

The Snyder Signal

TWENTY-NINTH YEAR.

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NUMBER 12.

UNCLE JIM & TAD & TIM -





THE SWEET SINGER



HOW good it is to feel the burden of a big undertaking suddenly slip from one's shoulders into the background of accomplishment. It's my first book, but if it doesn't sell I'll not only eat my hat, but the rest of my wardrobe also."

Oswald Chesney put his right hand mechanically to his watch pocket. The fob was empty, and an expression, first of alarm, then of amusement, passed over his face.

"Hanged if I don't forget," he chuckled. "Well, I'll get it out as soon as I can. The old thief knew what he was up to when he lent me a paltry fiver on it. By jove, it's been a tight squeeze these five months. How much have I left?"

He thrust his hands into his pockets and drew forth some coins. Stopping in the light of a lamp he counted them one by one.

"One solitary sovereign, four half-crowns, five shillings, and two sixpences," he soliloquized. "One pound sixteen, my friend, between your unworthy self and the casual ward of a London workhouse."

He smiled at the idea, and began retracing his steps along the deserted path that led northward out of Hyde Park.

He crossed the road and turned into a side street. A quarter of a mile and he took another turn. Suddenly he stopped. Someone was singing. The voice reached him where he stood. A woman, too, and in the open street. But what a voice! He held his breath. It was his favorite song—"For All Eternity!"

Presently she came in sight, and he slackened his pace. Her figure was slim—her step graceful. Presently her face came within the circle of light emitted by one of the street lamps. Its beauty, its sweetness, its refinement, struck him instantly, and without pausing to reflect he stepped into the road and approached her.

"In Heaven's name, my girl, what brings you out into the streets at night, and with this song on your lips? You, who are no ordinary street singer."

The girl stopped. For one brief instant her eyes met his in a quick, searching glance. Then she lowered them to the dark road at her feet.

"Perhaps not," she admitted with a sigh. "But the necessity is the same. It is this or—or well, there is no alternative possible—that's all. I must earn money."

"But your voice would bring you money in a better and less dangerous way than this," persisted Oswald. "Think of the risks you are running."

The girl shook her head sadly. "I've tried the concert halls," she said sorrowfully, "but they say I lack training. And—I must have money. My sister is ill, and we are poor—dreadfully poor."

"Can't you get work of some kind?" "No. I've tried that, too. But I've had no experience, you see, and people won't employ an incapable. So—so I've come out here."

Oswald thrust one hand into his pocket. One pound sixteen between him and—what? The future was veiled in mystery. His book had not yet been accepted. True, he was optimistic enough to be convinced that it would be accepted. And he—well, he had his one pound sixteen. Slowly he drew forth one of the coins.

"Now, look here," he said seriously. "I'm only a poor devil of an author. But I'm not going to see you go any farther with this horrible business. This is the last piece of gold I have left. Take it home to that sister of yours, and make her comfortable. And take this card with it. Don't lose it, for my address is printed on it. Drop me a line tomorrow, telling me just what you can do, and I'll get you work of some kind, somehow; but whatever you do don't go singing in the streets again. Will you promise me that?"

The girl nodded. There was a strange light burning in those downcast eyes.

"Yes," she said readily. "I promise you that."

"Now another," pleaded Oswald with increased earnestness. "I don't know who you are, but I do know that you are true and good and honest. Promise me you will remain so. I know what poverty means to such as you. But promise me you will never forget what you owe to yourself, your sex, and your God."

A soft pink blush stole into the girl's cheeks.

"I promise that, too," she said, and her



"What brings you out into the streets at night and with this song on your lips?"

voice, though low, was as earnest as his own. He put the gold coin, with the card beneath it, into her hand.

"Don't forget to write me," he reminded her. "I will do my utmost to help you."

The girl put her hands together and slowly lifted her eyes to his.

"How much money have you now?" she asked nervously.

"Sixteen shillings."

Her blue eyes grew suddenly bright till they shone like stars. Then suddenly the girl put her hands up till they rested on his shoulders.

"I wonder how many there are like you," she said earnestly. "May God reward you for this night's work."

Her hands slipped down again, and with a lovely but incomprehensible smile the girl was gone. For a few moments he stood gazing after her. Then he went back to the pavement and pursued his way homeward.

"What a queer little adventure!" he soliloquized reflectively. "She looks like a lady. I wonder what brought her to this! Well, she may tell me later. By jove, though, I can't get those eyes of hers out of my memory! She's the very first woman who has interested me—in this way. Hallo! What am I saying? I must be growing childish."

Reaching his garret he divested himself of his great coat. Something dropped upon the floor and jingled as it rolled. He went down on his knees and searched till he found it. It was a sovereign. In bewildered amazement he stood staring at it for fully five minutes.

"Well, this beats all," he blurted out at last. "If this isn't the identical sovereign which I gave that girl I'll—I'll swallow it! How on earth did it come there? Let's see. She put her hands on my shoulders, and perhaps in her excitement she let it slip from her fingers. My breast pocket was underneath her right hand. What an infernal nuisance! I can't picture her distress when she returns home and finds the sovereign missing."

That night those blue eyes haunted him for hours. But at last he fell asleep, promising himself that he would hear from her on the morrow.

But the days slipped into weeks and the weeks into months, and still no letter came from the girl who had interested him so greatly.

CHAPTER II.

"Won't you sing to us, Miss Ransome? We are growing quite jealous of Mr. Oswald Chesney. He has positively monopolized you all the evening."

Viola Ransome smiled and, rising, went to the piano. Her late companion watched her as she went.

He listened while she ran her fingers lightly over the keys of the piano. Her face was half turned to his, and, as she sat dreamily weaving a weirdly sweet introductory melody to the song she was about to sing, she lifted her eyes to his. A smile played for an instant about the ripe red lips, and the music suddenly changed.

A few harmonious bars of stronger tone, and Viola Ransome began to sing. Oswald Chesney watched her in rapt attention. It was the song he loved best.

"What is this secret spell around me stealing? The evening air is faint with magic power, And shadows fall upon my soul, revealing The meaning of this mem'ry-laden hour."

He sat quite still. It was not only that he admired the wondrous beauty of that matchless voice. There was something else—something undefined and all-mysterious, that filled his mind with memories of he knew not what.

He was recalled to himself by the return of Viola Ransome. Seating herself in the chair next his own, she turned to him with a smile.

"You were the only gentleman in the room who did not honor me by applauding," she said reproachfully.

Oswald flushed guiltily.

"Upon my word, I believe you're right," he admitted. "But I never even heard the applause. I was thinking, I beg your pardon most humbly, Miss Ransome, I don't know when I enjoyed a song so much."

Viola smiled at him.

"You must have been thinking of something exceedingly pleasant," she remarked, "or you could not have become so absorbed. Is it worth the orthodox penny?"

"I will tell you what it was," replied Oswald at once. "When you began to sing—I had a sort of indistinct recollection of hearing the same song a long time ago."

"That is surely not improbable," laughed Viola a little nervously. "The song is a popular one, as you know."

Oswald shook his head.

