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THE NEW ERA

Marfa is the gateway to the proposed State Park, which contains the most beautiful scenery in the whole Southwest. Spend your vacation among your own scenery.

Visit to Grand Canyon of the Rio Grande

BY VICTOR H. SCHOFFELMAYER
Agricultural Editor of the News

Try to visualize an enormous gorge 1,600 feet deep and 80 to 100 feet wide right through the heart of a huge granite mountain, through which rush the twirling waters of one of Texas' great rivers, tumbling madly among immense boulders, a canyon in the depth of which there is eternal gloom, the walls of which are steep that human feet can find no foothold, and you have a faint conception of the Grand Canyon of the Rio Grande near Santa Helena, Texas' foremost scenic marvel!

Ages ago when the Trans-Pecos region of West Texas, known as the "Big Bend," was uplifted above the ancient sea, this vast area gave birth to some of the most magnificent ranges in the Southwest. Peaks attaining a height of more than 9,000 feet, rising a full 4,000 or 5,000 feet above the surrounding desert plain, compete with wild and often awesome gorges for the interest of the chance beholder. The word "chance" is used advisedly, for in all the 125 miles of travel along the Terlingue road from Alpine to the southernmost tip of Brewster county on the Mexican border, scarcely a house or human being was passed. It was as if the traveler had been transported into a forgotten land to which he had just discovered a road.

To those who think of Texas as one vast prairie, a visit to the grand canyon country along the Upper Rio Grande would be a shock or a revelation. To the writer, who years ago had feasted his imagination on the spirited narrative in Major Emory's report on the United States and Mexican boundary survey, published in 1856, the Rio Grande canyon was a sublime spectacle.

Devil's and Pecos Rivers
Once arrived at Uvalde City an irresistible impulse which had been gathering momentum during all the years since the writer first had his glimpse of the Edwards Plateau and the semi-arid lands to the westward, demanded a visit to the grand canyon of the Rio Grande and on the way to see the interesting Devil's River and the

"Ah, lies between Uvalde this year negotiated without difficulty, the road being generally good through ranching country and past asphalt mines and great rock quarries where some of Texas' most notable road-building material hails from. Del Rio is a pretty city with just enough of the Mexican border to make it different from inland towns.

The canyon of the Devil's River

proved interesting. This stream is clear, rapid and cold. Several large channel catfish caught by camping parties that morning were being cleaned for luncheon as our car passed. There are high cliffs along the Devil's River, with caves, also some large trees, although the country already takes on the character of the more semi-arid Southwest.

Seventy odd miles beyond Del Rio near Langtry, the Pecos River flows through a deep canyon, which but for the magnificent new steel wagon and automobile bridge would have proved impossible to cross at high stages of water. An easy, well paved highway leads down from the rim to the opposite side. In the valley, 500 feet below, Mexican goat herders were caring for their flocks grazing on the brush and occasionally coming down to the river's edge to drink.

The night was spent at Sanderson, a town located prettily among small mountains with a good hotel. The road from Del Rio to Sanderson was through an almost uninhabited ranching country, with rarely a house. In places the road was stony and rough and took heavy toll of tires. At Dryden a good paved highway made going easy and much of the road to Alpine was of splendid character.

Alpine True to Name
The town of Alpine, true to its name, lies at the foot of high peaks belonging to the Rockies, of which the Davis Mountains are a part. At an elevation of 4,500 feet above sea level this town has a delightful summer climate and cover at night was welcome. All it lacked to recall Switzerland was snow-capped mountains. The days were brilliant and clear and the air bracing. The ranching country on all sides of Alpine was in the finest condition possible, due to a well-distributed rainfall. The mesquite pastures were a rich dark green and the grass ran almost up to the very tops of the highest mountains, some

of which in that vicinity attain elevations of above 8,000 feet. The whole country looked as if it had been specially groomed.

A visit was paid to Marathon, where a guayule rubber factory has resumed operation with the return of high priced rubber. Native guayule rubber plants are hauled by Mexican laborers from Terlingua and the Fort Stockton sections to be crushed by special pebble machines, after which the crude rubber is pressed into cakes and shipped east to enter various industries. The vegetable wax plant, known as candelilla also is being made into a marketable product at Marathon and is used in the manufacture of phonograph records and other things.

Visit to "Big Bend"

Perhaps the wierdest of all the grand scenic sections of Southwest Texas is known as the "Big Bend" of the Rio Grande. It embraces the counties of Brewster, Presidio and Jeff Davis and is different in geographical characteristics from anything else in Texas or the United States. There are series of high mountains up to 8,000 feet, culminating in the peak of Mount Emory, named after Major Emory, who established the frontiers of Mexico and Texas after the Mexican war. The Chisos Mountains, of which Mt. Emory is the pearl, occupy a position of unique splendor, standing almost alone in a desolate region characterized by a great ancient flood plain filled by a peculiar yellow volcanic ash, with forbidding, grotesquely shaped crags. The rain fall in the mountains is frequent in July, August and September, making travel treacherous, with numerous washouts along the none too improved road or trail which leads from Alpine down to the mining town of Terlingua. Here is said to be the only quicksilver mine in operation in this country, with about 160 Mexican miners at work daily and with a staff of engineers and officials gathered from all corners of the globe.

The entry to Terlingua late of an afternoon of meandering through a road which for almost 100 miles never passes a house and the only certain point of orientation was a wagon wheel mounted on a fence post with two mail boxes nailed to the wheel would be impossible to forget. Quarters were assigned at the little hotel kept for casual visitors who stray down into that part of Texas. It looked as if old Mexico had strayed into Texas. Flocks of Mexican milk goats, Mexican water boys and old men carrying a brace of buckets hanging from each end of a pole across the shoulders,

a little "dobe" church in which the community of dark-skinned workers worship, mud and stone huts clustered along the slope of a huge yellowish hill of clay and limestone, a palatial residence topping the crest, occasional home of the owner of the mines whose regular home is in Maine, numerous burros trudging along the roads carrying faggots for firewood—all these impressions are more of Mexico than of Texas. To cap it all, there was a sunset which made the impressive mass of Mount Emory a dream of rose and mauve against a deep blue sky flecked with fleecy clouds of gold and amber. But for the incessant barking of the dogs and the braying of the wandering burros, the night would have been superb.

To Mouth of Great Canyon

The writer and his wife had come 1000 miles in quest of the most magnificent spectacle in all Texas. Once before an attempt to reach the mouth of the great canyon of the Rio Grande failed when high waters had swollen mountain streams into impassable torrents and nothing was left but to return. This time, though, conditions were right. The sun shone daily and the August rains in the Chisos mountains and other ranges had not yet proved troublesome.

At Terlingua we learned that the road was passable to within several miles of the canyon's mouth, but those unfamiliar with the winding of the smaller streams which flow into the Rio Grande at this point had best take a guide as a part of the road passes through a positive wilderness of rocks, sand, volcanic ash and treacherous stream beds.

When the day of the big adventure dawned the striking lines penned by the geologist-engineer of Maj. Emory's Mexican boundary commission just seventy years ago, kept recurring to mind:

"Just below this point (San Carlos on the Mexican side of the river) commences the gigantic canyon of the San Carlos, through which for ten miles the Rio Grande pursuing a nearly east course, makes its way. The canyon walls commence with a height of 200 to 300 feet and develop in the course of ten miles a clear perpendicular height of at least 1500 feet above the river level," reads the report. A faint conception only can be formed from these facts of the truly awful character of this chasm. With in this canyon there a rarely a foothold visible along the line of the ordinary water level, and at no place for the distance of ten miles would it be practicable to make a safe descent to the water's edge,

still less to ascend."

Unequaled Sight

These lines ran through the mind as the way led down a passably good winding road past vast beds of volcanic ash of a peculiar grayish and fawn color topped off with igneous rocks cracked into grotesque shapes, some of which had tumbled down into the plain. On rounding a turn a glimpse of a bluish crevice in a huge mountain loomed. It was recognized as the grand canyon of the Rio Grande. In the report of the boundary commission it was named the San Carlos Canyon after a little Mexican village above the mouth located in the state of Chihuahua, but in later years it had been named the Santa Helena Canyon from the little Mexican town in Texas also near the mouth.

In the clear air and under the blazing sun of mid-August the canyon looked only a few miles away but was actually sixteen miles. The silence of the desert and of the barren mountains that still seemed to be writing in pain from the upheaval which created them, was over all. The heat became more intense as the descent of almost 2000 feet from Terlingua to the canyon's mouth was made. The car lost its way in the shifting sands and a Mexican guide had to be hired to lead the way. Finally after considerable rough going through river beds and through layers of endless volcanic drift it came to a halt some three miles from the canyon's mouth. The rest was traversed on foot through dense chaparral in a temperature of probably 110 degrees.

There in all its naked grandeur, grim and forbidding, loomed the vast cleft in the great mountain. The waters of four states rush through this awful cleft in places not more than eighty feet in width with steep canyon walls 1600 feet high. The river was at high flood stage and entry into the canyon was impossible. That pleasure was reserved for another time when proper preparation can be made for such an adventure. The writer succeeded in obtaining photographs of the canyon's mouth, one of which appears on this page. There were some mud huts on mesas and even some cotton and corn grew on the mud and sand flats. A great feeling of loneliness and awe took possession of the beholders as if they had been transported to another planet, so strange were the surroundings. It was an unforgettable sight and all the hardships were forgotten.

The return journey was through Alpine, Fort Stockton, Big Lake, Mertzon, Eldorado, Junction, where the two Llano Rivers come together; Austin via the scenic highway through Johnson City, Granger, Bartlett, Taylor, Temple, Waco and the Cedar Hill-Duncanville road.—Dallas Semi-Weekly News.

Attention Methodists and Methodist Friends

The season of the year for us to call together our forces is here. Once a year we have Rally Day, and on that day we seek out all of our members and friends to Methodist and invite them to a service—both Sunday School and Church. Sunday we are inviting you to come to Sunday School and Church. We want to fill our auditorium and Sunday School rooms to overflowing.

We want a new spirit of allegiance to invade our church home. We want more enthusiasm in our entire membership, both for school and church. Invite your neighbor and the children. If you are old or sick and cannot walk to services on that day, phone Bro. Barton and a car will call for you. We ask anyone with a car to bring some one who would not come unless a car called for them. It is a fine way to get acquainted and to be "neighborly." Do your bit and we will have a great gathering and a great service. Remember the date—Sunday, September 13, 1925. We are urging our friends and members to come, but we extend a hearty welcome to strangers and anyone who will worship with us on that day. It is God's house and all are welcome.

Publicity Reporter.

BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES

We welcome the Baptists that have recently come to Marfa. Several plan to place their membership with us at once.

The conference Sunday morning laid out a big months work. Every member will have to do his part if we succeed.

Promotion day in the Sunday School will be the last Sunday in this month. The Workers' Conference are making thorough preparations for the day.

Elsewhere the reporter for the Woman's Missionary Society has an announcement about the Buckner Box. This is an annual event in which we find great joy.

Our evening preaching hour will be 7:45 until further notice.
S. F. MARSH.

MILLIONS OF TRAMPING LITTLE FEET

Note—"Best," not because we SAY so, but "Best" because they are MADE so.

RED GOOSE SHOES

FRIEDMAN-SHELBY THE ALL LEATHER SHOE INTERNATIONAL SHOE CO.

WHAT IS GOOD IN SILK?

Crepe Back Satin, Canton Crepes, Satin Back Crepes, Flat Crepes, Marinet Crepes, - Jacquard Silks, are some of the leading favorites in Silks. See our selections of the new colors.



Give me "30" please-Hello! Grocery Dept'?

You can always feel perfectly satisfied, in Phoning your Grocery order in to us, as **OUR PLAIN MARKED PRICE** guarantees to You the same price whether bought in person or phone in order. If good Values - Good Groceries selected by one of the leading Grocerymen of the West, selected for your individual needs - appeal to you, you'll buy here.

Dry Goods Phone No. 36.

MURPHY-WALKER COMPANY,

Groceries Phone No. 30.

"THINK IT OVER"

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4-1925.

Community Building

Every Citizen Owes Duty to Community

It is a duty of great importance for every citizen of city or town to give his unlimited aid in improving his community. Rosabelle Houston writes, in Grit.

A well-appearing city not only voices the lives and characters of a mass, but of separate individuals. Every citizen should make it his duty to not only improve his own surroundings, but to improve those of his neighbor by suggestion and helpful aid.

Mistake to Postpone Proper Use of Paint

Although paint improves appearances, and many people paint buildings for that reason alone, the chief purpose of painting should be to preserve buildings, fences and implements from the effects of the weather.

Protection From Fire

Wood frame is inflammable. Hence measures should be taken—not to prevent its use—but so to protect it that the fire is resisted.

Avoidable Waste in Hog Raising in Kansas Huge

"Kansas raises four hogs per litter and eight pounds of pork per bushel of corn," said Dr. C. W. McCampbell, head of the animal husbandry department at the Kansas State Agricultural college.

Economy Worth While

Saving for a purpose is particularly stimulating, and above all when the saving is toward a home. For years we have been saying, save, save, save.

Applies to All Towns

Working a Bigger and Better Omaha is the work for committees or clubs. It is the work of every citizen.

Already Working

Firkin—Just what is a budget, anyway? Riverton—It's a plan for spending or money. Firkin—Then I don't need it. I'm married!

Cost Plus

Relley—You owe me ten dollars. Spencer—But you only did seven dollars' worth of work! Relley—Sure, and ain't a fellow entitled to a fair profit?

LIVE STOCK

FLUSHING EWES TO INCREASE LAMBS

Those who have ewes to breed this fall may well be thinking about getting them in good physical condition before the mating time arrives.

