

Every body is INVITED for The MARFA ROUND UP, September 3rd. and 4th.

Published among the Silver-Lined Clouds, 4,692 feet above sea level, where the sun shines 365 days in the year. The healthful, pure air makes life worth living.

THE NEW ERA

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

MARFA ROUNDUP

September Third and Fourth
The big awakening will take place at 7:00 a. m. on the morning of the 3rd. Set your alarm clocks and be prepared to start the day off. The committees are ready for two big days.

Something Doing all the Time—

No Stops

Rest up for two days, as the committees are going to keep you busy with amusements of all sorts, and they will be at you at 7:00 a. m. to get up and join with them. Don't be surprised at anything that might happen on the morning of the 3rd at 7:00 a. m.

The parade starts at 8:30 at the foot of the street opposite W. H. Cleveland's residence. Line of parade up North on Main street to Court House, around Court House, back again to Camp Parade Grounds. The first event scheduled for 9:15. Matched horse race, private purse. Programs will give further details.

Get together and make Marfa Round-up a hummer. The committees are full of ginger and they have planned two big days. NO WAITING! Two Rig Circus both days. You will not be bored waiting for events to come off—something doing all the time.

Committee of Arrangement

We are asking business houses to decorate as much as possible. Keep their lights burning inside and out each night.

FATAL ACCIDENT

Monday evening about 6 o'clock while an east-bound freight was leaving Marfa, and just as it passed the station house, a young Mexican about 19 years of age attempted to steal a ride and in some manner fell between two of the moving box cars. His head was almost completely severed from his body. The name of the Mexican could not be learned, neither could he be identified by anyone who viewed the body. It was supposed he was a stranger passing through.

FUNERAL ADDRESS

Delivered at Mr. C. A. Brown's Funeral by his Pastor, Rev. J. A. McMillan, Alpine, Texas

Note—The funeral oration here-with published was delivered at the First Presbyterian Church, Alpine, Texas, during the funeral service conducted for the late Mr. C. A. Brown of Alpine, who was president of the Marfa National Bank, and whose passing was mourned by the citizens of Marfa generally, by Rev. J. A. McMillan, who was Mr. Brown's pastor during the four years preceding his death. Fellow Citizens and Friends:

A duty devolves upon me this afternoon for which I feel utterly unequal. The shock occasioned by the sudden and untimely death of Mr. C. A. Brown has left us all but speechless. Like an animal of prey stalking its victim, the last grim messenger stole upon him unexpectedly and snatched him suddenly from the bosom of his family and the companionship of his friends. Tuesday, with his usual business alertness, he attended to his duties as banker, and in the evening, as was often his habit, he appeared at a social function of his fraternal organization, being in his usual jovial mood. But ere the morning sun of Wednesday crept over yonder hill, our friend beloved was called to his eternal reward, and his passing has left us all with emotions that stir us to the depth of our souls, with wounded sensibilities and hearts that are depressed and sad.

As is always the case when death enters upon the state of human affairs, we see Mr. Brown's life today in a clearer and more definite perspective. Therefore, it is proper that we briefly express our appreciation of the many fine and outstanding virtues, before we place his body in its last resting place in the city of the dead. A reading of Rev. 14, 13, offers us a pointed and pungent epitome of Mr. C. A. Brown's life and influence. I quote therefrom as follows: "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the

dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

His Life Work

The life work of this useful, and industrious man is so well known that it speaks for itself. He devoted his life, from the material standpoint, to finance. His time and efforts were devoted to building, conserving and establishing upon a sound basis, the financial interests of this section. He was possessed of an unusually keen business judgment, which was used in a most constructive way toward the advancement of this city and community. His counsel was much sought after by many who looked to him for guidance in their business undertakings. The First National Bank of this city and the Marfa National Bank of Marfa, stand as monuments to his business ability and integrity. These institutions, under Mr. Brown's management, have grown and prospered remarkably during a period of financial stringency that seriously hampered the development of other banking institutions in this section of the country. It is no disparagement of the business ability of his associates, or those connected with other banking institutions in this community, to say that Mr. Brown's place will be most difficult to fill in the business life of this section of the state. Truly it may be said of Mr. Brown that "his works do follow him" in the financial life of this section.

His Character

The efforts of this departed friend of ours were not alone devoted to the building of the Temple of Finance. During a long and busy life he toiled faithfully and well in the building of the Temple of Character. He was a man that stood always for the highest moral and ethical principles in his private and community life. Yet he never made any unnecessary display or ostentation of these virtues. Mr. Brown never posed. He scorned hypocrisy. He hated cant, but loved reality. And he had a unique faculty for searching the soul of a man for the reality that he admired. Thus he could be depended on always to be on the

side of right and truth, and opposed to wrong and error. In this sphere of his life he left for his family and friends a heritage richer by far than any material legacy he may have bestowed upon them.

His Religion

But while Mr. Brown recognized fully the worth of high moral and ethical principles, he did not rest there. He added to virtue faith. For the greater part of his life he lived an active, consistent and wholesome Christian life. Not long ago, during a conversation with the speaker, Mr. Brown discussed some of the fundamental motives of his life. Speaking of his own personal experience, he stated that all the real satisfaction which he had ever enjoyed was derived from three sources, namely his business, his family life, and his religion. Does not his experience in this connection appeal to your imagination and mine? Can we not truthfully say with him that the sources from which sprung his greatest happiness are indeed the only fountain heads from which rise all real and permanent human satisfaction?

With reference to his religious life, no minister ever had a more dependable, helpful or loyal member and officer than his pastor had in Mr. Brown. During a pastorate in this church of four happy years, there existed between us the most congenial relationship and fullest understanding and accord. In the providence of God Mr. Brown was a liberal material contributor to the church. Yet never once did such fact cause him to assume an officious attitude or a presumptuous bearing in the affairs of the church. This in itself speaks eloquently of this man's real character.

Mr. Brown as a Presbyterian, was thoroughly loyal to the church of his choice. But without being religiously democratic. Only last Sunday, standing in his wonted place before the Bible class, which for many years has enjoyed his inspirational teaching, he related an instance in which he had some time ago been asked by a prospective church member for an opinion as to which church the inquirer ought to affiliate with. Mr. Brown's answer was: "Investigate all

NOTES ON THE ST. LOUIS STYLE SHOW

(By W. B. K.)

The striking feature of the new fall dresses is that most all backs look better than ever before, many of them more attractive than the fronts have been. The trimmings include back flares, kick pleats and the novelty laces and embroideries in beautiful colorings and exquisite designs, giving the garment the touch never before seen. Fabrics present no radical change. They are mostly satins, glossy silks and the cut velvets known as the velvet brochet. The dominating colors are cuckoo, which is between cocoa and copper, pencil blue, a dark open, black prince, a dark wine shade and the staples, black, navy and brown. All dresses are made with long sleeves and skirts as short as the law allows, all depending on whether one believes in law and order.

The coats are in three classes, straight, flare and wrappy. New materials include the needle point and similar textures, such as pin point and penny point, kashinora, kashorette and roustras, which are of the finest cut bolivias and suede materials, such as carmina, dove bloom, valsheen, veloria and buckskin suede. The colors most favored are sea swallow, a grey, brown dove, a tobacco brown, blue jay, a dark blue, plover, a reindeer shade, copper, garnet flemish blue, empire blue, fog grey, mulberry and plum.

The hats present a brilliant effect with their rhinestone ornaments, lustrous velvets, gold and silver braids and laces, beautiful metallic flowers and novelty feathers. The shapes are worn to suit ones fancy. Off the face are very new, the large and the ever popular poke. The hand-painted and embroidered velour, felts combined with velvet, fancy feathers and flower trim are very much in demand.

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A CARD OF THANKS AND APPRECIATION

It is with a sense of gratitude that cannot adequately be expressed in words or writing that we wish hereby to extend our sincere thanks to all those who so considerately and graciously ministered to us in so discriminating and kindly manner during our recent bereavement through the sudden death of our husband and father.

Especially do we wish to thank the members of the Masonic bodies, and all those who contributed to the beautiful and elaborate floral offerings, for their helpfulness and sympathetic consideration. It has been said that "A friend in need is a friend indeed." We have been given to understand the unique truth of that proverb in our hour of trial and sorrow, the burden of which has been greatly mitigated by the gracious kindness of our friends.

May the giver of the life abundant bear record to your helpfulness and reward you therefor.

Signed:
Mrs. C. A. Brown,
Charles Brown,
Alfred Neill Brown,
Eula Brown.

The Way They Talk: "Bradley Sweaters!"

"Oh! you have the "Bradley" "Hot Dawg" a Bradley for me" "I just can't get the right fit in any other Sweater, but "Bradley's" "Why, I thought the Bradleys' were expensive, they're reasonable" Mother, BUY my Sweater NOW, while they have my size, "No, I don't think I need a new Sweater, I bought a "Bradley" last winter, and it is perfectly good yet, "Oh, how I'd love one of these!"

DECIDEDLY DIFFERENT IN WEAWE, FINISH, STYLE AND SERVICE

NO "MONKEY" BUSINESS "PAY CASH, PAY LESS"

When you want Groceries Get us on the Line "30" Please, **RIGHT NOW!** You are wondering what to get, you are tired of the same "old thing- Step in your Car come down and select from our large stock- a weeks supply,

You will enjoy the good "Eats" the difference in Quality and the difference in Price.

WE DON'T WAIT FOR PRICES TO BE MADE WE Make'm

P. S. Doing some canning?--Then you need some Sugar, Jars, Jar Rubbers and Tops.

Dry Goods
Phone No. 36.

MURPHY--WALKER COMPANY,

Groceries
Phone No. 30.

"THINK IT OVER"

Bill for Waste in the Millions

Annual Loss in Industry Figured at \$30,000,000,000 by Federal Expert.

New York.—America is a nation of wasters. Zeros charge in phalanxes, and the statistical army attacks with horse, foot, guns, all at once—airplanes, too—and when less than half a dozen items have been added up, there stands an estimated cost of national waste sufficient to make even a hot-weather conscience examine itself.

Within a few days the experts in various sorts of waste have been hurling figures a hundred million at a fistful, and the totals debited against America in these random items alone run to \$42,000,000,000 a year. That stands for waste in industry, and the cost of colds in the head, and funds Americans are said to carry abroad because they can't get decent cocktails at home, and the value of things which burn up though they needn't, and a banker's estimate of the social dead loss in the earnings of the gainfully employed.

If one called on other experts, the billions, quite likely, would go on rolling up indefinitely, till America turned out to be owing itself money. There are some who figure the lost power in smoke that goes up chimneys, and some the cost of sending empty freight cars back and forth, and others who make long calculations based on Dr. Charles W. Elliot's discovery that school children spend six years going through books which they could read in 46 hours.

How Big Is This Sum?
The \$42,000,000,000 is ample for the moment, however. An imposing figure—but what does it mean? Adopt the statistical method; thus translated, the row of digits and ciphers stands revealed as ten times the United States budget, or twice the national debt, or almost one and a half times the indebtedness in all America's federal, state and municipal obligations. All the factories in the country turn out goods worth only half as much again a year. This partial waste bill represents an eighth of the country's entire wealth—land, goods in stock, machinery, everything. We throw away in merely these five items half as much wealth as we had altogether a quarter of a century ago; they equal the aggregate national wealth of Italy, the Netherlands, Switzerland and Peru.

The dabbler in indolent wastefulness hangs his head at such a showing. One man, he sighs, can do so little. Or possibly he questions the facts. There seems to be little hope for him there, however. Take them up, item by item: Industrial wastes cause an annual loss of \$30,000,000,000 in raw materials and man power, according to William A. Gately of the Department of Commerce. He told a business convention the other day that a survey of six industries showed an average waste of 50 per cent in raw materials and man power.

Colds in the head cost the country \$1,500,000,000 a year in lost working time. That is the estimate of Dr. Benman Douglas of New York, given before the annual convention of the Laryngological, Rhinological and Otolaryngological society at Atlantic City. He figures 100,000,000 colds annually, each causing an average loss of three days, at an average wage value of \$5 a day.

Then there is the avoidable fire loss. Call it \$400,000,000. The National Board of Fire Underwriters estimates the total at more than half a billion and says three-fourths of it is unnecessary.

To Europe for a Drink.
Another \$100,000,000 is set down by the Association Against the Prohibition amendment to the dry law. Americans going abroad for vacations spend \$200,000,000, says the association, and half of them go to get a drink. Other estimates of the foreign vacation bill have run more than twice as high. On the other hand, reasonable vacation expenditure cannot be called waste, so that this item roams outside the limits of conservative statistics. But that is of no great moment; such a small amount could easily be replaced by any of several others, if one were

bound to make up a total of so many billions. Poor ventilation, for instance, is accused of a loss running into millions.

The dry debt seems no more than a worn cent beside the \$10,000,000,000 set forth by William E. Knox, president of the American Bankers' association, as waste. That, he says, is the waste of the gainfully employed, and it represents a sixth of their total earnings. The single item of foolish speculation, according to this authority, accounts for a billion dollars.

One could go on, tabulating the cost of financial crime; the more or less theoretical loss in shipping coal instead of turning it into superpower at the mine. A billion here and a billion there might be piled up, but they are not needed as emphasis to the cautions uttered by two of those contributing to the present tabulation.

The cost of living will rise if waste isn't reduced, says Mr. Gately, and Mr. Knox declares the continuation of things as they are can only lower the American living standard.

All this pertains to the social side of waste. It is waste in mass production. Looked at in terms of man power, for instance, it is the sort of thing which makes the community spend \$1,000 breaking in a new hand on various jobs while his earnings in the same period are less than that sum.

Is Jay Walking Thrift?

Besides, there are various ways of estimating waste. Leisure has been defined as the non-productive consumption of time. Is waiting for the traffic signal, advising pedestrians they may cross the avenue, leisure? Or is it waste? Is the jay walker a benefactor of the community, even deducting the net loss occasioned by his rate of mortality while in action? Apply the statistical method to the pedestrian and one finds it costs New York \$75,000,000 a year to wait at the curbstone for the "go" whistle. This is simple arithmetic. Take New York's adult males, and a tenth of the adult females. Each loses, say 12 minutes a day waiting for the chance to get across streets. Reduce this to aggregate working hours, charge up the lost time at the same rate that colds in the head are charged, and the result is \$850,000 a day. Is 12 minutes too high, or do not all the males try to cross the street? Add in, then, the time waiting for subway trains and skyscraper elevators; the total remains safe.

