

The Memphis Democrat

MEMPHIS, TEXAS, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1923.

NUMBER 14.

GOLF SUPPLIES MERCHANTS DO GOOD BUSINESS ON FORD DAY

Large Crowds Are Attracted By First Trades Day and Merchants Realize Good Trade.

"Ford Day," the first of a series of trades days to be conducted by Memphis merchants, which was held here Monday, was a success in every respect. The merchants realized the best trade of any one day this season and the farmers not only took advantage of the special bargains offered by the merchants, but many added among themselves.

The crowds were large considering the fact that this is one of the busiest seasons of the year, and more especially at this particular time because of the excessive rains which have delayed gathering.

Persons coming in over the Lakeview road Monday morning stated that almost every farmer seen on the road was bringing in some kind of stock, and the southeast corner of the public square was the scene of much jockeying.

Participants in the parade and contests received the following awards: Oldest person driving Ford—R. D. Ad, age 81; 1 dozen photos. Largest family in Ford—J. W. Berry, Quail, family of ten; 1 sack Light Flour.

Oldest Ford—J. W. Berry, Quail, motor No. 36,742, built by Dodge others in 1910; 1 set of tires and ves.

Prettiest Girl—Mrs. Paul Nash, Lakeview; 1 side of bacon.

Ford coming longest distance—W. Wilson, Parnell, 36 miles; 1 pair of shoes.

Fattest woman—Mrs. Della Wolf, miles west of Memphis; box of scallots.

Greatest speedometer mileage—W. Moore, Lakeview, 15,924 miles; 1 set of Belle of Wichita Flour.

Mostly decorated Ford, newest married couple, nor most spruced-up Ford.

Mr. Berry, of Quail, who had a family of ten in a 1910 Model Ford and won two premiums, stated that he brought all of his family, except the father.

The amusement program of the first trades day, which will be held here Monday in November, will probably be conducted by the Memphis Chamber of Commerce Band. The merchants are generally well pleased with the results of the first of the trades days and expect the next one to be considerably better.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Sloan and Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Sloan, Jr., came in last week to visit friends and relatives.

Jack Anthony left the first of the week for Amarillo. It is reported that he enlisted in the Navy upon arriving there.

Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Thornton.

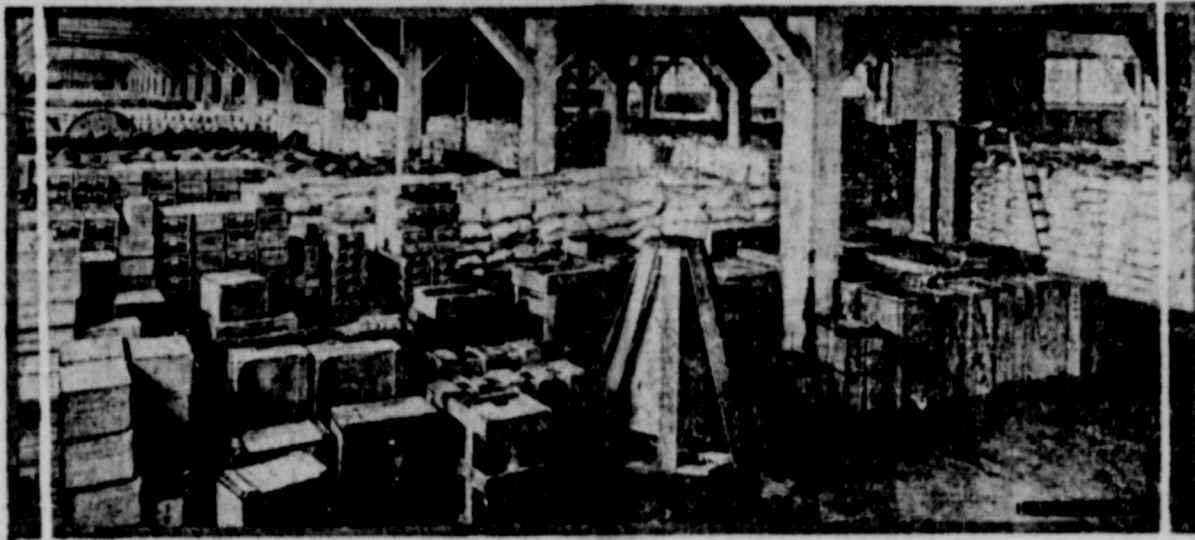
Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Thornton, wife of A. N. Thornton, died at her home at Bloomington, Texas, September 24, 1923, after being a sufferer for fifty years. Aged seventy-nine years, nine months and thirteen days.

Miss Mary Elizabeth Sloan was married to A. N. Thornton at Whitefield, Georgia, December 25, 1866. They came to Arkansas in 1870, to Livingston, Texas, in 1891, and to Hall County in 1896. She had lived here since that time, until the past few years which she had spent on the coast as a benefit to her health.

Mrs. Thornton had been a faithful member of the Baptist church for more than fifty years. She was the mother of six children, three of whom preceded her in death. She leaves to mourn her going, her husband, A. N. Thornton; a daughter, Mrs. M. P. McKinney, of Amarillo; two sons, L. M. Thornton, of Memphis, and C. E. Thornton, of Shawnee, Oklahoma; three sisters, Mrs. M. B. Thornton, Slaton, Texas, Mrs. I. P. Hillfield, Memphis, and Mrs. Clifford Cooper, Georgia; four brothers, R. E. Sloan, of Victoria, Texas, E. E. Sloan, Arkansas, and C. L. Sloan, of Denver, Colorado.

Funeral services were conducted at the First Baptist Church, Memphis, Friday, 3:00 p. m., by Rev. T. Whaley. Interment Fairview Cemetery.

Big Cargo of Supplies for Stricken Japan



Relief supplies assembled at Seattle to be shipped to Japan on the liner President Jackson. This shipment alone contains more than 30,000 sacks of flour and several hundred tons of shoes, canned vegetables, meats, fish, cereals, canned milk, clothing, tents and hardware.

RICHARD COX, BELIEVED DEAD, IS SEEN AT AMARILLO

Former Memphis Man, Thought To Have Been Lost In Blizzard, Is Seen At Amarillo Fair.

Hall County people, attending the Tri-State Exposition at Amarillo last week, are reported to have seen "Dick" Cox, formerly a cook in a local cafe, who disappeared in the mountains near Las Vegas, New Mexico, almost a year ago, while hunting with a party of Memphis men.

It is said that Cox was identified in Amarillo by persons who were intimately acquainted with him, one of whom was a cook in an Amarillo cafe who had formerly worked with him. This was the first time word had been received of him since he separated from the hunting party in the mountains to follow the tracks of deer. Because of the heavy snowfall and low temperature on the night of his disappearance, it was generally supposed that he lost his life while searching for the camp.

It is said that when Cox was questioned about his disappearance, he evaded answering. And on Friday morning, when Memphis men again looked for him, they were unable to locate him in Amarillo. He was well dressed and somewhat thinner than when last seen in Memphis.

It is reported that Cox has, until recently, been employed as a cook in a cafe in Albuquerque, New Mexico, but rumor alone can account for his disappearance in such a secret manner.

The story of Cox's disappearance is as follows:

On Thursday morning, November 23, 1922, a party of six Memphis men, including Richard Cox, J. A. Pressley, Marion Turner, Paul James, Walter Dennis and S. L. Seago, who were camped in the mountains about fifty miles northwest of Las Vegas, New Mexico, left camp early to hunt deer. They soon separated into pairs, Turner and Cox going together. A herd of deer was started and their tracks were followed by the two men. The deer separated, Cox following one trail and Turner the other. This was about 8:30 o'clock in the morning, snow began falling about noon and soon obliterated all tracks.

When the hunting parties returned to camp Cox was missing. Fearing that he had lost his way in the blizzard, searching parties were sent out and signal shots were fired throughout the night. Snow continued to fall until midnight, reaching a depth of fourteen inches, while the temperature had been hovering around zero since nightfall.

The next morning help was secured and the search continued for three days, over 100 cowboys participating in the man hunt, it is said. On Tuesday the Memphis men reluctantly broke camp and returned home, leaving local men to continue the search, after offering a liberal reward for the discovery of the body.

Some of the men later returned to Las Vegas, but no trace of the lost man could be found. Cox's relatives went from Fort Worth to personally investigate the matter, but they, likewise, made an unfavorable report.

E. D. Garner and family left today at noon for Los Angeles, California, where they will make their home. They will drive through.

MEMPHIS CYCLONE TAKES FIRST GAME FROM HEDLEY

The Memphis Cyclone won over Hedley High School team at Fair Park Saturday afternoon by a score of 53 to 9. Great interest was shown in the game by both teams. Even the defeated team showed good sportsmanship throughout the game, while the Cyclone met them with the same fair play and defeated them by playing clean foot ball.

Memphis won the kick-off by toss and kept it throughout the game. Star plays were made by several of the local players, and it could be plainly seen that if the Cyclone keeps up its fighting spirit through the season it will take an excellent team to defeat them. The boys showed excellent work on line plunges and end runs, and they are equal to a college team on the offensive.

The Hedley boys showed some good work but were no match for the Memphis eleven.

Hail And Rain Damage Crops In Some Localities

Cotton Picking Continues In Communities Not Visited By Rains; 1,300 Bales Ginned Here.

Crops in some sections of Hall and adjoining counties have been considerably damaged, and in some instances completely ruined by disastrous hail storms. The damage has probably been lightest in Hall County, Deep Lake, Leslie and Brice being the only communities in the path of the storm.

On last Saturday afternoon portions of the Hedley and Brice communities were visited by the worst hail storm of the year. Accompanied by heavy rains, the hail severely damaged crops in course of harvest, and in some cases beat them to a bare stump. It is said that tons of green cotton bolls could be found embedded in sandbars of local streams following the storm. Roofs were badly damaged, a great deal of glass broken, and automobile tops perforated.

Despite the rain in many localities, gathering has been going on in full blast in communities not visited by the heavy showers. Cotton is coming more regularly than at any time this season, the five local gins having ginned approximately 1,300 bales at closing time last night.

Generally speaking, Hall County crops have not suffered much from the hail and excessive rains. Of course, gathering has been delayed several weeks, but with a few days of sunshine, the farmers will again become optimistic.

Those who have been fortunate enough to gather any portion of their crops, report a much better yield than was expected. The prices continue high and with just a half crop the farmers will, in most cases, pay out of debt and start the new year in good financial condition.

Miss Beatrice Pierce of Newlin was visiting in Memphis Saturday.

TWO JUDGES ARE HURT AT WELLINGTON FAIR

Wellington, September 28.—While showing hogs in the judging ring of the Collingsworth County Fair, Clifton Leggett was attacked by a large boar and had his leg almost severed at the thigh. Audrey Bean suffered a broken leg when his horse fell.

HALL COUNTY MEN WIN PRIZES ON HOGS AT AMARILLO FAIR

The following Hall County men won premiums on hogs exhibited at the Amarillo Tri-State Exposition: Chas. Franz and Roy Cooper of Turkey, E. M. Dennis, L. M. Thompson and Jess Dennis of Memphis.

The car load, consisting of forty-one head, was composed exclusively of Poland China breeds, each one making a good showing by winning a prize.

Two members of the Hall County Pig Club, Jaunita Harlin of Turkey, and Charley Dennis of Memphis, won prizes on their club pigs.

CONTRACT LET FOR EXTENSION OF OX BOW BRIDGE

Petitions Calling For Road Bond Elections Are Being Circulated In Precincts 3 and 4.

