

Sylphom



MADE IN U.S.A.
FULTON STEEL CO.
NEW YORK, N.Y.

THINK IT OVER

BY H. M. STANSIFER.

YOU don't have to be critical to show your interest.

ROSES

Don't put roses on my grave,
They are but naught to me,
For when I close my eyes in death
No roses will I see.

From dust I came, to dust I go,
It was God who planned the way,
The soul shall return to Him above,
The body back to clay.

So give me roses while I live,
So I may see and know
Thou art a friend, a friend indeed,
As through this world I go.

MOTHER

They needed an angel in Heaven,
Our mother has answered the call.

We were left sad and bewildered,
As we gathered to mourn at her pall.

But we know she is happy,
Gathered with the saints around the throne.

And we pray dear God may we
See her when we are also called

Our pretty niece wants to marry a poor man first. She says she would not like to divorce a rich one.

Some people were modern in the old days, but neighbors looked down on them for it then.

*Mrs. D. O. Spencer
1020 N. Gray Ave.
L. K. Booth*

MOTHER

As the shadows of night were fading
Like mist along the shore,
The morning star from Heaven
Shone down on the boatman's oar.

He who said, "I am the way,"
And bade the angry waves be still,
Softly whispered, "Come with me
Your mission on earth is filled."

She left us all so alone,
Without one sad goodbye,
She is not dead, she's only gone
To her reward beyond the sky.

She had no fear to cross the tide,
To loved ones on the other side,
She hastened to meet an outstretched hand,
Reunited again in a better land.

A Tribute to Mother From a Famous Daughter

By MRS. WALTER FERGUSON

OF all the influences of environment which helped to form and shape, color and direct my nature and life, the widest and strongest and deepest and most lasting were those exercised by my Mother. To her I owe more than it is possible to put into words, because the influence flowed in upon me so often in subtle, indirect ways, because she was just the woman she was and not because of anything she said or did."

These words were written by Florence Finch Kelley, famous newspaperwoman, in her recently published life story, "Flowing Stream," and I think they describe very truthfully the feelings most of us have about our mothers.

In infancy they are all our world. As we grow older, life's insistent demands seem to carry us away from them. Their presence while precious, is something we take for granted as we accept without



Mrs. Ferguson

question God's sunshine and the perfume of flowers and other beautiful gifts of nature. Momentarily we may be moved with feelings of reverence and gratitude; but as we hurry forward into full maturity we are likely to seem less conscious of their help and love.

It is only after we become mature ourselves that we can appreciate the worth of those sane and noble persons who influenced our lives for good. Most of us then come to Mrs. Kelley's conclusion. It is not what our mothers did or said but what they were that counts in our lives.

Sweetly, subtly their influence flows about us as noiseless as air, and as penetrating. We remember long forgotten things; we understand that which had before been incomprehensible. And so, for the first time in life, we actually appreciate and love our mothers as they deserve to be loved and appreciated, if they are deserving at all.

In many cases this feeling comes long after they have folded their hands in everlasting sleep — but it is none the less important to our own well-being that we should recognize it for what it is. The response of one human heart to the fine disinterested affection of another

MRS. BURT'S DEATH FOLLOWS FRIEND'S

Grief Over Mrs. McKee Is Fatal to Pioneer

Just two weeks from today and friends of Mrs. J. T. Burt would have gathered for another pioneer birthday party.

A very exclusive party list it would be—only friends of half a century would come. On August 1, when the fourth such party would be held, Mrs. Burt would have been 89.

But last Tuesday death claimed one of the prospective guests, Mrs. Augusta Elizabeth McKee, a girlhood chum of Mrs. Burt.

Grief-stricken over Mrs. McKee's death, Mrs. Burt died yesterday afternoon at the home of her niece, Mrs. Charlie Jefferies, 1617 Vickery Blvd.

Eight of the annual party guests survive, the youngest 72 years old. They are Mrs. P. M. Fly, Mrs. M. T. Deem, Mrs. A. S. Harris, Mrs. J. P. Nix, Mrs. N. E. Grammer, Mrs. Harry Austin, Mrs. Sam Jackson and Mrs. C. J. E. Kellner.

Born in Centerville, Mrs. Burt came to Fort Worth 60 year ago. She was married in Bryan and she and her husband moved here after living for a short while in McKinney.

She is survived by a brother, J. J. Harrison, Eagle Rock, Cal.; three nephews, J. C., Charlie and D. H. Jefferies, and three nieces, Mrs. Dan McFarland, Mrs. Pauline Jefferies and Mrs. Merrill Joy, all of Fort Worth.

The body is at Secrest-Crowder Funeral Home pending arrangements.

Card Basket.
Mrs. A. E. McKee of 511 1/2 West street returned home Saturday morning, accompanied by...

ALL WEAR A RED, RED ROSE TODAY

I'll wear a red, red rose today;
My mother's living still.
With heartfelt thanks to God above
I'll walk o'er yonder hill.

And down into a valley
Where I'll find her waiting there,
In the garden by the roadside
With the sunshine on her hair.

How my heart will leap with gladness

And my rose will brighter grow.
Oh, I thank thee, Gracious Father!
Mother lives today, I know.

So I'll wear a red, red rose
And walk o'er yonder hill,
To a cottage in the valley
Where my mother's living still.

ON MOTHER'S DAY

It wasn't so long ago I wore for
Mother's Day

A red rose, a rose so sweet and
so very gay;

But now, I wear a white rose like
many of you.

Still remembering the one so kind
and so true.

HAZEL F. LEE.

420 College Ave., City.

MOTHER

No one knows how much we miss
you.

No one knows the bitter pain
We have suffered since we lost
you.

Life has never been the same.
In our hearts your memory
lingers.

Sweetly, tender, fond and true,
There is not a day, dear Mother,
That we do not think of you.

ODD CUSTOM
The Chinese, when taking an oath in a court of law, blow out a candle and say: "As this light is blown out, so may my soul be if I fail to speak the truth."

BY BENTON E. JACOBS,
(Associated Press Staff Writer.)
Hard work, eager play, refusal to worry and an infinite trust in his God—this simple philosophy has helped John Davidson Rockefeller Sr., through his 95 years, Rockefeller is observing his birthday today.

There probably is no better expression of his philosophy than this brief verse he composed a few years ago, and printed on small, white cards and distributed to friends:

"I was early taught to work as well as play;
"My life has been one long, happy holiday—
"Full of work, and full of play
"I dropped the worry on the way
"And God was good to me every day."

Now, at 95, this one-time colossus of finance, and philanthropy, has sought quiet seclusion where he may spend his declining years in cheerful tranquility.

His Morning Meditation.

No more does he take an active interest in the affairs of the day, although he keeps informed in detail of the doings of his fellow men.

BEWARE OF PESSIMISTS

When we meet the chap who insists that everything is all wrong and there is no possible way of making anything right, we want to be very sure not to let him influence us.

Sometimes that sort of a chap is gifted with eloquence, very persuasive, and full up with figures that seem to bear evidence in favor of his contention.

He almost makes us believe that everything worth while is impossible and wrong.

The out-and-out pessimist, however, lacks three qualities.

He lacks knowledge. And no man who lacks knowledge of what the race of man has done is able to give any kind of worthwhile opinion as to what men can or will do.

He lacks imagination. And imagination is needed to lay out the plan in advance of the work that has produced everything man has accomplished for his own and his fellow man's benefit.

He lacks courage. And Nature hates a coward, because it is not in the nature of things for any man to be afraid. The man who has knowledge and imagination, and still does not possess confidence to go forward and help his fellowmen go forward, is a poorer specimen than he who is merely ignorant or dull.

The pessimist never gets anywhere himself. And if we heed his foolish and cowardly nonsense, we very likely will not get anywhere ourselves.

We are on our way to success and need inspiration, not

Here Are the Five Rules for Health John D. Follows

(By The Associated Press.)
Some 20 years ago, John D. Rockefeller's personal physician outlined five simple rules for healthful living. The aged financier's friends report that he still observes them.

1. Don't worry.
2. Don't acquire overweight.
3. Drink three quarts of water a day.
4. Exercise daily.
5. Sleep in fresh air.

Until last Winter, when illness prevented, John D. Rockefeller for several years received an Associated Press representative as his train hopped briefly in Jacksonville, Fla., en route to his sunny estate at Ormond Beach.

Always these interviews came just as the first, fresh rays of morning sun filtered through the open windows of his compartment. It was time for the morning meal.

The breakfast board in the Rockefeller household is always the scene of his daily meditation—an hour for prayer and reverie.

Sometimes "Neighbor John"—many of his Florida friends know him affectionately as that, although none ever addresses him directly thus—would ask the reporter to sit down and read the meditation.

Seldom Weighty Discussions.

Sometimes there was a poem, a timely bit of philosophy, always a prayer. The interviews usually got into reverse with Rockefeller asking many of the questions, chatting of golf, of the sunshine or making some other small talk. Never could there be questions about weighty topics of the day unless he himself brought up the subject.

Always the poem or prayer or philosophical excerpt was timely. Near Thanksgiving the theme would be appropriate to the season. Once there was the general idea of the "golden rule."

Most times breakfast sat before

TODAY

Each day is a fresh adventure,
Each day you begin anew,
Yesterday is gone forever,
TODAY belongs to you.

Tomorrow holds no promise
That you its tasks may do;
Fill each moment with worth-while
labor,
For today belongs to you.

Yesterday is gone forever,
With whate'er it brought to you
Either success or failure,
For today belongs to you.

Do not plan for the morrow,
For the sun you may not see,
Do the task that's nearest,
For today belongs to thee.

him—a baked apple, cereal and weak tea. There was only slight variation from this morning menu.

All his meals while traveling were prepared in his special car by a servant well acquainted with his needs.

Occasionally one or two of the ladies of his household, or his secretary, would sit down for the morning meditation.

"... A Beautiful Thought."

Hand-shaking and felicitations exchanged, Rockefeller would smilingly hand over the selections for the reporter to read.

"If you please," he always said, adding, "read it slowly. It is a beautiful thought we have today."

The breakfast could wait. The nervous valet might fidget, but the morning devotional came first.

Once when the sentiment particularly appealed to Rockefeller's mood, a tear slipped all but unobserved down his cheek. Unostentatiously he wiped it away.

Golf was his greatest hobby until recently. He did not play at all last Winter, but walked among the flowers in the sunshine at the Casements, his Winter home, for exercise.

For many years he took great delight in distributing the famous Rockefeller dimes. He always remembered the reporter and each member of his family with these "tokens," as he called them.

"Are you married?" he would ask. "That's splendid, and have you any children? And are your parents living, and your wife's parents?"

There would be a shiny new dime for each. And as he placed them separately into the reporter's hand Rockefeller would say:

"Bless him" or "Bless her."

"Do you think," he'd ask as the reporter started away, "that someone else might get some good from these if you published them?" He handed over copies of what had been read at the morning meditation.

Call Him "Mr. R."

"Mr. R"—his household staff addresses him thus—particularly loves poetry. Often if a poem appeals to him he has it reproduced on small cards to give to friends and acquaintances. One, called "The Best Memory System," runs:

"Forget each kindness that you do as soon as you have done it;

"Forget the praise that falls to you the moment you have won it;

"Forget the slander that you hear before you can repeat it;

"Forget each slight, each spite, each sneer, wherever you may meet it;

"Remember every kindness done to you whate'er its measure;

"Remember praise by others won and pass it on with pleasure;

"Remember every promise made and keep it to the letter;

"Remember those who lend you aid and be a grateful debtor.

"Remember all the happiness that comes your way in living;

"Forget each worry and distress, be hopeful and forgiving;

"Remember good, remember truth, remember heaven's above you,

And you'll find, through age and youth, that many hearts will love you."

To exercise your soul spend five minutes every morning thinking of some good you can do some one—and then do it.

CHANUTE'S EXPERIMENTS.

Frog Soup!

By Mrs. O. O. S.

This is a "boner," on my husband, which happened when he was a very small boy. Whenever a child likes anything good, they keep asking what it is over and over again, as they so easily forget. So, one day after a certain tiny little auburned curly-haired fellow kept pestering his mother about what they had, she got rid of him by saying: "Oh, just 'Frog Soup.'"

She never thought any more about the conversation until he came in the next day with a bucketful of his father's pet frogs. As the latter are our little friends of the garden — enemies to bugs — they didn't want them killed, naturally. In surprise, his mother asked him what he had in his bucket, to which he replied: "Frogs."

Asked why he had killed the little fellows his answer was: "I wanted some more of that good frog soup like you made yesterday!"

He got his — but not "Frog Soup."



OCTAVE CHANUTE'S BEST GLIDER WAS A BIPLANE WITH WHICH HE MADE A GLIDE OF 360 FEET.



HE TRIED OUT FIVE FULL-SIZED GLIDERS IN 1896

A 1897, HIS FAVORITE WAS A 'QUINQUEPLANE'. IT HAD FIVE PAIRS OF PLANES AND A STEERING TAIL CONTROLLED BY THE PILOT. HE FOUND THAT TOO MANY PLANES INTERFERED WITH EACH OTHER AND GAVE UP THE IDEA.

CHANUTE WAS 60 YEARS OLD BEFORE HE BEGAN TO FLY. THIS WAS HIS FIRST GLIDER, PATTERNED AFTER LILIENTHAL BUT HE FOUND IT TOO TRICKY FOR A MAN OF HIS AGE.

Little did Octave Chanute (1832-1918) realize that, when he began his gliding experiments in 1896 at the age of 64, he was laying the foundation for the work of the Wright brothers. Chanute, a Frenchman, came to America at the age of six and was educated in New York, and spent 40 years of his life in bridge and railroad engineering. At the advanced age of 63 his interest turned to aviation.

His first glider was of the Lilienthal design, but he found it far too tricky for a man of his age. He then built a complicated design consisting of five pairs of planes. He soon found that too

many planes created interference, so he gradually reduced the number of planes to two, making a sturdy biplane design of exceptional stability.

The scene of Chanute's gliding flights was among the sand dunes at the Lake Michigan shore, 30 miles east of Chicago. His latest type of biplane glider attained remarkable inherent stability, so much so that he did not hesitate to allow amateurs to operate it. Over 2,000 glides were made with Chanute gliders — without a single accident, a great testimony to their rugged construction and scientific design.

This glider had a wing area

of 135 square feet, weighed 23 pounds and carried a 170-pound man at 20 to 40 miles an hour.

The success of Chanute's latest type of glider induced his assistant, Augustus M. Herring, to build a Chanute biplane glider in which he put a compressed air engine. A claimed flight of a few seconds in 1898 was never verified.

Chanute's success and the design of his glider had a great bearing on the work of the Wright brothers, who followed closely in his tracks.

THINK IT OVER
BY W. M. STANFORD
THE ripened fruit of
prejudice is hate.

PRINCIPLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY
For if we forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you. — Matthew 6:14.

He that cannot forgive others, breaks the bridge over which he himself must pass if he would ever reach heaven; for every one has need to be forgiven. — Herbert.

Idle thoughts may whisper, "Take the easy way," But we give the answer, "Work before our play."

Work will give us power, Thinking makes one wise, Honor, joy and business Come to him who tries.

the Gates of Pearl, by which we enter the City of God, are made by our defeats, injuries, hurts, losses and heartaches on earth; every gate a Pearl. There is no easy way to the highest life, no rosy road to clear insight and understanding. If to us life sometimes seems to be too hard, it is because we do not know what we are saying.

FISHY?

- A BLACK FISH IS NOT BLACK AT ALL, BUT DARK GRAY IS ITS HUE. A RED FISH IS NOT RED, BUT BROWN. A WHITE FISH IS LIGHT BLUE.
- A BLUE FISH IS NOT SAO OR "BLUE," BUT QUITE CONTENT IS HE. A JELLY FISH DOES NOT CONGEAL—FROM JELLY HE IS FREE.
- A CAT FISH CANNOT CATCH A MOUSE, AND NEVER DOES IT MEOW. A DOG FISH NEVER BARKS OR GROWLS. A SEA-COW DOES NOT MOO.
- A HOG FISH NEVER ROOTS OR GRUNTS. HORSE MACKEREL EATS NO HAY. A CRAB IS NEVER SILKY BUT SEEMS QUITE CONTENT AND GAY.
- A STAR FISH THINKLES NOT AT NIGHT, A SPOT FISH MOVES AROUND, A SPADE FISH NEVER SHOWS COAL OR DIGS DOWN IN THE GROUND.
- A CRAW FISH DOESN'T HAVE A CRAW, AN ANGEL FISH NO WINGS, A DEVIL FISH NO HOOF'S OR HORNS, FORKED TAIL OR OTHER THINGS.
- A WEAK FISH DOESN'T SEEM SO WEAK, A LION'S HAVE NO MANE, A JACK FISH CANNOT LIFT A THING—HE'S NOT BUILT LIKE A CRANE.
- A JEW FISH HAS NO BUSINESS BRAINS, A SHARK NO MONEY LENDS, A KING FISH NEVER WEARS A CROWN, A NEEDLE FISH NEVER MENDS.
- A POOT FISH IS NOT STUBBORN, AS ITS NAME SEEMS TO IMPLY, A MILK FISH NEVER GIVES US MILK FOR BABIES WHEN THEY CRY.

— by MARGARET M. MARTZ,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

When Freighter Wagons Hauled to West Texas



ON MOTHER'S DAY

We come this day, dearest Mother,
Honoring you for what you are,
Through all these years of childhood
You have been our guiding star.

When clouds hung low on our horizon
Add skies were overcast and grey,
It was you who brought back the sunshine,
It was you who saved the day.

If I ever have a son or daughter,
I pray that I may be
As good a mother to them
As you have been to me.

—RUTH MARTIN,
Chico, Texas.

OUR MOTHER

One smile—one delight,
One face—truer glow,
One vision—one bright
Memory of long ago.

One heart's devotion—so kind,
One love—was ever such another?
Can we on earth, or in heaven find
Love to equal hers?—"Our Mother"

HAZEL F. LEE,
1150 Mason City.

Most of the heavy hauling into West Texas frontier country 50 years ago was done in freighter wagons drawn by teams of oxen. The above picture, taken in June, 1887, at Southern, S. M., shows six yoke of the eight-yoke team owned at that time by G. W. Puckett, who now lives at Nocona. The heavy freight wagons are shown heavily loaded. Puckett is shown beside the

first yoke of "swing" team, with bullwhip over his shoulder. Puckett's home at that time was in Karnes County. He freighted supplies for Government forts in West Texas in the early eighties. Puckett's name has been added to the Star-Telegram's roll of West Texas Pioneers and the picture reproduced for a collection of historic scenes in the days when West Texas was being settled.

Gifts You Should Make

- To your enemies—forgiveness
- To your opponents—tolerance
- To a friend—your friendship
- To a child—a good example
- To your parents—respect and affection
- To all men—charity

**LIFE AIN'T ALLUS
A EMPTY DREAM...
... SOMETIMES
IT'S FULL OF,
NIGHTMARES...**

Victor, to Ernest—little boy, "What is your father?"
Little boy: "Gone to see a girl over."
Victor: "Why did he go to see a girl over?"
Little boy: "To get a dollar."
Victor: "What will he do with the dollar?"
Little boy: "Give it to another girl."
Head in this column must work a true story of the value of a young man.

**BY THE WAY—I HAVEN'T HAD
A NIGHTMARE SINCE I WAS A
CHILD—YET I SEEM TO REMEMBER
THAT FACE OF YOURS!**

**Society Note From
Rogers, Ark., Paper
November 25, 1908**

by Associated Press.
Dustin Martin, (SAL. Nov. 24.)
Twenty-six years ago Monday there appeared this item on the inside page of a Rogers, Ark. newspaper:
"Miss Betty Miller and Will H. Rogers of Charlemont, Okla., were married this afternoon at 1 o'clock by the Reverend J. G. Bailey at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. A. J. Blake, on East Walnut street."
And so Will Rogers, screen and stage humorist and writer, once married quietly with Mrs. Rogers their twenty-sixth wedding anniversary at their parish near here.
A few fortunate friends were invited over for dinner. Rogers (then called John in his private life) in the meantime, and in the afternoon Miss Rogers visited a week friend.
Their children, Matt, James and Will Jr., were all away from home then.
The society which existed:
"Following the wedding Mr. Rogers and his bride left on the north-bound train for St. Louis, en route to New York City, where he is a prominent figure on the theatrical stage."

JUST FOLKS by EDUAN A. GUEST

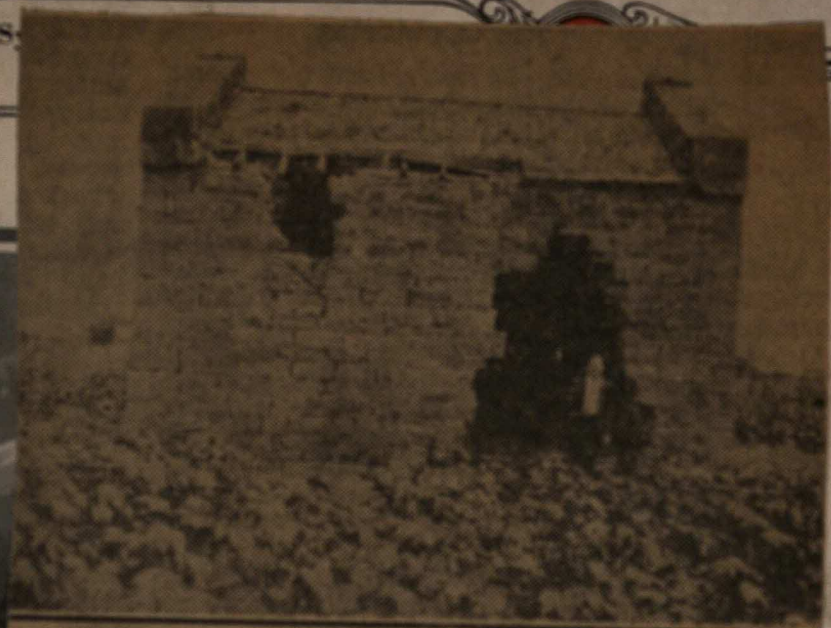
IMPERFECTIONS.

SOMETIMES I bring home friends
to dine
When she is not prepared.
A very common fault of mine
As she has oft declared.
And then again when she has planned
My favorite dish for me,
For reasons she can't understand
I don't come home for tea.

I leave the dresser drawers pulled out.
A careless man am I.
I toss discarded clothes about,
Which causes her to sigh.
I call to her to find my things,
Which I should plainly see,
A needless task, which often brings
Her scolding up to me.

As hand and foot she waits on me
She sadly shakes her head.
Why must I so indifferent be
To everything she's said.
Why can't I look upon the shelf?
Does not the thought occur
That I should wait upon myself
Without disturbing her?

"Yet were I perfect," I reply,
"Another man I'd be
And you might soon begin to sigh
To know the old-time me.
Should I become the best of men
As soon as I was gone
You'd want the husband back again
Who needed waiting on."



LAST OF OLD FORT BELKNAP

The above photo shows the fast crumbling arsenal, the only remaining building of old Fort Belknap, built in 1851, in Young County, Texas, and one of the early military outposts of West Texas. Gen. Robert E. Lee and Gen. U. S. Grant, visited Fort Belknap. The old arsenal stands in a cotton field, not far from Newcastle, "unwept, unhonored, and unused." It is proposed by patriotic Texans to preserve this famous Young county landmark and exhibit it at the Texas Centennial in 1936.

I DON'T KNOW YOU,
MADAM—BUT YOU
LOOK TO ME LIKE
EVOLUTION'S
DEAD END

THINGS WORTH KNOWING
A ton of gold is worth nearly \$500,000.
South America has a population of 77,000,000.
The Liberty Bell in Philadelphia weighs 2,080 pounds.
The average well-educated American has a vocabulary of 60,000 to 70,000 words.
The American people spend an average of \$1,000,000 a week for chewing gum.
Canada is larger than the United States proper and Alaska combined.
Rome has less population today than 2,000 years ago.
Two flies can produce 5,600,000,000,000 of their kind in one summer.

The lone "button" (top) rearing out of the flatlands of southwest Kansas is one answer to "Where do the dust storms come from?" Farmers east of Liberal, digging free after the most recent calamity, recall that three years ago all adjacent land was level with the top of this mound, which remains only because roots of bushes hold it fast. Eroded by every passing breeze, the level has sunk six feet in those three years. At bottom, half-buried beneath the huge heaps of dust covering the field, this tractor presented a rescue problem to the Wilburton, Kan., farmer shown prepared to dig it free, after the latest dust storm had passed on east.

IN THE WAKE OF THE DUST STORM



HUMANISMS

By Judge W. L. Coley

"Do it now. Tomorrow, today will be yesterday."

If a matter is very important it will be wise to sleep over it. Not things though look different after a night of reflection.

A wheelbarrow is a very useful thing if, as and when, it is properly pushed.

A properly initiated soap suds is very serviceable and valuable, so long as it does not leak or blow out. No, to, of man, if he will just keep his mouth shut.

Our mothers used to make our soap by using ash hoppers 1/2; our politicians now make and spread "soft soap" by using political lie.

Found on a marble slab covering the grave of a money-shack:

"Here lies old 60 per cent;

The more he got the more he lost;

And while his body lies in this hole
Through hell's key hole creeps his little soul."

The soul of the money-lending shack is "so small and hard that it would rattle inside a mustard seed shell, like a No. 1 shot in a tin snash holder."

Girl, living in the North, in a letter to her mother: "I want to come to Texas where I can see something green besides people."

Loading in the grocery store of Chan and Barney—Said Barney: "Boys, come with me to my church. You will hear a good sermon."

Said a loafer: "Barney, are you a church man?" Said Chan: "Yes! Barney does the praying, and I do the 'mission' for this firm, but neither of us means a damn thing by it."

Weeds grow without a hoe, and scatter seeds far and wide. Your mind will do likewise unless you cultivate it constantly.

Cass was a loud talking Mackintosh, but did not say much of value. Fred, a Dutchman, listening to him one day said "Cass, you make me think of clay." Said Cass—"You mean Henry Clay?" Said Fred: "No! No! The kind of clay they make soap jars out of."

Advertisement: "For Sale: A fine piano by a young woman, who is about to sail for Europe, with mahogany case and curved legs."

Don't try to "hid" yourself. There is one fellow you can't fool.

Don't plant pumpkin seed and pray for corn—you won't get it. What you plant and cultivate (except weeds) is what you will reap.

Birds flying may be caught or killed—not so with words.

Did you ever throw a rock into the dark and hear a dog howl?

How would you answer these questions:

Are you honest?

Are you fair?

Are you truthful?

Are you clean?

Are you forgiving?

Who "pays the freight?"

Can you say, and mean it: "I will have a 'clean heart' and a right purpose?"

Or "I will think right, say right and do right at all times."

"What would you take for yourself and cut the rotten out?"

"Common sense is a most uncommon thing."

Turn to the right, then keep straight forward.

Have you a gift? What is it?

GREAT WALL OF CHINA

China's Great Wall, which has marked her northern boundary for centuries, was frequently in the news the past two years as the Japanese occupied its passes and drove the Chinese armies to the south. Constructed in 241 B. C. to keep out the barbaric invaders from the north, it is again, in fact, the northern limit of Chinese domination.

While offering no great engineering difficulties, the Great Wall is the most ambitious project ever attempted, and is said to be the only man-made structure that would be visible from Mars, should that planet's supposed inhabitants have telescopes that would reveal our earth.

The wall winds in a general westerly direction for 1,500 miles, starting at Shanhaiwan on the Gulf of Liaotung, and ending between Kan Chow and Suchow in the semi-desert regions of Kan-Su province, near the Mongolian border.

A formidable barrier against the primitively armed Tatar invaders for centuries, it is of little avail against modern armies equipped with artillery and airplanes, except that it limits the movement of troops to passes, or to breeches made in the wall.

Considering the fact that no serious efforts have been made to keep the wall in repair for hundreds of years, it is in a remarkable state of preservation. It is constructed of brick or granite, and is filled with earth and rubble to within a few feet of the top. This filling is tamped down to form a roadway, flanked by loop-holed parapets. Every few hundred yards watchtowers are built into the wall.

The project was not a single undertaking, but was built in local units and connected up over a long period of years. It varies from 20 to 50 feet high, with an average height of 22 feet. It is from 15 to 20 feet wide on top, and widens at the base in proportion to the height.

The Great Wall did not prevent invasions of the Tartars and Mongols, who came around it, while the Manchus made their invasion, remaining to rule all of China from 1644 to 1911.

GO STRAIGHT TO YOUR GOAL

You can't make a real success without making some enemies.

You can't hold a strong position without strong opposition.

You won't seem right to any if you don't seem wrong to many.

A useful life can't be entirely peaceful and care-free.

You must do your duty as you see it.

Every earnest man in every generation has paid the price of individuality.

You can't dodge.

The greater you are, the greater the penalty of your progress. The farther you go, the wider you range, the more you increase the point of contact with which you must reckon, and, therefore, you multiply your battles against misconception and slander and malice.

You can't avoid or evade your allotted destiny—you can only hold down your share of trouble by holding back.

In every sphere men gibe and sneer.

So long as you aspire, others will conspire—so long as you try, others will vie.

You'll have hostility to face in every place and at every space.

So long as your conscience isn't ashamed to acknowledge you as a friend, don't give a rap for any enemies.

The Man of Toll

It is time to build a monument for the man whom monument-makers have overlooked. I speak of the man of toll. I speak of him who carries on in the storm and wind and hurricane, in the gloom of night and under the stifling heat of day. I speak for the man in overalls—the living symbol of the real America.

Let us build him a monument and let us raise it high for all of our children to see, lest they forget the virtues and the rugged courage on which the comforts they have are reared.

Let us build it high and on its base let us write clear and luminous, so that all may read:

To the man of Toll. To him who braves the peril of the mine or the angry roar of the furnace. To him who ploughs and bends and builds the handicraft of man. To the man of sweat and grime. For him whose brain and brawn have conquered the mountains and bridged the rivers—for him whose hands have known the wounds of work. For he is the breadgiver, he is the builder, his is the loyalty and his, the steadfast heart. He is America.

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**GREAT LIFE IF YOU
DON'T WEAKEN**

Man comes into this world without his consent, and leaves it against his will. During his stay on earth, most of his time is spent in one continual round of perplexities and misunderstandings.

In his infancy he is an angel. In his boyhood he is a devil. In his manhood he is everything from a lizard up. He may be a smart man, but in some folks estimation he is a fool. If he raises a big family he is a chump. If he raises a check he is a thief, and then the law raises Cain with him. If he is a poor man he is a bad manager and has no sense; if he is a rich man he is dishonest, but considered smart. If he is not in politics he is classed as an unprogressive citizen. If he goes to church he is a hypocrite; if he stays away from church he is a sinner and damned. If he donates to foreign missions, he does it for show; if he doesn't, he is stingy and a tightwad. When he first comes into this world everybody wants to kiss him; before he goes out of it they all want to kick him. If he dies young there was a great future before him; if he lives to a ripe old age he is in the way, and is only living to save funeral expenses. This is a hard road, but we all like to travel it. In order to be healthy we must eat nothing, drink nothing, smoke nothing, and see that the air is properly sterilized before breathing. So let's make the best of it.

WONDERS OF THE SEA

Oceans occupy three-fourths of the earth's surface. At the depth of 3,500 feet waves are not felt. The temperature is the same, varying only a trifle, from the poles to the burning sun of the equator.

A mile down the water has a pressure of a ton on every square inch. If a box six feet deep were filled with sea water and allowed to evaporate, there would be two inches of salt left on the bottom of the box. Taking the average depth of the oceans of the world to be three miles, there would be a layer of salt 230 feet thick over the entire bed should the water evaporate. The water of the ocean is colder at the bottom than at the surface. In many places, especially in the bays on the coast of Norway, the water freezes at the bottom before it does at the top.

Waves are very deceptive. Sometimes in storms these waves are forty feet high, and travel fifty miles per hour—nearly twice as fast as the fleetest steamship. The base of a wave—the distance from valley to valley on either side at the bottom—is generally reckoned as being fifteen times the height, therefore an average wave, say one 25 feet high, has a base extending over 375 feet. The force of waves breaking on the shore is said to be seventeen tons to the square yard.

The average human body loses 1 pound of water through lungs and pores every 8 hours.

**STATE FLOWERS FOR TEXAS
CENTENNIAL**

The red rose and the bluebonnet will be the State flowers for Centennial Year.

Women's clubs and chambers of commerce all over the State will be asked to see that literally acres of these flowers shall be planted along main highways.

In addition to the State flowers, many sections of Texas will derive an additional flower "motif" from the blooms already chosen as city flowers by metropolitan sections. For example, Fort Worth is well known for its redbud—a shrub growing into a tree of fair size along most of the highways of Tarrant county and in all the parks of that city. Galveston is famous for its oleanders, which have given that city its nickname. Houston has chosen the crepe myrtle for its flower. Other cities are expected to name their "centennial year flowers" in time for planting to get well under way before Christmas.

BE A BOOSTER!

**Sell Your Hammer.....
Buy You a Horn!**

"I believe that a man should be proud of the city in which he lives—and that he should so live that his city will be proud that he lives in it."

Remembering always that, "He Profits Most, Who Serves Best."

- Boost your city, boost your friend,
- Boost the lodge that you attend,
- Boost the street on which you're dwelling,
- Boost the goods that you are selling,
- Boost the people 'round about you,
- They could get along without you,
- But success will quicker find them,
- If they know that you're behind them.
- Boost for every forward movement,
- Boost for every new improvement,
- Boost the man for whom you labor,
- Boost 'he stranger and the neighbor.
- Do not be a chronic KNOCKER.
- Never be a progress blocker,
- If you'd make your city better,
- Boost it to the final letter.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

**SIX
DISTINCT
MEDICINES
ARE
OBTAINED
FROM THE
SKIN
OF THE
TOAD!
AMONG
THEM IS
ADRENALIN**



"If a man says, 'This I am, and not otherwise can I be,' then so is he. But if he says, 'I know not what I am, but what I am, God knows,' then so is he."

MOTION PICTURE OF "MOHAIR VELVET"

West Texas is the mohair center of the United States with the largest number of Angora goats of any State. It is therefore fitting that the picture, "Mohair Velvet," should be first exhibited there.

This picture shows the raising of Angora goats, the clipping of their fleece, and the making of mohair into velvet in the plant of the Collins & Aikman Corporation, largest manufacturers of mohair products in the world.

The picture is an added argument in favor of Texans' calling for, when making purchases, mohair upholstery on automobiles and furniture, as this State is the principal beneficiary of higher mohair prices.

To the man and woman who are in love with this life, life will close in the twilight. It is a woman with the...

Waddly Jackson Gits Trapped

(By Edward F. Younger.)



Kunnel Fo'man bin missin' watehmillions outen he's fiel'.

So he is strung bobbed wiah all etroun' de patch,

He fixin' t' trap ennybuddy dat comes dah t' steal;

Kunnel 'low dat thief gwine meet h'es match.

Saddy night Kunnel's dawgs dey set up a tar'ble fuss,

An' Ol' Kunnel know somebuddy prowlin' etroun'.

So he gits out on de poach wid an ol' blanderbuss

An' shoots h'it off todes de watehmillion groun'.

Nex' mawnin' airly he mirates down to dat patch

An' fin' tracks wh'ah somebuddy run mighty fas'.

An' rags on de fence, wh'ah somebuddy's clo's is catch,

An' h'it spotches ob blood on de fence an' grass.

T'day he is meet Waddly Jackson wid he's ahim in a sling.

Waddly mekkin' out dat he bin bit by a snake.

"Mah goodness," Kunnel say, "dat's a ser'us thing!

Mebbe yo' tuk bobbed wiah f'r a snake by mistake?

"Ah notices a big hole in de laig ob yo' pants;

Dey's a patch on mah fence fits dat all right.

Ennyways, Waddly, yo' is tekkin' a despritt chance,

Rassin' wid a bobbed wiah fence at night.

"Did a rattly snake bite yo', yo' be daid right now;

Lil' scratches on yo' ahim an' loig am evidence

Dat yo' ain't bin nuxin' wid nary snake, nobow!

Yo' not dem marks on mah bobbed wiah fence!"

This changes. It is est type ref chloride Regul or with Thermos stalling t efficientl horizont its rang regularly but can

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TEXAS COWBOY-COMMODORE ARRIVES FOR FAIR AFTER 4,500 MILE TRIP.

B. M. Hatfield, who left Fort Worth last Aug. 27, on his twenty-five foot motor snow after arrival yesterday to view the World Fair. He brought with him nineteen jugs of water from various rivers and canals.

(TRIBUNE Photo.)





Miss Mabel Stuckert

Mrs. J. L. Stuckert of Hampshire Boulevard in her mother's wedding dress from the period of 1879.

HOW WE ACQUIRE WISDOM

A bad break in the stock market often has a whole-some effect. Usually it's the wife who says: "You've had your fling; now I'm going to have mine. We're going to take the money we have left and buy a lot, and then we're going to build a house."

After a market break people think in terms of what they can do and not in terms of what they would like to do. They adjust their desires to their assured income. They look upon a dollar as one hundred cents, and not as something that will be five dollars in a couple of months.

Most of us can do very well if we will proceed carefully, living within our incomes actually and imaginatively.

When we realize, after bitter experience, that the way to comfort and peace is not along the exciting path of speculation, but rather along the well-paved level road of hard work, we have acquired wisdom.

Such wisdom, possessed by the major part of the people, makes a nation great. It insures steady, constructive, enjoyable progress.

More than 25,000 persons in India died from snake bite last year.

The Atlantic continent is estimated to have an area of 5,000,000 square miles. The U. S. has 3,026,789.

TEXAS PINK GRANITE FOR NEW HOUSTON DEPOT

Many citizens of Texas who have noted the beauty of the stone used in the State Capitol at Austin do not know that it is from a Texas quarry. Statement from Houston that the same stone was used in the new \$3,000,000 depot of the Southern Pacific Railway in that city reminds old-timers that the Capitol was constructed of granite from Granite Mountain, about two miles from Marble Falls, in Burnet county. The same mountain has furnished granite for Rice Institute in Houston and for a number of other public buildings over the State as well as for the cover stones on the Galveston piers. Experts agree that no prettier stone is quarried in all the Southwest than in Texas, and that it has lasting qualities far superior to granites of other countries.

FIVE-POINTED STAR DATES BACK TO 1835

The five-pointed star, the emblem of Texas, dates back to 1835 when the overcoat buttons of Henry Smith, Provisional Governor of the State, bore the familiar five points.

When Smith was named Governor, at a meeting held at San Felipe, a seal was needed for some official documents, so he cut a button from his coat.

The main issue before the people of Texas at that time was whether the Mexican constitution of 1834 would be observed or disregarded by the Texans.

Furnace Creek ranch in Death Valley, California, is the hottest known inhabited spot on the globe. A government thermometer there registered 134 degrees in the shade. The coldest recorded locality is in Northern Siberia, where the mercury drops to 90 degrees below zero.

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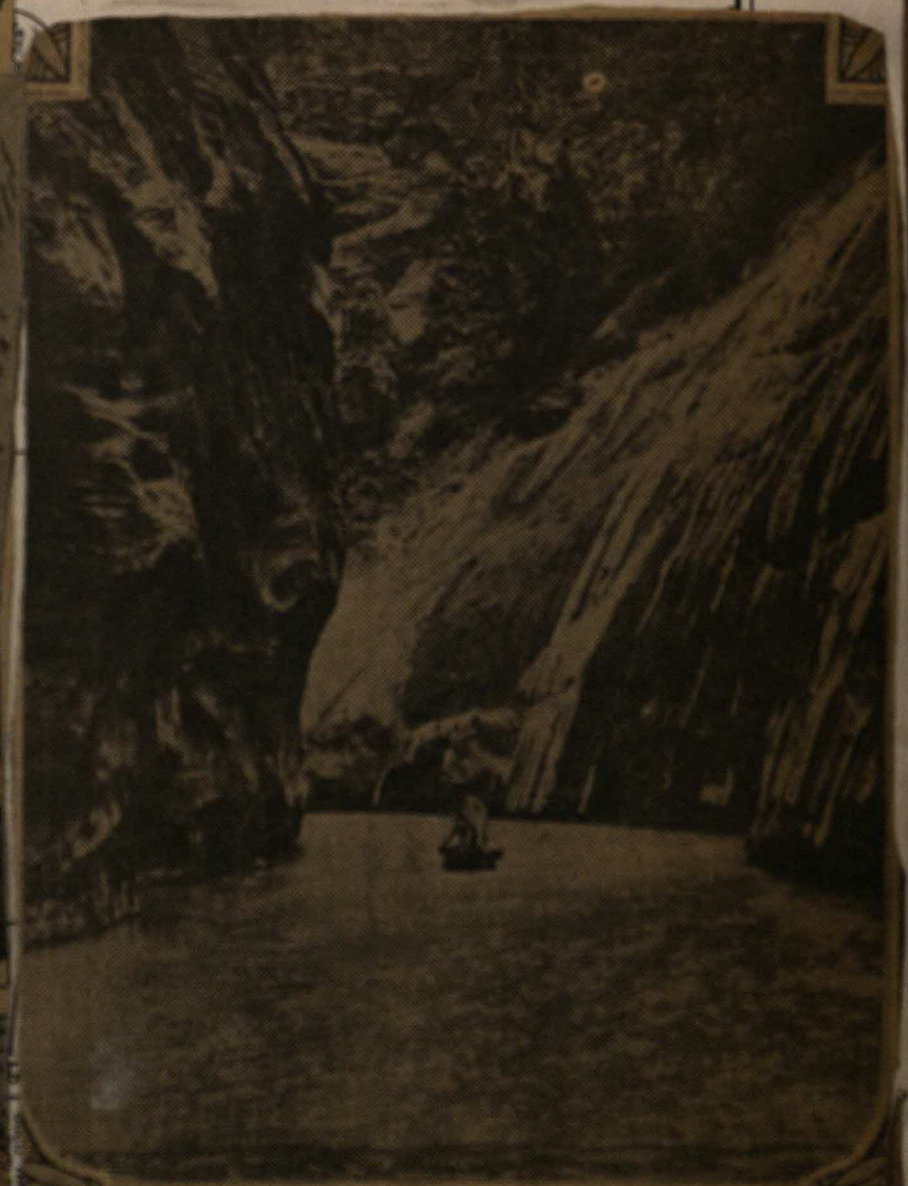
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The figure above is a miniature reproduction of the monument to Confederate soldiers which will be erected on the Confederate plot in East Oakwood Cemetery by members of Julia Jackson Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy. The figure of the soldier will be six feet high and will stand on a five-foot base of granite.



PICTURESQUE AND DANGEROUS is a trip through the narrows on the Munkantweap River, Zion National Park, Utah. This gorge cuts through precipitous walls to a depth of 1,500 to 2,500 feet. It's one of the State's scenic spots.



PICTURESQUE AND DANGEROUS is a trip through the narrow on the Mponkowsky River, Zion National Park, Utah. This gorge cuts through precipitous walls to a depth of 1,500 to 2,500 feet. It's one of the State's scenic spots.

Congress Set Aside Thanksgiving Day in 1879

THE first Congressional resolution calling upon the President of the United States to proclaim Thanksgiving Day has been made public by Colonel Edwin A. Halsey, secretary of the Senate, and James D. Preston, Senate Librarian. Congressional records thus show that Congress and not the Chief Executive originated the idea of official observance of the day.

The resolution calling upon George Washington to set aside a day for thanksgiving initiated in the House of Representatives, where, according to the record, there was some opposition before the resolution's adoption. The resolution was presented and adopted September 25, 1789, by the House and adopted on the following day by the Senate.

On October 3, 1789, Washington proclaimed Thursday, November 26, 1789, as Thanksgiving Day. On January 1,

1795, he again proclaimed Thanksgiving Day, this time for February 19 of that year. The first Thanksgiving Day was observed by the Pilgrims at Plymouth after their first harvest in 1621 and was also observed in other Colonies thereafter. During the American Revolution both General Washington and the Continental Congress set aside Thanksgiving Days.

Various Dates Set Aside.

Presidents John Adams and James Madison set aside Thanksgiving Days for various dates. Lincoln, after having previously proclaimed Thanksgiving Days on other dates, in 1863 proclaimed it for the last Thursday in November. Thereafter Thanksgiving Day was generally, but not always, observed on that day.

Representative Elias Boudinot of New Jersey, according to the House record for September 25, 1789, moved the resolution, saying "he could not think of letting the session pass over

without offering an opportunity to all the citizens of the United States of joining with one voice, in returning to Almighty God their sincere thanks for the many blessings He had poured down upon them."

He then read the resolution, after which Representative Aedanus Burke of South Carolina "did not like this mimicking of European customs, where they made a mere mockery of thanksgiving." He pointed out that "two parties at war frequently sung Te Deum for the same event, though to one it was victory and to the other a defeat."

Opposition in House

Representative Thomas Tudor Tucker of South Carolina "thought the House had no business to interfere in a matter which did not concern them." He suggested that the people might not "be inclined to return thanks for a Constitution until they have experienced that it promotes their safety and happiness." He said further that if a Thanksgiving

Day must be held the States could institute it. He said "it is a religious matter, and, as such, is proscribed to us."

Mr. Boudinot "quoted further precedents from the practice of the late Congress." He was supported in his request for acquiescence by Representative Roger Sherman of Connecticut, who said the practice of thanksgiving was "warranted by a number of precedents in Holy Writ: for instance, the solemn thanksgiving and rejoicings which took place in the time of Solomon, after the building of the temple, was a case in point."

Five Named on Committee.

The resolution was carried and Representatives Boudinot, Sherman and Peter Silvester of New York were appointed by the House a committee to wait upon the President. The Senate, on the following day, adopted the resolution, appointing Senators William Samuel Johnson of Connecticut and Ralph Izard of South Carolina to be

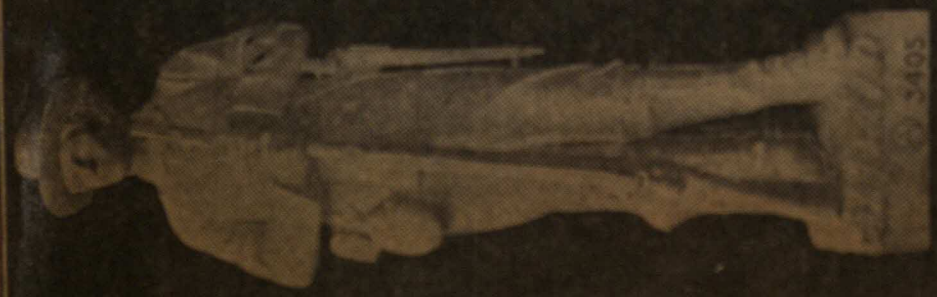
the Senate members of the committee. The resolution, as adopted by the House, follows:

"Congress of the United States, 'In the House of Representatives, 'The 25th of September, 1789.' 'Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled, that a joint committee of both houses be directed to wait upon the President of the United States, to request that he would recommend to the people of the United States, a day of public thanksgiving and prayer, to be observed by acknowledging with grateful hearts, the many and signal favors to Almighty God, especially by affording them an opportunity peaceably to establish a Constitution of Government for their safety and happiness.

"Ordered that Mr. Boudinot, Mr. Sherman and Mr. Silvester be appointed of the said committee on the part of this House."

The original of the resolution is in excellent condition and may be read easily. It is one of many interesting old papers brought to light by Colonel Halsey and Mr. Preston. These manuscripts are being restored to be bound in specially designed books.

Tribute



The figure above is a miniature reproduction of the monument to Confederate soldiers which will be erected on the Confederate plot in East Oakwood Cemetery by members of Julia Jackson Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy. The figure of the soldier will be six feet high and will stand on a five-foot base of granite.



It costs 42 cents to make 100 of these post-brochures of interest.

ring myself with military glory.

"Just a barefoot boy with a large patch on the seat of my pants."

courageously faced a discerning audience and defied in clarion tones every man, woman and child north of the Mason and Dixon line, double-dog daring them for one more chance

could against any Case of

I took no part in the war between the States for the simple reason that that war was over before the stork brought me into the

man, woman and child north of the Mason and Dixon line, double-dog daring them for one more chance

Looking back on as a "Confederate" there were times when I could have taken the case of Ph

HIGHWAY FROM CANADA TO MEXICO CITY IS AIM

A highway from Canada to Mexico City is the aim of the Lone Star Trail Association, directors of which met recently in Coleman. In Texas the route of the Trail is from Vernon to Albany, to Baird, Coleman, Brady, Mason, Fredericksburg and San Antonio. The directors believe all the unpaved gaps on the Trail will be paved within the next year and that it will be ready for visitors to the Texas Centennial.

large crop. Reports show that about 60 per cent of a normal crop is expected with total income from Texas turkeys placed around \$4,000,000. The birds are said to be in better condition than usual this year, largely due to the turkey grading schools, which taught farmers the defects in their birds and how to guard against them in order to market turkeys grading high and bringing quality prices.

wants Club of Fort Worth prescribed the method of more than 100 in Texas in the measure to combat

Chapman believes these dams will be assured the State even during the low he says they will be in any State of

Chapman told of county where 37,000 need of drinking his plan will save stock water and per ration every month

TEXAS TURKEY CROP SHORT

With lower prices expected this year, Texas turkey raisers did not plan for a

PRACTICAL DROUTH RELIEF PLANS

J. W. Chapman, dam-building engineer of the Texas State Department of Agriculture, speaking before the Ki-

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Sea Yields Gold and Silver in Chemists' Test

GOLD, as well as silver, has at last been extracted from the waters of the ocean, it was announced by Willard H. Dow, a noted chemist, before a recent meeting of the American Chemical Society, in New York City.

Only a few grains of the precious metal have been extracted, at a cost as yet too prohibitive to make it commercially profitable, Mr. Dow pointed out. The cost of extraction of the gold, it was learned, is about ten times the present market price, which is \$35 an ounce.

Nevertheless, the announcement was hailed by chemist as a decided step forward in the efforts of science to devise

means of tapping the \$3,000,000,000,000,000 treasure in pure gold, not to mention the untold wealth in silver, radium, platinum and other precious metals, definitely known to exist in very dilute form in the waters of the seven seas.

The first few grains of gold and silver so far extracted, Mr. Dow said, came as products in the process of the commercial extraction of bromine from sea water, in the plant opened this year by the Ethyl-Dow Company on the shores of the Atlantic Ocean near Wilmington, N. C.

Bromine Easier to Get

The bromine plant, the only one of its kind in the world, extracts bromine from sea water at the rate of .90 per cent efficiency, in amounts valued at \$2,000,000 a year. The bromine is

used in the manufacturing of anti-knock gasoline.

The reason why it is less costly to extract bromine than gold is the great difference in the dilution of the two substances. The quantity of bromine in sea water is 67 parts per million, about an inch to the linear mile. The quantity of gold, on the other hand, is in the ratio of 2.4 parts per 1,000,000,000. The sea water thus has about 30,000 times more bromine than gold.

The gold and silver came out in one tiny nugget no bigger than a pinhead and only one-tenth of a milligram in weight. It was extracted from twelve tons of sea water which had been specially treated in the bromine extraction.

Ratio Is Really Greater

The amount actually extracted is only a small fraction—one three-hundredeth

part—of the amount which the spectro-scope indicates to be actually existing in the twelve tons of sea water. The amount represents only one-hundredth of one part in a billion, whereas the actual amount, as indicated by the spectro-scope, is 2.4 parts per billion.

The "net" for fishing out the gold and the silver consisted in this case of what is known as colloidal sulphur, a sulphur in virtually liquid form. The sulphur is dissolved in the water. When it settles as a precipitate it carries the gold and silver along with it. The sulphur is then removed by chemical processes and the precious metals remain.

Chemistry is still very far from the point where it can actually extract the hoards of gold and other precious metals from sea waters, Mr. Dow said. The work was done merely as an experiment to explore the possibilities and to

test out methods in the search for more practical means to place the treasures of the sea at the disposal of man, he said.

It was also pointed out that this was not actually the first time that a small sample of gold was taken out from sea water. In 1920, when Germany needed gold for the payment of reparations, one of its most eminent chemists, Fritz Haber, a Nobel Prize winner, set himself the task to extract the gold from sea water, in hope that by so doing he would restore Germany's financial standing.

Haber, as far as is known, was the first actually to extract gold from sea water. In doing so, however, he came to the conclusion that it was impossible to achieve the goal on a practical scale and gave up the attempt as hopeless.



Nitroglycerin's Tremendous Explosive Power

By J. L. ELDRIDGE
Fort Worth, Texas.

(Copyright, 1934, by the Home Color Print Co.)

NITROGLYCERIN, the powerful explosive, is now manufactured in Texas. There are two factories making the product—one near Odessa, in West Texas, and one near Pampa, in Northwest Texas. They are owned by the major powder and torpedo manufacturing companies.

Nitroglycerin, a liquid, is colorless when pure, and is manufactured by treating glycerin with a mixture of concentrated nitric and sulphuric acids. It exploded by percussion or by heating in a closed vessel. Compared with gunpowder, it is eight times as powerful, weight for weight.

Nitroglycerin is of great value in oil fields, used often in "shooting" a well into production, where there are hard lime or tight sand formations that have been penetrated by drillers. From 50 to 500 quarts of the explosive are usually used in the "shooting" of a well, sometimes only from 10 to 50 quarts are needed. Familiar pictures of "gushers" are associated with the flow that follows a "shot," although in many cases the "flow" may consist of water and rocks, let loose by the nitroglycerin charge, while actual production follows hours later. In soft geological formations

many oil wells are brought in without the necessity of explosives.

How Wells are "Shot"

When it becomes necessary to shoot wells, the nitroglycerin is poured into double-shell containers, and lowered to pay sand. A zero-hour clock is then lowered so it will rest on top of the shell containers. Before lowering, the clock is set at the precise hour that the shooter wants the blast to go off. When the hand of the clock arrives at the designated hour it starts a detonator which fires the nitroglycerin. Sometimes the explosion is premature, that is, the nitroglycerin explodes half way or part way down the well, blowing casing skyward and may be injuring the men in charge of operations.

Nitroglycerin must be handled with great care, since it explodes through percussion. The least jar or friction may set it off, while a small flame or a single electric spark will have no effect upon its explosive qualities.

A small vial, containing an ounce of nitroglycerin, demolished the interior of the Stockyards National Bank at Fort Worth several years ago, killing the president of the bank and the demented man who hurled a vial containing this liquid to the tile flooring of the bank when his demand for \$10,000 was refused.

Accidents following the premature explosion of nitroglycerin have been numerous and, in most cases, fatal. About 20 years ago the driver of a wagon loaded with nitroglycerin passed through Fort Worth en route to the West Texas oil fields. While crossing,



"Put one drop of nitroglycerin on an anvil and hit it with a hammer."

a small bridge, 15 miles west of Fort Worth, the wagonload of nitroglycerin exploded with such terrific force that only small remnants of the driver, the driver's team and wagon were found scattered over two miles of prairie.

Tore a Hole 15x30 Feet

The impact of this wagon load of nitroglycerin tore a hole in the ground about 15 feet deep and 30 feet wide, shaking buildings and rattling windows in the city of Fort Worth. It is assumed that the driver of the ill-fated wagon must have allowed the wheels to bump against the bridge approach a little too hard, thereby setting off some nitroglycerin that had probably flowed from a leaky can containing the liquid. Most municipalities now safeguard residents of cities by compelling drivers of nitroglycerin trucks to follow a route along outskirts instead of through main business and residential sections.

The greatest danger from handling nitroglycerin is friction. The least friction sets it off. This is why men shooting wells are cautious about leaky cans containing the liquid. If a few drops, leaking from a can, should come in contact with a moving object sufficiently to cause friction a disastrous explosion usually follows. The victim, or victims, of such an explosion are seldom maimed—they are blown literally to pieces.

Eighteen months ago a truck-load of nitroglycerin exploded 5 miles from Monahans, Texas. The truck was en route to Wink, Texas. The explosion occurred on a paved highway, tearing a

hole in the ground about 7x20 feet. Driver and truck were so completely wiped out that no clue was left as to cause of the accident, although it is surmised that some of the liquid escaped from a can while the truck was in motion and that friction set it off.

Power of One Drop

Nitroglycerin is said to be the most powerful commercial explosive so far known. The striking power of one drop of nitroglycerin was recently described by Mr. H. F. Schoonover, in charge of production department of Pure Oil Company. He witnessed a demonstration by a blacksmith, who put one drop of nitroglycerin on an anvil and hit it with a hammer. The explosion that followed knocked the blacksmith down and shocked him severely.

Improved transporting and packing facilities of nitroglycerin as well as eliminating bumpy bridges and culverts including better paved highways, have combined to materially reduce the number of accidents to drivers of trucks loaded with this dangerous explosive. Also location of nitroglycerin factories and magazine warehouses at strategic field points in Texas has reduced the length of hauling the product, which years ago was brought to Texas from factories as far away as Oklahoma, Illinois and Indiana.

IMPOSSIBLE! THEY SAID: BUT HE MERELY LAUGHED—AND DID IT!



... the Admiral of the Trinity" and the Texas Steer.

CAPT. MULLENS SHOWS EXHIBIT

Millions Have Seen Model
Of Trinity Navigation
During Past 5 Years

If you would have, at a glance,
a picture of the Trinity Canal as
it will look when the tow boats

Admiral Hatfield--Greatest Of Canal Attention-Callers

In a Voyage of More Than 18 Months Scow "Texas
Steer" Has Poked Its Nose Into Hundreds
Of Far River Harbors

* On the brick front of the Texas Hotel, near the line
where that structure joins the Worth Bldg., there is an
"imaginary depression" in the wall.

begin whistling for Belknap Street bridge, you'll find it for the next 10 days at the Fat Stock Show.

Capt. James B. Mullens, who one time steamboated on the Mississippi River, is back on the job again with the new famous Canal Assn. exhibit, and he expects to add several thousand to the millions of persons who have viewed the working model during the last five years.

The Trinity exhibit always attracts attention. A large painting showing in relief the counties, hills, lakes, cities, locks, dams, etc. on the proposed canal route—together with an actual water course with miniature boats plying the stream—it is making its fourth appearance at the Stock Show.

Four times it has been displayed at the State Fair in Dallas. It has been displayed before the Mississippi Valley Assn., in St. Louis and before the National Rivers and Harbors Congress in Washington.

"Several million people have seen the model during the past five years," said the captain, "and I think I've explained it to at least half of them. Everyone appears interested. There's something about boats and water, you know, that appeals."

But this year the exhibit has a new item—a small model of the "Texas Steer" in which Commodore B. M. Hatfield is making toward Fort Worth after a 5000-mile journey over inland waterways in the boat, a flat-bottomed scow he launched here more than a year ago.

Captain Mullens also will have on display a miniature of the famous Mississippi sternwheeler, the Betsey Ann, which still is plying the big river. He constructed these boats himself.

The main exhibit, with its locks working automatically, cuts the time between Fort Worth and the Gulf to a "minimum," the miniature towboat and barge making a round-trip journey through all locks in five minutes.

It was made, this "hole that isn't there," by a portly 300-pound man who, back in the summer of 1933, claimed the spot as his "office." All day long he used to lean against the wall and talk of oil and sulphur deposits and Mexican revolutions. He did that for years.

And then one day, after leaving his "office" to stroll around to the Nichold for a cup of coffee, he didn't come back. . . . for as he took his coffee he caught another Big Idea.

"I believe I'll build a boat," he said, "and take her down the Trinity to the Gulf, and then on up the Mississippi and through the Illinois to Chicago. I'd like to see that Century of Progress . . ."

Impossible! said those who heard of the plan. It couldn't be done—the Trinity wasn't navigable—but the 200-pounder merely laughed and went about the business of building an 18-foot flat-bottomed scow.

Launched in August.

Colonel H. M. Hatfield (he was Colonel then by virtue of a title brought home from Mexico) at length completed the boat, christened it the "Texas Steer," and launched it on August 14 at Belknap St. Bridge.

Even then no harbor could be found for the venture. Prominent citizens, the Chamber of Commerce wouldn't listen. Even the Trinity River Canal Assn. didn't think the Colonel would get far. But Hatfield shoved off—with no backing and only enough food for 24 hours.

That was more than 18 months ago. Since that time the "Texas Steer" and its skipper have accomplished the impossible. The canvas-covered 18-foot scow has pushed its nose into hundreds of ports. It has been seen at every town on the banks of the Trinity down to Galveston. It has been tied to docks at New Orleans, Pensacola—to the Mississippi landings of Memphis, St. Louis and Cairo.

To River's Head.

It has traveled to the headwaters of the great river, visited

dozens of towns along the Ohio, followed the Illinois. And it has dipped its nose under the chain across the lagoon at Chicago's Century of Progress. In brief, the "Texas Steer" has traversed 5000 miles of inland waterway, and even now is down about Madisonville laboring up the Trinity toward the home port of Fort Worth.

But the Colonel is no longer the Colonel. He calls himself the Commodore . . . the Admiral of the Trinity . . . Master of the Swamps . . . and Vice-Admiral of the Marches.

And he has had adventures. One day they kicked him out one late at the Century of Progress, but later brought him back through another with a band playing ahead of him. They gave him the keys to the city and six official guides.

Even then he went hungry. The guide, showed him all the sights but failed to guide him to a hamburger stand. They, like nearly everybody else he met, thought he was a Texas millionaire engaged in a stunt . . . and a 200-pound man can get pretty hungry.

Each Day Different

As he went up and down the rivers he never knew what the next day would bring. One day he would be next to starving, and then on the next he honored guest of some city council, C. of C., School Board, or whole town. He met governors, generals, mayors and senators.

He peered jugs of Trinity water into every canal, bay, river and creek through which he passed, and by the time he reached New Orleans on the homeward voyage he had about 200 pennants strung above the boat, and about 500 photographs in his log book.

But he accomplished something else, too—for, as canal officials now admit "he has given Fort Worth a million dollars worth of publicity, and has done more than any other man to call attention to the Trinity project."

They're planning a parade and a show for him when he gets here, late this month, with the "Steer" and his new auxiliary tow, "The Texas Call."

And then, like as not, the Commodore will return to his office on the street between the Texas Hotel and the Worth Building—to talk of oil and sulphur deposits and Mexican revolutions . . . and river travel.

At the beginning of life in the sunrise, the busy active period of life like the noonday and the close of life like the sunset.

"Oh, a day God should call you away,
What would you give in exchange
for your soul?"

The Best Engineering—building a bridge of faith over the river of death.—World Call.

Mrs.
Lee Morris

Mrs. Lee Morris, Chico, president of First District, Texas Federation of Women's Clubs, and a frequent visitor in Fort Worth, has written the following poem. It expresses a beautiful creed which all club women might do well to follow:

KINDNESS DURING LIFE

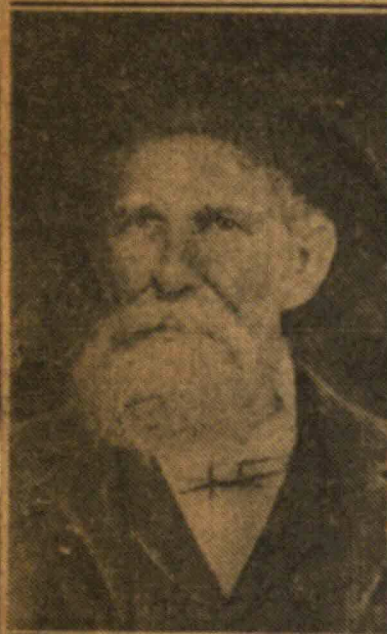
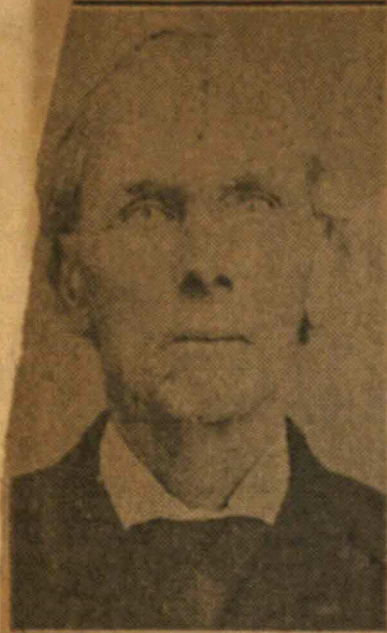
*I would rather have one little rose
From the garden of a friend,
Than to have the choicest flowers
When my stay on Earth must end.*

*I would rather have one pleasant word
In kindness said to me,
Than flattery when my heart is still
And life has ceased to be.*

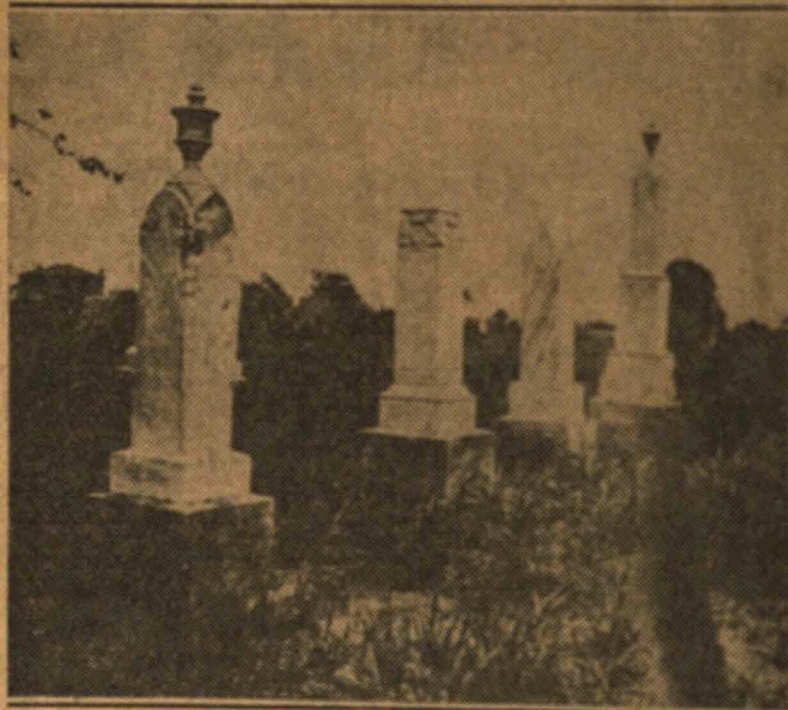
*I would rather have a loving smile
From friends I know are true,
Than tears shed round my casket
When to this world I've said adieu.*

*Bring me all your flowers today
When pink, or white, or red;
I'd rather have one blossom now
Than a truckload when I'm dead.*

They Helped to Locate Fort Worth



These pictures recall the locating of Fort Worth in the Spring of 1849 by a band of Rangers, who were led by Col. Middleton Tate Johnson (upper left). Johnson Station was named for him. Upper right picture is the home, still standing, of Simon Bowdon Farrar, one of the four Rangers. The house is situated between Palmer and Rockett in Ellis County. Lower left is Farrar. Lower right is a group of graves in Birdville cemetery. The second monument from the left is over the grave of Henry Clay Daggett, one of the four Rangers.



—1935—

Fort Worth Will Celebrate 86th Birthday This Spring

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

Fort Worth will celebrate its eighty-sixth birthday this Spring.

It is well that we sometimes think of the development of this great Southwestern city; that we now and then recall the founders as well as the builders; that we pay tribute to General Tarrant for whom the county was named, to Maj. Ripley Arnold who gave the city its cognomen and to General Worth for whom Fort Worth is called, and that we think, as well, of those five men who selected the site of the little army post that was erected on the bluffs of the Trinity something less than nine decades ago.

The city had its beginning on a bright Spring day in 1849, when an advance guard of Texas Rangers selected a spot near the present courthouse as the site for one of a cordon of army outposts that the Government was seeking to establish on the Western frontier. This first detachment of soldiers came on

body was returned to this county, where it now lies in an unmarked grave in the family burying ground at Johnson Station. He was survived by his wife, five daughters and three sons, all of whom are now deceased. Several grandchildren survive, but they are scattered from Texas to California.

Simon Bowdon Farrar was born in South Carolina in 1827. He was the youngest son of James and Jane (Bowdon) Farrar, natives respectively of Kentucky and South Carolina. Farrar came to Texas with his family in 1840 and he settled near Shelbyville. He participated in the Regulator-Moderator War in East Texas and served in the Mexican War with Colonel Wood's regiment. He also saw service in the Confederate Army. Until 1855 he traveled about over Texas, but in that year he settled on Red Oak Creek, in Ellis County. His first wife was Sarah Daggett, a sister of Capt. E. M. Daggett, known as "The Father of Fort Worth," and a sister also of Henry Clay Daggett, one of the locators of the post.



THE ELKS CLUB

horseback from Johnson Station, to trifle away, where they were stationed. They were to seek the place for the post "somewhere near the confluence of the Clear and West forks of the Trinity River." Major Arnold, so the records say, was not with this group, but came some time afterward and helped to erect the post buildings.

In Charge of Group.

Col. Middleton Tate Johnson, for whom Johnson Station was named, was in charge of the small group composed of Simon Bowden Farrar, Henry Clark Dagggett, Charles Turner and William B. Echols, who camped all night at Cold Springs, about two and a half miles northeast of the present courthouse. Early the next morning the men rode over on what is now the Samuels Avenue bluff and decided on the site across the hill where later the post buildings were erected. All of these five men formerly were residents of Shelby County in East Texas, and they had fought alongside each other in the Mexican War.

Colonel Johnson was born in South Carolina about 1802. He migrated to Shelby County while the State was yet a Republic, and took a leading part in the affairs of his community. He was active in the War with Mexico in 1846 and 1847, gaining note as a gallant officer under General Taylor. At the close of the war he came to Maryle Home Springs, later Johnson Station, about three miles south of what is now Arlington. Here he found Indians operating a grist mill and trading post. Later Colonel Johnson put in a grist and sorghum mill, a blacksmith shop and general merchandise store in connection with his commodious home which offered hospitality to all who came that way.

Notables Entertained.

Many notables of the day were entertained in Colonel Johnson's home, among them Sam Houston, Governor Throckmorton, Hardin R. Runnels, John H. Reagan and Oran Roberts. During a State Democratic Convention in Austin in 1866, Colonel Johnson was stricken with a malady that caused his death. He

Widow Is Living.

W. H. (Buck) Farrar of Ellis County was a son of the pioneer and his widow lives with their children near Rockett in Ellis County. After the death of Sarah Dagggett Farrar, Simon Farrar married Lella Smith, the daughter of Hans and Nancy Owens Smith. Their children were F. F. Farrar, James Hans Farrar, Mary Helen, or Mollie, S. B. Jr. (Bowl), John Sydney and Nancy. Most of their descendants now are living in Ellis County. Sarah Dagggett Farrar is buried at Hines Chapel near Egan, Simon Farrar and his wife, Lella (Smith) Farrar are buried in the Smith Cemetery, near Rockett, Ellis County, Farrar dying Oct. 17, 1897.

Henry Clay Dagggett, born in 1830, in Lewiston, N. Y., was the son of Eleazer Dagggett and Elizabeth (Crenk) Dagggett. Henry C. Dagggett came with his family into East Texas in 1838, and during his residence there he was active in the political life of the State. In 1849 he came to Tarrant County and was one of the men sent to help locate the fort site. He was married to Sarah Ellen Marsh in Dallas, Texas, in 1851. The couple settled near Birdville and to them two children were born, Charles Biggers Dagggett and Thomas Harrison Dagggett. Charles Biggers and Thomas Dagggett are both dead, but the former is survived by his widow and two sons, Charles and Henry Dagggett, who reside in California. Henry Dagggett and his wife are buried in the Birdville Cemetery, as are their two children.

Son of Judge.

Charles Turner, the son of Judge Robert Turner and Nancy Harves, was born March 13, 1822, and died Oct. 31, 1878. Shortly after he had helped to establish the site of the post, he located with his family on the land a part of which is now Greenwood Cemetery. Charles Turner was considered well-to-do and he owned many slaves. The Turner home was a hospitable one and was known far and wide for its social life. The large oak tree that still stands in the center of Greenwood Cemetery was greatly admired by Charles Turner. He always said he wished to be buried under that tree which he once owned. Although his remains lie in the family burial plot in Pioneer Rest Cemetery, there are many others who lie near the sheltering arms of the splendid oak. Charles Turner married Amanda Adams, daughter of Lemuel Adams and Caroline (Nored) Adams, and of their large family one daughter, Mrs. E. H. Keller of this city, survives, together with a large number of grandchildren and great-grandchildren of the pioneer, one of the founders of the city's site.

Dr. William Echols, of Shelby County, was another of the Banner Company who helped to select the site of the post. However, he did not stay in Tarrant County, as did most of the others of this little group, but resided most of his life in Shelby County, where he is buried.

The American Legion's Junior Baseball League has a code which members are required to recite before each game. It is:

- Keep the rules.
- Keep faith with your comrade.
- Keep your temper.
- Keep yourself fit.
- Keep a stout heart in defeat.
- Keep your pride under in victory.
- Keep a sound mind, a clean soul, and a healthy body.

Plays With Fire

Flaming Cotton Held in Hand When Immersed With Chemicals

By Science Service.

LOS ANGELES, July 4.—A flaming piece of cotton can be held in the hand, provided it is first immersed in a mixture of two parts carbon tetrachloride and one part of carbon bisulphide. But drop the cotton as soon as the chemicals have burned off.

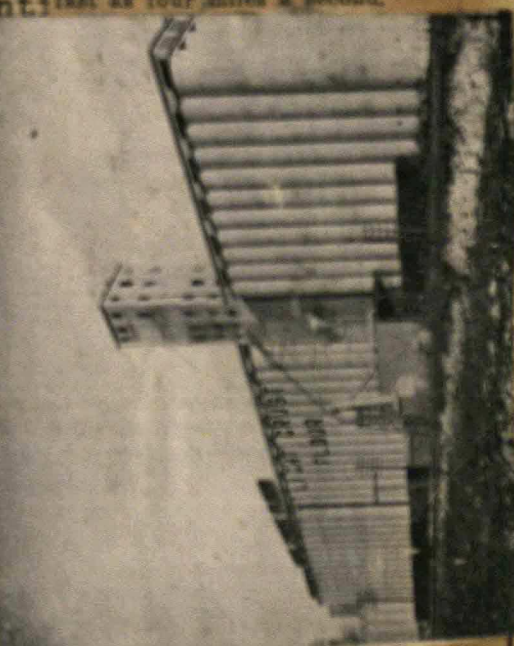
This magic-like stunt was part of the lecture delivered before the Pacific section of the American Assn. for the Advancement of Science here by Prof. R. W. Wood of The Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, who described the eccentricities of high explosives.

Prof. Wood also demonstrated an explosion which occurs at the relatively low temperature of boiling water, at 212 degrees Fahrenheit.

Particularly violent among explosives, Prof. Wood said, is the outburst of fulminate detonators. When such firing devices blow up their cap is shot off at three times the speed of a rifle bullet.

By photography Prof. Wood has proved that when explosives are set off they first send out weak light of extremely short duration and then remain dark for a period of less than a ten thousandth of a second. Finally they burst forth with a blaze and a bang. This second burning progresses along the explosive sometimes as fast as four miles a second.

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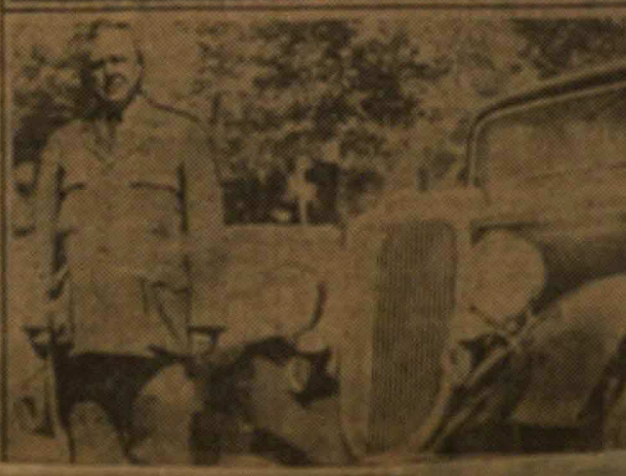
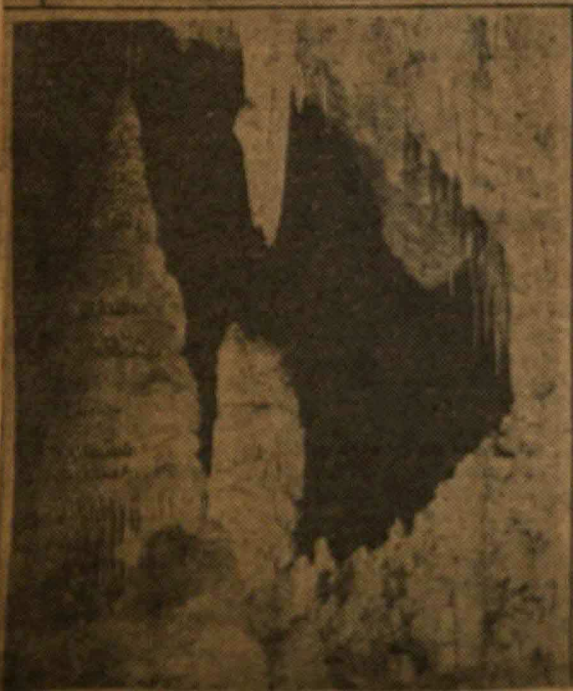
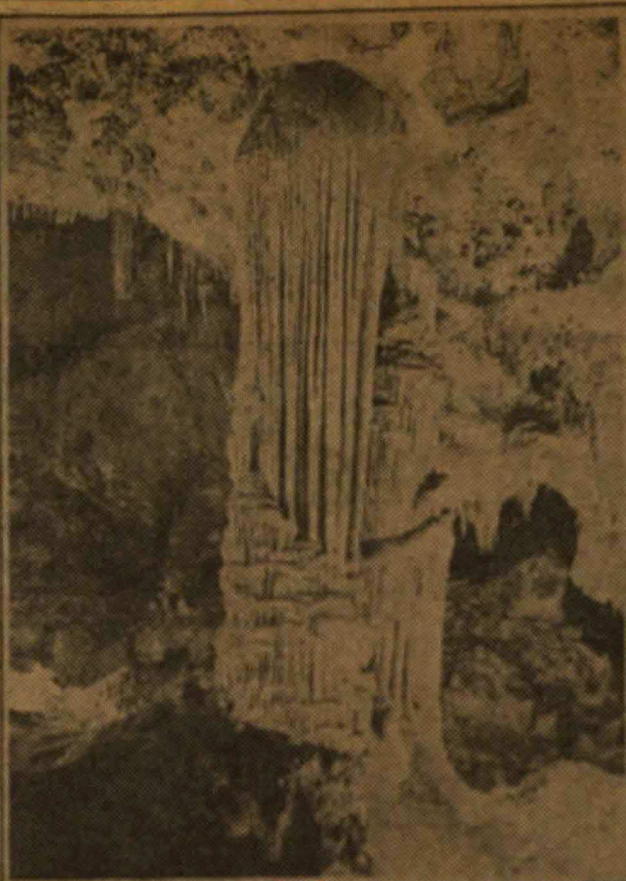
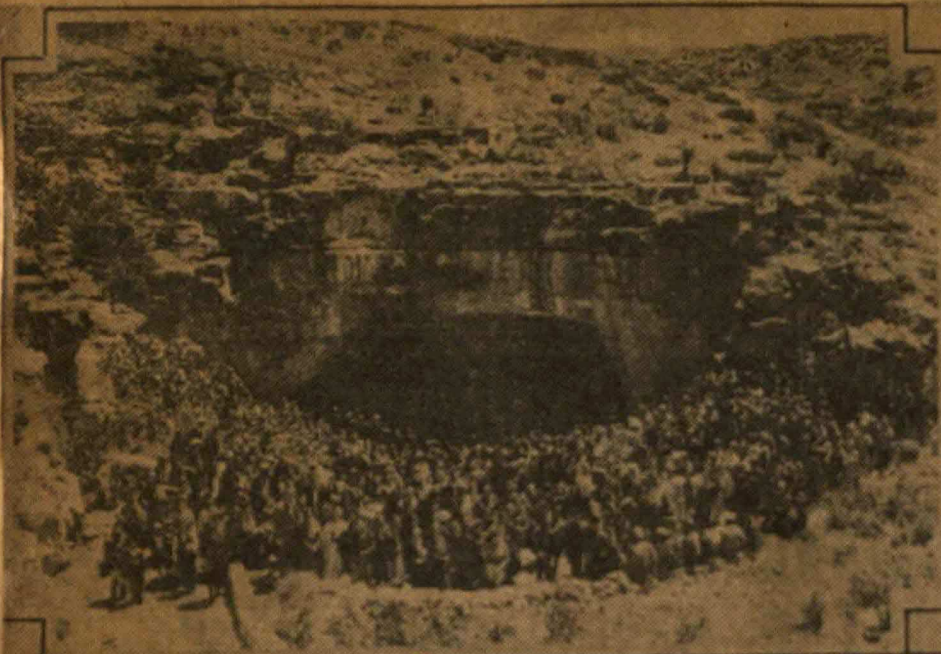


MISS LIBERTY
HAS A MOUTH
THREE FEET
WIDE,
AND
FINGER NAILS
15 X 10
INCHES
IN
SIZE.



**Legion Players
Must Recite Code**

Becoming Year-Around Mecca for Texas Tourists



Carlsbad Caverns are becoming more and more the year-around Mecca of Texas tourists, more than half of the total visitors coming from this State. The pictures show (upper left) 2,471

Texas and New Mexico high school students starting the seven-mile trip as guests of Governor Hockenbush of New Mexico; (right) one of the beautiful massive columns in the cave;

(lower left) the Dome Room, 750 feet underground; (center) the impressive 60,000,000-year-old Rock of Ages; (right) Col. Thomas Boles, superintendent of Carlsbad Caverns National Park

—All Cavern photos courtesy of National Park Service.

and the Cooke-Fillingim Motor Company Ford V-8 in which the Carlsbad trip was made.

A vacation tour that can be compressed into three or four days or expanded profitably almost indefinitely, because of adjacent points of interest, was taken last week as one of the series of Star-Telegram tours. The trip—the Carlsbad Caverns in New Mexico—was made in a Cooke-Fillingim Motor Company Ford V-8.

From the caverns, the most stupendous natural subterranean chambers in the world, the tourist with plenty of time has at hand a world of wonders, for New Mexico above ground is no less alluring. The State, through which runs the Continental Divide, has seven national parks or monuments as well as many interesting Indian reservations. To name only a few objectives, there are Taos and Santa Fe, Cloviscroft, the White Sands and Elephant Butte.

500 Miles From Fort Worth.

There is no better place than Carlsbad, a charming little town of shade trees, to plan an expanded tour. Certainly there is no scenic marvel so accessible to Texas as well-worth visiting as the underground fairyland to which Carlsbad is the gateway.

Amazing Underground Fairyland of Carlsbad Caverns, Never Closed to Public, Beckon Motor Tourists to N. M.

Carlsbad Caverns are just a little more than 500 miles from Fort Worth, on the most direct route, which is west on Highway 80 to Pecos and thence north. Only a few miles of the entire distance are unpaved and exceptionally fast time can be made if necessary. For those with leisure, there are excellent hotels and tourist camps en route.

The Caverns are not at Carlsbad, of course; they are 26 miles distant from the town for which they are named, but the road to the town is good and preferable to the short cut, afforded and frequently urged upon tourists, a few miles beyond the Texas line.

Visitors are conducted through the big cave in parties made up each morning at 10:30 and at 11:30 o'clock. At least an hour should be allowed for the trip out from Carlsbad, since several miles of rough canyon road have to be traversed to reach the entrance, and the National Park Service enforces a 15-mile speed limit for safety.

Owned and Operated by U. S.

The road, winding and climbing steeply into the foothills of the Guadalupe Mountains, is a not inconsiderable feature of the trip. It ends in a broad, terraced parkway, a short distance from the entrance to the cavern and policed by National Park Rangers.

The caverns are owned and operated by the United States Government. Col. Thomas Boles, whose office is at Carlsbad, is superintendent of the caverns. A fee of \$1.50 for guide service is charged each adult entering the cave, but no charge is made for children of 16 years or under, when accompanied by adults. A charge of 50 cents in each direction is made for each adult using the elevators and half fare for children between the ages of 5 and 12 years.

These elevators, which have a combined capacity of 500 persons an hour, travel between the surface and the 750-foot level of the caverns and are the second longest lift elevators in the United States, being surpassed only by those in the Empire State Building in New York

Rangers Explain Features.

Use of the elevators is discouraged on the inward portion of the cavern tour, although those not physically fit for the descent may take them down. A majority of the visitors ride the lifts out, saving the hour and a half time required to walk to the surface.

Going in and coming out, the parties are accompanied by park rangers, who regulate the speed of the column to prevent fatigue and who explain and point out the many unusual features of the cavern. There usually is one ranger to every 20 persons.

Approximately seven miles of subterranean passages and chambers are open to the public, although two lower levels, one more than 900 and the other more than 1,300 feet below the surface have been explored and eventually will be shown to visitors.

When the ascent is made by elevator, the cavern trip takes about four and a half hours, with 30 minutes for lunch in the famous lunchroom 750 feet underground.

The temperature in the cavern is always the same—56 degrees the year around—while that at the surface varies from zero in Winter to more than 100 in Summer. Especially in Summer the visitor is apt to be chilled after he has entered the cave, and wraps are advisable and advised.

Natural Arch Entrance.

The entrance is through a great natural arch, where 33 years ago, a cowboy, Jim White, saw a cloud of bats emerging at sundown and was impelled to begin explorations. The bat flight, which is one of the most extraordinary sights imaginable, has been nonexistent until just recently this Summer, probably owing to drouth conditions. At its best more than 3,000,000 bats are estimated to emerge from the entrance. They fly about all night and return to their own special part of the cavern before daylight the following morning. None of these curious mammals is ever encountered by visitors during the trip

Gentle ramps, or sloping trails, have eliminated most of the stairways in the caverns descent, which is easily made even by old people, and which forms a desirable prelude to the wonders to be seen in the depths.

Main Corridor Immense.

The main corridor of the cave, just inside the entrance, is immense, but apart from its great size, has nothing of particular importance to offer. The trail leads through this corridor for almost a mile. Exclamations begin to be heard—seldom stilled thereafter—when the Green Lake Room is reached, named for a small emerald pool. The trail then passes through a short artificial tunnel to the King's Palace, thought by many to be the most beautiful chamber in this or any other series of caverns. It is almost circular in form and is separated from the adjoining chambers by curtains or partitions of gleaming onyx.

A natural "keyhole" leads to the Queen's Chamber, famous for its elephant ears or draperies of limestone, some hanging straight down from the lofty ceiling, others folded back. Some of these are so delicate and translucent that a light placed behind them brings out faint tints of pink and tearose. Smaller formations are especially interesting here, interlacing like an impenetrable thicket of thorns.

The Big Room After Lunch.

Next is the Papoose's Chamber, opened to the public only two years ago, where a prehistoric bat died and was buried in a growing stalagmite. This beautiful little room leads back to the King's Palace. Winding terraces take the party to the lunchroom, at the beginning of the Big Room of the cave, the most impressive of the many chambers and so large that nearly three hours is required to traverse it. It is nearly 4,000 feet long and 625 feet wide and at one place the ceiling arches 300 feet overhead. The formations are massive and unusual, the hanging stalactites varying from almost needlelike formations to huge chandeliers. The stalagmites, rising from

the floor, are equally varied, although of different contours. Here is found the 60,000,000-year-old Giant Dome, which bears a striking resemblance, both in size and shape, to the Leaning Tower of Pisa. Another great formation, only slightly younger geologically, is the majestic Rock of Ages. Here the party is halted and the flood lights are extinguished, leaving utter darkness. Then, in the distance park rangers begin singing the hymn Rock of Ages, as the lights gradually come back on.

Texas Tourists Lead All.

Few tourists in the Big Room can withstand the temptation to drop a penny in the Wishing Well, a crystal pool. Few can maintain silence on being shown fountain basins lined with crystalline onyx marble resembling lily pads; none can forget the tremendous boulder known as the Iceberg or the massive delicacy of the totem poles.

Of course there are no "top of the ground" words to describe adequately this underground fairyland, with its literally millions of formations, deposited speck by speck for millions of years in dripping water.

It Must Be Seen.

It is being seen by increasing thousands, from every State in the Union, from Canada and Mexico and Central and South America, with occasional stray tourists from Europe and Asia. Texas leads them all. During August the caverns were visited by 21,069 persons, and

11,670 of them were Texans. There were four from Hawaii, where Superintendent Boles was stationed in the Park Service before coming to Carlsbad, and five from Japan. Even China had one. More than 850 went through on the heaviest days.

Lighting of the cavern is the marvel of electricians. Despite the roughness of the interior, not a wire, not a floodlight, not a switch is to be seen. All are concealed.

Improving Canyon Road.

In the group of beautiful stone buildings, which house the staff of the service near the cave entrance,

is a power plant with three large Diesel engine driven generators that supply current for lightning, operation of elevators and other power needs.

Superintendent Boles is now directing extensive improvement of the road through the canyon leading to the cave and predicts that in a few years pavement will be afforded on four principal routes to the reservations.

Texans who have time will find it worth the trouble to return via the El Paso and Van Horn roads, leading Southwest from Carlsbad, as this route swings around the foot of majestic Guadalupe Peak, or "El Capitan," the most impressive mountain in Texas. Beyond this mountain is a fork, with the choice of Van Horn or El Paso, and excellent roads again. The road from Carlsbad Cavern to the peak is rough, but that's soon traversed and forgotten.

O Lord, suffer me to catch a fish so large that even I—when talking of it afterwards—may have no need to lie.

THE FISHERMAN'S PRAYER

Think what it would mean never to waste any time condemning or regretting! It's a much better life to go around with a lantern looking for an honest man than to go around with a gun hunting for a dishonest one! Try instead to let that true diviner within you find a thing to praise in other people, in things, in life, in yourself. And then praise it. Haven't you ever watched anyone come up through honest praise—up, right out of the fault you wanted to condemn? Who are ~~we~~ to condemn! What have we to do with regret? The lovely things that are no more, the beloved person who is no longer here. That is not where our life is! Somewhere there in the midst of that experience is water for people who are thirsty, oil for lamps that stand in darkness. Our need is to find it and use it and enter life again—**OR BY-PASS** of the air leaving the unit

In the group of beautiful stone buildings, which house the staff of the service near the cave entrance,

1935.

JUNE 6 IS 86TH BIRTHDAY OF FORT WORTH

Special to The Star-Telegram.

WASHINGTON, April 11. — Fort Worth's official birthday, insofar as the United States Government knows, is June 6, and in a couple of months it will be 86 years old.

Records of the War Department, where such things are kept up with rather closely, claim as the founder of the city Brevet Maj. Ripley A. Arnold of the Second Dragoons.

To him, on June 6, 1849, is credited the establishment of "Fort Worth, in Texas, named in honor of Brevet Brig. Gen. William J. Worth," who had just a month before died at San Antonio, where he had been one of the Army's outstanding figures.

General Worth, a colonel in the Eighth United States Regular Infantry—the dragoons being something like the militia of today—died May 7, 1849.

The first official population of "Fort Worth, in Texas," were the 42 men under Major Arnold, forming Company F of the Second Dragoons, who garrisoned the small fort until Oct. 6, 1849. Then, Company F of the Eighth Infantry—General Worth's command—joined Arnold's force.

What an era that must have been is disclosed in the department's matter-of-fact records: "The fort was located on the south side of the Trinity River fork, at the mouth."

Fort Graham, 56 miles distant, was the nearest Army post. Dallas, a thriving village of 350 inhabitants, was referred to as the nearest town, while Birdville and Alton, "each with about 50 inhabitants," were noted as being 9 and 33 miles distant, respectively, and the closest communities to the new fort.

Although the exact reasons for the establishment of Fort Worth are not so clearly defined in army records, the intelligence section of the War Department connects it with the California gold rush and Indian campaigns in the Southwest. There is no known record of Texas Rangers having established the fort, although army officers here said the "Second Dragoons," as officially shown on the record, might have been a ranger company or have been connected with the rangers.

Except for minor changes in garrison companies and strength, Fort Worth was occupied steadily until Sept. 16, 1863, by the army. On that date it was officially abandoned, in the midst of the Civil War, with the last garrison under command of Brevet Maj. H. W. Morrill, captain of the Second Dragoons.



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Some Fort Worth Creameries



Old Pappy Fort Worth Is Forgotten Man On His 86th Birth Anniversary

Business Goes On As Usual With No Bands or Flag Waving

Maybe you feel as spry as ever today. But Old Pappy Fort Worth can feel a slight creak in the knee.

He was 86 years old today.

It was a pretty glum birthday.

No flags whipped in the breeze and no band played.

Banks and business houses went about their business as usual.

Time Off to Wave Flag

Miss Loreen Jones, stenographer in District Attorney Will R. Parker's office, took time off to wave a flag over the stone near the Court House marking location of the municipal cradle.

Nobody else seemed to mind... or failed to remember it was on June 6, 1842, that Major Ripley A. Arnold, U. S. A., and a company of dragoons rode up to a site overlooking the Trinity River and took over a log fort — Fort Worth they named it.

Mayor Jarvis Forgets

Mayor Van Zandt Jarvis forgot. So did City Manager George D. Fairtrace.

Mr. Fairtrace looked out of a City Hall window and observed dryly that automobile traffic was greater and taxes higher than when Major Arnold arrived.

City Secretary Henry Keller recalled that the day was last celebrated in 1924 — the 75th anniversary — when Main and Houston Sts. were roped off for prizefights and dancing.

Too Many Holidays

Councilman William Monnie "humped" at the suggestion that the city observe the day.

"We've got too many holidays already," the merchant said.

Miss Margaret Hall, secretary to the city manager, deplored the fact Fort Worth never had a Datsy Ross — and has no city flag.

Jack H. Hott, Chamber of



Miss Loreen Jones

—Press Staff Photo.

Miss Loreen Jones goes down in history as the only celebrant of Fort Worth's eighty-sixth birthday. Here she is pictured with her American flag standing on sacred ground beside the marker that commemorates the spot where the city began its chimney corner days.

Commerce manager, challenged the city's right to call today its anniversary, saying it should date from Feb. 17, 1873, the day of

incorporation, as the birthday.

By coincidence, the Texas Centennial celebration is scheduled to open a year from today in Dallas.

which is attached a wire cable connected to the damper under con-
 to the fly the ele
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Franklin Delano Roosevelt

T.C.U. Bestows Degrees On Father and His Daughter



Judge F. O. McKinsey. Mrs. Hester McKinsey Reynolds.

Judge F. O. McKinsey, Austin Lawyer, Gets Honorary L.L.D. As Mrs. Hester Reynolds Wins B.A.

When President E. M. Waits handed diplomas to Texas Christian University seniors Monday night, few persons knew a father and daughter were among those receiving degrees.

The father, Judge F. O. McKinsey, Austin attorney, was given an honorary L. L. D., while the daughter, Mrs. Hester McKinsey Reynolds, Benbrook school teacher, received her B. A.

School officials were not aware

of the coincidence until informed by Mrs. Reynolds, who was in the upper 10 per cent of the class. Judge McKinsey was graduated from the university in 1882 when it was old Add-Ran College at Thorp Spring. He taught at the school for several years and was later district judge of Parker, Jack and Wise Counties for 16 years.

He was in the attorney general's department while Gov. James V. Allred held that office.



Swifts and Company Packing Plant



40,000 Tons Of Dead Fish Dot Beach On Gulf

Strange Phenomenon Laid To Earthquake Or Other Submarine Disturbance

By United Press.

CORPUS CHRISTI, July 4.—Fisherfolk who ventured out to Padre Island for a day of sport on the fourth of July were confronted by the strange sight of thousands of tons of dead fish, washed up on the shore of the island.

An earthquake or other submarine disturbance was blamed by local investigators for the strange phenomenon.

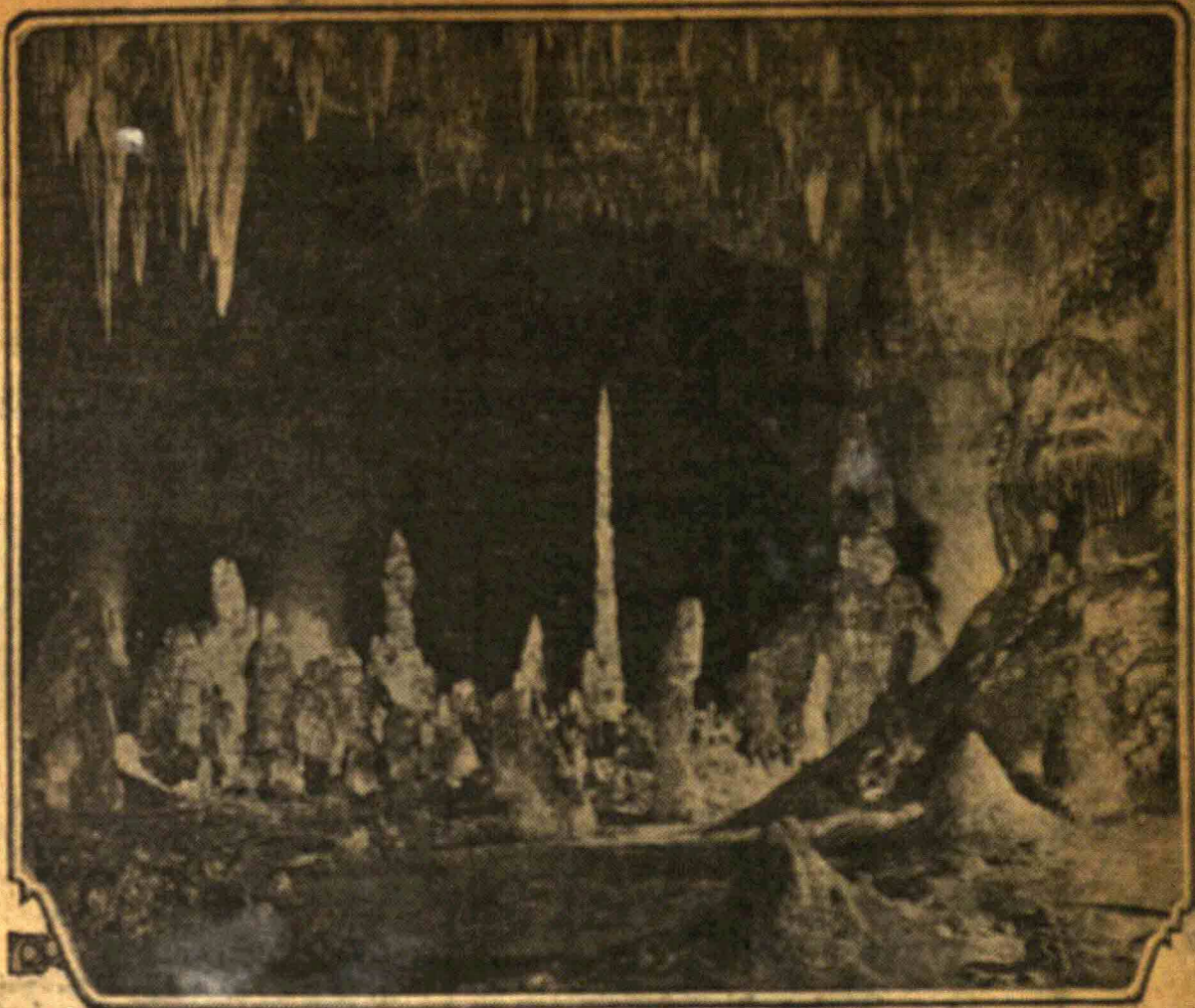
The great piles of dead fish extended for about 40 miles along the shoreland, beginning some three miles from Aransas Pass in some places the fish were stacked three feet deep.

Sharks, kingfish, mackerel, trout and every other kind of sea life in the region fell victims to the strange condition. Experienced fishermen estimated that 40,000 tons of fish lay on the beach, with more being washed up all the time.

Dead fish have been floating onto the land for several days, according to residents of the vicinity, but because of the isolated region the first reports of the phenomenon reached here yesterday.

A Corpus Christi motorist who tried to drive along the beach said that every tire on his automobile was exploded by the sharp fins of the dead fish.

Carrier Salesmen to See This Cavern



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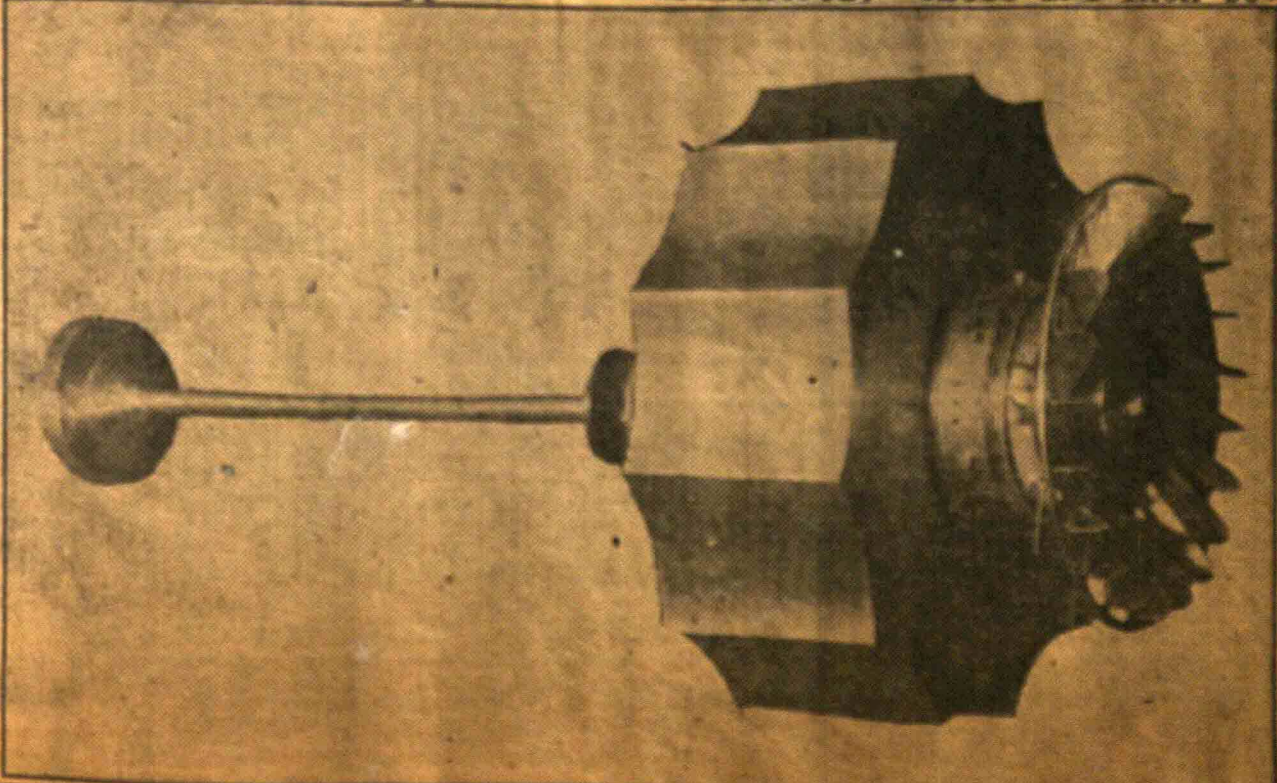
This is one of the beautiful scenes which 37 Star-Telegram carrier-salesmen will view when they visit Carlsbad Cavern, leaving here Tuesday morning.

accompanied by two district managers and the city circulation manager. It shows the Totem Poles in one of the subterranean chambers. Among

other attractive sections of the cave which will be seen are the green room, king's palace, queen's chamber, papoose's chamber, big room, dome room and the rock of ages.

IN instrument on the apparatus under control. These 1/4 inch bolts

LIGHT AND ELECTRIC FAN COMBINED



Here is the combination indirect light fixture and electric fan in the living room of the Inspiration House. The fan is so constructed as to give a gentle, continuous breeze with no draft. The fixture is furnished and installed by the Dickey Electric Co.

THESIS TRACES CITY'S SCHOOL SYSTEM FROM OXCART DAYS

A history of the Fort Worth public schools since the days the city fathers repaired the school quarters with lumber hauled by ox team from East Texas and obtained in exchange for a load of flour is traced in a thesis written by Miss Anne Goerte, teacher in the Peter Smith Elementary School.

The thesis, which constitutes the first history ever written of the local schools, was prepared in connection with Miss Goerte's work for a master of arts degree from the University of Colorado.

The public school system as it is today, Miss Goerte says, is founded on private schools which existed here after 1854.

John Peter Smith, for whom the building in which Miss Goerte teaches today is named, taught the first school in Fort Worth. The classes met in one of the city's two brick buildings. The lower floor was used as a church on Sundays and as a school during the week. The upper floor was used for the meetings of the first Masonic Lodge in Fort Worth, Fort Worth Lodge No. 148.

Flour for Lumber.

It was in 1866 that Maj. K. M. Van Zandt, Dr. Carroll M. Peak, A. M. Millwee and Milton Robertson bought a load of flour and exchanged it for lumber to repair the floor of the school room, the joists having been removed during the Civil War and made into looms.

Capt. John Hanna, a stranded ex-Confederate soldier, took charge. Howard Peak, 2221 Wilshire Boulevard, was a pupil in that school and remembers the bell that called the children to school. Molded in London, it was placed in front of the old Andrews Tavern at the head of Houston Street and used to call the stable boy when a guest rode up to the tavern and also to call the guests to meals, to give fire alarms and to call the citizens together for announcements of important events. The bell now is in the museum at Carnegie Public Library.

Had Important Role.

No woman, Miss Goerte contends, had a more important role in the early educational movement in Fort

Worth than Mrs. Belle M. Burchill, who set up a school in a two-story rock building which the late Porter King, father of John P. King, 4926 Crestline Road, and Henry King, 1200 Virginia Place, built for a depot in anticipation of the railroad that was to be built into Fort Worth.

In 1874 Fort Worth received its first public funds for support of its schools, the State appropriating 10 cents for every child between the ages of 6 and 14. The system became an independent school district in 1882, the city having reached the 10,000 population necessary for establishment of an independent district.

Miss Sue Huffman was selected as the first superintendent of the free schools and was responsible for a scholastic population of 650.

Became Principal.

The thesis relates how, in 1888, Miss Lily B. Clayton, retired last Spring from the public school teaching staff, became principal of Fifth Ward School, now East Van Zandt.

The late Alexander Hogg, Miss Goerte says, was responsible for the industrial or vocational features of the present system. Prior to his retirement as superintendent in 1906 he placed in operation his theory of threefold training "for the head, heart and hand."

The thesis describes the present cafeteria system as having had its beginning in pots of hot soup which teachers made for the pupils on rainy days.

The year 1906 marked also the naming of R. L. Paschal to the principalship of Central High School, a position he held until his retirement last Spring. The present Central High was completed in 1918 and the old high school for that section of the city became Jennings Avenue Junior High School.

The thesis concluded with an account of the Strayer survey made here in 1930.

'Sow to Reap'

BY LYDIA WALKER.

