

PROGRESS---MARFA WILL HAVE WATER WORKS AND SEWERS---PROSPERITY

THE NEW ERA

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.

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.

VOLUME 39.

MARFA, TEXAS, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1926.

NUMBER 69.

WATER WORKS AND SEWERS CARRIED SEVEN TO ONE

At the election Tuesday September 21st held to determine whether or not the City of Marfa should bond itself for the issuance of water works bonds in the sum of \$58,000, and Sewer bonds in the sum of \$56,000, there were 229 votes cast as follows:

For Water works	193
Against Water Works	31
For Sewers	194
Against Sewers	29

Marfa is to be congratulated on this forward step, and without question according to the plans and specifications already made for the proposition the City government, composed of experienced and successful business men, can be depended on to do everything possible for the successful consummation of these important projects.

Therefore, it behoves every citizen to stand squarely back of our City Commissioners. They are serving without price, and in their endeavors for the improvement and future of our little city, are now and have been acting with the highest motives. Truly they deserve our highest commendation and should demand our hearty cooperation.

The question has been asked when will the work commence and when completed. No one can definitely answer either, but we have been assured that everything will be done as soon as possible.

NOTICE

All parties are hereby forbidden to either fish or hunt or otherwise trespass in my pasture.
Sept. 24, 1926. W. W. Bogel.

McDOWELL SISTERS

The celebrated Victor and Radio Singers Edith and Grace McDowell stopped off Monday in Marfa to visit a short time, with Judge and Mrs. K. C. Miller. These talented Sisters are old friends and related to Mrs. K. C. Miller.

J. B. DAVIS SELLS

J. B. Davis has sold to J. M. Hurley his entire furniture stock and will in a few days move it to his furniture store. Mr. Davis has bot the "Drive In" Filling Station from Mr. Dunlap and has already taken possession.

IN COUNTY COURT

In the case of R. W. McGee vs G. H. & S. A. Ry. Co., suit for damage to shipment of Cattle, after selection of Jury, was settled by a compromise.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH NOTES

Every Lord's Day presents a call for Christian worship and for Christian service. Every person home and community needs Christian help and Christian influences to meet the human demands and what God rightly expects of His children.

Man's greatest need is God; Man's greatest power is God and Man's most everlasting influence is Christian life. So let us do our best to be the kind of persons we should be; attend church for the help that through it all serve the cause of God in blessing humanity.

invite you into the services at the Christian Church Sunday.
M. A. Fuhler, Pastor.

Cotton Committee Visits Valley

The Cotton contest committee, composed of G. C. Robinson, M. A. Buhler, County Agent, R. S. Miller, Katherine Duckworth, Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce and O. C. Haworth, agricultural agent for the Southern Pacific have just completed a tour of the cotton contestants—132 in number, in the Presidio-Rio Grande Valley. The object of this trip was the inspection of all fields giving promise of a high yield of cotton on the five acre tracts. The Marfa Chamber of Commerce, early in the year, donated \$500.00 to be divided into three prizes which will be awarded. Valley farmers producing the most lint cotton on five acre tracts, Chamber of Commerce committees were then sent to the various communities to work up interest in the contest. Seven communities were visited and 132 men signed up. These men also entered the State, irrigated contest. The committee reports cotton on the river doing exceptionally well and some very good yield are predicted from the five acre tracts. More than a bale per acre has already been picked on some of the plots and it is expected that a much better showing will be made another year. According to the inspection committee farmers having the best crops are:

- Captain Jerry, Presidio
- Porfirio Soso, Hazienda
- Amelio Salcedo, Adole
- Owen Gunn, Chana's
- Frank Martinez, Ruidosa
- Jesus Nunez, Ruidosa
- D. D. Kilpatrick, Candelaria
- O. C. Hayworth, very much impressed with Presidio Valley and its farming opportunities, and said the scenery of the Big Bend compared favorably with that of Colorado.

BIG LAKE AND TEXON SUEED

Moody Charges University Was Deprived of Reagan Royalties

Austin, Sept. 21—A suit asking an accounting of all oil produced from university lands in Reagan County, \$2,750,000 damages, and for cancellation of leases held by the Texon Oil and Land Company and associated companies, and the Big Lake Oil Company was filed Tuesday in the fifty-third district court by Attorney General Dan Moody, in behalf of the University of Texas.

The Texon Oil and Land Company of Texas, Group Number One Oil Corporation, Group Number Two Oil Corporation, Big Lake Oil Company, Marland Marland Oil Company, The Reagan County Purchasing company, Inc., the Humble Oil & Refining Co. and the Humble Pipe Line Company are named defendants in the suit.

The petition alleges that the Reagan County Purchasing Company Inc., as a corporation subsidiary to the Texon Oil and Land Company, has purchased practically all oil produced by the Texon, group number one and group number two, at an average market price of 20 cents lower than the price at which the oil was sold to the Humble company and the Marland company, and at lower gravity rating than the resale gravity rating.

Dan Moody, R. J. Randolph, assistant attorney general, and Saner & Saner, of Dallas, attorneys for the University of Texas, are signers of the petition.

The petition alleges that a close inter-dependent relationship exists between the various Companies named in the suit and "was so effected by the defendants with the intention and purpose of depriving and defrauding the plaintiff, the State of Texas, of its legal and rightful royalty due to it under and by virtue of the leases on said lands".

Cattle Activities in Big Bend

Unusual activities continues in all classes of cattle in this section. Buyers have come and are still coming from Ohio, Indiana, Missouri, Illinois and California, and fifteen thousand calves and yearlings have been contracted to be delivered to these various sections, within fifty or sixty days. The first movement of cattle to the Corn Belt begins about October 15th and will continue to the first of the year, when all will have been disposed of. Movement on fat grass cattle to the numerous markets have just begun and this movement will become more active within the next few weeks. Two loads of this year's heifer calves and one of fat cows were shipped this week to San Antonio parties.

The cows weighed 1,140 pounds, one load of calves 425 pounds and another load of calves, 414 pounds. California buyers are in the field inspecting the fat cattle situation and in the next sixty days will ship out several steers and cows. Range conditions are considered by ranchmen of this section the best in years and cattle are carrying unusual flesh due to the abundance of moisture that has prevailed throughout the entire season, a fact is the general conclusion of stockmen and buyers that the fattest cows, calves and steers, for several years past, will be shipped out this season.

About a seventy-five per cent calf crop prevails over this country, of which forty-five per cent was dropped before June 1st. Calves dropped after that date, will not carry sufficient weight to justify sending them and will be carried over another year. Therefore, there will not be as many calves to go out as in former years. This shortage in calves will be overcome, however, by a larger supply of short steers yearlings are carrying unusually good flesh and will weigh from five to six hundred and fifty pounds.

CATTLE SHIPMENTS BEGIN

F. C. Mellard, Marfa stockman representing Letts and Turkington of Letts, Iowa, has contracted for more than 4,000 head of calves and yearlings raised in this section. He has ordered about 100 cars for the shipments. On October 9th shipping will commence; on the 10th 10 cars of very fine yearlings from the Love ranch and on the 12th and 16th four cars each from the Grosson ranch. This is the third season these Iowa buyers have handled through their agent, cattle from these noted ranches.

WILL VISIT THE CORN BELT

Wednesday Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Mitchell left for Abilene, thence they will go to Dallas where for some time Mr. Mitchell expects to make his headquarters. Out of Dallas he will arrange the sale of Cattle from the Highland Country. W. B. Mitchell has done more than any other stockman to put the Highland Hereford Cattle on the Map of America. All honor to whom honor is due.

GENERAL ROBERT L. HOWZE

Gen. Rob't L. Howze, former Commander of Fort Bliss, El Paso, Texas, died on the 19th at Columbus, Ohio, after an operation for bladder trouble. General Howze was born 62 years ago at Overton, Rusk County, Texas. The General was raised with Judge K. C. Miller and was his cousin.

NOTICE

DOCTOR BROWN RANDEL, Eye, Nose and Throat Specialist, of El Paso, Texas, will be with me for three days in October, 1st, 2nd., and 3rd., and will remove Tonsils for those who desire his services. It will be necessary for those desiring this work to let me know as soon as possible so that arrangement may be made.

Dr. Jos. C. Darracott

BA PTIST CHURCH NOTES

Sunday morning we will have Rally Day at the Sunday School. Let us have the largest attendance of the year.

The evening preaching hour is now 7:45.

Monday night Mrs. Sutherland was hostess to the Homemakers' class at her ranch home. A very pleasant evening of games and missionary reading was spent, and Mrs. Sutherland served refreshments. Hereafter these social meetings will be quarterly instead of monthly.

The all day prayer service held by the Missionary Society at the church Monday was well attended and profitably spent. The object of petition and study was State Missions.

This week Mr. J. E. Bowman, one of our active members, leaves for McCamey where he has a position with an Oil Company, Mrs. Bowman and the children will remain here, and Mr. Bowman expects to be in Marfa about every two weeks.

Rev. Cornelius Bowles and family were visiting in Marfa Sunday. Brother Bowles preached an appreciated sermon at the morning hour.

The B. Y. P. U. will meet at the church Friday evening at six o'clock for a hay ride.

FOOD SALE

The Ladies of the Christian Church will hold a food sale next Saturday Oct. 2 at the Busy Bee from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m.

MARFA-PRESIDIO MAIL ROUTE

S. W. Wooley has taken over the Marfa-Presidio mail route. The following is the schedule:

- Leaves Marfa Daily except Sunday at 8:00 a. m.
- Leaves Presidio daily except Sunday at 9:00 a. m.
- Arrive Presidio by 12:00 o'clock.
- Arrive Marfa by 12:00 o'clock.
- One way fare to Presidio \$3.00
- Round trip \$5.00.
- One way fare to Shafter, \$2.00
- Round trip \$3.00.

TO MY FRIENDS AND PATRONS

In order to keep 1st. class barbers, men who are capable of giving you the best work, it is necessary for us to increase the price of hair cutting to 50c, effective Oct. 1. The prices for other work will be the same as our neighboring towns of Ft. Stockton, Alpine, etc.

It has always ben my desire to give you the best possible for the money, and in regulating our prices the same as other places, we think good workmen can be kept. Thanking you for your patronage and assuring you we appreciate your business and that we are here to serve you to the best of our ability.

The Marfa Barber Shop.

W. R. Ake, Prop.

Yes, there is going to be a Matinee of "The Vanishing American." at the Opera House, on Wednesday, September 29, Prise of Admission Adults 35c. Children 15c.

Full Line of Electrical Supplies
COMPLETE STOCK OF MAZDA GLOBES
 110 Volts - 32 1/2 Volts
 ALL SIZES.
BIG STOCK OF RADIO BATTERIES.
Repair work and Wiring SOLICITED
COFFIELD ELECTRIC SHOP,
 Marfa Texas


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Paints, Oils,
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Doors
 Sash, Shingles

A satisfied customer is our motto



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THE MARFA NATIONAL BANK
 Your SUCCESS depends on how you use your SPARE TIME and your SPARE CHANGE
 Bank with THE MARFA NATIONAL BANK (Your Conservative Custodian.)

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 Graduate Philadelphia Optical College
 WE HAVE GRINDING PLANT Lenses Duplicated (GUARANTEE PERFECT SATISFACTION)
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INDIVIDUALITY IN COIFFURE; EVENING GOWNS FOR AUTUMN

TO BOB or not to bob—that is not the question that engages most women today, for they are already bobbed. But, with the passing of time, since women began shearing their long locks, the bob has been varied in many ways and women have learned to be discriminating in their choice of styles. Their problem now is to select the most becoming of the fashionable hair cuts and to cultivate a certain individuality.

Fashion has turned its back upon all the frizzy and frowsy curlings and wavings and insists upon coiffures that are sleek and shining and conform to the shape of the head—

back and waved, reaching the nape of the neck, where it is pinned down, makes a dignified coiffure. There are some solutions that will keep the wave in the hair for some time.

The sequel to summer's story of evening dress begins with the arrival of the first proud ships from France, bearing gowns in the modes designed for autumn. These ships are docking every day now, and delivering their exciting freight in the shape of authentic styles, which may become popular fashions—or may not.

It is evident that the new silhouette with bloused bodice, full skirt (usually gathered at the sides) and



TWO DISTINCTIVE COIFFURES

seem to. Waves must look soft and natural but neatness is the first essential of a beautiful coiffure. Hair cutting has become a very fine art indeed and the hairdresser must consider suitability of style to face and personality before beginning to clip.

