Raymond Fitzgerald was hostess to the Marfa History Club last Tuesday afternoon at the residence of Mrs. W. P. Fischer. Seventeen members were present. The business session was ably presided over by the vice-president Mrs. Chas. Pruett. The lesson on "Washington Square Plays" was conducted by Mrs. E. C. Nichols in a most interesting manner. Mesdames Cox and Herford of Dallas, Texas, were guests.

American beauty roses and gorgeous dahlias decorated the music and dining rooms. Delicious refreshments were served.

Ladies, read Mrs. Lockley's ad.

AN APPRECIATION

I wish to express my appreciation to every one who helped to save my home last Sunday. Especially for the thoughtfulness and carefulness in removing everything movable. I do not believe a thing was damaged, which is very unusual. I am very grateful to the American Legion for their valuable help. I feel especially indebted to the Army for their assistance—this is about the third time in the last twelve months that they have come to our assistance.

Should we not try for a good water works system which would mean a bigger and greater Marfa? Mrs. M. Howard.

Good looking hats for the little tots—Milady's Shoppe.

MRS. CARTER ENTERTAINS

Mrs. W. A. Carter entertained her friends Wednesday afternoon with a delightful forty-two party. The rooms were beautifully decorated with cut flowers.

Those present were Mesdames T. C. Crosson, L. C. Brite, Herbert Homes, William P. Fischer, Charles Pruett, Homer Colquitt, J. C. Orgain, Jno. Humphreys, Robert Evans, J. C. Conner, Chas. R. Carruthers, Harry Hubbard, W. W. Bogel, A. G. Church, Word, Frank Anderson, Nichols, E. Mabry, Hilsman Davis, M. R. Mahon, Yates, Casner, Peele and Miss Lucille Reeves.

A salad course followed by an ice course was served.

Blankets and Comforts at Murphy-Walker Co.—The Store of Quality. Men's Sweaters and Wool Underwear. Packard Shoes—Murphy-Walker Co.—The Store of Quality.

MARFA K. OF C. CHAPTER HAS 40 MEMBERS

Institution has been made of a new council of the Knights of Columbus at Marfa, Texas, under the name and number of Cardinal Gibbons council No. 2318.

District deputy J. I. Driscoll, with his team and visiting knights from El Paso, has returned from the exemplification of the first three degrees of the order upon 27 candidates. By transfers from other councils the new council has an initial membership of 40 members.

The following knights from El Paso were in the party that conferred the degrees: Rev. Fr. O'Leary and Messrs. J. E. Morgan, Frank Porras, Tom Carberry, Francis Savage, Gus Molsen, A. J. Ferro, H. T. Juen, Dr. G. B. Byers, Leo C. Hartford, W. J. Dougherty, J. T. Neeson, J. J. Fitzpatrick, Sal Porras, George Villars, J. M. Nealon, Dr. Paul Gallagher, Lislie Condon.

The following candidates were initiated or received into the new council by transfer:

Rev. Camilo Paloma, S. J., Andrew Heaton, Francis Patrick Kane, Wm. Gwyn Young, Gerald Bernard Young, Ferdinand Henry Weber, Cody Watkins, Juande la Cruz Machuca, Philip Albert Weber, Edward Torero Herrera, Concepcion Mendoza Urias, Joseph Bernard Prew, Edwin Herbert Seanlin, Francis John Franklin, Joseph Eloycius Mather, Capt. Athony Avata, John Patrick Tobin, Lt. W. H. Kernan, O. J. Sheeran, Terrence J. Farley, Capt. George A. O'Donnell, C. E. McFarland, J. E. Reininger, Geo. A. Stone, Capt. Jas. H. Conlin, all of Marfa; Rev. Manuel Cuadrado, F. R. Russell, Manuel I. Jiminez, William E. Young, Louis B. Young, P. F. Wngner, Shafter, Texas; James Kerr, T. R. Kuykendall, Gus Collins, Sanderson; Walter R. Rooney, C. F. Burling, Alpine; Miguel Nieto, Juan de la Cruz Machuca, Presidio.

Next Sunday the second and third degrees will be conferred in El Paso upon 40 candidates by state deputy

F. W. Hustmyre, of Orange, Texas, assisted by district deputy Driscoll and a team from Beaumont.

Buffet supper will be served for the new class and members of the council following the degree work.

El Paso council is the oldest council in the state and isthemother council of councils not only in the state but also in New Mexico and Mexico.

There are now 45 councils in Texas numbering nearly 10,000 members. The order has 1,000,000 members in the United States.—El Paso Herald

See our new line of Ladies Dresses in Canton Crepe and Tricotin.—Murphy-Walker Co. The Store of Quality.

GIVE US MORE WATER—MARFA SAYS SO TOO

Amarillo has a great need for more water, and while she is considering items of the major class in her program for the weeks and months to come, she must not overlook this fact.

No great growth can be attained and sustained, by Amarillo in the absence of an ample water supply. She may have the greatest gas field in the entire world, and may develop it fully, but she will always be a limited community unless she opens up some source from which she may have water in almost unlimited measure.

Certainly no unusual intellect will be necessary to foresee almost calamitous results from an unexpected development of the oil field admittedly existing within a short distance from Amarillo. A well with a daily production of thousands of barrels would bring into Amarillo on the first trains thousands of added people. What such a condition mean to a community that is already crowded? This question is self-answering: It would mean congestion from dearth of water that could not be otherwise than most hurtful.