Some years ago the United States Department of Agriculture carried out a number of tests with flushing ewes just before the breeding season and came to the conclusion, after six years of experimentation, that flushing increases the lamb crop about 20 per cent.

A very good grain ration, however, is composed of one-third part by weight of corn, oats and bran. One-half corn and one-half oats will also make a good ration or oats alone will do very well indeed.

There are other advantages in flushing the ewe flock aside from getting a larger and stronger crop of lambs. Flushing tends to cause the ewes to come in heat.

Corn and Tomatoes Good

Corn and tomatoes make a good combination to can. The resulting product is served as a vegetable dish. Blanch fresh corn on the cob five minutes, dip for an instant in cold water and cut from the cob.

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CAN LEFT-OVERS AS MIXED VEGETABLES



(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Mixed vegetables are attractive and economical in salads, omelets, escalloped dishes and to use as garnishes for meat dishes.

All the vegetables are prepared separately as for canning and packed in layers in a well-boiled jar, according to United States Department of Agriculture specialists.

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BERRIES DRIED BY HEAT OF THE SUN

Avoid Unnecessary Handling and Rough Treatment.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.) Dried berries of many kinds are excellent for pies, puddings and sauce.

Kohlrabi Is Delicious When Young and Tender

Do you know kohlrabi, sometimes called turnip-rooted cabbage? It may be used when it is young and tender if it is to be eaten at its best.

matoes are blanched from 30 to 60 seconds and cold-dipped. Remove the skin and core of the tomatoes and cut into medium-sized pieces.

Concentrated Soup Recommended. An excellent concentrated vegetable soup can be made from any desired mixture of vegetables.

To make the tomato pulp, cook together three quarts of sliced tomatoes, one small chopped onion and half cupful chopped sweet red pepper.

THE AVERAGE MAN

I WAS a young boy when I first met Sawyer and he a man of middle age. He had not attained to any position of distinction at that time, nor did he ever reach such a position, but he was respected by everyone, he was just an average man.

When the berries are dry place in a large wooden or pasteboard box covered with muslin to exclude insects.

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ALONG LIFE'S TRAIL

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK
Dean of Men, University of Illinois.
(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

GOING TO CHURCH

WILKINS is rather pessimistic. He thinks the young people of today are going to the dogs pretty fast.

"The young people don't go to church today," he said to me not long ago, "as they did when we were young."

"It's a fact," I agreed, for young people do not do anything in these days as they were done thirty years ago—or ten.

"You and I used to go to church twice every Sunday," he went on.

"We did, indeed." Then Wilkins fell into reminiscence. We did go to church regularly in the country neighborhood in which I lived as a boy.

The church furnished a social center. I do not recall that we were particularly interested in the services.

The old men gathered about the front of the church and discussed prices and crops and the weather until the singing of the first hymn called them within.

We boys did not always go inside but sat out and told stories and discussed the girls.

I made an investigation one Sunday not long ago, and of the seven thousand young people in the community in which I live thirty-five hundred were in church that day.

Are You Ready?

Are you ready to enjoy social duties, sports or recreations? If not try Hostetter's Celebrated Stomach Bitters, for over seventy years noted as a wholesome tonic, appetizer and corrective.



Flowers Dislike Jazz

The cyclamen and the carnation are among the flowers most susceptible to the influence of music.

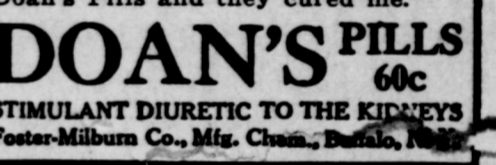
They were turned around facing the band, but soon began leaning away again.

Why Risk Neglect?

Are you lame and aching; weak and nervous? Do you suffer backache, sharp pains, disturbing bladder irregularities?

A Texas Case

Mrs. J. C. Gorman, 409 North P. A. St., Ennis, Texas, says: "Morning I could hardly get up, my back was so lame and sore."



BATHE TIRED EYES

with Dr. Thompson's Eyewash. Buy at your druggist's or 100 River, Troy, N. Y., Booklet.

PENCIL POINTS

What's built upon esteem can never decay.

All the world practices the art of acting.

Mirth prolongs life, and causes health.

Prejudice roosts on a perch from which facts are barred.

Don't cast pearls before swine. They are not fattening.

Life's reckoning we cannot make twice over.—George Elliot.

Any man who marries for sympathy will need all he gets.

Brevity may be either the soul of wit or the poverty thereof.

On the program of human events women are the consolation race.

You may find hens in a henery, but there are no bats in a battery.

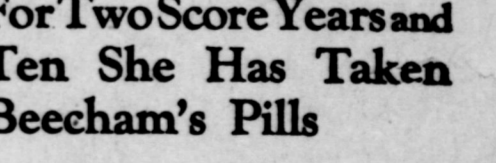
The more explaining a man has to do the less humanity believes in him.

In old times people multiplied on the face of the earth. Now they use adding machines.

For Two Score Years and Ten She Has Taken Beecham's Pills

"I was just 18 when I commenced to take Beecham's Pills. They have been of great benefit to me in relieving sick-headache, constipation, and biliousness."

Beauty Of Hair and Skin Preserved By Cuticura



As usual, I saw him going to work as usual; tonight I saw in the local paper the notice of his death at eighty years of age. His was an average life well lived.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

Mary Graham Bonner
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THE ELK FAMILY

"If you listen, young elks, I will tell you a story of the days gone by," said Mother Elk.
"And I will add to the story and tell you of one of the nights gone by," said Father Elk.
"Then," said the young elks, "it will be very interesting, for nothing will be missing."
"We will hear of both the days and the nights. So we will hear it all, as there are no other times," Father Elk said.



Antlers Are at Their Best.

"Tell us your story, do, Mother Elk. Tell us an interesting tale."
"And Father Elk, tell us your story, too. We will listen attentively."
"You may be sure of that," Mother Elk began her story first.
"Of course you all know that your antlers are at their best in the autumn or fall of the year."
"This is the best time of the year for them. There are so many people who simply will not believe that in March the elks drop their antlers, actually shed them, and that they grow new ones, which are ready and grown about the end of September."
"During the first year of any young elk's life, of course, the antlers are never much more than two spikes, which don't amount to very much."
"It's strange, though, that people won't believe that we change our antlers, actually change them for new ones," Mother Elk repeated.

"We do this whether we are in or out of the zoo. I used to think so much more of these things when I was out of the zoo—I do them in a more mechanical fashion now."
"You see I've even picked up that word from being so far away from the wild life."
"So when I say I tell you of the days gone by I tell you of much that happens here, but think of it as happening where there are great, great stretches of land and forests and mountains."

"Think of that, young elks."
"Ah," said Father Elk, "Mother Elk tells you about the fashions in Elk-land."
"She tells you about your antlers and tells you that people don't believe elks care for such vanities."
"But we all know about our antlers. At any rate we have heard a great deal about them, and we have seen for ourselves what they do, so if people don't believe such things—let them doubt us—and they will not know the truth."
"I want, though, to tell you that in my younger days before I came to the zoo every night I used to call to my companions and my friends and ask them to fight."
"There are some creatures who ask their friends, to come and have a cup of tea."
"I hear them doing that here. I hear some one say to another:
"My dear, do drop in soon for a cup of tea."
"Foolish!"
"I would never insult my friends in such a fashion! I know what they want and what I want."
"And so I like to think of the nights and nights gone by, for they were such glorious nights with fights and fights and fights!"
"Those are the happy times I think of here—such glorious, exciting fights."
"Well, things change," said Father Elk. "Things change and we find ourselves where we never thought we'd be."
"But so it goes—so it goes."

"Wanted Permanent Bath"
Billy was reluctantly getting ready for his bath when mother stopped to admire her young sister's permanent wave.
"What is a permanent wave?" asked Billy.
His mother explained. "And now Aunt Milly won't have to curl her hair for a long time," she continued.
Billy was deeply interested. "Oh, ma, I wish some fellow'd invent a permanent bath," he wailed.

Half-Fare

Conductor—How old is this young man, madam?
Madam—Eleven years old.
Conductor—What's that cut on his chin?
Madam—Oh, he cut himself while shaving this morning.

Little Escort

"What did you do with your penies, Robert?"
"I went to church with grandma and paid for both of us."



They Grow New Ones.

FALL HATS MAKE THEIR BOW; VARY COATS OF HEAVY CREPE

SING hey the merry maiden—the merry, merry maiden—who is in the midst of a joyous vacation that must soon end. Hats for college girls are peeping over the millinery horizon, the first harbinger of returning school days and a warning that the outfitting of college girls must be undertaken.
So far as her headwear is concerned the choice of new things for the school girl will prove a pleasant occupation. The new modes are delightfully well suited to youth. There is nothing startlingly different in the hat shapes, from those that have proved so becoming and popular during the summer, and they may be had in a variety of shapes. The soft-stitched silk hat and the felt or velours hat will stand up under much wear. If bought in good qualities; the very cheap ones are not durable.

All the heavy crepes, crepe satins and satins used for coats, have established themselves so firmly in the esteem of women that designers concern themselves only with ways of varying them. Every woman, old or young, looks well in these silk outer-garments and it is the business of stylists to turn them out in versions that are dignified or piquant or tasteful, and to meet requirements of many kinds.
Here is a coat of heavy silk crepe that will make itself very useful in the interim between summer and winter. It is a straight-line garment with fullness let in at the skirt portion by means of wide plaits at each side. The banding which finishes the bottom and sleeves and makes the collar is made of a fancy weave in black silk that suggests fur at a glance—but appears to be like parallel rows of shirred tucks. There are many plie fabrics and plushes that may be used in this way.
A coat of the heavier silk fabrics, lined with crepe, and interlined, will make itself useful nearly all the year round and for afternoon or evening wear. Black and dark brown are the usual choice in colors with black always in the lead.
Among new arrivals from authoritative designers there are crepe de chine



SOME FALL MILLINERY

crepe meteor coats in dark colors, including navy blue—all of them, practically, introducing the flaring skirt line with fullness at the sides or toward the front. Some of these coats have rather small fur collars or short bands, or patches, or fur used in their decoration. But the furless models, with scarf or tie neck finishes, are even more original and quite as attractive.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.
©, 1925, Western Newspaper Union.



COAT OF HEAVY CREPE

For daily wear hats of the same type as two of those pictured are recom-

ended, and they may be had in a variety of shapes. The soft-stitched silk hat and the felt or velours hat will stand up under much wear. If bought in good qualities; the very cheap ones are not durable.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

©, 1925, Western Newspaper Union.

Rest is not idleness, and to lie sometimes on the grass under the trees on a summer's day, listening to the murmur of the water, or watching the clouds float across the sky, is by no means waste of time.—Lord Avebury.

APPETIZING DISHES

When preparing mush for a supper of mush and milk make plenty and mold in bread pans, stirring into it any chopped meat while warm.



This when sliced and fried makes a good, substantial dish.

Fruit Salad.

Mix together one cupful of chopped nuts and one-half cupful of seeded grapes, cut into halves. For the dressing beat an egg, add an eighth of a cupful each of lemon and orange juice, one tablespoonful of pineapple juice, one-half cupful of sugar, then cook in a double boiler until it thickens, stirring all the time. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves.

Stringless Beans.—With the advance in cultivation we have arrived at the tender stringless bean. Wash and trim and cut into half-inch slices diagonally, which permits more cut surface to reach the heat. When tender, dress with salt, pepper and butter or part butter and part olive oil, with a dash of vinegar.

Creole Tongue.—Boil a fresh beef tongue and after skinning and trimming it, serve with the following sauce poured over it: Into a double boiler put a glass of currant jelly, a cupful of orange juice and one-fourth cupful of lemon juice, one tablespoonful of butter, a fourth pound each of raisins, citron, currants, and chopped almonds; soak in the fruit juice and serve with the tongue, after the sauce has been heated, but not boiled.

Fig Omelet.—Cut small pieces of figs in pieces and stew them in a little sugar sirup until tender. Beat the yolks of four eggs until thick, adding a tablespoonful of cold water for each egg; fold in the stiffly beaten whites and pour into a hot well-buttered omelet pan. Sprinkle the figs over the top, fold and serve with the sirup.

Cheese Omelet.—Take a cupful of cheese, a cupful of cream, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and an egg beaten light, season with salt and pepper and put into a buttered baking dish to bake. Serve as a luncheon or supper dish.

Macaroni and Eggs.—Cook until tender one cupful of macaroni broken into inch pieces. Put a layer into a buttered baking dish, cover with a layer of hard cooked eggs, cut into eighths, sprinkle with a little grated cheese, cover with a thick white sauce, repeat and top with buttered crumbs. Put into the oven and heat until thoroughly hot and the crumbs are well browned. Serve from the dish.

For Luncheon or Tea.

A tasty dish for luncheon or supper is calf's heart. Cut the heart into thin slices and fry in a little butter, seasoning well with salt and pepper.

Spanish Eggs.—Take one-half can of tomato, pour off nearly all the liquid or use two or three fresh ripe tomatoes, heat in a saucepan, add salt and cayenne with a little scrapped onion and cook ten minutes. Then break in four eggs and stir with a fork until the eggs are cooked. Serve on buttered toast.

On a hot night for supper serve lead grain cereal. It is a drink that the children can have and will enjoy.

Cherry Bread Pudding.—Spread stale bread with butter and place in layers in a baking dish, cover with cherries well sweetened, using some of the juice. Repeat until enough of the bread and cherries are used, pour over more juice and bake or leave in a cold place to chill.

Tapioca Delight.—Dissolve three-fourths of a cupful of sugar and one-half teaspoonful of salt in four cupfuls of coffee which has been strained. Add one cupful of minute tapioca and cook over hot water until perfectly transparent. Add one-half cupful of chopped nuts, and one-half teaspoonful of vanilla. Chill and serve with cream.