Very few women can wear straight hair becomingly and bobbed heads compel much more attention than was given to long hair, for the hair must be kept waved. Many women resort to the permanent wave, but it takes a real expert to insure a satisfactory result and one must run the risk of

belt, or sash, at a low waistline, will be featured in evening gowns as well as in all other apparel. But the new favorite does not exclude the straight-line dress, tiered and flaring skirt and two-piece effects which are just as well represented among the new arrivals. Other style points that may be counted on are rich fabrics, band trimmings and plenty of glitter of rhinestones and strass in bands and ornaments, and of crystals. Moire and satin gowns vary the georgette and semi-sheer crepe models that make up a large part of the imports



FOR AFTERNOON OR EVENING

making the hair brittle and having it break and become scraggly, or of being entirely too frizzy. When the hair is soft and inclined to be curly, water waves, set in the hair with combs, are beautiful. Some women have the knack of accomplishing a wave with curlers or curling irons but most of them patronize the beauty parlors.

Some of the new styles in bobs leave one in doubt as to whether the hair is short or not. In one of them the hair is quite long at the sides, waved, parted and brushed back over the ears. The back is shingled. For older women, hair combed straight

and elegant gowns of black lace hold a position of importance in the modes. Black lace and black georgette are confined in the adaptable gown pictured, which is intended for afternoon or evening. The georgette is tucked and cut in bands, alternating with lace bands, to form the lower part of the sleeves. The net top of the lace flouncing provides the yoke and upper sleeves. The patterned part of the flouncing contributes the full skirt and the wide sash is made of georgette pleated about the edges.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.
(© 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER
WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION

THE TWO WALKERS

This is the story of two walkers. You might think it was going to result in two stories.

But you will see that it results in only being one story about one walker, even though it starts in with two walkers.

There were two little girls and they lived in different houses.

They had not gone out walking together.

In fact, they hardly knew each other at all.

One came home from a walk and her family asked her what she had seen.

"Oh, nothing," she said. "Didn't you see anything interesting at all?" she was asked.

"No, nothing interesting at all," she replied. "Everything looked the same as it always does. I just took the usual walk down the meadow and beyond the woods and then came home."

"I didn't see anything worth seeing."

"So, you see, that is really the end of her story."

But the other little girl came home and her family said to her:

"What did you see on your walk?"

"Oh," she said, "I had the most beautiful walk. You know I took that beautiful walk down the road and through the patch of woods and along the side of the brook."

"I really do think that is almost my favorite walk."

"Did you see anything interesting?" she was asked.

"Oh, yes," she exclaimed, "I saw any number of interesting things."

"I saw any amount of the most beautiful goldenrod and I saw lots of



"I Saw Lots of Butterflies."

butterflies—one most beautiful one flying gorgeously about.

"That was the Monarch butterfly. I love that one."

"Then I heard a thrush sing his sweet songs and I saw some members of the goldfinch family getting their meal."

"I saw a beautiful oriole, too, and any number of the most heavenly bluebirds."

"Down by the brook I saw some pretty ferns, and growing in the pond were two big white water lilies—and four yellow ones."

"Then I saw a robin listening for worms and he brought up some great, long ones."

"I heard a woodpecker pounding on a tree, and then I saw him."

"I heard a Maryland warbler, too."

"I found some ox-eyed daisies and I saw the funniest, dirtiest little sparrow taking a dust bath."

"Then I saw the sun dancing in between the trees in the woods, and oh, it was so pretty!"

"The shadows were so beautiful and the sun shone on some white birches and they were just too lovely."

"Then I passed the farm where the funny old pig lives."

"He was grunting away and he looked at me out of the corner of his eye and waved his little twisted tail and I am quite sure he winked at me!"

"I stopped and scratched his back with a nice stick I found and he did seem so pleased."

"Oh, I had a beautiful walk."

So you see it is really her story after all. For one child, even though her eyesight and hearing were perfect, could not see how wonderful even the usual sights are, and the other saw them all and had a splendid time as a result.

Eyes are given for use. The second little girl knew that.

Test for Your Guesser

When is a bill not a bill? When it is due (dew).

What asks no questions but requires many answers? A doorbell.

What is the difference between a donkey and a postage stamp? One you lick with a stick; the other you stick with a lick.

What is an old lady in the middle of the river like? Like to be drowned.

Why are dudes no longer imported into this country from England? Because a Yankee dude'll do (Yankee doodle doo).

What is an eaves-dropper? The telele.

What would give a blind man the greatest delight? Light.

Too Strong for a Baby

Bobbie was playing on the lawn with his little brother, Harold. His mother, looking through the window, saw him give Harold a hard push and said: "Don't be so rough with your brother, Bobbie! Remember he is only a baby."

"If you had seen the sock he gave me in the eye," Bobbie said, "you wouldn't call him a baby."

The Kitchen Cabinet

(© 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

A room without flowers in summer is as devoid of character and charm as a man without a necktie.

SALADS AND SANDWICHES

There is no fruit that is more appetizing in a salad than pineapple; grapefruit, too, is a great favorite.

New Cabbage Salad.—Chop a small tender head of cabbage, add one apple also chopped, with two slices or more of minced pineapple, mix well with a good mayonnaise dressing and serve on a lettuce leaf.

Bird's Nest Salad.—Color cream cheese with a bit of green fruit coloring, add cream to make it soft enough to mold, then roll in the size of eggs. Shred lettuce and form into nests, arranging three or four of the cheese eggs in the nest. Serve with any desired dressing.

Grapefruit Salad.—Cut grapefruit into halves, take out the pulp and mix with chopped pineapple pulp, and maraschino cherries with sugar and maraschino sirup to taste. Garnish with cherries after the shells are filled.

Lily Salad.—Cut hard cooked egg whites into petal-shaped pieces, leaving the yolk perfectly whole. Rub each egg yolk with creamed butter, mustard and vinegar well mixed. Serve on beds of cress with mayonnaise dressing.

Tartar Sandwiches.—Chop three sardines, add a cupful of boiled ham ground, three small cucumber pickles, a little chow-chow, with a teaspoonful of catsup and a quarter of a teaspoonful of mustard; add a dash of lemon juice and mix well. Spread on buttered bread.

Celery Sandwiches.—Finely chop crisp celery—there should be a cupful. Add two hard cooked eggs finely chopped, fine chopped green onions to make one-half cupful. Season well with salt and pepper, moisten with any good salad dressing. Spread bread with mayonnaise and add the filling, using rye, graham or whole wheat bread. Serve on a sandwich plate garnished with red radishes and green onions.

Chestnut Salad.—When in season, this delicious nut makes many tasty dishes. Mix sweet cream, cream cheese, and finely chopped green peppers. Divide into pieces, roll in cracker crumbs that have been browned. Shape in the form of a chestnut burr and insert a cooked chestnut in each. Serve with mayonnaise.

Rhubarb with various fruits. one part of fruit to two of rhubarb, makes delicious jam. Pineapple, raspberry, strawberry are well liked. The jam will taste of the fruit and the rhubarb gives bulk, thus making much more of the jam.

Everyday Good Things. For the small family fond of chop suey, a home-made variety will be found appetizing.

Chop Suey.—Cut celery into two-inch strips then shred not too thin; cut one onion into bits. Fry one pound of very thinly sliced round steak

which has been cut into inch squares, in suet fat. When brown add a little water and simmer, adding more water until the meat has simmered an hour, then add the vegetables, salt, pepper, and one-half teaspoonful of sugar with two or three tablespoonfuls of figi sauce, which comes in small bottles costing about twenty cents. The amount of seasoning depends upon the taste; a spoonful or two of caramel (browned sugar and water) adds richness of color as well as flavor and makes the product more like the Chinese chop suey.

Junket Ice Cream.—To one quart of rich milk add one cupful of cream, heat until just lukewarm, add a dissolved tablet of junket and stir well, with one cupful of sugar and a tablespoonful of vanilla; pour into a freezer and freeze. Serve with crushed fresh fruit well mixed with sugar or with a butterscotch sauce.

Maple Frozen Dish.—Heat a pint of cream, remove from the fire and add one-half cupful of sugar and a teaspoonful of vanilla; stir and chill, then freeze. Cook one-half cupful of sugar with water to dissolve it, until it spins a thread, pour over the stillly beaten white of an egg and beat until cold. When the cream is partly frozen, open the can, scrape down and turn in the frosting. Repack and stir until frozen. Serve with a thick hot maple sauce, adding chopped nuts if desired.

Butterscotch Sauce.—Put a cupful of cream into a double boiler over hot water, add one cupful of sugar, one cupful of dark corn sirup, mix well and cook for an hour over the water. Add a dessert spoonful of butter and one-half teaspoonful of vanilla. Serve on cottage pudding.

Hot Ham Sandwiches.—Chop cold boiled ham very fine; add enough creamed-butter to make a paste, season with mustard, cayenne and spread on slices of buttered bread. Beat an egg slightly, add one-half cupful of milk and a little salt. Dip the sandwiches into the egg and fry in a little butter until brown on both sides.

There are no points of the compass on the chart of true patriotism.—Winthrop.

To Customers of General Motors

General Motors is unwilling to leave to chance anything involving your satisfaction with your purchase of a General Motors car.

This is why more than seven years ago the General Motors Acceptance Corporation was organized. It assures customers of General Motors who prefer to purchase out of income a sound credit service at low cost.

In the General Motors line there is a "car for every purse and purpose," and the GMAC Plan can be comfortably fitted to the individual circumstances of buyers of assured income.

The GMAC Plan is offered through General Motors dealers exclusively. Ask your nearest dealer to explain its advantages.

GENERAL MOTORS ACCEPTANCE CORPORATION

operating the GMAC Plan for the purchase of

CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE
OAKLAND · BUICK · CADILLAC
FRIGIDAIRE · DELCO-LIGHT

Airplane Camera

A camera has been developed for taking pictures from an airplane at an altitude of 35,000 feet. With the lens, the camera is about four feet long, weighs 100 pounds and contains an elaborate heating apparatus to counteract the intense cold between 70 and 80 degrees Fahrenheit below zero, which will be encountered at more than five miles altitude.

There are no points of the compass on the chart of true patriotism.—Winthrop.

Soldiers Collect Taxes

The administration decided to use soldiers to collect taxes in the small islands off the western coast of Ireland. Residents there have not paid taxes for years. A boat was provided by the ministry of justice to take away live stock seized for taxes on Eddy Island.

Give some men a fair start and they will take unfair advantage.

Some men never tire of doing good—because they never do any.



Do flies like your cooking?

REMEMBER, flies are more than troublesome. They come from filth to food. Get rid of them with Flit.

Flit spray clears your home in a few minutes of disease-bearing flies and mosquitoes. It is clean, safe and easy to use.

Kills All Household Insects

Flit spray also destroys bed bugs, roaches and ants. It searches out the cracks and crevices where they hide and breed, and destroys insects and their eggs. Spray Flit on your garments. Flit kills moths and their larvae which eat holes. Extensive tests showed that Flit spray did not stain the most delicate fabrics.

Flit is the result of exhaustive research by expert entomologists and chemists. It is harmless to mankind. Flit has replaced the old methods because it kills all the insects—and does it quickly.