Too long, Amarillo has allowed this vital matter to pass with but scant notice, as a community. She has remained quiet, and nothing so far, has been accomplished in a physical way incident to the task of securing an adequate water supply. Too long have the people passed the responsibility on to others, while they hold that there is no call against them to act. Amarillo will get the best results in this connection, only when all individuals assume the weight of responsibility that is theirs, and in so doing join their forces to meet the problem.

With a degree of truth tat cannot be gainsaid, a community may have whatsoever it will, if its willing to pay the price. Of what will this price consist? Of thought, of labor, of time and money? Amarillo has each and all of these and she must invest them liberally and judiciously. There may be some who will hold that all of the elements aside from the last mentioned, are easy to enlist, but in this they are mistaken, for if the first three may be brought to the task, the remaining item will be forthcoming.

Amarillo must have water in abundant measure before she can become a great city.—Amarillo Daily News.

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

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE

The State of Texas, County of Presidio.

By virtue of an execution issued out of the Honorable Justice Court of Precinct No. 1, Dimmit County, on 15th day of August, 1921 by the Judge thereof, in the case of Alamo Lumber Co., versus Uel E. Burleson, No. 212, and to me as Sheriff, directed and delivered, I will proceed to sell for cash, within the hours prescribed by law for Sheriff's Sales, on the 10th day in October A. D., 1921, it being the 10th day of said month, before the Court House door of said Presidio County, in the city of Marfa the following described property, to-wit: All the equity remaining in one Ford ton truck Moline Stake body, Model No 1920 Motor No. 4360065, Motor containing four cylinders levered on as the property of Uel E. Burleson to satisfy judgment amounting to \$201.35 in favor of Alamo Lumber Co., and costs of suit. Given under my hand, this 26th day of September, 1921. Presidio County, Texas.

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

It is a truth but too well known, that rashness attends youth, as prudence does old age.—Cicero.

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

Miss Manhattan Coats And Suits

Style 451-M—of silk-finish VELUZURFA—a superior twill coating; smartly tailored, lined with soft silk, and interlined. Novel silk stitching and convertible collar contribute to its charm. Colors: Navy-Blue, Malay-Brown, Taupe-Fox, Tortoise-Shell, and Sorrento-Blue. Sizes—Misses—14 to 20; Ladies—36 to 40.



Style 812-M—No fabric is so smart and at the same time so practical as aaall-worsted TRICOTINE nicely tailored. This suit is lined with good quality silk and warmly interlined. Hand-made button holes, convertible collar and inverted plait in the back are all features of note. Colors: Navy and Black only. Sizes—Misses, 14 to 20; Ladies, 36 to 38.

Mitchell Gillette Dry Goods Co.

ONE BRAND- ONE QUALITY- One Size Package

All our skill, facilities, and lifelong knowledge of the finest tobaccos are concentrated on this one cigarette—CAMEL.

Into this ONE BRAND, we put the utmost quality. Nothing is too good for Camels. They are as good as it's possible to make a cigarette.

Camel QUALITY is always maintained at the same high, exclusive standard. You can always depend on the same mellow-mild refreshing smoothness—the taste and rich flavor of choicest tobaccos—and entire freedom from cigarette aftertaste.

And remember this! Camels come in one size package only—20 cigarettes—just the right size to make the greatest saving in production and packing. This saving goes straight into Camel Quality. That's one reason why you can get Camel Quality at so moderate a price.

Here's another. We put no useless frills on the Camel package. No "extra wrappers!" Nothing just for show!

Such things do not improve the smoke any more than premiums or coupons. And their added cost must go onto the price or come out of the quality.

One thing, and only one, is responsible for Camels great and growing popularity—that is CAMEL QUALITY.



Camel

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

BULL-DOG DRUMMOND The Adventures of A Demobilized Officer Who Found Peace Dull by CYRIL McNEILE "SAPPER" Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS Copyright by Geo H Doran Co

"Your face, boy," she whispered, as he took her in his arms, regardless of the others, "your poor old face! Oh, that brute, Lakington!"

He laughed gently, and for a moment she clung to him, unmindful of how he had got to her, gloriously or in the fact that he had. It seemed to her that there was nothing which this wonderful man of hers couldn't manage; and now, blindly trusting, she waited to be told what to do. The nightmare was over; Hugh was with her.

"Are there any cars outside?" Hugh turned to the American.

"Yours," answered that worthy.

"And mine is hidden behind Miss Benton's greenhouse unless they've moved it," remarked Algy.

"Good," said Hugh. "Algy, take Miss Benton and her father up to Half Moon street—at once. Then come back here."

"But, Hugh—" began the girl appealingly.

"At once, dear, please." He smiled at her tenderly, but his tone was decided. "This is going to be no place for you in the near future."

With no further word of protest the girl followed Algy, and Hugh drew a breath of relief.

"Now, you ugly-looking blighter," he remarked to the cowering ruffian, who was by this time shaking with fright, "we come to you. When does Lakington return?"

"Tomorrow, sir," stammered the other.

"Where is he now?"

The man hesitated for a moment, but the look in Hugh's eyes galvanized him into speech.

"He's after the old woman's pearls, sir—the duchess of Lamphire's."

"Ah!" returned Hugh softly. "Of course he is. I forgot. When does Peterson come back?"

"Tomorrow, too, sir, as far as I know," answered the man.

"And what's he doing?" demanded Drummond.

"On the level, guv'nor, I can't tell yer—Strite, I can't."

At that moment Darrell's voice came up from the hall.

"The whole bunch are stowed away, Hugh. What's the next item?"

Hugh walked to the top of the stairs. A grin spread over his face as he saw half a dozen familiar faces in the hall, and he hailed them cheerily.

"Like old times, boys," he laughed, "where's the driver of the lorry?"

"That's me, sir." One of them stepped forward.