Few persons understand that there is a time of reaping of the seed of thought and action which they sow. Youth is the lavish time for sowing, mature years are those for garnering. Not all seed is sown in youth. We are continually sowing our pathways with seeds, all of which we evidently consider will bloom in beauty. Many of these little seeds, however, block up our way with rank weeds that have thorns and dense growth, through which it is difficult to plow our way. Not all seeds are those of good or bad actions. Many are of thoughts, apprehensive thoughts that tangle our ideas, worrying thoughts that cause sleeplessness and frequently bring illness in their wake, jealous thoughts that rend our hearts and bring unhappiness to us and often to those we love. The reaping is as sure as the sowing.

Reckless automobile driving is one of the dreaded seeds, sown with the thought that accidents are not for this particular driver or occupant of a car. "I believe I can cut on a curve or going up a hill, if I am quick enough in passing these cars ahead of me." So reasons Mrs. Foolhardy. Thousands of deaths each year are caused by such dire seeds of thought and action. Automobile death tolls are alarming.

"No one will know if I do this or that," so youth and adults often reason. Yet in time the effects of what was sown is plainly to be seen in the lines of a face, in the look in the eye, in the bloated visage, or the loose mouth, or it may be in the reverse, the loveliness of character shines forth with its mellowing grace that illuminates a face even though it may have far from handsome features. We all know faces of these descriptions and we realize it is not chance that causes the repulsive or the charming look. Each is evidence of the seeds the person has sown.

The effect on the persons themselves is as baneful or as beautiful as the fact portrays. The former lives a life of restlessness, of fear of apprehension, etc., while the latter has an inner peace. Parents can teach their children from early youth that there is a harvest time for the deeds they do and the loveliness or ugliness of the result.

LAST TRIBUTE PAID EVANGELIST SUNDAY

Baseball Commissioner Landis Is Pallbearer

By United Press.

CHICAGO, Nov. 9. — Funeral services for the Rev. William A. (Billy) Sunday were held at Moody Memorial Church today.

Pallbearers included Judge K. M. Landis, baseball commissioner, who paid tribute to the great evangelist who abandoned professional baseball as a youth. Others were James Heaton, John H. Wiles, Thomas Smith, William A. Peterson and Henry Parsons Crowell.

Homers Rodeheaver, song leader for Reverend Sunday in revival meetings, was to sing.

The evangelist's widow, Mrs. Helen (Ma) Sunday, received messages of condolence from President Roosevelt, Mayor Fiorello La Guardia of New York and hundreds of others.

stantial fireproof brick buildings on a 27-acre tract bear witness to the growth of this business. One of the buildings is devoted to the manufacture of boxes. Originally planned to take care of only their own needs, the box factory has developed a considerable outside market and now is serving the entire State with various items, one of the most widely used being soda-water cases. In another building is a complete printing plant that prints among other things all the labels required for these products.

PLANT BEGAN 63 YEARS AGO

Fort Worth has one large plant specializing in canned goods, which are shipped to points throughout the entire South-west.

From a small start in a tent on the banks of the Red River in 1872, when the State was just 17 years old and the Indians and buffalo roamed its prairies, the Italy organization has grown until SPAIN is now one of the largest manufacturers and wholesale business in the United States. TJAPAN list of products made by DENMARK concern includes all kind of RUSSIA ted peas, beans, fruits, cott SWITZERLAND ten, vinegar, preserves and va SIBERIA out other items. The manu SCOTLAND buring part of the business PALMSTINE began in a small way. ENGLAND Today, however, several MEXICO CANADA AFRICA BELGIUM BRAZIL EGYPT

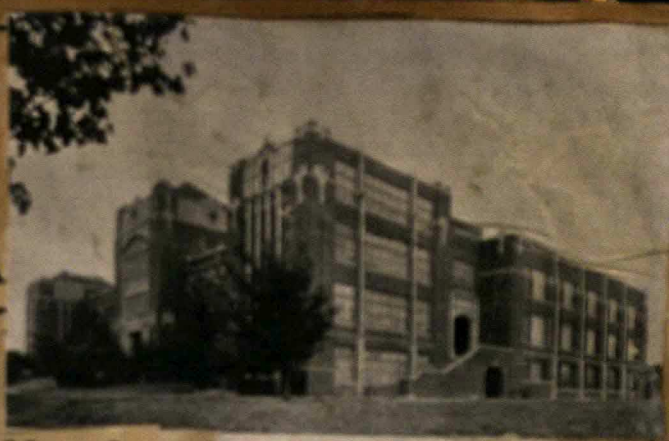
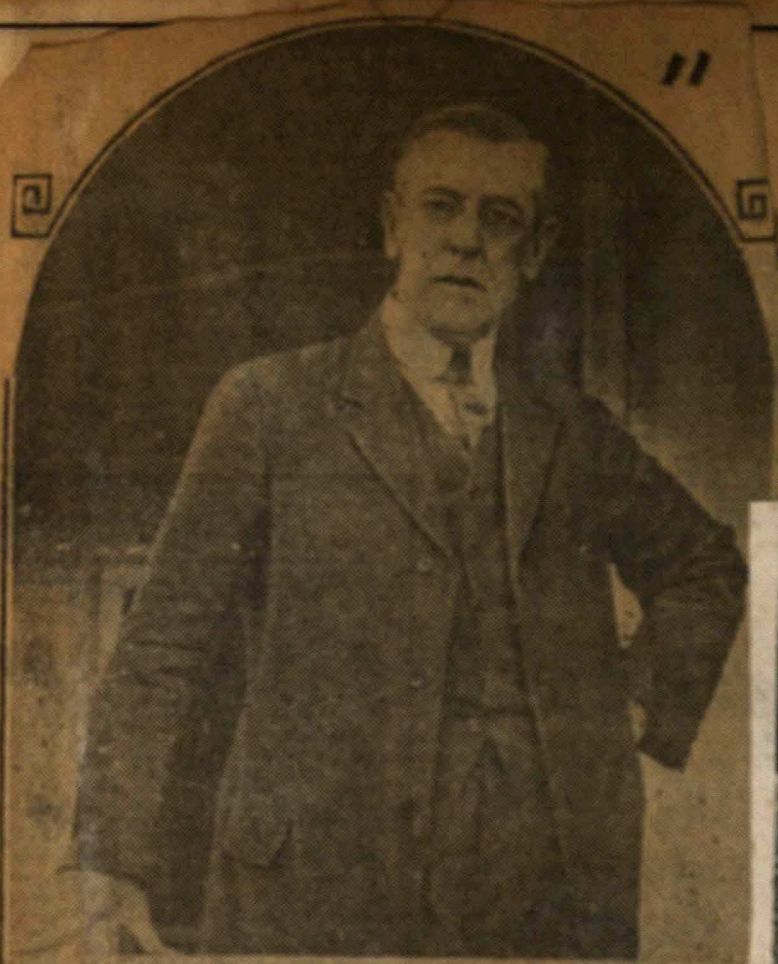
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- Indiana
- Pennsylvania

FOREIGN COUNTRIES

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- IRELAND
- CHINA
- TJAPAN
- DENMARK
- RUSSIA
- SWITZERLAND
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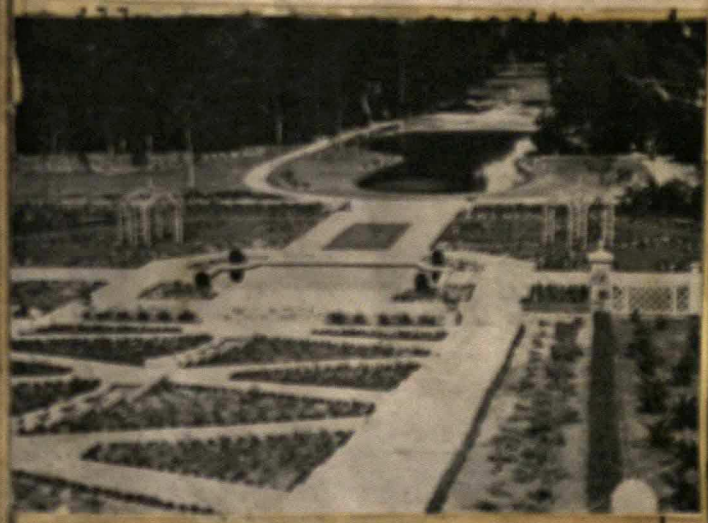
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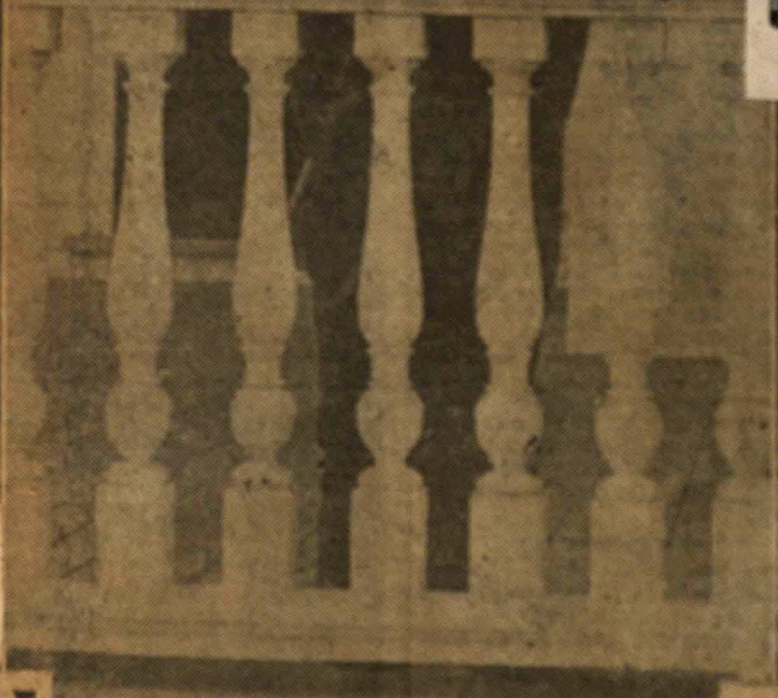
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Field of Bluebonnets Near Fort Worth



Masonic Temple

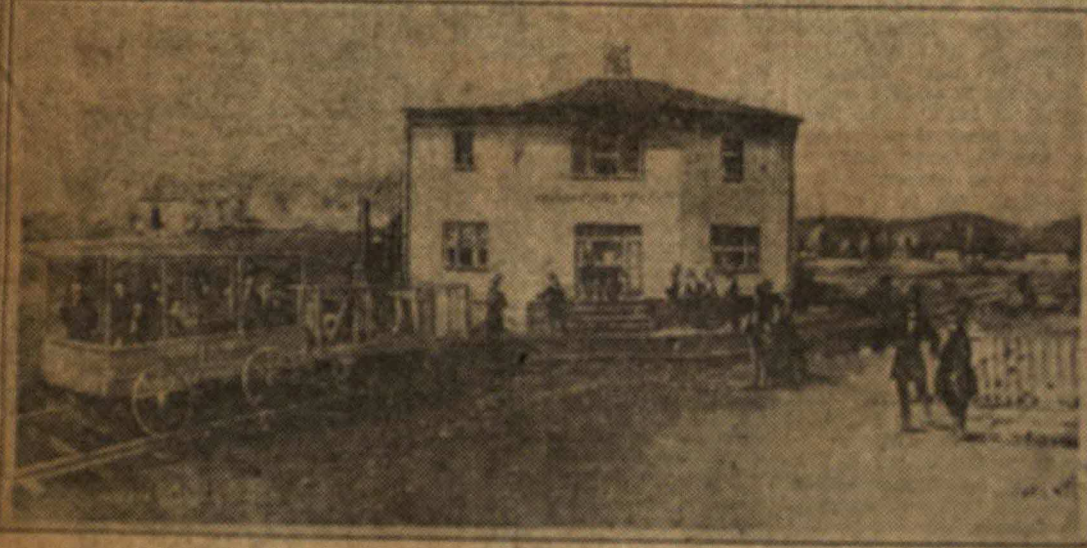
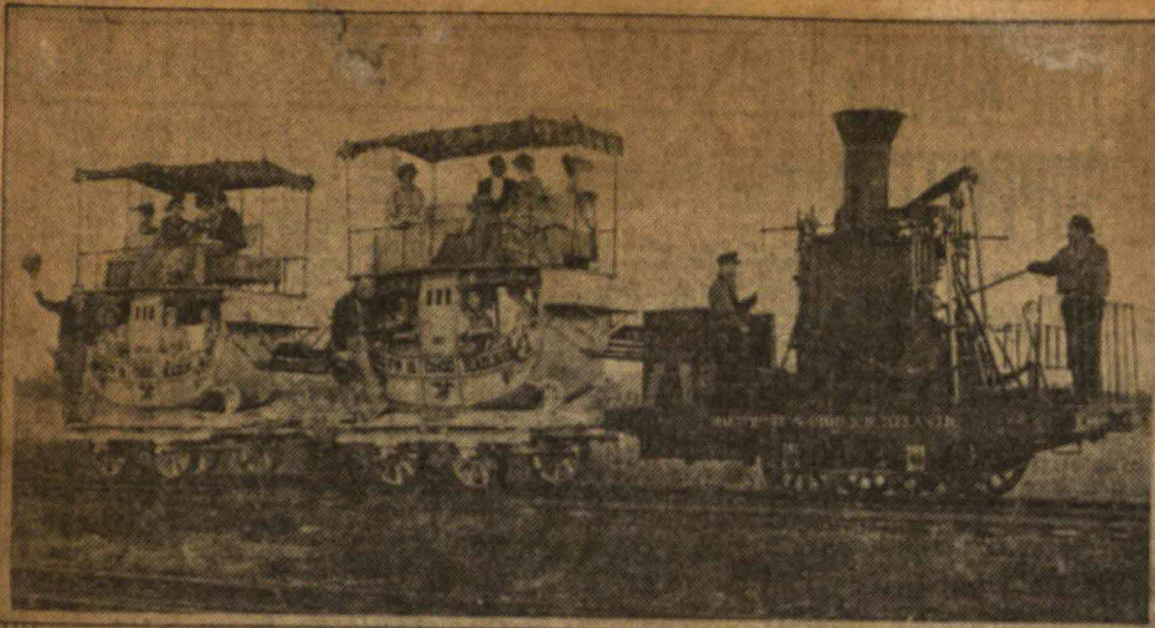


WILL ROGERS MADE THIS MAN LAUGH! WOODROW WILSON, studious and one of the most serious minded Presidents in history, heard Rogers several times, and the humorist never failed to get a laugh. On his first appearance before President Wilson, Will said: "Due to him being a good fellow I had the most successful night I ever had on the stage."

LEARN FROM YOUR DOG:
 To keep clean.
 To love children.
 To keep your place.
 To size up an enemy.
 To drink plenty of water.
 To be faithful unto death.
 To be a dependable friend.
 To take plenty of exercise.

To express pleasure when favored.
 To speak up when you want anything.
 To stay where it's warm in winter and cool in summer.
 To guard faithfully the interests of those who care for you.
YOUR LIFE MAGAZINE.

This Iron Steed Once King of Speed



The old "grasshopper" Atlantic which could reach a top speed of 25 miles an hour, was the first iron horse to enter Washington. Built in 1832, it crossed

President Andrew Jackson to adjourn a cabinet session on Aug. 24, 1835, when it chuffed in Washington. From the old Mount Clare Station, (bottom) of the Baltimore &

Ohio, built in 1829, departed the first rail procession of six locomotives and 19 carriages for a trip from Baltimore to the Nation's capital 100 years ago. The station is still doing duty.

FOR

*We shall always remember
with deep gratitude yours
comforting expression of sympathy
W & Trickett
& Family*



Washington Saw First Iron Horse 100 Years Ago Today

Special to The Star-Telegram.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 24.—Washington welcomed its first iron horse 100 years ago today.

On Aug. 24, 1833, an Atlantic locomotive steamed noisily into the little makeshift station at the foot of Capitol Hill.

President Andrew Jackson on this day was holding a cabinet meeting. A messenger came running in with the exciting news that the steam engine with two carriages was approaching the city. The President immediately ordered the meeting adjourned and he and his cabinet members got into carriages and were driven to Washington's first railroad station, at Pennsylvania Avenue and Second Street.

Engineer Joseph West had come to Washington in order to take officials of Washington, Georgetown and Alexandria to meet the trains from Baltimore on the following morning for the celebration marking the first railroad to the Nation's capital. Pennsylvania, New York and New England were fairly "infested" with new railroads, but the Baltimore & Ohio had been the first to realize the importance of constructing the Washington branch.

The morning of Aug. 25 found the guests invited for the ride over the new line assembled in their Sunday best at the Baltimore depot. Locomotives were not allowed in the city proper. They frightened horses and children, and elderly ladies sometimes went into hysterics at the sight of them. Four handsome gray horses therefore had to draw each of the carriages to the Mount Clare depot, where locomotives were waiting to take over the job.

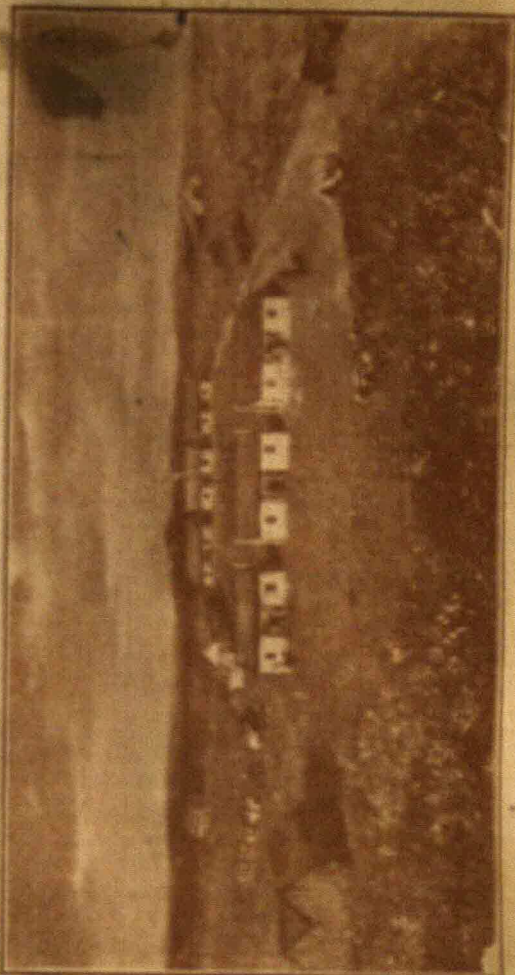
Amid much waving of handkerchiefs, an engineer opened up the throttle of one of the engines and the party set out with a bump and a jolt for the Nation's capital. What if an occasional spark did fall on a lady's bonnet, or a puff of smoke fan her pretty face? It was a grand ride. The speed varied from 10 to 20 miles an hour. Once it hit 25, and what a thrill it was.

There was a disembarkation at Bladensburg where President Jackson stood on a knoll, an interested spectator. Speeches were made and bands played.

Then the six and one-half ton engines, five in all, which burned anthracite coal, chugged off again toward Washington. There the railroad, records reveal, served a sumptuous repast to 1,200 guests. Fish and fowl, roast meats and puddings were served "in the finest style of elegance," and sparkling champagnes and other wines were offered in profusion.

Throngs gathered at the station to wave goodbye to those who had made the trip. Two hours later they reached Baltimore.

Another chapter had been written in early railroad history.



(over)

Fort Worth in 1853

movement by means of

Products Shown Here in Early Days



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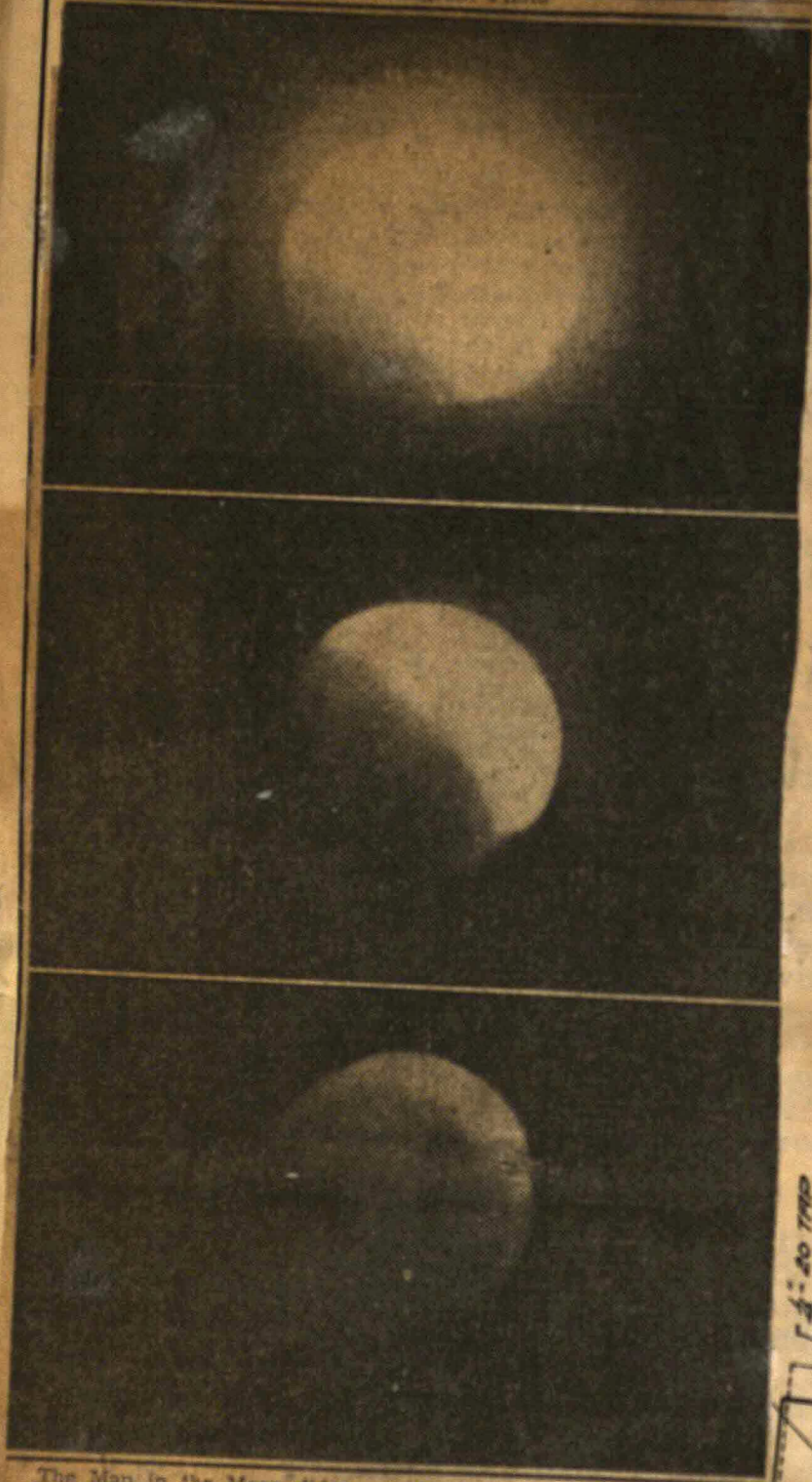
More than 45 years ago Fort Worth showed its home products and those of the surrounding territory in this structure, the old Spring Palace, which was destroyed

by fire the night of May 30, 1890. Al Haye was the hero of the fire, and in his honor has been erected the memorial on the triangle at Lancaster Avenue and Main Street. The above picture is

the property of Mrs. G. E. Crane of Gary, Ind., who forwarded it recently to Mayor Jarvis with the remark that "I send it to you to show the past ambition of the people of your city."

As Moon Dodged Into Earth's Shadow

Star-Telegram Photo



The Man in the Moon did a "blackout" Monday night and a photographer was on hand to record the various stages as the moon went behind the shadow of the earth for the first time since

1927, and for the longest period of time in half a century. The top picture was made at 9:30 p. m., the center photograph at 9:50 p. m. and the lower picture at 10 p. m.

Length of Eclipse Offered Chance in Lifetime to Seers

Not in a lifetime, thinks Oscar Monnig, local astronomer, will there be an eclipse of the moon like that of Monday night.

The total eclipse, which began at 10:09 p. m. and ended at 11:30 p. m., was the longest in half a century and lacked but a few minutes of being the longest possible.

"This region was extremely fortunate in having clear weather for the eclipse," said Monnig who, with a small group of astronomers, went to an observatory near the city to photograph the phenomenon.

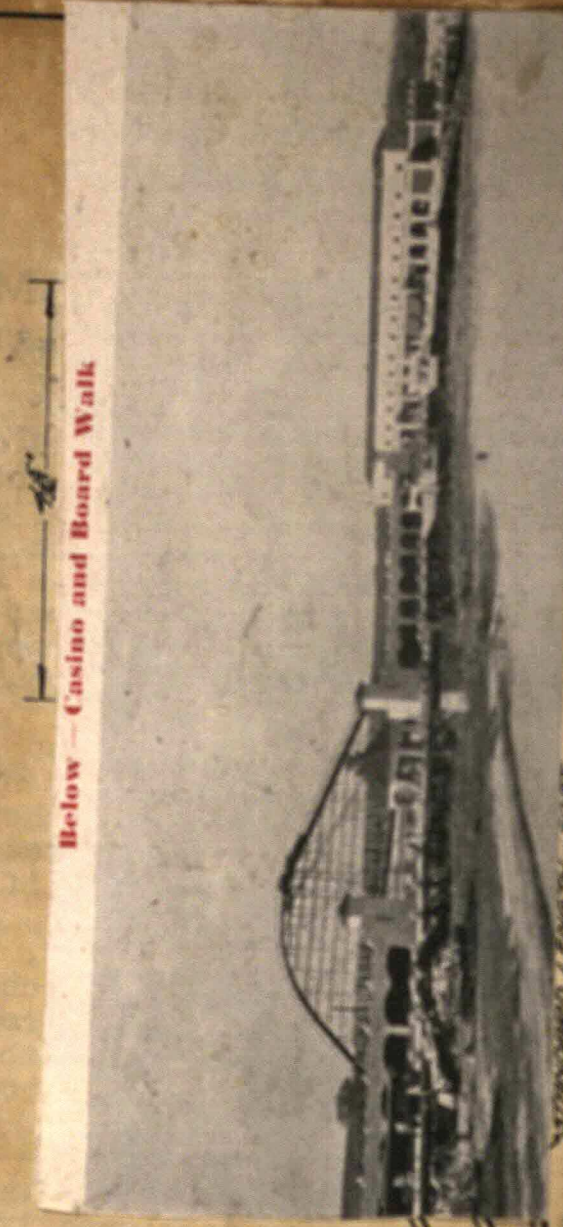
"I wish the city had not turned on the street lights. It affected the vision of people in town."

Monnig said the group looked through telescopes at the moon—not to observe the eclipse but to see small clusters of stars around the moon which are not visible except during an eclipse.

Presumably, the eclipse had some slight effect on radio transmission, the astronomer revealed, but it was so slight that it could not have been noticed by laymen. The eclipse had no effect upon weather conditions.

In the group that took snapshots of the moon were H. H. Morse, local real estate man, and Robert Brown, both amateur astronomers.

Below—Casino and Board Walk



Approximate Length—JUNE



A Fort Worth Park Drive



Lake Worth Dam Spillway

FLIES MADE WHILE YOU WAIT

BY MARION J. MADSEN.
(Assistant Biologist, U. S. Bureau
of Fisheries.)

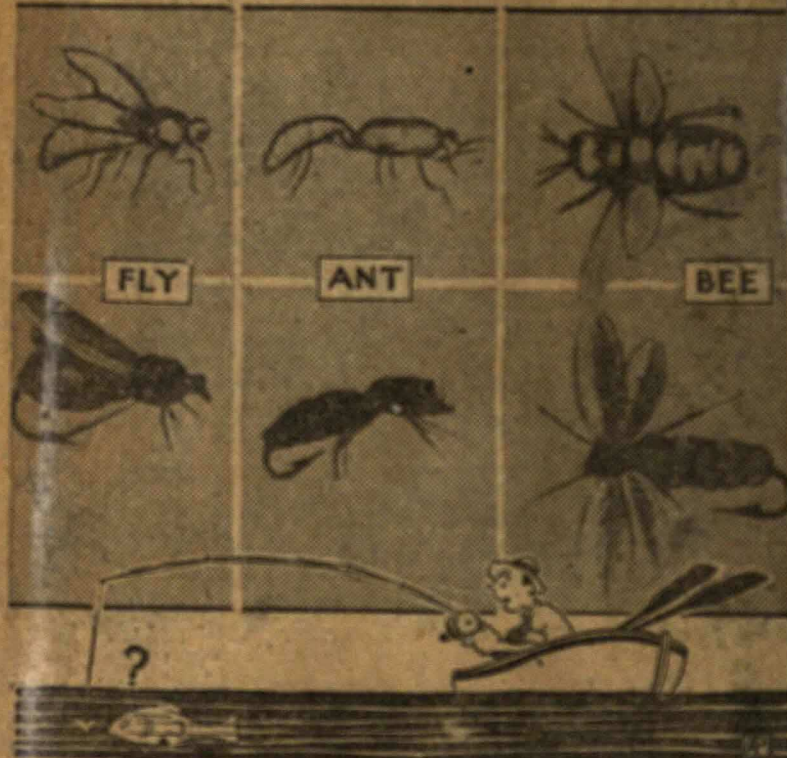
(Written for the Associated Press.)
SALT LAKE CITY, July 3 (AP).—
Every thoughtful angler will agree
that to fish successfully he must
have several reasonably accurate fly
patterns imitating natural insects.
From the trout's point of view, the
only real good things to eat are
natural insects, and since there are
so many varieties, he decides to eat
the best.

It is not generally known that
insects constitute a regular part of
a fish's diet rather than the "oc-

casional tid-bit" so often referred
to; nor is it generally known that
certain insects are repulsive to
fish. This is particularly evident
in midsummer when fish of every
variety break water in obvious quest
of insect food.

imitation of it yourself?
Has 'Tie Your Own' Plan.
A desire to personally outdo
Mr. Trout caused the author to
investigate the possibilities of tying
his own flies. After a few weeks'
study and practice I found, much
to my surprise, that I was able
to produce good imitations of ordinary
commercial flies and, later, good im-
itations of the insects themselves.
My wife, also an ardent angler, de-
veloped the hobby with me and now
ties her own flies and develops her
own patterns.

Each of us now has his own idea
concerning how flies should be



If you watch this activity closely
it will be noticed that fish are pur-
suing only one or two varieties of
insects of the many kinds that skim
over the water. Seldom will you
observe them taking hard dry bodies
or shells such as the "water strider"
and some of the beetles.

Little Time for Play.
Some oldtimers will insist that
jumping fish mean playing fish
and that playing fish won't bite.
Actually fish do not find much time
to play. They are constantly fight-
ing for existence and the bigger part
of that job is getting something to
eat.

Just before dark on some quiet
summer day watch the insects that
hatch in and near the water and
check on how many fish are jump-
ing for exercise. Watch the dash
and roll of striking fish as insects
are consumed. Here is your chance
for an impressive catch on artificial
flies while the bait boys come
home with empty baskets.

Volumes could be written on what
type of fly to use, what color it
should be and its size, but little is
said about where to obtain these
flies.

and to settle some of these differ-
ences we tie our own flies and have
our contests on the streams to prove
who makes the most effective fly.

Ordinary fish hooks, silk hackles,
silk thread of various colors and a
few duck feathers constitute nearly
all the equipment you need to make
realistic-looking flies.

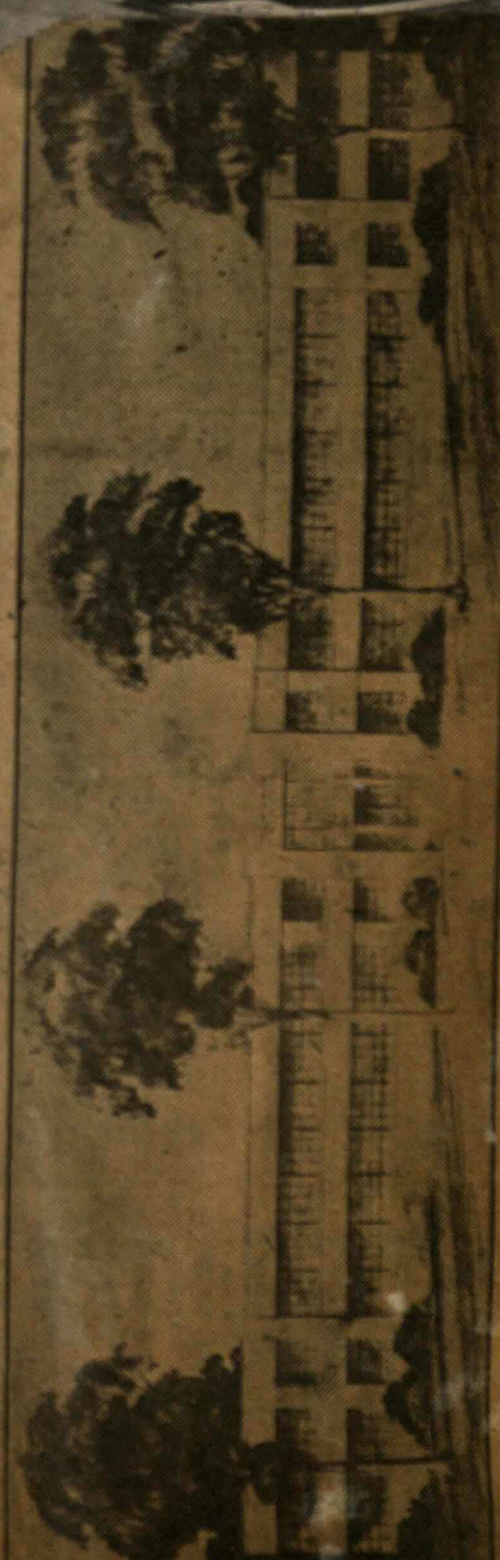
The better catches have been
made on flies tied to resemble par-
ticular insects that happened to be
especially abundant on that particu-
lar day. Some of the most produc-
tive flies are those tied in imitation
of the mayflies or drakes, caddis
flies or damselfly, bees, stoneflies
and crane flies or spinners.

The first business of the angler
when he arrives at the stream is to
acquaint himself with the insects of
the day. After these observations
are made and you are convinced the
fish are taking a particular insect,
why not sit down and make an



Coliseum Convention Hall

ARCHITECT DRAWS SKETCH OF PROPOSED NEW SANATORIUM HERE



Here is the sketched conception of Preston M. Garop, archi-
tect, of the proposed new Elmwood Sanatorium, for which the
Works Administration yesterday approved a \$35,000 loan.
The new structure, designed to give sunshine
and fresh air to the county's tuberculous patients, will replace
buildings now used on Old Denton Rd., northeast of Fort Worth.

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World Mourns Her Passing



Jane Addams.

World's Foremost Woman Citizen To Be Buried In Cedarville, Ill.

Messengers Pour Into Hull House With Flowers And Messages From All Over World

By United Press.

CHICAGO, May 22.—Jane Addams returned today to Hull House, where 47 years ago she dedicated her life to human welfare, to receive in death a tribute more impressive than any heaped upon her during life.

The gray-haired woman whom kings, presidents and societies of world-wide influence joined in honoring as America's foremost woman citizen died at 5:15 p. m. yesterday in a darkening room in Passavant Hospital. Today her body lay in state in a smoke-stained hall of Hull House and the entire world joined teeming Halsted St. in paying her homage.

Hours before the doors of Hull House were opened at 10 a. m. the street outside was dotted with groups of men, women and children, conversing for the most part in the languages of Southern and Eastern Europe, who know from heart-filling experiences the work she did in Chicago.

Flowers—a drooping clump of spring beauties taking place beside a wreath bearing the card of a Washington embassy—were carried into Hull House by bushels and messengers bearing telegrams from all parts of the world left a huge stack of condolences.

Miss Addams' body was to lie in the main hall of her famous settlement-house from 10 a. m. to 6 p. m. today and from 9 a. m. to noon tomorrow. Funeral services will be held in Hull House Court tomorrow at 2:30 p. m. She will be buried in Cedarville, Ill., where she was born.

She died with the same fortitude that led her into a life of exhausting labor in the face of an invalidism which began in her childhood years.

She was operated upon Saturday morning for cancer and intestinal obstructions. Sunday she chatted cheerily with her physicians and seemed on the road to recovery. Her relapse came as she slept yesterday morning and she succumbed rapidly to a mounting fever which overtaxed a chronically weak heart.

Prof. James Weber Linn of the University of Chicago, a nephew, said that for hours before her death Miss Addams "just lay on her pillow with her eyes closed and most of the time she was unconscious, but she seemed very peaceful."



THE WESTBROOK



THE METROPOLITAN



How United States Keeps Watch Over Alcatraz Island Prisoners

'Escape Proof' U. S. 'Devil's Island'

By International News Service.
SAN FRANCISCO, July 1.—Alcatraz Island prison, new home for the United States' most dangerous criminals, is so constructed and regulated that it is considered the world's first escape-proof prison.

No boat is allowed to approach within 200 yards of the island. It is also forbidden for any prisoner to receive mail directly. Each letter is copied by a guard to prevent code messages or writing in invisible ink.

One must have a written authorization from the United States Attorney General to gain admission to this American "Devil's Island." Regulations forbid a felon from receiving a visitor during the first four months of his sentence.

Any organized attempt at wholesale jailbreak or delivery is practically impossible. Four steel doors block the only entrance to the prison. These are so arranged that no two may be opened at the same time. In the dining room, where prison breaks often start, a deputy warden behind bullet-proof glass stands guard, ready to flood the room with gas at the first sign of violence.

Search All Visitors

An electrical detector searches all visitors when they enter the prison. Even state and federal officials are subjected to the revealing test of this instrument which detects any hidden metal object such as a gun, dagger or file.

Elaborate precautions are taken to prevent outside assistance from being given one of the felons. Visitors sit in a separate room from the prisoner and converse through perforated bullet-proof glass set in the center of a thick wall. This glass partition has such small perforations that no object could be passed from one person to the other.

Hand-picked guards, specially trained and veterans in their line, were selected from various other prisons to staff Alcatraz.

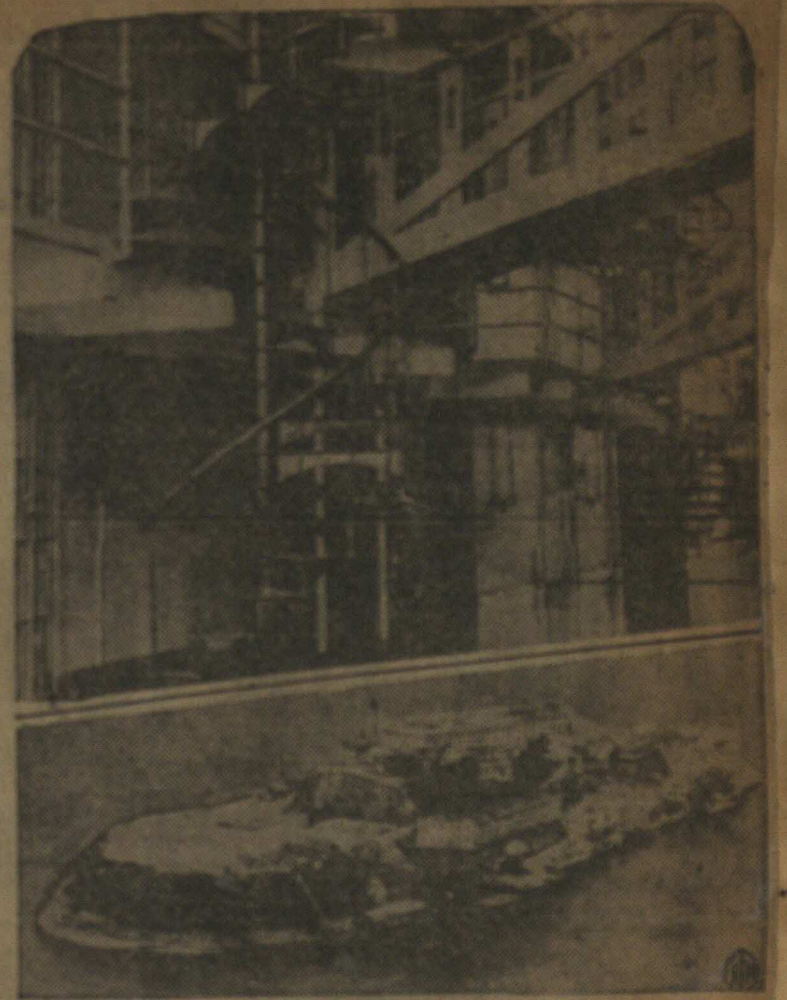
Guards Trained

Each one has had instructions in boxing, wrestling, the art of jiu jitsu, and use of firearms. They are quite capable of maintaining order even among the hardened criminals who are committed to Alcatraz.

This prison is reserved mainly for incorrigible offenders and hardened criminals who are definitely lost to society. Its inmates are beyond the point of reform and redemption.

By secluding the worst prisoners at Alcatraz, the Government prevents them from further corrupting others, minimizes their chances of escape, and shuts them off from the possible vengeance of gangdom.

The two most notorious inmates of Alcatraz are Al Capone, once of Chicago, and Machine Gun Kelly, desperado of the Southwest. Capone has eight years yet to serve on his 11-year sentence for income tax evasion.



Alcatraz Island and prison interior.



A Street "Canyon" in Fort Worth

It takes one who can face the world
 When hurt by gossip's slanderous speech,
 Or right a wrong he's done to man
 Or try to learn, as well as teach!
JOHNNIE LAMBERT.
 Decatur, Tex.

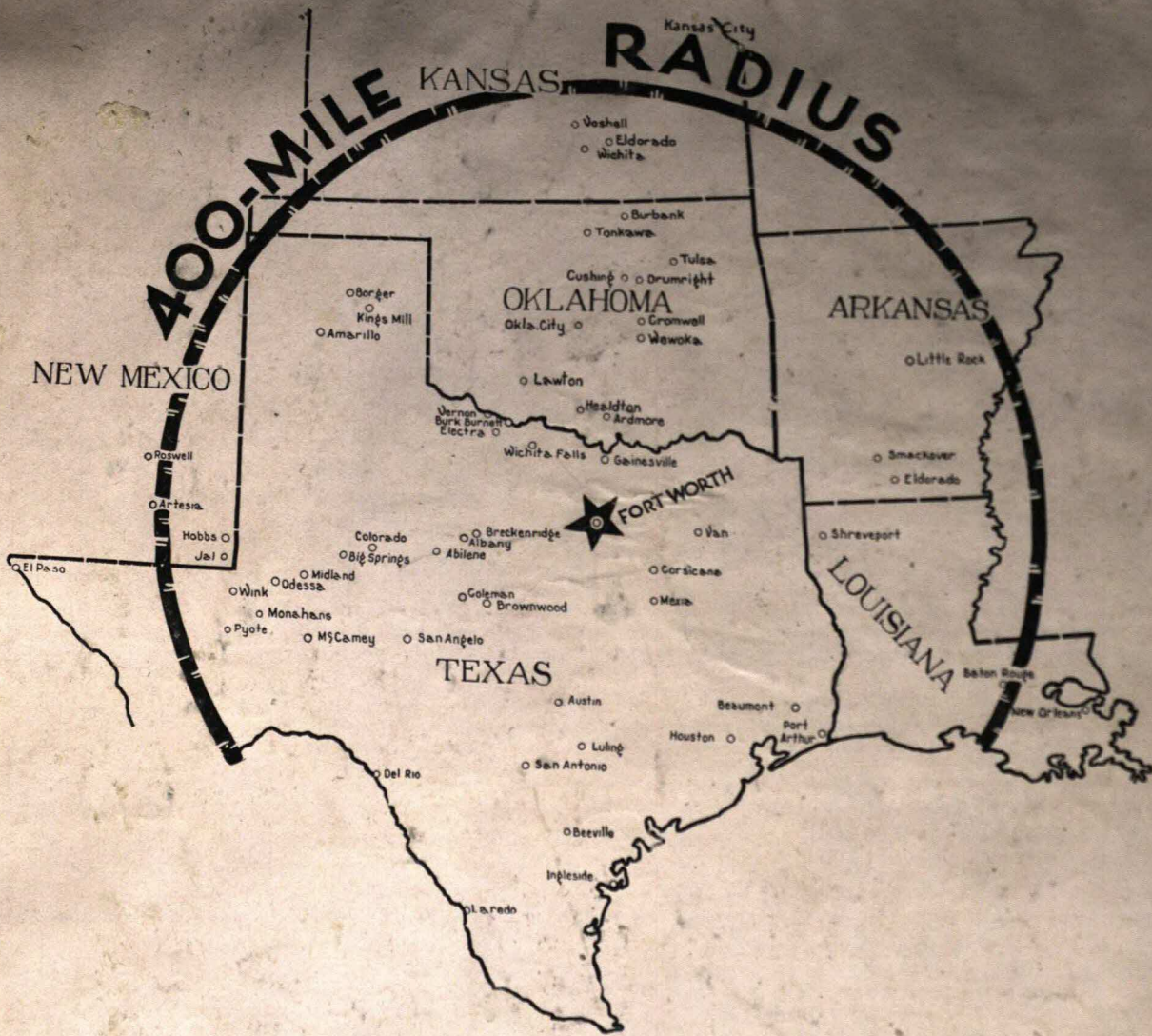
power of length
 It takes a soul that's brave and strong,
 To face the task of living.
 It takes one that can smile when wronged
 And forgive those who need for giving.

the heart beat violently, and the breath
 come thick; the desperate anxiety "to
 be doing something" to relieve the pain
 or lessen the danger which we have
 no power to alleviate; and the sinking
 of soul which the sad sense of our
 helplessness produces.

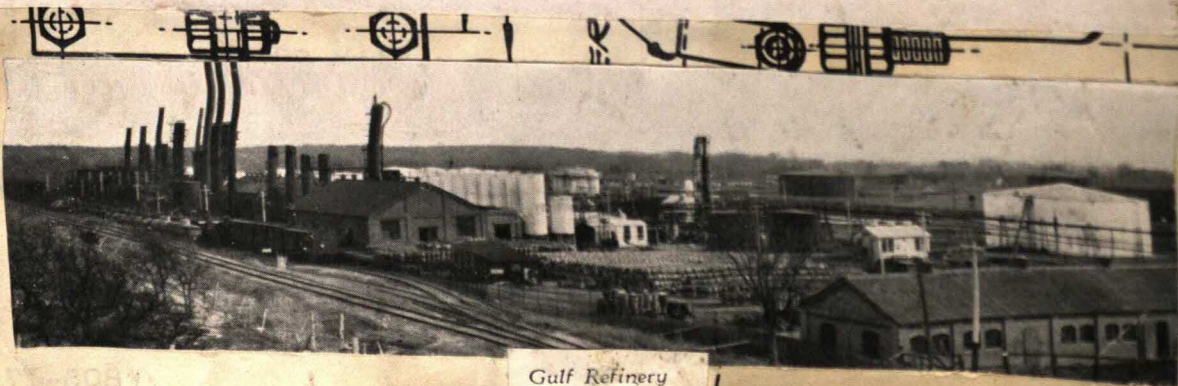
universal experience once described by
 Charles Dickens:
 "The suspense—the fearful, acute
 suspense of standing idly by while the
 life of one we dearly love is trembling
 in the balance; the racking thoughts
 that crowd upon the mind, and make

FORT WORTH

Center of The World's Greatest Oil Producing Region



Seventy Per Cent of the Nation's Oil Production
 Comes From Within This Circle

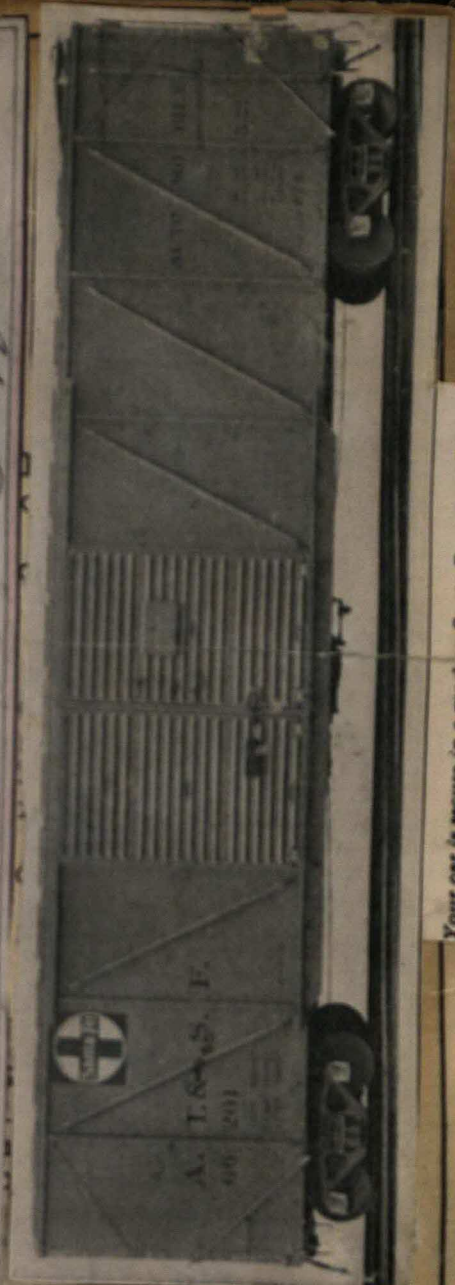


19 1/2
 48
 48
 STD. LENGTH, 8 FT.
 3 1/2"

CORN

Modern Science is constantly creating new Corn Products-

There is evidence that the culture of corn began in Southern Mexico at least 2,000 years ago. It was unknown in Europe until about the discovery of America by Columbus.



Your car is secure in a modern Santa Fe automobile car



THE HICKMAN



This Plate to Memorialize Centennial



Texas Centennial plates by Wedgwood will commemorate the 100th anniversary of Texas Independence. They will be sponsored by Mary Isham Keith Chapter, D. A. R.s, of which Miss Marion Mullins is regent.



TS A.C.

EMER

TAT

TYPICAL INSTALLATION OF NO 371 DAMPER MOTOR

Aztecs Probably Carved This Bludgeon Centuries Ago



Our savior was poor; He had no silver or gold, but He had Himself, and He gave Himself, a complete sacrifice for the whole world. We have all got, and always have, some alternative possession, or power, or privilege, or passion, and we can give that; it may be sympathy, it may be thought, it may be prayer, it may be love, it may be life. Such as we have, we can give.—Rev. John Macbeth, in Scientist Times ad Freeman.

There is another way of facing the worst that can happen to us, without letting it make the worst of us. There is a way of finding in our own souls a faith, a courage, a power, by which we may endure and triumph over anything that life or death can do to us, turning darkness into light, making a hurt into a gem.

It is not a pious theory; it is a matter of observable fact. Look into the lives of those whom you most admire for their worth and beauty of character, and you will find that each of them has faced loss, difficulty, pain, disappointment—and won out. God knows it is not easy to do, but it can be done; it has been done, and we can do it, too!

This Indian war club, thought to have been made centuries ago by the Aztecs, is on exhibition at the Garden Center.

Owned by O. D. Wyatt, it was discovered by a gravel hauler

16 years ago in the Trinity River bottoms 12 feet below the surface of the ground.

INDIAN WAR CLUB DUG UP ON TRINITY PLACED ON EXHIBITION

Dug up in the Trinity River bottoms 16 years ago and given to a Fort Worth school principal, an old Indian war club supposed to have been made centuries ago by the Aztecs is on exhibition at the Garden Center.

The heavy weapon is owned by O. D. Wyatt, principal of North Side Senior High School, who recently loaned it to the Garden Center so that the public might view it. The club was found by a gravel hauler in the river bed near the Third Ward School, 12 feet below the surface. His son, a pupil at the school, gave the club to Wyatt, who was principal.

When the dirt was cleaned off, Wyatt found that the original green stain on the head of the club was still bright, and the entire weapon excellently preserved. It was formed from the roots and stalk of a single plant, the roots constituting the pronged head. The roots are carved and designed to represent the beaks and heads of birds, one of them a duck.

The handle, resembling a baseball bat, is embellished with carved designs of a flower and other emblems. The bark was removed from the handle to provide a smoother grip. The club is about 30 inches long and weighs approximately six pounds.

Mrs. Will F. Lake, director of the Garden Center, said that several persons familiar with Indian history have declared that the markings identify the club as made by one of the Aztec tribes. The plant from which it was made is supposed to have been native to certain regions of Peru, where the inhabitants dug it up to obtain the water stored in its roots.

Mrs. Lake said that any one of several suppositions could account for the club's being here. It might have been left by Aztecs years before they settled in what is now Mexico, or it could have been taken from them by warring bands of other Indians and brought to this section, she said.

An accurate ther...



THE TEXAS

HITCH YOUR WAGON TO A STAR -

LAUGH AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU

SEE NO EVIL
HEAR NO EVIL
SPEAK NO EVIL

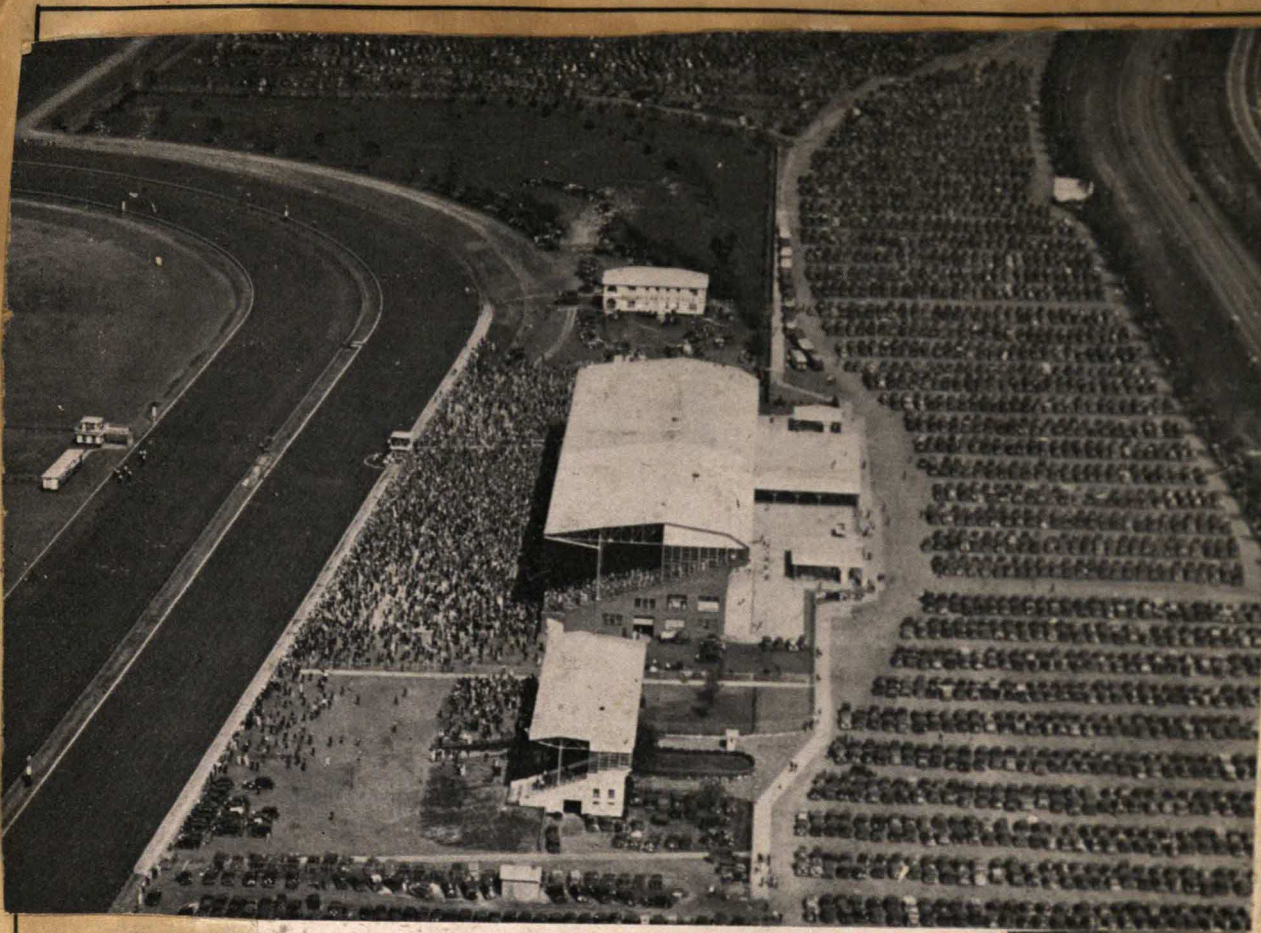
NEVER PUT OFF UNTIL TO-MORROW WHAT YOU CAN DO TO-DAY

TIME IS MONEY DON'T WASTE IT

SMILE, D-N YOU, SMILE!

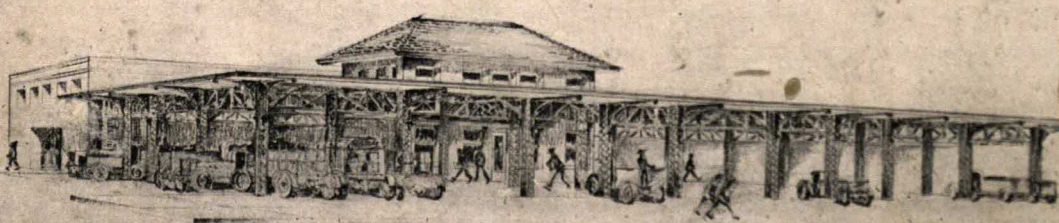
DON'T KNOCK BOOST

MAKE HASTE SLOWLY

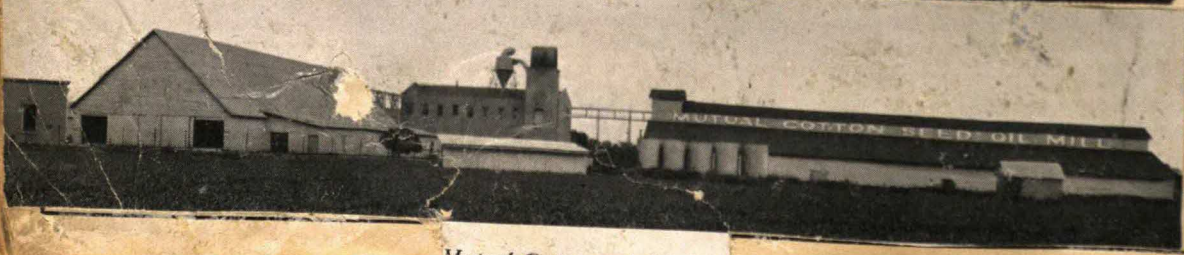


Crowd of 40,000 Assembled for The Texas Derby at Arlington Downs

TRANSFORMER



Wholesale Produce Terminal Buildings (Under Construction)



Mutual Cottonseed Oil Mill

Interpretation of Love

Patience is Love on the anvil bearing blow after blow of suffering.
 Zeal is Love in the harvest field, never tiring of toil.
 Meekness is Love in company when it vaunteth not itself.
 Perseverance is Love on a journey, pressing on with unflagging steps toward the end.
 Joy is Love making its own sunshine where others see nothing but gloom.
 Power is Love driving the soul's chariot wheels over all opposition.
 Gentleness is nothing but Love in her own sweet voice and manner.

"This old world at best is but a hash of pleasure and pain: some days are bright and sunny and some are sloshed with rain. But learn to take it as it comes and don't sweat at the pores if the Lord's opinion don't coincide with yours."

A. J. Anderson, 'Young' at That Age, Still Loves Work



THE FIRST MOTORCYCLE, INVENTED BY W. AUSTIN, OF WINTHROP, MASS., IN 1885, WAS DRIVEN BY STEAM!

THE BOILER WAS SUSPENDED AMIDSHIP.

A SHORT ONE: The world may never know your number, in either song, story or verse, but don't sit down and fret about it . . . just try to be thankful, for things might be worse. You can always find some fellow who is having a harder time than you; shake his "mitt" and say: Hello, Bill! Isn't there something I can do? And, when you're feeling kinda lonesome, or down and out and blue, just try to smile and be a regular fellow . . . for a grin will often pull us through. See I "The Hoe Hand" . . . And DON'T I KNOW!

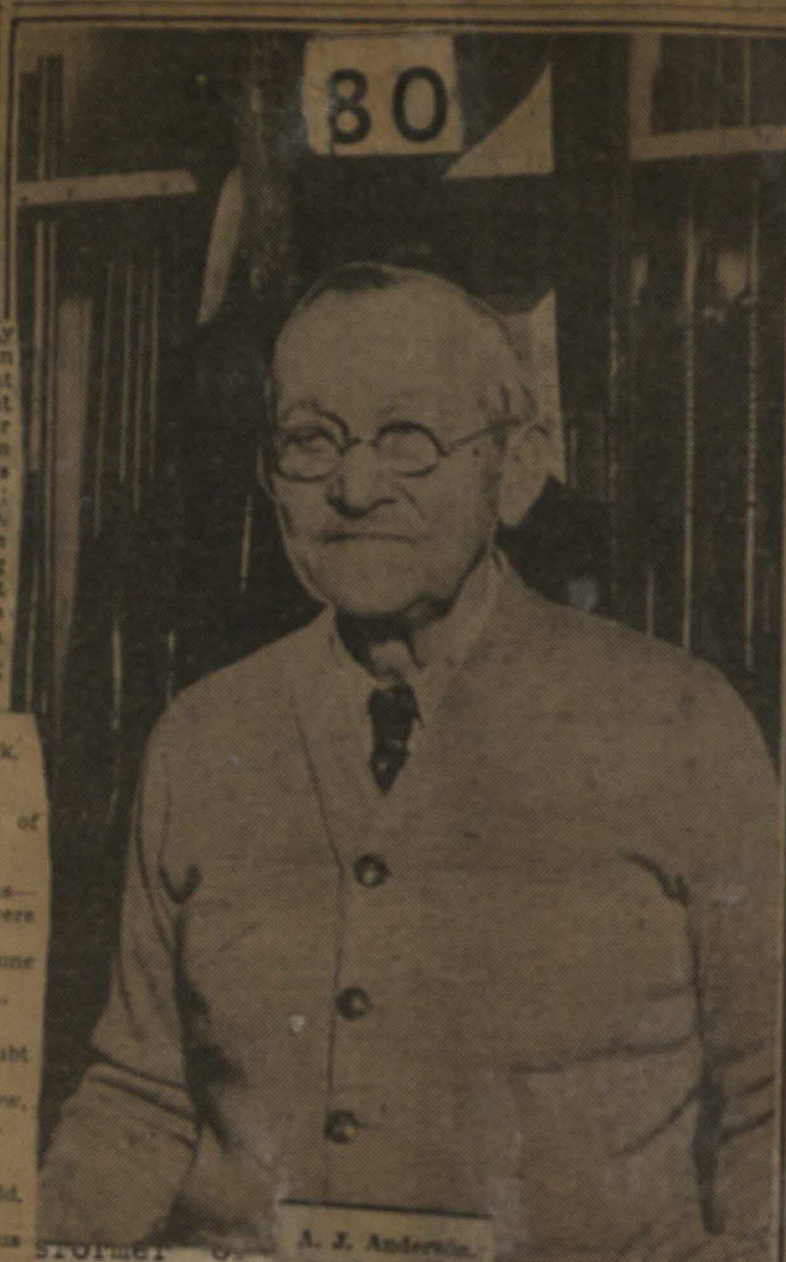
One Consolation

Today I slowly walked to work,
Perplexed, and feeling blue,
A singer on a radio,
Sang, "God will take care of you."

Onward I trod toward my tasks—
Wondering if the words were true,
My heart kept humming the tune and song,
"God will take care of you."

And where there dwelt then doubt and fear,
Came love, my hope to renew,
I realize with a grateful heart,
"God will take care of you."

He cares for us when we grow old,
Worn out by tasks we do,
He'll close our eyes, and let us sleep—
"Yes, God will take care of you."



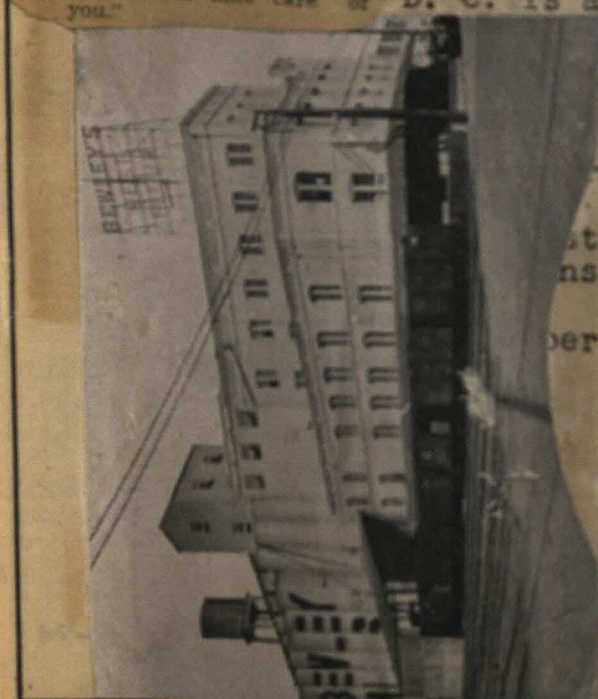
A. J. Anderson



THE WORTH



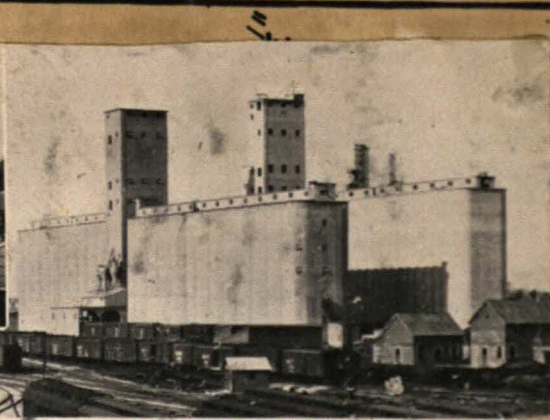
THE MERIDA



Fort Worth is the Leading Live Stock Market of Texas

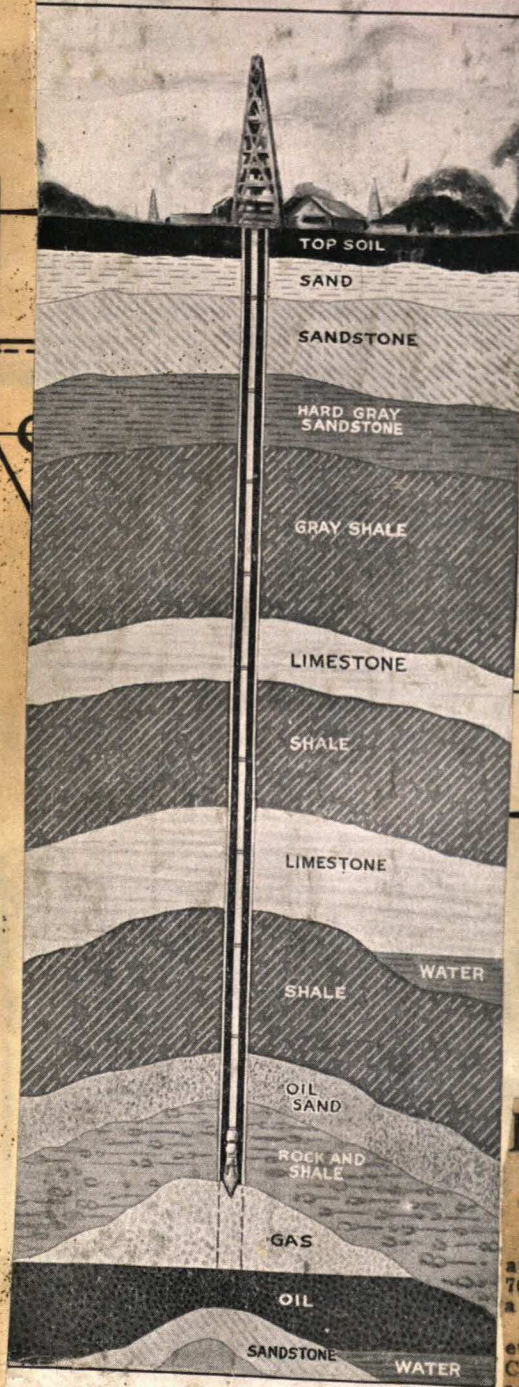
... in moving ...

... THE MERIDA ...



Mrs. Taylor was killed July 7 while returning to her home from church. She was buried at Long Beach, July 9. A native of St. Louis, Mrs. Taylor had moved to California with her family some 20 years ago.

REACHING DOWN for OIL

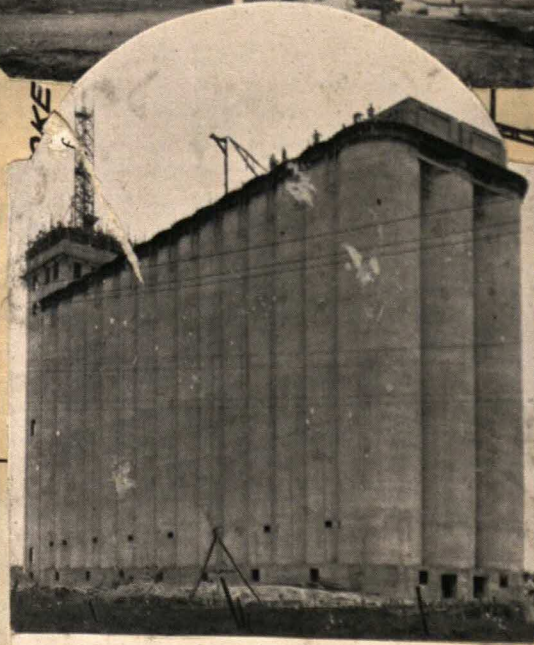


Petroleum (oil) is of animal or vegetable origin, and lies stored in sand, between layers of rock.

Every child born into the world is a new thought of God, an ever-fresh and radiant possibility—
Kate Douglas Wiggin.



FORMER RESIDENT OF FORT WORTH KILLED
Mrs. A. E. McKee, 511 East Third Street, received word Monday of the death in Long Beach, Cal., of Mrs. Alice Taylor, former Fort Worth resident.



Elevators of E. G. Rall Grain Co., Kimbell Milling Co., Fort Worth Elevators Co., and Lone Star Elevator Corporation

Just a little kind forgiving
Stringent heartaches to remove;
Just a prayer each night and
morning
To a helpful, loving friend;
Just a little faithful working
Keeps one happy to the end.

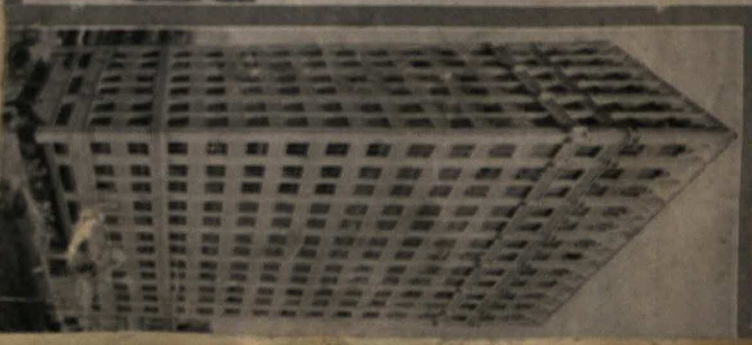
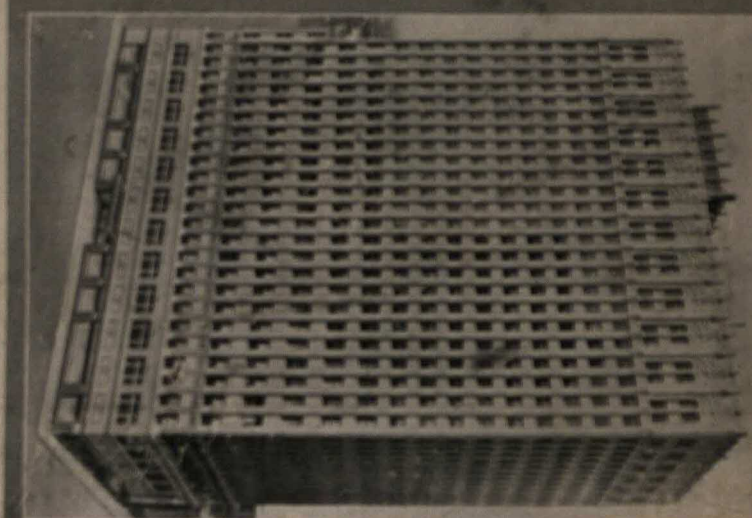
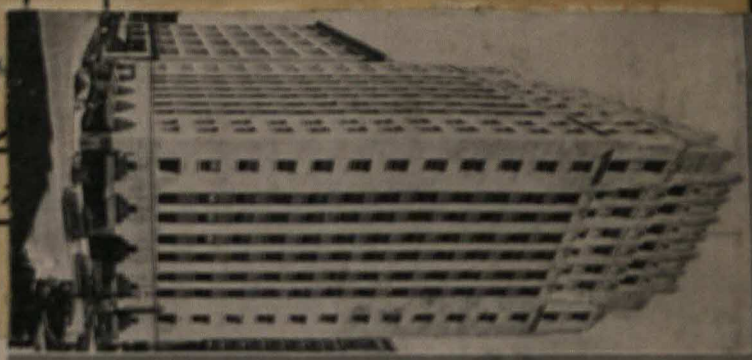
Ex-Judge Dies of Heart Attack Here

Charles Thomas Prewett, 76, died at 10:30 p. m. Friday at his residence, 703 East Weatherford Street, after a heart attack.
A native of Kentucky, Mr. Prewett was a former judge in Tarrant County for civil cases about 30 years ago, and since that time actively has engaged in the practice of law.
He is survived by a daughter-in-law, Mrs. Otelia Dahl Prewett of Fort Worth.
Funeral arrangements are with Harveson & Cole Funeral Home.

HERE'S one Lindy you dug up:
"Have FAITH in yourself, regardless of what the future might bring."

Personally, I never heard it put quite that way. Most of my worries and loss of faith in myself have been on account of what the future might bring. In other words, I have been too prone to cross "the bridge" before I got to it. And I suppose that goes for a heck of a lot of folk; too doggone fearful of what might happen, wanting to play both ends against the middle and not willing to face life . . . AS IS.

LIFE'S DAY
Just a little cheerful greeting
To a friend who comes your way,
Just a little word of kindness
To help cheer a dreary day;
Just a smile of binding friendship
Beaming forth for one you love;

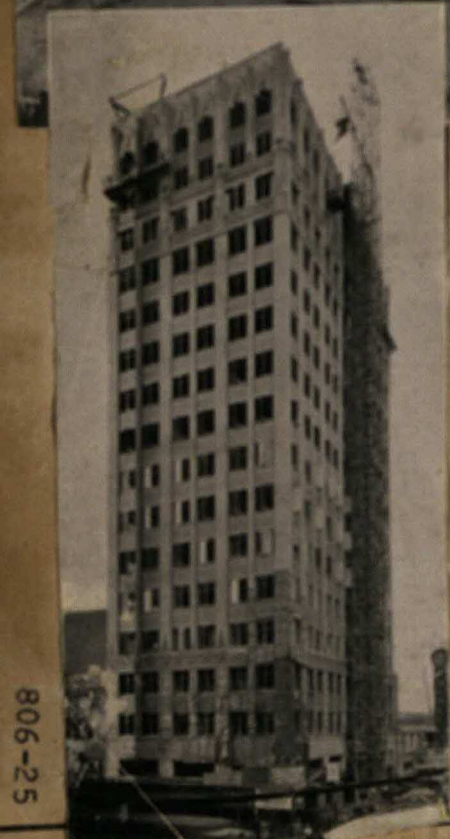


Some of Fort Worth's Newer Office Buildings

← DAMPER

"Look to this day, for it is life, the very life of life. In its brief course lives all the verities and realities of your existence; the bliss of growth, the glory of action, the splendor of beauty. For yesterday is but a dream, and tomorrow only a vision; but today well-lived makes every yesterday a dream of happiness, and ever tomorrow a vision of hope. Look well, therefore, to this day."

TYPICAL INSTALLATION OF NO 372 DAMPER MOTOR



806-25

THE BLACKSTONE

Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord (Psalm 31. 24)

TO MY MOTHER
Dear God, wilt Thou a message take,
For one who walks the Golden Way,
She is my own, my very best,
Without her all are empty days.
Whisper that my heart is with her,
In that kingdom above.

Tell her that I miss her always,
And I send her all my love!
Dear God, you will know my Mother
By the beauty of her smile,
Wilt Thou say to her I'm coming
Home, in just a little while?
MARY McPARTLAN.

Go Ahead, Dear!

By Mrs. O. O. S.
One Saturday evening, late, as my husband and I were buying our regular weekly supply of groceries, we were at the market counter selecting meats. While my husband talked to the butcher, as he worked, I wandered over to the icebox. My husband soon wandered over, for milk and eggs, but I didn't notice his departure. Instead of buying half a pound of butter (I don't eat it), I thought we'd get a whole pound, so I said without turning around:

"Darling, how about a pound of butter, instead of a half?" a deep, laughing voice replied: "It's all right, with me, Honey, get whatever YOU want; it suits ME!"
Boy, howdy! I had an instant's vision, of myself, with "wings folded, unfolding, then soaring through the top of the building." So, as several other customers had heard, my husband, including, and all were heartily laughing, I managed a weak: "Pardon me, please, thought you were my husband!" Which goes to prove, I "got in deeper."

Giddap, Horsie!

By Mrs. O. O. Spencer
1020 N. Riverside Drive

In the olden days the preacher generally ate Sunday dinner in the home of some member of his congregation. And we often had him with us.

At one time one of our pastor's had a stiff, unnatural gait and we felt sure he had a wooden leg.

So before his first visit with us mother cautioned the kiddies not to notice his affliction, nor to speak of it. Somehow those things seem to fascinate children and many of those afflicted are sensitive.

On her way home after the services mother stopped in for a short visit with one of the neighbors who had been sick. As a result of the delay the pastor, who was to be our guest at dinner, got to our house before mother did.

When at last she did arrive the first thing that greeted her when she opened the front door was her mischievous oldest child riding the pastor's artificial leg for a "horsie." And to mother's horror her child pulled up his trousers leg, thumped it and yelled in glee: "See mother, it isn't wooden—it's cork." Hah, hah, and we've all had a ride. And he said he didn't care if we rode it for a horsie either, giddap, giddap!"

Valentine Contest Winners To Be Announced Monday

The valentine contest is over, but the judges still are struggling with stacks of verses.

Winners will be announced Monday afternoon. The mail Saturday brought another wave of entries, a "last-minute" flood which had been dropped in the postoffice before midnight Friday.

The Star-Telegram will provide 12 cash prizes, \$5 for first, \$2.50 for second, and 10 awards of \$1 each. The judges, a committee from the Fort Worth Poetry Society, also will select an honorable mention list.

Entries from cities and towns outside Fort Worth are:

R. A. Henderson, Gilmer; Miss Minnie Bartin, Itasca; Miss Marie Craig, Wortham; Mary Elizabeth Fisher, Handley; Mrs. Raymond Cox and Ruth Cox, Albany; Mayme Bledsoe Stamford; Miss Orelia Oxford, Mineral Wells; Mrs. E. F. Potter, Silverton; M. H. Willett, Amberst; Mrs. F. H. Timbs, Weatherford; Mrs. R. M. Martin, Corsicana; Geneva Chaffee, Corsicana; Mrs. Keever Barron, Bridgeport.

Hayden Patterson Jr., Hale Center; Sara Graham, Rotan; Olivia Freeman, Strawn; Della Evans, Saginaw; Mrs. Theo Brown, Roanoke; Mrs. Roy Casteel, Graham; Mrs. Fred Gaither, Glen Rose; Mrs. Ida F. Martin, Corsicana; Frances Martin, Corsicana; Richard M. Martin, Corsicana; Evelyn Opal Butler, Kyle; Hetty May Van Meter, Newark; Lucile Wylie, Stephenville; Mrs. Homer Massengale, Cleburne; Mrs. J. M. Scott, Burleson; Miss Inez Davis, Grapevine.

Mrs. C. E. McKnight, Tahoka; Miss Cora Woodward, San Saba; Mrs. M. F. Allen, Whitney; Mrs. Thomas L. Campbell, Oiden; Mrs. W. R. Miller, Gustine; Mrs. Roy Cope, Bridgeport; Cal Burkhalter, Duncan, Okla.; Salvador Salazar, Handley; Kathleen Hill, Emory; Mrs. L. W. Terry, Colorado; Miss Dene Lane, Roanoke; Miss Betty Jean Corey, Sherman; Mrs. J. A. Fickard, Weatherford; E. Powell, Vernon; Pearl Lamb, Cisco; Mrs. T. S. Carroll, Breckenridge; Mildred Hammond, Moran.

Hazel F. Lee, 420 College Avenue; Mrs. Louise McLemore, 405 West Bowie Street; Mrs. Lauretta Barry, 3011 Oscar Avenue; Mrs. Madie Park, 1406 Sixth Avenue; Mrs. Maude Powell Marable, 3517 Gordon Avenue; Gertrude Raines, 3510 North Elm Street; Mrs. O. O. Spencer, 1020 North Riverside Drive; W. M. Judy, Fort Worth; Mrs. Dolly Belt, 2305 Ellis Avenue; Violet S. Powers, 825 1/2 Lamar Street; Lillian Murchison, 1401 Lipscomb Street; Beulah Mantor, 1519 Grand Ave-

nue; Miss Louise Stricklin, 2500 West Twenty-seventh Street, North.

J. E. Estes, 1217 Harrington Avenue; Jessie Lee Reeves, Lake Worth; Aquilla Fewell, 951 East Daggett Avenue; Ruth Fausto, 409 Grove Street; Mrs. Harry R. Clarke, 914 East Weatherford Street; A. F. Livvix, 2108 Western Avenue; Marcela Carlton, 3329 Avenue K; Mrs. Davis Ryan, 914 Sixth Avenue; Gladys Dearborn, 1404 East Elmwood Avenue; Mary F. Habgood, 2421 McLemore Street; Paulena E. Payne, Fort Worth; Dorothy Lee Burch, 2130 West Seventh Street; Mrs. K. Allen, Hotel Texas.

Theme Writing Contest Deadline Is Today.

Wednesday is the deadline for filing entries in the theme writing contest on "What I Like Best About the Rodeo."

There are many reasons why the people like the world championship rodeos, like the one which will open here March 10. That was shown in the 100-word narratives received in the mail Tuesday by John B. Davis, secretary-amanager of the Southwestern Exposition and Fat Stock Show.

Latest entries came from Mrs. O. O. Spencer, 1020 North Riverside Drive; Mrs. Olin C. Griffin, 419 North Elm Street, Arlington; Mrs. D. H. Bucy, 1221 Irma Street, Brownwood; Mrs. Rufus Baker, 3424 West Fourth Street; Mrs. Barney H. Stacy, rural route, Fort Worth; and Mrs. C. Tabor, 906 West Cannon Avenue.

Two rodeo tickets will be awarded for the best narrative. Entries must be postmarked prior to midnight Wednesday.

Non Delco Margerine. Take Dr. F. Fisher. \$1.00 for cooking recipe. Theatre tickets

Her Day

Over my heart in the days that have flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours.

—ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

TO A MOTHER

(Dedicated to my Mother, who shares her birthday with me)

As I approach this Mother's Day—
Words fail me when I try to say
Just what you've meant in life to me,
With words of love and sympathy.

When you shall stand before the King,
And join and help the Angels sing—
Rejoicing with a heart of grace,
That you have filled a Mother's place.

Tho the years have slipped away,
Sped swiftly on at rapid pace,
And tho your steps are getting slow
None else can ever take your place.

You're my mother—God's gift to man,
And so I'll do the best I can,
To tell you I appreciate—
Your life before it is too late.

Tho I won't wear a flower of white,
That's why I bow my head tonight,
And thank the God who gave me you,
That I can wear a varied hue.

So, Mother dear, I'd like to say,
Just how I feel in my heart today,
And even tho we're miles apart—
I'll say God bless my Mother's heart.

God keep her when her steps are slow,
And when her body's bending low,
For anywhere that she might be,
I know she's praying still for me.

Thank God for Mother, God's gift to man,
Let each one do the best they can,
To save each blow, each hurt and pain,
And then meet Mother once again.

So tho your flower is snowy white,
Remember Mother's crown is bright,
So form your life that when you die,
You'll meet your Mother in the sky.

—IRENE MANNEY.

The Greatest Thankfulness

By Mrs. J. A. D.

My first memories of my dear Mother is of walking in a field of beautiful wild roses. She taught me in some intangible way, (without preaching) such a poignant way to look at life.

That the Lord is in every good thing, and that good is in every thing, and every body, in some way if we look for it, in the right way. That the Lord is love. He is every where, in the sweet cool wind, warm sunshine, a kind word from a good friend. But He is in nothing but.

She taught all of us to be unafraid to die, but to look for death as a natural destiny, as sleeping. To find us on to a happier home. Just a sleep then to awake in

DEATH CLAIMS MRS. A. E. M'KEE

Pioneer Resident as a Child Prayed For Father's Safe Return From Civil War

Mrs. Augusta Elizabeth McKee, who as a child prayed beside a big rock near her home for her father's safe return from the Civil War, was dead today.

Death came quietly at 11 p. m. yesterday at her home, 511 E. Third St.

She had lived in the residence for 57 of her four score years.

A Rock With a History

The rock beside which she prayed in the war years rests now on a pedestal in Hyde Park, across from the Carnegie Library. Its history was woven into Fort Worth's early years and the Fort Worth chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, had it placed in the park as a shrine.

The girl's father, Lucie Wetmore, had quarried the stone from the bluff near the old fort. It had been used to drag a path through the woods for the surveying of Fort Worth's first streets. It was left for years on the Wetmore farm land in the Katy Lake district.

Arrangements for the funeral, to be at the Robertson-Mueller-Harper Funeral Temple, are pending.

Born in 1837

Mrs. McKee, born in 1837 near Fort Worth, was the granddaughter of J. N. Ellis who came to Fort Worth in 1832, 17 years before the fort was built. Her father, a native of Germany, came with Gen. Ripley Arnold's command sent here to subdue Indians still terrorizing frontier settlements. He later served with Gen. Winfield Scott in the Mexican War and with the Confederacy.

The Wetmore land, southeast of the city, was the site of the first Methodist camp meetings.

Mrs. McKee, in recalling the meetings, used to tell of the slaves loading tables with cakes and jams and other delicacies.

Kept Five Old Scrapbook

Her mother was Hulda Ellis, sister of J. N. and Maria Ellis, Fort Worth pioneers. When her mother was buried, 77 years ago in Pioneer Rest Cemetery, here was the third grave in the cemetery.

The rock in Hyde Park, bears Mrs. McKee's name.

Mrs. McKee's scrapbook, one of the finest in the city, chronicled

the early development of the city.

Mrs. McKee is survived by three daughters, Mrs. J. C. Deters, Houston, Mrs. G. O. Spencer, Fort Worth, Mrs. Ted Robinson, Dallas, three sons, James McKee, Fort Worth, E. C. McKee, Dallas, and H. F. McKee, Chicago; one sister, Mrs. Hulda Whitehead, Seattle, Wash., and six grandchildren.

MOTHER

There are weathered things found

Scattered here, there, everywhere
They are God's own earthly abode—
Houses.

For His treasures, rich and rare,
But the greatest gift recorded,
Too boundless to unfold,
Is the one called "Mother."
She's worth her weight in gold!

Who is it swings the pendulum
Twist time and eternity,
Who's there when the stars
rise?

And there for the closing prayer,
Who rejoices and agonizes,
From greatest heights of joy and
sorrow.

She's flesh and blood, and recapitulates

Neither defeat, death nor foe

Home where childhood's paller
Mingles joy with bitter tears,
Rainbow haze of Heaven mingles
Sunshine through the years,
It is she who gives the glory
Of service—unselfish wise,
Asking only Love unfounded—
God bless you Mother, your soul
will never die.

MRS. MARY E. KIBBIE,
City.

MY OTHER MOTHER

She was my other mother,
And to me she was so dear,
I think of times we spent in
gladness,
Sometimes it's hard to bear.

She was so loving and so kind,
And when things all went wrong,
She would say, "Just bear in
mind,
This can't last for long."

And though her soul was sick and
sad,
She gave the world a cheery
smile,
I loved her for the joys she had
Upon her lips for every trial.

'Twas last August she was called
away,
And left us lonely here,
Tonight she seems so far away,
When yesterday she was so near.

She is not dead—just gone to rest,
The mother of our affection,
For we all feel that God knows
best,
And will keep her in His protection.

ANN WILLIAMS,
Lake Worth.

OUR DEAR MOTHER

Our dear mother is dead and gone,
We'll see her never more,
She's gone to Heaven above the
blue,
And entered the pearly door.

She shines at night in Heaven
above,

Where tears will never flow,
She's resting sweet, at Jesus' feet,
Up there in Heaven I know.

Our precious mother, Emily Jane
Is with our maker above,
And all her troubles he will soothe
With His kindness and love.

MRS. NOHA SPENCER,
204 W. Tenth St., City.

123



Four Camp Fire councillors from Fort Worth, friends for seven years, as they bid each other goodbye several days ago after a breakfast at the home of Miss Betty Lou Foster, 3737 Bellaire Drive. Each will at-

tend a different camp this Summer. From left to right are Miss Elizabeth Rogers, who will leave June 25 for Bon Aires, the Nashville organization's camp; Miss Foster, who already has arrived at Camp Shawnee

—Jose Vilardell Photo. to be with other councillors at the Kansas City camp; Miss Paula Murchison, who will depart June 23 for the Detroit camp, and Miss Irene Gill, who left Wednesday for South Bend, Ind.

Miss Murchinson Is Fencing Victor

Miss Paula Murchison, 17-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Murchison, 2133 Park Place, won first place in the women's division of the International Fencing tournament at New Orleans Monday, according to dispatches from New Orleans.

Miss Murchison has been winning top honors in Southwest fencing for two years. She was accompanied at New Orleans by Miss Elizabeth Rogers, also of Fort Worth.

is a factor; and will gladly lend the assistance of our factory and field engineers if their experience and ability are desired.



Paula Murchison

Tips on Charm

"My special Charm Tip," writes A Victim, "is to beg people to refrain from telling folk out of a job or otherwise troubled to 'Keep your chin up.' It's the straw that breaks the down com-pletely."

Don't thou love life? Then do not squander time; for it is the stuff life is made of.

Try reading your Bible as regularly as you read the newspaper.

We never heard of a man catching cold from leaving off his bad habits.

sure this
arty sales

Sparks of Truth

It is often more profitable to miss a train than to miss an opportunity.

Consistent Christians always command respect.

The man who declines to accept good advice lives long to regret it.

Betsy Ross' Kin Here Is Believer of Flag Legend

She never tried to make a flag, but Betsy Ross Murchison really knows how to mend them. A direct descendant of Betsy Ross, the Paschal High School sophomore is shown here busy with a needle and thread on Old Glory, getting it ready for Flag Day today. The modern Betsy Ross is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Ross Murchison, 2133 Park Place Dr.



Betsy Ross Murchison

Pharmacist And His Daughter Say Ancestor Made First Stars, Stripes; Though Historians Disagree

By DICK GORTON

THE beautiful tradition that Betsy Ross made the first Stars and Stripes may be a fable, but don't tell George Ross Murchison or his daughter you don't believe it.

A descendant of the famous Philadelphia seamstress, Mr. Murchison, proprietor of Ballinger St. Pharmacy, has no written document to prove the authenticity of the story, but it has been handed down through his family generation after generation, and pooh-poohing of historians can't budge him from his belief.

His 14-year-old daughter, Betsy Ross, is just as sure of it as her father.

Says Historian Theodore D. Gottlieb: "She made flags but she didn't make the first Stars and Stripes. The Department of State, the War and Navy Departments, the Historical Sites Commission of Philadelphia and other official bodies repudiate the legend. Book and pamphlet material available is overwhelmingly against it."

According to the historian, the story arose for the first time on March 14, 1870, when William J. Canby read a paper before the Pennsylvania Historical Society in which he stated that in 1836, when his grandmother, Betsy Ross, was 84 years old and he was 11, she told him the story. Nothing

was done until 1857, the historian relates, when at the suggestion of Betsy Ross' oldest daughter, he wrote out the notes as he remembered the conversation.

Evidently the historical society thought little of Canby's paper because it failed to keep a copy of it.

The legend that Betsy Ross made the flag from a pencil sketch supplied by Washington changed the points of the stars from six to five has now become classic, although modern historical researchers are giving much thought to Francis Hopkinson of New Jersey as the possible designer.

All of which sounds very scholarly to Mr. Murchison but means nothing at all.

"Betsy Ross' uncle, George Ross, was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence," says the pharmacist, "and the name has come down through the generations along with the flag story, both untwisted."

In the living room of the Murchison home, at 2133 Park Pl. Drive, hangs a picture of Betsy Ross, holding the flag Mr. Murchison is certain "she made."

How to Keep Smiling

1. Chase gloom. Laugh. A good laugh is mighty good medicine.
2. Tell a helpful story; do a good turn.
3. Get eight hours' sleep every night. Early to bed, early to rise—you know!
4. Keep your system cleansed internally—drink plenty of water, be "regular."
5. Keep your stomach happy.

Is There a Feather in Your Cap?



Is there a feather in Your hat or bonnet? That will be an appropriate question after Oct. 10—when the tenth annual Community Chest campaign gets under way. The Chest has obtained thousands of little orange colored feathers which will be given to subscribers. Camp Fire Girls are spending several hours

—Smith Flap each day assorting the feathers and placing them in envelopes for campaigners. At work on this task are Betsy Ross Murchison (left), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Murchison, 2133 Park Place, and Drusilla Cochran, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Cochran, 2220 Honeysuckle

BRAVERY.

She lives so bravely; smiles upon a child
And takes the little prattler on her knee,
To all her bitter sorrows reconciled
Or hiding them that others may not see.

She thinks it still worth while to primp a bit
Despite the hurt and anguish in her breast.
She will not any visitor admit
Until she can receive them "at her best."

She talks of joy as though it were a thing
She could not hold herself, but others may.
She even hums the songs the youngsters sing
And keeps a lively interest in their play.

"It's just as well," one day she said to me
"That sorrow's scars are always hidden deep.
And that the eyes of youth can never see
How many times the old have had to weep."
(Copyright, 1937, Edgar A. Guest)



Betsy Ross Murchison, perches atop a rail fence for a rest after a merry gallop through the park. "Play Boy" from Bessley Stables, peers over the rail in genial comradeship. Betsy is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Murchison, 2132 Park Place.

SUNNY'S PRIZE CAKE

By Mrs. G. D. Spencer

1020 N. Riverside Dr. 3-23

Cream 2 cups sugar and 1 cup butter. Add beaten yolks of 4 eggs. Sift 3 cups flour (Ed.: Gold Chain) and 3 teaspoons baking powder and pinch of salt (Ed.: Morton) 3 times. Add latter (sugar and butter) alternately with milk. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Fold in beaten whites of 4 eggs.

Cocoanut cream icing:

2 cups confectioners sugar

4 tablespoons heavy cream

1/2 teaspoon vanilla

Mix sugar, cream and vanilla.

Spread on cake, sprinkle with 1 cup cocoanut.

12 1/2	20 1/2
9 1/2	11 1/4



Miss Trassie Allison of Washington, D. C., formerly of Fort Worth, whose approaching marriage Feb. 15 to Mr. Howard Gray of Washington was announced Tuesday night. Miss

Allison arrived in Fort Worth Sunday for a Christmas visit with her mother, Mrs. J. F. Allison, and her sister, Mrs. J. H. Gressett, both of 853 East Powell Avenue.

Firemen Rescue Invalid Woman

Fort Worth Saved After Collapsing In Burning House

Fire early today gutted a Texas St. home and left in a serious condition an elderly pioneer resident who was trapped for a few minutes in her flaming room.

Miss Ada Gambrell, an invalid, suffered severely from shock and smoke today after her daring rescue by two firemen.

The home, that of a brother-in-law, E. B. Randle, retired attorney, was almost completely destroyed by fire.

She Was Sleeping

Miss Gambrell, who came to Texas from Mississippi in a covered wagon 70 years ago, was sleeping in a front room of the Randle home at 1414 Texas. Also in the house were Mr. and Mrs. Randle and their son, J. G. Randle.

The Randles were awakened at 4 a. m. by smoke and fire which, they said, seemed to envelop the entire house. Mrs. Randle rushed to the room of her sister but was driven back by the flames. Her hair was singed and the left side of her face was burned.

Miss Gambrell Collapsed

Meanwhile, Miss Gambrell had arisen and then collapsed on the floor near her bed. Fire forced the Randles to flee the home with a few possessions hastily gathered.

Outside Police Capt. Henry Lewis and Lieut. R. R. Howerton heard Miss Gambrell's cries for aid. They tried to enter the house through the front but were driven back. Back entrances also seemed cut off by the flames.

Dale Grimmitt, a private at the central fire station, found a side window not yet burning and he climbed through it, braving burning rafters that were about to collapse.

He groped his way through the smoke-filled room and found his way to Miss Gambrell, now gasping for breath on the floor. He picked her up and rushed her to the waiting arms of a fellow fireman, L. L. Withrow, also a private at the central station.

A few minutes later parts of the burning ceiling and walls collapsed.

Miss Gambrell was taken to the home of neighbors where she was placed under a physician's care. She was unable to see anyone and the extent of her injuries was not determined immediately.

"Life is an ever-changing trail that leads from the cradle to the grave. And, when I reach its distant end and start on the long journey from which no traveler has ever returned, I hope to leave behind a world made a wee bit better . . . by my having lived."

Just a few lines from a skit I wrote for "The Philosophy of Life," put out by Anderson M. Baton some years ago. If I succeed in so doing, I will have done something of worth. If I fail, the God of things will forgive my failure.

I wonder do people ever pay for a Dr.?
Do we appreciate his faithful ness?
Are we really grateful for his good work?
Who is with us from birth to the grave? The Dr.



It may rain or storm, the Dr. will always come.
Snow, sleet or hail, he never falls.
A mother's call "My child is very sick, Dr., come for God's sake."
For quick.



THE DR.
Who hears our call when sick?
The Dr.
And works from day to day?
He spends many hours away.
Makes many calls and gets no pay.

To Mrs. Spencer
From
Thomas Chunn

FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH

Throckmorton at Sixth Street

L. D. ANDERSON, Minister

Easter Sun. '38.



RISEN LORD AND, MARY MAGDALEN—*Plochhoest*

WEEK OF APRIL 9, 1939

10:50 a. m. Organ Prelude.

"Easter Morning" Walling

Mrs. Raymond Wright, Organist

Doxology

Invocation

Hymn No. 71, "Christ Arose" Lowry

Scripture Reading

Choral Response

Prayer

Hymn No. 248, "Alas, And Did My Savior Bleed" Wilson

Communion. The following will serve at the Lord's Table today:

Messrs. R. H. Foster, Douglas Tomlinson, J. T. Muir, J. W. Shoemaker.

Offertory Prayer

Offertory Anthem, "Praise the Lord" Caesar Frank

Sermon, "Then Came Jesus" Pastor

Hymn No. 270, "Just As I Am" Bradbury

Benediction

Threefold Amen

Postlude, "The Heavens Are Telling" from
"The Creation" Haydn

6:30 p. m. Christian Endeavor.

7:30 p. m. Organ Prelude.

"Adagio" Dr. Franz Liszt

"I Know That My Redeemer Liveth" from
"The Messiah"

"Easter Offertoire" Handel-Brown
Clement Loret

Mrs. Raymond Wright, Organist

Song Service

Prayer

Music Anthem, "Victory" Shelley

Scripture Reading

Offertory Duet

Offertory Prayer

Sermon, "Let Us Turn Unto Jehovah" Pastor

Hymn No. 65, "I Am Resolved" Fillmore

Benediction

Threefold Amen. Congregation singing

Postlude, "Solemn March" William Faulkes

mas Chunn

mar. L. L. Wright

"THEN CAME JESUS" will be the pastor's Easter morning sermon subject. The fact of Jesus' coming subsequent to the resurrection, the circumstances attending his appearances, and the purposes in view, are all significant. The story will be reviewed, and some of the more important lessons will be indicated.

"LET US TURN UNTO JEHOVAH" will be the evening subject. This is a particularly fitting season for taking bearings and revising plans and reforming procedures. The counsel of a great prophet will furnish the basis of the study. Members and friends are urged to attend, and to bring the unsaved.

MRS. FRIEDA REEDER AND SON, TOM REEDER, will sponsor the attendance at the Sunday evening service. They extend a most cordial invitation to all members, friends, and the people of Fort Worth generally, to be their guests. Help to make the service effective.

IN RESPONSE TO THE POPULAR DESIRE to be baptized Easter Sunday baptismal services are planned both morning and evening. Immediately following the morning preaching service, and preceding the evening service, baptismal services will be held. If such services are desired at other hours please notify the Church office.

WE ARE REJOICED to welcome into our congregation the following new members who have joined since last report:

Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Blevins, 2729 Marigold St.

Miss Joann Blevins, 2729 Marigold St.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Brooks, 2122 Mistletoe Ave.

Mr. Marlin Campbell, 4400 Hampshire Blvd.

Mr. Robert B. Perry, 4803 El Campo.

THE INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT will be hosts and hostesses at the Sing-Song in the Banquet room Sunday evening immediately following the church service. Mrs. R. L. Truitt will be in charge of the music and has planned to sing Easter songs and have some special music. A. L. Gillespie III will be the accompanist. Refreshments will be served. Everyone is invited to join in this informal fellowship period.

THE APRIL CIRCLE of the Woman's Council will present Mrs. J. G. Clark in a review of "Seasoned Timber" by Dorothy Canfield, in the Chapel of the Educational Building Thursday afternoon, April 20th at 2 o'clock. Tickets are 25 cents.

"WHICH WAY?" will be the pastor's subject at the Dinner Service Friday evening, April 14th. This will be the final evangelistic Dinner Service of the season. Members and friends are urged to bring their guests. Mr. H. E. Kurtz will sing.

FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH

Throckmorton at Sixth Street

L. D. ANDERSON, Minister

Easter Sun. '38.



RISEN LORD AND, MARY MAGDALEN—Plochhorst

THE CITY OF THE DEAD
I wandered all alone
Through the City of the Dead,
As the flowers were blooming
In each cozy little bed;
And the beauty that I found there
The poets have left unsaid;
I waited there in solitude—
Wondering if I should intrude.

Even the tall, tall trees
Seem to bow each lofty head,
As I stood there enchanted
And a silent prayer I said—
Dear Lord, Our Savior and Our
Friend,
Thou hold within Thy power
The fortune of all men,
And what we lose in this life
In death we will surely win.

And as the silence bore upon me
I seemed to understand
The sorrows that had gone before
me
And the thoughts of other men;
And as I wandered on awhile
I came upon an angel, a mother
and a child,
And then it dawned upon me
Why the poets left unsaid
The beauty that they found there
In the City of the Dead.
—ALLINE STRICKLIN,
2416 Medford Ct., W., City.

This Is Life

By JACK MAXWELL

NOTHING important: I am in
my office, the place where
I try to earn my bacon-and-
beans. The sun is slowly dropping
behind the western border-
line, leaving behind a curtain of
saffron and gold. So, what?
Just this:

With the passing day, I have
endeavored to make no one's
life more difficult. I have tried
to ease the pain of those who
came my way. I have done my
best to make this helluva world
a little easier for some other
guy, as well as for myself.

And when the Sun Goes
Down, and the evening shadows
reach out, finger-life, across
the pathway of mankind and I
have repaired to my nest, com-
monly called a bed, I will have
the satisfaction of knowing that
I have done the best I know
how . . . to make the scheme of
life a bit more worth living.
And that, my dear children, is
about all any bundle-heaver can
hope to do. In fact, I think it's
a damn, good brand of what we
call RELIGION. Now, you tell
me one.

A Few Holds

1. Hold on to your hand when you are about to commit an unkind act.
2. Hold on to your tongue when you are about to speak harshly.
3. Hold on to your heart when evil persons invite you to join their ranks.
4. Hold on to your virtue—it is above all price to you in all times and places.
5. Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of forsaking the path of right.
6. Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well, and do you good throughout eternity.
7. Hold on to your temper when you are excited, or angry, or when others are angry with you.
8. Hold on to your character, for it is and ever will be your best wealth.

JUST FOLKS By EDGAR A. GUEST

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
A man called Lincoln passed this way:
Born in a cabin bleak and bare;
Knew toil and hunger and despair
And learned from want and bitter need
A simple, sympathetic creed.
His way was hard. All things of pride
To him were from the first denied
His was a body stripped of grace;
His was an unattractive face.
Yet when he spoke men's hearts were stirred
Because the soul within they heard.
Oft was he mocked and oft betrayed,
Yet patient with all men he stayed,
He rose as high as man can rise
Yet pity never left his eyes;
Gained power and still to all he knew
This man called Lincoln gentler grew.
Back to the dust have journeyed kings,
Their thrones but scarce remembered things,
Their greatness merely of the hour,
But all the world recalls today
A man called Lincoln passed this way.
(Copyright, 1888, by Edgar A. Guest)

Pressure above 100 lbs. (5)

My Dear Mrs. Spencer -

I want you to know how very much I appreciate the precious little dress which you sent our sweet new daughter. You were so kind and thoughtful to do so, and Dr. Furman and I are deeply appreciative.

Sincerely yours,
Virginia Bond Furman

March the twenty seventh.

Short Shots

—Robert Quiles

Yet you can find plenty of little towns where not one well-fed citizen in fifty knows what "Oakies" are.

Why can't we wake up? We are in this war, come what may, and every day we waste dozens more of our boys to die.

... of equality is one where the cups are as polite to the as to the richest.

The Nazis worked no miracle. They won easily because they were efficient and opponents were betrayed or cowardly or stupid.

... those who have no children, the way to be sure of friends in old age is to raise your own.

Some pleas for tolerance remind us of the man who said: "Let's put down our guns and fight fair." And then he didn't discard his.



Roosevelt wonders how to make youth love democracy. Well, some people like Santa Claus; but the better ones love what they work for and sacrifice for.



... great man should look a shaggy. When the world is late, it's a comfort to note he hasn't time to think of a haircut.



... seems to be a rule. The less late is worth, the madder they get when they try to do it.

... thing tells us it's about time to set up some soothing synonym for "inflation."

Being a soldier is like driving a car. You aren't good if you do the right thing mechanically without thinking.

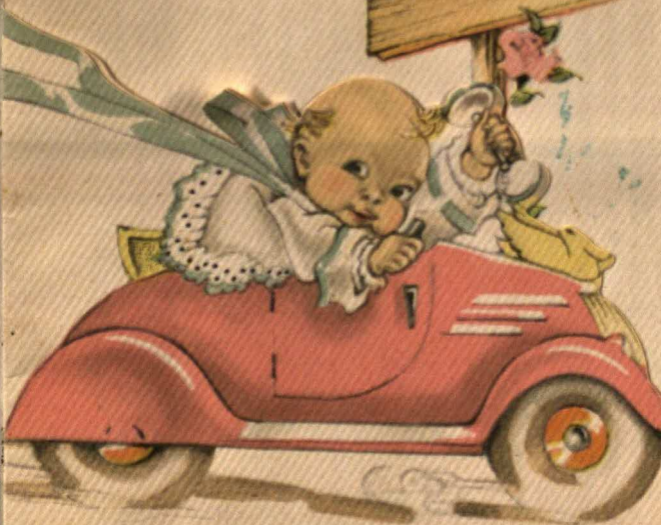
... blame the rich guy alone. He mistreats the poor if he hires poor men to do his work.