Rhubarb, currants, raspberries, blueberries or any kind of fruit may be served in this way.

Save the leftover griddle cake batter and use it for dipping fritters, thus saving the work of preparing fritter batter.

Grape Sandwiches.—These sandwiches will be enjoyed by the children for their luncheon: Butter twelve slices of bread and spread with grape marmalade, chopped apple and chopped nuts, using four tablespoonfuls of the grape marmalade, two tablespoonfuls of nuts and two of apple.

A delicious sauce to serve with fruit or frozen puddings is this: Beat until thick the yolks of two fresh eggs, then add the beaten white of one, and two tablespoonfuls of confectioner's sugar. Place in a double boiler and cook, stirring until thick. Pour into a cool bowl and beat with a wooden spoon until cold, then add one cupful of whipped cream. If to be used with puddings add one-half teaspoonful of vanilla; if fruit use the same amount of almond extract.

Food Combinations It Is Wisdom to Avoid

The recent death of Chin Hong, a Chinese laundryman of Baltimore, after a luncheon consisting of cherry pie and milk, calls attention strongly to the fact that certain food combinations may be highly dangerous, though the component parts are harmless enough individually. Chin Hong's death is not attributed to indigestion but to blood-letting practiced by Chinese doctors, but his luncheon made him seriously ill.

Cherry pie and milk make a combination dangerous to Americans as well as Orientals, though a few persons are able to assimilate them successfully. A similarly dangerous dietary grouping is that of bananas and alcoholic liquors, especially if the bananas are not fully ripe.

It is best, in any event, to avoid either of these food combinations at any time of the year.

TREAT YOUR LIVER WISELY

When you require medicine for an inactive liver, get the best. Get an established remedy such as Bond's Liver Pills. They are a prescription intended solely for the liver and they cure Headaches, Biliuness, Dizziness and all liver troubles. 25c the bottle.—Adv.

Sherman Prepared for Any Emergency

Judge Gary at a banquet was praising an efficient overseer.
"The man's surprising efficiency," he said, "reminds me of Sherman on his march to the sea. The way Sherman could repair railroads! The Confederate cavalry hovering in his rear would tear up a mile of track or burn a bridge, and an hour or so later they would hear one of Sherman's trains go whistling by. This naturally disgusted them."
"In a Confederate conference one day an engineer proposed that they try blowing up some tunnels. But another engineer gave a sour laugh and said:
"No use, boys, Sherman's prepared for that. He carries duplicate tunnels with him. Better save our powder."—Detroit Free Press.

Cure for Insomnia

An inventor of Macclesfield, England, is said to have perfected a machine that will cure insomnia. The machine is placed alongside of the bed and emits light rays of 12 different colors, flashing at prearranged periods. The effect of this combination of colors and periodicity is intended to be soothing and to induce sleep. The color flashes at such regular intervals have a peculiar effect upon the retina, it is said. The inventor maintains he has cured several stubborn cases of sleeplessness in ten to fifteen minutes.

Squirrel Had Gumption

At Epping, N. H., a teacher and her pupils noted an interesting bit of natural history last spring. A squirrel was seen playing in a sugar maple near the schoolhouse, and a closer inspection revealed the fact that he had gnawed the underside of a limb and, hanging on by his four feet, was sucking the sap that oozed out. He repeated this performance several times.

Women in High Positions

The government in France has recently decided that women shall be eligible for the highest positions in the postal and telegraph service in that country. In future, women may rise to be office chiefs, managers, inspectors, etc., and they will thus figure in all the promotions of one of the most important of the government departments.

Cuticura Soothes Baby Rashes

That itch and burn, by hot baths of Cuticura Soap followed by gentle anointings of Cuticura Ointment. Nothing better, purer, sweeter, especially if a little of the fragrant Cuticura Talcum is dusted on at the finish. 25c each.—Advertisement.

Patriotic Maharajah

Among the gifts during the war by the maharajah of Gwalior, who died recently in Paris, were forty ambulances and a fleet of cars to England and three months' supply of cigarettes for all Indian troops in France.

Farm Buildings Valuable

According to the last federal census the value of all farm buildings in the United States is placed at \$11,486,439,543 and the average per farm is \$1,781. The state of Iowa leads all others with a valuation of \$922,751,713 and an average of \$4,323. In the District of Columbia the average is \$6,967, the total being only \$1,421,221, however.

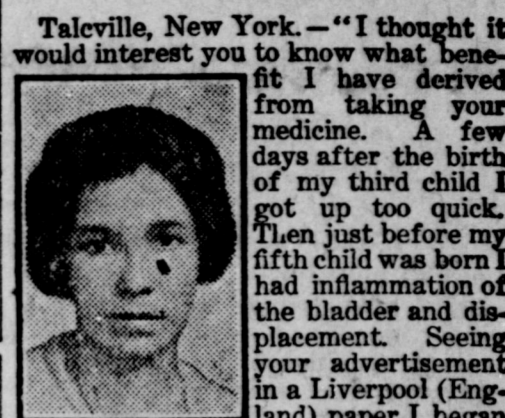
The Awkward Age

"Tommy, you're too old to cry."
"Yes, and I'm too young to have what I'm crying for."

A project for the construction of a system of canals in Poland to connect the Baltic and the Black seas, is being advanced by a syndicate there.

SUFFERED AFTER BIRTH OF BABY

Trouble Caused by Getting Up Too Soon. Relieved by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



Taleville, New York.—"I thought it would interest you to know what benefit I have derived from taking your medicine. A few days after the birth of my third child I got up too quick. Then just before my fifth child was born I had inflammation of the bladder and displacement. Seeing your advertisement in a Liverpool (England) paper I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and that was the best confinement I had. Whenever I feel run-down I always take the Vegetable Compound as a tonic. We have just removed from Brockville (Canada) so I was pleased when the store ordered the medicine for me and I got it today. I would not be without it for any price and I recommend it to ladies around here because I feel so sure it will benefit any woman who takes it."—Mrs. AGNES WIGNALL, Taleville, New York.
Women can depend upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve them from ills peculiar to their sex. For sale by druggists everywhere.

Green's August Flower
for Constipation, Indigestion and Torpid Liver.
Successful for 65 years.
Bottles and boxes—ALL DRUGGISTS

Wherever the itching and whatever the cause, the soothing touch of Resinol ointment rarely fails to give quick relief.

Resinol

STANDARD FOR 50 YEARS
WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC
For over 50 years it has been the household remedy for all forms of Malaria, Chills and Fever, and Dengue.
It is a Reliable, General Invigorating Tonic.

Better Than Pills—For Liver Ills
The reason
NR Tonight—Tomorrow Alright

Ride the Interurban FROM Houston to Galveston
Every Hour on the Hour
Express Service—Non-Stop Trains.
9:00 a. m. and 3:00 p. m.

St. Francis' Centenary
The seventh centenary of the death of St. Francis, the poor man of Assisi, will be observed throughout Italy in 1926. The great apostle of poverty died October 4, 1226, at the age of forty-four.

Quick Safe Relief
CORNS
In one minute—or less—the pain ends. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads is the safe, sure, healing treatment for corns. At drug and shoe stores.
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone.
W. N. U., HOUSTON, NO. 34—1925.

Piles Can Be Cured
(Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding)
Many sufferers have been made very happy over the results obtained from the use of PAZO OINTMENT—60c at any Drug Store.
(Follow the Directions Carefully.)

Nellie Maxwell

THE NEW ERA

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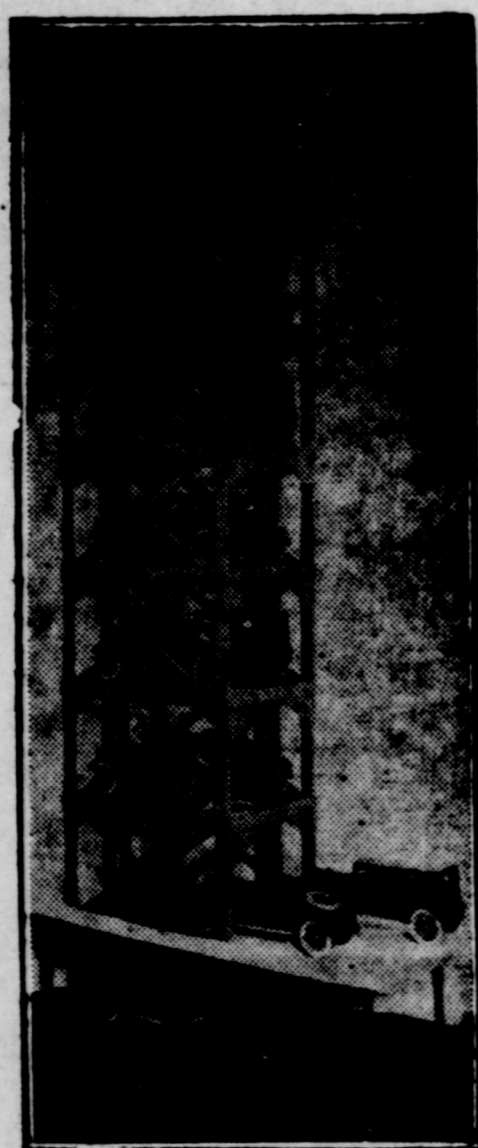
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Ads in plate form, 20c. per inch
Legal advertising, 10c. per line first
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insertion.



Newspaper Association Member
Number 7798



Park 'Em in the Clouds Now

Parking space by the acre, where
50 cars can be parked in a position
now occupied by two, and where in
a space 80150, 1,764 automobiles of
all makes and sizes can be conveniently
taken care of in the crowded
downtown heart of our largest
cities, may soon be a reality. The
inventor of this traffic Utopia is
James E. Morton, a sophomore student
in the school of mechanical engineering
at Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind.

The inventor is a Memphis man.
Until he left for Purdue two years
ago he lived at 415 Malvern Place
and was branch manager of the Gal-
ion Iron Works and Manufacturing
Company. Interested with him in
this most unusual plan for parking
is J. H. McVeety at 1031 Poplar Av-
enue.

Married, and at an age, 34, when
most men would be settling down
for life in a chosen field of endeavor,
Morton left what many would
consider a high paying job, \$4,000 a
year and expenses, to study engineering,
there were many that were
bigger ones, but he couldn't tackle
them or hold them down without
more knowledge. So he packed his
goods and went to Purdue, where in
his spare moments between classes
he worked out a parking invention
which may revolutionize traffic in
our big cities, and which will re-
lieve to some extent, the congestion
now existing.

Relatively small parking spaces
around apartment houses, depart-
ment stores, office buildings, factories,
theatres and other places may
be converted into parking facilities
of great capacity by the installation
of Morton's system of parking. His
machines or parking towers, when
erected and in operation, are not of
a permanent nature like that of a
specially designed parking station;
therefore valuable downtown
ground could be leased for a num-
ber of years to be used for parking
and after a time disassembled and
moved somewhere else and put to
use, should the occasion arise.

The practicability of Morton's
proposition seems well settled. Engi-
neering experts from Purdue Uni-
versity and elsewhere who have
viewed it have been unable to pick
any serious flaws in it, although
they inspected it with that end in
view. The safety of the plan has
also been dealt with carefully, and
a wide factor of safety would be
the feature of any machine constructed.
The safety factor would depend
greatly upon the style of chains
used—there are six for each
side of a single unit, or 12 for a
complete parking machine—and
chains able to hold such a load are
now being manufactured.

Mr. Morton spent several years as
an engineer in the automotive in-
dustry in Detroit and was connect-

ed with a plant where efficiency in
manufacturing methods for the
maximum production was the
watchword. His particular job was
to conserve space, not only in the
making of the car itself, but also
in the storage of supplies.

Note—James E. Morton is a son
of Mrs. J. E. Morton of Marfa, Tex-
as. He was born and reared in Tex-
as.

RIO GRANDE NOTES

At Presidio the Concho river, ow-
ing to floods in the mountains in
Mexico has been on a great rise.

Fennell and Bogel have commen-
ced picking cotton on their Ruidosa
farms.

Roy L. Tingle was a visitor to Pre-
sidio the first of the week.

Estabon Ochoa and son were Mar-
fa visitors Monday.

H. H. Lovett, from the Ochoa set-
tlement, returned to the river Mon-
day from a trip to Marfa.

V. L. Elliott of Presidio, with the
Big Bend Ginning Co., was a visitor
at Marfa Monday.

Postoffice Inspector Cole has been
down lately inspecting the river
postoffice.

Yield of Lint is Best Factor in a Cotton Variety

Yield of lint per acre is much
more important than percentage of
lint or gin turn-out, according to
conclusions reached in Bulletin 321
of the Texas Agricultural Experi-
ment Station, which discusses vari-
ety tests at the main station, Col-
lege Station, Texas with about 150
varieties or strains of upland cot-
ton, during the eleven years from
1912 to 1922. Length of lint is not
as important as yield of lint but it
is more important than percentage
of lint provided the staple is longer
than seven-eighths inch, and the
farmer selecting a variety to plant
should consider first its productive
power as regards pounds of lint per
acre; second, length of staple; third,
quality of lint; and fourth, percent
age of lint.

A copy of this bulletin may be
had free by writing B. Youngblood,
Director, Experiment Station, Col-
lege Station, Texas.

ANNOUNCEMENT

I have accepted the agency for
the El Paso Herald and will deliver
the Herald in Marfa and the Army
Camp for 50c. a month, in advance.
I wish to serve you.
CARL WEASE.

WANTED—Furnished rooms for
light housekeeping.—Dr. F. Bolstad,
P. O. Box 402.

SPECIAL OFFER

El Paso Herald only 50c. a Month
For delivery by carrier in the
city of Marfa, also the Army Camp.