"Good," said Hugh. "Take your bus ten miles from here; then drop that crowd one by one on the road as you go along. You can take it from me that none of 'em will say anything about it, even when they wake up. Then take her back to your garage; I'll see you later."

"Now," went on Hugh, as they heard the sound of the departing lorry, "we've got to set the scene for tomorrow morning." He glanced at his watch. "Just eleven. How long will it take me to get the old buzz-box to Laidley Towers?"

"Laidley Towers," echoed Darrell. "What the devil are you going there for?"

"I just can't bear to be parted from Henry for one moment longer than necessary," said Hugh quietly. "And Henry is here, in a praiseworthy endeavor to lift the duchess pearls."

"Dear Henry!" His two fists clenched, and the American, looking at his face, laughed softly.

"But it was only for a moment that Drummond indulged in the pleasures of anticipation; all that could come after. And just now there were other things to be done—many others, if events next morning were to go as they should.

"Take these two into the cedar room," he cried. "Incidentally there's a dead Boche on the floor, but he'll come in very handy in my little scheme."

"A dead Boche!" The intimidated rabbit gave a frightened squeak. "Good heavens! you ruffian, this is beyond a joke!"

Hugh looked at him coldly.

"You'll find it beyond a joke, you miserable little rat," he said quietly, "if you speak to me like that." He laughed as the other shrank past him. "Three of you boys in there, if they ordered briskly, and if either of them gives the slightest trouble clip him over the head. Now let's have the rest of the crowd in here, Peter."

They came filing in, and Hugh waved a cheery hand in greeting.

"How goes it, you fellows," he cried with his infectious grin. "Like a company pow-wow before popping the parapet. What! And it's a bigger show this time, boys, than any you've had over the water. Gather round, and listen to me."

For five minutes he spoke, and his audience nodded delightedly. Apart from their love for Drummond—and three out of every four of them knew him personally—it was a scheme which tickled them to death. And he was careful to tell them just enough of the sinister design of the master-criminal to make them realize the bigness of the issue.

"That's all clear, then," said Drummond, rising. "Now I'm off, Toby. I want you to come, too. We ought to be there by midnight."

"There's only one point, captain," remarked the American, as the group began to disperse. "That safe—and the ledger." He fumbled in his pocket, and produced a small india-rubber bottle. "I've got the soup here—gelignite," he explained, as he saw the mystified look on the other's face. "I reckoned it might come in handy. Also a fuse and detonator."

"Splendid!" said Hugh. "splendid! You're an acquisition, Mr. Green, to any gathering. But I think—I think—"

And once again the American laughed softly at the look on his face.

Lakington first. Oh! yes—most undoubtedly—Henry first!

And once again the American laughed softly at the look on his face.



And Once Again the American Laughed Softly at the Look on His Face.

Lakington first. Oh! yes—most undoubtedly—Henry first!

And once again the American laughed softly at the look on his face.

CHAPTER XI In Which Lakington Plays His Last "Coup."

ONE

"Toby, I've got a sort of horrid feeling that the hunt is nearly over."

With a regretful sigh Hugh swung the car out of the sloping town of Godalming in the direction of Laidley Towers. Mile after mile dropped smoothly behind the powerful two-seater, and still Drummond's eyes were a look of resigned sadness.

"Very nearly over," he remarked again. "And then once more the tedium of respectability positively stares us in the face."

"You'll be getting married, old bean," murmured Toby Sinclair, hopefully.

For a moment his companion brightened up.

"True, O King," he answered. "It will solve the situation somewhat; at least, I suppose so. But think of it, Toby: no Lakington, no Peterson—nothing at all to play about with and keep one amused."

"You're very certain, Hugh." With a feeling almost of wonder Sinclair glanced at the square-jawed, ugly profile beside him. "There's many a slip..."

"My dear old man," interrupted Drummond, "there's only one cure for the proverbial disease—a dose of salts in the morning."

For a while they raced on through the warm sun's night in silence, and it was not till they were within a mile of their destination that Sinclair spoke again.

"What are you going to do with them, Hugh?"

"Who—our Carl and little Henry?" Drummond grinned gently. "Why, I think that Carl and I will part amicably—unless, of course, he gives me any trouble. And as for Lakington—we'll have to see about Lakington. The grin faded from his face as he spoke. "We'll have to see about our little Henry," he repeated softly.

"And I can't help feeling, Toby, that between us we shall find a method of ridding the earth of such a thoroughly unappealing fellow."

"You mean to ERB him?" granted the other non-committally.

"Just that, and no more," responded Hugh. "Tomorrow morning as ever is. But he's going to get the shock of his young life before it happens."

He pulled the car up silently in the deep shadows of some trees, and the two men got out.

"Now, old boy, you take her back to The Elms."

"But confound it all," spluttered Toby Sinclair. "Don't you want me to help you?"

"I do; by taking the buzz-box back. This little show is my shout."

For a moment or two Hugh stood watching the car as it disappeared down the road along which they had just come, while his thoughts turned to the girl now safely asleep in his flat in London. Another week—perhaps a fortnight—but no more. Not a day more. . . . And so delightful was the train of thought thus conjured up, that for a while Peterson and Lakington were forgotten. The

roseate dreams of the young about to wed had been known to act similarly before.

Wherefore to the soldier's instinctive second nature, trained in the war and sharpened by his grim duel with the gang, must be given the credit of preventing the ringing of the wedding bells being postponed for good. The sudden snap of a twig close by, the sharp hiss of a compressed-air rifle, seemed simultaneous with Hugh hurling himself flat on his face behind a sheltering bush. In reality there was that fraction of a second between the actions which allowed the bullet to pass harmlessly over his body instead of finishing his career there and then. He heard it go zipping through the undergrowth as he lay motionless on the ground; then very cautiously he turned his head and peered about.