The Hall County Commissioners met at Ox Bow Monday and declared the situation there an emergency to be acted upon at once. A contract was let Tuesday for the construction of an extension to the old bridge of 1,345 1/2 feet. The old bridge was about 2,300 feet, which, with the extension, will make a total length of around 3,600.

Prater & Morrison of Memphis were the successful bidders at \$12,498.95, which was \$700 below the second lowest bid.

The bridge is to be built according to plans and specifications furnished by Engineer C. L. Hasie, who has charge of the road work in the Turkey precinct. The work will be started as soon as material can be secured, and will be rushed to completion at the earliest possible date.

A contract for the construction of the bridge across Mulberry Creek will be let by the Commissioners Court of Donley County on October 8. This bridge will be constructed jointly by Hall, Donley and Brice counties.

Petitions calling for road bond elections are being circulated in the Memphis and Lakeview communities, road precincts 3 and 4, by persons who are taking the initiative in the good-roads movement. The elections are asked for the purpose of voting bonds to the amount of \$299,000 in the Lakeview precinct and \$175,000 in the Memphis precinct.

The movement is being urged at this time in order to have the roads in good condition when they are taken over by the State Highway Department on January 1. The department agrees to keep the roads up, but not to improve them. If the elections are successfully held, the roads in three Hall County precincts can be put in good condition.

Faul James, Director of the Memphis Band, left Tuesday night for Lubbock, where he will act as judge in the band contests during the Lubbock Fair.

R. B. Morgan, Jr., left Monday evening for San Francisco, California, where he expects to locate.

COMPANY OF INFANTRY TO BE ORGANIZED HERE

Former Company G, 142nd Infantry, of Amarillo, has been arranged into a regimental headquarters company, and Lieut. Jones, of Brownwood, will re-organize Company G here.

The company will be organized with J. R. Leverett, captain; Louis Wheat, lieutenant; Hugh Wallace, lieutenant; Cary Dyer, first sergeant; and will be formed of sixty-five men. No one under the age of eighteen will be accepted. The company will be drilled once each week.

MEMPHIS HIGH WILL EDIT FIRST SCHOOL PAPER

"Buy-At-Home" Slogan Adopted By School. Annual Staff Chosen, School Emblem Selected.

The student body of the Memphis High School will this year edit the first high school paper in the history of the school. School notes run in the columns of the local newspapers have heretofore been, in a small way, a substitute for a school paper, but failed in a large degree to arouse the interest of the students.

The mere suggestion of the probability of a school paper aroused much enthusiasm among the students and with the co-operation of the faculty, who are equally interested, the publishing of a paper has been made possible.

In a meeting of class representatives and members of the faculty, plans were discussed and suggestions made for the editorial staff which were later presented to the student body in assembly and accepted. It was decided that a four-page sheet be edited bi-monthly by the student staff. A subscription campaign will be launched today and to-morrow and the first issue will come out next Tuesday.

In the first senior class meeting last week the class was organized the officers being elected in a very business-like manner. In this meeting it was also decided, by a unanimous vote, that an annual would be published. In later meeting the annual staff was chosen and will begin work immediately. Miss Hicks was selected as faculty sponsor and already has proved an efficient counselor.

At the assembly hour this week, a large majority of the student body pledged themselves to support an annual. The annual staff feels confident that with such co-operation it can be made a great success. Supt. Deen took occasion at this time to suggest to the students that they make as a permanent design for Memphis High School rings, pins, stationery, etc., an emblem prominent in the construction of the new building. Not only did this meet with the approval of the senior class, but all other classes, who pledged themselves to use it during the coming year.

A new policy is being adopted this year by the senior class by which home merchants will be given first consideration on all orders of rings, printing of annual, etc.

NEWLIN DRAYMAN DIES SUDDENLY YESTERDAY

Jim Rogers, drayman of Newlin, died suddenly Wednesday morning about 8:30 o'clock. It is said that he was engaged in pulling cars out of a wash-out in the road near Newlin, and had stooped down to unhitch a trace, when he fell forward, dying shortly afterward.

Interment was made at Newlin cemetery Wednesday afternoon. He is survived by a wife and three children.

Construction Work Is Hastened To- ward Completion

Brick and Stone Work on New Court House Will Probably Be Finished This Week.

Work on the two new buildings that are considered as milestones in the progress of Memphis and Hall County is being hastened to completion as the expiration of the allotted time for their construction draws nearer.

The \$175,000 court house that occupies the center of the public square is rapidly assuming the outward appearance of a finished building. It is believed that the brick and stone work will be completed this week. The outside work for the past two weeks has been largely ornamental, and the large amount of stone used in the last story has added much to the beauty of the building.

The floor of the basement is being put in this week, being the last of the concrete work. The painters are also at work in the basement, while the plasterers have advanced to the third and last floor. The plastering work will be finished within a few more days. Two additional carpenters were employed this morning and every effort is being made to hasten the work.

The interior work on the new school building is receiving practically all the attention of the contractors, as the building will be occupied as soon as the interior is made ready. It is believed that the top story can be used by November 1, while the building will not be completed until a month later, at least. The painters are keeping their work up with the plastering and everything is working in harmony.

Main Street Church of Christ.

Annual Sunday School and Church Rally, 9:45 a. m.

Each church member and Sunday school pupil is urged to be present without fail.

Report of classes 10:30.

Report of secretary for past year.

Where Hast Thou Gleaned Today.

"Bliss."

Questions and answers by each class.

Chorus by entire school.

Election of officers.

Song by school and congregation.

"To the Work"—Fanny Crosby.

Reading, "Jephthah's Daughter"—Mrs. Wm. Kesterson.

Statement by the finance committee of the church.

Communion song: "Have Thine Own Way Lord."

Special offering.

Announcements.

Special reading—Fay McElroy.

Scripture reading.

Special Song—Margaret Milam.

Sermon—Subject: "Paul's Prayer for Ephesus."

Junior C. E. 3:00 p. m., Ginger McAbee, leader.

Intermediate C. E. 6:45 p. m., special meeting.

Preaching 7:30 p. m. Subject: "Faith the Foundation of Hope."

Prayer meeting 7:30 p. m.

—A. D. Rogers, Pastor.

Seigle and Miss T
who have spent a w
Lubbock, returned T

Board and Room-
fully decorated, cool,
joining bath, close

Vulcanizing and
service. Super Ser-
vition.

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Palace Theatre

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Balancing Beauty and Usefulness

By Franz A. Aust, In The Dearborn Independent

Said a business man: "When I go out into the country to make a deal with a farmer, as I often have to do, I know by the looks of the dooryard the kind of man I'm going to meet. Pig pens near the front door, calves bawling around the front yard, no grass, not a tree—I know before I see the man there's neither plan nor system on that farm. A few miles farther on, maybe, I come to a place that's different—quiet stretch of green, grassy lawn, shrub planted around the house, trees, restfulness, beauty. 'Here's a good business man,' I say to myself, and I haven't yet been mistaken."

Good advertising? Both the man and his farm have gone up several notches in value in the stranger's mind just because the dooryard was neat, and that old elm at the corner softened the angles of the house, and the redness of that smach along the driveway was so cheery, and the Virginia creeper over that kitchen door spoke of a contented wife and children somewhere around. It's a common trait of a city man to appreciate beautiful surroundings when he sees them on a farm.

And speaking of traits. There is among neighbors one much used and abused. Sometimes it affects us in the form of a more expensive car when Mr. Next Door buys that "something-better-than-a-flivver."... Sometimes it's the wife wanting new curtains like Mrs. Brown's. There are some objections to this trait which probably was a gift to us from Solomon or his neighbor, the Queen of Sheba—whoever envied which. But it works wonders with dooryards, especially in newly settled communities. One family desires beauty and color in the dooryard. Soon a whole neighborhood is adding a flower bed here and a lilac bush there, and everyone finds himself growing a greater respect for himself and for everybody else whose surroundings are becoming more attractive. Then follow more and better books, and good music, and young people going to college.

Said one of these young agricultural students recently: "I never knew hawthorn bushes were worth anything until I saw one being set out on the university campus the other day. Why, we have skads of 'em at home on the farm; might have one or two in the yard as well as not, and they wouldn't cost a cent. Never seemed very pretty all bunched in the way you find 'em wild. Have to tell dad about it."

Little things, these seem, all of them, sort of exalted boomerangs. But the good opinion of the city business man, and the standard-raising envy of the neighbors, and the added respect of the farmer boy student for the growing things of the countryside, are all playing a part in the big program. It's a program of profit for farm and family community in the country. It's a program to bring about a better countryside which many a state is trying to see fulfilled.

the farmers who have already made plans for beautifying their places, and right there he makes suggestions for improving and carrying out the plans. For schools and other public work he makes plans and specifications. "And," says the president of the state college, "we could use more men in the field of landscape extension, if we only had the money to pay them."

In another southern state, a home demonstration agent recently made it a club requirement in her county that each member should do something to beautify the foundation of her home. Thus the women became interested. And since most of the houses are built on piers, it meant the building of wall or trellis, or appropriate plantings, and sometimes it meant both building and planting.

In helping folk to own farms and country homes, California is doing a unique work. The farm colony at Durham is becoming known everywhere as a splendid example of rural community development. The department of landscape design of the University of California is helping this work along by the making of township plans. The plan for the community center at Durham is a great influence in making farm life more attractive, as it provides meeting place, athletic field, automobile camp, and experimental gardens, laid out most conveniently and artistically.

And then, in the work which Pennsylvania is doing the keynote again is beauty and service combined. The "bureau of municipalities" of the state gives information and advice about choosing and developing sites for public buildings and parks and parkways and playgrounds. It tries to see that all public improvements are made in such a way that they bring added advantage to those whose homes and business are close by.

These are various parts played by some of the states in the big program. But the greatest part of all, and that in which all states concerned unite their interest, is to stimulate the attention of folks—the farmer, the farmer's wife, the children, the community leader—in making for themselves a better outdoor world in which to live; boosted occasionally, of course, by the city business man, and the neighbors, and the student.

As next in importance to the farm-home, take the little country school. Since there is value added to the farm home by having its surroundings more beautiful, is there not an advantage in having the schoolhouse look like something more than a huge cracker box in an open field?

In a certain county of Northern Wisconsin stands a school in a wealth of natural trees and folwers and shrubbery. Through the teacher who loves the out-of-doors, the children are being taught to care for their native plants and flowers, and they learn to love even the ones which are most common on their own home farms. Since the children have also a separate play yard, there is no reason for their carelessly harming the growing things, and thus they are taught an added lesson of respect for property which is not wholly theirs. An ideal country school ground is this, and although not a demonstration project, it is spreading an influence which is needed throughout the state. It is furthering Wisconsin's plan.

Where the "cut-overs" are being rapidly settled in upper Wisconsin at present, much attention is being paid by the state college of agriculture to the development of new community centers. Plans provide as far as possible for centers every three or four miles. Three the church and the school and the community hall are grouped in the most pleasing and logical manner. In many places there is a cheese factory, too, but this is not usually made the center of attraction, nor is it placed next to the church or the school. There is a common playground selected, and if this can also serve as a school playground, so much the better.

It is urged that land along a water front be kept for public enjoyment; that a proper site for a cemetery be chosen; that a community woodland for picnics and frolics be set aside. The timber sold from this woodland from time to time will pay for the upkeep of the public grounds. Eighty acres will do it for a population of from seven hundred to a thousand.