Massed figures make long columns, but the insidiousness of waste lies in the little things. There also lies its appeal, which is like a charm. That is what makes crusading against waste such an uphill job. It belongs to the Old Nick who continues to lurk in a fairly large proportion of mankind, despite the teachings of efficiency. The man with an instinct against waste is as rare as the ascetic. As for the rest, they will spend their money to be told how to spend more money, but won't be able to see a 40-foot billboard giving them the contrary advice.

Perhaps the explanation of these readily observed phenomena lies in this: That the waster measures his wealth not by what he keeps but what he wastes. Was Adam aware of his riches before he threw away the garden?

Open and Secret.

This is not the same thing as the doctrine of conspicuous waste set forth by Professor Veblen to account for social institutions. Waste devoted conspicuously to gawds may prove to the world that the waster is rich enough to pay for usefulness but the commoner satisfaction in waste is a delight enjoyed in secret.

It is not the glee of the small boy smashing things, but a tranquil disregard, unconscious as good digestion. This indulgence is not the waste problem of industry, all riddled with problems of efficiency and management and morale. It is something commoner, though doubtless with a much smaller aggregate cost. Perhaps it comes close to the \$10,000,000,000 problem set forth by the banker, through those individuals who try to buy \$3,000 worth of automobiles and radios and

phonographs on a \$3,000 income. It stands for luxury as against bare necessity.

Thus it may become not merely dregs but leaven; conspicuous or hidden, it may become a margin of richness for the individual even while in another form it drives factory executives to sanitariums and badness. It is like the pleasures of idleness. The American has never admitted those pleasures; possibly that is why he has, in compensation, earned the name of waster. To him, Robert Louis Stevenson, when he extols idleness, has seemed only a trifle, and Walt Whitman, loafing and inviting his soul, has been an anomaly.

The habit of activity was contrived by nature and history when they called for the tilling of a whole new continent, imposing the need of incessant work, or at least the tradition of such a need. But they have shown no bias against waste, and so have brought forth a nation which, always having had material to spare, marvels at the organized frugality of the stockyards—while listening for the uncanned squeal of the pig—but has no respect for the thrift of the French peasant. The American worships magnitude, even in waste. He may seek for iron in street dust and find uses for discarded corn cobs; that these are casual attributes to one with the open-handedness of a rollicking sailor is indicated by such things as the present warnings and the earlier call for the conservation of resources.

Prodigality of Nature.

Nature herself has not seemed to care, so far. She does not create the spring blossoms on a plan of efficiency, and as for economy of means, consider the million eggs laid to bring forth a single fish. There is no need to go so far afield: April 15, say, brings two flies, and by September 30 nature has expended on the matter in hand energy sufficient to multiply those two flies to 335,923,200,000,000—enough to reach from earth to sun, 20 abreast, if the greater part had not been sacrificed, unborn, to waste.

Besides, waste is largely relative, as far as the individual is concerned. America is wasting a capital value of seven thousand billion dollars a year through not still further extending the span of life. Fifteen years have been added to the average life, and the present aim is ten more by 1930. But meanwhile the waste goes on by the thousand billion, estimating only the capital needed to produce the average worker's income during the years he might have lived had the span been longer. The individual, however, is apt to give little thought to all these billions. Even if he did, he might say: "Well, better a short life and waste the odd years if I can live the sort of life I like."

For the most part, of course, I can't, like the rest of the world. He is as wasteful of life as of material. But once he has got past writing "Willful waste makes woeful want" in his copy book, he can show his true feeling by giving glamorous names to the spendthrift and piling up hard words for the other sort—such as skinflint, cheapsparer and curmudgeon. If he carries the attitude further to America than men do in other lands the cause may be that for him this habit of mind takes the place of the cult of indolence to be found in older countries.—New York Times.

Burn Equipment in School Used by Lepers

New York.—Teachers and pupils of the Avon avenue public school in Newark clustered around the fiery opening of a furnace in the basement.

All the books, papers, pens, pencils erasers and manual training equipment in the school were consigned to the flames.

It was a pyre kindled by the fears of eight teachers and many parents that articles brought near to Hale and Frank George, student lepers, might be infected with the dread tropical disease. The bonfire cost the taxpayers of Newark more than \$2,000, as books are furnished free.

Meantime, the George lads, thirteen and eleven years old, were receiving expert treatment at the Essex County Isolation hospital. Chaulmoogra oil, the specific for leprosy, was being administered regularly and the boys, in good spirits, were receiving visits from their parents.

A portable X-ray outfit has been invented which will show the location of pipe lines and beams inside the walls of buildings.

tion with the view of exchanging visits. The Hungarian scout officials propose to send fifty boy scouts to Japan next year if a return visit of Japanese scouts can be arranged for the following year.

Blue Roses Bloom

Roscoe, Cal.—Unless it be black tulips, nothing in the floral line is as rare as blue roses, yet some of the latter are in full bloom at the ranch of Alma Johnston, in Orange Cove, in this vicinity. The bush produced several blossoms last year of indifferent shade and color.

Gets Aged Lock

Piqua, Ohio.—A handmade lock, more than 113 years old, has been presented to the Schmidlapp Library museum by F. E. Campbell, furniture merchant. John Riddle had the lock placed upon a log cabin he built near here on government land in 1812.

In Norway, Sweden and Finland, women are frequently employed as sailors, and do their work excellently.

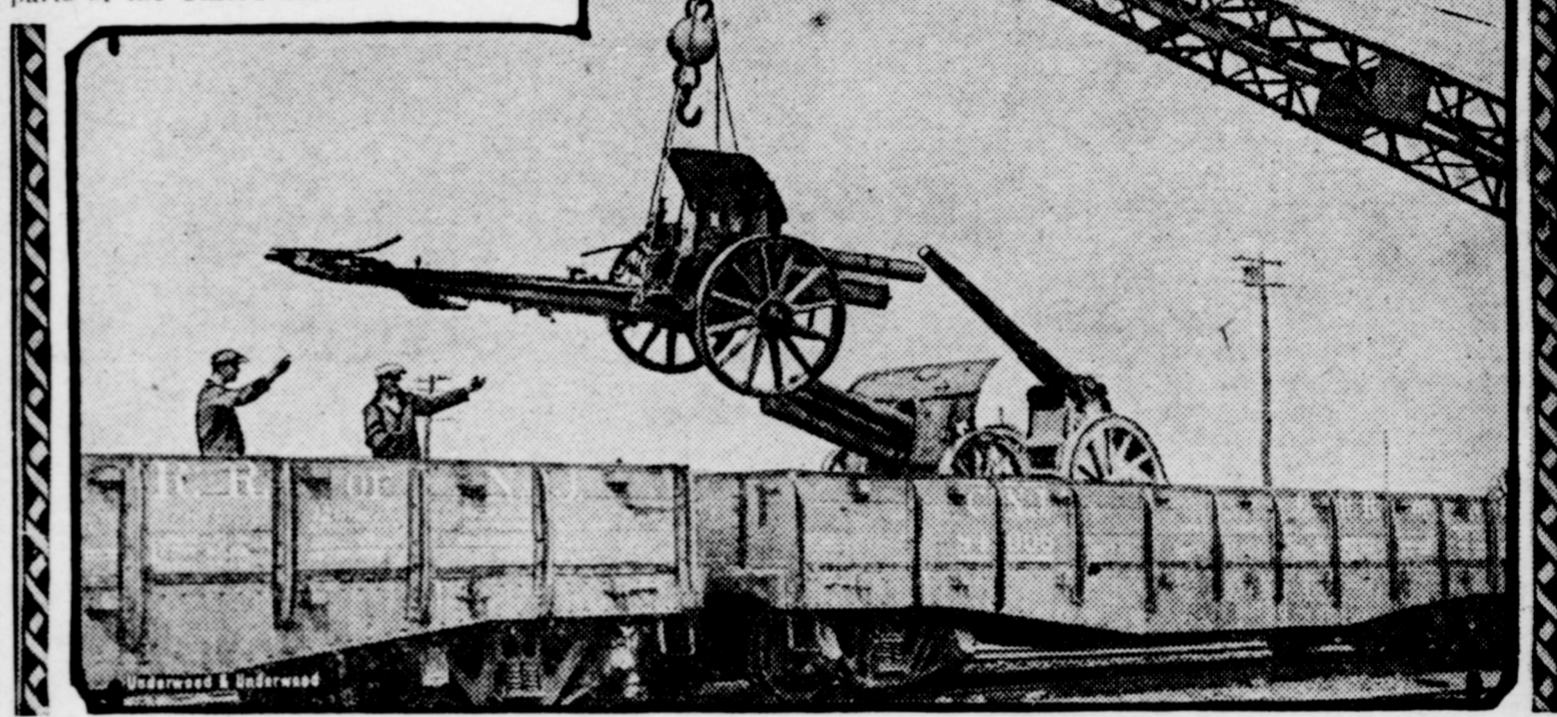
Sultan of Morocco Entering the City of Fez



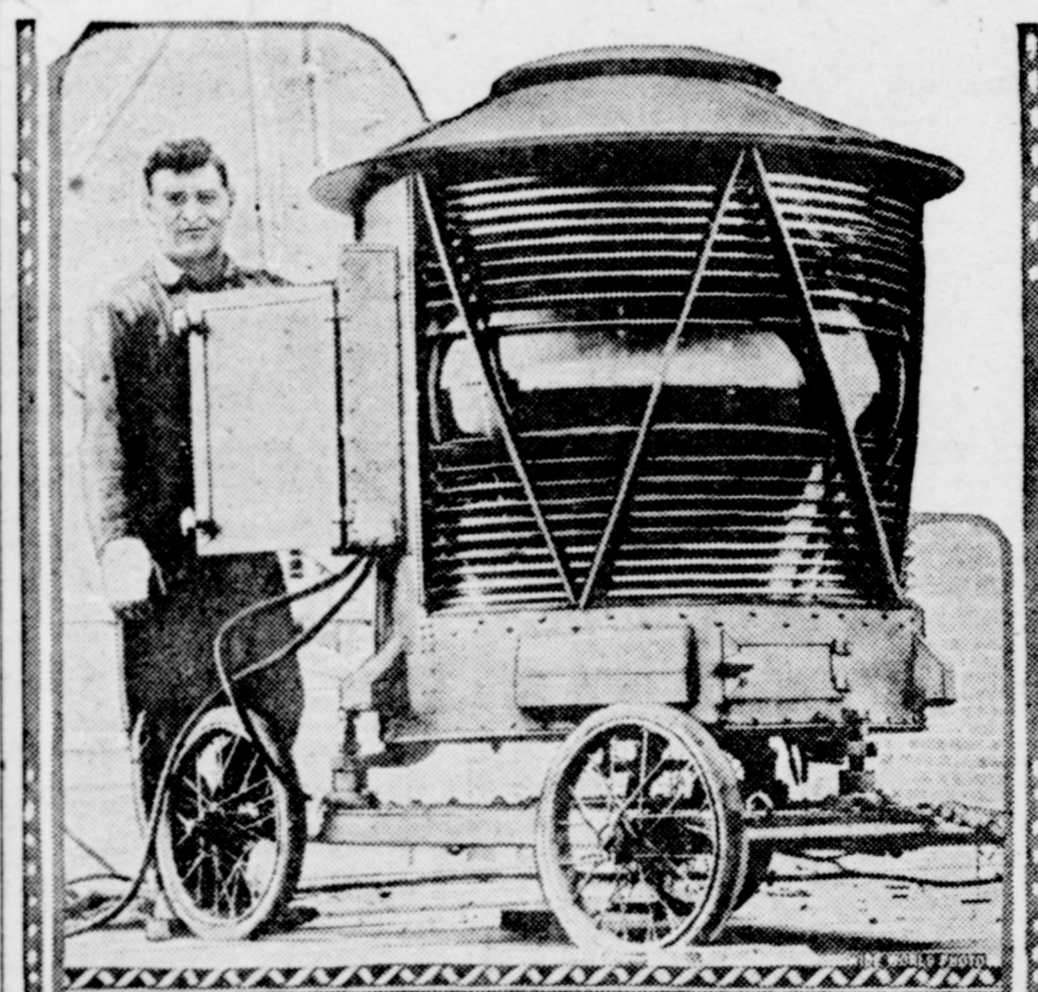
In order to counteract the influence of Abd-el-Krim, the French high command agreed to take the sultan of Morocco, Muley Yusef, to Fez to exploit the religious tendencies of the Mussulmans. Picture shows the entry of the sultan into Fez.

War Trophies Being Sent All Over Country

This picture, made at Port Newark, N. J., shows captured German cannon being loaded into a few of the 3,000 freight cars which are being used by the government to dispose of the 1,000,000 tons of German war materials. They are being shipped to all parts of the United States.



Flood Light for Night Air Mail



One of the large R. B. T. field flood lights with which the air mail fields from New York to San Francisco are equipped. The projected light covers an area of approximately one half a mile. The intensity is such that a book or newspaper may be read within a distance of two to three miles from the light. It is visible from the air for a distance of from sixty to seventy-five miles.

HIGH POST FOR MILNE



Gen. Sir George Milne has been designated by King George to be chief of the grand general staff of the British army. He succeeds the earl of Cavan at the end of the year. He is known among the soldiers as "Uncle George," and, though something of a martinet, he is very popular.

Canada Woman Slays Bank Bandit



Here are Mrs. Lillian Rodger, her daughter, and William Ross Rodger, her husband. Mrs. Rodger shot and killed Matthew Koldice, bank bandit, when he attacked her husband, the manager of the Imperial bank at St. David's, Ontario.

ENTERS RIFF WAR



Capt. Reginald Weller, during young American flyer and World war hero, is one of a score of American soldiers of fortune who will fly for the sultan of Morocco, France's ally in the Rif war.

MILLIONAIRE LEAVES \$4,000 BONDS TO CAT IN HIS WILL

Boston.—Bitter resentment treasured in his heart for more than forty years because a fascinating young woman to whom he gave a musical education abroad married against his wishes is believed to be the motive for a strange will, disposing of an estate of about \$1,000,000, left by Irving Wood.

According to one of Mr. Wood's most intimate associates, the aged financier bought four San Salvador 8 per cent bonds last year, pinned a note to them stating the income was to be used by his housekeeper in providing John Henry with the best of care, and declared his intention of making appropriate provision for this in his will.

The will, filed in Probate court, does not mention John Henry's name, but Miss Alice W. Blackburn, the housekeeper, said she saw the bonds Mr. Wood bought for the cat, saw him write the note stating their purpose,

and that he told her to take care of both the bonds and the cat after his death.

John Henry, five years old, and said to be the biggest and heaviest pet cat in Boston, is now living in state at the Wood apartment.

China and Japan Exchange Boy Scouts

Tokyo.—Fifty boy scouts from Japan will go to China this summer to pass several weeks in camps there. At the same time two dozen Chinese boy scouts will come to Japan for a visit.