TO CATTLEMEN

Those of you who have anything
to sell in—
Calves, steers or heifers,
Beef or Feeder Cows,
Stock Cows,
Beef Steers or Feeder Steers.—

I have sold more than 30,000 cattle
in the past ten months, why can
not I sell some for you. I have cus-
tomers all the way from Kansas to
California.

Now have orders and inquiries
and orders for more than 15,000 cattle
of all kinds.

Will thank you for a listing of
your cattle—absolutely no obliga-
tion unless a sale is made.

BOB EVANS,
Marfa, Texas.

WANTED—One Sectional Book-
case 34 to 36 inches wide.
J. B. Gillett, Marfa, Texas.

District Convention

The annual convention of the
Christian churches of the 12th dis-
trict convenes today at Alpine and
continues through tomorrow. The
district is composed of the churches
in El Paso, Brewster, Crockett,
Crane, Ector, Culberson, Jeff Davis,
Hudspeth, Pecos, Ward, Reagan,
Upton, Reeves, Terrell, Presidio and
Winkler counties.

APPLES—At orchard for cooking,
at 50c. a bushel—Choice apples \$1.50
and \$2.00.—E. H. Carlton, Fort Da-
vis, Texas.

Uneasy Tight Feeling

"I used Thedford's Black-
Draught first for constipa-
tion," said Mrs. C. E. Buntin,
of R. F. D. 5, Starkville, Miss.
"I would feel dull, stupid, and
have severe headaches, even
feverish. I had an uneasy,
tight feeling in my stomach.
I read quite a bit about

BLACK-DRAUGHT

Liver Medicine

I began using it and soon my
bowels acted regularly and I
was greatly relieved. I used
it every once in a while for
about 18 years.

"About two years ago I
found I was having indiges-
tion, a tight smothering in
my chest, then severe pain,
especially after eating sweets.
I commenced taking just a
pinch of Black-Draught after
meals, and by doing this I
could eat anything.

"I gave Black-Draught to
my children for colds and
headaches. I can certainly
recommend it."

Black-Draught is used, with
satisfaction, by millions.
Get Thedford's.

Sold Everywhere

DR. J. C. MIDKIFF

Announces that he has returned
and intends to resume the practice
of medicine here. He may be found
at his old office in the Midkiff build-
ing, up-stairs.

Marfa Rebekah Lodge No. 432

Meets 2nd and 4th Friday
at 8:15 p. m.

Oddfellows Hall

Mrs. Winnie B. Kilpatrick, N. G.

Mrs. May Norton Moore, Sec.

Chiropractic For the Children

Children respond very readily to Chiropractic adjustments.
This reason, for one, is partly responsible for taking such an
interest in children and adjusting children. We know that
we are not only taking care of the acute condition at the time,
preparing them to go through life without the untold suffer-
ing, which they otherwise are apt to suffer in later years, in
many cases.

I can't emphasize too strongly the need of keeping the spine
of the child in a normal condition.

It means more to them than most parents realize, and you
owe it to them to have these abnormalities corrected before
they become of mature age.

Is your child puny, under-developed, anemic, dull, with poor
memory, or has your child poor eyesight, cross eyes, paralysis,
spinal curvatures, physical abnormalities, epilepsy, or any of
the other countless number of inco-ordinations—now is the
time to meet them.

Investigation Costs You Nothing

Wm. F. Bolstad D. C. Dr. of Chiropractic

Office at Mrs. Joe Humphrey's Boarding House, Marfa, Texas
Graduate of the T C C Member of U C A

MONITION

Notice is hereby given that there
has been seized in this Collection
District for violation of U. S. Cust-
om laws, one Ford touring car, mo-
tor No. 9,031,529 and 38 quarts spiri-
tuous liquor. The liquor will be
disposed of according to law. The
automobile will be sold at auction
to the highest bidder for cash Sep-
tember 26, 1925, at 10:00 a. m. in
front of the Court House, Marfa,
Texas. Anyone claiming any of the
above must file claim with the Col-
lector of Customs, El Paso, Texas,
within twenty days from first pub-
lication of this notice.
T. P. GABLE, Collector.

TO LAND OWNERS:

I represent the San Antonio Joint
Stock Land Bank, loaning money on
lands 33 years at 6 per cent interest,
with 5 years privilege to pay. Shall
be glad to see and talk the matter
of loans over with you.

BOB EVANS,
Marfa, Texas.

FOR SALE

68 inch crotch Mahogany buffet,
genuine Colonial style; very old but
in perfect condition—\$50.00.
Mrs. B. H. Grierson, Ft. Davis, Tex.

Ford

"It Certainly Is a Smart-looking Car"

That's what everyone has to say who has seen the
latest Ford cars. That such attractive motor cars
could be offered without the slightest increase in
prices, seemed incredible to a public long familiar
with Ford values.

Yet enthusiasm for the
smart new appearance can
never supersede the fact
that it is the quality of ma-
terials and workmanship
that has made the Ford
the world's leading automo-
bile value. New beauty has
not crowded out traditional
Ford reliability.

The very volume of Ford
output demands absolute ac-
curacy of every working part.
The steady flow of produc-
tion is dependent upon parts
fitting together perfectly;
inaccuracies would inter-
rupt and delay assembly.
And to this precision must
be largely credited the
uniformly fine performance
and freedom from trouble of
all Ford cars.

Closed cars now shown in

color are unusually pleasing;
new and finer upholstery
gives an artistic harmony to
the cars. Bright nickeled
radiators feature the closed
cars and nickeled headlamp
rims are on all types. The
fenders are larger and longer,
and the running boards are
wider.

Comfort is increased by the
cars' lower center of gravity,
by the low, deep, wide seats,
by the added foot room, and
by many other refinements
that contribute to your ease,
convenience and safety.

Here is the ideal car for a
woman's personal use—good-
looking, trustworthy, easy to
handle and inexpensive to
maintain. Here, too, is a
practical car for any family
—that every member of the
family can enjoy.

Runabout - - - \$260 Tudor Sedan - \$580
Touring - - - 290 Fordor Sedan - 660
Coupe - - - 520

Demountable rims and starter
extra on open cars

All prices f. o. b. Detroit

Ford Motor Company
DETROIT, MICH.

SEE YOUR NEAREST AUTHORIZED FORD DEALER

ELECTRICITY ICE - WATER

Full Stock
Westinghouse Globes

Marfa Electric & Ice Co.

V. C. Myrick, Manager "Courteous Service"

H. B. HOLMES, jr., Filling Station

GOODYEAR TIRES
Good Gulf Gasoline, Mobil Oils
tube Repairing

Phone No. 24 - Marfa, Texas

USE the TELEPHONE



You will be able to
arrange and close
that business deal
more quickly in this
way. Long distance
business calls given
careful attention.

KEEP IN CLOSER TOUCH WITH
YOUR FRIENDS.

CONNE with
SHAFTER
and PRESIDIO

Big Bend Telephone Co.

Locals and Personals

Miss Elizabeth Fennell left Thursday evening to continue her studies at the State University.

Truett, Price and Hallie Davis are visiting relatives and friends at Pearsall.

Miss Ruth Bailey expects to leave the last of the week to attend school at the Sul Ross College.

J. B. Humphreys has been in Marfa with his sister, Mrs. Joe Humphreys for several days recuperating from a broken rib.

LOST—One suitcase containing wearing apparel. Finder leave at New Era office and get reward.

Mrs. Phelps of Alpine was a visitor to Marfa Thursday, and while here called at the New Era office. Mrs. Phelps is a skilled linotype operator.

Mrs. Jack Davis and daughter, Miss Ione and son, Jack, after spending a month in Marfa the guests of their relatives. Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Davis, returned Tuesday to their home in Pearsall.

Cover your roof with "Seal-a-Leak." It is guaranteed for six years.—G. C. Robinson Lumber Co.

Mrs. Walter Ellison having sold her residence here to Joe Bishop, left Tuesday for Uvalde. She was accompanied by her daughter, Miss Mildred Ellison and Mrs. Rice.

J. C. Midkiff, Jr. and Graden Propst have resigned their positions with the State Highway Department and have accepted positions in El Paso.

Do your remodeling and repair work before cold weather. Let us help you.—G. C. Robinson Lumber Co.

Mrs. Evelyn Clark and son left Wednesday morning for New York City, where she goes to join her husband who is in business there.

Mrs. John Harris and daughters left Friday for Kansas City, where she will visit relatives.

Miss Ora Locke returned the first of the week from a vacation trip to California.

F. L. Andrews the live-wire newspaper man, is in Marfa and has inaugurated a great campaign for the El Paso Herald. The El Paso Herald has always been most friendly to the Big Bend, and expects soon to specially feature this wonderland of Texas.

Real Tobacco

At one time it was thought that only the cottonwood tree would live and grow in Marfa. Now look around and witness the many fruit and shade trees, the gardens with beautiful flowers, and all kinds of vegetables. This year Mr. Kennedy has demonstrated that the soil in and about Marfa is particularly adapted for the growing of the finest grade of tobacco. He has in his yard, grown some of the finest looking tobacco we have ever seen anywhere—and those who are judge of this narcotic weed say that that grown by Mr. Kennedy possesses both the flavor and strength favored by connoisseurs.

Capt. and Mrs. Donald Duncle spent several days this week on the Brite ranch.

NOTICE

I wish to announce to my friends and former patrons that I have opened my music class this week. Those wishing to join my class, please telephone me at No. 9.

For the benefit of those unacquainted with my special training in music, I wish to say that I attended the College of Industrial Arts at Denton, Texas; Athens College, Athens, Alabama; and the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, Mass.

This summer I acquired a diploma from the University Extension Conservatory, Chicago.
Mrs. Floy Midkiff Wang.

WANTED

Boys wanted to sell El Paso Herald on the street.

The Rio Grande finally reached Presidio county Thursday and in the lower part of the county yesterday. So far very little damage was done by the rise in the river.

Handsome Cut Dahlias, \$1.00 per doz. Orders for rooted grapevines, approved varieties, fall delivery—Hillside Garden. 2tpd

Mr. Ben Boyd came in from his ranch Thursday. He reports plenty of rain.

Mrs. Fennell and daughter, Frances, and Miss Elizabeth Fennell were visitors to Marfa Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Petross came in Wednesday from their western trip and after a visit to their farm above Presidio, expect to continue their vacation, going into Mexico via Laredo, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. T. K. Barton, father and mother of Col. Harry Barton of San Antonio and relatives of Mr. Frank Barton, are visitors in Marfa this week.

Mrs. Mary Norton Moore left for Fort Sill, Okla., the first of the week, having been called there by wire on account of the sickness of her son. At Sierra Blanca she was joined by her daughter, Mrs. Gray of El Paso.

A WONDERFUL COMBINATION

The New Era has made an amazing arrangement with the El Paso Herald, whereby subscribers by paying the regular price of this great daily, will receive in addition, the New Era and a \$5,000 accident policy. Next week the details of this wonderful combination will be given. Look out for it in our next issue.

ANNOUNCEMENT

The New Era has been authorized to announce that the school board hopes to commence the present school term not later than November 1; that school will be taught on Saturdays and all holidays thereafter, for the purpose of making up the time lost, and that the full nine months period will be taught. The term will be completed as early as possible, and if possible before the beginning of the hot summer weather.

WANTED

Boys wanted to sell El Paso Herald on the street.

Opera House Movies

- Monday and Wednesday—FEET OF CLAY (Cecil B. DeMille Production) A Paramount
- Tuesday—The Masons put on a free show
- Thursday and Friday—"Her Temporary Husband" (First National)
- Saturday—"I'll Show You the Town" (Reginald Denny)

Full Line of Electrical Supplies
COMPLETE STOCK OF MAZDA GLOBES
 110 Volts - 32 Volts
ALL SIZES.
BIG STOCK OF RADIO BATTERIES.
Repair work and Wiring SOLICITED.
COFFIELD ELECTRIC SHOP,
 Marfa . . . Texas



Just ordinary shortening cannot give you the best cooking results

ANIMAL fats cannot impart real richness to your cooking and baking. They are heavy, greasy, indigestible. And, of course, it is too expensive to use butter all the time. With Mrs. Tucker's Shortening, however, you can get the richness of butter at half the cost—and at the same time evade all the detriments of lard. That is because Mrs. Tucker's is a pure vegetable shortening. Get a pail of Mrs. Tucker's from your grocer today! It is made exclusively of choice cottonseed-oil. Use it wherever you use shortening. You'll be delighted at the difference it will make in your cooking. You'll find it goes further than ordinary shortening. And you'll appreciate the sanitary, airtight container. This pail assures you shortening that is always fresh and pure. When empty, is very useful about the house. Interstate Cotton Oil Refining Company, Sherman, Texas.

