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THE NEW ERA

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

VOLUME XLI

IN PRESIDIO COUNTY 39 YEARS

MARFA, TEXAS, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1927.

SWORN CIRCULATION OVER 500

NUMBER 84.

TEXAS BAPTIST WILL CONDUCT MONEY-RAISING CAMPAIGN LOCAL BAPTIST WILL HELP

TWO MILLION OBJECTIVE

Two million dollars in extra cash gifts by next September first—That is the aim of a great campaign now on among Texas Baptists. One million cash by March fifteenth and another million cash by September first. This is above regular gifts that carry on the regular work and is to apply on the debts of Texas Baptist Institutions and boards.

Reverend S. F. Marsh of Marfa and Mr. Crawford Mitchell are assisting Rev. Buren Sparks of Alpine and Rev. Millican of El Paso in organizing all of the eastern part of El Paso Association for the campaign, while Dr. H. F. Vermillion and other workers organize the west end, including El Paso and the Valley.

Big Rally At El Paso.

On Friday, January 28th, there will be an all day Rally at First Baptist Church, El Paso at which Dr. George W. Truett, Dr. L. R. Scarborough, Dr. F. S. Groner, Mrs. J. E. Leigh and other noted speakers will be heard. Every Baptist in the El Paso and Pecos Valley Associations is invited and urged to attend this Rally. Free bed and breakfast and lunch will be given all Baptists attending who apply at offices of First Baptist Church for free entertainment.

Mr. H. L. Kokernot is chairman of the Campaign Committee, Dr. George W. Truett is General Director, Dr. L. R. Scarborough is General Organizer and Dr. J. M. Dawson is District Director. Dr. H. E. Vermillion is the district Organizer.

Texas Baptist Institutions have assets aggregating more than \$15,000,000 and debts aggregating about \$6,000,000. At the Rallies that are to

PRESIDIO FARMER IS SECOND STATE COTTON CONTEST

Andres Queros reuter on Captain Jerry Grey's farm of Presidio came out second in the state Cotton Contest which has just closed, with a yield of ten bales and fifty three pounds. This was only one hundred and twenty pounds less than the first prize man, who made ten bales one hundred and seventy-three lbs. on his five acre tract.

Senor Queros even made more seed cotton than the first prize winner with a yield of 9,511 pounds, while Mr. Mebons the first prize winner only made 8,484 pounds, but since the prize was for the man that made the most lint cotton, it placed him second in the state. This was a very fine record any way, and will mean a great deal to advertise the Presidio Valley. County Agent R. S. Miller said that he expected Presidio County to win first prize next year, since several men had already expressed their desire to enter the contest the coming year.

WANTED—Learn better-paying business methods. Examine free our twenty popular Home Study Course. Write American Home University 133 West Commerce Street, San Antonio, Texas.

be held all the facts concerning the properties and debts will be stated frankly and questions will be freely answered.

There are to be a number of Rallies in El Paso and Pecos Valley Associations and every Baptist Church and every individual Baptist will be fully informed of the facts and purposes of the Drive.

OWEN GUNN AND OTHERS KILLED

AUTO STRUCK BY SUNSET LIMITED NEAR SIERRA, BLANCA

Sunday evening about a mile west of Sierra Blanca, the East Bound Sunset Limited struck an auto just as it was trying to pass over the crossing ahead of the train. The car was struck in the middle and the bodies of the occupants and wreckage of the machine were scattered for 200 feet along the right of way.

One of the occupants was identified as Owen Gunn, who for several years has been the manager of the Casner farms in Presidio County. His family was living at Presidio when the sad accident occurred. The other was A. W. Calley, a merchant of Pecos. The third man has not been identified.

The El Paso Times in its issue of the 10th stated.

Speeding at the rate of 50 miles an hour the limited crashed into the auto and scattered the bodies of the occupants and wreckage of the machine along the right of way for 200 feet.

The highway parallels the track for a considerable distance before reaching the crossing. The turn to cross the track is abrupt, but there is nothing to obstruct vision on either side.

The only explanation of the wreck which the engineers on the limited were able to give was that the driver of the car believed he could "beat the train."

The engineer and fireman on the limited saw the auto ahead of them and going in the same direction for some time before the accident. The car was going fast, but not as fast as the crack passenger.

As the train began to draw up on the auto, the engineer did not slacken speed as he did not suppose the driver of the car would attempt to cross in front of the train.

The limited was only a short distance from the crossing when it struck the car. (Continued on Page 8 Col 3)

BIG BEND PEOPLE ASKED TO HELP

BIG GAME OF THE BIG BEND AT POINT OF EXTINCTION

Important to every man, woman and child that lives in the Big Bend District of Texas.

Senator Benjamin F. Berkeley of Alpine, Texas, will introduce a bill at the present session of the Legislature creating a zone covering the territory West of the Pecos River, in which the hunting season for deer shall be reduced to a period of ten days, instead of the present period of six weeks, and that the bag limit be reduced to one buck deer, instead of two, as the law now stands.

Unless we do something right now to prevent the wholesale slaughter of our black tail deer, or more properly speaking, our mule deer, by non-resident hunters who come in their automobiles by the hundreds and use the most improved high-powered guns, I dare say that in just a few years this fine game, like the Buffalo, will be but a memory.

If this change in the game law meets with your approval, won't you write to Senator Berkeley at Austin, endorsing his bill and let him know you stand ready to help him in any way you can. Write now. Don't delay! This is your country, these are your deer—will you stand idly by and see them exterminated, I think not. If you think we should have a five years closed season on these fine deer, say so in your letter. If you think a non-resident big game hunter should pay \$50.00 license, say so.

Yours for a better game law.

Capt. J. B. Gillett.
 (The above from Captain Gillett is indeed important. We should not stand idly by and see the last of the Big Game needlessly slaughtered.)

The other newspapers are requested to please publish this article.

FIRST HIGHLAND POULTRY SHOW WILL BE HELD IN ALPINE, TEX.

HIGHLAND HAS NEW INDUSTRY

U. S. BORDER PATROL INSPECTORS ON THE JOB

Border Patrol Inspectors Hord, Roberts and Cleveland, seized 15 cases of whisky last night on the Bankhead Highway about four miles west of Davis Mountain Filling Station. The man who was caught with the booze gave his name as Lee Satterwhite. He was using a Ford roadster that had a special built in floor board to transport the liquor.

Mr. Bruce of Davenport, Iowa is here to return a stolen Chrysler car, apprehended by Border Patrol Inspectors, Hunter and Fallis stationed at Marathon. Looks like these old boys are getting very much like the Northwest Mounted. The Aliens, Bootleggers and crooks are not putting much by them in this section.

CENTRAL POWER & LIGHT CO. TO REBUILD DISTRIBUTION SYSTEM OF ENTIRE CITY

C. R. Norman of the Central Power and Light Company announces that the rebuilding of the Company's Electric Distribution system will begin in a few weeks this will when completed give our town the class of service that Central Power and Light Company strives to render.

The reconstruction will include all lines to Army Camp and over the entire city.

This amount of work with other construction jobs going on in our city will make considerable changes in the year 1927.

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

JANUARY 19 AND 20, 1927.

PROGRAM

Wednesday, January 19

10:00 a. m.—Judging Begins.
 11:30 a. m.—"Poultry Housing," Prof. V. R. Glazener.

1:30 a. m.—Judging Resumed and Continued to Completion.

Thursday, January 20

10:00 a. m.—"Baby Chicks," Prof. F. W. Kazmeier.

11:00 a. m.—"Selection of Breeding and Laying Stock," Prof. V. R. Glazener.

1:30 p. m.—"Marketing Poultry Eggs," Prof. F. W. Kazmeier.

2:30 p. m.—Question Hour, conducted by County Agent R. S. Miller, Prof. V. R. Glazener and Prof. F. W. Kazmeier.

3:30 p. m.—"Poultry Pests," Prof. F. W. Kazmeier.

6:30 p. m.—Chamber of Commerce Luncheon

"The First Highland Show," Prof. V. R. Glazener.

"The Poultry Industry," Prof. F. W. Kazmeier.

We extend a Cordial Invitation to All the Highland People to Attend the Show.

R. S. Miller—Tri-County Agent, Presidio, Brewster, and Jeff Davis Counties, Texas.

E. T. MacDonald—Superintendent of the Show Marfa, Texas.

Mrs. C. A. Brown—President Highland Poultry Assn., Alpine, Texas.

Mrs. W. B. Hamilton—Sec'y Brewster County Chamber of Commerce; Treasurer Highland Poultry Assn., Alpine, Texas.

Dr. J. E. Wright—President of the Show, Alpine, Texas.

New shipment of Spring Hats at MILADY'S SHOPPE.

OPENS

January 15

A "Cash" Raising Sale.

THE SALE

CLOSES

January 22

A "Cash" Saving Sale.

\$18,000 Stock of Dry Goods, Shoes, Hats, Men's and boy's Suits offered at reduced prices for 1 Week.

1-2 Price on all Woolen Dress materials. Buy now for Fall.
 1-2 price on all Fern Bowls, Vases, Boudoir Lamps, Cut Glass, Berry Sets, Etc. Etc.

33 1-3 off on all Satins, Satin Crepes, Charmeuse

Short lots Ladies Slippers values to \$6.00 on table for \$2.95

COTTON GOODS

9-4 Pepperell Sheeting Bleach, Special for this sale 38c. yard

81x90 Pepperell Sheets 1.24 cents.

72x90 Pepperell Sheets \$1.18

36 inch Pepperell Tubing 23cts.

40 inch Pepperell Tubing 25cts.

40 inch Pequot Tubing, exceptionally good for hemstitching and fancy embroidering, priced at 32c. yard.

20% Reduction all Men's & Boy's Suits, Pants, Hats, Shoes, all Bradley Sweaters, Etc.



JUST ONE WEEK to buy of these prices.

MURPHY-WALKER COMPANY

CAP AND BELLS



MORE ACCURATE

"In your sermon you spoke of a baby, as a new wave on the ocean of life," remarked Mr. Younghusband.
"Quite so," replied the clergyman.
"A poetical figure of speech."
"Don't you think," suggested the harassed member of his flock, "that a fresh squall would hit the mark better?"—Ideas.

Following the Crowd

"What is your favorite poem?"
"The Iliad," answered Senator Sorghum.
"Have you read it all?"
"No. But I believe in following the crowd. And no other poem appears to stand so well in the opinions of highly respected people, warlike or otherwise."—Washington Star.

WANTED TO KNOW



She—How dare you ask me for a kiss. You hardly know me.
He—No. And I never will till I've kissed you.

Silent Drama

The motion picture gives the heart a thrill, disdaining clamor. The actor plays his speechless part And has no need of grammar.

Proper Training

"And how did you start in life?" asked the inquiring reporter of the courtionist.
"As a cheer leader," replied that gentleman, obligingly.

Convalescent

"How's Jones today?"
"He's better. His temperature was 102 and he chuckled because he was above par."

HOW SHE LEARNED



He—How'd you learn those steps so quickly?
She—My step-sister taught 'em to me.

To Taste

Lip sticks are flavored; after this You'll hear remarks like these: "Well, since you've asked me for a kiss, All right. What flavor, please?"

Deceptive

Mrs. Hyssop—Six children! It must be delightful to have such an old-fashioned family.
Mrs. Jessup—Yes, if we only were!

Pay Days

"Frank asked for a month off to get married."
"The boss wouldn't let him go, eh?"
"Yes, he said it was all right; he'd be back in a couple of weeks, anyhow."

Retrospective Thrift

Wife (as hubby comes in)—What in the world is Mr. Nixdore doing crawling all over his lawn?
Hub—He says he's looking for a lump of coal he threw at the cat.

Loading It!

Marjorie—You'd better not call any more, Jimmy. I'm afraid something is going to happen.
Jimmy—What?
Marjorie—Oh, nothing. Only I saw papa putting lead in his wooden leg last night.

They Seldom Do

Daughter—John and I are engaged, but it must be kept secret.
Father—Till when?
Daughter—Until John realizes it.

DAIRY

BIG ADVANTAGES OF FALL CALVES

There are a number of advantages in having dairy calves dropped in the fall. Cows which freshen in the fall usually produce more milk than cows which freshen at other seasons of the year. Heifers are usually bred so that they will come in milk at two years of age. If they are fall calves they will mature at the proper season. Calves which are to be raised on skim milk can be kept growing nicely during the winter and turned out on pasture without checking their growth. The disadvantages of feeding and care in winter are more than offset by the annoyance from flies and hot weather which are experienced by the spring calves. In addition there is usually more time available for giving the calves proper attention in the winter.

Clean pails for feeding and clean barns for housing are two important essentials in raising the calves. The calves will need to have a stall or lot where they can get plenty of sunshine. If the calves are confined to a dirty, dark stall they are apt to become unthrifty.

Calves should have their mothers' milk when they are started on feed. Whole milk should be continued for the first month and gradually shifted to skim milk. The calves should be given grain as soon as they will eat it. If a little cracked corn is placed in the bottom of the milk pails the calves will soon acquire a taste for it. The amount of milk and grain should always be limited. Better results are obtained if the calves are kept hungry.

An abundance of clean water should be accessible at all times or available at frequent intervals. Good hay should be provided. Many people favor mixed hay for calves as it is less apt to cause scours than alfalfa hay. However, good results can be had in feeding alfalfa hay if it is fed in limited quantities so that the calves will not gorge themselves. If any scours appear, the hay should be changed and special attention paid to cleanliness of both the stalls and milk pails. Sanitation, feeding and housing are the important details in raising fall calves successfully.

Dairyman Gains Much by Better Feeding Methods

That ground corn and ground oats make a dairy cow ration that is far superior to broken ear corn has been strikingly demonstrated in the case of one Knox county (Ill.) dairy herd, says C. S. Rhode, dairy extension specialist of the college of agriculture, University of Illinois, who has charge of the county dairy herd improvement associations in the state. The owner of this Knox county herd increased his profits \$27.74 during one month by changing from a feed of broken ear corn to one of ground corn and ground oats. Fred Shipley, tester in the county herd improvement association, reported. With the change in the ration came an increase in the average production of each cow for the month of 100 pounds of milk and 6.7 pounds of butterfat.

The ration was improved both by grinding the corn and by adding the ground oats, Rhode explained. The benefits of grinding in this case are in line with the results of experimental work and the experiences of practical dairymen, according to Rhode. Dairy cows are hard-working animals and they will give better results if such feeds as corn, oats and barley are given to them in the ground form, he added.

Twin Bulls Declared to Be Potent as Breeders

Will twin calves breed? This subject is often misunderstood. Twin bulls are as sure breeders as bulls of single birth and there is no reason to suspect failure to breed when a bull is twinned with another bull, says W. W. Swett of the Missouri College of Agriculture.

The same thing can be said of heifers that are twinned together. They are as sure to be breeders as any other heifers.

When a heifer and a bull are born together, the heifer is known as a free-martin. The bull, twinned with a heifer is as certain to be a breeder as a bull of single birth, but the free-martin heifer is almost sure to be sterile.

Only a very few free-martins have been known to breed, and the chances are very small that they will ever reproduce. As a rule it is not advisable to raise free-martin heifers as they usually result in failures and are worth no more than their beef value.

Effect of Big Storm

Dairymen who have kept milk records for a series of years well know the effect of a big storm on the producing herd. Invariably there is a severe shrink resulting from a cold, stormy winter period. To prevent this shrink requires some additional work on the part of the cow keeper. A herdsman who is able to prevent a shrink during a blizzard understands his business and deserves commendation, for he has proven that he is efficient in his work.