The plan of exchanging boy scouts with various countries has aroused considerable enthusiasm among the scout leaders here.

It was stated that the boy scout organization of Hungary has begun negotiations with the Japanese organiza-

The Vanishing Men

BY RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

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SYNOPSIS

Out of uniform, at the end of the World war, with the rank of major, Peter DeWolfe, young American of wealth and family, is urged by an English comrade in arms, Everby Benham, to visit the Benham home and meet the Englishman's mother and sister, and, incidentally, Brena Selcoss, young woman about whom there is an air of mystery. Muriel Benham, Everby's sister, becomes infatuated with Peter, but he is interested only in the mysterious Brena Selcoss, of whom he has had only a glimpse. Muriel urges him to forget her, warning him that if she (Brena) should like him he is in danger of "vanishing—like the others." Peter gets a phone message from Brena to meet her. Peter meets Brena in a tea room and the meeting results in the formation of a strong bond of friendship.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

"Yes, dear, I understand. I can resist you, Peter. It would be hard, but I could do it. I do not want to do it. The promise was for your sake, Peter. Not for mine alone."

"I've asked you nothing—no questions," he said, putting his hands upon each of her shoulders and holding her at arm's length.

"No, Peter, none."

"Because I did not care," said he. "No matter what might come?"

"No matter what might come."

He drew her toward him and took a breath of the unperfumed fragrance of Brena Selcoss. And then, with eager, hungry yearning, expressed only through the restraints of tenderness and profound respect, as if indeed he had some ancient deity in his arms, he kissed her lips, he pressed his cheek into her hair, he touched the back of her neck with his fingers.

"I love you," he said. "Can you understand all I mean by those plain words—I love you?"

"I love you, Peter."

"You must never leave me now."

She sprang back, tearing herself from him as if he had treacherously plunged a knife into her.

"Not that, Peter. Not that! I thought you knew. I thought this was good-by."

Like one in great pain which must be borne in silence, she threw back her head and stood quivering and tense.

"You can't have misunderstood!" she said in a breaking voice. "Is this my punishment—that you have misunderstood?"

"I want you, Brena—forever. I could have sworn I never would want anyone—like this."

"Peter, it cannot be."

She seized his hand and, leaning over, pressed her wet cheek upon his wrist.

"It cannot be, Peter. It happened when I was no more myself—the one you know—than I am Muriel Benham. It happened when I was less than eighteen—seven years ago. I am married."

"Married?" he gasped, putting his other hand lightly upon her cheek.

"Where, then, is he? How long ago did he—"

"Go?"

"Yes."

"Three years. I loathed him. I loathed his eternal fright."

"And where is he now?" he asked.

"I do not know."

She shuddered.

"He—"

"Vanished."

Peter was white. Breathing hard, he said, "You—Brena—will you tell me everything?"

CHAPTER V

Brena Selcoss had been born on American soil.

One of her most vivid memories was that of her father, an austere man, who all his life long had carried about in the great and muscular body with its slow movements and its suggestion of latent giant power, a restless soul, ever seeking to find its way hither and thither like a strong giant ant of unceasing activity looking for new work.

She could remember dimly that her mother, whose hair never lost the red-gold Celtic glory until she and her second child died together when she was forty-two, had referred with whispered awe to the turbulent career of her husband, Demetrius. There were vague recollections of the mother's pride in the fact that he had risked and lost his career, begun so early in life and so brilliantly in chemical research and in a professorship in Athens, that he had tossed aside all consideration for him-

self to labor for a constitutional Greece and to risk his life in a conspiracy for freedom.

Mary Vaughn, as her name had been before her marriage, knew something of insurrection herself; she had had the ill fortune to be the daughter of the famous Tom Vaughn who was forced to flee Ireland with his family after the unsuccessful and forgotten "Secession Plot" of the '50s. Mary, from the time she was a child, sang like a bird. She might have become a famous contralto, for her voice had that same warm, rich quality inherited by her bewitched daughter, but like a bird her true home was upon the open moors with their free spaces and the shadows of the clouds passing over the grass; New York, of adamant and rectangles, was as good for the joy of her voice as it would have been for that of a wild nightingale. She never spoke harshly of that "terrible Babylon," however, without adding, "But 'twas there I met your father, Brena, and I'll speak no ill of it."

So, with some of her sparkling self dimmed, she gave all her expression of loyalty to her husband; her flight upon gauzy, unsubstantial wings was always a circle about his head, as if she were a brilliant moth hovering about the top of a grim mountain which always quivered, threatening volcanic disasters. Something had died within her when they took her from the moors and the open places, and that which was left was an Irish beauty and a bottomless well of affection for her man and her Brena.

"It is from her that I have a legacy," said Brena. "It is a storehouse of unspent passion and tenderness. And it is still mine—to do with as I please."

She did not go on to say that those to whom it would be opened might enter to be destroyed.

Brena could not recall the details of her mother's accounts of the part her father had played in the disturbed period of Greece. There were vague impressions of a secret organization under the "Council of Twelve," to which he had sworn devotion, of a problem of honor which he had decided by following a course of conduct that had brought down upon him the penalty of assassination. A sharply defined portrait of this young patriot, a member of the Salamis deputation of 1862 informing King Otho, the last of the Bavarian alien monarchs, that the throne of Greece was vacant, remained in Brena's mind. She confessed to a thrill of pride that upon an occasion, historic and momentous, her father, then only twenty-eight, had been present in a major role. This had been the top moment of his life; those whom he had aided turned upon him.

The strength of a powerful secret organization, gradually falling into unscrupulous hands after its true functions were over, had been turned against him. His name became a traditional center of oaths of vengeance; with knife wounds upon his great arms and thighs and an unremoved bullet in his shoulder, he came to America. He was a man who had lived one life, and expected the world to recognize him as an important being. It saw in him only a silent, learned man, inventing a thousand ambitions and from them choosing no fixed purpose, disregarding money in a land where money, for the time, was the fetish, careless of poverty but humiliated periodically by debt, discoursing upon biological chemistry years before the scientific world had the imagination to listen—a giant, with dark haunting eyes, long Homeric hair and beard, always brushed back as if he were eternally facing a hurricane, and a voice and presence as mysteriously impressive as that of some Elijah. Even Brena remembered his affection for her, profound as it was, as being like the affection of some god of mythology directed down upon a beautiful but mortal child.

Between the frivolous sunlight of her mother and the magnificent shadow of her father, Brena grew, acquiring from one a whimsical humor and from the other a calm of high cliffs and of a Parthenon.

According to Brena's own phrase, she "had no childhood and all childhood." She had none because her father, after a month or two of concentrated application of his mind upon studies of similarities in the architecture of ancient Mexico and prehistoric Greece, would find the butcher, landlord and grocer at his door, and then, as if awakened, he would take his little family and board the train for some minor university where he would teach himself out of debt and into a period of bitterness of heart because neither his learning nor his important place in history were given recognition.

With a great sigh from his expansive chest, he would move on again in pursuit of some inquiry, some research,

some new application of his heroic, impractical head. In consequence, the little girl, red of cheeks, with spindling legs and great wondering brown eyes, never stayed long enough anywhere for acquaintance with children and for play. T-tored by her mother and by the booming, terrifying voice of Demetrius Selcoss when he, as he said, could spare time for it, she learned a taste for books and consumed them, according to her own story, "like a hungry little pig regardless of the wisdom of a diet and eating all that was within reach." The books served to give her a fake veneer of experience and maturity.

This outer covering was fake because it failed to represent the truth that Brena had reached sixteen, with physical attributes which made men turn as she passed but without any consciousness of having approached womanhood. Without contacts with childhood, ever on the move, living in hotels, in boarding houses, in suburban cottages, ever dependent upon one rickety patched old trunk and her two parents, she had acquired the habits of childlike dependence. Like a child she found that life was shaped without intervention of her own. She allowed herself to be dragged along with her mixed load of conceptions drawn from a helter-skelter reading. Among other conceptions was that eternal fiction of the gallant and perfect fairy story prince whose bride she would one day be. To be a bride meant little more in terms of real life than to become an angel.

"If I ever have a daughter," said Brena Selcoss, "I will never allow her to have this dangerous dream of a Prince Charming. It is the common foundation upon which girls throw sensible judgment to the four winds and come to critical moments without a thought of the flowing years of real life which are to come. It might have wrecked me when I was seventeen."

While Brena was seventeen, indeed, many landmarks had been set up in her development. Her mother had died quietly in bed the year before without a gasp of warning, without a murmur, a smile upon her engaging lips. Brena had been asleep in the next room, and Demetrius, having one of his spells of insomnia, sat almost all



"Yes, Dear, I Understand. I Can Resist You, Peter. It Would Be Hard, but I Could Do It."

night long on the porch of their cottage in Dallas, Texas, in a rocker which squeaked a little as his bulk moved. He had come up at dawn to find his wife, with the first rays of summer sun thrown through the shutters and onto the happy, lifeless figure in bars of gold. It shimmered on her lovely hair; in all the red-gold mass there was not one strand of gray.

"This is the time for great calm," he had said to Brena, as he woke her with his giant's hand upon her shoulder. "The life has gone from your mother's beautiful body, my daughter, but she will live always with us because she was a brave and tender soul which endures forever."

"I thought that she had endless life," he said after a pause, burying his bearded face in his sun-browned hands. "It is the way with me always—I am unprepared—always unprepared."

This was the only flinching brought out in him by the death of the Irish girl he had adored so completely, to whose songs he had listened while his life went askew and in whose smiles he had warmed the chills of bitterness and whose arms had stilled the restlessness behind his great dark glowing eyes. He went on his way unchanged, but no doubt making new attempts to reach across the chasm which separated him from the yearning heart of his daughter.

These attempts were failures. Beside each other, when he was home, they were as persons alone; the one reminiscent, living in a past where great figures of history stalked majestically; the other expectant, with the eyes of youth turned away from the shadows and toward the glints of the future.

For three or more years before Mary Vaughn Selcoss had died, she had been alarmed by a new characteristic of her husband. In Dallas when he, who once had known the tang of great deeds done in a setting of romantic grandeur, came out through the hot streets on a common electric car and walked up a suburban avenue with its cheap bungalows and its phonographs,

its lawn sprinklers trying to raise the sun-baked grass from the dead, and its concrete sidewalks, Brena's mother had noticed a look in his eyes of a haunting fear.

"I wonder what would become of you and Brena if anything happened to me," he had said in explanation.

"Nothing will happen to you," Brena's mother had gayly answered. "Come into the house. I've something to show you."

"To show me?"

"Yes—a happy little home with the rent all paid up till last February. Nothing will happen to you."

But the fear was written upon his countenance deeper and deeper, like a tracing often repeated. He said to his wife on one occasion, "You say this fear is new. No, dearest; I have carried it about for many, many years."

Long after her mother had gone Brena had seen that look in her father's eyes.

"Perhaps he is afraid he will lose his place with the oil company," she had said to herself many times.

Opportunity enough was given her in those days to speak for herself. She had gone beyond any school training not only in independence but in learning; nevertheless she remained a child—a lonely, sensitive child in the heart of her ripening womanhood. Her father's austerity and her own peculiar shyness made the pair appear to the Texan neighbors aloof, strange, like persons over whom some shadow hung. And her father considered alone? He too, even to her, was in spite of all his giant desire for tenderness, also aloof, strange, and over him some shadow also cast its menacing shape.

Perhaps this shadow was explained when Demetrius, the learned and impractical, the heroic and the humbled exiled gentleman of Athens, stepped in front of a moving train one evening as he was trying to cross the tracks which run through the Dallas streets, and then lay staring up at the sky, his hair and beard brushed back as if he faced a tempest.

It was the doctor who carried the news to Brena. He stood beside the engraving of the Acropolis in its frame battered with many packings and un-packings and many hangings and removals and many journeys in the bottoms of trunks.

"You do not weep?" he inquired.

"No," said Brena, looking at him with her blanched face.

The doctor was a little dried up southerner, whose manner straddled between his Kentucky birthright and the Prussian medical schools where he had acquired his education.

"He was a noble man," he said. "He was a haunted man, as well."

Brena said nothing.

"If he had lived another six months, he would have been totally blind. Only I knew that. He would tell me no. And what would have supported you both then, eh? The public funds, I reckon."

The woman, who was still a child, shivered.

"He was sorely tempted—your father," said Doctor Gregory. "He had insured his life and he would have killed himself to provide for you. Yes, that was his plan. He asked me about it. Such a man! Hesitating to blow his brains out because of what? Honor. Not to defraud a soulless corporation, eh? Not doing it, either. Too virtuous! Too just! Splendid! Magnificent! Like his own forehead—noble, classic!"

Brena covered her face with her hands.

"Ah, well," said the doctor. "It was well to know such a man. You must be brave—a good girl, eh? Your father may have been killed in answer to his prayers. One cannot grope his way in front of a moving train."

"Did he die—without—a word?" she asked.

"No; I was going to speak of that," said Gregory, chewing harder than ever on his ever-present toothpick. "He was conscious for a time—quite conscious. He said that you never knew how much he loved you—some awkwardness, he said, prevented. He asked me to tell you that something would protect you from danger. He didn't say what. Something would. He said that you must not be afraid."

The doctor sighed and looked about the room with its few books, pictures, ornaments—the shabby remnants of a life of discriminating taste, high purposes and poverty.

"There isn't much for you to begin on," he said, reflectively. "Five hundred life insurance. The rest had gone because he didn't pay the premiums. Too honest to take it by blowing his brains out—a noble man—the timbers of a noble human craft deserving better of life's sea!"

He was proud of that phrase.

"I think you will find that Mrs. Wilkie on the corner will take you in for a while," he suggested. "You will find work."

Yes, Brena would find work. The granddaughter of the proud and intellectual Tom Vaughn, the daughter of the man who in America called himself Demetrius Selcoss, once the teacher of chemistry in the National Institution of Greece, who had the right to wear royal decoration and who bore on his body the marks of battles for liberty—she was now merely a girl alone in the world, without friends, money, background, training, experience. A great democracy had leveled her. Possessed only of that sun-ripened beauty of fruit coming into its prime with untouched bloom upon it, to which was added the charm and the dangers of immaturity and innocence, her assets were a hazard. Her mind and its capacities and its rich supply of academic learning were not currency which passed as legal tender among the persons she would know. Her father, who had said that he always met

life unprepared, might well have added that he left it without provision.