"I mean," he said with decision, "that I recognized not merely the song, but the voice also."

"Of course, it is merely a wonderful coincidence," he continued. "The thing is too impossible to be anything else. But it came to me with truly startling force. And pardon me, but even your eyes help the illusion. I will tell you about it. About two years ago I was walking homeward and at midnight. I had just finished my first book, and was then but an unknown writer. Fame and success had not then come to me, and I was poor. Turning down a side street I came upon a young woman singing in the street. I was struck not only by the beauty she displayed, both personal and vocal, but also with the obvious air of refinement that was so characteristic of her. 'For All Eternity' was the song she sang.

"I stopped short. The dangers of her position came home to me and made me shudder. I went up to her and extracted a promise that she would sing no more in that way. I gave her my card and asked her to write me, promising to use my best endeavors to procure her some honest employment. When I reached home a curious thing happened. The coin I had given her dropped from one of my pockets. I was horribly vexed, but consoled myself with the reflection that she would write on the morrow, but from that day to this I have never heard."

Viola Ransome was smiling up at him.

"And you thought of this tonight?" she said sweetly.

"Yes," he replied gravely. "The song, the voice, the face all rose up before me. The similarity is wonderful. Of course it's all

nonsense, I know, but I can't get the memory of it out of my head."

Viola rose. "It seems terribly warm in here," she remarked.

Oswald rose also. "It will be cooler in the conservatory," he suggested, offering her his arm, and together they passed out into the dimly lighted conservatory. Oswald found a pretty little arbor-hidden seat away among the tall fronds of the overhanging palms.

For a moment there was a silence broken by Viola.

"I suppose the girl puzzled you?" she asked abruptly.

Oswald looked down at her in some surprise.

"Well, yes," he admitted. "But I did not think so much of that. I didn't want to lose sight of her."

Viola opened her eyes.

"How very romantic," she exclaimed.

Oswald bit his lip.

"There was no disgrace in what she did," he affirmed boldly. "A street singer may be just as pure as a prima donna. She was!"

Viola blushed prettily, then she drew something from the bosom of her dress and handed it to him. Oswald Chesney took it from her and turned it over. An exclamation of astonishment escaped him as he read the name inscribed on it.

"Where did you get this?" he demanded.

"It's one of my old cards!"

Viola dropped her eyes.

"If I confess," she asked demurely, "will you promise not to divulge the truth?"

Oswald nodded.

"Yes," he agreed. "But tell me, in heaven's name, tell me! Surely—oh! it can't be, it can't be."

Viola laughed merrily.

"It was," she said deliberately. "Listen and I'll tell it to you."

She paused for a moment and then proceeded.

"We were all sitting together one evening waiting to go on. There were four other girls besides myself, and the conversation turned on the characters we had to represent in an opera we were to perform. One of the scenes in the opera necessitated my appearance as a street singer. One of the girls, a rather affected little thing, was holding forth upon the terrible nature of street music work, and at last so heated was I that I cried indignantly, 'I'll go through any street in London you care to name and sing as I go. Will that convince you that I see no shame or disgrace in the act itself?'"

"At this the girls clapped their hands. I was younger then, and could not see that some of my elder companions were amusing themselves at my expense. So I went, and—and met you."

She stopped and there was a long pause. Presently Oswald looked down at her.

"And the sovereign?" he asked quietly.

Viola laughed.

"I dropped it into your breast pocket," she confessed. And then suddenly her mood changed. "Oh!" she said, her blue eyes filling with sudden tears, "how splendid, how noble you were that night to give away the last gold coin that was left to you in all the wide world, and for a poor, unknown girl, a singer in the streets! I have never forgotten the counsel you gave me. Would to God all the world were as true and kind as you! It was a wild and reckless piece of folly, but I have always been grateful for the experience. Time and again it has comforted me when the world seemed empty and hollow. And—and I hope the memory will live as long as the song I sang."

Oswald put his hand upon one of hers.

"Viola," he said gently, "let us help it to live. Strange and incomprehensible as it may seem, my heart went out to you that night in the dark and deserted street. I have never thought of you since save with a feeling of unrest. I know the truth now. I love you dearly, love you with all my heart and soul and strength. Let us take that dear old song for our watchword, 'For All Eternity.'"

"Thou reignest in my heart, my own, In life and death I love thee."

Viola was trembling, but she did not resist when he drew her towards him and smoothed back the fragrant coils of her wavy golden hair.



BUY IT MADE IN TEXAS



By JOHN R. LUNSFORD, SECRETARY, BUY-IT-MADE-IN-TEXAS ASSOCIATION



Increased population and wealth to the state. No movement for the progress and development of the resources of the state that has been started has met with such unanimous and unqualified indorsement as has the Buy-It-Made-in-Texas Association. Its officers, directors and members are drawn from the ranks of successful and well-known

The work of the Buy It Made in Texas Association is attracting attention all over the state. The association has inaugurated a campaign of education for the purpose of instilling into the minds of the people of the state the policy of spending their money at home and thereby building up home industries and encouraging home factories and attracting increased population and wealth to the state.

gospel of "Texas products for consumption, and Texas labor for production."

John F. Shelton, president of the association, is the manager and the controlling factor in the Texas Anchor Fence Company and the Fort Worth Wagon Factory, both enterprises of high standing and unchallenged success. He is a practical, progressive and energetic business man and has entered upon the direction of the campaign inaugurated by the Buy-It-Made-in-Texas Association with enthusiasm and sincerity. Associated with him are the following business men, whose names and the enterprises which they control are well and favorably known through the state:

W. T. Eldridge, general manager of the Imperial Sugar Company, Sugarland, Texas, employing more than 500 persons and producing more than \$8,000,000 annually in Texas-made products; A. T. Clifton, president of the Clifton Manufacturing Company, Waco, Texas, manufacturing cotton goods, employing nearly 100 people; R. M. Kelly, of the Kelly Plow Company, Longview, Texas, employing more than 100 persons; Ed Cunningham, president of the State Federation of

T. B. Noble, manager of the Wichita Falls Broom Factory; Bennett Smith, president of the Texas Gum Company of Temple, Texas; Clarence R. Miller of Dallas, manufacturer of overalls; J. C. Whaley, president of the Whaley Milling Company, Gainesville, Texas; J. C. Saunders of the Bonham Cotton Mills, Bonham, Texas, also of the Guadalupe Cotton Mills; A. C. Goeth, treasurer, president of the Walter Tips Company, Austin, Texas; Charles Graebner, president of the G. A. Duerler Manufacturing Company, San Antonio, Texas; W. K. Gordon of the Texas & Pacific Coal, Brick and Gas Company, employing about 2,500 people; Sam I. Miller of Miller Bros. Manufacturing Company, manufacturing overalls, Galveston, Texas; Benjamin D. Cash, manager of the Magnolia Cotton Oil Company, Houston, Texas.

The membership of the association embraces a large number of manufacturers in all the larger cities of the state, including Galveston, Houston, San Antonio, Fort Worth, Dallas, Waco, Wichita Falls, Sherman, Gainesville, Bonham, Austin, Taylor and others.