Above and beyond all, a new community is urged to make and follow a plan, with all features clearly portrayed. Thus will the community hall be the more quickly built, or the baseball field the sooner laid out. For there is something about a plan which fires the imagination, and we want to see the thing done—some-where beside on paper.

FLUID USED TO LIFT LOADS

Scientist Invents Liquid That, When Released, Expands at a Rapid Rate.

A scientist has invented a fluid that, when released, expands at a rate that, when translated into power, can perform wonderful feats in the way of lifting loads. At present its chief application seems to be in the lifting of punctures. A piston jack is placed under the axle and to the jack is attached a small bottle about one foot long and weighing about three and one-half pounds, equipped with a valve at one end. The handle is turned slightly and the car is promptly lifted off the ground. With one of these little bottles a load of 30,000 pounds—15 tons—can be lifted. The terrific power of the expanding liquid rushes through a pipe and strikes the piston of a jack with irresistible force. Lifting the ordinary automobile is child's play to this wonderful bottle.

If this is true, and if bottles of great size could be constructed, one might imagine great buildings being lifted from their foundations and sent toppling to destruction; if a 3-1/2 pound bottle can lift 15,000 pounds, what would not a one-ton bottle accomplish? Logically it would seem that there is no limit to the weight that could be lifted, given the proper apparatus to apply the power.

The tremendous expanding force of the fluid in the bottle, the inventor says, can be turned to other purposes besides lifting weights. Ice can be made with it, fires inflated in three seconds, fires extinguished (for the escaping gas smother's flame) and sparkling drinks carbonated at very low cost.

With one little bottle in the car, the motorist can jack up the vehicle, inflate the new tire and make himself a cool, sparkling drink to refresh himself after his exertions, so the inventor says.

The practice of consistent thrift does not mean the elimination of all pleasure. This would indeed be a dreary world if it were necessary to forego all pleasure in order to go ahead. However, to those who have their own best interests at heart there can be no genuine pleasure in any practices that are harmful.

It also is to be borne in mind that there is pleasure in performing our daily duties, in the knowledge that we are doing our share of the world's work, that we are filling our own place in the plans of destiny.

To make progress, to get ahead in the world is perhaps the greatest pleasure to those who are truly thrifty. But even the frivolities of life bring pleasure to those who are fond of them, although in many instances such pleasures will be paid for in future unhappiness.

A study of pleasure should bring us to the conclusion that real pleasure is that which brings no harmful effect or reaction.—Thrift Magazine.

Napoleon Was Fond of Solitaire. Napoleon had a hobby. This was no less than the game of solitaire. When great events impended he would spend hours matching the cards, according to some of those who were privy to his councils.

There is a story that on the night before the crossing of Berezina he sat up till dawn in a futile effort to win the fifty-two points. When he could not prevail over the bits of pasteboard he tore them up and ordered the advance.—Detroit News.



ZOO NEWS

"I'm a black cobra snake, and my home used to be in South Africa," hissed one of the snakes in the zoo. "I can spit forth a deadly poison and can almost destroy a person's eyesight if they're not careful."

"But here in the zoo they never come to fix my cage without wearing goggles, as they know about me and so I cannot hurt them."

"Of course it is impossible for me to hurt anyone who just looks at me from without, for my cage has glass in front of it."

"Oh, yes, they see to it in the zoo that no one gets hurt. I have poisonous fangs, too. In fact, I'm what you'd call a poisonous snake."

"Once one of the keepers did get some poison in his eye and he said it felt as though he had had a hot poker put to his eye."

"But he did not touch his eye, only he rushed to a water faucet and thoroughly sprayed his eye with water which saved his eyesight."

"We'll always aim directly for the eye if we can. But, as I say, they make very sure now that we can't do any harm here."

"Many of my relatives live in India, but I'm a nice six-footer from Africa. Others might not say I was nice but they cannot help but say that I'm six feet in length."

"I'm a yellow cobra," hissed another snake, "and I've a first cousin here with me, too."

"I've just arrived and I'm a green snake," hissed another.

"There are two of us who've just come," said a puff adder snake.

"There are five of us," said a leopard tortoise.

"I'm a ten-foot python, and that is a real size!"

And then ten spike-tail lizards and three African monitors and some other snakes all said that they had just been brought to the zoo.

"I've a good appetite," said King Cobra. "I am not against eating my own kind."

"I'm a new baby buffalo," said a buffalo baby to his mother in another part of the zoo.

"Of course I was newer several months ago but I'm young now."

"Yes, dear Baby Buffalo," said his mother, "you're young now. But you were newer several months ago, as you say yourself."

any other way. You wouldn't want to get in feet first.

"Well, in another six months you will be entirely looking after yourself."

"Yes, then you will be able to look out for yourself."

"They say that they're going to bring a platypus here soon. It's from our country (Australia), and it has a duck's bill and hatchow eggs and then cares for its children in a most affectionate way. It's an animal, too."

"Platypus is about the size of a muskrat, and is a curious mixture of bird and animal."

"Platypus has a queer cousin named echidna—a duck-billed ant eater. Echidna is covered with spines instead of fur. Oh, there are some curious creatures in our country but that makes it interesting," ended the Kangaroo.

Just Renovated.
Teacher—I believe this is a new face?
Freshie—No, sir, I just washed it.

A Many-Sided Problem.
"Betty!" called the young mother.
"Yes, ma'am," came from the nurse.

"When the baby has finished his bottle, lay him in the cradle on the right side. After eating, a child should always lie on the right side. That relieves the pressure on the heart. Still (reflectively) the liver is on the right side. Perhaps, after all, you'd better lay him on the left side. No, I'm sure the book said, 'right side.' On the whole, Betty, you may lay the baby on his back till I have looked the matter up more thoroughly."

Against Evil Gases.
The United States bureau of mines, informing the public against the use of masks against obnoxious gases, etc., says that gas masks are the simplest and easiest to wear, but they protect only in comparatively low concentrations of obnoxious gases and should never be used where the air contains less than 16 per cent of oxygen.

So There, Smarty.
"The difference between a woman and a glass," said the funny fellow, "is that the glass reflects without speaking, while a woman speaks without reflecting."

"And the difference between you and a glass," said the sharp girl, "is that the glass is polished."—Auckland Weekly News.

APPOINTMENT OF TEM. PORARY ADMINISTRATOR
The State of Texas, County of Hall, To the sheriff or any constable of Hall County, Greeting:

You are hereby commanded to cause to be published once a week for ten days, exclusive of the first day of publication, before the return day hereof, in some newspaper of general circulation published in said county, which has been continuously and regularly published in said county for a period of not less than one year, the following notice:

MEMPHIS, TEXAS

ONE BIG NIGHT

Saturday, October 6

Under Mammoth Waterproof Tent

Bud Fisher's Famous Cartoon Comedians

MUTT and JEFF

—IN—

HAVANA

Large Company of Singers, Dancers

And Comedians

BAND AND ORCHESTRA

POPULAR PRICES

NOTE: This is the same large company that has been performing the leading theatres for seasons past, this being the year that MUTT AND JEFF have ever been offered on canvas and the first time at POPULAR PRICES.



"Getting to Be a Big Kangaroo."

"And there are new ones brought here from time to time."

"Hiss-hiss, hiss, hiss, there should be plenty of snakes."

"I can't crawl into your pouch any more," said Baby Kangaroo to his mother.

"I'm getting to be a big kangaroo, now, mother."

"Yes, Kangaroo child, you're almost six months old. People say it is funny the way you stick your head into my pouch and your feet and legs stick out behind."

"I don't think it would be sensible

Use More Ice

Just because the nights are cool don't stop taking ice. The warm days and cool nights cause a large change in temperatures which is detrimental to foods. Most foods should be kept at constant low temperatures. Use more ice. It is cheaper now because it lasts longer.

Memphis Electric & Ice Company

J. A. BREWER, Manager

The State of Texas, County of Hall, To all persons interested in the welfare of the estate of W. W. Nivens, deceased:

You are hereby notified that C. Nivens has filed in the Court of Hall County, Texas, application for letters of administration upon the estate of W. W. Nivens, deceased, on the 8th day of September, 1923, by order of the County Court, said Hall County, Texas. W. W. Nivens was appointed administrator of the estate of W. W. Nivens, deceased, and a regular term of said court will be held on the third Monday of the month of October, A. D. 1923, at the court house thereof, in Hall County, Texas, at which time all persons interested in the welfare of the estate are hereby cited to appear and contest such appointment, and to state their claims, if any, and if such appointment is not contested at the time aforesaid, then the same shall become permanent.

Herein fail not, but do appear and there before said court, on the first day of the month of October, 1923, at which time you may be present, and if you are not present, then the same shall become permanent. Given under my hand and the seal of said court, at my office in Hall County, Texas, this 8th day of September, A. D. 1923.

(SEAL) Clerk County Court, Hall County, Texas.

The Palace Theatre
Program
October 5 to 11
FRIDAY—Goldwyn presents in "The Invisible Power"
SATURDAY—Metro presents "Camoline and Roman" Montana in "One Wild Night"
MONDAY AND TUESDAY—Goldwyn presents in "Brothers Under the Skin" October 5, "In the Days of the Emperors"
WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY—Al Leichman presents in "Thorns and Roses," from the novel by Clay.

MEMPHIS, TEXAS
ONE BIG NIGHT
Saturday, October 6
Under Mammoth Waterproof Tent
Bud Fisher's Famous Cartoon Comedians
MUTT and JEFF
—IN—
HAVANA
Large Company of Singers, Dancers
And Comedians
BAND AND ORCHESTRA
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POPULAR PRICES

A Press Exhibit

By Phebe K. Warner

It's fair time of year. We have been looking around a little bit. And there is one exhibit we seldom see at a community fair, a county fair, or any other kind of fair. It is the newspaper and press exhibit. Oh, there may be an advertising booth for some particular publication. But the third Monday of a month a sure enough press exhibit, the same as before.

Who knows what the home paper use thereof, in kind the daily paper and the whole of it is going for the country? No, in the welfare work. Why? Because nobody goes to the trouble to collect and condense such appointments, and display the multitude of ways in which the press of the country is playing its part in the game of community building. How many folks have any idea of the work it takes to produce one weekly or one big daily paper or one monthly magazine? At the day of the newspaper business in this country? Then why is it not entitled a place along with the long list of exhibits of all the other industries under my hand of the country?

We believe we understand one reason why the newspaper folks never have an exhibit at the different fairs. A rule there are not so very many people in the newspaper business in the same town or even the same county. In most of our Texas counties, and when there is more than one in the same town too often they are more interested in holding another down than in boosting the whole business up. But there is one newspaper business going to state by no one getting it to build a whole fraternity up if there were some way of getting all the folks created enough in themselves to at the home paper.

But there is a better reason why a seldom see a press exhibit at any of the fairs. The very week of the year is the week of all weeks that everybody wants to see his own name on the paper and it is the week of all weeks that everybody in the whole country wants the editor and his sole force to stay close at home and boost his business. Boost his chickens and peacocks and boost his wheat and oats and cotton peaches and cow peas and everything. The home editor and his sole force, no matter how big it is, so bloomin' busy the week of the boosting everybody's eke business that he can not get a minute to boost his own. Does he get any extra for that extra hard work? He sure does. He sure to get an extra lot of — if he leaves anybody out or if he could make a mis-slip of the type get a second or third premium here it should have been a first. That is about all he gets for sticking to his job and boosting the other fellow's business while his own goes unnoticed and unappreciated because some had time to prove by actual experience what the newspaper is doing for agriculture. No one had time to collect from the different stores the various ways in which the press of today is serving the rural people and all their interests. For everything that is done to promote health, happiness and prosperity in a country and the country home serving and promoting agriculture interests of this state and surely deserves the recognition of all the people.