Brena went to live with Mrs. Wilkie. She remembered that lady as an intensely practical woman who was always in a hurry. On haste, she had grown almost unpleasantly stout, and one of the disagreeable memories of Brena's tragic storehouse is the picture of this woman's absurdly small mouth, which would not stay fixed in one spot between her fat cheeks and her fat chin, but moved about, appearing to be located first here and then there, like a newly punched orifice. It never moved so unpleasantly as when she was talking of her ancestry, her relatives who had great wealth and her husband's injustice and brutality in making her give up society. Her husband had given up her society; he had gone to parts unknown. She brooded upon her fancy that she could have been a kind of dowager grandee if she had been born under a luckier star or had rejected Sam Wilkie.

She would not have been of any particular importance in the life of Brena Selcoss had it not been for two facts. One of them was that, lacking other distinction, she could have that of giving refuge at so much and so much for room and board per week to the most alluring young creature that, for the moment, was known to the male eyes of Dallas as an unsolved riddle. The other fact was that she was the half-sister of the mother of Jim Hennepin of Virginia.

Jim Hennepin, who liked to attach to his name the words "of Virginia," was the last of a line which had been brought to American soil by a refugee Huguenot connected distantly with the great explorer of the headwaters of the Mississippi. There are those who remember him in his escapades in Danville, and felt relief when his father, who had himself dissipated the small remainder of the Hennepin wealth and tobacco lands in futile speculations through a Washington broker, said to Jim, "You can go down to your mother's sister in Texas. She will put you up and I have a job all ready for you with a cotton buying and commission house in Dallas. There is nothing left in my own pockets. The only genius you have is for getting into trouble; your only talent is for figures. As time goes on the accountant is playing an ever-growing part in American business, just as the drunkard is playing a lesser part. Do you get my meaning, son?"

This accounted for the presence of Jim Hennepin in Texas. He had been there two years. Compton Parmalee & Co. had found nothing to criticize in his bookkeeping. In fact, it had qualities of genius which sometimes make bookkeeping not only a cold record, but a vitalized inspiration of business. Hennepin was a useful addition to Compton Parmalee's small staff. He drank at the club, but with a moderation considering his resistance to the effect of alcohol. He was a popular young man in Dallas, and the fact that so many men in that Texas city have now forgotten that they ever heard of this youth is only a commentary upon the truth that the impressions most of us make are not even fine scratches when time's roller has passed once or twice over men's memory and today has become so much more important than yesterday and that which is in sight covers that which is gone like new strata in a geological period.

It would be untrue to deny that Jim Hennepin was an attractive figure. If he had craft and viciousness, as some have said he had, it was belied by the Hennepin smile—an inviting smile, invoking the cheer of the moment like a smile of a boy. Furthermore, he was tall and graceful, like an oarsman in an English college eight. He was more like the bad son of an earl than a bookkeeper, and persons often inquired who he was, especially before they had heard him speak in his care-free modern American slang figures, and were surprised to find that he was older than he looked, had fought his education for several wasted years at the University of Virginia and was earning forty-three dollars a week and spending fifty-nine when he was over thirty.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wild Creatures Die Fast When Captives

The average person who visits a zoo for study and enjoyment often fails to realize the expert care and heavy expenditure demanded in its upkeep. Death takes a frequent toll among the animals and the birth rate cannot begin to make replacement. The four corners of the earth must be scoured or many an empty cage would confront visitors, says the New York Times.

Every month a proportion of the familiar animals die, and rare beasts and birds with strange names also succumb. Every month purchases are made that may range from 25 cents for a box tortoise to \$900 for a pair of Gelada baboons.

Usually the highest mortality is among the birds. Next come the mammals, the severest financial loss. Reptile casualties are lowest. A report of the Bronx zoological park shows the death of twelve mammals, including a bonnet macaque and a white-faced sapsajou, of three reptiles, crocodile and two tortoises and fifty birds in a single month. However, the increasing skill of curators and keepers in the handling of wild animals is keeping the death rate within bounds.

Spent Six Years on Novel

Gustave Flaubert, leader of the French realistic school of writers, spent six years in writing his novel "Madame Bovary." Its publication in 1857 laid him open to accusations of immorality, from which he was cleared.

Hello Daddy—don't forget my Wrigley's!
Slip a package in your pocket when you go home to-night.
Give the youngsters this wholesome, long-lasting sweet—for pleasure and benefit.

Wrigley's
After every meal!
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Gallant Rebuff

Benny, aged seven, was always mixed up in fist fights with other youngsters of his town. His mother made several futile attempts to get him to stop. Finally, she told him that whenever he felt an inclination to fight it was the devil tempting him, and that he should say: "Get thee behind me, Satan."

A few days later the little boy rushed into the house and said breathlessly: "Mamma, them boys down there tried to get me to fight, but I just said: 'Get from behind me, Satan,' and then ran home to you."—Indianapolis News.

If I Were You

"You have a bad tooth. I would have it out if I were you."
"So would I—if I were you!"

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RULES ON PINK WORM

Austin, Aug. 18.—George B. Terrell, Commissioner of Agriculture of Texas, has promulgated rules and regulations for producing and marketing cotton, cleaning of fields and disinfection of seed in the quarantined districts, embracing the counties of El Paso, Hudspeth, Ward, Reeves, Pecos, Presidio and Brewster, and for the prevention and entry into the State of things or substances infected by the pink bollworm from areas outside and quarantined by the Governor. The rules and regulations follow:

Cleaning of Fields
All cotton fields within the counties of Presidio and Brewster shall be cleaned of all cotton bolls and parts of bolls prior to February 1 of each and every year; nor shall any seed cotton or unsterilized cotton seed be held on any premises in the counties of Presidio and Brewster after the first day of February next following the year in which it was produced.

All cotton fields found to be infested with the pink bollworm in the counties of El Paso, Hudspeth, Ward, Reeves and Pecos shall be cleaned of all bolls and parts of bolls by the 1st of February next following the year in which such fields have been planted in cotton, nor shall any seed cotton or unsterilized cottonseed be held on premises so infested with pink bollworm in these counties after the first day of February next following the year in which it was produced.

As to Unginned Cotton
The keeping of any unginned cotton or unsterilized cotton seed on any premises in the counties of Presidio and Brewster after Feb. 1, next following the year in which cotton is grown, or failure to properly clean cotton fields of all bolls or parts of bolls by Feb. 1 following the year in which cotton was produced, is declared to be a menace to the cotton industry and a violation of section 8, chapter 41, Acts of the First Called Session of the Thirty-Seventh Legislature. The keeping of any unginned cotton or unsterilized cotton seed on any premises, the fields of which are infested with the pink bollworm in the counties of El Paso, Hudspeth, Ward, Reeves and Pecos, after the first day of February next following the year in which cotton was grown thereon, or failure to clean the fields of all bolls and parts of bolls on such infested premises in these counties before the first day of February next following the year in which cotton was produced is declared to be a menace to the cotton industry and a violation of section 8, chapter 41, Acts of the First Called Session of the Thirty-Seventh Legislature.

All ginneries within the above named counties shall disinfect all seed by means of heat as a continuous process of ginning, using therefor such machinery as is approved by the Commissioner of Agriculture of his authorized agents.

Marketing Cotton Lint
Cotton lint from the counties of El Paso, Hudspeth, Ward, Reeves and Pecos may be shipped without permit when carried to any port in Texas for export to foreign countries on a through bill of lading or when the common carrier accepting same shall obligate himself to deliver to an ocean carrier or to a common carrier in a foreign country.

Baled lint cotton and baled linters moving through any of the above described quarantined districts and stopped for compressing may be moved outside without permit provided it is being carried on a through bill of lading.

Cotton lint may be shipped to any point without permit when accompanied by a certificate from an agent of the Federal Horticultural Board showing the same has been vacuum fumigated.

Cotton lint or linters may be shipped to the ports of Galveston or Houston for export when it is shown that the same is to be stored at a designated warehouse at one of the ports and permit issued for such movement by authorized agents of the Commissioner of Agriculture.

Cotton lint and linters from Presidio and Brewster counties may not be moved outside of these two counties to any point unless and until the same has been vacuum fumigated, after which shipment

made to any point without a permit.

Cotton samples may be shipped from any quarantined district only after being fumigated and permit granted therefor, after which shipment may be made to any point.

Mattresses, pillows and other such articles made in whole or in parts of cotton may be shipped only when accompanied by permit signed by an agent of the State Department of Agriculture, except when they bear a stamp showing they are manufactured from fumigated cotton.

Seed Products

Cotton seed and seed cotton produced in Presidio and Brewster Counties shall not be carried outside of such two counties.

Cottonseed hulls and cottonseed cake produced in Presidio and Brewster counties may be carried to the counties of Terrell, Jeff Davis and Culberson for the purpose of feeding stock when the person carrying same shall sign an obligation not to allow such hulls or cake to be carried into any cotton growing area.

Cottonseed produced in El Paso, Hudspeth, Ward, Reeves and Pecos Counties, when properly disinfected or sterilized, may be shipped to Presidio and Brewster Counties for any purpose, provided that when delivered to a common carrier permit shall be required.

Cottonseed hulls and cottonseed cake produced in the counties of El Paso, Hudspeth, Ward, Reeves or Pecos may be carried without permit to any point within such counties and to any point within the counties of Presidio, Brewster, Culberson, Jeff Davis or Terrell.

When it shall come to the attention of the Commissioner of Agriculture that the supply of cotton seed in the counties of El Paso, Hudspeth, Ward, Reeves and Pecos exceeds the demand to such an extent as to bring the price below the general market value, he may then and there arrange for the marketing of such seed under such safeguards as may be deemed adequate, but no agent other than the chief entomologist of this department is authorized to grant permit for the movement of cottonseed outside such quarantined districts.

All lint cotton and linters used in the manufacture of mattresses or pillows or padding and produced in any quarantined district shall be vacuum fumigated.

Seed cotton shall not be used in the manufacture of any article. Lint cotton, cotton linters, mill and gin waste, cottonseed and seed cotton originating in Cochise, Santa Cruz and Pima counties of Arizona and in Hidalgo, Grant, Luna, Pecos and Otero, Eddy, Lea, Chaves and Lincoln Counties of New Mexico shall not be brought into this State except when a permit is granted therefor by an authorized agent of the State Department of Agriculture.

Cotton lint and linters, mill and gin waste, cotton seed and seed cotton originating in the Republic of Mexico shall not be brought into this State except when a permit is granted therefor by an authorized agent of the State Department of Agriculture of Texas of by the Secretary of Agriculture of the United States, and all rules and regulations with respect to the entry of cotton and its products from Mexico adopted by the Secretary of Agriculture of the United States are hereby adopted and made a part of the quarantine regulations of the State of Texas.

All rules and regulations of prior date bearing upon the subject matter contained herein are hereby repealed.

Done in the City of Austin, Texas, on this the 31st day of July, A. D. 1925.

GEORGE B. TERRELL,
Commissioner of Agriculture.

Notes:
Any permit that may be issued which are not in accordance with the above regulations are hereby declared to be null and void.

Any agent who refuses to issue permits as are authorized in these regulations should be promptly reported to the Commissioner of Agriculture, Austin, Texas.

The Commissioner of Agriculture is authorized by law to amend or change or set aside these regulations, but no such authority is delegated.

All permits shall be signed by the chief entomologist of this department and the local agent in charge.

MINERAL RIGHTS IN LAND UPHELD

(By Llew H. Davis)

A very important opinion has been delivered by the assistant attorney general of Texas, which is of great interest to owners of oil and gas permits and leases on public lands of this state, according to W. T. Wells, of El Paso, owner of oil lands, permits and leases in oil lands in the trans-Pecos Texas area in Loving, Pecos and Hudson counties, on which the opinion was given.

The assistant attorney general, R. J. Randolph, has answered the inquiries submitted by the land commissioner involving an important question of the land laws which will settle the status of a large num-

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ber of surveys. Incidentally, it suits him while holding attempts to retain an intervening oil and gas permit.

The tract used for the test opinion was sold on July 12, 1907, to Joseph Fonder, whose rights were assigned to Sam P. Rancier. The sale was before the days of mineral reservation. On August 12, 1924, the Ponder purchase was forfeited for non-payment of interest. The land was sold to Edwin Hobby on October 3, 1924, under advisement made before forfeiture. On September 2, 1924, after the Ponder forfeiture, the oil and gas rights were sold to W. T. Wells of El Paso.

It is held by Mr. Randolph, assistant attorney general, that the Hobby sale was void because sale occurred on advertisement made before forfeiture and, therefore, before the title had been reinvested in the State.

Rancier has ordered all delin-

quent amounts to reinstate the Ponder purchase, but Mr. Randolph holds that that cannot be done because the intervening oil and gas permit of Wells is valid and it is impossible for the reinstatement to cover the identical right had at the time of forfeiture, Ponder having been entitled to the whole of the survey, including the minerals, would not be entitled to be reinstated as to the rights of ownership to the surface alone.—El Paso Times.

FUMIGATING PLANT

The old stock pens have been torn down and a large force of men are now actively engaged in erecting a fumigating plant where it once stood.

Don't forget the Marfa Round-up on September 3rd and 4th.

YOURS FOR BETTER MOTORING



Wherever automobiles go, there's one word that means greater mileage less tire trouble, more safety, comfort and economy—FIRESTONE.

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William Desmond

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"MEDDLER"

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"Pola Negri"

A PARAMOUNT. IN MEN.

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"Flaming Youth"

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Locals and Personals

T. A. Spencer has taken back his old position at the depot.

D. J. Coffman of Presidio, was a Marfa visitor for several days this week.

Dr. J. C. Darracott was taken to El Paso Monday, suffering from the passage of a kidney stone. He was taken ill at Fort Davis last Sunday.

O. L. Nicolls of Marathon, was a visitor at Marfa Tuesday.

Dr. Church has moved into the Dr. Darracott cottage, which recently he purchased from A. M. Porter.

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

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Nagel and Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Young, with children of San Antonio, came in autos on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Hans Briam Tuesday. They were formerly residents of Marfa.

Mrs. H. B. Holmes received a wire this week that her mother was seriously ill. When she reached Kingsbury, her mother, Mrs. E. B. Baker, had passed away. She was 85 years of age.

Mr. Hans Briam returned Thursday from San Antonio, where he was called on account of the death of his brother, Louis.

Mrs. Ponder of West Point, Miss., is in Marfa on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Bennett, and will remain for some time.

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

J. B. Scott of Marfa, was a visitor here Thursday to his mother, Mrs. W. A. Scott.—Floresville Chronicle-Journal.

CEDAR POSTS

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

T. M. WOODLEY,
Sabinal, Texas.

Dr. J. C. Midkiff arrived in Marfa Friday from Mexico where he has charge of the medical department of Mina Reform Hospital. Before returning home he visited his daughter, Mrs. C. A. Barrett in Temple, Texas; also making a trip back to his old home near Huntsville. En route home he was joined in Alpine by Joe, who will spend several days with the family.