We read about a man who got tired of his wife and shot her. It seems he had conscientious scruples against divorce.

... he were patient when life is slow. In whaling days, stay-at-home didn't begin to worry 'til Bill the sailor had been gone three years.

Frepkins says manufacturers are waiting to be told whether the situation is serious. Can anybody tell two and two without a dagger from Washington?
(Publishers Syndicate)

A NEW ARRIVAL



...very beautiful
the feelings most of
have about our moth
In infancy they
As we grow older, life
seem to carry us awa
presence, while predic
take for granted as

ALL WEAR A RED
TOP

A NEW ARRIVAL

We're very happy
to announce
the arrival of
Dawn Yvonne
on June 18
Mr. & Mrs. Matthew Schmaier

2736 Purinton,
Pt. Worth, Texas.

Monday.

Dear Mrs. Spencer: -

Mrs. Spencer

I want to thank you for the lovely Wedding Ring quilt top, it is one of the prettiest designs and quite a favorite with me. My mother made me a Wedding Ring quilt about a year ago and we use it all the time so now I will have one for my other bed room.

Again I want to thank you and tell you I appreciate the quilt more than words can express.

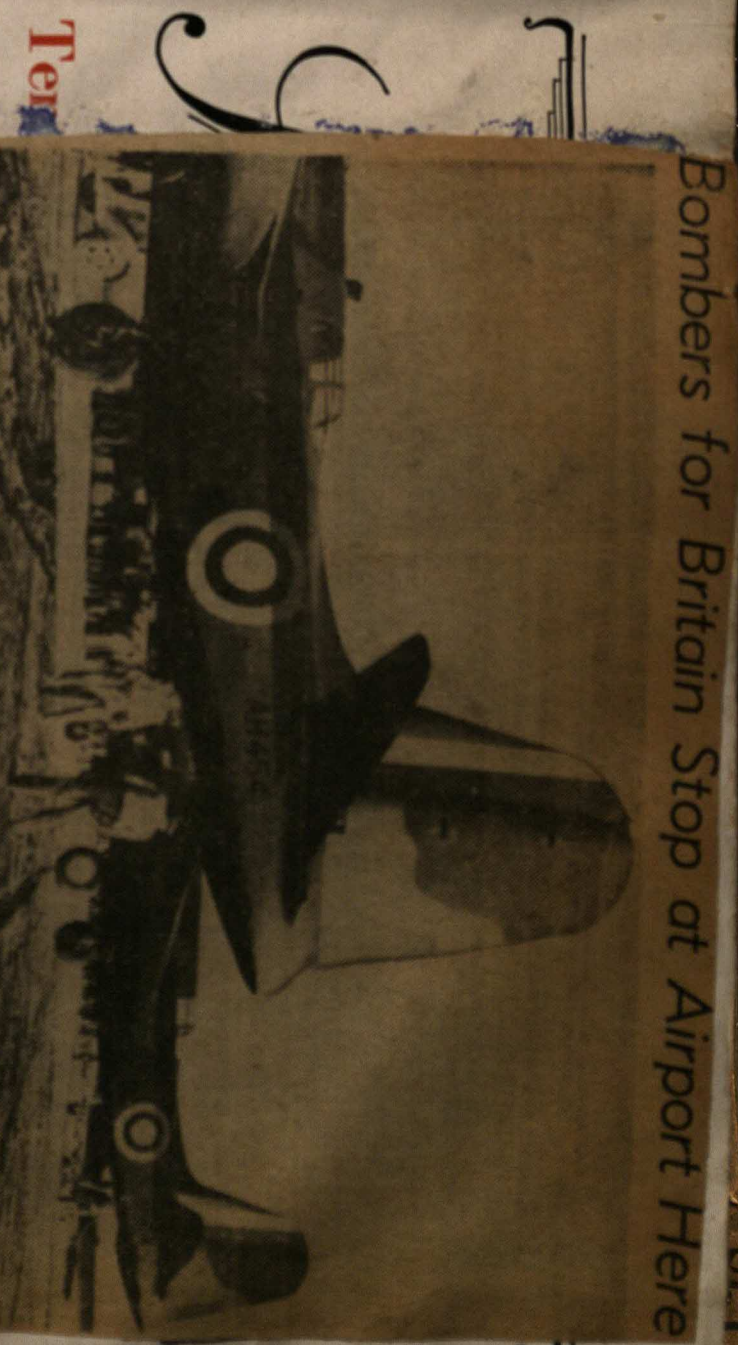
P.S. Spot is getting along fine.

Sincerely,
Mrs. H. P. Cardona

As far as the picture shows, this might be a camera glance at any RAF airbase "game-where in England" with two war birds being readied for a bombing trip to Berlin. But,

Instead, this is a view of the landing apron at Municipal Airport late Wednesday afternoon when two Douglas BD-7 bombers stopped here for the night. Insignia and camouflage are

—Photo by Ed Ritchey, and plainly visible on the ships. Two other American-made bombers en route to England, Consolidated seaplanes, spent the night at Lake Worth.



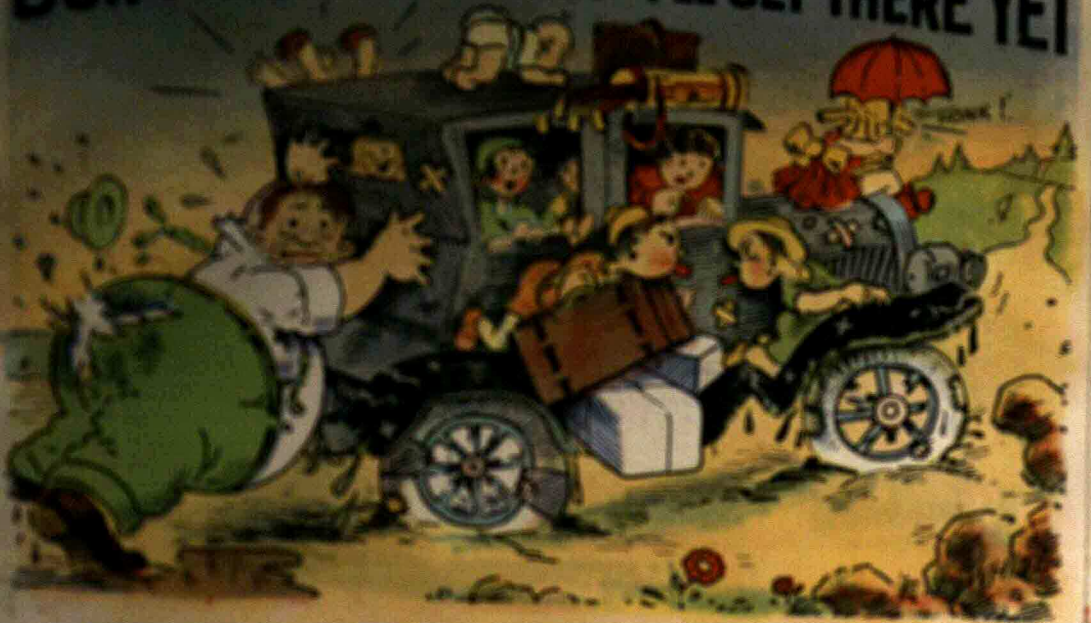
Bombers for Britain Stop at Airport Here

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Sept

This regard design of the

DON'T WORRY OR FRET - I'LL GET THERE YET



A MOVING PICTURE OF YOU HAS JUST BEEN TAKEN
 by the Candid Cameraman of the
FORT WORTH PRESS

Three Natural Pictures of You In Motion

Each—Size 2 1/4 x 3 Will Be Sent You

Simply fill out this card and send it to us together with 27 cents in coin and within fourteen days you will receive your 3 pictures. (Send 50c for 9 pictures.)
 (Mailed Anywhere)

Some Time Engagements Are Selected and guaranteed **FREE** from among those who send in this order card. 25c Here

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KEEP THIS STUB
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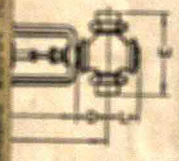
EXTRA

Look for your picture in the Classified Column of
FORT WORTH PRESS
 The best pictures will be selected daily of pedestrians in the downtown section of the city. If your picture is reproduced you will receive a "Beautiful" Sepia Tone 7x9 Enlargement **Absolutely Free!**

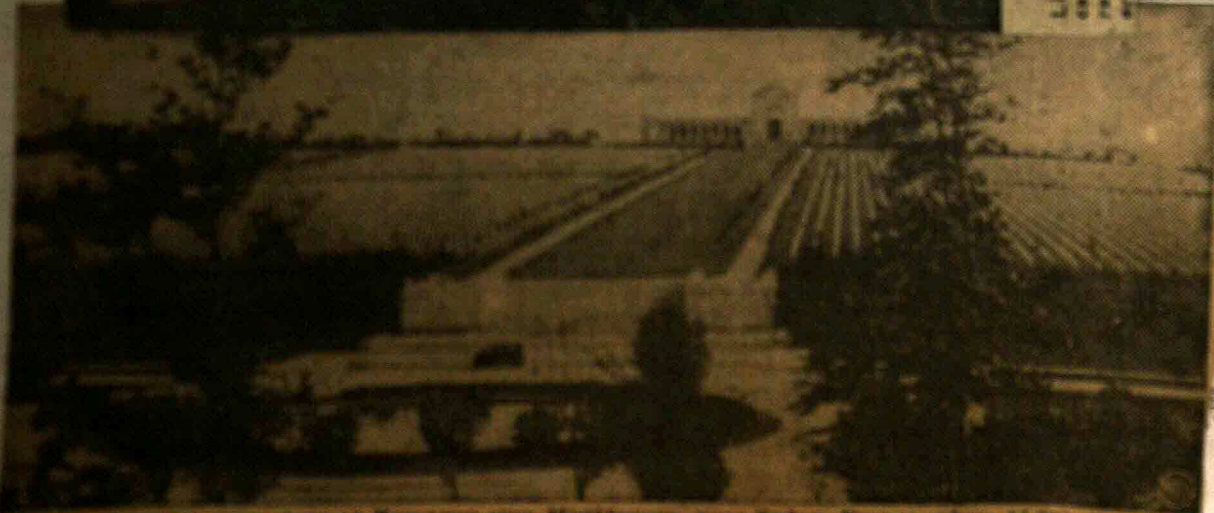
FORT WORTH PRESS



Conley, a kitten in an East Liberty drug store in Pittsburgh, can't help being annoyed, but residents in her neighborhood are mighty amused about it.



Prices, Etc.
 See Acting Values



The American cemetery at Romagne-sur-Meuse, near Sedan, France, where 14,000 American soldiers lie buried.

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*We shall always remember
with deep gratitude your
comforting expression of sympathy*

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In coming to know the truth, man is taught through the Word of God, John 17:17. Man must then believe with all his heart, Acts 8:37. When he loves the Lord enough that he will repent of his sins (Acts 17:31) and confess the name of Christ (Matt. 10:32), he is ready to obey the form of the doctrine and be baptized into Christ, Romans 6:3-4. In this faithful obedience his soul is purified, 1 Pet. 1:22-23, and he becomes a child of God, Gal. 3:26-27.

*We shall always remember
with deep gratitude your
comforting expression of sympathy*

What Must Men Do to be Saved?

1. Men must know the truth—John 8:32.
2. Men must believe the truth—Mark 16:16; Heb. 11:6.
3. Men must love the truth—2 Thes. 2:10.
4. Men must obey the truth—Rom. 6:17; Heb. 5:9.

Belows

FRIENDS.

Friends are strange. You've got to make them long before the day you need them. There are gifts which you must take them, such as books and let them read them; flowers you've raised yourself, and maybe something pretty for the baby.

Friends aren't gathered in a minute for the time you long to see one. Here's the fact and all that's in it: To have friends you've got to be one! It's right now; not some tomorrow. Friends are gained to share your sorrow.

Friends are strange, how'er you take them! Here's the gospel truth about them: If you want them you must make them. When you could get on without them, this is fixed and naught can swerve it: Who'd have friendship must deserve it!

WE MUST GO ON

We must go on as strong souls do
To fight life's battles rife;
We must go on the whole way
through
The thickest of the strife.

We must go on though the way
ahead
Might be bleak and bare;
But we must dare as brave souls
dare
To lead where the Christ has
led.

We must go on, the old worn
track,

Which leads through shadows
dim;

We must go on, but never back,
Across the sky's blue rim.

MRS. J. M. FLATT,
Cleburne, Tex.

**TED ROBINSON'S MOTHER
IS DEAD AT DENISON**

DENISON, June 14.—Mrs. Sidney Armstrong, 74, a pioneer Denison resident, died at her home at 809 West Chestnut Drive, here late Monday. Mrs. Armstrong had been seriously ill two weeks.

The funeral will be held at the Short & Murray Funeral Chapel here at 2 p. m. Wednesday. Burial will be in Fairview Cemetery here.

Ted W. Robinson, a son, of Dallas, formerly lived in Fort Worth where he was owner and manager of the Fort Worth Baseball Club.

Other survivors are the husband; a daughter, Mrs. B. B. Simas, Denison, and two grandchildren. Mrs. Armstrong was an active member of the First Christian Church here.

Leaves Speak If You Understand

VALIANT LIVES CAN TEACH BEAUTY AND COURAGE TO THEIR LOVERS



Laughter in the falling of the leaves . . .

I have been an impatient slave the waves battered away. I did not want to say good-by to what I love. I miss their soft crooning, their harp-like songs when the world is dark, and I miss their deep, deep-toned choruses when the wind is wild. I miss their playful antics when my brow is frow. And in the murmur of kings and queens. So gracious among greetings, when I am surprised with its charming, rhythmic bowing, soft, slight. I miss their quiet moments when they meditate and pray at twilight. They are so still. Not a leaf stirs. It lifts my heart and I pray with them.

And, after all, it was a happy farewell. Autumn turned to me with a gay good-by.

"In the gold red tints,

Like an Eastern queen,

She had entertained courage

In her widing waist."

And how they frisked with each other as they tumbled to the ground!

"There is laughter in the falling of the leaves from autumn trees."

And I want to add two more lines of Dr. Stidger's poem,

"There is laughter, song and loving in the heart of one with God."

Fatches of Yellow, Red

I walked up and down endless hill-sides of them Monday and I felt as uplifted as if I had listened to an inspiring sermon. It seemed that I had never seen the countryside so beautiful. As far as the eye could see were huge patches of yellow and red. From long distances it looked as if only brown eyes, bushes and Indian blanket blossoms there, so conspicuous were the reds and the yellows in the sunlight.

But once in a field of them, I discovered myriads of different varieties intermingled with the reds and yellows: white cain lilies, Muskells, lavender sweet William, orchid buttercups, purple thistles, all forming a busy pattern of colors.

I thought of the good earth and the beauty that springs from it, of the potency of a tiny seed and the mystery that surrounds the birth of the color therein. A Texas hillside may be brown and bare and rocky in March but in May-time color comes forth, and no matter how many gay colors flout their heads beside each other, there is always harmony, never a clashing of color or pattern. And you seem to feel in your soul the harmony that dwells there.

Problems Leave You

All at once you discover you can't be burdened down with petty personal problems. You may carry them to the ridge of a hill where wild flowers bloom but you can't carry them over the hillside with you. They have a way of blowing away with the same wind that wafts a fragrance of the flowers.

You can't carry vanity and cynicism with you either across a hillside of Texas wild flowers, for they too have a way of passing from you. The flowers tell you of simplicity and belief in a higher power.

You can't carry thoughts of revenge and hate and greet either, for the flowers seem to speak of forgiveness and love and abundance.

Neither can you carry thoughts of death in a Texas hillside of wild flowers, for you are reminded that though the plants may shed all their gayety in another few weeks, there will be millions of seeds to blow over the hillside and blossom another springtime. Death may come but new birth is not far behind.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to take this means of thanking each and everyone who by any deed of kindness extended their sympathy during our recent sorrow in the passing of our darling mother, sister, and grandmother. May God's richest blessing rest upon you all, be our prayer.—Paul G. O'Neal, Mrs. J. L. Shields, Mrs. L. H. Hedrick, Mrs. M. H. Vincent, Mrs. Sallie Taylor and the J. H. Cunningham family.

IN MEMORIAM

Mrs. Mary Alice McKee O'Neal

A long and beautiful life came to a peaceful end with the passing of Mrs. Mary Alice McKee O'Neal, 87 years, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Cunningham, in Vanleer at 8:00 p. m. Thursday, February 2, 1930.

She was born in Washington County, Virginia, January 22, 1852, the daughter of W. T. H. and E. J. McKee, prominent Dickson county family. In early girlhood she gave her heart to Jesus and became an untiring Christian worker in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and her entire career has been linked with the sound attributes that lift human souls, living close to her Master every day. Her life had been an inspiration to many, and her kind and cheerful disposition, together with her lofty ideals of pure womanhood, won for her a host of friends.

She had been in failing health for several years, but was confined to her bed only three days before passing. She bore her suffering with the greatest of patience and fortitude and always had a bright smile and a cheery greeting for her family and friends.

She would make regular visits to all her children and her last trip was made to Knoxville last June, returning home in October. In the declining years of her life she was also gladdened by frequent visits of her children who came from distant places to show their love and brighten the hours of her last days.

In 1873 she was married, in the church in which she was converted, to Henry S. O'Neal, who preceded her in death thirty-nine years.

Services in her memory were conducted at the Cunningham residence in Vanleer last Friday afternoon by Rev. H. S. McConnell, local pastor, who made a most impressive talk. Her remains were conveyed Saturday to Morgantown, in Monroe county, where impressive church rites were conducted by Rev. Hamilton, of the First Presbyterian Church of Knoxville. Her remains were laid to rest beside her husband and daughter in the family lot of the Morgantown cemetery. A large floral contribution portrayed the esteem in which she was held.

Surviving are one son, Paul G. O'Neal, of Lockport, Illinois; five daughters, Mrs. J. L. Shields, of Joliet, Ill., Mrs. M. H. Vincent, of Dyersburg, Tenn., Mrs. H. L. Hedrick, of Knoxville, and Mrs. J. H. Cunningham, of Vanleer; one sister, Mrs. Sallie Taylor, of Vanleer; also fifteen grandchildren and several great-grandchildren.

—A granddaughter,
Mrs. Forrest Oakley.

Today's Poems

A WINNER

You can't judge a man
By the pleasures he's known
Of the joy and fun he's had.
It's the trials and cares
That he battles alone
That bring out the good or the bad.
If he smiles when he's down,
Or if he weeps a frown,
It's plain what he's made of in life.
But the true man who wins
Is the fellow who gives
When every last hope has died.
VADA LONG,
City.

GOSSIPY EARS

A gossipy tongue is a dangerous thing
 If its owner is evil at heart;
 He can give whom he chooses full many a sting
 That will woefully linger and smart.
 But the gossipy tongue would be balked in its plan
 For causing heart burnings and tears
 If it were not helped out by the misguided man
 Who possesses two gossipy ears.

Oh, the gossipy ears are the ones that believe
 The evil reports they are told;
 The sly, subtle tales which they gladly receive
 Would tarnish the purest of gold.
 The cruel, "They say" which goes floating about
 Like a hidden foe, fostering fears,
 Would lose all its force, were it firmly shut out
 By the man with the gossipy ears.

When the man with the gossipy tongue happens by
 With his stories of evil and strife,
 We surely should look him right square in the eye
 And ask him his mission in life.
 We ought to refuse him a chance to retail
 The false, idle rumor he "hears";
 He ought to be locked up somewhere in a jail
 With the man with the gossipy ears.

until the latch engages. This regular
THE TONGUE.

A friendly word along life's way
 Will make all see a brighter day,
 It will help our poor and downtrodden
 brother
 To hold his head above the gutter.
 A word from a good heart spoken
 Will help a heart that's often
 broken
 It will help the ones who've gone
 astray.
 Our tongue's a guide the livelong
 day.
 A guarded tongue will help our
 brother;
 Or many pleasures give another
 A wicked tongue is like a thorn:
 It can pierce our hearts, and do
 much wrong.
 So watch our tongues the livelong
 day,
 Be careful of each word we say;
 For it can be our friend or foe,
 Or give us pleasure as we go.

**Mrs. Edelbrock, 87,
 Here 60 Years, Dies**

Mrs. Eliza Jane Edelbrock, 87, oldest charter member of the College Avenue Baptist Church, died at her home, 200 West Magnolia Avenue, at 11:15 a. m. Monday after a long illness.
 A resident of Fort Worth for 60 years, Mrs. Edelbrock was the widow of Joseph Edelbrock, who operated the Edelbrock Saddlery for many years.
 Survivors include a son, Frank E. Edelbrock; daughter, Mrs. Mary E. Pate; nine grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.
 Funeral services will be conducted at 2 p. m. Wednesday at Harveson-Cole Funeral Chapel by Rev. Harry Lee Spencer. Burial will be in West Oakwood Cemetery.

This Is Life

By JACK MAXWELL
FRIENDSHIP is, I think, a wonderful thing. And to have many **FRIENDS** is a real blessing. But just as surely as red apples grow in Arkansas, it takes a heck of lot of **LIVING**, all kinds of living, to make friends. Just because you happen to make the acquaintance of a person and are attracted to that particular individual, he or she having some outstanding personal characteristic, does **NOT** license you or I to register that person as a **REAL FRIEND**.

As some guy once said: "A **FRIEND** is the chap who **STEPS IN** when the **WHOLE DAMN WORLD** walks OUT!"
 This **CHAP** may have wallowed in the River of Life; he may have, at one time, Gone to Hell, so to speak. But if and when he finds you or me in a tough spot and walks right in, caring not a tinker's darn as to what people may think or say, and administrators unto us, take a tip from **ME** and write **HIS NAME** down in your Book of Life and you will be a winner.

Little Lines

By MARGIE B. BOSWELL
 Cape jasmynes never crowd the roadways like Jimson weeds.
 It is hard to teach pothounds that pick-up porterhouse might be poison.
 Some pleasure flowers are specious—firmly set with fiery spines.
 How grasshoppers gloat over a garden of grapes.
 Evil is always listening for the click of a latch.
 Who cries when a copperhead is hurt?

TO A LOYAL FRIEND
 The red rose glows no redder than her lips.
 The bright stars shine no clearer or than her eyes.
 My jasmine is not sweeter than her face,
 That holds the quiet glow of far blue skies.
 She is the slim birch growing in my garden,
 The sweet cool air I breathe so deep.
 She is the morning sun that greets my waking,
 The song of ecstasy that lulls me on to sleep.
 Because I love her so, she is my world,
 All I'll ever need or want to hold.
 With her I conquer life and all its troubles,
 And have her close while I am growing old.

Why the by-iden? Why the sorrow
 Why the headache? Why the pain?
 Why the endless need for giving?
 Why this life on earth we're living?
 Why the hatreds grown so quickly?
 Why is peace so hard to gain?
 Why is birth and why is death?
 Why the Springtime's gentle breath
 Why the chilling winds of Winter
 When the Summer's joys are sure?
 Why must all that mortals cherish
 And the passions cheap and fawdry
 So persistently endure?
 Rings the everlasting "why"
 Never answered till we die.
 Why is much we ask denied us
 As the years fly swiftly by?
 Just as children, down the ages,
 Tilters, scientists and sages
 Vainly seek to learn the answer
 To this everlasting "why?"
 (Copyright, 1938, by Edgar A. Swift)

By JACK MAXWELL
 When life seems to be giving
 you a swift kick in the patella,
 and you find yourself all filled
 and running over, or to speak,
 with self-pity, and you are just
 lousy with petty worries, as com-
 pared to the real troubles of life,
 try this one:
 Here it comes: Just as the sun
 is sinking in the west, please let
 your optics drift over in that di-
 rection and gaze upon that won-
 derful panorama, or call it what
 you may. Observe the artistic
 touch of Mother Nature. Let nap-
 as it fades into the azure-blue
 and, after seeing the stupendous
 gateway, think what a kind
 person would give for that which
 you have in your two eyes.
 The moral is: Each day, re-
 gardless of your station in life,
 offer a prayer of thanks to the
 God of Things, for your many
 blessings. Those blessings we
 just take for granted, as if
 were. Yes, sir! I think I think I
 "impr' this time."

By JACK MAXWELL
 HERE we go: The Good Book
 says, "Judge not, lest ye be judged
 by the same judgment."
 The above bit of philosophy ad-
 monition, or call it and take it
 carries plenty on the apple. As I
 see the racket of living, very dog-
 gone few guys are in a position
 so far as living is concerned, to
 give the other "bird" "The Works."
 If it were to come to a show-
 down, and we had to let the World
 "IN" on our **PRIVATE** lives, the
 majority of us would fold up like
 a morning glory under the Au-
 gust sun. In other words, we just
 couldn't stand the "GAFF" ... sim-
 ply because the aforesaid "Private
 Life" is too badly messed up. Per-
 sonally, I know darn good and
 well I am not in position, or never
 have been, to **CRITICIZE** the
 Other Fellow. How 'bout YOU?

By JACK MAXWELL
QUOTE: "When the one Great
 Scorer comes to write against
 your name, He writes not that
 you won or lost... but **HOW** you
 played the game."
 Yeah! That's a fine crack, but
 the heck of it is, **FATE**, all too
 often steps into the ring and deals
 us mortals some very poor "hands"
 and many of us begin life with
 only a pair of dirty deuces and...
 we have to do a lot of 'bluffing'
 in order to **WIN** or even stay in
 the game.
 The thing we call **LIVING** is
 somewhat like playing poker. It
 never pays to let the other guy
 see your hand. So, if **YOU** are
 in a "JAM" try to keep the old
 chin UP and 'bluff' if needs be...
 'till the cows come home. In oth-
 er words, don't count yourself
OUT... keep 'punching' and try
 for a "knockout". You can never
 tell the next blow may **WIN THE**
FIGHT!

789

Fokker, Famous Pioneer Airplane Designer, Dies

Foreign Governments Once Turned Down Offer to Get Plans

By United Press.

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—Anthony Fokker, 49-year-old pioneer airplane designer and manufacturer, died today in Murray Hill Hospital.

Fokker was stricken three weeks ago with pneumococcus meningitis and had been in a coma for almost four days. He failed to rally in spite of repeated blood transfusions and his physician, Dr. Robert M. Cushing, reported yesterday that the famous designer was losing ground.

Anthony Herman Gerard Fokker was born April 6, 1890, in Java. His father, Herman Fokker, was a wealthy Dutch coffee planter.

The father retired in 1896 and the family returned to Haarlem, Holland, where the 6-year-old Anthony almost immediately developed a passion for machines.

When he was about 10, the precocious Anthony blew out every fuse in the house and brought street railway traffic to a standstill by tossing a wire over a power line with a view to getting current for a toy train. His parents sent him to engineering school.

Learned Rapidly

When he was 18, having learned more than his teachers knew, Fokker started building his first airplane. It was completed be-



Anthony Fokker

fore he ever had seen a plane in actual flight, his nearest approximation to that experience having been a kitchen chair rigged with airplane controls.

Fokker entered his home-made plane in the Russian military competition at St. Petersburg and won easily. That first plane embodied most of the fundamentals which subsequently made his craft, for more than a decade, the world's best—in speed, flexibility and ease of handling.

After a record-setting flight from Berlin to the Hague, Fokker (Turn to Page 3)

offered his designs to the Dutch, French, Belgian and English governments, and was turned down in that order by each.

The Germans, however, gave him a three-year contract in 1913 to teach military pupils, and when the World War broke out put him to work turning out planes and pilots.

At 24, Fokker was a vital part of the German military machine and his airplanes, with the synchronized machine guns he designed, dominated the air in the early months of the war. They were so superior to British and French planes that the Allies were forced to copy his designs.

Built 8000 War Planes

During the war Fokker built 8000 planes for Germany and supervised the designs of 6000 others.

After the war Fokker smuggled out three trainloads of planes and parts concealed in rugs. Back in Amsterdam he founded the Netherlands Aircraft Co., the success of which prompted the American Government to invite him to this country.

Fokker came to the United States in 1923 and established the Atlantic Aircraft Co. at Haverbrook Heights, N. J., later affiliating with General Motors Corp. as the Fokker Aircraft Co.

I've learned that barren drifted fields
Are not one-half so bare
As empty hearts where nothing blooms
To shed its fragrance there.
I've learned to thank the Lord of Life
For this my daily need,
I've love and home and happiness
And I am rich indeed.

Built First Tri-Motor

Fokker built the first tri-motor plane ever manufactured in this country—the Josephine Ford in which Admiral Richard Byrd flew to the North Pole. Other famous Fokkers were the Southern Cross, used by Kingsford-Smith, and the Friendship, in which the late Amelia Earhart flew the Atlantic.

Fokker was a man of vast energy with a genius for mastering and creating new engineering methods. Quixotic, he hated the normal practices of engineers and preferred his own scratchings on bits of paper to blueprints. He kept a tremendous amount of technical knowledge in his head.

Self-Styled "Man of Peace"

He created a deadly war machine and called himself "a man of peace;" he made millions and said "money isn't important;" he built a \$500,000 home on the Hudson Palisades at Alpine, N. J., and lived in the caretaker's house, he worked 16 hours a day for 25 years and was rarely tired, he was twice married and twice widowed and called himself "a lone wolf," and he broke off an early romance with a Russian girl whom he had taught to fly because she preferred a foreign airplane.

He was aloof, sarcastic, whimsical and profane, but in 1935 when the Senate Munitions Investigating Committee called him to Washington he answered frankly and without reserve all questions about his sale of planes to foreign countries.

Had Passion for Toys

To aviation, he contributed brilliant structural designs, ranging from rudder and stabilizer details to simplified method of welding, wing-bracing and plant procedure, but he never lost a passion for toys. Once he disrupted a Fifth Ave. department store's toy department by testing every train and mechanical toy in stock, giving the playthings to interested children and footing the bill.

He was a man of impulse. Once when Kingsford-Smith had flown to the United States in an old Fokker, the manufacturer jumped into an airplane at Roosevelt Field and enraged officials by doing flips and barrel rolls around the eaves of hangars at full throttle.

When he landed, the maddened officials rushed out to give him a tongue-lashing and found he didn't even have a pilot's license.

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MY PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE!
Tain't no use to squeal and whimper
Cause our breaks went t'other way;
Best be glad that we are living,
And do our best at work or play.
For time's precious, fleeting moments—
We've no time for sad regret—
If we work and keep on plugging,
Tomorrow'll be the best day yet!
Yes, each day's a new adventure—
Lots of things for us to do!
Let us make hay while the sun shines,
Keep hearts smiling—ever true!
Cheer some heart that's sad and lonely,
Help some fellow tote his load,
Life's too brief for us to grumble,
As we toddle down its road.
Then when night comes — tasks are over,
Rest will come and sweet repose,
Then we'll know that life's worth living,
Think not of thorn, but beautiful rose!
Peace supreme will hover o'er us—
Folks will greet us with a smile,
GIVING'S far more blessed than getting—
As we journey down the miles!
By T.H. GATLIN.
Weatherford.

61	63	59	56	53	50	47	49
85	81	71	66	62	59	56	53
89	85	74	70	66	62	59	56
53	50	47	49	56	53	50	47

This Is Life

By JACK MAXWELL

TODAY'S short: There are two kinds of people on earth today, just two kinds of people, no more, I say. Not the Saint and the Sinner, for it's well understood, the good are half bad, and the bad are half good. No, the two kinds of people I mean . . . are the people who LIFT and the people who LEAN. And, oddly enough! You will find too, I ween, there's only one LIFTER to 20 who LEAN.

Yeah! I wonder just what kind I am, a LIFTER or a LEANER? In fact, I think I'm what you might call a mongrel; a little of both. Well, I have an idea that takes in quite a 'sprinkle' of folk . . . for after all is said and done, we are of just One Piece, the warp and woof of same being made up of a little bad and a little good. And, knowing or believing this to be true, I kinda hesitate if and when I have a yen to 'put the monkey on the other fellow's back' as the song goes.

Quote: "There's so much good in the wrst of us, and so much bad in the best of us that . . . it hardly behooves any of us to TALK about the rest of us," or words of like meaning.



By JACK MAXWELL
NOT THAT it's so important Years ago, I found out that every person may be "reached," if I lay aside false pride and go to 'em, in my effort to salvage some discouraged soul from the back-wash of the dirty River of Life.

I learned to care not a tinker's darn about what some Timothy Tossler might say regarding my association with the "Down-and-Outers" I chanced to find along the trail. Whenever I lift myself to a plane of living where I'm afraid to wander into the highways and byways and mingle with those I find lying amid the squallor and blasted hopes found there, in well, I think a good, swift kick in the north side of my pajammies, with ME on the inside, would do ME a heck of a lotta GOOD, and have a tendency to keep ME from stepping out of character.

This Is Life

By JACK MAXWELL

WHEN LIFE seems to be giving you a swift kick and you find yourself filled with self-pity, just lousy with petty worries, as compared with the Real Troubles of life, try this one: Just as the sun is sinking in the west, turn your eyes westward and gaze upon that wonderful scene. And, then think what a blind man would give for that which you have . . . your two EYES. And, life is like that: We seldom appreciate that which we have until we lose it. The MORAL is: Each day, regardless of your station in life, offer a prayer of THANKS to the God of Things . . . for your many blessings, those blessings we just take for 'granted,' as it were.

DEDICATED TO YOU

I like your sweet and tender smile,
I like your frankness, too.
I like you 'cause you're fine and strong,
kind, sincere and true.
I like the way you hold your head,
I like the way you walk,
I like your sunny laughter,
I like the way you talk.
These are just a few good reasons
Why I like you like I do,
But the most important one of all,
Is just because you're you.

"A Recipe for Making a Home." Here it is:
"Take half a cup of Friendship,
Add one cup of Thoughtfulness;
Cream together with pinch of powdered tenderness.
Very lightly beaten into a bowl
Of Loyalty with one cup of Faith, one of Hope, and one of Charity; be sure to add
A spoonful each of Gaiety
That sings, and the ability
To laugh at little things.
Moisten with the sudden
Tears of heartfelt sympathy.
And bake in a good-natured Pan. Serve repeatedly."
"This will make a home happy
as well as good cooked food."

Tooth Extraction Leaves Lioness at Zoo Ill, Grumpy

Rosie, 15-year-old lioness of Forest Park Zoo, was extremely ill, equally grumpy but relieved of an abscessed tooth Wednesday, Zoo-keeper Hittson reported.

It took two doctors, three guards, one anesthetist, lots of rope and four hours of probing in the aggravated Rosie's mouth to pull the bad tooth Tuesday.

The 27 grains of drug that Hittson fed Rosie in raw meat only made her drowsy.

H. V. Cardona, veterinarian, had to call in Dr. Albert W. Hiller, dentist, to help him tug. Their teamwork did the job.

WHAT WE ARE

I may not scale the mountain top,
Nor with glory crown my head;
I may not have it said of me
After I am dead:
She ranked most high in social power;
She attained a great career;
I wish that folk would say of me
"She scattered sunshine here."
I do not crave for riches great,
Nor a flowery bed of ease;
I am not selfish enough to ask
That all my trials cease;
But give me an ever willing hand
With an humble, contrite heart,
Eager to serve and sacrifice,
Ready to do my part.

For after it, it's what we do,
Not what we claim to be,
It's the little things that count,
At last, for you and me,
And when our journey here is o'er
We stand at the Judgment Bar,
Our portion shall be meted out
For what we really are.

GAUSE, GEORGE LOETHEN, 78, died at his residence, 1251 Pennsylvania Ave. 6:40 a. m. Sunday. Mr. Gause was a resident of Fort Worth 63 years and was founder of the Gause-Ware Funeral Home. Survivors are his daughter, Mrs. Louise Gause Ware and two grandchildren, Morrison Gause Ware and Miss Mary Louise Ware. Funeral services 2 p. m. Tuesday at the First Methodist Church with Rev. H. A. Boak and Dr. J. N. R. Score officiating. Interment will be in East Oakwood. The body will lie in state at the church from 1 until 2 p. m. Tuesday. Pallbearers: E. H. Keller, Judge Irby Dunklin, Will Cantrell, L. B. Weinman Sr., Judge Emmett Moore, Sterling P. Clark Sr., Charles T. Rowland, Cass O. Edwards, Rex Wagonman, John A. Kee, E. K. House, Sidney Levinson, Elmer Weinman, Edwin E. Wyatt Jr., T. M. Gooch and Bill Wise. Arrangements with Gause-Ware Funeral Home.

Salute to the Trees

MANY a tree is found in the wood
And every tree for its use is good:
Some for the strength of the gnarled root,
Some for the sweetness of flower or fruit;
Some for shelter against the storm,
And some to keep the hearthstone warm;
Some for the roof, and some for the beam,
And some for a boat to breast the stream;
In the wealth of the wood since the world began
The trees have offered their gifts to man.
But the glory of trees is more than their gifts:
'Tis a beautiful wonder of life that lifts,
From a wrinkled seed in an earth-bound clod,
A column, an arch in the temple of God,
A pillar of power, a dome of delight,
A shrine of song, and a joy of sight!
Their roots are the nurses of rivers in birth;
Their leaves are alive with the breath of the earth;
They shelter the dwellings of man; and they bend
O'er his grave with look of a loving friend.

—Van Dyke.

MOTHER

pipe line to the mixer, steam. The amount of temperature controls the rate for which

regulator is of galvanized copper tank with steam or water tank, ten

regulator is characterized by quick response to small temperature changes; automatic control of temperatures within narrow limits; great power; rugged construction; liberal valve opening; superior workmanship and finish. It has as its motor element the all-

gricultural College marched into this special "formation" to spell out the word "mother" in honor of Mother's Day. The formation was taken during the final retreat parade of the school. It was watched by 6,000 guests.

Ed Richey happened along in his plane with his aerial camera Sunday afternoon just as the cadet corps of North Texas Ag-

in the late 50's for 160 acres of ground which later became the center of the Dallas business district. The other is a wheel hub from the linch pin wagon in which the Eagle family rode to Texas from Arkansas.

W. M. Eagle, 73, Boosts Show

Frontier Celebration Means More to Old-Timers Than Young Men, He Declares

Working as tool clerk on construction of the Outdoor Cafe and Theater Building for the Fort Worth Frontier Days Celebration is more than just a job to William M. Eagle, 73, who came to Tarrant County in 1870 when he was 7.

"I think these frontier shows mean more to us old-timers than they do to the young fellows," Mr. Eagle said, "because we can actually remember the days when all hauling had to be done by bullock train, when each man made his own law with the gun he wore and had to know how to use, and when if you got lost from your party on a trip it took all your wits and a lot of luck to get back home with your hair. I'm looking forward now, as I do each year, to seeing a lot of old mossbacks like myself who grew up with this country and don't get around to visiting during the year because we're all too busy, and it's a real pleasure to know that the work I'm doing is helping make a success of a show that means a whole lot to those fellows and the city."

Carefully stowed away in Mr. Eagle's garage at his residence, 1021 Eagle Ave., are two valued relics of the frontier era. One is a walnut yoke taken from two steers which his uncle, the late Rev. W. C. Young, traded with an old wagon and a Choctaw pony

ature Ranges

Tarrant History Changes Quickly -- You Know Any?

They're Village Creek and Rush Creek now.

But in the map of Tarrant County filed in the General Land Office at Austin in November, 1856, those names are missing.

Village Creek then was Caddo Creek, named for the tribe of Indians of that name which roamed the wilds of Tarrant County.

And Rush Creek was then Tradinghouse Branch, because there was a store and saloon located on it where the Dallas, Fort Worth and Fort Griffin stage line crossed the little stream.

History becomes myth in a very few years in any country; and history in Texas becomes ancient history quickly. That is why it is important to record known history before it is forgotten.

If you know any Tarrant County history that is not printed in a history book, the Tarrant County History Editor of The Star-Telegram needs it. If you know when the names of the creeks mentioned above were changed, write the information and mail it to him.

Prices and Shipping Weights

PRICES
\$125
130
135
140
145
150
155
160
165
170
175
180

It Flapped Defiance Over the Alamo



This flag, represented by historians as the one which was flown over the Alamo, indicated that the defenders of the fort intended to uphold the Constitution of 1824, overthrown by the Mexican general, Santa Anna. It is said that some of the Texans wished to raise the American stars and bars of annexation over the Alamo, while oth-

ers urged a symbol of complete independence. But a large group contended for their rights under the Mexican Constitution of 1824. The officials government adhered to the Mexican tricolor, green, white and red, substituting the numerals for the eagle, serpent and cactus of the Mexican national flag. This picture was copied from a design by H. A. McArdle.

Pause and Reflect back on my first year as governor of Texas, perhaps is the thought of W. Lee O'Daniel, shown here in Austin Saturday. At the halfway mark in his administration, O'Daniel has fulfilled few of his election pledges, but he still has a big following. He is conceded to be a foremost contender for the governorship if he decides to run again.

—Associated Press Wirephoto



lators

Longtime Resident Of Riverside Dies

Mrs. W. M. Eagle, 69, Will Be Buried Tomorrow Afternoon

Mrs. W. M. Eagle, resident of Riverside for 51 years, died in a local hospital at 2 a. m. today, nine days after an emergency appendicitis operation.

An aunt of City Councilman George Eagle, Mrs. Eagle was 69, and lived at 1021 Eagle Dr. She would have celebrated her 50th wedding anniversary in September.

Survivors include her husband, 76, a resident of Riverside for 66 years, and two children: Miss Mable Eagle, Fort Worth, and Ed Eagle, San Antonio cashier for the Federal Reserve Bank.

Funeral services will be at Central Church of Christ, Fourth and Calhoun, at 2 p. m. tomorrow, led by the following Church of Christ ministers: Rev. J. L. Sandridge, Rev. C. E. Wooldridge, Rev. W. J. Rose, Rev. N. E. McKillip. Paulbearers will be Glen Holden, T. B. Echols, George Bertram, W. E. Stewart, O. L. Everett and J. H. Tew.

The body will lie in state at the church from 12:30 p. m. until the hour of the funeral.

Mrs. Eagle, born in Tennessee, was Miss Lucy Jones before her marriage. She was a long-time member of Central Church of Christ, and belonged to Keystone Chapter of the Eastern Star.

Descript
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Package
Size Cool
Pressure
Ordinary
Reaction
Vacuum
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Digester
Soap Oil
Candle N
Caustic
Vat in T
Leather
Vaughn
Boat Sap
Pilot Val
Agitator
Hog Seal
Cotton S
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Burrell P
Burrell P
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Sprinkler
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Ordinary
Chicken D
Mixer and
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Burrell P
Storage Heater

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Beautiful Texas

You have all read the beautiful stories
Of the countries far over the sea,
From whence came our ancestors
To establish this land of the free.
There are some folks who still like to travel
To see what they have over there,
But when they go look it's not like the look
And they find there is none to compare.

— Chorus —

Oh! Beautiful, beautiful Texas,
Where the beautiful bluebonnets grow,
We're proud of our forefathers
Who fought at the Alamo.
You can live on the plains or the mountains
Or down where the sea breezes blow
And you're still in beautiful Texas,
The most beautiful State that we know.

You can travel on beautiful highways
By the city, the village, and farm,
Or sail up above on the skyways
And the beauty below you will share;
White cotton, green forests, blue rivers,
Golden wheat fields, and fruit trees that bear,
You can look till doomsday and then you will say
That Texas has beauty to spare.

In this song about beautiful Texas,
There's one thing we just have to say
About six million people,
Who are proud they're here to stay.
It's great to be healthy and happy
And that seems to be our good fate,
So let us all smile for life is worth while,
When we live in this beautiful state.

Words and Music by
W. LEE O' DANIEL

Easter Lilies



.... lift up your heads in gladness

O lilies, pure and stainless,
In vesture soft and white;
From cells of darkness springing
To bloom in God's pure light;
Lift up your heads in gladness,
Exhale your rich perfume;
For life o'er death triumphant
Has burst its narrow tomb.

The power which guards thy glory
Through wintry seasons drear;
Will keep secure my spirit
Till Christ its life appear.
For through His resurrection,
To life I am reborn;
And I shall rise to meet Him
That glorious Easter morn.

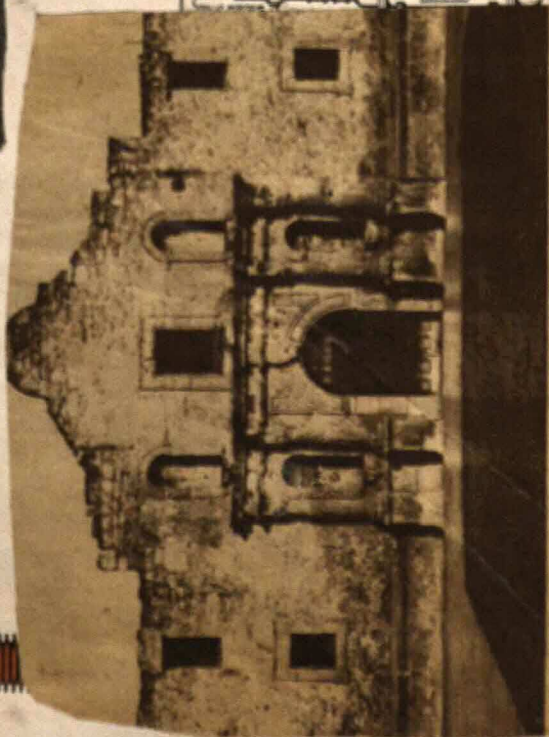
— Nettie Porter Allemon in *The Christian Index*.

MRS. HAVENHILL, PIONEER OF CITY, DIES IN HOSPITAL

Funeral services for Mrs. Sarah D. Havenhill Charbonneau, 72, who died at a hospital here Thursday night, will be held at 2 p. m. Saturday at the North Fort Worth Undertaking Company chapel, Rev. W. S. Woodhull, St. Paul's Methodist Church, will officiate. Burial will be in Oakwood.

Mrs. Charbonneau came here from Illinois in 1879 and moved with her husband, William Charbonneau, to their present home near Lake Worth in 1882.

Beside her husband, Mrs. Charbonneau is survived by a son, W. F. Charbonneau, Fort Worth; a sister, Mrs. Joseph Armstrong, and a brother, W. S. Havenhill, both of Sheridan, Ill.



THE ALAMO at San Antonio.

Now I lay me
down to sleep,
I pray thee, Lord,
my soul to keep,



If I should die
before I make,
I pray thee, Lord,
my soul to take,



If I should live
for other days,
I pray thee, Lord,
to guide my ways.



Our Father who art in
heaven, hallowed be
Thy name; Thy king-
dom come; Thy will be
done on earth as it is
in heaven. Give
us this day our daily
bread, and forgive us
our trespasses as we
forgive those who tres-
pass against us, and
lead us not into temp-
tation, but deliver us
from evil: For thine
is the kingdom, and
the power and the glo-
ry, for ever. Amen



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"Certainly you love me and I'm the best mother in whole world—but you're not going to get one more dough before supper time"

What Easter Means to Me

rest my soul in Him. His body raised, "seen of above 500 brethren at once," "handed," and evidenced as "flesh and bone," gives confidence to all who trust in Him for life beyond the grave knowing that "when He shall appear, we shall be like Him," "for God hath both raised up the Lord, and will also raise up us by His own power." His body raised and living now, "seated at the right hand of the Father" in the behalf of every believer gives strength to the fainting heart and makes men more than conquerors. Crucified then for my sin, risen, living for me, seated at the right hand of the Father, I will fear no evil, for I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day. This is what Easter means to me.

Editor's Note—A number of Fort Worth ministers are writing their individual impressions under the general theme of "What Easter Means to Me." Below is the fifth.

BY REV. HERBERT E. KANN,
Pastor, Polytechnic Presbyterian Church.

The world remembers many birth-days and pauses in silent tribute for many who have passed away, yet keeps but one all-glorious resurrection day unto Christ, who gave life in behalf of the whole world. His life a ransom for sin and rose again to victor over sin and death. This resurrection, is proof, as trembling in my sin I stand, that Christ has died for me. His presence from among the dead assures the truth of His own Word, and believing I

Fire Victim's Rites Scheduled Tomorrow

Funeral services for Miss Ada Gambrell, 80, who died yesterday afternoon from injuries received in a fire early Wednesday at 1414 Texas, will be conducted at 10:30 a. m. tomorrow by Rev. L. D. Anderson at the new residence 1314 W. 10th. Burial will be in Pioneer Rest Cemetery.

Miss Gambrell, who came to Texas 70 years ago from Mississippi in a covered wagon, was sleeping in a front room. She died with her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Randle.

Dale Grinnitt, a private at Central Fire Station, climbed through a side window, finding Miss Gambrell on the floor. He picked her up and rushed her to the waiting arms of a fellow fireman, L. L. Withrow.

Death came at 3:30 p. m. yesterday in a hospital.

Mrs. E. B. Randle is the only immediate member of the Gambrell family. The body is at the new residence of the Randles at

Henry Van Dyke Gives Us Something to Think On--- Real Meaning of Yuletide

Are You Willing to Consider Needs of Little
Children, Think On These Other Things?
Christmas Then Will Hold Its Joys

- Are you willing to stoop down and consider the need and the desire of little children;*
- To remember the weariness and loneliness of people who are growing old;*
- To stop asking how much your friends love you, and to ask yourself whether you love them enough;*
- To bear in mind the things that other people have to bear on their hearts;*
- To trim your lamp so that it will give more light and less smoke, and to carry it in front so that your shadow will fall behind you;*
- To make a grace for your ugly thoughts, and a garden for your kindly feelings, with the gate open---*
- Are you willing to do these things even for a day?*
- Then you can keep Christmas.*

—Henry Van Dyke.

Old Clipping Says Houses Lacking at Army Post Here

The impression there were houses at the old army post established at Fort Worth in the middle of the last century is removed by Col. Abraham Harris in a newspaper interview posted in an old scrapbook belonging to Mrs. Dave L. Keith, 1940 Fifth Avenue.

It is "one of those dreams originating in the mind of a romancer which became by much repetition accepted fact," one of the post's founders is quoted as saying. "There never was a blockhouse, stone or wooden fort of any kind at this post."

"Maj. Ripley Arnold's headquarters were at his tent pitched on the block just west of the courthouse square, and his command camped around him according to army regulations."

Company F, to which Harris belonged, was assigned quarters near the bluff.

In the interview, written by Mrs. Moore Murdock, national commandant of the Dames of 1846, Colonel Harris is asked some of his early recollections of Fort Worth to which he responds:

"Henry Daggert came here and went into the merchandising business in 1850, and I was one of his first customers. Among other citizens then were Archie Robinson, who lived on Robinson's Branch; Leonard Edwards, whose home was out about six miles on the Clear Fork; J. W. Conner, on the West Fork; Isaac Thomas and Isaac Scho-wade just below the Conners; Jack Branch still farther down, and following the northeast bend of the river was a settlement composed of the Elliots, Jordans, Gilmores and John York. All of these were pioneer settlers who came here before 1849 to make good claims to the colony head-right privilege: 640 acres of land to actual heads of families."

The interview was said to have been written when Colonel Harris was the oldest living citizen of Fort Worth.

BY ROBERT L. RIPLEY

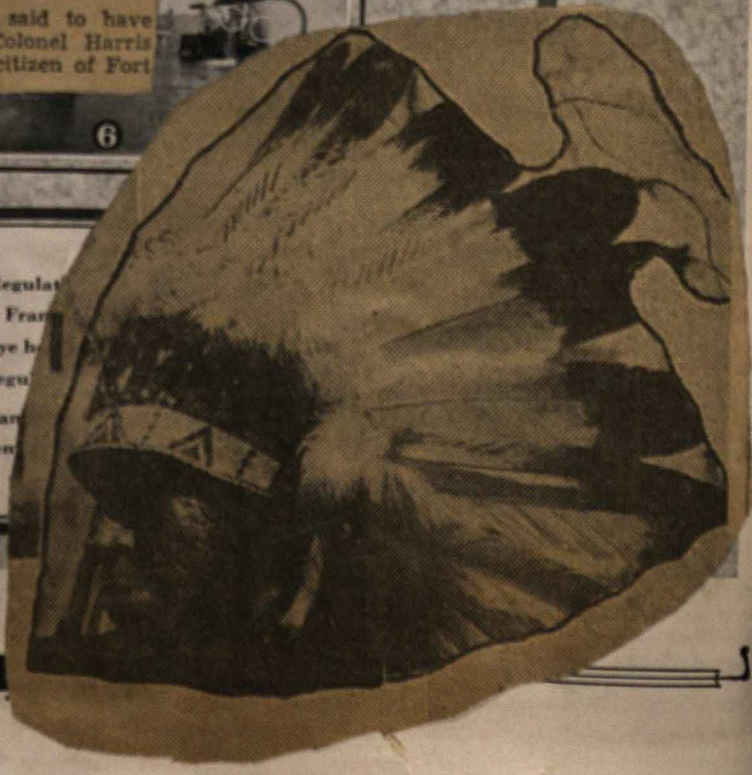
Jesus, Lover of My Soul

LET ME TO THY BOSOM FLY,	John 13:23
WHILE THE NEARER WATERS ROLL,	Ps. 69:2
WHILE THE TEMPEST STILL IS HIGH,	Ps. 55:8
HIDE ME, OH MY SAVIOR, HIDE,	Ps. 27:5
TILL THE STORM OF LIFE IS PAST,	Ps. 27:4
SAFE INTO THE HAVEN GUIDE,	Ps. 107:30
OH, RECEIVE MY SOUL AT LAST	Acts 7:59

OTHER REFUGE HAVE I NONE,	Ps. 46:1
HANGS MY HELPLESS SOUL ON THEE,	Prov. 10:3
LEAVE, OH, LEAVE ME NOT ALONE,	Heb. 13:5
STILL SUPPORT AND COMFORT ME,	Isa. 66:12
ALL MY TRUST IN THEE IS STAYED,	Isa. 26:3
ALL MY HELP FROM THEE I BRING,	Isa. 41:10
COVER MY DEFENSELESS HEAD	Ps. 140:7
WITH THE SHADOW OF THY WING.	Ps. 57:1

THOU, OH CHRIST, ART ALL I WANT,	Col. 3:2
MORE THAN ALL IN THEE I FIND,	Col. 2:9
RAISE THE FALLEN, CHEER THE FAINT,	Ps. 145:14
HEAL THE SICK AND LEAD THE BLIND,	Mat. 10:8, 15-14
JUST AND HOLY IS THY NAME,	Acts 3:14
I AM ALL UNRIGHTEOUSNESS,	Rom. 1:29
FALSE AND FULL OF SIN I AM,	1 John 1:8
THOU ART FULL OF TRUTH AND GRACE.	John 1:14

PLENTEOUS GRACE WITH THEE IS FOUND,	2 Cor. 12:9
GRACE TO COVER ALL MY SINS,	Rom. 5:20
LET THE HEALING STREAM ABOUND,	Ezek. 47:9
MAKE AND KEEP ME PURE WITHIN,	Ps. 51:10
THOU OF LIFE THE FOUNTAIN ART,	John 1:4
FREELY LET ME TAKE OF THEE,	Rev. 22:17
SPRING THOU UP WITHIN MY HEART,	John 4:14
RISE TO ALL ETERNITY	John 4:14



"I'M GOING TO:"

Have you kept that promise of yesterday?
I'm going to!

Here is a bill which you said you'd pay?
I'm going to!

Mothers and wives and the friends of men
Pointing the way for us all, and then
Hearing us over and over again:
I'm going to!

Did you write that letter? The old reply:
I'm going to!

"Hurry! Remember the minutes fly!"
I'm going to!

"Have you planted the tulip bulbs for Spring?
The roses are waiting for covering."
And always I'm angrily answering:
I'm going to!

This is the commonest cry of all:
I'm going to!

Someone is ill. Did you stop to call?
I'm going to!

And well I know the remorse it brings
As I stand aghast, when the last chance wings
And I think too late to do the things
I was going to!

I like Slang. They tell me it coarsens conversation. I'm here to state that a lot of conversation needs coarsening. Polite thinking and talking are all too apt to have about as much character as a pale, pink, gelatin pudding. Pink gelatin pudding is delightful if you've had plenty of corned beef and cabbage in the preceding courses, but as a piece de resistance it's a bloomer. That's what we need in thought, deed and word—corned beef and cabbage, the grit and gusto of the

For instance, there's that expression—"Snap out of it!" Those four words are worth a dozen, gill backed columns on Character Building. They're worth a hundred soothing sermons. They're Life, and the means to Get More Life. Are you in no end of a mess? Snap out of it! Don't loil around counting your pulse beats and sticking out your tongue. Get up and do something — anything — the next thing! Start some action. Kick a bulldog or sass a policeman if you must, but in some way get out of your own narrow rut. Snap out of it!

Don't sit down and think how many unkind things folks have done to you. If the truth were known, they probably haven't done half as many as you deserved. Give yourself the once over, see what a zero-plus-nothing you really are and then start in and add up a few of the real humans. Have you sinned? Well, don't mope about it. Don't clutter up everyone's emotional highway with your tears and lamentations. Prolonged repentance is just as interperate as any other kind of a jag. Look your sin square in the eye. Loathe it. Leave it. Give yourself one swift kick and begin again. Snap out of it and snap into a better program.

Folks are needing you. Life is waiting for you. Wipe your eyes, pull down your cuffs, snap out of it and SNAP HARD!



DONT LOLL AROUND & COUNT YOUR PULSE. SNAP OUT OF IT!

Common humanites. Wholesome, hearty stuff. Action breeding stuff. Democracy building stuff.

It's quite possible to get at all this without using slang, but it's difficult. Slang's much the easier way. It crystallizes the philosophy of folks who have to do their thinking on the run. We must have that philosophy whether we get it in the more polished and conventional phrasing, or the rock salt of the argot of the street. We need it like rock salt.

Life Span of Animals

How long do animals, birds and insects live? That is a most interesting question, but very difficult to answer exactly. The figures given below are the most reliable obtainable for species on which accurate records are available. They indicate the longest life which may be expected, though wild animals rarely live their allotted span.

NAME	YEARS	NAME	YEARS
Anglo-worm	10-15	Dove	60-70
Beet	25-40	Eagle	100-120
Bee (Queen)	4-5	Elephant	150-200
Bee (Worker)	36-1	Elk	30-25
Blackbird	12-18	Falcon	100-100
Bull	28-30	Fox	19-14
Canal	40-50	Goat	12-15
Canary	28-24	Goose	50-55
Cat	150-250	Guinea Pig	5-7
Chicken	12-16	Gull	40-45
Cow	20-22	Horse	7-10
Crocodile	60-45	Hippopotamus	50-60
Cuckoo	55-60	Hog	18-20
Deer	40-45	Horse	30-40
Dog	14-16	Leop	30-35
Dumley	40-50	Moose	2-5
		Ostrich	60-70
		Owl	60-65
		Parrot	200-300
		Pig (Wild)	25-30
		Pigeon	15-16
		Pile	150-300
		Rabbit	8-9
		Rat	3-4
		Raven	200-300
		Rhinoceros	40-50
		Sheep	10-15
		Squirrel	10-12
		Stag	28-30
		Swan	100-110
		Tiger	18-22
		Toad	51-40
		Tortoise	200-300
		Vulture	100-120
		Wolf	15-18
		Woodpecker	60-70

SPIDER CAN BUILD A COMPLETE WEB IN AN HOUR.

Scripture Lesson for April 4

Genesis 1: 1-5, 26-31

Gen. 1:1 In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.

2 And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

3 And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.

4 And God saw the light, that it was good: and God divided the light from the darkness.

5 And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

26 And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.

27 So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them.

28 And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.

29 And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat.

30 And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to every thing that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is life, I have given every green herb for meat: and it was so.

31 And God saw every thing that he made, and, behold, it was very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day.—King James Version.

WHAT ARE VIOLIN STRINGS MADE OF?
ANSWER: The intestines of sheep, and sometimes cattle and horses, but not cats.

JUST FOLKS By EDGAR A. GUEST

GRANDMA'S POLICY.

This is the house where he shall be From restrictions wholly free.

This is the house where he shall find Cookies of the sweetest kind;

Chocolate candies in a jar, Peppermint stick and almond bar.

This is the house where he shall take All he wants of pie and cake.

This is the house where he shall spy Toys his parents must deny.

This is the house where he shall run Up and down in search of fun.

Spoil him! Stuff him till he's ill! If that can be done I will.

Want him all his life to say Grandma loved him just that way!



Twass the night before Christmas, when all through the house,

*Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar plums danced in their heads;
And Mama in her kerchief and I in my cap
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave a luster of midday to objects below;
When what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on Dunder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So, up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys and St. Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head and was turning around
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had slung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes how they twinkled, his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word but went straight to his work.
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk.
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"*

ure Regul
ids

MULKEY RITES TO BE TODAY

Retired Grocer Ran First Steam Engine Brought to Ft. Worth

Funeral services for Thomas Pickett Mulkey, retired grocer, who operated the first steam engine in Fort Worth, were to be held at 2:30 p. m. today at the Mulkey Memorial Methodist Church. Bishop H. A. Boaz, assisted by Rev. T. S. Ogle, was to officiate.

Burial was to be in the family plot in East Oakwood Cemetery.

Pallbearers were to be W. J. Baker, Melvin M. Faulk Jr., Judge Frank P. Culver Jr., Ben B. Lewis, John B. Whitehurst and Lamar Stuckert.

The steam engine was bought by his father, Stephen H. Mulkey, to operate a grist mill established at Sixth and Pecan in 1871 when the family came here from Waxahachie.

Operated Grocery Store

Mr. Mulkey, 72, died at the residence, 2301 S. Adams, shortly after noon yesterday. He had been in ill health for two years.

Since 1911, he had operated a grocery store at 714 S. Main until his retirement seven years ago.

He attended old Fort Worth University and Southwestern University at Georgetown.

The Mulkey Memorial Methodist Church was named for his grandfather, the late Rev. William Mulkey. Two uncles, Abe and George Mulkey, and his father financed building of the first church about 50 years ago as a memorial to the grandfather, a missionary among Indians.

Came Here Before Railroad

Mr. Mulkey, who joined the church shortly after it was founded, was active in church work until two years ago, when ill health forced his retirement.

He was born in Waxahachie Jan. 18, 1866, and came to Fort Worth with his family two years before the Texas & Pacific Railway Company extended its lines into Fort Worth.

He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Lattie Brunson Mulkey; a daughter, Miss Ruth Mulkey; two sisters, Mrs. Mollie Graves and Mrs. John M. Furman, all of Fort Worth, and three brothers, W. G. Mulkey, Quanah; John Mulkey, Chillicothe, and Frank Mulkey of Milwaukee, Wis.

THE LIVING LAKE

Alta Verapaz, Guatemala

ITS WATERS BREAK INTO WAVES AT THE SOUND OF A HUMAN VOICE.

Can You Think of Anything Better?

- The Best Law—the Golden Rule.
- The Best Education—self-knowledge.
- The Best Philosophy—a contented mind.
- The Best War—to war against one's weakness.
- The Best Theology—a pure and beneficent life.
- The Best Medicine—cheerfulness and temperance.
- The Best Music—the laughter of an innocent child.
- The Best Science—extracting sunshine from a cloudy day.
- The Best Art—painting a smile upon the brow of childhood.
- The Best Journalism—printing the true and beautiful on memory's tablet.
- The Best Telegraphing—flashing a ray of sunshine into a gloomy heart.
- The Best Biography—that life which writes charity in the largest letters.
- The Best Mathematics—that which doubles the most joys and divides the most sorrows.
- The Best Navigation—steering clear of the lacerating rock of personal contention.
- The Best Diplomacy—effecting a treaty of peace with one's own conscience.

Thinking

BY EDGAR
A. GUEST

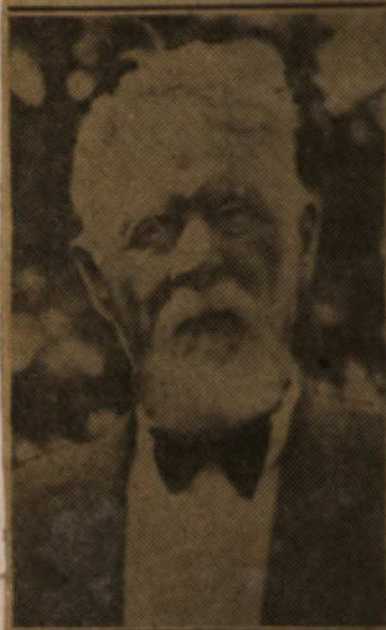
She says: "Tonight, let's call on friends!" and I, Eager to rest, "Some other time!" reply. "They've had a spell of sickness there, I know. But I should have to shave if we should go. Stay home tonight. To bed we'll early climb. We'll make that visit at 'some other time.' "

"Write them a letter," mother says, and I, Deep in a book, "Some other time," reply. "The paper isn't handy and I think My fountain pen's entirely out of ink. I want to solve this most mysterious crime! I'll get that letter off 'some other time.' "

Some other time; The letter's never penned! Some other time! Too late to cheer a friend! And all because at home we choose to stay Rather than change our dress to go away. "Now," says the clock, as it begins to chime. "Not now!" we answer, "but 'some other time.' "

In many ways men nobly will behave But still begrudge the time it takes to shave! Since pen and paper lie ten steps away, Unwritten, countless hoped-for letters stay. "Some other time," we cry, as if, somehow, "Some other time" could better be than now.

Texas Since 1856



Joel East, 88, who came to Texas in an ox cart and settled in the vicinity of Everman in 1856. He died Thursday.

Mrs. M. A. Spoons, widow of a prominent Fort Worth attorney and first president of the library board, died this morning at a local hospital after a brief illness. She was in her late 70's.

Mrs. Spoons had been ill about a week. She was taken to the hospital last Saturday. She lived at 104 Penn.

Funeral services will be held at the home of her son, Leslie Spoons, 102 Penn., at 4 p. m. tomorrow.

Mrs. Spoons, a native of Bell County, came to Fort Worth with her husband in 1839. Survivors are two daughters, Mrs. C. R. Wharton, Houston, and Mrs. F. P. Gary, St. Louis, and the Fort Worth son

First Train Rolled Into Fort Worth 60 Years Ago on Morning of July 1

July 1 will be the sixtieth anniversary of the arrival of the first railroad train in Fort Worth.

As the city presents its revival of the one-hundredth anniversary of the "winning of the West" in the opening of its Frontier Centennial, it will also pay respects to 60 years of railroad service—60 years that have seen the "end of the line" of one railroad grow into the Southwest terminal for nine trunk lines with 17 outlets.

The natal hour was 11:23 a. m. on July 1, 1876, and only a lack of cannons prevented their use in the celebration. Enthusiastic greeters used anvils, which were plentiful, instead of gunpowder for noise-making purposes.

Legend says heretics were widespread among efforts to keep the Legislature in session so a land grant to the railroad would be valid until after frantic construction gangs laid the last rail.

A land grant to the railroad had been conditioned on the line's being in operation to Fort Worth on Jan. 1, 1871. Each year the lawmakers had extended the deadline and renewed the land grant while workmen overcame new obstacles in laying the new road.

Finally a last extension was given in 1875, calling for completion before adjournment of the next legislative session. The session convened in January of 1876 and was through its business about June 4.

But the railroad still was east of Sycamore and nearly a month away from Fort Worth.

Weary citizens and legislators had tired of delays and the issue had grown into a definite alignment in the Legislature.

Gen. Nicholas Darnell, Tarrant County representative, was ill at Austin, and was carried to the assembly halls daily for 15 days to support friends of the railroad who were opposing a move to adjourn and allow forfeiture of the land grant.

Far-sighted citizens had, early in 1875, seen the need for aid in construction of the line and knew that without the land grant the railroad would not complete the work.

The Tarrant County Construction Company had been formed to assist in construction. Gen. John C. Brown, vice president of the railroad, and Maj. D. W. Washburn, chief engineer, stayed on the ground night and day to supervise work. It was said that Morgan Jones, the contractor, did not even have time to change clothing during the last two-week period.

The town had been aroused to the importance of the work, and naturally put on a giant celebration when the first engine rolled into the city limits.

Engineer Kelly was in the cab of the first rolling stock to reach the city. L. S. Thorne, who later became vice president and general manager of the railroad, was brakeman, and W. R. Bell was conductor.

FUNERAL IS SET FOR EVERMAN PIONEER

The funeral for Joel East, 88 who came to this section when Fort Worth consisted of only three houses outside the fort, will be held at 2 p. m. Saturday at the Everman Baptist Church of which he had been a lifetime member.

Mr. East was born in Mississippi in 1847, and his parents came to Texas in an ox wagon in 1856 shortly after the boy was 9 years old. He was the youngest boy in a family of 13 children, and was the last survivor.

Mr. East's father settled near Everman on what is known as the old J. J. Scott farm. His mother died in 1869 and was one of the first to be buried in the Crowley Cemetery.

As a young man, Mr. East worked as a cowboy and freighter between Houston and Fort Worth. He married Miss Elizabeth Scott in Lavaca County, and later moved back to the Everman farm to make his home.

Retired in 1915.

He lived there until 1915 when he retired and went to the town of Everman. He came to Fort Worth when his health failed about eight months ago, and he died Thursday afternoon at the home of his daughter, Mrs. W. A. Bigby, 1301 East Bluff Street.

Mr. East's social activities were confined almost entirely to the Missionary Baptist Church. He was superintendent of the Sunday school for 20 years, and then was made honorary superintendent for life. He attended practically all of the church functions as long as he was physically able.

Body to Everman.

Survivors, besides his daughter, are another daughter, Mrs. V. B. Easter of Everman; six sons, J. J. East, Park, Okla.; F. W. East, Fort Worth; W. A. East, Horatio, Ark.; J. O. East, Oklahoma City; J. H. East, Everman, and E. N. East, Kirklard; 29 grandchildren and 28 great grandchildren.

The body was taken to the Everman home Friday morning. It will be removed to the Everman Baptist Church at 11 a. m. Saturday and will lie there until time for the services.

Pallbearers will be: active, Clifford and Marvin Bigby, Carl and Earnest Easter, Stanton and Boyd East, all grandsons; honorary, W. B. Lwiggins, J. R. Chambers, C. L. Hanger, George Farmer, John Vaughn, F. H. Vaughn, H. A. Williams, C. P. Groves, J. A. Kee, Sterling P. Clark, Dean Bell, B. H. Martin, M. M. Lydon and W. H. Pool, Waco.

Old Trail Drivers' Park

The following poem, written by Mary Daggett Lake, member of a pioneer family in Fort Worth, describes the Old Trail Drivers' Park in the Diamond Hill neighborhood, recently completed by the Park Dept. The Daggett family headrighted land overlooking the park. Mrs. Lake's childhood home was nearby.

By MARY DAGGETT LAKE

On a hilltop overlooking the city there's a park,
And the hill has a story, could it but speak,
How the longhorns forded a river and spread
Over a valley on a trek northward days ago.

Shouts of drivers on the trail were loud and clear,
Though faint and far away these calls sound now—
Dim, like the distant cardboard skyline of the city
Silhouetted, phantom-like, upon another nearby hill.

Young men, the herders were—and some were old—but
Minded not the weather they, nor the time of night or
Day that took them ever toward a destiny
Of which they little dreamed in that long ago.

Onward they rode, while blinding, stinging clouds of dust
Enveloped them, often closing eyes of man and beast for days
And yet, ever they pressed forward, through swollen waters
Sometimes, and always into the inevitable valleys.

Deep-bogged in mud, and torn by bramble and thorn,
While the elements beat upon men and cattle alike,
Unmindful of their needs, and then there would be
Peaceful pastures upon which to lie, when waters assuaged

Gone today are the cow-brutes—and gone too
Is the cow-pony and his tough-fibred rider;
There remains only the mute, cold evidence
Of the struggle, that man has ever left behind.

Every skyscraper's sunlit, western window illuminated,
As in flame, and viewed from the little hillside park's
Shelter window, is but a further tribute to those
Who made their contribution—and passed.

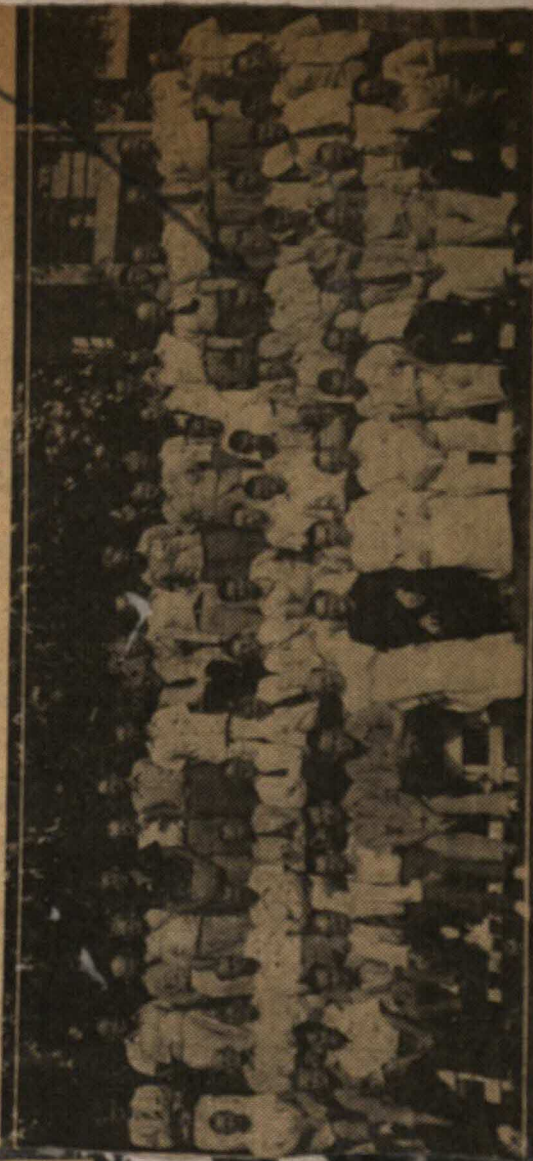
Now, even the silent hills, the imperishable stones
Indigenous to the soil, and the bloodstained earth,
All tell the story of those gallant, valiant souls who
Came to this land and conquered—through adversity.

THE LONELY MAN.

I wish that I could think of something comforting to say,
I wish I felt that words of mine could take his grief away.
He looks so sad and lonely and the pain is all so plain.
It seems useless now to tell him that he'll some day smile again.
They've been forty years together! Now he's sitting there alone,
And everywhere he turns to look he sees her shadow thrown.
I can think of things to tell him when I'm going to pay a call;
Some pretty speech to cheer him, but to meet him in the hall
Where they always stood together when their friends were at the door,
And to see him there without her, makes me hesitate once more;
For I fancy that he called her when he heard the door bell ring.
Since that always was his habit—and to habit man will cling.
They've put away her pictures! What's the sense of doing that
When before him every minute is the chair in which she sat?
They changed the rooms a little—made them different than they were—
But everything about him is reminding him of her!
Forty years they lived together! Oh, I can not say it yet!
He would think I'd lost my senses should I urge him to forget.

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Catholic Laymen Participate in Retreat



Shown here are the Catholic laymen of the diocese of Galveston who participated in the seventh annual diocesan retreat held for three days last week at St. Mary's Seminary in La Porte. Rev. Amador S. ... head of the Dominican Southern Mission Band, and his brother, Rev. John Smith ... ers, and James J. Braniff, Jr., of Houston, was chairman of the retreat association.

Funeral Set for Woman Who Came Here 62 Years Ago

The funeral of Mrs. Fannie Sue Isenhower, 84, who came to Fort Worth in 1876 on the first passenger train from Marshall, will be held at 10:30 a. m. Wednesday at Gause-Ware Funeral Chapel by Rev. Marcus M. Chunn and Rev. Ike T. Sidebottom. Burial will be in East Oakwood Cemetery.

Mrs. Isenhower was born in Mansfield, La., June 16, 1854. She was married in 1874 to Charles Pigman at Marshall. They moved to Fort Worth in 1876. She was a charter member of the old St. Paul Methodist Church here, but her membership had been in Central Methodist Church for several years. Mr. Pigman died here in 1881. In 1883 Mrs. Pigman was wed to J. M. Isenhower, a Fort Worth merchant.

Mrs. Isenhower died Monday night at the home of a daughter, Mrs. S. G. Bittick, 923 Pennsylvania Avenue. Survivors are another daughter, Mrs. Lona Skinner; a granddaughter, Mrs. H. V. Cardona, both of Fort Worth, and a sister, Mrs. Mary Chollar, Los Angeles.

LITTLE GRAY HOME IN THE VALLEY

I
There's a little gray home in the valley,
Where I first learned of sorrow and joy;
I can see mother there, with her head bowed in prayer,
As she prayed for her wandering boy.
It was there that she told me the story
Of a Savior who loved me, it seems;
And she sang sweet and low, in the long, long ago,
In that little gray home of my dreams.

II
Some sweet day we shall meet up in Heaven,
Where the face of our Savior we'll see;
And He'll say once again, as He did among men:
"Ye who weary will come unto Me."
Then, as children drift home through the twilight
To the Mother, whose countenance beams,
We shall kneel at His feet, and our joy'll be complete,
In that Eternal Home of our Dreams!

Pretenses

Men and Women Both Guilty

Would sex suffer if women gave up—

PRETENDING

to be shocked when they aren't that they like their rivals? that they are indifferent? that the man really is the boss that they don't see what the do see? that they love to listen? that it is possible for a man to push them off their feet? that they can't take care of themselves without a strong man's help? And likewise, would it suffer if men gave up—

PRETENDING

that a woman is beautiful when she knows she is not? that "this alone is real"? that every woman is "different"? that they care whether a girl has a mind or not? that they don't think the other girl is good-looking? that they are listening while a woman talks? that they are bigger shots than they are? that they love the girl they have no intention of marry-

regulator on an Evaporator, automatically maintain proper temperature of the liquor.

FLAG DAY RECALLS DISPUTE OVER ORIGIN OF OLD GLORY

mation urging citizens to observe in "proper and fitting manner" the anniversary of the adoption of the national flag, which "symbolizes the great ideas and institutions of America."

Bothwell Kane Post of the American Legion visited Monday night to install flags in the downtown business section and to leave them up until after the Safety Parade Wednesday.

The battle still rages among the historically-minded as to who made the original flag. In Philadelphia Tuesday hundreds of paraders celebrated the stitching job turned out by their own Betsy Ross, whom they claim sewed the original Stars and Stripes in a modest, steep-roofed, red brick house on Arch Street near the Delaware River front.

However, many historians have attacked the Ross story, claiming Francis Hopkinson of Bordentown, N. J., a signer of the Declaration of Independence, made the country's first flag. Congressional records, they say, indicate Betsy Ross did not do the job.

The flag was presented to the Continental Army on June 14, 1777. Tradition has it that the newly-designed flag was flown for the first time at Fort Mifflin on Aug. 6, 1777.

The late Mrs. Mary Robertson Day of Memphis, Tenn., is credited with the establishment of Flag Day.

Triumphantly riding a brick breeze, the Stars and Stripes swirled and rippled atop many an office building and on many a street corner Tuesday as Fort Worth and the Nation observed Flag Day.

"Old Glory," symbol of liberty and justice in an age of dictator-

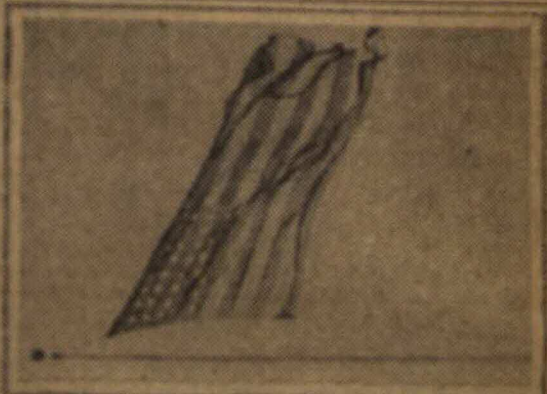
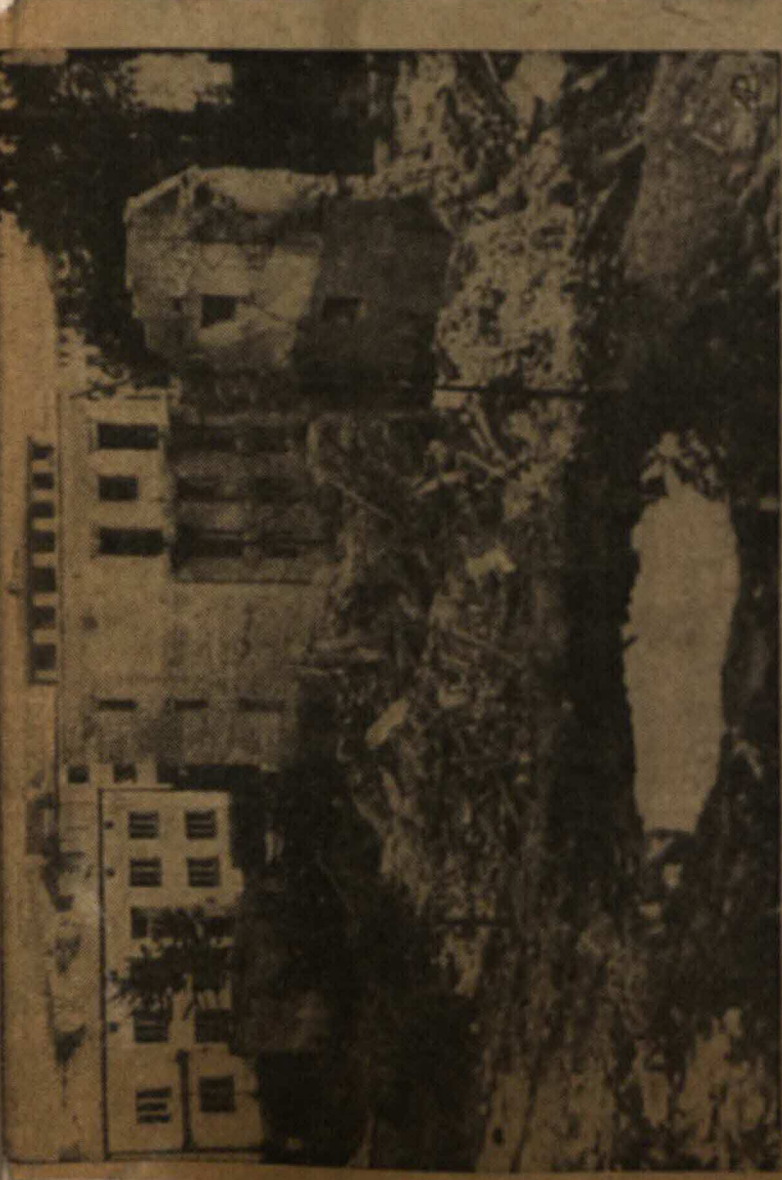


Fig. 4. No. 931 Syphon Regulator installed on a Reaction Kettle, maintaining proper temperature by automatic control of steam to jacket.

ships and atrocities, passed its one hundred sixty-first milestone with little ado in Fort Worth. Mayor Drechsel issued a procla-

M



bomb. This picture was made by Julien Bryan, American photographer and lecturer, during his Sept. 7-21 stay in the besieged city. He reached New York Oct. 7.

breaking the water main and blasting a hole about 20 feet across. Only wall of the building was left standing from another direct hit of a heavy

A German bomb apparently aimed at a bridge across the Vistula River during the siege of Warsaw missed its mark and fell next to this apartment building.

Janice Marie Gill Takes After Father But Doesn't Yodel

Singing more and more regularly in theaters and on the radio here is a pretty little 3-year-old girl by the name of Janice Marie Gill.



JANICE
Sings With Country Boy.

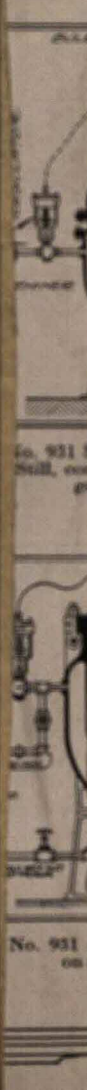
In 10 appearances at "kiddie revues" here and in Dallas in the past year she has walked off with 10 first prizes.

She will appear at 12:30 today on the program over KFJZ with the "Yodeling Country Boy," singing "Cowboy's Heaven."

Janice is the daughter of the "Country Boy," who most people know as Cecil Gill. Almost as soon as she could talk, Gill started teaching her to sing and rapid has been her development.

During the next week she is scheduled to sing just before each Rodeo performance at the Southwestern Exposition and Fat Stock Show, if there is no band concert.

Gill himself has been on the radio seven years, starting in Abilene with song mixed with yodels. He says his daughter has a repertoire of 32 cowboy, children and novelty songs.



M. H. Moore, Head of Schools 16 Years, Dies

M. H. Moore, 67, superintendent of Fort Worth public schools for 16 years prior to 1931, died at his residence, 2439 Wabash Avenue, at 7:40 a. m. Tuesday.

Mr. Moore was district supervisor of vocational rehabilitation for the State Department of Education at the time of his death. He had held that office since January, 1933.

His work was largely with crippled children and his territory covered most of North and Northeast Texas. He was in his office in the United States Courthouse when stricken Thursday morning. He died of a brain hemorrhage.

The funeral will be held at 2:30 p. m. Wednesday at Paschal High School Auditorium. Burial will be in the Bedford Cemetery. The body will be at the school from 1 p. m. to the time of the services.

Mr. Moore had been an educator for 47 years and all but three years of that time was spent in Fort Worth. He had served one year (1921) as president of the Texas State Teachers Association, many years as trustee of the association's permanent fund, and had been active in civic affairs in Fort Worth.

On Charter Commission.

He was a member of the charter commission which drew up a new form of city government for Fort Worth in 1924.

Mr. Moore, christened Milton Harvey, was born in Bedford community in East Tarrant County July 27, 1871. His mother and other members of his family had moved there in 1861 when his father was fighting for the Confederacy.

Reared in the community, Mr. Moore became its favorite son. For more than a quarter of a century, he had been the annual speaker at Bedford Old Settlers Reunions. Minister of the Church of Christ, he had performed innumerable marriage ceremonies and officiated at countless funerals for the townspeople of Bedford.

Mr. Moore was graduated Sam Houston State Normal, now Sam Houston State College, at Huntsville in

Illness Fatal



M. H. MOORE.

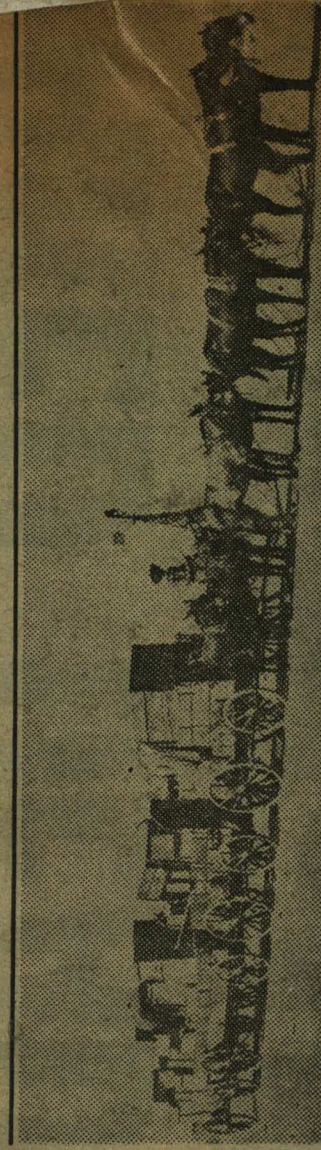
later was graduated from Texas Christian University.

County Superintendent, Too.

Mr. Moore started his teaching career in 1890. Within a year he served in Hood County rural schools and the Fish Creek, District 77, and Watson Community, District 50, of the Tarrant County rural schools then followed a year at Cresson.

His next service was at the Marine School, a three-room affair, on the North Side. In 1894 he became the first principal of the M. G. Ellis School. He held that position for six years, was elected county superintendent of public instruction in 1900 and held the office for four years.

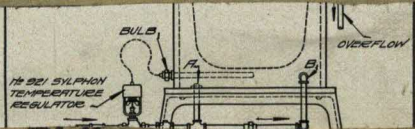
Here's How Freight Was Hauled Back in the Nineties



mercantile firm in Floydada. When it rained it took from 10 days to two weeks to make the trip across the open country. There were no roads, Denham's name has been added to The Star-Telegram's roll of West Texas pioneers.

schedule—seven days to a trip—in the nineties. He hauled goods from Amarillo, the nearest railroad point, to Floydada. He resided two and one-half miles southwest of Floydada. This picture shows his wagon train loaded with goods for

One of the freight "trains" which plied West Texas prairies nearly a half century ago is shown above. The prairie freighter belonged to F. W. Denham, a pioneer settler, who, says



The Philosopher

"If you ever find happiness by hunting for it, you will find it as the old woman did the spectacles—safe on her own nose all the time."

I wonder if we all realize the true philosophy contained in these homely words of Josh Billings, or if we are still on the quest for something that lies within ourselves.

Would you like to know the secret of true happiness? It lies in one word, "unselfishness."

The minute you begin the task of making every human being you come in contact with better for having met you, more cheerful, more courageous, and with a firmer faith in the kindness of God and man, that minute you will have begun to attain one of the greatest things in life—personal happiness.

Words of Wisdom

No man is worth his salt who is not ready at all times to risk his body, to risk his well-being, to risk his life in a great cause. Theodore Roosevelt.

Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it. Abraham Lincoln.

Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; a life of leisure and a life of laziness are two different things. Benjamin Franklin.

The supreme prayer of my heart is not to be learned, rich, famous, powerful or "good" but simply to be radiant. I desire to radiate health, cheerfulness, calm, courage and good will. I wish to live without hate, whim, jealousy, envy, and fear. Elbert Hubbard.

No man can tell whether he is rich or poor by turning to his ledger. It is the heart that makes a man rich. He is rich according to what he is, not according to what he has. Henry Ward Beecher.

The world is a looking glass, and it gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it and it will turn and look sourly at you; laugh at it and with it, and it is a jolly kind companion. William Thackeray.

R. E. DURINGER
Illness Fatal
PAGE 125





Here is an official photo of the crown which the Archbishop of Canterbury placed upon the head of George VI Wednesday morning. Known as the crown of England, it was inherited from Edward the Confessor who died in 1066. Edward's crown was

used by every King of England until it was destroyed by Cromwell in 1649. The crown was duplicated for Charles II in 1661 and the present crown was made for Queen Victoria in 1838.

SINCE the big idea is to keep out, the question follows: How? We think the answer lies in a coldly realistic recognition of the fact that the first law of man is self-preservation.

While in 1917 there were many issues, economic and military, we got into the World War primarily because we worked ourselves into an emotional jag. We got drunk on what we thought was idealism. We went holy-roller. We mistook shouting and singing for religion.

Result—disillusionment. It is not necessary to enumerate all the details of that disillusionment; American boys who had given their lives for peace betrayed by the makers of peace; what happened to the 14 points when they fell into the hands of the power politicians of Europe; to the League of Nations; or the story of the war debts and of big-hearted Otis turned into Uncle Shylock in the propaganda of those for whom he had gone to bat.

We did not save the world for democracy; we did not save democracy for the world. We just burned our fingers to the bone, poking into a fire of European intrigue which had been smouldering for centuries.

So, for God's sake, let's benefit from experience. If we can't do that, then it's nobody's fault but our own.

As to where our sympathies run, that's clear. And, insofar as we can help without becoming involved, okay. But let's judge every action by whether what we do is in the interests of the United States of America. Let's cut out the crusading. We don't need a revival. We had one.

And let's remember that the greatest service we as a nation can do is to keep our health and our poise against the time when we may be called upon to help bind up the wounds of a world now once more torn.

HUNTERS PURSUING A DEER SOMETIMES BECOME AFFECTED WITH DEER SICKNESS ... A NAUSEA CAUSED BY THE PUNGENT MUSK EXhaled FROM THE HOOFS OF THE FRIGHTENED ANIMAL.

How Firm a Foundation!

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

"Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

"When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

"The soul that on Jesus still leans for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to His foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

Riverside Man, 76, May Show Feats at N. Y. Aquacade

Dedication of the Pennsylvania Park swimming pool at 7 p. m. Saturday is expected to have an echo at the New York World's Fair.

The Riverside Civic League, sponsoring the affair, Tuesday had voted to send Will Eagle, 76, the community's No. 1 pioneer resident and charter member of the body, to the fair. The league hopes to arrange for Eagle to give a swimming exhibition at the aquacade.

Eagle, a stellar pool and diving board performer, would take part in the water events at the dedication.

He as yet has not accepted the trip. He was already asleep when the action was taken by the league late Monday night and had gone fishing when a member went by his home to notify him Tuesday morning.

New entries made Tuesday in the style revue of the dedication include 50 Riverside girls and other girls sponsored by the East Side Civic League, Garden of the North Ward Civic League, and Ward Civic League and Springs.

The 35-piece Federal Music set Orchestra under the direction of Walker Moore is to play in revue and the water carnival.

This Is Life

BY JACK MAXWELL

SHORT, but true: Back somewhere along the tote-road of my rather uninteresting life, and at a time when the going was very difficult, pain was ever-present, and the way on ahead looked none too bright, and I was putting up the best fight I knew how, a doctor whom I chanced to meet along the way made the following very bright remark to me:

"YOU ARE A DAMN SISSY! YOU CAN'T TAKE IT!" Well, at that time I was not in a fighting position, to use the vernacular of the fight game. Therefore, I made no reply to his very unkind remarks. That "bird" had not, at the time, lived for any great number of years. Therefore LIFE had not had a chance to pound him. But, somewhere up the line his pay-off is going to meet him face-to-face. And then and there is when he will find out IF HE has the GUTS to "TAKE IT."

None, I won't have to take a punch at him. The law of life will do my punching, for he can't back that inevitable foe, and come out winner. So far as I'm concerned, Mr. Shakespeare, or some other bundle heaver, made a crack which I think is very suitable when applied to the case the doctor handled me. Here it is: "None are so defenced, but the UNGUARDING." Now, ain't that BUMFLENN!

Songster's Death Lesson to Stone Throwers



A man picked up the feathered little body and there were tears in the man's eyes. Today the song is stilled. Workers, preparing for the coming show, shake their heads in regret. "I miss him," one of them said. The Press prints this photo of the dead "Everett Marshall," hoping that those who are moved to throw a rock at a songbird thoughtlessly or in an idle test of skill, may pause and, remembering, drop the stone.

Yes, this is a picture of a dead bird. He was the mockingbird which sang each day from the flagpoles at the Fiesta grounds. Workers, pausing at their labor, were thrilled by his melody. They named him "Everett Marshall," after the star of last year's Casa Manana Revue. But a stone, hurled unreckoningly but well, struck the songster as he swooped to a hedge.

Plant Expansion Given Praise



J. B. Adoue Jr., president of the Dallas Chamber of Commerce, above at the left, is congratulating Ted Robinson, Borden general manager here, on the company's new ice cream plant and enlarged milk plant at 1811 Leonard, which was formally opened Monday morning.

"When business concerns like Borden's make such substantial investments in Dallas it should add much to everyone's confidence in the city's industrial future," Mr. Adoue said. He also called attention to the increased demand for local supplies and local employment that became necessary because of the expansion program.

JOHN W. VAUGHN PIONEER HERE, DIES AT 79

John W. Vaughn, 79, pioneer Tarrant County farmer, grocer and real estate dealer, of 2420 Lincoln Avenue died Monday morning in a hospital here.

Mr. Vaughn, a member of the Tarrant County Democratic Executive Committee from Precinct 92, Twelfth Ward Central, suffered an injury this month when he fell while taking to the courthouse ballot boxes used in the general election. The mishap, on the steps of the courthouse, was blamed for his death.

A native of Georgia, Mr. Vaughn went with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Vaughn Sr., to Enon (now Everman) 71 years ago. He came to Fort Worth 55 years ago. With a brother, R. A. Vaughn, now of Everman, he operated a grocery store on Weatherford Street. Mr. Vaughn later entered the real estate business. He retired five years ago.

Candidate for Treasurer. Mr. Vaughn was a candidate for county treasurer in 1924.

When the city was constructing Lake Worth, Mr. Vaughn was chosen to appraise the land which was to be purchased by the city. A member of the Baptist Church for many years, Mr. Vaughn was a member of the board which chose the site for the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary here.

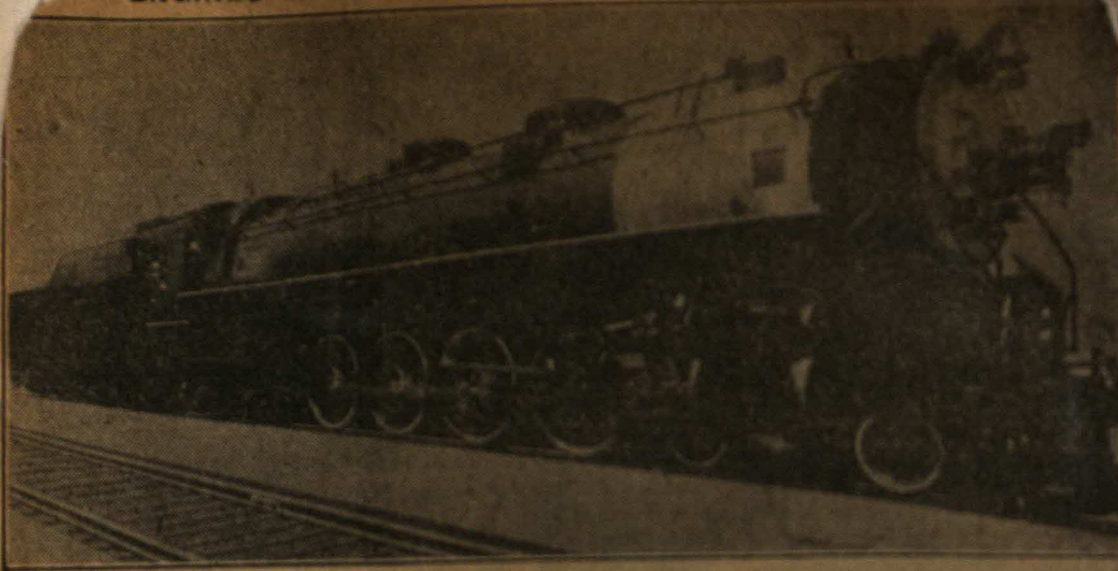
The funeral will be held at the Everman Baptist Church at 2 p. m. Wednesday with Rev. W. W. Barnes officiating. Burial will be in the Everman Cemetery.

Nephews Pallbearers. Pallbearers will be nephews: John Wallace, Howard Vaughn, Litter Vaughn, Claude Vaughn, Dewey Vaughn, Floyd Chambers, Omer Vaughn, Edgar Vaughn, Delbert Vaughn, Don Sewell, Bert Sewell, Sam Mann of Big Lake and Virgil Powell of San Angelo.

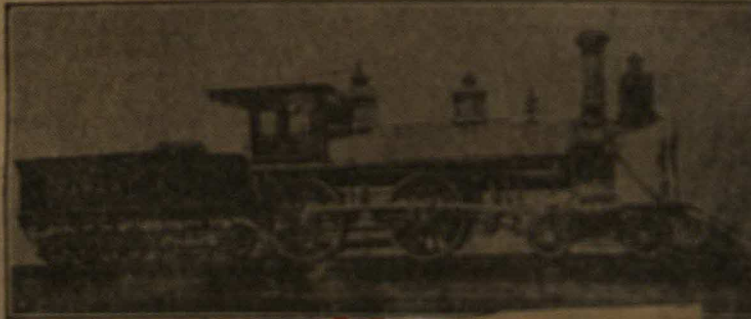
Survivors are the widow; three daughters, Mrs. Charles Jefferies, Fort Worth; Mrs. Paul H. Hamilton, Omaha, and Mrs. E. V. Stewart, Charles Town, W. Va.; three brothers, Sam and H. L. Vaughn, Fort Worth, and R. A. Vaughn, Everman; four sisters, Mrs. Leon Powell, San Angelo; Mrs. H. P. Sewell and Mrs. Jess Chambers, Everman, and Mrs. Horace Mann, Big Lake; a sister-in-law, Mrs. George Vaughn, Everman; two grandchildren, Charles Jefferies Jr., Fort Worth, and Mrs. Winifred O'Connor, Cleveland, and two great grandchildren, Annette Jefferies, Fort Worth, and Barry O'Connor, Cleveland. Mr. Vaughn's first wife, Mrs. Winifred Vaughn, died about 25 years ago.

Take common rock salt, as used for setting down pork or beef, dry in an oven, then pound it fine and mix with equal part of turpentine, put in a cloth and wrap around the part affected will cure a felon. As it gets dry put more on and in 24 hours the felon will be relieved.

ENGINES SHOW RAIL PROGRESS IN PAST 70 YEARS



Gigantic strides have been made by the railroads during the last 70 years. These pictures, presented in connection with Railroad Week, show the contrast. In 1867 the silver engine "America," exhibited at the Paris International Exposition (lower) was the pride of the industry. Upper photo shows the "5040," one of the Rock Island's crack locomotives of today.



Death Claims Howard Peak

Life began for Howard W. Peak in the bleak military barracks on Fort Worth's Trinity River bluff almost 83 years ago.

Death came to him last night in El Paso after an illness that had kept him bedfast for months.

Mr. Peak, who as an early day salesman, liked to be known as the "Ranger of Commerce," would have been 83 on June 14.

He lived in Fort Worth during most of his long career.

He was the 68th citizen of the village which became Fort Worth. He was born in the quarters formerly occupied by Lieutenant Holladay, surgeon of the Dragoon detachment which had just been moved to Fort Belknap.

The son of Dr. and Mrs. Carroll M. Peak, he started to school in a one-room building at Taylor and Belknap. He often told of how he and the other school children stood thrilled as the rifle and drum corps of the local and Belknap troops marched away to the Civil War.

After graduation at Kentucky University Mr. Peak started his career as a traveling salesman on horseback, and peddling hardware

to merchants in Weatherford, Stephenville, Comanche, Granbury, Palo Pinto, Cleburne, Brownwood, Buffalo Gap and other villages. From his 54 years' experience on the road he later wrote a book, "A Ranger of Commerce."

In 1902-03 he was national president of the Travelers' Protective Assn. of America, and served as state and local president a number of times.

Entered Politics

Mr. Peak was once president of the Tarrant County Historical Society and was a candidate for representative, Place 2.

He could recall the day, in 1857, when Gen. Sam Houston and Harrison R. Runnels, candidates for governor, came to Fort Worth as guests at a barbecue.

At this time his father had built a new home between Weatherford and First Sts. Being an ardent supporter of Houston, Mr. Peak's father invited the general to dinner. The little boy sat on General Houston's lap.

Saw Cynthia Parker

When Mr. Peak was 4, Cynthia Ann Parker was returned from her many years' captivity in the Comanche tents. He was led up Dallas Road (now Houston St.) to see Cynthia Ann and the rangers who had rescued her.

Mr. Peak went to El Paso two years ago.

Survivors include three children, Carroll L. Peak, Santa Monica, Cal.; Howard W. Peak Jr., Houston, and Mrs. D. L. Hill, El Paso; two sisters, Miss Olive Peak and Mrs. Lily Peak Jones, both of Fort Worth, and nine grandchildren.

The body will be received here by Robertson-Mueller-Harper Funeral Temple.

Find Courage and Inspiration



Courage to fight and win life's battles. That's the message in Henley's beloved poem, "Invictus." Indeed all great poems have a message for you. If you brood over past mistakes, take comfort in these lines by Susan Coolidge:

"Yesterday now is a part of forever Bound up in a sheaf which God holds tight, With glad days and sad days and bad days which never shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight . . ."

And surely this stirring love poem by Robert Burns is among your favorites: "As, fair art thou, my bonnie lass, So deep in luv' am I; And I will love thee still, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry . . ." With poetry you can see romance in everyday things. Berton Braley writes of smokestacks, huge boilers, great buildings: ". . . back of them stands the Schemer, The Thinker who drives things through;

Back of the Job—the Dreamer Who's making the dream come true."

Read in their entirety the heart-warming messages in these favorite poems. Our 48-page booklet, Poems the Whole World Loves, has selections from Kipling, Poe, Longfellow, Browning, others whose poems inspire.

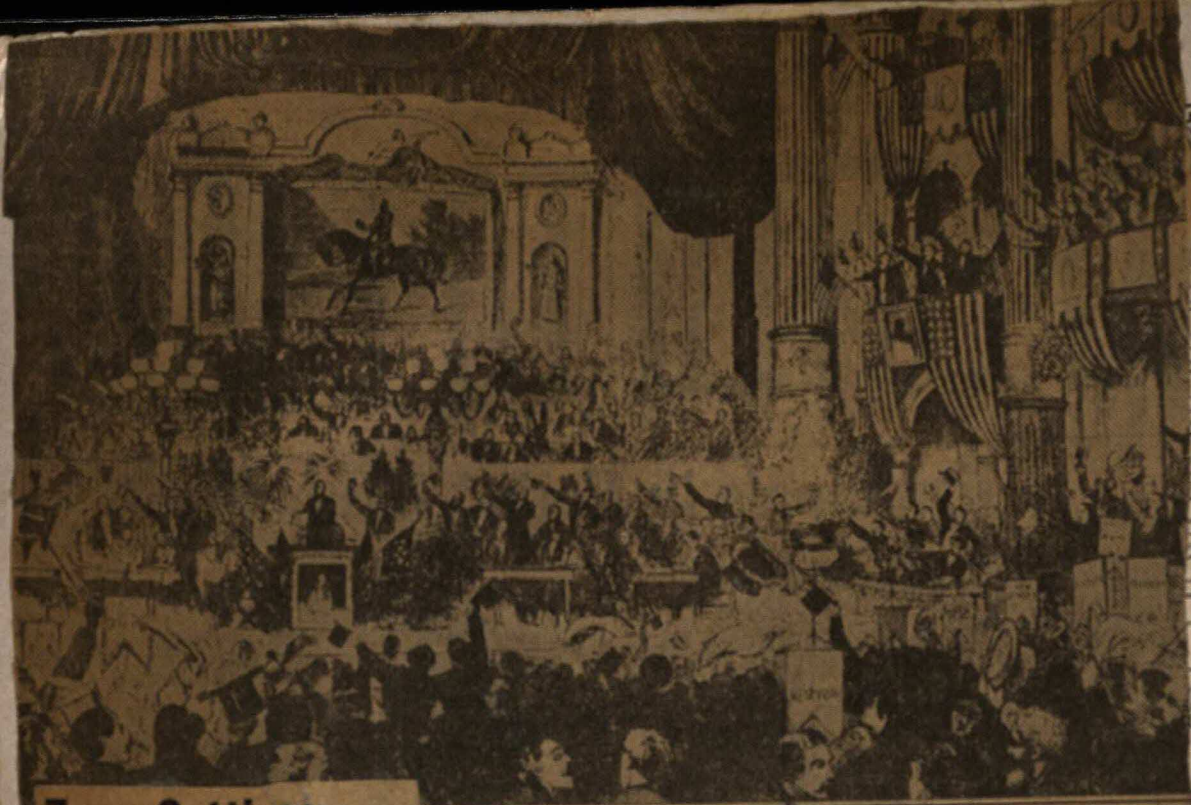
SHARE

Dig channels for the streams of Love

Where they may broadly run— And Love has overflowing streams To fill them every one. But if at any time thou fall Such channels to provide, The very fount of love itself Will soon be parched and dried; For thou must share, If thou would'st keep This good thing from above; Ceasing to share you cease to have; Such is the Law of Love.