A shrub was shaking a few yards away, and on it Hugh fixed his half-closed eyes. If he lay quite still the man, whoever he was, would probably assume the shot had taken effect, and come and investigate. Then things would be easier, as two or three Boches had discovered to their cost in days gone by.

For two minutes he saw no one; then very slowly the branches parted and the white face of a man peered through. It was the chauffeur who usually drove the Rolls Royce, and he seemed unduly anxious to satisfy himself that all was well before coming nearer. The fame of Hugh Drummond had spread abroad amongst the satellites of Peterson.

At last he seemed to make up his mind, and came out into the open. Step by step he advanced toward the motionless figure, his weapon held in readiness to shoot at the faintest movement. But the soldier lay sprawling and inert, and by the time the chauffeur had reached him there was no doubt in that worthy's mind that, at last, this wretched meddler with things that concerned him not had been laid by the heels. Which was as unfortunate for the chauffeur as it had been for unwary Huns in the past.

Contentiously he rolled Drummond over; then, noting the relaxed muscles and inert limbs, he laid his gun on the ground preparatory to running through his victim's pockets. And the fact that such an action was a little more foolish than offering a man-eating tiger a peppermint lozenge did not trouble the chauffeur. In fact, nothing troubled him again.

He got out one gasping cry of terror as he realized his mistake; then he had a blurred consciousness of the world upside down, and everything was over. It was Olat's most dangerous throw, carried out by gripping the victim's wrists and hurling his body over by a heave of the legs. And nine times out of ten the result was a broken neck. This was one of the nine.

For a while the soldier stared at the body, frowning thoughtfully. To have killed the chauffeur was inconvenient, but since it had happened it necessitated a little rearrangement of his plans. The moon was setting, and the night would become darker, so there was a good chance that Lakington would not recognize that the driver of his car had changed. And if he did—well, it would be necessary to forego the somewhat theoretical entertainment he had staved for his benefit at The Elms. Bending over the dead man, he removed his long grey driving-coat and cap; then, without a sound, he threaded his way through the bushes in search of the car.

He found it about a hundred yards nearer the house, so well hidden in a small space off the road that he was almost on top of it before he realized the fact. To his relief it was empty, and placing his own cap in a pocket under the seat he pit on the driving-seat of his predecessor. Then, with a quick glance round to ensure that everything was in readiness for the immediate and rapid departure such as he imagined Lakington would desire, he turned and crept stealthily toward the house.

TWO

Laidley Towers was en fete. The duchess, determined that every conceivable stunt should be carried out which would make for the entertainment of her guests, had spared no pains to make the evening a success. The duke, bored to extinction, had been five times routed out of his study by his indefatigable spouse, and was now, at the moment Hugh first came in sight of the house, engaged in shaking hands with a tall, aristocratic-looking Indian. . . .

"How d'y do," he murmured vacantly. "What did you say the dam' fellow's name was, my dear?" he whispered in a hoarse undertone to the duchess, who stood beside him welcoming the distinguished foreigner.

"We're so glad you could come, Mr. Ram Dar," remarked the duchess affably. "Everyone is so looking forward to your wonderful entertainment." Round her neck were the historic pearls, and as the Indian bowed low over her outstretched hand, his eyes gleamed for a second.

It had been the marquis of Laidley himself who had suggested getting hold of this most celebrated performer, who had apparently never been in England before. And since the marquis of Laidley's coming-of-age was the cause of the whole evening's entertainment, his suggestion had been hailed with acclamation. How he had heard about the Indian, and from whom, were points about which he was very vague; but since he was a very vague young man, the fact elicited no comment. The main thing was that here, in the flesh, was a dark, mysterious performer of the ac-

ent, and what more could a house-party require? And in the general excitement Hugh Drummond crept closer to the open window. Suddenly his jaw tightened; Irma Peterson had entered the room with young Laidley.

"Do you want anything done, Mr. Ram Dar?" asked the duchess—"the lights down or the window shut?"

"No, I thank you," returned the Indian. "I am ready. Who first will learn of the things that are written on the scroll of Fate?"

And it was at that moment that the intent watcher outside the window began to shake with silent mirth. For the face was the face of the Indian, Ram Dar, but the voice was the voice of Lakington. It struck him that the next ten minutes or so might be well worth while. The problem of removing the pearls from the duchess's neck before such an assembly seemed to present a certain amount of difficulty even to such an expert as Henry. And Hugh crept a little nearer the window, so as to miss nothing.

Evidently the scene was now set—the necessary props were in position—and Hugh waited with growing impatience for the principal event. But the principal performer seemed in no hurry. In fact, in his dry way Lakington was thoroughly enjoying himself. An intimate inside knowledge of the skeletons that rattled their bones in the cupboards of most of those present enabled the gods to speak with disconcerting accuracy; and as each victim insisted on somebody new facing the sands that came from beyond the mountains, the performance seemed likely to last indefinitely.

At last a sudden delighted burst of applause came from the group, announcing the discomfiture of yet another guest, and with it Lakington seemed to tire of the amusement. Engrossed though he was in the anticipation of the main item which was still to be staged, Drummond could not but admire the extraordinary accuracy of the character study. Not a detail had been overlooked; not a single flaw in Lakington's acting could he notice. It was an Indian who stood there, and when a few days later Hugh returned her pearls to the duchess, for a long time neither she nor her husband would believe that Ram Dar had been an Englishman disguised. . . . And this was what happened as seen by the fascinated onlooker crouching near the window outside.

