



BUSINESS
GREETINGS

Gas Leak Is Blamed In Blast; W.W. Woods Hurt

W. W. Woods, 60-year-old fire company operator, was recovering today from minor face and neck cuts sustained when a gas explosion seriously damaged a vacant house Saturday at 511 E. Third. Mr. Woods, whose second-hand tire establishment is next door, was examining the house with Mrs. Woods when the explosion occurred. Fire Marshal Ligon blamed leaking gas but it was not immediately determined what ignited it. The blast ripped up flooring and broke windows. The Woods live at 3019 Crockett

We can't be all good, and we don't want to be all bad, and it's a puzzle to know where to stop in between.

THINK IT OVER

BY H. M. STANSIFER.

OUR ability increases when we do something we thought couldn't be done.

New Treatment for Insanity Discovered

VINITA, Okla., April 6 (AP).—A new and inexpensive treatment has replaced insulin shock therapy as a cure for insane patients at Eastern Oklahoma Hospital. Metrazol, a product of camphor and a heart stimulant when administered in small doses, is the drug used in the new treatment. Dr. F. M. Adams, superintendent of the hospital, said the new treatment had proved successful in about 25 per cent of the 310 cases so far treated.

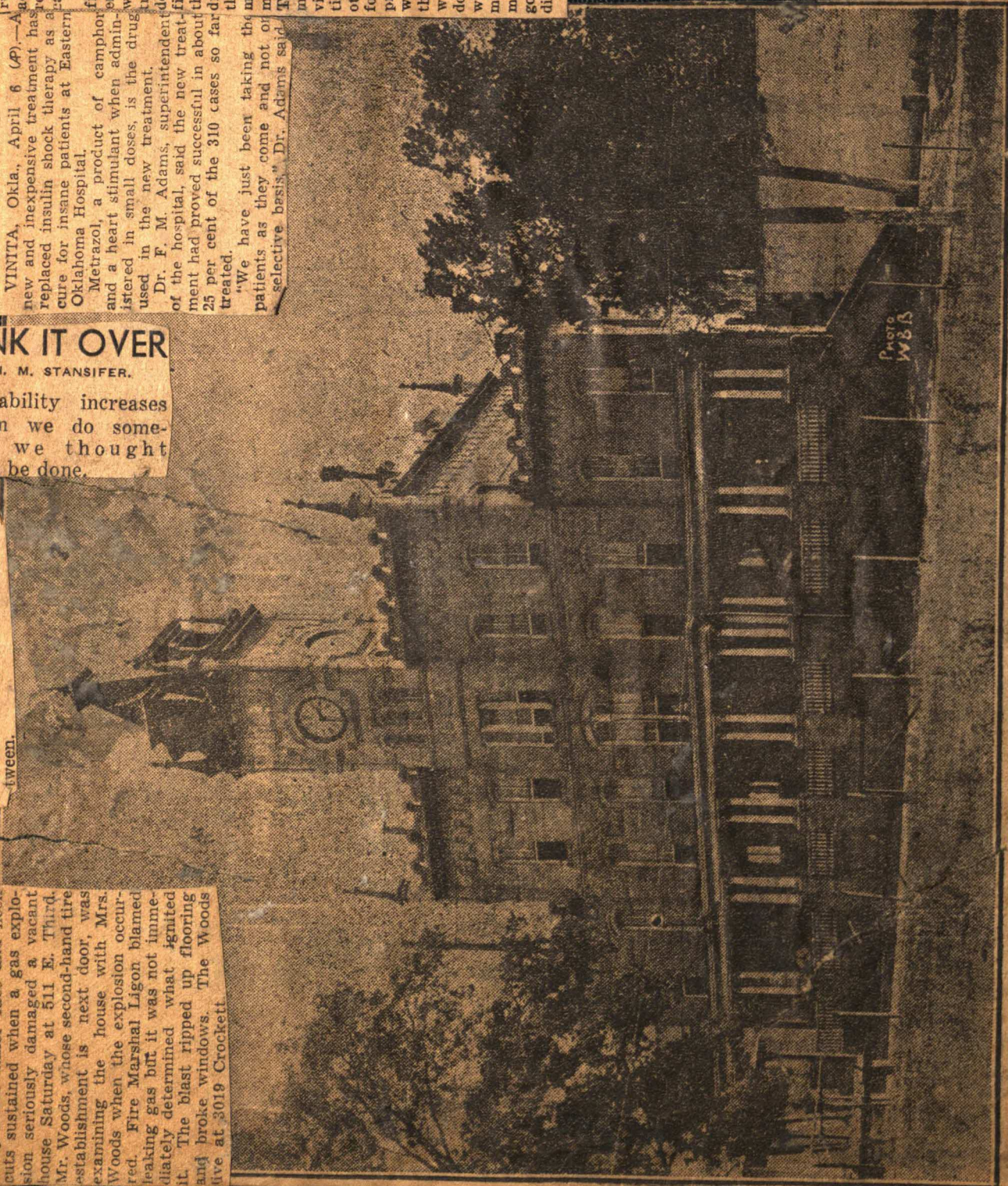
"We have just been taking the patients as they come and not on selective basis," Dr. Adams said.

FROM ONE WHO LOST

Dear Editor:—I have decided not to run for a county office any more on account of the following misfortunes I recently had in the Whitley county campaign:

I lost 1,319 hours of sleep trying to find out some way to beat my opponents. I also lost two front teeth and a whole lot of hair in a personal encounter with one of my opponents. I also donated one beef and four sheep and five shoats to a barbecue, I gave away three pairs of suspenders, four calico dresses, \$5.00 in cash, and 13 baby rattles. Kissed 129 babies, walked 4,079 miles, shook hands with 9,911 persons, most of whom promised to vote for me. Told 10,101 lies and talked enough to make 1,101 volumes. Attended 16 revival meetings and was baptized four times by immersion, and three times by other ways. I contributed \$50.00 to foreign missions, and donated to 25 preachers, and made love to nine grass widows, and was engaged to seven of them. Also hugged 49 old maids and was engaged to most of them. I got dog bit 23 times and was defeated ever-whelmingly. I would ask you for the money I paid you for my advertisement, but I hate to do so. So, I ain't goin' to run no more.—A Defeated Candidate. (From an Exchange.)

Mrs. O. O. Spender,
1020 N. Frey Ave.
St. North, Tex.



The front gate and executive building at the 80-year-old Huntsville "Walls," receiving center for the 10 farms in the state prison system.

WONDER DOG TO APPEAR TONIGHT



"Bozo," mind reading dog, who has been touring public and private schools here for a week giving performances for the children, will give his last performance in Fort Worth tonight at the First Baptist Auditorium at 8 o'clock. The entertainment will be free and everyone is invited. "Bozo" is being sponsored in Fort Worth by Mrs. Baird's Bread.

April 1 Easters Happen 8 Times Over 150 Years

WASHINGTON, March 31.—Tomorrow is Easter Sunday and also April Fool's Day. This coincidence, possibly conducive to china eggs on the breakfast plate, caused so much querying of the naval almanac office that its director figured out all the April Fool's Easters for 150 years. They fell in 1804, 1866, 1877, 1888, 1923. Tomorrow's of course, will be in 1934—and after that will come in 1945 and 1956. "It took a lot of figuring," admitted the almanac director.

Historic Old Rock In Park Shrine To Mrs. McKee

SEPTEMBER 16, 1932

Prayers for Father's Return From War Made at Stone

Editor's note—This is one of a series of stories about women whose lives have been interwoven with the early history of Fort Worth. The data for the series has been compiled by Mrs. J. W. Poindexter, chairman of the Texas scrapbook committee for the Woman's Club.

An oddly shaped rock is on a cement pedestal in Hyde Park, across from the Carnegie Library. It has been there for several years now. To many passersby, not knowing its history, the rock appears to be nothing more than a hard piece of stone.

But it's more than that to Mrs. Augusta E. McKee, whose name it bears on an inscription chiseled on its surface. To her, it stands out more as a shrine of memories.

For it was beside this rock, on her father's section of land in the Katy Lake District, that she and her sister, mere children then, used to go and pray for her father's safe return from the Civil War. He never returned but these unknowing children had hopes that their prayers beside this rock might make it so.

The old rock, in Fort Worth history, also stands out significantly. It was once embedded in a rock bluff near the old Fort here but was afterwards quarried out under the supervision of Mrs. McKee's father and drawn by oxen to help in a survey the first streets in Fort Worth.

The grass and weeds were then in their virgin state, often six or eight feet high, Mrs. McKee explains, and it took the heavy old piece of stone, now worn by use, to break them down. Afterward it was taken to the farm where it stayed 80 years.

Because of the significant part it had played in Fort Worth history, it was placed in the park by the Fort Worth Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution.

MRS. M'KEE was born here in 1857. Her grandfather, J. N. Ellis, came here in 1832, seventeen years before the fort was established. And her father, Louis Wetmore, prominent here in the early days, came with Gen. Ripley Arnold's command when the Indians held their undisputed sway and countless herds of buffalo roamed the plains.

My father's a great sculptor. Well, he sure made a bust o' you!

Judge: "Did you and your husband quarrel on Friday night?"

Wife: "What! And next day pay day? I should say not!"



She faded away like day and night,
Going away from life's long strife,
For God decided he wanted her, too,
Taking her away from me and you.
And now she sleeps in rest and peace,
At God's forever comforting feet,
And God will watch over her and take care
For he knows it's a loved one sleeping there.

Mrs. Augusta E. McKee.

Mrs. McKee's father had immigrated to this country from Germany, where he had received military training. This he used to advantage in drilling soldiers here entering the ranks of the Confederate Army. He afterwards enlisted in the Seventh Texas Cavalry under the late J. Peter Smith.

He had also served in the Mexican War with Gen. Winfield Scott and had reached the rank of orderly sergeant. It was this command that had led him to Texas where he became a member of the company headed by Gen. Arnold.

Mr. Wetmore's land, southeast of the city provided one of the first Methodist camp meeting grounds in this section of the country.

Auntie: "Won't it be nice when baby brother talks?"

Joyce (rather jealous)—"What does he want to talk for? He gets everything he wants by just yelling."—Ex.

"I can remember vividly today those camp meetings," Mrs. McKee says, "and I can see the slaves putting out on long tables pound cakes, hams and all the foods considered delicacies by the early settlers."

Mrs. McKee's mother was Hulda Ellis, sister of the late J. N. Ellis and Merida Ellis, pioneer builders of Fort Worth. When her mother was buried in Pioneer Rest Cemetery 72 years ago, there were only two graves there then, the graves of a child of Gen. Arnold and the grave of one of his lieutenants.

MRS. M'KEE lives at 511 East Third Street, in the same house in which she has lived continuously for the last 52 years. She has collected thru the years

Teacher: "Alfred, you may spell the word neighbor."

Alfred: "N-e-l-g-h-b-o-r."

Tommy: "Yes, ma'am. It's a woman that borrows things."

Scrapbook of Pioneer Has Early History Of Fort Worth

a scrapbook on Fort Worth history, which is considered one of the most valuable of its kind. In its pages one finds pictures of old Fort Worth buildings, stories of the passing of Fort Worth pioneers, and vivid accounts of epochs in Fort Worth's history.

Many of the incidents recorded in the scrapbook are as vivid in Mrs. McKee's memory as the day they happened.

Here are just a few facts regarding Fort Worth history which she reveals as she turns the pages of the scrapbook and muses in the past.

The first court house was erected here in 1878 by Jeremiah Asbury and was built of limestone which had been quarried by Asbury's slaves.

The first brick store, owned by Brinson and Slaughter, was erected in 1856 at the corner of Houston and Weatherford Streets. Capt. Sam Seaton built one of the first brick houses in Fort Worth. He hauled the iron used in building it from Dallas in a wagon drawn by oxen. That was in 1854.

Army troops dug the first well here on Houston Street in 1849, near the present site of Leonard's Store. The first hotel, Andrews Tavern, was erected at Houston and Belknap Streets.

The first telegram ever to go out of Fort Worth was sent 52 years ago by the first mayor, whose name was Burts. He sent it to the mayor of Dallas. Fort Worth then had 1,000 inhabitants and Dallas 2,500.

The jury list here in 1855 was 280 and 25 years later was 6,000. From Sept. 1878 to June 1879 there were shipped from Fort Worth 2200 carloads of cattle, 50 cars of hides, 50 cars of wool and 47,000 bales of cotton.

Mrs. McKee recalls not only many vivid incidents in Fort Worth history but is a source of information concerning the lives of all the old settlers.

Her husband is the late K. C. McKee. She has seven children. They are: Mrs. Ted Robinson of Dallas, recently of Fort Worth; Mrs. Nora Prew, New York; Mrs. Pauline Deters, Houston; H. P. McKee, Chicago; Kendrick McKee, James McKee and Mrs. Oscar Spencer, all of Fort Worth.

Irate Lady: "You drunken beast! If I were in your condition I'd shoot myself."

Drunk: "Lady if you wash in my condition you'd mish yourself."

Old Resident Dies



K. C. McKee, resident here for nearly half a century, who was buried Monday afternoon.

K. C. M'KEE, 80, IS LAID TO REST

Rites for K. C. McKee, 80, of 511 East Third Street, were held at 3 o'clock Monday afternoon at Robertson-Mueller-Harper Temple. Rev. E. B. Hawk officiated, with burial in East Oakwood Cemetery. He died Saturday morning.

McKee had lived in Fort Worth for almost half a century. He was a native of Virginia.

Survivors are his wife; four daughters, Mrs. John A. Pew, New York City; Mrs. J. G. Deters, Houston; Mrs. O. O. Spencer and Mrs. Ted Robinson, Fort Worth; three sons, H. P., K. C. J., and James E. McKee of this city.

A little nigger went in to Hollis Grocery to buy some sugar.

Nigger said, "You ain't got any sugar is you?"

Groceryman thought he would have some fun, so he said, "I ain't said I aint is I."

Nigger: I aint asking if you aint, I'm asking if you is. You aint is you?

Boy: Father, if you will give me dime, I will be a good boy.

Father: When I was your age was good for nothing.

ESSAY ON COWS

The cow is a female quadruped with an alto voice and a countenance in which there is no guile. She has two legs mounted directly opposite each other on the posterior of her carcass, and fore legs placed in the same manner on the anterior part of her anatomy. Altogether she has four structures which serve for the purpose of locomotion, kicking, and soup bones. The cow has infringed upon the patent rights of the pump in the manner in which she produces a liquid called milk. The cow has a tail which is mounted aft, and has a universal joint. It is used to disturb marauding flies, and the tassel on the end has a unique educational value. Persons who milk cows and come in contact with the tassel have vocabularies of peculiar and impressive force. The cow has two sides; the inside and the outside. The inside is the most important, because there is where steak is obtained. The cow has two horns, but does not blow either of them, because she is not musically inclined. The cow has two stomachs. The one on the ground floor is used for a warehouse, and has no other function. When this one is filled the cow retires to a quiet place where her ill manners occasionally no comment and devotes herself to belching. The raw material thus conveyed for the second time to the interior of her face is pulverized and delivered to the auxiliary stomach, where it is manufactured into cow and other by-products. The cow has no upper palate. All her teeth are parked in the lower part of her face. This arrangement was probably perfected by an efficiency expert to keep her from gumming things up. As a result she gums things down and bites up. The cow is a meek, God-fearing animal, but in the end she is skinned by those she has benefitted, as mortals commonly are. The male cow is called a bull and is lassoed in Arizona, fought south of the Rio Grande, and shot in the vicinity of Totten's Garage and Uncle Henry's Eat Place.

TREE CONUNDRUMS

What tree its old age sadly cries? Elder.
And from what tall ones come smouldering fire? Ash.
Which bears the mark of a low sigh? Pine.
And which to chastise you takes your sire? Birch.
Which one do you carry about in your hand? Palm.
And which one tall and slim doth stand? Poplar.
Which one bears fruit so golden and round? Orange.
And which one hear's the sea's deep sound? Beech.
Come, tell me, which is a stale joke? Chestnut.
And which from a stale acorn awoke? Oak.
Which tree is cloth and fuel in one? Cottonwood.
And from which does sweet fluid run? Maple.

Mrs. Arch Earle Heard Booming Guns Of Civil War

She Sat in Tree While First Rich Mountain Fight Started

Editor's Note—This is one of a series of stories on women who came to Fort Worth in the early days. The data for the series has been compiled by Mrs. J. W. Poindexter, chairman of the Texas scrap-book committee for the Woman's Club.

WHEN THE first skirmish between Union and Confederate soldiers took place at Rich Mountain, in Randolph County, Virginia, just previous to the declaration of the Civil War, Adaliza Brown (Mrs. Arch Earle) was sitting up in a cherry tree eating cherries. She was then 15 years old.

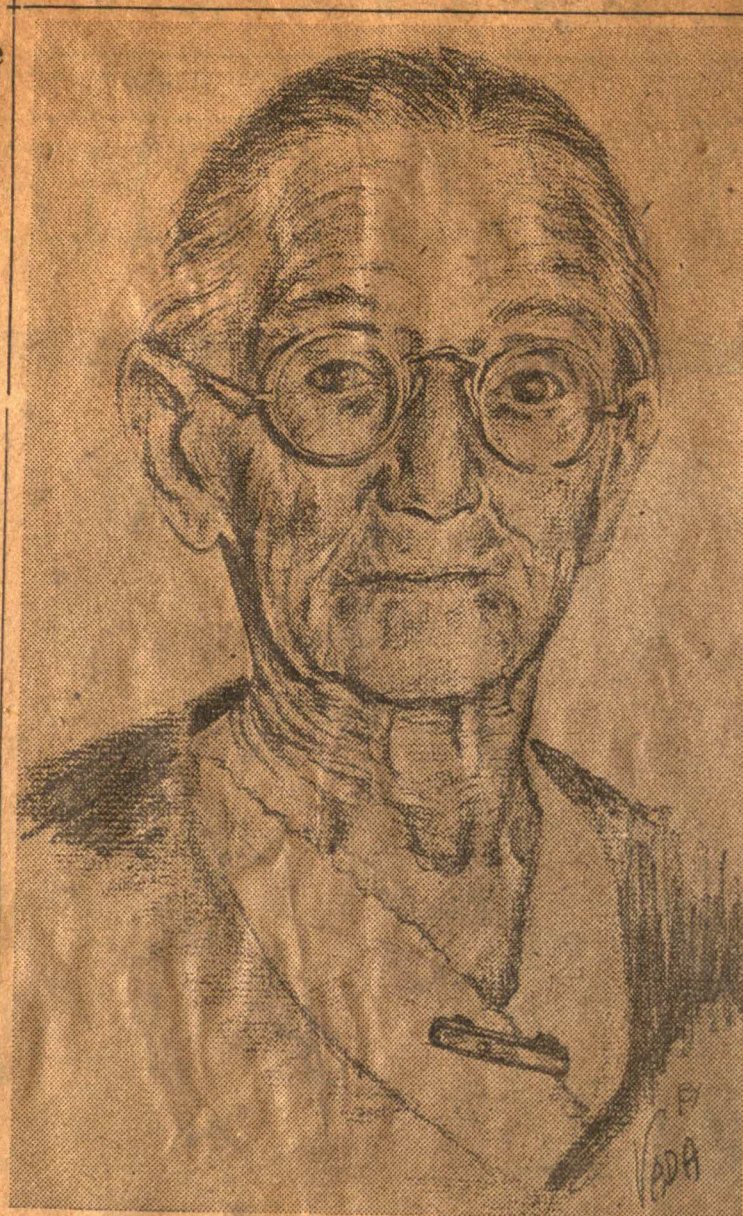
As she heard the boom of the cannon, she smiled, thinking the Confederates were meeting with victory, but soon learned of their defeat.

About 12 years later found Mrs. Earle journeying as a bride from her home in Virginia to Illinois, thence by train to Dallas and by stage over the rough prairies to Fort Worth. She smiles when she recalls the very night she arrived here and attended an "in-fair" given for two other brides and herself, and a strange coincidence was that they had all been Browns before their marriage.

Mrs. Earle lives today in a large, rambling house, seven miles northeast of the city, the same house she came to as a bride 58 years ago. It had been erected about eight years before of lumber brought by her husband from Jefferson in a wagon drawn by an ox team. Mrs. Earle lives in the back part of the house, the older part of the structure, and her son, A. B. Earle and his family, in the other part.

Her husband, the late Arch Earle, preceded her here by about 10 years. During that time he hauled supplies for the government by oxen team. Mrs. Earle prizes among her curios a rawhide belt made of a series of pockets in which her husband carried gold and silver to purchase government supplies.

She also prizes a gold ring that was made by an uncle from a gold nugget, while on his way to California during the gold



Mrs. Arch Earle.

rush. He died en route and was buried in the Alleghany Mountains. And she has in her possession a piece of linen, the flax of which was raised by slaves. It is almost 100 years old.

Mrs. Earle lives with her relics of other days and with her memories of days gone by. Tho she recalls nearly every incident of interest in Fort Worth that has occurred during the last half of a century or more, she likes to think back upon her life as a girl in Virginia.

Her father, Bernard Brown,

Today She Lives Near City Among Souvenir of Early Days

Congress at Richmond, Va., during Jeff Davis' administration. She had as her escort the nephew of Governor Letcher, then governor of Virginia, and wore a dress made of cotton. She had herself raised the cotton, spun it and woven it into cloth. Her hat she had also made of oat straw, and trimmed in oats.

Her family's friendship with the family of Stonewall Jackson is also a bright spot in her memory. Before going to the Buckingham Female College, she studied for four years under the governess, in the home of Jackson's sister, Laura Jackson Arnold. Mrs. Earle cherishes among her curios a picture of the two-story Colonial brick home of Mrs. Arnold and an autographed copy of an Old Testament that was given to her own sister, Laura, on her 11th birthday, by Mrs. Arnold.

Mrs. Earle spent several years of her childhood with her uncle Thomas Brown in Albemarle County, Virginia, and has a photograph of his fine old Colonial house, where she lived.

Among other pleasant associations of her girlhood were those with the Allan family, the foster parents of the poet, Edgar Allan Poe. Her father was manager of the Allan estate. It was after Poe's death that Mrs. Earle knew the Allans. She recalls tho, they were not so proud of Poe, as he was so reckless, so much so that they frequently sent him away from home.

When Mrs. Allan's own son married a Northern girl, he afterwards brought her to his parents' Virginia home to live, while he went on a mission to England. While away his wife turned traitor to him and wrote U. S. Grant, telling him her husband had gone to secure funds to help the Confederates. The letter did not reach Grant, but was intercepted by the Confederates, and the woman was imprisoned, according to Mrs. Earle.

Mrs. Earle is a source of many other interesting stories concerning Virginia families prominent in Civil War days. Her memories stretch back over a long period for she will soon celebrate her 89th birthday.

was a district attorney of Randolph County, Virginia. His family home, Colonial in architecture and imposing looking, is still standing today. It is now owned by the Astors of England. The little log cabin in which Mrs. Earle's mother was born is also still standing in Virginia. Back of it is a spring of water which she and her sisters used as a mirror when they went to the log cabin to live as refugees during the Civil War.

Mrs. Earle likes to think back upon that time when she attended a session of the Confederate

Travels in England.

WHEN I speak to classes in schools I often give the pupils a choice of subject.

I say: "Would you like to hear about Yellowstone Park, old-time Indians, my travels in Europe or the stars and planets?"



The outside of the house in which Shakespeare is believed to have been born.

One of the most frequent choices is the European travels talk. After speaking on that subject, I once received a batch of letters in which a pupil wrote:

"I wish you would write something like that in the Corner, just the way you told it to us in class."

Other children have asked me to tell about special countries in Europe, to help them with their topics in geography. So I have decided to write a series about my visit abroad, a few years ago.

The first country I went to was England. I landed in Liverpool and from there I rode down through the center of the country until I reached Stratford-on-Avon.

I noticed that the English railway cars are not so high as those of North America; but they are fast and give good service.

Stratford-on-Avon is known as the birthplace of William Shakespeare. I visited a house there which is said to be the one in which that famous poet

was born. I say "said to be" because there is really doubt on the point.

For a long time, however, that house has been considered the one where Shakespeare first saw the light of day. It was at one time owned by a man who was clever at making money. That man knew that many persons like to write their names on the walls of famous places. He decided to let visitors do so, but each one he charged a shilling or so.

Hundreds and hundreds of persons were willing to pay for the privilege. They wrote their names on the walls and also on the ceiling. Some of them even scratched their names on window panes. I was astonished to find among the names those of Sir Walter Scott and Thomas Carlyle.

Stratford is a lovely village and has a pretty river—the Avon—winding through it.

Ft. Worth's Most Disastrous Fire 18 Years Ago Today

Today is the eighteenth anniversary of the most disastrous fire in Fort Worth's history.

Originating in a barn at Tucker and May Streets at 1:30 p. m., April 3, 1909, a fire, within three hours, swept 17 blocks and destroyed property estimated at \$2,000,000. One man died in the fire. Scores were injured.

The burned area, covering 16 acres, was bounded by Railroad Avenue (now Rio Grande), Tucker Street, Jones Street and Jennings Avenue.

Two hundred residences and many business establishments were destroyed. The Broadway Baptist and the Broadway Presbyterian Churches burned.

The origin of the fire was believed to have been a blaze started by small boys smoking cigarets in a barn.

Soon after the fire rebuilding started. Within a few years all traces of the blaze were wiped out. Larger and finer churches took the place of the two destroyed.

HISTORICAL EVENTS IN JANUARY

1. New Years.
2. U. S. Flag first raised 1776.
3. Battle of Princeton 1777.
4. Utah becomes state 1896.
5. Capt. John Smith captured 1605.
6. Epiphany.
7. 1st Telephone across Atlantic 1927.
8. Battle of New Orleans 1815.
9. First shot in Civil War 1861.
10. Standard Oil Co. Inc. 1870.
11. Peace treaty England and U. S. 1784.
12. First practical locomotive 1825.
13. Fuelless Mondays began 1915.
14. Prohibition went into effect 1920.
15. Electric Trolley patented 1892.
16. American Revolution ended 1783.
17. Panama Canal treaty signed 1903.
18. National election day fixed 1845.
19. Gold discovered in California 1848.
20. 1st Colored regiment formed 1863.
21. Bessemer Steel Converter pat. 1859.
22. Incandescent light patented 1880.
23. Panama Railroad completed 1855.
24. Gov. Goebel assassinated 1900.

"Jack dear, why are some women called Amazons?"

"Well, my dear, I remember learning that the Amazon River has the largest mouth—"

And then the door slammed.

"I won ten dollars at cards last night."

Honestly?"

"Well, I won it."

SENTENCE SERMONS

No Life Is a Failure—

—Which has left beauty where ugliness was.

—Which has left a bit of truth where error was.

—Which has set some defeated one to trying again.

—Which has put some wayward lad back on the path of righteousness.

—Which has made the road smoother for the aged and infirm.

—Which has brought clean laughter to the lips of the despairing.

Teacher (trying to explain what a husband is) "Now Johnny what would I have if I got married?"

Johnny: "A baby."

Beginning The Day

Justice is the only worship. Love is the only priest. Ignorance is the only slavery. Happiness is the only good. The time to be happy is now. The way to be happy is to make other people happy. —Ingersoll.

Wonderful Endurance.—Deacon.

"So your congregation didn't give you a vacation last year?"

Minister: "Not a week; not even a day."

Deacon: "Well! well! They are the hardest people to tire out I ever heard of."

—Baptist Courier.

Sweet young thing (watching farmer operate tractor) "Why are you running that steam roller over the field?"

Farmer Yoates: "I'm raising red potatoes this year."

The Rode To Fort Worth By Stage

Mrs. Mary Bell Boaz Recalls Interesting Incidents of Civil War

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the second of a series of articles on prominent women of Fort Worth whose lives have been woven in with the history of the city. The series has been compiled by Mrs. J. W. Foadexter, chairman of the Texas scrap-book committee for the Woman's Club.

SIXTEEN years before there were any railroads in Fort Worth, Mrs. Mary Bell Boaz rode into the little frontier settlement of Fort Worth on a stage coach. That was in 1860. She was born 12 years before at Pirtle, Texas, the present site of the great Kilgore oil fields.

Mrs. Boaz, Mary Bell Anderson she was then, at the death of her mother, had come to Fort Worth with a sister, to live with her grandparents, Major and Mrs. Dickson. Major Dickson was one of the first merchants of Fort Worth, and his home then was at the west corner of First and Houston Streets.

At Seima, Texas, where Mrs. Boaz had lived shortly before coming to Fort Worth, she had learned to spell from an old Blue Back speller, and to read from an old McGuffey reader. Upon her arrival here she entered a private school. That was in the days before there were any public schools in Fort Worth, but even this private school was closed when the Civil War came on, and there were no schools of any kind for several years afterwards.

WHEN the men of Mrs. Boaz's family went to war, her grandfather moved his family to a place six miles southeast of town. There were no banks in Fort Worth at this time, and the grandfather had sold his mercantile business for \$14,000. He had put the money, all gold and Mexican silver, in a box and had buried it on the land of his home. One day he sent his granddaughters out to play, called their two aunts, and said:

"I want to show you where I have hidden the money."

He took them to a fence in the corner of a wooded pasture about 300 feet south of the house and pointed to a tree about 40 feet away.

"The money," he said, "is hidden just halfway between this corner and that tree, about 15 inches underground. And he left the spot admonishing the aunt to keep the hiding place a secret.

A month went by. Information from the battlefields was discouraging. One day Mrs. Boaz's aunt went to a house nearby, leaving her and the other children with an old negro mammy. Three horsemen rode up shortly afterwards and asked to see Major Dickson, who had gone to Fort Worth that morning.

"When will he be back?" they questioned.

"He didn't say, but sometimes when it is bad weather he remains several days in town at the boarding house of Mr. Bengel," Mary Bell Anderson told her inquirers. The men rode on.

"We couldn't understand, tho," Mrs. Boaz says, "why three healthy men were not in the army. It was our relatives. When grandfather returned he told of men who had robbed several old men near Johnson Station and Dr. Marshall a few miles north of town. These were the men."

But fortunately they knew nothing of the buried treasure. It remained hidden in a pot and kettle until the close of the war, when Mrs. Boaz's grandfather dug it up. But he left the pot and kettle, which in recent years was dug up by a farmer tilling the soil on the same land.

DURING the days of the Civil War a neighbor taught Mrs. Boaz and her sister how to card, spin and weave cloth, and they soon learned to make many things for themselves and the soldiers.

Two of Mrs. Boaz's uncles were killed in battle, and even today, she says, the gruesome song of the whip-poor-will, which she heard at night so often in Civil War days brings back sad memories.

A Bible was sent to Mrs. Boaz which was in the possession of her

uncle, Powell Dickson, who fell on the battlefield at Pea Ridge, Ark. This she read and studied all during the war.