REVIVE GRACEFUL BELL SLEEVES; BOLERO TYPES FOR AFTERNOON

WE HAVE with us, under latest fashion, that once-upon-a-time favorite, the bell sleeve. It bids fair to repeat its former triumphs, for not only do our frocks attest to its revival, but also our coats both cloth and fur. The idea of the bell sleeve tunes in most harmoniously with today's trend toward feminizing the styles. There is something most charming in the frock which has graceful bell sleeves cunningly be-ruffled with contrasting material, to the depth of the

in regard to this subject. Throughout the styling of not only dresses but suits as well, the bolero is taken as a matter of fact. Designers are creating many versions in the name of bolero, some of which employ the all-around treatment, some with open backs, others much longer than those we have been accustomed to seeing.

Advance reports from abroad are to the effect that the bolero, which at present is playing so important a role in not only afternoon but evening



CHARMING FROCK WITH BELL SLEEVES

elbow. Many of the silk and crepe afternoon frocks are just that way.

This same row-and-row trimming is achieved for cloth coats by means of bandings of narrow fur. Others, both wraps and frocks, show elaborate embellishment of embroidery or applique design. While still other coats have bell sleeves void of trimming save perhaps a turn-back cuff.

If, however, one feels the urge to embellish and elaborate, the bell sleeve gives ample opportunity, in fact becomes inspirational in that direction. Handsomely is the decorative thought expressed in the development of the striking coat model in the picture. Throughout its design it reflects the

frocks as well, bids fair to be even more pronounced in the spring styles, especially in the fashioning of youthful cloth suits.

As a matter of immediate importance, the bolero is an outstanding item. It is the bolero idea which lends piquant style to the attractive emerald green velvet afternoon dress from Doucet, here pictured. A broad black velvet band forms the hemline. Gold effectively details the neckline of the underblouse and edges the pockets and cuffs.

It is most timely that these cunning little jacket effects be introduced into the scheme of dress design at this moment, for the trend of the mode is



BOLERO TYPE OF AFTERNOON FROCK

Russian influence, not only the entire silhouette but from the fact that it is embroidered in national colors and trimmed with fying squirrel.

Especially does the flowing sleeve take on exaggerated lines when it comes to the afternoon frocks of georgette which are at present so very fashionable. The charm of these dainty, colorful dresses is their lustrous draperies and the sleeve does its share in adding grace to the picture. Not only bell sleeves but anguwing sleeves are good style.

To have a bolero or not to have a bolero is not the question, for fashion leaves no doubt in the mind

decidedly toward elaboration, and the bolero always invites an intricate style accompaniment. In the underblouse which necessarily must be with every bolero, a wealth of opportunity is presented to smuggle in all sorts of frills and furberlows and ornate handwork. For instance, be it a velvet, satin or crepe frock, it is becoming for the bolero to open over a white satin bodice, heavily encrusted with all-over gold and silver embroidery. This underblouse could just as acceptably be made of gleaming metal cloth, of lace or of georgette handsomely tucked or plaited

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

HOW TO KEEP WELL

DR. FREDERICK R. GREEN
Editor of "HEALTH"

(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

GALLSTONES

OUTSIDE of infectious diseases, probably one of the commonest afflictions of the human body is gallstones. On account of civilized methods of living they are commoner than they were in primitive times. But that they are by no means a product of civilization is shown by the fact that they have repeatedly been found in Egyptian mummies as well as in the dried bodies of Peruvians, buried in dry sands thousands of years ago.

The gallbladder is a pear-shaped sack which lies on the surface of the liver in a cleft between the lobes. It is bound down to the liver by layers of peritoneum. Its pointed end is drawn out into a long tube, the cystic duct, which joins another tube from the liver, the hepatic duct, the two uniting to form the common duct, which empties into the small intestines just below the stomach.

If for any reason any part of the tube becomes stopped up, if the gallbladder itself becomes inflamed, then the bladder becomes swollen and distended and can be felt as a pear-shaped tender swelling just under the edge of the ribs on the right side.

Why stones so commonly form in the gallbladder has been hotly discussed. The bile, in some cases, is thick, almost tarlike and easily forms hard lumps if it has anything to form around. According to some authorities, germs from the blood, getting into the bladder, grow there on account of the favorable conditions found there and masses of these germs form a center around which a gallstone grows in layers.

These stones may be single or many. Sometimes at operation or autopsy, the gallbladder may feel like a boy's sack of marbles.

So long as they stay in the bladder they do little or any harm. But when one tries to pass out through the narrow duct, the trouble begins. The duct is stretched by the rough, hard stone. This causes gallstone colic, perhaps the most painful of all human ills. It lasts until the stone passes out into the bowel or drops back into the bladder.

If the stone works down into the common duct and dams off the liver, then the bile cannot escape but is taken up by the blood and the patient has yellow jaundice or "janders" as the public call it.

The only sure relief for either colic or jaundice is to open and drain the bladder and remove the stones.

ACNE

ONE of the bitterest sorrows that can afflict the boy or girl of the high-school age is a poor complexion. Probably more mental anguish has been caused by pimples on the face than by any other cause. And, sad to say, pimples or acne, as dermatologists call it, is more common from fourteen to eighteen than at any other time in life. It reaches its peak at eighteen, gradually fades away in the twenties and usually disappears by thirty. But by that time the girl is married and the boy has business worries, so that a muddy complexion is not the acute tragedy it is at eighteen.

In former days parents gave their children sulphur and molasses to "cool their blood," the eruption on the skin being supposed to be due to "impurities" in the blood, for which sarsaparilla was the sovereign remedy. But the real cause lies in the skin itself.

There are in the skin several different kinds of glands. The oil glands or sebaceous glands, as they are called, keep the skin soft and supple, by secreting oil, which is discharged on the skin through tiny oil ducts. Naturally, persons with a thick, oily skin or those who eat large quantities of fat-producing food produce the largest quantities of oil.

As long as these little oil ducts are kept open the oil flows out on the skin. This keeps the skin oily, as many a schoolgirl knows when she powders her nose to remove the shiny appearance. But if the oil is thick, and so tends to choke up the oil ducts, or if soot, dirt or powder unite to form a thick paste with the oil, then the ducts become stopped up and "blackheads" form. The oil forming behind these plugs cause the skin to swell and turn red and little pimples to form. Taking medicine internally is of no use. What is needed is external treatment which will open up the clogged ducts.

The best treatment is the good old-fashioned one of soap and water—soap to dissolve the oil in the plugs closing the ducts, water to wash away the oily dirt and to cleanse the skin. But the skin of the face is not made of hard wood. You can't scrub it like a floor. The skin must be cleanse! but not irritated.

Regular frequent washing of the face with a soft big wash cloth and a pure, mild soap and pure soft water, followed by floods of cold water to stimulate the skin, is the best treatment. A pure skin cream may help in dry, harsh skins, but generally persons with acne have too much oil in their skins already. Wash your face clean every night with plenty of warm water and your skin will soon take care of itself.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

MARY GRAHAM BONNER
WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION

WONDERFUL MOMENT

There were sometimes when Elinor thought she could hardly stand the happiness that she felt.



Opening Her Stocking.

Sometimes such a moment came when she least expected it, sometimes she looked forward to it, knowing it would come, but always, always when it did, it was more wonderful than she had thought it would be.

Now and again it was when she heard beautiful music and it seemed to carry her way up to the skies on its great majestic chords and singing melodies.

On Christmas morning it came when she was under the Christmas tree opening her stocking with the others all about, too, and everyone was smiling and so full of love for each other that it almost seemed as though she would cry for joy.

Then again she felt it when she was thinking of her brother or of her dearest friend and she felt a strange tight happiness around her heart.

Oh, these moments were unlike any other moments. They were more glowing, they were happier, they were deeper and they were so beautifully true, and yet she could never describe just how it was that she felt.

The feeling seemed to go beyond the words that she knew, beyond the thought she could express, beyond even the words that she thought she would ever know.

It was one evening very late and she had been lying awake thinking of all sorts of pleasant things when suddenly some one spoke to her.

The voice was a beautiful voice and it sounded to her like music.

She was not quite sure whether it was music she was hearing or just a voice that was very gentle, very beautiful, very musical.

"Yes!" she answered. "Yes, I'm here. Does any one want me? I'm Elinor."
And then, at the foot of her bed, there came a fairy dressed in a flowing robe of blue such as is the color of the sky on clear nights when the moon shines and the stars are all out.

On her head was a wreath made of stars and in the front of the starry wreath was a silver half-moon, delicately cut and carved.

On her feet she wore sandals made of moss and around her throat was a little thin silver chain from which hung a stone of the same color as her flowing robe.

"Oh, you lovely creature," Elinor cried. "Who can you be?"

"I," said the beautiful creature, "am known in Fairyland circles as the Wonderful Moment."

She smoothed her soft black hair which hung over her shoulders as she spoke.

"It was the greatest honor that could have been given to any one and I guard and prize it highly. You see I keep the Happy Moments in my safe, but my safe is never locked. Only no one can lift it open and seek a happy moment unless that person is sincere in what she feels.

"If she is pretending that she loves some one and doesn't she cannot open my safe and cannot secure the happy moment that is to be had when it suddenly comes over her how fond she is of a dear and glorious friend.

"The safe is very, very precious and the happy moments are precious, but the wonderful moments which seem so wonderful you can hardly stand them, when you hardly know how you feel because you feel so much and when you forget all, all about yourself and your own thoughts in your fondness for some one else, those are the moments I particularly guard."

"Oh," said Elinor, "I've had some of those moments from your safe. I've wondered where they came from and why I felt as I did."
But the beautiful creature had vanished again and Elinor was all alone, but how glad she was that her wonderful moments were guarded in the safe by her strange, interesting, mysterious, exquisite visitor!

He Was Wise

Professor—How would you define ignorance?

Pupil—Ignorance is when you don't know something and some one else finds it out.—Canadian Magazine.

Using Right Verb

Teacher—Use the right verb in this sentence, "The toast was drunk in silence."
Pupil—The toast was ate in silence.



"My Safe is Never Locked."

ANSWERING HER LOVE LETTERS

By ALBERT REEVES

(Copyright by W. G. Chapman.)

"DO YOU know why I like you, Miss Gray?" inquired Doris Dinsmere, seating herself in her friend's comfortable chair. "It's because you're so sensible."

"That's a mixed sort of compliment," answered Elizabeth Gray, laughing. "I think I know what you mean, though."

"I mean you're the sort of person to come to for advice," said Doris, patting her friend's hand coaxingly.

Elizabeth Gray and Doris Dinsmere had been school friends. Five years afterward they had met in New York, where Doris was studying art, at the expense of her well-to-do parents, while Elizabeth lived in a tiny flat and worked as a stenographer.

Miss Gray was the sort of a woman who would never be quite beautiful, as Doris was, but there was more in her head than had passed through Doris' flighty one in all her life.

"You are in love again," said Miss Gray calmly.

Doris nodded. "To Charlie Ross," she answered. "We're engaged."

Elizabeth was unable to repress a little sense of pain. It was she who had introduced Charlie to Doris. Charlie had been quickly infatuated with the empty-headed little girl, who represented all that was sacred in his eyes.

She thought with a pang how much he had begun to mean to her before he met Doris and ceased coming to her apartment. They had discussed things together; he had told her everything that was in his life, all his ideals. And he had been thrown off his balance by Doris, who had nothing but beauty and vivacity. She knew Doris would never make a good wife for Charlie. And the pity was that she could do nothing. Time must teach them.

"This is what I want you to do," said Doris. "He writes me the most beautiful love letters. And I—I don't know how to answer them."

"Just be natural, dear," said the older woman. "Don't try to say what you don't mean. Charlie will come to understand."

"But you don't understand," said Doris plaintively. "He thinks I am all sorts of things I am not. He thinks I am clever—and all that. Elizabeth—she used the word when she wanted to coax—'won't you write me a love letter to Charlie?'"

"My dear child!" faltered Miss Gray.

"Oh, you must," pleaded Doris. "Or else I shall lose him. You don't know how much he means to me, and all he thinks me which I am not. Please, please, Elizabeth."

"But he will know it is not you speaking in the letter, my dear," protested Elizabeth Gray.

"Please," repeated Doris, sobbing.

Doris was very winning when she meant to be. And so her friend capitulated and, conscience-stricken, sat down to indite a letter to Charlie Ross that should sound like Doris and yet be what Doris was not.

She wrote it from her own heart. She spoke of what love means to a woman, of all the things that she knew and Doris could never know. She poured out her heart in that letter, and in many others.

For the first letter brought back a reply that touched her vividly. It showed something in the man's nature, something idealistic which even Elizabeth Gray had never known existed in the man, something to which her heart responded as the steel to the magnet. And after that the descent was easy.

Letter after letter came to him from her pen. "You must not wonder," she wrote once, "that I seem so different to you when we meet from what I seem to be in my letters. It is very difficult for me to express myself face to face."

"Charlie is devoted," said Doris happily one day. "He thinks I write all those letters, and you know, Elizabeth, that they are incomprehensible to me."

Yes, there were many things that were incomprehensible to Doris. Elizabeth Gray began to see that more and more clearly as the weeks went by. But she was too far in the slough of deception now to be able to extricate herself. Passionate letters passed between them, and she poured out all her longing and all her love to this lover who, unknowing whence the letters came, could never be hers.

"He is so serious," pouted Doris one day. "And he talks of such heavy things! They make my head ache. And I have to pretend to understand—because of this silly plot. Why did you ever let me into it, Elizabeth?"

This was Elizabeth's thanks. She smiled; she could afford to smile, for she knew from Charlie's letters that she held his heart absolutely, although he never dreamed of it. But that night she prayed for his sake that he might not marry Doris.

The prayer seemed to be strangely answered. For the next week Doris came to her, after a longer interval than usual. She sat down at her feet and began patting her hand.

"What is it, Doris?" asked Elizabeth.

"I don't love Charlie," Doris burst

out. "It was all a mistake. I have found the man I love, and he loves me. So you will not have any more of those horrid letters to write. He isn't the sort of man who is above me. He is Frank Bewlett."

The actor?"

"Yes," answered Doris meekly.

"What will Charlie say?"

"I want you to write and tell him," answered Doris. "Promise me. You know, you got me into this trouble, Elizabeth, and you must get me out—you must!"

Elizabeth sat down that night with a heavy heart and wrote to Charlie. Doris was going home; she loved another; he must forget her and never write to her nor try to see her again. She did not sleep that night, and went to work with a heavy heart next day.

That evening Charlie called, and she was totally unprepared for it. He came in with a white face.

"I haven't been to see you since I met Doris," he said. "I can't forgive myself for neglecting an old friend in my happiness, as I supposed it to be. Do you know—know—?"

Elizabeth nodded. She could not manage to utter the trivial sympathy in her heart.

"Why did she do it?" he demanded. "We love each other. If you could have seen the letters she wrote me! They were not the letters of a foolish girl. There is something I can't understand in this. The man she thinks she loves now is—well, not the sort of man that girl would love."

He forgot himself in his despair. He paced the room. Suddenly he stopped before Elizabeth's desk, Elizabeth sprang up. He was looking at a half-finished letter she had been writing when he came in.