—Trench.

The war between the United States and Mexico (1846-1848) grew out of the recognition of the independence of Texas by the United States in 1837; its annexation in 1845; and the assumption by the United States of the claims of Texas to territory between the Nueces and Rio Grande del Norte. May 13, 1846, the United States declared a state of war existed between the two countries, and five days later General Taylor crossed the Rio Grande and occupied Matamoros. Monterey surrendered to General Scott early in September of that year. General Worth captured Mexico City on Sept. 14, 1847, which virtually ended the war. Peace, however, was not concluded until the following Feb. 2, 1848.



God and the doctor we alike adore,
 But only when in danger, not before;
 The danger o'er, both are alike requited;
 God is forgotten, and the doctor slighted.
 JOHN OWEN

Zane-Cetti Rites To Be Held Today

Veteran Fort Worth Civil Engineer Dies After Brief Illness

Funeral services for Carl Zane-Cetti, one of Fort Worth's oldest and best known civil engineers, were to be conducted at 4 p. m. today by Rev. L. D. Anderson in Robertson-Mueller-Harper Funeral Temple.

Burial was to be in Pioneer's Rest Cemetery, with Walter H. Wallerich, Robert C. Martin, E. H. Alles, James M. Dodd, Earl Johnson and George A. Nelson acting as pallbearers.

Mr. Zane-Cetti, 63, who was president of the Tarrant County Construction Co., died early yesterday at his home, 3804 Hamilton, after an illness of two weeks.

A native Fort Worth, he attended public schools here and was graduated from the Rensselaer School of Engineering in Troy, N. Y.

His late father was organizer of the old Texas Brewing Co., and was Fort Worth's first city engineer, serving from 1873 to 1883.

Mr. Zane-Cetti, who specialized in excavation, built the W. 7th St. viaduct and was engineer on the repaving of Hemphill in 1937. He also had built numerous county bridges and storm sewers.

He was a member of the Fort Worth Club and a member of the Elks Lodge No. 124.

He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Edith Zane-Cetti; three sisters, Mrs. W. H. Irwin and Misses Louise and Marian Zane-Cetti, all of Fort Worth, and two nieces, Mrs. Clifford S. Dowdey Jr., Tucson, Ariz., and Miss Zane-Cetti Irwin, Harrison, Maine.

When Grant was nominated. Scene in the convention hall when Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, hero of the Civil War, was nominated for President on the Republican ticket at Philadelphia in 1872.

PRICKETT FUNERAL SCHEDULED TODAY

Funeral services for Walter Glenn Prickett, 1062 Evans, will be at Guardian Funeral Chapel at 4 p. m. today with a Christian Science reader officiating. Burial will be in Greenwood Cemetery with the Woodmen of the World in charge at the grave.

Mr. Prickett, who was 80, died in a local hospital yesterday after a week's illness. Born in Henry County, Ga., he came to Texas in 1877, and has lived most of the time since in Fort Worth and Tarrant County.

When he first came here, he drove a mule car on Main St., and later ran the electric cars. He later entered the laundry business, driving a truck until he was 77 years of age. He then started working inside, but was active until he became ill. He was known as "Dad" to his fellow workers at the Reliable Laundry, where he was employed.

Survivors are a son, Tom C. Prickett of Fort Worth; a daughter, Mrs. F. M. Corum of Fort Worth; a grandson, Walter Tom Prickett; two brothers, John Q. Prickett of Cisco and Homer T. Prickett of El Paso; a sister, Miss Mary R. Prickett and a half sister, Miss Georgia Prickett, both of Fort Worth and a step-brother, Tom B. Ellis of Handley.

By Robert L. Ripley

GOLD NOT ONLY GLITTERS IT PERMUTATES!

ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD.
 GLITTERS NOT ALL THAT IS GOLD?
 IS ALL THAT GLITTERS NOT GOLD?
 GOLD IS ALL THAT GLITTERS NOT.
 NOT ALL THAT GLITTERS IS GOLD.
 ALL THAT GOLD IS GLITTERS NOT.
 GLITTERS NOT ALL THAT GOLD IS?
 IS ALL THAT GLITTERS NOT GOLD?
 NOT ALL THAT IS GOLD GLITTERS.
 GOLD IS NOT ALL THAT GLITTERS.
 ALL THAT GOLD IS NOT GLITTERS.
 IS ALL GOLD THAT GLITTERS NOT?
 NOT ALL THAT GOLD IS GLITTERS.
 GOLD GLITTERS; THAT IS NOT ALL.
 ALL THAT IS GOLD GLITTERS NOT.
 GLITTERS ALL THAT IS NOT GOLD.
 IS ALL NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS?
 NOT ALL GLITTERS THAT IS GOLD.
 GOLD GLITTERS NOT, THAT IS ALL!
 ALL THAT IS NOT GOLD GLITTERS.
 GLITTERS ALL THAT GOLD IS NOT.
 IS NOT ALL THAT GLITTERS GOLD?
 NOT ALL GLITTERS THAT GOLD IS.
 ALL GLITTERS THAT IS NOT GOLD.
 IS NOT ALL GOLD THAT GLITTERS?
 NOT ALL IS GOLD THAT GLITTERS.
 ALL GLITTERS THAT GOLD IS NOT.
 IS NOT GOLD ALL THAT GLITTERS?
 ALL GLITTERS NOT THAT IS GOLD.
 IS GOLD ALL THAT GLITTERS NOT?
 ALL GLITTERS NOT THAT GOLD IS.
 IS GOLD NOT ALL THAT GLITTERS?
 ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS.
 ALL IS GOLD THAT GLITTERS NOT.

Ernie Finds Leper Colony Is Not What He Expected

By ERNIE PYLE
Press Roaming Reporter

KALAUPAPA, Island of Molokai, Hawaii, Jan. 27.—After you once get yourself adjusted to being here in the Leper Settlement of Kalaupapa, you realize that you have been surprised by how different the whole place is from what you thought it was.

True, everywhere you turn you see suffering and disease in pitiful and repulsive forms. You don't really get used to that—but you do come to accept it.

Kalaupapa is not regimented in appearance, like an institution. You see no rows of cottages all alike, and no great prison-like dormitories. Nothing is crowded together. There are gardens and vacant lots and shrubbery and space everywhere. Kalaupapa is really almost like any small town of 500 people, except there's not much of a "business block."

Doesn't Look Like Hospital

You wouldn't recognize the one-story, tropical-architected hospital as a hospital.

The superintendent and each of the two doctors has a home. The rest of the white staff live in the general building. All the servants are Japanese.

The patients are housed in two ways—either in private cottages on good-sized plots of land, or in one of the four "homes." These homes are little settlements within the Settlement, and they are for those least able to take care of themselves.

You Can Die If You Like

Nobody has to do anything. You can lie in bed all day, if you want to. You can read all night if you wish. You can go to another fellow's house and stay all night.

Even going to the hospital, or receiving medical treatment, is absolutely voluntary. You can lie in your cottage and die without anybody bothering you, if you want it that way.

The patients, of course, have to obey the territorial laws. Firearms are forbidden. There is a jail, and now and then somebody is in it. The usual offenses are fights, profanity on the streets, and petty thieving from each other.

Sheriff and Five Policemen

The Settlement has a sheriff and five policemen. They are patients, or ex-patients.

In 1936 a Filipino girl shot and killed her sweetie, another Filipino patient. They had been having a lovers' quarrel, and it seems he was going to stab her, so she plugged him. They don't know how she got the gun. The case was taken to Honolulu and they finally decided "Oh, well, insufficient evidence." The girl is still here.

Suicides are few and far between. Right now there's only one fellow in jail, and he hasn't done anything wrong. He's crazy, and too violent for the mental ward.

Beer and wine are sold at the Settlement store. Patients can get hard liquor over the superintendent's signature. He says he probably hasn't had a gallon requested in the last three months.

cowboys, tending the Settlement's herd of 300 cattle (the meat goes only to the patients). Some of them group together and fish, and sell their catch to the Settlement. Some do carpenter work. Some act as nurse assistants.

Last year more than \$50,000 was paid out in wages to patients for work done.

All patients get \$30 a year, in quarterly installments, from the government. This is just "jingling money," to make them feel they're not completely indigent. Those in the "homes" are housed, clothed and fed.

There are about 100 autos among the patients, ranging from old Ford trucks to brand-new Plymouth convertible coupes. It startles you to see a car go by, absolutely glistening with newness, and see a maimed and bandaged driver at the wheel.

Fourteen Miles of Road

If you drove every inch of street, road and rocky trail on the peninsula, you could cover about 14 miles. The man with the new Plymouth seems to drive it all the time. Any place you stop, you'll see the Plymouth go by in a few minutes.

The leper population stands today at 414.

In addition there are 91 well persons—officials, nurses, gardener, electrician, carpenters, and so on. And there is also a group in between—"kokuas" and "parolers."

A "kokua" (the word means "helper") is the husband or wife of a patient, who elects to come along in voluntary exile to Kalaupapa. There are today 14 "kokuas" in Kalaupapa.

Many Parolers Relapse

A "paroler" is a person whose leprosy has been arrested to the point where it is safe for him to go out into the world again. That does not necessarily mean he is cured. Many of them relapse. But for the time being he is not considered hazardous to other people. There are about 140 parolers in Hawaii today.

And, strange as it may seem, there are 19 "parolers" in Kalaupapa Settlement—people who are free to go any time but pre-

Many Patients Work

A large percentage of the patients work. They don't have to, but they like to be busy and to get the extra money.

THE WORD
TRUNK
COMES FROM
THE LATIN
TRUNCUS,
THE TRUNK
OF A TREE,
SINCE THE
FIRST TRUNKS
WERE
HOLLOWED
OUT OF
LOGS.

W. J. Boaz, Fort Worth banker and extensive dealer in real estate. Mrs. Boaz, an active church worker, is the only member of the Missouri Avenue Methodist Church who had belonged to it since its founding. She was a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution and a lifetime member of the Woman's Club.

Born in Rock County, a native of Fort Worth, she moved with her family to Selma in South Texas, where she stayed until 1860 when her mother died. As a 12-year-old girl she came to Fort Worth and made her home with her grandfather, Maj. John B. Dickson, and an aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. John Murchison. Major Dickson was one of Fort Worth's first merchants.

She met W. J. Boaz in 1867. They became acquainted while she was traveling to the Arkansas Chicks by stage and had made a stop at Birdville. On Aug. 22 they were married at Selma, returning to Fort Worth in a buggy. When they reached here they

Other survivors include two daughters, Mrs. L. E. Comer and Mrs. C. C. Gamm, Fort Worth; four grandchildren, Mrs. James F. Sarbin, Dallas; Everett B. Comer, Lubbock; Gamm and Charles Gamm, Fort Worth; one great-granddaughter, Mary Susan Comer, Fort Worth; and a sister, Mrs. George Mulkey, Fort Worth.

Pallbearers will be Elmer Rowden, Bert A. Rose, Walter B. Scott, L. F. Martin, John Tarleton and Clyde

FUNERAL FOR MRS. BOAZ TO BE AT 4 P. M.

Bishop H. A. Boaz, Rev. Claude F. Jones and Rev. M. K. Little will officiate at funeral services in Missouri Avenue Methodist Church at 4 p. m. Thursday for Mrs. Mary Bell Anderson Boaz, 91, former resident of Fort Worth, who died here Wednesday after a brief illness. Interment will be in East Oakwood Cemetery.

Bishop Boaz was a distant cousin of Mrs. Boaz, who was the widow of

The average life of a patient, after arriving here, is eight years. Most of those who come to Kalaupapa have already had leprosy for many years. Some die right away. Others live for 50 years and more. There is no consistency about leprosy.

There are six white people in the Settlement, five men and a woman. The woman is Spanish-Portuguese, and lives in the Bishop Home for Women. One of the men is an old German sea captain. Only one of the six whites was born on the U. S. mainland. He was a soldier.

The whites take it much harder than the Hawaiians, they say. There is almost no attempt at escape from here. The patients either want to stay because they like it, or else know it's best and are resigned.

There have been two escape attempts in the last decade. One drowned.

20 Years Ago

The Steve Mulkey home, oldest structure south of the Texas and Pacific Railway in Fort Worth and the second ever erected in that section was demolished to make way for new residence construction. The old home was built in 1873 by Jesse W. Wynn.

MR. FINDLAY, a white haired kindly man with the soul of a poet, loves the soil. He calls it God's ambassador of truth. It never lies, he says. It obeys the rules of the season, the rules of life. It is the eternal promise of truth.

Those who work in a garden are dealing with the truths of life. They put some of their own life, thought, energy and love into the soil, because they love it. It responds back to them in flowers, fruits and vegetables.

Page 125-31

A J Anderson



WINDSOR CASTLE.

Soldiers of the United States, the people of the British Isles welcome you on your way to take your stand beside the forces of many Nations now fighting in the Old World the great battle for human freedom. The stars will gain new heart & spirit in your company. I wish that I could shake the hand of each one of you & bid you God speed on your mission.

George R. J.

April 1918.

Rescue Bell Shaped Like Huge Pear

The diving bell, which Navy crews are using today to rescue the men from the sunken submarine Squalus, is shaped like a huge pear, suspended by the large end from a derrick on the rescue ship.

The small, or "stem" end, which goes down first into the water, is cut off square and equipped with a 7-8-inch rubber gasket which fits over a hatch on the submarine.

Usually two men go down in the diving bell as crew. They guide the bell into place by means of a cable attached to the submarine and wound on a drum inside the bell.

The thick rubber gasket forms a water-tight seal and the hatch of the submarine can be opened directly into a hatch in the bottom of the bell.

Through the two hatches, men move from the submarine into the bell. Air pressure is about surface normal in both the sub and the bell.

When the hatches are closed, the diving bell's crew signals the rescue ship by telephone, and the bell is raised to the surface by the rescue ship above.

The operation is repeated as many times are necessary to bring up all men from the submarine.

The bell is about 10 feet tall, weighing 18,000 pounds. It is built to withstand a pressure of 185 pounds per square inch. Pressure at the 240-foot depth of the sunken Squalus is about 106 pounds.

Raising the bell to the surface with its rescued human cargo is considered a hazardous operation because of currents and strength of cables.

The late British ruler, King George, made a warm spot for himself in the hearts of America's doughboys during the World War by his expressions of gratefulness for their aid. A copy of one such message, written by the King himself, then etched and printed on the royal stationery, is shown above. These

copies were distributed to the American soldiers when they arrived in England, bound for the battlefields in France. This copy is the property of Mrs. Mary Ann Atkins, 451 Cleveland Avenue, Her former husband, Allen C. Atkins, Secutin, sent it to her from London. Atkins was a member of the Fifty-first Telegraph Battalion.

Number of No. 931 Siphon Temperature Regulator

This Is Life

By JACK MAXWELL.

HERE'S one you can tie to: Success is Failure turned inside out, the silver tint of the clouds of doubt. And you never can tell how close you are; it may be nearer when it seems afar. So stick to the FIGHT when you're hardest hit... its when things seem WORST that you mustn't QUIT.

I am sorry to state that, a few times in my life I have been willing and ready to throw in my hand and QUIT... and that's nothing to be ashamed of or about. Many a guy has done the same thing and would do it again if... the 'pressure' became too great. So, don't go 'round bragging what a heck of a 'tough egg' you are, for with the wrong spin of the Wheel of Life you may become what Tad Dorgan called himself in a letter to me many years ago, before he crossed the Big Divide: "I'm a cracked egg in an otherwise Busy Bakery."

However, the SMART thing to do is: When life is pounding the heart out of you, so to speak, don't 'Count Yourself Out.' If and when you THINK you have reached the End of the Rope, just tie a knot in the aforesaid end and... hang on. For when things seem WORST, is the time and place to NOT TURN LOOSE.

Brother, I'm not kiddin' you! On the other hand, I KNOW what I'm gabbing about, for once upon a time, so goes the tale, I was 'All Set' to do a 'Tail-Spin,' if you grab what I'm trying to get over the home plate. But, a kindly FATE stepped into the RING and... I 'stuck to the fight when I was hardest HIT.' So, I say again: Don't 'Count Yourself Out,' stay in there and keep PUNCHING!

This Is Life

By JACK MAXWELL.

IT IS SAID that most of us have a working philosophy, whether we know it or not. But when it comes to the supreme test, the aforesaid philosophy all too often proves inadequate.

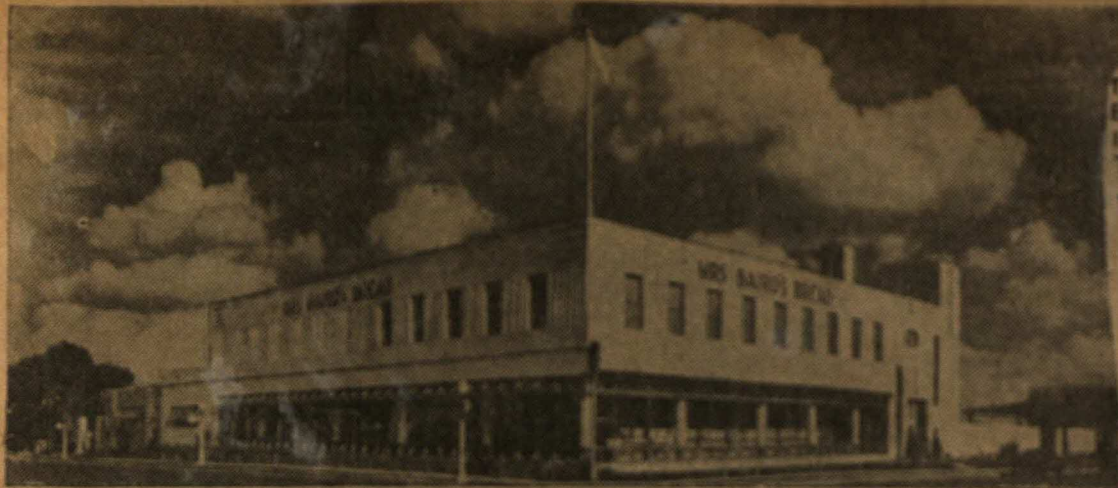
And most of us are prone to have CONFIDENCE in the other fellow, but, the heck of it is, we place too much confidence in our lowman, and when he takes a "powder" and gives us the run-around... we sit down and whoop up a great big CRY, and tell the world of our "betrayed confidence."

Personally, I have real-honest-to-gosh CONFIDENCE in but one person, my first and only WIFE. And, this being true, I save myself a whole lot of hurt feelings.

Whether it be doctor, lawyer, preacher, plumber, or what-have-you, I realize they are just human beings, subject to all the imperfections, deceit, selfishness, and all the "rotten specks" entering into the warp and woof of the human-animule. And, when one of them gives me the "works," I am not a darn bit SURPRISED... for I was all set for the blow-off.

My 'philosophy' is: I try to make the best trade with life I can, and pick up what's left. I endeavor to 'shape circumstances,' for I am not willing to just sit down and leave it all to "George," for Little Georgia may be a 3-minute egg and fast on his feet, but when it comes to the test he is liable to go the easiest way, leaving me right in the big middle of the stuff he messed up.

Mrs. Baird's New Bread Plant Will Open Formally Tonight



Mrs. Baird's Bakery, which has just completed a new bread plant at Summit and West Vickery, will hold open house at the new plant tonight and tomorrow night.

BEEES
WERE BROUGHT TO AMERICA FROM EUROPE, AND THE INDIANS CALLED THEM "WHITE MAN'S FLIES."



KWIKKORER

NAME THE "FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE."

ANSWER: War, Famine, Pestilence and Death



Mrs. Ninnie L. Baird

THE CITY OF **CHICAGO** RESTS ON A **ROCKY FOUNDATION** BUILT BY **CORALS** MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO, WHEN THE AREA WAS A **TROPICAL SEA!**

"S" Valve (fig. 4) with of mould, all in valve sizes

Remembering The Day
By Rev. J. K. Thompson, Pastor First Presbyterian Church.

Today, Armistice Day, the Nation bends low in the spirit of humility and sadness, while the heart of humanity waits with bowed and uncovered heads in tribute to those immortals who on the field of battle made the supreme sacrifice for God and country.

Nothing that we can say or do can add to their glory.

Rev. Thompson, nor detract from their splendid, fadeless glory. Their fame is secure in the hearts of grateful peoples of whatever tongue or clime. History must record with never failing appreciation the thing that they did in the supreme hour of humanity's need.

Their deeds may be equaled under like conditions, but never can be surpassed; for they died that others might live, facing the last strife with joyous abandon, and in deathless glory stand enshrined in the universal heart.

Nor is it well with us, if, at a time like this, we forget the meaning of their sacrifice, or if there is not born anew in our hearts a determination to emulate their example of devotion and loyalty. And though there may be given to none of us to repeat their splendid performance, we shall be true to their memory and honor them in the swift of service and life; only so can we act well our own part in the drama of citizenship.

No more fitting or deserved tribute can be paid to these departed heroes than a National, deepest and most meaningful pledge of renewed fealty to those high and holy principles for which they gave their lives, the security of human rights and freedom from the tyranny of war.

IMPORTANT FOLKS, FACTS, DATES IN TARRANT HISTORY

Editor's Note: This is an outline of important folks, facts and dates of early days of Tarrant County, prepared by Mrs. Will P. Lake, chairman of the historical research committee of the Women's Division, Texas Frontier Centennial.

1841, Bird's Fort—In 1841 or earlier, Bird's Fort was established on the banks of a lake that later came to be known as Calloway's Lake, an outlet of the Trinity River, three miles north of what now is Arlington. There was a road through this section known as the Central National Road of the Republic of Texas, spoken of in history as next in importance to the Old Spanish Trail.

1841, Battle of Village Creek—Known also as Keechi Battle, this conflict took place in the valley six miles east of the present site of Fort Worth, between what now are Handley and Arlington. An entire Indian village was wiped out by the Whites in the Spring of 1841, and at this time John B. Denton, for whom Denton County later was named, lost his life.

1843—In this year a peace treaty between the Whites and the Indians was to take place at Bird's Fort, in the presence of Sam Houston. De-

The suffix letters

cause of Indian depredations and for other reasons, the treaty was not consummated at Bird's Fort, but was held later the same year at Grapevine Springs near the present town of Grapevine and for which the town was named.

1843—In the early '40's several parties are thought to have come to this locality for trapping, hunting and Indian trading. Ed P. Terrell, John P. Lusk and others came into what now is Tarrant County in 1843 and pitched camp in a live-oak grove on the Clear Fork, a mile and a half southwest of the present courthouse. They were routed by the Indians and left the country after a year, but Terrell returned in 1849.

1845—In September of this year Rev. John A. Freeman of Cass County, Mo., came to Texas to preach the gospel.

1845—In February, Rev. Mr. Freeman, assisted by Rev. J. Hodges and Deacon Gibson, organized the Lone-some Dove Baptist Church, near what is now Grapevine, with 12 members. This was the first church

MALE BLACK WIDOW SPIDER IS HARMLESS TO MAN... ITS FANGS BEING UNABLE TO PIERCE HUMAN SKIN

After the Bombers This Is Home



During a lull in the German air raids on Warsaw, this Polish boy crouched back to what was once his home and squatted among the ruins—the only place

he knew to go. Twenty blocks of workers' homes in this area were laid waste by incendiary bombs. This is another of a series of Warsaw siege pictures

—Associated Press Photo— taken by Julien Bryan, American lecturer and photographer, who was in Warsaw from Sept. 7 to 21.

42-K*	120°-130° F.	64-K	120°-140° F.
56-K	140°-200° F.	68-K	120°-210° F.
70-K	160°-220° F.	72-K	170°-230° F.
74-K	180°-240° F.		

preferred temperature range by number; state how to be checked; specify other special in-

She Saw Her Sister Killed



Julien Bryan, American lecturer-photographer, comforts a little Polish girl just after her sister was shot down and killed by a German aviator who strafed a group of peasant women who were picking potatoes in a field near Warsaw.

Regulator Sizes

appropriate method for liquids. and expensive that figures calca- part be used in order. valve size.

of liquid Regulator The Fulton regulator pressure

AMERICAS
MYSTERIOUS SAHARA

WHITE SANDS of New Mexico

275 SQUARE MILES OF DAZZLING DESERT THAT IS MOVING FORWARD AT THE RATE OF 10 INCHES A YEAR —

WHERE THE SAND IS NOT SAND - BUT GYPSUM - WHERE WATER IS RED IN LAKES FORMED BY RAIN - WHERE FISH MYSTERIOUSLY APPEAR - WHERE FIELD MICE TURN WHITE - LIGHTNING BOLTS TURN TO STONE AND WHERE *ing*
YOU CAN GO SKIING IN THE SUMMERTIME!

IN every age mankind has believed in the truth of dreams if only they were correctly interpreted. Profane, as well as sacred, history is filled with dream prophecies. The interpretation of dreams, consequently, has become an art which is in widespread practice throughout both the civilized and savage world. Following are the generally accepted interpretations of the most common dreams:

Accident—If you dream of an accident it is well not to travel for a short time.
Anger—If you dream that you are angry it denotes that you will be faced with disappointments.
Apples—To dream of apples implies success in one's undertakings.
Auction—If you dream of an auction it signifies bright prospects.
Automobile—To dream of riding in a motor car means that you will make a change in your affairs.
Baby—If you dream of a crying baby you may expect ill health.
Bankrupt—To dream of bankruptcy is a warning not to speculate.
Bath—To dream of taking a warm bath denotes evil omens. A cold bath signifies good news and good health.
Bees—To dream of bees denotes pleasant and profitable engagements.
Blindness—If you dream that you are blind it signifies a sudden change.
Camera—To dream of a camera denotes unpleasant prospects.
Candle—To dream of burning candles is a promise of good fortune.
Candy—If you dream of making candy it signifies that you will be successful in business ventures.
Cats—To dream of a cat is an ill omen.
Cattle—To dream of seeing cattle grazing denotes prosperity and happiness.
Chair—To see a chair in your dream indicates that you will fail to meet some obligation.
City—If you dream that you are in a strange city it signifies that success awaits you.
Clock—To dream of a clock foretells injury from an enemy.
Clouds—To dream of dark clouds indicates misfortune from bad management.
Coals—To dream of coals of fire denotes pleasure and many happy hours.
Debt—If you dream of being in debt it indicates that you may expect business reverses.
Diamond—To dream that you are the owner of diamonds is a sign of good fortune.
Disaster—If you dream of being in any disaster it means that you are in danger of losing property.

Doctor—To dream of a doctor is an indication of general prosperity and health.
Electricity—To dream of electricity denotes a sudden change.
Emerald—To dream of emeralds signifies that you will inherit property.
Enemy—If you dream that you overcome an enemy you will surmount all present difficulties.
Fire—To dream of fire is favorable if you do not get burned.
Fish—To dream of fish denotes illness.
Frightened—To dream of being frightened is an indication that you will be upset by worries.
Gold—To dream of gold denotes success in commercial enterprises.
Gravy—To dream of seeing gravy is a forecast of failing health and fortune.
Groceries—To dream of groceries means that you will be successful in your undertakings.
Head—To dream that you are hit denotes that you will be betrayed by a friend.
Home—If you dream of visiting your old home you may expect to receive good news.
Jack—To dream of spilt jack signifies that you will be a victim of bad luck.
Ironing—To dream of ironing denotes that you will be comfortable and prosperous.
Jewels—If you dream of jewels you may expect riches.
Key—To dream of keys denotes unexpected changes.
Knife—To dream of a knife is an indication of quarrels.
Leaf—To dream of leaf indicates that your fortunes will take a turn for the better.
Matches—Dreaming of matches signifies unexpected good fortune.
Mirror—To dream of looking at yourself in a mirror indicates that you will meet with discouragement and ill-luck.
Neighbor—To dream of a neighbor is a warning of gossip.
Optics—To see optics in a dream means that you will be prosperous and healthy.
Pearls—Dreaming of pearls is an indication of good business prospects.
Pickles—To dream of pickles is to expect business reverses.
Rainbow—To dream of a rainbow is a portent of unexpected happiness.
Salt—When seen in a dream, salt is an indication of unpleasant relations.
Snake—There is usually a keen disappointment after our dreams of snakes.
Teeth—If you dream of having your teeth filled you may expect to receive lost valuations.
Violence—To dream of someone doing you violence is an indication that you will be deflected by an enemy.
Wealth—Dreaming of wealthy friends denotes you may expect friends to aid you in time of

UNCENSORED PHOTOS OF WARSAW'S DESTRUCTION 'Tell Me, What's the Matter, Sister?'

"I saw a little girl find the body of her sister, who was machine-gunned while picking potatoes in a field." Photographer Julien Bryan, last cameraman to leave stricken Warsaw, has caught the full, tragic import of that simple sentence and the horrible meaning of war to non-combatants, in the above picture.

Copyright, 1939, by Julien Bryan from NEA





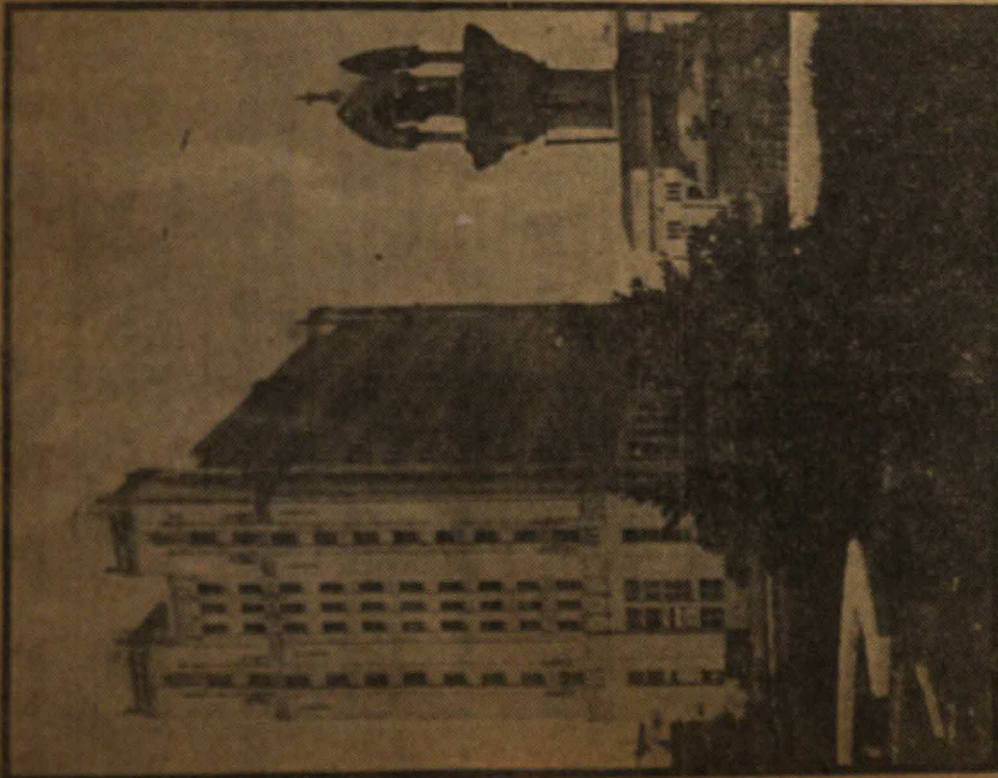
This scene was revived in Rome, not Munich, as Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain of Great Britain discussed a peaceful solution of the Spanish war and the Italian-French irrita-

rial dispute with Premier Benito Mussolini of Italy in conversations of great importance. The above picture shows the two statesmen talking at the Munich conference last year. The Cham-

berlain-Mussolini talks, which were concluded Thursday, were expected to touch on the prospect of a European arms limitation pact.

The home of Siphon Products—the largest plant in the world devoted exclusively to the manufacture of thermostatic instruments

FAMOUS PHOTOGRAPHER SNAPS PICTURE HERE



This interesting view of Fort Worth's Terminal Building, with the statue to Al Haynes in the right foreground, is one of a number of Fort Worth subjects photographed by Count Henrik Carl Arthur von Schoenfeldt. The count, known internationally, is making a pictorial study of American life, and is starting his western tour at Fort Worth, which he understands to be the "Gateway to the West." Photographs taken here will be shown in a "one-man art gallery" at the Camera Shop, Inc., 113 W. Sixth St., tomorrow and Saturday. The count makes all prints on a 2 1/2 x 2 1/4 Graflex and then enlarges them. He expresses great surprise that so many Americans seek German and other European lenses and cameras. He considers the Graflex, made in this country, superior. The count, son of an Austrian, served with the Swedish Army during the World War, has traveled in Asia and Africa, and directed motion pictures in Sweden. He came to America in 1928.

WHITTIER'S BAREFOOT BOY

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy,
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art,—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollar ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye.
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habits
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
And the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
Where the oriole's nest is hung,
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-out trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters
shine;

Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy—
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for,
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming birds and honey-bees;

For my sport the squirrel played,
Piled the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the
night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickered pond,
Mine the walnut slope beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

Oh for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread;
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple curtained, fringed with gold,
Looked in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the plectrum's orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire,
I was monarch; I pomp and joy
Waived on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew,
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat;
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless mill;
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin,
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

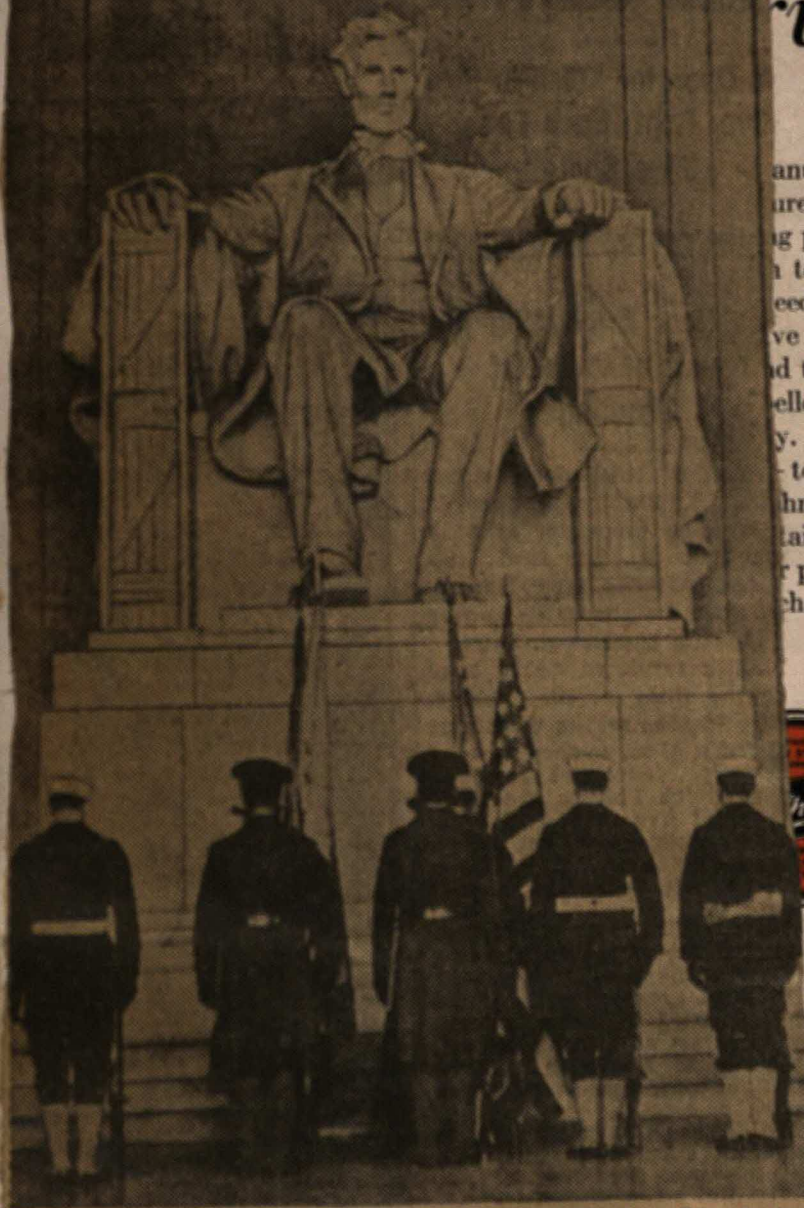
—By Permission of Houghton Mifflin Company.



THE BAYLOR HOME—Here is the last picture ever taken of the R. E. B. Baylor home, "Holly Oak," at Gay Hill, Texas. Mrs. W. A. Wood, a Baylor graduate of 1885, now interested in gathering historical data concerning the founder, is shown standing in front of the home. Two days after the taking of the picture the place burned.

Carried Victory Fight to the People

IN THIS TEMPLE
AS IN THE HEARTS OF THE PEOPLE
FOR WHOM HE SAVED THE UNION
THE MEMORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN
IS ENSHRINED FOREVER



Daniel Chester French's mighty statue of Abraham Lincoln in Washington, with a color guard of sailors and marines.

His Is Life

By JACK MAXWELL

HERE'S one of my 'bright ideas, if bright it be: Listed with a few friends of other days, when the River of Life ran more or less riot, was a young fellow who earned his ham-and-eggs by groaning and grunting . . . especially when some other wrestler slipped a 'body-scissor' to him, or some other hold calculated to tear him to bits and then throw the fragments into the laps of the spectators, if I must revert to the vernacular of the ring.

At the time I knew the young chap he was champion of the world, so far as his 'division' of the wrestling game was concerned. In fact, he was a tough bird to handle, but he never pulled any of the 'rough stuff' himself. If the other fellow wanted to dish it up to my friend, well, he just TOOK IT and, waited for a break . . . and for several years he got the aforesaid 'break'. But, like all 'Champions' who stay in the game, he finally LOST his title to a Better Man.

One 'pet' trick of his was: When an opponent placed a very painful hold on him, he just took it EASY. He said it was no life to flop, kick and raise the very devil while the Other Fellow held him in that vice-like grip. Therefore, he just waited until he felt the other guy's muscles RELAX and . . . then my friend went into ACTION. And, so it is with LIFE: When you find yourself in a TOUGH SPOT, just take it EASY and watch everything. And, when the 'PRESSURE' lets up a bit . . . give the Racket of Laying the gun, and do your darndest to win the fight. That's what I'm doing. RIGHT NOW, believe it or

JUST FOLKS By EDGAR A. GUEST

UNFORGETTABLE.

Let us be still and remember—
These things are not lightly forgot—
Each Christmas that came with December,
The voice and the smile that are not,
The joys that we shared in together,
The telephone calls through the day,
At morning the talk of the weather!
All these have been taken away.

Soon will the garden be showing
The blossoms we both went to see.
Already the tulips are growing,
But out there alone I shall be!
The birds will have nested and mated
And singing the chorals of May.
For that every Springtime we waited,
Now that has been taken away.

vi

What if I do as you bid me
And struggle to keep back the tears?
Think you such courage can rid me
Of memories born of the years?
These things are not banished so lightly
Whatever philosophers say.
I shall miss them all daily and nightly
Since they have been taken away.

(Copyright, 1918, by Edgar A. Guest)

City Hall Clock Being Taken Down —Is Sold for \$200

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The large clock that for more than 30 years has proclaimed the hour from the City Hall tower was being taken down Friday, its parts sold to a jeweler for \$200.

C. V. Catlett, owner of the Fort Worth Wrecking Company that is razing the 45-year-old City Hall to make way for a new \$500,000 structure, said he had sold the four-faced clock and its mechanism to T. A. Jansson of 506 Main Street.

Jansson plans to resell the clock in West Texas, where many offers for it have originated, Catlett said.

Works of the clock were stopped Thursday when workmen found it necessary to remove materials around the base of the tower. E. P. Ferguson, foreman in charge of the razing, said it will be two or three days before the tower and all parts of the clock are removed. Cold gases, weather hampered work Friday.

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Catlett said the old clock is in perfect condition and should "run 100 years yet." It was installed in the City Hall after the original timepiece proved inaccurate.

Two of its four faces had been taken down Friday, and hands were askew on the other pair.

Love Won Me

By Mrs. Hardy Wright

Somebody had some love for me,
Somebody shed some tears,
Somebody knelt and prayed for me
For years and years and years.

Somebody cried and plead for me
And would not be denied;
Somebody had a burden,
Somebody bled and died.

Somebody had some faith in me,
Somebody tried and true,
And what somebody did for me
He'll surely do for you.

Yes, somebody travailed for me,
Somebody suffered pain;
I'm glad somebody's love for me
Was not bestowed in vain.

Somebody made a sacrifice,
Somebody was betrayed,
This same somebody called to me—
I heard Him and obeyed.

Now since I heard somebody call
And since I did obey,
I've Jesus for a pattern
And I'm walking in the way.

I, too, am burdened for the lost,
I've love within my heart,
I long to tell somebody else,
This good news to impart.

I'm praying for somebody now,
I'm losing precious sleep,
I'm holding up some broken heart,
I weep with those that weep.

I want my life to measure up
To His, who loved me so,
I want to be a beacon light
And righteous seeds to sow.

I want to hear my Master say,
Inherit your reward,
Rise up, my love, and come away
And rest in Christ, the Lord,
shut off the peating surface or
coal consumption. Too often
the idea that exhaust steam
nine-tenths of all fuel burned
steam. In wasting exhaust a
cost is wasted.

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Jewell Funeral At 3 P. M. Today

Real Estate Dealer
Opened Office Here
Half Century Ago

Funeral services for Lauren H. C. (Lon) Jewell, pioneer real estate agent, were to be conducted at 3 p. m. today at Gause-Ware Memorial Chapel with Rev. J. B. Curry, pastor of Meadowbrook Methodist Church, in charge.

Pallbearers were J. H. Bullock, W. B. Martel, C. C. Mayhew, E. D. Bennett, N. W. Benton and Jerry Harwell; honorary pallbearers, members of the Friendship Class, Meadowbrook Church.

Mr. Jewell, who retired from business four years ago, died at 2 p. m. yesterday at his home, 2519 Boston. He was stricken with pneumonia two months ago.

Mr. Jewell and his father, the late H. C. Jewell, opened one of the first real estate offices in Fort Worth more than 50 years ago, at Second and Main.

Mr. Jewell would have celebrated his 85th birthday today. He had lived 80 years in Fort Worth, coming from Paris, Texas, with his parents at the age of 5.

Survivors are his wife, Mrs. Julia Jewell; four daughters, Mrs. H. V. Rhodus, San Antonio; Mrs. William W. McClendon, Houston; Mrs. Luther Garrett, Athens, and Miss Josephine Jewell, Fort Worth; a son, George H. Jewell; a sister, Mrs. Joe M. Henderson; a brother, H. Veal Jewell; four grandchildren, Beverly Jane and George H. Jewell Jr., of Fort Worth, and Louise Jewell and Luther W. Garrett, of Athens.

Mr. Jewell was a member of the Methodist Church and of the Woodmen of the World.

Burial was to be in Greenwood



By Claude Cellis

"Ma knows that she's commanded to love her enemies, but she don't think heaven means for her to love 'em."

John R. Bolling, Of Famous Old Family, Succumbs

Mrs. Woodrow Wilson
Cousin Dies Here
After Long Illness

John Rolf Bolling, member of a famous Virginia family, died at his home, 3210 Avenue H, early today.

Mr. Bolling was a cousin of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson—who is the daughter of the late Robert Bolling—a family name that is well-known to every Virginian.

Both Mr. Bolling and Mrs. Wilson were born in Amelia County, Virginia, where they were children together until they reached their teens.

Mr. Bolling was 74. His wife, recalled at the home today that there was little difference in his age and Mrs. Wilson's. He died of pneumonia after a week's illness.

He and Mrs. Wilson were distant relatives of the Indian princess, Pocahontas.

A sister, Mrs. William Reynolds of Montreal, N. C., returned to his country last year from Korea, where she and her husband, Rev. Reynolds, served as Presbyterian missionaries for 45 years.

Besides wife and sister, Mr. Bolling is survived by a brother, Nyth T. Bolling of Scranton, Pa., and a stepson, L. S. Lane of Fort Worth.

Mr. Bolling left Virginia at his mother's death when he was 15. He went to Alabama, where he was a postman on a Star route.

That was when the old routes were being superseded by service provided by the railroads.

The healthy Hettie Green came into Alabama and bought up the railroads, cutting Mr. Bolling's route so much that he gave up that work to become a railroad man. Later he farmed in Ellis County, Texas. He had lived in Fort Worth seven years.

He was a member of the Polytechnic Odd Fellows and the Polytechnic Baptist Church.

The body is at Shannon's Polytechnic Funeral Home. Funeral arrangements are awaiting word from his sister and brother.

Primary a desirable and wise addition:

Services Held For Mrs. Julia Carlisle Wife of Arlington's School Founder Dies At Age of 77 Years

Funeral services for Mrs. Julia Carlisle, wife of the late Prof. J. M. Carlisle, founder of old Carlisle Military Academy in Arlington, were conducted this morning at the Arlington Presbyterian Church. Revs. J. H. Patterson and E. M. Bennett officiated.

A long-time resident of Arlington, Mrs. Carlisle died yesterday afternoon in a hospital there. She was 77.

The Carlisle Military Academy founded in 1872, was succeeded in 1912 by the Arlington Training School. It later became the Grubb Vocational College, and now North Texas Agricultural College.

Prof. Carlisle, who was State Superintendent of Public Instruction from 1882 to 1884, died in 1912.

Mrs. Carlisle is survived by a son, George Franklin Sturges, Laredo, two sisters, Mrs. W. W. Shepherd and Mrs. J. D. Delaney, both of Kerrville; a stepson, Jubine Carlisle, Sherman; eight grandchildren and six great-grandchildren.

Burial was to be in the Sturges family plot of the old Hillbore cemetery.

BILL SHAKESPEARE, of somebody, once said that "Only the unkind are deformed." Well, I saw a fellow, just a few evenings ago, who was, according to my notion, doggone badly "deformed," as per the next paragraph.

It was one of those chilly, drab-like evenings, and the sun had dropped behind the far away western border-line and blue night was just around the corner.

A Texas "norther" was in the setting, just cold enough to make a guy wish he had on a few more "rags," for it was right doggone uncomfortable outdoors.

Anyway, I saw a young man pick up a kitten, just a little fellow, and hold the frightened and squirming bit of feline activity under a water hydrant until the kitten was just "sopping wet." He then exhibited the shivering little thing to a group of men and women standing near . . . and no one said a dadgum thing. Well, I was so doggone mad I could have cursed by grandma, had she been near me. If there's anything that "burns me up," it to see a guy torture one of God's dumb creatures, for no reason at all other than to satisfy his damnable desire to inflict suffering on the defenseless.

Yeah, if Bill Shakespeare knew what he was spilling that chap who held the kitten under the hydrant while the cold water drenched its shivering body, was mighty bad. I did "deformed," sez I. Did I say anything to that "bird"? I you may ask. Brother or sister, I said something. But, I can't put it in printers' ink and get by with it. In the vernacular, I "got him good."

Cracks at the Crowd —Claude Callan

People wonder how mothers ever raised eight or 10 children, but it was easy. Mother just turned baby over to an older child. It fell our lot to take care of a baby sister. We were led to believe we were responsible for her and we were shamed if we neglected her. Well, with some unseen assistance we succeeded in rearing her. The unseen help came to her rescue when we left her in the path of a runaway team and again when we forgot to bring her home from the creek. It also was of assistance when we took her near horses' heels and over to the rock quarry, where men were blasting. Yes, we brought her through without serious injury until she was old enough to begin taking care of the next baby.

We claim we are civilized, and yet we tax all the little shelters that people provide for themselves to keep the wind and rain from their children.

You are unfortunate if your wife's sisters married well. She makes it a point to envy them in your presence.

We were not surprised when we met the woman that our wife said was so beautiful. We were expecting to see a homely woman.

Friends Of Late Husband Honor Mrs. A. S. Dingee

Same Pallbearers and Same Pastor Take Part in Rites

At the same hour at which funeral services were held for her pioneer grocer husband seven years ago, the same pastor and the same friend will speak today at 4:30 p. m. rites for Mrs. A. S. Dingee, life-long resident of Fort Worth.

The same pallbearers will bear Mrs. Dingee's body to its grave beside that of Mr. Dingee in Mt. Olivet Cemetery.

Rev. L. D. Anderson and Sidney Samuels, attorney, will speak at the funeral, at the Harveson-Cole Funeral Home.

All Employees of Firm

The pallbearers, all veteran employees of the Turner & Dingee grocery firm, are Lloyd Hallaran, George Hale, Wade Hearon, Herman Krause, Walter Glass and John Schieman.

One of the songs sung at Mr. Dingee's rites, "The World is Waiting for the Sunrise," will be sung.

Funeral services for her husband were held on the afternoon of Feb. 26, 1932, from the First Christian Church.

Mrs. Dingee, 77, who was born in a house which was located at the present site of the Majestic Theater, died in a local hospital yesterday afternoon after an illness of about seven months. She had been confined to the hospital for the past two weeks.

Home on Part of Farm

The daughter of the late Col. H. C. Holloway, who was county commissioner when the present county courthouse was erected in 1893, Mrs. Dingee had lived at 1608 Prosser Ave. for many years. The Dingee home is still part of the farm once owned by her father.

At the foot of a sloping hill in front of the home Maj. Ripley Arnold erected his first camp which was later Fort Worth.

It was at this home site, under an oak tree that still stands, that the election on the moving of the county seat from Birdville to Fort Worth was held.

Married in 1887

Mrs. Dingee, who had watched the town grow into a city, was married in 1887. She spent a very quiet home life.

Col. Holloway, her father, felled the first tree to clear the site for the early packinghouses.

Mrs. Dingee is survived by two sons, Henry L. and George F. Dingee, and two daughters, Mrs. Ann Cox and Mrs. W. B. King Jr., all of Fort Worth; and seven grandchildren, Henry L. Dingee Jr., George A. Dingee, W. B. King III, Beverly King, Mrs. C. C. McDaniel, Jere D. Van Zandt and George Lewis Cox; and two great-grandchildren, Kathryn Ann and Mary Beth McDaniel.

How To Kill Your Preacher

A number of years ago I read this article in a secular newspaper, the Enid (Oklahoma) Events. I have never seen the article in any other paper. By a change of words you may read it to mean your Sunday School superintendent, teacher, your class, president of the Young People's Society, or any other worker or meeting. Try it and see if you are doing any of these things.

"The following rules, if carefully followed, will kill any preacher on earth. Kill his influence, kill his ambition, kill him mentally, morally and physically.

1. Stay away from church, especially on bad days, when you think the crowd will be small.
2. Stay away from the Wednesday night service because you know only a handful will be present.
3. When the sermon is over leave the church in a hurry without speaking to the pastor a word of encouragement.
4. When you get sick, don't let him know about it, and then abuse him for not coming to see you.
5. Never invite him or his family out to dinner in your home. They never enjoy a social hour.
6. Pay just as little as you can on his salary, and then grumble about that. That makes him feel good.
7. Never give him anything except what you promised. This

only

"Don't be too HARSH with the man who SINS, or pelt him with words or stone, unless you are sure, yes, doubly sure, that YOU have not sins of your own. For you know, perhaps, if the TEMPTER'S VOICE should whisper as soft to you as it did to him when he went ASTRAY... 'twould cause you to falter, too."

Unquote: Yeah, the foregoing is, I think, a darn GOOD bit of stuff to pattern one's life by or after. Years ago, I learned the great and good lesson of trying to keep my face closed when it came to PEDDLING HARMFUL GOS-SIP. So, take a tip from The Hos Hand and THROW AWAY YOUR VERBAL DAGGER and stop STABBING the Other Fellow in the Back... that's what I'm trying to do.

This Is Life

By JACK MAXWELL. HERE'S one I like and I'm passing it on to YOU. I do not know name of author. Here we go:

"PRAY, find no fault with the man who limps or stumbles along the road, unless you have worn the shoes he wears, or struggled beneath his load. There may be lumps in his shoes that HURT... though hidden from view, or the burden he bears, placed on YOUR BACK, might cause you to STUMBLE, TOO."

"Don't sneer at the man who's down today, unless you have felt the blow that caused his FALL, or felt the same that... only the FALLEN know. You may be strong, but still the blows that were his, if dealt to YOU in the same time... might cause YOU to STAGGER, TOO."

might make him think you appreciate him.

8. Always have some fool excuse when he wants you to do a little church work. That is what you pay him for.

9. Never offer to take him out in your auto for a ride. This would be too kind.

10. Never call at his home, but raise old "Billy Cane" because he doesn't visit you once or twice a month.

11. Don't ever offer to help in any way, for he might think you are "butting in."

12. Act as cold and indifferent toward him as you can, and he will think you are dignified. If these twelve doses fail to kill him, they will undoubtedly break him from preaching and force him to leave town.

"If He Had Not Come"

Have you ever stopped to consider what would be lacking in our lives had Jesus not come? What is there in your heart, in your home, in your general experience of life that you would lose had not the Son of God come into our world in the long ago? Perhaps it would be easier for most of us to answer the question in another way, by saying what there is in our lives that is not directly or indirectly there by reason of the coming of Jesus and His life among men. Assuredly we will all admit at once that had He not come, we would be infinitely poorer and the things we hold dearest would be meaningless and despair would be the portion of many of us.

Had He not come would there be in our homes this Christmas the spirit of joy and of peace and of happiness that we confidently expect to find there? Would the presence of our children and their joy over the coming of Santa Claus, or the presence of the Christmas spirit in the home be as meaningful and as productive without the hope born out of Christmas? Would many be able to endure the Christmas rejoicing and at the same time think of those members of our family circle that have departed and feel the scepter of the hand of death even upon our loved ones without heartbreak? Are not all of these things part of the product of Christ's spirit and of His having come to us and of His presence with us now?

Christmas is made beautiful and meaningful to us by certain symbols, symbols that almost invariably have to do with life or peace, and about the festival has come up that magnificent section of the world's music that we know as the Christmas Carol, the story of the Manger Birth in Bethlehem with the song of angels and the wonderment of shepherds and wisemen. Through the years this has become something of tradition and has woven into our hearts strings. And by reason of these traditions, through the history of almost two thousand years of living, an inspiration to poets, prophets and other writers has caused to be gathered about the scene at Bethlehem a group of beautiful stories and poems; stories like Van Dykes' "The Other Wise Man." To lose Christ out of the world and never to have experienced the First Christmas would mean that our humanity would have missed all of these things. Suppose He had not come?

Again, the Spirit of Christmas, which is forever the Spirit of Christ, has come to mean the time of reunion of friends and families, a sort of welding force to bind our hearts the closer and to make us pause in the midst of our busy lives to think about the deeper spiritual things in which we each live and move and have our being. Had He not come, what of these things?

And then, supposing He had not come—when you think about the fatherless and motherless boys and girls, when you think about the sick, the infirm, the unfortunate, the aged, the forgotten—what of them? Suppose the Spirit of Jesus which has been the Spirit of binding up the broken hearted, of ministering to those who were in need, of caring for the orphans, of healing the sick, of making fit the unfit, of shielding the unfortunate of caring for the aged, suppose this Spirit had never come into our lives and at Christmastime you and I could not know the joy of sharing our hearts and our possessions with somebody else, what then?

But He did come, and with each passing year the angels' song has come into a greater diapason of peace on earth to men of good will. The orphans are to be fed and clothed, the poor are to be ministered to in His name, the unfortunate and sick are to be visited and cared for and the aged provided for and made happier—all in the name and for the sake of The One who came in the long ago and who lives today as our Christ, our Elder Brother and Companion.

From time to time something has been said about the Christmas Offering. You are acquainted with its purposes. You know that its proceeds will go to care for orphan boys and girls; to make old people who sit in the shadows happier; to minister to someone who stands in need and to minister in the name of the Christ. The Christmas Offering is more than just raising a sum of money, it is an opportunity to invest ourselves for Christ's sake at Christmas time.

"In as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Why Go to Church In Bad Weather?

Ten reasons for attending church when the weather is stormy

1. Because I am a Christian.
2. Because my reason, judgment, and conscience tell me that it is right.
3. Because the fourth commandment does not exempt the stormy Lord's day.
4. Because I may miss exactly the sermon or prayer I need.
5. Because my presence helps more on stormy days than on bright ones.
6. Because the storm did not keep me from the show last Monday, nor the dinner last Tuesday, nor the store any day in the week.
7. Because I insist upon the minister being there. His contract is no more binding than mine.
8. Because the example, which cannot stand a little storm is of no worth.
9. Because the man who fears the storm will soon fear the cloud, and he who fears the cloud will soon fear the sunshine itself as a reason for neglecting the church.
10. Because my real excuse must be made to the Lord and not to man.—Earl Riney, in *The Word and Way*.



Paderewski, Lame and Ill, Will Sail Tonight, Probably Never to Return

Piano Master Who Gave Fortune to Poland Needs Money.

By Associated Press.

New York, May 30.—A lame old man, his shoulders weary with the weight of 78 years, sails for his home-in-exile, aboard the French liner Normandie tonight, ill and doubtless disappointed.

And so ends probably the last American concert tour by the Polish wizard of the piano, Ignace Jan Paderewski, a living immortal among musicians.

His tour manager, Lawrence Fitzgerald, said today, "I don't think it will be physically possible for him to tour again."

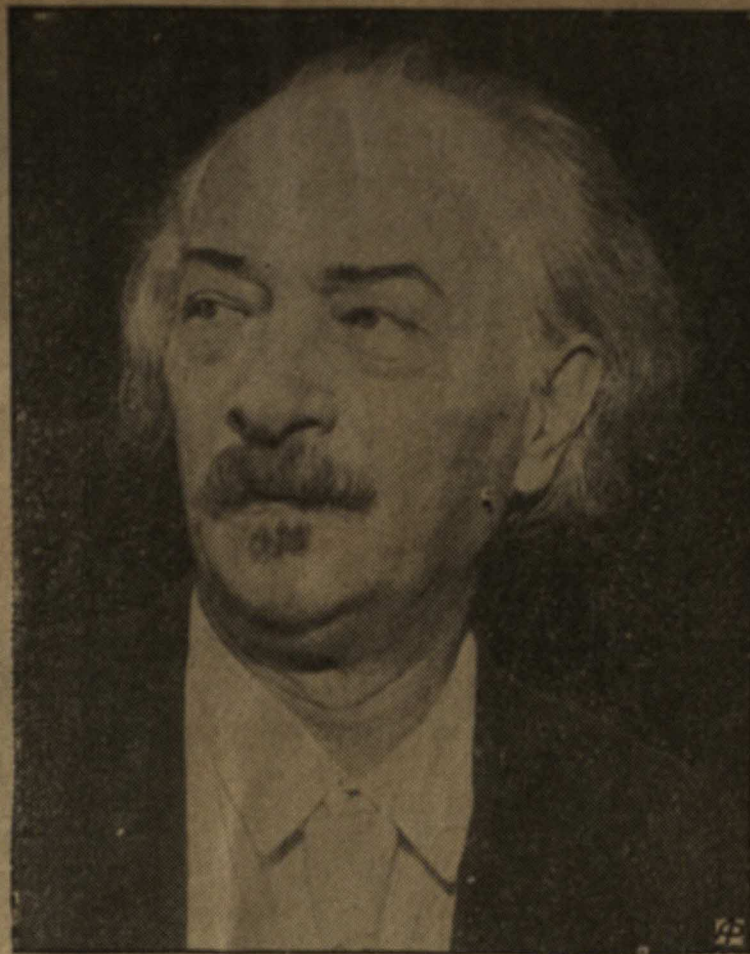
While a throng enchanted with the legend of his genius waited restlessly in huge Madison Square Garden last Thursday night, Paderewski himself confronted the inevitable. He told his staff that his strength was gone.

He acknowledged what may well be the end of his career in spite of a prime incentive to play once again: He needed the money.

Having given one fortune of \$2,700,000 to the recreation of Poland as an independent nation and hundreds of thousands more to other philanthropies, he had returned to the land of his first great financial success to refill his purse.

Stubbornly staving off illness, he played 20 of his 25 scheduled concerts—a piddling few when compared to the 117 he gave on his first American tour nearly 50 years ago.

In those days, when he was all but mobbed by an admiring pub-



IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI.

lic, he set box office records. He received \$2500 for each recital in 1892 and earned \$118,000, a record for instrumentalists up to that time.

Proceeds of his latest tour were being computed yesterday for in-

come tax purposes and, while the sum was considerable, it probably won't meet Paderewski's normally high expenses for long, a member of his staff indicated.

He lives now in a Swiss villa, a voluntary exile from Poland

Audiences at Last U. S. Tour Surprised by His Weakness.

which he served as a post-war premier, and he also maintains a vast ranch in California.

He was in virtual retirement in Switzerland when he decided on another American tour in 1933. Illness forced him to cancel his plans, and after his second wife died, in 1934, he announced he would never again cross the Atlantic.

Circumstances apparently changed his mind, and on his return he found American audiences as gracious as ever. When cancellation of his New York concert was announced, many in the audience wept, and a spontaneous movement was started to donate a portion of the receipts to him—an offer he declined.

Many of his listeners seemed to have forgotten or not to have known how old he had become. Often they appeared surprised to see him walking so slowly—to his legs weakened by phlebitis—to his place on the stage. They were still charmed by his virtuosity, nonetheless.

Members of his entourage said the master's touch was still sure, his tonal quality and musicianship still among the finest, though naturally he had lost the power with which he had once assailed the piano.

And, tired as he was, Paderewski appeared happy—most of all when doing the thing that now may be denied him forever.



Robin A. Elliott, 41, oil man, who died early Friday at his residence, 2124 Pembroke Drive.

ROBIN ELLIOTT, OIL MAN, DIES

Robin A. Elliott, 41, Fort Worth oil man, died at 4:15 a. m. Friday at his residence, 2124 Pembroke Drive.

Mr. Elliott had been ill for several months and in a hospital part of that time, but his condition was not believed serious. He had made a business trip to Austin Thursday, but complained of feeling ill on his return in the afternoon.

A resident of Fort Worth nine years, Mr. Elliott came here from Sherman where he had conducted his oil business several years. The company with which he was affiliated was formed in Sherman and operated chiefly in East Texas.

Associated with Mr. Elliott in the FHE Oil Company were William Fleming, F. E. Hardesty and Kay Kimbell. Mr. Elliott was vice president of the company at the time of his death.

Mr. Elliott retained his Masonic lodge affiliations in Sherman, but was a member of Moslah Temple here. He also was a steward of First Methodist Church here.

Survivors include the widow; two sons, Robin A. Jr. and Billy Y., and a daughter, Mary Katherine, twin of Billy Y.; parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Elliott, Lone Oak; brother, Rufus Elliott, Lone Oak, and a sister, Mrs. Odell Knott, Colorado City.

Billy Elliott had made the trip to Austin with his father and remained there for a visit with Pat O'Daniel, son of Governor O'Daniel. The other Elliott children also were out of the city at the time of their father's death.

Funeral services will be conducted at 5 p. m. Saturday at Gause-Ware Memorial Chapel, with Rev. N. R. Score officiating.

Many Landmarks in City Have Historical Interest

Fort Worth Residents as Well as Visitors Will Find Wealth of Places For Studying Early Days

Fort Worth is replete with historical landmarks, some of them of great interest because of their connection with deathless events in the history of the state as well as the city.

Oddly enough, many Fort Worth residents are not aware of some of these spots, and will find them of as great interest as will the Frontier Centennial visitors.

Most of the original buildings of historical interest have given way to modern structures. The sites are marked with concrete or bronze markers.

Following is a list of some of these landmarks:

VAIN ZANDT HOME (Camp Bowie Blvd. near Frontier Exposition grounds)—This house stood on the boulevard during the 1860's. The women's division of the Frontier Centennial recently restored it and made it into a museum. The Frontier Centennial grounds cover part of the old Van Zandt farm that was owned by Major Van Zandt.

INDIAN GATHERING SITE (end of Rio Grande Ave., west of Summit Ave.)—Indians gathered at this point in 1849 to make their only attempt to capture Camp Worth. They fled over the bluff at the shot of a six-pound Howitzer fired by United States troops under Major Ripley Arnold.

TEMPORARY COURT HOUSE SITE (a cement marker west of the present court house entrance near the curb)—The building was erected in 1856 immediately after the county seat was selected, and was occupied until 1863.

FIRST COURT HOUSE (marker at main entrance to Tarrant County Court House)—This was a stone building, commenced in 1866, but the construction was suspended during the Civil War. It was not completed until 1896, and was destroyed by fire March 29, 1876.

FIRST COLLEGE (Central High School, Cannon Ave.)—The Wesleyan College, established in 1882, with Rev. A. A. Johnson as president.

FIRST ORPHANS' HOME (Arnold Park, Cold Springs Road)—The Fort Worth Benevolent Home, now Tarrant County Orphans' Home, established in 1886 by Mrs. Bell Burchill and Mrs. Della Collins.

COLD SPRINGS (Samuels Ave. to Cold Springs Rd., marker in the center at the north end of the field under a pecan tree)—The first water supply of the community and the place where all outdoor gatherings were held.

FRENCHMAN'S WELL (end of Taylor St. on a bluff)—The well was marked by the D. A. R.'s. It was built by a Frenchman who came to Fort Worth from the old

French settlement near Dallas. A skilled stone mason, he built the first stone school house here, a stone house (a part of the foundation is still standing), and the well.

CONCRETE CHURCH AND SCHOOL HOUSE (marker in front of 502 Belknap St.)—Built in 1857, religious services were conducted here by Rev. A. M. Dean. Mrs. Mary Armstead was principal of the school.

FIRST JAIL (marker on the southeast corner of Belknap and Jones Sts. on Walter Huffman School grounds)—Erected in 1858 when John York was sheriff.

FIRST GENERAL MERCHANDISE STORE (corner Samuels and Pearl Sts.)—This was the first store of this kind on the public square. Henry Daggett opened it in 1849. He was succeeded by Julian Field, first postmaster, in 1856.

FIRST FLOUR MILL (extreme end of Mill St. on the river bank)—Established by Julian Field in 1856.

FIRST RAILROAD STATION (marker in front entrance of the Union Station)—Erected in 1876 on the Texas & Pacific Railway line.

FIRST ARTESIAN WELL (south of 815 Henderson St.)—Drilled in 1878 by J. J. Peters.

FIRST WELL DUG BY U. S. TROOPS (marker on Houston St. on Criminal Courts Bldg. grounds)—Major Ripley Arnold was commander of the troops. The well was dug when the post was established in 1849.

FIRST SECONDARY SCHOOL (Post Office grounds, Jennings Ave.)—The Collier Academy established in 1879 with John Collier as principal.

FIRST HIGH SCHOOL (Jennings High School grounds, north of Ninth St.)—Established in 1884 with Percival White as principal.

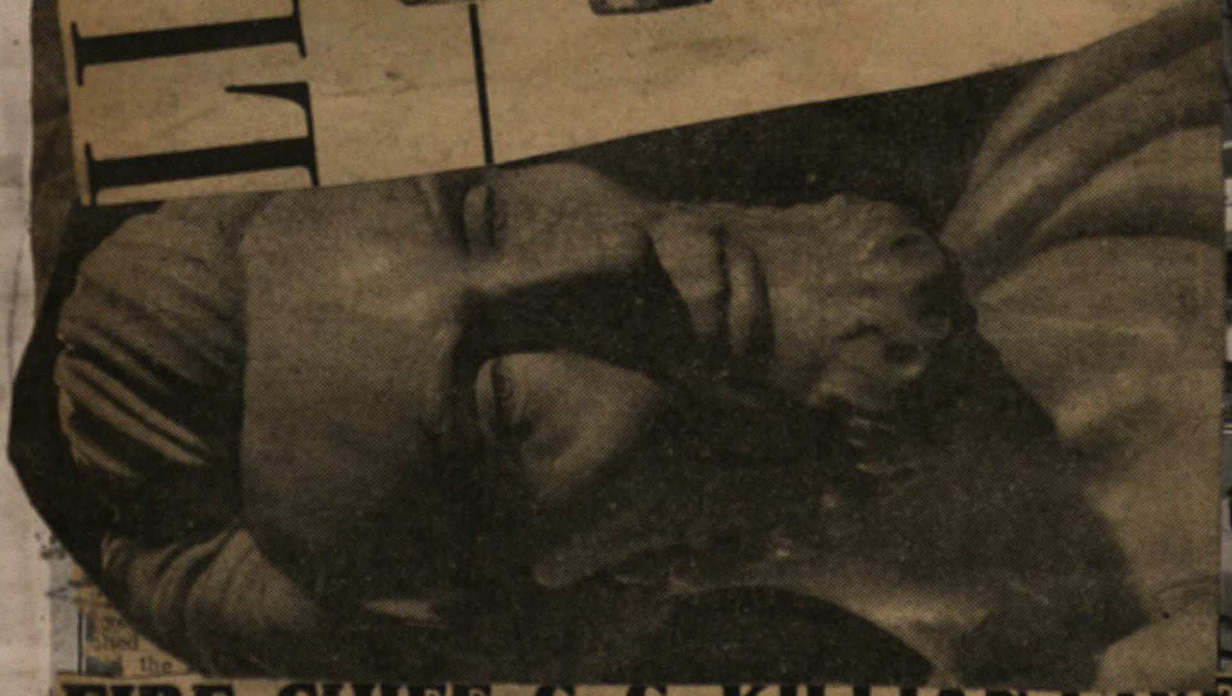
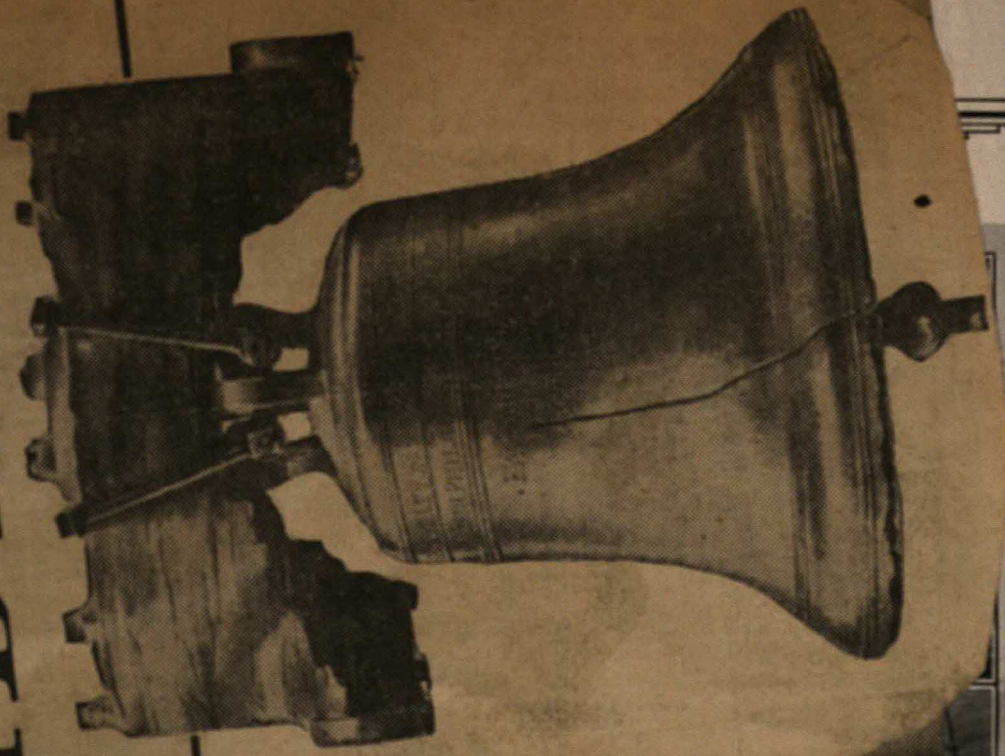
FIRST STORE IN TARRANT COUNTY (Paddock Place, East Belknap St., rear of courthouse)—Built by Henry Daggett in 1849.

FIRST CEMETERY (630 Samuels Ave.)—The land was the gift of Baldwin Samuels.

AL HAYNIE BUST (Haynie triangle at Houston St. and Lancaster Ave.)—Dedicated to the hero of the Spring Palace fire in 1890. Haynie, a civil engineer, was one of the most active workers in effecting the escape of about 700 persons in the Spring Palace when fire developed. After delaying his own exit, he jumped breaking both ankles. Unable to escape the flames, he was severely burned and died the next day.

FORT LAND MARK (north of Criminal Courts Bldg.)—Only land mark from which the city got its name. Four live oak trees are still growing at the place.

LIBERTY



FIRE CHIEF C. C. KILLIAN GIVES

1. Make sure that matches, cigarettes or cigars are entirely out before leaving them.

2. Don't let dry waste or oily rags accumulate in some out-of-the-way corner. Combustion is the cause of many fires. Throw all oily rags away!

"4 POINTS OF SAFETY"

3. Have your electric wiring inspected regularly. Don't use pennies as fuses. Be careful when working with electrical appliances.

4. Keep your heating system and chimney in good condition. Avoid using inflammable liquids any time.

EUROPE GROWS NINE TENTHS OF THE WORLD'S POTATO CROP!

4—A No. 981 Sylphon Temperature ... Mills, Knoxville, Tennessee.
5—No. 942 Sylphon in a dough room (not shown) con

ing Mills.
githerns
24 Regi-

at the plant of the Cherokee Spinning

a Time,

which was anywhere from 50,000 to half years ago, gigantic mastodons roamed

near Denver. This fact was established Saturday when WPA workers near Fort Logan came upon a ten-foot tusk. The Rev. Conrad Bilgery, S. J., head of the geology department of Regis college, who was called to view the discovery by Capt. M. C. Gata, acting commander of Fort Logan, said the tusk is the first proof that the gigantic mastodons lived in this region. The priest established the time as shortly after the ice age. Captain Gata and Father Bilgery are shown examining the discovery.

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YOU CAN'T SIDESTEP

No. You can't side-step life's troubles,
Nor storms of strife and brambles,
For somewhere in all life's way
We must meet these some day.

2-E Keep on—greet the world by a
smile,
Sorrow and pain will be worth
while—

Trouble will vanish into happiness,
Brambles will be turned into glad-
ness.

...Dr. J. I. Guillotin did not
invent the machine; he merely
urged its use in 1789 "to render the
process of execution as swift and
painless as possible."

Similar machines, known as "the
maiden" or "the Halifax gibbet,"
were used much earlier in Scotland,
England and various parts of the
Continent.

The good doctor died a natural
death 25 years after the French ma-
chine was named for him.

Syphon Regithern controlling temperature in des. kiln
like skin of a boiled egg is a
most excellent remedy for boils.
Peel the egg carefully, wet and ap-
ply to the part affected. It will
draw off the matter and relieve
the soreness in a few hours.

Msgr. Robert M. Nolan, Pastor of St. Patrick's, Dies After Brief Illness

Brain Hemorrhage Closes Distinguished Career of Veteran Catholic Priest.

Msgr. Robert M. Nolan, 63, pastor of St. Patrick's Catholic Church, died at 9:45 p. m. Saturday at St. Joseph's Hospital, where he was taken late last Monday night after becoming critically ill at the rectory.

The oldest Fort Worth pastor in point of service, Monsignor Nolan succumbed to a cerebral hemorrhage suffered shortly before midnight Monday. He had returned only a week before from Tyler where he had been in a hospital for several days while on a trip there and to Texarkana with Bishop Joseph P. Lynch of Dallas.

At that time he received treatment for bronchitis.

Upon his return to Fort Worth, Father Nolan complained a little of feeling ill and attended to his parish affairs until late Monday. Upon retiring Monday night he told his assistant, Rev. Ernest Langenhorst, that he was ill, but it was not until about 11:30 p. m. that he awoke and asked that a physician be called.

Shortly before midnight his condition was critical and Father Langenhorst administered the last rites of the church.

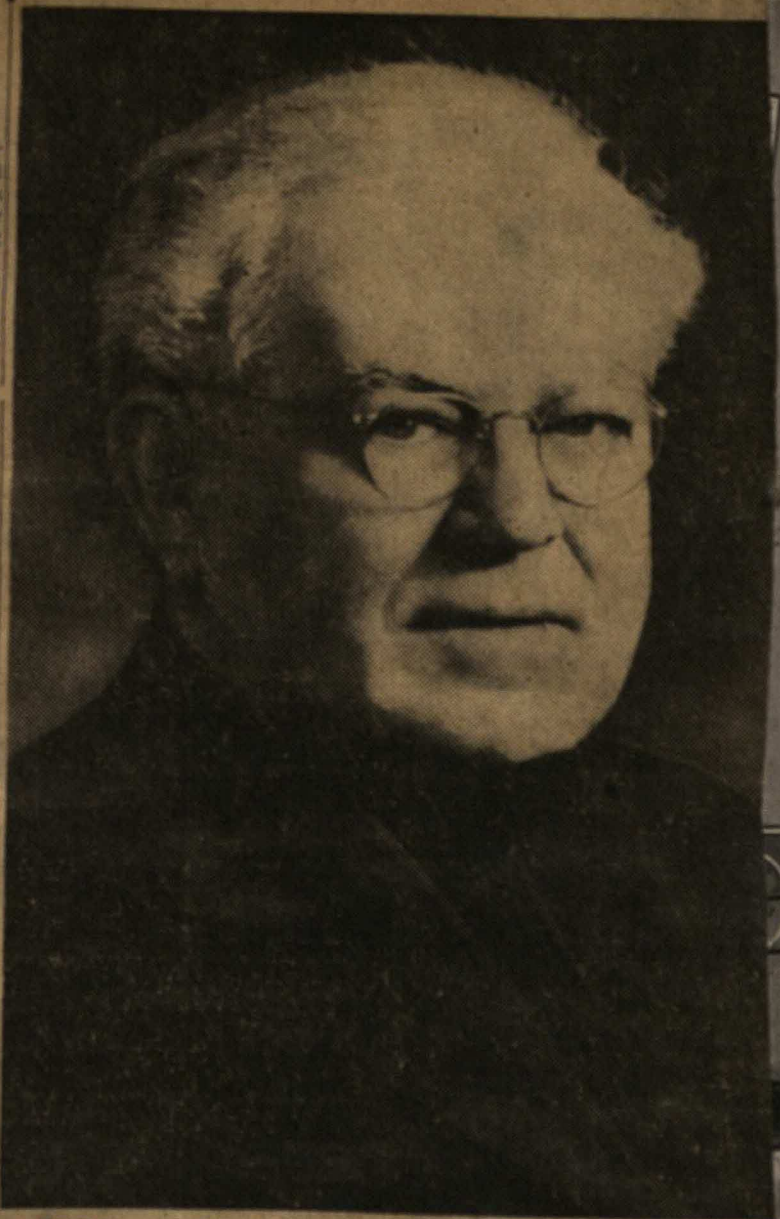
Father Nolan's life began to ebb shortly before noon Saturday.

With him when he died were Father Parroccinni, chaplain at the hospital; Mrs. C. F. Connor, a niece, of 903 Woodland Street; Mr. Connor, other relatives and Sisters of the hospital.

Father Langenhorst, who had been at the hospital for several hours, had been called away about five minutes before Monsignor Nolan died.

Prayers were said for the veteran priest throughout the afternoon and night.

Elevation to monsignorship more than 10 years ago did not change



1874 - - - MSGR. ROBERT M. NOLAN - - - 1939

Fort Worth Ready to Enjoy Holiday After Last-Minute Rush of Christmas Buying

Fort Worth relaxed late Saturday night after the final rush for presents and holiday food supplies and prepared to enjoy what will seem like two Christmas Days this year.

A spirit of joy and merriment settled over the city, for in general conditions appeared better than at the same time last year. Merchants reported an extremely active day and, although awaiting final check-ups, expressed the opinion the

Christmas shopping season was somewhat heavier than that of 1938.

Fair and colder weather was in store for both Sunday and Monday. All letters and parcels received at the postoffice by noon Saturday were delivered, and Postmaster Young announced that gift packages and special deliveries will be dispatched to homes on both Sunday and Monday. Outgoing mail will be handled, but no window service will

be available at the postoffice on either day.

"We had wonderful co-operation in early mailing this year," Young declared. "There's scarcely anything left over at the postoffice."

Both Sunday and Monday will be busy days for Fort Worth residents. Scores of plays, pageants and cantatas will be given in the churches

the designation of the priest by his friends from "Father Nolan," and it was under this title that he became endeared to thousands far beyond the confines of his parish and his religious denomination.

His influence in civic as well as religious matters was profound. Democratic and possessed of a natural aptitude for making and keeping friends, Monsignor Nolan was at once loved and respected for his ever-ready smile, plain-spokenness and hearty manner by those with whom he came in contact.

As a priest, he received many honors, and his devotion to his congregation and to his religion marked him among the clergy of Texas, in which State he spent his entire life after his ordination.

He was a former state chaplain for the Knights of Columbus, and at the time of his death was chaplain for the Fort Worth chapter, Catholic Daughters of America. He was domestic prelate, papal chamberlain, diocesan consultant, dean of the Fort Worth district and member of the Council of Vigilance of the Catholic Church.

Guided Toward Priesthood.

His greatest interest outside immediate parish affairs was in the Catholic Charities of Fort Worth, of which he was a director. Monsignor Nolan also was a member of the Rotary Club.

All through his boyhood, he had wanted to become a priest.

When young, he and another lad used to punch holes in sheets from newspapers, insert their heads in them and pretend they were the vestments of the chutes which he later wore with dignity and honor. As he became older, the feeling grew in him that God was calling him to the clergy. Avenues to other occupations closed mysteriously before him and every fate seemed to guide him toward the priesthood.

His parents were very poor in Dickinson County, Kansas, where he was born Aug. 20, 1874, and his struggle for a theological education was almost heroic. He studied for a time in the Jesuit School at St. Marys, Kan., and later with the Sisters there. When he was 18 years old, his family moved to Atchison, where he studied under the Sisters of St. Benedict and later entered a college conducted there by the Benedictine Fathers.

He was graduated from St. Benedict's College in 1892 and for the next five years he taught Latin, Greek and English literature in his alma mater.

Almost Joined Army.

In 1897 he went to St. Joseph's College near Covington, La., where he taught, studied and completed his theological education. He was ordained to the priesthood for the Dallas diocese by Archbishop Placide Chappelle in St. Louis Cathedral, New Orleans, on June 4, 1898.

He almost had abandoned his studies a few months before ordination because of a sudden urge to join the United States Army against the Spanish, but the nearness of his ordination restrained him.

After ordination, he went back to visit his people in Kansas. He had been given three weeks' vacation and during that time he said his first mass in Effingham, Kan.

Arriving in Texas June 23, 1898, the young priest was assigned to Paris, where until Aug. 20 of that year he substituted for another priest whose arrival was awaited. The young priest then was sent to his first parish, that of St. Stephens at Weatherford, where he remained two years and three months.

He was transferred from Weatherford to St. Mary's Church at Gainesville. There he established a new flourishing parochial school under direction of the Sisters of Notre Dame, built a convent and made other improvements to the church property.

Named Dean in 1912.

On Dec. 31, 1907, he received an appointment from the late Rt. Rev. E. J. Dunne, bishop of Dallas, to St. Patrick's Church in Fort Worth. He remained a parish priest until 1912 when he was appointed dean of the Fort Worth district, comprising 14 churches.

His elevation to the rank of chamberlain to the Pope came in 1920, and three years later he was elevated to the dignity of domestic prelate. Both of these appointments were honorary and carried with them no jurisdiction. They entitled him to be addressed as Monsignor.

Monsignor Nolan went three times to Europe. The first trip carried him to Orton, Italy, to select for St. Patrick's Church a series of 14 tablets of carved wood representing the passion and suffering of Christ. They are surpassed by few such carvings in the United States and were executed by Franz Schmalzl, descendant of a long line of wood carvers.

Holy Week in Rome.

In 1924 Monsignor Nolan made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land and visited Rome. Again in 1929 he spent Holy Week and Easter Sunday in Rome, attended an Eucharistic Congress in Tunis and witnessed the Passion Play at Oberammergau.

Among the many distinctive honors received by Monsignor Nolan as a churchman was his appointment in 1920 as a Knight of the Holy Sepulcher, through which he became a member of an order founded during the Crusades to the Holy Land.

The honorary appointment was made in Jerusalem while Monsignor Nolan was visiting the Holy Land after attending the International Eucharistic Congress at Carthage, North Africa. The honor was conferred by the Bishop of Jerusalem.

Monsignor Nolan was one of the few Texans to be so honored. The commander of the distinctive order in the United States is Bishop Francis Kelley of Oklahoma City.

Until her death, Monsignor Nolan's mother, Mrs. Margaret Amanda Nolan, lived with him at the rectory here, as did a sister, the late Mrs. Mary Drake.

Another sister, Mrs. William Lincoln, lives at Los Angeles.

In addition to Mrs. Lincoln and his niece who lives here, Father Nolan is survived by another niece, Mrs. May Peterman of Long Beach, Cal., and four grand-nieces, Miss Helen and Ruth Cooper of Fort

LEST WE FORGET
God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine:
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget!—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting die;
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget!—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And, guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

GOOD-BYE OR HOWDY-DO
Say good-bye or howdy-do—
Just the same to me and you;
Taint worth while to make no fuss,
'Cause the job's up on us!
Some One's yunnit this concern
That's got nothin' else to learn:
If He's willin', we'll pull through—
Say good-bye or howdy-do!
—James Whitcomb Riley

Worth, and Misses Peggy and Virginia Peterman of Long Beach, and grand-nephew, Robert Connor, Fort Worth.

Robertson-Mueller-Barpo Funeral Temple will announce arrangements.

Shortly before the death of Monsignor Nolan, a group of pastors of other downtown churches telegraphed to St. Patrick's Parish their hopes of his recovery.

The telegram stated:

"We deeply regret the illness of one of Fort Worth's greatest citizens, a noble servant of the church through these more than 30 years. Father Nolan has labored untiringly for the common good, a friend to rich and poor alike, a pastor beyond his own parish. Our constant prayer is that he may be restored to his many friends and to the church he so much loved."

It was signed by Rev. L. D. Anderson of First Christian Church, Rev. Louis P. Martin of St. Ann's Episcopal Church, Rev. J. Frank Norris of First Baptist Church, Rev. J. N. H. Stone of First Methodist Church and Rev. James K. Thompson of First Presbyterian Church.

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LIZARD WITH 4 TAILS

Found by Mary Scott Honolulu, Hawaii



JOHN GLENN, Benton

DOUBLE-NOSE SETTER Owned by

THE DRAGON-FLY WILL EAT ITS OWN ABDOMEN!



Stories of Famous Hymns

by HORACE B. POWELL



Lead, Kindly Light

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom.

Lead Thou me on!

The night is dark, and I am far from home;

Lead Thou me on!

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see

The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou

Shouldst lead me on;

I loved to choose and see my path; but now

Lead Thou me on!

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,

Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years!

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still

Will lead me on,

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

The night is gone.

And with the morn those angel faces smile,

Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

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Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on!

The night is dark, and I am far from home;

Lead Thou me on!

John Henry Newman, English churchman, was praying for divine assistance in a time of deep spiritual distress and perplexity when he penned the verses which became one of the most beautiful of all the hymns.

Falling under the spell of the Oxford Movement which was sweeping his native country early in the Nineteenth Century, Dr. Newman was torn between loyalty to the Church of England which he then was serving and love for the Roman Catholic Church into which he was drawn a few years later.

Spiritual unhappiness brought on physical illness and Dr. Newman

If you would like to know the story of some famous hymn, write The Star-Telegram and an effort will be made to have it published. Another in the series of "Stories of Famous Hymns" will appear next week.

sought relief in a Mediterranean cruise. After spending some time in Rome, he went to Sicily where he was stricken with a fever which nearly cost him his life. When, finally, he recovered, his one desire was to return to his homeland. But there were no vessels sailing for England just then. For three weeks the young clergyman was obliged to

wait for transportation at Palermo. Then he found passage on an orange boat bound for Marseilles but again there was a trying delay when the sailing craft was halted by a dead calm. A week went by before friendly winds came again to speed the homesick churchman on his way. It was on that little orange boat, becalmed in the middle of the Mediterranean, that "Lead, Kindly Light" was written. It was finished on a Sunday afternoon, on June 16, 1833.

Newman's hymn has been a source of comfort through the years to Christians everywhere. It was one of President William McKinley's favorites and he whispered its sentiments just before he died. Later, "Lead, Kindly Light" was sung at his funeral, and churches all over America used it again on the first anniversary of his passing.

Fig. 1, Instrument No. 875

P	6%	6%	3%
G	4A	4A	4A
F	3A	3A	3A
C	3%	3%	3%

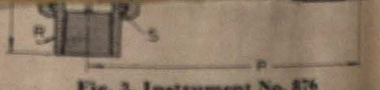
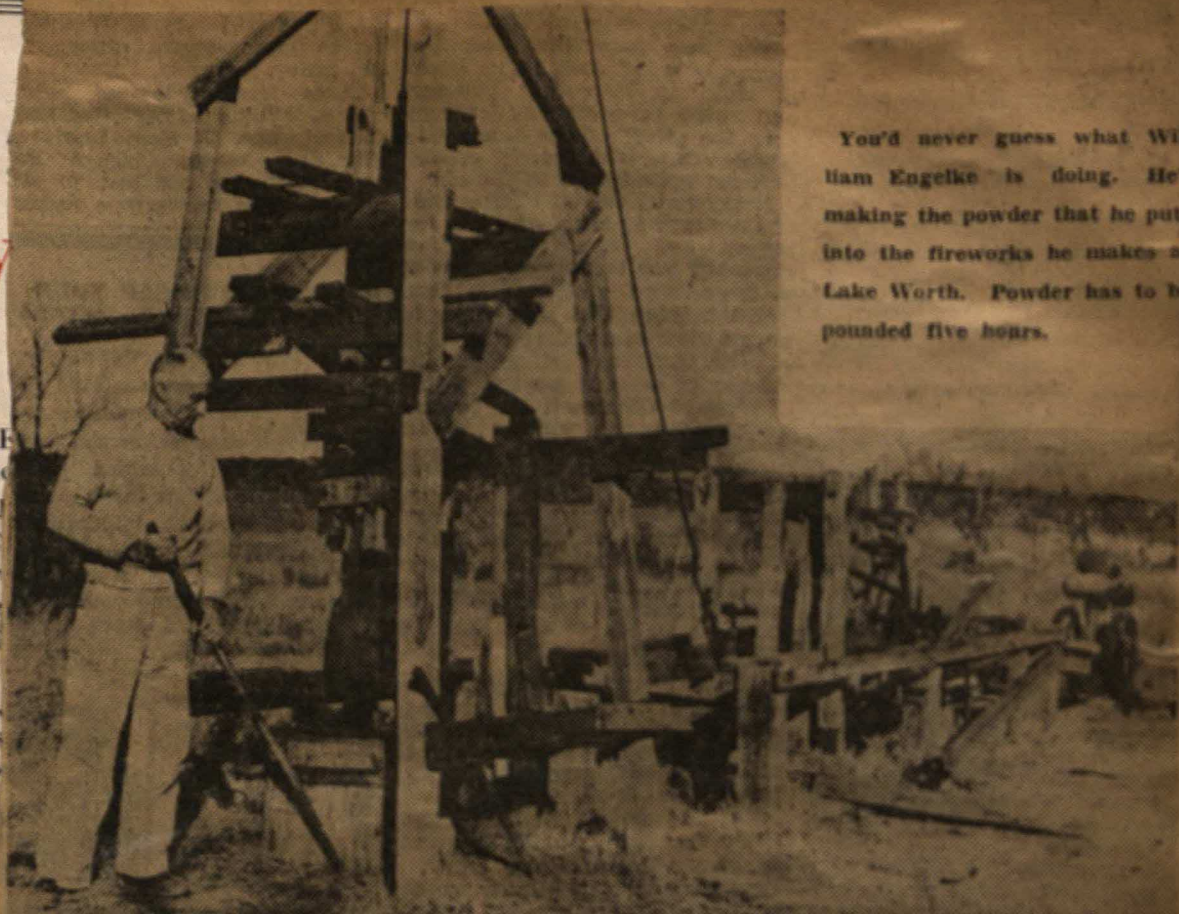


Fig. 3, Instrument No. 876



'Firecracker Bill' Makes Gunpowder Near Lake Worth For Artistic Aerial Bombs



You'd never guess what William Engelke is doing. He's making the powder that he puts into the fireworks he makes at Lake Worth. Powder has to be pounded five hours.

Editor's Note: This is another of a series describing oddities of industry in Fort Worth—unusual business enterprises which are little known to the general public.

By C. L. DOUGLAS

It looks like a pile driver that Rube Goldberg might have designed—that odd, gas-motored contraption which chugs away in the back yard of William Engelke's house near Lake Worth.

All day long the heavy wooden driver plunges up and down in a tub—pounding, pounding.

The casual passerby might assume that Mr. Engelke is drilling a water well, but that wooden tub contains a mixture of charcoal, saltpeter and sulphur, harmless ingredients in themselves but highly potent when mixed and pounded.

Mr. Engelke is making gunpowder, which soon will be going into bombs, skyrocketers, firecrackers, red devils, pin-wheels and other pyrotechnic articles.

Neighbors call Mr. Engelke "Firecracker Bill"—because (and distilled over into the bellows to mix it. Furthermore, liquid being practically incompressible, whereas vapor is very elastic, it will

few Fort Worthers know it) he operates the only fireworks plant in the entire Southwest, his closest competitor being at Kansas City.

"Firecracker Bill," an energetic, enthusiastic man of middle age, uses so much of the stuff for his various bang-bang products that he can make it much cheaper than he can buy it from the Du Ponts or other manufacturers of explosives.

Mr. Engelke, a native of Virginia, has been running his Pan-American plant here for six years. He is keeping alive in Texas one of the world's oldest, but most peculiar, industries—one which was practiced in India centuries ago and which was perfected by the priests of China.

In the cluster of buildings which stand on a hill overlooking Lake Worth on the east side of the Jacksboro Highway, a quarter of a mile northeast of the Casino, Engelke and some of his young women assistants wrap bombs.

They're not the kind that little Johnnie takes out on the Fourth of July. They are as big as a gallon

bucket—the kind which are propelled skyward from a steel mortar with the backing of two pounds of powder, and which burst aloft with as many as 180 reports. You've heard 'em on special occasions.

Mr. Engelke's specialty is this larger stuff. He has handled shows all over the United States like the sham battles staged at American Legion conventions.

If you've been at Lake Worth Casino for Fourth of July celebrations, you've probably seen some of Mr. Engelke's most artistic work—gigantic Donald Ducks, Pop-Eyes, Niagara Falls, etc.—all done in colors.

He can, by the use of rattan strung over forms, turn out fiery pictures of kicking wives, acrobats, marching men, or what you will. Just now he's designing a fireworks portrait of a pelican which lays an egg, walks away to allow the egg to hatch a baby pelican.

Mr. Engelke made bombs used at the Centennial grounds during the visit of President Roosevelt last year.

No compressed air, electricity, water or other auxiliary power is required to operate these self-contained regulators. They are quick to add

If I know what your philosophy of life is, then I will tell you whether you will have friends or not. If your very being is saturated with the essence of kindness, then you will have friends. Kindness, like virtue, mints the coin for its own reward; kindness is the precious oil that makes the crushing wheels-of-care seem lighter.

Life does not consist of getting, but giving. We are not here for just ourselves. Love must be strong and unselfish; it must turn away from its own torn and bleeding heart, and look to a needy world; forward to the day when it shall be joyous forever; up to a wise Father who does all things well.

Full Might of Dam Freed

PAGE 175-14



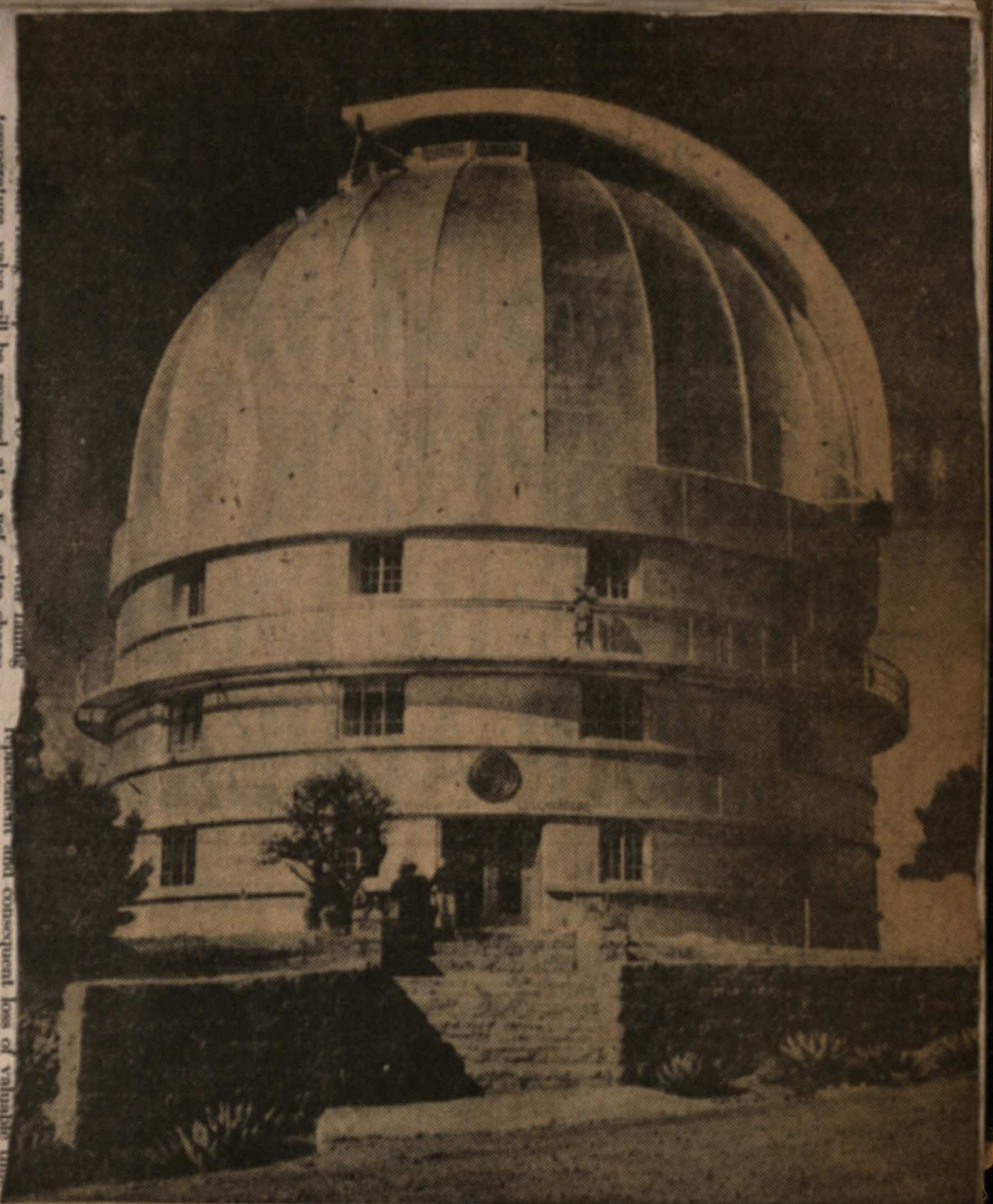
With thousands of tons of water pouring from all outlets, this unusual photo shows the full might and magnificence of Boulder Dam, in a display that may never happen again, at least until the lake should fill. In the background is the dam and the vast lake it has created stretching far into the distance. Arizona forms the right bank of the Colorado River here and Nevada the left bank.

temperature, valve will be reversed at a net extra charge of \$2.50 (¼" and ¾" valves cannot be reversed). Description of valves and "How to Order" appear on page 175-19. Typical installations are shown on pages 175-10 and 175-18.

Replacement and consequent loss of valuable time. Good reasons why Syphon Regulators have the approval of the country's most eminent engineers.

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World's second largest observatory on Mt. Locke, near Fort Davis, Texas. McDonald Observatory is operated jointly by the Universities of Texas and Chicago. It is as tall as a five-story building and its giant telescope is in the dome. It will be dedicated May 5.



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Age-Old Traditions of Masonry Form Background For Shrine's Sponsorship of Americanism Service Sunday

The Shriners of Texas will be here for the next three days, and the average citizens—those who are non-Masons—will stand by in mild wonder, watching the colorful parades, eyeing the antics of the ring candidates with a doubtful smile, and wondering what the hubbub's about.

The Shrine is commonly called the "playground" of Masonry. Certainly its members have their fun. "We have a big time," they say, "but we are innocent about it."

But there is a more serious side, members insist, an aspect not meant for the eyes of outsiders—and one which significantly forms a background for the Shriners' sponsorship of a giant Americanism service in T. C. U. stadium next Sunday, marking the baccalaureate of 1740 Fort Worth high school graduates.

Age of Order Unknown
Potentate Jesse E. Martin and Chief Rabban W. L. Stewart of Moslah Shrine Temple, when asked for the story of Masonry and the Shrine, turned to the order's historians.

Nobody knows just how old the Masonic Order is. Some claim that it dates back to 5000 B. C. But scholars say it can be traced back definitely only to the Roman Collegia, later known as the Comacine Masters, a group of architects and master builders. Their secrets were handed down to the "Cathedral Builders" of the Middle Ages—and the Cathedral Builders spread throughout Europe.

No central organization existed.

Masons met and carried on their activities in independent lodges, each presided over by a master. They accepted apprentices and communicated the secrets of architecture and building to these men, who after seven years, if qualified, were inducted as master masons.

Up to this point the order was purely "operative." That is, it functioned as a guild, and only practical stone masons—men who actually were builders—were admitted.

It is significant, according to historians of the order, that Masonry at that time was restricted to those who built temples and cathedrals to the glory of God.

Out of this close association with spiritual and religious ideas evolved the Masonic order as it exists today.

United in 1717
Three lodges met in London in 1717 and formed a "grand lodge" which would take in not only practical masons, but "speculative" Masons as well. Thus the order was opened to all men, of whatever craft, who subscribed to its spiritual doctrines. Other older lodges joined the new movement.

The instruments which the "operative" masons had used with their hands—the square and compass—became symbols to the new order, instruments of spiritual advancement.

Masonry in the United States got its authority directly from the grand lodge of England.

A significant fact not generally known is that each state in America has its own sovereign

grand lodge, accountable to no higher body. The "mother grand lodge" of England has no control, except in its own realm.

First American Lodge

Historians of the order generally agree that Masonry appeared first in this country in Pennsylvania in 1731, but that the first constituted lodge was established in Boston in 1833. That lodge, St. John's, still is active. Kilwinnig Lodge in Scotland has records back to 1590. Undoubtedly it is much older.

The Masons at first had only one degree, later evolved the three degrees which are the foundation of the order today, constituting the "blue lodge," or Master Masons' lodge.

Upon this foundation were built two other organizations, the Knights Templar and the 32nd Degree Scottish Rite, each open only to Masons, and each requiring additional ritualistic work.

Open To All Faiths

The Scottish Rite is open to men of all faiths, requiring as Masons do, only that each applicant must believe in one Supreme Being. Many Jews and some Mohammedans are members.

The Knights Templar, claiming a history back to the knights of the Crusades, open their order only to Christians.

Scottish Rite first was introduced in the United States in 1799, the Knights Templar in 1800.

The Shrine, built on the foundation of these two orders, is comparatively new in Masonry, and was first organized in New York

in 1872. It now extends into Canada and Mexico.

To enter the Shrine organization, a man first must be either a Knight Templar or a 32nd Degree Mason. Many become both. In either case, additional ritualistic work is necessary for membership in the Shrine.

Aim Is Justice
What is the basic aim of Masonry?

George Washington, grand master of his lodge at the time he became U. S. president, is recorded as saying, "The goal of Masonry is the happiness of mankind."

Its members today say its doctrine is "the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man." Its foundation, they stress, is justice, equality and tolerance; it seeks to practice "love, relief and tolerance."

Lists Many Patriots

"Approximately half of the 55 signers of the Declaration of Independence were Masons," said Mr. Stewart. Thirty-one of the 55 delegates to the constitutional convention were Master Masons. Practically all of George Washington's generals in the Revolution were Master Masons, as was Lafayette.

"We do not claim any corner on Americanism, but certainly in the centuries of fighting for the freedom which Americanism exemplifies, Masons have had a powerful influence.

"We are interested solely in the preservation of that freedom, and in combatting the Europeanisms which threaten it."

nowflakes Through the Magnifying Glass



The camera peered into the magnifying glass and transformed these snowflakes into four gorgeous six-rayed designs. The flake was photographed against a black background, giving a disorienting effect.

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Letter to Mother

A Girl Who Loved Her Only as a Mother, and Ignored Her as a Human Being, Writes—Too Late!

BY ELSIE ROBINSON.

AFTER SHE WAS GONE, I WROTE A letter to my mother. I wrote so seldom to her, during my busy life. Not that I forgot her. I tried to be a good daughter—thought I really was. I was always buying some little trinket that might please her; sending her flowers, or telegrams.

It's easy enough to do things like that. Actually, just selfish fun. But writing a letter—that's different. Particularly in a job like mine. When you've plowed through a daily mail of hundreds of strangers' complaints, you're sick of words—feel you can't write another one, to save your soul. So, as the years went on, though I never meant to neglect her, I hardly sent my mother a line.

My mother had worked bitterly hard trying to make a home in that rough, pioneer town where I was born. What a cruel struggle it must have been for her, gently reared and unused to work—beating her heart out in loneliness for that "little green isle" she was never to see again! How she must have longed to ease her homesickness by talking it all out to someone!

Often—I can see it now, when it is too late—she must have tried to find that ease with us, her children, telling us of those great waves beating against the wild Irish shore; of the daffodils and primroses, spreading their bright tangle in the sweet Irish Spring; of the old, thatched cottage and gray stone walls, rosy with hawthorne and abuzz with bees.

She was our mother. We could not see beyond that fact; could not see that she, too, was a person with needs of her own—did not even try to see it. What ruthless, greedy egotists youngsters are, taking love and service as their natural right!

And I, going out so young, across the continent, to make a place for myself, seemed most ungrateful of all. I wasn't really indifferent. But I WAS desperately bewildered and unhappy as she, too, must have been. We both, perhaps, expected more understanding from each other than was reasonable.

So, though I wept out my young eyes nightly with longing for her, my letters became perfunctory—infrequent. Hers were reproachful and hurt. A distance widened between us. Not anything definite. Indeed, had anyone said that such a distance existed I would have denied it indignantly. But there it was.

WAITING, WAITING, WATCHING—

And so she went through the lonely years, longing for the envelopes that never came. When she was gone I realized how it must have been. The empty house, with the stillness rising about her in the darkening tide as she sat waiting in her chair by the window. The dreadful same-

Temper
for Air a

ness of the hours—old hands plucking, plucking; tired eyes gazing, gazing; crippled feet yearning for the garden they had loved! Cruellest of all, the fright that must have seized her—feeling life slip away; watching death come nearer, nearer.

I could have helped her in that fright. I could have warmed her back to pride and hope again; made her feel that the years hadn't been wasted; that she didn't have to face the future all alone—that she still was needed, not as "just mother," but as a woman.