Fred Nagel, formerly a popular citizen and home owner of Marfa, says that when he sees the wonderful improvements about Marfa, breathes this air and gazes on the distant mountains rising from grass covered plains, it makes him homesick, and he feels the call to return. Fred is the manufacturer of an antiseptic germicidal soap which is attracting attention by its virtues among druggists and medical authorities.

RECRUITS

Fifty recruits arrived Thursday for the First Cavalry at Marfa.

CARD OF THANKS

We would return our heartfelt thanks to our Marfa friends, and to the W. O. W. members who so kindly helped us in our sad affliction when our dear husband and father was so suddenly taken away. Mrs. C. O. Thomas and Family.

Remember the Baby Show on August 29th.

El Paso's crack baseball team will be here during the Round-up to cross bats with the Marfa team

Baby Show at the parlors of the Christian Church August 29th.

Skillman Grove campmeeting, which is now in progress, will tomorrow witness a great attendance at this historic gathering.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Nelson have been Marfa visitors to El Paso this week.

Ernest Thompson Williams left on the 9:26 Friday morning for Hot Wells, where he goes to spend a few days with his uncle.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Petross and daughter, Miss Earline, left Friday for Springdale, Ark. From there they will go to Chase, Kansas; thence to Las Cruces, New Mexico. They expect to be absent about three weeks.

NOTICE TO AUTOMOBILE OWNERS

Referring to bulletins of State Highway department under date of July 21 and August 4: "It is unlawful to operate a motor vehicle in this state with only one number plate; if you lose one or both of your plates, make application at once to the County Tax Collector for a pair of new plates, for which there will be a charge of \$1.00.

All motor vehicles used for rent or hire with or without driver, are required to pay a motor bus fee of \$4.00 per seating capacity, the driver not excepted, plus the regular highway fee. All drivers of motor busses must pay a chauffeurs license.

Violators of the above provisions will be prosecuted.

O. A. KNIGHT,
Tax Collector,
J. E. VAUGHAN,
Sheriff.

RESOLUTIONS

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in his wise Providence to take from us our beloved and honored President, Mr. C. A. Brown, who has guided the destinies of our institution by his wise counsel from the time of its organization to the time of his departure; and

WHEREAS, our Nation and our State have lost a valued citizen; and

WHEREAS, all who came in contact with him have lost a friend who made life more wholesome and more worth living; and

WHEREAS, the Marfa National Bank has lost a guiding hand that can never be replaced; and

WHEREAS, the Board of Directors and the officers and employees of the Marfa National Bank have lost a friend and an associate whose memory will ever be cherished and of whom only the highest thoughts can be entertained; and

WHEREAS, the devotion known to exist between the deceased and his beloved family makes it apparent that theirs has been the greatest loss of all, now therefore

BE IT RESOLVED that the Board of Directors, the officers and employees of the Marfa National Bank extend to the bereaved family their sincere sympathy at this their time of sorrow and great loss, and

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, that copies of this resolution be furnished to members of the bereft family; that a copy be made a part of the permanent record of this Bank and that copies be furnished.

Thos. C. Crosson,
W. H. Cleveland,
L. C. Brite,
J. B. Gillett,
W. P. Fischer,
M. D. Bownds,
R. L. Stevenson,
F. W. Barton,
Mrs. Kathleen Pilkenton.

COTTON SEED OIL MILL

The oil mill at Marfa is being enlarged in view of the prospects of a large cotton yield this year. It is estimated that the Presidio cotton crop will be around 6,000 bales.

MODEL MARKET

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

MODEL MARKET



Chance to Get
The latest in Fall Millinery
and Ladies' Ready
to Wear.

NOW ON DISPLAY.

THE LOCKLEY'S has just returned
from Market everything personally
selected. We invite you to come
in and see the most complete
Stock we have ever had.

THE LOCKLEY'S



Enjoy the Best Time of the Year

Now come the most glorious days of all—late August, September and golden October! Days meant to be lived out-of-doors—when the roadsides are ablaze with flowers, and the woodlands a riot of color.

Take a Ford Car and strike out from the crowded highways. Explore the side-trails that lead to the best fishing, the loveliest spots of natural beauty.

There is no going too hard for your Ford; nothing at which its willing power will balk. And its control is so simple, so easy that you can venture where you will on unknown dirt roads, with the same confidence with which you set out on the paved highway.

The best vacation days of all are still ahead, the weather is less changeable now and roads are in better condition. Get a Ford Car and revel in the finest time of the year.

Ford

Runabout - - \$260 Tudor Sedan - \$500
Touring Car - 290 Fordor Sedan - 600
On open cars demountable rims and starters are \$25 extra.
Full size Balloon Tires \$25 extra. All prices f. o. b. Detroit.

Coupe
\$520
F. O. B. Detroit

SEE ANY AUTHORIZED
FORD DEALER OR MAIL
THIS COUPON

Please tell me how I can secure a Ford Car on easy payments:

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Mail this coupon to

Ford Motor Company
Detroit

J. C. Darracott

Physician and Surgeon

Phone Number 107

MARFA, TEXAS

Notice of Intention to Incorporate

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Del Norte Co. a business mercantile firm doing business under the above name at Shafter and Presidio in Presidio County, Texas of their intention to incorporate under the laws of Texas under the name of Del Norte Co. and application will be made for a charter under said name.

Del Norte Company.
By Edwin F. Hill Mer.

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

FOR SALE—Cheap for Cash 65 Acres irrigable land near Presidio good title. BOX 12 Presidio Texas.

MALE HELP WANTED

\$10,000,000 company wants you to sell 150 daily home necessities in Marfa. Profits \$35 to \$60 weekly. Experience unnecessary. For particulars write THE J. R. WATKINS COMPANY, 62-70 West Iowa St., Memphis, Tenn.

Hans Briam

The merchant who has practically everything and will Sell It for Less
Marfa, - Texas

Marfa Lumber Co.

J. W. HOWELL, Mgr.

Brick

Wagons

Fencing Material

Builders' Hardware

Carpenters' Tools

Lumber,

Paints, Oils,
Varnishes, Glass,



Doors

Sash, Shingles

A satisfied customer is our motto

NOTICE

HILLSIDE GARDEN
TOMATOES—Highest quality.
GRAPES—Table, Jelly. Canning. Preserving.
OCCASIONALLY—Okra, String Beans, Butter Beans, Beets and other vegetables.
J. R. JACOBS.

Anyone having extra rooms for the night of September 3rd and 4th, to please notify Alta Vista hotel or Jordan hotel so they can be booked for these nights.

W. P. Murphy.

ALONG LIFE'S TRAIL

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK

Dean of Men, University of Illinois.

(© 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

KEEPING STEP

A FRIEND of mine tells the story of an old negro—he had been born a slave and had fought in the Northern army—whom he had known as a boy. It happened that they met often as the old man worked about his cabin or trudged slowly along the highway.

His eyes were very dim; he was drawn and crippled by rheumatism, and was scarcely the ideal to whom a growing boy would look for inspiration and whom he would hold up as an ideal. He always spoke and raised his battered hat as he met the boy in the roadway.

"Good mawnin', Massa John."

"Hello," John would reply. "How are you getting on, Sam?"

"Thankie, Massa John, thankee kindly," was the invariable reply, "praise de Lord, I'm able to keep step yet. I'm steppin'. How's you steppin'?"

Keeping step, keeping up with things—that was the old man's idea of fitness. It was his test of character and loyalty, and religious faith, perhaps. How many of us are keeping step?

When Morton was forty, he was tired of work and without interest in the community in which he was living. He was doing very well, but—he was out of sympathy with everything about him—out of step with the world as it were. He moved to town and gave up the farm and settled down to do nothing.

There were a great many interests which needed his help, activities in which he might have taken part, causes which he might have championed, but he was critical, cynical, without understanding or sympathy.

Scott was an educated man and a shrewd one, too, but he was always out of step with things—never quite in sympathy with any movement toward real progress that might be started. He would never submit to wearing evening clothes though he was part of a community where full dress was commonly worn at evening functions, so that when everyone else was spick-and-span with a full shirt front, Scott came in with baggy trousers and a Prince Albert coat of ancient vintage. It would not have been so bad had not his taste in dress been indicative of his attitude toward progress in other things—in politics, in education, in religion, in affairs of social importance. He was as much out of step, in these matters as he was sartorially.

No one can afford to get out of step. Keeping in step is an indication of progress. It shows a willingness to work with others in harmony, it brings happiness and predicts success.

OUR NEWSBOY

IT IS an evening paper which the boy brings to us, and it arrived about six o'clock. All through the winter months it is dark before six, and I am generally home and eager to read before the paper comes. I cannot see the boy as he rides up the walk, but I can generally hear him as he tosses the paper upon the porch and rushes away to finish his task.

The nights are cold, often, and stormy, and sometimes the wind is blowing and the rain is beating down, but these vicissitudes of the weather seem to make very little difference with Shorty; when six o'clock comes I can be pretty sure that if I go out I shall find the paper lying on the porch. I do not recall that he has ever failed us during the two years that he has been upon the route.

Our house is some distance from the street—so far, in fact, that it is impossible for him to toss the paper out of danger as he rides along on his bicycle. He always rides in and lands the paper on the porch. I never find it in the shrubbery or at some remote corner of the lawn, or lying wet and soggy in the beating rain. It is where I like best to have it.

When he comes to make his collections, as he does on Saturday mornings, he is always polite, always smiling, but business-like, straightforward and given to wasting no time. I'm sure he has learned to cover a lot of territory in a few hours.

Nancy gave him a necktie last Christmas. Not one of these "marked-down-for-this-sale" kind of ties, but an honest-to-goodness one bought at Cooke's, whose slogan is "We sell only the highest grade goods." He was "tickled pink" over it, as the boys say, and rode right over to tell Nancy what he thought of her.

"Father wanted to trade one of his ties for mine," he explained, "but I wouldn't trade this one with anybody."

I don't know what he's going to do when he grows up. Maybe he'll be a bank president, or an automobile salesman, or a street car conductor, or a corporation lawyer. Whatever he is, I'm sure he's going to be a good one. I'd recommend him for any job he wants to tackle, even if it was for President of the United States, for he's getting training in promptness and thoughtfulness for those he serves, and courtesy and business integrity and judgment, and he's going to show these qualities later in life. What more could one ask?

Community Building

Too Little Attention Paid to City Building

The wanton abuse of beauty by Americans in the upbuilding of their cities has created a condition which will take billions of dollars to improve and which cannot be entirely corrected short of razing many cities to the ground, said H. R. Ennis of Kansas City in an address before the general sessions of the National Association of Real Estate Boards in convention at Detroit.

Mr. Ennis last year traveled 50,000 miles about the country as president of the organization and has had an exceptional opportunity to observe conditions in hundreds of cities and towns.

"Go to almost any American city and you will find that beauty has been wantonly disregarded and the rights of property owners, children and citizens generally disregarded. The mind of America has been too much turned to money making and the material side of life; it has ignored the demands of the esthetic.

"Little by little the demands of beauty are making themselves felt and in obedience to them one can, in many cities, see luxurious stores, stately office buildings and residence districts with distinction and charm. But the effect of these improvements is marred by glaring billboards, overhead signs, dirty vacant lots, filthy alleys and dilapidated old shacks.

"No man has a moral right to let idle property be used as a dump for garbage or a hothouse for weeds; no man has a moral right to mar the appearance of a residential district by erecting a house which is entirely out of harmony with all others there; no man has a moral right to make an eyesore of the business district by allowing a prehistoric old firetrap to stand between a dignified bank and a stately office building.

"To those who have viewed America first and then Europe comes the certain knowledge of the necessity of better and wiser city growth, city planning and steady city housekeeping in America. When all our citizens are convinced of these needs we shall have our great art galleries, cathedrals and mellow loveliness which make the American envious of Europe."

Statesman Sees Value of Home Ownership

Encouragement of the extension of private home ownership is a central feature of the housing policy of the present British government, according to an announcement of that policy made recently by Stanley Baldwin, prime minister.

"We want the people to own their homes," the premier said, "and we shall devise every fair means we can to extend the class of occupying owners. We want to see more and not less of private property. We want it more spread.

"It is impossible to exaggerate the value to the citizen, therefore to the state, of a good home. There is nothing so intimate, nothing which so completely reveals the personality. The philosophers themselves, I am advised, justify private property because it is something in the external world which is a material representation of human personality."

Beautify Grounds

Beautifying the home grounds is a problem not unworthy the finest art of the most expert landscape designer. Small places everywhere are becoming more and more charming as the landscape designers meet the demands for better arranged and more pleasing grounds.

The small place, more than the large one, must depend for its individual effectiveness and setting upon the general beauty of its neighborhood, and for that reason communities should enlist the co-operation of its citizens in planning to beautify all the grounds rather than an individual his own grounds as in the case of large estates.

Grounds Are Important

The interior of the home is subjected to the customary housecleaning and its appearance is a matter depending solely on the taste and neatness of the occupants. The exterior of the house and the maintenance of a well-kept lawn, free from rubbish and unsightly articles of various kinds, and beautified by shrubs and flowers, become a matter of interest to the entire neighborhood, and thus a small but important factor in the general appearance of the entire city. With each square registering 100 per cent in maintaining the appearance of the yards the city would thus achieve a national reputation as another "Spotless Town."

Power of Love

A farmer's boy was walking down a lane one evening when he came upon a friend sitting on a log by the road side.

"What are you sitting there for?" he asked. "Is anything the matter?"

"No," replied the other. "I'm just waiting for Dolly Smith to come along. I'm going to take her to evening class. But the evening class isn't until tomorrow night."

"I know, but when a fellow's in love he doesn't mind waiting."

DAINTY WHITE KNIT SLIPONS; UTILITY COATS FROM PARIS

AS EVERY woman of smart fashion knows, the present-moment style influence trends definitely to sheer effects. Responding to this call of the mode, fashionists are creating lovely sweaters knitted of zephyr as lightweight as down and exquisitely delicate in construction.

Of course it follows that sweaters of this desirable kind and quality have become coveted possessions for sum-

sponsors, the knitted white slip-on finds ready acceptance. Sometimes the jumper or slip-on relates itself to its plaited silk skirt by acquiring collar, cuffs and long tie of matching material.

As to the silhouette, stylists are persistently following devils ways that wander from the straight and slim lines—they are running after flaring skirts and even flirting a little



PRETTY WHITE KNIT SLIPON

ner-time wear. Indeed, milady is finding these dainty knit sweaters so likable that they are in many instances taking the place of the lingerie blouse for practical comfort-giving wear.