Superbly disdainful, the Indian after a short, meaningless patter, to hold the attention of the audience, smiled to the open window. With arms outstretched he stared into the darkness, seeming to gather strength from the gods whom he served.

"Do your ears not hear the whisperings of the night?" he demanded, "Life rustling in the leaves; death moaning through the grasses." And suddenly he threw back his head and laughed, a fierce, mocking laugh; then he swung round and faced the room. For a while he stood motionless, and Hugh, from the shelter of the bushes, wondered whether the two quick flashes that had come from his robe as he spoke—flashes such as a small electric torch will give, and which were used by anyone else—were a signal to the defunct chauffeur.

Then a peculiar look came over the Indian's face, as his eyes fell on a Chinese cabinet.

"Where did the Protector of the Poor obtain the sacred cabinet of the Chow Kings?" He peered at it reverently, and the duke coughed.

"One of my ancestors picked it up somewhere," he answered apologetically.

Fashioned with the blood of men, guarded with their lives, and one of your ancestors picked it up." The duke withered completely under the biting scorn of the words, and seemed about to say something, but the Indian

had turned away, and his long, delicate fingers were hovering over the box. With gleaming eyes he stared in front of him, and a woman shuddered audibly.

"What is it supposed to do?" she ventured timidly.

"For centuries that box contained the jewels—precious beyond words—of the reigning queens of the Chow dynasty. They were wrapped in silver and gold tissue—of which this is a feeble modern substitute. . . . From a ceremonial under his robe he drew a page of shining material, the appearance of which was greeted with cries of feminine delight. . . . You would not ask me to commit a sin?" calmly he replaced the material in his belt and turned away,

"Ring the box, your grace," he cried harshly, and once more the duchess knelt in the circle of light, with a row of dirty seen faces above her.

"Open; but as you value your pearls—touch them not." Excitedly she threw back the lid, and a chorus of cries greeted the appearance of the gold and silver tissue at the bottom of the box.

"They're here, Mr. Ram Dar."

In the green light the Indian's somber eyes stared round the group of dim faces.

"Did I not say," he answered, "that there was power in the box? But in the name of that power—unknown to you—I warn you: Do not touch those

and Hugh's eyes glistened at the earnestness with which the man was acting. Whether they believed it or not, there was not a soul in the room by this time who was not consumed with eagerness to put the Chinese cabinet to the test.

"Supposing you touch my pearls, Mr. Ram Dar," said the duchess diffidently. "I know that compared to such historic jewels they are poor, but perhaps it would not be sacrilege."

Not a muscle on Lakington's face twitched, though it was the thing he had been playing for. Instead he seemed to be sunk in thought, while the duchess continued pleading, and the rest of the party added their entreaties. Then, as if he had decided suddenly, he swung round.

"I will try," he announced briefly, and the duchess headed the chorus of delight. "Will the Presences stand back, and you, your Grace, take that?" He handed her the piece of material. "No hand but yours must touch the pearls. Wrap them up inside the silver and gold." Aloofly he watched the process. "Now advance alone, and open the box. Place the pearls inside. Now shut and lock it." Obsequiously the duchess did as she was bid; then she stood waiting for further instructions.

But apparently by this time the Great Brooding Spirit was beginning to take effect. Singing a monotonous, harsh chant, the Indian knelt on the floor, and poured some powder into a little brazier. He was still close to the open window, and finally he sat down with his elbows on his knees, and his head rocking to and fro in his hands.

"Less light—less light!" The words seemed to come from a great distance—ventiloquism in a mild way was one of Lakington's accomplishments; and as the lights went out a greenish, spluttering flame rose from the brazier. A heavy, odorless smoke filled the room, but framed and motionless in the eerie light sat the Indian, staring fixedly in front of him. After a time the chant began again; it grew and swelled in volume till the singer grew frenzied and beat his head with his hands. Then abruptly it stopped.

"Place the box upon the floor," he ordered, "in the light of the Sacred Fire." Hugh saw the duchess kneel down on the opposite side of the brazier, and place the box on the floor, while the faces of the guests—strange and ghastly in the great light—peered like specters out of the heavy smoke. This was undoubtedly a show worth watching.

"Open the box!" Harshly the words rang through the silent room, and with fingers that trembled a little the duchess turned the key and threw back the lid.

"Why, it's empty!" she cried in amazement, and the guests craned forward to look.

"Put no your hand inside," cried the Indian in sudden warning, "or perchance it will remain empty."

The duchess rapidly withdrew her hand, and stared incredulously through the smoke at his impassive face.

"Did I not say that there was power in the box?" he said dreamily. "The power to render invisible—the power to render visible. Thus came protection to the jewels of the Chow queens."

"That's all right, . . . Ram Dar," said the duchess a little apprehensively. "There may be power in the box, but my pearls don't seem to be."

"The Indian laughed.

"None but you has touched the cabinet, your Grace; none but you must touch it till the pearls return. They are there now; but not for mortal eyes to see."

Which, incidentally, was no more than the truth.

"Look, oh! sallahs, look; but do not touch. See that to your vision the box is empty. . . ." He waited motionless, while the guests thronged round, with expressions of amazement; and Hugh, safe from view in the thick, sweet-smelling smoke, came even nearer in his excitement.

"It is enough," cried the Indian suddenly. "Shut the box, your grace, and lock it as before. Now place it on the table where it came. Is it there?"

"Yes," the duchess's voice came out of the green fog.

"Go not too near," he continued warningly. "The gods must have space—the gods must have space."