As the war continued, the blockade prevented goods from being brought in, except thru Mexico. Mrs. Boaz's grandfather had saved out, when he sold his mercantile business, a large trunk full of staple goods, also a large sack of coffee. But this was exhausted before the blockade ended, so her family, like other early families living along the frontier, faced trying times.

It was not until the close of the war, when Texans began to turn their longhorn cattle into gold dollars, that the early settlers were able to retrieve their war losses. When 12,000 head of longhorn cattle passed up the trail to Kansas City, Mrs. Boaz recalls that it was an eventful occasion.

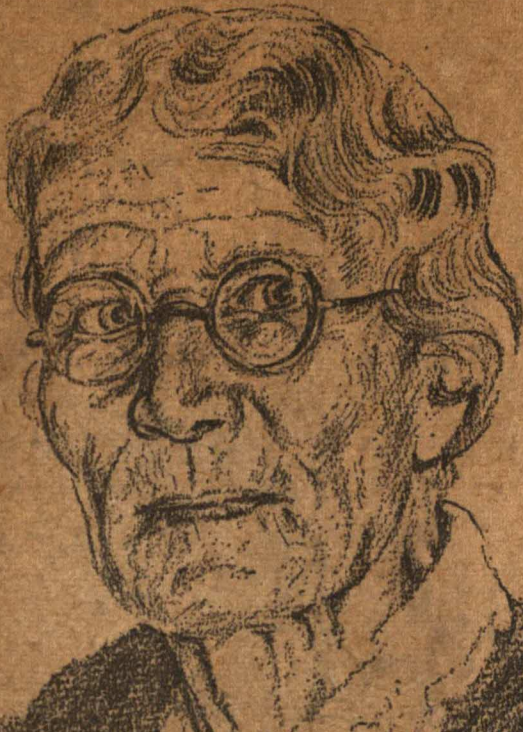
Other events in these early days were the prayer meetings and camp meetings, which were held on Sycamore Creek, near where Glen Garden Country Club is now located.

the pleasure that the spelling bees, held in the old courthouse, afforded. And she remembers well when her side was spelled down on the word pfoeffment, a word used in court.

Mrs. Boaz's husband, the late W. J. Boaz, was in the banking business here for many years. He and the late Major K. M. Van Zandt fought in the Confederate army together in the last year of the war.

Tho 85 today, Mrs. Boaz is still young in her viewpoints and she takes an active interest in the management of her large estate. She is a great reader and a student of history. One of her hobbies is collecting clippings for scrapbooks. Some of her clippings date back many years. This past year she has been compiling a scrapbook on material bearing on the cause of the depression.

Mrs. Boaz makes her home with her daughter, Mrs. C. C. Gumm, 1416 Elizabeth Boulevard. She has another daughter, Mrs. L. B. Comer, and five sons, Wallace, Clem, Sam and Ernest, all of whom live in Fort Worth.



Sara Louise: You remind me of the ocean.

Holcomb: Wild, romantic, restless—?

Sara Louise: No, you just make me sick.

English Prof.: As we go out of doors on a cold winter's morning and look all about us, what do we see on every hand? Fish Connie Mae: Gloves, sir!

Wooden Scraps Carved Into Beautiful Clock

Ax Handles, Bicycle Wheel And Desk Parts Are Used in Novelty.

A CLOCK is a clock any way you take it, but there is a vast difference between the \$3.45 kind that gets you to work on time and the kind that Dr. Earl D. McBride has in his hospital at 717 North Robinson avenue.

This one is twenty-seven years old and is made of old hickory ax handles, a bicycle wheel, walnut strips and pieces of old discarded desks out of the first Oklahoma school house.

Doctor McBride came into possession of this handsome piece of handwork through a relative and not until a few years ago did he know the history of it.

A man came to the hospital one day to have his small daughter's broken arm set. Wandering around the waiting room, he saw this old clock, and recognized it as the one which he whittled on for many hours and told Doctor McBride the story.

It was first started by Frank Sheppard in Edmond. Sheppard was considered a very good draftsman, and unusually clever and ingenious, so he decided after constructing a device by which he could play several musical instruments at once, that he would invent a clock.

The clock was made entirely by hand, had no screws at all but was held in place by wooden pegs. Sheppard had nothing to follow in designing the intricate mechanism, which is all wooden. The figures are Roman, made from hickory ax handles, and the outline of the face is an old bicycle wheel, varnished now so that it would never be recognized as such. The hands are walnut, with hickory wood design on them, and the wheels are made from the old red desks. When it was first made, the clock had no case, and it hung for years in an old barn at Edmond.

Some one recognized the worth of the piece of work and had it

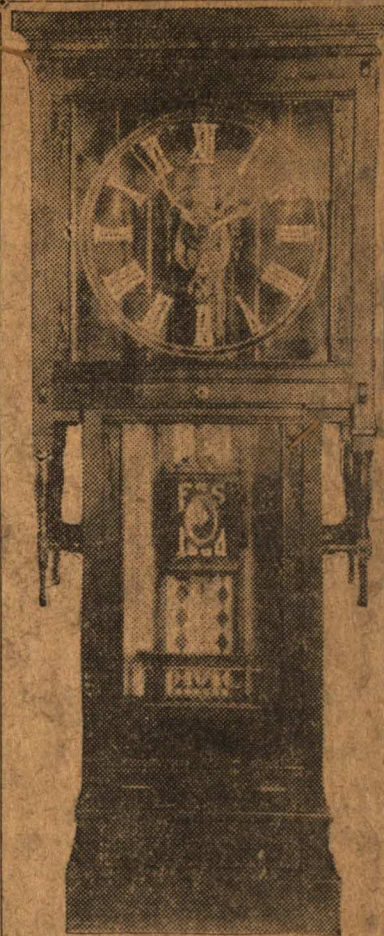
Letters From Camp. XVIII. A PLOVER'S TRICK. Kingfisher Roost.

AS I was walking along a country lane, I became aware of a bird which was making a frightened noise. It was a plover and was no doubt the parent of a brood of young ones, with a nest in the nearby field.

The sound of fright was not my only proof that the plover had a nest to protect. The bird alighted in front of me, and ran along the lane. It ran at just about the same speed as I walked, and to my surprise it turned the corner when the roadway veered sharply to the left. I wondered how long the bird would remain on the ground. It did so for almost a quarter of a mile!

While the bird was running ahead of me it was uttering call notes which sounded like kuh-ruh, kuh-ruh, cry-baby, cry-baby. One might fancy it was calling me a name; but I assure you that I was not crying.

The plover came to a mud puddle, flew over it, started running again, and then rose into the air with quick



cleaned and put in a handsome walnut case.

Every wheel had to be computed mathematically as to the size of the wheels and the number of cogs in each. There is even a minute hand and a wooden pendulum, in which there is a picture of the inventor.

The clock is wound with a huge crank, which lifts up the heavy weight and causes the clock to run. Doctor McBride says that it keeps excellent time and never needs re-

round and round until at last it was flying toward the spot from which it had come.

I'll bet that little bird was thinking, as it flew away: "Well, I fooled him that time, all right! I led him on a chase, and kept him from finding the nest which holds my little ones!"

The trick which the plover thought it was playing on me is an old one in the bird world. The parents—both mothers and fathers—of many different kinds of birds try to lead strangers away from their nests. To do so, they run or fly noisily away. Sometimes they even pretend to be lame, limping away from the one who has come too close, in the hope that he will be kept from finding the nest.

It seems to me that such actions of birds are heroic. The parents expose themselves to danger—perhaps even to death—for the sake of their young.

There are several kinds of plovers. One kind is known as killdeer, because it cries "killdeer, killdeer" while in the air.

Wonders of the Air

The air pressure on the floor of a room of this size is four hundred-tons. Ceiling and Side walls have a proportionate pressure.

The reason they do not collapse is because the pressure is the same on all sides.

If it were possible to exhaust all the air from the interior of our strongest structures, they would collapse like a house of cards.

It surrounds us on every side. We could not live ten minutes without it; yet we never see it.

It presses on our bodies at the rate of a ton to a square foot; yet we never feel it.

The air in a room twenty feet square and ten feet high, if at a temperature of seventy degrees and fairly moist contains 231 pounds of Oxygen, 61 pounds of Nitrogen and approximately 3 quarts of water vapor.

Eclipses for 1928.

In the year 1928 there will be five Eclipses, three of the Sun and two of the Moon.

I—A Total Eclipse of the Sun, May 16th, not visible here. Visible to southern part of Africa, south Atlantic and Indian Oceans.

II—A Total Eclipse of the Moon, June 3rd, invisible here; the beginning and northern borders of Europe, the Atlantic Ocean, North America, South America.

III—A Partial Eclipse of the Sun, June 17th, invisible here.

IV—A Partial Eclipse of the Sun, November 12th, invisible here.

V—A Total Eclipse of the Moon, November 27th, visible here. The beginning visible generally in the western and northern borders of Europe, the Atlantic Ocean, North America, South America.

**Pioneer Fort Worth
Born Week First
Telegram Sent**

Editor's Note—This is one of a series of stories on women who came to Fort Worth in the early days. The data for the series have been compiled by Mrs. J. W. Poindexter, chairman of the Texas scrapbook of the Woman's Club.

WHILE Texas was yet a Republic, knocking at the door of the United States for admission as a State, and the great patriot, Isaac Van Zandt, minister from this Republic, was in Washington interceding for it, Ida Van Zandt Jarvis, his youngest child was born. That was in 1844, the very week that Morse sent his first telegram from Baltimore to Washington announcing the nomination of Polk for president.

Colorful personages, as colorful as any pioneers who ever blazed the trail to Texas, were Mrs. Jarvis' parents. The local chapter of the Daughters of the Republic is named for her mother, Frances Cooke Van Zandt. Her father not only served as minister to Washington from the Republic and signed the document in 1845 with John C. Calhoun and Pinkney Henderson that brought Texas into the United States, but he framed the famous Texas Homestead Law. That stands today, as he drafted it.

He framed it largely as a result of a misfortune that came to him and his wife in 1837. Everything they had went to his creditors, even the bedding spun and woven by his wife. It was at this time, in 1837, that the fearless young couple, then living in Coffeerville, Miss., turned toward Texas, then a Republic.

Their trials and tedious journey brought them to an old fort on the deserted Sabine River where they paused to rest. Finding an abandoned hut, here they began life in the wilderness.

Later, young Van Zandt began to study law, and in a short time received his license to practice.

As a member of the Congress of the Republic of Texas, Mrs. Jarvis' father persuaded that body to grant a large tract of land for a college in East Texas, the present site of Marshall. And it was he who had the streets of Marshall located, surveyed and named.

MRS. JARVIS comes of a family with a longevity average of 90 years. Her mother lived to be 93; her brother, Dr. Isaac Van Zandt, is now nearing 93; her other brother, Major K. M. Van Zandt, died in 1930 at 93; her sister, Mrs. Fannie Beall, is now 90, and her other sister, Mrs. Louise Clough, was in her 90th year also when she died several years ago.

Mrs. Jarvis, as a young girl, went for two years to Franklin College in Nashville, Tenn. She was graduated at the Masonic Female Institute at the early age of 16 and was the only girl in the class who had successfully translated Odes from Horace into English.

At the age of 14, when Ida Van Zandt's pet dog had to be shot, her mother told her that she would grant her any wish she might make that was within reason. And her mother was never more surprised than when little 14-year-old Ida told her she wanted to adopt a baby boy left motherless. The wish was granted nevertheless and the baby, William, named after



Mrs. Jarvis grandfather, became a member of the household, but only lived to be 17 years of age.

In 1856, Miss Van Zandt married J. J. Jarvis, then district attorney of the Fifth District, composing five counties including his home county, in which Marshall is located. In 1872, four years before the coming of the railroads, Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis located here.

At this time, Mrs. Jarvis found only one church housed in a small one-room building with two doors. The men went in and out one door and the women in and out the other, and, Mrs. Jarvis laughingly says, religiously kept on their own side of the church.

Mrs. Jarvis's first home here, a little three-room cottage with a rail fence around it, was where the Westbrook Hotel now stands. It was in this house, in 1873, that her son, Van Zandt Jarvis, at present a city councilman, was born. That was the year Fort Worth received its charter.

After the coming of the railroads there became a necessity, not needed before, for a charity organization. And it was then that the Associated Charities was organized, with Mrs. Jarvis as its first president.

When the Rescue League was organized by the late Mrs. Della Collins, Mrs. Jarvis became its president and served continuously in that position for 12 years.

Mrs. Jarvis also helped to organize the Kindergarten Association and worked with it until there was a kindergarten in every city school. She also helped organize the Fort Worth YMCA, and worked with the YWCA as long as her health permitted, serving as its honorary vice-president for several years.

When the branch of the WCTU was organized in Fort Worth, Mrs. Jarvis joined its ranks. She also was a member of the Texas Woman's Franchise Branch, a group active in obtaining the vote for Women.

**Member of Early Day
Family Active in
Civic Work**

president of the Woman's National United Christian Missionary Society.

She has raised three classes of boys in her Sunday School at the First Christian Church, and she is proud to say that out of her classes have come 10 deacons, six elders, seven preachers and one missionary.

The other important roles that Mrs. Jarvis has filled or is filling, are almost too numerous to enumerate. She served as the second president of the City Federation of Women's Clubs, and is now an honorary member of the Woman's Club. She also is a charter member of the Library Association, a charter member of the Baby Hospital, and a member of the board which gave \$100,000 to the United Christian Missionary Society. Most of the amount went to TCU.

Mrs. Jarvis has always been vitally interested in the work of a negro school near Hawkins, Tex., to which her husband gave 456 acres of land.

Once when a young preacher needed funds to continue his ministerial course, she published her Texas Poems to help educate him. He is now pastor of one of the Dallas churches, and has been its pastor for 12 years.

Mrs. Jarvis makes her home with her daughter, Mrs. John I. Burgess, 2300 Weatherbee. She has a winning smile, a remarkable mind, a keen sense of humor, and no one keeps any more abreast of the times than she.

Mrs. Jarvis has reared three children, Mrs. Burgess, Van Zandt Jarvis, and Dan Jarvis, who now lives in Florida.

MRS. JARVIS has been a member of the First Christian Church 67 years. She has been to 17 National Christian conventions, and for 27 years did not miss a state Christian convention. For five years she served as state

Pioneers Married 60 Years



Maj. and Mrs. M. G. Ellis, 1616 Worth Street, pioneers of Tarrant County, who celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary recently with a dinner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Ellis Jr., Mistletoe Boulevard.

Mrs. McCollum, Fort Worth; two grandsons, Homer McCart and J. W. Lynch Jr.; a nephew, James M. Ellis, Fort Worth, and three nieces, Mrs. Fannie DuBose, Mrs. A. E. McKee and Mrs. Mary Rhinehart, Fort Worth. Robertson-Mueller-Harper Funeral Home has charge of arrangements.

**MAJOR ELLIS,
PACKING FIRM
FOUNDER, DEAD**

**Pioneer Real Estate Man
Played Part in Making
City's History**

WAS 85 YEARS OLD

**Funeral Set for Thursday
At Home of His Daughter,
Mrs. H. K. McCollum**

Maj. Merida G. Ellis, 85, president and founder of the first packing company and stockyards in Fort Worth and a pioneer who made early day history here, died today at his residence, 1616 Worth Street.

He had been confined to his home for the past six months.

Major Ellis was president of the Fort Worth Packing Company, from which the present stockyards, now the largest in the Southwest, grew.

He is also known as the "Father of North Fort Worth," as it was on his farm of 1360 acres that North Fort Worth and the stockyards were built.

He built and donated the first North Side school, the M. G. Ellis School, on the present site, 214 North East 14th Street.

Native of Texas.

Born April 22, 1847, at the family home three miles east of Denton, Major Ellis came here when Fort Worth was only a small army fort on the western cattle trails.

His parents died when he was a baby and he was reared on a farm near Sycamore Creek, about four miles from the courthouse, by his uncle, Samuel P. Loving.

He enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1862, serving until the close of the Civil War in 1865. During the past few years, he has been prominent in the Robert E. Lee Camp of Confederate Veterans.

At the close of the war, he went to West Texas where he got his start in the cattle business.

He returned to Fort Worth in 1867 to marry Miss Margaret Darier, and become a prominent merchant and business man.

He sold his mercantile business in 1882 and invested in North Side land and started the packing company.

Funeral Tomorrow.

He was president of the company until 1888, when he became a real estate dealer and capitalist.

Ellis and his wife built their first home at Tenth and Lamar Streets, the site being cleared for Fort Worth's new federal building.

Funeral services will be held at 5 p. m. tomorrow at the residence of a daughter, Mrs. H. K. McCollum, 1411 Summit Avenue. Rev. L. D. Anderson will officiate.

He will be given a military funeral with full Confederate honors by members of the R. E. Lee Camp. Burial will be in Pioneer's Rest.

Survivors are his widow; three daughters, Mrs. J. W. Lynch, Snyder; Mrs. H. C. McCart, and

- ### Historical Dates in February
1. Screw S. S. prope. pat. 1838.
 2. Candlemas Day.
 3. Ex-President Wilson died 1924.
 4. First Confederate Congress 1861.
 5. S. S. Tuscania torpedoed 1918.
 6. Aaron Burr born 1756.
 7. 1st Phone N. Y. to Chicago 1892.
 8. Gen Sherman born 1820.
 9. Weather Bureau est. 1891.
 10. Canada ceded to England 1763.
 11. Thomas A. Edison born 1847.
 12. Lincoln's Birthday.
 13. Gen. Ethan Allen died 1789.
 14. Valentine Day.
 15. Battleship Maine sunk 1898.
 16. Pres. Jefferson elected 1801.
 17. Jefferson Davis inaug. 1861.
 18. Phonograph patented 1878.
 19. Panama-Pacific Exposition 1915.
 20. General Sherman buried 1891.
 21. Washington's Birthday.
 22. Battle Buena Vista, 1847.
 23. Capture of Vincennes, Ind. 1779.
 24. First revolver patented 1836.
 25. Henry W. Longfellow born 1807.
 26. 15th Con. Amend't proposed 1869.
 27. 1st Am. Railroad chartered 1827.

- ### Historical Dates in March
1. First Am. Bank chartered 1780.
 2. Missouri Compromise Act 1820.
 3. War with Algiers 1815.
 4. Boston Massacre 1770.
 5. Massacre at the Alamo 1836.
 6. Battle of Pea Ridge 1862.
 7. Stamp Act passed 1765.
 8. Monitor defeated Merrimac 1862.
 9. Mexican treaty ratified 1848.
 10. Act to found Navy 1794.
 11. U. S. Post Office est. 1789.
 12. Standard Time adopted 1884.
 13. Cotton Gin pat. 1765.
 14. West Pt. Academy founded 1802.
 15. St. Patrick's Day.
 16. First Pension Act passed 1818.
 17. Stamp Act repealed 1766.
 18. Spring begins.
 19. Vera Cruz bombarded 1847.
 20. Aguineldo captured 1901.
 21. Embargo Act passed 1794.
 22. Florida discovered 1513.
 23. Foch Generalissimo of Allies 1918.
 24. Ether first used 1842.

- ### Historical Dates in April
1. Battle of Five Forks 1865.
 2. U. S. Mint established 1792.
 3. Richmond evacuated 1865.
 4. U. S. dec. War on Germany 1917.
 5. 2,009,031 Slaves in U. S. 1859.
 6. Gen. Lee surrenders 1865.
 7. 1st issue N. Y. Tribune 1841.
 8. Queen Anne war ends 1713.
 9. Fort Sumter bombarded 1861.
 10. Palm Sunday.
 11. Pres. Lincoln assassinated 1865.
 12. Steamer Titanic wrecked 1912.
 13. Confed. called 32,000 troops 1861.
 14. Virginia seceded 1861.
 15. Good Friday.
 16. Battle of Lexington 1775.
 17. Easter Sunday.
 18. Battle San Jacinto 1836.
 19. War with Spain 1898.
 20. Steven A. Douglas born 1813.
 21. First Newspaper issued 1704.
 22. J. Wilkes Booth capt. 1865.
 23. Last Conf. Army sur. 1865.
 24. Gen. U. S. Grant born 1822.
 25. Pres. James Monroe born 1758.
 26. Geo. Washington inaug. 1789.

- ### Historical Dates in May
1. Dewey's victory at Manila 1898.
 2. Stonewall Jackson shot 1863.
 3. 1st Med. School in U. S. 1765.
 4. Battle of Chancellorsville 1863.
 5. Battle of Wilderness 1864.
 6. Dr. Langley's Airplane flew 1896.
 7. Steamship Lusitania torpe. 1915.
 8. Battle of Palo Alto 1846.
 9. Lt. Byrd flew over N. Pole 1926.
 10. Ft. Ticonderoga captured 1775.
 11. Mothers Day.
 12. Jamestown settled 1607.
 13. 1st Constitutional convention 1787.
 14. Pres. Lincoln nominated 1860.
 15. Benj. Franklin died 1790.
 16. Lindbergh starts for Paris 1927.
 17. Lindbergh arrives in Paris 1927.
 18. Last Civil War skirmish 1865.
 19. McKinley Tariff Bill intro. 1890.
 20. 1st S. S. Crossed Atlantic 1819.
 21. Ralph W. Emerson born 1803.
 22. Morse Telegraph first used 1844.
 23. Noah Webster died 1843.
 24. Decoration Day.
 25. Johnstown Flood 1889.

- ### Historical Dates in June
1. Kentucky becomes State 1792.
 2. Maine adopts prohibition 1857.
 3. Jefferson Davis born 1808.
 4. Cong. intro. import duties 1873.
 5. Resolution of Independence 1776.
 6. Andrew Jackson died 1845.
 7. John Howard Payne born 1791.
 8. Wyo. grant'd women suffrage 1869.
 9. 1st lake steamer cross ocean 1891.
 10. Coolidge nominated 1924.
 11. Harriet Beecher Stowe born 1811.
 12. Flag Day.
 13. Trinity Sunday.
 14. Lincoln nom. for President 1860.
 15. Battle of Bunker Hill 1775.
 16. Senator LaFollette died 1925.
 17. De Soto, explorer, died 1542.
 18. Summer begins.
 19. 1st U. S. Troops in Cuba 1898.
 20. Penn's Treaty with Indians 1693.
 21. Cabot discovered N. America 1497.
 22. Custer Massacre 1876.
 23. 1st U. S. Troops in France 1917.
 24. Battle of Kenesaw Mountain 1864.
 25. Battle of Monmouth 1778.
 26. Molly Pitcher made Sergt. 1778.
 27. Indian Territory est. 1834.

- ### Historical Dates in July
1. Battle of Gettysburg 1863.
 2. Pres. Garfield assassinated 1881.
 3. Battle of Santiago 1898.
 4. Independence Day.
 5. Admiral Farragut born 1801.
 6. John Paul Jones born 1747.
 7. Hawaii annexed 1898.
 8. Bryan's Free Silver speech 1896.
 9. John Quincy Adams born 1767.
 10. Hull's invasion of Canada 1812.
 11. Atlantic Cable laid 1866.
 12. 1st World's Fair in U. S. 1853.
 13. Battle Chateau Thierry 1918.
 14. Capture of Stony Point 1779.
 15. Spanish Army surrenders 1898.
 16. West Point fortified 1779.
 17. Confederate Congress meets 1861.
 18. Battle of Bull Run 1861.
 19. Pilgrims leave for America 1620.
 20. U. S. Grant died 1885.
 21. Grant made General 1866.
 22. Wm. Jennings Bryan died 1925.
 23. 1st official mail car 1862.
 24. 14th Amendment proclaimed 1863.
 25. 1st U. S. Patent issued 1790.
 26. Plattsburg taken by British 1814.

- ### Historical Dates in August
1. First Nat. census started 1790.
 2. Columbus began first voyage 1492.
 3. Crown Pt. abandoned to Brit. 1759.
 4. Battle of Mobile Bay 1864.
 5. Gert'de Ederle swims Channel 26.
 6. U.S.-Can. Peace Bridge ded. 1927.
 7. 1st Locomotive run in U.S. 1829.
 8. 91st Commenc't Harvard Col. 42.
 9. Herbert Hoover born 1874.
 10. Robert Ingersol born 1833.
 11. Gen. Meritt took Manila 1898.
 12. U. S. Troops enter Pekin 1900.
 13. Panama Canal opened 1914.
 14. Battle of Bennington 1777.
 15. 1st practical steamboat 1807.
 16. 1st Iron smelted by electricity 0.
 17. Bat. Constitution & Guerriere 1.
 18. Pres. Benj. Harrison born 1833.
 19. New U.S. Cap. Bldg. started 181.
 20. 1st practical typewriter pat. 184.
 21. Battle of Long Island 1776.
 22. Petroleum discovered 1859.
 23. Oliver Wendell Holmes born 180.
 24. First Food Inspection Act 1890.
 25. Dem. nom. Gen. McClellan 1864.

- ### Historical Dates in September
1. Labor Day.
 2. U. S. Dept of Treasury org. 1789.
 3. Rev. War Treaty signed 1783.
 4. 1st Continental Cong. met 1774.
 5. Pres. McKinley assassinated 1901.
 6. I. Winthrop settled Boston 1630.
 7. St. Augustine settled 1565.
 8. French stop Germans at Marne 1.
 9. Burnside occupied Nashville 186.
 10. Battle of Lake Champlain 1814.
 11. St. Mihiel Salient attacked 1918.
 12. Scott enters Mexico City 1847.
 13. Star Spangled Banner written 1.
 14. Pres. Wm. H. Taft born 1857.
 15. New U. S. constitution signed 17.
 16. First Battle of Saratoga 1777.
 17. Pres. Garfield died 1881.
 18. 1st U. S. Daily Paper pub. 1784.
 19. Autumn begins.
 20. Black Friday 1869.
 21. British capture E. Allen 1775.
 22. Balboa discovered Pac. Ocean 15.
 23. British entered Philadelphia 177.
 24. Flogging in U. S. Navy abol. 18.
 25. 1st Telephone across U. S. 1918.
 26. Bulgaria surrendered 1918.

- ### Historical Dates in October
1. Major Andre hanged 1780.
 2. Battle of Corinth, Miss. 1862.
 3. Battle of Germantown, Pa. 1777.
 4. Pres. C. A. Arthur born 1830.
 5. 2nd Battle of Saratoga 1777.
 6. Battle of Perryville, Ky. 1862.
 7. Great Chicago Fire 1871.
 8. U.S. Naval Academy opened 1845.
 9. First Steam Ferry 1811.
 10. Columbus discovered Am. 1492.
 11. Cor. Stone of White House laid 179.
 12. Wm. Penn born 1644.
 13. Lincoln Monument dedicated 187.
 14. John Brown's insurrection 1859.
 15. Burgoyne surrendered 1777.
 16. Alaska ceded to U. S. 1867.
 17. Cornwallis surrendered 1781.
 18. Spain cedes Fla. to U. S. 1820.
 19. 1st Incandescent Light 1879.
 20. 1st Radio across Atlantic 1915.
 21. 1st boat on Erie Canal 1819.
 22. Daniel Webster died 1852.
 23. Wm. Penn reached America 168.
 24. Theo. Roosevelt born 1858.
 25. Statue of Liberty unveiled 1886.
 26. Philadelphia chartered 1701.
 27. Pres. John Adams born 1735.

- ### Historical Dates in November
1. Stamp Act becomes law 1765.
 2. Kansas adopts Prohibition 1880.
 3. Continental Army disbanded 1783.
 4. Gatling Gun patented 1862.
 5. Chinese exclusion act 1892.
 6. N. Y. adopts Women Suffrage 1917.
 7. Battle of Tippecanoe 1811.
 8. The "Trent" affair 1861.
 9. 1st settlement in Conn. 1635.
 10. Americans capture Montreal 1775.
 11. Armistice Day.
 12. Joseph G. Cannon died 1926.
 13. Pike's Peak discovered 1806.
 14. Great Fire in Boston 1872.
 15. Sherman's march began 1864.
 16. Panama Canal treaty signed 1905.
 17. Pres. J. A. Garfield born 1831.
 18. Queen Alexandria died 1925.
 19. Pirate "Blackbeard" cap. 1718.
 20. Gen. Schuyler born 1733.
 21. Battle of Chattanooga 1863.
 22. Queen Marie sailed for home 1926.
 23. British Army left U. S. 1783.
 24. 1st Street Ry. in U. S. 1832.
 25. Thanksgiving.
 26. Detroit surrendered to Brit. 1760.
 27. Davis elected Pres. of Conf. 1861.

- ### Historical Dates in December
1. Monroe Doct. in msge. to con. 1823.
 2. Gen. McClellan born 1826.
 3. Wash.'s farewell to officers 1783.
 4. Pres. Van Buren born 1782.
 5. Lincoln's last msge. to Cong. 1864.
 6. U. S. declares war on Austria 1917.
 7. 1st written message to Cong. 1801.
 8. Indiana becomes state 1816.
 9. Wireless telegraph across Atl. 1901.
 10. Battle of Fredericksburg 1862.
 11. Geo. Washington died 1799.
 12. Battle of Nashville 1864.
 13. Boston Tea Party 1773.
 14. Prohibition passed congress 1917.
 15. Slavery abolished 1865.
 16. South Carolina secedes 1860.
 17. Winter begins.
 18. U. S. Marines in Nicaragua 1926.
 19. U. S. and England end war 1814.
 20. Christmas.
 21. Am. victory at Trenton 1776.
 22. Last survivor Bunker Hill d. 186.
 23. Pres. Wilson born 1856.
 24. Texas becomes State 1845.
 25. British burn Buffalo 1814.
 26. Am. assault Quebec 1775.

Customer: "Well, I was only looking for a friend and don't expect to buy."
 Clerk: "Well, ma'am, if you think she's in that remaining blanket up there, I'll take it down for you."
 "So glad to see you, dear. How are you getting on now that you are married?"
 "It's just like the Garden of Eden."
 "I'm glad to hear that."
 "Yes, we have nothing to wear and are in daily fear of being turned out."
 Smith: "So you have just regained your eyesight. How did you support yourself during the time you were blind?"
 Mary: "I ran just feel there is a mouse under my bed."
 Alice (sleepy): "That's all right. Just feel that there's a cat under there too."