Worn with a plaited crepe skirt or tailored woolen one, a gossamer-weight knitted slip-on adds a charming note to midsummer sports wear. Fancy, for instance the handsome sweater here pictured, playing accompaniment to a white canton crepe skirt. That so many sweaters are white this season testifies to the importance of this vogue. Often the all-whiteness is relieved with a touch of color or black, the latter idea featured in the case of the model illustrated, through an embroidered border effect.

The newer white sweaters are knitted either of finest imported worsteds or of rayon, some of mohair with rayon. The popular slip-ons feature either the V-neckline, as this picture defines, or the high turtle neck. The "touch of embroidery," which adds so much to appearance, is perhaps expressed in a striking monogram effect, or what is the last word in fashion, a pocket or two embellished in stitchery of contrasting color.

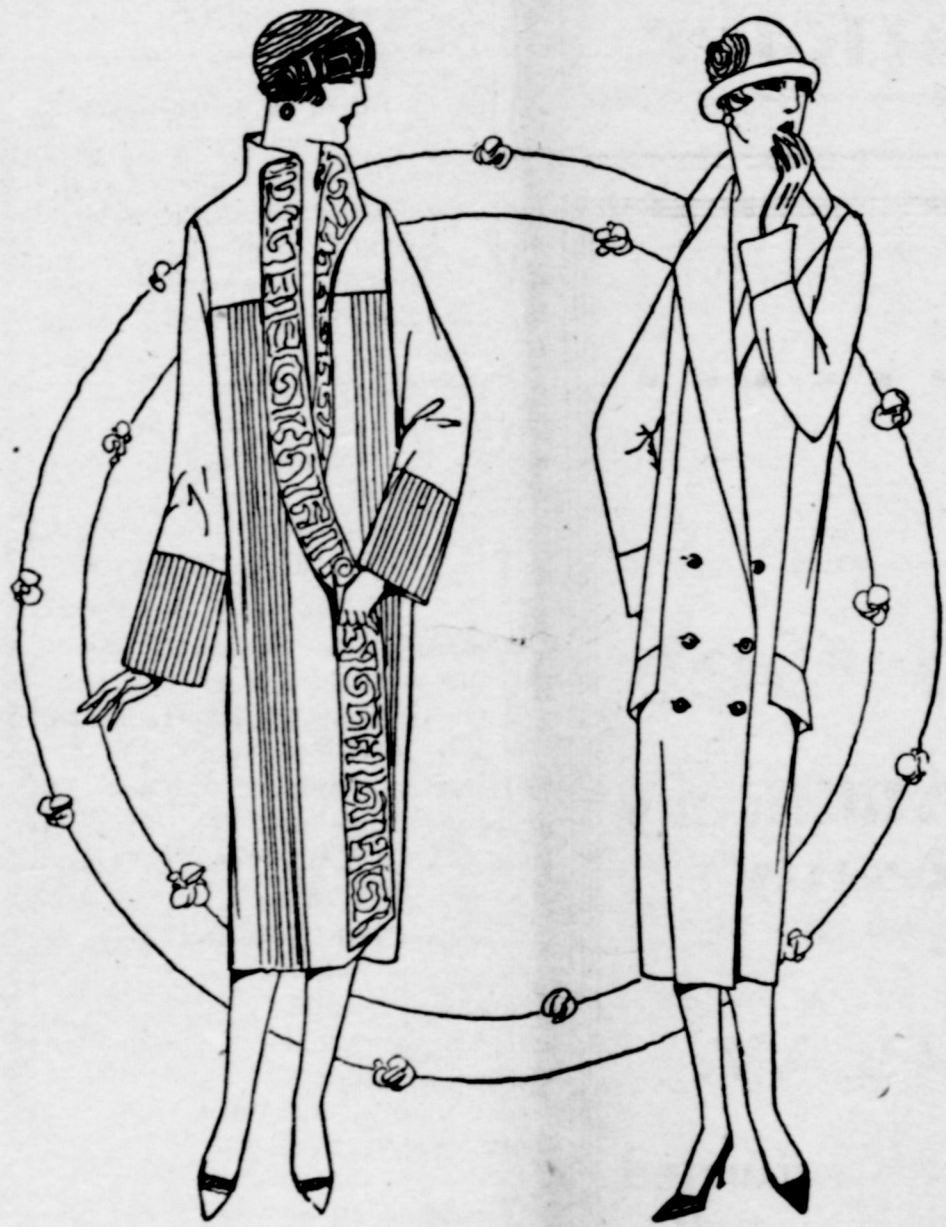
The vogue for long knit topcoats has brought with it the fashion of wearing a lightweight slip-on underneath instead of the customary lingerie blouse. These dainty knitted jumpers or slip-ons serve admirably also with the

with a more definite waistline. But the sketches shown here indicate that Paris continues to point out the straight and narrow way to utility coats, and thousands of them are following it, along with some coat-frocks and dressier coats.

These plainer coats, like that shown at the right of the picture, are endorsed in every direction, for utility wear. The new models, made of mixtures in soft colors, over plaids, novelty weaves, border materials and tweeds in chevron or other designs, have interesting style points. One of them is discovered in patch pockets, ingeniously managed, another in double-breasted effects using four or six buttons for the front fastening and another in very broad revers and upstanding collars. Shawl collars and side fastenings vary the designs, but all are strictly tailored.

The coat at the left is a dressier model which might be developed in twill or one of the cashmere weaves, in a subdued color, with crepe or flannel lining. Plaids play a stellar role in coats, as in dresses; they appear here at each side of the front and in the very deep cuffs. The body of the coat is set on to a deep yoke, with upstanding collar and a wide, braided-embroidered band, from neck to hem finishes it. It makes the most of the graceful side fastening.

Among new imports there are tweed coats that develop a flare in the skirt and some of them have short capes.



ON PLAIN STRAIGHT LINES

tailored cloth or silk suit. One notes such charming ensembles as a black coat and skirt with a vivid orange-colored knit waistcoat. A powder-blue flannel suit enhanced with a knitted rayon slipover worn under the coat, presents an interesting phase especially when the slipover or jumper is designed in matching blue bordered with an interknit design boasting a medley of gay colorings. With suits of white cloth, as present fashion so heartily

They are decorated by rows of machine stitching and are well suited to women who have slender figures—but others will stand by the straight-line coat.

A choice of the darker colors is also recommended to women who wish to slenderize their figures, and these will include blue, green and wine shades as well as staple colors this fall.

JULIA BOTOMLEY.

(© 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

THE KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Why give a thought to that which has been done? No triumph can come from the past be won; But in the future there is not a height Where we from life cannot win delight."

SIMPLE DESSERTS

A dinner is not complete without some form of dessert. For the busy



housewife who has all the planning and work to do, the simpler the food served, if wholesomeness is considered, the better. Two or three stuffed

dates, stuffed with a marshmallow or a few nuts, rolled in sugar, will make a most acceptable finish to a dinner. They may be prepared and kept in readiness for any emergency.

Frozen dishes are the most favored. When one has plenty of ice and a good freezer, the process of making a few quarts of ice cream or sherbet is no more exacting than many pies or puddings. A custard pie is a favorite one for the hot weather; made and cooled on ice it is especially delicious.

Coconut Pie.—Line a deep pie plate with pastry and let stand in the ice chest for an hour to become thoroughly chilled. Beat four eggs (three will do), add one-half cupful of sugar, the grated rind of a lemon, two cupfuls of milk, mix well and stir in two cupfuls of coconut, sprinkling well over the top. Bake in a moderate oven one hour.

Date Crumbles.—Beat two eggs, add one cupful of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one tablespoonful of flour, one cupful each of chopped walnuts and dates. Mix all together and spread on two greased pie tins. Bake in a slow oven three-quarters of an hour. Crumble and serve in tall glasses with whipped cream. Sweeten and flavor the cream and stir in the crumbles.

Fruit Cream.—Beat one egg white, one-half glass of jelly and two tablespoonfuls of cream until stiff enough to stand. Serve in sherbet cups with a custard sauce or with cream, whipped or plain.

A layer cake put together with sweetened and flavored whipped cream, the top well covered, is a dessert that most people enjoy.

Salads and Things. A simple salad which is easily prepared and as well liked, is fresh pineapple cut into fine pieces sprinkled over head lettuce. Serve with a rich mayonnaise.



Apple and Blackberry Jelly.—To a peck of red astrakhan apples add three pints of blackberries. Cook the fruit with as little water as possible. Drain but do not squeeze. Use two-thirds as much sugar as juice and cook until it jells. Cook the juice ten minutes before adding the sugar. If carefully made it will be a beautiful red.

Hot Southern Slaw.—Melt, but do not brown, one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of lard, and work in two tablespoonfuls of flour, then add chopped or shredded cabbage, salt to taste and one-half to one cupful of cold water. Stir and cook. When the cabbage is cooked, pour over the following dressing: One-half cupful of sour cream, one teaspoonful of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar; beat until thick, pour over the cabbage and let it just come to the boiling point. Stir and take up immediately.

Peach Marmalade.—Boil twelve pounds of peaches until reduced to a pulp, adding a small amount of water, then put them through a sieve and add a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit. Boil, stirring constantly until thick. Put away in glasses for winter.

Spanish Salad.—To two cupfuls of diced chicken add one cupful of diced cucumber, one cupful of walnut meats, and a cupful of cooked peas. Mix with a boiled dressing and serve on lettuce.

Peas, pickles, green olives, peanuts and a little celery make a good salad combination.

Cherry Pudding.—Take one tablespoonful of butter, one-half cupful of sugar, one beaten egg, two cupfuls each of sour milk and flour, one-half teaspoonful of soda, mix and beat well, then stir in a quart of cherries, pitted; bake for three-quarters of an hour.

Preserved Cherries.—To every pound of Morello cherries allow one pound of sugar. Stone the cherries, cover with the sugar and let stand in a cool place over night. In the morning put over the fire in a preserving kettle and cook slowly without stirring until the fruit is soft and the sirup clear. Skim carefully and put into jars.

Pepper Relish.—Take one dozen each of green and red peppers, fourteen medium-sized onions, one cupful of sugar, two cupfuls of vinegar, one tablespoonful of salt; boil fifteen minutes and can whole hot.

An inventory of all household goods, furnishings, linen, silver, china, canned goods as well as clothing, is invaluable. Keep a list in the safety deposit box; in case of fire it will be found useful.

Helie Maxwell

WOMAN SO ILL WASHED DISHES SITTING DOWN

Mrs. Ashcroft's Remarkable Recovery After Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Covington, Ky.—"I was so weak and nervous I could hardly do my housework as I could not stand because of the bearing-down pains in my back and abdomen. I sat down most of the time and did what I could do in that way—as washing dishes, etc. One day a book describing Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine was put in my mail-box. I saw how the Vegetable Compound had helped others so I gave it a trial. I had to take about a dozen bottles before I gained my strength but I certainly praise this medicine. Then I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood medicine for poor blood. I was cold all the time. I would be so cold I could hardly sit still and in the palms of my hands there would be drops of sweat. I also used the Sanative Wash and I recommend it also. You may publish this letter and I will gladly answer letters from women and advise my neighbors about these medicines."—Mrs. HARRY ASHCROFT, 632 Beech Avenue, Covington, Kentucky.



as I could not stand because of the bearing-down pains in my back and abdomen. I sat down most of the time and did what I could do in that way—as washing dishes, etc. One day a book describing Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine was put in my mail-box. I saw how the Vegetable Compound had helped others so I gave it a trial. I had to take about a dozen bottles before I gained my strength but I certainly praise this medicine. Then I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood medicine for poor blood. I was cold all the time. I would be so cold I could hardly sit still and in the palms of my hands there would be drops of sweat. I also used the Sanative Wash and I recommend it also. You may publish this letter and I will gladly answer letters from women and advise my neighbors about these medicines."—Mrs. HARRY ASHCROFT, 632 Beech Avenue, Covington, Kentucky.

BATHE YOUR EYES

Use Dr. Thompson's Eyewater. Buy at your druggist's or 1126 River, Troy, N. Y. Booklet.

CASH FOR DENTAL GOLD Platinum, Silver, Diamonds, Maxro Points, False Teeth, Jewelry. Cash by return mail. HOKE S. & R. CO., OTSEGO, MICH.

Bernhardt's Popularity

In Sarah Bernhardt's "The Art of the Theater," she tells of a farewell performance in New York. "I was 25 minutes getting to the stage door," she writes. "Hundreds of people shook my hand, begging me to return. One lady removed her brooch and fastened it to my mantle. At each step I took I was detained. One lady had the idea of producing her pocketbook and asking me to write my name. The idea spread like lightning. Very young people made me write my name on their cuffs. I was completely exhausted. My arms were loaded with small bouquets. I felt some one behind me pulling my hat. I turned around quickly. A lady with a pair of scissors in her hand was trying to cut a lock of my hair, but she only succeeded in cutting my feather. Detectives had to liberate me."

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION

BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION 25 CENTS
6 BELLANS Hot water Sure Relief
BELLANS
25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

School Costs Grow

The average per capita of current expenses in city schools where the population is 200,000 or more for the year 1923-24 was greater by \$7.28 than that of 1921-22, according to Statistical Circular No. 4, just issued by the Department of the Interior, bureau of education. In cities with a population of from 30,000 to 100,000 an increase of \$2.75 in the same item was reported. In cities of from 10,000 to 30,000 the increase was only \$0.18.

Clasping Hands in Prayer

Holding out the hands is an attitude naturally and instinctively assumed by a weak person begging a favor of a superior. It seems to be one of the primitive instincts of the human race. Clasping the hands in prayer is merely a conventional form of this natural attitude.

Conditional

"Will you trust me with your daughter, sir?"

"Yes, if the grocer will."

Nothing New

"Mr. Lazybones left everything to his wife."

"He always did."

RESINOL

Soothing and Healing Aids Poor Complexions

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Removes Dandruff Stops Hair Falling Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair 40¢ and 50¢ at Druggists. Also at Dept. Stores, Wm. Paterson, N.Y.

HINDERCORNS
Removes Corns, Calluses, etc. stops all pain, restores comfort to the foot, makes walking easy. Use by mail or at Drug Store. Misco Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

Bosch's Syrup for Coughs and Lung Troubles
Successful for 50 years. 50¢ and 75¢ bottles—ALL DRUGGISTS

POINTS IN MAKING JELLY FROM BERRIES



Buily Engaged in Making Jelly From Berries.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Flavor and texture are the two chief points by which the home jelly maker judges her success. Color and sparkling clearness are also important. They do not, however, count for so much to the expert jelly maker's way of thinking as the delicious fresh fruit flavor by which one can tell raspberry from currant jelly with the eyes shut, and as the tender quivering texture that the very word "jelly" calls to mind.

Rules for Using Berries.