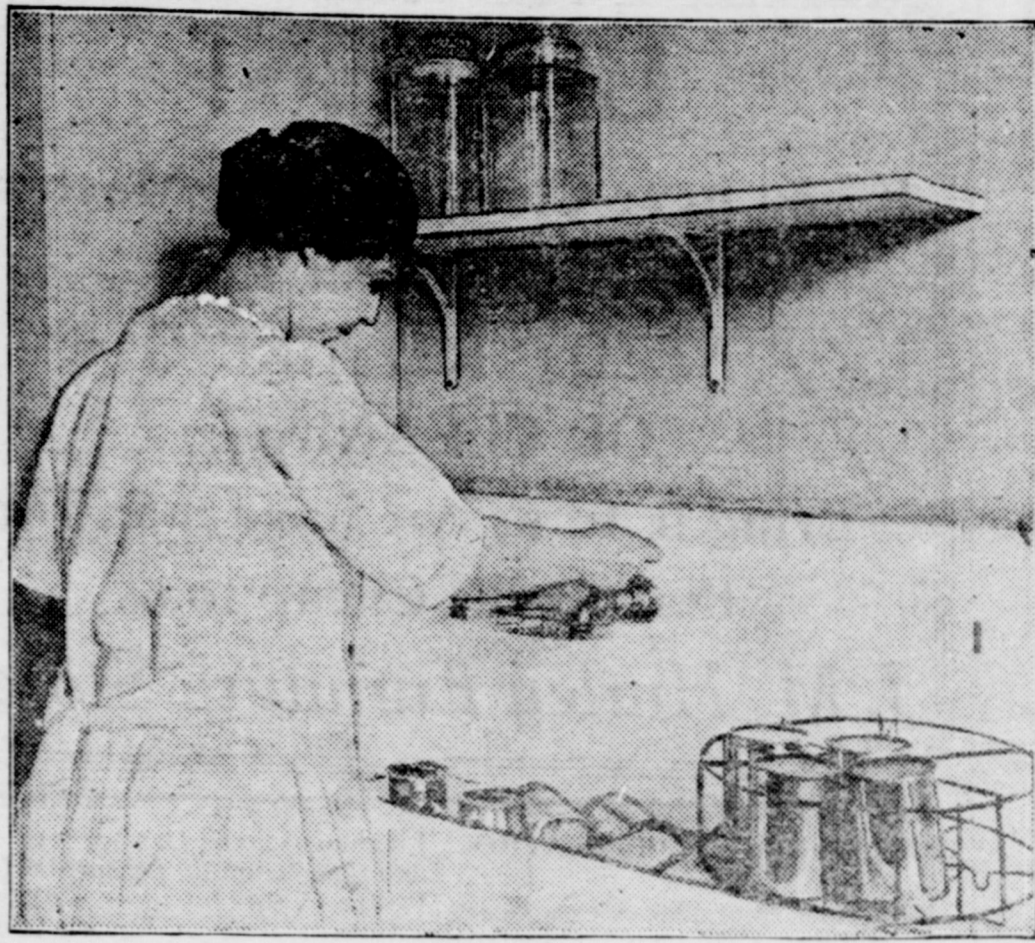
Get a Flit can and sprayer today. For sale everywhere.

STANDARD OIL CO. (NEW JERSEY)



Nellie Maxwell

CANNING CORN AT HOME FOR WINTER USE



Tin Cans Should Be Plunged at Once in Cold Water on Removal From the Steam Pressure Canner.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Corn grown in the home garden and canned within two hours after picking is a very delicious product. If the steam pressure canner is used, and all directions given by the United States Department of Agriculture in the most recent bulletin on home canning are carefully followed, there is no reason why every homemaker who has corn available in her own garden or neighborhood should not successfully can some of it for winter use.

Corn is one of the nonacid vegetables which should be processed at a temperature higher than 212 degrees Fahrenheit, and this is only possible under steam pressure. Corn should be gathered about 17 to 25 days after silking, the exact time depending on the variety and the season. To prepare the corn for canning, shuck, silk and clean carefully. Cut it from the cob without precooking. Add half as much boiling water as corn by weight, heat to boiling, add one teaspoonful of salt and two teaspoonfuls of sugar

to each quart, and fill boiling hot into the containers. Seal the hot-packed jars or tin cans and place them at once in the hot canner. Process immediately at 15 pounds pressure, or 200 degrees Fahrenheit, quart jars for 80 minutes, pint glass jars for 75 minutes, and No. 2 cans for 70 minutes. Corn should not be canned in No. 3 tin cans, because of the difficulty of heat penetration.

In using the steam-pressure canner, wait until steam flows freely from the pet cock before closing, otherwise the pressure is no indication of the temperature. Commence to count the time when the pressure reaches the desired point, not before. Seal glass jars as soon as removed from the canner. The texture of products in tin is improved if the cans are cooled quickly by plunging 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 sure that they are keeping.

USE FRUIT JUICES TO MAKE VINEGAR

Many Contain Sugar in Proper Proportion.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Many fruit juices are well suited to vinegar making as they contain sugar in the proper proportion and other necessary or desirable substances, says the United States Department of Agriculture. Vinegar is the result of two distinct fermentation processes—an alcoholic fermentation followed by an acetic fermentation.

Apples are most commonly used in the United States, but vinegar of unexcelled quality can be made from grapes, and very acceptable vinegar is made from oranges, peaches, persimmons, pears, berries, and watermelons. Vinegar made from red rasp-

berries will retain indefinitely the odor and flavor of the fruit, which makes it desirable for flavoring foods and beverages.

Fruit enough to make all the year's supply of vinegar is wasted in many homes. Surplus or inferior grades of fruit not desired for immediate use or for canning may often be turned into a useful product at a merely nominal cost. The best receptacles for making vinegar in the home are stone jars of three to six gallon capacity. These should have straight sides and open tops and should be provided with covers. With most fruits used it is impossible to separate the juice from the pulp before the alcoholic fermentation has taken place, so a yeast inoculation is made in a mash of the fruit. The juice only may be used if it can be extracted easily. The following method, which calls for peaches, may be used, with slight variations, for other fruits:

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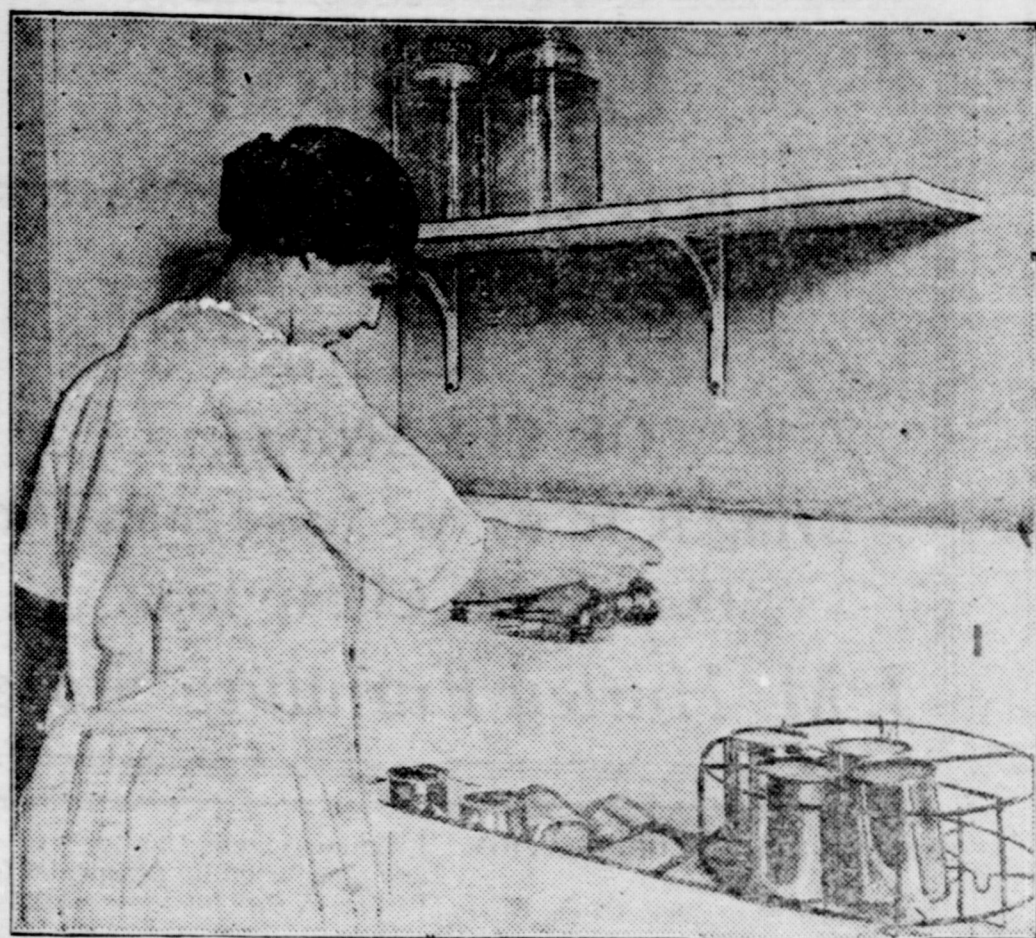
It's so easy that flies need never bother you again! Just close doors and windows. Blow Bee Brand Insect Powder into the air from a piece of paper, or with the convenient puffer gun. The almost invisible particles find the insects and suffocate them! Children and pets are safe! It is not poisonous, not inflammable or explosive! Won't spot or stain! In red sifting top cans at your grocer's or druggist's. Household sizes 10c and 25c. Other sizes 50c and \$1.00. Puffer gun, 10c.

If your dealer can't supply you, send us 25c for large household size. Give dealer's name and ask for our free booklet "It Kills Them," a guide for killing house and garden insects.

McCORMICK & Co. Baltimore, Md.



CANNING CORN AT HOME FOR WINTER USE



Tin Cans Should Be Plunged at Once in Cold Water on Removal From the Steam Pressure Canner.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Corn grown in the home garden and canned within two hours after picking is a very delicious product. If the steam pressure canner is used, and all directions given by the United States Department of Agriculture in the most recent bulletin on home canning are carefully followed, there is no reason why every homemaker who has corn available in her own garden or neighborhood should not successfully can some of it for winter use.

Corn is one of the nonacid vegetables which should be processed at a temperature higher than 212 degrees Fahrenheit, and this is only possible under steam pressure. Corn should be gathered about 17 to 25 days after silking, the exact time depending on the variety and the season. To prepare the corn for canning, shuck, silk and clean carefully. Cut it from the cob without precooking. Add half as much boiling water as corn by weight, heat to boiling, add one teaspoonful of salt and two teaspoonfuls of sugar

to each quart, and fill boiling hot into the containers. Seal the hot-packed jars or tin cans and place them at once in the hot canner. Process immediately at 15 pounds pressure, or 200 degrees Fahrenheit, quart jars for 80 minutes, pint glass jars for 75 minutes, and No. 2 cans for 70 minutes. Corn should not be canned in No. 3 tin cans, because of the difficulty of heat penetration.

In using the steam-pressure canner, wait until steam flows freely from the pet cock before closing, otherwise the pressure is no indication of the temperature. Commence to count the time when the pressure reaches the desired point, not before. Seal glass jars as soon as removed from the canner. The texture of products in tin is improved if the cans are cooled quickly by plunging 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 sure that they are keeping.

USE FRUIT JUICES TO MAKE VINEGAR

Many Contain Sugar in Proper Proportion.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Many fruit juices are well suited to vinegar making as they contain sugar in the proper proportion and other necessary or desirable substances, says the United States Department of Agriculture. Vinegar is the result of two distinct fermentation processes—an alcoholic fermentation followed by an acetic fermentation.

Apples are most commonly used in the United States, but vinegar of unexcelled quality can be made from grapes, and very acceptable vinegar is made from oranges, peaches, persimmons, pears, berries, and watermelons. Vinegar made from red rasp-



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berries will retain indefinitely the odor and flavor of the fruit, which makes it desirable for flavoring foods and beverages.

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Ripe fruit is selected. Overripe fruit may be used if decayed portions are removed. Enough peaches are used to fill a four-gallon jar about two-thirds full after they have been cut in two and crushed with a potato

masher. The stones need not be removed. Mix a cake of compressed yeast with a small portion of the juice and add it to the mash. Cover the jar with a double layer of cheesecloth to keep out insects, and a cover to exclude light. Stir the mash daily. In four to six days alcoholic fermentation will be complete.

The juice is then separated from the mash by straining it through a cheesecloth, or using a hand press at the last. Return the juice to the jar with a starter in the form of vinegar. Use one part of the vinegar to four parts of juice. Cover as before. Within a few days a thin coating of film will appear on the surface. This "mother of vinegar" which is composed almost entirely of acetic bacteria, is essential for a successful fermentation. Great care, therefore, should be taken not to cause it to fall by stirring or agitation.

During the acetic fermentation frequent tests should be made to determine the increase in acidity. As soon as this has reached its maximum, the vinegar is filtered and bottled. Canton flannel is a good material for filtering vinegar.

The strength of the vinegar can be determined roughly by tasting. When the vinegar reaches a point where it is comparable in taste to that of a good strong vinegar, it may be regarded as complete. For accurate results a vinegar tester, in which the strength of the vinegar is determined by the volume of gas given off when bicarbonate of soda (baking soda) is treated with a measured quantity of the vinegar to be tested, should be used. Farmers' Bulletin 1424-F on "Making Vinegar in the Home and on the Farm" gives a full description of this apparatus.

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McCORMICK & Co. Baltimore, Md.



NEW ERA

Published Every Saturday by
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Now watch Marfa grow and prosper
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thusiasm shouted, "Hurrah for El
Paso, Juarez and beer."