Mrs. Tucker's Shortening
 America's finest cooking fat

BEWARE OF FRAUDS

Hon. O. A. Knight, Marfa, Texas.
 Dear Sir:

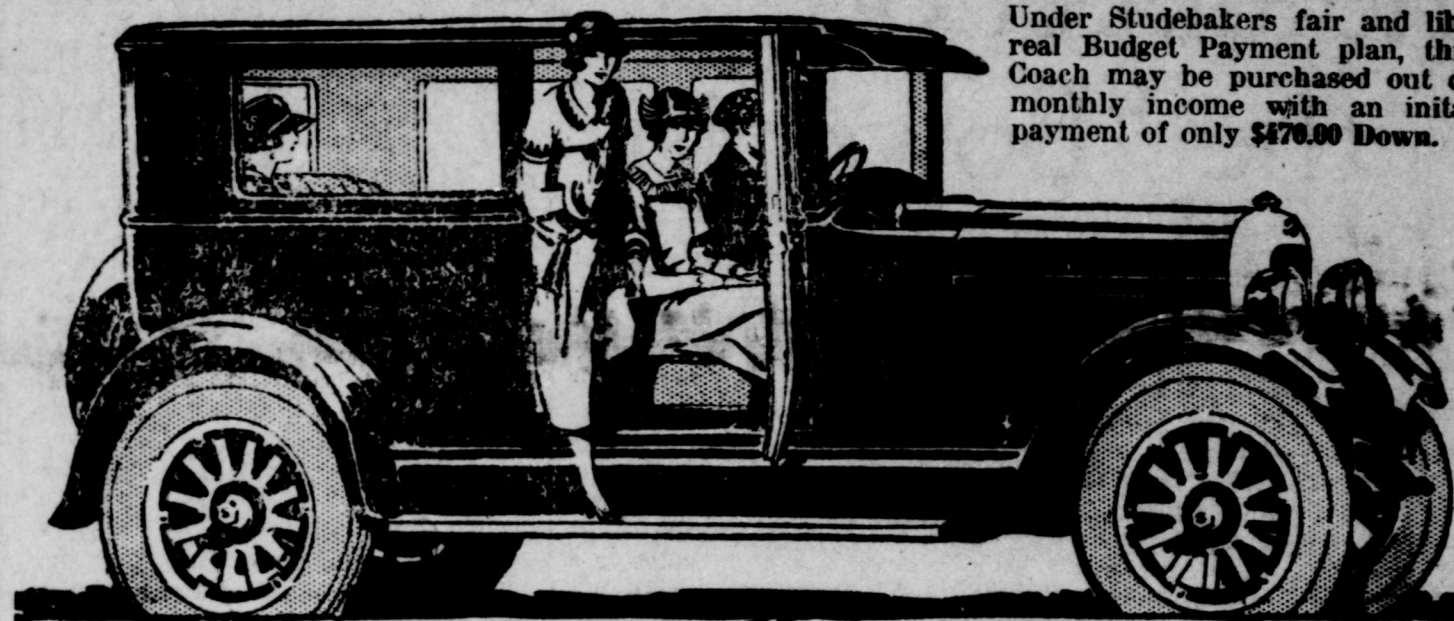
I respectfully advise you that within the past few weeks a man signing himself at times to be Meador, Metcalfe, Meaderas and Mead has been collecting occupation taxes in certain counties of the State without any authority from me.

The imposter is described as of extreme brunette type, having coal black eyes and hair, but skin not shown to be suntanned; about 5 feet, six inches in height, and weighing about 130 pounds; slightly round shouldered; wears an Alpine shaped Panama hat and seersucker suit, with a small stripe, and traveling in a Ford coupe.

The party has a letter head of this Department upon which is written a forged letter and signature of myself. He issues an ordinary printed receipt and collects cigarette occupation taxes principally, and has victimized many business people in his rounds.

I sincerely trust that you will be on the alert for this man and if located, immediately notify your sheriff, and wire me at my expense. I would also suggest that you run this notice in your local paper and notify business men in your county.

STUDEBAKER STANDARD SIX COACH, \$1410 DELIVERED IN MARFA, TEXAS



Under Studebakers fair and liberal Budget Payment plan, this Coach may be purchased out of monthly income with an initial payment of only \$470.00 Down.

One-Profit Value Unit-Built Construction

Make Studebakers Bargains in Quality

BECAUSE Studebaker builds for Studebaker cars all bodies, all engines, all axles, clutches, differentials, steering gear, springs, gear sets, gray iron castings and drop forgings—it is possible to give purchasers two advantages:

1. A price advantage: Because Studebaker eliminates extra profits which all other manufacturers (except Ford) must pay to outside parts or body makers. Thus Studebaker is able to use steel of extra toughness, fine northern white ash and hard maple, wool upholstery, plate glass, painstaking workmanship to precision standards, and extra equipment, such as gasoline gauge, clock, stop light, etc.—yet charge no more than competing cars.

2. A construction advantage: Because all parts are not only designed to constitute one harmonious unit, but are Unit-Built in Studebaker plants. Being built as a unit, every Studebaker functions as a unit. This results in years longer life, scores of thousands of miles of excess transportation, greater riding comfort, minimum repair costs and, finally, higher resale value.

The net of it is this: the one-profit Studebaker with its unit-built construction offers you a bargain in quality.

There are others in our general price field who also build quality cars. But for models that are at all comparable their prices are higher.

Others, who once built quality cars, have made material sacrifice in order to secure superficial price advantages. These cars are good value for the man or woman who wants that kind of a car. But if he wants a bargain in quality there is only one answer—Studebaker.

Consider, for instance, the Standard Six Coach, illustrated above. It has wool upholstery; plate glass; fine trim to hide all tacks; heavy, ornamental hardware; clock; gasoline gauge on dash; automatic windshield cleaner; stop light; locks on ignition; steering gear, door and spare tire carrier all operated by a single key.

Slam the door and the sound says "quality." Swing on the door. Run one wheel up on the curb and note how the doors still open and close. Sit on the firm, heavy fenders. Try the steering gear. See how easily it handles the full-size balloon tires. Test the comfort of the deep rear seat. Its genuine wool upholstery covers two layers of washed, quilted cotton, one layer of genuine curled hair and extra long springs closely held together by small coil springs.

Run the engine—the most powerful in any car of this size and weight, according to the ratings of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce.

Come in and see this bargain in quality—the lowered price closed car ever sold by Studebaker.

Truth in Advertising

A reader of The Saturday Evening Post wrote the editor questioning the truth of a Studebaker advertisement. Read our reply on page 71 of the current issue of "The Post."

HORD MOTOR CO.

Marfa

Alpine.

THIS IS A STUDEBAKER YEAR

MODEL MARKET

We handle eggs and butter—none nicer. Brookfield Sausage, Swift's Sliced Bacon, Fresh Kettle Rendered Lard, All Kinds Packing House Products, Veal, Beef, Pork and Mutton.

MODEL MARKET

Thanking you for your kindness, and assuring you of my pleasure in serving you in any way, I am

Very truly yours,
 S. H. TERRELL,
 Comptroller.

Note:—Pay no occupation taxes to anyone except the Collector or to one with proper credentials from the Comptroller countersigned by me.

O. A. KNIGHT,
 Collector, Presidio County, Texas.

CEDAR POSTS

Good, straight red cedar posts. Ask for delivered prices, stating sizes wanted.

T. M. WOODLEY,
 Sabin, Texas.

Marfa Lumber Co.

J. W. HOWELL, Mgr.

Brick

Wagons

Fencing Material

Builders' Hardware

Carpenters' Tools

Lumber,

Paints, Oils,

Varnishes, Glass,



Doors

Sash, Shingles

A satisfied customer is our motto

Why! even little Betty can do it!

EVEN a child can do a first class job with Devoe Mirrolac Stains-in-Varnish. It is so easy to apply—it lightens your labor while it brightens and beautifies your home.

Devoe Mirrolac stains and varnishes in one operation. It brushes out smoothly and evenly—dries quickly, with a deep rich glow. It duplicates exactly the hardwood tone sought.

Ask us about the Devoe Home Improvement Plan whereby you can paint your house—inside and out—and pay for it in ten monthly installments.

G. C. ROBINSON LUMBER CO.
 MARFA, TEXAS

Landlubber on the "Bowdoin"

Tells of His Experiences on Flagship of MacMillan's Expedition.

Washington, D. C.—"There is no place on board a small schooner bound for the Arctic for a landlubber," writes Maynard Owen Williams, a representative of the National Geographic society, from the Bowdoin, flagship of the MacMillan Arctic expedition. "With Liberty engines on the deck, steel barrels of gasoline lashed to the rail and boxes of gasoline and oil making a false floor which brings a man's head at the exact height of a swinging boom, a landsman must get over being a landlubber at the first possible moment."

"The minute we got outside Monhegan, Commander MacMillan said, 'Williams, take the wheel. Keep her on 120 degrees,' and immediately turned and left the Bowdoin to me. Both he and Mate Robinson do all they can to explain everything but don't talk technical language in order to appear imposing. I found out, for instance, that a 'sheet' is not a sail, as I thought, but a rope which serves to hold a boom down toward the point where it can bat a man on the ear."

"Our watch is midnight to six and noon to six. Dick (Salmon) interrupted my dreams (if any) with a large hand in the small of my back. One of the little annoyances was that there are little pantalettes inside a suit of oilskins and sticky rubber boots don't slide into the trousers as easily as a landsman would like. I did everything but put my hand on the galley stove. Playing stork and tugging at reluctant garments that have become fast friends is not easy in a rough sea even if that sea is what a seaman calls 'moderate.'"

As to Eating.

"When I went on deck we were in a fairly thick fog. Under the red and green lights the pretty curve of bows reached up to the prow above which the jib was furled into a spirity mass with the rope meandering along its back like the Potomac in its most undecided mood. In the sea there were phosphorescent flashes and the black water purled into a creamy mass under her prow."

"We eat very well. Pickles and hardtack on deck seem to appeal to the seasick ones who, on the table below, would have to face fish chowder, a huge tray of lobsters and many other things including mince pie for which one is ill prepared when his world is adrift and won't settle down."

"A passenger on a big steamer thinks he has his sea legs when he can walk down a twenty-foot promenade deck without becoming a Laplander. But the landlubber in oilskins has a different task. The rail on the Bowdoin is just the height of the decoration of my golf stockings. There are halcyons and sheets, dory tackle and all sorts of other lines which coil their serpentine around where one

least expects them. The flukes on the anchors are as eager to grab a foot as they are to seize on a footing or a holding or whatever it is they grab in the bed of the sea. To add to the confusion there are all the casks and cases of gasoline and the three huge cases of Liberty motors. A landlubber must get over lubbering soon or else become a liability or a corpse."

"Aft we have a layaret, which is a storage place behind the captain's cabin. This room is shared with the mate."

"From Captain MacMillan's room one enters the engine room with its 60-horsepower, semi-Diesel oil engine and its various generators for electric light and radio equipment."

"The hold has become a radio room and its fore quarters are occupied by a dark room and an electric ice box. Spoiled meat has not only cost every other Arctic explorer dear but has deprived the men of something fresh. Our bushel of cucumbers are crisp as the phrase they gave birth to."

"The pantry, galley and forecabin

are all together though some lady visitors did install some cretonne curtains which have gone the way of all beauty. A cretonne curtain is no support to a man who rolls out of a top bunk in a hurry. I know."

"So this is our little boat. She's a beauty and every seaman envies us our place in her. The crew is wonderfully fine. All in all it's a place for a man even if he starts as a landlubber. He may never return a first-class seaman but if he can't learn to hold her helm steady when a huge sail with a forty-foot baseball bat tied to it is trying to Babe Ruth a few heads he is better off the boat than on it."

"There is no question of the ability of Commander MacMillan. Seamen and explorers testify to that. But the safety of the whole ship may depend at times on whether a landlubber can steer, raise or lower sail or pick a tiny light out of a deep fog on a horizonless sea. This is no training cruise for midshipmen. By force of circumstances the man of the sea, who knows its moods, must trust to landlubbers at times. All hands will be on deck when the need arises and MacMillan and Robinson are able men. But sooner or later the landlubber has to face it. So perhaps it is not as surprising as it seemed to me that with fair weather and a smooth sea, our captain left out the A. B. C. theory and handed the wheel to a landlubber on his first water with a 'Take the wheel! Keep her on 120 degrees.'"

23,000 Killed in Industries

Accident Rate, However, Shows Decrease Since Inception of Safety First.

By C. B. AUOL, President, National Safety Council.

New York.—Of the 85,000 lives lost in the United States in 1924, 23,000 were lost in the industries. Though this is a large figure it is not alarming because the fatal accident rate in the industries of this country has decreased since the inception of the safety movement and were it not for this movement the figure would be much larger than 23,000.

One of the most important considerations of industrial management of today is the introduction of the new employees into the plant. Statistics show that the new employee is more liable to injury than one who has seen long service. The accident rates for men in the employ of a company for less than six months or a year are much higher than for the employees having longer service records.

Some of the Causes.

Accidents to new employees are due not only to carelessness or thoughtlessness but also to ignorance of the hazards and working conditions. Another factor is nervousness due to a desire to equal the production and speed of the more experienced workman. Mechanical safeguards have, to

a certain extent, prevented accidents from both of these causes. The greater number of accidents, however, occur from causes that are not preventable by guards. To prevent the occurrence of accidents the industries of this country have undertaken a universal program of safety education.

The day the new man comes to work he gets his first lesson in safety. He is given information about the plant and is supplied with the company's rules and instructions regarding safe practices. From then on the necessity for the prevention of accidents and ways and means of preventing accidents is kept constantly before him by various means.

Probably the most effective method of keeping the safety message before the American workmen is the safety bulletin board. All through the plant at places where the workmen congregate during the day are placed these bulletin boards and on them are posted bulletins vividly portraying causes and results of accidents and methods of avoiding them.

Because the physical condition of a worker has much to do with his susceptibility to an avoidable accident, physical examination for the new employee and periodical examination for the older employee is becoming quite universal in American industry. The applicant is tested for physical qualifications corresponding to the physical requirements of the job which he is to take. The examination of new employees does not mean that physical defects disqualify them from work. Instead, the physically defective employee is given work from which he will not suffer.

Through departmental competition in reducing accidents in the plant, the employee is constantly on the alert to keep the accidents in his own department down so as not to injure the departmental record. He is given representation on plant safety committees and, in many plants, is paid extra for his suggestions regarding the improvement of safe working conditions. Pay envelopes are often stamped with safety messages so that the employee receiving his wage cannot help but get this message of safety.

Once or twice a year, and in some instances, three or four times a year, concentrated campaigns are conducted to lower the accident rates in the plant and, for a period of one week to a month (whatever the length of the campaign may be) the significance of accident prevention work is kept constantly before the workers. Americanization work among the foreign-born workers is conducted almost entirely from a safety viewpoint. There are numerous other methods invented for use in educating the employees in safety but those mentioned are probably the most universal in use.