THINK RIGHT

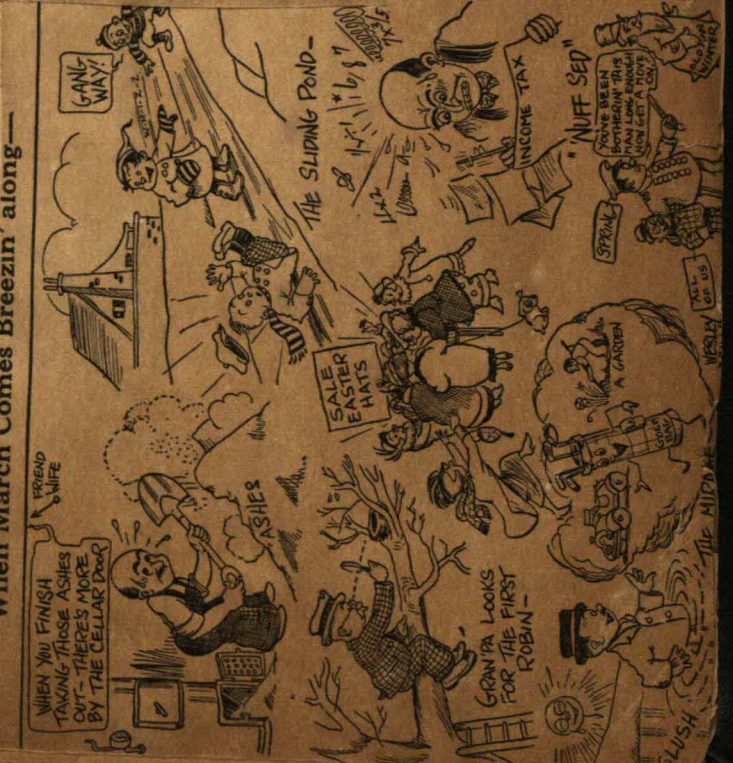
Think smiles and smiles shall be.
 Think doubt, and hope will flee.
 Think love and love will grow,
 Think hate and hate you'll know.
 Think good and good is here,
 Think vice its jams appear.
 Think joy and joy near ends,
 Think gloom and dusk descends.
 Think faith and faith's at hand,
 Think ill, it stalks the land.
 Think peace, sublime and sweet,
 And you that peace will meet.
 Think fear, with brooding mind,
 And failure's close behind.
 Think this I'm going to win,
 Not on what has been.
 Think "Victory": think "I can."
 Then you're a winning man.

Why is a fat woman in the summertime like a cannon?—J. H. W.
 Both of them use up a lot of powder.
 Do phrenologists make first-class taxi drivers?—Alys.
 No. They always want to go over the bumps.
 Why are the passengers on a steamship like college freshmen?—J. O. M.
 Neither especially enjoy a haze.
 Please explain to me the difference between an apple and a big army.—Genevieve.
 An apple has only one core, but a big army has many.

"Hubby, darling, I'm so glad—and to think you kept it a secret!"
 Wife (with dainty garment in her hands)—"Don't be silly. This is a new seat cover for our Austin car."

First Call
 Lord Babbling-ton was instructing his new colored servant in his duties, adding: "Now, Zeke, when I ring for you, you must answer me by saying, 'My Lord, what will you have?'"
 A few hours afterward, having occasion to summon the servant, his lordship was astonished with the following: "My Gawd, what does you want now?"
 The difference between an elephant and a mite is that one carries a trunk and the other the grip.
 "Pop, I got in trouble at school today, and it's all your fault."
 "How's that, my son?"
 "Well, you remember when I asked you how much a million dollars was?"
 "Yes, I remember."
 "Well, teacher asked me today, and hehwa lot isn't the right answer."

Timely Togs
 A husband found some holes in his silk stockings and said, "Wife, dear, why haven't you mended these?"
 "Hubby, darling, did you buy me that opera 'no-no' you promised?"
 "Well, if you don't give a darn, I don't give a darn."

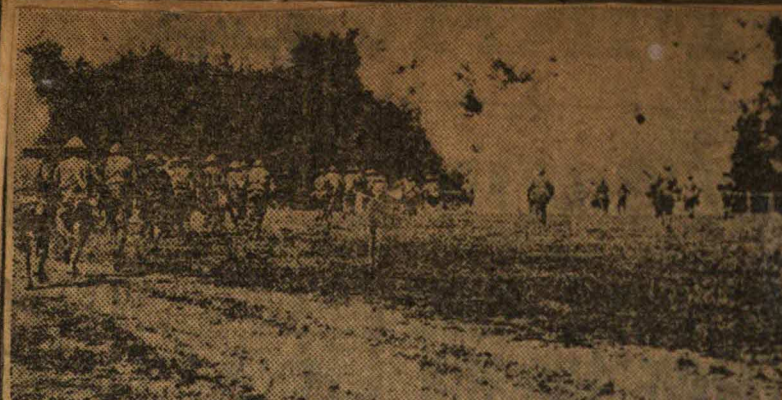




Sept. 27, 1918 - American soldiers fought their way for seven miles through the Argonne Forest.



Nov. 11, 1918 - Two days later German envoys met Allied commissioners in this railway car and signed the armistice.



June 6-11-1918 - Marines and regulars of the First and Second divisions overwhelmed crack German troops at Chateau Thierry and swept through Belleau Wood.



Sept 13, 1918 - The famous St. Mihiel salient gave way before the attacks of American soldiers.



May 4, 1917 - A flotilla of U.S. destroyers arrived in British waters and began co-operating with the British navy.



Dec. 7, 1917 - Putting all her resources whole-heartedly on the side of the Allies, the United States declared war on Austria-Hungary.

Victoria Falls.

ON every continent there are waterfalls at points where the beds of rivers break off and let the water tumble down; but Africa is the home of the mightiest falls of the entire earth. Victoria Falls were discovered by David Livingstone in the year 1855.



A glimpse of Victoria Falls.

a river of great volume. The waters are clear blue, and as they approach the place of the "take-off" they are dotted with tree-clad islands. At the very brink of the falls there are islands which separate the waters before they leap below.

Victoria Falls are twice as high as Niagara Falls. The Zambesi River is more than a mile wide at the point where it plunges over, and one stretch of its water falls 343 feet.

The native name for the falls is "Mosi-oa-tunya," and it means "Smoke Makes Noise Here." The only "smoke" is the huge column of vapor which rises from below. The noise is a roar like thunder.

The islands at the brink prevent the river from making one continuous sheet of falling water; but the main fall has a width of more than a quarter of a mile.

The falls have cut a gorge through which they send water to the "Boiling Pot," a churning pool about 500 feet across. For 40 miles below the falls the Zambesi flows through a "grand canyon." It is not nearly so deep as the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, but with sides 400 feet high it presents a sight worth seeing.

He gave them their name in honor of Queen Victoria. If you have a map of Africa at hand, you may be able to locate the falls in the upper course of the Zambesi River.

The Zambesi rises in the highlands of South-central Africa, and as the mountain streams gather they form

He: "Now that we are alone, are you going to keep your promise?"

She: "Yes, the one I made to mother."

Tribes of Central Africa. Part II—Homes and Habits.

IN WEST-CENTRAL Africa is the Black Volta River, which flows through the Gold Coast colony. Along the banks of that river, the natives



Homes of Congo Natives.

build homes of great size, using soil to thicken the walls. One of these homes will hold as many as 150 persons, not counting cattle. The Dagari and other tribes of the region do not "put the pig in the parlor," but they put cows and oxen under their roofs.

In East-Central Africa, the homes are not nearly so large. They commonly have a round shape, with the roof forming a cone.

The Congo natives prefer homes of square or oblong shape, but some

are cone-shaped, the roofs being thatched with dry grasses. In many spots the African natives build homes which resemble those of the Seminole Indians—they have roofs held up by posts, but there are no walls. Here and there, lake-dwellings are found, but they are not common.

There are more than 500 negro tribes, and their villages vary a good deal in size. Some have only half a dozen or a dozen huts, while others boast a population of more than 100,000 persons.

If you were to make a journey through Africa, you might be astonished by the differences in the habits of dressing the hair. Some natives shave off their hair completely. Others let it grow and weave in false hair to make it seem longer. The masses of hair have been in some cases compared to sugar-loaves, and in others to tam-o-shanters.

When I mentioned the large number of tribes in Africa, you perhaps wondered about their language. The natives speak in simple words, and do not have a great number of expressions. Different tribes use different words, but they are common "root-words" which occur in many parts. Among the Congo people, "Nocki" means "come here," while "Nocki, nocki," means "Come here quickly."

Pres. American Nature Assn.

THE more one studies wild birds and animals, the more he is impressed with the fact that they are in many ways like humans. They seem possessed of the same elemental needs, governed by the same emotions of love, anger, jealousy, greed or faithfulness, and often they display a craftiness that rivals ours.

Take, for instance, those waterfront dwellers, the gulls.

Just as there are some people to whom the mere mention of a snowstorm is abhorrent, so there are gulls that cannot bear the thought of winter. When the first cold storms of late autumn sweep the bleak beaches, these birds depart for southern waters.

On the other hand, there are some people who revel in the snow and cold. So there are many gulls who seem to like winter. They brave numbing cold, ice and snowy gales to spend the winter months in the waters that harbor their summer nesting rookeries.

These winter residents gather in great regiments along the



A Thoughtful Gull.

waterfronts of cities, seeking bits of floating refuse for food. From time to time they perch on posts about the docks, as this pensive chap is doing, as though pondering whether, after all, it is wise to spend winter in such an unfriendly climate.

If there are fishing boats plying out of port, the gulls meet them, wheeling overhead by thousands, waiting a meal of fish offal.



June 28, 1919-In the hall of mirrors at Versailles, envoys of Germany and the Allied nations signed the treaty of peace.



June 26, 1917-With General John J. Pershing as commander-in-chief, the first American troops landed in France.



Nov. 3, 1917-The first clash between American and German soldiers. Three Americans were killed.

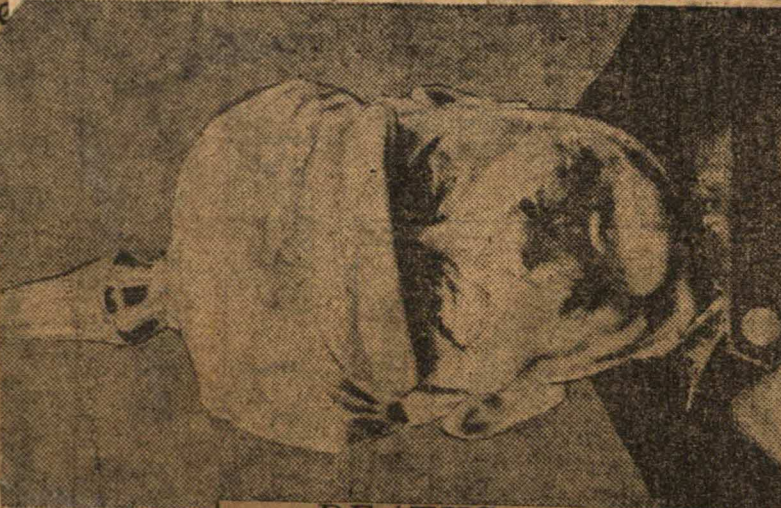


May 7, 1915-The sinking of the Lusitania first made Americans realize that they were liable to become involved in the World War.



May 18, 1917-With thousands of young men already at the army training camps, President Wilson signed the selective service act.

Miss Ray: Frank, where is Europe?
 Frank: On page eighty-five.
 Miss Simmons: What kind of a rock is this?
 W. O.: I just take it for granite.
 Gene: I'd hate to be way up there in an airplane.
 Grady: I'd hate to be way up there without one.
 Ita: Scientists say that mosquitoes weep. Is that true.
 Ruth: It's possible. Haven't you ever seen a moth ball?
 Francis Nan: Mary Virginia, I can't find the answer to this algebra problem.
 Mary Virginia: No wonder, you are looking in the back of your civics book.



Nov. 9, 1918 - Kaiser Wilhelm took to his heels, abdicating his crown and fleeing to Holland.

Mother: "Jane, aren't you getting too big to play with boys?"
 Jane: "No, mother, the bigger I get the better I like them."

SENTENCE SERMONS

- I Much Prefer—*
- To get a reputation for dependability than for brilliancy.
 - To become useful than to become clever.
 - The approval of my conscience to the approval of the crowd.
 - Little money with peace of mind to much wealth with many worries.
 - A book that makes me think to one that is merely recent.
 - A comfortable home to a luxurious house.

DEATHS

Farmer—Services for Miss Josie Farmer, 45, were held at 2:30 o'clock Tuesday afternoon at the Everman Methodist Church. Miss Farmer died at 12:30 o'clock Monday morning at her home on Everman Road. She had been ill for several years. She is survived by her mother, Mrs. W. M. Farmer, Everman; two brothers, G. P. and W. P. Farmer, Burleson, and three sisters, Mrs. Jimmie Race, Everman, and Misses Ada and Pearl Farmer, Burleson. Rev. R. B. Morgan officiated at the services and the pallbearers were Dr. E. P. Hall Sr., J. H. Mitchell, C. D. Wiggins, Claud Race, Earl Race and W. H. Farmer.

Hard Times

"I'd like to see something in lingerie for my wife," said a customer to a pretty sales girl.

"How about a brassiere? I have some for a dollar."

The depression had affected the poor man, he blushed and stammered: "I'd like something a little lower if you will show it to me."



Remains of Olden Wonders. SOME months ago, a news dispatch appeared in newspapers about the Great Sphinx. The dispatch reported that the legs of the sphinx had been uncovered. That was an interesting fact, but we must not suppose that it was the first time those legs had ever been laid bare. I have a sketch of the Great Sphinx as it appeared when uncovered more than 50 years ago; and it has often been in that state, though not for long. The ancient Pharaoh who caused the huge statue to be built, probably did not dream that many persons who lived in later times would see only the

head. He caused the body of a lion to be cut from granite, as a sign of his power. The head is believed to be an attempt at his likeness.

Desert sands have blown against the Great Sphinx as the thousands of years have passed, and the body for the most part has been covered. The head, however, has remained for the world to see; though the sand has hurt the face—especially the nose—the main outline is still fairly clear. The mouth is so large that it could easily swallow half a dozen men, if it could open.

The Great Sphinx is only one of the sphinxes which the modern traveler finds in Egypt. Some have the heads of hawks or rams, with the bodies of lions.

Among the other famous ruins of Egypt are those of the Temple of Karnak. This temple was one of the glories of olden Egypt. It was started by kings of a very early period, and almost 2,000 years passed before it was completed. The temple was about 1,300 feet long, and rose to a height of 80 feet or more. Today we find broad pillars standing in the midst of the ruins. Some of them are 60 feet high, and on top of each one there is space enough for 100 persons to stand.

Carved in the sandstone cliffs of another part of Egypt are four huge statues of Ramses the Second. Each one is about 75 feet high. Time has dealt kindly with the faces, and they are much better preserved than the Great Sphinx.



April 6, 1917—Congress voted that a state of war existed between Germany and the United States.

Jan. 31, 1917—Von Tirpitz, first lord of the German admiralty, proclaimed unrestricted submarine warfare.

Today's Anniversary

NATHAN HALE
TODAY is the birthday of Nathan Hale, the Revolutionary hero who gained immortality at the age of 21 by going to his death with his statement on his lips: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

Hale was born on June 9, 1755, and executed Sept. 22, 1776. When less than 16, he entered Yale College and graduated with honors at the age of 18. For two years he taught school, but at the outbreak of the Revolution joined the army at Boston and was made a captain.

His capture and execution at the hands of the British followed an attempt to spy on the English after the American army had been defeated in the battle of Long Island, when Washington was undecided whether his army was being surrounded or whether the British intended to follow up their victory with a direct attack.

According to tradition, the young patriot was betrayed by his own cousin. If his identity had been kept secret another hour, his plan would have succeeded.



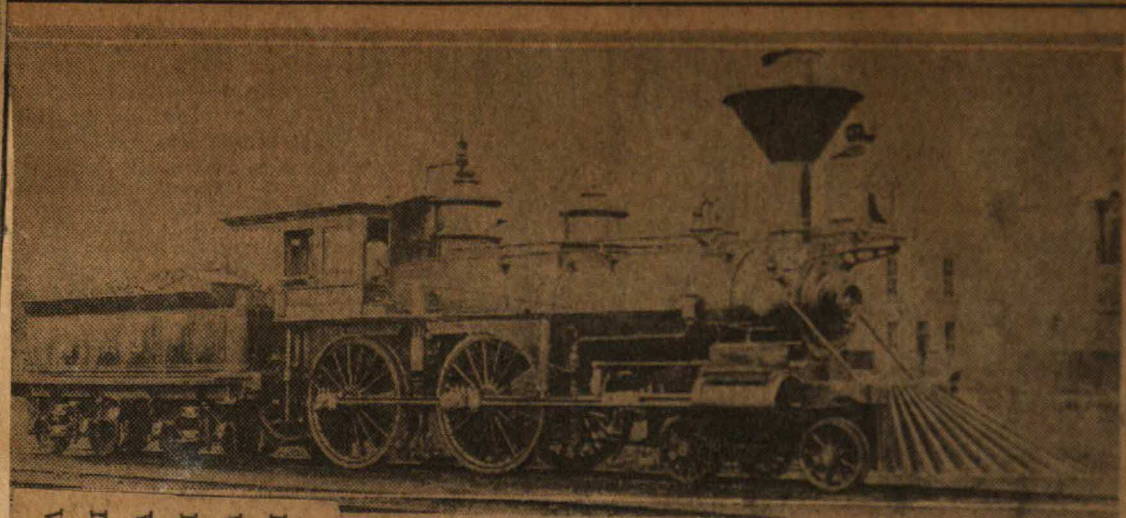
Two Irishmen were crossing the ocean. On the way Pat died and preparations were made for burial at sea. Instead of lead weights, which are commonly used, chunks of coal were substituted. When the last rites were performed, Mike looked long and earnestly at his friend and then exclaimed, "Well, Pat, I always thought you were going there, but I'm hanged if I thought they'd make you bring your own coal."

SMILE

There isn't any use to frown
When a smile does just as well.
There isn't any use to cry
When laughing cures the spell.
With every frown a friend we take
With every smile a friend we make.
Then the thing for us to do,
'Tis make friends lifelong and true,
Just by smiling, smiling, smiling.

A young man just out of college sought the advice of a hard-headed and successful business man. "Tell me, how should I go about getting a part in the great game of business?" "Sell your wrist watch and buy an alarm clock," was the laconic reply.

Early Locomotive Once 'Speed Demon'



One of the early locomotives that raced along the rails between Texas and St. Louis at the hair raising clip of 17 miles an hour. This type of engine drew the first "fast" St. Louis trains into this city and has been replaced by locomotives which have cut the schedule in half.

The Cannon Ball, the first "fast" train between Fort Worth and St. Louis, poared its way down the middle of the continent, left the natives in Arkansas speechless at its amazing speed and came to a snorting standstill in the old Texas and Pacific station that stood on Main Street.

'Fast' Wood-Burning Rail Engines of Old Recalled

Almost half a century ago the Cannon Ball, the first "fast" train between Fort Worth and St. Louis, poared its way down the middle of the continent, left the natives in Arkansas speechless at its amazing speed and came to a snorting standstill in the old Texas and Pacific station that stood on Main Street.

The Cannon Ball, being about the fastest thing on wheels, raced its way down the right-of-way and into Texas in a day and a half. It was the fore-runner of a fleet of fast trains that today make the run in half that time.

The locomotive, with its big cow-catcher, was the pride of the Middle West. It was the first coal-burning locomotive on the Missouri Pacific line. Its little wooden sleeping cars with their ornate woodwork were viewed with becoming wonder.

Today the two railroads that operate the Texan have another fast train from Fort Worth to St. Louis. The Sunshine Special makes the run in 18 hours and 5 minutes, approximately half the time that it took to make the run originally.

There were no dining cars. The passengers laid their telescopes on the red plush seats beside them and either ate their lunches out of a shoe box or left the train to eat in a restaurant where there often was squirrel, wild turkey, venison and sometimes bear meat.

The Missouri-Kansas-Texas Railway was one of the early roads to offer train service from here to St. Louis. In 1882 it did not offer through service but sent its sleeping cars over another road from Sedalia. It required 35 hours and 25 minutes to make the trip from here to St. Louis.

School bells bowed to the whistle of the locomotive. Many of them didn't ring until after the Cannon Ball had passed through so as not to endanger the lives of children crossing the tracks in the path of the speeding train.

The early Missouri Pacific trains were wood burners. The engines loaded up with wood when they left St. Louis. They refueled at set places along the route where cords of wood were stacked at the side of the tracks. If the train had made the run against a high wind and used a large amount of steam, it gave out of wood from one woodpile to the next. To cope with such emergencies the train carried a special crew of negro boys who ran down the track to the woodpile and carried it back to the waiting engine.

United States Cabinet Officers

- Secretary of State—Frederick B. Kellogg, Minnesota.
- Secretary of the Treasury—Andrew W. Mellon, Pennsylvania.
- Secretary of War—Dwight F. Davis, Missouri.
- Attorney General—John G. Sargent, Vermont.
- Post Master General—Harry S. New, Indiana.
- Secretary of the Navy—Curtis D. Wilbur, California.
- Secretary of the Interior—Hubert Work, Colorado.
- Secretary of Agriculture—William M. Jardine, Kansas.
- Secretary of Commerce—Herbert C. Hoover, California.
- Secretary of Labor—James J. Davis, Pennsylvania.
- Presidential Succession

The cabinet officers in the above list are named in the order in which they would succeed to the Presidency in case of removal, death, inability or resignation of President and Vice President.

JOKES

Walter Bond
"Father," said Thomas Stoddard, "I can beat anything in college."
"Well don't worry son, I'll see to it that you have plenty of rugs to practice on this summer."

"William, is there anything you can do better than anyone else?"
"Yes, I can read my own writing."

Miss Frances quizzing her 2B history: "What happened to Babylon?"
M. B. A. "It fell."
"What became of Ninevah?"
Bess J. "It was destroyed."
"And what of Tyre?"
Paul P. "It was punctured."

Results of Miss Jean's "Pure Food Lesson":

Eunice Southall finding a bad apple in her lunch returned it to her mother with a label pinned on it, "Refused as improper food for a hungry girl."

Another Review

"What is the capital of the Philippine Islands?"

"Manila."
"And of Sandwich Island?"

At first no one knew, but finally Ann McGann, smelling that delightful odor from the cooking room, had an inspiration, "Ham."

A bad boy wrote on the blackboard, "Teacher is a donkey." The other pupils anticipated ructions, but there were none. He merely wrote the word "driver" after donkey, and school began as usual.

Umpire: "Give us another ball, the cover is off of this one."

Mr. Craddock: "That's all right it's too warm for cover anyway."

See America First

Johnny—Do you know, dad, that in some parts of Africa a man doesn't know his wife until he marries her?
Dad—Africa isn't the only country where that happens, my boy.

Attractions

A city girl and a chorus girl
Are much alike, 'tis true.
A city is built with outsiders,
And a chorus girl is, too.

Hero of Nome Serum Race Wins Again!



The drive and courage which two years ago carried Leonard Seppala to Nome with precious serum while that Alaskan city lay in the grip of an epidemic, asserted itself again last week, carrying him to victory in the 133-mile point-to-point dog sled race at Whitesboro, N. H. He is shown with his two lead dogs, "Fritz" and "Pete."

Today's Anniversary

PANAMA CANAL BONDS
EIGHTEEN years ago today the United States treasury invited bids for \$50,000,000 worth of bonds to complete construction of the Panama Canal.

The total cost of this gigantic work was approximately \$355,000,000, but \$113,000,000 of this was written off to national defense, since it represented the cost of military features which would not have been necessary to make the canal merely commercially valuable to the nation.

The canal was opened for navigation Aug. 15, 1914. It is a little more than 50 land miles long; the minimum depth of the channel is 41 feet and in parts of Gatun Lake is about 80 feet. A five-mile-wide strip of land flanking the canal was purchased by the United States from Panama for \$10,000,000, plus an annual rental of \$250,000.

Since the opening of the canal, tolls have totaled almost \$30,000,000. About three times as much cargo moves from the Pacific to the Atlantic as in the opposite direction. Sugar from Hawaii and oil from California account for this

Don't Lose Your Head

It was late when Pat reached home. Not wishing to disturb his wife, he crept in on his hands and knees, but Fate intervened. He struck the bedpost. His wife, sleepily, putting out her hand, touched his head, and thinking it was the dog, began patting it. In telling this story, Pat said: "And the saints be praised! I had the presence of mind to lick her hand."



She: "I think twice before I kiss anyone kiss me."
He: "Oh, well, all right, but make it snappy!"

Lady—Don't you think it terrible for you to be smoking those awful cigarettes?

Tommy—Yes'm; but it's his best I kin do; me brudder took me pipe.

President, American Nature Ass'n.
EVERYONE has heard of the quivering aspen. It has appeared frequently as an important tree character in western stories, and poets have immortalized it by calling it a shining lady with a silvery dress. Those who have not heard of it in either of these connections may recall it as the roadside tree that was forever turning its leaves over, flashing them whitely in the lightest summer breeze, and causing horses to take fright and shy violently, in the old days when horses were driven on the roads. The leaves of the aspen trees are hung on long slender stems, and the faintest wind is sufficient to set them trembling in a dainty leaf dance. In autumn the leaves turn from silvery-green to gold, adding immeasurably to the beauty of the fall woods.

if you do not recall the aspen tree you may know it as the popular, for it goes by that name over much of its range. Man has found but few uses for it, owing to the softness of the wood, but in the wilderness it plays an important role on the menu of many creatures. Rabbits and deer feed on the buds and tender twigs during the winter months and grouse fly up among the branches and gather the sticky buds when deep snow covers all other food. More than any other animal, however, the beaver depends on the aspen for his winter diet. He sinks sections of it in his pond and lives all winter long on the tender bark.

WHAT HE'LL FACE
"I'd face a dragon to win that girl."
"You will. Wait till you meet her dad."—Detroit News.

A BAG OF MAGIC TRICKS.
1. Stunts With a Glass.
I THINK that most boys and girls enjoy doing "magic tricks," so I have decided this week to tell you how to perform a few. The tricks are not new, and I did not make them up myself; but in each case there will probably be some readers who will learn them for the first time.



The sheet of paper keeps the water from making a little Niagara Falls.

Today I want to tell you how to turn a glass of water upside down without spilling it. Fill the glass brimming full of water, and place a sheet of paper over the top. Then hold your hand over the paper and turn the glass over gently. Take away your hand and lo! the paper will not fall and neither will the water. At least I hope that it will be "lo!" It doesn't always turn out that way. I tried the trick the other evening.

The paper stayed where it belonged for a time; but after I had carried the glass from the kitchen sink to another room, there was a break in the performance. The paper fell and so did the water, in the midst of some good-natured laughter. I advise you to practice over the sink a few times and see just how long the paper will stick before you start exploring the rest of the house.

There's another trick with a glass which I haven't performed for several years, but it's a good deal of fun. Before you come into the midst of the audience, you should make your glass ready by pasting a round piece of pure white paper to the rim. (The round paper can be made the right size by first drawing a line around the rim of the glass and then cutting along the line.) Make sure that the paper does not stand out anywhere around the rim of the glass.

Now you are ready to do the trick. Rest the glass, rim down, on a white cloth over a library table. Tell those who watch that you will make a dime or a penny disappear. When the coin is laid on the cloth, cover your glass with a handkerchief, and set the glass over the coin. Then say: "Presto, change a dime into a penny, or something like that. Lift the handkerchief, and maybe the audience will gasp when they see that the coin is "gone."

- The Keat Run—**
- In your job is doing good work, not getting good wages.
 - In the battle of life is in fighting fairly, not in winning medals.
 - In getting an education is in finding out what you are capable of.
 - In forgiving an enemy is in getting the bitterness out of your own soul.
 - In being a father is in living life over again with your son.
 - In winning success is in having some one to appreciate it with you.
 - In living is in growing a soul worth saving.

Natureland

WHAT is probably the most extraordinary forest in the world occupies a tableland six miles in width, near the west coast of Africa. The tree trunks are as much as four feet in diameter, the trees only reach a height of one foot. No tree bears more than two leaves and the latter are sometimes six feet long.

INDEPENDENCE OF TEXAS IS CELEBRATED

The ninety-first anniversary of the signing of the Texas Declaration of Independence was observed Wednesday in all sections of the State. The observance here included the dismissal of the public schools, closing of the banks and a banquet at 7 p. m. at the Woman's Club, sponsored by ex-students of the University of Texas.

On March 2, 1836, a provisional government established by Texans in protest of what they deemed unjust laws passed by Mexico declared Texas' independence from that country. The trouble dated back to 1830 when Mexico, alarmed because 20,000 Americans had colonized in Texas, established a military rule in the State, closed all but one port and passed anti-slavery and anti-colonization laws.

Roused by these restrictive laws, the residents of Texas in 1832 called a convention to elect a president and ask Mexico to grant a separate government and other prerogatives to the State.

Santa Anna, who was then president of Mexico, in 1835 attempted to reduce Texas to a department and to collect duties. Open warfare followed and on March 2, 1836, the Declaration of Independence was framed and sanctioned by Henry Smith as Governor.

The brave stand of a group of Texans at the Alamo in February of the same year was followed by the Battle of San Jacinto on April 21, 1836, at which time a force of 1,400 Mexicans was defeated by 800 Texans. The Mexicans were routed completely in the engagement and their commander, Santa Anna, was captured. In the battle more than 600 Mexicans were killed and more than 700 taken prisoners. The Texans lost only 30 men in the battle.

Soon after the Declaration of Independence, Texas expressed a desire to be taken into the Union. The Northern States frowned on the annexation of so large a slave-owning territory. The first overtures toward annexing Texas were made during Van Buren's administration, but were unsuccessful.

In the presidential election of 1844 the annexation of Texas was made the issue and Polk won the nomination of a platform of annexation. Texas was admitted to the Union Dec. 29, 1845.

"What are you children doing? I thought you were playing together."
"We are playing fathers and mothers."
"But you don't need to make all that noise."
"Yes we do—she has just asked me for money for a new hat."
Betty: How did mama find out you didn't take a bath?
Billie: I forgot to wet the soap.

Samuels Avenue Oak Could Tell Real Love Story

BY HOWARD W. PEAK.

SOME 20 or more years ago in traversing Samuels Avenue to the city, one might have observed on the right-hand side and just opposite the Pioneer Cemetery, a lone grave enclosed in a dilapidated paling fence, beneath a stately oak tree. There was no stone, with name to mark it, and many wondered who was buried there. Since the time spoken of, the body has been transferred to the burial ground across the street, the fence removed and the tree cut down to make way for a building.

The following story will explain the circumstances relating to the grave, and give the name of the person who was buried there:

Just before the Civil War, Capt. Jackson M. Durrett and family came to Fort Worth and built a home on the bluff just north of the Courthouse Square. Being a man of kind disposition and an expert handler of the violin, and an ardent lover of amusements, the Captain soon became ingratiated into the hearts of the community and was sought to make music for dances and other local entertainments. Indeed, he became in time,

so endeared to all that he was familiarly called "Uncle Jack," which title he bore throughout his life.