Waterworks and Sewers as now
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sued 16 years ago we noticed an Ad-
vertisement, the first of its kind up
to that time which had appeared in
the paper. It was by a firm com-
posed of E. H. Carlton and J. W. Rix-
on and was to be known as the Ft.
Davis Auto Co. The heading of the
advertisement was in large dis-
play type as follows: "The Age of
the Horseless Carriage. Fort Davis
in line of Modern Progress, is to
have a new Enterprise. The famous
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came a picture of the old
white Buick, under which the fol-
lowing was said:

"The famous 2 cylinders 5 passen-
ger Buick Touring Car. The ma-
chine that made Buick famous. The
machine that climbs the hills or
with ease travels over the unbroken
plains. A little child can guide one
with perfect ease, etc. Carlton and
Rixon were the first agents for
Jeff Davis, Presidio, Brewster, Pecos
and Terrell Counties.

Since this ad. appeared it is in-
teresting to note the changes and
many improvements made in the
Automobile industry. And now the
papers are filled with advertise-
ments showing the wonderful devel-
opment of the Horseless Carriage.

We have just looked over the Tri-
County Record the first newspaper
issued in the New oil town of Mc-
Camey, Upton County. It is ably
edited and published by our old
friend W. L. Riser, who formerly
edited the Big Lake News, Upton
County Round-Up Fort Davis Post
and other West Texas publications.

In his "Howdy, Folks," he says:

"When all of our equipment ar-
rives and is installed, we will have
a printing plant equal to any in the
country. It will mean an outlay of
more than \$6,500, coin of the realm.
This is no small investment in a
print shop, we have no fear as we
have the utmost confidence in the
future of McCamey and the sur-
rounding country which will sup-
port and make the investment a
paying proposition. I am convinced
that there will be from 5,000 to 10,-
000 people here by the first of 1927.
This oil field has "just begun"
to develop. Undoubtedly it will prove
to be one of the largest if not the
largest in the United States. The
future is assured.

Here's to the success of the Tri-
County Record.

For Rent

ALL, or part of my
home, completely
furnished.

Mrs. Lillian Bailey

(9-18-26) tf.

**BRANCH BANKS SHOW BIG
GAINS IN MANY STATES**

National Survey Reveals Average
Increase of 58 Per Cent
In Last 10 Years.

Chicago, Sept. 20.—Branch bank-
ing has shown a remarkable in-
crease wherever it has gained a foot-
hold, according to statistics revealed
by a survey of those states where
it is permitted by state law. In sev-
enteen states, it is shown, there has
been an increase of 58 per cent in five
years, while in the State of New
York the increase has been 330 per
cent.

Questionnaires were recently sent
to the State Banking Commissioners
of those states where branch bank-
ing is permitted, either by express
state legislation or under permissive
opinions of Attorney Generals where
the laws are silent on the subject.

Replies indicate that in these sev-
enteen states the average increase
in the number of branch banks since
1921 has been 58 per cent, while in
many of the states, taken singly or
in groups, the increase has been all
the way from 112 to 330 per cent.

Returns from the Banking Com-
missioners show that in ten years
California has jumped from 98 to 603
branch banks, Maryland from 37 to
104, Massachusetts from 50 to 81,
Michigan from none to 363, New
York from 186 to 723, Ohio from 0
to 216, Pennsylvania from 5 to 66,
Tennessee from 9 to 48. In the State
of New York alone fifty-seven
branches have been opened during
the past year.

These figures, it is contended, de-
monstrate that, where permitted,
branch banking spreads rapidly and
that this increase is not always due
to banking competition.

Independent bankers, especially
in the twenty-six states where
branch banking is not now permis-
sible by state law, will undoubtedly
view with considerable concern
this tremendous progress in the es-
tablishment of branch banks, as
shown in this survey.

Under the National Banking Act,
National Banks are not now permit-
ted to establish branches, but at the
last two sessions of Congress efforts
were made, through the McFadden
Bill, to authorize such branches, to
prevent unnecessary encroachment
by branch banks, in states where it
is not wanted, amendments were
added to the McFadden Bill by Re-
presentative Hull, which would re-
strict branch banking to the twenty-
two states where it is now permitted
by State Law.

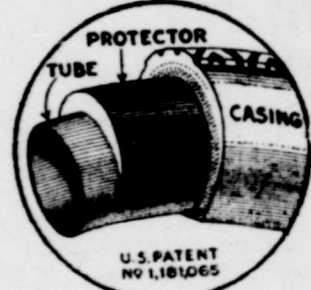
The McFadden Bill failed to pass
in Congress, but the campaign conti-
nues to liberalize the National Bank-
ing Act to permit National banks to
open branches where threatened
their existence. To see that this mo-
vement is confined to the twenty-
two states where State banks oper-
ate branches, and to help preserve
the American system of independ-
ent banking in the remaining twenty-six
states, the Committee of One Hun-
dred, composed of leading bankers,
members of the American Bank-
ers Association, has been organized.
The annual convention of the A-
merican Association, will be held at
Los Angeles on October 4th inclusive,
and the Committee of One Hundred
is striving to have that convention
endorse the Hull Amendments to
the McFadden Bill, as it did unani-
mously at its annual meeting in Chi-
cago two years ago.

Mr. George Howard and his daugh-
ter Miss May Howard, Mrs. H. H.
Kilpatrick and daughter Cornelia,
left Friday to attend the marriage
of Miss Julia Ellison at El Paso on
September 26. Mr. Howard was best
man when years ago in the Indian
territory now Oklahoma, R. S. Elli-
son and Miss May Wells, the mother
and father of Miss Julia were Uni-
ted in marriage, and now Miss May
Howard is to be one of the brides-
maids for her old friend and play-
mate.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lock left Wed-
nesday morning for a two weeks
trip to New Mexico, going via Pecos
Texas.



in an
air tight
package
that is
easy
and
safe
to open



W. P. Murphy
Agent.
Marfa, Texas



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. H. FORTNER N. G.

E. F. NICCOLLS, Secretary.

All kinds of junk, Brass, Copper,
Aluminium, Lead, Rubber, Hides,
Bones and Rags.
DENVER IRON & METAL CO.
El Paso, Texas.

LISTEN!

If you have Clock, Sewing Machine
or Phonograph that
**NEED REPAIRING
OR CLEANING,**
Bring it to us, we have man for
that work- Cheap too.

J. M. Hurley Furniture Store

THE FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION

New York, Sept. 20.—A new Gen-
eral Motors subsidiary Frigidaire
Corporation, has been incorporated
under the Laws of Delaware, to take
over distribution and sale of electric
refrigerators manufactured by the
Delco-Light Company. This sub-
sidiary has been created to segregate
the Electric Refrigerator from the
Delco-Light Company.

Permanent officers and directors
of Frigidaire will be practically the
same as those of the Delco-Light
Company, which is headed by E. G.
Biebler, president and general man-
ager, with headquarters at Dayton,
Ohio.

Frigidaire holds the leading position
and encouraging prospects for the
future of this business, makes separ-
ation of the two enterprises desir-
able" said A. P. Sloan, Jr., president
of General Motors.

The Delco-Light Company will
continue to manufacture and sell
electric farm light and power plants
and water pressure systems.

Frigidaire and Delco-Light manu-
facturing operations are to be com-
pletely separated under the plan
announced. Delco-Light will be
provided with new factory space, leav-
ing Frigidaire the present plants
with 53 acres of floor space in use
and under construction. When new
buildings are completed Frigidaire
will have a capacity of 50,000 elec-
tric refrigerators a month.
—F rom Frigidaire Corporation

for Economical Transportation



--- a marvel of
handling ease

Take the wheel of today's Chevrolet! Learn the sim-
plicity of its gear shift—experience the flexibility of its
velvety acceleration—the amazing smoothness and
power of its modern valve-in-head motor—learn the
thrill of its remarkable steering ease and the quick
responsiveness of its big, over-size brakes!

Only then can you possibly appreciate the handling ease
and multiple-cylinder performance that are prompting
buyers, by the thousands each week, to choose Chevrolet
in preference to all other cars of anywhere near equal
cost! Come in today and get a demonstration!

CASNER MOTOR COMPANY

MARFA,

ALPINE

QUALITY AT LOW COST

--- at these
Low Prices!

Touring or
Roadster **\$510**

Couach or
Coupe **\$645**

Four-Door
Sedan **\$735**

Landau **\$765**

1/2-Ton Truck **\$375**

Chassis Only

1-Ton Truck **\$495**

Chassis Only

All prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

Locals and Personals

Rudolph Mellard left Monday for Sul Ross, where he will win his degree this scholastic year. Rudolph stands very high among the students and teachers at Sul Ross.

FOR RENT—One comfortable room one block from City.
Mrs. Frank Gottholt.

The Sophs, joined with the Seniors Tuesday night in the Annual Flag contest, and consequently, the Juniors and the Freshmen went down in defeat.

"DUCO" for handy home use, laughs at time, dries fast and lasts.
G. C. ROBINSON LBR. CO.

Mrs. Anita Kleinman has been in Marfa this week visiting among her old time friends.

D. D. Kilpatrick of Candelaria, while assisting a party whose auto was stuck in the Rio Grande at that point, received a very bad cut on the leg, but it was not considered serious.

WANTED—Will pay cash for upright piano box. Phone or write, J. B. Gillett, Marfa, Texas.

Mr. Hans Briam was called to San Antonio first of the week on business connected with his brother's estate August Briam deceased, of which Mr. Briam is the executor.

Another Big Picture at the Opera House on Tuesday and Wednesday, September 28, and 29, "The Vanishing American." One of Zane Grey's Big Books. It's going to be good!!! Prices, Adults 50c., Children 25c.

Miss Irma Aiken left last Saturday for Arlington, where she will continue her course at the University.

Capt. and Mrs. Paul Morris and little daughter returned Sunday from El Paso.

FOR SALE—My Home in Marfa, Modern 7 room Bungalow. For further information, write Mrs. Paul Propst, Presidio, Texas.

Miss Ora Lock is at Presidio supplying this month as teacher in the Public School.

A number of our young students have left Marfa for the different schools. Misses Francis and Laura Mitchell and Helen Joyce returned to the S. M. U. at Dallas. Miss Nan Jones went to Athens, Ala., and Delbert Hurley, Misses Mary Louise Bennett and Ruth Bailey to Sul Ross.

Unlike anything else it is "DUCO" the beautiful enduring finish for every thing in the home.
G. C. ROBINSON LBR. CO.

Henry Bernard came in Wednesday from Midland with four farmers looking for Cotton Pickers. Henry came to Presidio County over forty years ago and nearly twenty years ago moved away. In looking around he said, "Well the old town has surely changed, and except George Howard and Judge Kilpatrick, who I knew forty years ago when I used to visit Marfa, it seems all the rest are gone, crossed the Divide, or like myself moved away." Yes, most of them have crossed over.

Yes, there is going to be a Matinee of "The Vanishing American," at the Opera House, on Wednesday, September 29, Price of Admission Adults 35c., Children 15c.

H. W. Schutze and George Gleim returned Wednesday from a trip to McCamey, the new oil town. Mr. Schutze says he never saw such a boom, rush and bang in his life. While there the first newspaper was issued.

FOR SALE—Government bought, enamel dishes for Sale cheap, also a number of second-hand government wagons, cheap as long as they last.

W. M. COUGHRAN,
Marfa, Texas.

Weldon Howell left Saturday evening for the S. M. U. at Dallas. Benton Howell, has been in Dallas for two months with the Burroughs Advertising Machine Company, but likewise expects to attend the S. M. U.

B. N. Everett of Jeff Davis County was a Marfa visitor Monday.

Mrs. N. N. Fuller, who was operated on for Appendicitis some days ago at Hotel Dieu, El Paso, will soon be up, the operation proving most successful.

FOR SALE—We offer for sale all material left over from old school building. Also the lumber building and improvements on school ground
J. W. Howell
C. T. Mitchell
F. W. Jordan
Trustees.

Albert Logan came in from the Buntun ranch Sunday, morning suffering from an attack of Appendicitis and left that evening for El Paso for an operation. Monday evening his father Mr. Logan received a wire from Albert's Mother stating that the operation was successful.

ORDER YOUR CAKES

The Ladies of the Baptist W. M. S. will be pleased to take orders for cakes at any time. Phone Mrs. McCracken or Mrs. Orr Kerr.

Mrs. F. A. Mitchell and Mrs. Herschel Hord spent several days in El Paso this week.

Another Big Picture at the Opera House on Tuesday and Wednesday, September 28, and 29, "The Vanishing American." One of Zane Grey's Big Books. It's going to be good!!! Prices, Adults 50c., Children 25c.

Lets talk about your Sweetie, buy her a nice Ring at LOCKLEY, Ring Sale this week. See window display and this paper for weekly Specials.

D. W. Cauffman of Presidio who runs the Big Bend hotel there, also, one of the prominent farmers, was a Marfa visitor Thursday.