The movement was first inaugurated in re-

Woodman, which resulted in the meeting of a large number of manufacturers and business men in Fort Worth on June 22 and 23 of this year. At that meeting preliminary steps toward a permanent organization were taken and a committee was named for the purpose of enlisting the support and cooperation of the manufacturers and business men throughout the state. This committee visited all the leading cities and held conferences at which much interest was shown and additional members of the board of directors were named as above given.

July 12 a meeting was held at Austin in the office of the State Commissioner of Labor Statistics, for the purpose of effecting a permanent organization, and at that meeting Mr. Shelton was elected president; Col. W. T. Eldridge, first vice president; Bennett Smith, second vice president; Ed Cunningham, third vice president; A. C. Goeth, treasurer, and John R. Lunsford, secretary. By-laws and constitution were adopted and provisions made for a state-wide campaign of education, which is now being carried on in every corner of Texas. Among other features of this campaign, the association has planned a

LIFE ON TEXAS BORDER

Diary of H. H. McConnell, Sergeant Sixth U. S. Texas Cavalry from 1866 to 1878



"HE HAD GONE TO CALIFORNIA WITH THE 'ARGONAUTS' IN THE FALL OF '49."

CHAPTER III.

MENTION has been made in a previous chapter of Colonel Starr, our commanding officer, who was at this time the second major of the regiment, and who was an odd character. He had lost one arm during the late war; had met during his long service with one or more "setbacks" in rank, the result of his temper; and all these things, together with his having seen scores of younger men promoted over his head, had soured his disposition and made him irascible, unreasonable and "cranky" in the extreme. As he was, however, stricter and more "military" with the officers than he was with the enlisted men, he stood in high estimation with the latter; but the newly-arrived second lieutenant, fresh from the "Point," very soon had the corners rounded off him by contact with "Old Paddy."

CALIFORNIA JACK.

"California Jack," a lieutenant of the regiment, long since on the retired list from disabilities contracted in the line of his duty, was surely a character that, had Bret Harte known him, would certainly have adorned the pages of his inimitable sketches of the days of '49. I cannot do him justice either in his appearance, his oddities or in recording any of the wonderful reminiscences which he related to me from time to time. Standing 6 feet 3 in his stockings, rough and uncouth in manner, loud of voice, often profane in speech, and more or less addicted to the flowing bowl, he was a curious specimen of the officer and gentleman. He had gone to California with the "Argonauts" in the "fall of '49 or spring of '50," had experienced all the ups and downs of the life incident to those stirring times; had served as major in a California regiment during the war, and at its close had been promoted into the regular army and assigned to the "Sixth." He was domestic, positive—claiming and asserting a familiar acquaintance with every subject from divinity to seamanship, inclusive; but "frontier-craft," if I may use such a term, was his forte.



"DIDN'T CARE FOR BUTTER AND MILK WHEN IT WAS OUT OF SEASON."

It is to be regretted that the majority of the good stories that he told me, in which he was the hero, will not bear chronicling in these sketches. Sitting in the quartermaster's office one day, he and the wagon-master had been "swapping" some thrilling yarns, or rather Jack, as was his custom, had been holding forth, and the other listening to fearful tales of hand-to-hand encounters with Apaches and grizzlies, and he had wound up with a quicksand experience in the Gila. "Speaking of quicksands," said the other, finally getting in a word, "reminds me of one time when I crossed the Canadian, being wagon-master under Van Dorn, in the old army before the war. The crossing was a very dangerous one, the only chance of getting over safely was in keeping the animals moving as rapidly as possible, and before crossing my train, part of which consisted of pack mules, I cautioned the drivers not to allow the animals, under any circum-

stances, to stop. The train got across all right, with the exception of one Mexican, who stopped to adjust his pack, and as soon as I saw that he had halted, knowing that he was 'gone,' I pulled out my watch, and in exactly thirty seconds his sombrero was lying on the sand and the tips of the mule's ears were just disappearing from sight." "Whew!" said Jack, "that's a ——— lie!" "Certainly it is," replied the wagon-master; "I thought we were telling lies, lieutenant!"

THE TONKAWAS.

It being the intention of the government to build a permanent post either at Jacksboro or north of the West Fork of the Trinity, for the protection of the frontier, the tribe of Tonkawa Indians were forwarded from Austin in the early spring to act as scouts and guides, similar to the manner in which the Pawnees were used on the plains. The whole tribe, men, women and children, numbered about one hundred and eighty, and were aptly described by a Texas writer as the "disgusting remnant of a once powerful tribe," with one good quality, however—they had always been true and loyal to the white man. Sam Houston had always been their friend, and they looked up to him as the "Great Father," and in view of the fact that their friendship for the whites had never been broken nor marked by treachery, it was only right that the remnant should be protected. The State of Texas at this time fed them, but a year or two subsequently they were turned over to the Federal government to care for. Colonel Marchy, in his interesting work, gives a full and entertaining account of this tribe, their habits, traditions and history, his observations having been made many years before mine, when the tribe retained more vividly their aboriginal characteristics, and before they had deteriorated by contact with, and by living as "pensioners on the bounty" of the whites. Like most savages, when thrown into contact with the white race, they had contracted all its vices and acquired none of its virtues; loved "fire water," horse racing and gambling, and despised work as beneath the dignity of warriors. "Captain Charley," the chief, a short, thick set fellow, delighted in a soldier coat and military hat, his shoulders usually adorned with colonel's straps, and the hat covered with all the old cross-sabres he could attach to it. Being in Colonel Starr's tent one day, the colonel said to him: "Why don't you and your tribe take up a lot of this land, go to work, plant corn, build you houses and try and live like white men?" Said Charley: "Why don't you no plant corn, colonel?" The colonel replied: "Oh, you see, Charley, I am a soldier, an officer; I'm not supposed to work." Charley drew himself up, and slapping his breast, exclaimed: "Ugh! colonel, me and you all same; you soldier, you no work; me warrior, me no work!" The old school book story of the conversation between Alexander the Great and the robber somehow or other comes up in a person's mind. The Tonkawas were sent to Fort Griffin upon its establishment (first it was called Camp Wilson), and remained there as long as it was a military post; the remnant is now in the territory.

To while away the monotony of camp life the boys at this time got out a weekly paper known as the "Little Joker," all neatly written, no printing press then being near by, and the copy would circulate until it was worn out, and afforded much amusement to officers as well as men.

About this time I first became acquainted with a liquid preparation, or drink, known as "pine top," or "white mule" whisky. Corn, I presume, was its basis, but of its other ingredients or its manner of manufacture I know nothing, except that it was fearfully and wonderfully made. It was clear and white to look upon, but mixed with water it became milky and gave out an odor suggestive of a turpentine emulsion. Of its "drunk producing" properties no doubt can exist, and the natives found a ready sale for it to the boys at prices varying from three to five dollars a canteen full. The worst whisky of the Old States in ante-bellum times was bad; it only cost from twenty to twenty-five cents a gallon in those "halcyon days of yore;" Louisiana rum is a fearful means of self-destruction; Arkansas "chained lightning" and Mexican aqua dente both accomplish their purpose with a neatness and dispatch, but I have never tasted so villainous a compound as "white mule." It has passed away, like many another product of simpler and homelier days, and I doubt whether its effect was any worse than the "goods" now put up in more attractive style and fla-

vor, but whose "ways lead down to death" all the same. I don't think the "surplus" was increased by any revenue derived from "pine top." I think it was "free" as the air of the west that rocked the trees from which it took its name, although not so mild as the moonshine that silently witnessed its manufacture.