He turned and faced her. "What does this mean?" he asked, looking at the handwriting. "Doris has been here this evening. See, the ink is scarcely dry! She has been here, and she is here now."

"No, Charlie," said Elizabeth helplessly. "You don't understand. Our writing is very much alike."

"I have never seen her writing," he answered, with slow suspicion. "But I know that the writing of that letter is hers."

"It isn't, Charlie. I—"

"Then you wrote those letters at her dictation! She showed you my letters and dictated her answers to you. So they filtered through two persons—all those fine professions of love—and eternal loyalty!" he said bitterly.

Elizabeth did not know what to say. And she solved her problem in a woman's privileged way by sinking down into her chair and bursting into bitter tears.

She looked up at him. "Go, now, please!" she sobbed. "Yes, think anything you please. I wrote them for Doris, if you like. What does it matter, now that your trust has been betrayed by a heartless girl?"

He stood irresolutely in the doorway; then he came forward to where she sat, her head bowed on her arms, striving to still the sobs that rent her as she thought of the bitterness that had overtaken their two lives.

"It means a good deal," he said. "Did you—did you help her to compose those letters? And were some of those thoughts yours? Believe me, I see her in her true light now, and it seems to me incredible that she could ever have written to me as she did. The woman who wrote those letters was a woman of a soul far above Doris'—"

"Hush! Do not think unkindly of her," said Elizabeth softly, raising her streaming face. "It is all over now. She would never have understood what love means."

"You inspired them," he persisted, doggedly.

"I wrote them all, Charlie," said Elizabeth, rising and facing him. "She was afraid you would look down on her. She loved you in her way—remember that. She is only a child. She asked me to help her keep your love, and I wrote them."

He held her hands. "I thank God," he answered gravely. "That at least I can keep my faith in women."

And he was gone. But Elizabeth Gray's heart was singing. For she knew that he would come back, and that her love for him would find its reward—some day.

Over and Under

Professor Ripley of Harvard, whose criticisms have brought about a number of Wall Street reforms, believes in the higher education of women, and at a Cambridge reception he said the other day:

"The man who thinks a college-bred woman overeducated is usually undereducated himself."

"At a municipal meeting a city father declared:

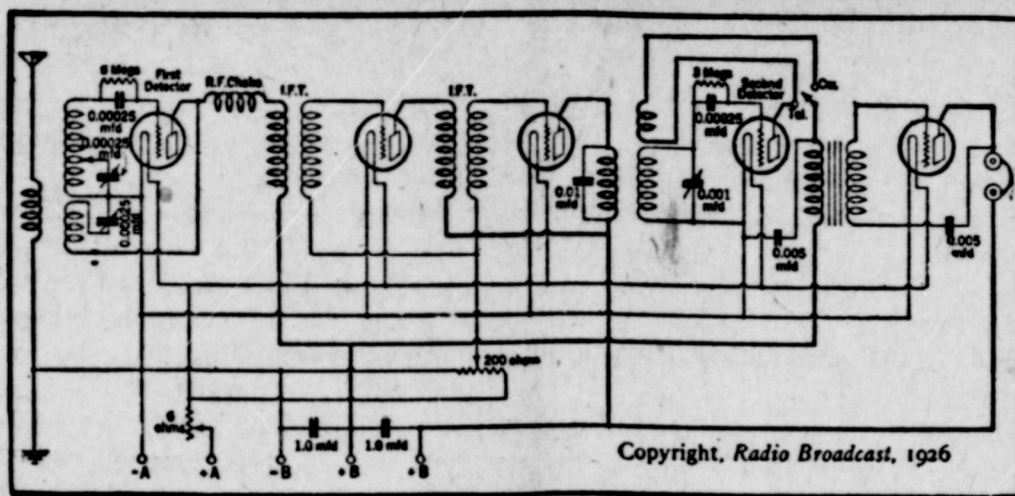
"You can always tell a woman who has had the advantage of the higher education."

"Aw, git out, what's eatin' ye?" said another city father. "Ye can't tell her nothin'. She knows it all."

Masonic Temple on a Rock

Members of the Masonic lodge in Woodbury, Conn., claim to have the most unusual lodge home in the world, a temple located down town in the main street, but the floor of the basement is 30 feet above the street level, being on a great rock, thrust out of the ground in some prehistoric upheaval and left there. The temple is lofty and imposing, resting on the top of the giant rock. There the Masons have met for work and study for more than four score years.—Ohio State Journal.

RADIO



A Short-Wave Superheterodyne.

Receivers used for the reception of short-wave signals generally make use of a regenerative detector followed by one or two stages of audio frequency amplification. In the majority of cases r. f. amplification is not resorted to, the reason being that the use of r. f. stages becomes very difficult for the high frequencies involved. In the Radio Broadcast Magazine, however, is described by George J. Eitz, Jr., a superheterodyne short-wave receiver, efficient, and easy to handle. This receiver was first tried out just a year ago and has since been developed to that stage where it may be duplicated by the average set constructor without fear of any snags cropping up. It employs two intermediate stages of r. f. amplification.

The superheterodyne used for the reception of short waves differs somewhat from that used for the reception of broadcasting, although, of course, the general theory is identical.

The superheterodyne method of reception consists of tuning to the incoming frequency, beating with it another frequency, and then amplifying and detecting the beat note. The actual signal listened to has in it none of the original frequency or the frequency which caused the beat note. In the reception of broadcast programs or other signals between 1,500 and 550 kc. (200 and 500 meters) the beat note selected is a frequency somewhere between 30 and 80 kilocycles. This relatively high frequency is selected to prevent the introduction of distortion by elimination of the side-band frequencies in the intermediate amplifier and filter.

Reception of Short Waves.
In the reception of short waves, particularly the reception of c. w., this element of distortion may be disregarded, and such has been the case in this receiver, the assumption being that most of the signals received will be c. w. The ordinary "super" used for broadcast reception has two tunings: first, the loop or antenna circuit; second, the oscillator circuit. This short-wave "super" has only one tuning arrangement, in which is combined both the tuning operations indicated above. This method of tuning was selected because of its simplicity and because it makes possible the construction of what is practically a single-control set.

The intermediate frequency chosen is 22 kilocycles which, while too low a frequency for good telephone reception, when simple tuned circuits are used, is satisfactory for c. w. or telegraph signals. The selection of this frequency necessitates detuning the set 22 kilocycles from the incoming signal, but at the frequencies corresponding to wave lengths of 100 meters or under, this detuning is of no importance in decreasing signal strength.

The reader will recognize the description above as applying to the "autodyne" or "selfheterodyne" type of "super." The beat note of 22 kc. is created in the same manner as in the broadcast set, but at a lower frequency. For the reception of short-wave telephone signals, the amplification and detection of the 22-ke. beat note is in the usual manner. When c. w. signals are to be received, another beat note must be created either by means of another oscillator tube or by a selfheterodyne beat note in the second detector tube. The latter method has been selected, a beat note of 1,000 cycles being chosen as the most satisfactory. This detuning of the second detector circuit, while it may appear to be inefficient because of the low intermediate frequency, is not so bad as it seems since the amplification in the intermediate circuit is very great and there is plenty of energy to spare.

Two Variable Condensers.
In the accompanying diagram two variable condensers are shown, but all the tuning is done with the one in the grid circuit. The condenser in the plate circuit must be set for each band of frequencies covered, for instance from 7,096 kc. to 6,993 kc. (40 to 45 meters), 6,993 kc. to 5,996 kc. (45 to 50 meters), etc. This setting is not critical, the only requirement is that the tube oscillate strongly, but not so violently that it blocks. The variable condenser across the secondary in the slitter circuit is not considered a major control.

The choke coil consists of 100 turns wound on a wooden form 1 inch in diameter and 2 inches long. A honeycomb or similar coil of 150 or 250 turns will also serve very nicely. The intermediate transformers must be capable of amplifying the rather low frequency of 22 kc. In this set, those manufactured by the General Radio company were used, but there are probably any number of others which will serve. The coils used in the antenna, grid, and plate circuits are

made by winding bare copper wire of No. 16 gauge over a form on which are placed four narrow strips of celluloid, equally spaced. The wire is spaced with string, and when completely wound, the string is removed and the wire cemented to the strips by means of liquid celluloid. The construction of this type of coil is familiar to anyone who has followed the development of the short-wave regenerative receiver.

The Coils.

The diameter of the coils is 3 inches for whatever frequency band the coil is designed to cover. In the Radio Broadcast article, details are given for making coils for the 40, 50, and 80 meter band. In the first detector circuit, for forty meters, the antenna coil has six turns; the grid coil, seven turns with tap at the fourth turn from the filament end, and the plate coil, three turns. The figures given for the coils are only approximately correct, as the method of wiring, mounting, etc., all affect the capacity of the coils and, in consequence, the number of turns required to cover a given frequency range.

Where the operator or constructor has a satisfactory regenerative receiver already in operation, there is no need to change, even though the circuit differs from the one shown. The only requirement is that the primary of the intermediate transformer be free of a capacity shunt greater than 0.00025 mfd.

The filter circuit, which precedes the second detector tube, is of special design. The primary coil consists of 414 turns of wire on a 1½ inch spool; the secondary, of 2,032 turns on a 2½ inch spool; the tickler, of 1,000 turns on a 1½ inch spool. No. 32 d. s. c. wire is employed. The spacing between these three coils should be varied until best results are obtained. It will be about 1 inch between tickler and secondary and 1½ inch between secondary and primary.

Auto Batteries Are Not Suited for Radio Tubes
Many people who use automobile starting batteries of the regular six-volt type to light the tubes in their radio sets notice that a charge does not seem to last long, and that the batteries are continually running down. They are especially puzzled because these batteries usually have a rated capacity of 100 ampere-hours, which should be sufficient to insure at least two weeks of service without charging.

The trouble is due to the fact that automobile batteries are not designed for radio use. They are constructed to supply a heavy rush of current for a short time, just to turn the engine over a few times before the magneto starts to work. Radio sets, however, require a small amount of current over a comparatively long period. When an automobile battery is employed for lighting the filaments of radio tubes the plates are not sufficiently worked, and the active chemical materials imbedded in the plates take on a state of stagnation, explains Radio News. The charge and discharge rate for an automobile battery is very high; decrease one or both and battery suffers in consequence.

The radio set owner is advised to purchase a storage battery having a capacity of 60 or 80 ampere-hours, these medium sizes being plenty big enough for even the largest receivers.

Insulated Wires Prove Best for the Aerials
Aerial wires may be either insulated or not. The only effect is upon the durability of the wires, and not upon the reception. Bare copper wire, No. 14, has been used extensively for amateur aerials. This is perfectly satisfactory when new, but as it soon becomes corroded from exposure to the weather, it is uneconomical in the long run. Phosphor bronze is sometimes used, but this has a rather high resistance. Many amateurs have been recently installing aerials made of the regular weather-proofed insulated wires used for long-distance power lines.

Selecting Tube Sockets
Tube sockets should be made of the best of insulation materials and the springs should be so constructed and of such material that proper contact will be maintained at all times with the tube prongs. These are important points.

Battery Voltage
The "A" battery should always be maintained above one-half full charge, while "B" and "C" batteries should be discarded when they drop to four-fifths their normal voltage.

Help Kidneys By Drinking More Water

Take Salts to Flush Kidneys and Help Neutralize Irritating Acids

Kidney and bladder irritations often result from acidity, says a noted authority. The kidneys help filter this acid from the blood and pass it on to the bladder, where it may remain to irritate and inflame, causing a burning, scalding sensation, or setting up an irritation at the neck of the bladder, obliging you to seek relief two or three times during the night. The sufferer is in constant dread; the water passes sometimes with a scalding sensation and is very profuse; again, there is difficulty in voiding it.

Bladder weakness, most folks call it because they can't control urination. While it is extremely annoying and sometimes very painful, this is often one of the most simple ailments to overcome. Begin drinking lots of soft water, also get about four ounces of Jad Salts from your pharmacist and take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast. Continue this for two or three days. This will help neutralize the acids in the system so they no longer are a source of irritation to the bladder and urinary organs, which then act normal again.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, and is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and is used by thousands of folks who are subject to urinary disorders caused by acid irritation. Jad Salts causes no bad effects whatever.

Here you have a pleasant, effervescent lithia-water drink which may quickly relieve your bladder irritation.

Remembering Kindness

Forget each kindness done to others but remember each kindness received. It is better to give than to receive, but it is best always to show appreciation. Gratitude marks a person properly disposed.—Grit.

"DANDELION BUTTER COLOR"
A harmless vegetable butter color used by millions for 50 years. Drug stores and general stores sell bottles of "Dandelion" for 35 cents.—Adv.

Had Seen Another
A little girl, aged four, was on a visit to a country residence. One evening she was taken to see the garden by moonlight.

"Oh, auntie," she said, "we have got a moon just like that in our garden."—Tit-Bits.

Cuticura for Pimply Faces.
To remove pimples and blackheads smear them with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Once clear keep your skin clear by using them for daily toilet purposes. Don't fail to include Cuticura Talcum. Advertisement.

Progress of Railroads
In one week in the year 1925 American railroads loaded and moved 1,124,436 cars of freight. During a week the year previous 1,112,345 freight cars were loaded and moved. During the record week 162,397 cars were in reserve.

Stop Croup in 15 Minutes
Croup usually comes suddenly—at midnight—without warning. Be prepared to open the dangerously clogged throat at once. Have on hand this physician's prescription which often brings relief in 15 minutes—no vomiting. Used in millions of homes for 35 years. The quickest known relief for Coughs, Colds and Whooping Cough. If you have children, get a bottle of this time-tried remedy—Dr. Drake's Gleasoon—from your druggist. Only 50c a bottle.—Adv.

Odd Characters, Husbands!
Mrs. Biggs—Husbands are certainly odd, aren't they?
Mrs. Diggs—Yes, indeed. Mine gets mad every holiday because I make him go out to enjoy life.

Today's Big Offer to All Who Have Stomach Agony
Read About This Generous Money Back Guarantee

When you have any trouble with your stomach such as gas, heaviness and distention, why fool with things which at best can only give relief. Why not get a medicine that will build up your upset, disordered stomach and make it so strong and vigorous that it will do its work without any help.

Such a medicine is Dare's Mentha Pepsin, a delightful elixir that is sold by your local dealer and druggists everywhere with the distinct understanding that if it doesn't greatly help you your money will be gladly returned. It has helped thousands—it will no doubt help you.

Babies cry most when they realize that they look like some of their relatives.

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC
STANDARD FOR 50 YEARS
Malaria-Chills and Fever-Dengue

Sure Relief

6 BELLANS Hot water Sure Relief

BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION 25c and 75c Pkgs. Sold Everywhere

Handiest thing in the house

EASES SORE THROAT

Take a little "Vaseline" Jelly several times a day and at bedtime. Tasteless and odorless. Soothes and heals. Will not upset you.

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO. (Consolidated) State Street New York

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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. PURE PETROLEUM JELLY

HART'S ALIMENTARY ELIXIR

A Perfect Food And a Gentle Yet Forceful Tonic

Has enjoyed the confidence of the medical profession for over 88 years.

E. J. Hart & Co., Ltd., New Orleans

MEN OVER 18 wanting permanent United States mail positions, \$15 to \$25 monthly, write for free particulars, JAMES COLEMAN, 1904 Spain, New Orleans, La.