I could have given her that comfort, daily, in a dozen words.

Instead, I let her wait.

And then, suddenly, the waiting was all over. She would not be watching—she would not be fearing—any more. And bending above her, in an agony of longing and remorse, I saw the truth.

How beautiful she was lying there, in the gay dress she had loved—scarlet satin, white ermine—her soft hair piled high in a shining crown; small, worn hands folded over their last rose!

So beautiful, for all her years! And yet, how pitifully young and alone, facing the great dark with that gallant smile on her little face.

That was the truth about her! She had always been young and alone! She had never been "just mother"—something created for our service—something automatically pure and powerful, wise, unselfish and kind. She had been a human being, lonely, bewildered, hungry for understanding. She had battled furiously to forget herself and live for us, instead. And we had taken it all for granted—loved her as a mother, but ignored her as a human being!

That was the truth about her! If only I had told her while there still was time! But now it was too late! Or was it?

Suppose I wrote those words she longed to hear, might she still read them, with her waking eyes—and feel their comfort? And so, through one long night of sobs and fumbling words I wrote that letter I'd failed to send:

"My Darling: Forgive me for the things I did not say! Forgive me for the loneliness I let you bear alone! Forgive me for those stupid gifts I sent you, mother, when you were hungry for human sympathy! At last I know the truth about you, dear.

"I know, at last, how truly great you were! I know you were a WOMAN, first and last—and, after that, a mother. It was not easy for you to be brave and kind, patient and loyal, through the dragging years. You must have longed to live your life, as we lived ours—and fiercely hated being pushed aside.

"Somewhere, dear heart, you're walking, strong and free. Somewhere, at last, you have a chance to be yourself. God grant you do not have to walk alone!

"Let me walk with you—as I did not walk in life. Not as a daughter, seeing with a daughter's eyes—but as your tender, helpful, understanding friend.

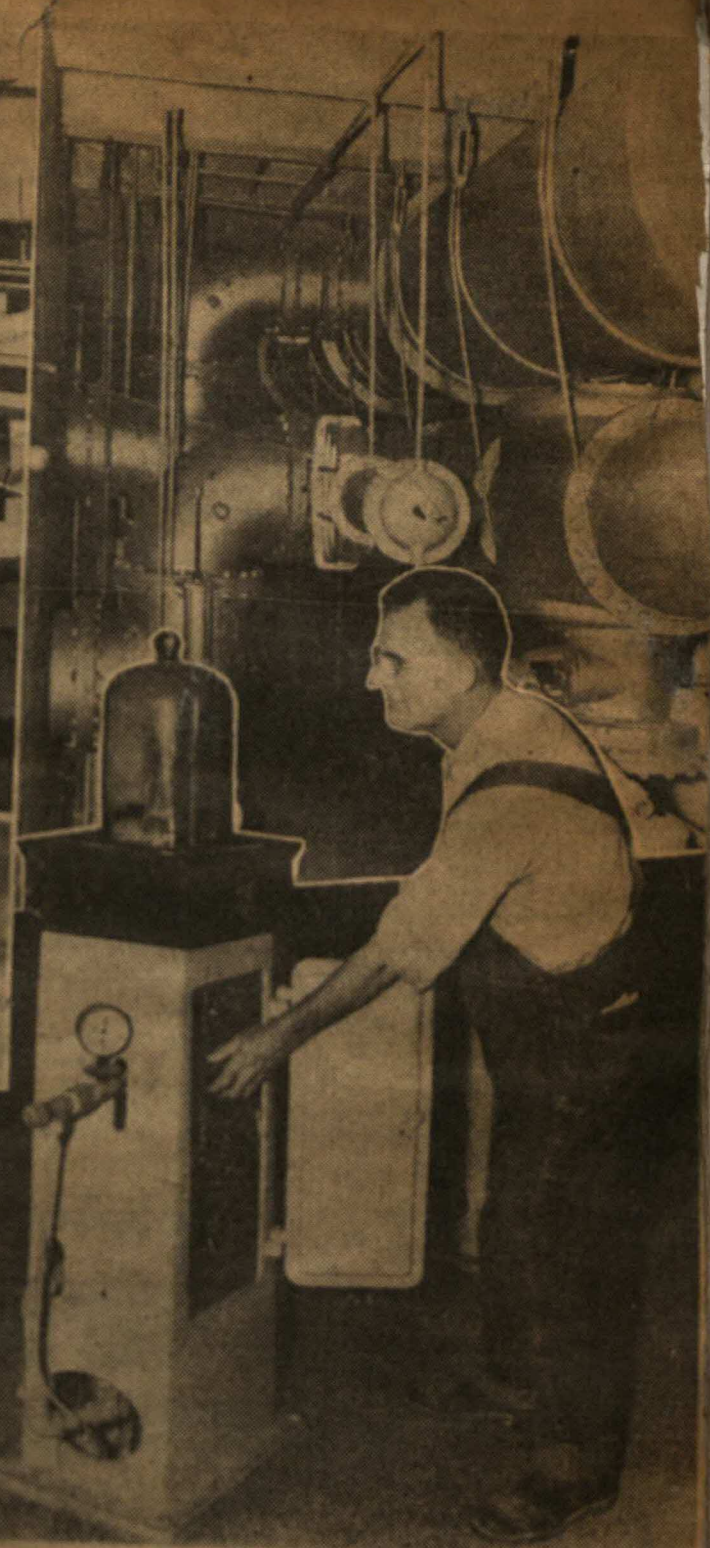
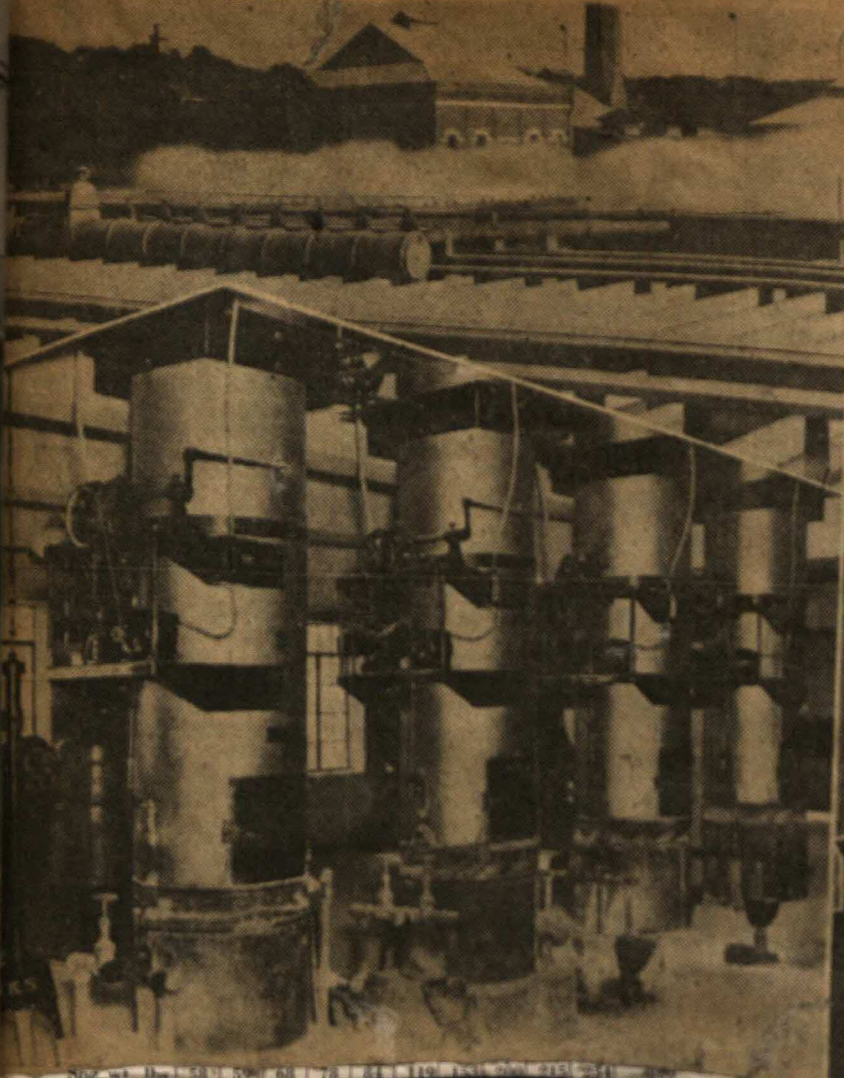
"Oh, mother, feel me. Let me touch your hand! Tears have at last washed all our barriers down!
YOUR GIRL."

Through one long night, I wrote my mother that. Through all the days, that is my constant cry. Is it too late? Or does she hear—and smile—and put her rested, happy hand in mine?

Fig. 2. No. 942 Siphon Temperature Regulator and No. 11 Regitherm applied to indirect heating stack.

Fig. 4. No. 942 Regulators on indirect heating stack. Controlling steam supply by temperature of air in duct.

It Goes Through Here-- To Your Faucet



GARDEN OF GODS
 (Colorado Springs)
 By Mrs. H. B. Wilkerson,
 Grand Wright

Thermometers don't gauge the heat for workers at the city's filter and pumping plants—they look at their giant meters and judge from how many million gallons of water Fort Worthers use daily. A hot day will see 23,000,000 gallons flow into ice pitchers, bathtubs and sinks. Yesterday the total was 19,000,000. On winter days it will drop to 9,000,000. Raw water sprays into the air at the filter plant. The process, shown at top left, is called "aeration," first step in purification, and it takes out odors and tastes. Four measuring machines, lower left, feed alum and lime into the water as it sluices into settling basins: approximately .85 grains of alum and .5 grains of lime to each gallon. The resultant aluminum hydroxide coagulates, forming nuclei which settle out mud and bacteria. From the settling basin, giant pipes weighing 9000 pounds per joint, upper right, carry the raw water to filter basins, where remaining bacteria and suspended particles are eliminated. Other huge pipes take the pure water to underground storage tanks, as A. D. Hodge, filter plant worker, lower right, regulates injection of chlorine, 10 pounds to a million gallons of water. The chlorine is a guarantee that any bacteria which get through the filters will be rendered harmless.



Picture Story of 62-Year-Old Episcopal Church



—Top Photos by The Star-Telegram.



A picture story of the 62-year-old history of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, whose present building (top left) will be consecrated at services at 11 a. m. Sunday. The \$200,000 structure was finished in 1912 but final indebtedness was cleared only recently. At top right is the present parish house, which stood at Fifth and Commerce (then Rutk) Streets until its removal to the present site adjacent the church in 1890. It subsequently was enlarged. The cornerstone of the old church was laid exactly 62 years ago Sunday. Bottom, a view of part of the crowd which attended cornerstone laying ceremonies for the present church at Lamar and Tenth (then Jackson) Streets about 5 p. m. on Aug. 24, 1910, an unusually hot day. The crowd was so large police roped off adjacent streets. H. A. Judd, parishioner since 1906, recalls. Inset, Rev. Louis F. Martin, present rector. Bishop Harry T. Moore of Dallas will preach the sermon of consecration. Vestrymen will participate in the service.



This Curious World

WHEN THE TORCH OF THE STATUE OF LIBERTY WAS KEPT LIGHTED, AS MANY AS 700 BIRDS SOMETIMES CRASHED TO DEATH AGAINST IT IN A SINGLE MONTH.

Stories of Famous Hymns

By HORACE B. POWELL

All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
 Let angels prostrate fall;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown Him Lord of all,

 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
 Who fixed this floating ball;
 Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
 And crown Him Lord of all,

 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
 Ye ransomed of the fall,
 Hail Him who saves you by His Grace,
 And crown Him Lord of all,

 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To Him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown Him Lord of all,

 O that with yonder sacred throng
 We at His feet may fall;
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown Him Lord of all.



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Some hymns are known for the
 stumber of religious lyrics which
 they gave the world. But now and
 again a hymn writer rides to fame
 on the popularity of a single song.
 This was true of Edward Perronet,
 the author of "All Hail the Power
 of Jesus' Name," the great corona-
 tion hymn of christendom.

Perronet, associated for many
 years with the famous Wesley broth-
 ers (John and Charles), who found-
 ed Methodism, came from a distin-
 guished line of French Protestants
 who took refuge in England during
 a time of religious persecution in
 their own land. His father was
 Rev. Vincent Perronet, vicar of
 Shoreham. Both father and son be-
 came interested in the great even-
 tual revival led by Whitefield and
 the Wesleys. At one time Edward
 Perronet traveled with John Wes-

ley. The circumstances which attend-
 ed the writing of "All Hail the
 Power of Jesus' Name" are not
 known but the hymn has been
 translated into nearly every known
 language and is sung today in ev-
 ery land where Christianity has sent
 its banners. Foreign missionaries
 everywhere have used it widely.
 An interesting story of its use
 abroad was told by Rev. E. P. Scott,
 who served some years ago as a mis-
 sionary in India. In his mis-
 sion station, Rev. Mr. Scott set out
 one day to find and preach to mem-
 bers of a little known and barbarous
 tribe far in the interior of India.
 He carried with him a violin so he
 could sing as well as preach to the

tribe. After several days of
 travel he found himself face to face
 with a large group of savages. They
 surrounded him with drawn spears.
 The outlook was anything but a
 happy one.
 Then the missionary began to
 sing "All Hail the Power of Jesus'
 Name." He closed his eyes as he
 sang and expected every minute
 that the natives would let fly their
 spears. When he reached the stanza
 referring to "every kindred, every
 tribe," so the story goes, he must-
 ered sufficient courage to look at
 his captors. To his surprise they
 had lowered their spears and were
 listening in awe to his singing.
 For two and a half years after
 that Rev. Mr. Scott remained in
 singing and to preach to his new con-
 gregation. He converted many of
 the natives. When, finally, the time
 came for him to return to America
 for a furlough, the same tribesman
 who had mistreated him at his first
 meeting begged him to return when
 his leave of absence expired. He
 did return, and died at last among
 the people he had come to love so
 dearly.

The tune, "Cranium," which is
 generally used for Perronet's great
 hymn, has become as famous as the
 hymn itself. It was composed by
 Oliver Holden, a carpenter of
 Charlestown, Mass., who spent his
 spare hours plinking tunes on a
 little organ in his home. The or-
 gan, now in the historical rooms of
 the old statehouse in Boston, at-
 tracts thousands of visitors every
 year.

AGE

Age is a quality of mind.
 If you have left your dreams be-
 hind,
 If hope is cold,
 If you no longer look ahead,
 If your ambition's fires are dead—
 Then you are OLD.

But if from life you take the best
 And in life you see the best,
 And if love you hold,
 Then no matter how the birth-
 days fly,
 No matter how the years roll by—
 You are not old.

RIGHTERONG?
 TAPEWORMS
 HAVE NO DIGESTIVE
 ORGANS, AND CANNOT
 EAT SOLID FOOD

ANSWER: RIGHT
 They are bloodsuckers.

TRIDING *the* RURAL MAIL

George Mulkey, at 15, Blazed Trail Westward With Mail to Fort Worth, Riding Horseback From Waxahachie.

By C. L. DOUGLAS
(Last of a Series)

A SMALL group of excited and expectant citizens gathered in the busy street near the hostelry on the bluff which looks down on the Trinity River.

The center of attraction was a young fellow (he was about 15 years of age), who had just come riding up, Belknap St. to rein in at the postoffice and general store. He appeared a little tired, and as did the horse he was riding.

"Nowdy, George," said the hotel keeper. "Bring me anything this time?"

The crowd increased, adding new greetings to those offered by the inn-keeper, the while eyeing the two leather sacks the young man was unstrapping from his saddle.

For this day of the week was a red-letter one-always in the life of our Civil War Fort Worth—a day not about as important as the Sabbath—for it was the day on which the mail rider came to the frontier village on the Trinity.

The country made were lonely in those times, and 50 miles of them stretched between the more easterly town of Waxahachie and the infant municipality of Fort Worth, and there still remained danger from marauding Indians, but the mail came through—in the saddle bags of a 15-year-old boy!

Old Times Recall Boy Rider's Heroism

THAT was in the days before the railroads . . . in the year 1862

and there are still people among the older generation here who remember the youthful rider.

He was George H. Mulkey, who died in Fort Worth only a little more than 18 years ago. His widow still lives here—at 928 Travis Ave.

George Mulkey was the local foreman of the R. F. D. Born in Arkansas, the son of the Rev. and Mrs. William Mulkey, the future mail rider spent his younger days near Nashville, Tenn., where he sold newspapers when he was nine and ten.

His Methodist minister father moved to Waxahachie in 1860 and less than two years later, when Uncle Sam decided someone to relay the mail west as it came into Waxahachie from Arkansas and Louisiana, young Mulkey got the job.

Carries Post Later Under Confederacy

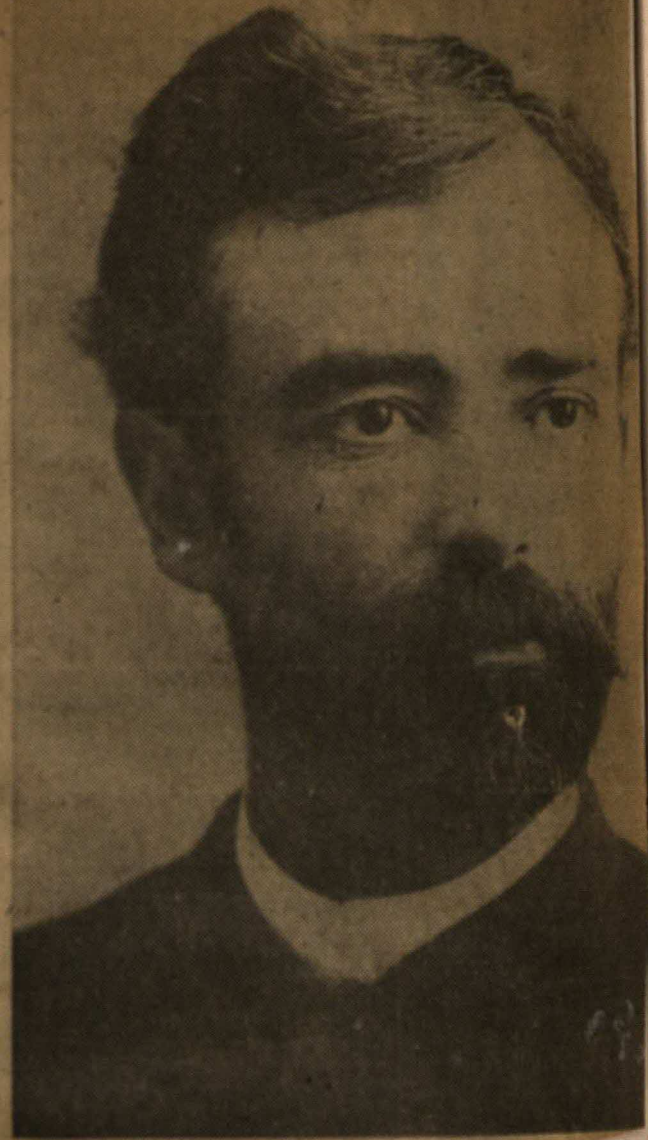
BECOMING too young to bear arms during the War Between the States, he carried the post for many months under the Confederacy—first only as far as Johnson's Station, east of Fort Worth, but later into Fort Worth. He took the route always on horseback, carrying letters in and carrying them out, and more than

once in bad weather he was forced to sleep out under the stars.

When the War was over and Fort Worth began getting its mail from Dallas, Mr. Mulkey moved to Fort Worth, and the year 1872 found him operating a grist mill on Seventh St. near the heart of the present business district.

His picture hangs today on the wall in the office of Postmaster Henry Young, and though it is simply labeled "Mail Rider 1862" it could carry other designations—for Mr. Mulkey later became the first district clerk, the first fire chief, and the first police commissioner. He was also instrumental in building the Mulkey Memorial Methodist Church, an edifice dedicated to his father and mother.

Fort Worth's first mail rider died here in December of 1926, after watching first the horse and buggy then the auto take over the greatest service among all the government's alphabetical agencies—the R. F. D.



George H. Mulkey

Rusty Bell Clapper, Found On Trip, Believed Historic

L. B. Howell Thinks It May Belong to Ancient Bell Lost From Mission

A rust-eaten bell clapper, which its owner believes pounded on throbbing peals on historic occasions in Texas' early years, was brought to The Press today by L. B. Howell, 2603 Meadowbrook Dr. Mr. Howell, a collector of antiques, dug the 10-pound clapper from a rock bank of the Brazos River below Glen Rose two years ago.

He was on a fishing trip and with Mrs. Howell and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Farham, was looking for ball.

Yesterday he read on The Press' Centennial page that the ancient brass bell which throbbed the news of many important events in the state's history had long been missing.

The historic bell had been one of six chimas in the tower of the ancient Mission La Purissima de Acuna Concepcion near San Antonio. A band of Texas troops, needing ammunition, had sought to melt down the chimas for bullets. But the metal rebelled and became only dross.

A soldier, Sam Damon, saved the smallest of the bells and hid it in brush. Later he took it to his home in Fort Bend County on the Brazos. It called slaves to and from the fields. Then it sounded

for years on the Richmond Academy campus.

In 1861 it rang out the news that Texas had seceded from the Union and joined the Confederacy. In 1864 it echoed the Confederacy's defeat. The academy then was abandoned. The bell disappeared.

Mr. Howell believes that the historic bell was stolen for its brass which, at that time, may have been worth nearly \$100. The iron clapper, hinged on a swivel, was of no value. The thieves dropped it in their progress up the river, Mr. Howell believes.

PHILA
ives:



W. E. George

The stringy stuff you see in this man's hand is macaroni. The huge die before him puts the holes in it. W. E. George, a macaroni factory worker for nine years, will tell you how it's done.

Fort-Worth Macaroni Co. Produces 80 Miles of its Product Daily; Employee Explains Processes

Push a little dough through some holes with pins and then and you've got something there—macaroni.

Use smaller holes and you have spaghetti.

Picture a string of macaroni 80 miles long—enough to stretch from Fort Worth to Gainesville.

Roughly, that's the daily output of the Fort Worth Macaroni Co. and nearly every inch of it passes under the eye of W. E. George, company employe who follows the process from the huge mixer where flour and water are stirred to the hydraulic pressure cylinders where the finished macaroni emerges, ready to be dried.

Says All Made the Same

Mr. George says that macaroni, spaghetti and vermicelli are the same except for size. They're all made of the same flour and water.

Three 98-pound sacks of flour are poured into the huge mixer along with nine or 10 gallons of water, depending on the humidity. Herein lies the most important step in the manufacture of the food.

Insufficient water will make the finished product rough, unpalatable. Too much will make the macaroni soft and unmanageable.

After being thoroughly mixed, the dough is kneaded carefully, then placed in the huge cylinders where hydraulic pressure pushes it out through the dies where the strings, if long cut, hang vertically, almost to the floor.

Automatic Knife Used

For the short cut macaroni an automatic knife slashes the strings as the dough emerges, about three-quarters of an inch long. Three girls stand by with knives to cut

the 18-inch variety and place the strings on racks to dry.

Small pins set in the 500 holes in a die put the holes in the macaroni. In the spaghetti dies there are 2000 such holes. Vermicelli dies have at least 4000 holes.

Twenty hours are required for drying.

A Great Woman

By MRS. WALTER FERGUSON

THE golden voice of Schumann-Heink is stilled. Great as is that loss, there are others singing today with talents sufficient to replace it. But the great heart, the noble nature, the shining personality that was Schumann-Heink, these rarely come our way; seldom indeed do we see them combined in one individual.



Mrs. Ferguson

It is as a great woman that Schumann-Heink should be most honored. Thousands can sing, but how many can face life with such dauntlessness, such energy, such zest as she showed? She is an example of what women can have and create in our world.

Half a century ago, when domesticity was thought to be the complete life for wives, did Schumann-Heink ponder over the problems of marriage and a career? Did she worry about whether she was pretty enough of face and figure to be a success on the operatic stage? No. She wanted to sing, and she sang.

Ernestine Schumann-Heink had everything because she wanted everything and possessed the determination to go out and get it for herself. Yet she was never ruthless. She maintained through her lifetime the maternal attitude toward all whom she met. She was a good mother by instinct, and a successful one by training. Now can it truthfully be said, I believe, that she ever sacrificed her home or her family to her career. She took them all in her stride, and got the fullest flavor from each.

Two qualities made her outstanding: Courage and kindness. Although she was undefeatable, she was ever lenient to the defeated. In a message she once wrote to young singers she expressed her credo:

"Personality is the real YOU shining through whatever you do. Effects and mannerisms only hurt it and hurt your progress by obscuring the message of your real self. You do not need physical beauty to make a success of an art. I have never had it. You need sincerity. And above all, you must be sincere with yourself. Let nothing take you unawares or frighten you."

There lies the secret of her greatness. She was sincere. Unafraid she lived, and unafraid she died.



Mr. and Mrs. Clay Sandidge, who celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary Tuesday

Clay Sandidge and Bride of 50 Years Ago Are Honored

A reception given by their children for Mr. and Mrs. Clay Sandidge commemorated 50 years of wedded life Tuesday afternoon and night at the Sandidge home, 2245 College.

Sixty-five friends and relatives called between the hours of 3 and 5 p. m. and 8 and 10 p. m. to congratulate the couple.

afternoon, are shown here before the gold and white wedding cake presented to them by their

The children and grandchildren of the couple who planned the affair were Miss Nancy Clay Sandidge, a teacher at the E. M. Daggett School; Mr. and Mrs. Eagle Mobley and children, Anna, James Clay and William Earl; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Phillips of Strawn and children, Frank and Nancy Carolyn.

Mr. Sandidge came to Fort Worth in 1874 with his father from Mississippi. Mrs. Sandidge, also a Mississippian, settled here in 1886.

They were married in Fort Worth the next year.

Mr. Sandidge pioneered in the ice and banking business here.

12	12	12	12	12
43 1/2	43 1/2	43 1/2	43 1/2	43 1/2
3	3	3	3	3
2	2 1/2	2 1/2	2 1/2	3 1/2

—Star-Telegram Photo, children at a reception at the Sandidge home, 2245 College.

the FOUR HORSEMEN

War
Pestilence
Famine
Death

Ship	32	1	1 1/2	1 1/2
A	\$5	\$62	\$67	\$70
B				
C				
D				
E				
F				
G				
H				
J				
K				
L				

This Is Life

By JACK MAXWELL

HERE'S A REPEAT, just because I like it, and maybe you'll get something from it: "If you should see a fellowman with trouble's flag unfurled, an a-lookin' like he didn't have a friend in all the world, go up and slap him

we'll know just how to present the bright and smilin' sky. So, let's try to take it as it COMES, and don't sweat at the pores because the Lord's opinion doesn't coincide with yours, but always keep rememberin', when CARES your path enshroud... that God has lots of SUNSHINE to SPILL, BEHIND OUR CLOUDS."

regulator is same as the No. on the back and boiler, "How do you do?" And grasp his hand as warm he'll know he has a friend in you. Then ax him what's a-hurtin' him, and try to laigh his CARES AWAY, an' tell him that the darcest night is just before the DAY. Don't talk in gray and palaver, but say it right out

THINK IT OVER

BY H. M. STANSIFER.

THE pessimist generally finds what he is looking for because he willingly believes what he wants to believe.

Is Life What We Make It?

• by C. Franklin Leavitt, M.D. •

LIFE is never interesting unless WE MAKE IT SO. And to make life worth living we must have either an understanding which we have acquired through study or reasoning; or a training in childhood which has created in us a HABIT of viewing life in the right light.

It depends entirely on YOUR VIEWPOINT as to just what YOU see in life. If you have formed the habit of analyzing life from a destructive standpoint, you see only the shadows and clouds, which soon breed very real fears. In consequence, you would be most unhappy, limited and depressed, and life would not seem worth living.

Clarence Darrow makes the statement that "Life is not worth living." To him, from his analysis and viewpoint, it probably is not. But if you were to stop one hundred people and ask them, one by one, if THEY believed that life was worth living, or if they were ready and willing to die, I feel sure that 98% of them would prefer to live, in spite of some of the hard things they had to meet from time to time.

It is normal to wish to live and be happy.

Wherein lies the difference between these two opinions of life? It is to be found in VIEWPOINT alone.

From just what standpoint have you been analyzing yourself and life? In viewing some who are happier and more successful than yourself, have you laid it to a difference in nature, inheritance, better earlier training, environment, luck, opportunity, etc., etc., or have you willingly admitted that it is merely due to YOUR lack of understanding, training and development? Some of these advantages you have pictured in others may have had a bearing in the beginning, but after one reaches the age of reason LIFE IS UP TO THEM, and it is really and truly their own fault if they have failed to make use of the God-given powers which they possess.

YOU perhaps are sensitive, emotional, impressionable, with a tendency toward nervousness; possibly failed to receive in childhood JUST the instruction and training that would have best fitted that nature of yours; and, in consequence, it is quite natural that you formed habits of limitation and weakness. In this manner your mind has been placed behind "prison bars" and you have seen no way out. Such a condition breeds an Inferiority Complex which adds materially to your slavery. But all this does not mean that you are "fate-driven". THERE IS A WAY OUT, and that way is through a process of re-education and added understanding. The TRUTH will set you free. You are a prisoner because you are viewing yourself and life from a false viewpoint.

Little by little, the little fears, such as worry, apprehension, jealousy, lack of hope and faith, breed bigger fears, and you can very easily drift into a state of so-called Neurasthenia, or suffer the tortures accompanying a Nervous Breakdown.

But all this does not mean that your nature is normally a destructive one, that your mind is weak, that YOU are different from others. A sensitive, emotional type of mind, with a tendency toward nervousness, represents very REAL POWER. Power, however, has both a constructive and a destructive side to it. You have permitted this nature of yours to rule you, and, in consequence, it has formed the habit of ruling destructively; but that very same power CAN be made to serve you and be the best friend you ever had. Your nature represents a going, active, fine type of mind which is running wild through lack of control and direction. Such a mind as yours can practically destroy you and leave you a wreck on the shores of life. On the other hand, it can carry you to great heights.

Wouldn't you like to really understand that mind of yours; learn how to direct it wisely; make it serve you constructively; and, in consequence, become a happy, well-balanced, progressive, interesting person? That very thing is possible if you are really in earnest and will agree, with help, to convert that "wishbone" of yours into a "backbone". That does not represent years of tiresome fighting, but it DOES require a better understanding of yourself, your own powers and how to use them; of the principles underlying life as lived to its fullest; and then an expression of this added knowledge until you have formed NEW HABITS. That isn't such a terrible task, is it?

The Influence of Fear on Mind and Body

FEAR is one of the most destructive forces man has to deal with. It can change your viewpoint to such a degree that everything seems warped all out of shape and even you take on an unreal appearance in your own eyes. It can cause great unhappiness and mental distress, and there is nothing, probably, harder to bear than mental suffering. It acts as a shock to your Sympathetic Nervous System and, through tension, functional and gland life is materially disturbed; and thus you can suffer very materially physically from lack of vitality, tone and proper mental stimulation. FEAR acts as a real poison in your system. Worry alone can in time completely wreck the strongest nervous system. Perhaps you can begin to see how YOUR

downfall has taken place and why YOU suffer from strange feelings and sensations and weaknesses. If you are expressing FEAR you are constantly carrying to your mind seeds of depression, and to your body, through the nervous system, little shocks.

Men That Lives In Bottle Shown Here

Latest addition to the beautiful atmosphere of Hotel Texas' Elphinstone Court, currently in use as a dining hall for 300 Purina dealers, is Sally, chopper with white pullet who has spent her life in a bottle.

Placed in a large water bottle when she was a chick, Sally has been there since—and seems to enjoy it.

Through a small opening in the bottle's side, Sally can reach her feed. Because her glass enclosure shuts out ultra violet rays, Sally must depend solely on that feed for vitamins and minerals. With a two-inch neck, the bottle is escape proof.

The only possible escape for Sally would be through some humanitarian's breaking the bottle. But that seems hardly probable while Sally is showing such remarkable growth.

G. L. James, assistant sales manager for Purina Mills' Texas Division, predicts it won't be long before Sally begins laying eggs—right there in the bottle.

100-100-100 200-200

MOTHER

A mother's task is never done. Never finished but it's re begun. She toils the whole day through. She works and plans and worries too.

She's very busy all day long. She's with the family right or wrong.

She works for those she loves the best. She works until she has to rest.

She's a little soldier, don't you know.

She's always working, and we ought to praise her for her love.

Heaven knows she's a girl from above.

(Dedicated to my mother, Mrs. J. L. Snyder.)

MRS. ESTELLE HOWARD, 711 W. Weatherford St. Okla.

Early Days in Fort Worth and Coleman



These pictures recall early days of Fort Worth and Coleman. The upper photo shows a picture of President Theodore Roosevelt hanging in the center of Main Street, Fort Worth. It was taken in 1905 when the President visited here and plant-

ed a tree in front of the Carnegie Library, and is owned by Joe S. Godwin. The other photograph, owned by Tilden C. Brown of Post, shows Coleman in 1882. One of the old buildings was used for a postoffice and another housed the Gilt Edge Saloon.

to control temperature Vets. vicinity is:

Temple Harris Funeral Is Set

for Tuesday

Rev. W. Douglas Hudgins, assisted by Rev. L. R. Elliott, will conduct funeral services at 3 p. m. Tuesday at Harveson & Cole Funeral Home for Temple Harris, 57, transfer and storage company operator here for many years, who died Sunday night. Pallbearers will be Arthur D. Hodgson, Dr. H. M. Walker, Henry Dingee, Walter Shedd, L. A. McWhirter, Knox A. Thomas, M. B. Harris Jr. and Joe Clay Darway. Burial will be in East Oakwood Cemetery.

A cerebral hemorrhage caused Mr. Harris' death, which occurred in a hospital two hours after he was stricken at his home at 1020 South Jennings Avenue. He had been suffering from high blood pressure for several months.

One of the founders of what was said to be one of the first fireproof storage companies in Texas, Mr. Harris has been in the transfer and storage business since 1913. His first firm was known as the Fort Worth Warehouse and Transfer Company.

With John Birdsong he formed the General Carriage Company in 1934, and after its discontinuance two years later became associated with the O. K. Warehouse Company and then with the Red Ball Storage and Transit Company. For the last six months he had been inactive in business.

He was born in Georgia, but had lived in Fort Worth since he was 1 year old. His father was the late W. D. Harris, a former district judge and one-time mayor of Fort Worth. He was a member of Mosiah Temple Shrine and of Broadway Baptist Church.

Survivors are his widow; three sons, Temple Harris Jr. of San Antonio and William S. and Joseph B. Harris of Fort Worth; a daughter, Miss Margaret Harris of Fort Worth; three sisters, Mrs. H. L. Spencer of Waco and Mrs. E. B. Ingram and Miss Virginia Harris of Fort Worth, and one grandchild.

Early Day Transportation Depicted in Dallas Pageantry

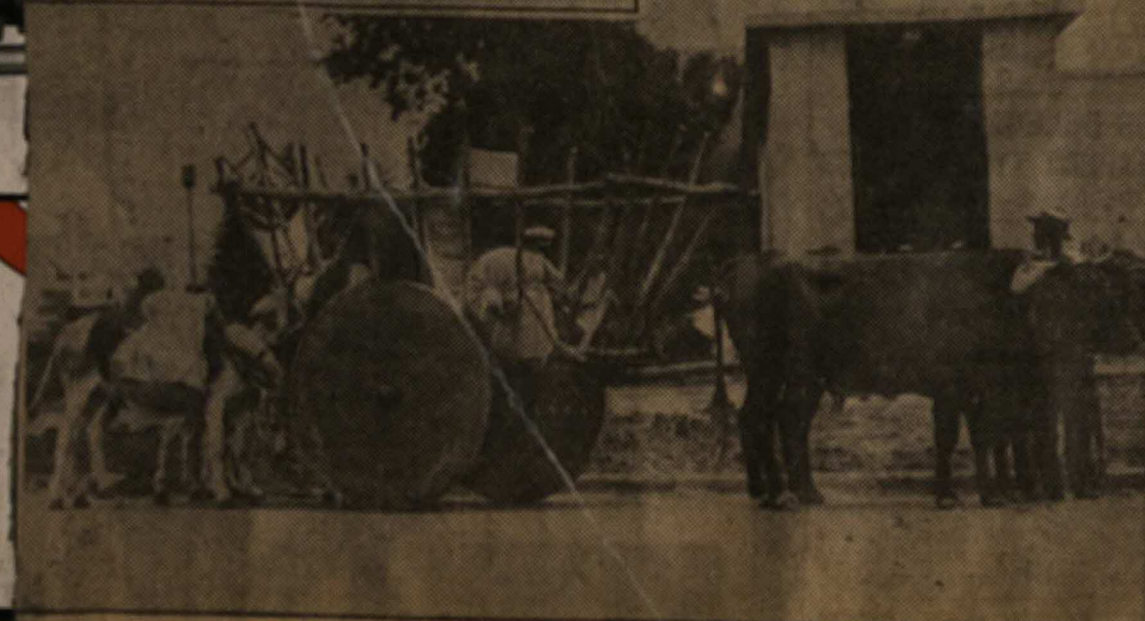


Host Pastor



Dr. Score

Host pastor to the Fort Worth District Christian Workers' Training School to be conducted at First Methodist Church Jan. 28 through Feb. 2, will be Dr. J. N. R. Score, pastor of the church. Dr. Score will also be one of the instructors.



Early day transportation was depicted in pageantry yesterday in Dallas as the Central Centennial Exposition opened to

a packed city. Upper left photo shows an old Spanish ox cart set upon a float. At bottom is the real thing, rolling on wheels.

At upper right an oldtime stage coach and its four-horse billieters across the arena before thousands of eyes.

Service to Humanity

You may grow to great riches and glory,
 You may toil for yourself through the day,
 You may write in your record and story
 The struggles you've met on the way.
 But vain is the fame that you boast of,
 And wasted the years that you scan,
 Your strength you have not made the most of,
 If you've rendered no service to man.
 I'd rather be a failure than the man who's never tried;
 I'd rather seek the mountain-top than always stand aside;
 Oh, let me hold some lofty dream and make my desperate flight,
 And though I fail I still shall know I tried to serve the right.
 May we plan and build for the future,
 Without hope of personal gain,
 Bury all that is selfish within us,
 That our Church may achieve and attain.

When Citizenship Is Appreciated



WE Americans take our citizenship pretty casually.

To most of us it is a commonplace. It came to us through no effort of our own but was ours merely by the accident of birth. We sacrificed nothing to gain what the men of Valley Forge fought and froze and starved to gain—the right to be Americans.

Thus accepting as a matter of course the boon of citizenship, we have too often taken just as casually the duties that go with it—the duty to take an active, intelligent interest in public affairs; the duty to vote with the public welfare in mind; the duty to give freely a reasonable measure of co-operation in social matters.

Since 1929 there has been a change. Conditions have been such as to show even the indifferent that public affairs really do matter. Circumstances have placed the national government on every man's doorstep, and interest in public affairs has mounted. The same thing has become doubly true since Europe's long mismanagement has finally brought that continent once again to war. Now as never before, public affairs matter.

It is inspiring, therefore, to see new citizens flocking to the courts to take the oath of allegiance to the government of the United States. Anyone who has had the least touch with the process of naturalization, and seen the

glowing eyes and upraised heads of those who take that oath for the first time, knows how valuable the great majority of these new citizens are to the Republic. For the time has passed when passive acquiescence to the law is enough. The Republic needs active, loyal work in its behalf as it has not needed it for many years.

It needs the firm, intelligent guidance that can come only from an alert, informed, loyal and determined citizenship. It needs not blind and unthinking cannon-fodder citizens, but free men and women who will gladly and voluntarily play their part as citizens of a free Republic.

How long has it been since you, native-born American, have repeated the oath that is being taken every day by new citizens? It would not hurt every one of us to read it through and accept, mentally but consciously, the responsibilities it implies. Here is that oath.

"I do solemnly declare, on oath, that I will absolutely and entirely renounce and abjure all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign prince, potentate, state or sovereignty; that I will support and defend the Constitution and Laws of the United States of America against all enemies, foreign and domestic, and that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same. So help me God!"

of workmanship, the regulator or its defective parts will be promptly replaced f. o. b. our works.

FAITH

How few are the people, who understand that faith is simply the positive form of thinking or I might say continuously holding a positive thought. When the farmer plants his seed corn in the ground, he has the faith or positive thought that he will raise a food supply for his family. My text says that "Faith without works is dead"; of course it is. God's divine law that says "Everything must be reproduced after its kind," requires that farmer to work in harmony with that law. In other words, he must do his part, and make conditions so that the law can be put into operation. Do you think the farmer would go to all that trouble if he did not have the faith that he would be rewarded?

NO. The same law should be applied to all your problems, both spiritual and material. Concentration or continuous thinking of things you need, with faith and knowing that you will bring that thing to you "Whatsoever things ye ask for when ye pray, believe (have faith) that ye receive it, AND YE SHALL HAVE IT." This is a promise and God has always lived up to His promises. There are no other requirements expected of you except that you have faith and expect your prayer to be answered. Of course you are not going to sit idle and wait for your prayer to be answered, you have to make conditions as the farmer has to do. He prepares his ground, he cultivates the growing corn, and then harvests the increase.

You do not have to yell at God when you need something, a thought for your good or another's good is a prayer. This thought is the seed you plant; forbidding all thoughts of doubt to enter your mind; and going right about your daily duties and expecting to have your prayer answered is cultivating the seed you have planted; watering the seed you have planted with thanks, is also a part of the works you must do before you can see your blessing materialize.

It seems that on this stricken sphere

That faith has died giving birth to fear;

Where petty despots, like poisonous weeds

Grow rank and flourish on others' needs.

Where crime's rampant, and scoffers chide,

Where morals drift on the ebbing tide,

Where wars and famine cloud eastern skies

And vie in news with western lies.

Where quakes and torrents play devilish pranks,

Where traffic wrecks, thin our human ranks;

Where drunken fools bow down to gold,

Just like they did in days of old.

I breathe a prayer to our Father God,

To angel friends who, this same path trod;

I hear a whisper, and you each one will,

HAVE FAITH, your prayer will be fulfilled.

REV. H. I. BUTCHER,
Sunday, November 3, 1935.

a material

Fort Worth's Mud Holes In 60's Were Public Menace

City's Early Days Recounted
By Margaret Hall at
B.P.W. Meeting

By WAURINE HUNTER

Fort Worth's Main Street in the 60s was full of mud holes so deep it was necessary to encircle them with fence posts to keep the livestock from falling in and crippling themselves. Miss Margaret Hall, secretary to City Manager Fairtrace, told Business and Professional Women at the club luncheon yesterday.

Miss Hall related other highlights in the history of Fort Worth from its establishment in 1849 to the celebration of its beginning in the Frontier Centennial which opens in July.

"Shortly after Fort Worth began to grow," Miss Hall said, "two young men settled here. They wished to meet the eligible young ladies of the village so they struck upon the idea of beginning a Sunday School. Their efforts bore fruit immediately."

Latch String Out

Early in the 50s Fort Worth developed a distinct community consciousness. The latch string was always out to strangers, and it was this friendliness which was largely responsible for the county seat being established here, and for the town's rapid growth.

The city was incorporated in the 70s and the first city hall built. A fire department was organized and the firemen's balls became the crowning events of the social season. Between 1870 and 1880 an opera house was erected, private water works were started, an artificial gas and electric plant was built, cotton presses and grain elevators appeared, a telegraph line to Dallas was established, the T. & P. Railroad came through, a street car line was constructed and the first city directory was published. It was truly Fort Worth's first great decade of progress.

Further Expansion

Industrial expansion continued in the 80s. It was in that period that the first public free school was begun. Other steps in the march of progress were the establishments of a board of trade, an orphan's home, the Spring Palace Amusement Center, St. Joseph's Hospital, two telephone systems, seven trunk line railroads and a city water department.

The city's most nonprogressive period was between 1890 and 1900. "But strangely enough," Miss Hall continued, "it was during this period that the one movement or industry which has individualized Fort Worth and brought more annual visitors to our midst than any other had its inception . . . that was the Southwest Exposition and Rodeo."

Other highlights of Fort Worth

history which Miss Hall brought out were the great fire which resulted in the construction of Lake Worth, the erection of Carnegie Library, the industrial development between 1900 and the present, and the events which established the city as the railroad center, the leading cow town, and the leading oil-center of Texas.

Miss Hall was presented by Mrs. C. F. Adams, president of the Zonta Club, which had charge of yesterday's program.

And, beside its babbling water she and I sat, just like a couple of kids, throwing pebbles into the liquid dampness of the purling brook, and watching the 'cetrines' fade into nothingness.

So, there we were, far-removed from the Marts of Trade, just a-sitting and a-wondering as to the HOW OF LIFE. Ever so often, she and I pull the above stunt. And, somehow, or some way, when the sun has dropped behind the western curtain of Saffron and Gold and NIGHT is beginning to spread its robe of Stable-Darkness over a weary old world, and the stars and old moon look down on the passing deeds of men and women, HEERE BELOW . . . Landy Lou and Her-Meal-Ticket reel

but nearer to each other, and with a more sublime faith in God. Now ain't dat SUMPIN'!

Spots Nearby Abound In History, If One But Sets Out to Explore For Them

First Well Is On Bluff and Taylor Sts.; Old Fort Is Near Arlington; Singing Mothers Are Monument to Mrs. Jaccard

By EDITH ALDERMAN GUEDRY
Press Woman's Page Editor

FORT WORTH and surrounding territory abound in historical spots which few seem to know about.

The first well in Fort Worth is at Bluff and Taylor Sts.

The original site of Bird's Fort, established in the '40's, is about three miles north of Arlington, on the edge of Calloway's lake.

Grapevine Springs, a perpetually flowing stream, where Sam Houston is supposed to have made a peace treaty with the Indians, is on a farm close to the station of Sildell. The town of Grapevine also takes its name from these springs.

Cold Springs, another perpetually flowing stream, designed as the place where soldiers spent the night before selecting the site of Fort Worth in 1849, is a few hundred yards east of the old Daggett's Crossing bridge over the Trinity, on the Cold Springs Road.

Village Creek, where Indian scouts from Denton County came down and completely wiped out an Indian village in the early '40's, lies between Handley and Arlington.

Old homes and old buildings of army fort days still remain at Jacksboro. They date back to 1858.

The grave and monument of Elizabeth Crockett, wife of David Crockett, is at Acton, in Hood County, just off the road to Granbury. A few logs and crumbling rocks, marking the old homestead of Elizabeth Crockett, is not far away.

Johnson Station, where Col. Middleton Tate Johnson, known as "The Father of Tarrant County," located in 1847, is three miles south of Arlington.

to install

WHO TRAVELS THE BEGE OF HIS HESE?
CAN HE USE WHICH SHINGLING THE ROOF OF HIS HOUSE?
THE NAILS ON THE END OF HIS TIES?
CAN THE CROOK OF HIS ELBOW BE SEAT TO JAIL?
IF SO WHAT DID HE DO?
HOW DOES HE SHAPPE HIS SHOVELER BLADES?
ITLL BE HANGED IF I KNOW DO YOU?

WHERE CAN A PAN BUY A CUP FOR HIS KNEE?
OR A KEY TO BE LOCK OF HIS HAIR?
CAN HIS EYES BE CALLED AN ACADEMY?
BECAUSE HERE ARE PUPILS THERE?
IN THE CROWN OF HIS HEAD
WHAT GEWS ARE EYING?

QUIZOTIC!

This Is Life

By JACK MAXWELL

SOMEWHERE along the trail of life I came upon these words, and I'm passing 'em on to YOU. Here we go: "Half the wrecks that strew Life's Ocean, if some STAR had been their guide, might have safely landed . . . but they drifted with THE TIDE."

In view of the fact that there are a heck of a lot of "wrecks" to be found along the Trail of Everyday Life, I think it would add quite a gob of happiness to the life of the Other Guy if I endeavor to play the role of Guiding Star, just in case he or she might have lost their way. So, in a measure, I try to slip someone a kind word, a slip on the back, with now and then a kick in the pants. (For that is good business, if a guy needs it) or any little act that may kind of boost the unhappy one on down the roadway. If you grasp what I mean.

Location: Weatherford ... Time: 1877



This photograph, published in The Star-Telegram last Sunday, has been identified by Mrs. J.

P. Owens of 120 Baurline Street. It was taken in Weatherford in 1877, and was lost by Mrs. Ow-

ens some eight years ago. Her brother, Tom, was one of the figures on the third wagon.

Picture Used in Paper Quickly Finds Claimant

The photograph of a four-wagon train of buffalo hides, discovered by Mrs. Jewel Kelly of Weatherford and published last Sunday in The Star-Telegram, was identified here Friday.

The picture was lost about eight years ago by Mrs. J. P. Owens, 120 Baurline Street, Riverside, and is highly valued by her because one of the figures on the third wagon was her brother, Tom, who died a month after the picture was taken. He was 11 years old and died of what later was thought to be appendicitis.

Mrs. Owens said this picture was taken in 1877, as well as she can recall, and the buildings in the background were on the west side of the square in Weatherford. They since have been torn down. The two-story structure was a concrete building and housed "Dr." Adkins' drug store.

Mrs. Owens was the daughter of Judge and Mrs. I. N. Roach. She was born in Weatherford and was 8 years old at the time this picture was taken. She and her brother were the only children in the family.

Their mother was the daughter of Oliver Loving, a pioneer of that section, who moved into Weatherford from the Loving Valley in Palo Pinto County because of Indian raids.

Her father was a Tennessean, a Confederate soldier who was wounded during the Civil War. He came to Texas shortly after the war and was married in 1863.

Mrs. Owens has written Mrs. Kelly in an effort to recover the picture.

Fort Worth Remembers Lincoln's Funeral Train



J. A. Eitelman

Mine Planter Lays an Egg.

In London they're giving a lot of thought to mines—German mines.

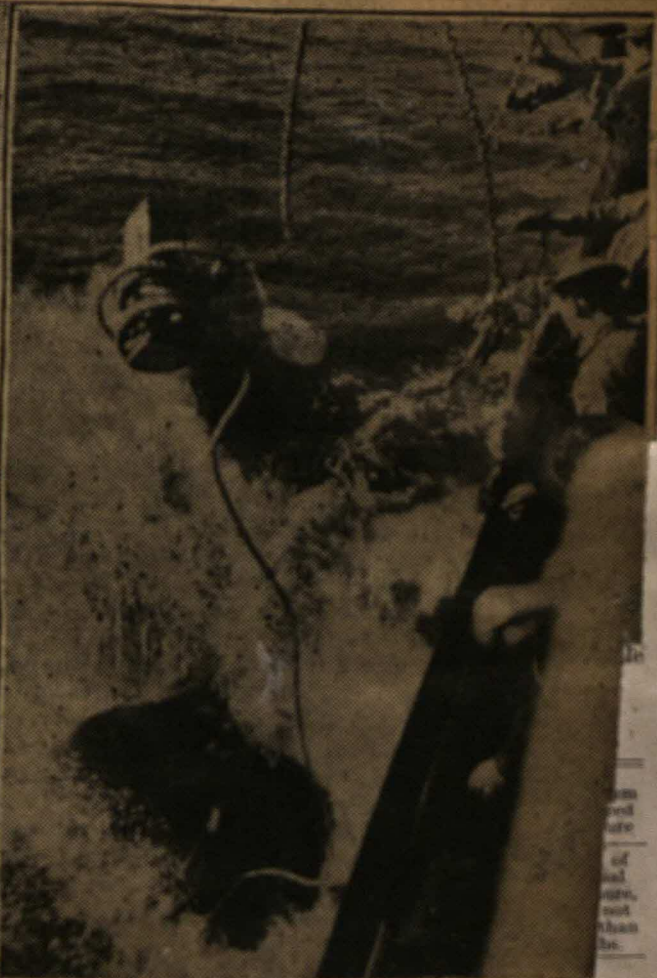
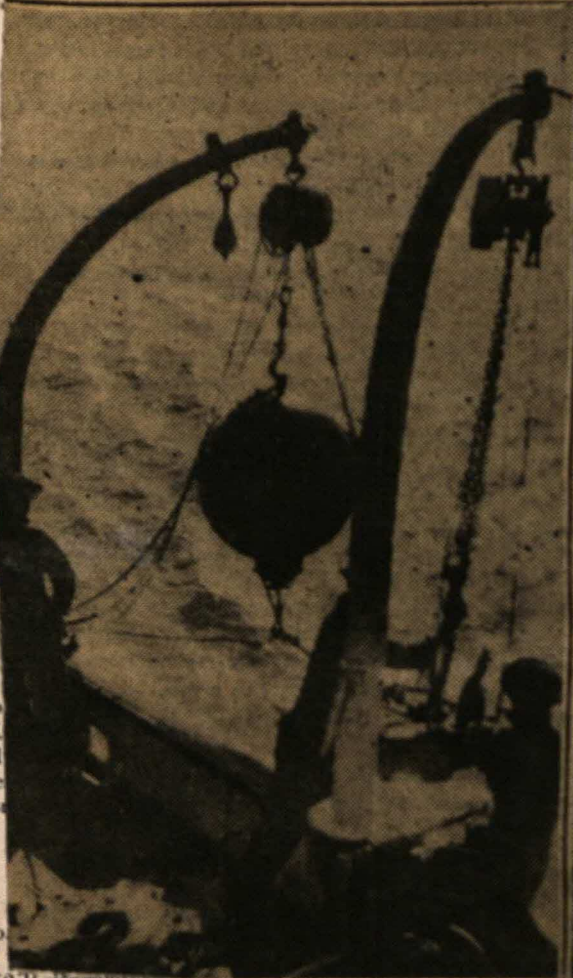
A lot of damage has been done, ships of the navy and merchant marine lost, and even London harbor cut off for a while. Here's how mines are laid. American sailors are tossing a forty-inch submarine projectile from the army mine layer, Gen. J. M. Schofield, off Old Point, Va. These are common scenes in European waters.—Associated Press Wirephoto.

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Principal Dime

HAPPY NEW YEAR

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If to you the years have dealt disaster.

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And the world seems dull and drear.

Brace up and smile away your troubles

For here comes a great New Year,

Let bygones be bygones,

Look ahead with cheer,

For opportunity might be knocking

In this coming New Year.

Open up your hearts to God,

To Him trust with fear,

For He will keep you safe from harm

Through this and every grand New Year.

Be thankful for what you may have,

Let your prayers be sincere,

Others may not have as much as you

In the beginning of this, another New Year.

Then in hope of joy, and peace on earth

Through Christ who is ever near,

May I wish to all of you

A grand and glorious, happy New Year.

WILSON F. WALTERS
Mineral Wells, Texas

M. A. Eitelman, Now 83, Was 11-Year-Old Boy Then; Memory of Mourning Throng in Cleveland Lingers

By LEE ROY MANUEL
It was a silent throng which jammed the streets of Cleveland that mid-April day 72 years ago.

Almost hourly the trains from Washington, New York and points South puffed slowly into the train yards. Union soldiers, still jubilant over Appomattox, filled the streets but thoughts of celebration no longer filled their minds. Occasionally one would see a tear-streaked face. It might be that of a woman—quite often it might be that of a grim army officer. A few hours before a flower-decked train had arrived. In it was the body of Abraham Lincoln.

An 11-year-old boy stood by, fascinated. It was the largest crowd he ever had seen and all thoughts of work were abandoned. A group of friends passed by and he left an ironic employer in the machine shop to join the crowds on their way to the city's public square, four miles away.

Today, M. A. Eitelman, now past his third birthday, told how he joined the throngs that passed by the coffin of the Great Emancipator, Mr. Eitelman, who has been a blacksmith in Fort Worth for 50 years, was that boy who stood enthralled.

Single Adjustment

"It was as strange a crowd as I ever have seen. In those days you could still distinguish men by the clothes they wore. I saw many a courtly Southerner rub elbows with his former Yankee foe. Many of the women were weeping."

"When I passed by the body I could hardly repress a shudder."

"It was an experience I shall never forget."

Roses In Canoe of Cynthia Ann Parker

Cynthia Ann Parker, famed adopted Indian, may have been willing to ride in this hand-carved canoe—even to run rapids in it, but Miss Mildred Booker, a Frontier Follies girl, says she'll get in it only on dry land. The canoe, 85 years old, once was Cynthia Ann Parker's. Now it occupies a corner of a garage at 182 Hurley Ave. Miss Booker lives at 406 West Daggett St. —when she is not posing in historic canoes.



WHEN PA IS SICK

When Pa is sick, he's scared to death, an' Ma an' us just hold our breath; He crawls in bed, an' puffs an grunts, an' does all kinds of crazy stunts. He wants Doc Brown in mighty quick time, for when Pa's ill he's awful sick; He gasps an' moans, an' sort of sighs, he talks so queer an rolls his eyes; Ma jumps and runs an' all of us, an' all the house is in a fuss, An' peace and joy is mighty scarce—when Pa is sick it's something fierce!

By DELBERT WILLIS

A canoe, hewed by hand and once used by Cynthia Ann Parker to negotiate the Trinity River, is crumbling with age in the garage of a descendant, Robert L. Parker, 1932 Hurley Ave.

A hole has been worn through the bottom and nicks have been cut in the side. No longer is it the slim craft which the Parker clan once proudly used as a ferry across the Trinity near Birdville.

But it is still a prized possession of Mr. Parker, second cousin of Cynthia Ann and grandson of Isaac Parker, for whom Parker County was named.

The canoe was carved from the heart of a large cottonwood tree by Isaac Parker shortly after he

moved to Birdville in 1851. The Trinity split the 1200-acre Parker farm, separating members of the family.

Cynthia Ann Parker rode in the canoe many times, often alone, after she was recaptured from the Indians by Gen. Sul Ross in 1860. The canoe seemed to bring back fond memories of happy days among the Indians whom she loved.

In later years the boat was used as a horse trough until it started decaying. Then it was brought here.

The Parker farm, now reduced to 231 acres, bears other reminders of the famous woman

reared among the Indians.

The old farm house, in which Robert L. Parker was born, was also the home of Cynthia Ann Parker when she first was returned to civilization.

She practiced the Redman's religion under two large oak trees. There she would build a fire and cut her breast with a knife, letting her blood drip into the flames.

Many times has Robert L. Parker heard the story of Cynthia Ann's return, first to Fort Worth, then to Birdville, and finally to East Texas, where she died.

Isaac Parker looked at the 33-year-old woman, who was his long lost grand-daughter.

"Is this the girl we're looking for, her name is Cynthia Ann," he said.

At the sound of her name the maiden lifted her hands in recognition. She remembered after 27 years.

"Many people believe Cynthia Ann wanted to return to the Indians and even tried to run away," said Mr. Parker. "That is not so. She was content with her people. Her only longing was for her children, left in Indian captivity."

Gantt Funeral Services Held at Amarillo

Funeral services were held in Amarillo Monday for James Luther Gantt, who was born in Tarrant County two years after the first railroad reached Fort Worth and who was a member of Baylor University's first football team.

Mr. Gantt, whose mother also was a native of Tarrant County, died in Amarillo Saturday on his sixty-second birthday. He moved from Fort Worth to Amarillo 12 years ago. His parents were the late J. T. Gantt and Mary Scott Gantt. Survivors are his widow; a daughter, Mary Elizabeth Gantt, teacher in the Spearman schools; a son, Luther Gantt of Seagraves; two brothers, C. A. and M. B. Gantt, and two sisters, Miss Emma Gantt and Mrs. J. C. Curtis, all of Fort Worth.

Fort Worth's First Well To Be Saved

The spirit of the Frenchman who dug Fort Worth's first well can rest in peace.

Members of the D.A.R., other patriots who have sought preservation of the historic marker will be glad to learn that an 82-year-old well will not be lost by the local Housing Authority.

Not in Project
Sited in the 200 block of Taylor, the well first was included in the property to be cleared for the federal housing units, but recent changes in plans have stopped the eastern boundary of the housing project at Taylor St.

Since the well is on the east side of the street, it will not be touched, according to Homer A. Hunter, Housing Board secretary. A considerable area east of Taylor first was set up as part of the site for whole families, but the board decided to acquire additional property west of Taylor instead.

Sunk in 1857
The "Frenchman's Well" was named for the man who sunk it in 1857. He was one of the soldiers who established the original fort in 1849. Previously, the only drinking water available was at a distant spring. He dug the well about 15 feet from the central part structure. Only recognition given the old well-mark was a sign now being placed by the D.A.R.

WHEN MA IS SICK

When Ma is sick she pegs away, she's quiet, though, not much to say; She goes right on a-doin' things, an' sometimes laughs, or even sings; She says she don't feel extra well, but then it's just a kind o' spell, She'll be all right tomorrow sure, a good old sleep will be the cure; An' Pa he sniffs an' makes no kick, for women folks is always sick; An' Ma, she smiles, lets on she's glad—when Ma is sick it ain't no bad.

Stories of Famous Hymns

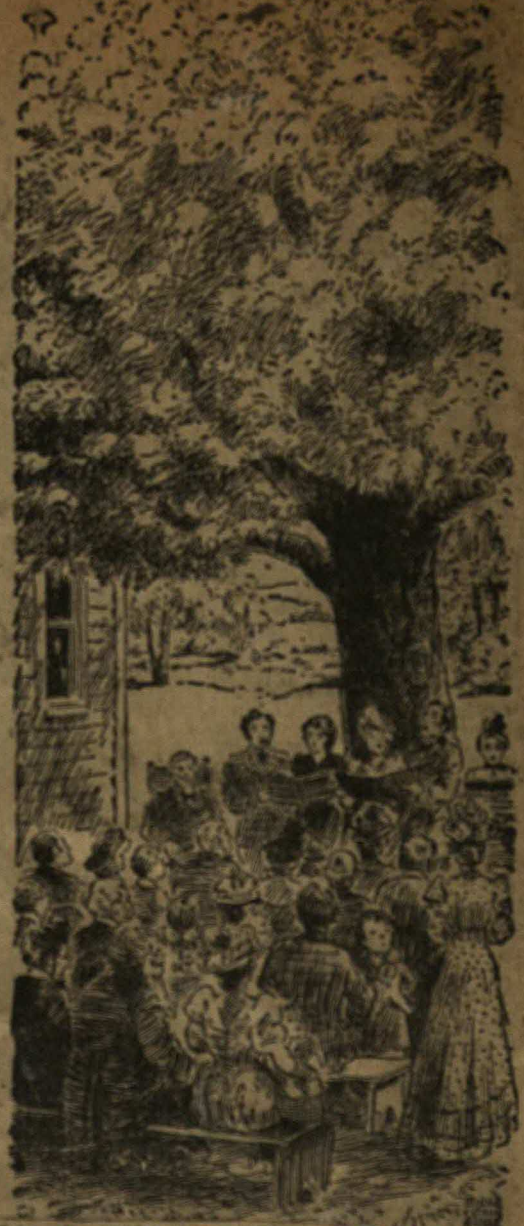
by HORACE B. POWELL

All the Way My Savior Leads Me

All the way my Savior leads me;
What have I to ask beside?
Can I doubt His tender mercy,
Who through life has been my guide?
Heavenly peace, divinest comfort,
Here by Faith in Him to dwell!
For I know, whate'er befall me,
Jesus doeth all things well.

All the way my Savior leads me;
Cheers each winding path I tread;
Gives me grace for every trial,
Feeds me with the living bread.
Though my weary steps may falter,
And my soul a-thirst may be,
Gushing from the rock before me,
Lo! A spring of joy I see.

All the way my Savior leads me;
Oh the fulness of His love!
Perfect rest to me is promised
In my Father's house above.
When my spirit, clothed, immortal,
Wings its flight to realms of day,
This my song through endless ages—
Jesus led me all the way.



FANNY CROSBY LIKELY TO LEAD LIST OF GREAT HYMN WRITERS

Wherever the roll of America's greatest hymn writers is called, the name of Fanny Crosby is apt to top the list.

Like Charles Wesley she wrote thousands of hymn-poems, many of them to be forgotten, but some to be remembered and treasured to the end of time.

"All the Way My Savior Leads Me," written about 1860, was inspired by an answered prayer. It has always been one of the best known and loved of her hymns. Other favorites, sung wherever Christians worship, are "Pass Me not, O Gentle Savior" and "Blessed Assurance."

Blindness in babyhood would have conquered most mortals, but instead of crushing Fanny Crosby it seemed to sweeten her spirit and her songs. Even as a little girl she was cheerful and courageous about her affliction and her determination not to be downed was mirrored in her first verse, written when she was 8 years old:

"O what a happy soul am I!
Although I can not see,
I am resolved that in this world
Contented I will be.

"How many blessings I enjoy
That other people don't;
To weep and sigh because I'm blind,
I can not, and I won't."

Years later, when she wrote her first hymn, she realized that she had found her real mission in life and—in her own words—she became "the happiest creature in all the world." She prayed that her gospel songs might win "a million souls for Christ" and—perhaps because she had a far more glorious vision of Christ and His redeeming love than

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34%	5%	11%	12%	13%	15%	
34%	5%	5%	6%	7%	8%	



Main gate to the Alamo, held by a garrison of only 150 soldiers—ragged, underfed and un-

derarmed but heroically awaiting the invading Mexican army of nearly 8,000 troops.

COL. TRAVIS CALLS FOR HELP, PLEDGES FIGHT TO BITTER END

(Editor's Note — If The Star-Telegram had been published 100 years ago today, this is what would have appeared in its news columns. From day to day similar stories, telling of the stirring events of Texas history and written in the vein of present day news reporting will appear.)

SAN ANTONIO, Feb. 12, 1836.—A messenger arrived from the Rio Grande River today with the news that Gen. Ramirez Serna has arrived there with 2,000 soldiers and is encamped on the bank of the river awaiting Gen. Santa Anna.

The latter, with some 2,500 men, was reported last at Saltillo and due at the river momentarily.

Lieut. Col. W. Barrett Travis, temporarily in command of the garrison here during the absence of Colonel Neill, immediately posted a message to Governor Smith at Washington, asking for reinforcements at once.

"Santa Anna has issued his proclamation announcing vengeance against the people of Texas, and threatens to exterminate every white man within its limits," wrote Colonel Travis.

with: "Should we receive no reinforcements, I am determined to fight to the last, and should Bexar fall your friend will be buried beneath its ruins."

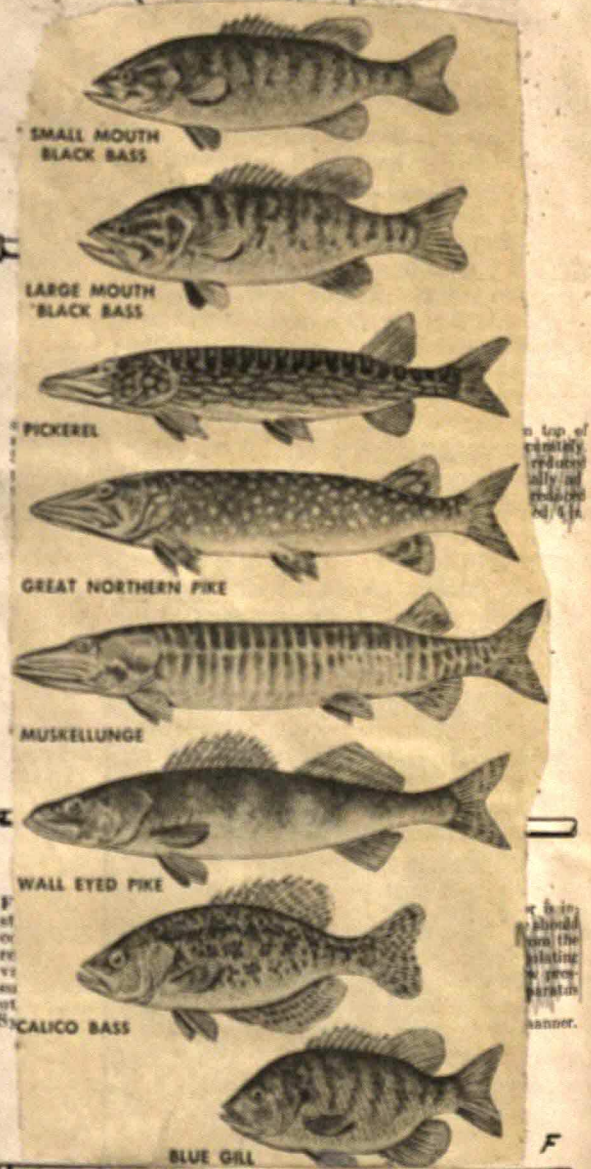
(Bibliography: "History of Texas," edited by Capt. B. B. Paddock; "A Texas Calendar," by Florence E. Barns; "Texas Under Many Flags," by Clarence R. Wharton.)

This, being our frontier post, will be the first attacked. We are illly prepared for the reception, as we have not more than 150 men here and they are in a very disorganized state. Yet we are determined to sustain it as long as there is a man left, because we consider death preferable to disgrace, which would be the result of giving up a post so dearly won, and thus opening the door for the invaders to enter the sacred territory of the colonies.

"We hope our countrymen will open their eyes to the present danger, and awake from their false security. I hope that all party dissensions will subside, that our fellow-citizens will unite in the common cause and fly to the defense of the frontier.

I fear that it is useless to waste arguments upon them—the thunder of the enemy's cannon and the pollution of our wives and daughters—the cries of their famished children and the smoke of their burned dwellings, will only arouse them. I regret that the government has so long neglected a draft of the militia, which is the only measure that will ever bring the citizens of Texas to the frontier. For God's sake and for the sake of our country, send us reinforcements. I hope you will send to this post at least two companies of regular troops."

Colonel Travis pledged his support to Governor Smith and announced him that the men at San Antonio recognized him as the legitimate Governor. He added that 200 additional troops should be sufficient to maintain the garrison, concluding



CUT-THROAT TROUT



The native trout of the Rocky Mountain country is the cut-throat or black-spotted trout—and he's a game fellow with a lot of dash. In fighting tactics he very much resembles the rainbow, which is native to the western coast. The minute the rainbow feels steel he comes right up out of the water and lets you know that you are doing battle with a real fighter. For some reason or other, the black-spotted trout has not been transplanted by fish culturists to any great extent. I know of no place where he can be caught in the eastern waters. And in his own native waters the introduction of other trout has in many cases crowded him from the streams. Why fish culturists have specialized on the rainbow more than they have on the black-spotted, I don't know. I like him. He's a grand fish.

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HEART ATTACK IS FATAL TO JURIST

Funeral Thursday

AUSTIN, Oct. 27 (AP).—O. S. Lattimore, 72, associate justice of Texas Criminal Appeals Court, died at 5:50 a. m., Wednesday after a heart attack several days ago.

The family announced the body would lie in-state in University Baptist Church here Thursday from noon until 2 p. m., when funeral services will be held, followed by burial in the State Cemetery.

The jurist had shown some improvement Tuesday but Tuesday night his condition changed for the worse.

Judge Lattimore was prominent not only as a jurist but also in affairs of the Baptist Church. He was president of the Texas Baptist General Convention for three years and for 10 years served as president of trustees of the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary at Fort Worth.

On Baptist Boards.

His service as a lay leader also included six years as a trustee of Baylor University and as a member of the boards of Baylor College at Belton, the San Marcos Baptist Academy and the Mexican Baptist Institute at Bastrop.

He served also as head consul of the Woodmen of the World Lodge for Texas, New Mexico and Arizona and was a member of the Austin Country Club and University Faculty Club.

Born in Marion, Ala., Jan. 10, 1865, the son of John Lee and Sarah Catharin Lattimore, he graduated from Baylor with the degree of bachelor of arts in 1887 and in 1925 that institution conferred upon him the honorary degree of doctor of law.

After his admission to the bar at Marlin in 1889, he moved to Fort Worth and engaged in law practice. He married Ermie Field Buck in 1890.

State Senator Twice.

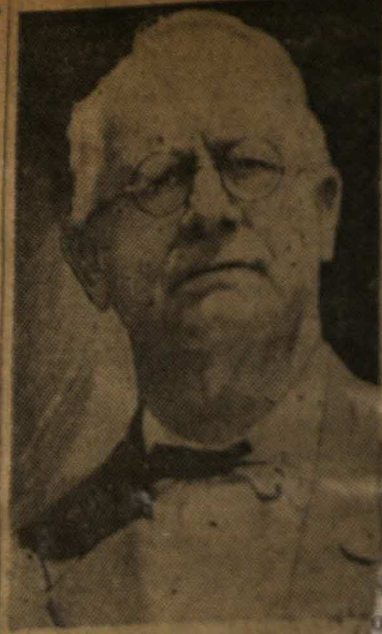
After two terms as State Senator, from 1910 to 1918, he became judge of the Court of Criminal Appeals and was successively re-elected to that bench in 1924, 1930 and 1936.

On his seventy-second birthday he was honored by deacons of University Baptist Church here who named the church auditorium "Lattimore Auditorium," in recognition of 18 years service to the school.

He had been a Sunday school teacher for the past 16 years, teaching a class of 500 university students, and prior to that had served as a deacon in that and other churches. He was chairman of deacons at the time of his death.

Governor Allred paid the following tribute to the veteran jurist: "I consider him one of the greatest men Texas has ever known."

Both the Court of Criminal Appeals and the Supreme Court, preparing for their regular weekly meetings Wednesday, canceled them.



JUDGE O. S. LATTIMORE.

Survivors besides his widow are six sons, O. S. Jr., Hal and William B. Lattimore, all of Fort Worth; John Lattimore of Topeka, Kan.; Robert B. Lattimore of Nogales, Ariz., and Walter E. Lattimore of Dallas; four sisters, Mrs. R. B. Spencer of Waco, Mrs. Jesse Purvis of Proctor, Mrs. C. G. Foust of Dublin and Mrs. J. M. Higginbotham of Dallas, and a brother, S. H. Lattimore, Oklahoma City.

FORT WORTH RESIDENT FOR NEARLY 30 YEARS.

Judge O. S. Lattimore, who died Wednesday morning in Austin, was a resident of Fort Worth and prominent in civic, church and political activities here for nearly 30 years before he went to Austin in 1919.

He came to Fort Worth in 1891 and began the practice of law. Several years later he was appointed assistant county attorney when O. W. Gillespie was county attorney of Tarrant County. In 1899 Judge Lattimore was elected county attorney and served three terms.

In 1910 he was elected to the State Senate from this district and served until 1918, when he was elected to the Court of Criminal Appeals.

Hal S. Lattimore, his son, was notified at 3 a. m. Wednesday that there had been a turn for the worse in his father's condition. He left at once for Austin by automobile. The family here had been informed Tuesday afternoon that Judge Lattimore's condition was improved.

Judge Lattimore formerly was a member of the Fort Worth School Board and was active in other educational and civic affairs. He joined Broadway Baptist Church soon after coming here and was superintendent of the Sunday school.

It was in the home of Judge and Mrs. Lattimore that the College Avenue Baptist Church was organized here in 1905. He was superintendent of the Sunday school there until 1919.

"Judge Lattimore was a great and good man and a man of wide usefulness, extremely modest with ever his closest friends knowing little of the many things he did for others," said Dr. L. R. Scarborough, president of the Southwestern Baptist

ist Theological Seminary. "He was president of trustees of the seminary when I came here as president in 1915. His passing is a severe loss both to our State and to the church." Dr. Scarborough and many others here will go to Austin for the funeral.

Associate Justice Marvin H. Brown of the Second Court of Civil Appeals recalled Judge Lattimore went to the Senate the same year Judge Brown was elected a Representative from Tarrant County in the Legislature.

"Judge Lattimore was the most successful man in the Senate at that time and at the time of his death was the best known and best liked man politically in the State of Texas," Judge Brown said.

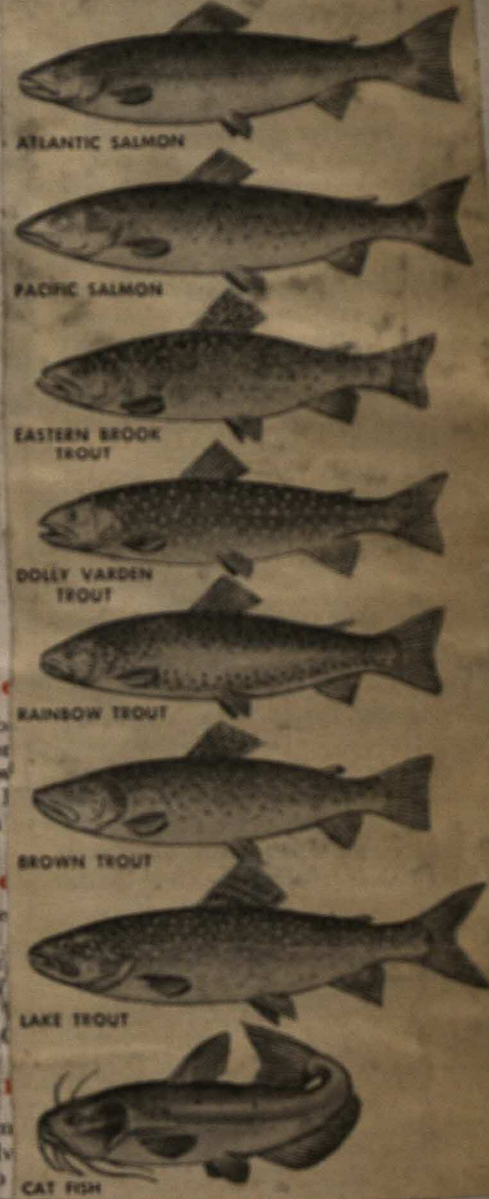
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BY JACK MAXWELL

THE GOOD BOOK says something like this: "Judge not, lest ye be judged by the same judgment," or words of like meaning. The foregoing bit of admonition carries plenty on the ball. As I see the racket of just plain and fancy living, very doggone few of us guys are in a position to give the Other Fellow the Big Shove down toward the bottom. If it were to come to a showdown, and we had to let the world in on our private lives, the majority of us would fold up like a morning glory under the rays of the August sun. In other words, we just couldn't stand the gaff. I know mighty frazzlin' well that I couldn't. Therefore, as I waddle my way along I try to not pop off too much about HOW the other guy cracks his bacon and beans. But I want him to not mess with my



Fort Worth Blind Man Makes Doormats Out of Old Tires; Hires Two Helpers as Unique Business Grows

O. T. Guthrie Refused to Allow Affliction To Get Him Down

Editor's Note: This is another of a series describing Oddities in Fort Worth Industry.

By C. L. DOUGLAS

When you step on the doormat at the Blackstone Hotel, or as you enter the telephone company or some of the downtown stores, you may be treading on one of your old auto tires.

And thereby hangs a story—the story of a blind man who failed to let his affliction down him, and who now has a profitable and going business.

Orville T. Guthrie has a shop behind his home at 3011 Avenue K. In it he cuts old auto tires into strips and makes them into mats—mats, which, if you don't examine them closely, you'd never suspect had once slithered over the city's pavements.

Blind 18 Years

Mr. Guthrie, 33, has been totally blind since his 15th year. When a child, traveling with his parents from Texas to Oklahoma in a covered wagon, he was stricken with paralysis of the optic nerve.

He lost the sight of one eye then; the other failed a few years later.

Mr. Guthrie attended the Oklahoma School for the Blind at Muskogee, and several years ago came back to Texas. In Austin one day he heard something about making doormats from tires.

Later, in the Dallas Lighthouse for the Blind, he found two fellows who were working at the idea, and so he decided to set up in business in Fort Worth.

Starts on \$150 Loan

That was 19 months ago. The East Side Lions Club gave him his start in business with a loan of \$150. He went to work and in a few months was able to repay the money.



One of his completed mats is shown in the background.

and Texas Hotels, for drug stores and other firms.

The School Board, he said, has bought about \$1100 worth for use in the city system.

Work On Masterpieces

But just now he and his helpers are busy on what will be the masterpiece so far, the largest mat yet—a 10 by 8½ footer which will go into the maunage department at Swift & Co.

"We make a pretty good team," says Guthrie, "because he has been crippled since he was three." Maxie is supervising the work on the big job.

Business not increasing, until now he has two helpers, but during the first months he did all the work himself.

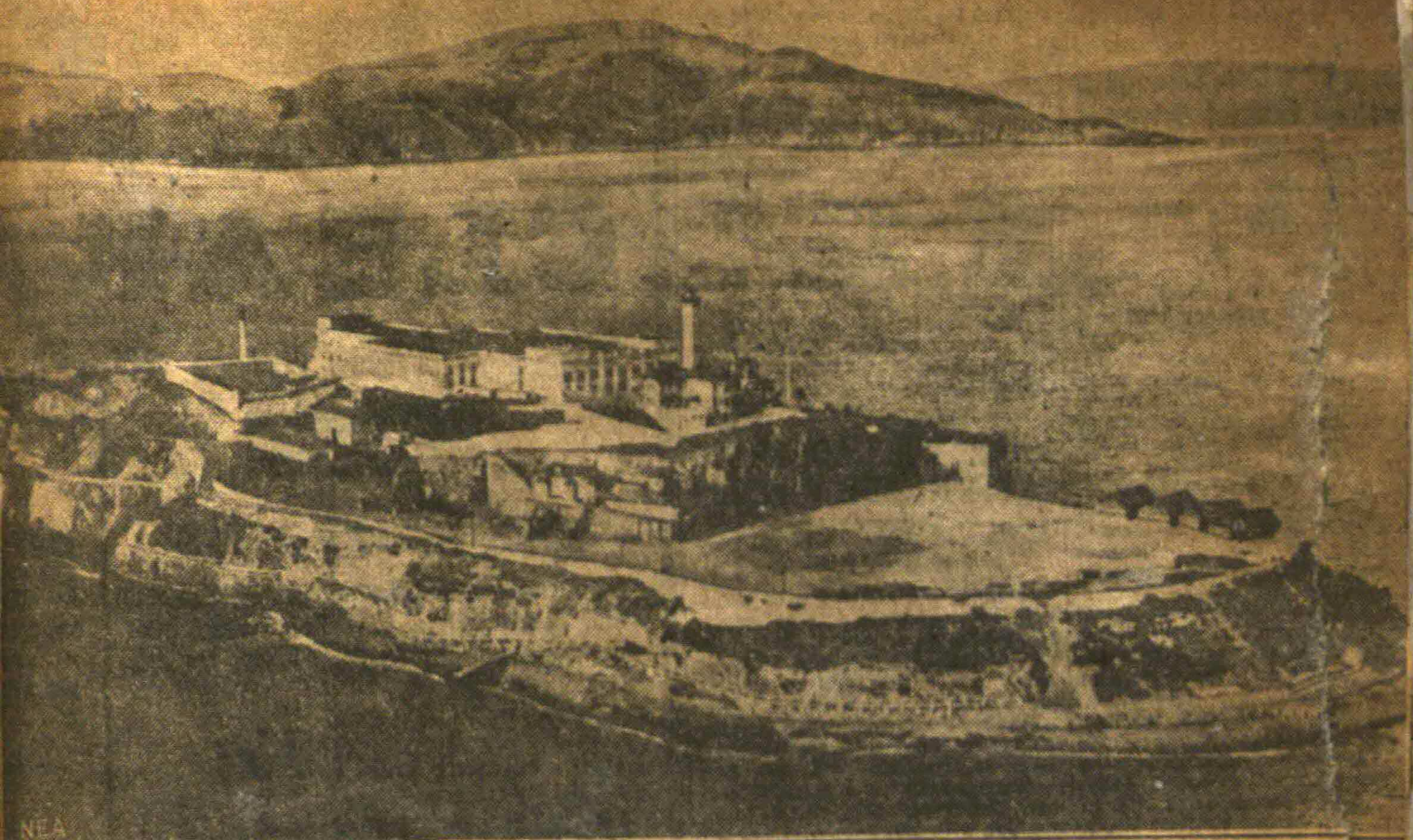
With a hand cutter that has an automatic gauge, he slices the long even strips of rubber from the circle of the old tire. These strips, baked at intervals, he strings on a beam of galvanized steel wire, using rubber plugs at intervals to make the desired curves in the mat.

He found that, by hard work, he could turn out about 10 square feet a day.

Illnesses doesn't prevent Orville Guthrie from conducting a business. Here he is shown stringing strips from old tires. He makes them into door mats.

At first the retail stores wouldn't deal with him, but when sales began increasing they bought, and now he numbers five retail stores among his customers. Then, too, he started making special mats for the blind.

HERE'S WHERE STEVENS HAS SERVED 18 MONTHS OF HIS 27-YEAR SENTENCE



Often called "the American Devil's Isle," Alcatraz penitentiary, constructed on a rock rising out of San Francisco Bay, confines the "vicious and irredeemable" criminals in the nation. Here

O. D. Stevens has served 18 months of his 27-year mail robbery sentence. The only attempted escape on the prison's record is that of Joe Dutch Bowers. A guard's bullet cut him down as he scaled a wall.

Number 1 Public Enemies. Warden James Johnston's plan to segregate criminals into classifications of "hardness" is being practiced by the Department of Justice.

The toughest federal prisoners are kept at America's "Devil's Island" for three reasons: To segregate them from law-abiding citizens; to save them from possible harm by their enemies; and to prevent their evil influence upon less hardened criminals.

Although Alcatraz is equipped with a gymnasium and workshops where prisoners are taught shoe-making, tailoring, and other trades, it furnishes few facilities for reforming the prisoner. He usually has had a chance to rehabilitate himself in other penitentiaries.

Unlike Devil's Island, the French penal colony, off the coast of French Guiana, Alcatraz is clean, modern in all its appointments, and its inmates are fed well. They must work gainfully for 8 hours, then they may read or study.

Alcatraz, or the island of Pelicans, was so named by Captain Manuel de Ayta, who sailed his Spanish galleon through the Golden Gate about the time colonists on the opposite side of the continent were revolting against England.

It served as a Spanish fortress and its dungeons held prisoners. After California was acquired by the United States in 1846, the Army used the island for disciplinary barracks until the Government decided in 1932 to use the place for housing the nation's

regulator is very sensitive slight variations in the Such sensitiveness is attributed to Bellows as the expansion is described on page 18, is corrugations that insure in regulators made by this

However, where v pipe is recommend controlled side of t When the No. as the Closing Me pipe is connected and the regulator increases the Syl

LAKE TROUT



Another trout, in name at least, is the lake trout. He's big, but he's sluggish. If you want to get the best he has to offer, troll for him with a light spoon in fifteen to thirty feet of water as early in the spring as the law will allow. In warm weather he goes deeper and deeper, until it may be necessary to fish in ninety to a hundred and fifty feet of water. The laker will put up a fairly respectable battle when hooked in shallow water in the early spring.

The most deadly form of live-bait fishing is still-fishing with a 3 or 4-inch minnow over a hot spot that has been chummed for several days with pieces of fish. Whether trolling or still-fishing, the most productive spots in lake trout water are the areas of shelving rock or sand bottom alongside of the deeper holes.

LAKE TROUT: World's Record Taken with Hook and Line by Miss L. L. Hayes, 63 lbs., in 1930 in Lake Athapapuskow, Manitoba.

BLACK BASS SMALLMOUTH



More men fish for bass in the United States and Canada than for any other species of fish. He comes in two kinds and many sizes. The smallmouth are supposed to be the gamier of the two species. Today small-mouth bass can be caught in most states, but we are inclined to think of the smallmouth more as a northern species. He's a great fish with the fly

fisherman, and he takes artificial plugs fairly well. But when he won't use the artificials, give him a frog or a minnow.

If you can locate a cold under-water spring along a rocky ledge, anchor your boat and let a frog down. You may learn something. Hellgrammites and crawfish both work well at times, and, of course, a can of angleworms should always go along with every bait fisherman.

BLACK BASS (Smallmouth): World's Record Taken with Hook and Line by Walter Harden, 14 lbs., in 1932 in Oakland, Florida.

LARGEMOUTH



The large-mouth is the joy and delight of the plug caster. He'll smack a plug at times when he won't hit a choice morsel of live bait put right in front of him. He's especially susceptible to a plug that makes a disturbance in the water. Apparently it makes him mad and he decides to kill something—and that's where the trouble starts. The largemouth of the South, especially the Florida largemouth, comes out of water as often, or oftener, during a fight as a northern smallmouth. This is not true of the largemouth of the North. He may break water once or twice, but the average fish is inclined to fight deep. While your smallmouth will be found around rocky shores, look for your largemouth in the neighborhood of weedbeds.

BLACK BASS (Largemouth): World's Record Taken with Hook and Line by George W. Perry, 22 lbs. 4 oz., in 1932 in Montgomery Lake, Georgia.

PICKEREL



The eastern pickerel is found in grassy waters and lakes. He'll take a plug or spoon, but he's a setup for a frog. Cast a frog with a spinner ahead of it at the edge of a weedbed and slowly jerk it along.

Come to Church Tomorrow

Why should I go?
 Just why should I go to Church tomorrow? If the Church invites me, she must have something to offer me? What will I find when I go there?

I will find an inspiration I greatly need just now. Times are hard, and temptations are many and strong; I need to be seeking a help that is "from the hills." The highest and noblest things of life are tugging at my heart, and somehow I must reach up to these things. As I look about me I am convinced that the low and evil in my business and social relationships, I want a firmer foundation than the world has offered me. My soul hungers for a real tonic of God; and this is the thing the Church offers, and I believe I have better go and find it.

I will find a helpful fellowship. That is another of my great needs, for I can not live in a vacuum. I must live with others and from others I must get one of my greatest blessings. In the Church there are many fighting the same battles that I am, and they are seeking the best in life, not for themselves alone, but for one another. Surely that fellowship will be a help to me. I think I ought to seek it.


I will find an opportunity to serve in a great cause. While I am seeking help for myself in a time of need, I can also be helping somebody else in his time of need. This will mean more to myself as I make it mean something to others, and this is the opportunity the Church offers me. I feel I must accept it.

And, wonderful thought, what the Church offers to each and every member of my family and I will go to Church tomorrow.

In view of these things and all else that is afforded, my family and I will go to Church tomorrow.

Size.....
 List Price..... \$ 9.75

Pressure and Vacuum Regulators



TRUBLE with Mexico caused troops to be sent to the border. Vera Cruz was occupied and one or two expeditions into Mexico were averted. In 1914 the powers became involved in the great war. The United States tried to remain neutral, but German vessels and submarines sank our merchant ships and forced the President to declare war, April 6, 1917. The entrance of the United States into the war was the result of its resources and vast man power being put into the conflict. Woodrow Wilson (29) (Teacher-Democrat) Born Staunton, Va., Dec. 28, 1856. Married Ellen Axon Galt 1882. Inaugurated President Nov. 10, 1912. Died Feb. 3, 1924. Served 8 years.


Flexibility Pressure

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Strainers

TRAGEDY OF NATURE
 A TREE GREW AROUND TWO ANTLERS OF A DEER THAT BECAME ENTANGLED WITH IT. Yosemite, Calif.



THE 17th Amendment provided for the election of U. S. Senators by popular vote instead of by the State Legislatures. The Steamship Titanic collided with an iceberg April 15, 1912. Fifteen hundred and seven hundred lives were lost. This was the first and most beautiful ocean vessel and her passenger list contained the best of the world.

William H. Taft (27) (Lawyer-Republican) Born Cincinnati, Ohio, Sept. 15, 1857. Married Helen Herron 1884. Inaugurated President March 4, 1909. Died March 8, 1930. Served 21 years.

Unknown people of the world. Some of the best known people of the world. Some of the best known people of the world. Some of the best known people of the world.

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of all temperature and pressure to prevent dirt and to valve seats. Owing to which this strainer well adapted for

28.00
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Fort Worth Mourns Death Of Miss Anna Shelton

Founder of Woman's Club Succumbs After Long Illness



Miss Anna Shelton

Funeral services for Miss Anna Shelton, founder and president emerita of the Fort Worth Woman's Club, will be conducted at 10 a. m. tomorrow in Anna Shelton Hall, the Pennsylvania Ave. club building which bears its founder's name.

Dr. Albert Venting of Cleburne will preside, with burial in Pioneer Rest Cemetery.

Fort Worth today mourned her death.

Death came at 7:20 p. m. yesterday in a local hospital. Miss Shelton had been in ill health for almost three years, confined to her home, 1316 W. Tucker, most of the time. She was 78.

Organization of the Fort Worth club came after Miss Shelton returned from a convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs in Chautauqua, N. Y., in 1923. She was fired with the desire to see a similar club here. After two clubs had failed to warm up to her plan, she went to a third. Soon a dozen groups had fallen in line.

Future of the club was assured when the late Mrs. W. G. Newby bought a mansion at 1316 Pennsylvania and presented it to the club women of Fort Worth. Now the organization has almost 1500 members. Properties are valued at more than \$200,000.

She was re-elected president in the spring of 1936 and served in that office at the insistence of the board until expiration of her term, when she was named president emerita, and Mrs. A. W. Terrell was elected president.

The Woman's Club was Miss Shelton's chief interest, but she had been active in the Fort Worth Library Assn., the Fort Worth Art Assn., and believed in

giving recognition to people who accomplished things.

She was also a member of the Sorosis Club, an early study club of Fort Worth, and the Texas Federation of Women's Clubs. While serving an financial chairman of the Federated Clubs she was credited with raising a large endowment fund for the state federation.

A life-long resident of Fort Worth, Miss Shelton was the youngest child of Dr. and Mrs. John F. Shelton, who settled in the early '50s north of town. This was where the family was living when Miss Shelton was born.

Moved to New Home

A short time later the family moved to a new home on E. Weatherford.

Miss Shelton finished her education in Kentucky after attending the public schools here. After teaching English several terms in the old Fort Worth University, she decided a business career was more to her liking.

A curious slant on her success

tively humdrum business after her health had forced her to give up art studies in New York.

Follows Doctors' Orders

Physicians advised her to stay out of doors all she could. Keeping tab on construction projects appealed to her as an excellent and profitable means of carrying out the doctors' advice.

The first year, mostly on borrowed money, she built one house and rented it. The next year Miss Shelton built three, and until she was taken seriously ill in 1936 she had built many apartments and houses over the city.

Headed Symphony

Miss Shelton had the distinction of being the first woman to head a symphony orchestra. She served as president of the Fort Worth Symphony Association several seasons.

In her home on W. Tucker, just across from the "Music Box" of the club, Miss Shelton had the fine paintings she loved on the walls. Also rare pottery was to be seen there.

She had traveled extensively in the United States, Europe, the British Isles and in Canada. Her last trip was to Australia in 1935. In her travels she studied art galleries, libraries, women's clubs, historic museums and schools.

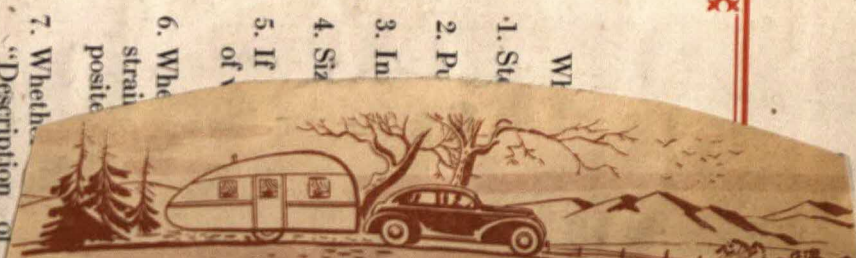
Survivors Named

Surviving Miss Shelton are three nieces and four nephews, and several grand-nieces and grand-nephews. Mrs. J. E. McCarthy and Miss Edna Pendleton of Fort Worth and Herbert and Walter Pendleton, Shamrock, are children of her sister, the late Mrs. Belle Shelton Pendleton of Fort Worth. Mrs. E. C. Houghton and Malcolm and James Shelton of Amarillo are children of her late brother, John Shelton, a pioneer cattleman of the Panhandle district. Another brother, James B. Shelton, died many years ago. He had never married.

Funeral arrangements were being made this morning with Robertson-Mueller-Harper Funeral Home.

The monthly meeting of the directors of the Woman's Club, which was to be Friday, has been postponed. Mrs. Terrell said today. A memorial service is being planned for early in the new club season opening in October.

regulator is described.)



Where to GO and What to SEE

Space Permits Listing Only a Few of Each State's Notable Places

ALABAMA Lookout Mountain Mobile	MAINE Arcadia National Park Katahdin Mountain	NORTH DAKOTA Verendrye National Monument
ARIZONA Casa Grande National Monument Grand Canyon National Park Painted Desert Petrified Forests National Monument	MARYLAND United States Naval Academy (Annapolis, Maryland)	OHIO Harding's Tomb (Marion, Ohio)
ARKANSAS Hot Springs National Park	MASSACHUSETTS Bunker Hill Monument Concord Faneuil Hall Lexington North Church Plymouth Provincetown Salem	OKLAHOMA Ponca City (Pioneer Woman Memorial)
CALIFORNIA Lake Tahoe Mount Whitney Sequoia National Park Yosemite National Park	MICHIGAN Kelllogg Company, Battle Creek Pictured Rocks (Upper Peninsula)	OREGON Crater Lake National Park Mount Hood Oregon Caves
COLORADO Garden of the Gods Grand Canyon Pikes Peak National Monument Rocky Mountains National Park	MINNESOTA Pepin Lake	PENNSYLVANIA Gettysburg National Park Valley Forge
CONNECTICUT Bear Mountain New Haven (Yale University)	MISSISSIPPI Tupelo National Monument Vicksburg National Park	RHODE ISLAND Cliff Walk (Newport)
DELAWARE Dover (Historic State Capital)	MISSOURI Jefferson Memorial (St. Louis) Lake of the Ozarks	SOUTH CAROLINA Castle Pinckney Monument Kings Mountain
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA Federal Government Buildings Lincoln Memorial Washington Monument	MONTANA Custer Battlefield National Monument Glacier National Park Lewis and Clark Caverna National Monument	SOUTH DAKOTA Black Hills Custer State Park Jewel Cave National Monument Wind Cave National Park
FLORIDA Everglades Bak Singing Tower Fort Matanzas National Monument	NEBRASKA Scott's Bluff National Monument	TENNESSEE Fort Donelson National Park Smoky Mountains National Park Meriwether Lewis National Monument The Hermitage
GEORGIA Chickasaw Park Kennesaw Mountain National Park Stone Mountain	NEVADA Black Rock Desert Lehman Caves National Monument	TEXAS The Alamo
IDAHO Crater of the Moon National Monument Shoshone Falls	NEW HAMPSHIRE Crawford Notch Franconia Notch Monadnock Mountain	UTAH Bryce Canyon National Park Great Salt Lake Desert Rainbow Bridge National Monument Zion National Park
ILLINOIS Lincoln's Tomb (Springfield) New Salem (Lincoln Memorials) Starved Rock	NEW JERSEY Princeton Trenton	VERMONT Lake Champlain
INDIANA Wyanadotte Cave	NEW MEXICO Aztec Ruin National Monument Carlsbad Caverns National Monument Chaco Canyon National Monument Enchanted Mesa	VIRGINIA Arlington Cemetery Monticello Mount Vernon Shenandoah National Park
IOWA The Ledges (near Des Moines)	NEW YORK Catskill Mountains Lake George Niagara Falls Statue of Liberty	WASHINGTON Mount Olympus National Monument Mount Rainier National Park
KANSAS Lawrence (University of Kansas)	NORTH CAROLINA Bald Face Mountain Guilford Court House National Park Kitty Hawk National Monument	WEST VIRGINIA Ice Mountain
KENTUCKY Mammoth Cave Lincoln's Birthplace National Monument	LOUISIANA Chalmette National Monument	WISCONSIN The Dells
		WYOMING Devil's Tower National Monument Grand Teton National Park Shoshone Caverns National Monument Yellowstone National Park

Here Are Famed '14 Points' Which Led to Peace of 1918

Pronounced by President Wilson Months Before Armistice, Became Basis For Versailles Treaty

The famous "Fourteen Points" laid down by President Wilson in 1918, which formed the starting point for negotiation of the Armistice and the Treaty of Versailles, have been mentioned often in the current debate over U. S. neutrality legislation.

At the request of readers, and to supply background material for discussion of the present issue, The Press herewith reviews the "Fourteen Points."

They were pronounced by President Wilson on Jan. 8, 1918, and to them must be added his further pronouncements of "Four Principles" on Feb. 11 of the same year, "Four Ends" on July 4, and "Five Particulars" on Sept. 27.

Outlined Principles

The "Fourteen Points" were less terms of peace than principles which he said must govern those terms. They demanded:

1. Open covenants of peace, openly arrived at . . . no private international understandings.
2. Absolute freedom of the seas, alike in peace and in war, "except as the seas may be closed in whole or part by international action for the enforcement of international covenants."
3. The removal, as far as possible, of all economic barriers and establishment of an equality of trade conditions (most favored nations treatment) among all nations consenting to the peace.

Arms Reduction

4. Guarantees that armaments shall be reduced to the lowest point consistent with domestic safety.

5. Adjustment of all colonial claims, in which the interests of the populations concerned must have equal weight with the equitable claims of the governments.

6. Evacuation of all Russian territory, and unhampered opportunity for Russia's independent political development under institutions of her own choosing.

7. Restoration of Belgium as a free nation. "Without this healing act the whole structure and validity of international law is forever impaired."

Territory For France

8. All French territory should be freed and the invaded portions restored. -Alsace-Lorraine, seized by Prussia in 1871, should be returned to France.

9. Readjustment of the frontiers of Italy along clearly recognized lines of nationality.

10. The peoples of Austria-Hungary should be accorded the freest opportunity of autonomous development.

11. Rumania, Serbia and Montenegro should be evacuated, their occupied territories restored; Serbia accorded a free access to the sea, and the relations of the Balkans determined "along historically established lines of allegiance and nationality."

Dardanelles Open

12. Turkish portions of the Ottoman Empire should be assured a secure sovereignty, but the other nationalities under Turkish rule should be guaranteed autonomous development.

can be made the basis of settlement.

3. There can be no leagues or alliances or special covenants and understanding within the general and common family of the League of Nations.

4. Specifically, there can be no special selfish economic combinations within the League.

5. All international agreements and treaties must be made open to the world.

6. The Dardanelles should be permanently opened as a free passage.

13. An independent Polish state should be erected and assured a free and secure access to the sea.

14. A general association of nations must be formed under specific covenants affording mutual guarantees of political independence and territorial integrity (The League of Nations).

Added 4 Principles

On Feb. 11, 1918, President Wilson, adding his "Four Principles," asserted that "Self-determination is not a mere phrase. It is an imperative principle of action which statesmen will henceforth ignore at their peril."

His "Four Great Ends" on July 4, he summarized in a single sentence: "What we seek is the reign of law, based upon the consent of the governed and sustained by the organized opinion of mankind."

His "Five Particulars" of Sept. 27, a few weeks before the Armistice, were:

No Secret Treaties

1. The impartial justice meted out (in the peace treaty to come) must involve no discriminations.

2. No separate interest of any single nation or group of nations representatives:

ATLANTIC SALMON



Many fishermen place the Atlantic salmon at the top of the list of sporting fish. Originally, he was found in all rivers emptying into the Atlantic Ocean along the eastern seaboard from the Chesapeake north. Pollution and power dams have changed all that, and today you can only catch him in a few rivers in Maine and in New Brunswick, Quebec, Nova Scotia and other of the Maritime Provinces of Canada.

It is contended by many that the salmon, when he returns from the ocean, eats no solid food until after he spawns; but he can be taken with artificial flies. For many years it has been the accepted thing to fish for salmon with two-handed rods and



Calamity Jane
Some people actually believe their troubles interest others

The largest plant in use of thermos

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comparatively heavy leaders on which are attached two large flies. With this rig, the angler fishes wet, which means that the flies sink below the surface. They are cast across-stream and allowed to swing around with the current. They are then retrieved and cast again. Of more recent years the salmon fisherman has adopted the trout fisherman's tactics of fishing dry, which means using lighter tackle and casting upstream with a fly that will ride the surface, remaining dry rather than becoming wet, and sinking.

Most of this angling has been done in the past from boats, but again recent developments have put the salmon fisherman in the stream on his feet after the manner of a trout fisherman. At the same time he uses still lighter tackle and undoubtedly gets more sport from his fishing.

ATLANTIC SALMON: World's Record, Taken with Hook and Line by Henrick Henriksen, 79.2 lbs., in 1928 at Tanaelv, Norway.

PACIFIC SALMON



There are five species of salmon on the Pacific Coast: the king, the silver, the sockeye, the humpback and the dog salmon.

All of these salmon can be taken on artificial lures when they enter fresh water. The usual method of a commercial fisherman in catching king and silver salmon is to troll a large spoon offshore before the fish enter the estuaries to go upstream on their pilgrimage to the spawning grounds.

Inventors of Cotton Picking Machine Prefer To Aid Mankind Than Profit

Texans Know Device Could Bring Disaster To Sharecroppers

By JACK BRYAN

Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., March 12.—The Rust brothers, inventors of the mechanical cotton picker, today announced their determination to forego profits from their invention so that "it may be a blessing and not a curse to mankind."

With the machine practically perfected, they appealed to the world to help them devise a plan by which theirs may be the first labor-saving machine that has not brought distress to labor.

In the office of their small Memphis plant, John D. and Mack

Turn to Page 4 for an editorial: "To Make It a Blessing."

D. Rust today talked with the correspondent of the Scripps-Howard Newspapers.

"We got down on our knees and picked cotton when we were boys," John Rust said. "We have invented a machine to do this back-breaking labor. It will do the work of 50 to 100 men."

Wives Help Them

One mechanic works in the garage converted into a factory. Their wives serve as office staff. John D., 43, is iron-gray but vigorous, and Mack D., 36, is young-looking and eager.

"We are convinced that exploitation of our invention, by ourselves or anyone else, would create untold disaster," John went on. "In the share-cropper country, that 75 per cent of the labor population would be made jobless."

"All we want is security for ourselves," Mack said. "For security is what we want this invention to bring to others."

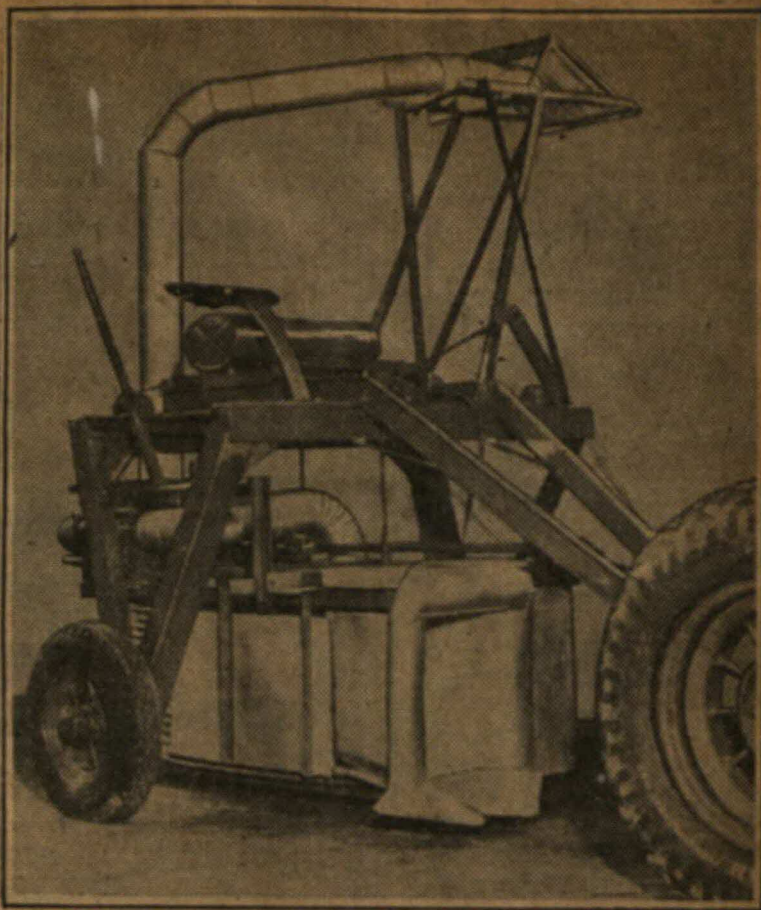
"We propose to allow this machine to be used only under specified conditions which will safeguard society against catastrophe."