The people do not know what the press is doing for them and that is the main reason they do not take the home paper, and read every word of it every day or every week. This conspicuous negative exhibit has been used to be conceived within our mind somewhere a notion. It is later take the form of an exhibit. That depends on the exhibitor.

First, we wish to say there is an educational institution in the State of Texas called the Texas Agricultural & Mechanical College. It is in session now. In fact it is in session all the time. It is located at College Station, Texas. It has a summer school for one year called the Farmers' Short Course. Last year it added a new feature for the benefit of the agricultural writers. By agricultural writers was meant those men and women who are publishing newspapers or magazines that are intended to reach and inspire and help the people of Texas who are engaged in agriculture or any of its related interests. Now all of this we know. We have repeated only for the sake of a prelude to a Press Exhibit.

Those attending the agricultural writers conference at the A. & M. College, molded themselves into a small Agricultural Writers' association. Small, because only a multitude of those inter-

ested in agricultural writing were at the initial meeting. This year there was another meeting to see if the association was still alive. It was, and growing slowly but not as fast as the weeds at this time. The third meeting of this infant organization of the press will be held next July at College Station.

And at that time it is the intention of this organization to hold a Press Exhibit at the A. & M. College. Permission has already been obtained and the space granted by those in charge of the press conference at the college. The realization of this dream is up to the country newspaper publishers, the farm magazine publishers and the daily press of the state.

What is wanted? First of all you are wanted as a life-sized exhibit of the agricultural press of Texas. And second a copy of your publication demonstrating just how you are best serving the interests of agriculture in Texas is wanted.

No entrance fees. No expense at all. Just do your best this year to make your paper the best servant of agriculture in Texas and next July send a copy of your improved edition to the Press Exhibit at A. & M. Short Course. And let's study what is actually being done by the press for Texas agriculture. We believe the whole conference will learn more from one another that way than any other. And we further believe that the farmer himself will get a clearer vision of his debt to the press of his state. And we believe a comparative visit among those copies will be an inspiration to every editor and every writer for agriculture in the state.

What will such a display mean? If it can be made complete it will mean a collection of 1180 Texas newspapers; 740 of which will come directly from the country and the other 440 will represent the daily press of Texas. Beside this there will be a complete file of every magazine published in the state in the interest of agriculture. And when we can get all of these publications together, in one room, and spread out before the people of Texas then will a few of the people get their first glimpse of what the Texas Press is actually doing for agriculture.

If you want to know more about the Agricultural Writers' Association of Texas and its plans for the coming year write Mr. A. D. Jackson of College Station, past president and creator of the organization; or Mr. Marsh Holland of Dallas, Field Representative for Farm and Ranch, who is secretary of the association. Either will be glad to tell you all about it. But the big thing now is to train for the Press Exhibit next July at the A. & M. College.

ON THE PLEASURES OF HOPE

If Only We Dare and Endure Sufficiently We Shall Not Be Disappointed.

Much of the pleasure in life comes from a forecasting imagination. The satisfaction of vacation travel, to choose but one example, lies as much in prospect as in retrospect. It is fun to read the literature of places we may never see, to discuss and compare alternative routes, to consult the experience of others and "compare notes" with those who went and returned.

Says the cheerless pessimist: "I have learned to expect nothing. Life has taught me that if you expect nothing you will not be disappointed." But the man who has such a gloomy philosophy behind his modus operandi is likely to find the "No Admittance" sign hanging out for him at many a door instead of the proverbial "Welcome" on the mat. People dislike a confirmed grouch, a chronic knocker as an associate in work or play. We do not ask that teetotalers shall dwell in a fool's paradise of Pollyanna sunshine all the time, but we want those who take the cheerful look and have the disposition to make the best of things and, as the Scot says, "Whistle o'er the lave o' it."

Why was hope implanted in the human breast, to spring eternal there, if we were not meant to believe that the best is yet to be, and then to labor with all our might to make that belief come true in fact? As eyes were made for seeing, the heart was meant to hope. The chief incentive to persevere and to make progress is not that which is a fortune made, an ambition realized, a success attained—but that which may be. A man in business keeps going because he sees to far horizons and his ambition carries even farther than his vista.

So it is in all affairs of life. If only we dare and endure sufficiently we shall not be disappointed. Deprive a man of expectancy and you shatter the mainspring of the whole machinery of his being. But you cannot deprive him of that central, primal force unless he wills it so.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Forty-Niner Plans to Celebrate Pioneer Days



William R. Gillis, who shared a cabin with Mark Twain on Jackass Hill, Stockton, Cal., in the old gold rush days, and who is the original of Bret Harte's "Truthful James," will have a prominent role in this year's revival of the pioneer days in California.

Petrified Cat Found in Walls of Old House

New York.—Somebody's cherished tomcat did not return home one day or night about 50 years ago. Its failure to live up to the well known tradition in this respect was due to walls of brick and plaster, unbroken by any means of exit or by any chink of light.

Its petrified remains are now in the possession of Dr. Joseph Wiener, of the Madison Sanitarium, following their discovery by several carpenters engaged in making alterations in the sanatorium building. Dr. Wiener believes the cat was immured when the house was built 50 years ago.

The specimen measures 20 inches from its head to the tip of its tail and weighs three ounces. Its face is lifted above the body and wears an expression of indolent curiosity. The legs are outstretched, with muscles and claws discernible, and the ears are upstanding, in an attitude of listening. The specimen's composition appears to be an even quality of gray and fragile stone. It is not unlike the mummified cats removed from Egyptian tombs and temples. What was considered to be a leather collar, which immediately crumbled, was found about the animal's neck.

Seven U. S. Warships to Be Sent to the Junk Pile

Philadelphia.—Seven war vessels at the Philadelphia navy yard are to be scrapped under the provisions of the treaty for the limitation of armaments, recently approved. They include two cruisers and five battleships.

The cruisers are the Constitution and the United States, which had been under construction at the navy yard for some time. They are to be scrapped at once. A little later, workmen will start on the five battleships consigned to the international junk heap. Four of them, the Minnesota, South Carolina, Michigan and New Hampshire, are out of commission. The fifth, the South Carolina, will be taken to sea and sunk in tests of various deck and under-water attacking methods lately devised by Navy department engineers.

An eighth battleship, the Washington, under construction at Camden, N. J., also will be shattered by the gunfire and torpedo attack of the Atlantic fleet.

103,374 New Freight Cars Now in Service

Washington.—The railroads of the country from January 1 this year to August 15 placed in service 103,374 new freight cars, of which 6,424 were put on the rails during the first 15 days of August, according to a statement issued recently by the car service division of the American Railway association. The new carriers added in the seven and one-half months consist of 41,982 coal cars, 41,712 box cars and 13,149 refrigerator cars. There were on order on August 15 90,585 new freight cars, of which 31,946 were coal cars, 36,122 box cars and 8,252 refrigerator cars. There were placed in service in the same period a total of 2,364 new locomotives. On August 15, 1,674 new locomotives were on order.

Recovers Gems Valued at \$100,000

Chicago.—Mrs. A. H. Lamm left an envelope containing \$100,000 in jewels in a taxicab. An honest driver returned them.

PYGMIES AVERAGE FIVE FEET

Wherever Found, They Possess Certain Striking Resemblance—Neglect Agriculture.

There are certain popular errors concerning the race of undersized men and women known as pygmies. Usually travelers have measured the most diminutive specimens, and thus an exaggerated idea of their smallness has been produced.

The average stature of the pygmies that have been measured is about four feet eight inches, but the best authorities in anthropology say that the real average limit of stature is five feet. Some are taller than that.

The pygmies have been found in eight or ten different places in Central Africa, but wherever found they possess certain striking resemblances.

The plant furnishing the covering for their huts is the same in the widely separated regions visited by Stanley and others, and the shape of the huts, a rough hemisphere, is the same.

All the pygmies are alike characterized by neglect of agriculture, by the use of poisoned arrows, and by the absence of centralized tribal organization.—Kansas City Times.

Trip Through New Guinea Costly

New Guinea is a rough country to travel in—absolutely virgin jungle, without even a path other than the knife-cut paths carved out of the wall of vegetation that covers the greater part of the island. And it is a costly thing to travel through the jungle, for everything you are likely to wear, eat and use in the trip must be carried with you on the backs of your native porters; the jungle is innocent of even the poorest sort of store or shop. Man transport is expensive, too, and a moderate estimate for the cost of a tour inland by two white men and thirty native carriers is not less than \$500 a month. The lonely white man can travel in most countries; in New Guinea he is unknown. Arctic exploration is not more strenuous than a journey through the interior of New Guinea.—Adventure Magazine.

Found Wrangel Island in 1867

The first authentic account concern-

ing Wrangel island, which has been attracting so much international interest, was from Captain Long, master of the American whaling barque Nitte, who in the summer of 1867 on a whaling voyage, named this land Wrangel land, after Baron Wrangel and two of the headlands he named after one of his crew named Thomas, this man being the first to see the island.

The promontory Hawaii he named after the island, where in winter, in the harbor of Honolulu, the whalers made their rendezvous there to outfit for another season. These names are today on the charts of Wrangel island.

Aug. 12, 1881, Capt. Calvin Cooper, commanding the United States revenue steamship Corwin, landed and took possession of Wrangel land in the name of the United States of America.

Force of Habit

Guy—Waters has an odd case of absentmindedness.

Girl—Oh?

Guy—Yes, he's just back from a motor boat cruise and the other night he sat down in the bath and baled it out until the whole floor was flooded.—New York Sun and Globe.

An Oversight

"My doctor put me on a rigid diet, but he said I could eat all the spinach I wanted."

"Well?"

"The darned fool evidently didn't know that I like spinach."—Wayside Tales.

San Juan Count, Utah, is located in the southeastern corner of the state. It is larger than the entire state of New Jersey and the last census gives the population as 3,379. Much of this country is unsurveyed and consists for the most part of a great expanse of red rock, carved into innumerable canyons, buttes and fantastic promontories. Some of the remote valleys contain grass and water but the greater part is desert formation. Many of the canyons have never been explored by white men. The first of the natural bridges in this country were visited by white men as late as 1903. This district was the scene of the recent Ute uprising. It is the last frontier.

W. Ona Morton A. T. Cole
E. A. Simpson
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Civil and Criminal Cases
Offices at Memphis and Clarendon

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REGISTERED OPTOMETRIST
Spectacles and Eyeglasses
Made for your individual use.
Will visit any part of city.
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HEAVY HAULING

House moving, boiler moving, sand, gravel and dirt hauling, etc. Have full equipment for all kinds of heavy hauling.

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Buy Your Tires from a Firestone DEALER

At the Latest Prices—The Lowest in History

You will find the Firestone Dealer one of the stable business men of your community. He offers a clean, fresh stock, backed by a well organized service. He wants you as a permanent customer.

That is the reason he sells Firestone tires. He knows and has plenty of proof that they are the best tires on the market. He can give you the greatest value and thereby retain your trade for years.

Every day you find new proof of this unequalled value. On the 15th of this month, Firestone Tires set two new dirt track records at Syracuse when Tommy Milton slid around four turns at every mile and covered the 100 miles in 75 minutes, 33 hundredths seconds. He also established a new world's record for one mile by covering it in 42 and 28 hundredths seconds. The next four cars to finish were also equipped with Firestone Gum-Dipped Cords. Each one of them went the entire race without a stop. This and every other important race this year was won on Firestone Gum-Dipped Cords and Steam-Welded Tubes. Such performance gives you conclusive proof of their strength and durability.