DEALERS WANTED, all or part time, to sell "Dinking" Oil Burners and Oil Heaters. Burners for Ranges, Heaters, Furnaces, etc. Will successfully burn a low grade oil, crank-case drainings. Thousands in use. All Burners guaranteed. Experience unnecessary. Big money to hunters. Write Johnson Oil Burner Mfg. Co., Muncie, Ind.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair Falling
Restores Color and
Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
40c and \$1.00 at Druggists,
Hilco Chem. Works, Patuxent, N. Y.

HINDERCORNS Removes Corns, Calluses, etc. stops all pain, ensures comfort to the feet, makes walking easy. Use by mail or at Druggists. Hilco Chemical Works, Patuxent, N. Y.

Enjoy **GOOD HEALTH**

Safeguard your Children

Nature's Remedy

NR TABLETS—NR

Keep the family well and happy, free from constipation. A SAFE, DEPENDABLE LAXATIVE

Swans by the Thousands
Because of a ban on hunting swans in the past ten years, there are more than fifteen thousand swans in waters along the coast of Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina.—Missouri Game and Fish News.

A torpid liver prevents proper food assimilation. Tone up your liver with Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, 375 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

Not Exactly
Customer—I'd like to see the cashier of the bank about buying some bonds. He isn't out of bonds, do you suppose?
Teller—No sir, he's out on bond.

When You Catch Cold Rub On Musterole

Musterole is easy to apply and works right away. It may prevent a cold from turning into "flu" or pneumonia. It does all the good work of grandma's mustard plaster.

Musterole is a clean, white ointment, made of oil of mustard and other home simples. It is recommended by many doctors and nurses. Try Musterole for sore throat, cold on the chest, rheumatism, lumbago, pleurisy, stiff neck, bronchitis, asthma, neuralgia, congestion, pains and aches of the back and joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet—colds of all sorts.

To Mothers: Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

Jare & Tube

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WILL NOT BLISTER

Better than a mustard plaster

A Fine Tonic. Builds You Up

Prevents and Relieves Malaria-Chills and Fever-Dengue

THE NEW ERA

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE NEW ERA PRINTING COMPANY

M. M. KILPATRICK Publisher
 Mrs. WINNIE B. KILPATRICK Manager-Editor
 MARFA, (PRESIDIO COUNTY) TEXAS
 The Newspaper That Covers The Big Bend, And Then Some. 500 Cir.

Oldest Newspaper Published in Big Bend Country. Now in 41st year. Devoted to the upbuilding of Marfa, and Presidio County and all of Marfa's Territory, and the dissemination of local and State News. Should any statement reflection on the character of any person or persons appear in these columns, please report it, in order that correction may be made.

Advertising Rates upon request. Four Issues constitute a Month. All Advertising Charged for Until Ordered out. Obituaries, Cards of Thanks, etc., at Regular Rates.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, Year \$2.00
 Entered as second-class matter at the Postoffice in Marfa, Texas, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

The average Marfa man wouldn't complain about his wife wearing her skirts a little shorter if she'd make her dresses wear a little longer.

A bachelor may feel more lonely than a married man at Christmas but he knows that when he receives a present he won't have to pay for it.

Modesty is a great thing if you don't care whether or not you get credit for what you do.

A Chicago paper says gunners there seldom hit bystanders. Maybe there isn't as much bystanding as there used to be.

Now that she is suing him for divorce we take it for granted that Charlie Chaplin's wife considers him a bad actor.

Why is it that the average Marfa citizen notices changes in the weather most when they are worst?

She may be given to bragging, but you never heard a Marfa woman who got a dollar broom for 98c refer to it as a "sweeping reduction."

Since the airplane came a lot of towns are agitating for a landing field instead of a new railroad depot.

The Greatest Need

At a recent meeting of the American Farm Bureau Association a prominent speaker departed from the schedule long enough to tell his hearers just what the average town needs. He said he was reared on a farm, and spent his entire life on it and in a town of 1,200 people three miles distant. So it is evident that he knows the needs of the average town.

He asserted that the average town's greatest handicap is the gossip. Poor roads may lead to it, its school may be lagging and its church attendance may drag; it may not have sufficient fire protection, and be without water or electric lights, but it can still be a satisfactory town in which to live, he said. But even though it has the best of roads leading to it, good streets, schools and churches, adequate fire protection and water and lights, it is handicapped so long as there is even one resident of it, man or woman, with a poisoned tongue. "People live in constant dread of gossip," he said, "because the truth when told by a gossip can do about as much injury as a lie."

We endorse the gentleman's remarks, and we believe practically every citizen of Marfa will admit that nothing so retards the progress and general happiness of a community as gossip. But while on the subject we do wish one thing. We may not be in need of a remedy here at the present time, but we do wish the speaker had explained how to get rid of a gossip before he or she has succeeded in doing any damage.

Express Your Views.

Whether they realize it or not, a good many people around Marfa often express views on matters of local interest that deserve wider consideration than they usually get. Everyone has their ideas about certain needed improvements in both town and county. Yet the average man cannot interest others in his views because he does not come in direct contact with enough people. We want to state once more that we are only too glad to have our read-

ers air their views on community welfare through our columns. Of course we do not want letters dealing in sarcasm or personalities. But there are many improvements badly needed hereabouts, and many of them could be secured through a little agitation. If you have a pet project or suggestion you would like to see carried out by the public of this community, write it out and send it in for publication. Then others will express their views on the subject, and you'll soon have things moving. Remember that this is your paper, because it is printed in your interest and in the interest of your community. Its columns are open to you—send in your communications. If you are bashful you need not have us sign your name and we won't unless you say so. We will devote as much space as will be necessary.

In this issue we are publishing the program of the first Highland Poultry show. This exhibition with the lectures of Prof. F. W. Kazmier and Prof. Glazner, will undoubtedly prove both interesting and highly beneficial not only to the poultry raisers but to the public in general. Marfa people should try to attend this show and help make it a great success.

MARFA STATE BANK ELECTS DIRECTORS For 1927

On Monday at the Annual election of the Marfa State Bank for Directors 1927, the following were selected: T. M. Wilson, T. C. Mitchell, Ben S. Avant, J. W. Howell and C. E. Mead. The Directors elected the following officers: T. M. Wilson, President; T. C. Mitchell, Vice-President; Ben S. Avant, Cashier; and Forest Jordan, Asst. Cashier.

THE MARFA NATIONAL BANK ELECTS DIRECTORS

Thursday at the annual meeting of the Marfa National Bank, the Directors for 1927 were elected as follows: J. B. Gillett, W. P. Fischer, W. H. Cleveland, J. C. Fuller, L. C. Brite, and T. C. Crosson.

The Directors elected the following officers: M. D. Bounds, President; Thos. C. Crosson, Vice-President; L. C. Brite, Vice-President; R. L. Stevenson, Cashier; F. W. Barton, Asst. Cashier.

H. O. METCALFE TO SPEAK

H. O. Metcalfe of the firm of Mead and Metcalfe, attorneys in our city, has been selected as the principle speaker at the Luncheon to be given by the West Texas Chamber of Commerce at Stamford on Jan. 25. Without question Mr. Metcalfe will do credit not only to himself as a speaker, but will also advertise our city as the home of a cultured orator.

BIDS FOR COUNTY DEPOSITORY

Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to Article 2,440 Civil Statutes of the State of Texas, at the February term of the County Commissioner's Court of Presidio County, Texas, to be held at the County Court House Feb. 14, 1927, bids for County Depository for Presidio County will be accepted and awarded to the Corporation or Individual entitled to qualify offering to pay the highest interest on the daily deposits of funds of Presidio County. W. T. DAVIS County Judge.

TREES and VINES—I am now ordering many fruit and Shade trees, and vines at regular Catalogue Prices for customers. I would be glad to order for you. J. R. JACOBS, Hillside Garden.

CHRIST FOR ALL—ALL FOR CHRIST
The Word of God
 BIBLE THOUGHT AND PRAYER
 If parents will have their children memorize a Bible selection each week, it will prove a priceless heritage to them in after years.

GODS WONDERFUL LOVE:—For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. —John 3:16.

PRAYER:—O Love of God, how strong and true Eternal and yet ever new; Uncomprehended and unbought, Beyond all knowledge and all thought.

"We read Thee best in Him who came, To hear for us across and shame; Sent by the Father from on high, Our life to live, our death to die."

What is the promise if we stay with the Lord?
 Answer, read—2 Chron. 15:2,7.

WORDS OF APPRECIATION

Austin, Texas, January 7, 1927.
To Chairman of Local Committee: Many thanks for the report of the Seal sale in Presidio County. I also want to acknowledge the receipts of check amounting to \$62.62. Not enough reports have been received to make any definite estimate of the Seal Sale. However, I feel confident that it will equal that of 1925 and that our work will go forward uninterrupted. The success of the sale is due to the splendid assistance given us by our local chairman, Mrs. R. S. McCracken for which help the Association highly appreciate. If we may be of any assistance in promoting health work in your community, please feel free to call on us. Wishing every one a very prosperous and Healthy New Year. Very cordially ours, L. E. BRAY, Director Field Service.

PARENT-TEACHERS ASS'N

Something more than twenty members attended the monthly meeting of the P.T.A. Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Gregg reported nearly fifty books added to the library through the assistance of the P.T.A. The treasurer reported a fair sum remaining after these books were paid for. The president spoke hopefully of the outlook for the New Year. The Association then discussed plans for providing food for the banquet to be given by the Chamber of Commerce, should the C. of C. see fit to allow us that privilege.

MARFA HISTORY CLUB

Mrs. Lee Glascock will be hostess to the Marfa History Club, January 25.
Roll Call: Quotations from English and American Statesmen of Revolutionary times.
Leader: Mrs. Arthur Poillon.
Lesson Topic: Foreign Origins of the American Revolution.

ALMANAC PREDICTED FLORIDA HURRICANES

It may not be generally known, but it is a fact that both of the recent Florida storms, namely, that of September 17th and that of October 19th, were predicted by Professor DeVoe in the 1926 Edition of the Ladies Birthday Almanac, published by the Chattanooga Medicine Co., of Chattanooga, Tenn.

Mr. and Mrs. Mueller left Tuesday for San Antonio for a short time.

Try a pair of service weight chifon hose all silk, \$2.00. You'll come back for more.

MILADY'S SHOPPE.

CHURCHES
BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES

The week of Prayer programs were well attended and well rendered this week.

Sunday evening the B.Y.P.U. will have charge of the song service. We look forward to a pleasant time, with so many young people taking part. The Union is finding the annex well adapted to their work.

Superintendent and Mrs. Curl were in Carlsbad, New Mexico last Sunday. Brother Curl will be at his post with his usual enthusiasm next Sunday morning. Mr. Blackwell and Mrs. Marsh were two teachers kept away by sickness.

Reports from the Conquest Campaign now being conducted to pay off indebtedness on Baptist Institutions in Texas are encouraging. The brethren conducting Rallies over the state are being assured that Baptists everywhere are determined to pay off these obligations.

B.Y.P.U. PROGRAM, Jan. 16, 1927

Study of the life of J. Hudson Taylor.
 Prayer.
 Song: Sweet Hour of Prayer.
 Bible Lesson: Psm., 121.
 Talks.
 The Man Who Dares—Roselle Riden
 The Growth of Taylor—Hayden Covington.
 Taylors Life Before 1865—Samuel Marsh.
 Testing His Call—Henry Schutze.
 Experiences in Shanghai—Jack Teas
 Dared Physical Perils—Theodore Knight.
 Birth of China Inland Mission—Eva Dowe.
 Workers who went in answer to Prayer—Trice Davis.
 Taylors Last Years—Annie McCracken.
 Song: Give of the best to the Master
 Benediction.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH NOTES

All regular church services will be observed tomorrow as usual. All members are urged to be present. The public is most cordially invited to come and worship with us.
 M. A. Buhler, Pastor.

CARD OF THANKS

Mrs. L. D. Bunton, daughter and family, wish to express their heart felt thanks to all their friends for their sympathy, and their kindness expressed in so many ways, during the illness and at the death of that beloved member of their family, little Jimmie Gillespie.

KNOW TEXAS

Texas produces about \$9,000,000 worth of cement a year.

Clay products, brick and pottery produced in Texas are worth more than \$6,000,000 a year.

The gypsum output of Texas amounts to approximately \$4,000,000 a year.

Graphite, quicksilver, salt sulphur and silver produced in Texas bring \$7,000,000 a year.

The sand and gravel produced in Texas every year is worth \$3,500,000.

 JOHN W. BROWN
 Physician and Surgeon
 Office Next To Carl's Drug Store

PEERLESS FENCE

Better than ever—In fact Best on Earth. Prices cheaper than the cheapest. Quality better than the Best. Service quicker than the quickest. Terms to suit anyone.

Our Memphis Factory has been practically turned over to fill my orders first. I sold nearly a quarter million dollars worth last year and expect to sell a million this year. I have arranged exceptional terms to responsible people, and am prepared to finance your fence problems.

WRITE ME — PHONE ME — COME TO SEE ME and let me figure on your fence bill anywhere in America.

C. W. INNES, State Agent
 San Angelo, Texas

Dr. Monroe Slack, O. D.

Graduate Philadelphia Optical College

WE HAVE GRINDING PLANT Lenses Duplicated (GUARANTEE PERFECT SATISFACTION)

Slack and Jones, MARFA, TEXAS

Phone No. 201

Full Line of Electrical Supplies

COMPLETE STOCK OF MAZDA GLOBES

110 Volts - 32 Volts
 ALL SIZES.
 BIG STOCK OF RADIO BATTERIES.

Repair work and Wiring SOLICITED

COFFIELD ELECTRIC SHOP, Marfa . . . Texas

Marfa Manufacturing Co.

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SAMSON WINDMILLS
 ECLIPSE WINDMILLS
 GASOLINE ENGINES
 PIPES AND WELL CASINGS
 PIPE FITTINGS AND VALVES
 CYLINDER AND SUCKER RODS
 PUMP JACKS
 AUTOMOBILE CASINGS AND TUBES
 AUTOMOBILE ACCESSORIES
 GASOLINE AND OILS
 TRUCK TIRES
 FILLING STATION.

BLACKSMITH, MACHINE SHOP AND GARAGE
 MARFA — — — — Phone 83 — — — — TEXAS

Edwin Moss Williams of Presidio, Editor of the Border Times, was in Marfa Thursday. He says that the first issue of the Times will be out this month. The New Era welcomes Mr. Williams to our County and wishes for him every success in his new enterprise.

D. S. Barker and family left Saturday for Alpine, where in the future they will make their home. Mr. Barker had for the past 22 years been sheriff of Pecos County, but was in the last election defeated by W. P. Rooney.

—Fort Stockton Pioneer.

Judge J. W. Merrill of Jeff Davis County was in the City Tuesday.

Martin Clark of Shafter was a visitor to our city Thursday.

USE THE TELEPHONE

You will be able to arrange and close that business deal more quickly in this way.

BELL TELEPHONE Connection.

GET IN CLOSER TOUCH WITH YOUR FRIENDS

Pecos and Rio Grande Telephone Co. MARFA, TEXAS

Locals and Personals

Mrs. Henry Coffield is on the sick list this week.

Mrs. Albert Griffith, Mrs. R. L. Stevenson and brother Mr. Wm. McDaniels received the sad news Sunday morning of the death of their mother and left that afternoon for Floresville.

New Spring Dresses in flat crepe and georgette are coming in every few days at

MILADY'S SHOPPE.