May Lease Invention

"We may lease our invention and require that every lessee maintain a definite minimum living wage and maximum hours for his labor, abolish all child labor and recognize the right of collective bargaining among his employees."

"We are especially eager to see the development of corporative farms in the South, with the farm laborers owning the land and sharing in the profits."

"We want to enlist the aid of the state and Federal governments in a carefully studied program to introduce this invention in socialized manner through na-



A dream inspired by back-breaking toil in the Texas inventors' youthful days is forged into this machine hailed as the first practical cotton picker. Built by John D. and Mack D. Rust, it was exhibited the first time at the National Cotton Show at Memphis, Tenn. It will do the work of from 50 to 100 men.

the Government and the International Labor Office of the League of Nations in controlling the use of the invention abroad."

Already two of the most important cotton countries abroad have interested themselves in the picker.

The Rust Cotton Picker Co. Inc. in Tennessee, has an authorized capital of 50,000 shares. About one-tenth, or approximately \$100,000, of its capital, is paid in.

The Rust brothers were born on a cotton farm 13 miles southeast of Breckenridge, Stephens County, Texas. Their parents died when they were children, and they had their own way to make.

John migrated to Kansas' wheat fields. After 10 months in the Army, he became assistant designer and superintendent of construction with a threshing machine company. He had only a smattering of academic education when he began work on his invention.

Meanwhile, Mack had graduated in mechanical and electrical engineering at the University of Texas, and after a year of post-graduate work was with General Electric at Schenectady.

Mack Rust have set up a novel scheme of limited returns.

"As compensation for our invention," John said, "we will accept an income that will not exceed 10 times the salary of the lowest full-time paid employe of the corporation."

"Under that system," Mack explained, "if any executive thinks he's worth more than he's getting, let him prove it. If he's so smart, let him show it by making the business pay for a wage raise to the other employes. Then he'll automatically get his own raise in proportion."

Any profit which comes to them as stockholders, in addition to salary so computed, they will donate to social betterment.

Personal co-operation. A part of the profits of the machine could be used to administer a social insurance scheme for the disabled and aged, and to develop a program of rural industrialization and diversification side by side with the use of the picker.

"Finally, we want the aid of John persuaded Mack to join him in 1928."

WALL-EYED PIKE



Some folks call him pike perch. The Canadians call him pickerel or dore. He'll take a plug or a spoon, but I have always found the best way to catch him was with a nice big juicy minnow. There's no rig quite to compare with a June bug spinner fished ahead of a shiner. As a fighter he's just fair. As a table fish, he's supreme.

WALL-EYED PIKE: World's Record Taken with Hook and Line by Anthony M. Brothers, 18 lbs., in 1933 in High Lake, Wisconsin.

PANFISHES



This is a big subject in itself. There are yellow perch and white perch, and they are both splendid fish to catch or on the table. You can use worms for both of them, but either will hit a bucktail or a streamer fly in the spring, and either will take a minnow; and if you can find a school of large ones, you can catch them with frogs.

Highly prized are the calico bass and the crappie, the most popular sunfish of the lot. They are excellent on the table. They are not much on the fight, but their mouths are very tender. Neither of them care much for the angworm, but they are death on minnows and can be caught on streamer flies.

Then comes the lesser of the sunfish: the common sunfish, the goggle-eye, the bluegill, and the long-eared sunfish, called robin or red-breast in the South. Any of these call for angworms, but the big ones will take a grass-

WRIGHT'S FISHING CALENDAR FOR DECEMBER 1939

1-B, 2-B, 3-B, 4-F, 5-P, 6-P, 7-G, 8-G, 9-G, 10-P, 11-P, 12-P, 13-P, 14-G, 15-G, 16-B, 17-B, 18-B, 19-F, 20-F, 21-P, 22-P, 23-P, 24-P, 25-F, 26-F, 27-F, 28-F, 29-F, 30-P, 31-G.

Explanation: B best, G good, F fair, P poor. These fishing dates are subject to change by local conditions. They are prepared by a fisherman of long experience and have been found sufficiently accurate to create widespread interest.

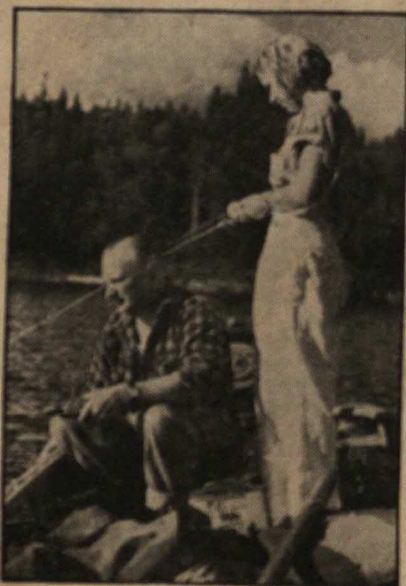
hopper with neatness and dispatch, and they'll take small wet flies most any time if you fish them right.

CATFISH



You can catch mudcats six inches long. And you can catch the big yellow and blue cats of the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers that may weigh a hundred pounds. From the sporting standpoint, the only one of these fellows that interests me is the channel cat. He's blue with black spots, and generally weighs around three or four pounds. Give him a nice shiner and in return he'll give you plenty of action. At times a good trim channel cat will put up as much of a fight as any game fish of equal weight I have ever caught.

But if you insist on fishing for catfish, lay aside your light tackle and artificial lures. Get a good kerosene lantern and a can of worms and go out on a dark night. In the morning you'll have a lot of fish, and your hands will be cut and scratched. But in spite of this you'll have had a good time.



TROUT

Trout are found in the streams and lakes of all but a few of the states of the Union. Wherever there are mountain streams with water that never goes above 80 degrees in the heat of the summer's day, trout can live. There are many species and sub-species, and I will only attempt to deal with the most common, for the methods of catching are very much the same.

EASTERN BROOK TROUT



When an easterner thinks of trout it is always the native, or eastern brook, that comes to mind. He's probably the best-looking of the family. On top of this, he's a bulldog and tenacious when it comes to fighting—not as spectacular as other trout,

but with more than his share of stick-to-it-tiveness. He doesn't come out of the water and show himself like the salmon, and other members of the trout family, but believes in boring deep and finding something to wrap a leader around. Give him a stream with a good current and a few snags on the bottom, and it takes an angler of the first water to land a big one on light tackle.

I still think that the brook trout is the fish for which the angworm is made. He is a set-up for the man who knows how to fish a worm in the spring. It is his natural food. The fly fisherman may turn up his nose at the man who fishes with bait, but that shouldn't bother the bait fisherman, for he has all the best of it until the days get warm and the natural flies appear on the water. Then may the fly fisherman take trout right from under the

WRIGHT'S FISHING CALENDAR FOR MAY 1939

1-P, 2-F, 3-F, 4-F, 5-F, 6-P, 7-P, 8-P, 9-B, 10-B, 11-B, 12-B, 13-G, 14-G, 15-G, 16-G, 17-P, 18-P, 19-P, 20-P, 21-B, 22-B, 23-B, 24-B, 25-P, 26-P, 27-P, 28-P, 29-P, 30-F, 31-F.

Explanation: B best, G good, F fair, P poor. These fishing dates are subject to change by local conditions. They are prepared by a fisherman of long experience and have been found sufficiently accurate to create widespread interest.



MARCH OF SCIENCE

Fingerprinting Drugs

Dr. Mary L. Willard, assistant professor of micro-chemistry at Pennsylvania State College, is picturing the "personalities" of drugs, by photographing their crystals magnified 200 times.

Caffein is a lot of stars. Strychnine is a seashell with a very lovely dark fringe border. Cocaine is a gossamer leaf. Quinine is a dark tassel. Morphine sometimes appears as a bundle of reeds, sometimes a palm frond.

The variety of patterns—no two alike—are based on the fact that molecules which form different drugs have different arrangements of atoms.



Morphine



Caffein



Strychnine



Quinine

Imagine His Surprise!



EVERY running health fault of the heat where i Any heati it comforta it has been heating sea time more consumptio adjustment opened and down to th Of the m each has its while south have an inc of lights be storms play could go d effort to n impossibilit Several y leaders in t perature-co out to pro comfort in

Fig. (No. 8)

Major Welcomes 1940 From 23,000 Feet In the Air

Describes Beautiful Spectacle of Sun Rising Like Ball of Fire On Horizon

By MAJOR AL WILLIAMS
 Scripps-Howard News Alliance Writer

ROOSEVELT FIELD, L. I., Jan. 9.—At 6:30 a. m. on New Year's Day I took off from snow-blanketed Roosevelt Field, in my Gulfhawk single-seater fighter, to welcome the New Year.

I climbed into the east, and the field boundary lights were soon a fancy pattern. The west was dark. Faint shades of blue began to show in the east. The sky over-

head was deep indigo, with a white half-moon and myriads of cold stars. At 3000 feet the outside air temperature was zero, and the cockpit air little better. No heater in single-seater fighting planes. Compass course 138 degrees. Rate of climb 2000 feet per minute. Five, ten, fifteen thousand feet with the temperature sinking a few degrees with every few thousand feet. The engine was slowing down—carburetor icing. Adjusted the exhaust heat to carburetor air, and the Wright Cyclone deepened and smoothed its roar.

25 Below Zero

The southern shore of Long Island, whiter than snow, passed beneath. The Atlantic was dull and gray, dotted with thousands of tiny clouds, bunched together, resembling great herds of sheep far below. Eighteen thousand feet, and colder. Twenty five degrees below zero. More heat to the carburetor. Less in me.

We must be about 20 miles out to sea. Time to spare. Sunrise, at ground level, is due at 7:19. The Gulfhawk can make 30,000 feet, but I can't go much beyond 20,000 without oxygen. How much? Nineteen forty's first problem for me. 21,000—22,000—feet. We're still climbing. My breath is shorter. I inhale deeply. We'll try another thousand feet. 23,000 feet—temperature 40 below zero. Deeper breaths. I feel the lack of oxygen now. The engine is all right; I'm watching me now. Many minutes to go before the sun peeps above the horizon. Out of sight of land now. We'll wait here for the sun and the New Year. Cold rendezvous.

The horizon is lightening to pale blue. All the world is a stage, and I am watching its gigantic curtain rise. The light and color changes will come swiftly now. There's the red all along the eastern sealine. It's on fire—flaming red, like a prairie fire. Now the gold is seeping through. A few streaks flash across the gray sea, like arrows shot from below the horizon. More arrows—then millions, to become a sheet of gold. There's the top rim of the sun—GOOD MORNING, 1940!

Sees Sun First

If my watch is right I am looking at the sun 2 1-4 minutes before the ground dwellers.

Good morning, sun! Others greeted you hours ago, far beyond that sea-rim. Standing watch on the Siegfried and Maginot ramparts and in the crow's-nests of warships over the North Sea. Still others first saw your red face from behind the gunsights of warplanes. All looking for you and for men they are ordered to kill. The gunsight aperture in the windshield of my ship is sealed.

Jaunt or gay gesture, Mr. Sun, a spirit of reverence sent me into the dark skies to read your flaming banner of a New Year. Fortune good, bad or indifferent, we started this year right—moving forward and upward—with hand extended—a grin, half challenge, half prayer—facing your first bright lights, beyond which no man knows what lies. I want to say with a swagger that I don't care—but I cannot. Somehow, far beyond the farthest planet, a page has been turned. The script is dim—I am leaning and flying forward to read.

The sheer beauty of this scene strengthens my hopes, as Tenny-

son's lines from *The Golden Year* run through my mind here 23,000 feet above the Atlantic—40 degrees below zero.

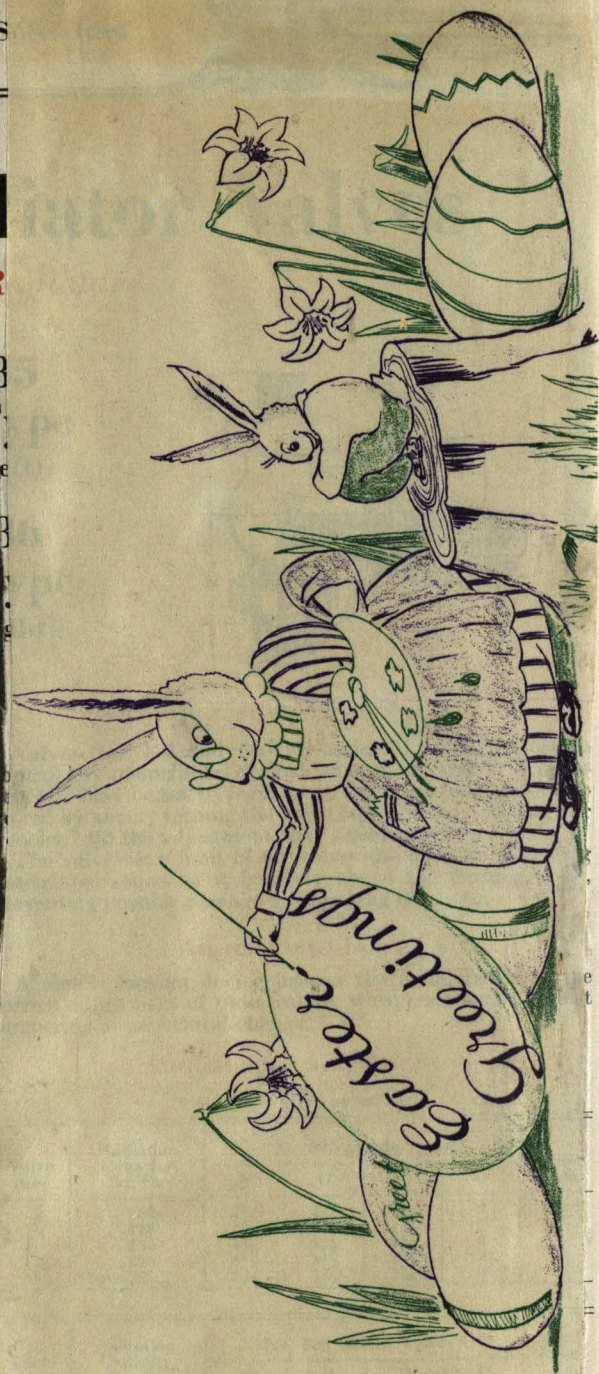
But we grow old. Ah! When shall all men's good

Be each man's rule, and universal peace

Lie like a shaft of light across the land

And like a lane of beams athwart the sea.

THE AMERICAN'S CREED.
 I believe in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people, whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign Nation of many sovereign States; upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.
 I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it; to support its Constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag; and to defend it against all enemies.



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This Is Life

BY JACK MAXWELL

HERE'S ONE I like: "Calmness of mind is one of the beautiful Jewels of Wisdom. It is the result of long and patient efforts in self-control. Its presence is an indication of Ripened Experience, and of more than ordinary knowledge of the laws and operations of thought. Self-control is strength; right thought is mastery . . . and calmness is power."

And, just to let you know that the foregoing applies to me as well as a few other human mavericks running around loose on the range of life, allow me to spill what a doctor friend once said to me. Here it is: "You have plenty on the ball, but darn little control." Well, since that well-remembered day I have tried to get hot on the control business by practicing calmness.

Friendship

Their Friendship was *Love supreme*; that incomparable, indescribable thing which we call Love. There is no poem,

novel, or story whose theme is not Love; to take Love out of the great drama of life, would be like taking the warmth from the fire, the sweetness from the rose, the ripeness from the peach, the soul from the body, the sun from the skies, and God from the heavens.

Surely there is no more beautiful sight in all the world; full as it is of beautiful adjustments, mutual ministrations, than the growth of two friends natures, who as they grow old together always fathoming newer needs, deeper depths, and opening richer veins to one another's helpfulness.

What is a friend? *One who knows all about you but is still your friend.* One who rejoices with you in your successes, and weeps with you in your sorrows. One who says, if you go down, I will go down with you. If you sink, I will sink, too. One who takes you by the hand and gives you that warm handclasp, looking you straight in the eye and saying, "Old Man, *I believe in you*, and will stay with you to the last, through thick and thin."

Such assurances fortify one to face the battles of life with a more courageous spirit . . . to wade through fire, through flood and through all the thunder of life's battles. It is like a divine candle flame shedding its mild light into the dark places of life; like the perfume of the flowers wafted from the Elysian fields of Paradise. It will ever be an oasis; an evergreen to the memory when one approaches life's sunset. Friendship is the greatest asset in life; more precious than riches, for riches, will take wings and vanish like the dew of the morning sun. One does not fully feel the need of a friend when the sun is shining brightly; when there is not a rift in the sky; when the flood tide is coming in; when everything that one touches turns to gold. . . . But wait until the tide changes; when the flood tide is ebbing; when the storm clouds are gathering; the shadows of life falling thick and fast, and the light of day fading; when one is being tossed about upon the sea of life by the angry waves, thinking that all is lost. . . . Then, and then only, does one fully feel the need of a true friend.

Of times as I sit in quiet moments of meditation turning the rose leaves of memory, there comes the echo of words spoken by friends and loved ones that no money can buy. They are the things that make life worthwhile. They are like the beautiful fragrant flowers strewn along the pathway over which we journey. They help us to forget the roughness of the road. They have a way of adding to the buoyancy of life and carrying us along with them upon the wings of the spirit to the heights whither we are bound.

In Proverbs, 27th Chapter, 9th Verse, we find these words:

"Ointment and perfume rejoice the heart: so doth the sweetness of a man's friend by hearty counsel."

I want us to think together for a few minutes about Friendship. Does the word "Friendship" have any significance to you? Do you really have a longing and yearning deep down in your heart for friends? Then I am going to tell you how to have them.

The older I grow, the more I appreciate friends, No man liveth to himself. To try to fight the battle of this life without them would be like trying to live without the sunshine. *To have friends, one must be a friend.* Do not think that you can get something for nothing. That immutable law of compensation regulates every aspect of the human relationship. To have a good friend is one of the highest delights of life; to be a good friend is one of the noblest and most difficult undertakings. Friendship depends not upon fancy, imagination or sentiment, but upon *Character*. There is no man so poor that he is not rich if he has a friend; there is no man so rich that he is not poor without a friend. Whenever you come to that point in life . . . where you are willing to give of yourself for the sake of others, then you will have friends. It is impossible for you to convince the other fellow that you are his friend unless you are sincere. He is always able to detect as to the genuineness of your pretensions. The very modulations of your voice reveal your sincerity. Even the dog, with his keen instinct, is able to tell whether you are his friend or not. He usually waits for you to speak before either wagging his tail or uttering a growl.

In any discussion of Friendship that aims to bring out the higher significance, it would be quite unpardonable to neglect the two greatest portrayals of the living life that the world has seen . . . Christ and Paul. For no Friendship can reach its highest attainments, that falls below the ideals of the Beatitudes. You have entered into your friend's life and thought and experience; you feel with him. . . . Oh the comfort, the inexpressible *comfort of feeling safe with a person* . . . having to never weigh thoughts nor measure words, but pouring them all right out just as they are, chaff and grain together, certain that a faithful hand will take and sift them, keep what is worth keeping and with breaths of kindness blow the rest away.

The story of the Friendship of David and Joathan, to my mind, is the most beautiful story of Friendship ever told. That Friendship where one is willing to lay down his life, if needs be, for his friend. The Friendship that was thicker than blood, that caused Jonathan to forsake his father for David.

To my mind there is no word in the English language that has greater significance than the word "Friendship." In the garden of creation, the most beautiful flower that ever bloomed, was a full blown flower of Friendship. Friendship is inexorable and its laws as fixed as the laws that hold the stars in their course, and woe to that man or woman who transgresses; for he or she who, ere it is ripe, deflowers the bud of blossoming Friendship in wantonness and waste, and in after years will watch and wait and water it with tears in vain, for that flower will never bloom.

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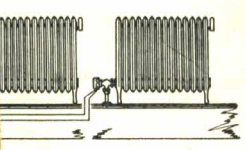
By JACK MAXWELL

QUOTE: "I studied early and I pondered late, on matters I deemed of wondrous weight. But, I have learned at last to leave to God . . . that vast enigma, FATE."

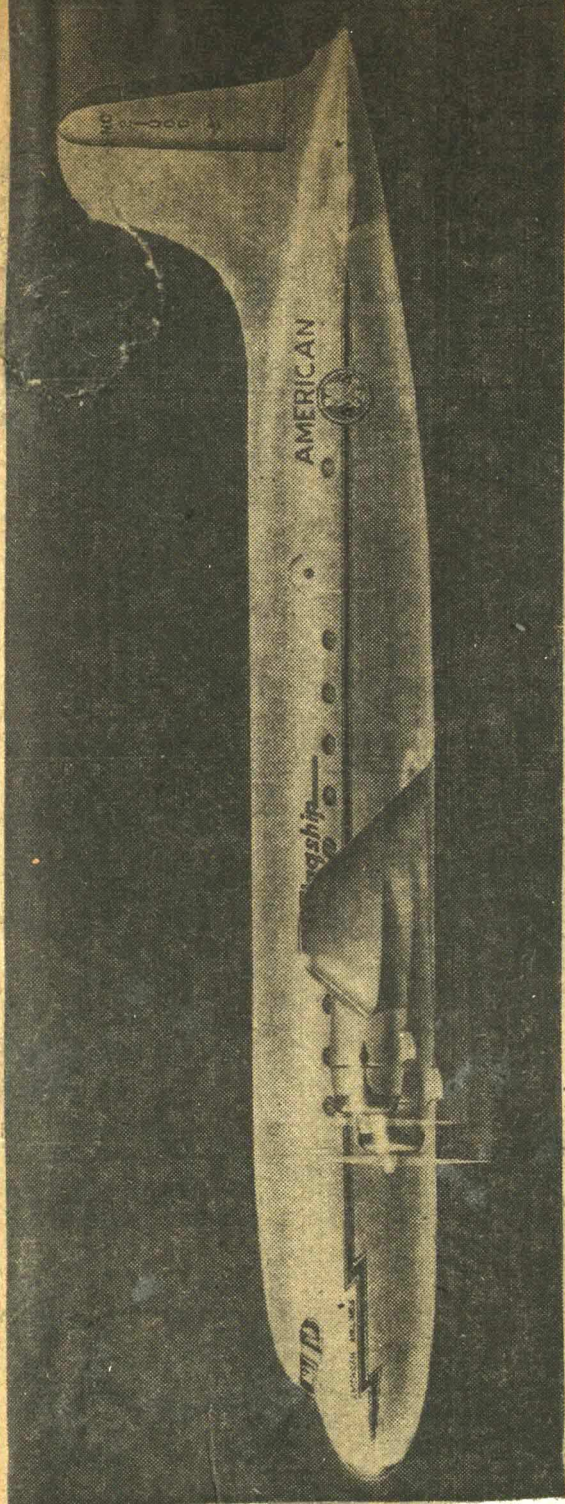
And here's the Big Idea: While traveling the Trail of Life, twist and turn as we may, worry out and heads off about this or that, in the end what does it PROFIT US? The better plan is, I think, when we get into a "jam," instead of worrying too much about the bit of hard luck, misfortune or what-have-you, get "hot" and endeavor to straighten out and try for a "3-point-landing."

In case we should chance to fall, the fact of having given the thing a try shows to the pie-eyed world that we were giving the racket of living "the gun" and we stuck to the doggone turnip patch as long as we could. And, as some guy once said: "Failure is success turned wrong-side out." And, that being true, success, like "baloney sausage," slice it thick or thin . . . it's still "baloney."

So, when you find what you think is a marked deck and you gotta "stay in the game," hold the cards close to your face and BLUFF, like Helen Virginia. For I think bluffing should be listed as a VIRTUE. At least, it's won many a "jack pot" along the Tote Road of human adventure where COURAGE is a prime requisite in the game of the survival of the fittest.



operated by direct current. Valves with thermostat.



Here you see an architect's sketch of the world's largest landplane, the 40-passenger, four-engine Flagship being constructed for American Airlines at the Douglas Aircraft Co. factory in Santa Monica, Cal., 15 of which have been ordered for delivery beginning early next year. The order, largest ever placed by an American air system, is for \$5,317,950. The big liners will fly the transcontinental route between Los Angeles and New York via Fort Worth, the line's southern division terminal.

Good Taste in Dress Spells Good Taste in Dress. **MRS. SHEPARD** makes us know that good appearance, including good grooming, posture and good taste in dress. To the employer it also bespeaks more: alertness, orderliness, assurance, poise, care of detail and innate good taste.

Good taste, she says, is the same whether you apply it to clothes or people. The applicant who shows good taste in dress is likely to show the same good taste in her dealings with people. She will exhibit diplomacy, for instance, just as she will exhibit harmony in color schemes.

As for that indescribable quality we call personality, Mrs. Shepard is firmly of the opinion that it can be acquired, if one can develop sufficient insight, that is the ability to analyze oneself.

We Develop Either An Ingoing Or Outgoing Personality

SHE defines personality as "our characteristic way of getting those things in life which we feel we need to make us secure and happy."

"In developing these methods of fulfilling our needs and desires," she says, "we take one of two general courses:

"1. We find life too difficult and give up, and then depend on some one else rather than work problems out for ourselves, thus developing an ingoing personality.

2. We learn to get what we want by actively doing something about it, and thus developing an outgoing personality.

Asked what single quality of the outgoing type of personality which she thought was most important in success, Mrs. Shepard answered:

"I should say the quality of likeableness. This quality more than any other helps one to get what he wants from others."

Asked also how a negative, ingoing personality—one who is timid and wants to be likeable—might improve she answered:

"She should quit concentrating on herself and her own timidity and concentrate on the other person whom she wants to like her. We like people who like us, who build us up and make us feel important."

Had a Deeply Religious Nature That Didn't Show Upon Surface

I FOUND that she had a deeply religious nature which I had never suspected as I had observed her in crowded rooms of people or in rushing throngs on a busy street. In these groups, I had assumed that the frivolous things of life were her main interest.

I found, too, that she was a hard worker, not a social butterfly in the least. She only forced herself to play so that she might not become a one-sided person, but work was never neglected.

Also, I found that she was a fine manager with money. The lovely things with which she surrounded herself might indicate that she was extravagant. But I learned that if she bought expensive items, it was because she could afford them and also because she had learned that the good things pay in the long run.

I learned many other surprising things about her. She was not the wealthy-I-don't-care-about-the-other-fellow type at all. She was considerate, gentle, unselfish, kind, gracious, and even humble.

Too Much of Our Knowledge of People Is On Superficial Basis

I LEFT her reminding myself that we don't know half of the people whom we think we know. We can work with them for years and not know them. We can pass them on the street every day and still not know them. We can drive by their houses every day in the year and see them at work and at play, and still not know them.

But when we pierce beneath the surface in a quiet, friendly, not too hurried visit, we can make the most surprising discoveries. Folks whom we had suspected as cold and austere, we may discover are only timid. Folks whom we had suspected as being too aggressive are only enthusiastic. Others whom we had thought of as indiscreet turn out to have other fine qualities which make us forget this fault altogether.

Too much of our knowledge of people in this busy, tense, rushing world is on a superficial basis. We jump at conclusions before we know the real person. We criticize harshly before we analyze. We take our own mental snapshot of a personality and never attempt to enlarge it.

LIFE

By MRS. WALTER FERGUSON

THE American heart responds to the valor of the Finns. When we see a handful of sturdy people battling for democracy against what seems to be an invincible foe, we are reminded of our own past. Thus also our pioneers fought, and through unimaginable hardships they won their way at last to a victory which gave a liberty-lighted land to them and their children ever. Because of this heritage, no matter what happens in Europe there lives within us an abiding belief that somehow, sometime, Right will overcome Might.



Mrs. Ferguson

The dispatches from Finland bring pictures to our mind—pictures of men repulsing enemy guns, pictures of soldiers holding fortresses made of brick and stone.

Yet, turning our eyes homeward, we see very near us—perhaps no farther away than the next street—humble men and women fighting valorously. Only the foes they face do not come armed with iron, steel or bombs. Their weapons are more horrible: the slow grinding pressure of ceaseless poverty; the fierce onslaught of bodily pain and the dull ache of constant sorrow. Everywhere the valorous of earth hold fortresses. They fight for spiritual ramparts even as they guard physical ones.

Might battles Right in every state, every city, in every neighborhood of our nation. Sometimes only a few good citizens hold the forts for justice and decency; sometimes all save a handful of the brave desert our righteous causes. And often a lone soldier—some man or woman bereft of everything—will stand as firmly for God and Good as any hero of the battlefield.

They are society's Unknown Soldiers—widows fighting to keep their families together; lonely girls refusing to compromise with evil; men hard-pressed to support their families. In every life, however humble, there is need for faith and fortitude; may it be given each of us in full measure during 1940.



PSITTACOSIS

Every now and then the public is treated to startling stories concerning outbreaks of what is known as "psittacosis"—an acute, infectious disease, with numerous symptoms resembling typhoid fever and often a superimposed pneumonia.

The remarkable thing about this illness, and there have been numerous mild epidemics of it throughout the United States and Continental Europe, is that in each house where it started there was always found a sick poll parrot.

It was first definitely noted as a distinct disease in Switzerland in 1876 when hundreds of cases of pneumonia suddenly appeared. Some observing doctor discovered that in each house where he had patients ill with this disorder he always saw a sick parrot, with ruffled feathers, lowered head, drooping wings, gasping for breath.

Following this outbreak, it developed in Paris, then jumped to Florence, Italy. Genoa, Italy's chief seaport, was the next city it visited. Cologne and London and other large cities suffered in turn, the sickness among human beings always being preceded by a sickness among the parrots of the homes. Seafarers' families suffered most because the usual present to the wife or mother of the returning sailor was a parrot. The death rate was unusually high.

In 1891, Paris was the scene of a violent epidemic and the health authorities traced it directly to a shipment of birds from Buenos Aires. Of 500 parrots shipped from the Argentine capital, 300 died en route and 200 arrived sick and were sold while ill by a local

dealer. Hundreds of human beings were prostrated and many died.

Parrots, parakeets and love birds—all members of the parrot family—convey this disease. In one year the United States imported 60,000 parrots and 50,000 canaries and that year we had psittacosis in fifteen states. South American birds usually are the ones to start these outbreaks.

In one local department store which purchased 12 parrots for its bird section, 9 died and within three days 25 employes of this establishment contracted the disease and 10 succumbed. Persons under thirty years seldom contract psittacosis, while among those over that age the death rate varies from 20 per cent to 40 per cent.

A Swarm of Bees

- B patient, B prayerful, B humble, B mild,
- B wise as a solon, B meek as a child;
- B studious, B thoughtful, B loving, B kind;
- B sure you make matter subservient to mind.
- B courteous, B prudent, B trustful, B true.
- B courteous to all men, B friendly with few.
- B temperate in argument, pleasant and wine.
- B careful of conduct, of money, of time.
- B cheerful, B grateful, B hopeful, B firm.
- B peaceful, benevolent, willing to learn.
- B courageous, B gentle, B liberal, B just,
- B aspiring, B humble, because thou art dust;
- B patient, circumspect, sound in the faith,
- B active, devoted; B faithful till death
- B honest, B holy, transparent, and pure;
- B dependent, B Christ-like, and you'll B secure.

"Don't Quit"

When things go wrong, as they sometime will,
 When the road you're treading seems all up hill,
 When the funds are low and the debts are high,
 And you want to smile, but you have to sigh,
 When care is pressing you down a bit,
 REST, IF YOU MUST, BUT DON'T YOU QUIT.

Life is queer with its twists and turns,
 As every one of us sometimes learn,
 And many a "failure" turns about
 When he might have won HAD HE STUCK IT OUT.
 Don't give up, though the pace seems slow,
 You may succeed with another blow!

Often the goal is nearer than
 It seems to a faint and faltering man,
 Often the struggler has given up
 When he might have captured the victor's cup
 And he learned too late, when the night slipped down,
 How close he was to the golden crown.

SUCCESS IS FAILURE TURNED INSIDE OUT,
 The silver tint of the cloud of doubt,
 And you can never tell how close you are -
 It may be near when it seems afar,
 So STICK to the fight, when you are hardest hit --
 It's when things seem worst that "YOU MUSTN'T QUIT."



Confucius Say

By Associated Press.

You've been hearing from your smart-cracking friends, countless things that "Confucius say."

Well, here are some of the many things that the Sixth Century Chinese sage actually did say:

"The cautious seldom err."

"It is better to be mean than in-subordinate."

"In style all that is required is that it convey the meaning."

"A poor man does not flatter."

"What the superior man seeks is in himself."

"What the small man thinks is in others."

"Learning, undigested by thought, is labor lost."

"Thought, unassisted by learning, is dangerous."

"The superior man is dignified, but does not wrangle."

"While you do not know life what can you know about death?"

"The wise men must wither away like the plant."

"What you do not like when done to yourself do not do to others."



The Reformer

The fellow who practices what he preaches will have to work a lot overtime

"The happiest person is the person who thinks the most interesting thoughts."

"There is no short cut to the riches of thought."

"As we advance in years from childhood to youth, from youth to middle age, from middle age to old age, we really grow happier, if we live intelligently. Increase of difficulties and responsibilities strengthens and enriches the mind, and adds to the variety of life."

"TO live abundantly is like climbing a mountain or a tower. Why is it that men every year pay money for the privilege of leaving the comfortable plains and highways, in order to climb through appalling difficulties and obstacles at the top of the mountain? Someone asked one of the adventurous heroes who tried to climb Mount Everest, 'Why do you want to climb it?' He answered, 'Because it is there.' (And now he is there)."

"To say that youth is happier than maturity is like saying that the view from the bottom of a tower is better than the view from the top. As we ascend the spiral staircase, and glance from time to time through the narrow slits in the stones, the range of our view widens immensely; the horizon is pushed farther away. Finally as we reach the summit it is as if we had the world at our feet."

"Unhappiness comes from thinking about oneself, rather than of something outside of oneself."

"There is no comparison at all between the vague happiness of an irresponsible youth, and the real happiness of a busy man or woman, with a home and an occupation, whose work, ideas and opinions count for something."

"THE ideas that comes from one's work, from reading, from thoughts, from music, from art, and from mere observations of the world of men and women, are, curiously enough, both a refuge and an inspiration. They refresh and they stimulate. The best insurance against old age and disability is an interesting mind; and such a mind gives stimulus to more enjoyment."

"In my life of professional teaching, I have never endeavored to make young men more efficient; I have tried to make them more interesting. If one is interesting, one is usually efficient."

"For a shallow optimism I have no respect whatever. But if optimism means one believes that in the long run truth will survive error and good will triumph over evil and that life is an experience for which one is grateful, then I am most certainly an optimist."

THE SPIRIT, NOT THE SYMBOL

In Germany every man, woman and child is expected to give the Nazi "salute" whenever passing a picture of Hitler in a shop window, or meeting a soldier in uniform, or even greeting a friend on the street. Those who fail to do so are, if not arrested, regarded with suspicion.

Similar conditions obtain in other nations governed by dictators. In Italy one must give the Fascist salute; in Russia those who fail on public occasions to salute with clenched fist are actually risking their lives. All must show outward reverence for the ruler and the ruling party, no matter what their inward feelings may be.

It is hard for Americans to understand such things. Inbred in the American spirit is the sense of personal independence, freedom from restraint, liberty to act as one feels inclined so long as in so doing no liberties of others are infringed.

There have been efforts made, usually by well-meaning and patriotic-minded people, to impose such compulsions upon people. The practice of requiring school children to salute the flag, for instance, is more calculated to bring the national banner into contempt than to inspire respect and reverence for the spirit for which it stands.

That is the opinion of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, in deciding that a Pennsylvania school board had no right to expel two children from the public school because they refused to salute the flag. Their parents are of a sect which refuse to bow down before anything but God.

The judges of the Federal Court, two Episcopalians and the third a Jew, were unanimous in upholding the right of the children to salute or not to salute, as they saw fit. Patriotism is not something which can be forced upon any American. It would be a sad day for democracy if the time should come when any human authority could dictate whom or what we must salute.

Lumberjack's Nightmare



provided to remain this near. This covering is hinged so that access may be had to the valve stem packing nut.

TWO SIDES TO EVERY QUESTION

It has often been said that one of the saddest features of war is that it demonstrates the inability of people to invent a form of government capable of protecting their interests.

Through the ages it has always been the hope that "this war" will be the last the people will have to undergo, but as time goes on wars—instead of becoming more localized and smaller in scope—have grown larger in the number of men involved and have become more inclusive geographically.

Every conceivable form of government has been attempted: monarchy, dictatorship, democracy; socialism, communism, capitalism. Each has flourished during periods of peace but few have been capable of maintaining those periods of peace for more than a relatively short time.

There is an outstanding exception, to this unnatural condition, which may indicate that it is not the forms of government which are at fault so much as the state of "nationalism" as it exists in Europe today, that is: dozens of separate nations, both large and small, necessarily selfish and jealous of each other, attempting to live their individual lives behind their common boundary lines.

This outstanding exception is the United States of America; a vast grouping of geographical entities with different climates, tastes, ideas and modes of living: but having in common one supreme interest—the central government of the United States. This interest—excepting the four years of our civil war—has held them together in peace and harmony for one hundred and fifty years. These groups are composed of every nationality, race, color and creed on earth.

In some cases almost the majority of a whole state is descended from one nationality, yet how weird even to imagine Minnesota declaring war upon Louisiana. But if these two states were members of the European family, they would probably show a long record of internecine warfare.

Long before the Great War, one would frequently hear a European express his envy of peaceful America. Since the devastating results of that war have become so prominent as to be apparent to even the least thoughtful; "grumbling," in European countries, has become a habit and changes of government a frequent occurrence.

The people are beginning to awake to the fact that there is no way, under the present set up, to stop the eternal warfare to which they are subjected. In other days, when these wars were fought by professional armies, it didn't make such a tremendous impression and did not greatly affect their daily lives. But now that war has come to mean the forcible conscription of every man's and woman's life and property, it has become to all the people a thing of terrible import.

No one knows what the present war, if fought to a finish, will bring forth, and this is not intended as a prophecy; but it is not difficult to picture a Europe so utterly devastated that any straw will be grasped at by the despairing people, and that straw will unfortunately not be "Democracy." That word won't "sound so good" to them by then.

Desperate people will be sick of anything which reminds them of politicians; they will scream against any form of government except a "people's government"—a "proletarian government." That will have a wonderful sound—The People's Government! It has fooled experts.

It fooled the level headed French, and those same level heads dropped into the basket of the guillotine. It fooled the Russians, and millions of unwilling angels have been added to the population of Hevaen since that "great emancipator," Mr. Stalin, became the "people's government" of all the Russia's. And it will fool the rattled people of a desperate, starving, fear-crazed Europe after they have been punished to the limit of human endurance by the nitroglycerine of dictatorship and democracy.

What a picture to contemplate! All Europe under the iron hand of some blood-thirsty tyrant who will call himself "the people's government."

The only ray of long distance hope, which shines through the murky gloom of this quite possible outcome of a long and destructive war, is the chance that the people, though subjugated, will have the opportunity in a few generations to "breed up" their manhood—

which the last war and the present one will have sadly depleted—and eventually cast aside a tyrannical form of government for a REAL "people's government": a government of the people, for the people and by the people. A United States of Europe—and peace on earth at last!

A hard road to travel for the next fifty or a hundred years, and strewn with the corpses of millions

of trusting human beings who placed their faith in their leaders and in the ability of those leaders to solve the problems with which they are faced today.

Specialties



Chronic Arguer

Men are learning rapidly, but there are still some who will argue with a woman



The Gossip

Some people are like blot- ters—soak up everything but get it all backward.

THE DOCTOR Tells the Story

by W.E. AUGHINBAUGH M.D.

Uses for Venom

Medical research workers are investigating every field for cures for the diseases to which mankind are subject.

For centuries snakes have been looked upon as a menace to society, and men feared them and killed them whenever possible, except in India, where, because of what might be called a mutiny among the Gods of the Hindu mythology, one of the deity was ejected from heaven and in despair, called for help from among the things that flew, crawled, jumped and walked, in order that he might regain his former status.

Snakes responded to his cry for aid, and since that time have been venerated and treated with consideration by Hindus, so much so that if one is found in the yard or house of a native, saucers of fresh milk are placed for it, and it is never molested.

Now many physicians are experimenting with snake venom, obtained from the most deadly species, and numerous cures have been reported following its use.

Viper venom has been effectively used for hydrophobia and yellow fever; rattlesnake venom for leprosy, diptheria and febrile conditions, cobra venom for cancer, and the doctors who employed these poisons are loud in their praises of their effectiveness.

Perhaps the most remarkable cures have been reported in the use of the serum in cases of epilepsy.

In 1914 a man in Arizona who had been subject to convulsions since he was 15 years of age, was bitten by a rattler, and survived. His attending physician noticed that after this experience he had no further attacks, and began experimenting with this particular venom.

Since that time hundreds of cases have been thus treated, with the result that many have been completely cured, while in others the character of the convulsions was modified, the intervals between attacks lengthened, and the mental and physical condition of the patient noticeably improved.

Dr. F. W. Fitzsimmons, Director of Snake Park, South Africa, and an expert in this line of work,

has devised a mixed venom—one composed of the poison from numerous deadly snakes—and has used it in more than 500 cases of epilepsy. Only 6 per cent failed to respond favorably.

He even has employed it successfully in St. Vitus dance and some forms of accessible cancerous tumors.

In India doctors use snake venom for cholera, and as a heart stimulant.

In Paris, in 115 cases of incurable cancer, all hope having been abandoned by physicians, the serum poison from the black cobra was used, with the result that all the sufferers experienced great relief from pain, and in a few cases, the progress of the disease was checked.

heating system, some

thin a large building to various parts of the building. The use of outdoor the coldest part of the with individual radiator in any building having stanting valve, in such a team line to the riser, radiated from the riser space adjacent to these

Sylphon Temperature

ermostats and Sylphon

A suitable current regulator where switch-operated thermostat

In describing only typical air column is set switch local switch com

or low voltage side of the



SEVEN OF A KIND



Friendship

True friendship is the manifestation of the finest quality of love. There are four kinds of love. First, the love born of admiration—a lover's love. Second, sympathy—a mother's love. Third, pity—a mother's love. Fourth, reverence or regard—a friend's love.

There are some people who are incapable of love. Concerning Coleridge it was written: "He ought never to have had a wife or children." He had absolutely no genius for friendship. Carlyle said concerning Thomas Campbell: "I could have loved him, but he seemed to have forgotten how to love." Be a friend. Be friendly. Be worthy of a great friendship, deep, without self-interest and lasting.

The test of friendship is loyalty. Be true to your friend in the hour when he needs your friendship. Stand back of him when everybody is going back on him. Then he needs you most. Do not forsake him. "A friend in need is a friend indeed."



The Reckless Driver

Some drivers need more horse-sense and less horse-power

may be used or else the wires can be concealed in a wooden or metal conduit.



Hen-Pecked Husband

Two may live as cheaply as one but not nearly so quietly

The No. 9-E Regulator can be used for controlling the steam supply to any number of radiators whose combined capacity does not exceed the figures given under heading



The High-Hatter

Straw hats may come and felt hats may go, but the high-hatter goes on forever

DID YOU KNOW THAT:

Butterfish Escape Death by Hiding Under Tentacles of Jellyfish

By United Press.

NEW YORK, Feb. 3. — What with worrying about taxes and war and whether the coal in the bin will last until March, you've probably forgotten, if you ever knew, that the poisonous tentacles of certain large jellyfish serve as a refuge for young butterfish.

Well, they do, the American Museum of Natural History said today, and a good thing for the butterfish it is, too.

When threatened by larger and hungrier fish," the museum said, young butterfish "slip quickly beneath the tentacles of the

jellyfish and take up a position safe from harm."

Anti-Mouse Detectors

The museum culled that and other nature notes from the February issue of its monthly magazine, *Natural History*, and passed them along as follows:

The ears of the short-eared, or marsh, owl act as super-sensitive microphones. These owls, flying high in the air, can hear the squeak of a field mouse on the ground.

Fright That Paralyzes

Tigers scare monkeys to death. The tigers growl, the monkeys get so frightened they fall out of

trees, the tigers eat up the monkeys.

More to Be Pitied Than Censored

The shark is always taking the rap for the barracuda, which is "the real tiger of the sea." Barracudas attack people and the sharks get blamed.

Job for Clyde Beatie

Say "tiger" to a villager of Amoy, China, and you're likely to start a panic. Man-eaters are a grim reality in Amoy. Hunters tracked a tiger to his cave, just outside of town, and found three human skeletons.

Small Wonder

The Wa-Kindigas of British

East Africa build no huts. In dry weather they live under trees, in caves when it's wet. They are almost extinct.

Aquatic Guinea Pigs

The tiny but colorful playfish of Mexico are being used by scientists in the study of tuberculosis and cancer. Fish, it is believed, had cancerous diseases long before man fell heir to them.

Blind Fliers

Bats have extremely sensitive sense organs in their wings. Blindfolded, a bat can fly through a room closely strung with wires without touching a one.

Just Looks Mean

The hognose snake's habit of flattening its head after the manner of the cobra when alarmed earned it a reputation as the deadliest snake in the United States next to the rattler. As a matter of fact, it's harmless.

Ingenious Trencherman

Bats catch insects in a trap formed by a web between their hind legs and tail. They can eat one insect while catching another.

Rabbits Just Scratch

Practically all wild animals except the common rabbit will bite if you pick them up.



Incessant Talker

It is better to keep one's mouth shut and be thought a fool than to open it and remove all doubt



The Egoist

Few people are really important many just act that way



The Know-It-All

Never hesitate to ask for advice everybody likes to give it

It May Be But the Dark Before the Dawn
 "IS that kind of night before us? A setting back of the clock of time one thousand years? Nothing writ in the stars assures us that this 20th century civilization is going to continue its upward swing, instead of veering back as it did at various period in humanity's long march out of the bogs of barbarism. Let us pray that Dark Age, that dark night may not come upon us and our children."

Dr. Lefkowitz, however, was more reassuring than these introductory statements might lead one to believe.
 He went on to say, "It may, however, be but the dark before the dawn which we now see. As the poet sang hopefully:
 "Back from the spheres God came
 Over a starry lawn,
 Look at our world; and the night
 Grew dawn!"

"Dusk or dawn—the deciding voice belongs to religion, to yours mine, to the common elements of both. Let religion take itself seriously and stand in the highways of life, unfurl its banners of dawn and proclaim uncompromising truths of God and morality, castigating profligacy and looseness of living, pointing the finger as Nathan, the prophet of old, did to King David accusing him of sin at the man's

Let Religion Again Intone God and Justice
 "LET religion point again with all the force it has within it to the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount and convince an unregenerate age that here in these Moral Decrees are the waters of life and nowhere else, not in Free Love, not in Freudian or behaviorists concepts, not in all this wishful hodgepodge of psychology that offers an easy excuse for uninhibited license.
 "Let Religion again intone God and Justice, God and Mercy, God and Truth and Toleration, God and Brotherhood, God and Faith and Honor and Courage—let these be the new banners unfurled—and low, the darkness and chaos about us will prove to be but the harbinger of the new dawn of a world chastened and purified, resuming its march with a finer spirit toward the destined goal of humanity."

My Bible
 A Book that exposes me to my self, that tells me all that is in my heart, that lays bare the very deepest moral springs of my nature, that judges me thoroughly, and at the same time reveals to me One who meets my every need—such a Book carries its own credentials with it. It craves not, and needs not, letters of commendation from man. It stands in no need of his favor, in no dread of his wrath.

A Tribute To A Dog

The best friend a man has in this world may turn against him and become his enemy. Those who are nearest and dearest to us may become traitors to their faith. The people who are prone to fall on their knees when success is with us, may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads.

The one absolutely unselfish friend that a man can have in this selfish world is his dog.

A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground when the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely.

If only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer, he will lick the wounds that come in encounters with the world.

He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert he remains. And when death takes the master in its embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by his graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even to death.

How To Get Along With People

Keep skid chains on your tongue; always say less than you think; cultivate a low, persuasive voice. Make promises sparingly and keep them faithfully, no matter what it costs you. Praise good work done, regardless of who did it. If criticism is merited, criticize helpfully, never spitefully. Preserve an open mind on all debatable questions.

Discuss, but don't argue. It is a mark of superior minds to disagree and yet be friendly.—Mrs. B. L. Prickett.

Mrs. W. C. Stripling, widow of the pioneer Fort Worth merchant, who recently celebrated her eightieth birthday at her home in River Crest with a family gathering at which her six children were present. A resident of Fort Worth for nearly half a century, Mrs. Stripling always has been active in Fort Worth's cultural interests, particularly arts and the theater. The portrait above, which was painted by Seymour Stone, hangs in the office of her son, Will K. Stripling.



This Is Life

BY JACK MAXWELL

NOTHING IMPORTANT: Recently, while perambulating along the concrete trail, I spied myself on his backbone and a-kicking like Helen Virginia to get back on his tummy, but all in vain. Being a kind-hearted somebody, I stopped

and gave him a "lift," turning him over with his legs in contact with the concrete . . . so he could get-a-going about his unfinished business. Of course, I thought I'd done a Good Deed and Mr. Bug would be tickled pink, but I was wrong. Instead of showing a bit of gratitude, the sucker just folded up like nobody's business, just as tho he didn't give a darn . . . and that made me sore.

Having nothing "on hand," I sat down and waited to see what the black sucker would do. In about 10 minutes, he began to stick his hooks out and get ready for the take-off, but he couldn't click worth a doggone . . . for he was injured. After a brief struggle, he found himself flat on his back and absolutely Out of Luck. Again I turned him over and went my way, for I felt that I'd done all I could for the beetle in distress. The MORAL is: From here on out I'm going to try to not be too hasty in passing JUDGMENT. Had I known Mr. Bug was INJURED, I would not have gotten "sore" when he failed to bust out in a Big Smile when I flipped him over on his little bread-basket. So, let's get THE FACTS, before Passing Judgment



VENICE

By Ethel Bennett,
4903 Bryce, Fort Worth.

TODAY'S FILLER: "If you are fond of ocean angling, and he is fond of lakes and streams, what's the use of always wrangling? Why disturb another's DREAM? All of which means:

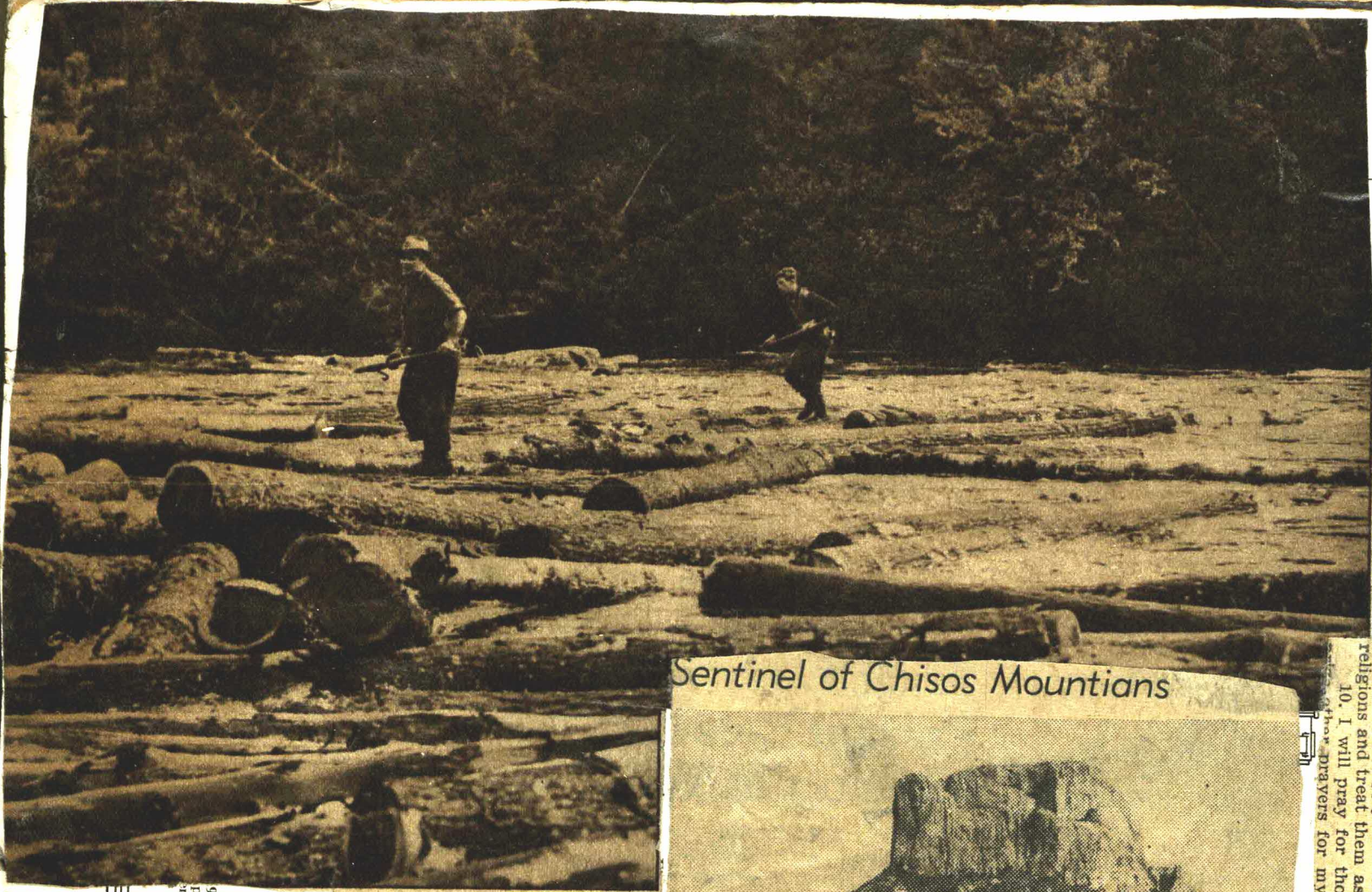
I try to attend to my own business and keep out of the Other Fellow's earthly affairs, and never offer ADVICE on matters pertaining to how a guy or a gal weaves his or her Life's Pattern. Personally, I found out a long time ago that I was not what one would call 'Overly Bright,' as I was once upon a time kicked on the noodle by a mule colt's PAPPY, the animal with long ears and a heckuva loud voice. . . .

Of course, if some fellow was to ASK ME for a bit of information like which end of a fishin'-worm the head is on, I might try to ELUCIDATE. But, when it comes to just the ordinary matters of living, things which confront us most every day, I usually 'dummy up' and . . . just keep right on FISHING.

I can't get away from the IDEA that, I am not piloting a double-snowplow in a new-ground corn patch. And, that being TRUE, I feel a hesitancy in attempting to divert (yeah, that's the WORD.) the mind of the Other Guy, in either Politics, Religion, or Fishing.

H	J	Shipping wt., lbs.	Price
4 3/8	4 3/8	17	\$10.00

THE CENTURY READY TO "HIGHBALL," as they say in railroading! Engineer Walter L. Bronson (above) swings up into the cab of Number 5449, one of the big Hudson type locomotives which flash at 80 miles an hour across the landscape between New York and Chicago in a day-in, day-out epic of modern railroad speed.



HERE'S ONE I like: "Pray find no fault with the man who limps or stumbles along the road, unless YOU have worn the shoes he wears, or struggled beneath his load. There may be tacks in his shoes that hurt... the hidden away from view... or the burden he bears, placed on your back, might cause YOU to STUMBLE, TOO.

"Don't sneer at the man who's DOWN TODAY, unless YOU have felt the blow that caused his fall, or felt the same that... only the FALLEN know. You may be strong, but still the blows that were his, if dealt to YOU in the self-same way, at the self-same time, might cause YOU to STAGGER, TOO.

"Don't be too harsh with the man who sins, or pelt him with words or stone, unless YOU are sure, yes, doubly sure, that YOU have not SINS OF YOUR OWN. For you know, perhaps, if the tempter's voice should whisper as soft to YOU, as it did to HIM when he went astray, 'twould cause you to falter, too."

Sentinel of Chisos Mountains



View of Casa Grande, sentinel of the Chisos Mountains, and one of the many landmarks which visitors to the proposed Big Bend National Park will become familiar.

LOGGERS IN BIG DRIVE —It was heaven and hell for the loggers on Rapid River as they drove thousands of feet of timber down to Umbagog Lake, Maine, recently. It was one of the year's biggest drives in New England.

the philosophy of William Ernest Henley as expressed in his immortal poem "Invictus" You remember how it goes--

"Out of the night that covers me, Black as the Pit from pole to pole, I thank whatever Gods may be For my unconquerable soul.

"It matters not how straight the gate, How charged with punishment the Scroll—

10. I will pray for those of other faiths than my own and have prayers for myself.
9. I will apply the Golden Rule to those of all races and religions and treat them as I should like to be treated.
8. I will not be misled by false doctrines of race nor claim superiority to others on the ground of race alone.
7. I always will protest when those of other faiths are defamed.
6. I will co-operate heartily with those of other faiths in the work for the common good.
5. I will help to create mutual respect and trust between members of different religions and racial groups.
4. I will try to understand the background of those of other religious loyalties.
3. I will appreciate what others than my own group have done to make America great.
2. I will not allow racial or religious differences to determine my vote.
1. I will repudiate the idea that those who disagree with me are not good Americans.

The 10 good-will resolutions which are proposed for use during this week should, I think, be kept in a place where all of us can look at them day by day, and so I am quoting them here:



THE BIG ROCK
(Alcatraz)
By Carl Wollner, Fort Worth.

Copy Of New York Herald 75 Years Old Found In Smithfield

Oddly enough, this week being Lincoln's birthday week, a worn and faded copy (but readable) was discovered among the keepsakes of Mrs. Pearl Meggs.

The newspaper was dated April 15, 1865, the day following the assassination of President Lincoln in the Ford Theatre in Washington. Lincoln was not dead, at the time the edition was off the press, but was in a dying condition. Secretary Seward, according to the paper, was attacked in his own bedroom the same night almost at the same hour and was badly injured by a knife wounds.

The copy of the New York Herald carried not streamer headlines as is the custom of present day newspapers, but only a one column, bold type "IMPORTANT" and then followed, "Assassination of President Lincoln" "The President Shot at the Theatre Last Evening." "Secretary Seward Dagged in his bed, but not mortally wounded."

"Escape of the Assassins"
"Intense Excitement in Washington."
"Scene at the Deathbed of Mr. Lincoln.,,"

"J. Wilkes Booth, The Actor, the Alleged Assassin of the President."

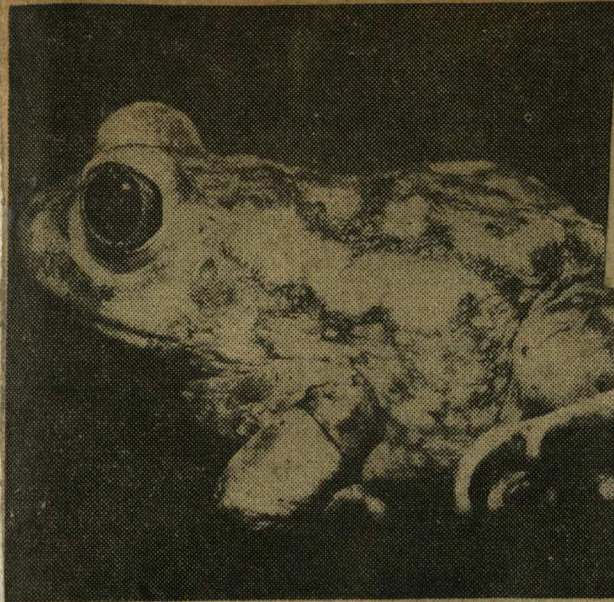
Between each column on the front page was a black line which was indicative of mourning.

BIG FISH

And how to catch them.



'Airless Joe' Has 20-Year Nap



Old Rip, the horned frog that lived . . . so they said . . . 31 years in an Eastland County granite cornerstone, had a rival

MRS. N. OSTERMAN FUNERAL PLANS AWAITED.

Funeral services for Mrs. N. Osterman, 80, a resident of Fort Worth for 55 years and one of the founders of the Grace Lutheran Church, who died at her home late Sunday, were awaiting the arrival of her grandchildren Monday.

Mrs. Osterman, who had lived at 616 Travis Avenue for 51 years, was born in Sweden and came to this country in 1881, living first in Galveston, and then moving here four years later. It was here that she married Mr. Osterman, who died 11 years ago.

She was a sister of A. Sandegard, grocer here until his death, and the late A. J. Sandegard, business manager of the Fort Worth Record for a number of years.

Mrs. Osterman was the first president of the Ladies Auxiliary of the church, which was formed a year before the church itself was built in 1902. At a party given her by the church on her eightieth birthday last June, she was told that without her efforts, the church would never have been built.

Her husband died here 11 years ago. Survivors are her daughter, Miss Eva Mae Osterman, and three grandchildren, C. E. Jr., R. J. and Maurine Carlson, all of Fort Worth.

—Associated Press Photo.

Tuesday in Airless Joe, above. Crowell residents said Joe lived 20 years in a concrete slab.

Old Rip's Rival, Airless Joe, Is Sleeping Again

CROWELL, Jan. 16 (AP).—Ho-hum—Airless Joe, a good for nothing old toad that slept 20 years in a concrete slab, went back to bed Tuesday.

Rival of Old Rip, the Eastland County horned toad that assertedly dozed 31 years in a granite stone, Airless Joe—ho-hum—is not interested in anything but z-z-z-z-z.

Henry Ashford, newspaperman, says Airless Joe rolled out of a concrete slab in the garden of Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Todd, parents of Dick Todd, former Texas A. & M. football star.

Old Joe was white and apparently dead. But that's the way old Joe sleeps—sound and like a rock.

The sun awakened him; he blinked his eyes and changed his color, maybe blushing that folks caught him napping.

W. H. McGonagle of Hobbs, N. M., admitted sealing the frog in the cement 20 years ago. He thinks it was a "dirty deal," but Old Joe seemed to enjoy the quiet rest.

Old Rip, pulled from a courthouse stone in 1928, died in receivership after several claimants laid hands on him.

Airless Joe? Sh-sh—he's sound asleep behind the newspaper office.

FUNERAL TUESDAY FOR MRS. JOHNNIE HANNA ROGERS.

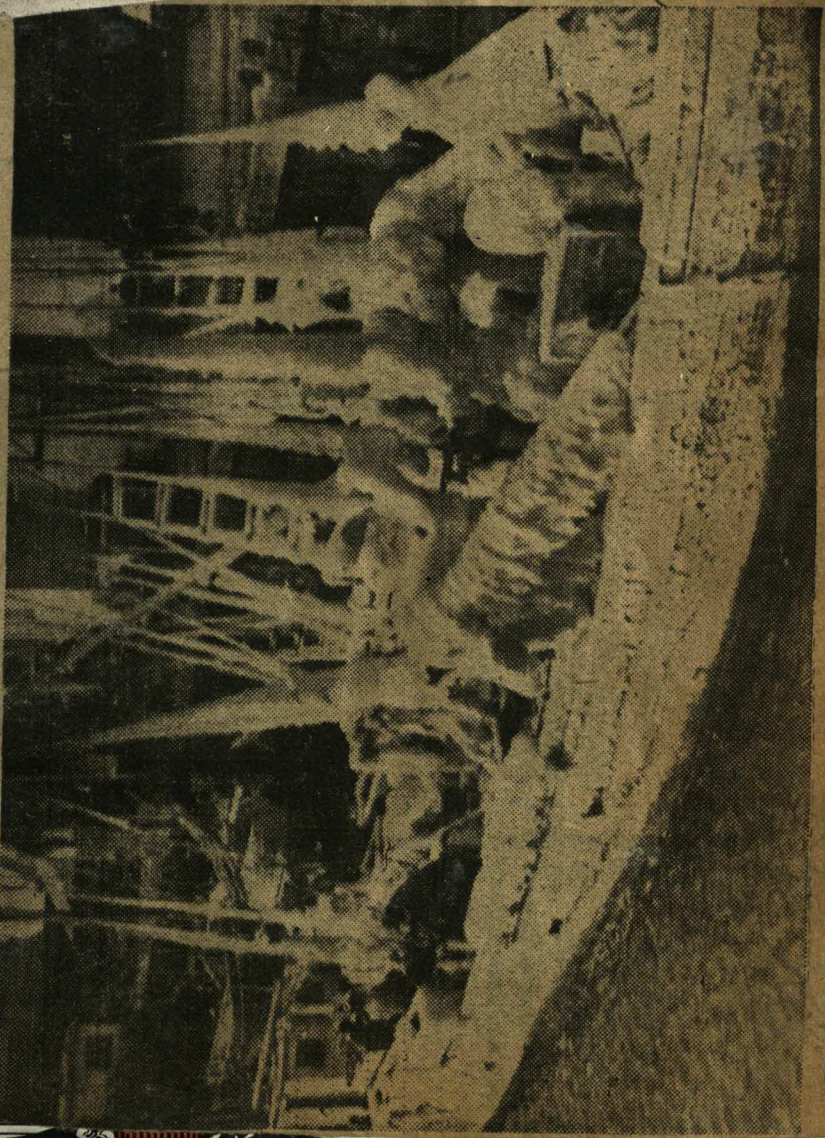
Rev. L. D. Anderson will conduct funeral services for Mrs. Johnnie Hanna Rogers, 58, a native of Fort Worth who died Sunday night at her residence, 930 Samuels Avenue, after an illness of more than a year, at 10 a. m. Tuesday.

The services will be held at the home of a sister, 914 Samuels Avenue, and burial will be in Greenwood Cemetery.

Mrs. Rogers died in the house in which she was born which is on the site of the old home of the late John Hanna, her father, who was a pioneer Fort Worth attorney. The records of Mr. Hanna are cited in many abstracts drawn to replace those lost when the old Courthouse burned.

Survivors of Mrs. Rogers include her husband, L. D. Rogers; two sisters, Mrs. R. C. Rossington and Mrs. Belle Westbrook, both of Fort Worth, and two brothers, Thornton Mullane, Fort Worth, and Tom Mullane, Abilene.

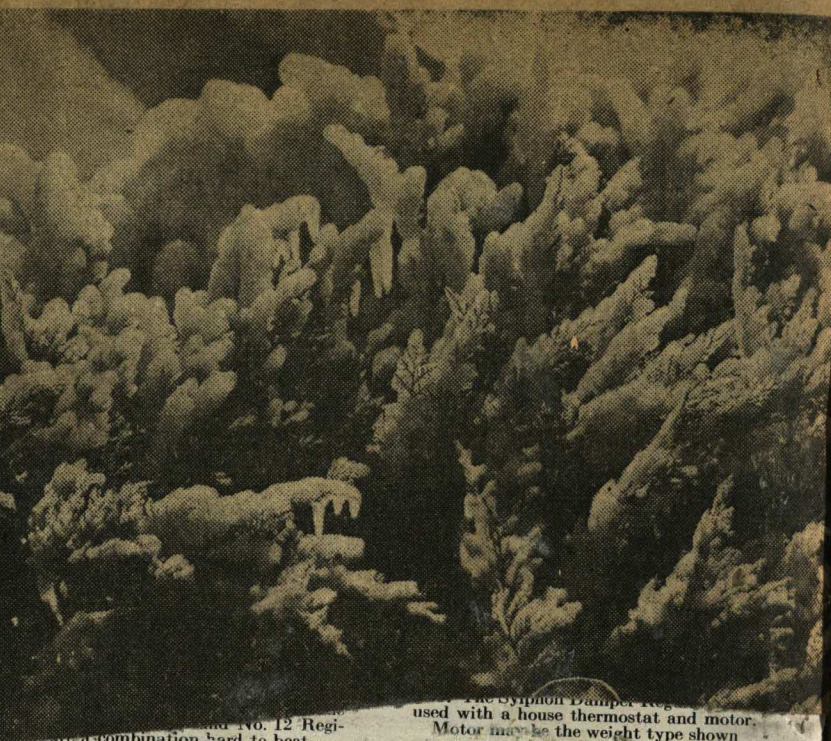
Winter's Coldest Day Ties Up Ships



The coldest day of the year forced New England fishing trawlers to tie up at piers. This picture shows the Triton covered with ice at the Boston dock. —Acme Telephoto.

MAJOR BOWES

Old Man Winter Paraded Here Today



The Synchro Damper Reg. used with a house thermostat and motor. Motor may be the weight type shown.

Lower Rio Grande Valley of Texas



The Reg. controlling d. e. The in- nothing

R. nate lights

at l. alve. for n. asses

at rig. No. 6 where cent

The Lone Ranger is a blowhard, and Silver is a nag. Give the word, chief, and Panzee will spur her trusty mount, Roscoe the Goat, out to meet any invading patrol. And that popgun will wing a fly at 10 paces.



© Gardner's Studio

500 Lbs. of Dates and a Peach

1344-30

WOLF-CHILDREN

A 28-year-old Marshfield, Ore., housewife, Mrs. Lewis Small, told the whole story of war in three stanzas of a poem, which was declared winner of a national contest conducted by a group representing women's organizations, poetry and peace societies. For its graphic portrayal of the consequences of conflict, her poem is reprinted here.

By MRS. LEWIS SMALL

SHARP little eyes and a sullen scowl;
 Shrieking defiantly, wolf-children
 prowl—
 Searching the filth for a morsel of bread,
 Watching the skies with the ear turning
 red.
 Friendless,
 Frightened,
 Fighting for life,
 Caught in a maelstrom of hatred and
 strife;
 Crouching in corners, fearing the light;
 Dreading the day and afraid of the night.

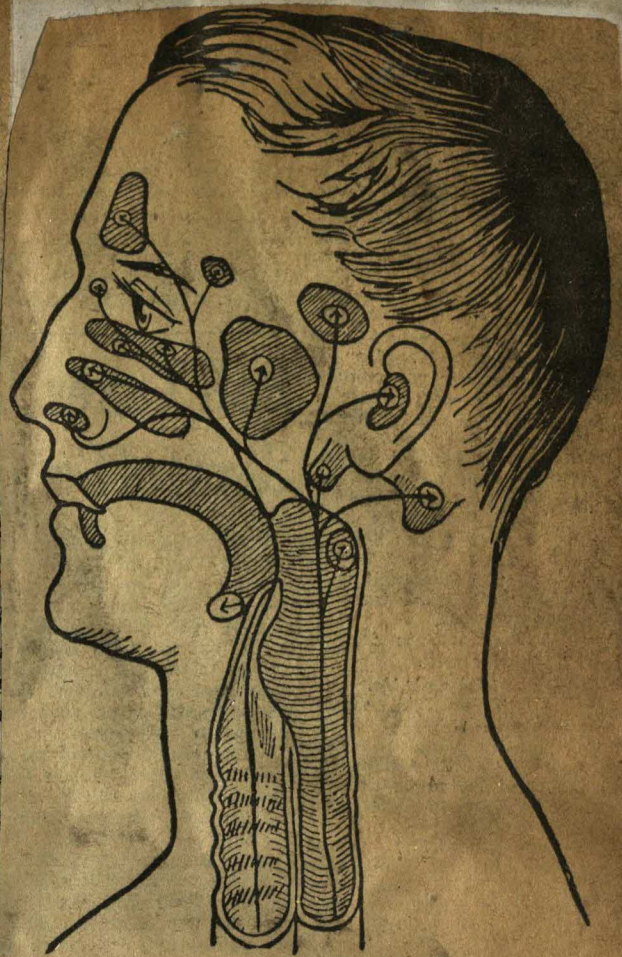


ARE these the children, the ones He
 caressed?
 Can it be these little ones He once blessed?
 Prowling the streets of a crazy town;
 Mad little wolf-children, wandering
 'round;
 Hungry,
 Hiding,
 Hurrying by,
 Fearing a death from a dreadful sky.
 Pawns of destruction! Innocent hands
 Filling the cup that a war god demands.



BRIGHT little eyes 'neath a tangled cur;
 Could it be your little boy or girl?
 Once they were happy as children should
 be;
 Long ago knelt at their own mother's
 knee;
 Father,
 Mother,
 Sisters—all—
 Home and their country lost in the fall.
 Little wolf-children with nowhere to go;
 Merciful God, have we fallen so low?

I am the Master of my Fate—
 I am the Captain of my Soul."



The shaded portions of this diagram show the "air spaces" of the head.

JOE GISH

LET'S A HEAP BETTER
 T HAVE A MAN ADMIT
 HES YER ENEMY,
 THAN T' HAVE
 HIM ROSING
 AS YER
 FRIEND

Let Your Light Shine!

By Mrs. T. R. R.

If you have a few flower plants or seeds you don't need give them to some near neighbor who has none even if you don't know her. What of it! She is human!

If your friend needs a dress pattern and you have one she can use offer it to her, it will be a good deed.

If some acquaintance admires your flowers offer her a bouquet.

A friend of ours says every one has to do so many, (we don't know how many) good deeds to get to go to Heaven, these are called "stepping stones." Don't fall short of your number of Stepping Stones, you may need all you can get and maybe more.

You usually get what you pay for when you buy sunglasses. Too many folks are wearing dark glasses which have poorly ground lenses. Eye experts are making us more and more conscious of the fact that a lens which is not properly prepared puts a strain on our eyes and can even cause digestive, upset, and headache. The more expensive glasses are made out of real optalmic glass which has been ground and polished properly.

The color of your glasses is also important. Here is some interesting data given by M. J. Jhlian, director of the Better Vision Institute. For driving a car wear glasses that have the yellow-green or green-yellow tint. This allows you to see colors naturally. So do the pinkish tan or natural shades.

If you want eye shades that will give you sharp, long distance vision, outdoors, use a pure yellow lens. If you want them for the beach, the mountains, or all-round Summer use, buy those with grass green, sage green, or smokey green lenses. These cut out both the ultra violet and the infra red rays.

It is entirely possible to get a real eye sunburn if you spend much time on, or near, a large body of water. This may account for the fact that we sometimes do not feel as well as we should after a day on the beach. The glasses for beach wear are best if they have a curved lens rather than a flat one. This is true because the rays are reflected.



PLANTING—When the spawn has matured in the bottles, the glass is removed and the form of the spawn is broken into pieces about the size of a walnut. These pieces are planted about 10 inches apart and two inches deep. The work is done in the field are more and older papers such as "The Vicksburg Daily Citizen" published in Mississippi, dated Thursday, July 2, 1863, which was printed on wall paper. It must have been printed on wall paper to serve a double purpose in those days. In the lower right hand corner of the paper is a small article titled, "NOTE" and dated July 4, 1863, which reads as follows: "Two days bring about great changes over Vicksburg. Gen. Grant has 'caught the rabbit,' he has dined in Vicksburg, and he did bring his dinner with him. The 'Citizen' lives to see it. For the last time it appears on 'Wallpaper.' No more great and fricassed Kitten—urge Southern warriors to such diet never more. This is the last wall paper edition and is, excepting this note from the types as we found them. It will be valuable hereafter as a curiosity."—And so it is!

A second old paper is another edition of the "New York Herald" dated Sat. Apr. 15, 1865, which gives details of the Assassination of President Lincoln. But believe it or not, the third and best preserved newspaper is the "Ulster County Gazette," published at Kingston (Ulster County) by Samuel Freer and Son, and dated Jan. 4, 1800. It is printed on a very good quality of paper and has black lines run between each column, a mourning edition for General George Washington, and to his memory is printed this poem on one of its pages.

Rare Collection Of Old Newspapers

Smithfield

Among the collection of old newspapers of the residents of Smithfield are more and older papers such as "The Vicksburg Daily Citizen" published in Mississippi, dated Thursday, July 2, 1863, which was printed on wall paper. It must have been printed on wall paper to serve a double purpose in those days. In the lower right hand corner of the paper is a small article titled, "NOTE" and dated July 4, 1863, which reads as follows: "Two days bring about great changes over Vicksburg. Gen. Grant has 'caught the rabbit,' he has dined in Vicksburg, and he did bring his dinner with him. The 'Citizen' lives to see it. For the last time it appears on 'Wallpaper.' No more great and fricassed Kitten—urge Southern warriors to such diet never more. This is the last wall paper edition and is, excepting this note from the types as we found them. It will be valuable hereafter as a curiosity."—And so it is!

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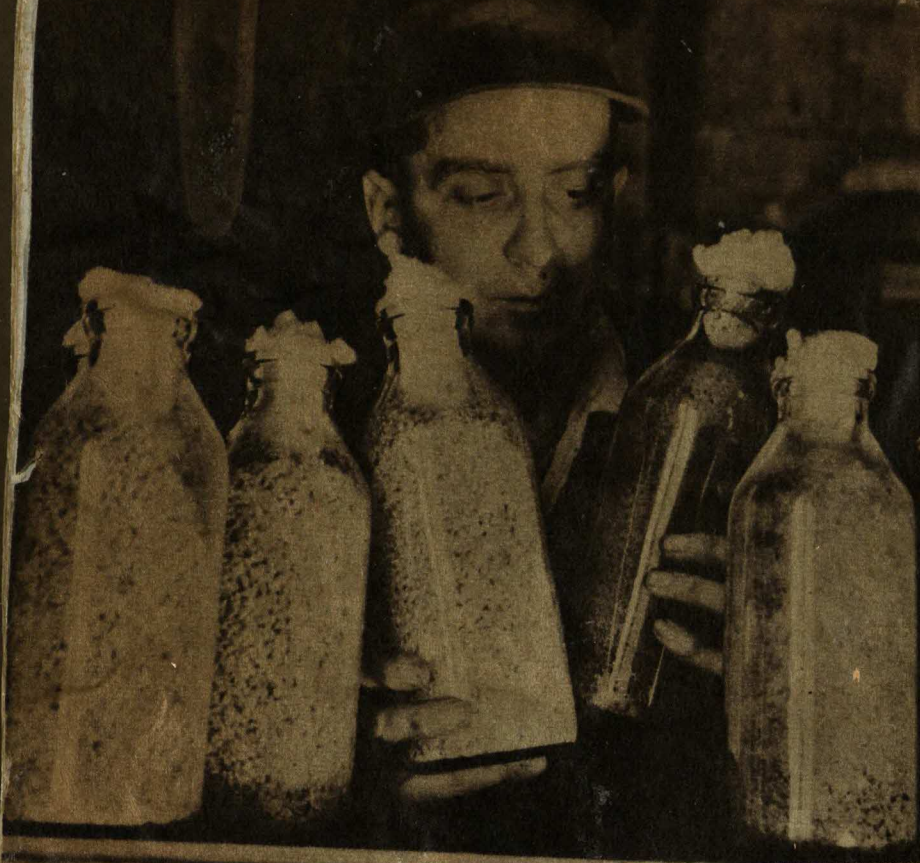
"On the Death of General Washington

(By a young lady)

What means that solemn dirge that strikes my ear?
 What means those mournful sounds—why shines the tear.
 Why toll the bells the awful knell of fate?
 Ah!—why those sighs that do my fancy satel!

Where'er I turn the general gloom appears,
 Those mourning badges fill my soul with fears;
 Hark!—Yonder riteful noise—'tis done—'tis done—
 The Silent tomb invades the

(Continued on page 8)



SOIL IS TREATED and cured and placed in bottles, then is sterilized and inoculated with spores (seed) of the mushrooms. These bottles are placed on racks in the growing room for about six weeks, then planted in the beds.

Lenten Season To Be Ushered In Wednesday

Period Will End
Holy Saturday, Day
Before Easter

In a ceremony of penance twelve centuries old, thousands of the city's devout tomorrow begin 40 days of fast and prayer.

Wednesday—the day of ashes and sackcloth—will usher in the Lenten Season, which ends at noon on Holy Saturday, the day before Easter.

While Lent is observed in many of the Protestant Churches, it is only in the Roman Catholic and Anglican religions that the ceremony of Ash Wednesday is still observed.

"Dust Thou Art"

Tomorrow in Catholic churches the priest will sprinkle holy water on palm ashes and implant an ashen cross on the foreheads of those who come to the communion rail. With the sign he reminds them:

"Remember, man, dust thou art and to dust thou shalt return."

There are records of the ceremony as early as the eighth century. It was born of the ancient practice of appearing in sackcloth as a sign of humility and penance.

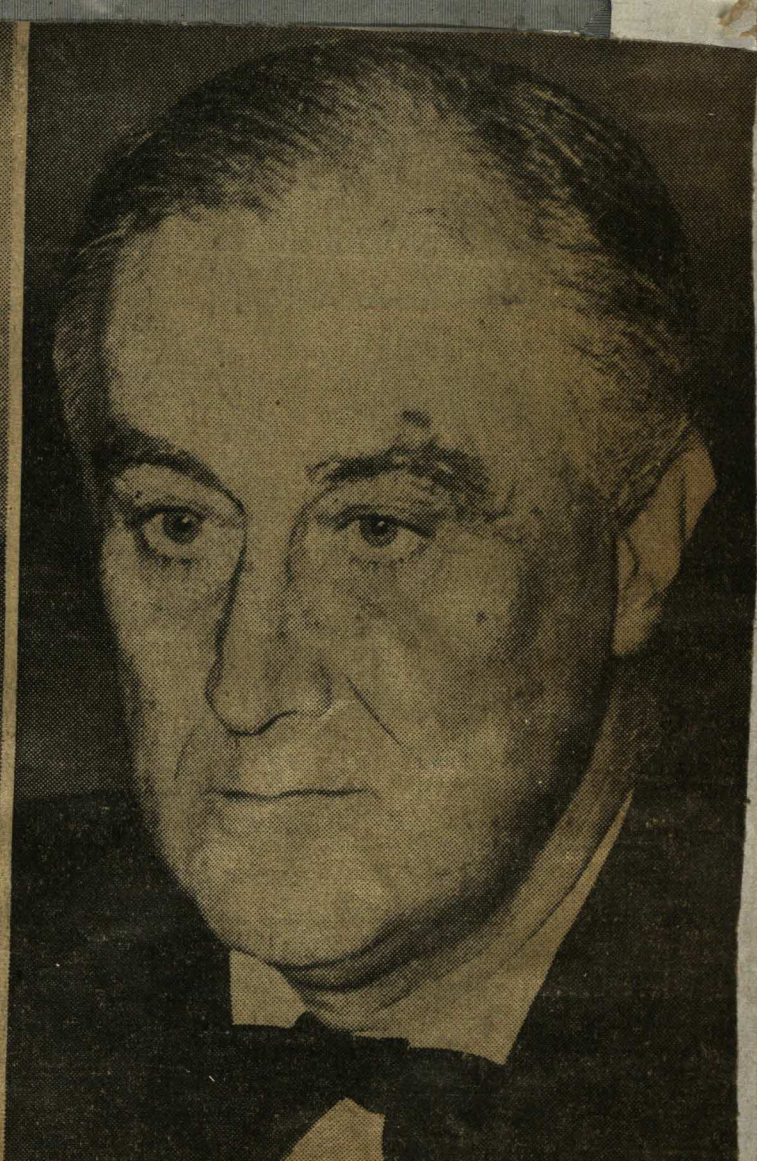
Period of Abstinence

In nearly all Christian churches Lent is a period of abstinence and meditation. Catholics Friday will attend the Way of the Cross, colorful and ancient rite depicting the sufferings of Christ. There also will be many evening services of benediction and prayer.

Congregations are reminded that fast, abstinence and other mortifications of the flesh are an expression of love for the Deity. It is left to each devout Catholic to choose his particular penance for the 40 days.



ROOSEVELT IN 1933—This picture of the President was made March 12, 1933, as he spoke to the people over the radio on the eve of the reopening of the Nation's banks. In his address Roosevelt asked for confidence and faith in the United States and its institutions.



SEVEN YEARS AFTER—The Chief Executive is shown above as he is today, a picture taken Sept. 3, 1939, at his broadcast during the outbreak of the war in Europe. The photograph was chosen for its similarity of circumstances, pose and expression, permitting careful comparison with Roosevelt of 1933.

A Wet Blanket Fell On Captain Paddock's Rally -- But Demon Fire Was Soon Under It

He Had Trouble Starting Up Hook And Ladder No. 1

By C. L. DOUGLAS

A BLUE norther was howling that March night in 1873 and the editor of the Democrat, as he stood in the facade of the Tarrant County Courthouse, felt a keen sense of disappointment.

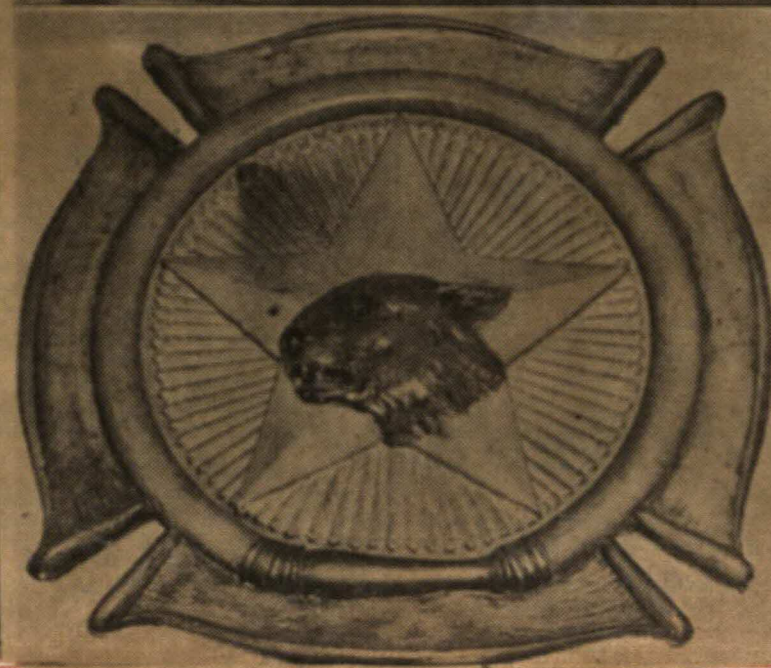
He mused a little to himself as he gazed out across the city's frame buildings, and the windows which reflected the pale light of coal-oil lamps.

If one of those lamps should be overturned, if one should suddenly explode—what then? The editor of the Democrat let his imagination go. He could see an entire block, perhaps an entire section of the business district, wiped out by the crackling flames of the Demon Fire, with the citizens helpless to prevent it.

Buckets of Rain Water Were Scant Protection

That's why Capt. B. B. Paddock, in the last edition of his newspaper, had urged the mass meeting on this night. Fort Worth needed . . . MUST have . . . a Hook and Ladder Company. The only fire protection the city could boast was in a few rain-water cisterns sunk in the streets, and from these water could be carried by bucket brigades in event of emergency, but there was absolutely no organization, no leadership of any kind.

That night at the Courthouse Editor Paddock waited, as he later put it, "until patience ceased to be a virtue."



trouble caused at times by volunteers going directly to the fire instead of to the wagon house, but luckily there were no fires of great note in the early days of the company's existence.

The paper tells of one merchant, a volunteer firefighter, who was selling a pistol when an alarm was given. Without hesitation, he rushed from his store but forgot to drop the pistol. Seeing him running along the streets with the pistol in hand, some citizens believed he was fleeing from some crime, and half a dozen people tried to down him with rocks before he reached the wagon house.

The Ladies Fell For Those Gay Uniforms

LITTLE DID I KNOW THAT WHEN I WALKED UP THE LADDER OF MATRIMONY, I WAS HEADING FOR A FALL.



It requires money to operate a fire department—even such a hook and ladder company — and the end of 1873 found the organization with a small deficit. This the citizens tried to eliminate through an entertainment and lottery set for New Year's Day, 1874.

"Some of the ladies," said the Democrat, "were attired in costumes almost royal in magnificence which, with the sparkling eyes and jewels, and the gay uniforms of the gallant firemen, provided a scene which beggars description."

But after the affair, which was followed by supper at the Transcontinental Hotel, the Democrat had to report:

"We regret to say that a balance sheet of the entertainment shows no money left to pay off the indebtedness."

Such were the beginnings of a fire department which now, after 67 years, has a salaried personnel of 269 men and an annual operating budget of more than \$500,000.

In the good old days of the rumbling steamers—a picture that shows the boys at No. 1 station, Second and Commerce, showing off their fancy equipment in the first decade of the century. Lower: The emblem of the department, a panther's head on a Texas star, all set on a Maltese cross. In the early days one company had a couple of caged panther cubs, which they displayed with much ceremony in parades here and at Dallas.

be named in honor of her father and so the unit became M. T. Johnson Hook and Ladder Company No. 1.

**The Brigade Forms—
With Rubber Buckets**

The company acquired a mandrawn wagon which carried ladders and was strung along each side with rubber buckets. It was kept in a small shed near the Courthouse, the idea being for the members of the brigade — when the popping of pistols gave an alarm—to rush for the shed, drag the conveyance to the fire, and form a bucket line between the blaze and the nearest cistern.

May 10, and when this "beauty and gallantry" of the city were assembled \$150 was added to the treasury by the process of a popularity contest for the ladies. Several candidates were entered, to be voted on by the town's swains at 10 cents a vote, the winning young lady to have the Hook and Ladder company named in her honor.

The balloting went on while Brown & De Vere's Silver Cornet Band "discoursed sweet strains of music" and with refreshments being served by "the gentlemanly proprietors of the Ladies' Palace Ice Cream Parlor," and when the votes were counted Miss Sallie Johnson, daughter of a pioneer, declared the winner.

All these department lessons had learned from the keeper at St. Louis zoo seem to have been forgotten by Jiggs, Z, when he

found he couldn't get his cat meal fast enough just using the spoon.

Not another person appeared in answer to his call, so the editor mentally elected himself chairman of the "rally," passed several resolutions "unanimously," folded his cloak about him and went home.

In the next issue of the Democrat he made much of the one-man meeting and sarcastically chided the disinterested townspeople with this ironical information:

**"A Five-Foot Ladder
And a Wet Blanket"**

"We have procured all the machinery necessary for a first-class Hook and Ladder, viz: A five-foot step-ladder, a walking stick with a hook on the end, a pint cup and a wet blanket, and are now ready to extinguish fires in any part of the city."

That was the first attempt to organize a volunteer fire department in Fort Worth, and although the effort met with such signal defeat, Editor Paddock kept hammering away, painting terrible word pictures of the havoc Demon Fire might someday cause. The modest sum of \$500 would buy a modern hook-and-ladder with rubber buckets attached, he said—and how about starting a fund by public subscription?

Early in April of 1873 an enterprising young man, whose name the Democrat did not preserve, started solicitation but was unable to raise more than \$65.50. Late that month, however, the Democrat's pleadings were heard and 50 citizens held an organization meeting at the Courthouse.

**Gangway! Here Comes
Hook & Ladder No. 1**

Hook and Ladder No. 1 came into being, with W. J. Field as foreman, J. W. Monico as assistant foreman, T. N. Boss treasurer, and Sam Furman secretary. A solicitation committee was named and within a few days succeeded in raising \$300.

To make up the deficit it was decided to hold a grand entertainment at the Courthouse on

Confucius say, he who stand with back to fire soon burn!

Confucius say, younger generation alike in many respects.—Paul Glass Jr., 912 Ramsey.

Confucius say, Confucius long time dead, but people still try to run him in ground.

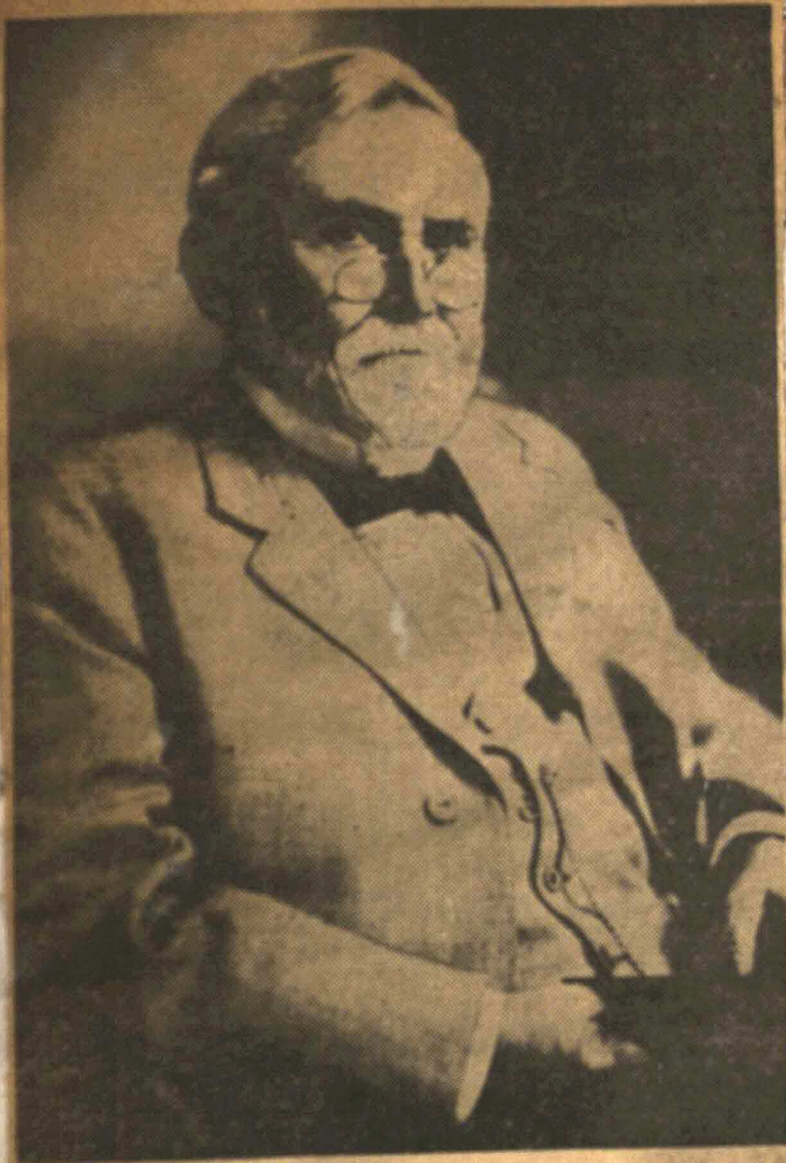
- SOME rifles also arrived from Mrs. R. O. Foster, 1500 Evans;
- Mrs. Glen Howard, 3411 Strong; Kathryn Firm, 3340 Avenue G; Bill Hawkes, 2821 Vaughn; Mrs. O. O. Spencer, 1020 N. Riverside Dr.; Edna Cook, 1225 Orange; Monelle O. Brien, Packles Comanche, Texas; Jean Akers, Ellaville, Texas; Mrs. I. D. Herp; Strawn, Breckenridge, Texas; Virginia Davis, 1420 Honan; Mrs. Madge Gules, Weatherford; R. L. Shipley, 2725 Honeyvack; Jimmy Lowe, 1420 Lipscomb; Mrs. W. H. Ryder, 1519 N. Houston; Ada Ryder, 1319 N. Houston; John Harrington; Mrs. J. M. Platt, Cleburne; Mrs. W. Firth.

My, Such an Ill-Mannered Monkey



THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES WHICH GIVES TO BIGOTRY NO SANCTION - TO PERSECUTION NO ASSISTANCE - REQUIRES ONLY THAT THEY WHO LIVE UNDER ITS PROTECTION SHOULD DEREGAN THEMSELVES AS GOOD CITIZENS - IN GIVING IT ON ALL OCCASIONS THEIR EFFECTUAL SUPPORT

...FROM GEO. WASHINGTON'S ADDRESS...



Alexander Hogg, whose administration as superintendent of the Fort Worth public schools was the subject of a recent arti-

cle in The Star-Telegram by R. L. Paschal, former principal of the senior high school that now bears his name.

Professor Hogg Outstanding to Real Estate Dealer Here

"Prof. Alexander Hogg stands alone today as the outstanding character of my lifetime," wrote Howard Fogg by way of comment on R. L. Paschal's recent article concerning Hogg in The Star-Telegram.

Fogg, now a real estate dealer here, numbered among his school-mates Will Lake, Walter Scott, Dave and Walter Poindexter, Sam Hoggsett, Charles Palmer, Jim and Teen Bradley, Jerry and Heb Ball, Ike and Klieber Van Zandt and others.

"One outstanding event of my life, an event in which Professor Hogg had a part, was the first day I was to attend school. When mother drove me to the building we found all the hitching posts taken by the buggies of other families, so I had to go in alone while mother tied the horse down the street in front of Dr. Field's home. A stout, friendly man put out his hand to welcome me as I came in, and asked my name.

Name Almost Hogg.

"Fogg," I answered, and he came back, "Almost Hogg." "Well, I'm not," I told him, and he smiled and said, "I am," and took me into the

room to be interviewed by the lady teacher.

"The visits of Professor Hogg during the school day were great treats to us, and he always had some message to give us that showed something of his psychology. I remember one instance in the class of Dr. Mason, the music teacher.

"He was tops as a teacher, but with singing recruits of all caliber under him, he had a tough assignment. To make us practice, though, he'd have us go over and over the scale. One day, while my desk-mate, Hugh Falkner, and I were singing 'do re, mi,' etc., Dr. Mason yelled, 'Fogg, you sound like you are playing shinney.'

"Insulted at the remark, I resolved to get revenge, so Hugh and I decided if we could get some bread dough, we would give him plenty of 'dough' when he called for the scale.

Called for "Do."

"I told mother that my teacher wanted some dough for an experiment, and so she made some the next morning. I took it to school, and when we rose and Dr. Mason

started out, we threw some to a dozen dough balls, one of which I remember stuck to his cuff. First Professor Mann gave us what we deserved, and then my father, when he heard about it, attended to me plenty.

"Several days later Professor Hogg asked me to come into his office, and though during the entire interview with him he did not stop smiling, it did more good than the scoldings and whippings I had received.

"The professor told me something I shall never forget. 'Well, I wish I could be a great singer, and I've loved music all my life, but singing is not one of my talents so I forgot it.

Reminder of Temper.

"We can't be alike in our temperaments," he said. "It is the wise boy who will analyze his natural talents and develop them. Perhaps you have some greater talent than singing."

"Whenever I saw him in later years, he never spoke of the dough ball incident, but I knew that he remembered, and it served to remind me of my temper.

"One more incident I shall never forget was the day the circus came to town and our teachers refused to allow us to leave the building to see the parade. We finally hit on a scheme that would force them to dismiss us. Several of us gathered up all the school bags and stuffed them in the stove pipe.

"Well, when the janitor couldn't control the smoke, they had to let us go, and we all saw the parade. When our trick was discovered, Professor Hogg called half the school to him. First he told us he would have done the same thing that we did if he were in school again, and then, after winning us over to his side, gave us a lecture that made us culprits ashamed, and me, for one, feel humiliated. It was a forceful lesson that none of the guilty parties ever forgot."

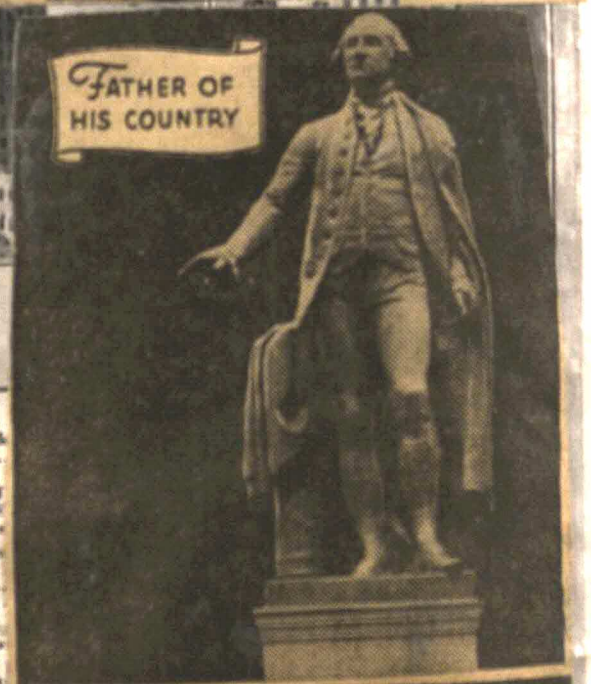
are to be.
Behind an invisible something,
Through which none may see.

"I've finished the burden of effort—
It leaves me peacefully free—
I no longer seek destiny,
Let destiny find me."

A fate that is bigger than I am.
"Man never shapes his destiny,
He it high or low—
That was done for us,
By something—sons before.

"When the long day is ended, I'm
tired, but never made sad,
By comparing what I have, with
what I might have had.
I have no sob story for what I am,
No alibi, deceit, nor sham.
I simply grew tired of fighting.

"We're what we are, or what we



GEORGE WASHINGTON FEB. 22, 1732

The HISSING SOUND
EMITTED BY A STARTLED
TURTLE IS CAUSED BY THE
EXPPELLING OF BREATH
AS IT MAKES ROOM INSIDE
THE SHELL FOR ITS HEAD
AND LEGS.

Mrs. Ida Caldwell Saunders' Career Ends Funeral to Be Held Tuesday at Home of Her Daughter

Funeral services for Mrs. Ida Caldwell Saunders, prominent in religious, civic, cultural and philanthropic activities here for nearly a half century, will be held Tuesday at 2 p. m. at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Charles D. Reimers, 5000 Crestline Road, in River Crest.

It was previously announced that the funeral would be held at Broadway Presbyterian Church, but the change was made to the residence because of the inclement weather.

Mrs. Saunders, widow of the late Dr. Bacon Saunders, who was chief surgeon for the Fort Worth and Denver City Railroad, until his death in 1925, was stricken with a heart attack Saturday night while attending a theatrical performance in the Municipal Auditorium, and died Sunday at 10 a. m. in a hospital.

With Mrs. Saunders when she died was her daughter, Mrs. Reimers, and her son, Dr. Roy F. Saunders, who also had accompanied her to the theatrical performance.

Rev. James F. Hardie, pastor of Broadway church, and Rev. L. D. Anderson, pastor of First Christian Church, of which the late Dr. Saunders was an officer, will conduct the funeral. The body will be taken to the home of Mrs. Reimers Monday afternoon. Burial will be in Greenwood Cemetery.

Mrs. Saunders had been an active member of Broadway Presbyterian Church since coming here in 1893.

Mrs. Saunders was the daughter of a minister of the Southern Presbyterian Church. Her paternal grandfather also was a minister of the same denomination. The eldest of five children, Mrs. Saunders was born at Dandridge, Tenn. but the other children were born in Indian Territory, where her father had gone as a missionary. He also taught school for a time. In the seventies the family went back to Tennessee for a visit. On the return trip to Indian Territory the father was stricken with cholera at Shreveport and died. The widow and her children went on to Indian Territory in a wagon, Mrs. Caldwell securing a place as matron of Armstrong Academy there. Later the family moved to Bonham. The children received their education in Bonham schools and in Tennessee.

It was at Bonham that Ida Caldwell and Dr. Saunders were married. They lived there until they moved to Fort Worth in 1893.

Dr. Saunders rapidly gained reputation as a surgeon. He is said to have been the first surgeon to perform an operation for appendicitis in Texas.

Mrs. Saunders, with a background of religious and cultural training and with talent for music and painting, continued her studies after her

marriage and expanded her interests to keep step with her husband's research.

Especially active in federated club work, Mrs. Saunders was honored last Spring when the Woman's Club here bestowed a life directorate upon her in recognition of her services as a director for a number of years. It was the first honor of that kind the club had awarded. Mrs. Saunders also had been acting president of the Woman's Club during the illness of the late Miss Anna Shelton, the first president. Before that the club had named one of the buildings in the clubhouse group in the 1300 block of Pennsylvania Avenue in honor of Mrs. Saunders. In 1936 the club's appreciation luncheon honored Mrs. Saunders and Mrs. Reimers as outstanding members.

Mrs. Saunders was a trustee of the Fort Worth Library Association and a director of the Fort Worth Symphony Orchestra. She had been a member of the Woman's Wednesday Club for many years and was active in many other organizations.

The Fort Worth Public Library will be closed Tuesday from 1 to 4 p. m. in respect to Mrs. Saunders.

She had been a leader in a movement here some 30 years ago to establish sanitary and pure food regulations, and was active in the movement throughout the State as a prominent member of the Texas Federation of Women's Clubs and the General Federation of Women's Clubs. She was secretary of the General Federation from 1912 to 1916, when Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker of Austin was president. She was vice president of the Texas Federation for one term and served the state organization as a director for many years. She was active on committees of the General Federation.

Mrs. Saunders resided in River Crest, moving to a new home there in 1938. Her home is separated from that of her daughter by a flower garden. Mrs. Saunders formerly resided in a large house at Peter Smith and Henderson Streets. This house, built in 1903, was a headquarters for women's activities for many years before the Woman's Club was built. The Saunders home also was a meeting place for church groups and was opened to many of the soldiers stationed here during the World War.

Besides her daughter and son, Mrs. Saunders is survived by one sister, Miss Clara Caldwell, Fort Worth; a brother, Dr. Charles Caldwell, Waco; four grandchildren, Mrs. George K. Taggart Jr. and Linda and Carl Reimers, children of Mrs. Reimers, and Mrs. Roland Jary, daughter of Dr. Saunders, and two great-grandchildren.



Mrs. Bacon Saunders

—from a silver and blue miniature by Mary Eleanor Witherspoon.

There's little pride in a brain, all-day.
More cunning and strength are cold.
Man must be more than a lightning heart
And more than a killer cold.
He must grow with character all his days.
Be honest and clean and kind.
For the life successful and true
The strength of heart and mind.

Leave Injured Where They Lie

Treatment of Wounds—Leave 'Em
Lie—Control Bleeding—
Treat Shock.

Remember that emotion, excitement and hurry increase shock.

In the treatment of wounds you have been told to control bleeding by simple pressure or by the use of a tourniquet if the bleeding is severe.

Besides this you should try to prevent or limit infection from unavoidable or unavoidable contamination.

Use only clean material with which to bind or dress the wound; a clean handkerchief or the inside of a newspaper is usually at hand. Tissue paper is splendid. But all cars can and should carry a package of sterile gauze and a bandage procurable for 25 cents which may save many, many dollars. Cheap insurance—buy some.

What about antiseptics and disinfectants?

Yes—and you have the best always at hand in your car—gasoline.

There is nothing better: it is a powerful antiseptic (germicide), cuts out the grease and dirt—disinfects the wound and surrounding skin and does not burn or hurt. Bathe the wound with it freely and allow to evaporate and then apply the dressing dry. Carry a can of engine or lighter fluid in your car with the gauze or tissue paper. Iodine burns, blisters and destroys tissue—gasoline does not. Gas without lead is best.

And do not hurry somewhere to get the wound sewed up. The dirtiest wound will be ready to heal in two or three days if kept clean and open but if it is sewed up it will be red and inflamed in two or three days and have to be opened and then take weeks to heal.

Control bleeding—be clean—wash the wound with gasoline—dress it dry—not too tight—treat shock—leave 'em lie till you do these things—get smart.