ABANDONMENT OF FORT JACKSBORO.

Toward the end of April, 1867, one of the dispensations peculiar to army matters, known as "special orders," directed the abandonment of Jacksboro as a military post, two of the companies being ordered to Buffalo Springs, in Clay county, about twenty miles north of Jacksboro, which point had been selected by the War Department as the site for a new four-company cavalry post. The remaining four companies were ordered to old Fort Belknap, in Young county, some forty miles due west, and on the line of the old overland route to California.

My company was one of those destined for Buffalo Springs, but at the request of the quartermaster I was detailed to accompany that portion of the command to Belknap. The object in occupying Fort Belknap at this time was with a view to rebuilding, or making estimates preparatory to rebuilding the fort, which had been built and garrisoned as a four-company infantry post before the war, but which had been abandoned when Twiggs turned over all of Uncle Sam's property in Texas to the Confederacy in 1861, and it was now in a ruinous condition.

Some days were spent in shipping one-third of all the stores and munitions to Buffalo Springs and two-thirds to Belknap, all of which accomplished, I packed myself and my effects on the top of an old horse troop as an escort, rolled out of Jacksboro on the morning of a beautiful April day.

My duties at Jacksboro for the past month had been entirely indoors, and I was not prepared for the beautiful and enchanting appearance of the landscape, as I now for the first time saw the prairies in their spring beauty. The gorgeous wild flowers, covering the greensward in a thousand hues, that would have made many cultivated flower garden blush with envy (numbers of them were new to me), the splendid grass, covering the earth with luxuriant matting, the clear atmosphere, the pure and bracing breezes sweeping from the gulf, all combined to enchant me with my first Texas spring. And, after all these years, each recurring spring here is as delightful to me as ever; nowhere, in my knowledge, does nature so completely reinvigorate everything and fill everything with new life as it does each spring in Northwest Texas.

The native expressed all this in few words when he talked about "grass risin'," and the season of the new grass each year meant more calves, plenty of milk, fresh butter, fried chicken "and sich," all of which were unknown quantities during the fall and winter, for at the time I write milk and butter were absolutely absent from the tables of the natives during the winter, and I have often heard the "old timer" remark that he "didn't care for butter and milk when it was out of season."

THE BUFFALO HUNT.

We camped at Rock creek the first night out, said to have been a favorite passway for parties of Indians on their periodical raids. The next day, on the prairie near Flat Top mountain, we came in sight of a herd of buffalo, perhaps a couple of thousand of them. We had seen several carcasses along the road of huge old fellows who, driven out from the herd by the younger ones, had, like "de-throned Lear's," wandered off to die in solitude; but seeing a "sure enough" herd of buffalo was realizing a dream of childhood. Discipline was for the moment forgotten, and leaving a corporal's guard with the train, we rode at break-neck speed after the herd, and succeeded in killing two fine cows and capturing five calves of perhaps five weeks old. Most horses become unmanageable and excited on their first acquaintance with buffalo, but my old horse then and there earned the name I bestowed upon him, "The Philosopher." He exhibited neither fear nor surprise, and, I must add, he did not exhibit any speed either. Aside from the novelty of hunting and killing buffalo it can hardly be called legitimate sport, as the great, unwieldy brutes present a target that is difficult to miss, and on an active horse you can ride around them, even when they are running their best. They can, however, get over the ground faster than would be supposed from

their appearance, which is very clumsy. In warm weather, in this latitude, their bodies were devoid of hair, except on the neck and shoulders and the great mop on their heads.

The place where we struck this herd was close by the spot where, four years later, Warren's train was captured and the teamsters massacred by Indians, and where a rude monument of wood was erected to their memory, all of which will be related in due time. The buffalo was fair eating, about as good as grass-fed beef, neither better nor worse, and all the stories about its peculiarly delicious flavor, I found to be bosh. The fact is, the domestic animal of any kind, let it be beef, turkey or chicken, is an improvement of those in a state of wildness, all theories to the contrary notwithstanding. I learned from the old settlers that it was only of late



"I MADE, ON THIS TRIP, SEVERAL ACQUAINTANCES."

years that buffalo had been numerous in this region, the theory accounting for the vast herds that at this time and up to 1878, covered all Texas west of the Brazos, was that the building of the Union Pacific road had divided the range and driven millions of them south. But the "place that knew him knows him no more," and today, it is stated by the Smithsonian officials, that the American bison is practically extinct within the limits of the United States. I shall later on speak of the vandalism, cruelty and greed that slaughtered untold thousands of these magnificent brutes for their hides (not their robes, for the robes in this region were of little commercial value, owing to the latitude) alone, worth perhaps one dollar apiece. It had often been predicted that the Indian and buffalo would disappear together, but the Indian has survived him a few years, although it won't be long before he joins the buffalo in the "happy hunting grounds" across the river.

Our buffalo hunt had broken into our day so much that we had to camp on Salt creek, a few miles east of Belknap, which place we reached about noon the next day. Quite a village had existed here before the war, but at the time of our arrival only a few families lived in the entire country, and primeval solitude reigned. I made on this trip several acquaintances, one of which was the "tarantula," and the other the "sand burr." The former "critter" is so well known now that it needs no description, but he was a curiosity to me then. I am inclined to think the stories of the fatal nature of his bite are greatly exaggerated.



"UGH! COLONEL, ME AND YOU ALL SAME—YOU SOLDIER, YOU NO WORK, ME WARRIOR, ME NO WORK."

The few natives living at or near Belknap gazed at our command with astonishment, particularly the children. The grown persons had resided there before the war, and had seen no soldiers since the old garrison marched out in 1861; none of them, I think, had participated in the rebellion, except as "rangers" in frontier service.

(Copyrighted.)
(To Be Continued.)

KAFFIR, MILO AND FETERITA THEIR GREAT FEEDING VALUE

By W. N. BEARD

The Commercial Clubs of several West Texas towns have inaugurated a campaign to popularize kaffir, milo and feterita as feeds for livestock and poultry. These crops are now becoming so important to Texas and their yields so prolific that it is well to start a campaign of this kind and to keep the campaign alive and moving. It is also consistent with the Buy-It-Made-in-Texas movement, the plans of which we fully set forth elsewhere in this issue of our Magazine Section.

It is now hardly necessary for Texas feeders to buy northern corn when they have, more cheaply and at their very doors, the varieties of feeds known as kaffir, milo and feterita, which have a feeding value, according to the tests of the United States Department of Agriculture, within 90 per cent of the best Indian corn.

The writer was informed several months ago by Mr. John P. King, the candy manufac-

pleased with the results that he intended to continue feeding milo and kaffir regularly. He also pronounced this feed cheaper than Indian corn.