Mrs. Wm. McDaniels is here from her ranch in Pinto Canyon visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Wilson.

Lieut. Col. and Mrs. A. Poillon of Camp Marfa are entertaining on Jan. 20th, in honor of Col. and Mrs. Babcock.

The little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Fischer is improving from a recent illness. Mrs. Fischer's mother Mrs. Head of San Antonio is here with her.

FOR FRESH—Yard Eggs. Phone 91.

Frank Gotholdt, wife and baby, and Royce Gotholdt returned to Marfa New Year Day after a visit with Messrs. Gotholdt's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Gotholdt, of Jackson St. —Fort Stockton Pioneer.

Camp Marfa's Polo team will leave here on the 14th of February to compete for honors at Fort Sam Houston.

Miss Lottie Nell Pettus of San Antonio is visiting with friends, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Fischer and Lieut. Darling and wife.

Miss Ruth Muir and brother R. H. Muir of San Antonio are the guests of Lieut. and Mrs. Darling of Camp Marfa.

Mrs. G. C. Robinson visited in El Paso a few days this week.

Inspector Miles Scannel of the Border Patrol has been transferred to Marfa from Marathon. Mrs. Scannel has joined her husband here. Some years ago, when a lad, Mr. Scannel lived in Marfa with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Scannel. We are glad to welcome back to Marfa, Miles and his wife.

Everybody has been asking "When can we have DUCO to brush on at home" we have it now.

G. C. ROBINSON LBR. CO.

W. P. Fischer will leave here next week to attend the Western Stock Show that meets in Denver, Colo. While there he will purchase bulls from the famous herds, for his large ranch in Presidio County.

LOCAL CHRYSLER DEALERS

The Jones Motor Co., successors to the Kokernot Motor Co., dealers in the celebrated Chrysler cars, has been placed in charge of H. M. Fennell, Homer Colquitt formerly with the Casner Motor Co., and J. R. Walker will be in charge of the Sales Department.

These gentlemen need no introduction, its just a question of old timers coming home. Mr. Fennell and wife and daughters made their home here for a number of years. Mr. Fennell held a responsible position with the Marfa National Bank. The New Era joins their host of friends in extending a welcoming hand to these splendid citizens. Mr. Colquitt knows that our city can not be surpassed, and he with his good family are our honored citizens. Mr. J. R. Walker was here with us during the World War and was connected with the Quartermaster Corps. We are glad to have Mr. Walker with us again.

TO OUR PATRONS

Courteous Service. We wish to call the attention of electrical users to the rule of the Company requiring monthly service accounts to be paid by the 20th of the month. We do not wish to work a hardship on any patron, and would dislike, exceedingly, to cut off service for non-payment of a service bill, but we cannot operate our plant at its greatest efficiency without the money to pay our cash accounts. There are but a few who are in the habit of delaying payment beyond the specified limit, and we will very greatly appreciate their future cooperation by paying their bills more promptly so we can maintain the efficient service we desire to give our patrons. Sincerely,
Central Power & Light Co.

Mrs. Killough has been on the sick list this week.

J. F. Miles of Alpine was in our City yesterday with a truck load of fine apples.

F. W. Webb of Alpine is here assisting in the National Bank in the absence of Mr. Frank Barton.

Lovely Milanese Jersey and Trico Suede. Extra Quality at only \$2.00 and \$2.75 at

MILADY'S SHOPPE.

Mrs. Hans Briam and son, Willie V., left Sunday for their home in Marfa, after a visit with Mrs. Briam's sister, Mrs. H. L. Winfield.

—Fort Stockton Pioneer. Unlike anything else it is "DUCO" the beautiful enduring finish for every thing in the home.

G. C. ROBINSON LBR. CO.

Firestone TIRES & TUBES

Not the BEST in the World But as GOOD as any made

And better than most Tires

AT A PRICE THAT WILL GIVE THE MOST MILES FOR A DOLLAR.

AT

J. B. Davis Filling Station

MARFA, TEXAS

OPERA HOUSE MOVIES

We show the best Pictures on the Market, OUR PRICES ARE RIGHT. The following Program is for the Week of January 17th:

Monday and Tuesday
Marion Cooper and Margaret Harrison in
"GRASS"
(A Paramount.)

Wednesday
Evelyn Dress in
"Three Wise Crooks"
F. B. O.

Thursday and Friday
Anna Q. Wilson and Lionel Barrymore in
"The Splendid Road"
(A First National)

Saturday
Laura La Plante in
"The Big Night"

Show starts immediately at 7 P. M.

Headache dizziness

I HAVE headache once in a while, usually coming from constipation or torpid liver," says Mr. L. A. Morphis, of Pottsville, Ark., "and the very best remedy I have found to correct this condition is Thedford's Black-Draught. It acts quickly and easily, and it just can't be beat.

"Black-Draught is the very best laxative I have found. I always feel so much better after taking it. My wife takes Black-Draught, too. For dizziness, costiveness and any little stomach disorder, we find it most satisfactory, and consider Black-Draught a family medicine."

Constipation, with an inactive liver, locks up poisons in the body and allows them to do their dangerous work. Being purely vegetable and containing no harmful drugs, Black-Draught acts gently, helping the system get rid of impurities and preventing serious sickness. Get a package today. Sold everywhere. 25 cents.

Thedford's BLACK-DRAUGHT LIVER MEDICINE

Mead & Metcalfe

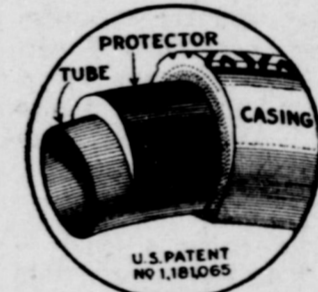
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

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



W. P. Murphy

Agent.

Marfa, Texas

CHRYSLER

"50--60--70--Imperial 80"

The Car for Everybody.

When the public takes hold of a product like the CHRYSLER and in only three year's time lifts it over the heads of twenty-three other long established Cars—from twenty-seventh place to FOURTH in volume of industry—it can only mean, of course, that the public has found in the CHRYSLER qualities and values they did not find elsewhere. Ask the satisfied CHRYSLER owners, then call on us for a demonstration.

JONES MOTOR COMPANY,
COLQUITT BUILDING, MARFA, TEXAS.

SALESMEN in Alpine, Valentine, Sanderson, Marathon, and Ft. Stockton

MARFA REBEKAH LODGE HOLDS IMPORTANT MEETING

The Rebekah Lodge met last night in regular session, at the I.O.O.F. Hall and elected their officers for 1927 as follows:

Mrs. Bertha Settle, Noble Grand; Mrs. Kate Jordan, Vice-Grand; Mrs. Ida Lee Jordan, Secretary; Mrs. Charlie Bishop, Treasurer; Mrs. Millicent Williams, District Deputy.

The Lodge was happy to initiate Mrs. A. S. Carver. At the close of the session delicious refreshments were served by Mrs. Thompson MacDonald, Mrs. M. E. MacDonald and Mrs. G. N. Logan.

Capt. Gooch of the Quartermaster Corps and mother made a trip to El Paso this week.

Mr. J. R. Walker moved last week to Marfa from Fort Davis. While there his family were stopping with Mrs. Walker's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Jones.

FOR RENT—Nice 3 room apartment, Modern. —Phone 91.

Barry Scobee of Ft. Davis was a visitor to Marfa Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Williams were in Marfa from Fort Davis on a shopping tour Thursday.

J. E. Casner and wife, E. V. Casner and wife of Alpine visited here Sunday.

Mr. Clarence Hord and wife of Alpine were in our city last Saturday.

Mr. Lane of the Buick Motor Company of El Paso was here Wednesday on business.

J. W. Howell spent several days in El Paso this week, returning Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clay Mitchell and little daughter visited in El Paso this week.

R. N. Everett of Valentine was a visitor to Marfa Thursday. He reports his country in fine shape. The Means well near his ranch is now down about 1,000 feet.

Mr. and Mrs. Dewey Tom and children returned from Corpus Christi, Sunday. Having been called there by the illness and death of their father Capt. E. M. Tom.

TEXAS HOTEL UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

With the New Year comes the change in the management of the Texas Hotel, the lease of Paul Doran having expired. Phil M. Rooney of Fort Stockton, one of the owners of the building, has taken charge. Mr. Rooney has not only thereby become a bona fide citizen of Big Lake, but has brought with him his most estimable family.

Mr. Rooney is a public spirited man and of one of the oldest and most beloved families in Pecos county. He will run the Texas Hotel in a manner which will satisfy the public and draw trade.

—Big Lake Wildcat.

Mr. Rooney before moving to Big Lake was the Manager of the Telephone Co., at Marfa and by his efficient business methods and his courteous treatment of the patrons of the company was a most popular and successful manager. Without a doubt he will prove a most worthy addition to the citizenship of the oil city.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Rawls are home again, after a pleasant visit with relatives in San Antonio.

Miss Elizabeth Fennell left the first of the month to teach the Ruidosa school.

Mr. and Mrs. Clay Slack of Presidio were in Marfa Tuesday and Wednesday on business.

Judge W. H. Lipscomb recently of Fort Worth has moved to Marfa and formed a partnership with J. C. Fuller. Judge Lipscomb is a fine gentleman and a splendid lawyer. The New Era welcomes him to the citizenship of Marfa and Presidio County.

Mr. A. M. McCabe returned from a business trip to El Paso the first of the week. Since returning has been suffering from an attack of Flu.

THE LOCKLEY'S

MARFA'S SERVICE SHOP AND STORE

SERVICE DEPARTMENT
Watch and Jewelry Repairing
Plain and Fancy Engraving
Jewelry Manufacturing, Diamond Setting
Dressmaking and Alterations
Hemstitching, Picotting

SALES DEPARTMENT
Complete Stock Jewelry, Diamonds, etc.
Season's Latest in Millinery
A Good Stock of Ladies' Ready-to-Wear
A Radio Department; Machines and Accessories.

THE LOCKLEY'S

MARFA LODGE Number 596



A. F. & A. M.

Meets second Thursday evening in each month.

Visiting brethren are cordially invited to be present.

John MacDonald, W. M.
N. A. Arnold, Secretary

Marfa Rebekah Lodge no 432

Meets 2nd and 4th Friday at 8:30 P. M.

Oddfellows Hall

Miss Blanch Avant, N. G.

Mrs. Ida Lee Jordan, Sec.



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.
Gotholt 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.

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.
J. H. FORTNER N. G.

E. F. NICCOLLS, Secretary.

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.

Hans Briam

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

WANTED—A Baby Buggy, will buy if the price is reasonable. Phone 299, ask for Rivera.

SEA UNLIMITED SOURCE OF POWER

Possibilities of Using It Described in Paris.

Paris.—The sea is an unlimited source of motor power, which can be obtained at a minimum cost, Prof. Georges Claude, one of France's leading natural scientists, told the Academy of Science. Professor Claude, who is the inventor of synthetic ammonia, exhibited a generator which he had constructed to get power from the sea.

The method on which Professor Claude and his associate, Professor Bouchérot, are at work involves the utilization of the difference in temperature existing between the always lukewarm surface waters of tropic seas and the deeper waters, which are always kept very cold by intensive currents coming from the polar regions.

The natural scientist showed that steam emanating from the process of boiling surface water, although its pressure was only .03 atmospheres, could feed steam turbines when it was sucked up by a vacuum which the colder water from the depths of the ocean could maintain in the condenser. He claims that the power derived from the surface water would equal that which water falling 100 meters could produce and that such power could be derived from the sea in unlimited quantities at the rate of 400,000 kilowatts for each 1,000 cubic meters of hot or cold water per second.

The installation of turbines to generate this power would not, Professor Claude asserted, cost more than the installation of those generating from even the most favored waterfalls in the world and would by virtue of torrents of icy water brought from the depths create a cooling force with which effectively to combat the stifling heat and intense humidity of tropical regions. He hoped that the discovery could soon be put to use for the development of France's tropical colonies.

Bobbed-Haired Bandit

Cured by Five-Year Term

Birmingham, Ala.—Gladys Hopper, Alabama's only bobbed-haired bandit, has been granted a parole from state prison by Gov. W. W. Brandon, after she has served since March 13, 1920.

She was given ten years in the state penitentiary of Alabama after pleading guilty to sticking up M. F. Jones and Lee Raach on a dark street in Florence, Ala., and relieving both men of their watches and a few dollars in cash.

Miss Hopper is a remarkably pretty girl, about twenty years of age. Under Alabama law highway robbery may be punishable by death, life imprisonment or a less number of years in the state penitentiary. It was claimed at the time of this young woman's trial that her beauty influenced the verdict of the jury, hence she received but ten years.

"This was my first attempt at highway robbery and it will be my last," said this fascinating young miss. "It is as easy as falling off a log, however, to take a gun and go out and hold one or two men up and roll them. But over five years in the Alabama state penitentiary is enough for me. It cured me of the desire to go out and make men stick 'em up. I expect to get me a job at honest work and go straight the rest of my life. Reading cheap detective stories was the cause of my downfall."

It Worked

San Antonio, Texas.—The latest wrinkle in jury service evasion worked like a charm in a case here. "What's your profession?" one of the attorneys asked a salesman. "I'm a boot-legger." "Dismissed," ruled the judge.

Heiress Goes to Work

Philadelphia.—Miss Elinor Dorrance, eighteen-year-old heiress, is punching the time clock at 8:30 a. m. for her father's company, which makes soups. Tired of social life, she wants a business career.

New Gold Remedy for Tuberculosis

London.—Preliminary announcements of a new gold treatment for tuberculosis have reached this country from Berlin.

Prof. Erich Leschke of the medical faculty of the University of Berlin, has been working with a new gold compound called triphal, according to the German correspondent of the medical journal Lancet. Injections of one-quarter of a grain of the new compound are administered every four days to patients in various stages of the disease, and it has also been used before performing the operation known as pneumothorax, when there is a cavity in one lung and lesions in the other. Pneumothorax is a process whereby one lung is collapsed to give the tubercular lesions a chance to heal.

The results so far are encouraging, according to Professor Leschke, but he is unwilling to give out more information or make further statements until the remedy has been more completely tested.

DANCING GIRLS BACK ON JOB FOR RULER

Play Prominent Role in India's Courts.

Washington, D. C.—"That dancing girls play a prominent role in the courts of many rulers of India's native states, is indicated by recent reports from Jubbulpore, where Maharajah Zarawal agreed to increase the pay of his court dancers, thus ending a six months' strike and relieving him of embarrassment by the failure of these entertainers to perform at state ceremonies," says a bulletin from the Washington (D. C.) headquarters of the National Geographic society.

"Maharajah Zarawal is one of the scores of Indian princes who are real potentates in their native states, ruling with free hand except in cases of punishment for murder, which usually require confirmation by the British authorities. Fifteen of these states are included in the central provinces where Jubbulpore is located, therefore there are fifteen native potentates and fifteen royal courts.

Important Commercial Center.

"Commercially, Jubbulpore is one of the important inland cities of India," continues the bulletin. "The Great Indian Peninsula and East Indian railways meet here, linking the two largest cities of the Empire—Bombay, 616 miles to the southwest and Calcutta, 780 miles almost due east. Branch lines of these railways, narrow-gauge railroads, and numerous trade routes radiate from Jubbulpore, causing a continuous flow of produce from the outlying districts into the city for local consumption, milling, and shipment to the coast for export to foreign markets.