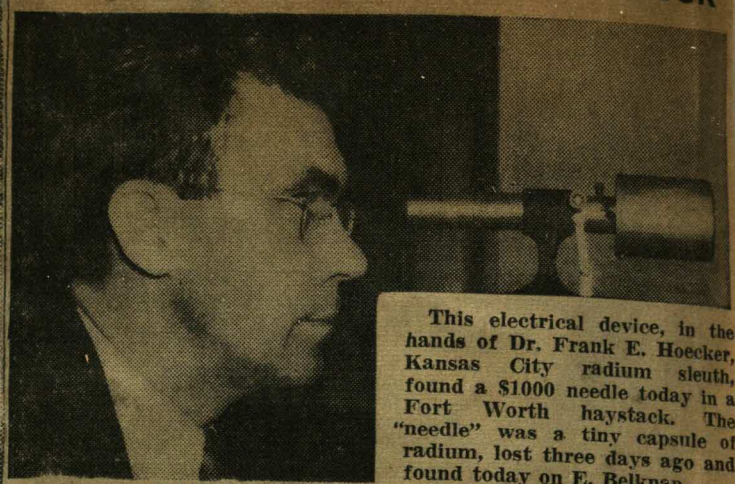
It isn't enough to be stationary when
The cover of hand or arm.
The lasting joy of a lifetime lies
In friendship and spirit and song.
To know something of love and kindness
To the trials a man may see
The great he makes are made in
The heart.

The part of the rule that a man must be
Honest and kind and clean.
For what is the good of life if it is
It better and better and better
And what is the worth of the name he carries
If only the name is there
The name is there.

vident in buildings heated by metered steam purchased from a central plant.



Mrs. Etty Garner



This electrical device, in the hands of Dr. Frank E. Hoecker, Kansas City radium sleuth, found a \$1000 needle today in a Fort Worth haystack. The "needle" was a tiny capsule of radium, lost three days ago and found today on E. Belknap.

Radium Sleuth Turns Up One of 3 Lost Capsules

Found Near East Belknap Viaduct; Search Is Continued For Others Worth \$2000

Modern science scored a \$1000 victory here today in the missing radium sweepstakes.

Dr. Frank E. Hoecker of the University of Kansas City physics department and his Lauritson Electrometer tracked down and found one of the three radium capsules which strayed Wednesday from a doctor's Medical Arts Bldg. office.

The radium finder, with its sensitive needle, showed signs of "nervousness" when the scientist approached the E. Belknap overpass. As he neared the span, the needle grew more violent.

The radium capsule was found half buried in grass and gravel, just off the pavement at the east foot of the overpass. The half-inch capsule had been broken loose from the rubber pack which held all three capsules.

Dr. Hoecker theorized that someone had stepped on the container, breaking it loose from the others. An auto wheel may have run over it, he said.

There was evidence that at least one of the others was in the same vicinity, so the search was continued. The recovered radium was returned to the doctor's office, to prevent interference with the electrometer.



5

I. Paulsen Medical-Dental Bldg., Spokane, Wash.—G. A. Pehrson, Architect. Erwin L. Weber, Engineer. Jos. ... Co. Heating, Cooling, Pumps & Clist.

Leave Injured Where They Lie

When an Arm Is Broken—Simple Fracture—Leave 'Em Where They Lie.

How can you tell when an arm is broken?
The arm hurts badly and any attempt to move it increases the pain. The patient can't lift it though he may bend his elbow or use his hand. It may appear crooked.

By gently taking hold of the elbow you may feel motion between the elbow and shoulder.

What should you do?
TREAT SHOCK FIRST! Then arrange to put on a splint.

What is a splint?
Something firm to be tied in place to prevent the broken ends of bone from moving. Motion increases pain and pain multiplies shock.

How should you make a splint?
Take three or four branches the size of a thumb, or a tightly folded newspaper, or the jack handle which all cars have, or anything rigid and long enough, and fasten the what-have-you to the arm from the shoulder to the fingertips with handkerchiefs, neckties or strips of shirt, snugly enough to prevent any motion, but not too tight.

If he complains of numbness as the hand swells, loosen the splint a bit, as the blood supply has been cut off too much.

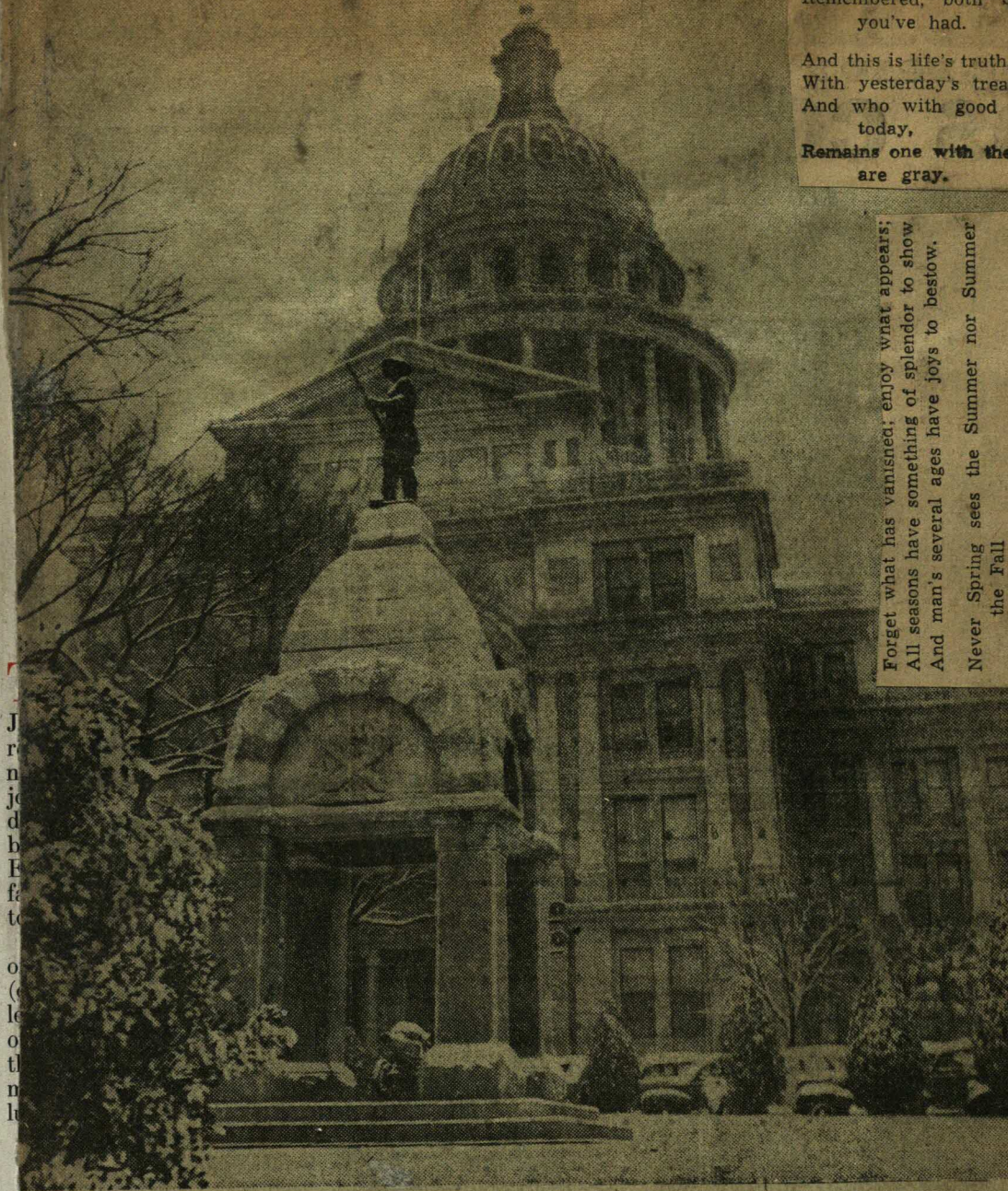
These conditions apply just the same to a broken elbow or broken forearm. Splint them the same way—treat them the same way.

In case of a broken WRIST or HAND, it is not necessary to apply a splint above the elbow.

SPLINT 'EM WHERE THEY LIE RIGHT! Then keep them warm and bring them in—**DON'T HURRY**—**TREAT SHOCK!**

(Prepared by the Fracture Committee, Texas State Medical Association; sponsored by Texas State Highway Department and Texas Public Safety Commission)

The State Capitol in a White Setting



Snow Monday morning made one of its rare visitations to Austin, and this picture shows the stately red granite Capitol

building and its surrounding statutory and shrubbery framed in a blanket of white. The storm was one of the heaviest

—Associated Press Photo. and most widespread Texas generally, has experienced in a decade.

Remembered, both Spring and the Summer you've had.
 And this is life's truth, till the day that we die
 With yesterday's treasure tomorrow's we buy.
 And who with good heart makes the most of today,
 Remains one with the boys though his temples are gray.

Forget what has vanished; enjoy what appears;
 All seasons have something of splendor to show
 And man's several ages have joys to bestow.
 Never Spring sees the Summer nor Summer the Fall
 Who'd wait for the Winter must live through them all.
 That change is ordained is a very good thing,
 So don't spoil the Summer bemoaning the Spring.
 Look forward to Autumn when Summer has gone,
 There's joy at the fireplace when Winter comes on.
 If you've lived until Autumn be grateful; be glad!

n. The over-free to move within the pots and limit

Staying Young

BY EDGAR A. GUEST

How to stay young! Well I'll tell you the way. Refuse to think old though the temples are gray. Keep going to meetings; keep going to shows. Keep working at something and keep on your toes!

Forget the few pounds that have come with the years;

This Is Life

By JACK MAXWELL
 YEARS AGO, while doing fishing stuff for Outdoor Life, it was "good luck" to exchange quite a goodly number of letters with Chauncey Thomas who was editor of the Guns and Ammunition Department and also Professor of English in a western university, and he put out some mighty good dope in his letters to me.

One thing he wrote made me THINK just a bit. Here it is: "Our thoughts, when put in written words, go out into the world for good or evil. Therefore, a Good Thought should never be suppressed. It should be turned loose to make its way into the scheme of life, in the hope it might make this old world a wee bit more worth the living. An unborn thought, even a good one, fails in its true purpose unless liberated and put into words, so far as the other person is concerned. Therefore, open the door what you will, and let your thoughts (Good Thoughts) fly away to the four-winds, in the hope that they will add a bit of Sunshine to an otherwise Sad Old World."



O. B. COLQUITT.

of performance. They represent our best effort to

When YMCA Cornerstone Was Laid



At the cornerstone laying ceremonies for the present Young Men's Christian Association building 18 years ago, one of many steps in the development of the Fort Worth Y which will be recalled at the annual banquet and election Monday night observing the fiftieth anniversary of the association.

Among those in the group are Amon Carter (standing), chairman of the building committee; the late L. A. Coulter, Dallas, who was state Y secretary at that time; the late E. R. Cockrell, mayor (shortly before he resigned to accept a college presidency); the late Mrs. Winfield Scott and Winfield Scott Jr., who gave the lot for the

building; W. T. Ladd, Frank P. Culver Jr., Rev. L. C. Collier, the late W. Erskine Williams, the late Rev. W. H. Matthews, the late Ralph E. Squires, who was general secretary of the Y at that time; W. D. Smith and Rev. W. H. Coleman, pastor of Central Methodist Church at that time and now pastor of Meadowbrook Methodist Church.

Her husband was connected with the old Fort Worth Gazette prior to his association with the Miller's Mutual Fire Insurance Company for which firm he was chief engineer at the time of his death in 1927. Survivors include two daughters, Miss Mary Ingalls, Fort Worth, and Mrs. Willard R. Johnson, St. Louis, Mo.

MRS. FANNIE INGALLS DIES AFTER LONG ILLNESS.
Mrs. Fannie Ingalls, 72, widow of W. H. Ingalls and a resident of Fort Worth for more than 40 years, died at 10:30 a. m. Tuesday at her residence, 3044 Lipscomb Street, after a lengthy illness.
Mrs. Ingalls had been in ill health for several years and was an invalid for two years prior to her death. She was born in Plano and came to Fort Worth with her husband from Archer City.

America's Streamlined Army Faces Test! It Makes Up In Motorized Strength, Arms What It Lacks In Manpower



81 mm. mortar: The infantry regiment's own heavy artillery



75 mm. gun: The basic cannon of the U. S. field artillery

Times War, Women's Voices Are Hushed... Not Now.

By RUTH MILLET

Peace time is women's time. Peace time women can voice their hatred of war; can stand over their conviction that nothing is worth the lives of their husbands, their husbands.

At a time, women can express their logic—which men often regard as childish—that wars never settle any questions and never are really unavoidable.

War comes, women's voices are hushed. Their misery is shared. A little while and then they, too are crying for peace, for their men.

England, Lady Astor has just made a speech urging that the list of conscientious objectors be made less pleasant. "See them darn disagreeable jobs!" is the plea of a woman who is forgotten in a few months of war what all women know—that as fire insane.

It is a lesson to us American women. We are talking tolerance

Whenever American youth takes a stand against war we applaud.

When anyone in our hearing assumes that we will inevitably be drawn into this war, we ask loudly, "Why?" Why—when the fight is not ours? Why—when we saw how little but destruction and hatred came out of the last war? Why—when we have learned to smell out propaganda and need not make fools of ourselves so soon again?

WELL, let's keep on asking "Why?" Let's keep on preaching tolerance. Let's step on every bit of defeatism we can.

Because peace time is our time. It is ours to try to hold onto. Ours in which to enjoy the things a woman enjoys—a home unbroken, a family working for the things it needs and wants, a future that seems reasonably secure.

But war time is not our time. In wartime we become as vindictive, as ready for blood, as men.

We believe in peace in peace time. But we aren't strong enough to hold on to our convictions in wartime.

of experiments at San Antonio during the past year.

Five infantry divisions are being formed in the United States Army on the new arrangement. Units in these divisions are scattered, but the men are being trained so a co-ordinated, hard-hitting division can be assembled in a short time.

Firing Power Undiminished

Improvement in armament made possible a personnel cut without decreasing firing power. Soldiers are being equipped with 30 caliber Garand semi-automatic rifles. This weapon is two and a half times as fast as Springfield rifles used since 1903.

Another infantry weapon now used is the Browning automatic rifle, tried experimentally by the United States toward the end of the first World War. Each infantry platoon of 42 men carries a six-man automatic rifle squad.

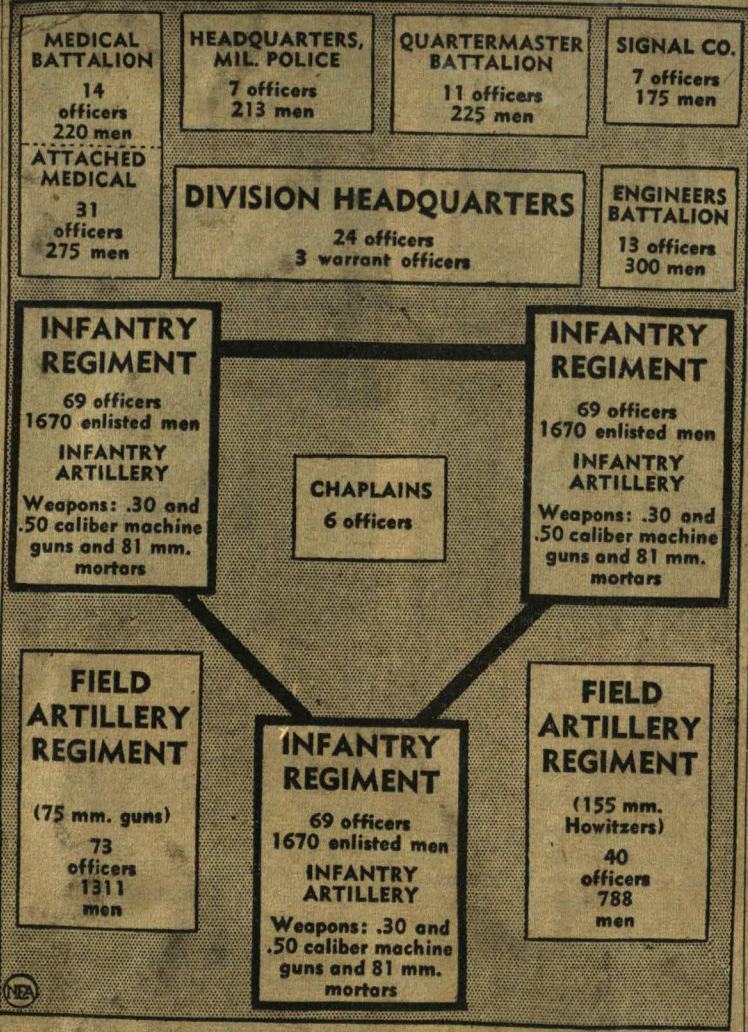
Tank Setup Is Changed

Tanks have been taken out of the division and placed in a separate unit, totaling about 580.

In the streamlined division commands in the field from headquarters will reach the most distant unit in less than an hour and a half. Formerly it required three hours.

Here are comparative figures on armament of new and old army divisions:

New Division		Old Division	
Rifles	4,500	Rifles	8,727
Pistols	2,686	Pistols	10,913
.30-cal. machine guns	144	Machine and	
.50-cal. machine guns	18	Anti-aircraft guns	67
.37-cal. anti-tank guns	18	Infantry mortars	12
Light machine guns	108	75mm. heavy artillery guns	48
60mm. mortars	81	155mm. howitzers	24
81mm. mortars	18		
75mm. heavy artillery guns	36		
155mm. howitzers	16		



In the field, infantry regiments of the United States Army's new streamlined divisions take on triangular formation like this, point toward the enemy. Artillery and other units are shifted to meet circumstances.

Aware of this problem, the general staff of the army set to work in 1935 to devise a new arrangement. A year later, a tentative plan was laid before the secretary of war. Essentially, this plan was the same as that now placed into effect.

The completed plan for "streamlining" is the outgrowth

Special to The Press.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 29.—The United States Army will find out for the first time how its new streamlined divisions really work, at training maneuvers starting Feb. 1 in Camp Ord, Calif.

Preparations for the experiments—designed to test a new setup graphed largely on paper which has virtually halved the division manpower without decreasing fighting strength—already are under way at Fort Lewis, Wash. About 400 officers and 8000 men are being assembled for a field workout of the new plan.

Peace strength of the new division is 8943, swelled by 4000 for war. During the first World War, a division comprised about 27,000 men.

Before the general remodeling of the army began last year, the peace division in theory included 22,070 men, actually it was 13,000.

Motor Power Replaces Men

The new division makes up in motorized power and armaments what it lacks in manpower. Under the new setup, 4325 horses and 2720 mules, have been eliminated. About 400 trucks replace 404 wagons.

In the field, the new division takes on a triangular shape. Three regiments of infantry make up the backbone of the division with two field artillery regiments. Each infantry regiment has its own smaller artillery units.

Square System Led to Trouble

Disillusioned military leaders discovered during the last war many deficiencies in the "square system" of sending infantry into battle. Chiefly disastrous was the tendency of infantry to advance ahead of artillery and away from supply bases. This enabled the enemy to counter-attack.

"We made small gains for heavy losses," one army official said, "and the side that could throw in the last reserves was the side that won the war."

Engine Purchased As Town Begins to Take On Real City Aires

By C. L. DOUGLAS.

BY the summer of 1876 Fort Worth fast was assuming city airs, and the equipment of the M. T. Johnson Hook & Ladder Company—although it was destined to remain in use until 1893—was beginning to appear rather antiquated, especially to those of the boys who had been as far afield at St. Louis and such places.

To keep abreast of modern times, they argued, Fort Worth

ORIGINATED EMBLEM

The man who designed the Panther head and star insignia of the Fire Department was J. O. Wright, an electrician now living at 320 Rockwood Dr. He made the design during the administration of Chief W. E. Bideker, at the chief's request. Mr. Wright was then a city light and emergency inspector.

ould have a steamer. Then the department could handle a fire in the grand manner, and with real efficiency.

The volunteers could fair see themselves dashing down the streets on the smoking apparatus, drawn by a team of snorting horses, and they talked so much about an engine that the city council began regarding the matter seriously.

Citizens Raised \$1000 On Steamer's Price

But two noteworthy events occurred before the council took action. In September of '76 a fire demolished the Prairie House, the Isaacs Grocery and the Ellis Building at Third and Main; and early in October a negro named Jim Parker disrupted a Sabbath morn by trying to burn the city calaboose as a means of escape—and it might have been either of



CENTRAL FIRE HALL



HOSE COMPANY NO. 5

Designer Says It Is Unsinkable



This lifeboat, invented by William L. Wheeler of Los Angeles, is said to be unsinkable. Designs have been made and construction is under way. The boat is

all enclosed, making it non-sinkable and noncapsizable. Buoyancy tanks underneath help keep it on an even keel.

Little Lines

By MARGIE B. BOSWELL
To prowling curs, kennels are prisons.
Do eagles ever ask a vulture's advice?
Each sees the world through his own windows.
"Flaws are mostly in faces," remarked the mirror.
Bastilles aren't built of cardboard.
Winners never work in ways of "well-enough."
Anxiety is an ally of uncertainty.
The plums of a disposition are on the underside.
Wishes are but toys of the will.
Pleasure is the pantomime of ways loved by children.
Promises are oftener made of paper than of gold.

these happenings which prompted the council to promise purchase of a steamer if the citizens would raise \$1000 toward its price.

The citizens lost no time and council immediately let the contract for a Silsby engine. It cost \$6250.

Of course the volunteers could scarcely wait for delivery of the monster, but before this happy event (several weeks later) they enthusiastically organized an engine company, with Capt. M. B. Loyd as president and E. E. Furman secretary. J. W. Monico was made foreman, or chief, and given two assistants, W. H. Catts and G. W. Hollingsworth.

They Christen New Engine the Panther

Then, remembering the joke that started when a Dallas man allegedly went home with a story that he had seen a panther asleep on a Fort Worth street, they decided to name the new steamer "The Panther."

It is doubtless safe to assume that when the equipment did arrive some members of the company secretly hoped for a likely blaze that they might test the machine.

When these actual tests did

Old Central Station on Throckmorton, razed recently, looked like this in 1901. Chief Maddox and Assistant Bideker, in charge at that time, are both dead. The lower photo shows a typical company, the captain in this one being Chief Standifer Ferguson, retired last year. H. C. (Sadie) Glosson died a few weeks ago. Mr. Howell also is dead.

come, with several minor blazes during the next year, it was to discover—according to testimony given by the Democrat—that the smoke-eaters sometimes were a little slow in getting to a fire.

They had some trouble getting the horses into the harness, the good beasts not yet being reconciled to the panting, rumbling thing they were forced to pull.

And fires in those days really must have been colorful. Take, for instance, that one which razed half a block of the downtown area in December of 1878.

Bucket-Toters Did A Good Day's Work

It started in the kitchen of the Delmonico Restaurant and it required heroic effort by not only the engine company and the Johnson Hook & Ladder, but dozens of citizen bucket-toters, to prevent a major catastrophe.

Luckily the street cisterns were full, and the bucket brigades formed in two lines between these and the blaze, one line returning empties while the other passed along full ones to handlers at the fire. The Panther boys, of course, got the pump going and manned hose.

Maj. K. M. Van Zandt was among those in the bucket line, and the Democrat commented later that it was indeed a sorry thing that many of the idle bystanders did not follow his excellent example.

"Dr. Jackson was everywhere in

a minute," said the newspaper "always putting a bucket of water in the right place at the right time. C. H. Higbee was observed on the roof, as nimble as a cat, handling buckets with grace and effect. Mayor Beckman ran a nail through his hand, and Mr. Leveridge lost the basement of his Sunday pants."

Dallas Force Wires Offer Of Assistance

Long-haired Jim Courtright, the city marshal (later slain by Gambler Luke Short) was there to handle the crowd, and during the height of the blaze Chief Comer of the Dallas department telegraphed Chief Monico:

"Understand your city is on fire. Do you need us?"

But Fort Worth didn't. When the flames were conquered the charred body of Michael Nephanham, a dishwasher at the Delmonico, was found in the debris, his skull bashed in. Whereupon the Democrat raised a mighty howl, alleging that someone had set the fire to cover up

FUNERAL SERVICES TODAY FOR B. W. OWENS.

The body of B. W. Owens, 77, was to be taken from the residence, 3404 Park Ridge Boulevard, at 3 p. m. Thursday to Central Methodist Church, where funeral services will be conducted at 4 p. m. by Rev. Marcus M. Chunn and Rev. Angie Smith. Burial will be in East Oakwood Cemetery.

Mr. Owens, who had operated lumber yards in Fort Worth and other Texas cities for nearly 40 years, died Tuesday after a heart

attack at his residence. He had been in ill health for three years.

New Equipment Added As the City Grew

New equipment was added as needed, and as the city grew two-wheeled hand reels which were dragged to the fire by running men, these after the first water mains, supplied by artesian wells, were laid in 1882. Then there were new steamers, like the "Stuart Harrison," which tipped over and injured two men at 17th and Rusk while making a run in May, 1890.

But the department remained volunteer, and popular work it was. Most everyone wanted to be a red-shirted fire-fighter, not only for the thrill of the business but because of the parties and entertainments continually being staged for the various units.

"Most of the boys got in for the social features. I did," reminisces Retired Chief Standifer Ferguson, who joined in 1888.

attack at his residence. He had been in ill health for three years.

Survivors include the widow; six sons, George H., B. W. Jr., Shelby, William H. and Richard Owens, all of Fort Worth, and Phil Owens, Rio Grande City; two daughters, Mrs. Mary Owens Campbell, Fort Worth, and Mrs. Angie Smith, Dallas.

Conduct Rites For Dr. O. G. Carlson

Physician Came to Texas As Runaway Youth From Denmark

Funeral services for Dr. Oluf F. Carlson, 611 E. Weatherford, a Texas physician for more than 40 years, were set for 2 p. m. today at Gause-Ware Memorial Chapel, to be led by Rev. L. D. Anderson.

Dr. Carlson, who had practiced in Fort Worth since 1907, died last night in a hospital after an illness of about two weeks. He was 74.

Born in Denmark, Dr. Carlson was lured to Texas by "wild west" stories which he absorbed while a school boy at Copenhagen. He ran away from home when his family decided to send him to a military school, landing in New York as a stowaway on a boat when he was 17.

He made his way to Texas in 1884. After a short career as a cowboy on the old Sam Parker ranch, near Fort Worth, he entered the Fort Worth Medical College, working his way. First practicing in Bosque County in 1898, Dr. Carlson served as the physician for a lumber camp at Mobile, Tex., for several years before coming back to Fort Worth.

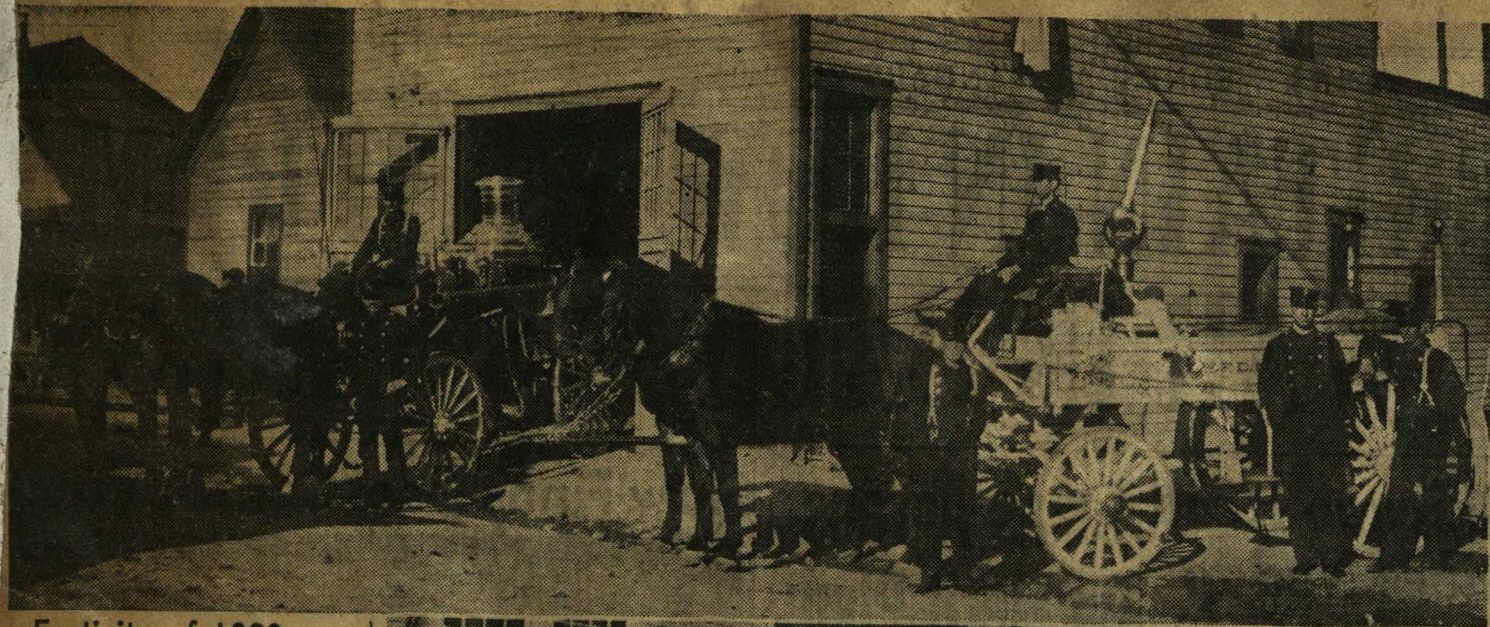
He was a charter member of the Mosiah Temple Shrine and a member of Knights Templar.

A son, O. C. Carlson, of Fort Worth; a daughter, Mrs. Blake O'Connor of New York City, and a grandson, Eugene Sheldon Leggett, New York City, survive. Burial was to be in Birdville Cemetery.

Pallbearers were to be Dr. F. W. Francis, Dr. Young J. Mulkey, Dr. E. C. Schoolfield, Dr. J. Robert Cochran, Clyde W. Morrison and J. Lewis Winter.

Panther Steamer Left Smoke--and Thrills-- In Its Wake When It Rumbled to a Blaze

Great Spring Palace Fire Helped Show Need For Regular, Salaried Fire Department Here



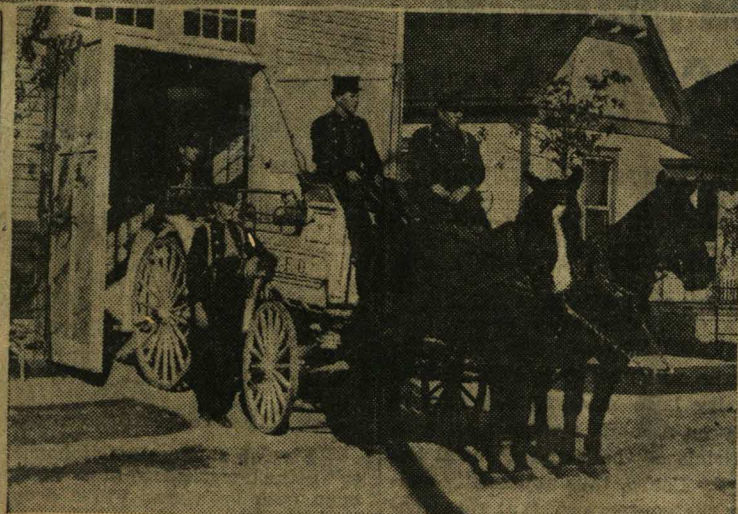
Festivity of 1890 Becomes Tragedy; Al Hayne Killed

By C. L. DOUGLAS

ON the night of June 3, 1890, all Fort Worth's 'beauty and gallantry,' assisted by hundreds of visitors from many sections of Texas, were making merry in a big way.

The Spring Palace, an exposition designed to portray the industrial growth and development of Texas, was in full swing. An enormous building of the "gingerbread" architectural lines so much in vogue during that era, the frame structure was filled with a great profusion of cereals, grasses and farm products, with pampa grass being used generously in the scheme of decoration.

All was gaiety and fun. The halls buzzed with conversation and laughter. A special train was



Two of the old-time companies of the 1900s . . . The upper photo shows the steamer and hose wagon at the 15th and Commerce station. John Parrish driving the steamer. Paul Krowe is driving the hose cart, and standing in front of him is William Kinkle, now

First Full-Time Firemen Received \$50 Each Month

whole department did their duty manfully and the citizens appreciate it."

The catastrophe did help in some measure to impress upon Fort Worth the need for a regular salaried, full-time department, but it was not until late in 1893 that City Council passed an ordinance creating such a force.

It provided for 34 paid men to take over the five stations, and, clad in their new blue and brass-buttoned uniforms, they went to work at noon of Nov. 30, 1893, although their pay did not start until the following morning.

"The men received \$50 a month, the captains \$60, the assistant chief \$75 and the chief \$125," recalls Retired Chief Standifer Ferguson, who went to work that

Mrs. Scaling, Cattleman's Widow, Dies

Mrs. George A. Scaling, 79, widow of a prominent cattleman and mother of three Fort Worth residents died at her residence, 5332 Byers Avenue, at 5:10 a. m. Friday after a prolonged illness.

Mrs. Scaling was the mother of George W. Scaling, head cattle buyer for Armour & Co.; Charles W. Scaling, real estate and cattleman, and Mrs. Hunter Pendleton Jr., all of Fort Worth. She was a native of Terrell but lived for some time in St. Louis after her marriage before returning here in 1905.

A member of a family rich in the tradition of the cattle industry her husband, who died here in 1929, also was a pioneer stockman. Before she was forced by ill health about four years ago to curtail her activities, Mrs. Scaling was well known for her charitable, church and social work. She taught a Sunday school class at First Methodist Church for many years, was a life member of the Sorosis Club and some years ago was active in P-T-A work. She had been seriously ill for three months.

Other survivors include three daughters, Mrs. Frank McNeny, Dallas; Mrs. Hugh W. Ewing, Chicago, and Mrs. Marmaduke Corbyn, Oklahoma City; 13 grandchildren, Richard Scaling, Charles W. Scaling Jr., George Arnold Scaling, Harry Arnold Scaling and Gay and Jane Pendleton, all of Fort Worth; Burford and Edgar Scaling, both of Henrietta; Harry W. Scaling, Bellevue; Marmaduke Corbyn Jr. and George Scaling Corbyn, both of Oklahoma City, and Frank McNeny Jr. and Mary Agnes McNeny, both of Dallas, and one great-grandchild, George W. Scaling II, Bellevue.

Funeral services will be conducted at 3:30 p. m. Saturday at First Methodist Church by Rev. J. N. R. Score. Burial will be in Greenwood Cemetery.

pulling into T. & P. station with a contingent of Dallas folk. They were piling into cabs to go to the Palace, which stood just across the street from the present Recreation building.

Spark From a Match Starts a Major Fire

Then a negro boy stepped on a match which someone had dropped on the floor—

A spark caught in a bundle of pampa grass, and the great Spring Palace burst into flame!

Fire Chief Don B. Adams chanced to be in the first floor hallway, and as the flame leaped through the tinder-like grass and cracked toward the ceiling, he jumped for alarm box No. 222, not more than 20 feet away. Then he jerked open the valves of the standpipes with which the building

assistant chief, George Florence, now in Dallas, is next man to the right. The lower photo was made at the Chambers and Kennedy Sts. station. The late Capt. Jack Adams is sitting beside Driver J. R. Brian, now of Lubbock. George Mann is standing.

had been equipped and put into and from No. 5 at Tucker and play a hose that had previously Bryan.

But the chief's efforts were futile. A dozen lines of hose could not have coped with the situation. The flames spread much too rapidly.

Crowd Was Orderly, With No Hysteria

Meanwhile, a steamer was rolling out of Station No. 1 at Second and Commerce, another out of Station No. 4 at Peter Smith and Fulton. Hose carts were on the way from No. 2 at 11th and Main, from No. 3 on Houston near 16th,

Fortunately the crowd was orderly. There was no hysteria, no panic. Most of them filed out within five minutes, but a few children were thrown from second floor windows, to be caught by Col. John Peter Smith and Zeno Ross.

The full fire department was there as fast as their horses could bring them, and no time was lost in putting the hose into play, but it was already apparent that nothing could save the Palace. It was burning like a pine box, and Fort Worth was witnessing the greatest fire in its history—greater even than early morning blaze at the compress which destroyed 2000 bales of cotton on Dec. 26, 1889.

Dwellings and Stable Cause More Trouble

Four dwellings and a stable to the south of the Palace soon caught and, according to the next morning's Gazette: "It required the utmost of the department to save them. The only way the hose could be taken to the furthest point west was by firemen lying on the ground behind fences and crawling."

Then the second floor fell in and some of the spectators realized, with a sense of horror, that Al S. Hayne, a railroad man, had just gone up there to determine if anyone remained inside. Al Hayne was the only casualty of the fire. A volunteer fireman for one evening, his heroism was later immortalized by a piece of park statuary.

The burning of the Spring Palace gave the volunteer department its greatest baptism of fire and the Gazette commented: "The

day at No. 5, Tucker and Bryan. "The department, at that time, had three steamers and several hose wagons, including an aerial hook and ladder wagon bought by Chief Adams in 1891. We didn't have a fire for the first 29 days, and then only a small one."

Best Horses Were in "Every" Station

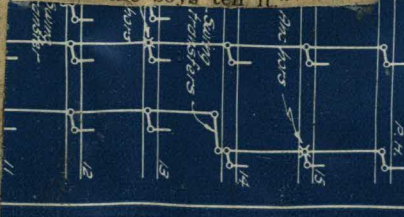
Chief Ferguson's old records show that the department cost the city \$30,428.68 for the first year's operation (quite a difference when compared with the \$519,475 budget of today).

"And strange as it may seem," added the chief, "the first year's operation under the paid system cost several hundred dollars less than the last year of the volunteer service."

The smoke-eaters were mighty proud of the new department but if there was any one thing in which early-day firemen, here and elsewhere, took more than ordinary pride it was in their horses.

The best and most famous horses of the Fort Worth department? Well—

"All of 'em," testifies Chief Ferguson. "Every station had the best, fastest and smartest teams to hear the boys tell it"



Such a message as that might seem irrelevant in a world of war and its attendant chaos and disorder but as John Mason Brown said, the throne of God still exists, so does balance, so does symmetry, so does faith. At least that was the message in a few words that John Mason Brown left with us in his remarks that had you wishing you could take notes as rapidly as he spoke.

Funeral Will Be Held Today for J. W. Burton

Dr. E. M. Waits of Texas Christian University will conduct funeral services at 4 p. m. Wednesday at Phillips Funeral Home for John Watson Burton, 84, who died Monday at his home, 1509 South Lake Street. Burial will be in Pioneer Rest Cemetery.

Mr. Burton had lived in Tarrant County 61 years and was co-operator of what was believed to be the first power-driven waterworks system in Fort Worth. He later operated a stock farm on a 500-acre tract near Lake Worth, moving back to Fort Worth in 1916 after much of his land was inundated on completion of the Lake Worth dam.

He came here from his native South Carolina when he was 23.

Active pallbearers will be E. L. Jackson, B. F. Boulain, Fred Shirley, Jim Shirley, B. M. Roberts and Clarence Boyd. Honorary pallbearers will be W. H. Slay, Dr. W. C. Durringer, Dr. W. M. Johnson, Lloyd E. Hill, W. F. Charbonneau, J. R. Jameson, R. B. Hagood, H. C. McCarty, J. H. Hodgins, John Craford, Houston, and Dave Reaves, Weslaco.

Survivors include the widow; two sons, L. L. Burton, Fort Worth, and W. C. Burton, Dallas, and a daughter, Miss Lillie M. Burton, Fort Worth.

QUOTE: "It doesn't make much difference what we want or what we think it ours . . . all too often FATE decides it for us."

Just a bit fatalistic, says I. But somehow, in the scheme of things, our best-laid plans go haywire and cokeyed. So, what? Personally, I do the best I know how and pick up what's left and endeavor not to let out a Big Squawk when things seem to go all wrong.

WE like to believe in the dignity of man. We like to remember that God rules, even amid destruction. We like to remember that beauty is ever present, that order will arise out of chaos. We like to listen to that still small voice which speaks and makes far more of an impression on us than all of the roaring cannons and guns, that still small voice that has far more power than all of the world dictators put together. Yes, we like to meditate on every good thing, and look twice at every beautiful thing. This is better than to look twice at every ugly thing and keep our minds always in the direction of the gutter. A gutter is man's creation but a gardenia is God's creation.

I LIKED best of all his statement that "It is our joyous obligation to look twice at every beautiful thing and inhale it as if it were a gardenia." Too many lecturers and writers nowadays leave us feeling that the bottom has dropped out of the world and that it is only a matter of a little while before those of us who are left hanging on the rim will sink into the chasm. And they would have us believe that today we are witnessing that very exciting spectacle, the entire destruction of everything good in the world. Tomorrow nothing will be left, except war graves and the ashes of homes destroyed by bombs. Not a single man in the whole wide world will be left to tell the story of this destruction of civilization. Not a flower will be left to bloom; not a star will twinkle in the sky; the sun will no longer rise and the moon will be dimmed. But there are those of us who like to believe that man is more than clay; that the spirit of man will survive all this grave tragedy in the world today. We like to believe that might and power are not the only forces in the world, though they may seem on the rampage.

rapid fire introductory remarks that had you wishing you could take notes as rapidly as he spoke.

'Irish' Tried to Tell Firemen About Blaze



The boys were proud of their horses, as this picture, taken about 1912 near the old Public Library, shows. The firemen, left to right, are John Bevil, Chuck Dunwoody, Sam Williams, Claude West (now captain at No. 19), J. H. Bigham, with bucket, now at Central), George Faris (now at No. 16), Bob Robinson, Fred Steinfelt, Tom Irby, C. E. Reed, and Harry Slate.

Amateur Designers Get Chance at Cash

Contest Winners Here Will Be Entered in National Competition

If you're an amateur dress designer or dressmaker, here's your chance to try for a little cash and national publicity that could lead to a future in designing:

W. C. Stripling Co., in co-operation with Good Housekeeping Magazine, is sponsoring a contest for amateurs to discover American dress designers. The contest is open for entries now, but will close on Feb. 24. Applicants may obtain their entry blanks from Stripling's fabric department on the third floor.

Horses Always Bolted For Wagons as Gong Sounded

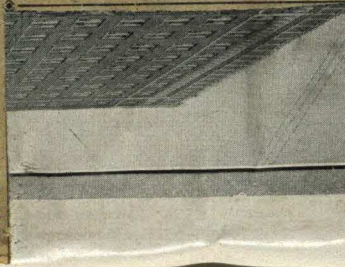
They Were Smart But Catastrophe of 1909 Here Proved Necessity For Motor Fire Truck

By C. L. DOUGLAS

IF, as Chief Ferguson says—"every station had the best and fastest horses"—it would require too much space to detail the story of Fort Worth's quadruped fire-fighters.

So, just as an illustration of their high intelligence, we'll let J. W. Holder, former steamer driver and now chief operator of the alarm system, tell you about old "Irish."

Old "Irish," a big dark brown fellow, was the pride of Station No. 3 at 1700 Jones. When the boys would take him out for exercising, along with his team-mate "Dutch," the riders would have to watch themselves lest an alarm should sound during such business—because the pair would bolt sud-



MY FAVORITE RECIPE

Take one large, grassy field,
One-half dozen children,
Two or three small dogs,
A pinch of brook and some pebbles
Mix the children and the dogs well together
And put them in the field constantly stirring;
Pour the brook over the pebbles;
Spread over all a deep blue sky
And bake in the hot sun.
When brown, remove and set away to cool—

WEDDING WARNINGS

Married in white, you've chosen all right
Married in grey, you'll go far away
Married in black, you'll wish yourself back
Married in red, you'll wish yourself dead
Married in green, ashamed to be seen
Married in yellow, ashamed of your fellow
Married in blue, he'll always be true
Married in brown, you'll live out of town

WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES

Anniversaries of the wedding day are named from an old custom of presenting certain kinds of gifts as each anniversary comes about.

The various celebrations commonly accepted are:

First, Paper	Ninth, Willow	Twenty-fifth, Silver
Second, Cotton	Tenth, Tin	Thirtieth, Pearl
Third, Leather	Eleventh, Steel	Thirty-fifth, Coral
Fourth, Fruit, Flowers	Twelfth, Silk and Linen	Fortieth, Ruby
Fifth, Wood	Thirteenth, Lace	Forty-fifth, Sapphire
Sixth, Sugar, Candy	Fourteenth, Ivory	Fiftieth, Gold
Seventh, Wool	Fifteenth, Crystal	Seventy-fifth, Diamond
Eighth, Pottery	Sixteenth, China	

In a bathtub!
If we could vote on popular recipes, this would win by a large majority, I'm sure.

Monday for health
Tuesday for wealth,
Wednesday the best day of all.
Thursday for losses,
Friday for crosses,
Saturday no luck at all.

THE BRIDE MUST WEAR—
Something old, Something new;
Something borrowed, Something blue.

Dallas Company Aid City Fighters

More new men, new stations and equipment were added as necessity seemed to demand, and the department took pride in being one of the foremost in the Southwest, but even so there came a day when it had to call for outside help.

At noon on April 3, 1909, Chief Bideker took over the alarm switchboard at Central Station so that Operator Penninger could go to lunch. At 12:50, just before Penninger's return, the telephone rang.

"Two barns on fire at Jennings

and Peter Smith," the chief was told.

Mr. Bideker put South Side companies 4, 5 and 7 on the move, then jumped into his light station wagon, whipped up the horse, and started for the scene. A lashing wind, almost a gale, was blowing.

Arriving, the chief saw at once that the situation was serious. The wind was driving the blaze and several small cottages at Tucker and Boaz were flaming.

Bideker hurried to an alarm box and tapped out "Three-Two"—a second alarm that would bring all downtown equipment to the scene. Meantime, the Fours, Fives and Sevens had their hose laid and were at work.

Then Engine No. 8 came roaring down the street, but just before reaching the scene one of the horses slipped and fell. Old No. 8 was whipped against a telephone pole. The wagon's tongue snapped.

Seeing the steamer out of action, Chief Bideker dashed to the alarm box and frantically sent "Three-Threes," the third alarm, but the fast spreading fire already had melted the wires, and the phone had to be used to bring out all equipment.

By this time sparks had set houses in several blocks. The fire was creeping southward, fanned by the high wind. Companies 1 and 6 moved in, with Asst. Chief Standifer Ferguson taking charge in the Broadway area, and although the companies under his orders put up a valiant fight they were steadily driven back.

Special Train Bring Dallas Fire Fighters

The horses having been unhitched, the men pulled Steamer 8 to safety with ropes, and as smoke billowed in clouds over the South Side the dispatcher at the T&P wired Chief H. F. McGee at Dallas for aid. The T&P hurriedly assembled a special, a box car for the horses, a flat for the steamer and a caboose for the men, and a Dallas company was on the way. They hitched on Front Street and pulled for action.

By this time the fire had spread over 20 blocks, a roaring inferno that was licking at the T&P roundhouse filled with locomotives. At the corner of Galveston and Railroad Aves., Steamer No. 1, with horses unhitched, was in danger.

lenly for the engine house at the first tap of the gong.

Like all the veteran fire horses they loved a fire. It broke the monotony of standing idly, sometimes for a week or two, in their stables. Let an alarm sound and they'd dash, without any prompting, from their stalls and get under the suspended harness of the steamer or hose wagon.

Horse Knows Of Fire Before Alarm

"They'd grab the bit like it was something good to eat," recalls Mr. Holder. "Those fellows were hard to hold."

But it was one cold day about 5 a. m. that "Irish" made his greatest bid for fame.

"From No. 3 in those days," said Mr. Holder, "you could look out the windows and get a clear view of the Wells Fargo Express office, and that morning Irish must have looked out and seen the fire that had started at the express company."

"Anyway, that's the way we figured it out later. Irish began pawing and snorting and we didn't know what was the matter with him—because, you see, no alarm had been turned in yet. Old Irish stood it as long as he could, then jumped over the chain in front of his stall, and got in under his set of harness at the steamer, where he continued to paw and show the greatest impatience.

"We were still wondering what he was up to when the alarm came in. A smart horse, that Irish—but most of them were. They'd stand at a fire, often close up in terrific heat, better than most men. They'd keep their eyes closed, and many times I've seen their eyelids swell and blister, but they knew their duty and they did it."

The Old Steamer Is Praised Highly

In the old days Fort Worth and Dallas teams often met in competition, to show speed and efficiency.

Mr. Holder is one who still praises the steamer as a fine piece of fire fighting equipment. It could throw a stream of water as far as some of today's modern equipment and it could pump all night long if need be, says he.

By placing a portable gas torch under the boiler firemen kept the water in the tank almost at the boiling point during times of inaction, with excelsior, kindling and fine coal under the boiler ready to be ignited.

"When an alarm came in," said the former driver, "we could take out the gas torch, light the excelsior and have a good head of steam before we had run six or seven blocks. We would refuel from a coal box on the back of the steamer."

The city grew, and the department kept pace. Ben U. Bell took over as chief from Don Adams, then John Cella held the post for several years. Jim Maddox took over on April 8, 1901, and went out on April 11, 1905, to be supplanted by W. E. Bideker.

The flames were licking at the wheels, and two lines of hose from the engine had burned away. Firemen pulled it out of the flames.

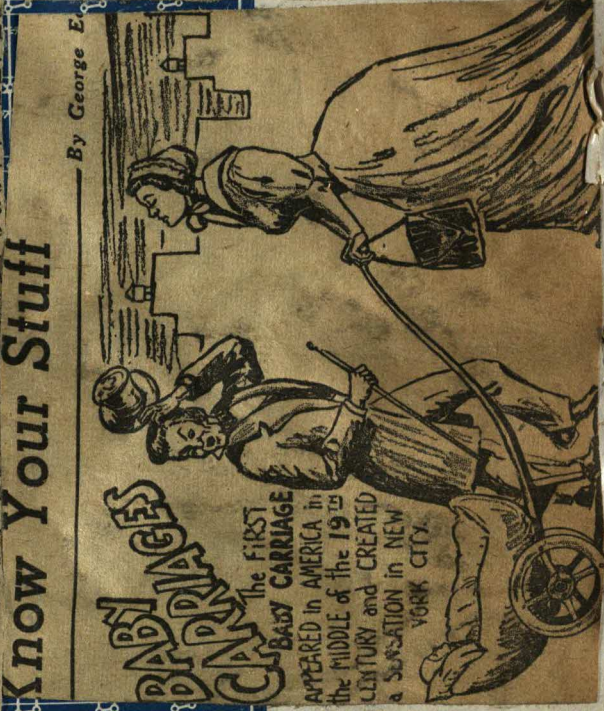
With the roundhouse destroyed, the great fire of 1909—largest in the city's history—ended at T&P Reservation, because there was nothing else on which it could feed. It had lasted three hours.

Twenty blocks, with 261 buildings, including the Broadway Baptist and Presbyterian churches, the Walker Sanitarium and the Swedish Lutheran Church, lay in ruins. Property loss was placed at \$876,300. One man, J. J. Newlon, a banker living at 207 W. Daggett, was dead, and a score of firemen injured. The latter included Oscar McCain of No. 4, who died in a captain's uniform in 1938 under a downtown garage wall.

By a strange fluke of fortune a section in Dallas burned with a loss of 75 homes while some of the Dallas force were over here.

Doubtless the 1909 catastrophe caused the department to think a little about motor equipment. Although the horses were not to be eliminated entirely for another decade, the next year (1910) found Fort Worth with its first motor fire wagon.

By George E.



Know Your Stuff

BABY CARRIAGES

THE FIRST BABY CARRIAGE APPEARED IN AMERICA IN THE MIDDLE OF THE 19th CENTURY AND CREATED A REVOLUTION IN NEW YORK CITY.



Swiss Women BALANCE THEIR BABIES IN CRADLES ON THEIR HEADS AS THEY WALK ALONG and KNIT.

A SMALL TABLE ON WHEELS USED TO CARRY A BABY IS PICTURED ON AN ETRUSCAN VASE OF 600 YRS. BEFORE CHRIST.

40-Mile Ice Floe Jams Ohio River



Ice floes on the Ohio River near Louisville, Ky., have piled up for 40 miles and are increasing at the rate of 12 miles

a day. The jam stopped all river traffic as craft sought refuge from the grinding mass. Except for a narrow channel in midstream the ice extended

—Associated Press Wirephoto.

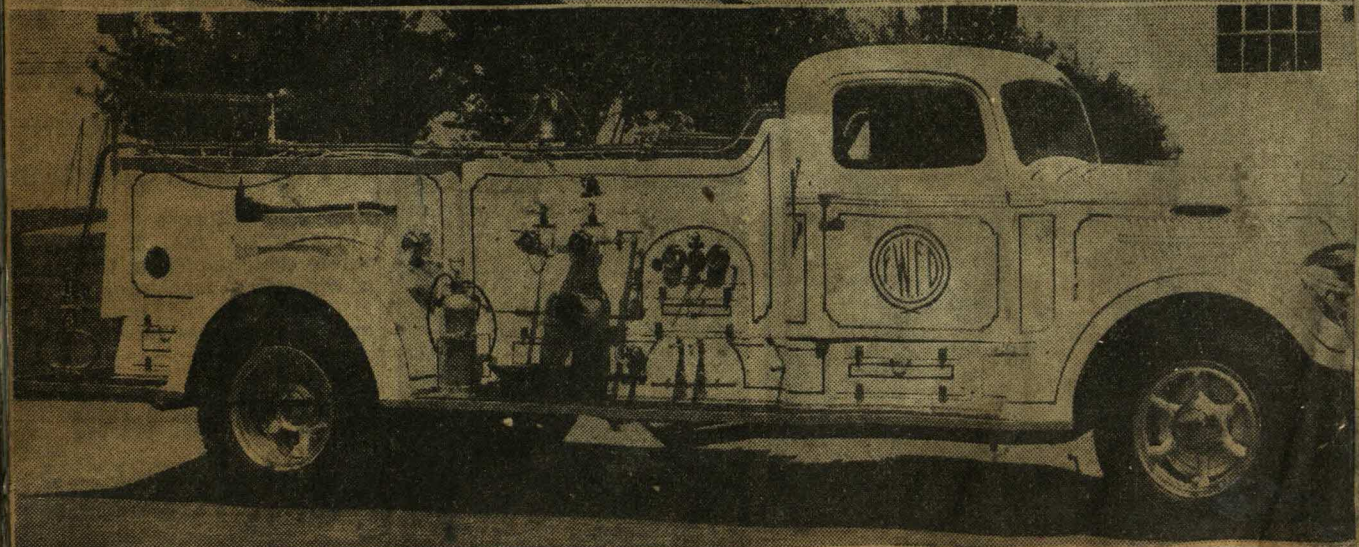
from shore to shore. In the background is a railroad bridge linking Kentucky and Indiana.



FROM PAINTING BY BERKLEY

Vol. IV, pp. 1031-1942

Fire Protection Here Today Is Outstanding



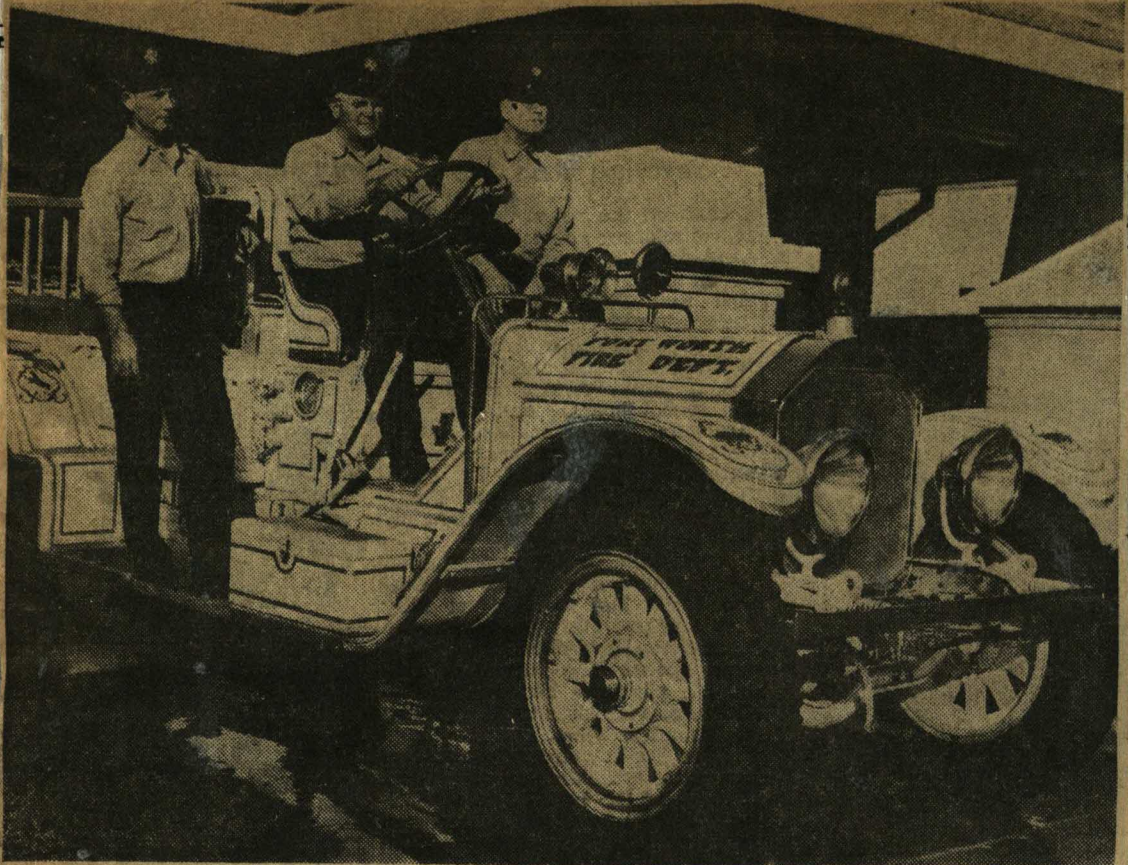
Beans, Pint-Size, Goes Grocerying



My, my, Tabby—what big ears your adopted son is wearing! Yep, he's about the strangest looking youngster that ever answered a mother cat's dinner bell. His name is Beans and he's a five-week-old bloodhound of Huntsville penitentiary stock. Three days ago Beans was brought to the home of J. C. Fletcher, 803 E. Elmwood, where Tabby was raising a family of four 10-day-old kittens. Beans whined hungrily and—well, one more boarder doesn't make much difference to a mother cat.

see 3 pages to right

In Service 30 Years--Still Rolling



Old American La France No. 2, still working after 30 years of service. Here she is at Station No. 4, 1401 Kennedy, with J. C. Parker at the wheel and Lieut. E. J. Driscoll beside him. M. A. Rhodes is on the running board.

Department Has State's Most Unusual Fire Wagon

La France Truck No. 2 Is the Veteran Among Powerful Engines of Today

By C. L. DOUGLAS.

WHEN the hose wagon at Station No. 4, out at Chambers and Kennedy, is retired from active service—if, in fact, it ever is—it should be used to start a department hall of fame, and decorated for distinguished service.

Old American La France No. 2 still makes the fires with the best of 'em, although she's the oldest piece of motor fire equipment in Texas, and perhaps the oldest serviceable La France in the nation.

She's been working for Fort Worth 30 years, since 1910!

The Fort Worth fire-eaters had been wanting some motor trucks since the big fire of 1909 and when they heard that American La France at Elmira, N. Y.—now one of the biggest equipment makers in the world—was building two experimental hose trucks the Fort Worthers were highly interested.

Station No. 5 Gets The New Equipment

So the Council took action and contracted for one—and old No. 2, Type 5, was delivered late in that year.

PAGE 300-18

abandoned, the company having gone out of business and parts not being available. American La France No. 1, the twin of the 30-year-old truck working here, was sold to a fire department in Wisconsin, but was purchased back several years ago by La France as a museum piece. That should make No. 2 the oldest piece of her kind doing duty in the nation.

The horses and steamers went out in 1919, the last year W. E. Bideker was chief, and motorization was continued when Standifer Ferguson stepped into the chief's boots on Nov. 25, 1919.

The horses were sold to private interests and of the three steamers two were dismantled and junked, the third taken to Lake Worth, where it remained in idleness near the Casino for many years. All trace of it now has been lost.

own right, capable of going into action as soon as they reach a fire. That's because Master Mechanic John P. Oliver had an idea.

Only City With Such Equipment

Battalion chiefs' cars, before that time, carried hose and a certain amount of chemicals for small fire work, but Mr. Oliver thought: "Why not make them pumpers?"

So all the machines were equipped with a pump which works off the transmission by the simple process of throwing out the clutch, the water being supplied from a 60-gallon tank installed just back of the driver. A layman could ride to a fire in one of them and not know what he was really riding until the driver set the pump going and put the hose, coiled in the turtle, into play.

It's an innovation that no other department in the United States can boast.

So faithfully has the department kept growth with the city that 1930 saw removal of Central headquarters from the old rock building on Throckmorton, near the police station, to the magnificent building it now occupies at Texas, Cherry and Macon Streets. A new alarm and signal station, just to the west, was put into operation the next year.

Of course, all the stations hoped to get the new truck, which was built as a chemical engine with hose space in the bed, but No. 5 were the lucky boys. M. A. Jameson, now assistant chief, was captain at No. 5 then, and he remembers how proud the boys were when they took over the truck. They felt, naturally, that they had top outfit in the city.

Old No. 2 was painted white and trimmed in gold, and in that connection — did you know that the Fort Worth department is one very few white ones in the United States?

Standifer Ferguson, the retired chief, is responsible for that. Back about 1905, before the motor was bought, the horse-drawn wagon at No. 5, where Ferguson was captain, was in need of a paint job, and the department budget couldn't cover it. So Chief Jim Maddox laid off the company for a couple of weeks to pay for the work.

Much Re-Modeling Done On Machines

"All the boys were pretty sore about it," recalls Mr. Ferguson, "and when the chief asked me what color I wanted the truck I just said, 'Oh, make it white and gold.'"

And since then standard equipment has been white and gold.

Old No. 2, as she stands in the shed at No. 4 today, isn't quite the same machine that she was when she went to work 30 years ago. The chemical apparatus is gone, and she's a hose and booster pump now, but she still has to be started with the crank — which never fails.

How many fires the truck has attended Lieut. E. J. Driscoll and the boys at Four can't tell you, but they'll say the old girl is about as good as new. Fire wagons never seem to wear out.

A Thomas motor hose wagon was purchased about the same time, but it has long since been

Chiefs' Coupes Are Also Pump Engines

When Chief Ferguson took over in 1919 the department boasted 11 pieces of motorized equipment, and with the 1920's—and the city taking on rapid growth under the impetus of oil and manufacturing—the fire department kept moving forward, adding new stations, new pumps and more men in proportion to that growth.

It was during Chief Ferguson's regime that another innovation, peculiar to this department alone, was added. The city bought four long, sleek coupes for the use of the battalion chiefs, and if you look at those cars today you might size them up to be nice, pretty models ideal for the purpose of getting the bosses to a fire in a hurry — just ordinary coupes, to all appearances.

But they're really something more. Every one of those sleek coupes are "fire wagons" in their

Department Worth More Than Million

So that, all in all, the Fort Worth Fire Department — worth less than \$30,000 in 1893—now is much more than a million-dollar institution. Its buildings are valued at \$772,456.68, its land at \$179,550.96, its motors at \$251,272.79, its miscellaneous equipment at \$53,986.46, its alarm system at \$88,033.30 and its furniture at \$4,429.29.

It employs 269 men in all departments at an annual payroll of \$486,070, boasts 21 stations and has given the city a favorable fire insurance rating bettered by only two other Texas cities—San Antonio and El Paso . . . this due in notable part to the efficient office of Fire Marshal Claude Ligon, who has two inspectors and an arson investigator working under him.

Chief Ferguson was retired July 20, 1939, and another progressive chief came in to take over—C. C. Killian.

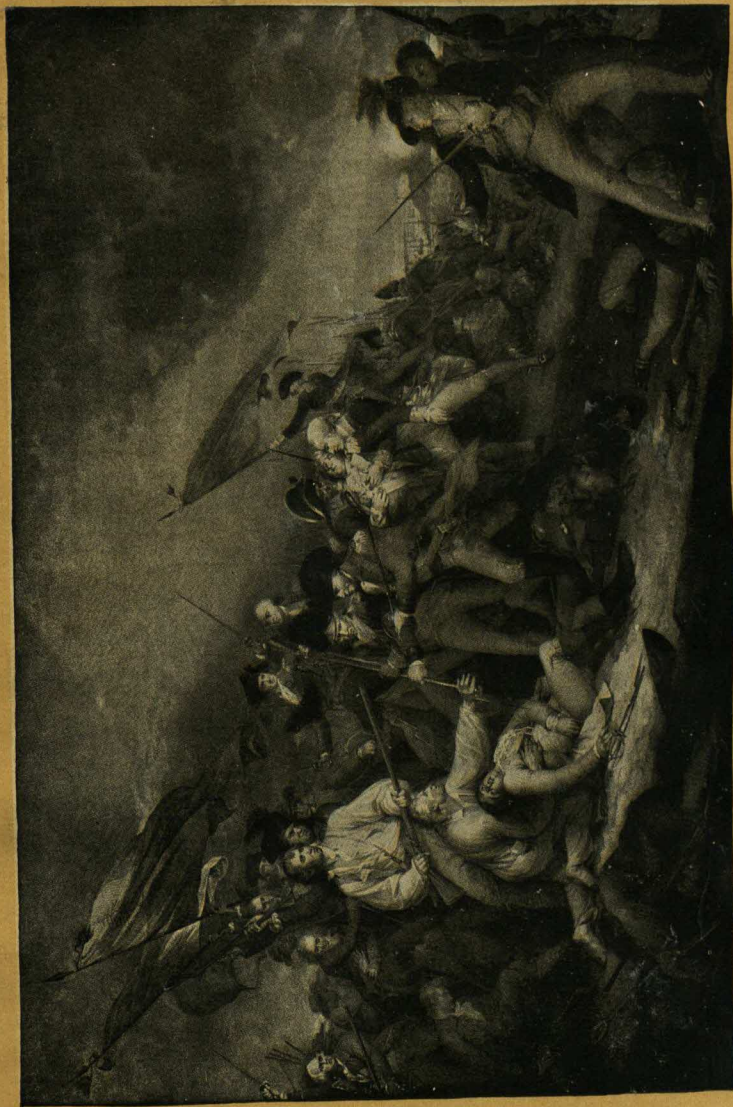
Just Folks —Edgar A. Guest

HAPPY COUPLE.

They do not mean they've always been
Untouched by care or stormy weather,
They merely say from day to day
They've braved all things of life together.
They tell us they were happy years
In spite of heartache, hurt and tears.

And if we were to pin them down
Who says their days have all been pleasant,
We'd find misunderstanding's frown
And doubt and fear had oft been present.
For what they mean is they'd been glad
In spite of all the cares they'd had.

Glad that the frowning didn't last,
Happy in spite of loss or grieving,
And once the stormy day had past
Each in the other still believing.
Troubles and differences? Yes,
But summed up now as happiness.



Vol. IV, pp. 1668-1692

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL

FROM PAINTING BY TRUMBULL

418 Sentinels Stand Guard As You Sleep

THROUGHOUT the city of Fort Worth today 418 red-coated sentinels stand guard over your life and property—the alarm boxes that send the big fire wagons rumbly down the street.

Now just what occurs when a citizen trips the handle on one of those boxes?

On a big electrical signal board, part of more than \$30,000 worth of equipment in the alarm system building just west of Central Station, a light flashes and a bell tinkles.

Chief Operator J. W. Holder and his assistant, J. F. Conner, (or any of the other five operators who happen to be on duty) need but a glance at the circuit board to locate the fire locality.

Mr. Holder looks at a ticker tape register on which the box is punching its number, like this v v v, and he knows that's Box 212 at Lancaster and Jones. He steps to the telephone switchboard and plugs in three companies, Stations 3, 5 and 2, whereupon three pump trucks, two ladder wagons and an assistant chief speed to the location.

All Stations Given Standby Warning

Meanwhile, Operator Conner has hurried to the transmitter switchboard. He twists a dial on the circular instrument and the box number appears in slots before him. He then trips alarm gongs and all the 21 stations in the city receive on their tape register the news that an alarm has been turned in from 212.

If the station captains or lieutenants don't happen to know the box location from memory (although most do) they can find it in a few seconds merely by flipping through the set of 'running cards' each station keeps.

He spent his health
To get his wealth
And then with might and main
He turned around.
And spent his wealth
To get his health again!

Every Cloud Has a Silver Lining . . . Let's All Help Find It!



When an alarm comes in, as in the lower picture, battalion chiefs' cars like those at the top, and big pumper engines like that in the center, are sent on their way. Each battalion car is equipped as a pumper. In the lower photo Chief Operator J. W. Holder (right) plugs in a call to three stations, and Operator J. F. Conner signals all other stations the ready order as a call box flashes a signal on the big board in the background. The department builds trucks like that in the center.

Illness Fatal to Mrs. Turner

Mrs. Mary Fakes Turner, 90, widow of one of the founders of Fakes & Co. and a resident of Fort Worth since 1876, died at 12:30 p. m. Saturday in her home at 809 West Fifth Street, after an illness of several months.

A native of Tennessee, Mrs. Turner and her husband, the late W. G. Turner, moved here from Mississippi. He and the late W. T. Fakes, a brother of Mrs. Turner, established the business firm.

The residence in which Mrs. Turner died had been her home for about 50 years. During recent years she had been in poor health and unable to attend services at the First Presbyterian Church, of which she was a charter member.

In addition to her activities in the church, Mrs. Turner took part in many charities. She gave financial support and help to several institutions for orphans, the aged and needy.

She was active in carrying on Cumberland Rest, Presbyterian Home here for elderly women, and Reynolds Presbyterian Home for Children in Dallas.

Mrs. Turner had been a widow since her husband's death seven years ago.

Funeral services for Mrs. Turner will be held Monday at 3 p. m. at the First Presbyterian Church with Rev. J. K. Thompson officiating. Interment will be in Rose Hill Burial Park.

Among the survivors are: Sister-in-law, Mrs. W. T. Fakes, Dallas; three nieces, Mrs. W. C. Guthrie, Fort Worth; Mrs. Grace Fakes, New York City, and Mrs. P. L. Campbell, Dallas, and one nephew, O. F. Bates, Fort Worth.

MILKY WAY SHIFTS

The Milky Way runs from northwest to southeast in the early evenings of late winter. It arches across the sky from northeast to southwest in late summer, and at times lies along the horizon.

MINUTES OF GOLD

Two or three minutes—two or three hours,
 What do they mean in this life of ours?
 Not very much if but counted as time,
 But minutes are gold and hours sublime
 If only we'll use them once in a while
 To make someone happy, to make someone smile.
 A minute may dry a little lad's tears,
 An hour sweep aside the trouble of years.
 Minutes of my time may bring to an end
 Hopelessness, somewhere—and give me a friend.

— Grady.

City Dump Hums As 50 Men Bale Metal For War Export

10-Ton Presses Prepare Scrap Iron For Shipment; Firm Pays City For Privilege of Clearing Grounds

A new industry employing 50 men had sprung up today amid the wilderness of tin cans and miscellaneous scrap iron at the city's dumping grounds off Cold Springs Rd.

Operating 24 hours a day, the Texas Railway Equipment Co. has transformed the desolate junk heap into a beehive of activity.

Under terms of its agreement with the city, the company is at once clearing rubbish off of the big city tract and paying the city 60 cents a ton for each ton of metal it ships to munitions manufacturers.

And there's enough metal on the grounds to keep the men and machinery humming for at least six more months, according to Phil Paden, secretary-treasurer.

A third press may be installed soon and when the operation reaches its peak, a crew of 75 to 100 men will be needed. The payroll now is approximately \$200 a day. Most of the metal will be shipped to England.

The metal is packed into 180-pound bales by two big hydraulic presses, weighing 10 tons each. Plungers exerting 2000 and 3000 pounds of pressure press the metal into small, easy-to-handle bales.

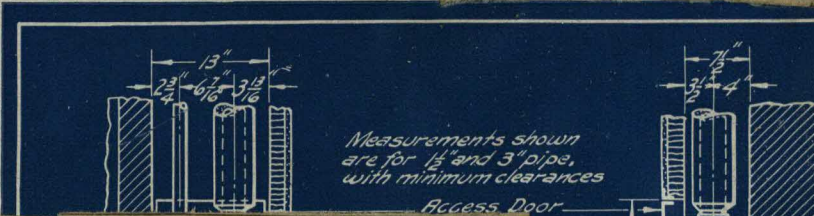
Metal Is Crimped

Before the metal goes to the presses, it is run through a huge corrugating machine that enables the men to put more metal into the presses at one time. Leaving the crimp machine on a conveyor, the metal is piled in stacks by men stationed at intervals along the conveyor.

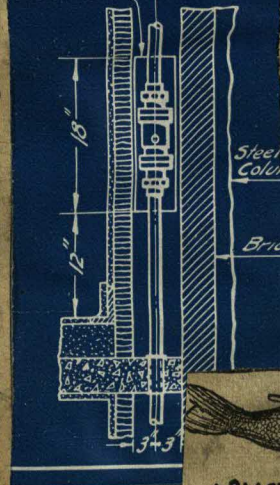
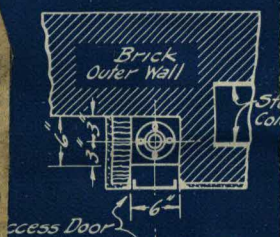
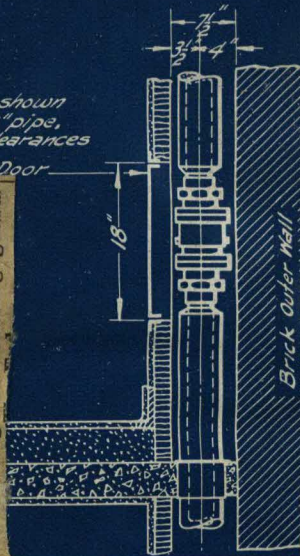
The auto body parts and other metal is brought to the corrugating machine on long trailers, pulled by tractors.

Recently, the company moved 1500 tons of similar metal out of San Antonio. It is the same concern that removed the interurban tracks between Fort Worth and Dallas several years ago.

"Ours is a hazardous operation," Mr. Paden said. "When the machinery is running, the dump is no place for spectators. We hope it won't be necessary to put up barriers, but if people try to congregate down there, we'll have to ask the city to help us keep them away."



Access Door



A BLACK BASS WEIGHING 1 1/4 POUNDS ATTEMPTED TO SWALLOW ANOTHER WEIGHING 1 LB.

Caught by L.A. LUKE - Ardmore, Okla.



QUINTUPLET SWEET POTATOES

Grown by O. DANIELS, Tampa, Florida.

Give Master Mechanic John Oliver and his staff a chassis for a beginning and they'll build you a fire truck that is a masterpiece in beauty and efficiency—and usually a step or two ahead of the times. They're the men who made pumpers out of the battalion chiefs' coupes, and they built that big streamlined job that stands in Central Station waiting for alarms. Just now they're building a mate for it, body, pump and all. Another thing—the department now is making its own ladders!

There are dozens of old-timers on the force—and retired veterans like Preston Perry, for instance—whose stories, if space permitted the telling, would make a smoke-eater's saga, but it is impossible to pay tribute to them all within the limits of this series. But you can go to bed tonight feeling as safe from the Demon Fire as any citizen in all these United States. You have an institution worth more than a million dollars, and 269 of the country's best fire fighters standing guard.

tation Chiefs A. L. Cochran and W. A. Sharp.
Chief Killian One Of Most Popular

The present chief, C. C. Killian, already is one of the most popular in the history of the department. He came up from the ranks, first joining in 1922, to be made a lieutenant in 1926 and a captain in 1938. He succeeded Chief Ferguson in July, 1939.

And his two assistant chiefs, Mr. Kinkle and Mr. Jameson, are among the old-timers in point of service, both having been with the department since the '90s. They've helped battle every major fire that Fort Worth has experienced during the last half century and are considered among the outstanding department executives in Texas.

Not only the chiefs but all the men are proud of the rating the Fort Worth force enjoys as one of the best and most efficient in the nation, and it has an economy record that departments in even larger cities might well copy.

handle alarms until the city doubles in size," explains Mr. Holder. "We now have 21 stations and 418 boxes. The equipment can handle 40 stations and 1000 boxes."

Four Fire Areas Cover Fort Worth

The city is divided into four fire areas, each with two battalion chiefs, as follows:

No. 1 Southwest — 600 block southwest to the Katy Railroad, six stations under Battalion Chiefs C. M. Ferguson and Jack Jarvis.

No. 2 Central—Ninth Ward and Rock Island shops, including Arlington Heights with the Trinity River on the north, six stations under Assistant Chiefs M. A. Jameson and William Kinkle.

No. 3 North Side—Everything north of the Trinity, three stations under Battalion Chiefs W. B. Townsend and J. L. Whittenberg.

No. 4 Southeast—From the Katy tracks east including Poly, Irish town, Riverside and the Dallas Pike areas, six stations under Bat-

This joint, building condition. Wider condition

Out at Station 4 at Chambers and Kennedy the running card shows that on this particular alarm the boys must rush their hose wagon over to Station 3 at 1700 Jones to reinforce the downtown area while Three's are on call.

Other Stations Move In To Reinforce

If it's a bad fire other designated stations move equipment into Five and Two, with other outlying stations also moving in to back up the uncovered areas—a precautionary measure of re-enforcing. In that way, if the fire should develop into a third or fourth alarm, the entire department can move up in a hurry.

And there can't be a slipup in the system, because that alarm circuit board is protected by two other intricate and expensive pieces of equipment—one to swallow up lightning and high voltage and keep it out of the circuit board, and another which keeps busy charging a battery system in the basement. If all outside current should fail the department still could receive alarms for 100 hours.

"The equipment costs little to operate, and it will be able to

ers jo... at (gested). modified e. be, with

Friendships Would Then Be More Binding and Lasting

If more persons would cultivate, or could be taught, an appreciation of the little niceties of life—which after all are one of the visible means of showing that you do think of others—this would not seem to be a cold world.

Friendships would be more binding and more lasting, and not the fleeting relationships that they oftentimes are.

Even family relationships might seem closer if we practiced thoughtfulness with those nearest to us.

Try One Single Rose, Wrapped In a Bit of Cellophane

There are those who may ask, "But what can I do?" Ideas are endless. Oftentimes one single rose, wrapped in a bit of cellophane and delivered at the right moment, will bring ten times its weight in joy.

Not so long ago I entertained a young couple in my home at a very simple little fireside supper and the next day the young man sent me a lovely arrangement of flowers with a thoughtful note attached. I shall never forget that young man. He brought joy into that day and beauty into my home for the week that followed.

But you may say, "I don't know what to do for my friends because I don't raise flowers and I can't afford to buy them." Then think of something else that you can do, or can afford. Maybe a visit or a note or a thoughtful word will go just as far.

Think of Those Around You Who Would Appreciate Little Attentions

Maybe you have a friend who has moved into a new home. Have you thought to take her a bit of ivy or a gift of greater value, if you can afford it?

Maybe you have another friend who has had an illness in her home for weeks. Have you thought to go by with a tray of home-cooked foods?

Maybe you have another friend who has suffered a sorrow or an embarrassment of some kind. Have you ever thought that this is just the moment when even one little kind word will go a long, long way?

If you pause to take more time for these little niceties, no one who contacts you will have to think that this is a cold or a selfish world. It will be warmer and kinder because of you.



12. Gouke Store, Newark, N. J.—

GRANDMOTHER OF MINE

There's just a bit of Heaven
In that smile so dear,
And in her face is written
The kindness she's sown here.
Even tho' her days are short
And her footsteps growing slow,
There within her heart is hidden
Thoughts not one of us will know.
Down the Path of Life she'd trod
And the facts of life she'd faced,
Youthful days from her are gone
But those memories can't be
erased.
To me she means the world and
all
And stands for everything that's
fine.
All of my life and my love I owe
To that darling "Grandmother of
mine."

New Army Warplane Hits Speed of 400

SPEED: 400 m. p. h.
RANGE: 1000 miles

Allison, 12-cylinder, liquid-cooled, 1000 H. P. engine back of pilot

Power shaft runs below pilot's feet to nose

Weight loaded, 6000 pounds

1 1/2-inch cannon fires through hollow prop. shaft

Four machine guns in nose fire through propeller disk

Tricycle landing gear retractable

Built around the cannon in its nose that fires explosive shells, this new army "Aircobra" is the fastest single-engine fighting plane in the U. S. and is believed to be the only single-engine pursuit plane in the world so armed. It is a product of the Bell Aircraft Corp. of Buffalo, N. Y.

Abraham Lincoln
THE GREAT EMANCIPATOR
Monday, February 12, is the anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, known as the Great Emancipator. In the years since Lincoln's death, there has been a growing appreciation and respect for the greatness of this American of humble birth who served as President during one of the most tragic periods in American history.



Oscar the Groundhog Who Is Blamed for Blizzard Has Chance to Redeem Himself

BY PHIL NORTH.

Basely below the surface of the ground, with only a thin crust of earth to be broken before he emerges into the daylight, waits Oscar V.

He has less than a day to wait before he paws away the dirt and hops out of his tunnel, but Friday, probably about 10 a. m., he will emerge and give Fort Worth its weather forecast for the next six weeks.

He's the Forest Park Zoo's groundhog, prized by his keepers, but now



in disfavor because of a terrible mistake he made two weeks ago. And he's very embarrassed about it.

It seems that Oscar, eager to get his head above ground at the first chance, popped out of his tunnel for a quick turn about the cage during the warm spell before the blizzard.

Overcome by Humiliation.

He was just stretching his stiff muscles when he looked up and saw one of the assistant zookeepers, who looked so stern that Oscar scampered back to his hole and hid in his bottommost cavity, trembling with fear and humiliation.

Oscar was guilty of the worst sin in the groundhog book—he had come out before Feb. 2, and all his fellow animals knew it. A crying, furry ball 12 feet under the ground, he could hear Queen Tut trumpeting of his disgrace. He was so ashamed.

But that was soon almost forgotten with the problems brought on by the blizzard occupying all minds at the zoo. Oscar, though, is so determined that it won't happen again that he's going to wait just underground until Friday dawns, and then put in his appearance at the right time.

Miles of Tunnels.

Oscar has two or three miles of tunnels in his pen, mostly circular connecting links in his chain house, but some vast rooms where he can expand his eight pounds and play to his heart's content. It was to one of these halls that he adjourned from his watch post to discuss his plans for Groundhog Day.

"No, I have no preference about the weather," he said, smiling. "You see, I can control my temperature perfectly. The colder it gets, the deeper underground I go, and when it gets warmer, I move up to one of my places near the surface."

Oscar would make no promises about his behavior Friday, or hint what his actions will be, but he did say that he hopes to make everyone

happy for six weeks, which indicated to a weather specialist that Oscar will not look for a shadow, and will bring an early Spring. (Thursday's cloudiness lent dignity to Mr. Groundhog's statement.)

Not Invited to Party.

Widely known as a rather grumpy person, Oscar really only suffers from shyness. Living underground most of the year, he has few opportunities to mingle with others. He was hurt that he wasn't invited to Queen Tut's birthday party held shortly after he came to the zoo last Summer, and quick tears sufform in his eyes when he heard mention of the occasion. He says he has no friends at all, but thinks he could like Tonya, one of the raccoons, and Horace, a monkey pretty well if he had the chance to meet them.

If Oscar comes up, sees no shadow, and finds it agreeable to stay in the world of light, he will probably exercise a little, and then sit down in the back of his cage and watch the crowds pass by.

Zookeeper Hittson is making no promises to Oscar, but he did mention loud enough so Oscar could hear it that he wanted an early Spring so much that he might put Tonya in the next cage if Oscar predicts one by remaining outside after emerging Friday.

SECRETS OF SUCCESS

"Push," said the button.

"Take pains," said the window.

"Never be led," said the person.

cli.

"Be up to date," said the end.

"Always keep cool," said the ice.

"Do nothing off hand," said the clock.

"Do a driving business," said the hammer.

"Do nothing fof hand," said the glove.

"Look up," said the telescope.

"Make much of little things," said the microscope.

"Look ahead," said the glass.—Community Call.

Seedlings know nothing but change. The wind may blow the pollen for miles away, and they must take new root in new soil. The changing winds of life may uproot us, too, and blow us on to new fields of endeavors. Sometimes the winds may be like whirlwinds and we look all about us at the havoc they have wrought. But we must build on anew.

Without Change Progress Would Not Be Possible

SUPPOSE changes never came. Suppose all of us could remain on forever in the houses in which we were born and could carry on to old age in exactly the same ruts of childhood. Progress wouldn't be possible. We would stagnate.

We have to remember that when we begin to balk at changes, changes may mean growth; changes may usher in new opportunities; changes may foreshadow endless joys. Even when they don't, they are better for us than no changes at all.

Suppose a change comes into your life and you are left alone in the world. You go back to the house where the voices of other days echo again and you realize that all of the voices will never be there together again. Remember that you are not the first one to experience this. No change is unique to you alone. There is a universality about all change. Millions have experienced them, not you alone.

THIS is an ever changing world! How it helps to remember that when we find some of our long cherished plans coming to naught, or when we find ourselves uprooted and sent to another city or another job, or when we bid farewell to some of those dear to us.

Not one of us, no matter how favored, can build our lives on our own pattern. Too many patterns of too many other lives and too many other events over which we have no control enter into the picture, and must be taken into account. The sooner we accept this fact the better builders we shall be.

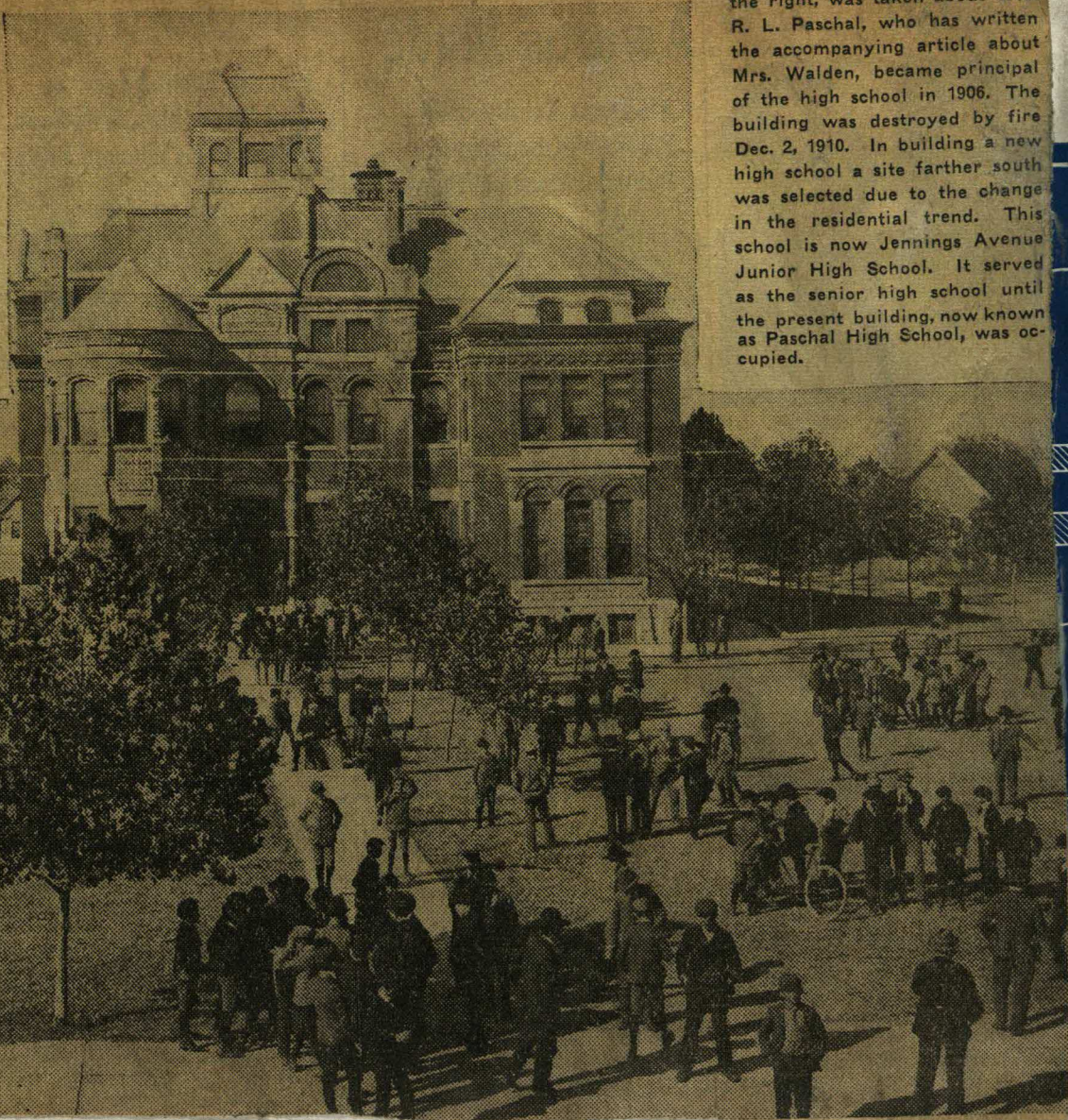
We can't grieve if events do not turn out as we plan them. We can't slump if we are disappointed by the turn of events. We can't complain if we are dealt surprises that completely tear us up from our old roots. We can't afford to lose our sense of balance simply because we have been uprooted.



Mrs. Guedry

Many Remember This School and School Teacher

Old time residents of Fort Worth will recognize these two pictures. The building is that of the Fort Worth High School, which occupied a block of ground bounded by Jennings Avenue, Daggett, Hemphill and Jarvis Streets. Below, Mrs. Clara Peak Walden, who taught in the high school from its occupancy in 1891 to 1898 when she retired. The picture of the high school, taken from the Jennings Avenue side, with Daggett to the left and Jarvis to



the right, was taken about 1900. R. L. Paschal, who has written the accompanying article about Mrs. Walden, became principal of the high school in 1906. The building was destroyed by fire Dec. 2, 1910. In building a new high school a site farther south was selected due to the change in the residential trend. This school is now Jennings Avenue Junior High School. It served as the senior high school until the present building, now known as Paschal High School, was occupied.



Seasons Change; Time Changes; Change Is a Law of Nature
SUPPOSE that long cherished dream of a fond love in your life suddenly ends because of forces over which you have no control. Suddenly you awaken to realize that your world of dreams is entirely shattered. Now you are in a world of reality. But face it. Those goodbyes to friends you hold dear may tear at your heart. Those goodbyes to a home that hold memories may leave you bewildered. But change you must accept. Ten years from now, after you have taken new roots, you may be glad that change has come. You wouldn't have things back exactly as they were, if you could.

Remember that the weather changes, the seasons change, time changes, nations change, peoples change. Nature's law is based on change. Change is necessary to happiness and wisdom and progress and knowledge and ambition and growth.

(M)

CHARACTER ANALYSIS IS ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING AND FASCINATING STUDIES OF THE PRESENT DAY

A FULL DEVELOPMENT across the lower forehead, the owner is quick to perceive and judge.

A LOW FLAT FOREHEAD indicates that the owner is a good mixer, sociable and active, given more to physical work than mental attainments.

"Her Saucy Nose Betrays Her Disposition"
A SAUCY, TURNED UP NOSE indicates good natured humor, love of life and good times but inclined to selfishness and irresponsibility.

A GRECIAN NOSE indicates artistic tendencies, refinement, gentleness, patience and perseverance, but the owner is often temperamental and quick tempered although kind-hearted and sympathetic.

A FAT, THICK-SET NOSE—the owner is fond of good living, very sociable and entertaining but somewhat indolent, procrastinating and vacillating.

A LONG, THIN NOSE indicates integrity of character, refinement, love of education with legal tendencies, inventive genius and persistency.

A SMALL NOSE indicates a thrifty self-centered individual with a love of display and affectation but very ambitious—an untiring plodder and a good provider.

A LARGE NOSE with high bridge denotes elevation of mind, philanthropy, great kindness of heart and generosity of spirit.

"His Mouth Belies His Words"

A VERY SMALL MOUTH denotes a childish, critical nature, easily vexed and lacking in stability.

MEDIUM LIPS, tightly compressed, an earnest, progressive nature, with considerable push and determination—one who handles his own problems.

HEAVY, PUCKERED MOUTH with overdevelopment of the lower lip and chin indicates a bossy nature with an oversupply of conceit and ambition.

MOUTH WITH OVERHANGING, FULL UPPER LIP and protruding upper teeth—thoughtlessly selfish and self-centered, with love of amusement and attention, but tireless worker when interested.

A LARGE, FLAT MOUTH denotes a generous, charitable and unselfish nature.

Study your Friends and Acquaintances and check up with the following Characteristics.

"The Eye Is The Window of the Soul"

ROUND EYES denote an affectionate disposition, fidelity, faithfulness, loyalty and filial devotion.

FULLNESS OF THE EYES indicates love of literature and capacity for elocution, keen observation, fine discernment and social qualities.

LARGE AND OPEN EYES denote development of the nerves of sensation, owners are sensitive, easily hurt and somewhat changeable but kind-hearted and trustful.

The shape of the eyes betrays more than the color.

EYES WHICH ARE LONG from side to side denote ambition, shrewdness, watchfulness, great secretiveness and suspicion. The owners are impulsive, impetuous, inclined to fickleness and are quick to recover from vicissitudes of any nature.

MEDIUM SIZE EYES, thin lidded, with dreamy expression, indicate idealistic temperament, highly emotional and very susceptible to beauty. In connection with high forehead and finely cut features, indicate creative ability.

DEEP SET EYES denote caution and prudence, with penetrating expression, the owner is strong willed, determined and inclined to be critical and domineering but true and firm in friendship.

"His Brow Proclaims His Intelligence"

A FULL, HIGH FOREHEAD shows love of education and literary ability. The towering forehead with prominent cheek bones, well defined nose and mouth, denotes lofty ideals and spirituality.

A BROAD AND HIGH FOREHEAD with clear, bright eyes indicates purity of thought and a religious bent.

A SQUARE HEAD AND FOREHEAD indicates capacity for law and order, a love of system and arrangement and the owner is frequently a determined worker.

FOREHEADS WHICH REcede denote practicality and research.

WHEN THE BRAIN FORM IS LARGE it denotes extraordinary imagination and intelligence.

OUR PRESIDENTS



John Adams (2)
(Lawyer-Federalist)
Born Quincy, Mass., Oct. 30, 1735. Married Abigail Smith 1764. Inaugurated 1797. Served four years. Died July 4, 1826.

The Jay Treaty with England had just gone into effect and France was very indignant. The French sent our Minister home and recalled their own. Their cruisers openly attacked our merchant vessels and seized more than a thousand of them.

An embassy of three men sent over from the United States was received with contempt and informed that the price of peace with France would be a cash gift to members of the Directory and a large loan to France for carrying on her War with England. Commodore Truxton captured two French frigates and, when President Adams again sent over envoys, Napoleon negotiated a treaty which was satisfactory to this country.

IN THIS election Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr received an equal number of votes and the contest had to be decided by the House of Representatives. Jefferson was elected on the 36th ballot. At that time, the candidate who received the second greatest number of votes acted as Vice President.

Napoleon forced Spain to cede Louisiana to France. This included all the territory between Texas and Canada, from the Mississippi to the Rockies. The United States eventually purchased this territory for fifteen million dollars.

Privateer ships from the Barbary States preyed on the commerce of all Nations. The United States finally declared War on them and forced them to cease interference with our commerce.

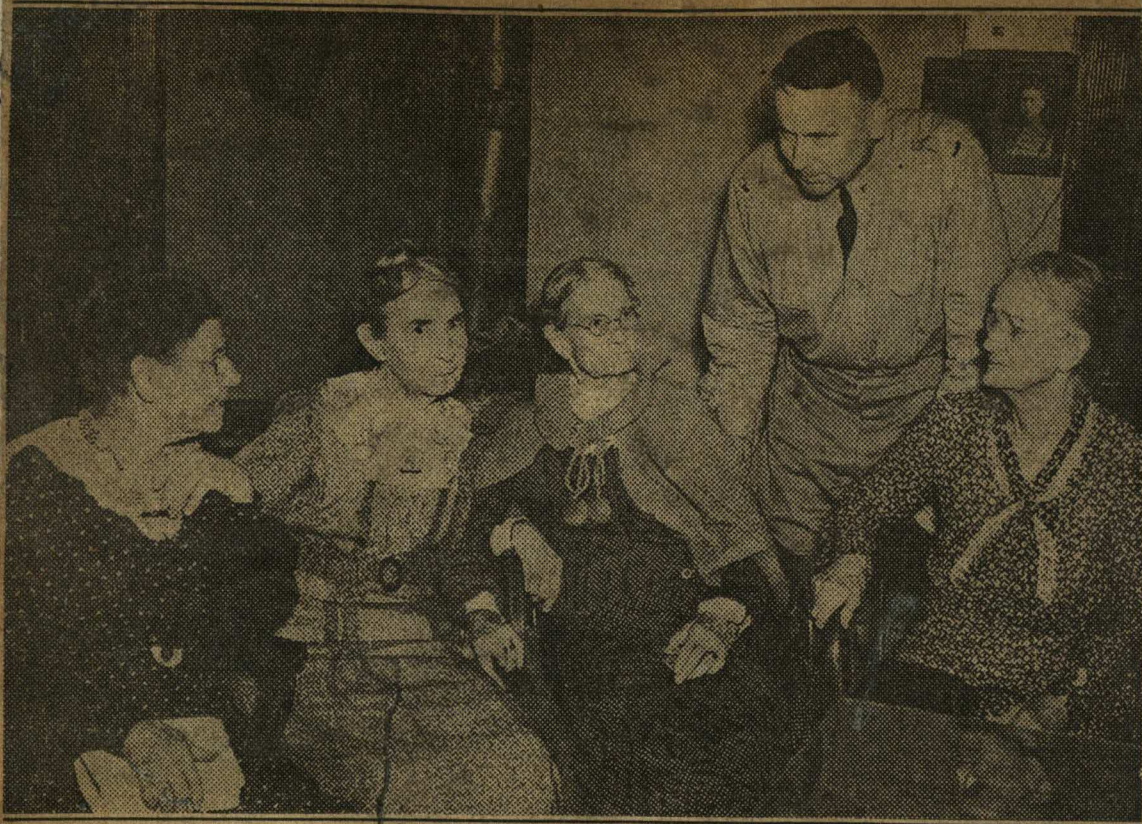


Thomas Jefferson (3)
(Lawyer-Republican)

Born Shadwell, Va. April 13, 1743. Married Mrs. Martha Skelton 1772. Inaugurated 1801. Served 8 years. Died July 4, 1826.

HOW TO GET COMPLETE

Our SWAMP-ROOT Friends may obtain our more complete Dream Book containing at least twenty pages of Dream Interpretations and many different revela-



When Rev. Justin Anderson's four aunts met at his home in Weatherford. Left to right, Mrs. Emma Burnet Hamilton Wilmot, named for President Burnet of

the Republic of Texas, and Miss Lou Hamilton, both of Pasadena, Cal.; Mrs. W. J. Boaz and Mrs. Frances E. Anderson Mulkey, both of Fort Worth. The first two are Anderson's ma-

—Star-Telegram Photo.
ternal aunts and the other two are his father's sisters. All are over 80 and had not been united for 10 years. He is pictured with the group.

AUNTS OF WEATHERFORD MAN, 83 AND 85, VISIT CENTENNIAL

Special to The Star-Telegram.

WEATHERFORD, Sept. 7. — Mrs. Emma Burnet Wilmot and Miss Lou Hamilton, maternal aunts of Rev. Justin Anderson of this city, were born in Texas 83 and 85 years ago, respectively.

These sisters, who now reside in California, came to Texas last April, arriving in time to attend the Battle of Flowers on San Jacinto Day in San Antonio. They are now in Weatherford visiting their nephew and attending the Centennial Expositions in Fort Worth and Dallas.

This week they saw two life-long acquaintances, Mrs. W. J. Boaz, 83, and Mrs. George H. Mulkey, 80, of Fort Worth, for the first time in more than 10 years. Mrs. Boaz and Mrs. Mulkey are Rev. Mr. Anderson's aunts, also, being sisters of his father. In fact, it was at Mrs. Boaz' wedding in Selma in 1868 that Anderson's mother and father met for the first time. The young Mary Belle Hamilton had gone with her father, Rev. William Soudder Hamilton, who performed the marriage ceremony.

Miss Lou Hamilton was born Feb. 18, 1851, at Ruttersville, in Fayette County, the seat of the famous old Ruttersville University, which was chartered in 1839 by the Republic of Texas. It is regarded as the first college of any kind to be established in the State, and was the predecessor of Southwestern University of today.

Named for David G. Burnet.

Mrs. Wilmot, named for David G. Burnet, President of the Republic of Texas, was born April 15, 1853, in Wilson County, six miles from the present town of Sutherland Springs. Later she moved to San Antonio, and it was there in 1876 that she and Miss Hamilton saw the first train, the Southern Pacific, arrive in that city.

Mrs. Wilmot's and Miss Hamilton's grandfather and stepgrandfather had important parts in the early affairs of Texas. Their grandfather, A. Dickson, of Scotch descent, was a member of a small company called the Red Rovers recruited in North Alabama and commanded by Dr. John Shackelford. Dickson and hundreds of others were among those massacred at Goliad. Shackelford, for whom Shackelford County was named, was one of the few spared by the Mexicans in the deadly combat.

A portrait of Dickson painted in 1820 and presented to his wife on their wedding day five years later, now hangs in the Hall of State at the Dallas Centennial Exposition, and although more than 100 years old, is still well preserved.

"Messenger of Alamo."

After her husband's death Mrs. Dickson came to Texas where she later married Dr. John Sutherland, the "Messenger of the Alamo." Sutherland came to Texas in 1835, and in company with Capt. William Patton took the oath of allegiance to the provisional government of Texas.

Only a few hours before the Alamo was besieged by Santa Anna, Colonel Travis sent Sutherland to Gonzales to rally the settlers to his aid. Sutherland had scarcely reached his destination, however, before the Mexicans arrived in San Antonio and many of Texas' heroes perished in the fight which followed.

After the fall of the Alamo, General Houston sent messages by Sutherland to President Burnet. Sutherland was made one of Burnet's aides-de-camp, and received a written order to "facilitate the retirement of the women and children over Groce's Ferry to the east side of the Brazos River." Later he was appointed as President Burnet's private secretary, which position he held until after the Battle of San Jacinto.

During the fifties Sutherland distinguished himself by discovering a cure for that dreaded malady, cholera, which swept the Southern States, without the loss of a case not already in the last stages of the disease. He also founded Sutherland Springs and was the town's first postmaster. After his death in 1867, he was buried in the Sutherland Springs Cemetery.

Pioneers of Fort Worth.

Mrs. Boaz and Mrs. Mulkey have been residents of Fort Worth since pioneer days. Mrs. Mulkey was born at Selma in June, 1856. It was for her husband, the late George Mulkey, that the Mulkey Memorial

Methodist Church and Mulkey Hall at T. W. C. in Fort Worth were named.

Mrs. Boaz went to Fort Worth in 1860 as a 12-year-old girl, arriving in the then small village by stage coach to make her home with Maj. and Mrs. John B. Dickson. She espe-

Highway and Byway

BY THE SOJOURNER

PEACE IS A TOPIC ON EVERYBODY'S LIPS, but few seem to understand the true meaning of the word. The general conception seems to be an avoidance of war or other form of disturbance, rather than a positive, constructive peaceable condition.

No sane man responding to the greeting, "How are you?" would ever answer that he was not lame or that he had no particular ache or pain. We all know that health is the possession of mental faculty and physiological function. It is a positive, not a negative condition. Yet, most people seem to think that peace is the pause between conflicts.

NO MORE ASSININE STULTIFICATION OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION could be imagined than this attitude of mind. Its founder never taught anything that could justify it. He was a constructionist, not a pessimist. His whole teaching and life was a lesson in the wholesome effect upon society produced by a tremendous program of kindly activities exercised by men of good will. There is nothing supine in such an attitude. On the contrary, it is aggressive and calls for the highest degree of moral courage.

PEACE IS A STRICTLY PERSONAL CONDITION, but it is so contagious that it spreads like a prairie fire if and when the truly peaceful persons let its dynamic force go free. It is the realization that God's love so radiates our being that no one or no good cause is injured by our thought, word or deed. On the contrary, our efforts are for betterment of social condition and happiness in our neighborhoods.

Let Christians realize and actuate that knowledge and, as Isaiah prophesied, the swords will soon be beaten into plowshares and spears into pruning hooks.

cially remembers the camp meetings held in Sycamore Park there, and the spelling bees held in the old courthouse. Her husband, the late W. J. Boaz, was a pioneer banker in Fort Worth, and fought with the late Maj. K. M. Van Zandt in the last year of the Civil War. Mrs. Boaz now makes her home with her daughter, Mrs. C. C. Gamm, at 1416 Elizabeth Boulevard.

Anderson also is a native Texan. He feels that his is a special distinction, having four aunts, all natives of Texas, who are past 80.

Although the two sets of sisters are not related, they have a mutual interest in their nephew, and each of them had a grandfather named Dickson. Major Dickson, grandfather of the Fort Worth residents, died several years ago and was buried in a cemetery at Granbury.

Baltimore, Md.

Fort Worth Second Oldest Harness Maker in Texas



C. E. Kellner

C. E. Kellner, 85, by Arriving in State in 1854 Instead of Year Earlier, Let Dallas Man Get Jump On Him

By C. L. DOUGLAS

If C. J. E. Kellner had landed at Galveston from Germany a year earlier than 1854 he might be, today, the oldest active harness maker in Texas.

As it is Mr. Kellner, 85 years old in June and still on duty at the Nobby Harness Co., is second only to one in point of service. There's a member of the profession in Dallas who is one year older.

Of course, Mr. Kellner doesn't make ornamental saddles or any of the heavier merchandise these days—just light dog and horse harness, quirts, and the like—but he can recall the time, back more than a quarter of a century ago, when he was fitting the chaps to scores of West Texas cowboys.

36 Pair of Chaps at a Time
"Why, back in the old days, along about the beginning of the century," he says, "we never thought of cutting out less than 36 pair of chaps at a time. A cowboy wasn't a cowboy then unless he wore 'em and many times we've sold as many as a dozen pair a day."

The passing of the years, he testifies, has brought a great change in saddle styles. The demand now is for more elaborate designs and decorations than ever before.

Mr. Kellner has been right here in Fort Worth for 57 years—long enough to remember when the express wagons used to bog down in the Main street mud while enroute from the station to the hotels.

Saddles For Old Timers

He made saddles for many of the old-timers, Daniel Waggoner for one—and lots of harness for that "quiet, gentlemanly" fellow Luke Short, the dapper gambler who sixshootered Jim Courtright, the longhaired city marshal of the bad old days.

Mr. Kellner was born in Hannover, Germany, where his father was a professor of mathematics and English, the elder Kellner having first visited the United States in 1833.

One of a family of 11 children the future Fort Worth landed at Galveston in 1854, the family settling at Lagrange. There Mr. Kellner first entered the harness business in 1869.