"Aunt Fanny," his wife, was a dear old soul, and neighborly to a fault. Her only daughter, Mollie, who was just emerging in her teens when the family moved here, was a beautiful girl with long black hair that hung in curls over her shoulders, deep brown eyes, a sweet moulded face, and a stately figure which easily won for her the sobriquet "belle of the town."

Capt. Ed Terrell, the first white man to place his foot on the ground that Fort Worth now occupies, was at the time a resident, he having a large family, the elder of which was a son named David. This lad was in every respect manly and kind-hearted. He and Miss Mollie, being associated together, attending dances and occupying adjoining seats in school classes, became exceedingly fond of each other, a fondness which soon bloomed into love. As time went by their love grew stronger and stronger.

JUST northeast, and about three-quarters of a mile from the Pio-

neers Cemetery, situated near the west bank of the Trinity, there was a natural spring of gushing water, which, from its temperature was called the "Cold Springs." This spot was well-known to the Indians, who used it as a camping ground in the long ago. And it was from these springs that the garrison, during its occupancy of Fort Worth, got their Summer's supply of drinking water. And, for many years, water was hauled in barrels to the earlier residents of the town. And it is a mystery to the writer, who when a boy, has visited this refreshing spring often, as to what has become of it, for it was ever known to have continuous flow.

Near by this spring was a large grove of pecan trees, over which crept an umbrageous arbor of mustang grape vines, and this place, for the comfort furnished by shade and water, was pre-empted on occasions for holding camp meetings and holiday events by the populace.

On a Fourth of July in the early 70s, a grand celebration was staged to take place at the cold springs. This event contemplated a barbecue, horse

racing, tournaments, etc. It being election year invitations were extended all candidates in the county and district to be in attendance and a general welcome was given to all.

Among the attendants from town were David Terrell and Miss Mollie Durrett, both neatly clad in their very best, both looking charming indeed. The festivities, while pleasing to all in general, held but little charm for this enamored couple, they preferring each other's company to that of the maddening crowd, and so they retired to some sequestered retreat, there to more enjoy their own company and indulge in the fancies of their loving hearts.

WHEN the day's entertainment was over the crowd dispersed homeward bound, some riding in wagons, others in vehicles and horseback, but our entranced couple chose to meander home alone and afoot, that they might have greater opportunity to pursue their hearts' promptings.

Their pathway led across the intervening meadow and through the little cemetery wherein lay all of Fort Worth's dead, they sauntered for a while, and then trailed the fringes

of the Trinity's bluff homeward bound.

Spying a stately oak by the roadside, they paused beneath its boughs and there, as the shadows of approaching night gathered, they pledged their lasting fealty.

A few months intervened, when this betrothed pair consummated their union in a quiet home wedding and set out on life's highway with the well wishes of the entire community.

But alas, the irony of fate, scarcely had their honeymoon ended, when the happy bride, through an imprudent venture, was subjected to an exposure in a chilling storm and stricken with a fatal malady, lingered but a few days. David was constantly by her side, affording a sweet solace to her fast fleeting hours, and just before final dissolution, Mollie drew him close to her and whispered her dying request, that she be buried beneath the stately oak tree that witnessed their betrothal but a few months previously.

Her request was carried out. And but a short time after laying away his young bride, David left his home for the West and never was heard from again.

Wonders of the Human Body

The human heart weighs about ten pounds. It beats more than one hundred thousand times a day and pumps more than twenty tons of blood in the course of twenty-four hours.

The full capacity of the average human lungs is about three hundred and twenty gallons of air. In normal breathing, we inhale and exhale about six quarts of air a minute.

The capacity of the average human stomach is five pints. This organ processes nine pints of gastric juices each day to digest the food we eat.

The average person consumes about a ton of food each year.

If the 2,000,000 sweat ducts in the human body were put end to end, they would reach a distance of more than 4,171 miles.

Dead at 95

HALL, PIONEER, RITES THURSDAY

Texan of 73 Years Standing Once Owned Land Where Polytechnic Now Rests.

Funeral services for Archie H. Hall, 95, who came to Tarrant County 73 years ago, will be held Thursday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at the home of his son, Dr. E. P. Hall, 2233 Hemp-hill Street.

Hall died Tuesday morning in Weatherford at the home of his daughter, Mrs. H. T. Leach.

At one time Hall owned the land that is now Polytechnic Heights, on which he settled in 1853. The campus of Polytechnic College, now Texas Woman's College, is on land once owned by Hall.

Hall was a native of Flood County, Ky., and came to Texas in a wagon drawn by mules in 1852. He served in the army of the Confederacy under Capt. Joe Terrell.

The body will be received in Fort Worth by Harveson & Cole. Funeral services will be conducted by the Rev. C. S. Wright of Central Methodist Church, and the Rev. E. B. Hawk of First Methodist Church. Burial will be in Pioneers' Rest.

Pallbearers will be Lewis and Giles Tandy, P. E. Parman, Porter True, Lewis Rowland and Charlie Purvis. Honorary pallbearers will be Maj. K. M. Van Zandt, George Chappell, Duff Purvis, M. W. Hurdleston, C. R. Vickery, S. S. Dillow, Tom Bryan, A. B. Curtis, O. D. Weaver, Henry Bradford, Cign Bonz, C. C. Gamm, Dr. K. H. Beall, John P. King and J. B. Craddock.



Archie H. Hall, one of the early settlers of Tarrant County, who died at his home in Weatherford Tuesday.

Mary: "Isn't Rover a naughty dog? He ate my doll's slipper."

Mother: "Yes, darling, he ought to be punished."

Mary: "I did punish him. I went awright to the kennel and dwank his milk."

HELP IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS

- Lightning.** Dash cold water over a person struck.
- Stings of Venomous Insects, etc.** Apply weak ammonia, oil, salt water or iodine.
- Fainting.** Place flat on back; allow fresh air, and sprinkle with water. Place head lower than rest of body.
- Tests of Death.** Hold mirror to mouth. If living, moisture will gather. Push pin into flesh. If dead the hole will remain, if alive it will close up. Place fingers in front of a strong light. If alive they will appear red; if dead, black or dark. If a person is dead decomposition is almost sure to set in after 72 hours have elapsed. If it does not, then there is room for investigation by physician. Do not permit burial of dead until some certain indication of death is apparent.
- Clinders in the Eye.** Roll soft paper up like a lamp-lighter, wet tip to remove, or use medicine dropper to draw it out. Rub the other eye.
- Fire in One's Clothing.** Don't run—especially not downstairs or out-of-doors. Roll on carpet, or wrap in woolen rug or blanket. Keep the head down, so as not to inhale flame.
- Fire from Kerosene.** Don't use water, it will spread the flames. Dirt, sand, or flour is the best extinguisher, or smother with woolen rug, table-cloth, or carpet.
- Suffocation from Inhaling Illuminating Gas.** Get into the fresh air as soon as possible and lie down. Keep warm. Take ammonia—20 drops to a tumbler of water, at frequent intervals; also 2 to 4 drops tincture of nux vomica every hour or two for five or six hours.
- Colonel Lindbergh's Flight from New York to Paris**
private citizen.
In the United States, his name was on every tongue, his feat the main topic of discussion. The crowd that acclaimed him and the honors showered upon him would have turned any head not amazingly well balanced, but Colonel Lindbergh refused to become excited or inflated with any sense of his own importance.
- On May 20, 1927, Chas. A. Lindbergh left New York for Paris in a single passenger airplane. He landed in Paris on May 21, having covered the entire distance, some 3600 miles without a stop, in less than thirty-four hours. Europe and America joined in doing him honor. Belgium, England and France accorded him honors and decorations never before given to an American.**
- Drowning.** 1. Loosen clothing, if any. 2. Empty lungs of water by laying body on its stomach, and lifting it by the middle so that the head hangs down. Jerk the body a few times. 3. Pull tongue forward, using handkerchief, or pin with string, if necessary. 4. Imitate motion of respiration by alternately compressing and expanding the lower ribs, about twenty times a minute. Alternately raising and lowering the arms from the sides up above the head and stimulate the action of the lungs. Let it be done gently but persistently. 5. Apply warmth and friction to extremities. 6. By holding tongue forward, closing the nostrils, and pressing the "Adam's apple" (so as to close entrance to stomach), direct inflation may be tried. Take a deep breath and breathe it forcibly into the mouth of patient, compress the chest, to expel the air and repeat the operation. 7. DON'T GIVE UP. People have been saved after hours of patient, vigorous effort. 8. When breathing begins, get patient into a warm bed, give warm drinks, or spirits in teaspoonfuls, fresh air and quiet.
- Burns and Scalds.** Cover with cooking soda and lay wet cloths over it. Whites of eggs and olive oil. Olive oil or linseed oil, plain or mixed with chalk or whiting. Sweet or olive oil and lime-water. Dr. Kilmer's U & O Ointment should always be kept handy for such emergencies.
- Sunstroke.** Loosen clothing. Get patient into shade and apply ice-cold water to head. Keep head in elevated position.
- Mad Dog or Snake Bite.** The cord tight above wound. Suck wound and cauterize with caustic or white-hot iron at once, or cut out adjoining parts with a sharp knife. Give stimulants—whiskey, brandy, etc.

A THOUGHT FOR TODAY: Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.—Matthew 7:7.

Heaven ne'er helps the man who will not act.—Sophocles.

Now That's Different

"Father," said Jimmy, running to the drawing-room, "there's a big black cat in the dining-room."

"Never mind, Jimmy," said the father, drowsily; "black cats are lucky."

"This one is; he's had your dinner!"



DEATH OF COLUMBUS

TODAY is the anniversary of the death of Christopher Columbus in Valladolid, Spain. History has treated the memory of this great discoverer more kindly than the men of his town time treated him. As a result, the important dates of his life are fixed more definitely than those in the lives of many more recent historical characters.

He died, in poverty and obscurity, on May 20, 1506. A few months before he had made a futile trip to Segovia to plead with the king for some recognition of his rights in the lands he had discovered. He pleaded in the name of his son.

Columbus' body was placed in the Carthusian monastery at Seville, but in 1542 it was removed, with that of his son, Diego, to be interred at San Domingo. When that island was ceded to France in 1695, a transfer was again made, to the cathedral of Havana. Then, when Spain lost Cuba in 1898, the bones of the father and son were taken back to their homeland and placed in the cathedral of Seville.

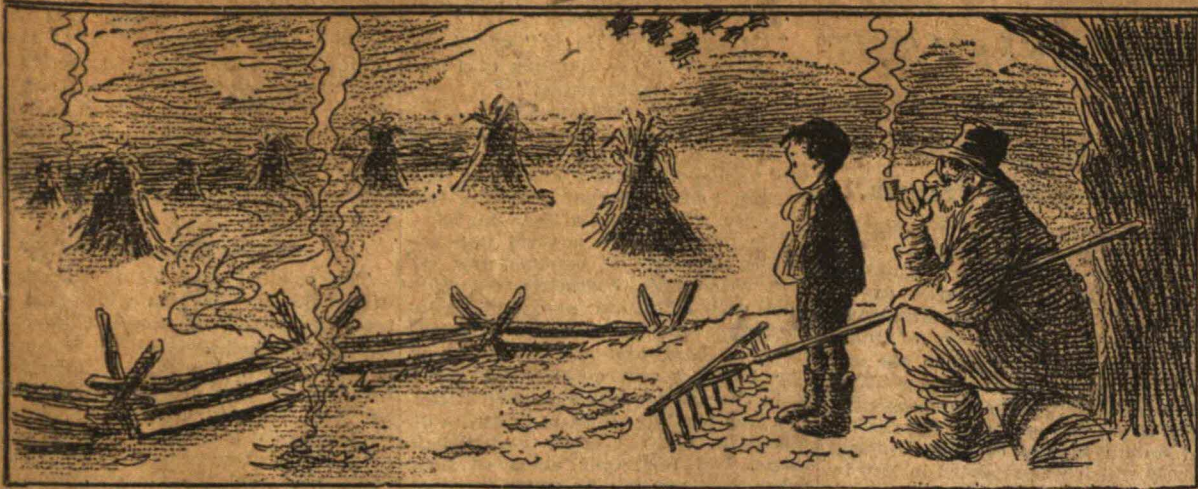
"Serves I told my hands and walt
Not care for wind, or tide, or sea;
I have no more 'gainst Time or Fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me."

INJUN SUMMER

(Copyright: 1912: By John T. McCutcheon. Reprinted here by general request.)

Chicago Tribune
1932

Yep, sonny, this is sure enough Injun summer. Don't know what that is, I reckon, do you? Well, that's when all the homesick Injuns come back to play. You know, a long time ago, long afore yer granddaddy was born even, there used to be heaps of Injuns around here—thousands—millions, I reckon, far as that's concerned. Reg'lar sure 'nough Injuns—none o' yer cigar store Injuns, not much. They wuz all around here—right here where you're standin'. Don't be skeered—hain't none around here now, leastways no live ones. They been gone this many a year. They all went away and died, so they ain't no more left.



But every year, 'long about now, they all come back, leastways their sperrits do. They're here now. You can see 'em off across the fields. Look real hard. See that kind o' hazy, misty look out yonder? Well, them's Injuns—Injun sperrits marchin' along an' dancin' in the sunlight. That's what makes that kind o' haze that's everywhere—it's jest the sperrits of the Injuns all come back. They're all around us now. See off yonder; see them tepees? They kind o' look like corn shocks from here, but them's Injun tents, sure as you're a foot high. See 'em now? Sure, I knowed you could. Smell that smoky sort o' smell in the air? That's the campfires a-burnin' and their pipes a-goin'. Lots o' people say it's just leaves burnin', but it ain't. It's the campfires, an' the Injuns are hoppin' 'round 'em t' beat the old Harry.



You jest come out here tonight when the moon is hangin' over the hill off yonder an' the harvest fields is all swimmin' in the moonlight, an' you can see the Injuns and the tepees jest as plain as kin be. You can, eh? I knowed you would after a little while.

Jever notice how the leaves turn red 'bout this time o' year? That's jest another sign o' redskins. That's when an old Injun sperrit gits tired dancin' an' goes up an' squats on a leaf t' rest. Why, I kin hear 'em rustlin' an' whisperin' an' creepin' round among the leaves all the time; an' ever 'nce 'n a while a leaf gives way under some fat old Injun ghost and comes floatin' down to the ground. See—here's one now. See how red it is? That's the war paint rubbed off'n an Injun ghost, sure's you're born.

Purty soon all the Injuns'll go marchin' away agin, back to the happy huntin' ground, but next year you'll see 'em troopin' back—th' sky jest hazy with 'em and their campfires smolderin' away jest like they are now.

The Proof Positive

Nurse: "Little boy, why are you crying?"

Little Boy: "I've just had the measles and had to cut school for a month."

Nurse: "Well, never mind—you can't get them again."

Little Boy: "That's why I'm crying."

Rastus: "I tell you, Sambo, I've found out de difference between men and women at las'."

Sambo: "What—what is it?"

Rastus: "Wall, a man'll gib two dollars for a one dollar thing that he wants, and a woman'll gib one dollar for a two dollar thing that she don't want."—M. B. O.

This handkerchief, to you I send, To wave a greeting to a friend; It's folded small and neat and plain, And says to you, "Come back again."

Another suggested verse is:

I do not know, I can not guess The color of your latest dress; But this I hope, though can not tell, The handkerchief will grace it well.

Dates for Stock Show Are Full of Historic Interest

The premier show of its kind of the year in the United States, the Southwestern Exposition and Fat Stock Show has claim to a showing period over a number of days famous in Texas and American history.

March 5 to 12 is a week which follows the fixing of the form of the American flag for all time by Congress in 1818, for on March 4 of that year this act was passed.

Opening March 5 with the world's newest and best in agriculture and livestock on exhibit, the show presents the pioneering efforts of Texas in farming and ranching as well as their efforts at development. It seems fitting that this day also should mark the arrival of Lieut. Zebulon Montgomery Pike and his exploring party at Pine River, Minn., in 1806, and also the demonstration in 1922 of the practicability of long distance telephone conversation by the Bell Telephone Company through a combination of wire and wireless communication. On that date a complete telephone circuit, comprising wires and wireless between New Canaan, Conn., and the S. S. America, 400 miles at sea, was demonstrated.

Progress Through Years.

March 6, 1901, saw Gen. William Gorgas fighting mosquitoes. Not so impressive in the saying, possibly, but vitally important in American life as it was a part of the medical work of the day in fighting mosquitoes that carried germs. On that day he established mosquito control in Havana.

The fall of the Alamo was on March 6, 1836.

A medical doctor and former U. S. Army officer was made Secretary of War of the United States to President Madison March 7, 1809. He was the forerunner of medical men in big political positions of which the former Postmaster General, Dr. Hubert Worth, is a more modern example. On this date in 1876 Bell took out his first telephone patent.

R. M. Otis, meteorologist, flew to an altitude of 19,000 feet to make lunar observations March 8, 1923. He was piloted by Lieutenant Seifert, U. S. A. S. of Rockwell Field.

The first bullion was received at the United States mint at New Orleans March 8, 1838.

Lock 4 of the St. Mary's Canal was commenced by Col. M. Patrick in 1913, an March 9.

Greater Advance.

Formal transfer of the Upper Louisiana territory from France to the United States was received by Capt. A. Stoddard March 10, 1804. This day, a memorable one, a few years later, in 1876, marked the hearing of the first complete sentence transmitted over a wire.

Pioneering again, the American Congress of 1794 authorized the building of six ships of war—the first beginning of the American-built Navy. This was March 11.

While the great blizzard was at its height March 12, 1888, the same date saw changed conditions in 1914. On that date United States Army engineers were investigating available railroad routes in Alaska.

This date also marks the close of the show here this year. From present indications it will mark the demonstration of greater agricultural advances than have ever before been noted in Texas history.

THINGS as they SEEM

Or—reduced to words—
"What many are thinking about, and what some study and thought bring out."

WHOEVER may feel that the bottom has dropped from all that is worth while in industry and business can have any fears relieved by accepting an invitation to visit the new Ford Seattle plant and watch the operations of a great establishment. The invitation is for all of next week, when the big establishment is promised to be fully completed and unlimbered for playing a conspicuous part with industry of the Northwest for the future.

Visitors will see a plant that has cost Mr. Ford in excess of three million dollars, and constitutes the last word in modern industrial arrangement and equipment. The main property is a building 800 feet in length with a width of above 300 feet, added to which are wharf facilities, power plant, oil and fuel storage and large areas for handling arriving materials and completed automobiles.

THERE is a lot for the benefit of the Northwest encompassed with what the Ford company has created in Seattle. The plant is for an output of 300 cars a day. This means that from a stock of a thousand items of material, ranging from tops to a minutae of steel pressed into forms for speedily fitting into a completed car, bolts, springs and whatever else is required, active and nimble hands direct most modern machinery designed give production to make for a selling price this is appealing.

The new Ford plant has given employment to between 300 and 400 of construction forces for thirteen months past. It will employ when operated at capacity approximately 1,500 mechanics. The plant will serve 165 Ford agency and distribution points in the Northwest. In a characteristic manner, Ford company executives have created for Seattle a modern establishment seeking to render service as is today required and under the best conditions possible to conceive.

Satisfactory Proof

Two colored men were standing on the corner discussing family trees. "Yes, suh, man," said Ambrose, "I can trace my relations back to a family tree." "Chase 'em back to a family tree?" said Mose. "Naw, man, trace 'em, trace 'em—get me?" "Well, they ain't but two kinds of things that live in trees—birds and monkeys. And you sho' ain't got no feathers on you."

THERE'S GOLD IN THE OCEAN FOR N. W. FISHERS

Science Unlocks New Wealth Possibilities In Discovery Of Halibut Liver Vitamins

Discovery of one of nature's richest reservoirs of vitamins A and D in the liver of halibut was hailed here yesterday as opening a new avenue to wealth for North Pacific fishermen.

British and American scientists announced yesterday that in halibut liver there is 50 to more than 100 times as much vitamin A as in codliver oil.

The experiments, conducted over a period of months, have been watched with keen interest by Seattle fish companies in view of the fact that much of the North Pacific's halibut catch is shipped out of Seattle.

NEW PROFIT SOURCE

Most of the halibut liver, used in research in the East was supplied by Seattle wholesale fish companies.

In this country the research was done by Drs. A. D. Emmett and O. D. Bird of Detroit and C. Nielson and H. J. Cannon of Chicago.

Their tests indicate that in one gram of halibut liver oil there are about 50,000 units of vitamin A.

Commercial manufacture of halibut liver oil for medicinal purposes would give the fishing industry of the North Pacific a new and unlimited source of profit, it was believed here yesterday.

Rastus: "Ah needs protection suh. Ah done got a unanimous letter which says: 'Nigger, let my chickens alone.'"

Chief: "Why protection? Leave the chickens alone."

Rastus: "How I's gwine to know whose chickens I's got to leave alone?"

Two people ate a jaybird what would their phone number be?"

His audience looked a bit befuddled. "Ha! ha!" he roared, "I've got you. It would be 2-2-1-1 of course."

Dark Knights

Colored Captain—
What am you itchin', Sam

Sam—Arithmetic bugs.

Captain—What am arithmetic bugs?

Sam—Cooties.

Captain—Why for you call then arithmetic bugs?

Sam—Well, dey add to mah misery, subtract from mah pleasure, divide mah 'tenshun, an, multiply like de dickens

QUEEN OF THE PRAIRIES, WAS FORT WORTH IN 1886

Pioneer City of 25,000 Pictured on Map Given Texas Library at Club

By ALLAN CARNEY

DAYS before electric trolleys replaced mule cars on Main Street and hitching posts were taken down from the old courthouse square...

Ninth Street was little more than a cattle trail over which herds from West Texas tramped their way to mid-western markets, and saloons were situated on principal corners of the city.

This is the Fort Worth of 1886, graphically pictured on a map presented today by Mrs. M. J. Lewis to the Texas Library, at the Woman's Club. It was given in memory of her late husband, one of Fort Worth's pioneer grocers and alderman of the Sixth Ward.

The map is an artist's drawing on paper, with a canvass background to hold the 46-year-old felle together. It bears the inscription:

"Fort Worth, Texas, 'The Queen of the Prairies,' County Seat of Tarrant County—1886—Population 25,000."

Downtown Fort Worth at that time, was laid out essentially as it is today, but beyond that there was little else. Beyond Trinity River west of town, a bare prairie stretched forth.

South Fort Worth extended to Rosedale Street, and the North Side included no more than three blocks beyond the river. On the East Side, the city ended at the railroad tracks.

It was a typical frontier town. And despite its numerous saloons, Fort Worth was "on the water wagon."

The city's drinking water came to town in wagons from the old Cold Springs, and was delivered to homes in barrel lots.

Among the most imposing structures in the business district was the Fort Worth Opera House, corner of Eusk (Commerce) and Fourth. It later became Green-

"Hey, there don't spit on the floor."
"So matter floor leak?"
The Lord's Prayer
Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

wall's and finally Byars' Opera House when it was moved to Seventh and Commerce.

None of the "skyscrapers" was larger than four stories. Structures of this size stood out prominently. Some of them were Martin-Brown Company, Fourth and Main; City National Bank, Third and Houston, and Casey and Swasey, wholesale liquor and cigars, on lower Houston.

J. M. Lyles' Trinity Saloon stood on the west corner of Main and Weatherford, facing the courthouse.

On a lower corner of the map, and inset drawing shows "Main Street from Fourth to Square."

It pictures wagons, carriages and horsemen crowding the thoroughfare, and in the center the mule-drawn street cars pass each other on a siding.

"At first, one mule pulled the cars, but later they used two," Mrs. Lewis recalls. "The mules had bells tied to their harness, and away they'd go up the street, tinkling like Santa's reindeer."

Society's Pet.

Sergeant York gained international fame during the war when he "went over the top" and returned with 132 prisoners, including a major and several lieutenants, after killing 20 and wrecking 35 machine guns.

Upon returning to New York, where he was stationed at Camp Merritt, across the river in New Jersey, York was feted and dined by the cream of society and of business in the metropolis. Private cars of railway and subway officials were turned over to the unassuming young mountaineer of Pell Mell, Tenn. It was here that he rode in the subway for the first time.

After the war, York returned to his little home in Pell Mell. His life was that of the ordinary mountaineer, yet he repeatedly refused to exploit his fame on the stage or screen. Fabulous sums were offered him to make lectures, others were willing to pay him a fortune to appear in the movies, but all were declined with thanks.

Fix Bayonets!

York has interested himself in the education of his mountain folk. Soon after the war he was presented with enough money to pay off the mortgage on his farm. He is now a member of the board of trustees of a million-dollar school being built in his Tennessee mountains.

Fort Worth will have its first opportunity to meet the war hero today when he will fix bayonets for a hand-to-hand encounter with the pleasures of the city.

ALVIN YORK IS VISITOR HERE

Speaks to Rotarians and Woman's Club

Sergeant Alvin York came out of his well-known role as war hero Friday to bring to Fort Worth his message as a teacher.

Speaking at the Rotary Club at noon and at the Woman's Club at 3 p. m., York told the story of his 31 schools in the Tennessee mountains and of his vocational high school which he has launched to take care of the products turned out by the 31.

Sergeant York arrived in Fort Worth from Abilene at 7 a. m. and will leave for his home immediately after the rodeo Friday night.

Guest of Legion.

The well known World War hero is the guest here of the American Legion, and is making the last stop of a two weeks' trip in the interest of the Alvin York Industrial Institute, his vocational high school in the mountains.

York will speak to a meeting of women at 3 p. m., at the Woman's Club. A banquet at the Fort Worth Club, given by R. H. Pearson, will precede the rodeo.

Matt Jure, commander of the American Legion; Julian Hyer, chairman of the reception committee; Chester Hollis, in charge of morning and night entertainment; Captain G. H. Geltner, in charge of cadet escorts; Dr. Haywood Davis, in charge of the Women's meeting; and Frank Culver, handling the noon luncheon, are directing Sergeant York's entertainment.

Mistress: "Nora, you were entertaining a man in the kitchen last night, were you not?"

Maid: "That's for him to say Ma'am. I did my best."

Clerk: "Pardon me, sir, but you haven't paid for your purchase. These articles aren't free."

J. Cantrell: "Isn't this place a gift shoppe?"

One-Man Army



SERGT. ALVIN YORK

In Rural Japan.
I HAVE already spoken of the feasts and play of the Japanese, of the teas and outings which their smiling women enjoy; but that is by no means the entire picture.
Japan has become, to a large extent, an industrial nation. Go into



A Japanese tea picker.

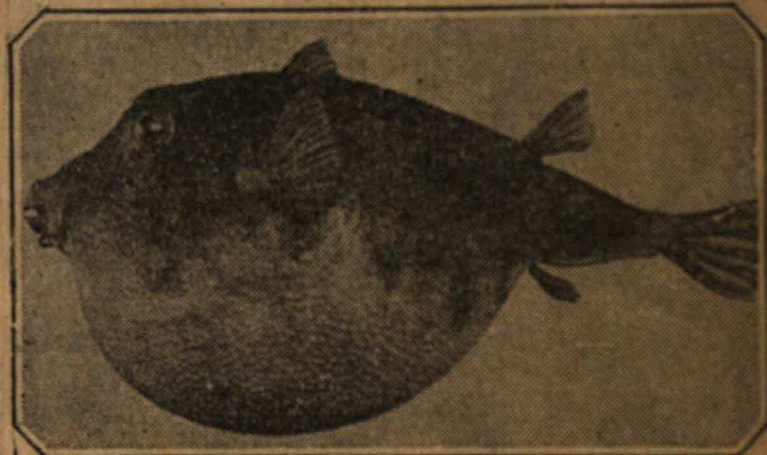
one of the cloth factories of Yokohama, and you will almost surely find a row of women bent over the machines. Stroll the streets of Tokio and you will notice women peddling papers while they carry babies strapped to their backs. Visit the wide fields

growing rice or tea, and you will see not only men, but women there. In general, the soil of the empire is not rich; but the Japanese have learned the secret of changing the crops they raise from year to year. By that means, and by adding fertilizers, they obtain good results from their land. Rice and tea are the leading crops.

People of the country districts have special days on which they pray to gods and goddesses. In April a festival is held in honor of the goddess of rivers. Her statue is taken from the nearest temple and placed in a sacred car. Peasants from far and near come to gaze, and to pray. They ask the goddess to protect their fields and not to send floods after the melting of the Winter snows.

In the regions where mulberry trees and silkworms thrive, the people pay special honor to the good of hailstorms. In May they gather at the village shrines and pray that hail may not destroy their trees. It is a curious fact that mulberry trees have gained a name for being places of safety during storms. When lightning flashes and thunder roars, the peasant runs under the branches in the belief that his life will be spared. If he should be caught in the open, with no trees near, he mutters "Ka-wa-ha-ra," meaning mulberry grove, and believes that the lightning will do him no harm.

Queer Quirks of Nature



A Puffer Fish—Inflated.

BY ARTHUR N. PACK
President, American Nature Assn.

ONE'S first thought on viewing this picture naturally would be that this fish had cornered an unusually good feeding ground and was in acute need of a thoro round of "daily dozens" if it wished to regain a slender boyform silhouette.

Quite wrong. This fish is the puffer and if you will cover up the lower half of this picture you will have a flat tire

view of this denizen of the deep, for truly the puffer is a two-sided character.

It is an animated, living, pulsating balloon, having the power to inflate itself until it appears almost globular. It has a smooth skin set with prickles, and its eyes look almost too large for the rest of it when it is deflated. This species of the puffer is found in the Atlantic ocean as far north as Maine, and it is one of the queerest quirks of fishdom.

Frank: I started out on the theory that the world has an opening for me.

Harry: And you found it?

Frank: Well, rather. I'm in the corners me late at night and eats me up with questions.

Funk—Why do you call this the grillroom; it doesn't look like a eating place to me.

Wiggins—Well, it's where my wife and I are in the corners me late at night and eats me up with questions.

David Lee Wharton
Whose love for me is truest
To whom are my faults fewest
When away from me who is bluest?
My dog!

Who is sorry when I am sad
Merry when I am glad,
Who thinks I am never bad?
My dog!

Whose footsteps never weary
Though the way be dark and dreary?
Who follows with never a query?
My dog!

Who loves me for myself alone,
Who scorns my dollars, every one,
My best friend when all is said and done?
My dog!

"After all, a clay pipe has an advantage over all others," said the man who was famed for his laziness.
"How's that?" asked his friend.
"Well, if you drop it on the pavement you needn't trouble to pick it up."

A Visit to Persia.

HOW would you like to pay a visit to Persia? It would be a long journey, and if you went to New York by ship you would have to cover



This is one of the curious ways in which Persian women travel. The "cart" is carried on the back of a horse or donkey.