Not only do race drivers use Firestone Tires as protection to their lives and the surest way to victory, but the largest tire buyers in the world insist on and buy Firestone Tires for economy and service. These buyers include the leading car manufacturers, the biggest commercial car operators and the taxicab and motorbus operators. 57,639,714 tire miles were sold to taxicab and motorbus operators in the month of August.

Think this over. You cannot afford to accept anything less than Firestone service and economy. You can buy this service and economy from any of the dealers listed below.

BOREN & POWELL

America Should Produce Its Own Rubber

Local and Personal News

News Paragraphs and Personal Mention of General Interest to Memphis and Hall County Readers

Jim Smith of Plaska was in Memphis Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. B. T. Pruett of Estelline were Memphis visitors Monday.

Mrs. B. D. Brown of Plaska was visiting in Memphis Monday.

Frank Foxall and Buster Montgomery left Saturday for Dallas, where they will attend business college.

M. N. Cohen returned from the markets last Thursday.

Rea Martin was a Claude visitor Thursday of last week.

Get your fresh chocolates at the City Bakery.

W. P. Cagle of Clarendon was a business visitor here Monday.

Mrs. J. S. Ballard of Eli was shopping in Memphis Monday.

Miss Stella Holland of Plaska was shopping in Memphis Monday.

Curry Green of Estelline was in Memphis Monday.

John Ethridge of Plaska was a Memphis visitor Tuesday.

See us for some real bargains in used cars. Gerlach Bros.

Call B. Webster, at W. P. Dial's, for fresh comb honey. Phone 351.

See us for some real bargains in used cars. Gerlach Bros.

See us for some real bargains in used cars. Gerlach Bros.

Prof. S. G. Sloan of Hulver was a Memphis visitor Tuesday.

For Rent—Two furnished rooms, one block from square. Phone 564.

Luke Hart of Hedley was a business visitor here Wednesday.

Get your fresh chocolates at the City Bakery.

L. D. Stephenson of Estelline was a caller at this office today.

Wanted—A woman to do cooking. Apply at Kennedy Hotel.

O. N. Hamilton left Tuesday for Fort Worth on business.

M. M. Lewis left Tuesday for Dallas.

I have for sale a crop, team, cows and farming tools. See Will Ditto.

We have a good milch cow for sale. J. C. Wooldridge Co.

R. L. Ragsdale of the Davis Buick Company, reports the sale of a new Buick Six to J. F. Hampton of Memphis.

Dr. J. W. Greenwood, of Fort Worth, was a business visitor in Memphis this week.

Wanted—Middle-aged lady to keep house for family of three. No washing. Phone 238, or write Box 74.

Stout Harrell of Wichita, Kansas, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Harrell.

Call B. Webster, at W. P. Dial's, for fresh comb honey. Phone 351.

J. Y. Greenwood of Antlers, Oklahoma, is visiting his son, J. L. Greenwood.

J. H. Gipson of El Paso, came in Monday to look after his business interest here.

Lost—Pillow cover, with crayon design, and table mat, both child's work. Please return to Democrat office.

Call B. Webster, at W. P. Dial's, for fresh comb honey. Phone 351.

I. D. Mullins of Wolf Flat community was in Memphis Monday and Tuesday on business.

I will do plain and fancy sewing at the home of Mr. A. A. Long. Phone 215. Mrs. Luther Grundy 1-1.

Lost—In post office in Memphis, Texas, one pair horn-rimmed spectacles and case. Finder please leave at N. C. Herods Tailor Shop and receive suitable reward. 14-1-0

Lost—Between Memphis and the Friendship school house, brown coat for girl twelve years old. Finder return to this office. 14-1-1

Henry Melton and family of Dahlart are visiting this week with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Melton.

Tate's Blistol, the King of blisters. When using veterinary medicine, why not demand the best—that means Tate's remedies. On sale at Clark & Williams Drug Co.

For Sale—Dandy stock farm, 960 acres, two sets improvements, 320 acres in cultivation, 13 miles north of Clarendon. Might consider other trade, prefer good cotton land. Warren Bros., Clarendon, Texas. 14-1-1

GENUINE HAWAIIAN GIRLS COMING TO PALACE THEATRE

Lucy Paka, who heads the company of entertainers at The Palace Theatre, Friday, October 12, is one of the very few genuine Hawaiian girls on the stage. In addition to being a very graceful dancer, she has a pleasing voice and has made an enviable reputation as an entertainer. There are six people in the company, all singers as well as instrumentalists and they promise something entirely different from the old style of Hawaiian entertainment. The steel guitar still holds a prominent place in the program, but saxophone, banjos, flute and mandolin give a variety that few other Hawaiian acts have.

This is the sixth season for this popular organization and the fact that they can play the same territory, year after year, speaks well

for their ability as entertainers and they promise to please all who like a good, snappy musical attraction.

Notice!

The regular meeting of the Farm Bureau members will be held at the City Hall in Memphis, on Saturday October 6, at 2:00 p. m. Every member is requested to be present. E. M. EWEN, Pres.

Own a Home.

14 tracts of land, 177 acres each. One-half of crop of fifty acres is your payment, 9 years time. All notes on or before maturity. Well located, good settlement, close to railroad.

O. C. ESSARY, Memphis, Texas, Box 481.

First Baptist Church.

Next Sunday will be the beginning of a new year in our Sunday school. Let every one feel that they are personally responsible in making this the best year of our lives in Sunday school work. We have a place for every age, and we want you to fill that place.

Sunday school 9:45 a. m. Preaching both hours by the pastor, 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunbeams 2:00 p. m. All B. Y. P. U. meet at 6:30. W. M. U. Monday, 4:00 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening 7:30. Choir practice 7:30 p. m. Thursday.

You have a cordial invitation to worship with us in these services. "I was glad when they said unto me, 'Let us go up to the House of the Lord.'" Chas. T. Whaley, Pastor.

Intermediate B. Y. P. U.

Subject: The Man Who Dared. The Man Who Dared—Emma Ruth Lindsey.

Taylor's Life Before 1865—Jodie B. Merrick.

Testing His Call—Thelma Lee Hattenbach.

Experience in Shanghai—Herbert Sisk.

Birth of the China Inland Mission—Prentiss Hyder.

Workers Who Went in Answer to Prayers—Archie Copeland.

Mr. Taylor's Last Years—J. B. Harper.

First Methodist Church.

Sunday school 9:15, M. E. McNally, superintendent. Preaching 11:00 a. m. by the pastor, 7:30 p. m. by Rev. A. B. Davidson, of Wellington, Texas.

League at 4:00 and 6:30 p. m. Missionary Society Monday at 3:00 p. m.

Prayer meeting Wednesday 7:30 p. m. Choir practice Thursday 7:30 p. m. Young ladies meet Friday, 6:45 p. m.

A welcome awaits you. J. T. Hicks, Pastor.

The Chinese buy thousands of tons of our daily newspapers each year and use them for wrapping purposes.

When Harry H. Kabotchnik presented a petition in Philadelphia to have his name changed to Cabot, objections were made by counsel for the Pennsylvania Society of the Order of Founders and Patriots of America. Assumption of the name, it was argued, would "mislead persons as to the origin and ancestry" of the petitioners. The court held the petition under advisement.

BIG RISK TAKEN BY ENGINE CREWS

Men Who Pilot Trains Through Tunnels Literally Take Lives in Their Hands.

Washington.—The engine crews who drive the modern monster types of locomotives through the longer tunnels of American railways are frequently exposed to the presence of deadly carbon monoxide gas and to withering temperatures ranging up to 136 degrees Fahrenheit, states the Department of the Interior, as the result of an investigation conducted by the bureau of mines in Utah and Wyoming. Hot exhaust gases are the source of danger from exposure to tunnel atmospheres. Many serious accidents have occurred in these tunnels due to asphyxiation or exhaustion of the locomotive crews, caused by exposure to atmospheres containing carbon monoxide, or to atmospheres of a high temperature and saturated with moisture. These hazards are accentuated by a group of less importance consisting of sulphur dioxide, hydrogen sulphide, soot and steam, accompanied by the decreased oxygen content of the air.

Suggested Remedy.

The Interior department recommends the use of smoke deflectors on locomotives operating in tunnel districts as a means of reducing the hazard due to high temperatures, and the use of the train air-brake line as a source of air for breathing purposes for members of engine crews.

The object of the Interior department's investigation, co-located by the bureau of mines in co-operation with the Union Pacific railroad, was to determine the cause of gassing accidents by examining into composition of the air in locomotive cabs while passing through railroad tunnels; to learn the effect of these conditions on the engine crews, and to provide a means of protection for the men so exposed. Gas samples and temperature readings taken in the cabs of locomotives were used in studying the atmospheric conditions to which the locomotive crews were exposed. The symptoms and the physiological effects produced in men exposed to the atmospheres encountered were studied. The pulse rates and body temperatures were taken and determinations of the carbon monoxide content of the blood were made. Various methods for the prevention of gassing and for the protection of men therefrom were considered and tested, among which were the use of mechanical devices for deflecting the smoke away from the engine cab and the use of various types of gas masks and breathing apparatus.

Of forty trips conducted in cabs of locomotives while the trains were passing through tunnels, carbon monoxide was found to be present on thirty-four trips.

Extreme Temperature.

The operation of 24 trains of approximately 2,000 tons each, in a normal running time of six minutes through the Aspen tunnel in Wyoming showed cab temperatures of 114 degrees Fahrenheit (dry bulb), 111 degrees (wet bulb) and a relative humidity of 96 per cent. The maximum dry-bulb temperature recorded on any of the forty tests conducted was 136 degrees, while the maximum wet-bulb temperature was 124 degrees. The time consumed in the passage of the trains varied from 4 1/2 minutes to 25 minutes.

Results of physiological tests over periods of ten minutes showed that the conditions in the cabs might be severe enough to cause asphyxiation or exhaustion in periods of 20 minutes, especially in cases where the engine is stalled.

Pocket respirator and other types of gas masks, packed with soda-lime charcoal mixtures, afforded protection against smoke and sulphurous gases. Carbon monoxide masks afforded protection against all of the gases encountered. Some discomfort was experienced in wearing gas masks in at-

mospheres of high temperature and humidity, however.

Mechanical methods for deflecting the smoke, by using the force of the exhaust in conjunction with a hood or elbow attached to the top of the locomotive stack, for throwing the smoke back over the top of the cab were found very effective in reducing the temperature and improving the atmospheric conditions in the cab.

Pair Die at Same Time While Seeking Health

Scranton, Pa.—Mr. and Mrs. John Perry, parents of nine children, died at exactly the same hour on a little farm at Forest Lake, where they had moved in an effort to regain their lost health. Perry was fifty-one years old and his wife was forty-five. The woman died of a complication of diseases. The husband succumbed to miner's asthma. The couple lived at Scranton until two years ago, when Perry decided to move to the farm near Montrose, Pa., in an effort to fight off the ravages of his ailment.

Men Has Record for Big Eggs.

Ashland, Ore.—Mrs. J. E. Ramsay of Ashland lays claim to having a world's champion hen when it comes to laying large eggs. All eggs laid by this hen are unusually large, but one egg which measured 8 1/2 by 7 1/4 inches, is believed to be one of the largest ever laid in Oregon. The hen is a Barred Rock, from the famous Oregon Agricultural college strain, and is three years old.

IT SOUNDED LIKE A PUZZLE

Case of Australian and His Children, However, Was Simple When It Was Explained.