Again the harsh chant began, at times swelling to a shout, at times dying away to a whisper. And it was during one of these latter periods that a low laugh, instantly checked, disturbed the room. It was plainly audible, and someone irritably said, "Be quiet!" It was not repeated, which afforded Hugh, at any rate, no surprise. For it had been Irma Peterson who had laughed, and it might have been hilarity, or it might have been a signal.

"Bring the box, your grace," he cried harshly, and once more the duchess knelt in the circle of light, with a row of dirty seen faces above her.

"Open; but as you value your pearls—touch them not." Excitedly she threw back the lid, and a chorus of cries greeted the appearance of the gold and silver tissue at the bottom of the box.

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To be Continued.

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## Some Authentic Information About Potash In West Texas

Washington, Sept. 10.—To protect the public from fraud and misrepresentation and fraud by unscrupulous promoters and sellers of potash deposits in Western Texas the United States Geological Survey, Department of the Interior, states that the potash deposits there, instead of 1100 or even 300 feet thick, as represented by the promoters, have not yet been proved to be of workable thickness or of commercial value. Rich potash salts, comprising the mineral polyhalite which were deposited in association with great thicknesses of rock salt and gypsum in "red beds", as in Germany, and, in fact, at the same time as the German deposits, have been discovered States Geological Survey and the Texas University Bureau of Geology and Technology in a co-operative search, but though this discovery, which was made public early in June, is encouraging and interesting the practical question whether the deposits are thick enough to mine—that is, whether they are worth anything—is yet to be answered.

Some years ago J. A. Udden of the University of Texas found traces of potash salts in brines and cuttings from a well near Spur, in Dickens county, and fragments of some potash-bearing mineral in the Miller well, southwest of Amarillo, and in a boring at Boden, 20 miles north of Amarillo. Not long after these discoveries the United States Geological Survey, which had been analyzing brines and salts from all parts of the country transferred its principal search for potash, under authority of Congress, to the great "red beds" region of Western Texas, Eastern New Mexico, Western Oklahoma, and Southern Kansas. About three years ago the Texas University Bureau, in charge of Dr. Udden, joined with the federal survey of the geologic history of the region and of the salt and gypsum deposits, including the physical conditions prevailing in the area when these deposits were laid down, convinced the geologists that potash salts may have been deposited somewhere in this region in commercial thickness. Over 600 feet of rock salt was precipitated through evaporation of sea water that was ponded in shallow basins in parts of this great area, and according to geologists, beds of potash salt also have been laid down in some of these basins in association with the rock salt and most probably in areas where the rock salt attained its greatest thickness, deep beneath the Staked Plains region. The discovery of these beds, however, would depend, first, on drilling for oil in some area where the potash was laid down, and second, on the very doubtful chance that the potash salt, if bored through would be noticed by the driller. Accordingly the co-operation of the companies drilling in the region was requested in this search; they were asked to save samples of the drill cuttings of wells sunk in and near the salt beds of any brines that might be found. Most of the drillers, however, considered this work too troublesome, so that the samples of cuttings and brines submitted were relatively few and represented mainly wells drilled in the northern part of the region. During the oil boom, however, the wildcatter has here and there drilled a test well for oil nearer to the staked plains, and some cuttings from a number of these wells have been tested by the field observer stationed by the survey in Northern Texas.

In a sample taken at depths between 2,465 and 2,425 feet from the Bryant well in Midland county, the field observer found strong signs of potash. While samples from this well were being analyzed salt rich in potash was found in cuttings from the 1,864-foot level in the Burns No. 1 well, in Eastern Dawson county. The sample of cuttings from the Bryant well, consisting of red shale, salt, and mud pieces of polyhalite, contained, as a whole about 6 per cent of potash (K<sub>2</sub>O) or 8.9 per cent of the soluble salts. The potash probably represents a thin seam in an interval of five feet. The sample from the Burns well, which was obtained at a depth of about 1,864 feet included some polyhalite and yielded about 10 per cent potash (K<sub>2</sub>O). The drillers were in search of oil, not potash, and the samples were not taken in a way to show the actual thickness of potash salts cut by the drill, so it is not yet certain whether the layer of layers containing the potash are a foot or more in thickness or less than six inches. The samples themselves are fragments of rock and mud, crystals of rock salt, etc., and not sufficient to show the

thickness of the bed.

The Burns well is about 70 miles northeast of the Bryant well, and the potash may have been obtained from a single stratum that extends throughout this distance, though in the intervening space, or possibly far to one side, potash may be present in much thicker beds, for neither of these wells may be in the area where potash was deposited in greatest thickness.

Still more interesting and possibly more significant indications of potash have recently been found in an-

other well in Western Texas—the River well of the A Pitts Oil Company, about eight miles east of Bartlow, in Ward county. At this well, which is near Pecos river, about seventy-five miles west-southwest of the Bryant well, potash salt was found at four levels. The sample of cuttings gathered between the depths of 1,600 and 1,610 feet showed 9 per cent of potash (K<sub>2</sub>O) or 14.4 per cent of K<sub>2</sub>O in the soluble salts. The sample taken between 1,610 and 1,614 feet yielded 5.6 per cent of potash or 8.4 per cent K<sub>2</sub>O in the soluble salts. This sample may represent matter fallen from the overlying deposit. Another sample, taken at or near the depth of 1,645 feet, contained 4.23 per cent of potash, or 10.5 per cent of K<sub>2</sub>O in the soluble salts. A fourth sample tak-

en at a depth between 1,635 and 1,709 feet, yielded 6.29 per cent of potash or 5.74 per cent of K<sub>2</sub>O in the soluble salts. A sample taken at a depth of 1,875 feet contained 5.6 per cent of potash, or 10.5 per cent of K<sub>2</sub>O in the soluble salts. When visited by the field observer the slush pit of this deep well contained a considerable accumulation of salt crusts, including pink potash salt. One selected fragment, weighing more than 75 grams, contained 11.5 per cent of K<sub>2</sub>O and a 2-gram sample of red salt, which was carefully separated and cleaned yielded on analysis 15.2 per cent of K<sub>2</sub>O.