About 7,500 more miles before you are at Persia.

LIQUIDATION

Stranger: "I suppose even in an out-of-the-way place like this the price of necessities has risen?"

Oldtimer: "Yes, an' it ain't worth drinkin' when you've got it."

St. Patrick's Day.

TODAY we celebrate the fame of St. Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland.

The world owes much to Ireland. It has produced famous poets and famous writers of fairy lore; but the



Three types of "shamrock."

thing I like best about the Irish is their love of jollity, their wit and humor. Our race needs humor and good spirits; and the Irish have certainly given their share.

St. Patrick lived 1,500 years ago. We do not know just where he was born, but it appears to have been in either England or Scotland. The accepted story of his life runs as follows:

He spent his boyhood in Great Britain. At the age of 16, he was captured by a band of Irish pirates and was taken to Ireland as a slave. After spending six years in slavery, he escaped to the continent of Europe. He wandered about for a time and then took refuge in a Christian monastery on an island off the coast of France. Leaving the monastery, he returned to his home in Great Britain. A dream or vision came to him

time or the money for such a trip; so I'll try to take you there in imagination in our Corner.

The simplest way to travel to Persia from the United States would be by going past Constantinople to the Black Sea, and then by river and rail to the Caspian. After steaming to the southern shore of the Caspian, you would alight upon the soil of Persia.

Persia is larger than Texas, California, Utah and Missouri combined. It contains about 10,000,000 people. The largest city is Teheran, the capital.

In a country of that size, you may be surprised to hear that there are only eight miles of railroad! If you decided to go straight to the capital, after arriving at your Caspian port you would find the journey a long and winding one. On a straight level road, you would need to travel only 70 miles; but there is no such road in the region. You would have to travel over mountains and to cover a distance of 240 miles! About three days would be required for the trip.

Wagons and two-wheeled carts are widely used in Persia, and they are drawn by horses or donkeys. On the desert regions, camels are used. A curious type of litter is used for travel by wealthy Persian women; and tourists sometimes use it to take a novel ride. It is a kind of cushioned box which swings above the back of a donkey or horse. One person on each side keeps it in balance; but it would not do for a small woman with a stout husband to try it out.

and he decided to go to Ireland to convert the natives.

The shamrock is a symbol of St. Patrick, because he is supposed to have used a clover in preaching the "trinity" doctrine. ("Shamrock" comes from an Irish word meaning "white clover.")

The legend that St. Patrick drove the snakes out of Ireland is of course only a legend. He is said to have used a drum to draw crowds for his preaching, but drum music would hardly have made the serpents flee. An old Irish song runs in part:

"Where'er he put his dear forefoot, he murdered them in clusters. The toads went hop, the frogs went flop, slap dash into the water. And the beasts committed suicide to save themselves from slaughter. Nine hundred thousand vipers blue he charmed with sweet discourses. And dined on them at Killaloo in soups and second courses."

Official Notice

An old lady kept a parrot which was always swearing. She could keep up with this till Saturday, but on Sunday she kept a cover over the cage—removing it on Monday morning. This prevented the parrot from swearing on Sunday.

One Monday afternoon she saw her minister coming toward the house; so she again placed the cover over the cage. As the reverend gentleman was about to step into the parlor, the parrot remarked:

**SO LNE
YOU CAN
ANY MAN
FACE AND
HIM TO GO**

"This has been a damn short week."

"Really, gentleman," said the election candidate, "with all this uproar I can hardly hear myself speak."
"Well, cheer up," shouted a man "you aren't missing much."



TRIBES OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

Part III—Journeys and Markets.

THERE are few parts of the world where white men have not reached. All of Africa, except for three minor portions, has been taken from the natives by the whites. The na-



Natives in canoes. Though standing while they paddle, they have remarkable power of keeping their craft in balance.

tions of Europe call their lands in Africa "colonies," but for the most part the people are natives; and much of the continent is still as it used to be.

When railroads spread over Africa, great changes will come in tribal customs; but at present, the railroads are limited to a few short lines near

Mastiffs and Great Danes.

PERHAPS the strongest of all dogs is the English mastiff. It stands well over two feet tall at the shoulders, and its muscles are powerful in the extreme. Many an English home is guarded by a mastiff.

I sometimes wonder about the "watch dog" habit. Will it not pass in the course of time? Certainly it



A Great Dane.

is not pleasant, when you are strolling along a country road, to have a big, burly brute rush out at you as if he wanted to chew you into little bits.

However, there are watch dogs and watch dogs. Some of them stay in their own yards, and offer no trouble to the passerby.

The English mastiff is an ugly-looking fellow, but he knows pretty well how to mind his own business. He rarely bites a human being, and even in trying to "defend" his master's doorstep, he will seldom do more than keep the visitor at bay. His bark is low-pitched, and not so unpleasant as that of some other dogs.

There are other breeds of mastiffs besides the English. The Cuban mastiff was taken to the West Indies from Spain.

The Great Dane is similar to the mastiff in some respects, and may be related. His native haunts are Germany and Denmark, but many of his

race have been brought to America. If any dog can dispute the mastiff for the crown of strength, it is the Great Dane. In former times, he was widely used in hunting the boar, or wild hog.

The bulldog is related to the mastiff, but is a smaller edition. The usual weight is about 50 pounds. This dog was also used in boar-hunting, and in that sport was able to "hang on for dear life."

Winters 21 Years Long. WHILE the American Revolution was in progress, there was a man in England who was thinking of a different matter than war. His name was William Herschel, and he was spending his time studying the heavens.

Herschel was too poor to pay for the proper kind of lens for his telescope, so he made one himself. In the year 1781, he was gazing at some small stars when he saw one which seemed to differ from the rest. On later nights he noticed that this star was changing its position. He thought that it must be either a planet or a comet.

The news was sent by letter to other astronomers, and it was at length proved that the tiny light was a planet which had not been known up to that time. The planet was given the name of Uranus, in honor of the ancient god of the heavens.

Although Uranus looks like only a tiny light, we now know that it is of goodly size. If 50 balls the size of the earth were pressed together, they would not quite equal the size of Uranus.

In spite of its size, Uranus has much shorter days than we have. If we could move there we should see that by our watches there were only about five and a half hours of daylight and five and a half hours of darkness. The daylight would prove extremely dim, because the sun is

almost 1,800,000,000 miles distant from Uranus.

There is another important thing that we should notice if we went to Uranus. The length of the year would be much longer. Winter would last 21 of the earth's years and there would be the same period for Spring, Summer and Fall. How would you like to live in such a world? By the time you had lived through one of the "years" on Uranus, you would be ready for the grave—unless that planet could give you a longer lifetime than we have on earth.

As in the case of Saturn, the sun face of Uranus has not yet become very solid. Millions of years will probably have to pass before the planet becomes a fit place to take a walk. Then I fancy that it will be too cool for tourists. Looking from Uranus, the sun would seem like a very small light in the sky. The sun gives Uranus only a small part of the heat it gives the earth.

Comparative Dads

"My daddy's better far than yours," Said Clarence William Tate.
"Cause he's a preacher, and he's good— The best man in the State."
"That's simple nonsense," cried his chum.
"Cause in this neighborhood My dad is good for NOTHING, While they PAY yours to be good."

Bloodhounds.

SOME persons have a keen sense of smell, but no human being could equal a bloodhound in that respect.

In the olden days, the bloodhound was used for another purpose by the high and mighty. When a hunter dared to shoot game in the forest of



A Bloodhound.

king or noble, his tracks were followed by the dog. Many an unhappy

Winters 21 Years Long.

WILE the American Revolution was in progress, there was a man in England who was thinking of a different matter than war. His name was William Herschel, and he was spending his time studying the heavens.

Herschel was too poor to pay for the proper kind of lens for his telescope, so he made one himself. In the year 1781, he was gazing at some small stars when he saw one which seemed to differ from the rest. On later nights he noticed that this star was changing its position. He thought that it must be either a planet or a comet.

The news was sent by letter to other astronomers, and it was at length proved that the tiny light was a planet which had not been known up to that time. The planet was given the name of Uranus, in honor of the ancient god of the heavens.

Although Uranus looks like only a tiny light, we now know that it is of goodly size. If 50 balls the size of the earth were pressed together, they would not quite equal the size of Uranus.

In spite of its size, Uranus has much shorter days than we have. If we could move there we should see that by our watches there were only about five and a half hours of daylight and five and a half hours of darkness. The daylight would prove extremely dim, because the sun is

almost 1,800,000,000 miles distant from Uranus.

There is another important thing that we should notice if we went to Uranus. The length of the year would be much longer. Winter would last 21 of the earth's years and there would be the same period for Spring, Summer and Fall. How would you like to live in such a world? By the time you had lived through one of the "years" on Uranus, you would be ready for the grave—unless that planet could give you a longer lifetime than we have on earth.

As in the case of Saturn, the sun face of Uranus has not yet become very solid. Millions of years will probably have to pass before the planet becomes a fit place to take a walk. Then I fancy that it will be too cool for tourists. Looking from Uranus, the sun would seem like a very small light in the sky. The sun gives Uranus only a small part of the heat it gives the earth.

She: "Oh, I simply adore that funny step. Where did you pick it up?"

Tommie: "Funny step, hell. I'm losing my garter."

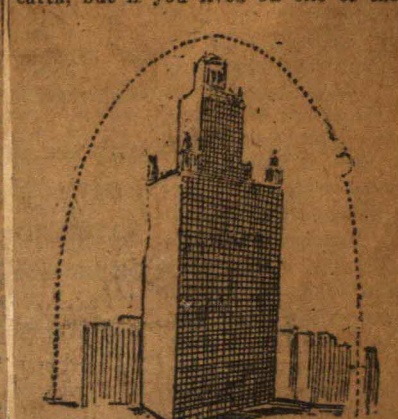
poacher was captured by this means and brought to justice—which meant hanging, or perhaps lopping off an ear.

The bloodhound is one of the largest members of the hound family. It has a wrinkled face which a person will not soon forget. The ears are long, and hang close to the cheeks. The eyes are small and deep-set. The hair is usually either tan or partly-tan and partly-black.

Some of the deeds of bloodhounds strike us as marvels. They have been known to follow a man for miles, over hills and valleys, across fences and walls, to his final hiding place. They have even kept the scent along city sidewalks and across city streets. It is hard to imagine a person leaving a scent with every step he takes, but this hound is able to keep to the trail and seldom misses on a fresh

The "Little Planets."

HOW would you like to "walk" around the world in a single day? You couldn't do that on the earth, but if you lived on one of the



If you were on Eros you could jump over a 50-story building.

smaller Asteroids it would be possible.

The Asteroids are also called "Little Planets." They are much smaller than the earth or any other of the eight chief planets which go around

the sun. They are found in the space between Mars and Jupiter.

All told, there are almost a thousand Asteroids. The largest one is called Ceres. It has a diameter of about 500 miles. When seen through a telescope, it has a dull, gray appearance.

You could not walk around Ceres in a single day, but there are other planets where that would be possible. Some are no more than five miles thick, and if you were on one of them you could probably circle the globe before breakfast.

Although I know it can't be done at present, I always enjoy the fancy of a visit to another planet. If you and I went to Eros, for instance, we should discover strange things besides the chance to take a little walk around the world. We should notice that the power of gravity was very low. Our steps would feel so light that it would be almost like walking on air. To spring over a tree would be no trick at all. If the Woolworth building were on Eros we could jump over it with ease. The landing would be no more of a jar than when now we jump over a three-foot fence, because gravity would be no more strong in pulling us down than in keeping us from going up.

scents unless the runaway swims or wades across a stream.

True bloodhounds seldom, if ever, bite a victim, we are told. They guard a captive and will not let him escape, but they do not lay hold in a malicious manner. To inform their masters, they bark loudly. It is supposed to be hounds of impure breed that snarl and mangle upon captives.

STILL NEEDED

God give us men. The time demands strong minds, great hearts, true faith and willing hands.—J. G. Holland (1819-1881).

He who has battled, were it only with poverty and hard toil, will be found stronger and more expert than he who would stay home from the battle.—Thomas Carlyle.

PARENTS COME BEFORE SANTA

*** *** *** ***
BOY, 12, WRITES YULE MESSAGE

*** *** *** ***
MOTHER AND DAD ARE BLESSED

A boy's thoughts at Christmas are not always of Santa Claus, presents and good things to eat. One Fort Worth lad, not waiting to be asked as to his appreciation of the day, surprised his parents on Christmas morning with a letter of thanks for acts of kindness of the past year.

The letter, written by Charles Campeau, 12, to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Campeau, 1127 Hemphill Street, follows:

"Dearest Father and Mother:
 "I am so happy to celebrate with you this Christmas Day, when I think of how long it has been since last Christmas Day and how good and kind you have been to me. Really I can not thank you enough.

"Every day, Dad, no matter how you felt and how tired you were, you bid us a 'good bye' with a smile and kind word and went to work. Dad, why do you do this day after day? I can answer it; it was for me. I am very happy to have such a dad and I hope I will be like you some day, Dad.

"Mother, how can I thank you for all you have done for me? When I was sick, Mother, you were the one

to care for me. May the child Jesus bless you for all you have done for me.

"To show my love for you, Mother and Father, I promise to be more obedient. I do wish you, Mother and Dad, this happy morn 'A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.' I will ask the child Jesus to bless you with good health and all this world's goods, but also with His grace.

"I am, dearest Mother and Daddy,
 "Your loving son,

"CHARLES."

Young Campeau, who is a student in the seventh grade at Laneri College, is a nephew of Charles C. Campeau, who won fame as a baseball player in the latter part of the nineteenth century, and of Frank Campeau, well known motion picture actor. An ardent admirer of both his uncles, Charles not only expresses a desire at times to follow in the footsteps of each but also has ambition to become an architect.

His father, a descendant of one of the first families to settle in Detroit, is connected with the W. C. Stripling Company.

III—Famous Museums.

DEAR CORNER READERS—Yesterday I promised to tell you about the famous museums in Central Park. They are the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the American Museum of Natural History.

The Art Museum is located on the Fifth Avenue side of the park. It contains excellent paintings, but the exhibits which most caught my attention were models of two noted buildings of ancient times—the Parthenon and the Pantheon.

The Parthenon was one of the finest buildings set up by the ancient Greeks. It was meant to honor the goddess, Athena. For more than 2,000 years the temple stood in nearly perfect form; but an explosion during the course of a battle in 1687 broke it down. At present we may find at Athens the ruins, beautiful even as they are but only part of the building of former times. The model at the museum is an attempt to show how the temple looked when it stood in all its glory.

The model of the Pantheon is another fine piece of work. The name means "Place of All the Gods," and the Pantheon was used by the ancient Romans to honor all their deities.

I have visited the American Museum of Natural History more often than any other show-place of New York.

City. It is one of the finest museums in the world.

In one of the entrance halls is an exhibit of meteors which have been found in various parts of the earth. You know that most "shooting stars" are burnt to ashes after they rub against the earth's air. It is only now and then that the cinder of a meteor reaches the earth's surface. There are about a score of these on view. One of them was brought from Greenland by Peary, the man who is given the honor of being the first man to reach the North Pole.

Another exhibit of great interest shows the skeletons of horses, some of them more than 1,000,000 years old. By studying such old skeletons, scientists have found that the horse was once a very small animal and had five toes on each foot. It then lived in forests, and the toes were useful in stepping about the underbrush and in turning quickly. There were changes in climate and the forests became thin, or died out entirely. Horses then began to live on plains, where single hoofs were more useful than five-toed feet. The extra toes withered away in the course of thousands of years, and the horse became the animal we know today.

If you ever visit New York, be sure to go to the American Museum and look at the meteor cinders and the horse skeletons. You will also find many other interesting exhibits. "God couldn't be everywhere at once," so He gave us mothers."

The Porcelain of China.

CHINA'S name seems to have been given by Buddhists who lived in India. They heard of the famous emperor, Chin, who caused the building



This drawing from a photograph shows a Chinese boy mounted on a statue. Chinese children are playful just as are children all over the earth.

of the Great Wall, and it was natural that they should call the country "Chin-a," meaning "Land of Chin." Although given by neighbors, the name has remained in use and people

all over the earth speak of this land of the yellow men as China.

The Chinese learned to glaze their clay dishes at least 1,700 years ago. The art has been imitated in Europe and the United States, but the skill of the Chinese has probably never been equalled.

The chief center of the porcelain industry is the city of Kingte-Chin. It is in Southern China, and lies near deposits of excellent clays. The clays are hauled to the city in flat-bottomed boats which ply the river. After being cleaned, sifted and refined, they are kneaded together by barefooted men and boys who stamp on them with their feet.

One kind of clay is called "bone clay," another "flesh clay." These must be mixed to form the base for porcelain, just as every human being must have both flesh and bone.

The mixed clay is shaped with the aid of a potter's wheel until it resembles a plate, a cup, a bowl a jar or a vase. It is then painted, glazed and placed in a kiln to be fired. The kiln is a huge oven, 50 feet long and 12 feet high. The heat is intense—3,000 degrees above zero—and works upon the clay dishes for a day and a night. Dragons, lions and deer are among the favorite designs placed on the porcelain ware.



Thank you for the world so sweet,
 Thank you for the food we eat,
 Thank you for the birds that sing,
 Thank you, God, for everything.

WHY I LIVE
 I live for those who love me;
 For those I know are true;
 For the heaven that smiles above me
 And awaits my spirit, too;
 For all human ties that bind me,
 For the task my God assigned me,
 For the bright hope left behind me,
 And the good that I can do.

Cost of Discovering America

Account books kept by Christopher Columbus at the time of his voyage to America show that the total cost of the voyage was about \$7,000.00. Martin and Vincente Pinzon, who commanded the Pinta and Nina for the voyage furnished most of this money. Columbus, as Admiral, was paid \$300.00 a year.

The Pinzons each drew \$180.00 a year. The Sailors were paid \$30.00 a year. The food allowance was figured at about five cents a day for each sailor. The wages paid to the three crews and the pilot for the entire voyage which lasted from August to the following May amounted to about \$4,400.00.

JUNGLE MUSIC.

IN THE wilds of Africa, there is a music of a sort made by Nature herself. The swaying of the trees, the moaning of the wind, the rumble of thunder—all these give sound to which the natives listen. From early



Native of Angola playing a "jungle piano." He beats on small boards which resound with the help of gourds.

times, the savage wondered about the sounds he heard; and since he did not understand them, it is only natural that he should have thought that they were made by spirits.

The jungle, too, has its songbirds which lend melody to the air; but their singing or twittering is broken by the screeching or the roar of wild beasts.

For their own parts, the tribesmen

IF YOU FIRST TRY YOU DON'T SUCCEED. TRY, TRY AGAIN

TAKE CARE OF YOUR PENNIES AND YOUR DOLLARS WILL TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES

Interesting Lizards.

ARE lizards poisonous? So asks a boy who reads the Corner. My answer is that for the most part lizards are neither poisonous nor harmful to human beings.

When I was a boy I used to tramp



The "horrid moloch," an Australian lizard, looks very dangerous.

around barefoot during Summer vacations in the country. I sometimes tried to catch frogs by slipping upon them from behind; and on those occasions

her promise in her profession would fail. We all long for success in our lives and in our work, but it will be well to remember that there are dangers about the drinking of the sweet draught which we so much desire. The oft-repeated proverb, "Noth-succeeds like success" might be a "and nothing is more danger-

always felt a bit nervous when stopped near a lizard. Lizards are ugly enough, but if I had then known that they were harmless, I should not have minded them so much.

There is one lizard which is poisonous, however. It has a poison gland and fang-like teeth. Since that lizard makes its headquarters in Mexico, and seldom strays over the border, we need not worry about it.

The most fierce-looking lizard lives in Australia and is called "the moloch." It is covered with spines from head to tail. On its head are long spines which make one think of horns. In spite of the ugly appearance, the moloch is not poisonous.

I have been speaking this week about strange flying creatures, so I think I ought to add a note to this story about flying lizards. They are natives of Borneo and the Philippine Islands. Their "wings" are strips of skin which stretch along each side from leg to leg. These skin strips are colored brown, but the body in general is green. Spending its life in trees, sometimes has need to jump quickly from branch to branch. Then it spreads out its skin folds and sails toward the spot it wants to go. In this way it can make a flight as great as 50 feet.

The common lizards which we find about ponds and streams are useful. They live largely on insects, and they thus help to rid the earth of pests.

Mrs. Ted Robinson entertained the Fin Yin Club.

Strange Flying Creatures.

Part III—Cobegos and Flying Mice.

THERE IS an animal in the East Indies which has been a puzzle to scientists. It has a length of about 18 inches, and on its body is soft, short fur. Most of the



A "cobego" or "flying lemur."

time it spends in the trees, and it is not active during the daytime.

The attention of scientists has been called to this creature because it has strong powers of flight. They have been puzzled because it does not seem to be closely related to any other known animal. At an early date, it

was called a "flying lemur." That name is still used, but "cobego" is preferred. The truth is that this animal should not be placed in the lemur family. The best we can do is to say that it is "a distant relative of the mole." The relationship is very distant, however.

Cobego is the native name and we may as well use it. The creature dwells in high trees of dense forests. They make a noise which sounds like the low cackling of geese. Their food is chiefly composed of leaves and fruit.

An important fact to remember about the cobego is that it can see a greater distance than any other animal which has fur. It has been observed to glide from tree trunk to tree trunk, for a distance of 250 feet.

Another furry animal which can glide is called "the flying mouse." The ordinary house mouse does not fly, and we may be glad of that; else it might make even more trouble. The creature I am thinking of lives in Australia. It is not a true mouse, but it is of about the same size and its fur is similar to that of a mouse. It also has nearly the same shape, except for the skin folds at the sides which make the "wings."

The flying "mice" of Australia live in trees. They feed chiefly upon leaves, buds and berries.

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS AT EVERY MAN'S DOOR

A Valentine

Not always is a valentine
 Composed of fancy paper,
 With buds and birds and clever words
 And Cupids a la caper.

Oh, birds and darts and sugar hearts
 Are very gay and fine,
 But often just a friendly word
 Will make a valentine.

ROCK RINGS LIKE BELL
EAST GREENWICH, R. I.
 A local oddity is Drum Rock, a big boulder which may easily be rocked by hand, but which cannot be overturned. When thus moved it produces a deep, bell-like tone. Indians, according to tradition, used Drum Rock to call councils and spread alarm.

STRANGE TREES OF AFRICA.

AFRICA is the home of some interesting trees, including the baobab, the mangrove, the mimosa, the butter tree and the sausage tree. The baobab is one of the largest of these. It does not rise to a great height, but it has



A native sitting under a "sausage tree" growing near Lake Victoria.

an enormous trunk which is sometimes as much as 30 feet thick. It is also called the "monkey bread" tree because monkeys eat its fruit. The natives also make use of the fruit by mixing the juice with sugar to form a refreshing drink. The leaves of the tree are mixed with food by the natives.

The mangrove is a tree of tropical

swamps, and is commonly found near ocean shores. Its trunk is not nearly so thick as that of the baobab, but the mangrove is interesting because its fruit sends forth roots from the branches of the tree. The roots drop toward the ground and after a time attach themselves to the soil. A new trunk forms and becomes either a support to the limb of the parent tree or else an entirely separate tree. Mangrove roots form tangled masses in the swamps and amidst them can often be found crabs and clams.

The mimosa is a large tree, chiefly noted for its beautiful foliage and the fine timber which it yields. The roots and the seeds of the fruit are poisonous in some varieties.

To us it would seem strange to obtain butter from a tree, but thousands of African natives get their butter in that manner. The butter tree of Central Africa produces fruit containing seeds which resemble olives. These seeds are dried in the sun, and after being boiled in water, they give forth a thick oil or "butter." This butter keeps for an entire year without being salted, and travelers declare that it is whiter, more solid, and more pleasant to the taste than true butter. Butter trees also grow in India.

The "sausage tree" grows near Lake Victoria. It has received the name because its fruit resembles sausages in shape, not in taste.

Delta: Here is some candy. Sweets for the sweet.

Kappa: Thanks, here are some nuts.

UNCLE RAY'S CORNER

FOX TERRIERS

I HAVE LONG had a special fondness for fox terriers. That is due to the fact that I had one of them as a pet during my boyhood. His name was "Fury," but he was not at all furious. Far from being so, he was gentle and friendly. He was frisky, too, and full of life. In the company of other dogs, he was never quarrelsome, but he knew how to stand up for his rights.

Yes, I remember Fury, and the sad end to which he came. He was drowned in the waters of a lake, and I found his body several days after he disappeared. How he came to be drowned, I have not learned. In a little grave, we buried him, and our hearts hung heavy as we turned the soil.

To many a child the fox terrier has been a friend and companion. Perhaps the fact that he does not grow to great size, is one of his chief charms. To a boy or girl 8 or 10 years old, he is a playmate rather than a guardian.

The fox terrier's history goes back more than 350 years. He is first mentioned by an English writer in the year 1572, as a helper in the hunting of foxes and badgers.

In later years, fox hounds largely took the place of terriers in the pursuit of game, and we hear of the fox terrier as a fighter. Men who appear to have had nothing better to do, matched the animals for prizes.

"Do you carrot all for me?
My heart beats for you;
With your turnip nose,
And your radish hair,
You are a peach,
If we cantaloupe,
Lettuce marry;
Weed make a swell pear."



Fox terriers can be trained to perform interesting tricks.

However, people began to take a new interest in the breed about 60 years ago, and it came into wide use as a pet.

The "pure bred" fox terriers are of two kinds—black and tan, or all white. The weight is about 20 pounds, but there are some "toy terriers," which weigh as little as three pounds.

Among the relatives of this dog are the Scotch terrier, the Irish terrier, the Welsh terrier and the Boston terrier. The Boston terrier part bulldog.

The biggest and finest thing on the face of the earth is the sight of a strong man knuckling down and confessing of his own accord that he has been guilty of a weakness.

TRIBES OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

Part IV.—The Food Supply.

THE negroes of Africa knew how to raise crops before men from Europe came to their lands. Instead of a hoe, they probably used a digging-stick; but they are now widely



Congo natives making ready to skin and cook a leopard aboard one of their boats.

provided with hoes, through trade with the whites.

The Belgian Congo is partly covered by forests, but there are also large stretches of grass land. When the grass is dry, it is burnt and the ground is broken up with hoes. Sometimes all the men and women of a tribe take part in clearing the land, which is afterward planted. The chief crops are corn and sweet potatoes.

While the crops are growing, children stand on guard, and they are expected to scare away animals which might do damage. They fling stones or shake sticks at baboons, antelopes and birds which come near. The hippo is another animal which likes to visit gardens, especially at night, to protect the crops from that beast.

fences are built. The old hippo might easily butt down the fence, but he seems to fear a trap and lets the fence alone.

Another source of food is hunting, and there are some tribes which depend almost entirely upon the game they kill. The native weapons include clubs, spears, bows-and-arrows, throwing knives, and swords. In battles against human foes, the tips of the weapons are sometimes poisoned, by juices from plants or the venom of snakes. Firearms—usually of an out-of-date sort—have been obtained by some natives through trade.

The hunters kill elephants, hippos, lions, leopards, and many smaller animals. Elephants are almost always captured in traps before they are slain. In the Baganda tribe, the hunters are not allowed to eat the flesh of the elephants they kill, and they sell it to other tribes.

TO MY SON

Listen, my son, learn how to fight
Roll up your sleeves and wade in
Learn to get up when you are down
Before the referee counts ten.

There are no pep squads in life
my son,
To cheer when the ball goes across,
But there are wolves out there, my boy,
To howl when you are thrown for a loss.

Strange Flying Creatures.

Part I.—Flying Squirrels.

IN HER artful career through the ages, Nature has made creatures of many kinds. Some can swim, some can crawl, some can walk, some can fly. Men have the power to do all those things, but in order to "fly" they must use machines.

At the beginning Nature did not give the squirrels the power of flight:



A flying squirrel.

but some squirrels developed a power to glide through the air as well as they might wish. These are called "flying squirrels," and they are found in many parts of North America, as well as in Europe and Asia.

The flying squirrels of our country are smaller than ordinary squirrels. Their bodies are seldom more than five inches long, but they have tails usually as long. Springing from a high branch of a tree, they glide with great speed to a lower branch of another tree.

The "wings" of a squirrel are folds of skin which extend on each side from the fore foot to the hind foot. During flight the folds are stretched so their limit and they provide a sort of parachute or gliding surface. The light is at first sharply downward, then slanting, then upward. The upward turn of the glide gives the animal an opportunity to slow down, and it alights on the branch almost as gracefully as a bird.

Flying squirrels make nests similar to those of other squirrels, and they store nuts for the winter. They wait until after sunset before they begin their gliding acts; and that is why some persons never see them even though living near a woods which contains many of them. The usual length of a glide is not more than 40 feet, but flights as great as 150 feet have been observed.

If you would like to read about flying fish, flying "mice" and flying frogs, you will find notes about them in the Corner later this week.



THERE ARE EIGHT HALF PINTS OF RICH TABLE CREAM IN EVERY POUND OF ARMOUR'S CLOVERBLOOM BUTTER MANUFACTURED IN FORT WORTH

Persian Religions.

BY FAR THE greater part of the Persians are Mohammedans. To the prophet, of the Arabian desert, they give honor, and they pray to Allah, master of all.

When praying, a Mohammedan Persian usually employs a rug. He takes off his shoes before he starts, and during the act he assumes four different positions. One position is standing with palms outstretched and



One of the four positions which the Mohammedans of Persia take when praying. Notice that the man has removed his slippers.

upward, as if waiting for something to fall from heaven. In another position, knees, face and hands all touch the rug.

Good church members pray at least four times a day—after rising, at noon, at sunset, and in the later evening. A trip to Mecca, the birthplace of Mohammed, is expected at least once in a life-time, and more than once if possible.

I fancy that the women are glad to make the pilgrimage to Mecca. They are, for the most part, cooped up in their homes, and it must be a relief to take a long journey through the open. Mecca is 800 miles from the southwestern Persian border, "as the crow flies," and the actual journey by camel and horse or donkey is much longer.

The Koran is a collection of sayings, or supposed sayings, of Mohammed. Tradition says that he spoke the words and that his followers wrote them down. Mohammed was given to epileptic fits, and it appears that the fits helped to give him a name as a holy man. The laws of Persia are based upon the Koran.

Besides the Mohammedans, we find in Persia the interesting sect of "Parsees." They are commonly called "fire-worshippers," but if you ask them about their religion they may tell you that they worship the spirit behind the fire rather than the fire itself. They hold the light of a candle sacred and will not blow it out. They will eat nothing which is not cooked by a person of their own religion; and they object to the eating of beef and pork, no matter who is the cook. One of their methods of atoning for their sins is by whipping themselves. Another is by making gifts to their priests.