A New Yorker, visiting English friends, was lamenting leaving at home two beautiful daughters who were just budding into womanhood. Turning to a man to whom he had just been introduced, he asked if he had any family.

"Yes, I have a wife and six children in Australia. And I never saw one of them," he added, quietly.

The two sat in silence. Then the interrogation began.

"Were you ever blind, may I ask?" said the American.

"No," was the reply.

"Did you marry a widow?"

"No." Another silence.

"Did I understand you to say you had a wife and six children living in Australia and had never seen one of them?"

"Yes, that is how I stated it."

Then the American inquired: "How can that be? You say you never saw one of them. I do not understand it at all."

"Because," was the reply, "one of them was born after I left."

Safety First.

A woman went into a photographer's to have her picture taken—naturally. While the photographer was adjusting the camera the woman wrapped a clothesline around her skirts.

"You'll have to take that off, madam," said the photographer. "I can't take your picture that way."

"You can't fool me that way, young man," she said. "I know you see me upside down in that camera."

Each for Herself.

When forty women met recently to form a musical club in W—, and were asked to write on slips of paper the name of their choice for president, the organization of the club had to be abandoned because the nominating committee found on the slips the names of thirty-nine of those present. The fortieth slip bore the word "Me."

Early Golf.

Speaking of golf, a correspondent says that Ananias must have been a golfer—at any rate, after a "bad lie" he "lay dead." Sapphira, too, he adds, for after a worse "lie" she "laid the hole."—Boston Evening Transcript.

Engineers on locomotives going through a tunnel encounter heat ranging at 136 degrees with smoke and laden atmosphere often deadly carbon monoxide. Bureau of Mines has equipped with gas masks for use of and has perfected a respirator for quick use in a tunnel. A more satisfactory for combating the gas is fresh air to the men from a brake system on the train tube fitted with a fan held close to the face to adequate amount of air.

An immense dam is being across the Dix River near Kentucky, which when completed will be the highest dam in Rocky Mountains. Two are now under construction will generate more than 120,000 horse power.

The giant Sequoia, 100 feet in diameter and 260 feet high is the second largest tree in the world. It was dedicated to President Warren G. Harding in 1922. The giant redwood is 3,000 feet high and is second in size to the Sherman Tree.

By dint of hard work, taxation, Czecho-Slovakia, the few European states a sound financial condition in 1922 the country's balance was favorable by 1,200 crowns, compared with 1,000 crowns in 1921.

Believing that the visitors received by President did much to break down the American Philatelic Society recently canceled an engagement shake hands with President. This custom of setting aside daily for the reception frequently brought to the House as many as 1,200 a day to shake the President.

Indian chiefs in their the United States Government use the finger and thumb instead of their witnessed applies only to those Indians not read or write.

Waterbury, Connecticut, announcement that during this year, as compared with month in 1922, the number permits granted for the employment of children in industry increased.

Edward W. Edwards, of says, "The bigger you are, the easier you will find it. Certainly others will help you along, or ever you may have to do services, in the mean time. Here were only seven Sunday school students. J. C. Carter has that, but is better

and Mrs. R. F. V. Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Joe W. following Eli pe Monday, for B. Gilreath, W. I. Walker, J. W. St. Giron, J. L. Round and SPECIAL OFFER below.

WANTED MEN to take, by Mail or in person, specialized training under following Eli pe as bookkeepers, bank clerks, stenographers. Write today for Contract, finest catalog in B. Gilreath, W. I. Walker, J. W. St. Giron, J. L. Round and SPECIAL OFFER below.

Dr. J. W. Greenwood, of Fort Worth, was a business visitor in Memphis this week.

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Dr. J. W. Greenwood, of Fort Worth, was a business visitor in Memphis this week.

A good assortment of men's all wool suits, standard makes at \$18, \$20, \$22.50 and \$25

GREENE DRY GOODS COMPANY

MEMPHIS

"The Big Daylight Store"

TEXAS

Neighborhood News

Openings of Interest and Personal Mention from Surrounding Communities as Gathered by Democrat Correspondents.

Interview Letter

are still having cloudy weather very little rainfall in this district...

and Mrs. W. E. Boren have to Amarillo to spend a few days...

Deep Lake Doings

ry one is busy gathering their The hall adjusters are also in this locality...

Elite Incidents

had a big rain and wind storm Saturday night. E. Dennis gave a party Saturday night...

Hulver Hints

Mr. Sloan made an interesting in "Our Sunday School" Sunday morning at the Baptist church...

Louie Goffinet shipped a herd of calves this week. Mr. and Mrs. Gregory and children of Estelline visited at the home of Henry Curtis Saturday and Sunday...

Several farmers in the community are in need of cotton pickers. Families are wanted by many. Cotton is damaging for want of help to gather it...

Newlin News

Mr. and Mrs. Glover entertained the young people with a singing Sunday night. Bro. Russell filled his regular appointment here Sunday morning...

The House Mission ladies will give a supper Saturday night. Everybody is invited to attend.

Eloquence

"Eloquence" is literally and etymologically the power or faculty of "speaking up." The word is made up of the Latin words "ex" or "e," out of, and "loquor," to speak...

An old farmer, living near an aviation training camp, was sitting on a log enjoying his pipe when suddenly there was a roar and burst of flame and smoke overhead, and a plane crashed into the tree and hung suspended from the branches...

"See that nice big red apple?" he said, pointing into the tree. "That's what I came down for."—American Legion Weekly.

Mrs. Jinks jumped up in bed. She switched on the light and shook her husband's shoulder. "Sh!" she warned. "I heard someone downstairs. A burglar!"

Customer (tossing his favorite waiter)—Where's Jules today? Waiter—He's gone, sir. Customer—Gone! Do you mean he's defunct? Waiter—Yes, sir—and with everything he could lay his hands on!

And what about your references? asked the employer of the applicant. "References?" "Yes. My advertisement stated, 'Best references.'" "But I thought that applied to you!"



POULTRY

Convert Old Buildings Into Houses for Fowls

Many farms have old-style closed-up poultry houses, with poor light and ventilation, or old sheds and other buildings of little use for other purposes, that can be remodeled or built over with little difficulty into satisfactory poultry houses for the flocks this winter...

If new houses are to be built or old buildings converted into poultry houses, locate them on high or sloping ground if possible, but always on dry and well-drained soil. The amount of floor space to be allowed each fowl varies somewhat with conditions, but on a farm or where the birds can be out of doors nearly every day the department has found that about 2 1/2 square feet of floor space per bird in flocks of 20 is enough...

The converted poultry house may or may not have a floor. If the house is on dry, sandy soil a dirt floor is usually quite satisfactory although often more damp than board or cement floors.

Comfortable Houses for Ducks Quite Important In cold weather ducks should be kept in the house because their feet are so tender that when they come in contact with the cold ground they suffer greatly and huddle along as if their backs were broken. However, they should not be kept housed more than is really necessary.

Provide suitable houses if you wish to be successful. The houses need not be very expensive, but they should be substantial so that they may be used for the same purpose several years in succession.

Ducks, both old and young, should have a dry, comfortable place to stay in at night. If forced to sit on the damp ground they are liable to be taken with cramps and colds in the head. The latter are almost certain to turn to croup.

There is usually some shed or building that can be converted into a duck house at small expense. Where only a small flock is kept this plan is advisable.

Litter is almost indispensable in every henhouse where eggs are desired, as well as healthy and contented fowls. Some farmers complain about using good wheat or oats straw for the hens to scratch in. In this event, cut-corn fodder makes an excellent and lasting litter for the poultry house...

When cut up, ten bundles of corn fodder makes enough litter to cover 400 square feet of floor space. For the same space, when straw is used, at least two bales would be required, and this would cost several times as much as the corn fodder. Fodder is good not only because of its cheapness, but also because the hens like to eat the pieces of leaves, thus obtaining some bulky food, which is often lacking in poultry rations.

Pure Air Is Essential to Health of Laying Hen It has been estimated that the hen consumes twice as much air as a horse does, pound for pound of weight, and three times as much as a cow, and yet we see hen houses with no means of getting any pure air into them except through cracks, which may give a direct draft over some bird. With other conditions favorable to the development of germs, there soon are colds, roup and bronchial disorders of every



Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

MOTHER RHINOCEROS

"How well do I remember those days and nights in Africa," said Mother Rhinoceros to Mr. Rhinoceros in the zoo. "I remember those days, too," said Mr. Rhinoceros. "Yes, sometimes when people come to look at me and when they smile because they think I am a strange-looking beast I do not mind for I am dreaming of other days."

"I love to sleep and to dream. And after a nice meal a good rest is very important."

"That is, it is nice, whether or not it is important."

"What means we used to have of grass and leaves in those days, and how we would wander forth at night but sleep during the hot days."

"There was no sense going out during the heat of the day when night time would be sure to come along bringing with it cooler air."

"But how foolish it would have been for us to have done that."

"How foolish!" said Mr. Rhinoceros. "I always had such a good way of bringing up my young."

"Others have not so much sense."

"I am so glad that you agree with me," said Mother Rhinoceros. "I always thought my way was best."

"Some mothers have their children follow them. In fact that is the usual way."

"And then, every little while, they have to turn around to see if their children are behind them and make sure they haven't been lost, and also make sure they're walking along fast enough."

"But my way is to have my child walk ahead. Then I can see just where my child is all the time."

"I don't have to get worried and I don't have to suddenly turn around saying to myself: 'Oh, dear, I do hope little Rhino is still safely behind me.'"

"I don't have to say anything like that for little Rhino is still to be found straight in front of me."

"And when little Rhino wanders a little too much to the right or a little

too much to the left I nudge little Rhino to make him go right."

"Oh, yes, I can keep an eye on my child that way."

"An excellent rhinoceros custom," said Mr. Rhinoceros. "Some of us have one horn and some of us have two horns. Some of us fight with our horns and others of us fight with our teeth and some of us come from Africa while others of our family come from India."

"They say that the natives of Africa are afraid of members of our family and that elephants are afraid of us, too."

"It seems rather superior to think we can make such enormous animals as elephants afraid of us."

"They say that at times we are very stupid because we are near-sighted and can't see danger at all times."

"But we're not going to fight here. No, we're friendly enough here."

"And we're gentle enough, too."

"True," said Mother Rhinoceros. "Quite, quite true."

"Well," said Mr. Rhinoceros, "we've had a nice little talk, but now I think we'd better have a sleep."

"We must think of our beauty, you know."

"Beauty?" said Mother Rhinoceros. "Yes," said Mr. Rhinoceros, "when people speak of sleeping they often say that they must get their beauty sleep. For it seems that sleep makes health and health makes beauty and so I said we must think of our rhinoceros beauty."

"Perhaps others might not think we had to think of our beauty because we had none to think about, but our rhinoceros looks suit us."

"Perfectly," said Mother Rhinoceros. "I think our thick hides are handsome and our faces are curiously beautiful, yes, curiously beautiful!"

SHE SPANKS ERRING HUSBAND

He Acquiesces in the Punishment and Declares They Get Along Splendidly.

We have with us a married man who admits that his wife spans him whenever he does serious wrong. They began their married career in a business partnership and made money. When the husband began to spend more than his share and ran around nights the wife on one occasion tied him face downward to the bed and lashed him to a frazzle with a strap. The husband accepted the findings of his supreme court in good faith. He had his lesson and admitted that it was coming to him. Now when he does anything to which the wife can honestly take exception she takes him down into the cellar and administers the strap, says the Los Angeles Times.