The United States Department of Agriculture gives the following rules for making jelly from raspberries, blackberries, currants, and other fruits to insure good flavor and texture.

Use, if possible, a half and half mixture of underripe and ripe fruit. The underripe gives the best texture and the ripe the best flavor. Therefore, such a combination is ideal. If over-ripe fruit must be used, adding one tablespoon lemon juice to each cup of fruit juice just before it is combined with the sugar improves flavor, texture, and clearness, particularly of blackberry jelly.

Wash the fruit thoroughly but do not let it soak, and be careful not to break the tender skin.

Prepare Small Quantity.

Make jelly from six to eight pounds of prepared fruit at a time. This quantity is easy to handle and can be cooked quickly. The long cooking necessary for large quantities tends to destroy the fresh fruit flavor and brilliant color. Crush some of the fruit to start the flow of juice and boil it rapidly, stirring all the time, for three to ten minutes, depending on the condition of the fruit. Juice for jelly making can be extracted from all berries and many other fruits without adding water, and when done by this method has richer flavor. Blackberries are an exception and seem to yield better and more delicately flavored jelly if one-quarter to one-half cupful of water

is added to each pound of berries.

Pour the cooked fruit into a bag made of two or three layers of cheesecloth and let the juice drain off. When the flow stops, press the bag lightly several times but do not squeeze it.

If fruit is scarce, boil the drained fruit pomace again with half its measure of water for eight or ten minutes and drain off the juice as before. This second extraction is likely to be fairly rich in pectin and rather poor in flavor, but combined with the first it makes jelly of satisfactory quality.

For each cupful of fruit juice use three-quarters of a cupful of sugar. Too much sugar in proportion to pectin may prevent jelly from "jelling" or make it sirupy, while too little sugar to pectin may result in tough jelly of poor flavor. With most berries, however, unless the fruit is over-ripe, the happy medium is not difficult to strike.

Flat-Bottomed Pan Useful.

For boiling down juice and sugar, use a large, flat-bottomed pan, so that evaporation will be rapid, and stir until the sugar is dissolved. Then boil rapidly until the mixture "sheets" from the spoon. Remove from the fire at once and pour into low glasses which have been washed and boiled for twenty minutes.

Fill the glasses carefully and do not allow any jelly to drip on the inside edge near the rim. Cover with a sheet of paper or a clean cloth to protect from dust and let stand until the jelly is firm. If the jelly does not set firmly the first day, do not be discouraged but cover it well and put it in the sun for from three to five days. Jelly that "sets" slowly is sometimes the best in texture.

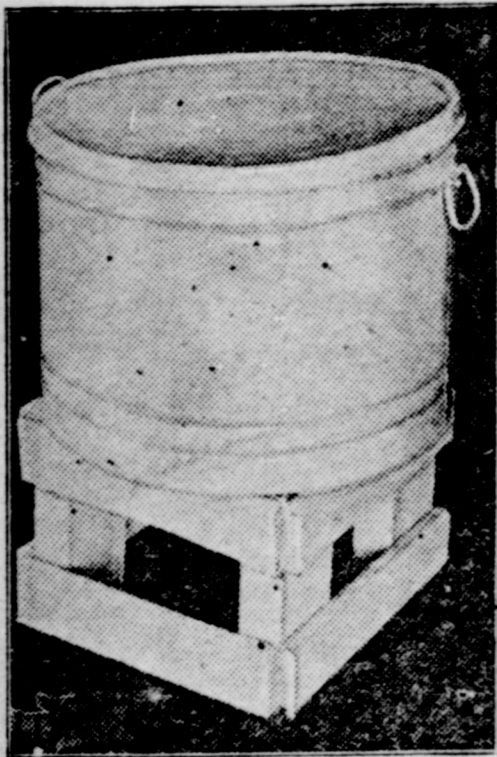
After the jelly has set, but not until then, cover each glass with paraffin, hot but not smoking. Rotate the glass while the paraffin hardens so that it forms a high rim. Adjust the tin tops of the glasses. Label with kind and date, and store in a cool, dry place.

LARD CAN IS USEFUL FOR HOLDING FLOUR

Kitchen Convenience Is Idea of a Virginia Woman.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Conveniences need not cost much. Ingenuity in making good use of articles which have apparently served their purpose often results in household improvements for little or no cash outlay. An excellent illustration of this is shown in the above picture of a flour bin made out of an old lard can. Because of its tight-fitting lid and its general shape, the can was just the thing for storing flour, especially after it had been mounted on



Just the Thing for Storing Flour.

an old crate to raise it a little. As the Virginia woman who thought of using it in this way was doing over her entire kitchen in connection with a kitchen improvement contest, she painted the can white, and also the crate, and added casters so that the improvised flour bin could be moved about easily. She built a kitchen cabinet herself, out of lumber found around the place and planned it so that there was a place under one side of it where the flour bin could be kept when not in use. The photograph was taken by the United States Department of Agriculture.

RIGHT WAY TO CAN ALL SUMMER BERRIES

Water-Bath Method Good for Various Fruits.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Except that gooseberries require a sweeter sirup than others, practically all the summer berries may be canned in the same way. This includes blackberries, blueberries, dewberries, huckleberries, loganberries, blackberries, and raspberries. The water-bath method is satisfactory for all these fruits. The United States Department of Agriculture gives the following general directions for canning.

Use only clean, fresh sound fruits. Can them as soon as possible after picking; within two hours is desirable. Wash the berries thoroughly and pack them in clean jars or cans. Fill the containers up with boiling hot medium sirup, made by bringing to the boiling point one part of sugar and two parts of water or fruit juice. In the case of gooseberries, use a thick sirup consisting of equal parts of sugar and water or fruit juice.

Put the rubbers and tops on glass jars and adjust the springs halfway or place screw tops on loosely. If tin cans are used, seal them completely. Set the jars or cans on a rack or false bottom in the canner. They should be entirely immersed in the water and the canner should have a cover that fits well. A wash boiler or any covered vessel of sufficient depth may be used if equipped with a rack that permits the water to circulate under the jars. The pressure canner at 212 degrees Fahrenheit may also be used for berries.

Process quart jars of berries for 20 minutes, pint jars for 15 minutes, and No. 2 and No. 3 tin cans for 10 minutes, counting time as soon as the water surrounding the jars begins to boil actively. Then remove the jars from the canner, seal air-tight at once, invert, and place out of drafts. Cool tin cans immediately by plunging them in cold water.

All jars and cans should be so marked that each lot can be identified. Keep them at room temperature for at least a week. Discard any showing signs of spoilage and watch others of the same lot until it is certain that they are keeping.

LIVE STOCK

LAMBS AT WEANING TIME REQUIRE CARE

Lambs are no longer of that class of live stock that can be left to fend for itself. They assume rather the nature of the white hope of the live stock world under present market conditions.

Lamb profits, in fact, may be the only genuine profits to be credited to farm stock this fall, returns from other lines having to be largely charged to maintenance. They will then well repay a little extra attention through the summer and particularly at weaning.

Oftentimes the lambs are not separated from their mothers early enough. The ewes reach a point where they no longer give much milk, and the lambs, depending more than they should upon what little they can get, annoy them by persistently wanting to nurse. When a ewe without much milk nurses a pair of robust lambs weighing 65 pounds or more, she goes through a pretty rough experience that is none too good for her udder, because the lambs in suckling bunch at the udder so hard that the rear parts of the ewe are almost lifted from the ground. In hot weather, if only a little milk is to be had, it does a big lamb, old enough to wean, little good to keep thrusting its nose after the teat under the hot flanks of the ewe. Both mother and lamb are better off if separated. There is a natural weaning period, that is, there comes a time when the ewes will wean the lambs, but they ought to be weaned before this time comes.

If the lambs are weaned fairly early and placed on pasture or forage that has not been grazed by the sheep, they are less likely to become badly infested with parasites. This is an important consideration in places where parasitic troubles must be kept constantly in mind. If the weaning is not delayed beyond the proper time, the ewes will have time to recuperate and get in proper condition for the breeding season.

If possible, all of the lambs should be weaned at the same time, but in case there are some very late ones, they should be allowed to stay with their mothers until they are of sufficient age not to be checked in growth or stunted by being deprived of milk.

Raise More Horses for General Work on Farms

Farmers are facing a serious situation in respect to farm power. They must either decide to buy and use tractors almost entirely for their farm work or get busy and raise more horses. The horses on farms at present are for the most part getting on in years and there are few colts being born to take their places when they have passed the period of their usefulness. This point is well brought out by Professor Overton of the Purdue (Ind.) experiment station. Twenty-three per cent of the horses on the 238 farms investigated were at least fifteen years old, 29 per cent were from ten to fifteen years old, while 36.9 per cent were from five to ten years old. Slightly over 70 per cent were between five and ten years, an average of seven years old. Only 10.8 per cent were under five years and less than 2 per cent were yearlings and two-year-olds.

Professor Overton states that in four years from now 52 per cent of the farm work horses will be at least fifteen years old and will have about come to the time for their retirement. As it takes from three to five years to raise a colt to work age, isn't it time to begin thinking about the future supply? Tractors, useful as they may be, cannot entirely take the place of horses on all farms. There will always be a need for some draft animals. The man who raises some good colts will find a market for them when they are ready for the harness. Now is the time to start raising them.

Cow's Milk Favored for Raising Colt by Hand

Cow's milk may be used successfully to raise a colt by hand if treated in the following manner. In the first place it is best to use milk from a fresh cow if possible and preferably from a cow giving a milk low in fat content. To a tablespoonful of sugar add warm water to dissolve, then three to five tablespoonfuls of lime water, which tends to correct digestive troubles, and enough fresh milk to make a pint. Feed about one-fourth pint every hour for the first few days, always warming to blood heat. An ordinary nursing bottle with a large nipple is a satisfactory utensil for feeding the colt, but whatever is used great care must be taken to thoroughly cleanse and scald it before each meal.

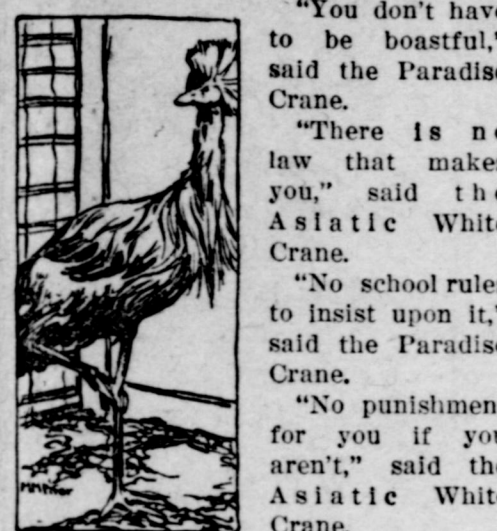
Raising Early Lambs

The raising of early lambs requires better equipment, greater skill on the part of the shepherd, more time and labor at lambing, and more expensive feed. This extra labor, however, comes at a time when there is not a rush of other work, and by the time for the rush of farm work, the flock will require the minimum of attention. The lambs will be ready to make good use of the early pasture and will make a strong growth before the weather gets hot.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale by Mary Graham Bonner

THE THREE CRANES

"I hate to appear boastful," said the Crowned Crane to his companions.



"You don't have to be boastful," said the Paradise Crane. "There is no law that makes you," said the Asiatic White Crane. "No school rules to insist upon it," said the Paradise Crane. "No punishment for you if you aren't," said the Asiatic White Crane. "Dear me," said the Crowned Crane, "I hadn't finished what I started to say."

"Go ahead," said the Paradise Crane. "By all means finish." "Don't leave what you were going to say unfinished. It would be unkind to leave a sentence stranded in that fashion," the Asiatic White Crane said. "Well," the Crowned Crane continued, "as I said I hate to appear boastful, but I don't believe there is another crane as beautiful as I am."

"There, there," he added, shaking his head, "I did not mean to say just that." "Well, why did you say it then?" asked the Paradise Crane. "Yes, why did you?" asked the Asiatic White Crane. "I certainly would like to enter the conversation at this point and ask that question also."

"My dear Asiatic White Crane," said the Crowned Crane, "you don't speak of entering talks. You speak of entering races." "But I did speak of entering talks, and I didn't speak of entering races," said the Asiatic White Crane, looking very much puzzled. "I meant to say," the Crowned Crane remarked, "that you shouldn't speak of entering talks but that you should only speak of entering races."

"I wouldn't correct creatures if I couldn't do better than you do," said the Asiatic White Crane, standing very straight and looking quite, quite haughty and proud. "And you said something at first that you didn't mean to say," the Paradise Crane added. Now the Asiatic White Crane came from Asia as it is quite easy to guess, while the Paradise Crane and the Crowned Crane came from Africa.

"I meant to say," the Crowned Crane answered, "that my family was the most beautiful family of cranes." "I didn't mean to say that I was the most beautiful." "I belong to a family of beautiful birds. We have such glorious, royal coloring and we wear such handsome crowns of beautiful feathers."

"But you're a pretty Crane, young Asiatic, and so are you, Paradise Crane, with your blue feathers." "Thank you, thank you," the other cranes said, "but we will have to admit that though you do have some very foolish talking and have to stop to correct yourself while you are correcting us, you do belong to the family known as the most beautiful of all the cranes in the zoo or in the world."

"Thank you," said the Crowned Crane, smiling a crane's smile. "And were it not quite impossible to take off my crown I would do so and bow to you as gentlemen take off their hats and bow." "But that is out of the question, so, once again, I thank you."

"You're welcome. That manly wish is fine," the Paradise Crane murmured. "A grand, manly wish," the Asiatic Crane said. "Really you're a gallant young crane. You really are." "Just what he is," agreed the Paradise Crane. And the Crowned Crane looked most extremely proud and pleased.

What He Would Give

Johnny, aged five, and his little cousin Ray, aged six, had several little altercations, in which Johnny invariably got the worst of it. One day his mother said to him, "Johnny, tomorrow is Ray's birthday; wouldn't you like to give him something?" "You better believe I would," was the reply, "but, you see, he's bigger than I am and I can't."

When They Grow Up

"Mamma," said four-year-old Jack, "when I grow up I'll be a man, won't I?" "Yes, dear," replied the mother, "but you must remember to be neither selfish nor lazy." "Why," queried the little fellow in astonishment, "do boys who are selfish and lazy become women when they grow up?"



SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Headache Neuralgia Colds Lumbago
Pain Toothache Neuritis Rheumatism

Safe Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monooaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

Butcher by No Means the Only Profiteer

"Talk about food profiteers!" growled the butcher, as he charged up a two-pound rumpsteak at 60 cents a pound. "Why, I know people whose profit has been from time immemorial 3,000 per cent, and more. Yet you don't jump on them. Why, then, jump on me?"