Buyers of horses and mules on the Fort Worth market for the European warring nations have used considerable amounts of kaffir and milo and feterita in the feeding of their animals and have been well pleased so far with the results following the use of these feeds.

I have frequently stated that Texas feeders need buy but very little feed outside of Texas, for, including the maizes and sorghums and the great protein value of cotton seed meal and hulls, we have a combination of feeds that make up a balanced ration and which has no superior anywhere in the United States. These feeds are produced in great

The European countries have been extensive buyers of our cotton seed cake and from information that is reliable I am told that the Texas mills export the greater portion of their cotton seed cake. If this cake is good for European feeders, why should it not be good for American feeders? Europe has also bought and exported during 1914-15 thousands of tons of Texas kaffir, milo and feterita.

It is estimated that there is sent out of Texas an average of \$60,000,000 each year for Indian corn. Is it any wonder that Texas is pinched for money to carry on legitimate business? And the farmers generally borrow their part of this \$60,000,000 from the banks, paying an interest rate of from 10 per cent to 12 per cent, and making the notes payable in September and October, thereby rushing their cotton on an already gorged and bear-

can be kept in Texas by a little thinking and planning. Kaffir, milo and feterita can be grown in almost every part of our state. A small patch of either of these grains will about solve the feeding problem for any Texas farmer. If it should prove a very wet year in the black lands and the kaffir, milo or feterita should fail to yield a good harvest, then Indian corn will produce abundantly. If it should prove a very dry year and Indian corn should fail, then the patch of kaffir, milo or feterita will produce much feed.

West Texas can grow enough of these maizes to feed all Texas. The trouble heretofore has been to find a market. The farmers of the West would greatly increase their kaffir, milo and feterita acreage if they knew before hand that they could dispose of the output at living prices.

During many trips into West Texas, covering a period of ten years, I have closely studied the productive and feeding quality of

GROVE OF A THOUSAND HORROR

La Bassee Woodland, Where Lie 5000 Unburied French, English and German Soldiers



German infantry ready, after a short rest, to advance west by Galacia.

ROUEN, France, July 24.—There is a little strip of woodland up near La Bassee that is known throughout the British expeditionary force as "Hell Glen." The name, while significant, hardly does this little grove justice, for that tangle of green holds more of concentrated horror than many miles of the battleground to right and left.

Of all the pictures of this war the memory of that little woodland strip will linger with me the longest. It so completely and yet so simply drives home the most awful aspects of this conflict.

Everywhere along the lines of the western front the great horror of the unburied dead exists. In no other war in history has the earth been permitted to bear on its surface, week by week, month by month, the grim harvest of battle. In this war the ground between opposing trenches has never been cleared of its dead unless one side or another makes an advance. There are no armistices—no truces—no burial parties out between the lines after battle.

INHUMAN SLAUGHTER EERE.

It is in this little woodland near La Bassee, "Hell Glen," that this most inhuman side of this generally inhuman war is so completely manifested. The wood itself is just a narrow strip of poplar, beech and birch trees, separating the two big meadows.

It runs about half a mile up the fields and at no place is it more than a hundred yards wide. On each side, as close to the foliage of the woodland undergrowth as possible, runs a trench. British on the west, German on the east. These two ditches have been there since November. They have never changed hands, though charge upon charge has been launched through that patch of forest ever since the opposing armies came into their death lock in this region late last fall.

It was my luck to visit this point in the British line a few days ago as one of an Army Service Corps supply party. I hope it will be my luck never to see that particular segment of this three hundred-mile arc of hell again.

The approach to this desecrated stretch of timber is, as usual, through a series of burrows and zigzag ditches from which there is no outlook. As we entered these communicating trenches we remarked the almost overpowering odor of creosote. Pans containing that milky compound stood at intervals throughout the maze of ditches, and the firing trench itself seemed to be completely sprinkled with the mixture.

ALL SICK AT HEART.

As we deposited our various burdens in the dugouts assigned for the purpose, I asked a quartermaster sergeant why there should be such prodigious use of that favorite army disinfectant and deodorizer.

"If the wind was from the front of us you

wouldn't need to ask," he answered. "It's them woods out there. Lucky for you the wind's from back of us."

In the firing trench I found a disconsolate group of Canadian riflemen squatting on empty biscuit tins and wooden jam boxes. They seemed particularly morose and silent. Under their tan their faces looked drawn and haggard. They gave every evidence of men sick at heart and in body.

One I found who, on receiving a packet of cigarettes, warmed toward me enough to ask what part of the States I hailed from and to give Buffalo, N. Y., as his address and Montreal his birthplace.

"What's the matter with you chaps?" I queried. "You all look down and out."

"Say, pal," he answered, in good old Americanese, "if you was to stick around here a few hours you'd know wot's the matter with this gang. It's them woods out there."

This repetition of the quartermaster's phrase aroused my curiosity. I wanted to see those woods and expressed as much to the sad-eyed Canadian from Buffalo, N. Y.

"Step up there an' take a look," he answered, jerking his thumb at one of the step-like niches cut in the trench wall for a firing stand. "There ain't much to see, but when the wind's right, as it was all last night, you'd soon know why this bunch ain't dancin' no tangoes or givin' no three cheers. Don't stick yer nut up too far or them Dutch snipers will get you sure."

Cautiously I raised myself upright in the firing niche and peered over the parapet. The smell of creosote was rank and pungent in my nostrils, for the parapet and the ground sloping away from it had been doused with buckets full of the mixture.

The ground beyond the trench dropped away to where the woods began. It was a veritable nightmare of a wood. Shattered and torn by thousands of shells the broken trees stood, lay and slanted in every stage of life and death. Gaunt and bare, the dead trunks of poplars shot clean in two high above the ground stuck up out of the horrid tangle below. Other trees had been only half cut through and their parts slanted weirdly down to the ground. Others had fallen against sturdier neighbors for support. Half of the broken forest was devoid of life, the rest still struggled to respond to the annual call of spring. A leafy green haze obscured the background, shutting out what might lie beyond the narrow strip of stricken woodland.

The lower part of the picture was a tangle of broken boughs, tall ferns and bushy growth. Directly in front of me, not more than fifteen yards away, the shorn top of a poplar lay in sprawling confusion, tangled with smaller branches shot away from other trees. In the center of this particular patch of green, two objects stood up stiffly in the air, objects that at first appeared so grotesquely out of place as to be impossible.

They were a man's legs from the knees down. Apparently, he had fallen head-first into that deep tangle of boughs and twigs in such a way as to leave his legs supported in the air. He had fallen backwards or sideways, for the boots at the end of those stiff limbs pointed toes first towards our trench.

I knew him for a German by the shade of his dirty, tattered trousers and the high-square-toed boots into the tops of which the trousers had been tucked. One trouser leg still hung in the boot top, the other had been torn from its hold and jerked half way to the knee. Between boot top and wrinkled trouser gleamed a livid stalk of leg. It was apparent that the man had been thin and dark and very hairy.

I looked down at the Buffalo-Canadian. "How long has that thing been out there?" I asked.