Japanese to Study American Rice Fields

Tokyo.—The department of agriculture is planning to send an expert to the United States to study and report on the agricultural situation, especially with regard to the cultivation of Japanese rice on American farms.

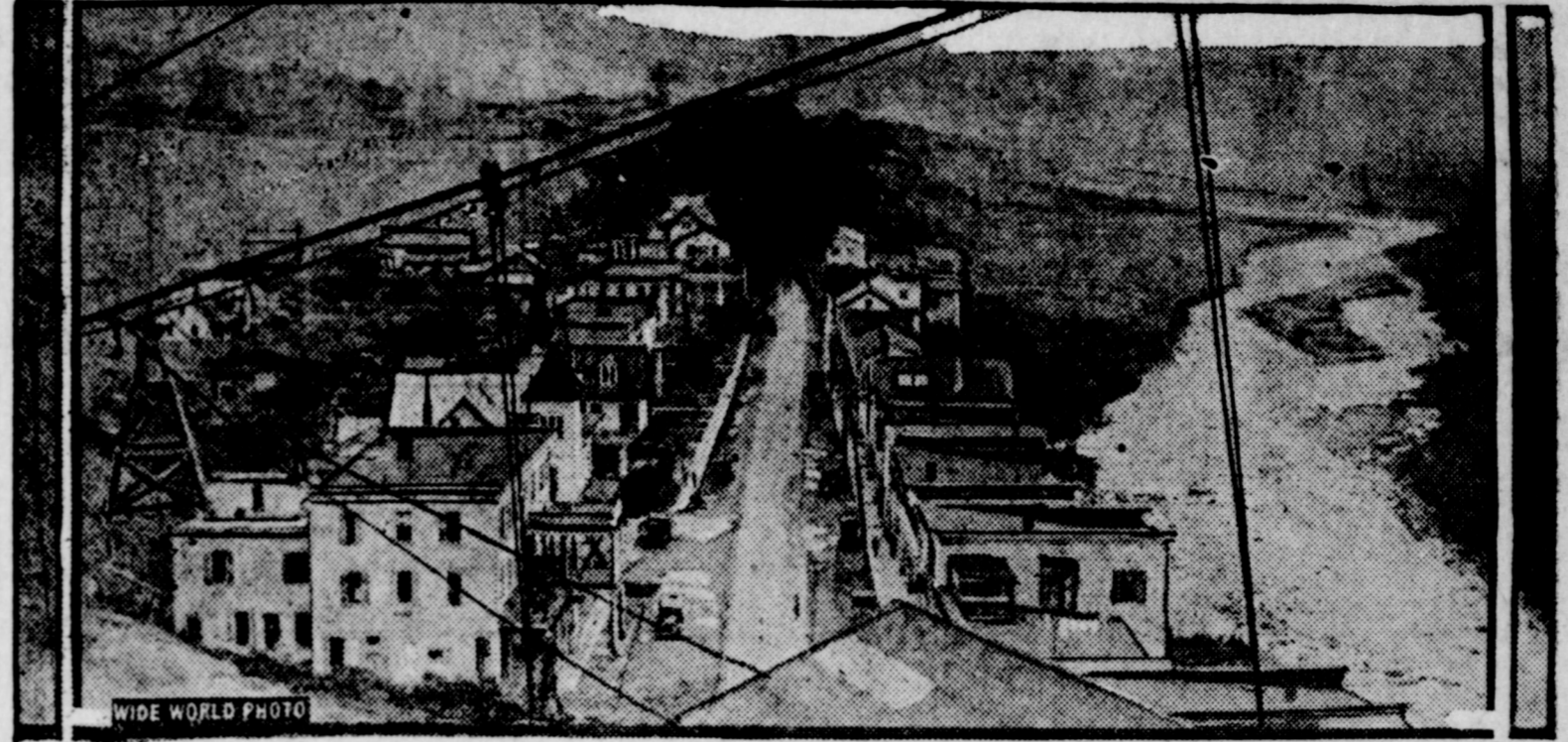
The output of Japanese grain in America is said to have been on the increase up to 1923, when 270,000,000 pounds were produced. The subsequent decrease is ascribed to the rise in dollar exchange against moneys of importing countries.

In addition to studying the rice cultivation situation in America, the agricultural department investigator will also look into the system of selling farm products and the supervision of traffic bearing upon agriculture.

Pup Is Freak

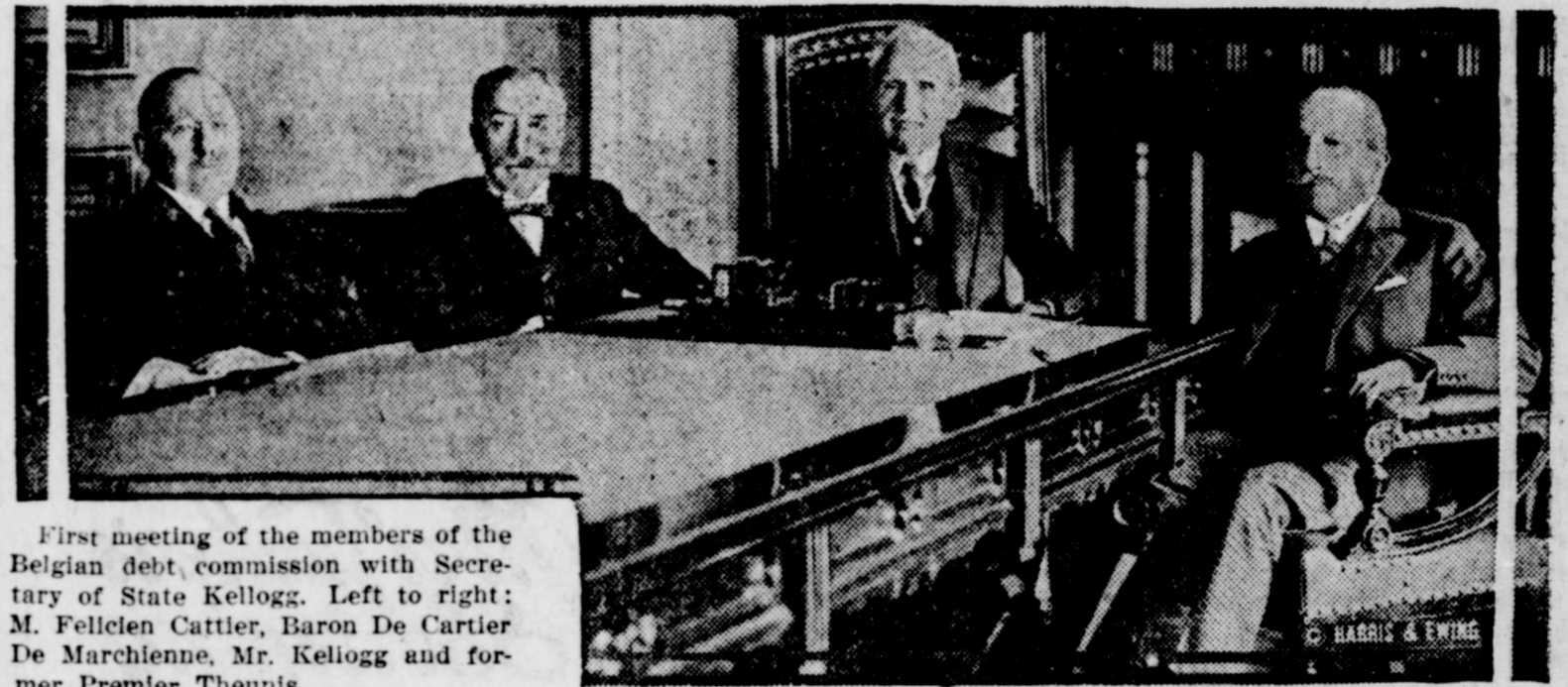
Paterson, N. J.—One of a litter of eleven puppies born to a German police dog owned by James Cronin has a head which veterinarians say resembles that of a monkey, although otherwise it has a perfect body.

Artificial Lake Will Engulf This Village



The little village of Gilboa, N. Y., once a prosperous farming center, soon will be the bottom of an artificial lake 150 feet deep, five miles long, and holding 22,000,000,000 gallons of water for the supply of New York City. The town dates from 1790. The waters of Schoharie creek, blocked by an enormous dam, will be carried from this artificial lake through eighteen miles of tunnel to feed the Ashokan reservoir. This view of Gilboa is from the top of the dam.

Mr. Kellogg and Belgium's Debt Commissioners



First meeting of the members of the Belgian debt commission with Secretary of State Kellogg. Left to right: M. Felicien Cattier, Baron De Cartier De Marchienne, Mr. Kellogg and former Premier Theunis.

Will Be Largest of Its Kind



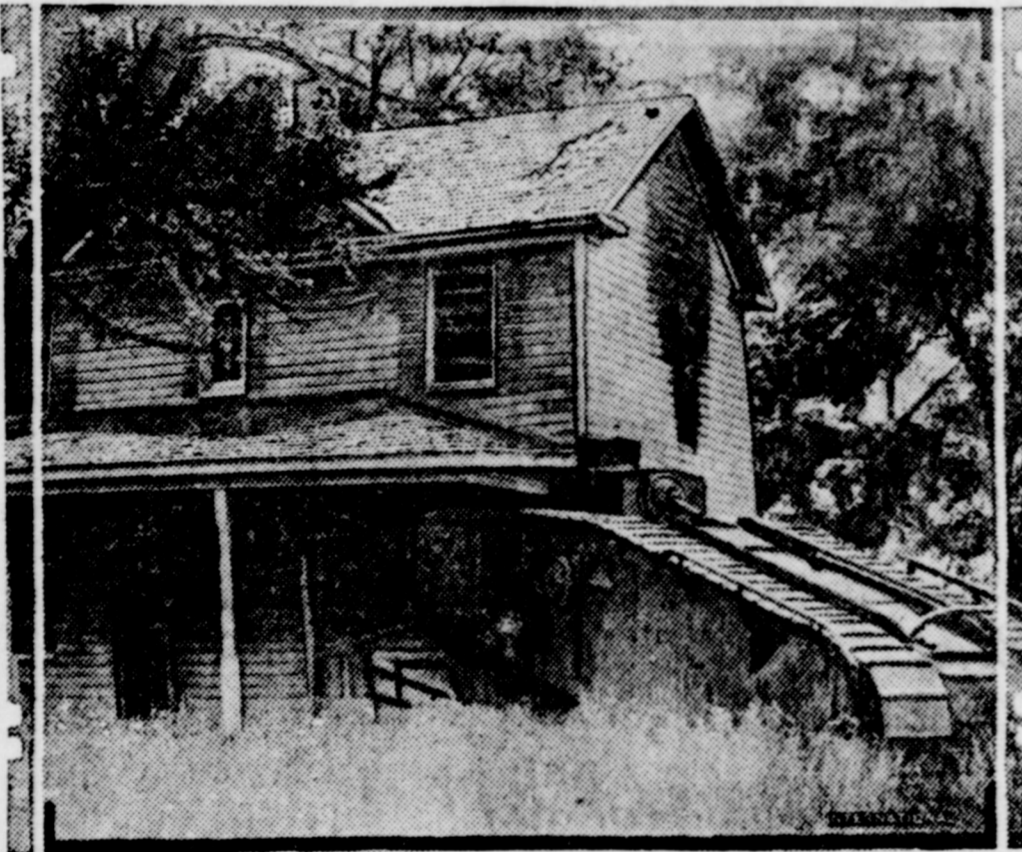
Architect's drawing of the office building which is to be erected on Lexington avenue north of Forty-third street, New York city, and which will be the largest structure of its kind in the world. It will be thirty stories in height.

NEW QUETZAL COINS



The Guatemalan government has just received the first shipment of quetzals, the national coin comparable to the American dollar, from the design made by an American artist, W. Clark Noble of Washington. The central motif of the design is the quetzal, Guatemala's national bird, a beautiful, long-tailed, brilliant bird which never lives in captivity.

Showing What the Tanks Can Do



One of the giant tanks going through an old house during the spectacular tank maneuvers at Camp Meade. Company B of the Seventeenth battalion arranged the great demonstration.

"MOLLY," LOBSTER, LIVES GENUINE CHARMED LIFE

Aged Female Crustacean Frequently Caught, but Always Returned to Native Haunts.

Swans Island, Me.—Catching Molly is getting to be an old story with the lobstermen here. Molly is an old female lobster that has been caught on an average of once a week by some fisherman who sets his traps in Placentia Bay, her favorite abiding place. The officials at the United States fish hatchery at Boothbay Harbor long ago punched their little round hole in the middle one of Molly's tail flippers. In lobsterman language, that means that the punched lobster is a mother, or "seeder" and is to be saved.

When these punched-tail seed lobsters are taken the lobsterman carries them to market with the rest of his catch. The dealer pays him at the same rate as for others. In turn, the dealer saves the "seeder" for the State

of Maine collection boat Sheldrake, which makes regular trips along the coast. The state officials reimburse the dealer for his outlay, and the seed lobsters are returned to the water.

In Molly's case some wag punched holes in the other tail flippers, so there is no mistaking her. If any lobsterman in these waters should get tired of taking Molly out of his traps and in a moment of petulance take her home and cook her he would expect no more luck.

Molly has come to be regarded as the mascot of Placentia bay. Therefore, she may with impunity enter any lobster pot, eat all the bait, and make herself generally at home, secure in the knowledge that despite her unwelcome marauding she will be carefully returned to her native element.

Rickshaws of Japan are now equipped with rubber tires.