To which may be added the following thought from Rousseau, one of the great quotations:

"The dead take to their graves in their clutched fingers only that which they have given away."

York Tribune Inc.

Africa's Only Republic.

IN AFRICA there are many lands, but there are only three "free countries" — Egypt, Abyssinnia and Liberia. Egypt and Abyssinnia are monarchies, but Liberia is a Republic. The Republic of Liberia is about the same size as Virginia, and its citi-



A native of Liberia going up an oil palm trunk in order to cut down the cones of the palm nuts.

zens are entirely negroes. No white man is allowed to vote or to hold property. The government is modeled after that of the United States, but the national senate has only nine members and the house of representatives only 14.

The story of the country dates back to 1821. In that year a society of kind-hearted Americans bought land along the African coast and sent over a shipload of freed slaves. The colony had many troubles, but more settlers came and the negroes organized a Republic.

The capital of the country is Monrovia and it is named in honor of President Monroe. It has a population of only 8,000 persons. There are today about 15,000 descendants of former American slaves in Liberia. They run the affairs of the government, but they form only a small part of the total population—which is about 2,000,000.

Most of the natives are members of savage or half-savage tribes which live back from the coast and mix very little with the other people of the country.

Coffee is one of the chief exports and it is widely grown by the civilized farmers. Liberian coffee is very strong, but it is popular in Germany, Denmark, Norway and Sweden. Palm oil is another important product. It is obtained from tall trees and is used in foreign countries for the making of soap and glycerin.

Dollars and dimes are used in Liberia and it is the only land in Africa which uses the American money system. Some of the native villages are named after American cities and the traveler can find hamlets known as New York, Philadelphia and Hartford, as well as Bunker Hill, Virginia and New Georgia. New York, Africa, is a very small imitation of New York America.

Pointers and Setters.

THE Pointer is an interesting type of hunting dog, and is used for seeking out the hiding place of game birds. When one of these dogs comes to shrubbery which hides game, it stops short and points toward the spot with its nose. Then the hunter



Tomorrow—A Little Saturday Talk. A hunter with English setter.

knows that it is pointing toward a bird, or flock of birds.

Any noise on the part of the dog might spoil the hunters shot; but the dog is trained to make no noise. It does not bark like a hound on the trail of a fox. It simply stands and points. The scent of the bird has given the warning, and it is up to the hunter to do the rest.

Setters are part of the same gen-

Street Scenes and Schools.

THE BUSINESS district of a Persian city reminds a person of a carnival or bazar. At the sides of the narrow, winding street or pathway merchants keep their wares. The merchants sit beside their small showcases,



A sketch from a photograph of a corner of a Persian school. The pupils looked at the camera when the picture was taken.

or behind the counters upon which they display their goods.

In these open booths goods are sold from dawn until evening. A merchant seldom has a fixed price for any of his wares. A customer bargains for what he buys, and there is much talking and arguing. The Persian is shrewd at bargaining. There is a saying that "one Armenian can cheat ten Greeks, but ten Armenians would be easy in the hands of a single Persian." So when you go to Persia,

eral family of "bird dogs," but they differ in some ways. Their instinct is to crouch or "set" when they obtain the scent of a bird, but their owners sometimes train them to point in the same fashion as a pointer.

Pointers are commonly liver-colored or black, though they often have white markings. The English setter is black, speckled with white. The Irish setter is of a golden chestnut color. The Gordon setter is plum black.

The habits of bird dogs are interesting, but for my part I do not like to see wild birds shot. Such a pretty bird as the pheasant ought to be left to brighten the woods. No hunter should kill it unless he is very hungry and very poor!

The "retriever" is also a bird dog, but it is used largely for bringing in wild ducks or wild geese shot over the water. Carrying the dead or wounded bird in its mouth, it swims ashore and lays the game at the hunter's feet.

do not pay the first price which is asked for an article.

Along the streets are camels as well as donkeys and horses. Camel drivers take their loads of imported goods to the merchants. If you wish ice cream, you may buy it from a man who pushes a gayly colored cart. From another peddler you may purchase a fresh-boiled potato or a slice of a sugar beet.

Crowds gather around magicians who perform tricks at street corners; and here and there is a man who tells stories for a living.

There are beggars too, and plenty, who stretch out their hands for the more fortunate to fill.

The street-side grocer will be glad to sell you a flat sheet of bread or a long cone of sugar, a bar of soap or a box of matches, dried beans or a bag of rice.

Persia has in late years made efforts to improve its system of education. There are more boys who learn to read and write than in former times; and even girls sometimes receive a little teaching. The schools are commonly open at one side, so that those who pass by can look in from the street. A father can thus see whether his son is paying good attention; but the boys are more fearful of the long stick which the teacher uses without much coaxing.

MRS. ELLIS WILL BE BURIED ON WEDNESDAY

The funeral for Mrs. M. G. Ellis Sr., 84, pioneer settler and school and club woman who died Monday night, will be held at 3 p. m. Wednesday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. H. C. McCart, 918 Eighth Avenue. Burial will be in Pioneers Rest. Mrs. Ellis, widow of the late Maj. M. G. Ellis Sr., who died last July 27, had been ill for 10 months.

Oases of the Sahara.

THE name "Sahara" comes from an Arabic word meaning "waste," and it is in general a good description. Yet there are spots which are by no means waste land. These are known as "oases," and they are numbered by the score.

The oases of the Sahara cover about 80,000 square miles of ground, all told, and many contain villages or small cities. The town of Wargla,



Taking a rest on the Sahara Desert.

on the Wargla Oasis, will serve as an example. It is a collection of one-story houses, built of adobe. The streets are so narrow that a man on horseback can not easily turn his horse around. Over each doorway, there is usually a sentence or phrase taken from the Koran, sacred book of the Mohammedans. Dates are the chief products of this oasis, and there

Mrs. Ellis came to Fort Worth in 1859 with her parents, Francis and Mary Darter, who planned to visit only temporarily at the straggling little fort and then go on to California. Instead they purchased a farm 25 miles north of Fort Worth and Mr. Darter made frequent trips to California in connection with his profession of geologist.

It was on Nov. 15, 1868, that "Jenkie" Darter and M. G. Ellis, a photographer, were married, in spite of parental objection.

The Indians stole their horses during the wedding ceremony, and they made their honeymoon trip to Stephenville in a condemned government wagon drawn by oxen. Eleven months later they went to San Saba, where their first child, now Mrs. J. W. Lynch, was born.

It was in that town that the Indians raided the settlers and Mrs. Ellis snatched her child from the arms of a marauder and ran with other women to the town's strongest building where they remained until Texas Rangers came the next day.

A year after their marriage the couple decided to return to Fort Worth, and made the journey in a covered wagon—a perilous trip fraught with the danger of Indian attacks.

In a house built upon property they saved from selling tintypes, they lived for more than 50 years. The tract is now bounded by Lamar, Burnett, Third and Fifth Streets. Later they moved to Worth Street.

Surviving Mrs. Ellis are a sister, Mrs. J. W. Burton, and three daughters, Mrs. Lynch of Snyder and Mrs. H. K. McCollum and Mrs. McCart of Fort Worth, and two grandsons, Homer C. McCart and J. W. Lynch Jr.

are about 1,000,000 trees. The trees are watered with the help of artesian wells.

Some oases are fed with water by springs, others by underground lakes. The desert soil would be fertile in most parts if water could be obtained; and where nature now supplies moisture, trees and shrubs flourish.

There are acacia and mimosa trees as well as palms, and at certain spots we also find tobacco, cotton, melons, cucumbers, lemons, oranges and almonds.

The people of the desert number about 1,500,000. Most of them live on the oases, but there are tribes which spend wandering lives. Sometimes they lead caravans for a living, sometimes they rob them. The Sahara people are in general of mixed blood—Arab, Berber and Lybian; and there are strong strains of negro blood in some sections.

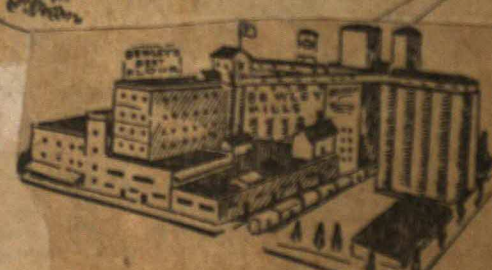
In spite of the newly-formed motor-bus lines, the camels remain the chief "ships of the desert." Their power to go without water for several days is explained by the pouches in their stomachs. One pouch holds six quarts of water, and the camel uses the fluid slowly. Three days is about the limit for the ordinary camel, but some have been trained to go longer without a drink. Fifteen or 20 miles a day is the usual distance covered by a camel, but a special breed of "racers" is able to cover from 90 to 100 miles before dawn and dusk.

BELIEVE IT — IT'S TRUE

A FORT WORTH DEPARTMENT STORE HAS A CEMENT PARKING GROUND, WHICH ADJOINS THE BUILDING, LARGE ENOUGH TO ACCOMMODATE 400 AUTOMOBILES.... WHEN RAINING, AN ATTENDANT TAKES YOUR CAR AT THE ENTRANCE AND PARKS IT FOR YOU



WHEN THE TIME LOCKS ARE SET ON THE CONTINENTAL NATL. BANK'S VAULTS, THEY CANNOT BE OPENED EVEN WITH THE PROPER COMBINATION. THE CLOCKS.... THREE TO EACH DOOR.... ARE WOUND AND SET TO EACH DOOR.... ARE CERTAIN HOUR. IT IS BEYOND THE POWER OF THE BANK ITSELF TO OPEN A VAULT UNTIL AT LEAST ONE OF THE CLOCKS IN IT'S DOOR STOPS RUNNING.



BEWLEY MILLS, MAKERS OF BEWLEY'S BEST FLOUR, WAS ESTABLISHED IN 1882 WITH A MILLING CAPACITY OF FIFTY BARRELS PER DAY. TODAY THE MILLING CAPACITY IS 1800 BBLs OF FLOUR; 500 BBLs OF MEAL; 1000 TONS OF MIXED FEED.— THE LARGEST IN FORT WORTH. THE GRAIN STORAGE CAPACITY IS 1,000,000 BUSHELs.

A Snake-Killing Bird.

THE SECRETARY BIRD is a well-liked resident of Southern Africa. Most birds are in deadly fear of snakes; but not so the tall, strong secretary bird! He is glad to make the acquaintance of almost any snake.



The secretary bird holds no fear of snakes.

When a secretary bird sees a snake, he rushes toward it to do battle. Usually he waits for the snake to strike first, either bounding up in the air to escape the blow or spreading out one of his wings to make the blow harmless.

After striking, the snake is "unwound" for an instant or two and off his guard. Then the secretary bird starts his heavy work. With his

beak he clutches the snake behind the head, and starts to kill it. If the snake is large and hard to kill, the bird knows a very good trick. Up into the air he flies, lifting the snake up with him.

From a height of perhaps 100 feet the bird lets go of the snake and it falls to earth, where it is either killed or so badly stunned that the bird has little trouble in finishing the job. Then the flesh of the snake is eaten.

Secretary birds have been known to kill snakes more than five feet long. They gained their name of "secretary" from the tuft of feathers above each ear, reminding one of the old-fashioned quill pen which writers used to place above their ears.

BOOKS FOR SUMMER READING.

(Suggested by Children.)

"Dear Uncle Ray: I would like to tell you my favorite books, so here they are. I love 'Little Women' and all the rest by Louisa Alcott; and I like 'Katrinka,' a story of a Russian child who became a dancer. All the books by Burnett are sure to be good such as 'The Secret Garden' and 'Little Lord Fauntleroy.' I liked 'Hild,' by Johanna Spriet. Your faithful follower, 'Alice Lauffer.' (Age 16.)

This will be the last of our series of book letters for the present. I hope that the suggestions of other children will be of value to you in selecting your books for the present summer.

Q. How long was Texas a republic?

A. On March 2, 1836, Texas proclaimed her independence, and maintained it when General Sam Houston's army defeated Santa Anna at the head of 1,500 troops in the Battle of San Jacinto, April 21, 1836. In 1845, the United States, England, France, and Belgium recognized the new government, and Texas remained independent until annexed by the United States in December 29, 1845.

A False "King."

THE lion has often been called "king of beasts," but it does not deserve the title.

It is not the largest or the strongest animal, being far inferior to the elephant in size and strength. In battles with full-grown tigers, it usually comes off second best. It is not the bravest



A lion in jungle grass.

beast, but in fact is cowardly at times. It seldom dares to attack an African buffalo, unless other lions are on hand to help.

It is not the wisest beast. Dogs, elephants, and monkeys all show far greater brain-power.

In view of those facts, I think that we are justified in saying that the lion does not deserve to be placed on any throne. It is simply a member of the cat family, which has grown large and has put on a showy "mane."

Lions are bloodthirsty beasts. They kill all manner of animals which are not well able to defend themselves. Their prey includes zebras, wild asses and antelopes. When near human settlements they kill cattle, goats, ponies and camels. They also kill people, and many a native village in Africa has been held in terror by man-eating lions.

When you watch a lion-tamer in a show, you may often notice that he holds a torch as well as a whip and pistol. The torch is of value because

the lion has a terror of fire. When well fed, lions usually go through their tricks and act in a fairly docile manner; but many cases are on record where they have clawed and killed their trainers. The lion's fear of flame is helpful to travelers in the jungles. When bonfires are kept going around a camp, this night-provoking animal fears to attack.

Lions formerly roamed over Europe. That was before the last visit of a glacial sheet. We know that there were lions in Europe, because of the bones which have been found in the caves of Germany, France, Spain, Italy and Great Britain. Stone Age men killed the beasts for food.

Marriages of the Delawares.

IF WE turn back to the time before white men pushed the tribes westward, we may imagine this scene along the Delaware river:

The mother of a young brave makes her way to a wigwam. It is not her own wigwam; but she is interested in the family which dwells inside. With her she carries some game, perhaps a pair of rabbits and a squirrel or two.

"This is a gift from my son," she says to the woman who bids her enter the wigwam. "He is a good hunter."

The woman returns her thanks; but she knows the purpose of the gift. Deerfoot, a sturdy young warrior, wants to marry her daughter, and is sending game to prove that he is skillful with the bow and arrow.

Deerfoot's mother leaves the wigwam after a friendly talk. The parents of the girl eat the game around the campfire. They speak about Deerfoot and try to decide whether he would make a good match for their daughter. If they think he will, they plan upon a gift to send back to his parents.

In that way, the Delaware Indians were in the custom of making their marriages. Usually, there was not just one exchange of gifts, but many exchanges. When the parents were sure, and the young man and woman felt sure, the marriage took place.

Usually the married couple found life pleasant together; but sometimes they did not. If either the wife or the husband wanted it so, the marriage was brought to an end. The Delawares believed that people should not remain married when they were no longer happy.

Many other eastern tribes had

PUNKINVILLE PARAGRAPHS BY GEORGE BINGHAM



-S. F. Smith

The Tickville Banker's daughter ran her car against the big tree on Main Street yesterday and knocked off a hub cap. The Mayor happened along just then, said he was awful sorry, and told her he'd have the tree moved back out of people's way.

BEFORE MARRIAGE the three little words

that give a man the biggest thrill are "I love you." After marriage they are "Dinner is ready."

much the same customs; but west of the Mississippi, there were important differences. Along the Pacific coast, there were tribes in which it was the custom for a man to buy his wife for a set price. He gave the father of the girl wampum or skins or fresh game—and sometimes all three. It depended on how much he wanted the young lady.

FAVORITE AMERICAN BIRDS.

Part VII—Eagles.

SIX YEARS AGO an eagle attacked an airplane. I am not sure in what State the event occurred, but I remember clearly the day the news reached the editorial room of the



Eagles Have Been Used as the Emblems of Several Nations.

newspaper with which I was associated. The eagle did no more than damage one of the wings of the plane, but that made a good feature story.

What do you suppose was in the mind of the bird? Perhaps it thought that a new creature was invading the air and must be stopped. It was surely a bold act to battle with a "being" so much greater in size.

In North America there are two great eagle families. "Golden eagles" are so named because of the tawny feathers on their heads and necks which glow in the sunlight with golden hue. Except in Maine and Nova Scotia golden eagles are not often seen east of the Mississippi; but they are fairly frequent in the Rockies and other western mountains. They breed as far north as Alaska, and they are able to stand very cold weather. Their food consists partly of rabbits, fawns and lambs. They also prey upon other birds, including turkeys, ducks and geese.

It is sometimes said that the golden eagle "carries away children," but no reader of the Corner has anything to fear on that score. It has been proved that this eagle can not lift a weight greater than six or seven pounds. If ever it carried away even a baby, the baby must have been very tiny.

The "bald eagle" is the one after which the United States has modeled its emblem. It is rare along the Pacific Coast, but is seen in the Mississippi Valley and along portions of the Atlantic Coast. It is seldom found in any part of Canada.

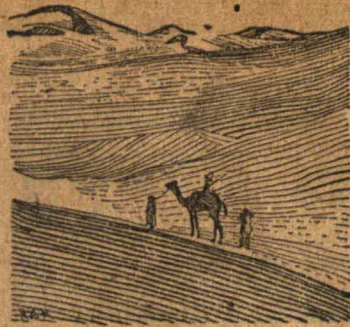
The bald eagle is a good deal of a robber. It takes away fish which have been captured by fish hawks. When it feeds upon dead fish which have been washed ashore.

I think that you will be interested to know that eagles were used as war emblems by the ancient Romans. They also appeared in the emblems of the fallen empires of Austria, Russia and Germany.

The Sahara Desert.

THE Sahara desert seems to hold a keen interest on this side of the Atlantic. It is the earth's largest desert, and would cover the entire United States, with almost half a million square miles left over!

When we speak of a desert, a picture of sand as far as the eye can reach, usually comes to mind. That



A scene on the Sahara Desert, where mountains of sand are found. (From a photograph.)

is true for many parts of the Sahara, but not for all. Within the region are several mountain ridges; and there are some rivers, though not many. At some points sand dunes arise, and there are oases.

Sand dunes are hills of sand which generally drift slowly with the wind; but when vegetation gets started upon

them, they may remain in place. Many a caravan leader uses the dunes as landmarks in trips across the wastes. Some of the sand ridges rise to heights of 400 to 500 feet.

There is seldom rain on the Sahara, but far worse misfortunes come in the shape of sandstorms. The winds whip up, and the sand falls thickly, sometimes so thickly as to bury all the persons in a caravan.

A traveler from Europe, Count D'Escayrac, describes a sandstorm in this manner:

"It was a fine July night, and the sky was clear and filled with stars. Suddenly a cloud arose and blackened half the heavens. A gust of wind blew sand and little pebbles into our faces. Soon we were surrounded by the sand cloud, and our eyes were filled with grit when we dared to open them.

"Our camels sank moaning to their knees, and lay down. I leaned against my camel, and the high saddle gave me some shelter; but I did not dare lie down for fear of being buried. The storm passed, and at dawn the sky was clear again; but the camels and their drivers lay up to their necks in sand."

(Family sitting around the table).

Dad: Another bite like that son and you will leave the table.

Son: Another bite like that and I will be through.

Tribes of Central Africa.

NEGROES, even those of the heart of Africa, are seldom really black. The very dark ones usually have a chocolate brown color; and in some tribes, the skins are reddish or yellowish brown. Among the other



The Shelluk's spear is an important weapon in the jungle.

marks of the race are broad noses and wooly hair.

Almost every negro native of Africa has black hair, but a few cases of red hair have been known to occur, and the hair of the aged often turns white. At birth, the child has dark blue eyes, but the color soon changes to dark brown.

There are cases of very tall natives, but the height is commonly medium; and some of the tribes have men of very small stature. The Akka tribe, which leads a wandering life west of Lake Victoria, is composed of persons who may be called dwarfs. Their average height is only 4 feet, 10 inches.

The religions of the native tribes

differ a good deal. Some call their chief god Kuru, others Benthema, others Olurun, and so on. In some tribes, Ymell is spoken of as the god of war. Where there is a chief god, there are usually lesser gods or half-gods. Among the Edos, the half-gods are supposed to be men who have gained ruling places in the spirit world.

It is some times supposed that the native tribes are given to the worship of idols, but that is not entirely true. The little wooden figures taken from Africa and placed in museums, are usually charms rather than idols. The priests of the tribes are strong in belief of magic; and when they mutter words over a figure, they think that they give it power to protect against enemies.

Many tribesmen worship their dead ancestors. Sometimes they worship only their parents and grandparents, but in other cases they do honor to their ancestors far back in the line. They believe that they can help the dead, and they also wish to receive whatever help the spirits can give.

The Longest Highway Bridge in the World IS BUILT CHIEFLY OF OYSTER SHELLS!

The San Mateo Bridge across San Francisco Bay is 7 1/2 miles long. It is constructed of concrete made of oyster shells dredged from the bottom of the bay.

JUST FOLKS BY EDGAR A. GUEST

CONFIDENCE.

Hold your faith in what is best! Never let it get away.

Be you watchful ever, lest It escape you, as it may.

'Tis an easy thing to speak Bitter words of broken men, But who still betrays the weak May restore their strength again.

In these times when all are tried Most men do the best they can. Be not quick to thrust aside As unworthy any man.

There are many struggling now On life's stream to keep afloat And the broken word and vow Those on shore should scarcely note.

Keep your faith in what is true. Be not quick to scoff or chide. What may seem like loss to you May in time be justified: Paths are difficult and long. Days are wearisome and drear. Keep your faith! If some do wrong Be not overquick to sneer.

WALK-OVER SHOES ARE SOLD IN 102 DIFFERENT COUNTRIES AND THE TRADE MARK IS THE MONK

TRADE MARK REGISTERED PAT OFFICE

AMERICA

My country! 'tis of thee Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing: Land where my fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From every mountain side, Let freedom ring!

Our father's God! to Thee, Author of liberty, To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

I.—The Statue of Liberty.

DEAR CORNER READERS—
While I am out this way, I am going to tell you some interesting things about New York City. I am sure that you would like to hear about the Statue of Liberty. It stands on an island in New York Harbor.



The Statue of Liberty.

and it is always seen by persons who arrive in ocean steamships.

The Statue of Liberty is a figure of a woman holding a torch above her head. The statue itself is about 125 feet high, and it stands on a high pedestal which makes the torch blaze forth 306 feet above the water's surface. When the torch is lighted at night, it makes an impressive sight.

The Statue of Liberty was given as a present by people of France. It was designed by a French sculptor named Bartholdi, and was set up in 1886. When I tell you the height the figures may not give a very clear idea of the size; but if a 25-

story building were set up beside the statue the top of the building would be at about the same height as the torch.

I have climbed to the top by means of a stairway inside, and it is quite a climb! At the top, I looked through the openings in the crown which rest upon the head of the goddess of liberty. Those openings look small when seen from the water, but when you get to the top you find that they are large enough.

I have obtained a New York address sooner than I expected to do so, and if you wish to write me this week you may address your letter Ramon Coffman ("Uncle Ray"), 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Probably some of you have written to me at the Mount Vernon address, but I do not worry. I have let Uncle Sam know how to forward my mail, and he is careful about doing things of that sort.

In my letter tomorrow, I shall tell you about Central Park.

Letters From New York City.

IV.—Speaking Pictures.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS—The other evening, I attended a movie in which John Barrymore was the star. I think he is one of the best actors of the present time, but the thing which led me to go to the theater was mainly the desire to watch and listen to the third Vitaphone program.

The Vitaphone is something which should make great progress in the movies. It seems that so far it has not been perfected to a point where the actors can speak their parts in the play itself, but that will come later.

The "talking" part of the program came at the beginning, and it was mainly singing rather than speaking. I watched Mary Lewis while she sang some popular songs. It almost seemed as though she were right there. Between her songs, she asked other persons who were shown on the screen: "What do you-all want?" Her words sounded just as natural as could be wished. The crowd shouted back, "Virginny," and then Mary sang the song they asked for.

There were also songs by groups of grand opera stars. This part of the program made me think of how splendid it will be when such moving pictures become the usual thing at theaters. At present we can "tune in" on grand opera singing with the radio, but we lose part of the flavor of the program because we do not see the persons who are singing. The Vitaphone will be improved upon, or perhaps some other process will prove better; but the day will come when the silent movies are things of the past.

An event of great importance occurred recently when the image of Secretary Hoover was sent by radio from Washington to New York. Pictures have been sent by radio before, but this time the image was moving at the same time Mr. Hoover was speaking. The image was clear only when it was small, two inches by three inches in size. When it was enlarged to two feet by three feet it was not nearly so good; but that was no reason to be disappointed. We are approaching the year when talking moving pictures will be seen and heard by anyone with the proper instrument, at the same time that they are being made.

Another thing that is likely to come in our lifetime is the radiopicture telephone. By using the right wave length, we shall probably be able to speak to friends and relatives hundreds of miles away, and to SEE their smiling faces at the same time they reply to our questions or comments. Won't that be nice?

When a person leads a good life, the Buddhists say, he may be born again in a high position of society; or he may go to heaven and spend billions of years of happiness. The Buddhists have orders of nuns, as well as monks and priests. They hold daily services in their temples, with hymns and the burning of incense.

The Confucianists are also numerous. They try to obey the teachings of Confucius, an ancient Chinese thinker. He taught a great deal about duty to parents and many of his followers now worship their ancestors.

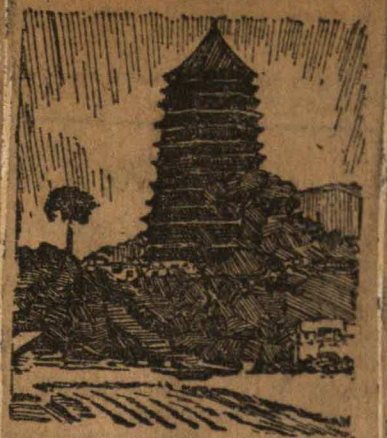
Father we thank Thee for the night, And for the pleasant morning light. For rest and food and loving care, And all that makes the day so fair.

Help us to do the things we should, To be to others kind and good. In all our work, and in our play, To grow more lovely every day.

Creeds of the Chinese.

WHAT do the Chinese believe about religions and creeds? That is a question which can not be answered in a word. Indeed, a whole book might be written about the subject and still not take in all the details.

We can, however, divide the Chinese roughly into groups. The principal



The "Great Six" pagoda, outside of the city of Hang-Chau. It is supposed to control the waters of the river near whose banks it stands.

religions are Taoism, Buddhism and Confucianism.

The Taoists are named after a book written by Lao-Tze, who lived about 2,500 years ago. This book was called "Tao," meaning "Pathway," and was intended to guide the Chinese along the pathway of worth while lives. It declares that people should return good for evil.

The Buddhists call themselves followers of "the Buddha," who lived in India at about the same time as Lao-Tze preached in China. Missionaries from India came to China and

converted many of the people. It is a curious fact that there are now more Buddhists in China than in India.

The Buddhists believe that when a man dies, his soul appears in a new shape. If he has not been good during life, he may be born again as a plant, as one of the lower animals, or as a slave. If he has been very, very bad, he is supposed to go to a place of torture. The Buddhists speak of 136 kinds of "hell" where the wicked must spend time. The torture does not last forever, but it is said to endure at least 10,000,000 years. That would be a long time to remain very hot or very cold!

When a person leads a good life, the Buddhists say, he may be born again in a high position of society; or he may go to heaven and spend billions of years of happiness. The Buddhists have orders of nuns, as well as monks and priests. They hold daily services in their temples, with hymns and the burning of incense.

The Confucianists are also numerous. They try to obey the teachings of Confucius, an ancient Chinese thinker. He taught a great deal about duty to parents and many of his followers now worship their ancestors.

Father we thank Thee for the night, And for the pleasant morning light. For rest and food and loving care, And all that makes the day so fair.

Help us to do the things we should, To be to others kind and good. In all our work, and in our play, To grow more lovely every day.

II.—CENTRAL PARK.

DEAR FRIENDS:

In the past ten years, scarcely a year has passed that I have not made at least one or two visits to New York City, and once I remained here for 13 months.

In some ways I like this big city. I have good friends here, and that



Swans swimming under a bridge in Central Park.

helps any place to attract you. There are also in New York some of the finest plays and musicales to be found anywhere.

In spite of that, I should not care to live here all my life. The houses are too much crowded together, and people do not have enough sunlight during the day—or a clear enough view of the stars at night. It is hard to find trees or grass even in front of the homes of rich families. Some of the homes on Fifth Avenue and Park Avenue are supposed to be worth more than a million dollars apiece; but their "front lawns" do not deserve the name.

There is at least one fine, large green place in the heart of the city. That is central Park. It is a half mile wide and more than two miles long. It was set aside as a public park before the beginning of the Civil War, and it is certainly a lucky thing for modern New York that such a wise thing was done.

Central Park has many trees and bushes, as well as a splendid carpet of green grass. It contains several small lakes, and the New Yorkers, who see so little of nature's beauty, go there in great crowds to row in flat-bottomed boats. There is something almost pitiful about the clumsy way in which the boats are managed, but the flat bottoms keep them from turning over.



DO YOU KNOW—
PANGBURN'S CANDIES ARE SOLD IN EVERY STATE IN THE UNITED STATES
...A NATIONAL SALES FORCE WORKING OUT OF FORT WORTH? SUCH NATIONAL BRANDS AS FROZEN DRUMSTICK, PECAN KRUNCH AND RAGTIME CHOCOLATE WERE CREATED AT PANGBURN'S.

Fox Hounds.

THE Fox Hound is a dog of medium size. Its weight is about 70 pounds on the average, making it heavier than a setter or a pointer but only half the weight of a St. Bernard.

There are some Englishmen who would scarcely know what to do with-



A fox hound, on the hunt.

out hounds of this kind. The sport of fox-hunting is popular in England, and captive foxes are set free for the

"fun" of running them down with horse and hound. The foxes are given something of a start before the pursuit commences.

A fox is a swift-running animal, and sometimes makes a speed of 25 miles an hour. Since that is the fact, you can see why it is necessary for fox hounds to be good travelers. In spite of the head start of the fox, they commonly catch up.

Time may be lost when the sly fox gets out of sight by turning in his course and concealing himself by means of a wall of shrubbery; but the hounds have a keen sense of smell, and they find the trail. The men on horseback follow close behind, and leap over walls and ditches. Some of the falls of the Prince of Wales have taken place during fox hunts.

A boy has written me asking whether he ought to feed meat to his dog, aged three months. He also inquires what other food a dog should be given, if not meat.

In this question I am not told the breed of the dog, but the answer will hold for dogs in general. It is all right to feed meat to a dog. In their wild state, dogs were flesh-eaters and there is no sound reason for trying to change their habits entirely. Puppies should be left in the care of their

mother for a reasonable period, and after that they should be fed with cow's milk as well as scraps of meat. Many dog raisers have found that it is well to mix cooked vegetables with the meat. Raw meat may be given, but not often. Liver should always be cooked, in order to destroy the parasites which infest it and which can injure the dog's stomach.