"Wot thing?"
"Those legs."
"Oh, them," he said, darkly, climbing up beside me. "I don't know. They was there when we was brought here three weeks ago. Must have been there since the last German charge about a week ago. Don't look appetizin', do they, stickin' up there with them boots wavin' at yer?"

I shuddered and stepped down into the trench. The Buffalonian followed me.

WOODS FILLED WITH BODIES.

"It's hell, ain't it?" he said, "this whole business. An' wot's it all about?" If I'd known wot we was goin' ter see an' hear and do I'd of stayed right there in my job in that type foundry in good old Buffalo."

I couldn't get the picture of that dead German's legs out of my mind.

"I suppose those woods are filled with bodies like that," I suggested.

Then the Canadian said:
"Sure. The chaps wot we relieved had made a charge through there. That is, they started a charge, but turned back before they got half way into the woods. They said it was so horrible they couldn't go on, even if the Germans didn't fire a shot. One feller told me he tripped in the branches and dove head first against a dead German. When he got to his feet he seen that the blow of the body had knocked the Dutchman's head clean off.

"An' another feller, who got into the wood quite a piece, found a German sitting with his back against a fallen bough. He'd died there from his wounds and had taken out his diary and was writing in it up to the last minute. He still held the diary in his lap and the Britisher brought it back with him and give it to the officer. The sergeant told 'em that the officer said the wounded German's writing was all about his family at home and the officer had sent the diary to be mailed back to Germany. Jus' think o' that poor wounded feller sittin' out there, two days an' nights his diary said, before he died, with all that dead around him an' the smell an' everything an' writin' good-bye messages to his family. That's wot I call some brave guy, if he was a Dutchman.

"Well, them Londoners couldn't charge through the wood. Wot they seen and the smell got their goats an' they came piling back. Their officer reported that nobody never could get through there. He told his colonel that it was a physical impossibility. It looks like them woods has everybody's goats. They has mine, all right, especially them legs stickin' out of that brush. I hate ter look at 'em an' yet I can't help it. I keep gettin' up and takin' another peek."

"Why doesn't someone go out in the night and cover them up?" I asked.

"I thought of it," he said. "But I ain't got the nerve. I started to do it last night, but the wind was from the woods and—well, I just couldn't make it."

"And how long do you have to stick it here?"

"Till tomorrer. Then we gets relieved. My, but I'll be glad. I'd rather be somewhere fightin' and takin' my chances than just sittin' here, guardin' this trench and watchin' them legs wavin' at me. An' them woods is just plumb full of such. I heard an officer say they must be 5,000 dead British and Ger-

mans in that strip out there, some of 'em killed in November, and lyin' just where they fell. An' the wounded lie out there, too, until they die. Lately, they haven't been chargin' through there. Our sergeant says he thinks we'll have to have an agreement with the Germans to send in parties of men to burn the brush out and disinfect the whole wood. It's a wonder we ain't all dead of disease on both sides."

I stood up again to take one more look at that grove of a thousand hidden horrors, and at that one exposed bit of ghastliness sticking up just in front of us out of the tangle of fallen boughs and twigs. The Canadian, as though unable to restrain the impulse, stood up with me. We looked at the thing in silence a moment or two. Then with a sudden exclamation of impatient disgust, the Canadian seized his rifle and leveled it across the parapet.

"I ain't goin' to have them legs stickin' up there no longer," he cried, as he squinted down the sight. With the crash of his rifle, the first warlike sound of the morning, the right leg of the half buried German trembled and sagged sideways a bit. From across the woods came a spatter of rifle fire, answered on our line with a scattered reply. The man at my side, who had started this fusillade paid no heed to it. He was bent on one purpose.

"Bang!" The big right boot of the German corpse turned sideways. "Bang!" The leg drooped over and over slowly in a strangely distorted way. "Bang!" It collapsed and flopped into a thick growth of ferns and was gone. He had shot it away at the knee joint and was now aiming at the remaining leg, the half-bared one.

I had had enough, and sat down in the trench. Four or five more shots the Canadian fired. Then he stepped down beside me and wiped the sweat off his forehead with the back of his hand. Around us the desultory, ineffectual fire died away.

"Whew!" said the Buffalo typewriter. "That's done. Poor fellow! But ain't this war hell?"

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Comparative Losses of Seven Nations in the War.

The losses of Europe in the war up to May 31, as compiled by the French ministry of war, are as follows:

	Killed.	Wounded.	Prisoners.	Total.
France	460,000	660,000	180,000	1,300,000
Germany	181,000	200,000	90,000	471,000
England	49,000	49,000	15,000	113,000
Belgium	1,830,000	1,680,000	870,000	4,380,000
Russia	1,830,000	1,880,000	490,000	4,200,000
Austria	1,810,000	1,866,000	810,000	4,486,000
Turkey	110,000	144,000	95,000	349,000
Totals	5,290,000	6,478,000	2,630,000	14,398,000

This table was prepared for publication early in June, but was withheld because the French authorities feared the enormity of the figures might have a bad moral effect on the people. The computations, while probably not exact, may be considered the most complete record of losses so far put together. The losses of Serbia are not available, but as that country has suffered from plague in addition to war they must be large.

The largest total loss is charged to Austria-Hungary, the largest proportionate loss to Belgium. Enough persons have been killed to populate a country like Sweden. Since May 31 there have been many violent battles to swell the totals given—the French offensive north of Arras, where 15,000 are said to have been slain, the Austro-Italian engagements, the great battle in Galicia and the German offensive in the Argonne.

The most astounding feature of this table is the ratio of killed to wounded. In previous modern wars the number of wounded has been ten to the number of dead as four or five to one. Here the two categories are much more nearly equal. Many of the wounded have joined their regiments, but many are crippled for life. The sick, who have been numerous in all the armies, are not listed here.

INDIAN RAIDS IN TEXAS

By E. L. DEATON
A Texan of Pioneer Days

IN the fall of 1865 a band of Indians came into Erath county with about fifty head of horses in their possession. The news soon spread over the settlements. A company of men living in and around Comanche were shortly in their saddles and started to the mountains, where they fully expected to intercept the Indians. We had to pass Cox's ranch; here we were joined by Jack Wright, Bas Cox and Malicia Cox. With this valuable addition our crowd numbered ten. Leaving Cox's ranch about 10 o'clock in the night we continued our chase, expecting to ride all night, but shortly after leaving the ranch we noticed a black cloud rising in the northwest, which made us a little uneasy, as we were afraid it would rain and cause us to abandon the chase. We fully thought this a good chance for a fight, and were loth to abandon the mission we had set out to perform.



"The Indians were going along with their heads wrapped up, as it was still raining."

It did rain so hard that for four or five hours we sat still in our saddles, waiting for daylight to come. When it did appear, we renewed our march to the place where we expected to find the trail, and sure enough when we arrived there the Indians had passed on in the rain and the mud as their trail showed.

It was raining hard and we had to travel slow, as the ground was very boggy, but

about five hundred yards ahead. Preparations were made for a charge.