"Take Junck's liver pills, for instance. I know Otto Junck's book-keeper, and the man tells me that this Junck pill sells wholesale at exactly 3,000 per cent profit.

"Take mineral water—plain soda. You can make and sell plain soda at a profit of 40,000 per cent. And, mind you, no klicks.

"Take false teeth. They used to make false teeth out of ivory, and in those days it was right to charge \$100 a set for them. But now false teeth are made of porcelain. They cost 10 cents apiece. Dentist's profit, 76,000 per cent.

"So I could go on. And you ask me if my conscience isn't sore about this 30-cent rumpsteak. Oh!"—Exchange.

A Lady of Distinction

Is recognized by the delicate, fascinating influence of the perfume she uses. A bath with Cuticura Soap and hot water to thoroughly cleanse the pores followed by a dusting with Cuticura Talcum powder usually means a clear, sweet, healthy skin.—Advertisement.

Air Turbine

In New Jersey meadow tract there is a windmill that rotates on a vertical axis and is known as an air turbine. The blades or sails, made of heavy canvas and brought about automatically, come up to the wind edgewise to the sheet.

The sheets are held to the outside of the frame by metal clips that straighten out and release the sheets in an excessive wind. This allows the sheets to rip or blow away entirely, thus leaving the metal frame intact in every part.

Each tier of blades is termed a unit and is calculated to generate five or six horse-power per unit in a 25-mile wind. A system of automatic brakes is installed to regulate the speed of the machinery.

Comfort Dictated Choice

The naming of Portsmouth, N. H., by President Roosevelt as the place where the conference between envoys of Russia and Japan for the framing of a peace treaty should take place, was on account of the climatic conditions. The conference took place in the summer and it was judged that less hardship would be entailed through hot weather at this place than some others, which were named.

Elastic Glass

Two Austrian chemists have succeeded after years of patient experimenting in producing elastic glass. It is made of carbomide and formaldehyde, and has all the properties of glass except its hardness. Its inventors call their material "Pollopas."

Police Autos

Mounted police in outlying parts of St. Louis are going to be replaced by auto police. The city has ordered seven speedy machines, each of which will have two policemen and will replace for four horses and their riders.

Looking Ahead

Daughter—My good people, I intend marrying George, whatever you say. He's the only man of my acquaintance whom I could divorce without regret.—Judge.

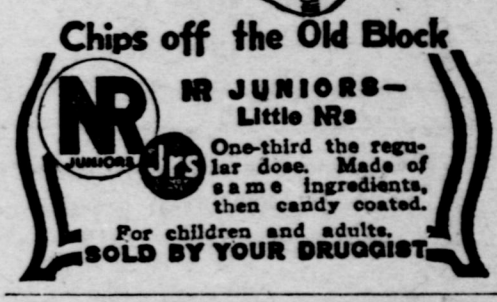
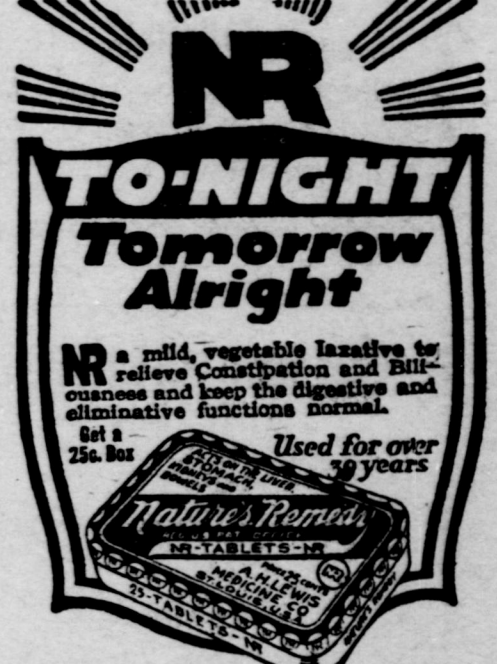
Who lives for humanity must be content to lose himself.—O. B. Frothingham.

Money doesn't talk very much until it grows up.

CHILD'S BEST LAXATIVE IS CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP



MOTHER! Even constipated, bilious, feverish, or sick, colic babies and children love to take genuine "California Fig Syrup." No other laxative regulates the tender little bowels so nicely. It sweetens the stomach and starts the liver and bowels without griping. Contains no narcotics or soothing drugs. Say "California" to your druggist and avoid counterfeits. Insist upon genuine "California Fig Syrup" which contains directions.



ECZEMA

After Others Fail

PETERSON'S OINTMENT

Big Box 60 Cents

The mighty healing power of Peterson's Ointment when eczema or terrible itching of skin and scalp tortures you is known to tens of thousands of people the country over. Often the itching goes overnight.

For pimples, acne, rough and red skin, old sores, ulcers, piles, chafing, sunburn, burning feet and all blemishes and eruptions it is supremely efficient, as any broad-minded druggist will tell you. Peterson Ointment Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC A Fine Tonic Builds You Up Prevents and Relieves Malaria-Chills and Fever-Dengue

A Remedy for Piles Ask your Druggist (whom you know) what he knows about PAZO OINTMENT as a Remedy for Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. 60c.

MARFA CHAPTER No. 344
 O. E. S., meets the 3rd. Tuesday evenings in each month. Visiting members are cordially invited to be present.

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

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

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

E. T. McDONALD, N. G.
 DR. A. G. CHURCH, Sec.

MARFA CHAPTER No. 176, R. A. M.

Meets 4th Thursday night in each month. Visiting companions welcome.

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

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

Meets second Thursday evening in each month.

Visiting brethren are cordially invited to be present.

CARL WEASE, W. M.
 N. A. Arnold, Secretary

KODAK
 FINISHING and ENLARGING
 First Class Work
 F. J. GOTTHOLT. Marfa, Texas.

Chas. Bishop

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 Light and Heavy Hauling

— Phones —
 Union Drug Store, 45
 Residence, 108

Let us make your new Boots or repair your old Shoes

Our work is guaranteed—
 Prices Reasonable

MARFA BOOT AND SHOE CO.
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Marfa, - Texas

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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

*
 General Practice
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MARFA, - TEXAS

Theford's

BLACK-DRAUGHT

Liver Medicine
 (Vegetable)

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR LETTERS—ESTATES

THE STATE OF TEXAS,
 To the Sheriff or any Constable of Presidio County—GREETING:
 YOU ARE HEREBY COMMANDED to cause the following notice to be published in a newspaper of general circulation which has been continuously and regularly published for a period of not less than one year preceeding the date of the notice in the County of Presidio, State of Texas, and you shall cause said notice to be printed at least once each week for the period of ten days exclusive of the first day of publication before the return day hereof:

Notice of Application for Letters—Estate of Deceased
 THE STATE OF TEXAS,
 To all persons interested in the estate of James Sloan, deceased, Edwin F. Hill has filed in the County Court of Presidio County, and application for letters of administration upon the estate of said James Sloan, deceased, which will be heard at the next term of said Court, commencing the first Monday in September, A. D. 1925, at the Court House thereof, in the town of Marfa, Presidio County, Texas, at which time all persons interested in said estate may appear and contest said application should they desire to do so.

Herein Fail Not, But have you then and there before said Court this Writ, with your return thereon endorsed, showing how you have executed the same.

Given under my hand and seal of said Court August 20, A. D. 1925.
 J. H. FORTNER,
 Clerk County Court, Presidio County, Texas.

SUL ROSS COLLEGE

The fall term of the Sul Ross College commences on September 23 and not on September 25 as appeared in notice published in New Era on August 8th.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION TO PROBATE WILL

THE STATE OF TEXAS,
 To the Sheriff or any Constable of Presidio County—GREETING:
 YOU ARE HEREBY COMMANDED to cause the following notice to be published in a newspaper of general circulation which has been continuously and regularly published for a period of not less than one year preceeding the date of the notice in the county of Presidio, State of Texas, and you shall cause said notice to be printed at least once each week for the period of ten days exclusive of the first day of publication before the return day hereof: Notice of Application for Probate of Will

The State of Texas,
 To all persons interested in the estate of Abner M. Avant, Deceased, Ida A. Avant has filed in the County Court of Presidio County, an application for the probate of the last will and testament of Abner M. Avant, deceased, and asking that she be appointed executrix, which will be heard at the next term of said Court, commencing the first Monday in September, A. D. 1925, at the Court House thereof, in the town of Marfa, Texas, the same being Sept. 7, 1925, at which time all persons interested in said Estate may appear and contest said application should they desire to do so. HEREIN FAIL NOT, But have you then and there before said Court this Writ, with your return thereon endorsed, showing how you have executed the same.

Given under my hand and seal of said Court, August 18, A. D. 1925.
 J. H. FORTNER,
 Clerk County Court, Presidio County, Texas.

INVESTMENT FIRM MOVES MAIN OFFICE

H. C. Burt & Company, Municipal Bond and investment firm of Houston, are sending out announcements of the moving of their main office to Austin. The location of the main office of H. C. Burt & Company in Austin means that the firm can be of greater service to the city, county and school officials throughout the State, and will enable them to keep in closer touch with officials who are constantly visiting the city.

H. C. Burt & Company are handling approximately one million dollars of Texas bonds each month, and the location of their main office in Austin means quicker and better service in obtaining the approval of bond issue by the Attorney General and registration by the Comptroller.

The firm will continue to special ize in Texas Municipals and will cover the entire State with twelve men, who are constantly visiting city, county and school officials. This firm has branch offices in Dallas, Chicago and New York and the present Houston office will be maintained as a branch.

The main office in Austin will be located at 815 Congress Avenue, next door to the famous old saloon of Geo. Zerchausky which has been famous in Austin for a great number of years.

NOTICE

This is to notify all strangers who visit the Post that no card playing will be allowed—especially in the Post. The person who is found violating this order will be deported immediately.

Jose M. Aspitar, Jr.,
 Agent in Charge of Emigration Service.
 Ojinaga, Chih., Mexico
 August 10, 1925.
 —From the El Heraldo de Ojinaga.

CHEVROLET REDUCED PRICES

Detroit, Mich., Aug. 3.—Announcement of a price reduction effective August 1, on Chevrolet closed models was made today by R. H. Grant, general sales manager of the Chevrolet closed models was made today by R. H. Grant, general sales manager of the Chevrolet Motor Company.

The revised price list is as follows: Coupe reduced \$40 to a new price of \$675; Coach reduced \$40 to a new price of \$695; Sedan reduced \$50 to a new price of \$775.

"The record production and phenomenal sale of Chevrolets during recent months enables the company to reduce prices at an earlier date than had at first been contemplated," said Mr. Grant. "It is the result of quantity production permitting quality manufacture at lower cost."

Mr. Grant pointed to the fact that the Chevrolet Motor Company will have exceeded by August 20th its total production for the year 1924, after having established production records for three successive months. The company will make its two millionth car early this fall, and will be the first manufacturer of three-speed car shift cars to each that production mark.


"The largest producers gain an advantage by effecting substantial saving through enormous purchasing power," continued Mr. Grant. "The Chevrolet Motor Company is passing this advantage on to the car buyer."

Incidentally, the benefit of the price reduction will extend also to more than 8,000 persons holding Chevrolet Six Per Cent Purchase Certificates for future delivery on closed models. The payments and interest on the Certificates now will attain the total of a down payment for delivery earlier than would have been the case under the former price schedule.

Washington is turning rapidly, almost overnight it seems in some cases, from a town of old homesteads and quiet shaded streets, to a bustling city where business holds the whipland. In the northwest section of the city, business houses are taking the place of the old brick homes, which are either being destroyed entirely or are being remodeled into office buildings. The result is that the residential sections are being pushed farther and farther away and even into the nearby Maryland and Virginia suburbs.

FOR SALE—Set of reducing records
 Phone 272

The Marfa National Bank



I HAS SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES FOR RENT AT \$1.50 \$3.00 OR \$5.00 PER YEAR.

UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

New Measure of Value

Chevrolet represents the highest type of quality car selling at a low price. Public acknowledgment of this fact has been evidenced by a greatly increased demand for Chevrolet cars. This increased demand has resulted in increased production making possible decreased prices on closed models and improved quality on all the models. Now Chevrolet provides "Quality at Low Cost" to greater degree than ever before. Now Chevrolet presents to automobile buyers everywhere a new measure of value.

We are now making a special showing of these new cars and would be glad to have you call and see them.

The Roadster - \$525 New and improved quality of equipment—finished in a new color—gunmetal grey Duco.	The Coach - - \$695 New and improved quality of equipment—former price \$625.
The Touring - \$525 New and improved quality of equipment—finished in a new color—gunmetal grey Duco.	The Sedan - - \$775 New and improved quality of equipment—former price \$625.
The Coupe - - \$675 New and improved quality of equipment—former price \$715.	Commercial Chassis - - \$425 Express Truck Chassis - \$550 ALL PRICES F. O. B. FLINT, MICHIGAN

CASNER MOTOR CO.
 Dealers.
 Marfa Texas

QUALITY AT LOW COST

Weak in Back and Sides

"Before the birth of my little girl," says Mrs. Lena Stancil, of R. F. D. 2, Matthews, Mo., "I was so weak in my back and sides I could not go about. I was too weak to stand up or do any work. I felt like my back was coming in two. I lost weight. I didn't eat anything much and was so restless I couldn't sleep nights. My mother used to take

CARDUI
 For Female Troubles

so I sent to get it. I improved after my first bottle. Cardui is certainly a great help for nervousness and weak back. I took six bottles of Cardui and by then I was well and strong. Just did fine from then on. Cardui helped me so much."

Thousands of weak, suffering women have taken Cardui, knowing that it had helped their mothers or their friends, and soon gained strength and got rid of their pains.

Cardui should do you a lot of good.

All Druggists' E-113

Marfa Manufacturing Co.
 (INCORPORATED)

SAMSON WINDMILLS
ECLIPSE WINDMILLS
 GASOLINE ENGINES
 PIPES AND WELL CASINGS
 PIPE FITTINGS AND VALVES
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AUTOMOBILE CASINGS AND TUBES
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BLACKSMITH, MACHINE SHOP AND GARAGE
 MARFA - - - - - Phone 83 - - - - - TEXAS

Full Line of Electrical Supplies
 COMPLETE STOCK OF MAZDA GLOBES
 110 Volts - 32 Volts
 ALL SIZES.

BIG STOCK OF RADIO BATTERIES.
 Repair work and Wiring SOLICITED.

COFFIELD ELECTRIC SHOP,
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FOR SALE—Baby chickens R. I. Reds and Cornish Games also eggs for setting. Phone 165.

 SUBSCRIPTION TO NEW ERA \$2