Yes, there is going to be a Matinee of "The Vanishing American," at the Opera House, on Wednesday, September 29, Price of Admission Adults 35c., Children 15c.

Everybody has been asking "When can we have DUCO to brush on at home?" we have it now.
G. C. ROBINSON LBR. CO.

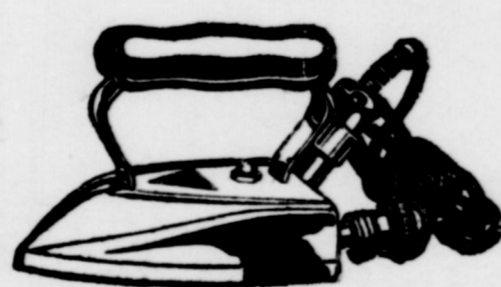
C. J. Warren, Editor of the Mountain Eagle of Sierra Blanca, accompanied by Prof. W. B. Denman, Superintendent of the Schools there, called at the New Era office Saturday. Mr. Warren has purchased the Fort Davis Post.

Use the Telephone

You will be able to arrange and close that business deal more quickly in this way.
Bell Telephone Connection
Get incloser touch with your friends
Pecos & Rio Grande Telephone Company
Marfa, Texas

ELECTRICITY

ICE - WATER
Full Stock
Westinghouse Globes



The American Beauty Iron

Central Power & Light Co.

C. R. Norman, Manager "Courteous Service"

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

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Yates were here from Marfa yesterday. They were formerly prominent people in Alpine. Mr. Yates is with the Magnolia Petroleum Co. He is one reformed newspaper man who has made good in a respectable business. Alpine Industrial News.

Another Big Picture at the Opera House on Tuesday and Wednesday, September 28, and 29, "The Vanishing American." One of Zane Grey's Big Books. It's going to be good!!! Prices, Adults 50c., Children 25c.

Yes, there is going to be a Matinee of "The Vanishing American," at the Opera House, on Wednesday, September 29, Price of Admission Adults 35c., Children 15c.

Superintendent Ray Norman of the Central Power and Light, Marfa, has been over this week helping the boys get the recently installed engine at the power plant going. Ray and Don both donned overalls for a few hours.
—Alpine Avalanche.

Mr. and Mrs. Del Richey of El Paso and Mr. E. J. Kelly of Ottawa, Kansas, came in Friday on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. James Shannon.

Mrs. Elaine Word, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Hess of Marfa was successfully operated on for appendicitis, at her home in Higgins, Texas, this past week.

If you have any news, don't hesitate to send it to the papers, just phone 299 and we will do the rest. A newspaper is in business solely for the purpose of pleasing its customers. We will be glad to do anything to serve you, so don't be afraid to send in your news.

Another Big Picture at the Opera House on Tuesday and Wednesday, September 28, and 29, "The Vanishing American." One of Zane Grey's Big Books. It's going to be good!!! Prices, Adults 50c., Children 25c.

Mrs. Emma Monkhouse of San Antonio, formerly employed as bookkeeper by Robinson Lumber Company at Marfa, has accepted a position here with the Howell Lumber Company as bookkeeper.
—Alpine Avalanche.

Apples!

Apples! Apples!

Delicious and King David Apples now ready
FOR SALE
From \$2.00 to \$3.50
Per Box,

Come to my Orchard or write me at Fort Davis, Texas.

M. F. HIGGINS.

THAT OLD ROOF

"Have the recent rains brought to light that weak spot in the old roof?
We are prepared to furnish you with any and all kinds of roofing materials, and the best paints in the market to protect it.

G. C. Robinson Lbr. Co.

Nervous hot flashes

"SOME time ago when in a very nervous, run-down condition," says Mrs. Martha F. Marlow, of Broken Bow, Okla., "I tried numerous remedies to try at least to keep going, but I could not. I was weak and tired—just no good at all. My back ached and I had hot flashes until I was so very nervous I smothered."

"I couldn't sleep and I was never hungry, and I kept getting weaker. I couldn't stand on my feet. This was an unusual condition for me as I had been pretty strong all along. I knew that I would have to do something, and that pretty soon."

"Some friend suggested that I take Cardui, and it certainly was a good suggestion, for after taking one bottle I could tell I was stronger and better. I didn't quit. I kept it up all through the change and did fine. I felt like a different person after I began taking Cardui."

Cardui has helped thousands of suffering women.

Sold by all druggists.

CARDUI
For Female Troubles

Hans Briam

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

Mead & Metcalfe

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

General Practice

MARFA, - TEXAS

Chas. Bishop

Drayage
Light and Heavy Hauling
—Agent—
Pierce Petroleum Corporation
Pennant Oils and Gasoline
— Phones —
Union Drug Store, 45
Residence, 108

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

Mrs. Joe Ruth Kerr, W. M.
Mrs. Ward Hord, Sec.

We're Building our Business

ON
Service
AND
Firestone

Gum-Dipped Tires

Good Gulf Gasoline and Oils,
Torovoice Hon's

"The foundation of our business is SERVICE to the motoring public. That is why we sell Firestone Tires—their constant service to their owners works hand-in-hand with our business principles. We inspect and inflate Tires, fill radiators and Batteries and give crankcase service, Free of Charge—Come in.

DUNLAP'S
Filling Station
(Next to Kokernot Motors)
Marfa, Texas.

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. Atwood, Secretary

ROTARY INTERNATIONAL
MARFA CLUB

Meets every Tuesday's
12 Noon. Longhorn Cafe

MOORE A. BUHLER, Pres't
B. HILLSMAN DAVIS, Sec'y

J. C. Darracott

Physician and Surgeon
Office over Briams Store
X-ray laboratory in Connection
Phone 107
MARFA, TEXAS

Let us make your new Boots or repair your old Shoes

Our work is guaranteed—
Prices Reasonable

MARFA BOOT AND SHOE CO.
Gottholt Brothers

Marfa, - Texas

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

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

J. C. Bean, H. P.
J. W. HOWELL, Sec.,

FARMER AGENTS WANTED

To earn from \$100 to \$500 and upwards during the cultivating season. You must be a real farmer and your neighbors must regard you as a successful one and of high character. Whole or spare time demonstrating the Fowler cultivator—showing farmers how to cover 7 to 8 acres a day, with one man and one horse, one trip only to the row. We give advertising assistance but you must demonstrate the tool. No selling experience required—the demonstration sells the tool. Big commissions to you. Most Farmers buy a Fowler for every horse or mule they own. If you are a real farmer, write us and give bank references—we'll do the same and show you how to make \$100 to \$500 during the coming season.

THE HARRIMAN MFG. CO.
Harriman, Tenn.

What Out Of Stationary! Phone 299 and let us fix you up. We'll do it right and quick.

OPERA HOUSE MOVIES

We show the best Pictures on the Market. Our Prices are right.

The following is the Program for the week of September 18:

MONDAY— A Jewel
REGINALD DENNY In "Rolling Home."
TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY— A PARAMOUNT
RICHARD DIX and LOIS WILSON In "The Vanishing American."
THURSDAY and FRIDAY— A F. B. O.
LEFTY FLYN In "Speed Wild."
SATURDAY— Jewel Comedy
PETE MORRISON In "Bucking The Truth."

Show starts 7:30 P. M.

Yankee Beggars Raise Standards

Native Wit Makes Mooching a Science as Other Countries Bar It.

New York.—"Alms, alms, for the love of Allah!" has resounded throughout Palestine since Mohammed first went to Mecca; but if the authorities in Jerusalem have anything to do with it, it will no longer din in the ears of the tourist. For Jerusalem has turned thumbs down on begging and the picturesque and nondescript loafers who heretofore imperturbed the faithful and the unfaithful alike must seek other fields where their solicitations have not aroused the authorities against them.

Spain has also notified the beggars that, starting immediately, they are to become useful citizens. A round-up is now in progress and those of the aristocracy of alms who are too proud to work will be sent to the workhouses. The rest will be given opportunities to learn trades, and the minors will be taught to read and write.

Hamburg, so the authorities say, has solved its problem. When a "stemmer," "moocher" or "panhandler" accosts the stranger on the street, he is handed a ticket which permits him to have his case investigated by a welfare society. If he is found worthy, he is taken care of. If the society decides against him, he is advised to hustle for a job or leave town.

In Hull, England, the city corporation has taken somewhat novel steps to eliminate blind beggars from the streets. It has decided to pension them. Those who now enjoy a pension will have it increased to 25 shillings a week, while those who have no allowance whatsoever will find themselves on the city's payroll for a like amount. The city estimates that this scheme will cost in the neighborhood of \$30,000 a year.

Age-Old Problem. Begging is coeval with history, and every nation and people has had this age-old problem to solve. When corn and wine were plentiful in the land, the gates of Rome were lined with the indigent and shiftless, who called on all the gods to witness their singular and collective ailments and misfortunes as they asked the stranger approaching the City of the Seven Hills for a few spare coppers.

When famine swept through the provinces, recruits flocked to the thinning army at the gates and swelled its ranks. Their argument was that if there be plenty in the land, those who have should give from their abundance to those who have not; and if there be famine, those who have should give all the more to those who have not. Rome, drawing on the richness of the conquered territories, opened its coffers and handed out doles to the city's bums, and more bums flocked to the city.

Jerusalem, in the days of the kings and the prophets, had its lepers and its loafers stretched out in the sun at the walls of the city. There they begged and blessed and cursed the opulent traders coming in from Egypt, Syria and other points, in successive breaths, according as they gave or did not give.

Begging thrived in the Middle Ages. There was an aristocracy of loafers whose fathers before them for generations had been loafers. They raised large families in rags and squalor to the glory of beggary, and the mendicants went begging down through the ages in sunshine and storm, in summer's heat and winter's cold, at palace door and prison gate. Paris, the home of social graces, had its hordes of unwashed unfortunates. London had its quota of loafers. Berlin had its army of bums and Petersburg had its percentage of paupers.

Scarce in Colonial Days. Just when the advance guard of this ancient army established itself in America is uncertain. During Colonial times begging was practically unheard of. Even after the Revolutionary war there is little or no mention of mendicancy. There were abolitionists and whiskey rebels, but no bums, as such. In 1923 it was estimated that there were 12,000 beggars in New York city. In 1925 this number, it has been said, was reduced to 4,000.

This latter number, however, seems to be a snap estimate, or else there are times when the entire corps is working one particular section at the same hour. Many of these are crippled; but a fair proportion of them are able, although not willing, to get out on the argumentative end of a pick or shovel.

The American beggar has raised the art of mooching to the science of "stemming" and he is constantly improving on his practice in the most effective way of separating a few coins from the pockets of the sympathetic. The novice starts in on the less frequented streets. There he approaches each and every person that comes within his range. As he becomes more proficient in his work, he sizes up his prospects, rejecting this one, classing that one as doubtful and putting the label "sucker, good for five cents up" on still another.

He Avoids the Police.

As he becomes more capable in wringing coins from reluctant pocket-books, he moves up toward the more frequented districts. During his apprenticeship he learns to smell a "bull" a block away. This is the distinguishing mark of a good professional and a cheap panhandler. The good professional will go out day after day, or rather night after night, and collect from five to ten dollars in two or three hours stemming without coming into contact with the blunt-toed shoes of the detective bureau. The cheap panhandler, on the other hand, will frequently find himself answering embarrassing questions asked by a desk lieutenant through his sheer inability to weed out the "dicks" that wander up and down the streets.

One of the favorite approaches used by the professional beggar who is just below the top of his class is to prey on the sympathies of the populace with a hard-luck story. Some of these are masterpieces that would bring their authors a fat check from a number of the cheaper magazines if the raconteurs could but find time to write them down. If there is a flood in Ohio, the beggar is one of the unfortunate victims who has had his chattels, wife and children washed down the river. He assiduously studies the stories of the disasters as they appear in the newspapers until he has his locale oriented. Then he improvises details and adds tears until the listener hears the roar of the waters, the howls of the wind and the shrieks of the victims as they are borne through the night.

If there is a fire, his life savings

have been burned up. His home has been wiped out. His family has been lost in the ruins. He escaped because he was working and came home only to find that all was lost. The money he took out of the bank, in crisp new hundred-dollar bills, to buy a little home was turned to ashes. Broken-hearted, penniless and without a friend in the world, he faces the bleak future to build up from the ashes a new life, etc. It is heartrending, even though it is not true, and only the ultra-hardened can listen through it all without digging down to relieve this unfortunate victim.

Earthquakes Help Some.