"Wheat fields along these roads are unique. During the rainy season, the wheat-growing regions resemble a series of shallow lakes. Banks are built around the fields to retain the water which is not released until two weeks before the grain is sown. By this method the farmer has no need to fight; the cost of cultivating is decreased; and the success of the crops is not in danger of a drought, since the ground holds sufficient moisture.

"Jubbulpore is a well laid out city with broad streets and numerous municipal gardens. Although it lies slightly farther north of the equator than Tampico, Mexico, the cool climate makes it one of the most desirable cities in the central provinces, due to the fact that it is more than 1,300 feet above sea level.

"The Indian city is the second largest in the provinces, with a population slightly less than Canton, Ohio. This includes the British and native soldiers garrisoned there in a large cantonment; for Jubbulpore is the headquarters of government military forces in this district.

"Most of the working class of Jubbulpore's inhabitants are employed in spinning, weaving, and flour mills, and the shops of the Great Indian Peninsula railway. Others are occupied in local handicrafts, such as brass-working, stone-cutting, and the manufacture of images and ornaments of marble and agate. The prisoners in the provincial jail in Jubbulpore weave cloth and Scotch and Kidderminster carpets for sale.

Thugs Once Confined There.

"The Thugs, a religious band of assassins, and their descendants were confined in Jubbulpore, after they had terrorized all India for more than 700 years. They worshipped Kall, the Hindu goddess of destruction, and murder for gain was a religious duty. They won the confidence of the well-to-do wayfarer and sometimes accompanied or followed their intended victim hundreds of miles for the best opportunity to strangle him to death with a handkerchief. Then the murderer would perform rites in honor of the Thug deity, and set aside a portion of the spoils for her. Owing to the religious garb in which the Thugs shrouded their activities and their thorough secret organization, the Hindu and Mohammedan rulers of India were unable to suppress them. But the British finally succeeded, by a well-organized campaign, in rounding them up and unmasking their system."

Jobless Saxons Making Flowers for Americans

Berlin, Germany.—The manufacture of artificial flowers and fruits for export to the United States is providing employment for about 12,000 men and women in Saxony. Otherwise they would be jobless, because of the slump in the textile and fur industry in which most of them were employed. In Sebnitz alone there are 125 flower manufacturing concerns employing from 200 to 300 workers. In the last year the value of flowers and fruits exported has jumped from \$2,500,000 to nearly \$4,000,000.

Kills Deer With Arrow as Rifleman Gets No Game

St. Cloud, Minn.—Hunting before white men came with gunpowder to dominate was recalled here when H. C. Pickett, a Pemberton merchant, exhibited a deer he killed with his bow and arrow. Pickett, a hunter and woodsman for 25 years, used a six-foot bow to bring down the animal, a 175-pound buck. His fourth arrow nearly penetrated the deer's body. Paradoxically, Pickett's hunting companion, armed with a modern high-powered game rifle, failed to get a deer.

DISCOVER TRIBE LOST 1,000 YEARS

Expedition in Russia Comes Upon Strange People.

Moscow.—A tribe of people thought to have been extinct for more than a thousand years has been discovered in the Russian Far North.

Living in districts unexplored and largely impenetrable, the 15,000 members of the tribe preserve the modes and customs of the time of Charlemagne.

While the outside world moved ahead with lightning rapidity these people have remained just as they were when Europe was in the dark Middle Ages.

An expedition sent out by the Academy of Science came upon these northern people. Scientists had believed the tribe perished five hundred years before America was discovered.

The people speak a language near to that of western Finnish peoples. Their religious ceremonies have tendencies of idol worship, but with traces of Christianity which must have been taught by early missionaries.

Each tribe has its own coat of arms and its chieftain like the noblemen of Europe of medieval times. These chieftains live as feudal lords and never heard of Communism or of Karl Marx.

Much material was collected by the academy expedition showing the life and manners of the tribe that dropped out of sight so long ago.

Poorhouse Inmates Paid \$750 a Year

London.—Britain's most luxurious almshouse has two vacancies. The almshouse is Morden college, Blackheath, and each resident is provided with a self-contained flat of two furnished rooms and a small kitchen; free light, coal and attendance, free medical treatment; \$750 a year and \$50 extra for laundry.

There are beautiful gardens, bowling green, billiard rooms, library, recreation room and dining hall. The old men inmates are subject to little or no discipline, wear no badge or uniform to advertise their position, and can stay out as late as they like, and may even stay away for weeks at a time without losing their pay.

They must be old merchants, manufacturers or traders, who, through no fault of their own, have fallen on evil days. Morden college has room for 40 unsuccessful merchants, and as the present average age is seventy-six, changes are fairly frequent.

Morden college was founded by Sir John Morden, a prosperous London silk merchant of the Seventeenth century. When three of his ships were reported missing, he considered himself ruined, and sought service as a clerk with another merchant. He vowed that if fortune returned to him he would make provision for aged merchants who had fallen on evil days by losing ships at sea.

One day he heard that his three long-lost ships had arrived in the Thames, richly laden with eastern merchandise, and found himself a rich man once more, able to carry out his vow.

Count Insects on Trees By Sticky Paper Traps

Washington, D. C.—Screened boxes of sticky fly paper help United States bureau of entomology experts tell how many bugs are parked on a fruit tree. Counting the individual insects that constitute crop pests give entomologists valuable data on the degree of infestation in different orchards and the time of the year when the pest is most numerous.

The device has been in use two seasons in studies on insects that attack orange and lemon trees, and has proved of great value in determining the varying degrees of pest occurrence, according to E. A. McGregor of the bureau of entomology.

Army More Religious Than Civilians, Claim

Washington.—The army is more religious than the rest of the country, according to the army chaplains.

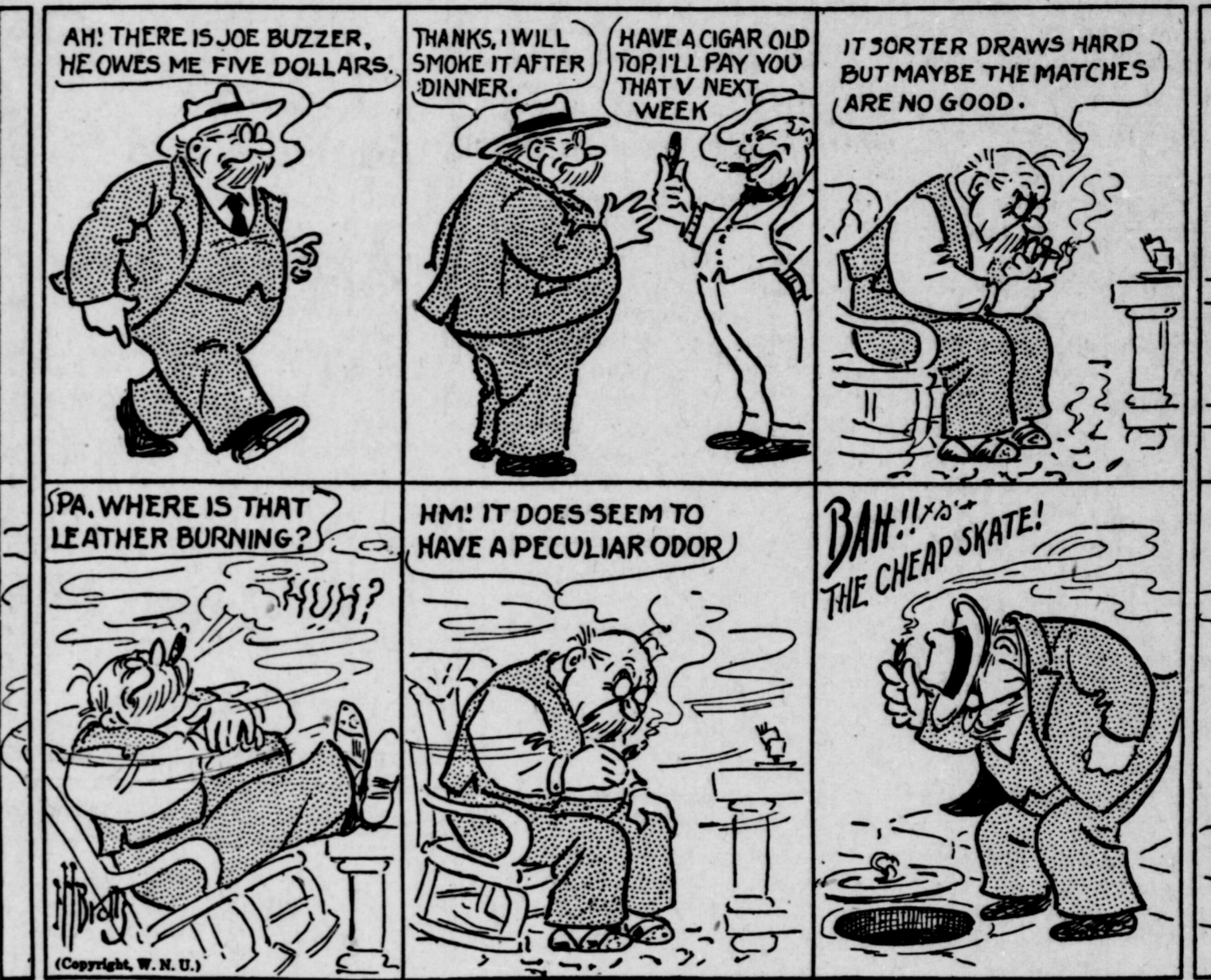
Figures presented by Chief Chaplain John T. Axton in his annual report showed a total attendance of more than 1,800,000 at army religious services during the year, or an average of 13 times for every soldier. Though statistics for the entire country are not available, this average is believed much higher than for civilian church attendance.

Denmark Bans Poker; Players Cry "Misdeal!"

Copenhagen.—Danish poker players are not at all satisfied with the Supreme court's decree today, outlawing stud, as well as draw, poker. They contend that their case was lost on a technicality, and that they, therefore, are entitled to another deal, or rather, hearing. The court held that poker was unlawful, as it came within the meaning of the prohibiting gambling clause of the penal code.