The husband makes no attempt at resistance. It is his medicine and he takes it. He says that he and wife get along splendidly together. Whether the lady ever gets spanked or not the husband does not say. But he does assert that the wife who spares the rod may spoil the husband. If all husbands lined up for a spanking whenever they stayed out after midnight or lost \$4 at poker it would be better all around. The husband would prefer the strap to a tongue lashing and the wife would feel better for the physical exertion.

When wives get together for gossip it would be proud matter for conversation one could boast that she had not had occasion to spank her husband for six months. Also it would be easier for husbands to avoid the temptations of bootleggers and other vicious persons if they would take no chances of being spanked by an irate wife.

CUSHIONS POOR TRAIN GUIDE

Man Finds It Hard to Explain After Wife Has to Wait an Hour.

The other evening a man and his wife arrived from Albany by a day-line steamer and as his destination was Connecticut he took a taxi to the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station, tells the New York Sun and Globe. At that hour traffic over the rails is heavy and a megaphoned announcer calls out the trains as they arrive.

The man paid little attention to him as train after train pulled in despite his wife's nervous questionings. "It's all right," he said. "I'll know when our train arrives. The upholstery of the seats on the New Haven trains is different from that on the Central." The time passed and more trains. Then the man himself began to get a bit impatient. He went up to the announcer. "Your train," said he, "came in and pulled out five minutes ago. The next is in an hour." The following 60 minutes were spent by the man in explaining to his wife how things had changed in the running of the roads since he had been there before.

His Day to Celebrate.

Ephraim had put on a clean collar and his best coat, and was walking majestically up and down the street. "Aren't you working today, Ephraim?" asked one of his acquaintances. "No, sub. I'm celebratin' my golden

weedin', sub. "You were married fifty years ago today?" "Yes, sub." "Well, why isn't your wife helping you to celebrate it?" "My present wife, sub," replied Ephraim with dignity, "ain't got nothin' to do with it. She's de fo' th."

They Don't Do It. A furrier was selling a coat to a lady customer. "Yes, ma'am," he said, "I guarantee this to be genuine skunk fur that will wear for years."

"But suppose I get it wet in the rain," asked the lady, "what effect will water have on it? Won't it spoil?" "Madam," answered the furrier, "I have only one answer. Did you ever hear of a skunk carrying an umbrella?"

She Knew His Line. "Mister Ticket Agent, Ah wan't to git a ticket for Florence," said the dusky colored woman as she stood at the ticket window in the railroad station.

"There's no Florence on our line, madam," snapped the smart Alec ticket agent.

"Well, fer the law sakes alive, Mister; there's Florence a-settin' right ever there in that corner. You gimme a ticket."

The Tragedy. "Yes, Jones and his wife have separated, and all on account of a dream." "What! Are they that superstitious?" "I dunno about they; but she is, Jones called 'Mabel, Mabel,' a couple of times in his sleep one night and his wife was awake."

"But what about the dream?" "That's it; he was dreaming he was in Chicago, and his wife's name is Lucy."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

No More Hunting.

A young Swede appeared at the county judge's office and asked for a license. "What kind of a license?" asked the judge. "A hunting license?" "No," was the answer. "Aye tank aye bane hunting long enough. Aye want marriage license."

French Girl Wants Man From Montana

Paris.—The American Aid society of Paris has received a curious commission from Mlle. Yvonne Jalla, who has a considerable fortune. According to a statement she has made to the society, she was engaged to an American lieutenant from Montana, who was killed in the war. As she could not erase his memory, she is determined to marry none but a man from Montana. The city conditions which she imposed on her communication to the society set forth that the candidate should not be handsome nor faithful. prohibition. As soon as the society has succeeded in finding her a Montana husband she will in return pay the passage home of 15 destitute Americans stranded in France.

NEW FALL GOODS ARRIVING DAILY

We have prepared a stock of merchandise for fall of the latest styles and materials. It means a series of opportunities in thrifty purchases which will save you many dollars on your winter needs. The store is full to the overflowing in every section with the things that you need, and which are offered at special prices. We have not forgotten smart footwear for fall at economical prices for men, women and children.

Better Quality—More Goods—Less Price THE FAMOUS M. N. COHEN, Proprietor

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Board and Room-
fully decorated, cool,
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ESTIMATING ON FOOLISHNESS

There is a wheeze that has gone the rounds of the printers so long that it has lost both author and origin, but it hasn't lost its point. You must have heard it, but it will do you good to hear it again.

"A certain printer has notified the merchants of his town that he will shortly be in need of a shirt, a pair of shoes and a hat. He asks that each merchant furnish estimates as follows:

"One shirt, with and without collar; also in one, two and three colors. Estimate each way.

"One pair of shoes. Estimate for two colors, black and brown. Also give prices, whether high or Oxford, and laced or buttoned.

"One hat, soft or derby (estimate for black, brown, green and grey, with and without band, size to be determined later).

"This printer adds that he is about to place a large order in the near future, and will give special consideration to the merchant who makes him a reasonable price on this small initial order.
"Etc., etc."

How often is the printer asked to figure just such nonsense? Why isn't turn about fair play?

Don't ask for bids on your printing, but have it done in an office that is equipped to give you high-grade work; where the employes take an individual interest in every job.

The Memphis Democrat

SYNOPSIS

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of the Desert

by Randall Parrish

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I—On the isolated Meager on the southern border, Deborah, trained nurse, is in love with Bob Meager, whose husband recently been killed in an accident. Immediately after the death of Meager, Mrs. Meager's arrival and takes possession of the house. Deborah and she resolve to get away, alone.

CHAPTER II—Meager glazes over his plight, telling her he has a justice of the peace who will marry them tomorrow. Horrified, she secures a revolver.

CHAPTER III—The justice, Cornelius, surrounded and bosom friend of Meager, arrives with a party, among them the "Prison Kid," notorious desperado. The girl locks herself up.

CHAPTER IV—Forced by Bob, Mrs. Meager, Deborah from the room where she is, she escapes and enters her room.

CHAPTER V—Meager seeks the girl and she stuns him with the revolver and escapes, capturing a horse and escape, any way from Meager, if she must the desert. In the stables she finds the "Prison Kid." Somehow she escapes with confidence and she is the situation, he not having present at the "wedding."

CHAPTER VI—The "Kid" tells her she is Daniel Kelleen, that he is the "Prison Kid," and securing the girl to ride into the desert.

CHAPTER VII—Alone with Kelleen, she becomes somewhat apprehensive. He tells her of his service where Deborah had been a nurse and she puts full faith in him.

CHAPTER VIII—Kelleen explains to Deborah that he is a manufacturer, that he is really a member of a gang of thieves and has come down to the desert, among Meager and Garity.

CHAPTER IX—While the girl is engaged, Kelleen disappears from a hiding place. Deborah, in talking with Juan Sanchez, a member of the gang. Her suspicions returned, she seeks to ascertain the whereabouts of Kelleen.

CHAPTER X—Deborah's captor carries her to a cave. She escapes and she finds the body of a dead man who has been searching for her. She takes a revolver. Finding the man who has been searching for her, she returns the shot and after succeeding in finding her way out of the cave.

CHAPTER XI—While resting, after a long and weary journey, Deborah and Kelleen, apparently a quarrel. The two part, Kelleen away and Meager, on foot, apparently seeking something. She finds Meager's horse and escapes. She meets a man who has been searching for her and she returns the shot and after succeeding in finding her way out of the cave.

CHAPTER XII—Kelleen explains the situation to Deborah, telling her he is a member of a party of American soldiers who are waiting at a place in the desert. She goes forward, practically rep in the saddle, she is stopped by a soldier, whom she informs of the fact that Captain Kelleen is dead.

CHAPTER XIII—A short distance from the spot, Deborah is met by the animal which she had been riding. She goes forward. Practically rep in the saddle, she is stopped by a soldier, whom she informs of the fact that Captain Kelleen is dead.

CHAPTER XIV—A short distance from the spot, Deborah is met by the animal which she had been riding. She goes forward. Practically rep in the saddle, she is stopped by a soldier, whom she informs of the fact that Captain Kelleen is dead.

CHAPTER XV—A short distance from the spot, Deborah is met by the animal which she had been riding. She goes forward. Practically rep in the saddle, she is stopped by a soldier, whom she informs of the fact that Captain Kelleen is dead.

It was like a nightmare, the horrid memory which haunted her of Kelleen's body whirling down through that glare of red light. Then the light had faded, the



Deborah Gazed Frightened into Those Dizzy Depths Below.

deafening fire having died down to red ash, and her eyes were unable to penetrate the gloom beneath. She stared into a black void, seeing no movement, hearing no sound. The awful silence and loneliness crushed her spirit.

What could she do? Where could she go? Not to those men there in the valley surely; not to Bob Meager, asking for mercy and release. He was impossible; her bitter hatred of him more intense than ever. To all the wrong done her in the past was added now this brutal murder of Daniel Kelleen—and suddenly, unexpectedly the girl realized that this last meant to her. She refused to acknowledge the truth, fought it back there alone in the darkness, yet it would not be altogether ignored. Daniel Kelleen was dead—gone from out her life forever—and there came into her heart a desire for revenge, a mad impulse to fling herself upon the murderer. She longed to become the instrument to prove her loyalty to him by action. Yet how? What was it possible for her to do?

She started helplessly about into the dense blackness of the desert, and up at the desert stars overhead, her mind obsessed with these questions. It was no longer herself so much as the aroused memory of him. She would carry on his work; she must at whatever cost. But how? The cavalrymen stationed at Box canyon! They were waiting for the approach of Casabeer's outfit, or else some word of command from Kelleen. They could not be far away over there—to the south he said, and he had pointed in that direction. The stars would help her to keep the points of the compass until daylight came, and then surely she could discern something else to steer her course by. She must go on foot, straight out into the desert; there might not be one chance in a hundred of her going right—yet the one chance was better than remaining there for Bob Meager to find her. She would rather die miserably in the sand waste than feel that wretch touch her again; God, yes, the kiss of Death would be sweet, compared to the touch of his lips. She shuddered at the thought. His wife! the subject of his faint caresses; helpless to repel his lust, his brutal bestiality. She would make the trail; she would go south. This was all that her mind grasped clearly—the soldiers were camped at Box canyon, and Box canyon was somewhere out there to the southward. To reach them was her only hope.

She stood up and studied the sky. She knew so little of those stars they frightened and confused her in their desert brilliancy, and yet she remembered enough to meet her immediate needs. The Big Dipper was easily found, and then the North Star. She must be right, for Kelleen had pointed over there, and the direction he had designated coincided exactly with what the stars told. She could not go far wrong if she kept that North Star at her back—she would be going south. A moment she paused, hesitating to take the plunge, a prayer on her lips. How lonely, desolate, black the night was; the very silence seemed to hem her in, isolate her from

all the world. Then, with firm-set lips, the girl went forward, plunging her way through the sand, instantly swallowed up in the black desert.

She plunged on recklessly, desperately, hope dying within her as she advanced. Nothing could guide her now, or save her, but God's mercy. The soundless void through which she moved, the impenetrable black curtains enveloping her almost drove her mad. She could not fight the depression or keep her mind clear. The sand shifted under her feet and twice she fell heavily, tripped by some protruding rock, and left bruised and breathless. Her advance was blind, uncertain, and she scarcely dared turn her face forward for fear of losing the guidance of that one star by which she endeavored to steer. She was lost utterly, but for that, and when for a moment her eyes strayed everything became confused, her every sense of direction gone. How long she toiled on, how fast her rate of progress, the girl never knew—the way was uneven, with unexpected depressions here and there, and ridges of rock projecting through the sand, and occasionally mounds she had to go around. Once she encountered a shallow ravine, stepping off into it unconsciously, and then crawling painfully up the opposite side, cut by sharp splinters of stone, before attaining the level again. For the moment she lost her star, but finally located it once more, and plunged desperately on.