EVERY THING IS ON THE UP AND UP
WHO WAYS IT SAID—? WE BUILD THE LADDER, BY WHICH WE RISE FROM THE LOWLY EARTH TO THE VAULTED SKIES AND WE MOUNT TO IT'S SUMMIT ROUND BY ROUND



CORONA, Cal., Nov. 21.—"Hello, Governor Roosevelt. Nice of you to come, knowing your distance for Washington." "Hello, Mr. President. Nice of you to make it possible for me to get to Washington, but let's get right to business. Are three farmers going to pay?" Mr. Hoover, "Not unless they have too." Mr. Roosevelt, "What were your campaign promises?" Mr. Hoover, "No post-ponements and no cancellations." Mr. Roosevelt, "Mine, too. What do you say, just for a novelty, that both parties keep their campaign promises?" Mr. Hoover, "That's OK with me. Stimson bring up a cable." Dear Europe, your applications of poverty in the United States Government for extension on your notes is respectively denied as the taxpayers at home, whom we borrowed the money from, are demanding it. If we don't receive it now from you we have no possible way of refunding it to them. We hope this is quite clear. Yours respectfully, Hoover and Roosevelt, representing United States Government." Yours,

Will Rogers

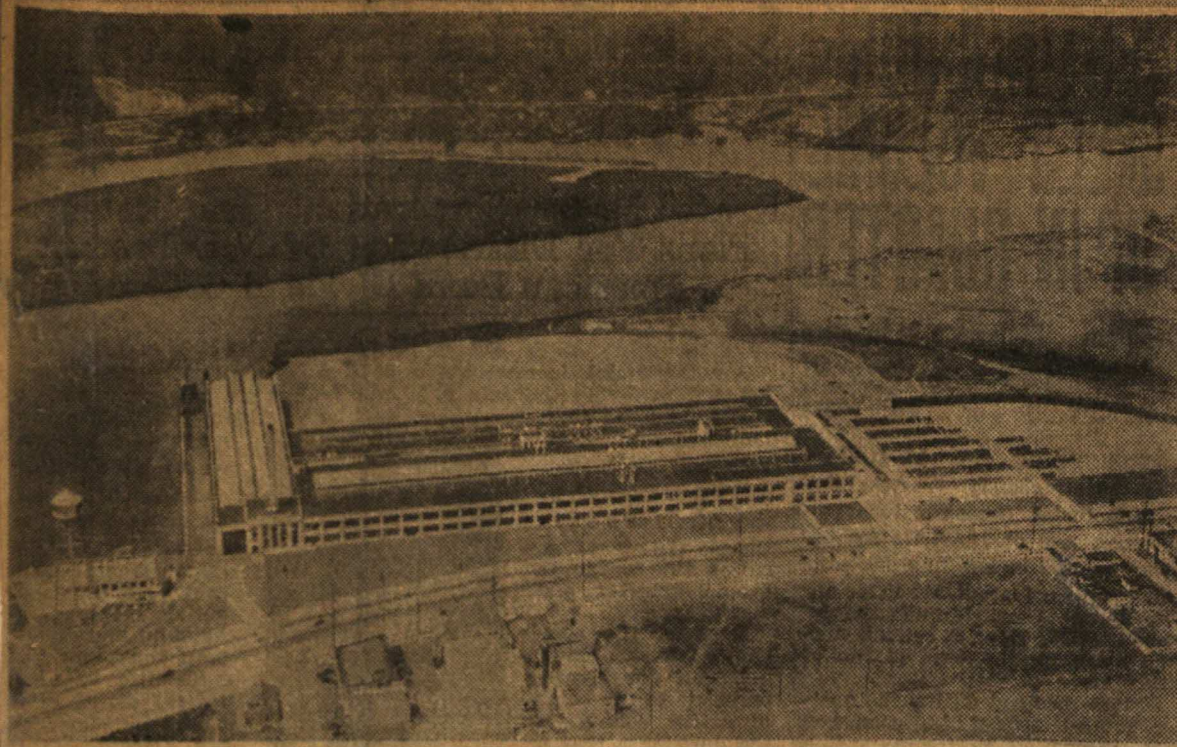
HOW TO PRESERVE A HUSBAND

By Mrs. Huffman
1609 Lee Ave.

Take one husband, firm and willing, two loving hands, miles of smiles, bushels of cheerfulness and common sense, kisses to taste.

The right way to begin is to begin proper at the beginning and in order that you may work intelligently it is absolutely necessary that you make your own selection, and then, too, you must be endowed with a plentiful amount of perseverance, in fact "persistence" must be your watchword. Use only pure essence of affection, honesty, truth and obedience and add a little salt when needed. The custom of putting him in "brine" is to be made when wanted is not a commendable one—in brine strong enough to preserve him he loses zest and quantity, and never makes as fine flavored article. Put him on with a smile and keep up a steady fire of love. The cause of many failures in husbands is because they are allowed to "simmer" and "stew." Should he boil over do not get excited, but sit quietly in an attractive pose and count 100 or 1,000,000,000 as the occasion demands. Also want to impress upon you never to stir him while boiling, as many a good article has been spoiled by doing so.

Birdseye View Of New Ford Plant



Tour Through Ford Factory Hard On Feet

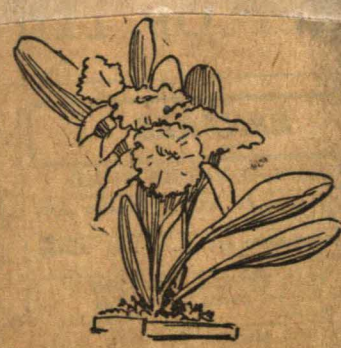
Costan to Start Metal Production on Dec. 1

If you are troubled with fallen arches, or other difficulties with your pedal extremities, it is best that you READ how Ford cars are assembled in the new plant, or listen to the discourse of some obliging friend of sturdier underpinning than yourself. Going through the Seattle Ford plant is much like setting forth on foot on a hike from here to Portland. Ford cars don't just grow—they are assembled bit by bit.

In the first place, Ford ships pull right up to the plant's 500-foot dock, with its sixty-foot channel, and deposit their cargoes right at the door of a warehouse that would make a handy hangar for the next visit of the dirigible Akron. From the big stock rooms the various parts are fed by conveyor lines onto the main assembly line.

The first step in the assembly of the car occurs when the unpainted parts of the body are fastened into the welding jig. There is a sputter of electric sparks and, presto!—instead of two pieces there is one. Piece by piece other parts are added to the body until, finally, the body for your new Ford is all in one, and accurate to the thousandth part of an inch, according to Ford's famous Johansson gauges. If they are not accurate, they are discarded.

After the test of the gauge the body goes down the finishing line. At every twenty-five feet of the 373-foot length stands an inspector, responsible for the perfection of one particular operation.



A QUARANTINE EMBARGO EFFECTED MANY YEARS AGO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE RARITY OF THE ORCHID PLANTS NOW PRODUCED IN THE U.S. HAVE BEEN GROWN FROM SEED WHICH WERE IN THIS COUNTRY AT THE TIME THE QUARANTINE WENT INTO EFFECT ACCORDING TO GORDON BOSWELL, FLORIST—1220 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE

Costanum, a nonferrous metal developed here about 15 years ago by R. E. L. Costan, local inventor and metallurgist, will be produced here in large quantities beginning Dec. 1, according to Costan, due to the perfection of a new process for making the metal so that it can be marketed at a low price.

The metal is similar to aluminum but possesses the tensile strength of much stronger metals. Costan announced that equipment for smelting the metal will be installed and ready for production by Dec. 1. He already has an order for 1,000 pounds of pure costanum, bought by a Texas corporation. The order must be delivered by Jan. 1.

Costan started a number of years ago to manufacture airplanes from the light metal but gave up the plan because of the expensive process used at that time in producing the metal. It now is his plan to do nothing but produce the metal in the form com-

monly known as "pigs," furnishing it to companies which desire to manufacture automobile and airplane parts and other articles.

The metal now can be produced for 65 cents per pound whereas it formerly sold for \$7.50 per pound. Costan now has arranged to produce four grades of costanum, the pure metal selling for 65 cents and the lowest grade for 20 cents per pound.

Manufacturers in the East have tried repeatedly to duplicate the metal through laboratory tests of it but they have never solved the mystery of his process, Costan said. The metal will not oxidize or corrode and has a natural finish that eliminates plating. The metal can be rolled into sheets, drawn into wire or cast and can be soldered or welded.

A resident of Fort Worth for 30 years, Costan is confident that the production of his patented metal will gradually increase here and will result in the ultimate establishment of a large industry.

CRACKS AT THE CROWD BY CLAUDE CALLAN

We believe our son could find work if he didn't have a car. He drives so fast that he passes by jobs without seeing them, and we really think he could find employment at something if he would walk about town looking for it. If jobs were well lighted our son might see them as he passed, but the average job doesn't stand out on the sidewalk trying to attract attention. You can't even honk for a job and get it to come out to let you look it over. You must go in and inquire about it. We know our son sincerely wants work, but he just hasn't the right idea about finding a job. As a rule he has some girl in the car helping him look for work, but even the two of them don't succeed in finding employment for him.

Cousin Lucy goes to church regularly now, but relatives don't think she is religious. They are whispering that she is just trying to get members to trade at her husband's store.

Mrs. Jimpson says young people will be good only if they work hard from morning until night. She thinks goodness is the result of being exhausted.

Wife is suspicious when you give her money she hasn't asked for, and there is no occasion for doing it. She will ask for it in a few minutes.

Uncle Dave is such a successful man that his wife and children hardly know him. He spends all his time with his success.

It is unjust for the groom to pay the minister. The bill should be paid by the bride's mother who arranged the match.

When wife is in a big hurry she will not stop to talk about anything except clothes.

THE MAIL ORDER MERCHANDISING PLAN WAS FOUNDED BY A. MONTGOMERY WARD IN A SINGLE ROOM STORE IN CHICAGO IN 1872. THIS ORGANIZATION NOW OPERATES MORE THAN 500 STORES IN THE UNITED STATES



\$3,222,000 WAS PAID TO TEXAS FARMERS FOR POULTRY, EGGS, CREAM AND MILK DURING 1932 BY THE FORT WORTH POULTRY & EGG CO., A TEXAS CORPORATION

NOW OPEN—This is how the new \$3,000,000 Ford Motor Company assembly plant on East Marginal Way looks from the air. The big plant, described as the finest in the world, occupies a thirty-acre sit in the South End

industrial district and provides Seattle with \$100,000 monthly to the payroll. It is open daily through Friday from 2 p. m. to 9 p. m. for public inspection.

DAY AND NIGHT CREWS ON HAND TO BUILD CARS

New \$3,000,000 Factory To Hold Open House Until Next Friday Night For Visitors

Seattle's big show this week, with a cast of 600 workmen unfolding the interesting story of what happens in the world's finest assembly factory, is being staged out on East Marginal Way within the walls of the Ford Motor Company.



Henry Ford and industrial leaders of the city, together with a gathering of state, county and city officials, saw the preview and marveled. They were the guests of J. C. Donnelly, branch manager. From now through until Friday the general public will be the guests of Mr. Donnelly each day from 2 p. m. to 9 p. m.

The new Ford plant is Henry Ford's \$3,000,000 contribution to Seattle's industrial development. It means the employment of 600 men and an addition of \$100,000 to the city's monthly payroll. It means that Seattle takes the forefront among all cities where there are Ford assembly plants, for nowhere in the world is there one to equal it.

Mr. Donnelly with his able lieutenants, J. J. Hague, assistant branch manager, and M. H. Kendall, wholesale manager, expect 100,000 people to see the huge plant in operation this week. A crew of fifty guides will take the visitors through the building and explain the workings of the assembly operations. A night shift will be on until 9 o'clock so that evening visitors need not miss anything afforded afternoon spectators.

Visitors will be shown the step-by-step process of the building of a Ford car from the time the crudely shaped parts are unloaded at the dock until the car rolls off the production line ready for delivery to the dealer and to the purchaser.

They will see the battery of sputtering seam-welders that make a one-piece body out of several pieces. They will see the fascinating painting process whereby twelve coats of paint are sprayed on Ford bodies. They will see the minute inspections and testings as each car leaves the line.

Occupying the spotlight of interest will be the new Ford V-eight. It stands as a tribute to the wizard of Dearborn who, last November when plans were ready for his new four, suddenly foresaw an opening in the low-price field for an eight. Men who knew have said that no one but Henry Ford would have attempted to design, build and perfect an eight-cylinder car in time for the 1932 market. But Henry Ford did. Fighting against time, engineers worked tirelessly to bring about the eight. It was ready for the 1932 market in March and the world had waited for it.

- AFLOCK OF SHIPS IS CALLED A FLEET.
- AFLEET OF SHEEP IS CALLED A FLOCK.
- AFLOCK OF GIRLS IS CALLED A BEVY.
- ABEVY OF WOLVES IS CALLED A PACK.
- A PACK OF THIEVES IS CALLED A GANG.
- A GANG OF ANGELS IS CALLED A HOST.
- A HOST OF PORPOISE IS CALLED A SHOAL.
- A SHOAL OF BUFFALOES IS CALLED A TROOP.
- ATROOP OF PARTRIDGES IS CALLED A COVEY.
- ACOVEY OF BEAUTIES IS CALLED A GALAXY.
- A GALAXY OF RUFFIANS IS CALLED A HORDE.
- A HORDE OF RUBBISH IS CALLED A HEAP.
- A HEAP OF BLACKGUARDS IS CALLED A MOB.
- A MOB OF WHALES IS CALLED A SCHOOL.
- A SCHOOL OF WORSHIPPERS IS CALLED

Tarrant County's First Hundred

Four Families Had Much to do With Rise of County

Note: This is another of a series of stories on Tarrant County's first hundred families.

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

IT HAS been said that happiness consists of being able to live in harmony with one's environment. In view of the marvelous changes that have taken place in Tarrant County in the last three-quarters of a century, one can but wonder how the pioneers living here at that time knew what their environment was.

Trying to study the geography and topography of a country from the window of a "mile a minute" express train as it flies through space would be a close parallel. And yet Merida Ellis, Fort Worth's oldest living pioneer citizen, and other early settlers of this county, have had this unique experience.

The Loving family, to which Merida Ellis belonged, came here when this was a vast wilderness. Ruth (Smith) Brown, the maternal grandmother of M. G. Ellis, with her husband, Henry Brown, and others of her family went from Tennessee to Missouri in the late "thirties," when those States still were unsettled and undeveloped.

The members of this family were typical frontiersmen, and, as Mrs. Brown once said, "always lived ahead of civilization." The hardships and struggles of that day were trying indeed to the pioneer wife and mother. The crude dwellings did not afford ample protection from the Indians and wild beasts, who were the custodians of the land and the dread of all newcomers. Because of this it was often necessary for the women and children to accompany the husband and father on his hunting trips and to his daily labors in forest and field.

Ruth (Smith) Brown was born in Tennessee Sept. 22, 1791. She grew to young womanhood there and became the wife of Henry Brown in that State. To them was born the following children: Artimisia, born 1800; Ephraim, born 1810, died, unmarried, 1834; Elizabeth, born 1812; Mary, born 1815, died when a young girl; Belinda, born 1816; Edney, born 1818, died 1840, unmarried; Cyrena Brown, born 1824.

Henry Brown died in Missouri many years ago and is buried there. His wife, Ruth (Smith) Brown, came to Texas with her children and their families in 1846 and made her home with the family of Samuel P. Loving for many years. They first stopped in Denton County and located on Cooper's Creek, where they lived for a time.

ARTIMISIA BROWN, daughter of Henry Brown and wife, Ruth (Smith) Brown, married Joshua Newton Ellis, a native of Tennessee. The Ellis family came from Tennessee to Missouri also, and on to Texas in 1846, when Ruth (Smith) Brown, the Lovings and others of her family came. Joshua Newton Ellis and wife, Artimisia (Brown) Ellis lived only about a year after coming to Texas. They are both buried in a private burying ground a few miles east of Denton. They left a large family of children, all of whom are now deceased except Merida G. Ellis. Their children were: Smith E., James Franklin, several who died in infancy, Hulda Merrill, who died in New Orleans of yellow fever during the Civil War, and Josephine.

Smith E. Ellis, eldest son of Joshua Newton Ellis and wife, Artimisia (Brown) Ellis, married Julia Howard. They went to Menard many years ago and reared a large family there, the descendants of whom are living in West Texas, Montana and other parts of the United States. Smith Ellis and wife are both buried at Menard. They had the following children: John, Mary, William B., Julia, Frank, May, Ruth, Merida and Smith. A granddaughter, Mrs. Webb, lives in Fort Worth.

James Franklin Ellis, son of Joshua Newton Ellis and Artimisia (Brown) Ellis, was born in Mexico, Mo., April 28, 1838. He came to Texas with his parents in 1846. The following year he came to Fort Worth, and he had the honor of being one of the very first citizens of this city. In 1860 he was married to Delilah Jane Asbury, the daughter of Jeremiah Asbury, who had a farm on what is now the southern outskirts of Fort Worth.

To this union five children were born: William Jasper, deceased; Henry Merrill, who died in infancy; Jerry Franklin, who married Anna Tidball, daughter of Thomas A. Tidball and wife, prominent early citizens of Fort Worth, Mr. Tidball being one of this city's pioneer bankers; James Merida, and Fannie Alta, who married L. H. DuBose and resides at 520 Henderson Street, this city. Jerry F. Ellis died in Fort Worth several years ago.

James M. Ellis is a prominent real estate man of this city and resides with his family at 1352 Glen Garden Drive. He married Birdie King, daughter of William B. King Sr. and wife of Fort Worth. They have one son, Merida.

James Franklin Ellis enlisted in the Confederate Army on March 8, 1862, and served to the end of the war. He entered the service in Company H, Seventeenth Regiment, Texas Cavalry. He was discharged at Galveston, May 24, 1865, and returned to Fort Worth, where he became engaged in the general merchandise business with William J. Boaz, under the firm name of Boaz and Ellis.

THEY closed out their business in 1875, and engaged in the lumber trade. They later purchased the M. E. Loyd interests in the California and Texas Bank. When this institution merged with the City National Bank, they both retired. James Franklin Ellis also built and owned the famous Ellis Hotel of "Ye Olden Time" in this city. He died in Fort

Worth Jan. 23, 1890, and is buried in Pioneer Rest Cemetery. His wife, Jane (Asbury) Ellis, is also buried there.

Merida Green Ellis was born in Denton County in 1847. His parents died a few months after his birth, and his uncle and aunt, Samuel and Elizabeth Loving, assumed the care of him. He came with them to Fort

Worth in the Fall of 1849. In February, 1862, when not yet 15 years of age, he enlisted in the Confederate Army and served till the close of the war in 1865.

He was first enrolled in Captain Peak's company, but soon afterward was assigned to duty with the company under command of Capt. Jack Brinson, and continued in the army east of the Mississippi River until 1863, when he was discharged at Tupelo, Miss., on account of ill health. However, he soon re-enlisted at Fort Worth and became a member of Capt. Archie Hart's Company, Martin's Regiment, with which he served throughout the remainder of the war, in the Trans-Mississippi department, mostly doing duty in Texas, and receiving his discharge at Richmond, this State.

Opportunities for an education in that day were very limited, and, when at the age of 18 years, M. G. Ellis started out in the world for himself, it was without educational advantages. His first employment, for which he received \$15 per month, was on the ranch of William Moseley. He saved his wages and at the end of six months applied them on an education. For a time he clerked for Boaz and Ellis and later bought out their business. Some time afterwards he moved to Wise County, but returned to Fort Worth in 1875, and engaged in the agricultural and implement business. He started out with six plows on hand to be sold on commission, but in the following Spring he sold a carload of plows to Lieutenant Governor Pendleton. By December of the same year he had sold six carloads of plows.

In the Spring of 1877 he formed a partnership with W. A. Huffman which they conducted for four years. He was one of the promoters and founders of the original Stockyards at North Fort Worth, beginning this enterprise about the time that he retired from mercantile life. Confident of Fort Worth's future, he bought 1,500 acres of land where North Fort Worth is now situated, for which he paid from \$1 to \$4.80 per acre. He built a residence on a portion of this land, fenced it, and stocked it with cattle and horses. He also established a number of dairies on this property, which proved a very successful venture. This land, now known as the M. G. Ellis Addition, was laid out in town lots in 1891. M. G. Ellis and others built the first school house of any consequence in North Fort Worth, the M. G. Ellis School, now located on North Main Street.

MERIDA ELLIS was married in 1868 to Jenkie Darter, daughter of Francis and Mary Darter, who with their children came to Fort Worth in 1859 from Lineville, Ala. Darter was a geologist of considerable repute in those days. He was en-

route to California where he expected to permanently locate, but being attracted to the beauty of the surrounding country here, he purchased a farm 25 miles north of Fort Worth and became a prominent citizen of this community.

Mrs. Ellis, who with Mr. Ellis resides at 2890 Travis Avenue, this city, in speaking of her marriage says, "Well I remember that time. Merida rode out in the forenoon with Bud Eddleman of Weatherford, who was to be best man, and Squire James Allen, who in the absence of an ordained minister, performed the marriage ceremony. I wore my simple white dress, the one I had for graduation from the Fort Worth High School in 1866. I carried a lovely bouquet of native flowers, and was the happiest girl in the world as Squire Allen pronounced the words that made me the wife of the man of my choice. My mother, brothers and sisters were the only witnesses to the ceremony, but we have been quite as happy as if the occasion had been a more pretentious affair."

Mrs. Ellis recalls many interesting events connected with their honeymoon, spent on the Texas frontier. When ready to start on their westward journey, they discovered that the Indians had stolen their horses. They searched for them two days but in vain. Finally they made their departure, not in a Pullman drawing room, however, but in a condemned Government wagon drawn by five head of oxen. This was a rather crude bridal coach, but was a safe mode of travel in those days. The Indians were afraid to attack these vehicles, thinking they contained armed troops.

Merida G. Ellis and wife had five children, one of whom died in infancy. The living are Minnie, Rose, Bess and M. G. Jr. Minnie Ellis married J. W. Lynch, who died about eight years ago, with interment in Greenwood cemetery. Mrs. Lynch, wife, lives on a ranch near Snyder, Texas, with their son and only child, Joseph Wilson Lynch, who married Ethel Cockrell of Fairview, N. C.

Rose Ellis married H. C. McCart, and they have one son, Homer C. McCart. Mr. and Mrs. McCart reside at 918 Eighth Avenue, this city. Bess Ellis married H. K. McCallum and they live at 1411 Summit Avenue, this city. M. G. Ellis Jr. married Aline Black of California. They reside at 2258 Hemphill Street, this city.

JOSEPHINE ELLIS, daughter of Joshua N. Ellis and Artimisia (Brown) Ellis, married W. R. Sawyer of this city. They had one daughter, Beall, who became the wife of Matt S. Blanton of Fort Worth. Mrs. Blanton's death occurred about 10 years ago. Mr. Blanton resides at 1212 Sixth Avenue, this city, with his six

children—Mita Beall, Stewart M., Matthew S., Mary Elizabeth, Josephine and Leonard R.

Hulda Ellis, daughter of Joshua Newton Ellis and wife, Artimisia (Brown) Ellis, became the wife of Louis Wetmore. A sketch of her life was given in a former article of this series.

Elizabeth Brown, second daughter of Henry Brown and wife, Ruth (Smith) Brown, married Samuel P. Loving, who with his wife and chil-

dren and others of his family moved to Denton County in 1846 from Missouri. Ed F. Bates, in his "History of Denton County," gives a letter written from Jesse Loving to Mr. Bates, which tells something of Samuel Loving's early life in Denton County. This letter had to do with their trip to Texas with "Uncle Sam Loving's" as their destination. A portion of the letter follows:

"We passed on and camped on the east side of Little Elm at the Widow King's place. That night it rained heavily and we were water bound for two days. It was here that I had the pleasure of seeing my first alligator. We finally forded Little Elm, making our way westward, crossing the main Trinity (Big Elm) at the Dickson Crossing. We passed on west, making for Uncle Sam Loving's place, on Cooper Creek, about four miles northeast of the present county seat of Denton County. A severe norther came up just before we arrived at Uncle Sam's.

"At our arrival Uncle Sam came out and said: Jesse, you go in to the fire and I will unharness and feed your team." I went in, and there was a fine fire in a stick and dirt chimney. After some little time I heard a mill grinding away outside, and it continued so long that I made the remark to Aunt Betsy, "that they would grind enough coffee to last a month." She said "Bless your soul,

they are grinding meal for your supper." As cold as it was, I went out to investigate this new way of making meal. This was the first steel mill that I had seen, and you can feel assured that I became very familiar with this new kind of machinery in the next 12 months. After supper, they commenced talking about lariatting mustangs, about centipedes, tarantulas, etc., that was all a mystery to me. . . . Uncle Sam and Uncle Hanson Loving moved to Texas in 1846, settling on Cooper's Creek, in Denton County."

THOSE were trying days, filled with harrowing experiences for many Tarrant County pioneers. At times, when they went to mill, they took care to pad the horses' feet lest the Indian, with his ear to the ground, might hear the clatter of the horses' hoofs. Indeed, one never knew "what might be just around the corner," in use a philosophical expression of today.

In the Fall of 1849 the family of Samuel Loving came to Tarrant County and located on a farm on Sycamore Creek about four miles southeast of the present Courthouse. They had one child, Margaret Ann, born in Missouri Oct. 12, 1837. They came to Texas in a prairie schooner, and they were nearly two months making the trip from that State to Red River.

They arrived in Fort Worth in December following the Spring in which the soldiers were stationed here. Two companies of infantry and one of cavalry were under the command of Maj. Ripley A. Arnold, U. S. A. At that time there were only about half a dozen log cabins here besides the soldiers' quarters. A few families lived in what is now called the White Settlement. Grass and weeds were waist high where Fort Worth now

FOR WRIGHT, TO HAVE IT WRITTEN RIGHT

MUST NOT BE WRITTEN RIGHT OR WRITE

NOR YET SHOULD IT BE WRITTEN RITE

BUT WRIGHT, FOR SO 'TIS WRITTEN RIGHT

WRIGHT WRITTEN RIGHT

WRIGHT WE KNOW IS WRITTEN RIGHT

WHEN WE SEE IT WRITTEN WRIGHT

BUT WHEN WE SEE IT WRITTEN WRITE

WE KNOW IT IS NOT WRITTEN RIGHT

He's what we'd call a shut-in.

No freedom is his lot.

He warbles O! so sweetly

While remaining in one spot.

A moral from this "birdie"

is gathered, we opine.

Like Singing Jim, just "take it

With a song and not a whine.

N. P. CLARK
Vaughn Blvd., City

"SINGING JIM"

That canary bird of ours,

We call him Singing Jim,

And wonder at such lyric

From his little throat within.

When home is wrapped in gloom-

iness,

As all homes sometimes seem,

He thrills us with a cheerfulness

That's felt but can't be seen.

Families Loving, Brown, Holloway and Ellis Houses Outstanding

stands. Major Arnold's children and Margaret Ann Loving often played together, but they were never allowed to cross the parade grounds of the fort. Margaret Ann Loving married Henry C. Holloway in 1860.

Colonel Holloway was born near Edgefield, S. C., March 28, 1838. He moved to Tarrant County in 1853, and lived here all his life with the exception of the years he served in the Civil War. He was a member of General Gano's brigade, and his war record is a succession of daring military feats. Colonel Holloway was primarily a farmer and stock raiser, but he found time for other activities as well. He was one of Fort Worth's most progressive citizens, and was very active in helping to secure the railroads of the city. At the time of his death he was one of the directors of the Fort Worth and Rio Grande Railroad. He owned a farm of several hundred acres located near the packing houses, and was the first man in the county to grow alfalfa.

Colonel Holloway was one of the fathers of the movement that resulted in the establishment of the Fort Worth Stock Yards. He had the honor of felling the first tree to make way for the present stockyards, Jan. 10, 1902. His death occurred in this city with burial in Pioneer Rest Cemetery.

COL. H. C. Holloway and wife, Margaret (Loving) Holloway, had one child, Pink, who became the wife of A. S. Dingee, prominent Fort Worth grocer of today. Mr. and Mrs. Dingee had five children, one of whom died in infancy. The living are Anne, Mary, Henry and George. Anne married Jere Van Zandt, son of Dr. and Mrs. I. L. Van Zandt of this city. By this union they had one son, Jere D. Van Zandt. Mr. Van Zandt's death occurred several years ago in this city and Mrs. Van Zandt later married Dana L. Cox by whom she had one son, Louis Cox. Mrs. Cox and sons reside at 1105 Poindexter Street, this city.

Mary Dingee married Will B. King Jr., and has three children, Mary Elizabeth, Billy and Beverly, and they live at 1005 Poindexter Street, this city. Henry Dingee married Ethel Thomas. They have two children, Henry and George, and reside at 1000 Poindexter Street. George F. Dingee married Elizabeth Hull and they live at 1606 Mistletoe Boulevard.

Belinda Brown, daughter of Henry Brown and Ruth (Smith) Brown, married Ransom Loving, a brother of Samuel P. Loving. This family came from Missouri to Texas with the family of Samuel Loving, and settled on a farm in Denton County, where they lived for a while before coming to Fort Worth. They located here on a tract of land near the old McClure survey, southeast of Fort Worth. Both are buried in Pioneer Rest Cemetery.

Ransom Loving and wife, Belinda (Brown) Loving had the following children: William R., Joe, John S., Cyrena, Bettie and Mary Ruth. William R. Loving married in Tennessee, served in the Civil War from that State, and reared a large family, the descendants of whom live mostly in Tennessee. Joe Loving died unmarried and is buried in Pioneer Rest Cemetery.

John S. Loving married Linnie E. Stewart. They had two children, John Stewart Loving, who died about two years ago, and Henry C. Loving, who married Miss Bess Haslet, and resides at 814 West Belknap Street, this city. Mrs. Linnie Loving, widow of John S. Loving, also lives at this address.

John S. Loving, Fort Worth's first city treasurer, was in the hardware and implement business with L. B. Criswell, at Second and Throckmorton Streets in the early "eighties." He served through the Civil War, enlisting in Company S, Fifth Texas Cavalry. His discharge was at Richmond, Texas, in 1865. His death occurred in this city in 1899 and he was buried in East Oakwood Cemetery.