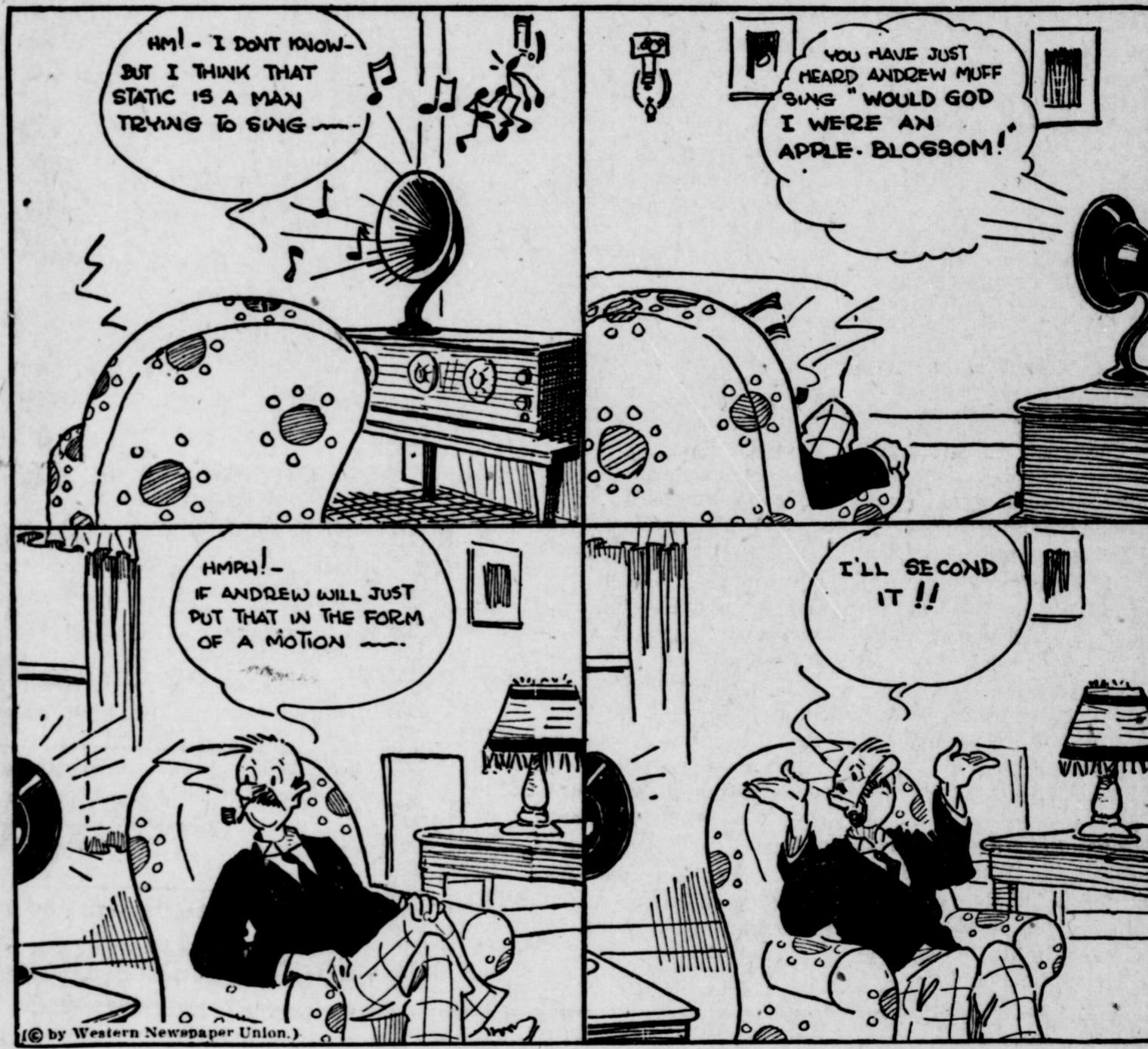
OUR COMIC SECTION

Our Pet Peeve



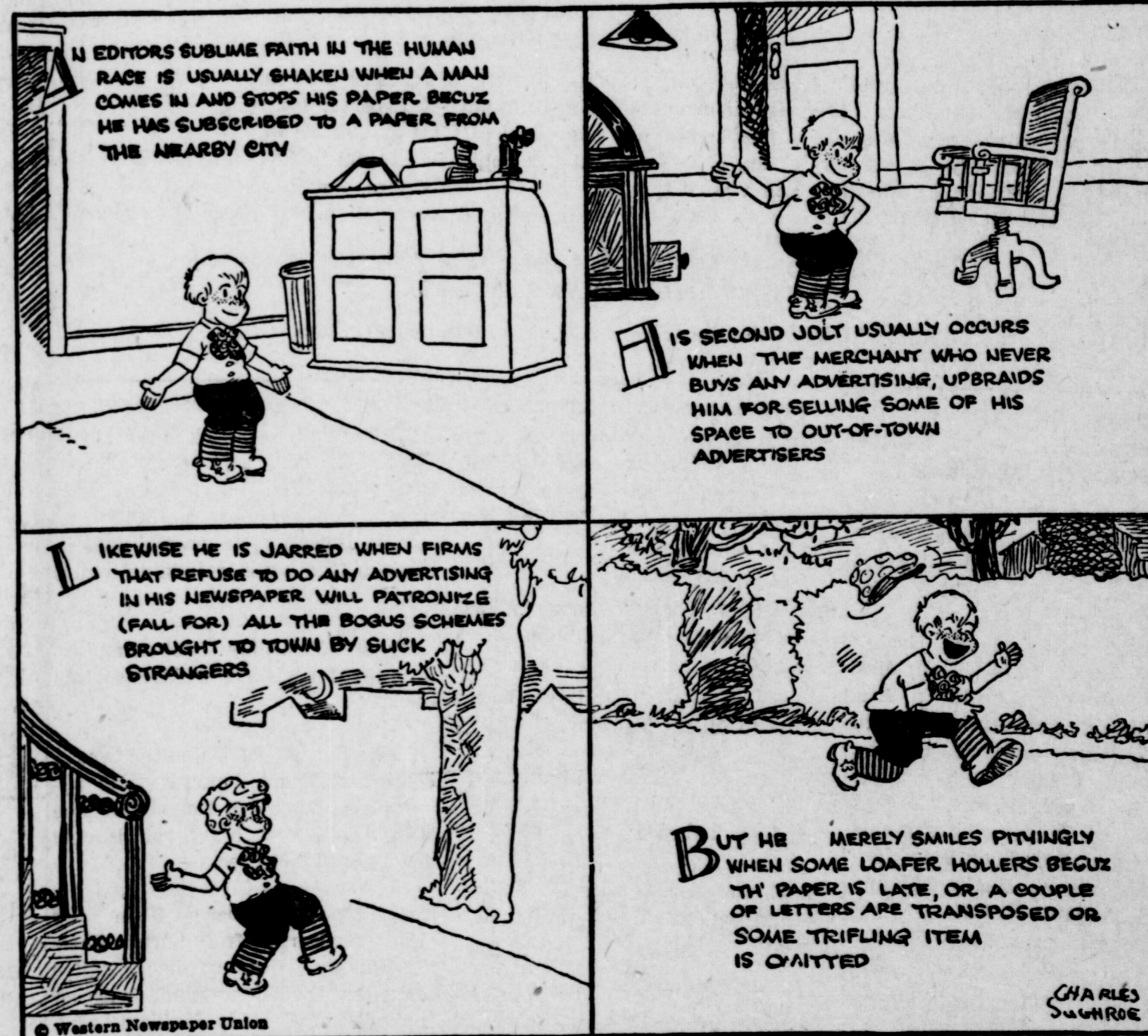
THE FEATHERHEADS

Apple Sauce Sooner or Later



MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

Shop Talk



Lydia of the Pines

By HONORÉ WILLSIE

WNU Service

(© by Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

STORY FROM THE START

Lydia Dudley, with her baby sister, Patience, returns home from an afternoon of play. The home is an untidy home, the impoverished household of her father, Amos Dudley, in Lake City. Her father's friend and her own devoted admirer, John Levine, are discussing affairs in general. Land is getting more valuable every day. Amos thinks that it is time the Indians, who occupy a reservation twenty miles away, were moving on in order that the white men might have this land. John Levine, after talking things over, announces his intention of going into politics. The next day, Lydia, Patience and companion, Kent Mculton, playing by the lake, are accosted by an old squaw who lives on the reservation nearby. Lydia gives her food. Margery, the small daughter of Dave Marshall, the town's banker, joins them. They decide to go out on the water in a boat.

CHAPTER II—Continued

Margery hesitated. "Aw, come on!" urged Kent. "Don't be such a 'fraid cat. That's why us kids don't like you, you're such a silly, dressed-up doll."

The banker's daughter flushed. Though she loved the pretty clothes and though the sense of superiority to other children, carefully cultivated by her mother, was the very breath of her nostrils, she had never been quite so happy as this afternoon when grubbing on an equality with these three inferior children.

"I'm not afraid at all and I'm just as dirty as Lydia is. Go ahead with your boat."

They tethered Patience with Kent's cord to one of the willow trees and Margery was paddled out several boat lengths from the shore and the great stone that served for anchor was dropped over. Kent took a clean dive overboard, swam ashore and disappeared along the willow path. Little Patience set up a wail.

"Baby tum too, Baby tum, too," she wept.

"I'll go stay with her till Kent comes," said Lydia, diving into the water as casually as if she were rising from a chair.

"I won't stay in this awful boat alone!" shrieked Margery.

Lydia swam steadily to the shore, then turned. Margery was standing up in the boat.

"Sit down! Sit down!" cried Lydia.

Margery, beside herself with fear, tossed her arms, "I won't stay in this old—"

There was a great splash and a choking cry as Margery's black braid disappeared beneath the water.

"And she can't swim," gasped Lydia. "Kent!" she screamed, and made a flying leap into the water. Her slender, childish arms seemed suddenly steel. Her thin little legs took a racing stroke like tiny propellers. Margery came up on the far side of the boat and uttered another choking cry before she went down again. Lydia dove, caught the long black braid and brought the frenzied little face to the surface. Margery immediately threw an arm around Lydia's neck, and Lydia hit her in the face with a clenched small fist and all the strength she could muster.

"Let go, or I'll let you drown. Turn over on your back. There isn't a thing to be afraid of."

Margery, with a sob, obeyed and Lydia towed her the short distance to the boat. "There, catch hold," she said.

Both the children clung to the gunwale, Margery choking and sobbing. "I can't lift you into the boat," panted Lydia. "But quit your crying. You're safe. There's Kent."

Kent had heard the call and some note of need in it registered, after a moment, in his mind. He ran back and leaped into the water.

He clambered into the boat and reaching over pulled Margery bodily over the gunwale. The child, sick and hysterical, huddled into the bottom of the boat.

"Are you all right, Lyd?" he asked. "Sure," replied Lydia, who was beginning to recover her breath.

It was the work of a minute to ground the boat. Then unheeding little Patience's lamentations, the two children looked at each other and at Margery.

"I'll run for her mother," said Kent.

"And scare her to death! She isn't hurt a bit," insisted Lydia. "Margery, stop crying. You're all right, I tell you."

"I'll tell you," said Kent, "let's put her in Patience's carriage, and carry her home. The water she swallowed makes her awful sick at her stomach, I guess."

The fright over, the old spirit of adventure, with an added sense of heroism, animated Kent and Lydia. Margery was teased out of the boat and assisted into the perambulator, with her dripping white legs dangling helplessly over the end. Little Patience's tears were assuaged when she was placed in the doll buggy, with Margery's doll in her arms. Florence Dombey was tied papoose fashion to

Lydia's back. The bicycle was hidden in the cave and with Kent wheeling Margery and Lydia, Patience, the procession started wildly for home.

By the time they had turned into the home street, Margery was beginning to recover, but she was still shivering and inclined to sob. Other children followed them and it was quite an imposing group that turned in at the Marshall gate, just as Mrs. Marshall came to the door to bid a guest good-by.

The scene that followed was difficult for either Lydia or Kent to describe afterward. There was a hulla-balloo that brought half the mothers of the neighborhood into the yard. The doctor was sent for. Margery was put to bed and Kent and Lydia were mentioned as murderers, low-down brats and coarse little brutes by Mrs. Marshall, who ended by threatening them with the police.

Old Lizzie appeared on the scene in time to take Lydia's part and Kent disappeared after Mrs. Marshall had told him that Margery's father would be around to see his father that evening.

"Is the child dead?" demanded old Lizzie, holding Patience on one arm while Lydia clung to the other.

"She was able to walk upstairs," said a neighbor. "It's just Mrs. Marshall's way, you know."

"I'll way her," snorted Lizzie. "Fine thanks to Lydia for saving the child. Come home with your old Liz, dearie, and get into the nice clean dress I've got for you."

Lydia told the story to Amos at supper-time. He was much disturbed.

"I've told you often and often, Lydia, never to endanger a child that can't swim. You and Kent should have had more sense."

The quick tears sprang to the child's eyes. She was still much shaken.

"Is this lesson enough for you, or must I forbid your playing in the water? I thought I could trust you absolutely."

"Stop your scolding her, Amos Dudley," exclaimed old Lizzie. "I won't have it. She's too nervous a child."

Amos saved a reply by a ring at the doorbell. Lizzie let Margery's father in. He was a short, red-faced man with black hair and eyes. He was too much excited now to stand on ceremony, and he followed Lizzie into the dining-room.

"This won't do, Dudley. These wild young ones of yours—"

"Wait a minute, Marshall," interrupted Amos, with a dignity that he had brought with him from New England. "Margery is all right, so we can go over this thing calmly. Sit down and listen to Lydia's story. Tell him, Lydia."

Lydia left her place and crowded up against her father's side. Old Lizzie was holding the baby.

"It was like this," Lydia began. "Baby and me were going to play by ourselves under the willows. Then Kent, he came and he played pirates with us. And then, right after we'd had our lunch, Margery she came along and Kent and I were mad—"

The child panted uncomfortably and rubbed her curly yellow head with her thin little hand in an embarrassed way.

"Why were you mad, Lydia?" In spite of himself, Marshall's voice was softening, as Amos had known it would. Lydia made a deep appeal somehow to the tenderness of men.

"Tell Mr. Marshall all you told me, Lydia," said Amos.

"Well—well, you see, it's like this. Margery's always so clean and she has lovely clothes and—and she she looks down on us other kids so we won't generally let her play with us—and she's an awful 'fraid cat and—and a tattletale. But when we got to playing Robinson Crusoe, and were digging the cave she helped and got terrible dirty, just like us, and then she wanted to be Friday's father, and then—well—now—I guess the rest of it was Kent's and my fault. We forgot she couldn't swim and we forgot what a cry-baby she was. 'Cause you see, water's almost like land to Kent and me and we'd been swimmin' most all day, and Margery's the only kid around here that can't swim."

"Why can't she swim?" demanded Marshall. "How'd all the rest of you learn? Don't you think you were mean not to let her learn?"

Again Lydia's pellucid eyes widened. "Why her mother won't let her play with common kids like us! And us kids never learned. We've just played in the water ever since we was as big as baby."

David Marshall scowled and stirred uncomfortably. He did not look at Amos, who sat with his arm about Lydia, his thin face a lesser replica of the old engraving of Daniel Webster hanging on the wall above.

"Well, go on! How'd she come to fall overboard?"

"She and I was sitting in the boat, and baby, she was tied to a tree by a long string and she began to cry to come, too, and I jumped over to go quiet her. Kent he'd gone to get another boat. And Margery she jumped up and began to yell and wave her arms and fell overboard. Then I remembered she couldn't swim and I went back and got her and Kent came and pulled us in shore. It wasn't anything, but Margery's such a cry-baby,

Lizzie, she's terrible uncomfortable."

Lydia's attention had returned to little Patience. "I'll take her up to bed," she said, "it won't take but a few minutes."

"I'll carry her," said Lizzie.

The baby opened her eyes. "No, no one cally but Lyd."

"Let daddy carry you," begged Amos.

Patience's little voice rose to a wail. "No one cally but Lyd."

She lifted the sleepy baby easily and Patience dropped her soft cheek against Lydia's and closed her eyes again. Lydia turned to Marshall. Her face was very serious.

"I know I was awful bad, Mr. Marshall, and maybe you feel as if you ought to lick me."

"Put your little sister to bed," said Marshall gravely, "and then we'll see."

There was silence in the room for a moment after Lydia left it, then



"Come On, Lyd, Before You're Called In."

Amos said, "I'll be glad to do anything I can, Marshall."

"Neither of you'll lay a finger on Lydia," interrupted Lizzie. "If you want to lick anyone, go lick Elviry Marshall, the fool! Why, I knew her when she was my niece's hired girl and you, Dave Marshall, was selling cans of tomatoes over a counter. And she's bringing that young one up to be a silly little fool. Mark my words, she'll be the prey of the first fortune-hunter that comes along."

Neither Amos nor his caller spoke. In a few minutes Lydia's step sounded on the stairs. The last of the sunset glow caught her hair, and the fine set of her head on her square little shoulders was never more pronounced than as she walked slowly toward Dave Marshall.

"I never had a licking," she said. "But I guess I deserve one and so you'd better do it and get it done, Mr. Marshall."

CHAPTER III

The Cottage

Marshall cleared his throat and reaching out, took Lydia by the arm and pulled her toward him. He could feel her muscles stiffen under his touch. The bright red color left her cheeks.

"I wouldn't think much of your father, my child," he said, huskily.

Bright Children Fail to Develop in Ability

Children who are mental giants at ten years old, are, as a rule, no better at tests of musical sensitiveness than quite ordinary children of their age. This is shown by experiments with a group of superior children, conducted by Dr. Leta S. Hollingworth of Columbia university.

Results of the experiments reported in the Journal of Educational Psychology, indicate that superior children as a group make somewhat better ratings in their judgments of time than other children of their age, but not in other musical tests.

The children were tested on pitch, time, consonance and tonal memory. Since the brilliant children as a group were larger than unselected children of the same age, it had been

When Two Are Enough

A woman, looking for an apartment, said to a janitor one day:

"I hope there are no barking dogs in any of the adjoining flats?"

"Oh, no, ma'am," said the janitor. "Not on your life, ma'am."

"I guess I'll take the place, then," said the woman, with a sigh of relief. "You see, I've got two dogs of my own that bark like fury, and I really couldn't stand any more."

"If he let me whip you, even if I wanted to."

Lydia took a quick look up into his face. Then she gave a little gasping sigh, her lips quivered and she leaned against his knee.

"Look here, Lydia," said Dave Marshall, "this is to be your punishment. I want you and Kent to teach Margery how to swim and how to get dirty, see? Let her play with you 'common kids,' will you?"

"Will her mother let her?" asked Lydia.

"Yes," answered Dave, grimly.

"All right," said Lydia, with a little sigh.

"I know it'll be a hard job," Marshall interpreted the sigh quickly; "that's where the punishment comes in."

"Lydia'll do it. I'll see to it," said Amos.

"You keep out, Dudley. This is between Lydia and me. How about it, Lydia?"

"If you'll boss her mother, I'll boss Margery and Kent," said Lydia, with a sudden laugh.

"It's a bargain," Marshall rose. "Good night, Dudley."

"Good night, Marshall."

Amos followed his caller to the door. As he did so Lydia heard Kent's whistle in the back yard. She joined him and the two withdrew to a bench behind the woodshed.

"I saw him through the window," said Kent, in a low voice. "What's he going to do to us? Dad's licked me, so that much is done."

Lydia told of their punishment. "Darn it," groaned Kent, "I'd rather had another licking. I certainly do hate that girl."

"So do I," agreed Lydia. "Nothing to look forward to but worry now. O gee, Kent, I've got two pennies! One's Patience's. But let's go spend the other at Spence's!"

"Gum or all-day sucker?" asked Kent, who, in spite of the fact that he owned a second-hand bicycle, was not above sharing a penny.

"Gum lasts longer," suggested Lydia.

"What kinda gum, spruce or white or tutti-frutti?"

"You can choose."

"Spruce then. It makes the most juice. Come on, Lyd, before you're called in."

And thus ended the heroic day.

No one ever knew what Dave Marshall said to Elviry, his wife, but a day or so after, little Margery, in a fine white flannel bathing suit, appeared on the sand, about a quarter of a mile below the Willows.

Kent was a quitter! After the rescue he decided to eschew the society of girls forever and he struck a bargain with Lydia that she could have the use of his bicycle one day a week till snow came if she would undertake the disciplining of the banker's daughter alone. For such a bribe Lydia would have undertaken to teach Elviry Marshall, herself, to swim—and so the bargain was struck.