All extra luggage being disposed of, the charge was made in earnest. The Indians were riding along with their heads wrapped up, as it was still raining and very cold. If it had not been for one of the men firing before we got close enough, we would have undoubtedly killed all the Indians, as we would have been right upon them before they would have seen us.

When he fired they left their horses and ran for their lives. A running fight ensued, and we soon overtook them. Jack Wright shot one in the back, and at the same time the horse the Indian was riding fell. Jack had two dogs that covered the Indian. The Indian arose, and as he did so, he spread his

to disentangle themselves. I ran up and snapped my six-shooter several times at the Indian.

By this time the boys had all caught up, and seeing our arms would not fire, the Indians rallied and made a brave stand until the one that was attacked by the dogs got to his comrades, when they moved off. We attacked them again, but our ammunition was so wet it was only once in a while that we were enabled to get in a good shot. During this engagement we were within thirty steps of the Indians. One Indian motioned at Jim Millican. Jack Wright yelled, "Look out, Jim!" and at that moment the same Indian whirled and sent the arrow at Jack. He being up to their tricks and not often found napping on such occasions as this, he

shoulder blade, ranging forward and coming out immediately below the collar bone, inflicting a serious wound.

Wright turned sick and had to dismount. I ran to him, climbed off my horse, cut the spike off the arrow where it had come through him and pulled the arrow out the way it went in, which occupied some time, as he was heavily wrapped on account of the cold rain. All this while the Indians were sending showers of arrows at us, several of which were sticking in a tree where we stood.

When I had taken the arrow out of Wright I turned and shot one of the Indians, the ball striking him just above the belt in the stomach. I saw the blood spout out the size of the ball. The Indian screamed, and the other Indians ran to meet him. When they got to him the shot Indian was reeling, nearly ready to fall. He dropped his blanket, and stepping upon it, the whole print of his foot being marked in blood on the cloth. The Indians placed him on a horse, as they did others of their number who were in the same fix, and hurried off.

All this time the other boys were putting in their time as well as they could with wet ammunition. The result of the fight was one man wounded, not fatally, and every Indian but one wounded. This was the opinion of all who participated in this fight.

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TEXAS FARMERS

More Hogs for Childress.
 The City National bank of Childress has inaugurated a campaign to encourage hog raising in Childress county. To do this the bank offered to loan any boy or man in the county \$10 with which to purchase a sow pig, not asking any security or taking a lien upon the pig. The only reservation was that the pig must be purchased of a Childress county breeder. Up to Aug. 16 thirty-six persons had secured the money for the pigs. Childress county has a large number of blooded hog raisers, and this move on the part of the bank is an encouragement to them as well as the hogless man or boy.

Anderson County Crops.
 The outlook for a good cotton crop in Anderson county this season is good and the staple is beginning to arrive on the market in Palestine. The farmers this year have harvested a large pea crop and good prices were secured, one firm in Palestine buying nearly the entire output at good prices. Corn and other feedstuffs are plentiful this year and the farmers will not suffer this winter for lack of feedstuff for their own use.

Rice Crop Is Damaged.
 The rice crop in the vicinity of Eagle Lake was severely damaged as a result of the Gulf coast storm, according to dispatches reaching Houston from that place.
 Rice harvesting had just begun and the farmers had anticipated making one of the biggest crops in years. Just how much damage has been done can not be accurately ascertained, but it is thought the loss will be about 50 per cent.

The Midland County Fair.
 The second annual Midland County Fair and Fat Stock Show will be held at Midland, Texas, Sept. 21 to 25. The Midland people are making extensive preparations to make this fair even better than the fair of 1914, and the 1914 fair was a big success. Midland is the center of the famous registered Hereford cattle that have taken so many prizes at the Fort Worth and Kansas City Fat Stock Shows. The programme assures plenty of entertainment. Race purses to the amount of \$3,400 are guaranteed, also fine agricultural and art exhibits. Cheap railroad rates have been obtained from all Texas points.

Bell County Agricultural Fair.
 Bell County will give a big fall festival and fair at Midway, Bell county, Oct. 4 to 9, inclusive. A new racing course has been completed—a half mile track—pronounced by experts to be one of the best in the South.
 Midway, Bell county, is located just about half way between Belton, the county seat, and Temple. Passing close to Midway is the Santa Fe, the Southwestern Traction Company lines and a well paved public pike.

Close to Midway, where the fair and races will be held, is the government experimental stations, nurseries, truck farms and orchards. Poultry plants and various industries in agriculture and horticulture and livestock raising, all helping to insure success for the exposition.

County Judge W. S. Shipp of Belton is the president of the fair, and Joe F. Cornish of Temple is secretary.

FARM, DAIRY AND RANCH NOTES.

J. M. Frank of Grayson county has demonstrated this year that prunes can be as successfully raised in Texas as in California.

J. W. Gideon, living between Gouldsburg and Voss, Coleman county, threshed 6,000 bushels of oats from ninety-eight acres of land, or an average of eighty-two bushels, minus, per acre.

The John Bryson farms in Comanche county yielded 70,744 bushels of grain, the oats averaging forty-five bushels to the acre and the wheat seventeen and a half.

San Angelo parties have recently purchased 460 head of finely-bred Delaine and Rambouliet rams from Idaho to be used in grading up the flocks of West Texas.

Last year's maize crop is selling at Floydada at 81 cents a bushel.

Fourteen German families have recently purchased an aggregate of 4,000 acres of farm land in Lamb county. They had previously lived in Canada, but the anti-German sentiment there was not pleasant to get along with.

A number of points in the Panhandle are considering plans to erect mills to grind kaffir and maize into flour as well as chops. The coming crop promises a gigantic yield.

Nolan county went to the expense a few years ago of constructing good roads over the county. Within the last month farmers have hauled their grain to market by means of a double daily service of automobile trucks.

Panhandle farmers are building granaries to hold the wheat crop.
 The Hoffman Land and Cattle Company of Mount Pleasant is engaged in constructing a levee three miles long and digging a ditch three miles in length and five and a half feet deep, by which many hundreds of acres of land in the White Oak bottoms will be reclaimed.

Business is picking up so at Big Springs for the Texas & Pacific railroad that the shops have been ordered to resume work Saturdays.

The Burk Burnett Star says that quite a number of farmers in that vicinity have threshed from 4,000 to 10,000 bushels of wheat this season.

Each of the rural schools of Dallas county

pig will be made the subject of study by the pupils.

Kaffir, Milo and Feterita

(Continued From Page Three.)

with the potent value of these feeds for all kinds of stock. Many West Texas farmers feed their work animals nothing else but kaffir, milo or feterita, and they thrive upon it. Hogs relish it and will eat it in preference to ear corn. Poultry even fatten when fed it exclusively.

I do not believe any feeder will make a mistake to try out these feeds. If he cannot raise them it will be profitable to him to buy them instead of buying Indian corn at a higher price.