Not So Bad, Says This Midshipman



Twelve hundred midshipmen, making their annual cruise, are visiting Puget Sound and the cities thereon, and this picture of one of them who was captured ashore and rushed to a garden party in Seattle indicates that they are having a rather pleasant time.

SHE IS TEST GIRL



Barbara Manners is one of the most photographed girls in Hollywood, but you never see her picture on the screen. She works opposite many of the stars, but only for make-up tests on the sets.

The Vanishing Men

-By-
Richard Washburn Child

(Copyright by E. F. Dutton & Co.)
(W. N. U. Service)

SYNOPSIS

Out of uniform, at the end of the World war, with the rank of major, Peter DeWolfe, young American of wealth and family, is urged by an English comrade in arms, Everaby Benham, to visit the Benham home and meet the Englishman's mother and sister, and, incidentally, Brena Selcoss, young woman about whom there is an air of mystery. Muriel Benham, Everaby's sister, becomes infatuated with Peter, but he is interested only in the mysterious Brena Selcoss, of whom he has had only a glimpse. Muriel urges him to forget her, warning him that if she (Brena) should like him he is in danger of "vanishing—like the others." Peter meets Brena in a tea room. After a few days' companionship the feeling between Peter and Brena ripens into love. Brena confesses that she is married and that her husband has "vanished." Brena's life story is out of the ordinary. Her father had been forced to leave Greece because of revolutionary affiliations, and his death, following quickly upon that of his wife, leaves Brena penniless. At Dallas, Texas, she secures work, and meets Jim Hennepin. He falls in love with her. He urges her to meet him in St. Louis. Brena returns to Dallas alone. Compton Parmalee, Hennepin's employer, middle-aged and wealthy, visits her, seeking news of Jim, who has disappeared. Parmalee tells Brena Hennepin's intentions toward her were dishonorable, which she had suspected. Some months later Parmalee makes Brena an offer of marriage, admitting that he seeks only her companionship, and promising her freedom.

CHAPTER VII—Continued

Parmalee must have uttered an exclamation of triumph; he alone knew that she was wrong.
"I want to make my life of greater service than it can be here. I am impatient for a richer soil in which to grow. I am willing to help you, too, if I can. It seems a little vague to me how I can do this and yet, though I am very young, I can live in you—I can feel all that you feel and I can see the better part of you."

He probably thrust a glance at the letter and looked up with that satanic chin and upslanting eyes turned toward the ceiling. He read on.

"Therefore I assent to your plan as you stated it. Always yours, Brena Selcoss."

Parmalee, no doubt, said to himself that this was no ordinary letter from the hand of a girl not older than eighteen, the brevity and the calm of it were symbolized somewhat by the direct and graceful handwriting which, with breadth of line and easy flow, none the less stood architecturally upon the page.

They were married one evening at eight o'clock in the same room in which he had first seen her. Mrs. Wilkie was glad to have her "home" as she called it the center of an unscheduled social event which would start all the tongues when it was in the News the next morning. This was the nearest she could come to the adventure of a duchess and she was willing to have the flurry in her life. It would be she who would give out the interviews and explain grandly over the telephone. They—the two—would be on their way to that fairy world of money and travel and airs and graces which had opened its arms to this faded young beauty. The girl would leave all her old life and its worn dresses and cheap shoes behind—all but one thing perhaps, and that would be the picture of the Acropolis in its battered frame. The fortune that had befallen Brena had been the very reality of all Mrs. Wilkie's lifelong dreams, but she considered that for herself, there would be certain crumbs fallen from the table. She caught her breath; she had almost lost it when she learned from Parmalee that he was giving the bride a check for one hundred thousand dollars.

Not fifteen minutes had elapsed after the marriage before there came into the lives of the two a new element. They had been whirled to the station and were strolling up and down as casually as if he were dictating to a young secretary the last memoranda of a deal in cotton.

Little by little his conversation fell away; he muttered a few last absent-minded words and it was gone altogether. He walked on; she kept pace with him. He walked on in silence. Not until she heard a strange whiffling noise as a sudden sucking in of breath of one who has fainted did she turn.

"You are as white as linen," she said, trembling.

He wet his lips and looked at her almost smiling.

"What is this fate that follows you?" he asked.

"Fate?"

"Something."

"Why, what do you feel?" she asked in a frightened whisper.

"I feel fear," he said, his upper lip fluttering. "A horrible, unaccountable terror."

CHAPTER VIII

The extraordinary transition in Compton Parmalee began with his marriage.

Apparently an inexplicable fear had seized him within a few minutes; inexplicable fear little by little took possession of his life and made him a source of the contagion of unreasonable dread.

There was a six-month period after the departure of the strange bride from Dallas wherein, whatever emotions of apprehension he may have felt, a struggle was made to conceal them and to fulfill his bargain to give Brena Selcoss the variety, content and luxury that he had said should be hers. He, who never had more than touched her hand with his own cold, refined fingers, sometimes burst forth with all the zealous energy he had put into his speculations and with all the assurance in his own mystic powers of foresight which had made him a great gambler.

"You are my speculation now!" he would claim. "I have bought a future in you!"

Brena would stare back at him, her great dark eyes questioning and full of doubt.

"You think I have done badly? No. It was my one great inspiration. You have the body and the health of one among thousands. You are so beautiful with the beauty of eternal things that even I who will not touch your cheek can feel the same thrill of pleasure that one may feel gazing upon a Praxiteles."

She had said, "Not Phidias, then?"

"Yes, Phidias—a work of Phidias! Because there is not only your carved limbs and neck and hands but something sublime as well. Beneath your warm and velvety surface like the texture of flower petals there is a wonderful mind, and a spirit which has come down through eternities with immortal life."

"You are an eloquent man," the young girl had said, with a quirk upon her lips suggestive of her mother. "Your tongue is as silvery as those of my Irish ancestors."

"Do you think I shall regret that I have played a part in your growth?" he had asked, with one of his short laughs. "I shall not be more to you than I am now. How can I use you, eh? How could I use my money? I deluded myself once. I thought, I wanted it for myself. But you? I do not want you for myself. I only want your capacity as a woman to be filled to the brim!"

He lived two lives; not at the same time, but alternately. The one was in her; the other in himself. When he could put his own life into hers he forgot his own. He became that being whose warmth and light she had seen beneath the cold steel shell of an unremittent fighter and plunger, whose singleness of purpose and will had found dynamic concentration in his spare body and had expressed themselves in a mask of cruelty and craft upon a face otherwise esthetic and sensitive. At these times his countenance wore that abnormal youth of feature which was his most marked personal characteristic. It was only upon rare occasions that it was twisted up as if in a cramp of anxiety; as if some distant but menacing forecast had pointed a finger at him from afar. For a moment he forgot her; for a moment he had been immersed in his self.

For more than half a year, in Budapest, in Petrograd, in London, this one of the two lives of Compton Parmalee was dominant. Something of the youth and the calm of Brena's eyes, looking out upon a world which opened all its doors to her expectant inquiry, was reflected in his own.

By manipulation of acquaintance and, when necessary, by lavish expenditure, he procured her entry into rare social circumstances. In that first year Brena, considered by all strangers to be several years older than she, in fact, was, and of whom no one would have believed it if it had been told them that she had been plucked out of that kitchen garden of Wilkie's boarding house, the Porto Rican shop, the movies, and a sordid sickly-brown provincialism, had dined with foreign ambassadors, hunted with Lady Tremayn Nash, been courted over, through and under her disgust, by a cousin of the ex-king of the Portuguese, occupied a villa in the Italian lakes and voyaged in a luxurious yacht around the Baltic in midsummer with the family of Stockholm's largest banker. With the credit of admiration that her natural poise, her beauty, her talent as a linguist, her mother's wit and her father's love of learning had brought her everywhere, she was not dazzled in the slightest degree.

When Parmalee, in Berlin, said to her forgivingly exulting, "Thus we work our miracle! In November you were taking your laundry to the Chinaman's in Harvey street; in March you wear thirty thousand dollars' worth of emeralds to contrast with that crown of red-gold hair at a ball in the Chateau de Pontemort," she said:

"The leap is no great one. There is a hair's breadth of difference between the frauds of this world and the pretenses of that. I rather think I am the same Brena."

"But growing!" said he, as a horticulturist would speak.

"Yes, growing," said Brena with a sigh.

Other men, sensing subconsciously her ungiven and unused affections, brought all their sophistication to their aid in making love to her. She combined the classic beauty of the Greek goddess with the illusive shimmering charm of her Irish blood; dozens of men in various capitals noting it, as Peter DeWolfe marked it down later,

gave amusement to the Dallas broker and annoyance to her. She said that she might have been thrilled by these idolatries were it not for the fact that they always came either from those whose attentions to women were quite general and successive or from those whose imagination could conceive only a very plain driveway from the thoroughfare of formal society to the sequestered dwelling place of a woman's heart.

"You are rather tired," Parmalee said to her once.

"At first my breath was taken away as if I were an aviator up alone for the first time. But now the flight is rather monotonous. It is as if it were done only for spectators. It has no destination."

He thrust a glance at her and looked up at the ceiling of the railway carriage, reflecting. As usual, he understood.

"You rather want to produce something?"

She nodded. "But I do not want to appear ungrateful," she added, speaking as one might speak to an impresario rather than as one speaks to a husband.

"Not at all," said he, hitting out squarely with his pungent frankness. "That's all right. I've been stupid. You are too big to be satisfied with this low-neck nonsense. It is not enough to be the wearer of a gleaming skin in the magnificence of authorized exposure. You want—"

He stopped.

"What do I want?"

"Either love, man, children or else labor, output, self-assertion, a product, a separate personality standing on its two legs alone."

Brena said, "I have an idea that no woman quite knows whether she wants both or can have both or can choose or stick to either. Whatever happens there is always the haunting desire for more of the other thing."

"I know," said he, looking at her with brimming eyes. "It is the tragedy of big women."

Not only because of his words, but equally because of the self-effacement, the sympathy that he at moments could cast down from some calm eminence which his spirit had learned to

climb, Brena always remembered this moment as that which marked the best in him, as that which justified the bargain she had made to salvage that better part.

The contest between that better part and the other—the well-known Compton Parmalee with his ruthless daring instinct for hazards and his almost frantic interest in self-preservation—was a losing fight for Brena. She knew as he knew, that her power lay in no words, but only in the threads of understanding, conduct and high aims that she could weave with him into his life. Moments had come when she had even believed that if she had won she might have loved him. The things worth saving in him were so rare! She would have thrown herself into a new labor—the reclamation of his youth.

It was not to be. Perhaps he himself knew this as he felt slipping from him the power to resist the habits of mind of years of fierce avarice and the passionate love of his own welfare and his own life. He spoke no word of this realization to Brena. After all, the two were far apart, and the girl only sensed, as one who hears a low murmur of a coming tempest, the menace which hung over them.

"There are times when you look at me as if I were the bearer of some evil," she said.

"It is absurd," he told her, but his face had shown the sudden twist of fear.

"You have some knowledge that I have not," she asserted accusingly.

"None," he answered. For a long time he looked at her and then said, "Your father was interested in Aztec architecture?"

"Yes," Her eyes had opened in amazement.

"He went to Mexico more than once," said Parmalee. "He considered that the civilization of the Mayas was far more extraordinary than even, experts like Thompson and Nightingale have represented it. He believed that

they had developed forces quite unknown to modern life."

"How did you know this?" she asked sharply.

"You would say quite nonchalant; he said, 'You forget that my library is full of documents and books and monographs which your father asked permission to consult. I am sorry I did not meet you father.'"

"You would have found him a man quite incapable of believing in the supernatural whether it be a thing of today or attributed to an ancient people."

"He thrust a glance at her. 'You speak with some heat,' he said.

"I suppose so," Brena answered. "It is because I have no patience with unrealities."

"You would say more?" he asked, with his uncanny ability to read her thought.

"Yes. I think that you have some purpose in creating this atmosphere of strange and unreal things."

He started to speak, stopped himself and after a long pause exclaimed sharply, "I agree with you."

They rode on toward Cherbourg without speaking, but now and then glancing up as if each weighed the motives and challenged the other.

"You spoke of a piece of paper given to you in a roll of bills," he said at last, with a marked absence of his usual assurance. "It fluttered out. You saved it—"

Brena drew back as if the subject were odious. She said, with unwonted sharpness, "I have cause to remember. You are always speaking—"

"I've spoken of it only twice," he said. "This time I—"

He appeared frightened.

"I think you said there was a drawing of an arrow and a lizard."

Brena, regretting her moment of temper, said, "I said lizard. I don't see what difference it makes. It wasn't exactly a lizard."

With great promptness he thrust toward her an envelope and a pencil.

"Draw it," he said.

"I told you I had almost forgotten," the girl replied. "I lost the scrap—the figures and the words."

"Draw it," he repeated, "the best you can."

Brena looked out of the car window at the flashes of green and gray of farms and farm buildings as if she were searching in her memory for a photographic impression. Then suddenly, with the quick precision that gave her hand and mind so many undeveloped talents, she outlined a strange figure on paper.

Parmalee snatched it eagerly and stared; he saw a figure, half snake and half bird.

"That!" said he in a voice which sounded muffled. "Well, do you know what it is?"

Brena raised the arch of her brows. "It is the Kuk-ul-can," said Parmalee.

"The Kuk-ul-can," she said, repeating it.

"The symbol of the Mayan—the Aztec culture. The supreme object of reverence. The fools who go about the Southwest driving their oil wells, and laying their railroad ties and eating their prepared breakfast foods forget that this symbol is to be found among the present-day Zuni and other Pueblo tribes, the degenerate fringes of a civilization which flourished before Rome was suckled by a wolf. They forget that a thousand years ago it was carved on rude adobe walls in memory of a lost grandeur and lost practices, dead these six thousand years."