The results of the tests of the borings from these three wells, of which those that are farthest apart are distant from each other about 125 miles, are certainly encouraging, but the Government geo-

logists warn the public that the conditions of drilling and sampling at all three points are so unsatisfactory that it still remains to be seen whether the beds that are rich in potash are thick enough to justify their commercial exploitation. Considerable drilling, including wells in new areas, as well as careful examination, will evidently be necessary to determine the thickness of the potash deposits in any of the areas with the accuracy necessary for sound commercial computations. The potash contents of the salts must of course be taken into consideration. Some other area in the "red beds" region not yet drilled, is likely to contain the maximum thickness of potash deposits. Drill cores are needed instead of the unsatisfactory samples brought up by the bailer, or, worse yet, washed up

by the rotary rig without means of accurate determination of the actual thickness of the layer of potash or of its exact depth. Thorough tests with the core drill are justified by the tremendous importance to the whole United States of the discovery of commercial deposits of potash in this region—a discovery of far greater value than that of an oil pool.

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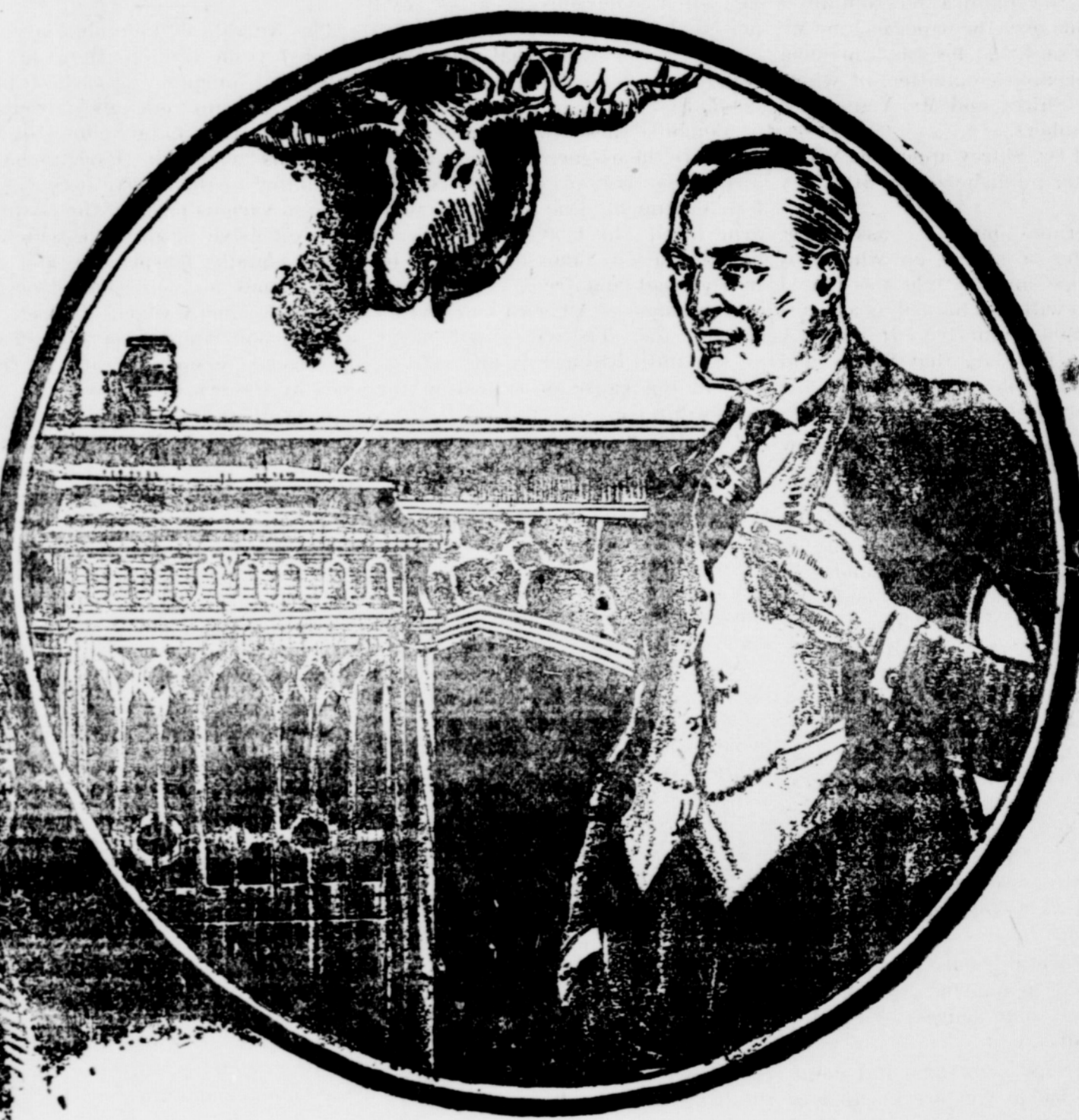
It is with youth as it is with plants from the first fruits they bear we learn what may be expected in the future.—Demophilus.