The Texas Department of Agriculture bulletin No. 42, just from the press, gives the following facts about kaffir, milo and feterita:

KAFFIR.
 The kaffir varieties of sorghum are native of South Africa, and were first brought to this country in 1876. They were introduced into the Great Plains area some twenty years later when the rapid settlement of the dry lands created an urgent demand for drought-resistant crops, and throughout the whole extent of that vast region are rated now as the premier of the sorghums. They are the main crops as far north as the northern boundary of Kansas and as far south as the Rio Grande, and from the eastern boundaries of Oklahoma and Kansas to the Rockies, taking in the larger segment of Texas. In fact, they are grown with some success in practically every section of Texas.

Kaffir grain makes excellent feed for all classes of farm animals, including poultry. It is used as a substitute for corn in the ration and has a chemical composition very similar to that of corn. It is high in carbohydrates or fat formers and low in protein or muscle builders. It is therefore best fed in connection with some hay or foodstuff rich in protein. It is best to grind the grain before feeding for all stock except poultry. The starch is somewhat less digestible than is corn starch, but in general, kaffir grain has a feeding value of 90 per cent or more of that of corn.

For many years farmers here and there have had kaffir made into meal at their local mills and have used the meal in making batter cakes and similar foods. More recently, experimenters cooperatively by the Bureau of Plant Industry and the Kansas State Agricultural College have shown that the meal can be used in much the same way as corn meal. Mixed with wheat, it is a suitable substitute for bread making, and is acceptable in a great variety of dishes. This meal is now regularly manufactured and sold by one firm in the Southwest. The kaffir grain can also be used as pop corn. The kaffir grain can be cut and shaken in the field or heading in the field. In the first case the row binder is most commonly used, but the sled cutter is effective. It is then shocked in the field. It is headed by either a header or binder, the grain header or by hand. The heads being harvested should be spread in thin layers or windrows to dry, and then bulked or threshed. They should not be collected in too large bales or bundles, but should be collected in smaller ones. When the crop is cut with a binder the bundles should be collected into shocks and allowed to cure from two to six weeks before the grain is threshed.

FETERITA.
 Feterita, a variety of grain sorghum indigenous to the British Isles, was first introduced into this country according to the Office of Forage-Crop Investigation of the United States Department of Agriculture, in 1901. The quantity of seed secured at that importation was so small that it could be divided among but three institutions in Arizona and Kansas, and there is no record of the result of their experimentation. A second supply was secured in November, 1906, from a citizen of Alexandria, Egypt, who obtained it from Sudan. In 1908 a third consignment was received from a Mr. Hewison of Khartoum, and this is the source of its now extensive cultivation as a grain and forage crop in various sections of Texas, being principally throughout the northwestern counties.

To what extent the value of feterita will be enhanced by the recent discovery that the grain is capable of making a very healthful and palatable bread is yet to be seen. It has been tested in various sections of the State, and, by practically a consensus of opinion, is declared equal or superior to any other substitute for making of bread and cakes. A "feterita banquet" was recently given by the Business Men's Club of Gonzales, and nearly the whole of the little city's population attended. The new foodstuff, served as bread and cakes, found general and instant favor. It is a good substitute for pop corn.

There is a great similarity between feterita and milo, a greater similarity than there is between it and kaffir. It resembles milo in maturing early, in the body size and height of the stalk, in its sparser foliage or leaves, the shape of the head, and its relatively dry pith. The main difference is noticeable in the erect carriage of the heads by feterita and the whiteness of its inner seeds, which are likewise chalky and softer. The seed shatters more than milo, especially when the crop is permitted to mature completely before harvesting.

So far as experiments go, they indicate that its early maturing habits, its near immunity from drought perils, its prolific yields, and the facility with which it may be utilized it to a real place among the most useful either as a grain or a combination grain and forage product. But for all that in the severest of the North Texas drought years, 1911, it produced good grain yields while the milo and kaffir produced low yields, there is no conclusive evidence that feterita is, in fact, more impervious to drought than any other of the sorghums.

Feterita has been tested for six years at the Cattle-Field Station, Fort Worth, for five years at the Amarillo Cereals Field Station and for shorter periods at other Texas field stations, most of them in the Southern Plains area. The results have shown a steady increase of average yields of these sections during the last three or four years, the plant, manifestly, growing in favor. However, Prof. J. O. Morgan, the distinguished agronomist and expert on the subject, sounds this warning, comparing it with kindred products:

All grain sorghums do best in the semi-arid districts. It would not be safe to depend on feterita in the portions of the State that have the greatest rainfall. Farmers in East Texas had better depend mainly on corn for grain, because of the sorghum midge which prevents the growing of grain, and it is said to blast. But where it is grown it should be taken to learn the time for planting season. In Southwest Texas early planting is said to do best, while in North Texas late planting quite often proves best. In most places where the sorghum is raised, stroying the grain of the sorghums there is sufficient rainfall to make Indian corn by proper cultivation. In all sections it will be safer to diversify the feed crop, giving the milo and kaffir the larger acreage.

And soil that will grow corn will grow sorghums kaffir, milo and feterita, and soils on which corn will languish under ordinary conditions will produce each abundantly under the same conditions. The fundamental advantage is that, on any class of soil, the sorghums will stand up against drought, while corn will wither in the row. It has been demonstrated, too, by experiment carried out in Texas through several years, that by reason of their drought-resisting qualities, and ability to make a second crop, the feeding value of an acre of the grain sorghums is about twice that of an acre of corn.

MILO.
 A bushel of milo, according to tests applied by Mr. Cottrell, will produce from ten to eleven pounds of pork, and this average will make the pork production from the dry lands of the Southwest equal to 400 and upwards pounds per acre where milo is grown and fed. Ten pounds of milo have the same feeding value for horses, beef and dairy cattle, hogs and sheep as have nine pounds of corn.

How doing heavy farm work should be given three feeds of milo a day. In some instances the milo heads are crushed before feeding to horses, but as a rule the entire grain heads are fed, using one half more heads to the feed than is usually given in ears of corn.

No set rule can be given as to the exact amount of feed on account of the variance in the feeding capacity of individual animals, and the difference in the size of the heads. The feeder must use his own judgment in controlling the amount required by his stock so as to avoid overfeeding. This not only applies to milo, but also to the feeding of concentrated feeds.

Milo is good for fattening beef cattle. When fattening cattle are first put on feed they may be given milo fodder, stalks and heads together from the crop, out with the binder and kept in the shock until cured. After thirty days of such feeding the waste becomes too great and it will pay to snap the heads from the stalks and feed them in grain boxes as ear corn. For the first feeding, after the steers have fairly well fattened, it will pay to grind the milo heads if the small seed stems are desired as a ground roughage, or they may be threshed and the clear grain ground.

Milo is a prime substitute for corn in feeding dairy cows. An economical method is to snap the heads from the stalks and feed them whole. The whole heads may be ground without threshing, or the threshed grain may be ground. Ground heads are preferable.

Hogs should follow beef and dairy cattle where whole milo is fed so that the many unregarded seeds passing through the cattle may be utilized.

It does not pay to feed the unground, threshed seed. Ground milo is a capital feed for calves being fed on skim milk, since not only does it supply the food material necessary to take the place of the cream taken from the milk, but is mildly constipating, and properly fed, overcomes the tendency of skim milk to cause scour.

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