Then she saw something just ahead of her—a dim, indefinable shadow, which seemed to move. It was so hideous, so grotesque and shapeless, her very heart stood still with terror. The girl sank to her knees, trembling, with no eyes for anything except that mysterious moving object. Missshapen, huge, looming oddly through the gloom, it was advancing steadily toward her—a formless something which resembled neither man nor beast.

CHAPTER XIII The Border Patrol.

Deborah rose timidly to her feet, her heart beginning to beat once more, but not with fear. Forth from the darkness came the low whinney of a horse in sudden recognition, while as instantly that horrid shadow took both shape and form. It was a horse, saddled, bridled, the rein trailing along the sand, one of the two animals stampeded by the shot which had killed Kelleen. He had sensed her coming in the desert night, and was even then dumbly welcoming her. The girl went forward slowly, doubtfully,

fearful of again startling the animal into flight, but he remained quiet, sniffing at her as she drew near, and she finally put hand on the dangling rein. It was the horse Kelleen had ridden, and Deborah hid her face in his mane and cried softly, while he turned and rubbed his muzzle against her shoulder in silent greeting. It seemed too good to be true; as though God had led her every step of the way. The sudden reaction left her weak as a child.

Yet she must go on; there was more cause now than ever before to go on—more hope of success. She made the effort twice before she succeeded in dragging herself up into the saddle, but the horse stood patiently, making no attempt to break away. Once there the girl's strength came back, and with it her determination. All was still, deathly still; not a breath of air touched her cheek; the dense night shut them in. Carefully she located the only star she knew; to her mind it seemed utterly wrong in its position, yet she was faithful to it. Half afraid, yet not daring to venture otherwise, she drew the horse about and rode south.

The night seemed endless, the black desert eternal. There were times when the girl lost consciousness of everything, except that shining North Star ever at her back. It was her one guide and hope; through it she retained sanity and faith. In that way lay Box canyon and those waiting troopers. She dare not ride fast, knowing not what pitfalls were ahead, the course irregular, up and down. The horse picked his way intelligently, the reins lying loose, except as she occasionally held him inexorably to the southward. She swayed wearily in the saddle, clinging to the high pommel for support, unable to see, yet aware that they crossed shallow ravines, and found passage occasionally along ridges of outcropping rock, and then advanced more easily for long spaces over wide expanses of sand, noiselessly as a specter. It was hard to keep awake, to concentrate, to remember—she had to struggle to realize this was not all a dream.

Then, after seemingly, endless hours, the dawn came. Would she ever again forget it? She hardly knew at first what it was. Riding drowsily with lowered head, she became dimly aware of a change, a lightning of the gloom about, a dull grayness tingeing faintly the black wall of the surrounding night. Almost as she wondered the daylight came, wan and spectral at first, widening her vista on a gray circle as the stars slowly faded from out a multicolored sky. To the left a brightening white light shot up in long streamers, touching with more gauzy tinges the edges of fleecy clouds, while in the other direction a purple haze blended with the deeper shadows along the horizon. It was the coming of the sun, rising majestically above the far-off rim of the desert, and she was still moving southward; through the long night hours she had kept the faith.

Yet there was little hope, of encouragement in the picture unrolled before her. Her view gradually spread

out in wider and wider circle, but with no relief to its drear squalor or monotony. Sand, leagues upon leagues of sand, stretched wherever her wearied eyes turned, leveled by the wind, or cast upward in rounded hillocks, but ever gray, depressing, a sea of desolation, dead, unmovable, extending to the far circle of the overshadowing arch of sky. It was all lifeless, not even a sagebrush or Spanish bayonet visible. Doubts assailed her. Had she taken the right course? Did Kelleen imply that Box canyon lay directly south and had she been led astray, and thus wandered blindly out into the very heart of the desert? Could she, could the torture as that rising sun promised? Helpless, hopeless, the girl dropped down wearily in the saddle, closing her eyes to the desolation. They plodded on drearly, her mind a chaos, haunted by every memory of horror arising from those swift-occurring events which had led to this tragedy. Her forcible marriage to Bob Meager, the bitter hatred his touch had aroused, his drunken, lustful eyes, the blow she struck him, with murder in her heart, the feeling like a hunted criminal, desperately seeking escape. Then the coming of Kelleen into her life, strangely, mysteriously weaving about her a web of fascination, even as they rode together through the darkness. She had never entirely thrown that off, the odd spell of his presence, his cool, confident words—she felt she never would. Even when she questioned him the most, she still secretly believed; and now that he was actually dead, not so much as the flicker of a doubt remained.

She saw again that dead man in the cave; experienced the grip of those savage arms, and once more, in heedless terror, fired down the black tunnel, and then struggled upward through that awful hole into the light of day. Then all that followed, followed so swiftly, was but a jumble of events, yet each distinct, unforgettable, burned on her soul. True! It could not be true! It must be delirium, a wild fiction of romance raging in the brain of a half-mad dreamer. Yet this was the desert—the desert! She lifted her eyes to look, gazing out blindly over the dull gray expanse. What was it over yonder? a tree? a ridge of uplifted rock? Not much, surely, and yet everything in midst of that solitude. Her heart beat suddenly with hope. Perhaps that marked the end; perhaps that was where the trail ran—the trail to Box canyon. If so, God was good!

The tired horse lifted his head, and whinnied, breaking into a slow trot, the sand crunching under his hoofs. Deborah was wide awake now, alert and ready. Yet it actually was a tree, and the tops of others began to show beyond; their presence promised water, grass, life; that horrid desert left behind. Yet it was a long, dreary ride of an hour before they reached there, coming to a shallow valley through which trickled a mere rill, rock strewn and almost as desolate as had been the desert itself, but with here and there a patch of grass visible, and a few scattered, wind-racked trees. It was a scene scarcely less

dreary than the upper plain, yet to Deborah and her horse was most welcome. The latter came down the slanting bank gingerly and made for the nearest water hole, the girl slipping quickly from the saddle and seeking to quench her thirst farther upstream. The water, slightly brackish, but still fairly clear and pure, brought new life, the animal wandering about in his fresh environment, nibbling contentedly at the scattered tufts of grass, while Deborah studied her surroundings with awakened interest. Old Tom Meager, in their rides together, had taught her some of the fundamentals of plainscraft, how to observe this thing and that, when alone in the wilds. Now she applied these lessons eagerly, searching for some evidence of that trail which she felt convinced must run up this lonely valley. Nothing could be better adapted to the purpose of these outlaws than the course of this desolate stream, a mere thread extending through leagues of sand, lying sufficiently below the level to conceal their movements, and yet furnish

water for their stock. Surely they must have left some trail behind.

But if so no trace remained along the western shore. Convinced of this, Deborah, leading her horse, crossed the narrow stream, stepping from rock to rock, and clambering up the level plateau on the other side. Even here little was visible, and she would have overlooked even these signs but for old Tom's training. Evidence was found—the scattered dead ashes of a fire; the mark of a shod horse's hoof, an open sheath knife, the blade not yet rusted from exposure, and a half-dozen emptied cartridge shells. Later, upstream a few rods, she found where a dozen horses had been tied to a picket rope, stamping their hoofs into the soft sod. But beyond this point the soil ceased, and whatever trail there was vanished on a surface of hard rock which left no trace. Nevertheless she mounted once more, and rode on, still with her course to the south.

How terribly exhausted she was, reeling in the saddle from faintness. She ached from head to foot, and she felt strangely dizzy. Twice she dismounted to bathe her face in the running water, but had found it so difficult to climb up into the saddle again she dare not venture a third time. She could only cling tight to the pommel, with eyes closed, and let the horse pick his own way along the outlaw trail. Box canyon! Could this be Box canyon? She opened her eyes to look up, the great cliffs towering so high above she could scarcely gain glimpse of a ribbon of blue sky. It was like twilight where she rode, the walls purplish blue, nothing clearly visible a dozen yards ahead. She shuddered at the dreary loneliness, the awful silence. If this was Box canyon, then she had come too late—there were no soldiers there.

She closed her eyes again, struggling for control, for courage, clutching at the pommel to hold herself upright. Then the horse stopped as though gripped by a hand, and a voice said shortly:

"Gee! but it's a woman. Say, wake up, sister, and tell us what yer doin' here."

She stared at him dumbly, a boy in khaki, his hand grasping her bridle rein, a short rifle in the hollow of his other arm, his face featuring astonishment.

"Asleep, was yer? H—I of a place ter sleep."

"Are you a soldier?" she asked, struggling with her dizziness, "a cavalryman?"

"Sure—U. S. You're Yank too, ain't yer? That's what bothers me; now if yer was Mex, I'd know what to do."

"What?"

"Hustle yer on to the Lieut; he ain't the rest of 'em are back there."

"Yes, yes, I know," she exclaimed excitedly. "You are here to intercept gun-runners across the line. I—I have been hunting for you all night. He—he is dead—killed."

"Dead! Who's dead?"

"Captain Kelleen."

She recoiled in the saddle, everything black before her. The trooper sprang and caught her as she fell.

(To be Continued Next Week)

St. Paul Girl Bums Way to Go Into the Movies

Los Angeles, Cal.—A small figure dropped off a freight train in the yards near the Salt Lake station and planted its feet firmly upon California soil.

In unconscious salute then, Shirley Dickson, actress, nurse and feminine jock of all trades, took off her boy's cap and stared hungrily at the skyline of Los Angeles.

She, being an actress, knew just what to do. Her grip, having been shipped on ahead, was waiting in the baggage room. So she redeemed it, managed somewhere to get back into her girl's clothes, and went uptown to a newspaper to tell her story.

It's full of queer twists; for Shirley says she was robbed of half her clothes and \$100 by a girl friend in Denver and that, posing as a boy, she then rode with friendly motorists back to St. Paul. From there she turned west again via the "blinds." Friendly motorists were displaced by friendly brakemen and conductors, who allowed her to sneak rides through to Salt Lake City and then to Los Angeles.

"What am I going to do?" she asked. "I'm going to get me the first home I've had since I was four and then I'm going to make Hollywood think I'm good. For I can act, you know, it comes natural."

Advertisement for Theford's Black-Draught Liver Medicine. Includes text: "Inactive Liver", "I have had trouble with an inactive liver...", "If it isn't Theford's it isn't BLACK-DRAUGHT Liver Medicine."



What Was it Over Yonder?

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Advertisement for Insurance. Includes text: "INSURANCE", "Income Tax", "R. A. B.", "Itall County Bank Bldg.", "Memphis ladies at this, Texas"

Advertisement for Meat, Bread, Neel Grocery Company. Includes text: "Meat, Bread", "PHONES", "Neel Grocery Company", "and 469"

Advertisement for The Sanitary Market. Includes text: "THE SANITARY MARKET", "Many and varied are the cuts of fine Fresh Meats you can buy here at all times.", "Arnold & Gardner", "Phones 160 and 280."

Advertisement for Transfer and Storage. Includes text: "TRANSFER AND STORAGE", "All kinds of dray work, heavy or light. Piano moving a specialty. Household and other goods stored.", "SAM FORKNER", "Office at Blair & Maupin Co.", "Day Phone 86", "Night Phone 80"