Established Small Shop

Then, in '73 he moved to Collin County, coming to Fort Worth from there in 1881 to establish a small shop. With business good the shop grew, and in 1896 Mr. Kellner—then located on Houston street a few doors from the present Nobby Company—gave a job to a young man named J. A. Clary.

A few years ago Mr. Kellner sold the business to Mr. Clary and now works for him.

The 85-year-old harness maker lives with his wife at 566 Corner, and they have four children, one of whom is Gus Kellner, assistant superintendent of mails at the post-office.

San Francisco, Calif.
Seattle, Wash.

Little Hope They Will Find Any of 26 Alive

Last of 33 Survivors
Rescued From Deep,
All Taken Ashore

By United Press

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., May 25. The Navy sent two divers down to the stricken submarine Squalus on a final trip today with the last faint hope that some among the 26 believed dead might still be alive. Thirty-three were rescued from the craft after 40 hours on the bottom of the Atlantic.

At Washington, the Navy Department prepared for a formal court of inquiry into the disaster.

Secretary of Navy Claude A. Swanson was expected to appoint a formal inquiry board to include the foremost experts on submersibles.

The court of inquiry probably will consist of seven men who, it was said, will be given a free hand to determine whether the disaster was caused by human mistake, failure of some part of the ship's equipment to function properly, sabotage, or other factors.

Rescue officials were virtually certain there was not a trace of life inside the submerged submarine which apparently became the steel coffin of those who died when a rush of water flooded the after compartments.

To Stay Aboard

The divers had orders to stay aboard the Squalus until told otherwise.

"We in the Navy never give up," Admiral C. W. Cole, commandant of the Portsmouth Navy Yard, said aboard the Cruiser Brooklyn.

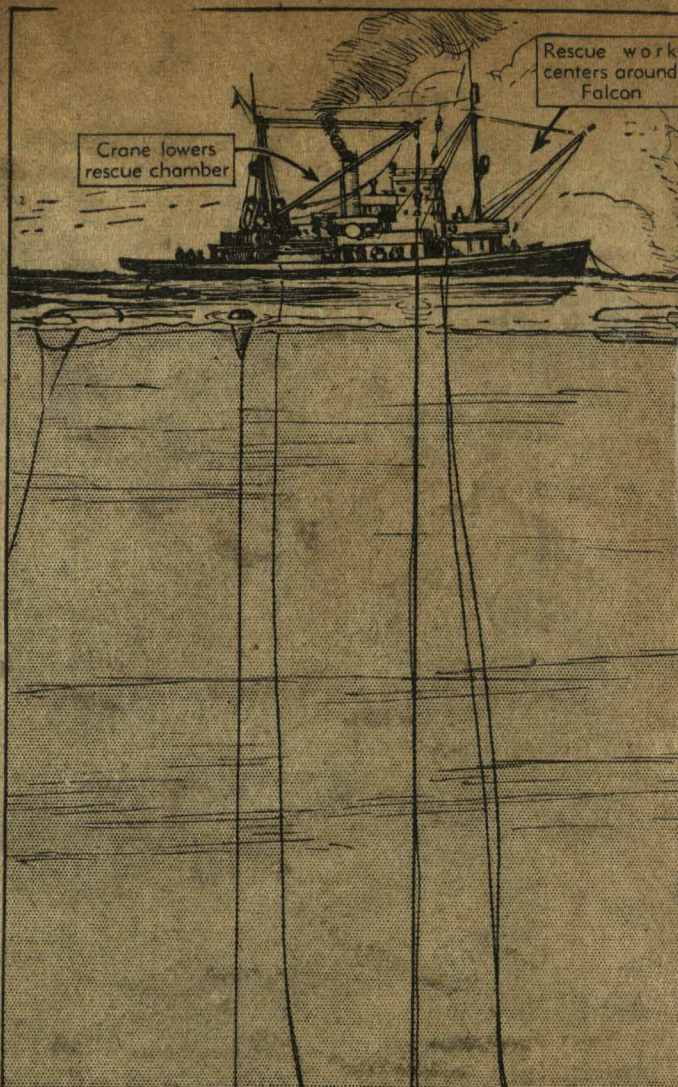
He said there was the "barest possibility" there might be air in the flooded after compartments of the submarine—where the 26 men were trapped—but added, "The cold makes it virtually hopeless."

27 Degrees

"One of the men who came up from below said it was 27 degrees down there," he continued. "One couldn't live very long in that temperature, even with air."

At 9 a. m., the last eight survivors of the disaster, including Lieut. O. F. Naquin, commander of the Squalus, came ashore and were greeted by relatives and friends for the first time since their rescue.

How Diving Bell Rescued 33



Crane lowers
rescue chamber

Rescue work
centers around
Falcon

Three Questions on Every Tongue:

Q. What made the submarine Squalus sink?

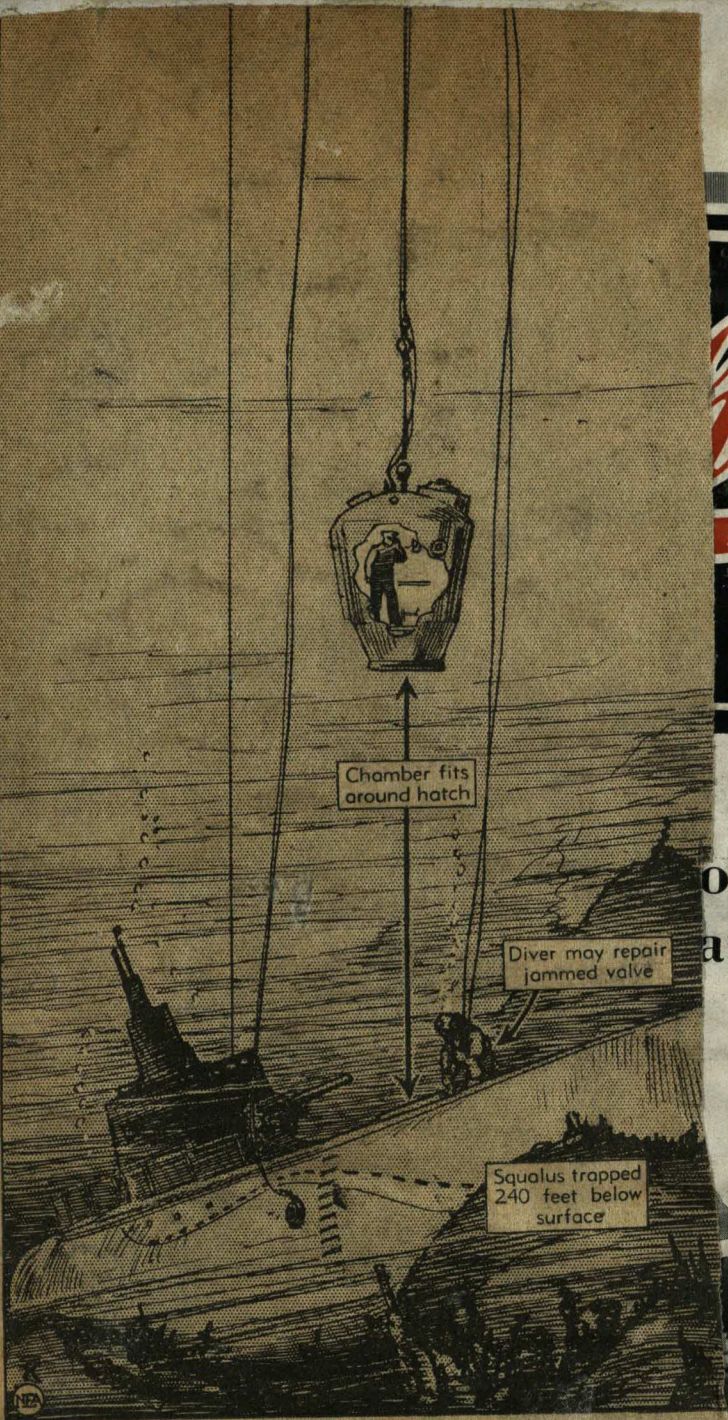
A. Naval authorities believe that water poured into the craft through the high induction valve left open when the submarine took a dive. The high induction valve supplies air to the Diesel engines while the sub is operating on the surface.

Q. Was this failure mechanical, or an oversight on the part of the sub's crew?

A. This question cannot be answered until the submarine is raised. Then a naval board of inquiry will fix the responsibility.

Q. How was the rescue of 33 men effected?

A. Through a United States Navy-developed rescue chamber (see sketch above, below) which is lowered from a rescue ship and fastened to a hatch of the submerged vessel. Hatch of the sub is opened, allowing entrance into the chamber, which is then hauled to the top.



Sketch by NEA Staff Artist Harry Grissinger.

In above sketch of the submarine rescue work in the Atlantic ocean off coast of New Hampshire, the artist has conceived a diver's-eye view, looking up from ocean bottom, of the rescue operation. The divided sketch shows cross section of deep sea rigging, from rescue ship Falcon some 240 feet down to trapped submarine.



Franklin D. Roosevelt (32)
(Lawyer-Democrat)
Born Hyde Park, N. Y., Jan. 30, 1882. Married Anna Eleanor Roosevelt, 1905. State Senator, Assistant Secretary of Navy, Governor of New York State. Inaugurated 1933.

In 1933 the country was deep in a depression that had lasted for about three years and was destined to last several years longer. Below are a few of the steps taken to bring back prosperity.

- National Bank Holiday. Establishment of CCC camps, employing upwards of 800,000 young men in National conservation work.
- NRA which fixed working hours and rates of pay. (Later declared unconstitutional.)
- AAA limiting production of certain crops and paying rent for the idle land. (Declared unconstitutional.)
- HOLC loaning money to homeowners for repairs and improvements to homes.
- Governmental relief to needy families.
- WPA appropriating nearly \$5,000,000,000 for projects to give employment.



Warren G. Harding (29)
(Editor-Republican)
Born Blooming Grove, O., Nov. 2, 1865. Married Florence Kling 1891. Inaugurated 1921. Served 2 years, 4 months, 23 days. Died Aug. 2, 1923.

DEFINITE peace was made with Germany and Austria. The naval limitation treaty and the four power Pacific pact went into effect. Laws were passed restricting immigration. A Budget Bureau which saved the Government many millions of dollars a year was established.

In 1921-1922, the Ku Klux Klan, a secret ritualistic organization with marked antipathy to Jews, Catholics and the foreign born, became a National issue. The Klan controlled or claimed to control politics in several states.

After serving a little more than half of his term, President Harding was taken ill while on his way home from a trip to Alaska. He seemed to be on the way to rapid recovery, when he was stricken with Cerebral Apoplexy, and died almost instantly.



Calvin Coolidge (30)
(Lawyer-Republican)

Born Plymouth, Vt., July 4, 1872. Married Grace A. Goodhue 1905. Assumed Office August 3, 1923. Elected to succeed himself 1924. Died Jan. 5, 1933.

CALVIN Coolidge served the unexpired part of Harding's term and was elected to succeed himself in 1924. He was an ardent exponent of economy and, while the country was in debt enormously at the close of the war, there was a material reduction while Coolidge was President, and without burdensome taxation.

Southern Indiana and Illinois suffered from flood and tornado in 1925. A terrific hurricane visited Florida in 1926. The Mississippi Valley suffered severely from flood in the Spring of 1927.

In the Fall of 1927, floods caused the loss of many hundreds of lives in the New England States.



Herbert Hoover (31)
(Engineer-Republican)

Born West Branch, Iowa, Aug. 10, 1874. Graduated from Stanford University 1895. Married Miss Lou Henry 1899. U. S. Food Administrator during the World War. Secretary of Commerce 1921-1923.

IN October 1929 a stock market crash made it apparent to everyone that the prosperity of the country during the few preceding years had not been on a firm basis. Closely following the crash came a general business depression.

The summer of 1930 was extremely dry in some sections of the country. It was necessary to furnish many sections with feed for stock, seed for replanting and money overprovisions to carry on.

A conference was called in London with the object of reducing Army and Navy expenditures of the great powers. Much less was accomplished than had been hoped.

Later visits to the United States by foreign statesmen helped somewhat in establishing friendly relations and clearing up international financial matters.

Santa Anna Captured by Texan; Signs Armistice With Houston

Editor's Note—If The Star-Telegram had been published 100 years ago today, this is what would have appeared in its news columns. From day to day similar stories telling of the stirring events of Texas history and written in the vein of present day news reporting will appear.

WITH THE TEXAS ARMY ON SAN JACINTO RIVER, April 22, 1836.—Santa Anna has been captured!

A patrol of soldiers, searching for fugitives from yesterday's assault, found him lying in the grass, dressed as a common soldier. They did not recognize him until the general was brought into camp and saluted as "El Presidente" by other prisoners.

He immediately was taken before Gen. Sam Houston, lying wounded on a pallet under a huge oak tree, where he signed an armistice.

Colonel Almonte, his aid, this afternoon started by horseback for the headquarters of Gen. Vicente Filisola and General Urrea, ordering the former to march to San Antonio, and the latter to retire to Victoria.

Captured by Sergeant.

To Sergt. James A. Sylvester of Wood's company goes the individual honor of the capture. He and his patrol, consisting of Pvts. Joel W. Robison, Edward Miles, Joseph Vermillion and Thompson were patrolling the bayou and Sylvester went alone about a mile to the lower point of the bend.

He noticed a man trying to conceal himself in the high grass. The man was poorly clad but wore a fine shirt.

After Sylvester and his prisoner rejoined the patrol, Robison, who understands a little Spanish, asked the man the whereabouts of Santa Anna.

"He has escaped," replied the prisoner.

After walking two miles, the prisoner complained his feet hurt and he was permitted to ride behind one of his captors for the remaining six miles to camp.

Colonel Hockley and Maj. Ben Fort (Deaf) Smith took Santa Anna to Houston. The Mexican bowed gracefully, and spoke in his native tongue:

Thanks His Captors.

"I am Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, President of Mexico, commander-in-chief of the army of occupation, and I put myself at the disposition of the brave General Houston. I wish to be treated as a general should be when a prisoner of war."

"Happy to see you, General, take a seat," invited Houston, rising on one elbow. He addressed Santa Anna through an interpreter, first Moses Austin Bryan and then young Lorenzo de Zavala.

Santa Anna profusely thanked Sylvester for saving his life, and urged immediate negotiations for his own release.

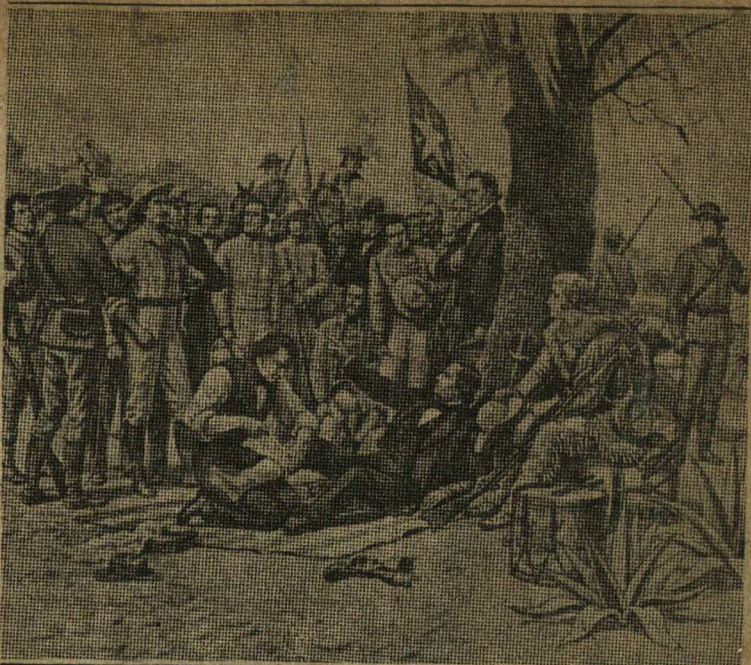
"We'll leave that up to the civilian authorities," replied Houston.

"Bah! I'd rather deal with soldiers," snorted the captive.

"And you expect to negotiate for peace after the Alamo and Goliad?"

"You, General Houston, know the law of war," said Santa Anna.

Inspiration for Famed Painting?



When General Santa Anna was brought before Gen. Sam Houston—100 years ago today. This picture, reprinted from

the Texaco Star, was drawn about 1850 and may have inspired the famous painting in the State Capitol.

that were taken with arms in their hands."

Contemptuously, Houston answered him:

"General Santa Anna, you are the government. A dictator has no superior."

The proposal for an armistice came from Santa Anna. He said Filisola would leave Texas with all his troops.

"But with you a captive, how do you know Filisola will obey the order?" inquired Secretary Rusk.

"My officers and men will obey my commands without hesitation," Santa Anna replied proudly.

Surrender Demanded.

General Rusk turned to Almonte: "Tell Santa Anna to order Filisola and his army to surrender as prisoners of war."

After the conference Santa Anna revealed he was sleeping when the Texans charged his ramparts yesterday and put the Mexican army to rout.

"I found myself in the greatest danger when a servant of my aide, Col. Don Juan Bringas,

"Your men refused to surrender, and under the rule we put them to the sword."

Houston Contemptuous.

"That may have been the rule once," said Houston. "But I consider it a disgrace to this age. However, you can not use the same excuse for the massacre at Goliad. Colonel Famin and his men capitulated and were betrayed."

"If they capitulated I was not aware of it," replied Santa Anna. "Urrea deceived me. He said they were vanquished, and I had orders from my government to execute all

offered me his horse," the general related. "I remembered that General Filisola was only 17 leagues away and I took my direction toward him. The enemy pursued me. After a ride of a league and a half I was overtaken near a large creek. I hid in a thicket of dwarf pines.

"Night was coming on. I waded through water up to my breast and continued on foot.

"Soon I came to a house in which I found some clothing, thus enabling me to change my apparel. At 11 o'clock this morning my pursuers overtook me again."

This Is Life

By JACK MAXWELL

JUST as one guy to another, as we fish and wish our way along down the Stream of Life, may I call your attention to the following bit of Fishin' Philosophy:

"Hi Summers was the durnedest fussy fer ketchin' fish, he sure wuz great, and he never used to make no fuss about the pole er bait, er weather neither; he'd just say, 'I got to ketch a mess today.' An' toward the crick you'd see him slide, a-whistlin' kinda soft an' a-steppin' wide. I says one day, 'Hi,' says I, 'How do you ketch 'em, Hi?' He gave his bait an' other swishin' an' kinda chucklin', says: 'I jest keep a-fishin'.'"

And, take it from me. Be the "weather" fair or foul, sunshine or shadows, about the best thing I know to do is follow the trail of Hi Summers and keep right on fishing.

Dinosaur Trail 50 Million Years Old to Be Exhibited

Special to The Star-Telegram.

AUSTIN, May 2.—Geologists at the University of Texas are reconstructing a trail made 50,000,000 years ago by a dinosaur on a limestone shelf, which now crops out in Cowhouse Creek in Hamilton County. The trail, found in a sheet of Glen Rose limestone, extended 75 feet along the bed of the creek. There were 17 separate dinosaur footprints—a record find.

The reconstructed trail will be ready for exhibition in the University Centennial Exposition, which opens June 1 as part of the Centennial program in Texas. The limestone ledge will be exhibited in the university's huge Gregory gymnasium, which will be turned into an exposition hall for the duration of the Centennial period. This unique geological find will be only one of many exhibits concerning the history and natural history of Texas which visitors to Austin may see.

Judge Herbert Chesley and Herbert (Buster) Gordon of Hamilton, led Dr. H. B. Stenzel, university geologist, to the dinosaur trail on the farm of Mrs. Fred Gromatzky. They showed him other dinosaur trails about the county. But none equaled in importance to science the record of the hike of one of these prehistoric monsters, taking five feet at a stride of its three-toed feet.

The dinosaur, an animal 25 feet in

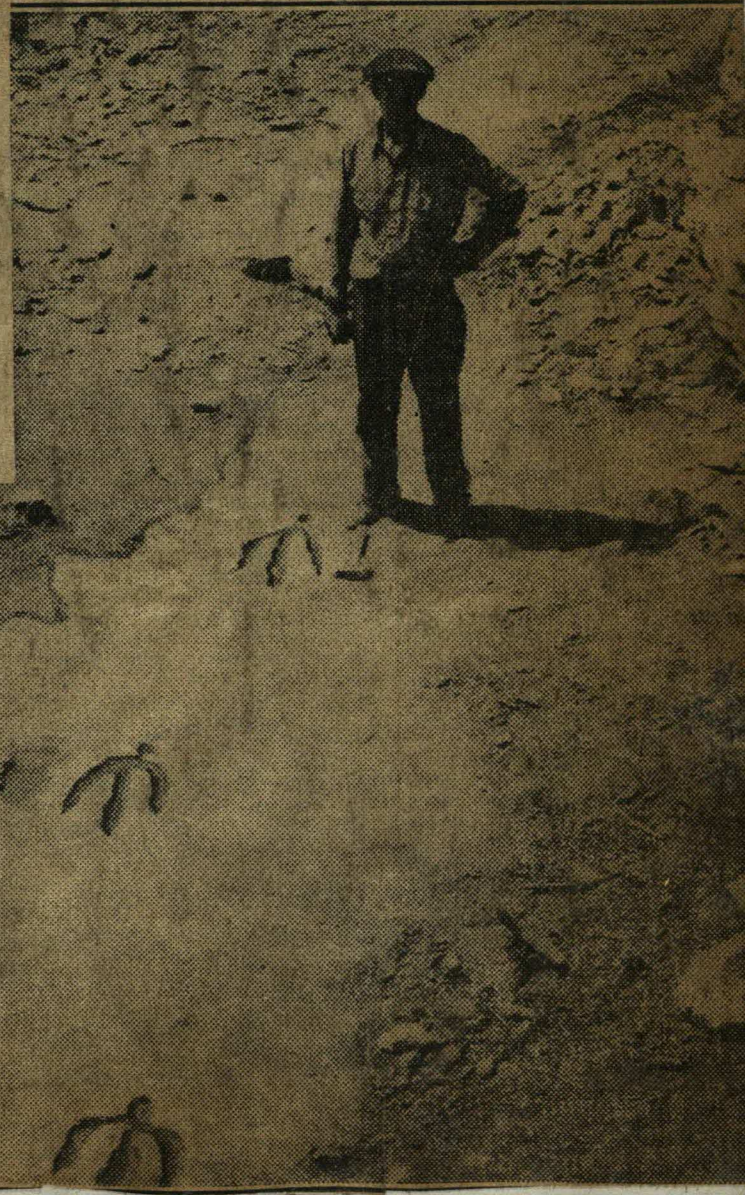
length, lived on land. It ate grasses and tree leaves. From time to time these animals wandered onto tidal flats, eating sea weed and mussels. Probably the footprints left by this particular animal were made on such a foray for food. The mud flat later became a limestone ledge, and the footprints left in the mud hardened.

W. S. Strain, field man of the division of geology for the University Exposition, supervised the quarrying of the footprints. He numbered each stone, wrapped all carefully and shipped them to his workshop in Austin. The stones now are being joined together and 11 of the 17 footprints will be exhibited at the university this Summer. Then, when the University Memorial Museum is completed the dinosaur trail will be moved into this building as a permanent scientific exhibit.

The university is conducting the exposition this Summer under mandate from the Legislature. Without interfering with its teaching program, the school will open its libraries, departmental museums, laboratories and workshops to visitors from all parts of Texas and of the Nation. The gymnasium will house divisions in natural history. Two reading rooms in the Library Building will become exposition halls for historical collections. The Student Union Building will be reception quarters for the visitors.

Where Dinosaur Took a Walk

Some 50,000,000 years ago a dinosaur took a walk in the ooze of what was to become the bed of Cowhouse Creek, running through the farm of Mrs. Fred Gromatzky in Hamilton County—and now a whole section of the creek bed has been taken up and shipped to Austin to be exhibited at the Centennial Exposition of the University of Texas. The size of a dinosaur's foot is indicated by the hammer of W. S. Strain, University geology field man, lying beside one of the prints in the picture. That would be about 16 inches. Strain quarried the stone, containing 17 footprints, numbered the sections, is reconstructing the limestone shelf now in Austin.



THINK IT OVER
 BY H. M. STANSIFER.
 ONE of the fine things about an emergency is that it takes us out of ourselves.

'Frenchman's Well' Now Abandoned May Be Made Into a Beautiful Park

Temp

Cairn-like Heap Stands
Near Junk Yards and
Woodpiles.

For Calcul A hollow stone cairn-like heap stands neglected in a neighborhood of junk piles, woodyards and refuse, but around it may be developed a well groomed park rich in the history of Fort Worth's early days.

Such is the plan of Roscoe Ady, head of the Chamber of Commerce publicity department, for that stone heap near Belknap and Taylor Streets is one of the few remaining visible landmarks of the original Fort Worth. Known as "Frenchman's Well," it has been identified by a sign erected by the Six Flags Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. The marker gives the date, 1857.

Howard Peak, pioneer resident of Tarrant County, said that the well was one of the two from which residents of the pioneer army post obtained their water. The other well, Peak said, was situated somewhere on the grounds of the courthouse, but long since has been filled and covered.

It is Ady's proposal that a replica of some of the buildings of the old post be placed near the well and the land in that area be developed into a park extending from Belknap to the Trinity River.

Ady says that foundations of one of the original houses in the first settlement may be uncovered in the heated from excavation work.

The steam Plans already are under way for gauge. Rea reproduction of the old fort on The Tem the Texas Frontier Centennial 200 deg. F. grounds.

With a straight edge connect 15,000 gals. on "W" with 200 deg. F. on "T." Note the point where this line intersects the "Support" "O," connect with 13

Water Supply at Old Fort



From beneath this pile of stones came water that simmered in pioneer kettles and washed homespuns and calicos. Around this, one of Fort Worth's first sources of water supply, it is

—Star-Telegram Photo.

proposed to develop a park. Residents of the army post for which Fort Worth is named used the well, situated near Belknap and Taylor Streets.

CALIFORNIA was admitted as a Free State. Utah and New Mexico were allowed to settle the question of Free or Slave for themselves. Slave trade was abolished in the District of Columbia. The fugitive Slave law by which all citizens were required to aid in the capture of fugitive slaves, and slaves were not allowed a trial by jury and could not testify in their own behalf, was passed.



Millard Fillmore (13)
(Wool Carder-Lawyer-Whig)

Born Summerhill, N. Y., January 7, 1800. Married Abigail Powers 1826. Caroline MacIntosh 1853. Assumed Office 1850. Served 2 years, 7 months, 26 days. Died March 8, 1874.

This compromise was expected to settle the question of slavery for all time. It hardly made a lull in the clashing of interest between Free and Slave. In 1852 Uncle Tom's Cabin was published. This book probably had a greater influence in molding opinion than all the arguments that had been advanced during the controversy.

GOLD had been discovered in California in 1848, and there was a frantic rush to the gold fields. The population of California grew from a few thousand in 1848 to more than one hundred thousand in 1866 and the State sought admission to the Union as a Free State.

One objection to admitting it was that its representatives in Washington would have to spend six months of the year in getting to and from the Capitol. The importance of the state could not be questioned because of its enormous gold production. The South opposed the admission of another Free State because that would give the non-Slave-holding States the balance of power in Congress.

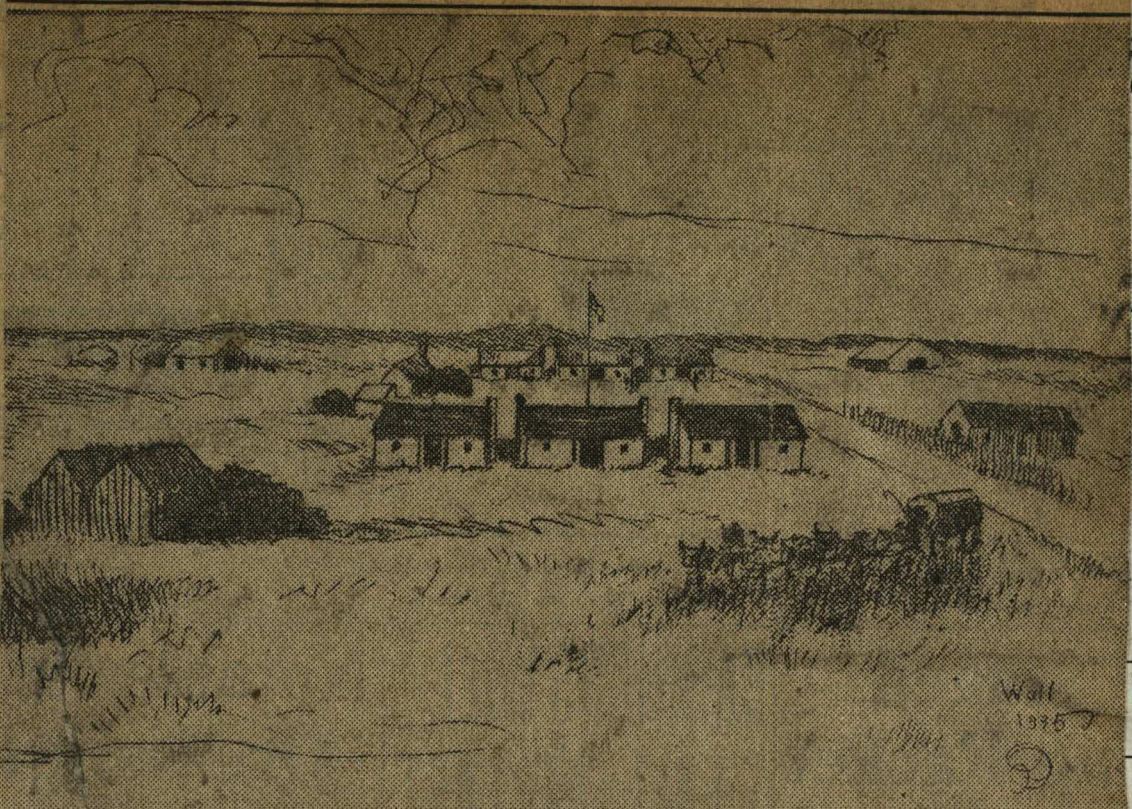


Zachary Taylor (12)
(Soldier-Whig)

Born Orange County, Va. Nov. 24, 1784. Married Margaret Smith 1810. Inaugurated 1849. Served 1 year, 4 months, 5 days. Died July 9, 1850.

in getting to and from the Capitol. The importance of the state could not be questioned because of its enormous gold production. The South opposed the admission of another Free State because that would give the non-Slave-holding States the balance of power in Congress.

Etching of Old Fort Worth to Be on Exhibition



Fort Worth, Texas, where Sam Houston visited in the summer of the campaign of 1837.
Courtesy of Mr. Howard W. Peak, Fort Worth

Interpretations by Prominent Psychoanalysts and Psychologists

In the earliest pages of History the mysterious dream faculty was acknowledged by the most learned men, dreams were regarded with reverence and those who were gifted with the wisdom of interpretation were given high honor and envied stations at Court. As far back as 150 A. D. the great Artemidorus compiled a dream book of several volumes which is, at the present day, the foundation of dream interpretation.

Many instances of prophetic dreams are cited in the lives of Cicero, Caesar, Mark Antony, Constantine, and Alexander the Great who foretold from his own early dreams that he would one day dominate the world. Shakespeare's tragedies are filled with evidence of warning dreams and their significance, and the Bible gives numerous accounts of miraculous dreams and prophecies. Of the latter, perhaps the most often quoted is Pharaoh's Dream of the seven fat kine and the seven lean kine, not only on account of Joseph's correct prophecy but because the structure of the dream and the interpretation correspond so remarkably with the present method of psychoanalysis.

According to modern literature psychologists are taking the place of prophets and counsellors of old. Many nerve specialists delve into one's dreams with as keen an interest as the early practitioner examined the pulse or tongue. Psychoanalysts claim that our dreams reveal, not only forgotten experiences but the things we are most interested in and the most anxious about. Tell a psychoanalyst the history of your dreams today and you give him the key to your physical and mental make-up. Unless you are willing to reveal your innermost thoughts, your failings and aspirations, you had better interpret your own dreams.

ABYSS—Dream books define this dream as one of warning, impending danger, sickness, etc.

ACTIVITY—Signifies that you are careless and negligent and that you will suffer great losses.

ADMIRATION—False friends.

ALTAR—Foretells marriage.

ANGEL—A happy dream of peace and protection.

ANIMALS—Domestic animals denote comfort and contentment; wild animals, enemies.

APE—To see one in your dreams is a symbol of treacherous friends and companions.

APPARITION—Of any kind is considered an ill omen.

APPLES—When ripe denote success in any undertaking; when on a healthy tree, foretell good news. If the tree or the fruit is withered, bad news, trouble and disappointment.

ARMS—To lose one is significant of the loss of a friend—Broken arms, loss of health and material things—Beautiful arms, happiness and good fortune.

ASHES—Foretells mourning, sorrow and trouble.

AX—Considered an ill omen.

BACON—Denotes disappointment; to eat it, unnecessary trouble.

BAKING—Denotes thrift; to bake bread means prosperity.

BALL—To attend one, riches are in store for you.

BALLOON—Beware of unsuccessful ventures.

BANDITS—Success in business.

BANQUET—Beware of new friends new ventures, etc.

BARN—Good dream; a well filled barn denotes riches, future success.

BARN-OWL—A dream of misfortune.

BATS—Quarrels, bickerings and misunderstandings.

BATH—Clear water, good health and good fortune; muddy water, sickness and disaster.

BATTLE—Serious trouble with friends; to be triumphant in battle signifies success in worldly undertakings.

BEAMS—Staunch and dependable friends, a dream of success and prosperity.

BEANS—Beware of arguments, strife and bloodshed.

BEAR—To see one in your dreams, riches and happiness in store for you. If it attacks you, you have a powerful enemy.

BEEES—Signify riches, success in business and profitable undertakings.

BELLS—A dream of gladness and much joy; to hear them ring you will overcome some difficulty.

BILLS—To dream of bills that you can not pay indicates that you are the object of malicious slander; to pay bills indicates prosperity.

BIRDS—Many birds signify friends and fortune; to catch them signifies triumphs; to hear them sing, good news in store; to find a bird's nest full of eggs, good luck in business and unexpected gains; to find an empty nest, disappointment.

BLOOD—To dream of blood is a sign of sorrow.

BOAT—In clear water, happiness; in smooth water, prosperity; in muddy, turbid water, trouble.

BOIL—A change for the best both in health and in circumstances.

BOOTS—Good health and good luck.

BOUQUET—Much pleasure in store for you.

BREAD—To break and eat, means losses.

BRIARS—Quarrels and disputes.

BRIDE—Grief and sorrow, death of kindred, to see a wedding foretells a funeral.

BRIDGE—To cross one you will overcome some obstacle through hard work; a wrecked bridge, a warning to avoid a strange journey; to fall from one, illness.

BULL—Beware of a sudden and powerful foe.

CABBAGE—To see it growing, good fortune, a prosperous turn of events; to eat it, sorrow.

CAGE—An empty cage denotes distress; a cage with birds denotes contentment and wishes attained.

CANDLE—Lighted, it denotes prosperity and good health, extraordinary good fortune; if you light it, you have a brilliant future in store; if it goes out, bad tidings.

CARDS—Deception, a warning against false friends and crooked transactions.

CARRIAGE—To ride in one denotes riches, high social attainments and much power.

CASTLE—Your hopes will be realized.

CAT—Treacherous friends among those whom you trust. To be attacked by a cat, a warning dream of hard luck; to kill a cat, you will succeed in whatever you are about to undertake.

CATTLE—Riches and fulfillment of all wishes.

CAVE—An evil dream which forbodes misfortune.

CELLAR—Foretells illness and much worry.

CEMETERY—Good luck and a long and happy life ahead.

JOHAN Q. Adams was the son of John Adams, President from 1797 to 1801.

The only political party was known as the Democratic-Republican.

In Adams' administration, political questions arose on which, naturally, there was a great diversity of opinion. The three vital problems were: (1) Shall internal improvements be made by congress at National expense? (2) Is the United States Bank constitutional? (3) Shall tariff be levied for revenue only or for the protection of home industry?

Those who believed in the negative answer to these questions became known as Democrats while those who believed in the affirmative became known as Republicans. The Republicans were shortly afterwards called Whigs.



John Quincy Adams (6)
(Lawyer-Dem.-Repub.)
Born Quincy, Mass., July 11, 1767. Married Louisa K. Johnson 1797. Inaug. 1825. Served 4 years. Died Feb. 23, 1848.

JACKSON removed office holders of the opposing party and put his political friends in their places. This was the beginning of what is known as the Spoils System which has done much to demoralize politics.

It was necessary to send troops to South Carolina to enforce provisions of the protective tariff. The charter of the National Bank was annulled.

The first passenger railroad in the United States had been opened in 1825 and was just getting into operation.

Money from the sale of public lands flowed into the Treasury and the United States paid its entire indebtedness. It would seem that freedom from debt should mean prosperity for a Nation, but the opposite seemed to be true of our country.



Andrew Jackson (7)
(Lawyer-Democrat)
Born Union County, N.C. March 15, 1767. Married Rachael Roberts 1791. Inaugurated 1829. Served 8 years. Died June 8, 1845.



James Madison (4)
(Lawyer-Republican)
Born Port Conway, Va., March 16, 1751. Married Mrs. Dolley Todd 1794. Inaugurated 1809. Served 8 years. Died June 28, 1836.

THE INDIANS formed a Federation to keep the Whites from settling in what is now the Middle West. They were defeated by U. S. Troops under William Henry Harrison.

Great Britain's attitude in searching American ships for seamen of British birth and imprisoning them caused the U. S. to declare War. The British captured Washington, and burned the Capitol, White House and other public buildings. The United States, however, won several battles and negotiated a peace Treaty in 1815. The bloodiest battle of this War was fought at New Orleans and won by the United States after peace had been declared but before either Army had heard the news.

THE U. S. purchased Florida and Texas from Spain for five million dollars.

Foreign Nations attempted to set up their authority in the New World. President Monroe sent a message to congress which stated that the U. S. would consider any attempt on the part of any foreign Nation to extend their government to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety and that we would view such actions as an unfriendly act toward the United States. This is the famous "Monroe Doctrine". The time covered by Monroe's administration was known as, "The Era of Good Feeling." We were at peace; the country was prosperous and diplomatic questions were being settled to our satisfaction.



James Monroe (5)
(Lawyer-Republican)
Born Westmoreland Co., Va., April 28, 1758. Married Eliza Kortwright 1786. Inaug. 1817. Served 8 years. Died July 4, 1831.

Are You Thankful?



Don't ask me why I'm thankful,
I couldn't tell you why,
The reasons are so many,
I'd fail if I should try.

One reason is I'm healthy,
And I'm sheltered from the cold,
The Shepherd found and took me in,
I'm safe within the fold.

Another reason is because,
I have my loved ones too,
With every trial that came to me,
The Master saw me through.

I don't live in a mansion,
That has never been my lot,
But today I'm feeling Thankful,
For the little home I've got.

Just a simple little cottage,
With a little winding walk,
With a warm and cheery fireplace,
Where we can sit and talk.

We can sit and count the blessings,
Thru our fingers name them o'er,
Just a rosary of blessings,
That the Father had in store.

Another year is waning,
With its blessings and its pain,
When it's gone, remember,
You can ne'er live it again,

But remember to be thankful,
For the year that's almost past,
So make the best you can of this—
For it may be your last.

So let us all be thankful,
As the blessings came our way,
And thank the God who gave us,
A Glad Thanksgiving Day.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

1897

THE first year of Van Buren's administration saw the Panic of 1837. Reckless speculation for two or three years, an inadequate banking system, and lack of confidence in the stability of many of our business enterprises brought about conditions of idleness, business failure and suffering. States attempted to repudiate their debts and it became necessary to call a special session of congress to raise money to pay the running expenses of the Government. However, public schools were built and private capital founded newspapers. Trans-Atlantic steamship lines were started and business gradually resumed its normal condition. The resources of the country and the enterprise of its citizens made any continued depression impossible.

WILLIAM Henry Harrison was the first President elected by the Whig party. Henry Clay would have seemed to be the logical candidate for President in this election. So much opposition developed in his own party that a boom was started for Harrison, who had made an enviable record in the Indian Wars forty years before.

William Henry Harrison was the oldest President ever inaugurated, being sixty-eight years of age when he assumed office. He was literally talked to death by office seekers who thronged the streets of Washington and gave him no rest day or night. In less than a month after his inauguration, he contracted pneumonia, and in his enfeebled condition, was unable to resist the disease.



Wm. H. Harrison (9)
(Soldier-Whig)
Born Berkley, Va., Feb. 9, 1773. Married Anna Symmes 1796. Inaugurated 1841. Served 1 month. Died April 4, 1841.



Abraham Lincoln (16)
(Lawyer-Republican)
Born Hodgenville, Ky., Feb. 12, 1809. Married Mary Todd 1842. Inaugurated 1861. Served 4 yrs, 1 month, 11 days. Assassinated April 14, 1865. Died April 15, 1865.

DURING the four years of Lincoln's first term the Civil War raged. On January 1, 1863, he issued the famous "Emancipation Proclamation." Lee surrendered April 9, 1865, and this ended the struggle although Johnson did not surrender until April 23, 1865.

On April 14, 1865, when President Lincoln's great trials as War President were over, he was shot by an assassin and died early in the morning of April 15. Attempts to assassinate Secretary of State Seward, were unsuccessful. The character and life of Abraham Lincoln are worthy of study. His career is an inspiration to the struggling and oppressed of all lands. He was truly "The Man of the Ages."

WHEN Johnson became President, the South was literally in ruins. Its cities were laid waste; its fields had been uncultivated; its currency worthless; much of the best of its manhood had been killed or injured.

President Johnson removed E. M. Stanton Secretary of War without the consent of the Senate. Before Congress met in December, he attempted to restore the eleven Confederate States to their places in the Union. Congress did not approve of this and refused to seat Senators and Representatives from the seceded states. The struggle between Congress and Johnson became so bitter that he was impeached. At his trial he narrowly escaped being convicted.



Andrew Johnson (17)
(Tailor-Republican)
Born Raleigh, N. C., Dec. 29, 1808. Married Eliza McCardle 1827. Assumed Office 1865. Served 3 yrs, 10 months, 19 days. Died July 31, 1875.

Business, Professional Women Make New Year's Resolutions at Meeting

Conclude with "Resolve That We Remember During 1940 That God's In His Heaven And In Time All Will Be Well With World"

By **EDITH ALDERMAN GUEDRY**
Press Woman's Dept. Editor.

NEW YEAR'S resolutions too often are made and forgotten, but they help to set a better standard nevertheless. More than 75 business and professional women, in their weekly session at The Texas yesterday, arose to make New Year's resolutions, many of which I shall list below. They are indicative of the resolutions which we should all like to keep.



Mrs. Guedry

Resolved that I:
Keep smiling and try to cooperate with the inevitable.
Have a more understanding heart.
Make every minute count.
Walk a little more slowly and take things a little more leisurely.
Live more by the Golden Rule.
Think more and talk less.
Hold my temper.
Do best that I can under the circumstances.

Business and Professional Women Strive For Better World
T WAS interesting to note that almost all of the resolutions were of a serious and uplifting nature. They made you know that these business and professional women are striving for a better world. For the resolutions continued:

- Resolved that I:
- Try in every way possible to make a very difficult situation easier for another.
 - Do one good deed daily.
 - Be a better friend to those who need a friend.
 - Keep an open mind and stand by my convictions.
 - Be too large for worry, too noble for anger, too strong for fear, and too happy to permit the presence of trouble.
 - Think of the best, work only for the best, and expect only the best.
 - Think twice before I speak.
 - Do my best at all times.
 - Be more cheerful.
 - Be more tolerant.
 - Give more happiness.
 - Get the most out of life each day.
 - Be a better neighbor and a better friend to fellow man.
 - Take nothing for granted. Weigh everything before I act.
 - Be a better and more efficient employee and to talk less.
 - Be large in word and thought and deed.
 - Be less critical and more prompt.

In Time All Will Be Well With the World
WHEN the club as a whole passed a group of resolutions that all of us American should pause to consider seriously.

Resolved that we:
Will deserve to be citizens of a democracy by increasing our tolerance.
Analyze our propaganda so as to get both sides of every public problem before we make up our minds.
To study the technique of preserving democracy so that we can support the American form of government against foreign ideologies.
To remember during the 366 days of 1940 that God's in His Heaven and in time all will be well with the world.



Martin Van Buren (8)
(Lawyer-Democrat)
Born Kinderhook, N. Y., Dec. 5, 1782. Married Hannah Hoes 1807. Inaugurated 1837. Served 4 years. Died July 24, 1862.

World's Columbian Exposition held at Chicago. In 1893, the United States passed through another period of business depression. War with England over affairs in Venezuela was narrowly averted by a general arbitration treaty between the two Nations.

TARIFF was the main political issue in the Harrison election. Republican majorities in both Houses put high tariff rates on many manufactured goods. A new Silver Act was passed, which authorized the Treasury Department to purchase \$4,500,000 a month. The "Sherman Anti-Trust Law" was passed. This law declared contracts, combinations, or conspiracies in restraint of trade or commerce, among the States or Foreign Nations to be illegal.



Benjamin Harrison (23)
(Lawyer-Republican)
Born North Bend, Ohio, Aug. 20, 1833. Married Caroline Scott 1853. Mary Scott Dimmick 1896. Inaugurated 1889. Served 4 years. Died March 13, 1901.

IN 1886 working men had organized to the point where they were able to call strikes. During this year the famous Chicago strikes and riots occurred.

The Statue of Liberty was unveiled in 1886.

During this Administration the order of Presidential Succession was determined upon. It is as follows: Vice-President, Secretary of State, Secretary of Treasury, Secretary of War, Attorney General,

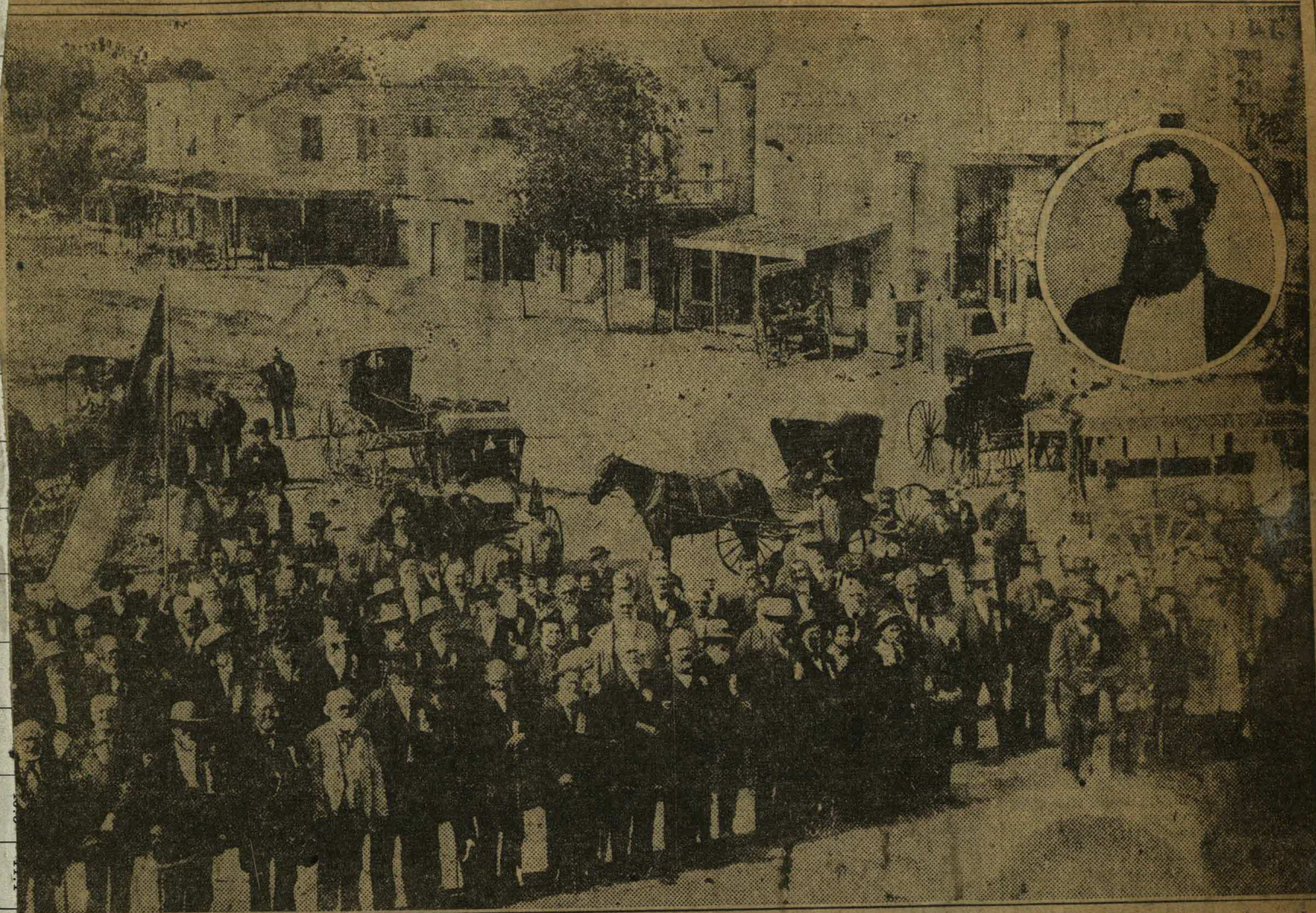


Grover Cleveland (22, 24)
(Lawyer-Democrat)
Born Caldwell, N. J., March 18, 1837. Married Frances Folsom 1886. Inaugurated 1885. Served 4 years. Again elected 1892. Served 4 years. Died June 24, 1908.

Postmaster General, Secretary of the Navy, Secretary of the Interior.

(24) Grover Cleveland—2nd Administration
A tax of 2% on incomes exceeding four thousand dollars was set aside as unconstitutional by the Supreme Court.
Bering sea trouble settled by arbitration.

When Veterans of San Jacinto Held Reunion at Georgetown in 1871



When veterans of the Battle of San Jacinto, bearded and bent, gathered for a reunion in Georgetown about 1871. Inset is a photograph of the youngest soldier to fight in the battle.

J. W. McHorse, who fought for Texas at the age of 17. The photographs are in the possession of his descendants. McHorse died in 1898 and is buried in the Masonic Cemetery at Austin. His

surviving descendants include five grandchildren, Mrs. W. R. Collins, Everman; Mrs. H. F. Mitchell, Fort Worth; Jess Hawkins, Smithville; J. D. Hawkins, Grainger, and Will Hawkins,

Lake Worth; eight great-grandchildren, Mrs. Mike Crimmins, Fort Worth; Mrs. S. C. Harmon, Oklahoma City; Elliott Hawkins and Mrs. Clayton Waggor, Dallas; Mrs. Burgess Ponton, Jessie, Jack and Inez Hawkins, Smithville, and four great-great-grandchildren.

Length or Depth	1 inch
1 ft.	2
2 ft.	4
3 ft.	6
4 ft.	8
5 ft.	10
6 ft.	12
7 ft.	14
8 ft.	16
9 ft.	18
10 ft.	20

To find how many U. S. gallons any rectangular tank will hold: Multiply the inside length, depth and width which gives the contents in cubic inches, or in cubic feet as the case may be.

A BASKETFUL OF THANKSGIVING, sure enough — the Dionne quintuplets sailing their own craft for the dinner table, with Pilot Yvonne standing to con the course. The others, from the left, are Cecile, Emilie, Marie and Annette.
Copyright, 1935, NEA Service, Inc.



Curves Showing Weight of Water in Pounds Per Cubic Foot for Temperatures from 20-50 Deg. F.
Reproduced from "Experimental Engineering" Carpenter & Diederichs, by permission of John Wiley & Sons, New York, N. Y.



Barren Flagstuffs Stir Ire of Citizen; City Is Urged to Show Pride In Texas

Property

Total Pressure, in lbs. per Sq. In., Measured from a Vacuum	Temperature, in Degrees F. of Steam and of Water from which Evaporated
1	101.84
2	126.15
3	141.52
4	153.00
5	162.26
6	170.07
7	176.84
8	182.86
9	188.27
10	193.21
12	201.95
14	209.55
14.7	212.00
16	216.31
18	222.40
20	227.95
22	233.07
24	237.82
26	242.26
28	246.41
30	250.34
32	254.05
34	257.59
36	260.96
38	264.17
40	267.26
42	270.23
44	273.07
46	275.82
48	278.47
50	281.03
52	283.52
54	285.93
56	288.25
58	290.53
60	292.74
62	294.88
64	296.97
66	299.02
68	301.01
70	302.96
72	304.86
74	306.72
76	308.54
78	310.33
80	312.08
82	313.79
84	315.47
86	317.12
88	318.73
90	320.32
92	321.88
94	323.41
96	324.91
98	326.40
100	327.86
110	334.83
120	341.31
130	347.38
140	353.09
150	358.50
160	363.62
170	368.50
180	373.16
190	377.61
200	381.89
215	388.02
230	393.80
245	399.32
260	404.55
275	409.57
290	414.35
305	418.97
320	423.40
335	427.67

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State's Independence Day Finds Many Buildings Without Emblems

A FORT WORTH citizen sat in his downtown office yesterday and surveyed the flagless poles of many large buildings.

The longer he thought about the situation, the more angry he became because it was Texas' Independence Day and less than half of our buildings displayed the Lone Star flag.

He called The Press on the telephone in angry protest, and then put his thoughts on paper. The Press is publishing his communication below, and subscribes to every sentiment and suggestion contained therein:

"ONE hundred years ago, yesterday, the fathers of Texas declared its independence, laid the foundation of a new nation in its own right, afterward to enter the Union, by treaty, as a sovereign state.

"Texas has a history unapproached by any other state in the American Union. No other, nor the nation itself, for that matter, can show a parallel to the sacrifice for liberty enacted at the Alamo, nor an equal, in effect, of the historic 20-minute battle at San Jacinto. It was one of the decisive battles of the world that forever settled the possession of a vast territory, and resulted in placing it for all time under our national flag.

"TRULY, the citizen of Texas has a right to be proud, or to hang his head in shame should he fail to be so. For the flag of Texas is one which we, and our children's children, may salute as an emblem of heroic heroism—the banner of a great state born from the blood of patriots.

"But, on the Centennial day of Texas' Declaration of Independence, on many of our great buildings, surmounted by lofty flagpoles, this flag was conspicuous by its absence.

"Is this merely indifference, or is it a want of patriotic appreciation on the part of our people?"

"THIS is Centennial year, and Fort Worth is preparing to invite thousands to our city to join in the celebration of the anniversary of the greatest state in the Union. Let us not, ourselves, show an untouched, careless attitude to our own state and its flag.



Here's how. . . . In all its glory and splendor, the Texas flag flies from the Tarrant County courthouse.

"April 21, the hundredth anniversary of San Jacinto, will soon be here. Let not the bare reproach of an empty flagstaff, on that date, stretch its gaunt length above any of our office buildings or great department stores, to proclaim a dense indifference to so memorable a date in Texas history.

Fort Worth Has Chance to Redeem Itself by Getting Colors Now

"AND, surely, our public schools, built by Texas money, taught by Texas teachers trained in Texas normal schools, through Texas school funds provided by the sacrifice of Texas patriots, can afford on that date, at least, to show their pupils the flag which educates them.

"Let us see Fort Worth, on San Jacinto Day, redeem itself from the lethargic indifference shown yesterday. At the top of every mast, let the Lone Star flag fly."

TEXAS FLAG SHOULD BE FLOWN 5 DAYS A YEAR

Days on which the Texas Flag should be flown are:

Jan. 26—Lamar Day.
Mar. 2 — Independence Day.

Mar. 6—Heroes Day.
Apr. 21—San Jacinto Day.
Nov. 3—Stephen F. Austin Day.

When displayed on a staff, the white stripe of the Lone Star Flag should always be uppermost, and when hung vertically against a background so that only one side is seen, the white stripe must be on the right. If hung in mid-air, the white stripe should point either to the north or east.

When flown with the flag of the United States, the Texas flag should be placed just below the national banner. In line of march, the Texas flag is borne to the left of the Stars and Stripes.

If all six flags of Texas are displayed, the arrangement should be, reading around a fan shaped arrangement: France, Confederacy, United States, Texas, Mexico, Spain. The United States banner must hold point of honor position or the position of danger. Therefore, it must be at the center of the highest point of the group.

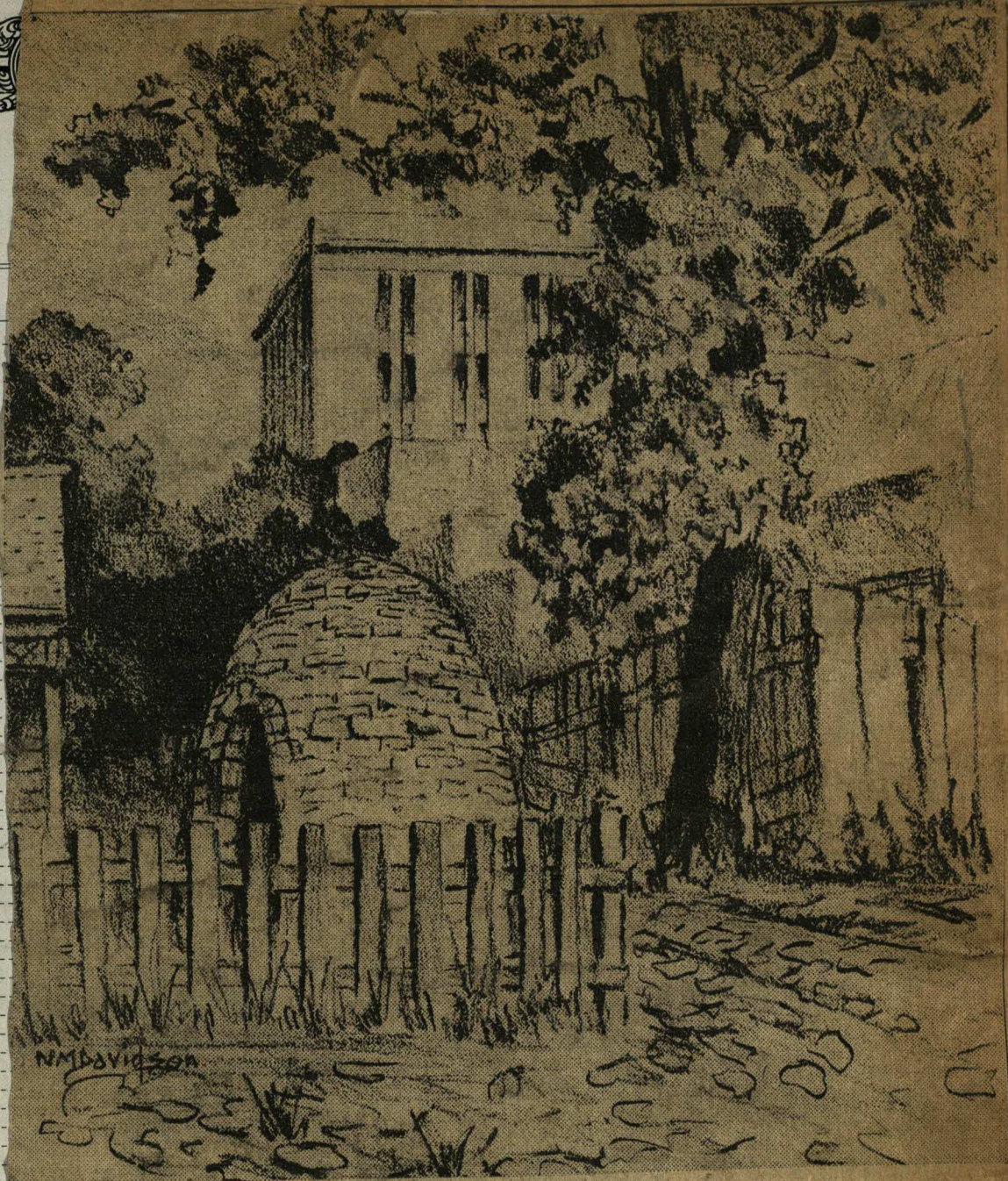
Texas law says the three colors of the Lone Star represent bravery, loyalty and purity.

Any representation of the flag of Texas on a piece of merchandise or advertising is prohibited by state criminal and civil statutes.

A Relic of Early Day Fort Worth

Element

Aluminum.....
Antimony.....
Arsenic, cryst.....
Arsenic, amorphous.....
Barium.....
Beryllium.....
Bismuth.....
Bismuth, fluid.....
Boron.....
Bromine, solid.....
Bromine, fluid.....
Cadmium.....
Caesium.....
Calcium.....
Carbon, graphite.....
Carbon, diamond.....
Cerium.....
Chlorine, liquid.....
Chromium.....
Chromium.....
Cobalt.....
Copper.....
Gallium, solid.....
Gallium, liquid.....
Germanium.....
Gold.....
Indium.....
Iodine.....
Iridium.....
Iron, cast.....
Iron, wrought.....
Iron, wrought.....
Iron, hard-drawn.....
Lanthanum.....
Lead.....
Lead.....
Lithium.....
Magnesium.....
Manganese.....
Mercury.....
Molybdenum.....
Nickel.....
Osmium.....
Palladium.....
Phosphorus, red.....
Phosphorus, yellow.....
Platinum.....
Potassium.....
Rhodium.....
Ruthenium.....
Selenium, cryst.....
Selenium, amorphous.....
Silicon.....
Silver.....
Sodium.....
Sulphur, rho.....
Sulphur.....
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This relic of early-day Fort Worth—a well-curbing which stands on North Taylor Street behind the Criminal Court Building—was sketched recent-

ly by N. M. Davidson. The structure, made of native limestone, once covered "Frenchman's Well" which is believed to date from 1857. The well now

is sealed but the curbing stands as a reminder of the period in which soldiers were garrisoned in Fort Worth.

Fort Worth Has Birthday, It's Eighty-Ninth, Tomorrow

Fort Worth has a birthday tomorrow, its eighty-ninth.

On June 6, 1849, 42 men in Company F of the Second United States Dragoons established a fort at the confluence of the forks of the Trinity River, and called it Fort Worth.

The name given to the outpost was adopted for the settlement which followed.

The War Department, without specific information from its matter-of-fact records, has concluded from reports that the fort was established in connection with the California

gold rush and Indian campaigns in the Southwest.

Brevet Maj. Ripley A. Arnold is listed in the records as the founder. It was named for Brevet Brig. Gen. William J. Worth, who died in May, 1849, at San Antonio after an outstanding army career.

Fort Worth was occupied steadily by the army until Sept. 16, 1863, when it was officially abandoned in the midst of the Civil War. The last garrison was commanded by Brevet Maj. H. W. Morrill, captain of the Second Reg-





Newest and most recently restored among Texas shrines are: Top left, the San Jacinto Memorial Shaft at San Jacinto battleground, near Houston, marking the spot where the Texas army, under Gen. Sam Houston, defeated the Mexicans under Dictator Santa Anna and won independence for Texas. Top right, the Mission San Jose y San Miguel de Aguayo in San Antonio. It was not only a mission church, but the home of priests, soldiers and Indian convicts nearly two centuries ago. Bottom, the palace of the restored Governor's Palace in San Antonio, a picturesque structure with huge historical significance.

Funeral Arranged for Composer of Rock-a-Bye Baby

BOSTON, Jan. 8 (AP). — Funeral plans were made Monday for Mrs. Effie Canning Carlton, whose melody to the lullaby, "Rock-a-Bye Baby," has been a children's standard song for more than half a century.

The body was turned over to an undertaker after it was claimed by James O. Marshall of Lansdowne, Pa., whose relationship was not disclosed.

Mrs. Carlton, a former actress, died Sunday, apparently impoverished, in a city hospital room provided by the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers. She was the victim of a cerebral hemorrhage suffered several days ago.

She composed the melody to the old Mother Goose rhyme while lulling to sleep the restless child of a neighbor, took the music to a Boston music publisher at her teacher's suggestion, had it snapped up as a find. A few months after the song had been copyrighted sales ran to \$20,000, and before the publisher died more than 300,000 copies had been sold.

The copyright had been renewed but was allowed to lapse when the music publishing house changed hands. Investigation by the American Society of Composers disclosed that the composer had received few royalties.

The former actress, who once toured the country with William Gillette, had difficulty in late years recalling when she wrote the melody. The copyright was obtained in 1937.

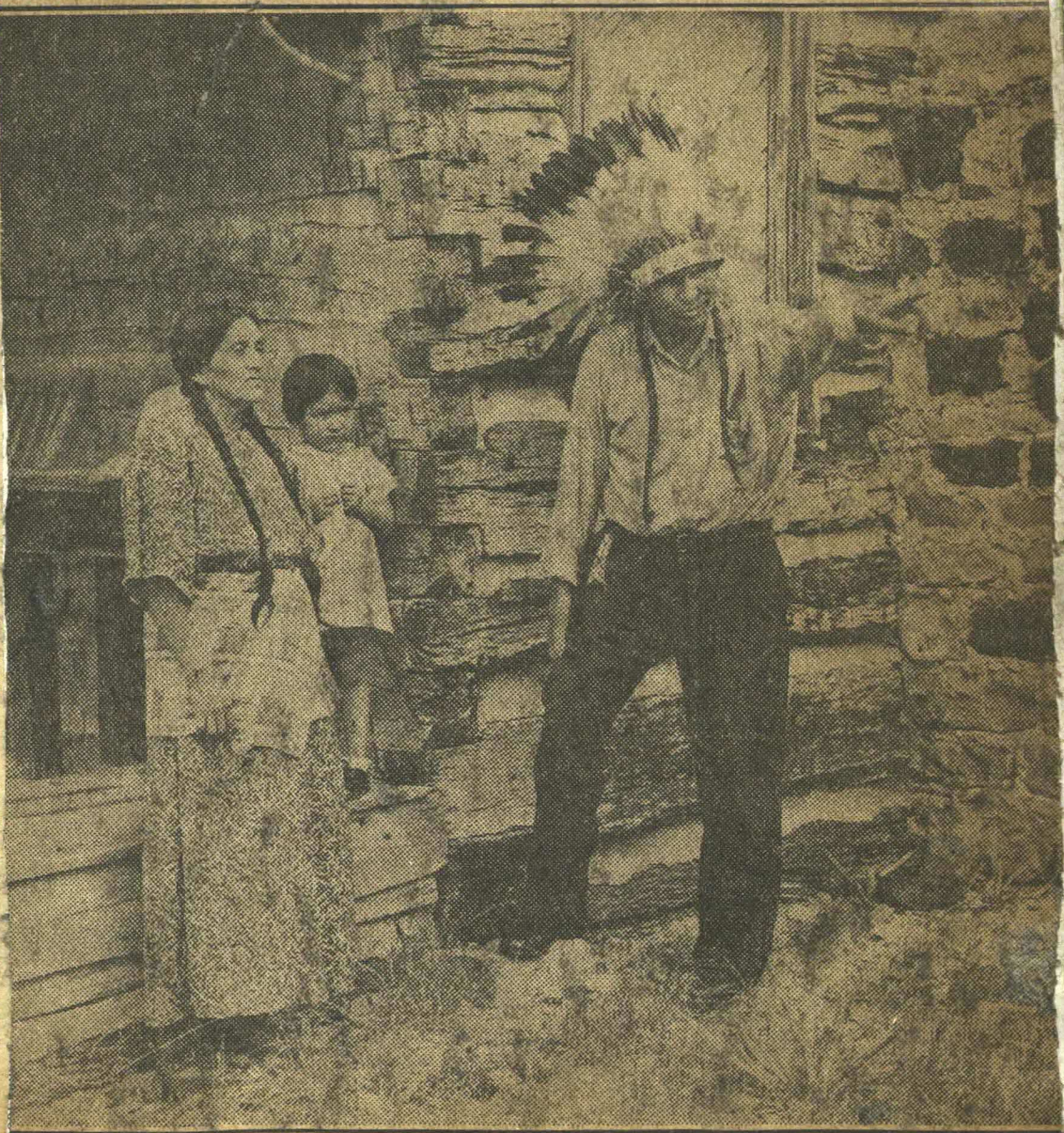
Her husband, also an actor, died several years ago. The couple were childless.

PAGE 194
196
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CHAINS—Melancholy, depression and tears.
CHILDREN—Bounteous favors.
CHURCH—To enter one, you are highly respected; to attend services in one, you will gain new and influential friends.
CLIMBING—A dream of reward—if you strive, you will succeed regardless of obstacles.
COALS—Burning brightly, sudden and unexpected good news.
COFFIN—Signifies a wedding.
CORN—A dream of plenty, release from hardships.
CRIPPLE—Good luck, a turn for the better in the tide of your fortune.
CROSS—High honors in store for you, a very fortunate dream.
CROWDS—Change of scenes, new friends, new surroundings and new pleasures.
DAGGER—You will hear bad tidings.
DANGER—To dream you are in danger foretells a change for the better; increase in business, good fortune and good luck in general.
DARKNESS—Darkness and storms, threatened misfortune and financial difficulties with trying and bitter experiences.
DEVIL—An omen of a very successful journey; a fortunate future.
DIRT—To dream of dirt foretells poverty, hard luck and misery.
DOG—An evidence of loyal and faithful friends who will stand by you through any change in fortune.
DOVE—Conjugal happiness.
DRAGON—You will rise to great heights through your own ability.
DROWNING—Foretells illness.
EARTHQUAKE—An omen of a sudden and serious sickness.
EGGS—Much happiness through good news; to break eggs is a sign of needless quarrels and dissension.
ELOPEMENT—Signifies important business offers.
EYES—To dream of your own eyes is ominous of trouble; to suffer blindness, certain omen of bad luck.
FALLING—A change for the worst in financial affairs; avoid all unnecessary risks.
FARM—Portends riches and good health.
FEET—Unfortunate dream.
FIELDS—When rich in produce, foretell prosperity; barren fields foretell disasters, a warning against extravagant and unnecessary expenditures.
FIRE—If burning brightly, good fortune; a dream promising plenty of money, good health and happiness.
FLAG—To see a flag floating on high, a warning of danger; to carry it, you will have some great honor conferred upon you.
FLIES—Petty annoyances through spiteful people.
FLOWERS—In season and plentiful, foretell much happiness and enjoyment; out of season, your plans will not materialize and you will suffer keen disappointments.
FOUNTAIN—Signifies promotion and unexpected prosperity.
FOX—Beware of a spying person.
FROGS—Foretell a fortunate change in occupation, vocation, etc.
FUNERAL—You will have cause for much rejoicing.
GALLOWS—An augury of advancement and future honor; if the dreamer is about to make new ventures, it bodes good fortune and success.
GAMBLING—Predicts various losses, by lawsuits, theft, etc.
GARDEN—Foretells good fortune and much joy.
GARRET—Significant of losses and afflictions.
GEESE—A favorable dream, freedom from trouble and worry.
GIANT—Obstacles to overcome.
GLOVES—When new, indicate much pleasure; when old or soiled, disappointments.
GOLD—A warning to guard against losses and poverty.
GRAPES—A dream denoting that much joy is in store for you.
GRAVE—Foretells sickness, sorrow and disappointment.
GUN—To see one, danger is near you; to hear the report of one, sudden bad news; if you handle it, a warning to be cautious—beware of rashness.
HAIL—Much trouble in store for the dreamer.

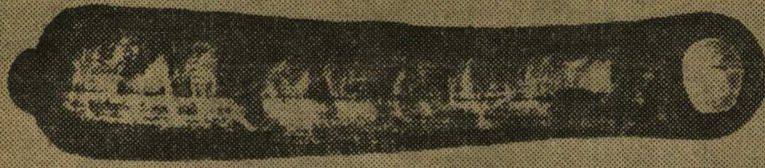
HAIR—To dream that you are combing your hair, bad luck; dream that your hair falls out, foretells the loss of a friend; to dream that it is being cut off, foretells poverty.
HANGING—A fortunate dream, an omen of good luck and advancement.
HAT—Be on your guard, you will make enemies.
HAY—Foretells an accumulation of worldly goods.
HEART—To dream about the heart is an omen of sickness.
HEAVEN—A dream forecasting much happiness, deliverance from all evils and misfortunes; a forerunner of joy, love and prosperity.
HERMIT—Beware of your temper, sudden fits of anger, etc.
HIDING—To dream you are trying to hide something or have already hidden something, foretells disclosures of annoying character.
HILL—To climb a hill in your dream is an indication that you will surmount difficulties; to travel over many hills, much care and trouble is in store for you; to see a beautiful green hill, bright hopes.
HORNS—To dream of horns signifies danger.
HORSES—Emblems of prosperity and good luck.
HUNGRY—To suffer hunger in your dreams foretells high honors that will come to you through your own ability.
ICE—In most cases, foretells trouble; if skating on ice, failure in any undertaking; to handle ice, sickness.
INK—Approaching prosperity, relief from anxiety, new and influential friends; ink spots, unexpected gains.
IRON—A warning of damage to person and property.
ISLAND—Foretells that you will be neglected and suffer much loneliness.
IVY—Denotes hardships but much comfort through loyal friends.
JAIL—Freedom from cares and grievances of all kinds; a good omen for people in public life, a bettering of conditions in general.
JAR—Filled with fruit, etc., a good omen—indicates thrift; empty jars, you will have financial losses through your own negligence.
JEWELS—To have many jewels in your dream signifies a loss of something which you value highly.
KEY—If you find a key in your dreams, you will be the recipient of some great honor; if you lose one, you are distrusted; if you lock and unlock doors, you will be put in charge of some responsible office.
KING—To dream of a king foretells advancement.
KISSES—Significant of treachery.
KNIFE—An evil dream; reason for alarm.
LADDER—Hope; to dream of ascending a ladder, advancement; descending, failure.
LAMP—To see a bright light augurs well for the dreamer; a dim one, unfavorable sign; if the light goes out it forebodes death.
LEAVES—On the ground, sickness and worry; on the tree, fresh and green, success.
LEOPARD—Indicates great changes in fortune—many ups and downs in life.
LETTER—Always a sign of good news.
LIGHTNING—A dire dream of much trouble.
LION—You will receive help and encouragement from very distinguished people. Men of influence are interested in you and your welfare.
LOOKING GLASS—To look in a mirror is a warning of false friends and deceitful companions.
MARRIAGE—A dream of ill-omen; foretells the death of friends and relatives.
MARSH—To walk on marshy ground foretells much misery.
MASS—A joyous occasion with much happiness attending.
MICE—Beware of slander and avoid scandal.
MILK—Portends good fortune.
MILL—Standing idle, wasted opportunities and a lonely life; to see it grinding, happy life and much prosperity.
MISER—A dream that augurs evil.
MONEY—Unlucky dream, misfortunes will follow it.



Baldwin Parker, unofficial chief of the Comanche Indians in Oklahoma, inspecting the cabin in which his famous grandmother, Cynthia Ann Parker, lived for a time when she was recaptured by the Sul Ross party in 1860. With Parker are his wife and his granddaughter, Cynthia Ann. The cabin originally stood on the Parker farm east of Birdville. It is now at Shady Oak Farm, Lake Worth.

—Star-Telegram Photo.

Replica of Old Flag Flown at Gonzales



Dia.	Circum.	Area
121	380.13	11499.01
122	383.27	11689.87
123	386.42	11882.29
124	389.56	12076.28
125	392.70	12271.85
126	395.84	12468.98
127	398.98	12667.69
128	402.12	12867.96
129	405.27	13069.81
130	408.41	13273.23
131	411.55	13478.22
132	414.69	13684.78
133	417.83	13892.91
134	420.97	14102.61
135	424.12	14313.88
136	427.26	14526.72
137	430.40	14741.14
138	433.54	14957.12
139	436.68	15174.68
140	439.82	15393.80
141	442.96	15614.50
142	446.11	15836.77
143	449.25	16060.61
144	452.39	16286.02
145	455.53	16513.00
146	458.67	16741.55
147	461.81	16971.67
148	464.96	17203.36
149	468.10	17436.62
150	471.24	17671.46
151	474.38	17907.86
152	477.52	18145.84
153	480.66	18385.39
154	483.81	18626.50
155	486.95	18869.19
156	490.09	19113.45
157	493.23	19359.28
158	496.37	19606.68
159	499.51	19855.65
160	502.65	20106.19
161	505.79	20358.31
162	508.94	20611.99
163	512.08	20867.24
164	515.22	21124.07
165	518.36	21382.46

COME AND TAKE IT

Replicas of this flag were flown last March 2 from numerous places at Gonzales, when the Texas Centennial stamps were first put on sale. The original flag was known as the Gonzales flag and was first flown at that little town in October,

1835. The photograph was taken of one of the replicas hoisted at Gonzales recently. Back in 1835 in the town of Gonzales lived a group of settlers who a few years before had been given a cannon as protection against the Indians. When a troop of Mexi-

can cavalry demanded the cannon, which up to that time had been of little use, the Texans buried it. They then made the flag with the picture of the cannon crudely drawn on it, and one morning it appeared over the defenses at Gonzales.

Tribute to Man's Best Friend

Editor's Note: No finer tribute was ever paid Man's Best Friend, the Dog, than Senator Vest's moving plea to a Missouri jury. In honor of National Dog Week, Sept. 18-24, The Star-Telegram reprints the tribute and the story of how it came to be delivered.

George Vest graduated from law school and left his home in Lexington, Ky., on horseback and on his way westward stopped in Sedalia, Mo., to spend a few days with relatives. Vest was asked to act as attorney for a man whose pet dog had been killed by a neighbor. His client was suing for \$250. The defendant claimed that he had shot the dog in self-defense. His lawyer put up such a good argument that it looked as though the owner of the dog would lose his case. Then Vest arose and addressed the jury as follows:

THE best friend a man has in the world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps, when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and poverty, in health and sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground where the wintry winds blow and the snow



drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer; he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens.

If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies and when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death.

Vest sat down. He had spoken in a low voice, without any gesture. When he had finished, judge and jury were wiping their eyes. The jury returned a verdict in favor of the plaintiff for \$500. The extra \$250 was for punitive damages. This case caused George Vest to settle in Missouri. Not long afterward he was elected United States Senator and served for over 32 years.

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YOU discover other interesting things also as you take this stereopticon view of your problems and sorrows. Some were of your own making, due to your own poor judgment, your own ignorance your own carelessness. And through these you have learned, unless you are a person to go through life covering up the same old mistakes.

There are other problems and sorrows, you discover, over which you had no control. They were as inevitable as the rain, the heat and the cold, and you had to accept them the same as you do the changing seasons. Take the loss of a loved one by death. That was something over which you had no control. It came upon you like the floods upon the lands, and as in floods you watched and sat by helpless.

But let us go on with the stereopticon pictures. You see past in review before you those persons who hurt you deeply. They weren't fair or they weren't honest or they weren't kind. But time has passed. Now as you look back, you wonder how they could have hurt you so deeply. They seem to be no part of you any more. You have brushed aside those depressing moments that they caused you as you would cobwebs, and forgotten about them.

PLACE another picture from your own life before the stereopticon. There are those times you yourself failed—failed on your job in your obligation to a member of your family, in the code of honor perhaps that you had set for yourself. If you are a conscientious person, you have learned through those failures.

Now let us place a few bright pictures in this stereopticon review. There are those little unexpected joys that have come your way. Surprises from friends; achievements that you never thought were possible; the love of a little child whom you have watched grow like a lovely plant.

As you study more closely this pattern of light and of darkness during a decade just past, possibly you can face the next ten years with more courage. What if war does rage on? All wars come to an end some day. What if another depression does follow the war? Depressions do not last always either. What if personal sorrows should come? You have learned, as you have looked back, that you are given the courage to face those also. What if you do bog up with a problem that seems too big to wade out of? Remember that no problem in the past was so big that it didn't have a solution. If it didn't, it ceased to annoy you.

And finally remember, too, that all the while—in war, in depression, in personal sorrow, there will be the sun and the moon and the hillsides of green and the flowers of spring. Dawn will burst forth with new delight each morning, and the earth will renew itself each season.

Knowing all of these things, you should not march into the future with such fear.



The PEARL is the ONLY GEM that COMES from the SEA.

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Advise
Answer
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Do not
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Have
Have
Have
Inclosed
received
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WORD SQUARES BY E. W. HYDE, AKRON, OHIO

Hold Rites Today For Richard L. Van Zandt

Funeral services for Richard L. Van Zandt, 68, former 11th district governor of the Federal Reserve System and son of a prominent Fort Worth family, were set for 4 p. m. today at St. Andrew's Episcopal Church.

Services were to be led by Rev. Louis F. Martin, pastor, and burial was to be in East Oakwood Cemetery. Active pallbearers were to be Chester B. Collins, Gillis A. Johnson, Ben T. Nielson, Frank A. Bailey, Dr. J. C. Williams and Clifton H. Morris.

Mr. Van Zandt, the son of the late Major K. M. Van Zandt, died yesterday morning in a local hospital following an operation several weeks ago. He lived at 2204 Ashland.

Born on the Van Zandt homestead, which is now a part of the Centennial grounds, Mr. Van Zandt was deputy governor of the Federal Reserve System in Texas from Nov. 1914 to April 1915 when he was made governor upon the resignation of Oscar Wells. He retained that position until 1922.



John Tyler (10)
(Lawyer-Democrat)
Born Greenway, Virginia, March 29, 1790. Married Letitia Christian 1813. Julia Gardiner 1844. Assumed Office 1841. Served 3 years, 11 months. Died Jan. 17, 1862.

selected on a Whig ticket but he was so thorough a Democrat that historians have classified him as belonging to the Democratic party. During his administration Prof. Samuel Morse built the first telegraph line between Baltimore and Washington. Horace Wells first used laughing gas in dental work.

The Northwest boundary line between United States and Canada was definitely decided upon as was also the boundary line between Maine and Canada. The dispute over these two boundaries had been a serious menace to the peace between Great Britain and the United States. This administration was marked by many controversies between the President and Congress.



James K. Polk (11)
(Lawyer-Democrat)
Born Pineville, N. C., Nov. 2, 1795. Married Sarah Childress 1824. Inaugurated 1845. Served 4 years. Died June 15, 1849.

between Texas and Mexico was in dispute. Both the U. S. and Mexico ordered troops into the disputed area. There was a clash in which some of the United States soldiers were killed. A two years' war followed which resulted in the complete defeat of Mexico. The U. S., however, paid Mexico \$15,000,000 for the disputed territory, which comprised California, Utah, Nevada, parts of Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, and nearly all of Arizona.

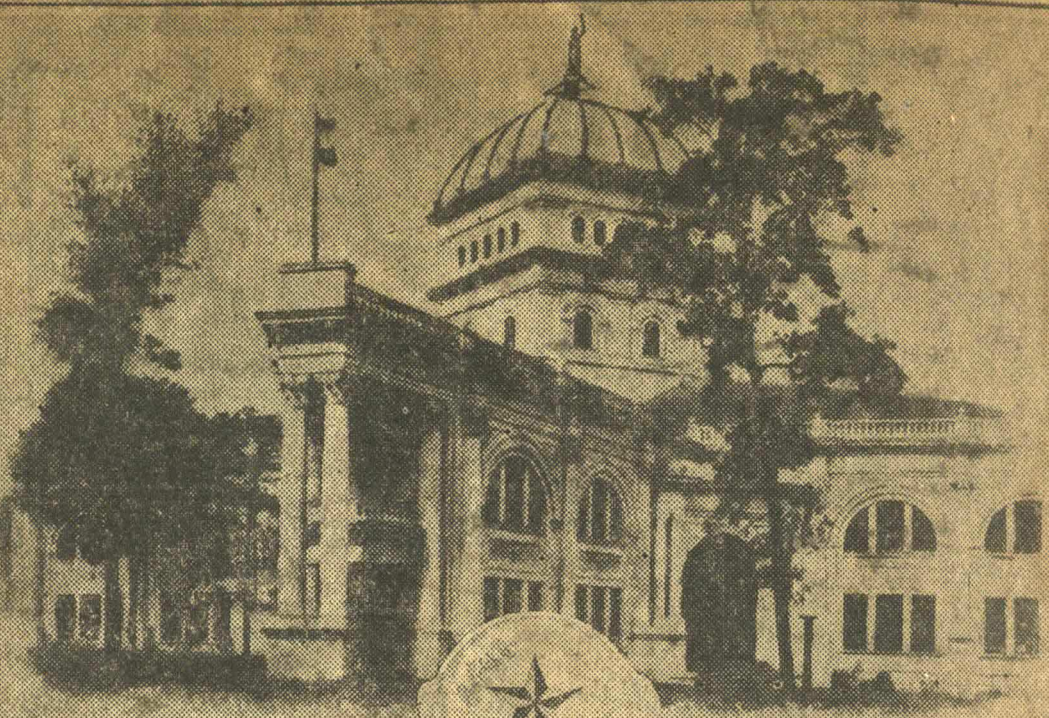
The Slave States have been accused of bringing on the Mexican War in the hope that the territory acquired would become slave territory. The North was never in complete sympathy with this War and undoubtedly the feeling engendered increased the friction between Free and Slave states.

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was commission chairman, and L. L. Jester of Dallas, only two surviving members of the commission, will be here for the presentation of the funds. It was in the records of the Paul Waples estate that a notation describing the forgotten deposit was found.

residue of \$331.60 just discovered in the fund raised for Texas' part in the 1904 exposition will be divided between the Frontier Centennial and the Texas Centennial Central Exposition at the Fort Worth Kiwanis Club luncheon Thursday, John H. Kirby of Houston, who

The Lone Star Building which housed Texas' exhibit at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in St. Louis in 1904, and members of the Texas World's Fair Commission largely responsible for putting over the enterprise of more than 30 years ago. A



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L. L. JESTER



LOUIS J. WORTHAM



D. B. FADDOCK



JESSE SHAIN



JOHN H. KIRBY



PAUL WAPLES

No Blackout Here!



Fort Worth's Main Street at Christmas—a thoroughfare paved with light.

No. 950-H	Sylphon Pressure Regulator.....	Maintop	No. 45-A Sylphon Damper Regulator.....	Nobleman
No. 950-D	Sylphon Pressure Regulator.....	Mallard	No. 45-B Sylphon Damper Regulator.....	Noblewoman
No. 951-MH	Sylphon Pressure Regulator.....	Mallet	No. 46 Sylphon Damper Regulator.....	Notarial
No. 951-NH	Sylphon Pressure Regulator.....	Maltese	No. 916 Sylphon Temperature Regulator.....	Novice
No. 951-OH	Sylphon Pressure Regulator.....	Maltster	No. 924 Sylphon Damper Regulator.....	Nubbin
No. 951-PH	Sylphon Pressure Regulator.....	Maltworm	No. 925 Sylphon Damper Regulator.....	Nugatory



MOTTOES

by Bruce Barton



3.2.

UNDER the glass top of the desk of an interesting New Yorker I saw a bit of white paper with these words:

"The dog barks, but the caravan passes on."

Taken in connection with the man's character and career, the sentence is revealing.

He has been barked at plenty, but he has proceeded. He has done his work, built a great enterprise, created employment for thousands of people. The barking long since became very faint and very far behind.

The First National Bank of New York is presided over by a white whiskered gentleman of more than eighty, named George F. Baker. When his name gets into the newspaper it is usually because some stock in which he is known to hold a large and permanent interest has advanced a hundred points in a week and added several million dollars to his fortune.

A friend of mine visited the bank on business, and came back with this sentence:

"The vision to see them; the courage to buy them; the patience to hold them."

Whether it came from Mr. Baker or not, it is his philosophy, and the secret of his fortune.

In Boston there is another old man, perhaps the most unselfish human being I have ever known. His whole life has been devoted to service to the city's poor, and the look in his eyes is a benediction. I asked him once wheth-

er he is worried about the future. "You give away all you earn," I said. "What will you live on when you are too old to work?"

For answer he pulled a slip of paper out of his pocketbook, and passed it over to me.

"Trust in the Lord and do good. So shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

That, he said, is a promisory note from the Owner of the Universe. On that promise he has lived for seventy years, and he has confidence that it will continue to be good.

Each of these three men has continued in the world a long time, and paid a price for experience. Each is quite different from the others. Yet, from their three mottoes one might evolve something in the way of a philosophy.

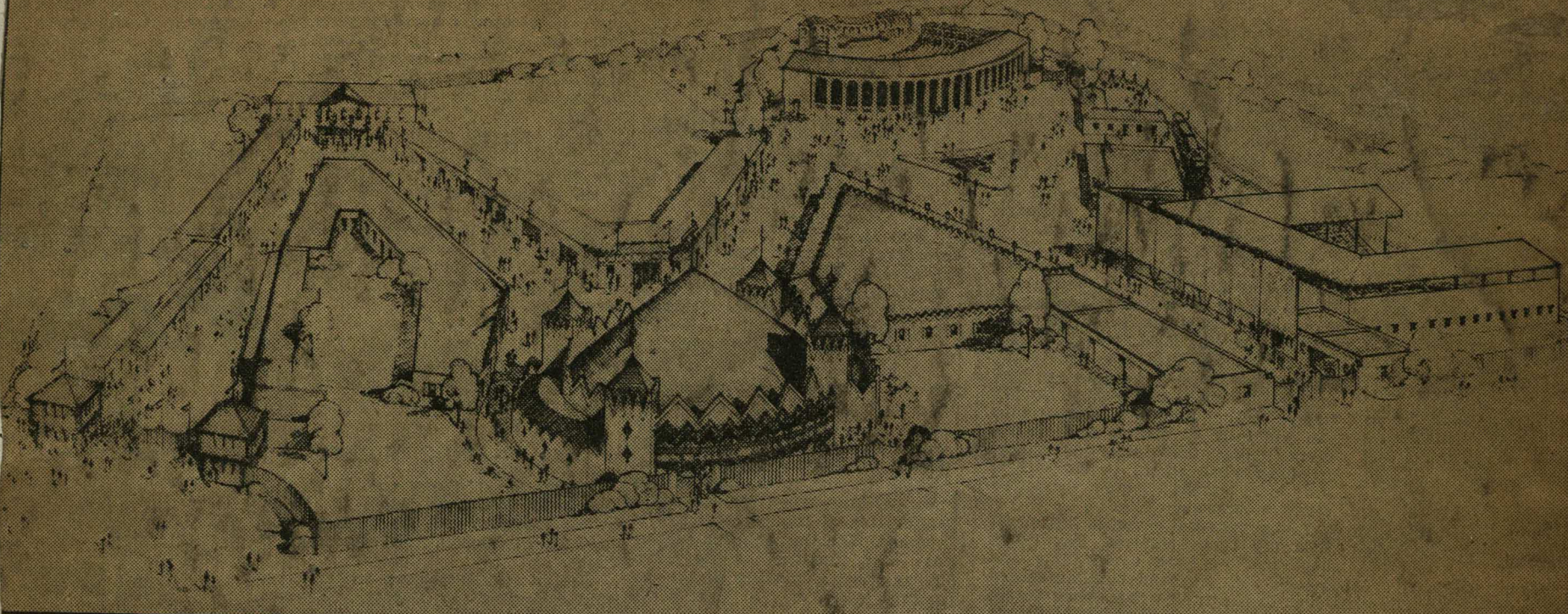
"If you are going to do anything you must expect criticism. But it's better to be a doer than a critic. The doer moves; the critic stands still, and is passed by.

"You must believe in something—in yourself, in the country, in God. You must have courage to back that belief with your money and your life, and patience to wait for fulfillment."

This is old stuff, you say. And I answer that everything important is old stuff. Love is old stuff. Building a home is old stuff. Becoming a father is old stuff.

But all old things become thrillingly new as each man discovers them for himself.

FIRST YOU 'ZIG'—THEN YOU 'ZAG' AND THERE YOU ARE IN THE FRONTIER SHOW!



This way, ladies and gentlemen, for the big show! Here is an artist's perspective of how Fort Worth's Frontier Centennial will look when the last nail goes into place on the Arlington Heights show site, about July 1. Visitors will enter the zig-zagging midway at the left. At the end of the first "zig" is the trading post. Next, taking the "zag," is the ornate, circular circus building where "Jumbo," Billy Rose's New York show hit, will be housed. Next, with the classical amphitheater effect, is the huge cafe-theater. Here "The Frontier Follies" will be presented on a 130-foot revolving stage, and Paul Whiteman's orchestra will play for dancing. The hair-pin structure on the right is the rodeo building. Soldiers will be stationed in the old-style blockhouse above the rodeo. Concessions will line the midway.

(Continued)

- Code Word
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- Rotunda
- Roughrider
- Roughshod
- Koulade
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- Roundsmen
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- Rover
- Rowboat
- Rowdiness
- Rowlock
- Royalism
- Royalist
- Royalty
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- Rubble
- Rubicon
- Rubious
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- Runner
- Runabout
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Silent Movie of an Indian Playing Around With Some New Mexico Mud



John McGrath Dies; Was Oldtime Pitcher

Rosary for John McGrath, 66, a resident of Fort Worth 50 years, who died last night at his home, 721 Grainger, will be said at 8:45 p. m. today at Johnston Funeral Home led by Rev. A. Schmitt.

Funeral services will be conducted at 10 a. m. tomorrow at St. Mary's Catholic Church and burial will be in Calvary Cemetery.

Mr. McGrath, an ardent baseball fan, was a pitcher and played in games in this vicinity before the Texas League was organized. He was an iron molder.

Survivors are three sisters, Mrs. Margaret McKee, Mrs. E. A. Schanewerk and Miss Mary McGrath, all of Fort Worth; a brother, Thomas McGrath, Terrell; three nephews, Joe and B. E. Schanewerk, Fort Worth, and J. E. Schanewerk, Los Angeles, and a niece, Mrs. Martin F. Coyne, Longview.

THE death of Garfield seemed to be necessary to arouse the country to the necessity of Civil Service Reform. A great many offices which had been filled by political friends were now placed under Civil Service ruling, where candidates were examined and appointed according to fitness and without regard to political party.

Sixteen thousand of these offices were placed under Civil Service ruling during Arthur's Administration alone. The plan was so successful, not only in saving the valuable time of our public men but in giving us more efficient service that today there are only two classes of Federal offices that are not under Civil Service.



Chester A. Arthur (21)
(Lawyer-Republican)

Born Fairfield, Vt., Oct. 5, 1830. Married Ellen L. Herndon 1859. Assumed Office 1881. Served 3 years, 5½ months. Died Nov. 18, 1886.

Dimes and dollars contributed at the 1940 President's Birthday celebration Jan. 30, to fight infantile paralysis, will help heal thousands of American children afflicted with the crippling disease. Fort Worth will do its share, sponsoring balls and swelling the stream of money sent directly to the White House.

Women's activities in Texas will be directed by Mrs. George Pittman of Dallas, who will Dorothy Thompson, Mary Picford and other women from over the Nation, will be the guest of Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt at White House tea and discussion Saturday. The cartoon above was drawn by Bessie...



Healing Dimes and Dollars

OUR PRESIDENTS



U. S. Grant (18)
(Soldier-Republican)
Born Point Pleasant, O.,
April 27, 1822. Married
Julia Dent 1848. Inaugu-
rated 1869. Served 8 yrs.
Died July 23, 1885

GENERAL Grant was carried into office on a wave of popular enthusiasm because of his great services to the country during the Civil War. He faced extremely trying conditions. The South was bankrupt. Conditions were unsettled in the North. There was much bitter feeling in Congress between the partisans in the Johnson controversy. Grant was an extremely honest man and was slow to suspect others of dishonesty. As a result, graft in politics flourished. The Whiskey Ring defrauded the Government of several million dollars. Secretary of War Belknap was found guilty of accepting bribes in making appointments and contracts. One of the worst financial panics in our history occurred in 1873.



Rutherford B. Hayes (19)
(Lawyer-Republican)
Born Delaware, Ohio,
Oct. 4, 1822. Married
Lucy Webb 1852. Inaugu-
rated 1877. Served 4 yrs.
Died Jan. 17, 1893.

ELECTION returns showed that Samuel J. Tilden, the Democratic candidate, received a majority of popular votes. The electoral vote was disputed. Both parties claimed Florida, S. Carolina and Louisiana. An electoral commission was appointed to settle the question. This commission consisted of five Senators, five Congressmen, and five Judges of the Supreme Court. The fact that eight of them were Republicans and seven were Democrats, may or may not have had something to do with the fact that a Republican was declared elected. Conditions in both North and South became more stable and the country started on an Era of Prosperity which was destined to last for several years.



Franklin Pierce (14)
(Lawyer-Democrat)
Born Hillsboro, N. H.,
Nov. 23, 1804. Married
Jane Appleton 1834. In-
sured 1863. Served 4
years. Died Oct. 8, 1869.

SLAVERY continued to be the question of greatest importance. It was the backbone of the entire Southern economic system. While the North had gone into manufacturing to a considerable extent, the South was still almost entirely agricultural and slaves were essential to its prosperity. The "Missouri Compromise" adopted in 1820, declared that slavery was forbidden in the Louisiana purchase North and West of Missouri or North of the 35 degrees and 30 minutes parallel. The "Kansas-Nebraska Bill" which took authority over slavery in the territories from Congress was passed. Slave and Anti-Slave advocates engaged in a bitter struggle in Kansas, but the Free party finally won.



James Buchanan (15)
(Lawyer-Democrat)
Born Cove Gap, Pa.,
April 23, 1791. Unmar-
ried. Inaug. 1857. Serv-
ed 4 years. Died June 1,
1868.

THE NORTH disapproved of the further extension of slavery. They were indignant over the fact that the negro had no rights which the white man was legally bound to respect. A small group of reformers was demanding the abolition of slavery everywhere. On the other hand, slavery was of vital importance to the slave States and they were constantly active to extend it. The feeling between pro-Slave and anti-Slave had been growing more and more bitter for nearly half a century. Repeated attempts at compromise had failed. A crisis was bound to come. On December 20, 1860, South Carolina passed a resolution of secession. During January 1861, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas seceded.

Artillery Backs Up Finn Suicide Patrol



To ski patrols like this, shown somewhere in Northern Finland, have been ascribed the successes which have led to reported Russian routs at points where Fin-

—Associated Press Photo.
nish "suicide patrols" have penetrated into Soviet territory. Horses and sleds carry artillery pieces along road in background.

A LOVING SMILE

When sorrow and despair,
Make burdens hard to bear,
A loving smile, a word sincere,
Is friendship's token in life's career.

Fritz Kreisler To Give Concert Here Exactly 14 Years From Date of Last

By DICK GORTON

Fritz Kreisler, world's best-loved violinist, will play in Fort Worth's Municipal Auditorium Jan. 27, thanks to Adolf Hitler and a European Continent too pre-occupied with war for great music.

A scheduled concert tour of Europe recently was cancelled by the violinist when he finally decided to confine his art to the United States. It will be his second appearance in the Southwest this season.

By coincidence, Kreisler's appearance will mark the 14th anniversary of his last program here. In Jan. 27, 1926, he gave a program in Paschal High School auditorium. A little too early for another anniversary, Kreisler will be playing here six days before he celebrates his 65th birthday.

Tickets for the concert will go on sale Wednesday at the office of Mrs. John F. Lyons, local program sponsor.

A child prodigy (a circumstance he later came to regret), Kreisler was born of Austrian parents who wished on him the musical education his father was unable to get. Despite academic frowns, he entered the Vienna Conservatory as a tousle-headed boy of seven, studying with Helmesberger andauer. Later, at the age of 12, he won the grand prize at the Paris Conservatory and created such an impression on Moritz Rosenthal, pianist, that he decided to take him along for an American tour.

Not as successful as had been hoped, the tour ended in Kreisler's decision to give up music and

study medicine in Vienna, art in Rome and Paris, and military tactics as a captain in the Austrian army.

He reappeared as a violin virtuoso at a concert in Berlin in 1899 and was immediately acclaimed as a really great interpreter of the classics. His second American tour, this time triumphant, was in 1901, when he appeared both as soloist and in ensemble playing with Gerardy and Hofmann. Since, he has toured every civilized country in the world, scoring one triumph after another.

During the World War, he served with the Austrian army again, and was wounded at Lemberg. Discharged after his recovery, the artist returned to America to continue his career, making another brilliant reputation in the field of composition.

An accomplished artist on almost all of the stringed instruments, Kreisler's ability at the piano is considered by some musicians as equal to that with the violin. Just for "amusement," Kreisler has twice tried his hand at musical

comedy. The result was "Apple Blossoms," which ran for more than a year on Broadway, and more recently, "Sissy," which had a long run in Vienna.



James A. Garfield (20)
(Lawyer-Republican)

Born Orange Township, Ohio, Nov. 19, 1831. Married Lucretia Rudolph 1858. Inaug. 1881. Served six and one-half months. Shot July 2, 1881. Died Sept. 19, 1881.

Guiteau. Guiteau had been so thoroughly convinced that he would receive his appointment that he could not bear the disappointment when another man was given the office that he wanted.

On July 2, 1881, while in the Baltimore and Potomac railway depot, Guiteau shot and fatally wounded the President.

THINK IT OVER

BY H. M. STANSIFER.
SOME of us claim we are driven when in reality we are willingly led.

MOST Government offices and positions were still in the hands of the politicians and Garfield had an almost unlimited number of political and personal friends. They flocked to Washington in even greater numbers than they had in the days of William Henry Harrison.

It was impossible to find jobs for even one out of a hundred. Among the most persistent was a man named Guiteau.

“AH WAS SEATED BY TH’ WINDOW YESTER MAWNNIN’ WIFOUT A THOT O’ WORRY OR O’ CARE. WHEN AH SPIED TH’ POSTMAN COMIN’ UP TH’ PATHWAY, WIF SEEM A JOLLY SMILE AN’ HAPPY AIR.”

HE WHISTLED GAILY AS HE RANG TH’ DOORBELL -- AN’ THEN HE SAID ‘GOOD MAWNNIN’ T’ YO, JACK!’ HE DID -- UNT KNOW TH’ SORROW THET HE BROUGHT ME -- E -- WHEN HE HANDED ME THET LETTER EDGED IN BLACK!

WIF TREMBLIN’ HANDS AH TOOK TH’ LETTER FLUM HIM -- AH OPENED IT -- AN’ THIS IS WHUT AH READ -- ‘COME HOME, COME HOME, MAH BOY -- YO’ ARE FO’ GIVEN -- COME HOME, COME HOME, YO’ PORE OLE MOTHER’S DAID!’



MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS
(Wyoming)
By Mrs. S. K. Kuykendall.
Hobbs, N. M.

THINK IT OVER

BY H. M. STANSIFER.
A FLEETING remark has ruined many a friendship of long standing.

THINK IT OVER

BY H. M. STANSIFER.
THE FELLOW who is extravagant with the facts is usually economical with the truth.

Before Railroad Came--Courthouse Square in 1861



The "iron horse" had not entered Fort Worth when the above picture was taken in the late Summer or Fall of 1861. The picture was made on the courthouse square, looking south. The photograph, which is remarkably clear despite the passage of 76 years, is owned by S. L. Morrison of Los Angeles, who came here in 1894, remaining in the produce business until 1920 when he moved to

California. Where the establishment of H. T. Havens, hardware and stoves, was located in 1861, now stands the Union Bank and Trust Company. Cafes and other establishments line the block now where those of Bateman & Bros., of Jefferson, Texas, the Alamo Sample Room, dealing in "pure hand-made sour mash whisky," and Farmer's Saloon (notice the free lunch between 10 and 12) stood in 1861.

1876 Fort Worth Map Shows City as Village

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

Fort Worth of 61 years ago, when the city boasted a population of 5,000 and one railroad, is vividly pictured on a faded and worn map and commercial directory discovered by Mrs. John I. Burgess, 2309 Weatherbee Street, among souvenirs of the early days.

The map was among cherished possessions given Mrs. Burgess by her mother, the late Mrs. P. Van Zandt Jarvis. The map, designed by A. D. McSweeney, a civil engineer, was published for the real estate firm of Law

and northwest" . . . S. P. Morison & Co., commission merchants . . . The Local Option Saloon, opposite depot, "the worst liquors, poorest cigars, and miserable billiard tables" . . . The Fort Worth Democrat, daily and weekly newspaper operated by B. B. Paddock . . . The Fort Worth Standard, another daily and weekly operated by Millican, Lacy & Co. . . . Dahlman Brothers, clothiers . . . Card ads for N. M. McCrearey and J. E. Barlow, bankers, and John W. Delaney, general western passenger agent for the T. & P., Dallas

Published in 1876.

Published in 1876, the year the Texas and Pacific Railway built into Fort Worth, the map is 40 by 4 inches and chart an area not more than two miles running north and south, and about one mile from east to west. The old courthouse, located near the site of the present courthouse, marked the center of the north-south line.

Fort Worth had been incorporated just three years before the railroad came. An advertisement on the map sponsored by the railway company described the city as the "Queen of the Prairies," in the center of "an unsurpassed agricultural and stock raising region." This area also was mentioned as "the farmer's paradise," and Fort Worth was called "a beautiful city of heights, with a present population of 5,000 and offering unusual inducements to the banker, the merchant and the mechanic, with work enough for all." The advertisement was signed by George Noble, general superintendent, and E. W. Thompson Jr., both of Marshall, and Thomas Dorwin, general northwestern agent, Chicago.

Hyde Park Shown.

The map shows Hyde Park with Jennings Avenue running due north and south, one of the few streets north of the T. & P. right-of-way which appeared to be set straight with the compass. Commerce Street is shown by its old name of "Rusk" and the present Henderson Street was "Huffman Street" at that time. A cross-town artery on the map, following what now is Tenth Street, was called Johnson Avenue. Broadway was shown as a cross-town thoroughfare and the present College Avenue then was named Wheeler.

The town proper appeared as an area about a mile square, lying principally between the courthouse

and the railroad station. Three wards were shown, the First, Second and Third. Developments listed included two Daggett Additions, Texas and Pacific Reservation, Jennings, Hirschfield, Smith & Hirschfield, Smith & Jennings, Sanders, General Buell, Moore & Thornton, Feild's Hillside, Tucker's Hill, Alford & Veal, Garbert's Whitford & Co., and Bass & Adams.

Sawmills Shown.

A sawmill is shown at Sixth and Pecan Streets and the route of a mule-drawn street car line is indicated. It was operated between the depot and the courthouse.

Some of the advertisers and a few of the items and services they featured included:

Mrs. C. D. Brown, milliner, "hair, trimmings and plumes" . . . the El Paso Hotel, with C. K. Fairfax and B. B. Paddock listed as proprietors . . . The Waverly House, 252 Main, "on line street railway to public square, stages for points south" . . . the Clark Hotel, operated by Mrs. E. Bennett and Mrs. Nellie Clark "persons stopping here save omnibus fare" . . . Daggett & Hatcher, wholesale grocers . . . J. J. Dundas and J. C. Hubbell, liquor and cigar dealers . . . Morten, Jones & Co., "Steam Cotton Gins" and warehousing . . . R. D. Hunter and A. G. Evans, livestock commission merchants . . . J. T. Wilkes, livery stable, 200 block Main . . . B. W. Haymond, dry goods and gent's furnishings . . . B. M. Melton and M. B. Stone, commission merchants . . . S. L. North & Co., manufacturers of carriages, buggies, phaetons, skeleton race wagons and track sulkies.

Photographs on the face of the map included a general view of the town, one of the courthouse and the El Paso Hotel and another of Capt. E. M. Daggett, known at that time as "the Father of Fort Worth."