Brena possessed two laughs, both quite natural and sincere. And now it was her merry Irish laugh. "What of all this?" said she. "I will blush for their ignorance, but what more than that can I do on a sunny Thursday? I am not interested, old fellow, in that which is dead. I—"

She stopped suddenly, sobered by a recollection.

"The Kuk-ul-can," said Parmalee. "You've never seen that scrap of paper again, have you?"

This was the last time he ever spoke of it.

CHAPTER IX

Winter had come again when the Parmalees had settled into a quieter life in New York. Brena had turned the back of her interest upon dining out and the amusement of new acquaintances.

"There is a manner of savoir faire to be acquired in it, Compton," she admitted to her husband. "I have acquired it a little, no doubt—a kind of veneer of ease which is like a glass-covered surface of troubled waters. It makes the pool of personality appear calm down to the bottom."

"Yours is," said he. "Yours has shown me the difference between the old deep streams and the new torrents."

"You know how they say that contact makes breadth," Brena went on. "They mean that touching the elbow of a statesman or an artist at dinner provides the glib phrases of foreign relations or allows one to mention casually the newest Spanish painter. But it is all surface. For instance there's Mrs. Balmer-Roseboro in London. Her kind is covered with feathers plucked from every magnificent bird that migrates into England. But her mind is really only cotton-wool stuffing. She is only one stage higher than the persons who draw their intellectual reputation from reading book reviews, or weeklies printed on uncoated paper which appear authoritative because they are without illustrations. It is being a second-hand dealer—in ideas."

Compton nodded. As if suddenly he had been reminded of a duty, he laughed outright with the artificial laugh which had come with long per-

iods of absent-minded loss of sense of environment during times when, as if in a daze, he stared far away.

"You want to cease seeing people?" he asked.

"I want to learn something—some art or profession, and learn it well. I want to tread upon a solid ground," said Brena.

"Good!" Parmalee said. "I cannot tell you how glad I am to be free from seeing so many people."

There appeared again in his face that weariness from some tenacity which would not relax, an expression that increased as the weeks went by and the lives of the two drew more apart.

Less and less did he appear inclined to go out of their apartment; less and less did he go anywhere alone.

"There is a book auction—the Odin collection with two volumes of illuminated MSS. from the old monastery at El Mayaquez," he said one day in March. "Will you go with me, Brena?"

"Of course," she said, but his request marked sharply the moment of her realization that unless he were behind the closed doors of his library, he always wanted somebody with him. She tried to remember the various occasions when he had found trivial excuses to take the butler or the chauffeur on some short excursion beyond the pretentious entrance of the apartment house; she concluded that he did not ask her to accompany him for the pleasure of companionship. He seldom conversed with her as he had once done; if there was a choice between going with her or in the limousine with Paul, he chose the silent and cynical chauffeur.

Nor was this all. She began to notice frequent repetitions of the fear that had seized him within so short a time of their odd marriage. He never spoke of this, but she saw over and over again his face, which had become less youthful now, contort, the color leave it, his eyes grow restless and fill with terror. She had observed him in a theater, even at a moment when a tense dramatic situation was being enacted on the stage, turn around as one turns who feels eyes from behind, and search the faces of those who sat in rows farther back. She had known him to pause at the doorway of a brilliantly lighted cafe and, without paying attention to the beckoning head waiter, who perhaps was impressed by the distinction and beauty and carriage of Brena, costumed as always with colorings that no other woman of her tints of hair would dare to essay, look searchingly at every party at the tables before giving his hat to the check girl. She had seen him walk from end to end of a limited train gazing from left to right at those in the drawing-room chairs, just as one does to discover an acquaintance, but with his countenance smeared over with grotesque apprehension. He was forever trying to scrutinize the faces flicking by, whether the afternoon sun shone on them on Fifth avenue or they peered out in white patches from under the black of jostling umbrellas in a rainy evening on Broadway. Even Brena began to look apprehensively into the world's stream of faces.

He who had once consulted doctors about his precious health; who, when she first had known him, followed the trail of other rich men who amuse themselves with their physical condition but with that passionate love of his own well being and life which was a characteristic developed in him as in no other; who was steamed and rubbed, manipulated, illuminated by various rays and baths of light to add days to his number, now had lost all interest in health. Some external menace had swallowed the fears of those internal. He brooded alone. He consulted no one.

Brena felt it her duty to interrogate him; she was met by the first burst of rage he had ever projected at her.

"Let me alone!" he said evily, as he thrust a vicious glance at her. "I have problems that are my own. Keep your hands off!"

"You forget that whatever it is that is making you so strange affects my life also," said Brena. "Little by little it is isolating us both from normal human beings. You glare into people's faces as if you expected to have the next one fasten his or her teeth in your throat."

"So you are thinking at last of yourself?"

"Of course I am," she answered, walking around the living-room table and touching the books there with her finger-tips. "I might say that I was above thinking of myself. But they who say it always excite my suspicion. I'm trying to think of both of us—as an average human, being should."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wife Was His Memory

"Your story of the absent-minded minister," writes a contributor to the Youth's Companion, "reminds me of a minister whom I knew in a little Wisconsin town many years ago. He had a wretched memory, but for all that he was nothing less than a saint."

"His absent-mindedness was chronic. He seldom could remember his text, and, being averse to notes, he depended on his good wife to come to his rescue. He would lean over the pulpit and say, 'What was my text for today, my dear?'

"She would tell him, and he would then proceed to preach a fine sermon from it."

"One Sunday after the singing of the second hymn he opened his Bible and, leaning down, made the usual request: 'My text for today, my dear?'

"I don't know, I'm sure," composedly replied his wife. 'You forgot to tell me!'

Airplane trips have been arranged for tourists over the Alps.

Recovery From Influenza Hastened by PE-RU-NA



Mr. C. A. Allen, R. R. No. 2, Bondurant, Iowa, gives testimony to the healing power of Pe-ru-na. Influenza left him much run down in health with catarrh of the nose, throat and bronchial tubes punctuated with attacks of asthma. He writes:

"While recovering from the Influenza I was so weak I could not gain any strength for two months. The latter part of the winter, I bought six bottles of Pe-ru-na and began taking it. My weight increased to 175 pounds, the most I ever weighed.

My usual winter weight is 155. If you can use this letter for any good, you are perfectly welcome."

Such evidence cannot fail to convince the rankest unbeliever of the merits of Pe-ru-na.

Insist upon having the old and original remedy for catarrhal conditions.

Sold Everywhere Tablets or Liquid

Glove Came Back

A traveling man told John Hartigan of Rochester, N. H., of a friend whom Hartigan had not met for 20 years, when they were ball players together. "Tell him to return my glove when you see him again," said Hartigan. The following week a parcel arrived and Hartigan found it contained the glove, which he missed after a game 20 years ago.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP IS CHILD'S BEST LAXATIVE



HURRY MOTHER! Even a fretful, peevish child loves the pleasant taste of "California Fig Syrup" and it never fails to open the bowels. A teaspoonful today may prevent a sick child tomorrow.

Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on the bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

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Helpful Suggestion

"I'm in a quandary," she said to the milliner. "I don't know what to do about a hat. I'm of two minds about it."

"Then take two hats," suggested the milliner, "and please both minds."—Boston Transcript.

Stolen

"You ought to see Russell take the hurdles." "Why, who told you he took them?"

It is often easier to make a statement in good faith than it is to get it accepted.

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION BELL-ANS Hot water Sure Relief BELL-ANS 25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

Mickey's OLD RELIABLE Eye Water relieves sun and wind-burned eyes. Doesn't hurt. Genuine in Red Folding Box. 25¢ at all druggists or by mail. DICKY DRUG CO., Bristol, Va.-Tenn.

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O. E. S., meets the 3rd.
Tuesday evenings in
each month. Visiting
members are cordially
invited to be present.

Mrs. Ruth Roark, W. M.
Edwena Hurley, Sec.

MARFA LODGE
NO. 64, I. O. O. F.

1st Tuesday Night, 1st Degree
2nd Tuesday Night, 2nd Degree
3rd Tuesday Night, 3rd Degree
4th Tuesday Night, Initiatory
Degree. All visiting brothers are
cordially invited to be present.

FLOYD NICCOLLS, N. G.

DR. A. G. CHURCH, Sec.

MARFA CHAPTER
No. 175, R. A. M.

Meets 4th Thurs-
day night in each
month. Visiting
companions welcome.

C. E. MEAD, H. P.
J. W. HOWELL, Sec.

MARFA LODGE Number 596
A. F. & A. M.

Meets second Thurs-
day evening in each
month.

Visiting brethren are
cordially invited to be present.

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Butterfly Migration

Puzzles Scientists

Year after year millions of butter-
flies leave their breeding grounds in
the South and fly northward. Those
that travel the greatest distance cover
about 4,000 miles.

They are found on the southern
shores of the Mediterranean about
April and reach England towards the
end of May. Many still continue to fly
northward, arriving in Scotland about
mid-June, and eventually reaching Ice-
land in July. According to M. C. B.
Williams, chief entomologist to the
Egyptian ministry of agriculture, they
originate from south of the great des-
ert belt that crosses Africa and west-
ern Asia.

These butterflies have never been
seen making the return journey, and
it is a mystery how every year swarms
leave Africa and find their way to the
same countries in the North. It has
been suggested that some go back, but
since they have never been seen they
must either travel by night or return
in ones and twos. Mr. Williams' theory
is that the migration of the butterflies
resembles a kind of relay race, and
that those that ultimately reach Ice-
land are many generations younger
than those that first set out from
Africa.—Tit-Bits.

**Salt Old Symbol of
"Wisdom and Grace"**

Superstitions regarding salt were
extremely numerous among the an-
cients, and the symbolism of salt is
apparently one of the oldest among
the early oriental nations. Salt is a
symbol of "wisdom and grace," and of
"perpetuity and incorruption." The
oriental customs were to ratify com-
pacts by salt. It was their emblem of
friendship and fidelity. With it they
made pledges of hospitality which
were never to be violated. Salt was
commended to the Jews to be used in
sacrifices, and now some superstitious
people carry first into a new home
salt, a broom and a Bible. The salt is
for purity, the broom for cleanli-
ness and the Bible for holiness. Salt
has been indispensable to man as a
seasoner and preserver of food from
the earliest times. It has also been
used for glazing pottery, for hardening
soaps and for increasing the clearness
of glass for many years. Soda, chlorine
and other chemical substances are ob-
tained from salt.—Pathfinder Maga-
zine.

Those Wonderful Atoms

People often talk glibly about atoms
without for a moment realizing what
an atom really is. Its diameter is too
small to be seen under an ordinary
microscope. Atoms have been closely
studied for over a century, and only
within the last decade has it been pos-
sible to measure them. An atom is
indivisible and is found to be very
much like celestial solar systems in
that it contains a central sun which
is called the nucleus around which re-
volve from one to ninety-two planets
called negative electrons. These move
in orbits after the style of the planets.
Small as the atom is its nucleus,
which is charged with positive electri-
city, is so much smaller that there is
enough space in an atom for 8,000,
000,000 or more nuclei.—Family Her-
ald.

BUCKNER BOX

On the afternoon of September
21, the members of the W. M. S. of
the Baptist Church will pack a box
of clothing for the children of
Buckner Orphans Home.

There are children of all denomi-
nations in this Home and the ladies
would be glad and grateful if there
is anyone in Marfa who would like
to help by the giving of good clothes,
old things that are good, or new
things will be appreciated.

Our hearts grow tender when we
think of these unfortunate little
ones, and of the great blessings this
wonderful Home is to them. Would
you like to help?

The box will be packed at the
home of Mrs. Crawford Mitchell. If
you cannot send or bring the ar-
ticles you would like to give, then
phone any of the following com-
mittee and they will care for your
thing: Mrs. C. Mitchell, chairman;
Mesdames Van Adams, Dowe, R.
Love and Lucius Buntun.

Reporter.

W. R. Preddy has purchased from
the Marfa National Bank the resi-
dence west of the Casner Motor Co.'s
building and expects, after making
additions and alterations, to convert
it into an apartment house.

Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Knight have
moved to town from their ranch.

SHERIFF'S SALE

THE STATE OF TEXAS,
County of Presidio.

In the District Court, Presidio
County, Texas.

The Marfa State Bank, versus W. H.
Colquitt and W. K. Colquitt.

WHEREAS, by virtue of an order of
sale issued out of the District Court
of Presidio County, Texas, on a
judgment rendered in said Court on
the 13th day of August, 1925, in
favor of The Marfa State Bank, and
against the said W. H. Colquitt and
W. K. Colquitt, in Cause No. 2725,
on the docket of said Court; I did
on the 26th day of August, 1925, at
10:00 o'clock a. m. levy upon the
following described tracts and par-
cels of land, situated in the County
of Presidio, State of Texas, and be-
longing to the said defendants, to-
wit: all of lots Numbers One, Two,
and Three, and ten feet off the East
side of Lot No. Four, all in Block
No. Nine, in the City of Marfa, ac-
cording to the official plat of said
city; and on the 6th day of October,
1925, being the first Tuesday of said
month, between the hours of 10:00
o'clock a. m. and 4:00 o'clock p. m.,
at the Court House door of said
County, I will offer for sale and sell
at public auction for cash, all the
right, title, and interest of the said
W. H. Colquitt and W. K. Colquitt,
in and to said property.

Dated at Marfa, Texas, this
26th day of August, A. D. 1925.
J. E. VAUGHAN,
Sheriff Presidio County, Texas.
By J. W. Morris, Deputy.

Marfa Manufacturing Co.

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lates every fiber of every cord
with rubber, and gives the
sidewalls the extra strength to
withstand the extra flexing
strain—insuring maximum
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Gum-Dipping, the MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

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AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER.... *W.B. Casner*

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