Lydia's method of teaching was one employed by most of the children of Lake City when a new child moved into the town. She forced Margery to float face downward in the water, again and again, while she counted ten. After one afternoon of this, the banker's daughter had forever lost her fear of the water and the rest was easy.

In spite of the relationship Dave Marshall had established between the two children, Margery and Lydia did not like each other. One Saturday afternoon, after banking hours, Marshall was seated on his front porch, with Elviry and Margery, when Lydia appeared. She stood on the steps in her bathing suit, her bare feet in a pair of ragged "sneakers." Her face and hands and ankles were dirty but her eyes and the pink of her cheeks were clear.

"Come on, Marg," said Lydia, "and, Mr. Marshall, please, won't you come too and see how well she does it?"

"Run and get into your bathing suit, daughter," said Marshall. "Elviry, want to come?"

"No," snapped Elviry. "Lydia, how do you manage to get so dirty, when to my positive knowledge you're in the water an hour every day?"

Lydia blushed and tried to hide one ankle behind the other. "I think

expected that they might excel in such tests because of the advanced development of the anatomical structures involved in making musical judgments. This was not, however, found to be the case.—Science Service Bulletin.

New York's Gay Citizens
The other day an old friend of mine was talking with an ex-doughboy at a Broadway soda fountain. Two fair maidens were doing their stuff over a couple of sodas at the time. The two bucks took little notice of them at the time. During the course of their conversation my friend asked the doughboy's telephone number, for he wanted to call him later in the day about a dinner engagement. That evening a mysterious female telephoned to the doughboy. He was curious, for she had a pleasant voice. She was evasive, but when he suggested a rendezvous she agreed. They met an hour later. She was one of the soda damsels.—New York Evening World.

Good Trick, Anyhow
Her eyelids quivered, and a tear trickled down and mingled with the beads of perspiration on her temple.—Pictorial Review.

you're terrible impolite," she murmured.

Dave roared with laughter. "Right you are, Lydia! I guess I'll have to hitch up and drive us all over."

They drove to the Willows and Margery went through her paces, while her father watched and applauded from the shore. When they had finished and had run up and down to warm up and dry off and were driving home, Dave said:

"You'd better come in to supper with us, Lydia."

"No, thank you," answered the child. "Mr. Levine's coming to supper at our house and I have to cook it."

"Hum! What does John Levine do at your house, so much?"

"Oh, he's going into politics," answered Lydia, innocently, "and Dad advises him."

"Well, tell them you've done a fine job as a swimming teacher," Dave spoke carelessly. "I don't see why Levine wants to get into politics. He's doing well in real estate."

"Oh!" exclaimed Lydia, with a child's importance at having real news to impart, "he's going into politics so's to get some Indian land."

"Like h—l he is!" exclaimed Marshall.

"Oh, daddy!" Margery's voice was exactly like her mother's.

They were turning into the Marshall driveway and Marshall's face was a curious mixture of amusement and irritation. He kissed his little daughter when he lifted her from the buggy and bade her run to the house. Before he lifted Lydia down he paused and as he stood on the ground and she sat in the surrey, she looked levelly into his black eyes.

"I wish I had another little daughter like you, Lydia," he said. "I don't see why—but God, you can't get swans from barnyard fowls." He continued to study Lydia's face.

"Some day, my child, you'll make some man's heart break, or lift him up to heaven."

Lydia squirmed.

"Well, Margery's taught now," she said hastily, "so I don't have to be punished any more, do I?"

Marshall scowled slightly. "What do you mean? Don't you want Margery to play with you?"

"Oh, sure, she can play, if she wants to, but I mean I don't have to get her and bring her into our games."

"No," said Dave slowly, "but I think it would be nice of you to sort of keep an eye on her and get her dirty once in a while. There! Run home, child, you're shivering."

With puzzled eyes, Lydia obeyed.

The most important result, as far as Lydia was interested, of the talk between her father and Levine that night was that Amos decided definitely to move the following week.

Lydia did not see the new home until she rode out with the first dray-load of furniture. She sat in the high seat beside the driver, baby Patience in her lap, her thin, long little legs dangling, her cheeks scarlet with excitement and the warmth of a hot September morning. The cottage was a mile from the old home. They drove along the maple-shaded street for the first half of the distance, then turned into a dirt road that led toward the lake shore. The dirt road emerged on the shore a half mile above the Willows and wound along a high embankment, crowned with oaks.

An old-fashioned white cottage, with green blinds and a tiny front porch, stood beside the road, its back to the lake. There were five acres or so of ground around the house, set off by a white picket fence. At the gate a pine tree stood. There were oaks and lilac bushes in the front yard. Through the leaves, Lydia saw the blue of the lake.

"Our yard runs right down to the water!" she cried, as the driver lifted the baby down and she followed after. "Gee! I'm glad we moved!"

Lydia looked along the road, where an occasional house was to be seen.

"I hope kids live in those houses," she said, "but if they don't, baby and the lake are company enough for me, and Kent can come out on his wheel."

She ran through the little house eagerly. It was full of windows and being all on one floor, gave a fine effect of spaciousness. It was an old house but in excellent repair as was all John Levine's property.

Lizzie arrived on the third and final load. She brought with her a lunch that they shared with the driver. He god-naturedly set up the kitchen stove and the three beds for them and departed with the hope that they would not be too lonesome.

Lydia and old Lizzie put in an afternoon of gigantic effort. By six o'clock, the beds were made, dishes unpacked and in the china closet, the table was set for supper and an Irish stew of Lydia's make was simmering on the stove.

When Amos came up the path at a half after six, his dinner pail in his hand, he found Lydia flat on her back on the little front porch. Her curly head was wet with perspiration; face, hands and blouse were black. The baby sat beside her, trying to get Florence Dombey to sleep.

"Well," said Amos, looking down on his family, "how do you like it, Lydia?"

"It's great! My back's broken! Supper's rea..."

"You shouldn't lift heavy things, child! How often have I told you? Wait until I get home."

"I want to get things done," replied Lydia, "so's I can do a little playing before school opens. Come on in and see all we've done, daddy."

Lydia and Amos are cooking up a plan which may have far-reaching consequences.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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This year there were 4,756 Buicks in a total of 44,472 cars registered. 101 different makes were represented in the registrations. One in every ten was a Buick.

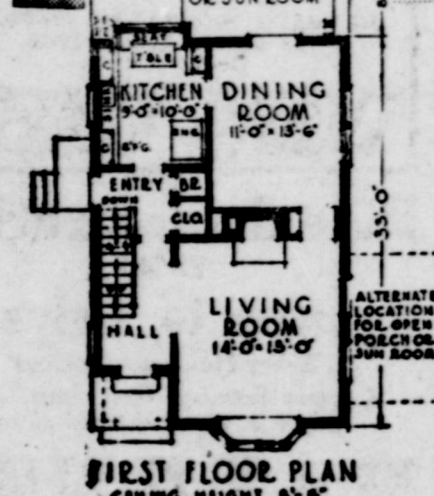
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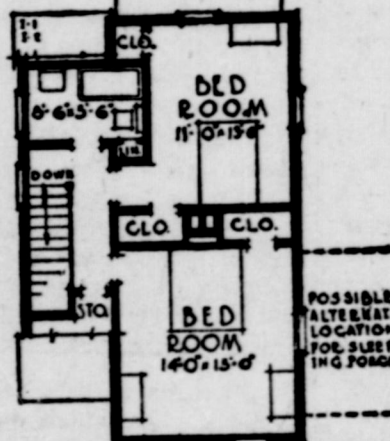
Home-Builder Gets Good Investment Plus Comfort



ECONOMY of space in this five-room English town house has not meant a sacrifice of an artistic exterior. Built of variegated or common brick, whitewashed, with a roof of stained shingles or slate, it presents an unusually attractive and compact appearance. The portico is arched and roofed, and has a red brick floor. The shutters of solid, weathered boards give an interesting departure from the usual New England type.

A number of features provide for exceptional comfort and convenience. The living room has an oriel bay window that affords a window seat or fernery within. Every room has windows on two sides, giving cross-ventilation. The house is insulated, walls and roof, with celotex as protection against cold and waste of fuel in the winter, and the hot rays of the sun in summer. The floors are hardwood throughout, and have a layer of celotex placed between them to deaden noises within the house, a feature that is especially appreciated where there are small children and noisy boys in the house.

The living room has an open fireplace and built-in book case. The porch or sun room may open off the living room or dining room, and can well have a sleeping porch above if extra sleeping quarters are needed. The service entry is conveniently placed at the side, to save the housewife steps. The kitchen has built-in cupboards, ironing-board and breakfast-nook.



©, Celotex Institute, Chicago, 1926.

MARFA CIVIC LEAGUE AN ACTIVE AND PROGRESSIVE ORGANIZATION

The Marfa Civic League, although recently re-organized, is in a healthy condition and stands abreast of the times. There is no other organization that should appeal more to the entire community than a Civic League, for it touches all who live within its limits and every citizen should feel the keenest interest in its work. There is general willingness among the members to aid its work and this spirit gives it a fine group from which to select administrators and advisors. The league gives a necessary service to the whole community, in fact, all of its service, if not directly, reaches everyone indirectly.

The past year has not only been full of plans, but most of the plans have been accomplished—the railroad park and court house square have been beautified with trees, shrubs and flowers. The straightening and marking of the state highway through the city has been started and partly accomplished. Citizens are enjoying added street lights in the residence district and the large cement posts with lights in front of the court house, add much to the street lighting system.

The annual clean-up day supervised by the Civic League, improved the sanitary condition of the town. The Civic League actively supported the ordinance creating a sewer and water system for the city, which is the most modern and beneficial step ever taken. Two rest rooms, with a third in view, have been installed. Obligations to the delegates to the district convention and the Sul Ross loan were met. Accepting the invitation from the Marfa Chamber of Commerce, the Civic League has become an active auxiliary to that body, co-operating in a general way with its activities.

Much pressure has been brought to bear on the necessity for some protection at the railroad crossing and the promise of a bell has been made and should be installed within the next few weeks.

The beginning of the New Year to the Civic League is a beginning of new plans and activities and the carrying out of plans already underway.

In closing the year 1926, I take this means of thanking the members of the Civic League for their loyalty and support, also the county Commissioners, the Chamber of Commerce, the Rotary Club, all friends and individuals for their courtesies and support. It has been through these channels that the Civic League has been able to accomplish the work we have done in the past year.

The annual meeting of the Civic League will elect their officers for 1927 on January 14 at the Community House. All the members are cordially urged to be present.

Mrs. W. J. Yates, Pres.

Mrs. Paul Probst of Presidio is here visiting her children, Juanita Probst and H. G. McHenry, and her mother, Mrs. Pearce. The Probst children are attending school here. —Alpine Avalanche.

OWEN GUNN KILLED

Continued from Page 1

tance from the crossing, when the car reached the turn to the crossing, slowed down a little and swerved directly in the path of the engine.

The engineer slammed on the brakes, but the heavy train could not stop in so short a distance. The car was directly on the crossing when the crash came, the engine hitting the automobile in the middle.

The train was stopped as soon as possible and the engineer ran back. One glance showed him that there was nothing that could be done and he proceeded to Sierra Blanca, where the authorities were notified. Sheriff Harry Moore of Sierra Blanca took charge of the bodies. From letters and other clues he was able to identify Calley and Gunn.

It was believed that the third victim, who could not be identified, was some one who had been picked up for a ride.

The relatives of Mr. Calley and Mr. Gunn was notified and today will take the bodies back to their homes for burial. The third man will be buried in Sierra Blanca, unless friends and relatives claim the body.

An inquest was held by Justice of the Peace John Williams of Sierra Blanca, who returned a verdict of accidental death.

DISTRICT COURT MEETS ON JAN. 24

The following is a list of the Grand Jurors and Petit Jurors summoned for the term of Court:

- Grand Jurors**
C. P. Arthur
J. C. Bean
W. B. Mitchell
A. G. Bogel
O. M. Bunton
Leroy Cleveland
Lee Fischer
Oscar Wells
Clay Slack
Jim Watts Jr.
W. A. Kerr
E. P. Langley
D. C. Wease
J. J. Franklin
W. K. Colquitt
Clay Mitchell.
- Petit Jurors for 2nd Week**
Roy Tyler
Albert Logan
Jack Rawls
M. D. Bounds
E. P. Means
H. T. Fletcher
H. A. Coffield
J. H. Lock
R. N. Settle
Arthur Kerr
Wm. Bishop
H. M. Daley
G. N. Bogel
John Pool Jr.
McKie Mitchell
R. H. Evans
Hugh Ridout
H. W. Schutze
E. C. Mellard
E. E. Share
G. A. Monkhouse
J. F. Bennett
J. B. Scott
George Chastain
H. B. Mitchell
H. A. Anderson
Dan Coffman
W. E. Russell
J. W. Pool
Gerald B. Young
D. G. Knight
Bill Bunton
J. F. Skinner
G. C. Robinson
G. M. Southerland

FORMER MARFA MAYOR WILL BE CAMPAIGN MANAGER

A campaign manager and assistant campaign manager for the R. E. Thomason ticket for mayor and aldermen and a campaign headquarters were selected today. J. Clint Orgain will direct the campaign.

D. E. Muleahy is his assistant. Campaign headquarters were opened at 204 Mills in the building formerly occupied by the Davis Hardware Co. The offices were being equipped today. Offices in Five Points will also be established.

Thomason will open his speaking campaign the last of the week.

Orgain is a member of the fire firm of Orgain and Turner. He lives at 3138 Wheeling. He is a member of the board of stewards of Trinity Methodist church and a member of Kiwanis club. He went to school with Thomason 30 years ago at Southwestern university. He belongs to no fraternities or lodges of any kind.

Muleahy is county attorney. He is experienced in practical politics. In his last election he drew widely from factions that in the past had been divergent in political line-up.

The Thomason speaking campaign will probably begin Friday night at Alta Vista school or some other uptown school. El Paso's paving, Roy Martin's direction of local politics from his New York office and other issues of the campaign will be discussed.

SENATOR BERKELEY LEAVES FOR SESSION LEGISLATURE

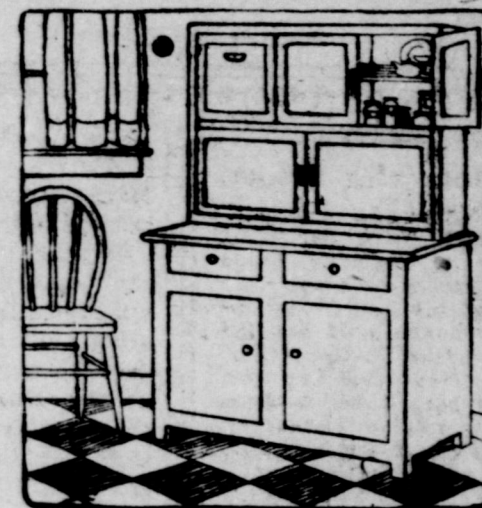
Senator Benjamin F. Berkeley left last Saturday by auto for Austin where he goes to attend the coming session of the Legislature which will convene on the 18th.

He was accompanied as far as San Antonio by President H. W. Morelock of Sul Ross State Teachers College. —Alpine Avalanche.

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NOTICE

POSTED

All parties are hereby forbidden to either fish or hunt or otherwise trespass in my pasture. Oct. 30, 1926. W. W. Bogel. My Pastures in Presidio County are POSTED, No Hunting camping or trespassing in any manner will be allowed. Oct. 30, 1926. L. C. BRITE.