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# Legion Unearths Scandal On Its Publication

## Editor's Books Are Investigated, Together With Expenditures Made By Former State Legion Commander Shirey

Recommendations that all of the evidence now in the hands of the American Legion, Department of Texas, be laid before the grand jury of Tarrant and Travis counties, and that the judge advocate of the legion be directed to take such steps as may be necessary to bring civil action against Dr. Guy O. Shirey, to compel the restitution of legion funds, were made to the American Legion convention at Tuesday afternoon's session.

Recommendations also severely scored Dr. Shirey for his alleged mismanagement and alleged reckless expenditure of the Kerrville hospital funds and of the money placed in his hands by the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

The recommendations were adopted by an overwhelming vote.

The matter was brought up by the man of the publication committee which took over the paper in June Mr. McCabe said that he was a member of the original committee, of which Dr. Guy Shirey and Mr. Young also were members.

He said Dr. Shirey appointed Young editor and publisher on a fifty-fifty basis.

"Sometime later, I asked Dr. Shirey for a report on what was being done and he told me that I was therewith discharged as a member of the committee. It was reported to me then that Shirey and Young had sold and collected for a large amount of advertisement.

Adj. Charles Scruggs, who is now one of those in charge of the revived publication, stated that after seven issues had been published and the paper suddenly stopped last June he was delegated by the commander to take over the plant. He said he found there \$12,000 of debts, which the legion could not pay. The paper was at once revived and is now clearing itself, the debt having been reduced by \$5000 since.

It was hinted during the discussions that solicitors, not legionnaires, in Young's employ had been taking advantage of public desire to cooperate with the American legion.

The matter was carried over to be discussed at a later session of the convention.

After several selections by the "Blue" Wilson quartet, the convention listened to an address by senator R. M. Dudley.

"I'd give my right arm if I could wear the badge you are entitled to wear, the senator said, adding that all they had to do was to call on him for any and all favors.

One of the features of the morning session was an address by Alvin Owsley, of Denton, Texas. Coming as it does, immediately after the speech of Gov. Pat M. Neff of Monday, Mr. Owsley's speech is interesting politically.

Mr. Owsley is being prominently mentioned as a candidate for governor of Texas. While his position with the legion is divorced from politics, legionnaires openly declare he is their choice for the place.

All talk of gubernatorial politics has been discouraged by Mr. Owsley but that he is a candidate for governor those in a position to know say there is absolutely no doubt.

"There must be no sagging back in the work of Americanism merely because the war is over," said Mr. Owsley. "The men of the legion and their comrades in arms went across the water because they were spirit that has made America—a spirit that meets a challenge, that wants to help.

"Combine these two qualities and you have the essence of Americanism a spirit symbolized by the Washington monument, that clean, straight arm lifted to heaven in eternal pledge that our land shall always be independent and free.

"Ignorance is America's most formidable foe. The nation will never be safe until it sincerely interests itself in the cause of education for citizenship.

"Let the legion call all men and women in America to do battle with the forces of ignorance that means will be provided to liberate millions of children and men and women from the fetters of ignorance."

Mr. Owsley is national director of the Americanism commission of the American Legion.

When Mr. Owsley declared that "E. V. Debbs was just where he belonged," the crowd thundered on sponded that he was "glad your patriotism is the same kind as mine."

Again, when he advocated the use of all national resources in bringing "Grover Cleveland Bergadoll, the arch traitor," back and phing him in jail with Debbs, another outburst came forth during which some one shouted "hang him!"—El Paso Herald.

### MCUTCHEON-FENLEY

Last Sunday afternoon Mr. "Jimmie" McCutcheon and Miss Dorene Fenley were married at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Fenley, of near Fort Davis. The wedding was a quiet affair and only the immediate families and near re-

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latives were resent. Jimmie is the oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Beau McCutcheon and is a prosperous young fellow. Miss Dorene is a highly accomplished young lady, and has an exceedingly sweet disposition. Jimmie you are a lucky fellow and here's wishing you both all kinds of good things in life's journey—El Davis Post.

### THE K. OF C. OATH

The Knights of Columbus are reminded from time to time, of the persistent purpose of certain persons to stir up religious hatreds in election years. Lately copies of the notorious "bogus fourth degree oath" attributed to them have been circulated in various parts of the country. This offensive production, which is about equally blasphemous and revolting, has been circulated, occasionally, for many years. It is an old and worn-out imposture and among intelligent persons defeats its own ends by its own absurdity.

Perhaps the best way to make clear what the obligation is which is assumed by the Knights of Columbus on entering the organization is to print it as it really is:

"I swear to support the Constitution of the United States. I pledge myself, as a Catholic citizen and Knight of Columbus, to enlighten myself fully upon my duties as a citizen and to conscientiously perform such duties entirely in the interest of my country and regardless of all personal consequences. I pledge myself to do all in my power to preserve the integrity and purity of the ballot and to promote reverence and respect for law and order. I promise to practice my religion openly and consistently, but without ostentation, and to so conduct myself in public affairs and in the exercise of public virtue as to reflect nothing but credit upon our Holy Church, to the end that she may flourish and our country prosper to the greater honor and glory of God."

If this is not ample pledge to good Americanism and honest citizenship, what would be?

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5500 Watkins Men are making money selling 175 standard nationally advertised products direct from manufacturer to farmers. Why be idle? Here's your life chance. If you own team or auto are under 50 and can give bond we start you with big stock of goods all farmers need. Nearby territory open. J. R. Watkins Co., Dept. 112, Wipona, Minn.

### Lodges--Societies

MARFA CHAPTER No. 176 R. A. M. Meets fourth Thursday in each month. Visiting companions welcome. R. E. Petross, H. P.; J. W. Howell, Secretary.

Marfa Chapter No. 341 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.

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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.

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