Earthquakes, wrecks at sea, railroad accidents, every disaster that visits the land, creates its hundreds of victims who were from several hundred to several thousand miles away from the catastrophe at the time it happened. As long as the story holds a good position in the newspapers, the vicarious victim laments in the ears of the hard-working citizenry. When the story passes from a half-column to a half-stick, the beggar begins to cast about for some other disaster on which to fasten himself.

If it happens to be a time when current events are particularly free from holocausts and calamities, he will go back to his old familiar snivel of "Mister, could you spare me a few cents for a cup of coffee? I ain't a beggar; but I'm broke, hungry and I can't get a job."

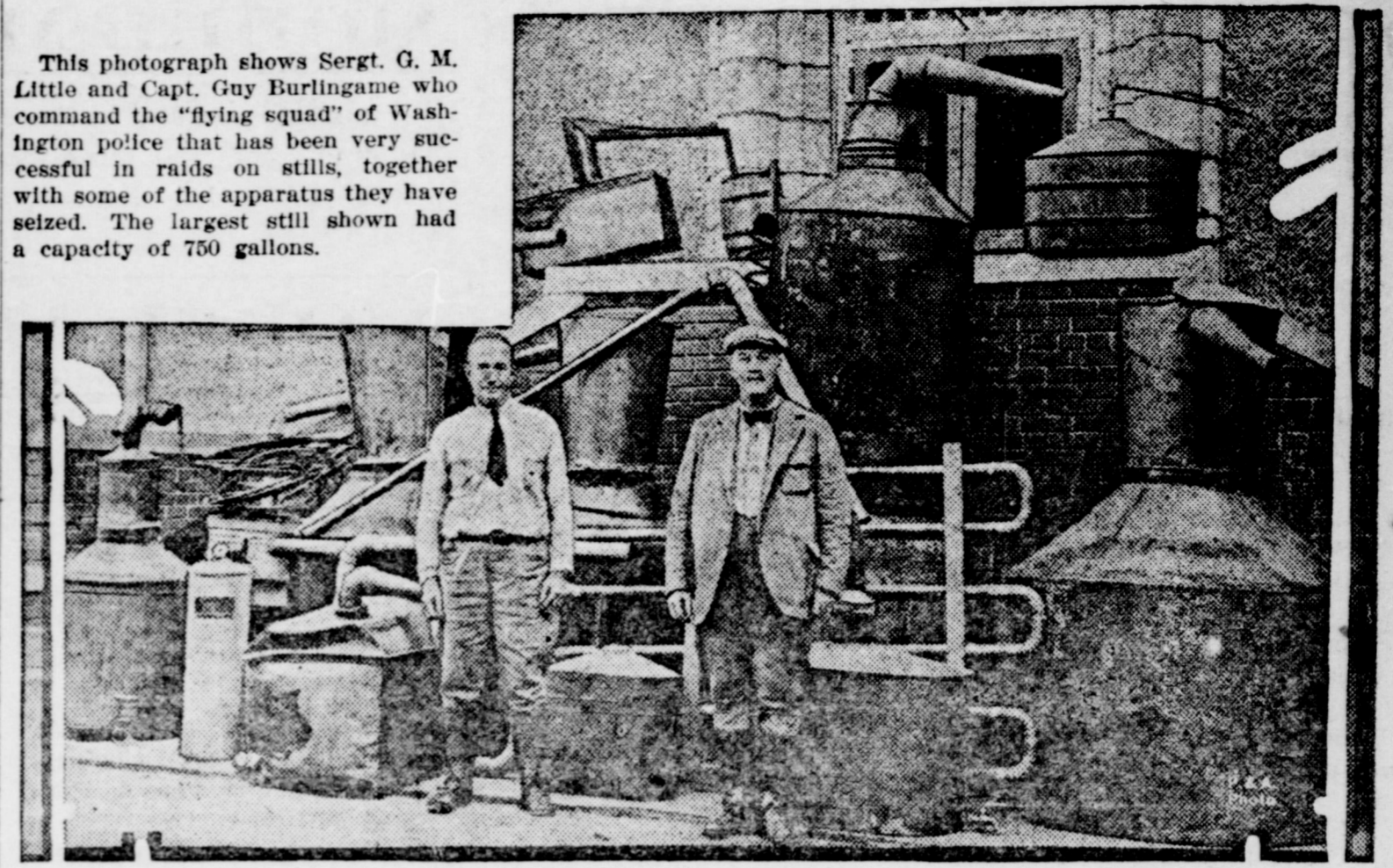
Some of the more enterprising, in lieu of a better plea, will mention that they have just been turned loose from a hospital and haven't been able to find a job that they are physically fit to take. Such a one played West Twelfth street, near the Seventh avenue subway station steps, for the better part of a month. He approached one prospect four times in one week and became so well acquainted with him that he remarked on the pleasantness or unpleasantness of the weather whenever he saw the prospect coming up the subway stairs.

One of the favorite methods of approach for the professional beggar is the young man walking with the young girl. The moocher glazes them up at a distance. If they seem to be enjoying each other's society, he feels another twenty-five-cent piece jingling among the nickels and dimes in his pocket. If, on the other hand, they appear to be bored with each other, he realizes that his possibilities have been reduced to a dime and that his probabilities are not worth more than five cents.

Elderly persons, both male and female, are also made to order for the experienced stemmer. The middle-aged enjoy a rather high immunity. The beggar knows that these as a rule are hard "to make" and that less than one out of twenty will "come through," so he devotes his time and energy to the old and to the young, especially when the young are in love.

Washington's "Mops" Find Many Big Stills There

This photograph shows Sergt. G. M. Little and Capt. Guy Burlingame who command the "flying squad" of Washington police that has been very successful in raids on stills, together with some of the apparatus they have seized. The largest still shown had a capacity of 750 gallons.

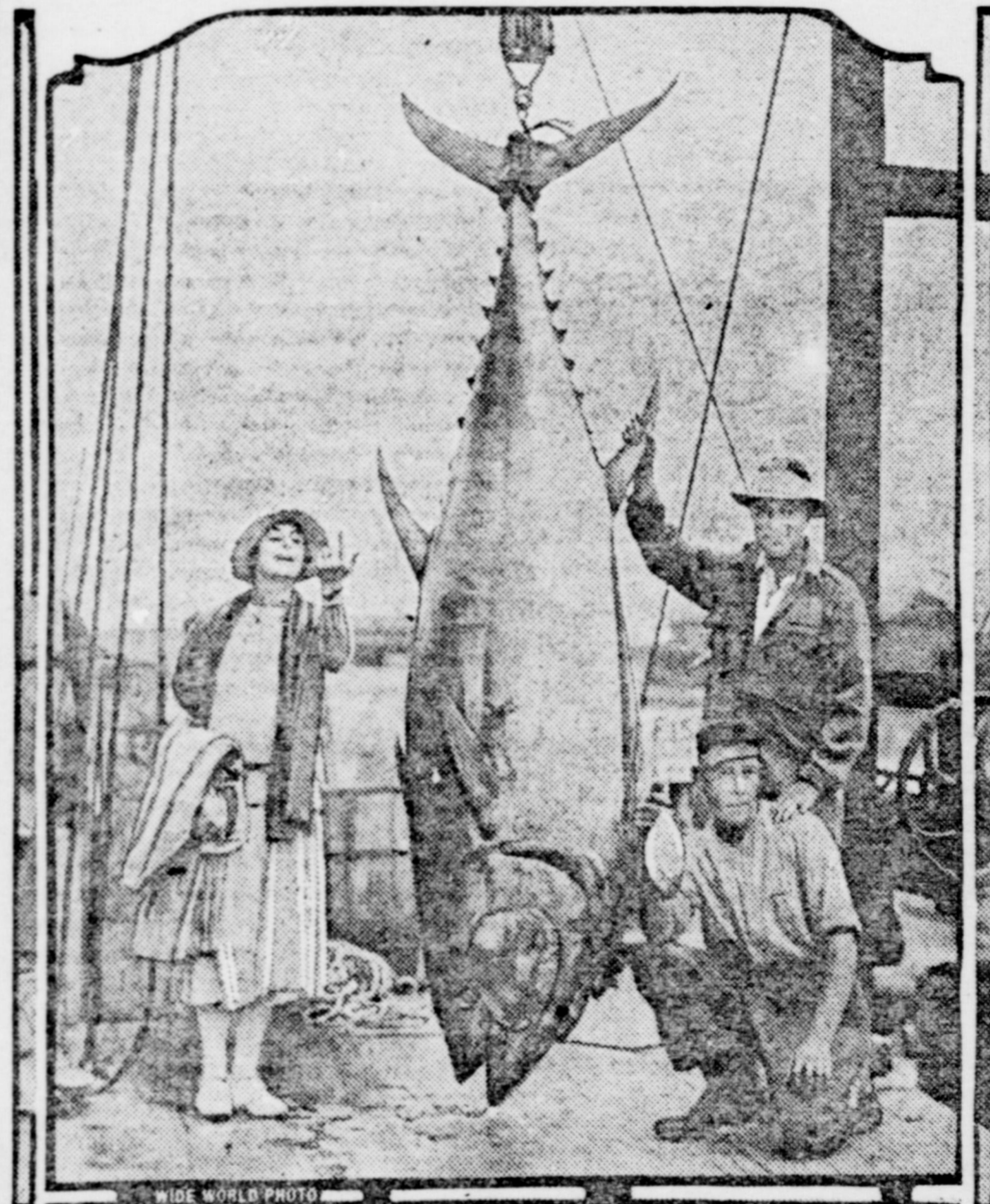


Scene From the Passion Play in Los Angeles



The famous Pilgrimage play at Los Angeles, Calif., has been brought into the light again, with Reginald Pole playing the role of Christ. The American Passion play is run as a perpetual, nonprofit and nonsectarian civic enterprise in an outdoor theater bequeathed by Mrs. C. W. Stevens of Philadelphia. This photograph shows "The Last Supper."

Mitchell Captures a Big Tuna



Col. William Mitchell is devoting much time to tuna fishing this summer, and is shown here with Mrs. Mitchell and the captain of their boat (kneeling) and an 800-pound fish the colonel landed after a two-hour battle. This was at York Harbor, Maine.

MRS. V. P. PARKHURST



Promising to finance her own campaign, Mrs. Virginia Peters Parkhurst of Berwyn, Md., has announced her candidacy for the United States senate. She will run as a Democrat against Representative Millard Tydings, who is the choice of the regular Democratic organization.

TOBACCO QUEEN



Miss Sarah Olga Brooks of Sifton, Ga., wearing a dress made entirely of tobacco leaves, as she appeared at the Georgia Tobacco mart in Atlanta.

Indian Made a Doctor of Divinity



James Hayes (left), a full-blooded Indian, is the first of his race to have the degree of doctor of divinity conferred upon him. Converted to Christianity forty years ago, the former warrior has been a missionary to 25 Indian tribes of the Northwest. Whitworth college of Spokane recognized his worth by conferring the degree at the last commencement. Dr. W. A. Stevenson, president of Whitworth, is shown at the right.

OCEAN VAST "FISHIN' HOLE" FOR NEW YORK'S MILLIONS

Hundreds of Large, Speedy Craft Cater to Angling Urge of City's Nimrods.

New York.—New York, like every small town, has its "fishin' hole." Here it is the Atlantic ocean, and good fishing may be enjoyed in a score of charted locations.

There always has been fishing, but until recently the nimrods had to organize small groups, charter an old boat and get their enjoyment in the face of discomfort and, sometimes, danger.

Now, going fishing is as simple as taking the ferry.

Large, speedy craft cater to this one trade, and regardless of the time of day the fisherman likes to drop his rod in the water, he can be accommodated.

The larger boats carry several score of men and on Sundays usually are

crowded to the full limit of rating.

The boats as a rule are in charge of veteran fishermen, who gauge the tide, wind and weather, and can pick unflinchingly the place where they are biting. Bass, fresh fluke and blackfish are among the leading catches.

The boats, however, would bring a smile to the face of a veteran of the Grand banks. There is little roughing it. Instead, the tired sportsman may sink into a heavily upholstered chair. The larger boats even have lounging rooms and dining rooms.

Neither is it necessary to worry about tackle, for along that section of the docks from which the boats depart are shops selling not only the proverbial "hook, line and sinker" but all other equipment.

It is not even necessary to dig for worms, if that bait is used, for there are any number of shops dealing in grubs and angleworms.

There is one item of the old pond, however, that cannot be duplicated. That is the tree on the mossy bank where one can stick the pole in the ground and doze off while the fish play around with the bait.

"Skeeters" With 4-Inch Wings Found Petrified

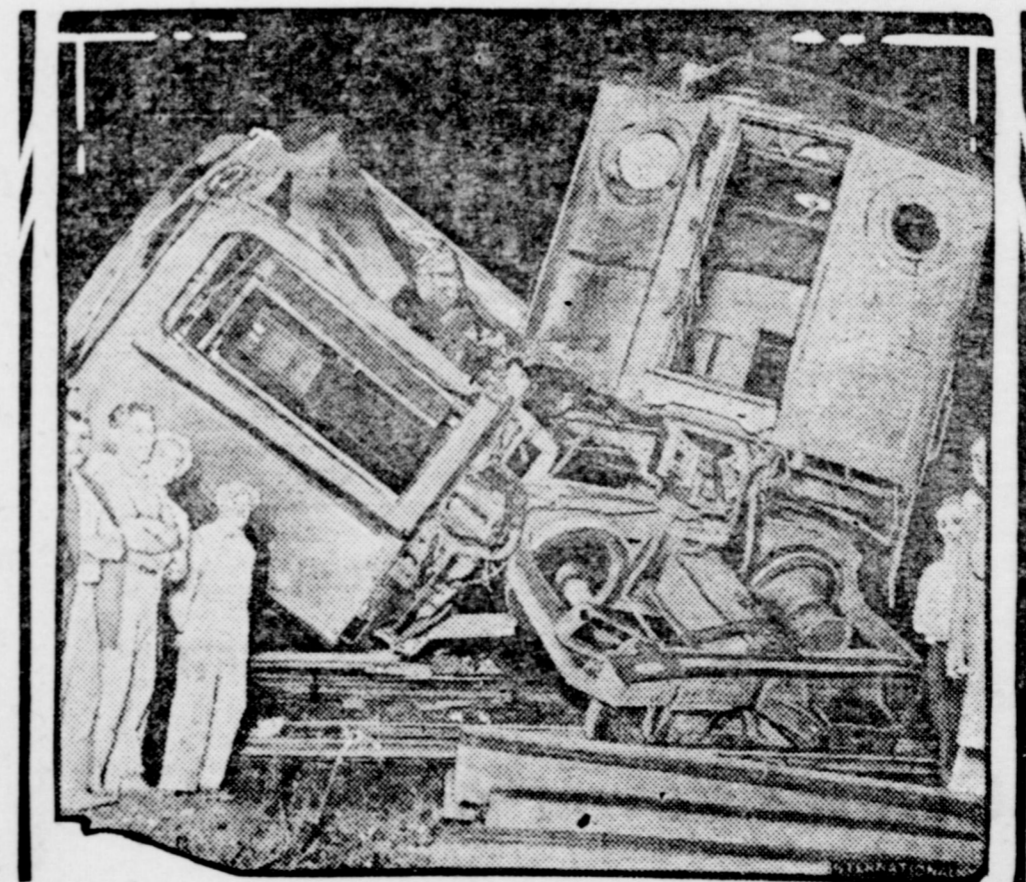
Washington.—The days when mosquitoes were mosquitoes and prehistoric man probably fought them with clubs were envisioned in an announcement that Prof. Charles Gilmore of the Smithsonian Institution had found the imprint of a four-inch bug wing in a rock layer in Grand canyon.

While Professor Gilmore estimated the print to be 25,000,000 years old, other scientists believed it was made some 300,000,000 years ago.

Quite Impartial

New York.—The police at Coney Island are quite impartial. If girls in bathing cannot wear one-piece suits, those in cabarets must be careful as to wearing less than that.

Wreck of Millionaires' Special



Six persons were killed and scores injured when the "millionaires' special" on the Long Island railroad ran into an open switch at Calverton. Part of the wreck is here shown.

PORTO BELLO GOLD

SYNOPSIS

The story opens in New York, about the middle of the eighteenth century. Robert Ormerod, who tells the tale, is talking to Peter Corlier, chief of the traders, and man of enormous strength, when Darby McGraw, Irish bonded boy, brings news that a pirate ship is "off the Hook." An old sea captain announces he has been chased by the notorious pirate, Captain Rip-Rap. The older Ormerod tells Robert the pirate is Andrew Murray, his (Robert's) great-uncle, commanding the pirate ship, the Royal James. Murray is an ardent Jacobite. Robert meets a young woman from a Spanish frigate who is seeking her father, Colonel O'Donnell. Murray with a force of sailors visits the Ormerod house. He announces his intention of carrying off Robert, by force, if necessary, promising him a great future. The Royal James and the Walrus, the latter commanded by Flint, Murray's partner in piracy, appear. Murray, Robert and Peter board the James. Murray offers Flint a share in the loot of a Spanish treasure ship if he will co-operate with him. Flint insists Robert be left with him as a hostage, while Murray, in the Royal James, takes the treasure ship. The pirate vessels arrive at their rendezvous. A fort and stockade are erected.

CHAPTER IX—Continued

"'Tis true as gospel, Peter," I groaned. "I hoped to the last this ridiculous plan of Murray's would fall through in some manner, but the man has a damnable determination."

"Ja," agreed Peter. "I think he takes der treasure ship, Bob. Dot's easy."

"Easy? I see not how!"

"Ja, it is easy to take her. But after comes his troubles. Much treasure is bad for pirates. We have troubles after. Suppose we get out tonight. Suppose we get out and back to der James. Ja?"

I looked around me skeptically at the heavy planking and stout timbers of the sides and forward bulkhead.

"It can't be done. 'Twould take a week to break out of this—and the James will be sailing in five or six hours."

"Neen," said Peter. "We get out—any time, we get out."

"How?" I demanded.

He picked up the lantern and led me forward to the bulkhead. The light showed that one of the oaken planks was slightly sprung, leaving an infinitesimal crack between its edge and the uppermost of its fellows.

"Are you planning to pry that off with your finger-nails?" I taunted him.

"Neen," he answered, and conducted me to a corner whence the rats scudded as we approached.

He stirred his foot amongst some rubbish and turned up several long, wrought-iron spikes, such as are used to bolt together the heavier ship-timbers.

"Dot's plenty," he said.

I could hardly control the gush of relief that welled up in me.

"I believe it is," I whispered. "But oh, Peter, there is such little time!"

"Enough," he grunted. "Come! We begin."

We listened at the bulkhead for signs of life on the opposite side, but not a sound came through to us, although the clamor on the upper deck and in the poop cabin seeped into our dungeon from overhead. 'Twas stiflingly hot, and Peter's first care was to strip off his buckskin shirt and leggings.

"We got to swim," he said, eyeing them regretfully. "You don't need clothes tonight, Bob."

So I followed his example, and we fell to work with our spikes upon the sprung plank, the sweat pouring in rills of moisture from our half-naked bodies, our crude tools slipping in our greasy fingers as we pried and pushed and fought for every inch of space betwixt the plank and the upright it was nailed to. Peter did all the work.

As the last nail yielded to Peter's shoulder the thin clangor of the bell of the Royal James stole down to us out of the night. Four times it rang—two o'clock!

"Get out, Bob," whispered Peter.

I wriggled through the gap in the bulkhead, and he passed the lantern after me. Its flame was burning low, but I had sufficient light to determine that I stood in a stores-hold crammed with casks of rum, salt meat and ship's biscuit. A door in its forward bulkhead led to another hold of the orlop deck, where were a hatch and ladder leading up to the gundeck. I crept as far as the foot of the ladder and listened to the snores of the scores of men who slept in hammocks slung between the great guns of the battery. That way lay our only path of escape.

I returned to Peter in a mood that was none too cheerful; but he was already at work with his spike, hissing like a kettle on the boil as he prodded away with its blunted point. I was able to be of more assistance to him this time, since from the farther side 'twas possible to exert a greater leverage, once the plank was sprung loose. Yet the James sounded seven bells before we were successful. Peter grunted his satisfaction.

"We got time," he said. "Whoof! So much I sweat I slide me t'rough dot hole."

He was stripped to the buff, and his plump, hairless body was all aglisten-

as he rolled into the opening. His head and shoulders made it easily, but I saw, with dismay that his immense paunch was an insurmountable obstacle. He heaved and shoved and twisted. 'Twas no manner of use.

Peter backed out of his predicament with an accompaniment of squeaking grunts, and I followed him, too bitterly disappointed for words. Escape had seemed so easy—and now we were condemned to two months aboard the Walrus, very likely to exceedingly uncomfortable deaths, for I fancied that Flint was the sort of man to lose his queer mixture of fear and respect for my great-uncle as soon as they were out of touch.

"Hold der light here, Bob," said Peter, squatting on the litter on the deck, and he proceeded to extract a splinter from his foot.

"Ja, dot's goodt," he went on, standing up. "Well, we don't get out dot way."

He felt his way toward the ladder to the cabin-hatch.

"Always there is another way, Bob. If one way is not goodt, der other maybe is better. Ja! You see."

He climbed the ladder silently in his bare feet until his great shoulders were directly beneath the square of the hatch, and I heard a faint grinding of straining metal, the crackling of tortured wood.

"Ja," he panted, desisting. "We do dot. Now you be ready, Bob. Jump oop, quick. Maybe we got to kill some fellers, and if we do we don't let them hoiler."

I could feel his legs quivering above me; the ladder itself vibrated under us. There was a whine, a sudden pop—and the hatch flew up in the air. Peter caught it on the flats of his hands before it could settle again and lifted it back. He was out in a flash, and I was hard on his heels.

We crouched on the main-cabin floor, staring about us for a sign of the pirates. The lights had all burned out, and it was several minutes before our eyes became adjusted to the starshine that sifted through the stern window.

At the exit to the deck we tarried to reconnoiter our situation, and 'twas lucky we did so. Eight bells rang out from the Royal James, and a voice most astonishingly close muttered a curse.

"Ye might think they 'ad a blasted admiral aboard," answered a second voice.

A whistle shrilled, and the gruff voice of Saunders reached us quite distinctly ordering the topmen aloft.

"There they go, Jemmy," returned the second man. "We'll be free o' the swabs in another glass."

"And good riddance, says I," declared Jemmy, spitting into the scuppers.

I saw where they were then, leaning against the starboard poop-ladder and peering over the side at the vague hull of the James. Peter's little eyes had

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"Dot's better, ja," remarked Peter complacently. "A little tight; but I don't like to be naked, Bob. Neen!"

He rose to his feet, buckling the dead man's belt around him.

"They'll splash!" I warned him as he picked up the big one.

"Nobody hears," he answered.

He lowered the body over the rail feet first, and the splash was less than I had expected. The second body followed with equal expedition, and Peter laid hold of one of several ropes that trailed untidily over the Walrus' side.

"Now we go, Bob," he said.

We entered the water almost together, and swam side by side down the anchorage toward the James. Peter, despite his discomfort at sea, was a remarkably powerful swimmer, thanks to his lifetime in the wilderness country of the frontier.

"The tide will take care of the dead men," I panted, stroking for all I was worth to keep pace with the Dutchman.

A whistle shrilled again aboard the James.

"Ja," said Peter. "Der anchor goes opp, Bob. We hurry!"

He was a dozen strokes ahead of me at the end. I found him hanging on to the heel of the rudder and calmly treading water. For'ard the captain was clanking to a steady yohing and tramping of feet. Yards were banging, sails were slatting, men were shouting and calling.

I looked up at the stern windows, so high above us. From our precarious perch on the rudder the James towered like Spyglass mountain, touchable but unattainable. Almost I could have cried out to my great-uncle and hailed him to have us hauled aboard. But common sense warned me he would certainly seize upon the opportunity to send us back to the Walrus as clenching evidence of his good faith. And I had no desire to face Flint with those two dead men to account for.

"What's to do?" I whispered to Peter, whose eyes were roving over the lofty stern. "We cannot bide here. Once she has way on her, we'll be tossed off."

"Ja," agreed Peter. "You see dot shiny picture oop there?"

He indicated a golden sunburst, carved across the stern beneath the cabin windows.

"Yes," I answered, puzzled.

"I climb oop on der rudder, and I hold me on to der roundness in der middle. And you climb oop on my shoulders and into der cabin windows, ja."

"But you? How will you—"

"You trow me a rope."

He scrambled on to the rudder and slowly spread-eagled himself upward against the scrollwork which covered the stern. His hands, feeling blindly above his head, sought for and found a deep indentation in the rays below the center of the sunburst, and with this to cling to, he climbed a foot or two higher on to a shallow ridge which ran across the stern, a shelf scarce wide enough to give him toehold.

"Now you climb, Bob," he grunted.

The rudder I surmounted with ease, standing erect with a hand on one of Peter's legs to steady me. I stepped up to the ridge upon which the Dutchman stood with no more difficulty, holding to his leather belt. Then I changed my hand-hold to a ridge in the carving, and by his direction braced the toes of one foot in the slack of his belt as I heaved myself upward. Peter grunted. That was all.

I found a new hand-hold and brought my other foot up on to Peter's shoulder and stood erect there. Reaching upward now, better than two tall men's height above the waterline, my groping finger-tips were still below the level of the stern windows. Peter sensed my difficulty.

"On my head!" he grunted.

I carefully lifted one foot, selected another hand-grip and mounted Peter's tow look. Again I explored upward with one arm stretched to the limit of safety, but I failed by inches to clutch the sill of the stern windows.

"Jump," sobbed Peter.

"But you!"

"Jump!"

The rudder clacked as it was put over, and the James heeled slightly to the breeze.

I jumped. Peter sagged beneath me, but the fingers of my right hand fastened upon the ledge of the window. I heard a splash, and caught hold with my left hand.

"Ooop!" spluttered Peter from the water.

The rest was child's play compared to what had preceded it. The carving afforded toe-holds in plenty, and soon I had a leg over the windowsill and looked down at Peter trailing in the James' wake as he clung to the shelf which crossed the stern perhaps a foot above the water. He dared no longer hold to the rudder.

His big face was so white that it frightened me, and I tumbled aboard without stopping to make sure the cabin was empty. But my luck was with me, and I scurried around to find a rope. This was a hopeless quest in that luxurious apartment, so I ran up the companionway and just inside the door to the deck came upon a lead

line, coiled and hung to a hook, which I appropriated.

Altogether these movements consumed less time than is required to describe them; but when I returned to the stern windows Peter was gone. I leaned out and stared back at the James' creaking wake—and a white arm flashed in a gesture of appeal twenty feet astern. I cast the lead behind him, and he caught the line as it settled into the water, cut the lead free with the dead man's knife at his belt, looped the slack under his shoulders, and with my feverish help hauled himself back to the shelf above the water line.

I lacked the strength to draw him up; but I fastened my end of the line to the cabin table, which was bolted to the floor, and then, foot by foot, Peter toiled upward. He was so weary at the last that I must pull him through the window, and he fell in a heap across the table, puddling the polished surface with the seawater that streamed off him and the blood from his scarred hands.

A bottle of the aqua vitae my great-uncle favored stood by his place, and I took this and poured a liberal tot between Peter's lips. He staggered to his feet, blinking his eyes and red as a school miss.

"All right, Bob," he squeaked. "I be all right, ja."

His eyes chanced upon the lead-line, still fast to the table's leg, and he stopped and unknotted it and dropped it out of the window.

"We better not stay here," he muttered. "Neen! If Murray sees us—"

"Oh, my Gawd!"

Ben Gunn goggled at us from the companionway.

"Drowned they be!" he gasped to himself. "He done for 'em, Flint did!"

I was afraid he would run out on deck and cry an alarm, and I started for him to prevent this.

"Be still, Ben," I said. "We don't mean to hurt you."

He plucked up a little courage when I spoke.

"Taint right for ye to talk," he objected. "I never heard tell as how sperets—"

"We're not sperits," I answered. "We are as alive as you are. Here, feel this."

He shrank back as I placed my clammy, wet hand upon his neck, but the touch reassured him.

"Ye ain't sperets, says you," he repeated amazedly. "Nor ye ain't dead. And seein' as you're here, why, it do stand to reason as how ye ain't aboard the Walrus, which is where ye was and where ye oughter be."

He shook his head.

"'Tis perfectly natural," I retorted. "Master Corlier and I have escaped from the Walrus."

Ben came a step or two into the cabin and stared hard at Peter. Then he turned a disapproving eye upon the pools of water we had sprinkled on the table and the rich carpet.

"Well, it do look to be 'ee two," he conceded grudgingly. "But ye ha' mucked up the cabin awful, and the captain will like to ha' me tried to the main for a dozen wi' the cat. Maybe so," he agreed. "But he won't like it that ye come aboard this way."

I seized upon his opening without scruple.

"Yes, he'll hold it against you, Ben. 'Tis a shame."

He shivered, and I appreciated what my great-uncle's wrath must be.

"Ye wouldn't let him now! Master Ormerod! Oh, say ye wouldn't! Ye don't want poor Ben Gunn to be screamin' on the triangle."

"That I don't," I assented warmly. "You must hide us, Ben. Nobody will know that you had ought to do with our coming aboard; and indeed Captain Murray will not care, I think. 'Twas not of his own will he gave us to Flint."

"If 'tis so, why don't 'ee go up on the poop and tell the captain now?"

"He'd have to send us back to Captain Flint. You wouldn't like to be sent aboard the Walrus to stay, Ben."

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He caught my hand in his.

"You jes come along o' me. Ben Gunn knows a thing or two, he does. I'll show 'ee, my master. You jest come along o' me."

Peter and I sopped after him up the companionway to a door for'ard of the staterooms we occupied, which led by way of a steep flight of ladder-stairs to the galley and service quarters, a space partitioned off from the vast sweep of the gundeck. Ben unhooked a lantern from the wall, opened a trap in the deck and signed us to follow him. At the bottom of a second ladder we found ourselves in a lazaret such as had been our prison aboard the Walrus. But there was this difference in our surroundings: That they were clean. The walls were whitewashed, and around them were ranged kegs and pipes of wines, ale and rum, and racks laden with bottles of various liquors.

"'Tis Murray's wine-cellar," I commented aloud.

Ben Gunn deposited the lantern in the middle of the floor and approached his mouth to my ear.

"Aye, and he keeps his treasure

ere—when so be he has any," he whispered throatily.

"Doth he never come here?"

"Not he. Nor the nayguns, neither. Only Ben Gunn."

"What shall we do for food?"

Ben wiggled with embarrassment. "Jest you leave that to Ben Gunn. He'll feed ye well, my master. Aye, that he will. And fetch ye clothes from the cabin. But don't 'ee forget the promise, sir. Oh, say ye won't!"

"I won't," I assured him. "But you must get back to the cabin and tidy up the mess we made. Haste, man!"

He scampered up the ladder as if the devil were after him—or Paradise within view.

And during the two days of our stay in the wine-cellar of the Royal James he was as good as his word. He fed us well. He brought me a sufficiency of clothing. And he procured for Peter a quantity of linen and cotton cloth, with thread and needles, with which the Dutchman fashioned himself garments to cover his inconveniently large body.

On the evening of the second day, having learned from Ben that the James had logged several hundred knots since leaving the Rendezvous, we decided 'twould be safe to appear



"Are You Planning to Pry That Off With Your Finger Nails?" I Taunted.

identified them, too, and his fingers sank into the flesh of my arm, signaling me to stay where I was. He glided past me on to the deck, his body ghostly in the gloom.

"I'm — if I can see as why we has to keep our peepers open," growled the second man.

"Taint long now till morning," replied Jemmy. "What d'ye s'y to a dash o' rum, matey?"

He half-turned, and saw Peter's enormous white bulk hovering over him, and his teeth gleamed as he opened his mouth involuntarily to scream.

"I don't care if—" the second man said.

The Dutchman leaped, and his two arms whipped out. Jemmy's scream died in a guttural cough. He held the throat of each. He held them poised for a moment, then brought their heads together with an odd hollow smack like the cracking of egg-shells. They collapsed inert on the deck.

I darted for the rail, but Peter stayed me.

"Neen, neen," he objected. First I get me some pants, Bob. And we drop these fellers overboard."

He was divesting the larger of the two of the single garment each one wore while he talked, and, conquering an instinctive sensation of repugnance, I did likewise.

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"Yes, He'll Hold It Against You, Ben. 'Tis a Shame."

before Murray, and we took an opportunity whilst Ben was serving his dinner to ascend through the galley and present ourselves in the main cabin.

My great-uncle glanced up as he heard the shuffling of our feet on the carpet. A furrow of perplexity was dug betwixt his eyes. Otherwise he revealed no astonishment.

"Ods-blood! Here is a pretty coll! Peter, I'll wager I have you to thank for it."

"Ja," said Peter, and sat himself in his accustomed place at the table.

"How did you compass it?"

I told him, and he stared curiously at Peter, placidly eating across the table from him.

"I might have known it, Peter. No man ever held you in constraint against your will. I might have known it. What a mess! My plans and combinations all askew! Peter, y' have played at bowls with destiny! A half-hour since I saw my way clear. Now I must plot it fresh. Stap me, what a coll! What moved you to such a desperate course, Robert? Was it to be with me? Or was it O'Donnell's lass?"

I hesitated, frankly loath to hurt him.

"I was concerned for her," I admitted finally. "This ship is no fit place for a maid, as I have said before."

"'Tis better than some," he answered.

But my reply did not seem to annoy him. His gaze dwelt upon my face for several moments longer.

"Well, well," he said as he began to pace the carpet. "We must make the best of it, lad."

The treasure ship is met in next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Passed

A Scottish lad wanted to go overseas.

"What is your occupation?" Inquired the Australian commonwealth inspector.

The boy looked dense, and muttered a questioning "Eh?"

A repetition of the query brought no light to the youth's face.

"What I mean is," said the inspector, "what are you doing just now?"

And the answer came at once: "I'm jst eatin' a sweetie."—Tit-Bits.

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What do you suppose will satisfy the soul except to walk free and own no superior?—Walt Whitman.

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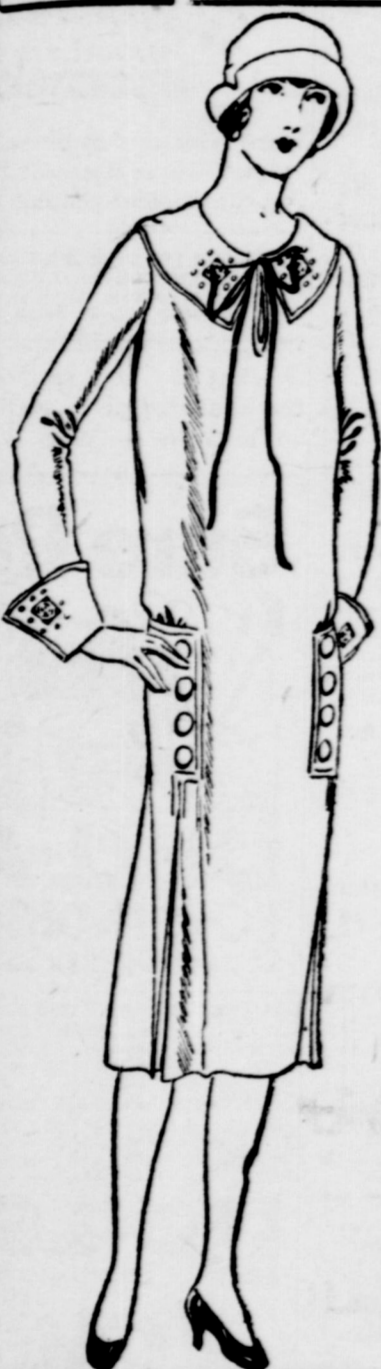
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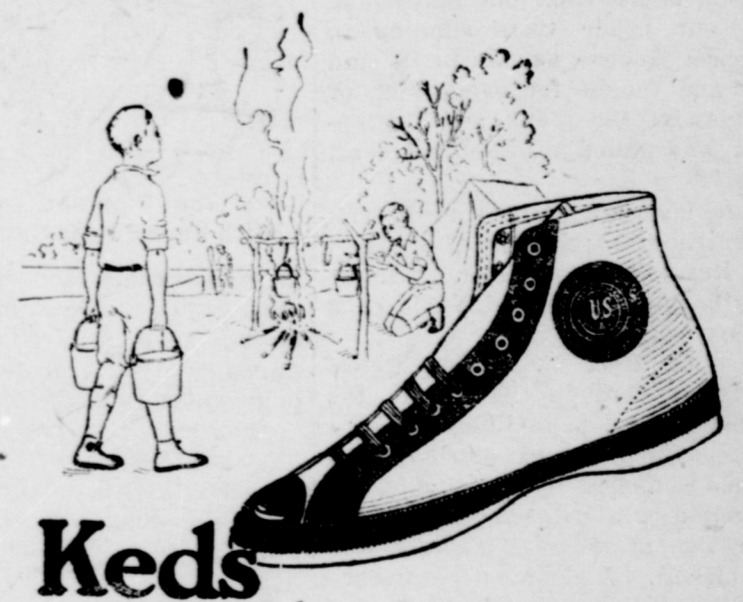
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