CYRENA LOVING died unmarried and is buried in Pioneer Rest Cemetery. Bettie Elizabeth Loving married Jeff G. Pollard. They had nine children, three of whom died in infancy. The others were: Annabel, who is now Mrs. Howard, resides in California with her family; Mamie, who died in Fort Worth in 1901; George, who is married and has two children, lives with his family in Seattle, Wash.; Linnie Loving Pollard, who married John Compton, has four children and lives in Seattle, Wash.; Theodore, married and lives in Seattle with his family; Esther, who married G. W. Roberts, has one child and lives in Bellingham, Wash. Bettie (Loving) Pollard died in 1902, and is buried in East Oakwood Cemetery. Jeff Pollard died a short time ago in Seattle, Wash., and is buried there.

Mary Ruth Loving married T. J. Jackson, and they had five children, as follows: Will Jackson, who married Mollie Peoples and lives at 1209 Lee Avenue, this city; a child who died in infancy; Frankie Jackson, who married Lowry George, and resides at 310 North Burnett Street; Ruth Jackson, who married Roy Bowman, lives in Dallas, and Nick Jackson, who married Myrtle Thompson, and lives at 1027 Arlington Street, this city. T. J. Jackson and wife are both dead, the former buried in East Oakwood Cemetery and the latter in Pioneer Rest.

Cyrena Brown, daughter of Henry Brown and wife, Ruth (Smith) Brown, married L. B. Creswell, who was born Jan. 27, 1816. They spent their lives in Fort Worth, the present First Baptist Church being on property they formerly owned and made their home on. At Mrs. Creswell's death, Mrs. Samuel Loving came into possession of the property, and at Mrs. Loving's death it came into possession of Mrs. Henry Holloway, who in turn sold it—100x100 feet—to the First Baptist Church for \$25,000. L. B. Creswell and wife, although having no children of their own, were real parents to the children of Joshua N. Ellis and wife, Artimisia (Brown) Ellis. James F. Ellis being one of these who made his home with them for a number of years.

Ruth (Smith) Brown, "the mother of them all," lived with her children in Fort Worth for many years. At one time there were representatives of five generations living together in one

family here—Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Samuel Loving, Mrs. H. C. Holloway, Mrs. A. S. Dingee and Mrs. Dingee's eldest child, Anne, now Mrs. Cox. Mrs. Ruth (Smith) Brown died Dec. 31, 1883, and is buried in Pioneer Rest cemetery.

The present home of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Dingee, 1008 Prosser Street, this city, is located on one of the most historic, as well as one of the most picturesque, spots in this city. At the foot of Samuels Avenue, within a stone's throw of the entrance to this home, is an old spring which has been running ever since the oldest settler in these parts can remember. In fact it was a favorite haunt of the Indians long before the coming of the white man. It was here that the soldiers—that little group of five, Maj. Ripley Arnold, Col. M. T. Johnson, Dr. Echols, Charles Turner and Simon B. Farrar—spent the night the day before selecting the site of the army post—Fort Worth. Simon Farrar, in writing of the occurrence many years later, said: "In the Spring of 1849 about 2 or 3 o'clock in the evening, we halted in the valley east of Fort Worth and killed a deer for supper. Though we might have killed many more, we did not wish to be encumbered with them. We passed this first night near Terry's spring."

IN THE rear of the Dingee yard is a massive oak, which is possibly several hundred years old. Under this historic old tree the first election in Tarrant County was held. It was also near by that Henry Daggett had the first store in 1849, which was little more than a trading post for Indians and the few white settlers.

The following lines are a tribute from Rose (Ellis) McCart, wife of Henry C. McCart, to the pioneers of this distinguished family:

"In this day of easy living,
With all comforts at command,
Let us pause for just a moment,
To reflect and understand.

"How in the Spring of '47
Came a band of pioneers,
Seeking joy and gladness;
Brave hearts, they had no fears.

"They were seeking home and fireside,
In this new and untried land;
Their journey had been a struggle,
But hope held this little band.

"As one family they lived together,
In their home—a wagon train;
Days and months they had traveled
'Ere they reached the Texas plain.

"Struggles, trials, joys and sorrows
Came to them as come to all;
Fearless, dauntless, ever ready—
Thus they answered Life's last call."



RED BLACK WHITE BROWN YELLOW
GOD IS NO RESPECTOR OF PERSONS

OUT OUR WAY



BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON

MONEY

By Edgar A. Guest

How strangely money acts on different men!
To some 'tis poison, and to others food.
Some winning it grow kindly, and again
Others we see grow arrogant and rude.
It changes all for better or for worse,
To one a joy, to some one else a curse.
This man it makes a stranger to his friends,
This one a friend to strangers passing by,
The common stuff which every pawnshop lends
Affects the heart, the mind, the flesh, the eye.
It seems to have no standard and no rule,
It makes a scholar and it makes a fool.
Because they have what minted coins can buy
Some instantly appear to swell with pride.
Good judgment through the window seems to fly
And decent conduct run away and hide,
While others, by good fortune, winning much
Still walk the world and keep the common touch.
We know precisely what a drug will do;
That water drowns and fire burns on and all,
But none can prophesy of me or you
Whether with money we should rise or fall.
None knows what course the power of gold will take.
Both good and evil follow in its wake.

SUNNY SOUTH

SUCH SHOWY SOUTHERN SUNSHINE,
SOUTHLAND'S SILVERLY SUMMER SHEEN,
SHINING STEADILY, SWEET, SUBLIME,
SHOWING SHADOWS SOFT, SERENE.

SAINTS SINGING SONGS SO SOFTLY
SWEET SIMILIES, SAGELY SAID
SCARCELY SCATTERS SOOTHING, SOULFULLY
SUPREME SUMMER'S SERENITY SPREADS.

By WILLIAM

You here within my arms,
With face pressed close to mine,
Your lips a sweet and fragrant cup
That yields a heady wine.
No more I'll ask through life
Than this at close of day,
For battles fought and won for you
This one reward I pray.

A HUSBAND SPEAKS
By GRACE MASON
The dear remembered touch
Of gentle morning kiss
Surfices through the busy day,
At dusk I yearn for this—

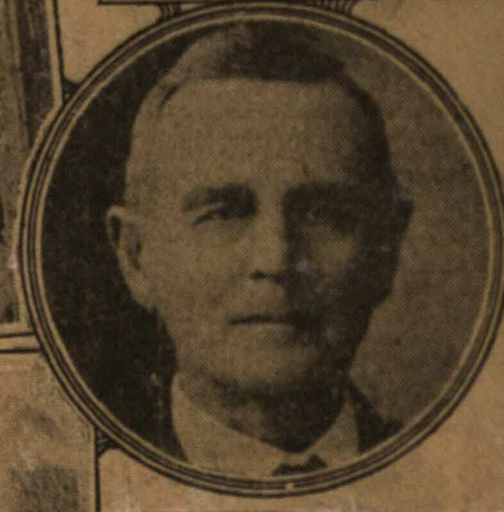
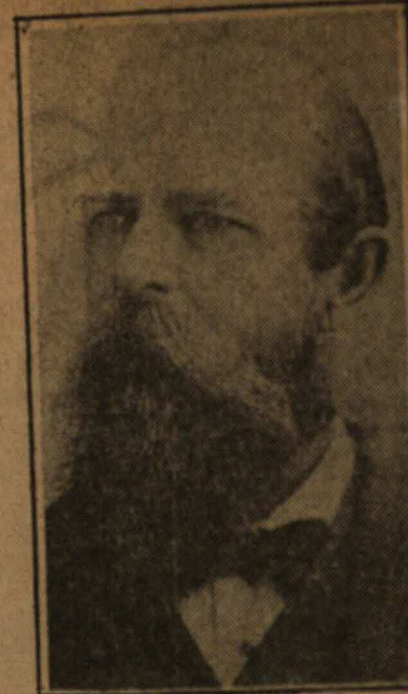
It's Worth a Million Dollars
The thing that goes the farthest towards
making life worth while,
That costs the least and does the most, is
just a pleasant smile,
The smile that bubbles from a heart that
loves its fellowmen
Will drive away the cloud of gloom and
coax the sun again;
It's full of worth and goodness, too, with
manly kindness blent -
It's worth a million dollars, and doesn't
cost a cent.
A smile comes very easy - you can
wrinkle up with cheer
A hundred times before you can squeeze
out a soggy tear.
It ripples out, moreover, to the heart-
strings that will tug,
And always leaves an echo that is very
like a hug.
So, smile away. Folks understand
what by a smile is meant,
It's worth a million dollars, and doesn't
cost a cent.

SUCH SHEER SPLENDOR SHEATHING,
SOME SOLITARY SEEKERS SHRINE,
SHALL SURELY SANCTIFY SUFFERING,
SEND SOLACE SURE, SUBLIME.

Listed among poisonous snakes
found in West Texas are the rattler,
copperhead, water moccasin, coral
and harlequin snake.

normal services held for him Thursday | other Texas communities, died unexpectedly | a druggist |

TARRANT pioneers will enjoy seeing these pictures, some of them taken two score or more years ago. The big picture at the top is the old Ellis hotel, northeast corner of Third and Throckmorton. The oval at the top is Mrs. Ruth Brown, mother of Mrs. Creswell and Mrs. Loving. At the top, right, is James F. Ellis, owner of the hotel. In the oval at the right is Merida G. Ellis. Below, left to right, Mrs. Samuel P. Loving, Mrs. Cyrene Creswell, John S. Loving.



A VARIETY OF THE
CAMELLIAS, RARELY
SEEN IN TEXAS IS
NOW IN BLOOM AT
THE COTTAGE GARDEN... ENTRANCE
TO GREENWOOD CEMETERY

For Joy

*For each and every joyful thing,
For twilight swallows on the wing,
For all that nest and all that sing,*

*For fountains cool that laugh and leap,
For rivers running to the deep,
For happy, care-forgetting sleep,*

*For stars that pierce the somber dark,
For morn, awaking with the lark,
For life new-stirring 'neath the bark,*

*For sunshine and the blessed rain,
For budding grove and blossomy lane,
For the sweet silence of the plain,*

*For bounty springing from the sod,
For every step by beauty trod,
For each dear gift of joy, thank God!*

— Florence Earle Coates

ABIDE WITH ME

Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide
The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!
Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
Oh Thou who changest not, abide with me!
I need Thy presence every passing hour,
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!
—U. F. Lyre, D.D.

SCRIPTURE SALUTATIONS.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help.
For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.
Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.
In the beginning God.

SEVEN WAYS OF GIVING

1. The Careless Way
2. The Impulsive Way
3. The Lazy Way
4. The self-Denying Way
5. The Systematic Way
6. The Equal Way
7. The Heroic Way

The Kingdom of God can go along without your gift, but can you afford not to give when Jesus gave so much for you?!!!!!!

When opportunity knocks at your door
Are you going to make it wait?
Now is the right occasion,
Next time it may be too late.
When you hear opportunity knocking
Why not let it in?
If you refuse to answer
It may not come again.

An "Extraordinary Utterance"

WHAT is what a press notice calls the following remark in Mr. J. P. Morgan's testament:
I commit my soul into the hands of my Saviour in full confidence that, having redeemed it and washed it in his most precious blood, he will present it faultless before the throne of my heavenly Father; and I entrust my children to his merciful and all-powerful arms, and at any time of personal affliction, the blessed doctrine of the complete atonement for sin through the blood of Jesus Christ, may afford me through that atonement.

Nature's Wonders at Cavern



Two scenes at the Longhorn Cavern, near Burnet, which will be opened to the public with a four-day celebration starting Thanksgiving Day. The cavern and about 2,000 acres surround-

ing it have been created into a state park. Dr. Frank E. Nicholson, explorer of Carlsbad, has explored Longhorn Cavern and declares that when completely explored it probably will be the largest cave in the world. The

top photo shows Dr. and Mrs. Nicholson standing at the entrance. Lower photo gives an idea of the gleaming white calcite which lines the entire cavern.

Burnet Cavern to Be Opened With Festival

and at night.
Friday, American Legion Day—
The Burnet American Legion Post

Special to The Star-Telegram.
BURNET, Nov. 19.—Last June the exploration and development of a gigantic cavern, located on state property in Burnet County, between Burnet and Marble Falls, was begun. In excess of eight miles of spectacular subterranean scenery was charted and mapped. Development consisted of the installation of electric lights, the paving of trails—in fact, every comfort and convenience of the visitor has been provided for. This magnificent underground palace opens Thanksgiving as a Texas state park, with a four-day program.

The giant labyrinth is located in one of the most picturesque spots of all the famous "Texas hill country." The State owns 2,124 acres of wooded hills surrounding the entrance. Amid oaks, elms, cedars, springs, creeks and canyons various recreation grounds gardens are being developed. The cavern itself defies description. The eight miles which have been explored and charted definitely establishes the cavern as the third largest, yet one can but mentally conjure as to what tremendous proportions the labyrinth may attain when the maze of off-leading tunnels have been explored.

Weird Formations.

The scenic beauty of the explored area—the splendors which time and water have wrought—are awesome. Walls, ceiling and floors are literally covered with an amazing abundance of weird formations which nature has constructed of glittering onyx and crystallized calcite. There is a lake, emerald pools of pure water and a subterranean stream, which the visitor crosses, passing over a 40-foot bridge. Five rooms are built of transparent crystal, clear as glass—the largest deposit of its kind known to exist.

One immense room has the natural architecture of a theater: a floor slants gradually downward to an orchestra pit. The natural stage is framed with a proscenium arch of glittering flowstone. Behind the stage nature has constructed several grottos—or dressing rooms. It is the world's only underground theater.

Another large room is being utilized as an underground dining room with floor for dancing and cabaret entertainment. The walls of this room sparkle with crystal of a dozen pastel shades.

Official Program.

The cavern will be open every day and night of the year. Competent guides will be available. Guide service is gratis. During the four opening days three cavern trips will be made daily; morning, afternoon and night. The official program for those four days follows:

Thursday, Governor's Day—The Governor of Texas and Governors of adjoining States have been invited as guests of honor. Other Texas officials will be present.

Thanksgiving service in the underground cathedral. Church of all denominations in Burnet and adjoining counties will participate in Thanksgiving worship, which will be held in the colossal subterranean Cathedral Room of Longhorn Cavern. The program includes a sacred concert.

Noon and evening, turkey dinner and dancing in the Subterranean Restaurant.

Round trip excursions throughout the Cavern during morning, afternoon

LITTLE BENNY'S NOTEBOOK

BY LEE PAPE

will be the host to the entire State of Texas at a barbecue to be held in the Cavern Park. Members of all Legion posts of the State are guests of honor.

All newspaper men are cordially invited as guests of the Legion.

Polo matches, rodeo, band concerts, etc., on the Recreation Field in the Cavern Park during the afternoon and evening.

American Legion demonstrations in the Cathedral Room morning, afternoon and evening.

Barbecue dinner at noon. Everyone invited.

Evening: Dinner dance and entertainment in the Subterranean Restaurant.

Round trip excursions throughout the Cavern during morning, afternoon and at night.

Saturday, Club Day—State Federation of Clubs, Chambers of Commerce, Lions, Rotary, Kiwanis, Conopus, Exchange, Elks, Optimist, Press, Advertising, Odd Fellows, Masons, Knights of Columbus, Woodmen, D. A. R., and all other similar organizations will have special representatives, and all club members are asked to be present for the program of the largest club convention ever held in the South.

Rodeo and similar outdoor attractions on the Recreation Grounds in the Cavern Park. Band contest during morning and afternoon. Ceremonials in the Underground Cathedral Room during morning and afternoon.

Evening: Dinner dance and entertainment in the subterranean restaurant.

Round trip excursions throughout the Cavern during morning, afternoon and at night.

Sunday, Nov. 27, Sunday School Day—All Sunday schools are requested to attend and participate in the largest Sunday school convention ever attempted in Texas. It will be an All-Denomination Convention, with services in the spectacular subterranean Cathedral Room.

As on all days, an ample number of competent guides will be in attendance to conduct adults and younger people through the Cavern in absolute safety.

Games and entertainment on Recreation Grounds during the morning, afternoon and at night.

Evening: Sunday dinner in the Subterranean Restaurant.

Beginning Monday, Nov. 28, the Cavern will be open every day and evening of the year.

Ma got a letter in the mail at breakfast this morning, and she started to read it to herself, saying, Well, well, this is remarkable, this is incredible.

Has somebody been leaving you money? pop said, and ma said, Naturally not, I didn't say it was a miracle, but it certainly is remarkable, there was an avvertizement in the paper the other day offering to read peoples character from their handwriting if you sent a dollar bill with a specimen of your writing, so I did it just as an experiment, and pop said, O I see, you've been leaving somebody elts money.

What? Just listen while I read you some of this, ma said. Wich she started to reading, Deer madam, From a study of your handwriting our experts report that your disposition is inclined to be variable, that is to say you are among the most easy going of wimmin as long as nobody is irritating you or getting on your nerves, but as soon as you feel you are being thwarted or opposed in any way you feel a decided resentment and make no secret of it. Just from a few lines of innocent handwriting, doesn't that border on the verge of the uncanny? ma said.

Amazing, pop said, and ma said, And it goes on still better, listen to this, You have a trusting nature on the whole, but there as limits to your faith in human nature. For instants, if you once found a person slandering you behind your back or cheating at cards, you would be very much disinclined to ever fully trust that person again. You are not a vane woman as yet in choosing photographs of yourself you would be apt to pick out the ones that are rather flattering than otherwise. My lands you mite think whoever wrote that had known me all my life, isn't it incredible, Willyum? ma said.

It's witchcraft, pop said, It wouldn't surprise me if they've found out that you have an unreasoning aversion to chocklit cake that's been left out in the rain overnite and that you prefer dogs to catterpillars, he said, and ma said, O I mite of known that you would scoff at anything a little mystical and out of the ordinary, now just for that I wont read you the rest.

Wich she didn't

IT REQUIRES
50,000,000 SEED
OF A CERTAIN
RARE ORCHID TO
WEIGH ONE OUNCE,
AND FROM 5 TO 7
YEARS ELAPSES
FROM THE TIME
THE SEED IS PLANT-
ED BEFORE THIS
ORCHID BLOOMS
...ACCORDING TO
GORDON BOSWELL,
FLORIST, 1220
PENNSYLVANIA



Thrift Vs. Waste

-Observations of a Lawyer

The troubles that present problems for lawyers frequently are traceable to the failure to save.

Matrimonial differences for instance, when analyzed, often turn upon this shortcoming. The improvident husband is properly charged by the wife with selfish spending on himself, his friends and his own amusements, and the improvident wife is charged by the husband with silly and wasteful expenditures and utter disregard of the limitations of the family budget. Such differences lead to deep disappointment and sometimes to permanent alienation, for every sensible person looks forward to the ownership of a home and the little luxuries that go with later life.

And how many people look back upon the parents' failure to give them an adequate education, a failure because the family had never learned to save. Nothing was accumulated to give the unusual child his chance to go ahead, and so he passes through life in mediocrity because his talent was never trained. Early thrift at home would have secured his future.

How many people complain that they cannot understand how others, not any better situated than they were, have forged ahead? The start was equal, the road ahead was the same for both, each having the same ability, but the one lacked the golden habit of thrift. The saver became the investor. The spender enjoyed life, or thought

he did as he went along. Then in middle life he finds that he has no income from invested funds, his earning capacity threatened by old age and his wants increasing. Then comes bitterness of heart, and the affable young man becomes the sour and discouraged cynic.

In the law office, as new organizations start out, we find the man who has saved and has what we call capital, in a position to command the situation, and the associate who has the asset of ability and industry, but has never been able to save, has to take the minor interest and the subordinate part.

What a spectacle to witness—the fellow who used to peddle at your door and lived in the poorest surroundings, you see emerge little by little from his hard working obscurity, and by self-denial and sturdy thrift become a captain of industry. At the proper time he moves into your part of town, pays for his good looking home, and in his high-powered car goes down to his important office to take charge of his many affairs.

Human happiness, in the short span of life, turns so largely on the exercise of thrift which means no more nor less than looking out for the inevitable future, with no hard sacrifice of the worth-while demands of the present. Contentment so secured is not a fleeting gift of youth, but persists. Then at the close of the well-ordered life the dependents of such a one are not faced with an empty box in a safety deposit vault, but one well stored with generous evidence of farsighted thrift, effective for those for whom he loved to work and to plan.

ple do things and many of us are prone to pass judgment, without first ascertaining WHY he or she acted as they did.

One woman made an unkind remark about another Dear Sister and, the heck of it was she did not have the facts in the case. Had she had the low-down on the subject under fire, she no doubt would have talked out of the oth-

Thrift Inspirations

"Thrift is saving, spending, living.
Helping others by your giving.
Reaching out and ever trying
In your selling and your buying.
Friends to make, will prove no less

That thriftiness is righteousness."

Extravagance rots character
train your youth away from it.
On the other hand, the habit of saving money, while it stiffens the will, also brightens the energies. If you would be sure you are beginning right, begin to save.

—Theodore Roosevelt.

I have often been asked to define the secret of success. It is Thrift in all its phases, and especially Thrift as applied to saving. Saving is the first great principle of success. It creates independence. It gives a young man standing, fills him with vigor; it stimulates him with proper energy; in fact, it brings him

Thrift Education Necessary

An Editorial by K. D. C. Watson

Thrift is the elimination of Waste. Thrift is the management of your affairs in such a manner that the value of your possessions is constantly increasing. Industry earns, prudence plans, economy manages, frugality saves, but Thrift earns, plans, manages and saves. Without Thrift there is no success; and conversely, Thrift assures success.

If you waste, if you find it impossible to save, you will never be a success because the seed of success is not in you. In the many years I have been in the Thrift business, I have seen the results of both Thrift and Thriftlessness. In the slums of our cities, in the jails, and in the poor houses, you find the results of Thriftlessness. In the successful offices and palatial homes you find the fruits of Thrift. Which do you want? Of course you want the latter. We all do. Then answer this question. What are you doing to attain success? What are you doing to make your dreams come true? Get a paper and pencil and set down your past and present program and figure where you will be, at, let us say age sixty, if you continue in the same way and you have answered your own question. Are you satisfied with the answer? I hope so. If not, let me assure you with all the sincerity in the world that Thrift is the remedy and that the Junior Thrift System points the way to success and happiness.

er corner of her mouth, and she would have had a different story to tell. But, she cut loose and passed judgment without knowing the WHY. So, I think it best we

At night the moon comes close and by day the sun and wind warm and wash the air to an invigorating freshness.

Here one gets a renewal of courage and faith, some spiritual nectar for urban woes.

the best part of success, happiness and contentment.

—Sir Thomas Lipton.

Thrift is the Elimination of Waste

Save a little of thy income and thy hidebound pocket will soon begin to thrive and thou wilt never cry again with empty stomach, neither will creditors insult thee, nor want oppress thee nor will nakedness freeze thee. The whole hemisphere will shine brighter and pleasure spring up in every corner of thy heart.

—Benjamin Franklin

learn both sides of the matter before we crack down with our Lig Service, commonly called just Plain, Dern, Gossip. At least, that's what I TRY TO DO.

Waste is worse than loss. The time is coming when every person who lays claim to ability will keep the question of waste before him constantly. The scope of thrift is limitless.

—Edison.

Lay out more than you can do—and do it.

Bite off more than you can chew—and chew it.

Hitch your wagon to a star.

Keep your seat, and there you are.

YOU CAN DO IT.

THRIFT

By K. D. C. Watson

Thrift is a good word—and short to be sure.

But those who regard it can never be poor.

They may not be famous, or great millionaires.

But they won't know the sting of dread hunger and care.

To earn but a little, to spend even less, is to ever be happy, and know real success.

So begin saving money, keep this on your heart.

Success never comes until you make the start.

You want to be happy, then start right away.

You'll get there much sooner—Start saving today.

Remember that THRIFT means eliminate waste.

To you it's important, begin now, make haste.

So let others laugh, to naught they'll amount.

He that laughs last has a big bank account.

Yes, Thrift is a good word, we write it here twice.

This may not be poetic, its good sound advice.

Don't wait until you're a man to be GREAT. . . . Be a great **BOY** OLD FOLKS AT HOME

'Way down upon the Swanee River,
Far, far away,
There's where my heart is turning ever,
There's where the old folks stay.
All up and down the whole creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for the old plantation,
And for the old folks at home.

Chorus

All the world is sad and dreary,
Every where I roam,
Oh, darkies, how my heart grows weary;
Far from the old folks at home.

This Is Life

By JACK MAXWELL

UNJUST CRITICISM is, I think, very cruel. As I see it, it is best to learn both sides of the question before expressing our opinion. There are many situations in this old world we do not know all the FACTS about. Peo-



TALLEST TREE IN THE WORLD
 THE DOUGLAS FIR OF RYDERWOOD, Washington
 IS 324.4 FEET HIGH



The Elections

Gandhi

Insull

The Farm Strike

The Eclipse

Amelia Earhart

The Bonus Riot

Lindbergh Kidnaping

Lindbergh Case Biggest Of Year's News Stories

U. S. Olympic Victory, With Babe Didrikson As Outstanding Star, Biggest Sport Story

Special to The Press.
 NEW YORK, Dec. 31.—The 10 biggest news stories of 1932, as selected by The New York World-Telegram, a Scripps-Noward newspaper, are listed as follows:

- 1.—The Thalla Massie case in Honolulu, in which the mother and husband of Mrs. Massie were arrested on Jan. 8 for the killing of her alleged assailant.
- 2.—The battle of Shanghai in February, in which the stubbornness of the Chinese and Occidental disapproval prevented Japanese occupation of the city.
- 3.—The kidnaping and slaying of Charles A. Lindbergh Jr., from a room in the Lindbergh home at Hopewell, N. J., on March 1.
- 4.—The suicide of Ivar Krueger on March 12, which was followed by the collapse of his gigantic world-wide financial empire, and the collapse of the Insull enterprises.
- 5.—The departure of Al Capone for the federal penitentiary at Atlanta on May 3—something that many believed would never happen because of his gangland power.

- 6.—The arrival of Amelia Earhart in Ireland on May 21 at the end of the first trans-Atlantic flight by a lone woman.
- 7.—The Bonus Army march on Washington in July, culminating in a fight with police and the eviction of men, women and children from their encampment at Anacostia.
- 8.—The Olympic Games in August, which United States won again, of which Babe Didrikson of Texas, was acclaimed the outstanding star.
- 9.—The resignation of Mayor James J. Walker of New York, on Sept. 1, closing his political career and bringing to the fore a rising figure, Joseph V. McKee.
- 10.—The national campaign for the presidency, culminating in the election of Franklin D. Roosevelt by a huge vote.

Many observers declared that of these the Lindbergh kidnaping attracted the widest attention of any story of the year, and perhaps of the last 14 years.

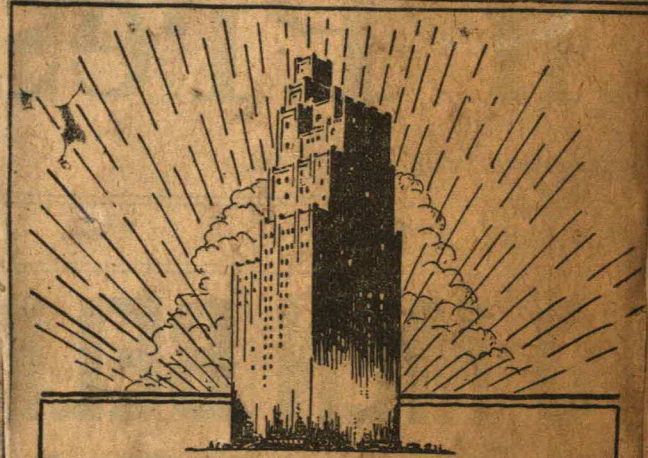


WITH AN ELECTRIC RANGE MORE THAN ONE MEAL FOR ONE PERSON MAY BE PREPARED AT A COST OF ONE CENT



WHEN THE CONTINENTAL BANK & TRUST COMPANY PREDECESSORS TO THE CONTINENTAL NATIONAL BANK, WAS ESTABLISHED IN FORT WORTH 30 YEARS AGO, THERE WERE ONLY TWO OFFICE BUILDINGS IN FORT WORTH THAT HAD ELEVATORS; ONE OF WHICH IS STILL STANDING, THE WHEAT BUILDING—8TH & MAIN

BELIEVE IT — IT'S TRUE



THE BLACKSTONE HOTEL, A 22-STORY BUILDING, HAS NO 13TH FLOOR....BECAUSE OF THE SUPERSTITIONS OF MANY TRAVELERS WHO DO NOT WISH TO STAY ON THIS FLOOR.

Fighting Slacker, Exiled Self During War



GROVER CLEVELAND BERGDOLL

They set him to peeling potatoes at Fort Jay. But in May, Bergdoll came out with a strange story of \$150,000 in gold buried in the mountains of Virginia. He wanted to get it before beginning to serve his sentence. That seemed fair enough, and Bergdoll was sent to his home in Philadelphia under guard of two sergeants to dig up the mystic treasure.

Bergdoll, in his Philadelphia home, left the room to answer a telephone call while the sergeants waited. They are still waiting. Bergdoll sneaked out of the house and into a waiting automobile.

Then his second flight began. With Eugene Stecher, his chauffeur, Bergdoll drove west to Indiana, and then swears he went east

to Washington and got large sums of treasury notes cashed into gold at the treasury itself. With a tin can full of gold in the tonneau, Bergdoll related, they toured west into Canada. Easily obtaining fake passports, the two sailed for Germany and took up residence in Eberbach.

"The Fighting Slacker"

There Bergdoll attained a certain popularity, mostly by throwing money around freely among the inhabitants. But he was homesick, hunted, and went armed at all times. Eberbach is not far from the Rhineland, where American troops were still quartered with little to do, and there was resentment against the slacker

Two Kidnaping Attempts Failed, One Ending In Death

Bergdoll living on the fat of the land nearby.

Two ex-sergeants, Carl Naef and Frank Zimmer, planned to capture Bergdoll themselves. They went to Eberbach, held Bergdoll up at pistol point as he sat at the wheel of his car as host to a wedding party. But Bergdoll, a powerful man, earned the name of the "fighting slacker."

Bergdoll knocked the pistol from Naef's hand with a quick blow and sped away in the car. The two Americans were caught and shortly prison sentences, but were speedily released.

Kills Kidnaper

A second attempt to kidnap Bergdoll was more serious. It came in 1923, and the alleged leader was former Lieut. Carl Hooven Griffis, along with Eugene Neilson, Roger Sperber, Karl Schmidt, a Swiss, and Prince Garin, a Russian. Schmidt and Sperber concealed themselves in Bergdoll's room; the others waited below in a car, ready to rush the kidnaped man on a two hours' ride away over the French occupation lines.

Schmidt and Sperber jumped Bergdoll as he entered his room, and there was a terrific fight in the dark. Bergdoll bit off the end of Sperber's thumb and then managed to draw his gun and fire blindly. The shot killed Schmidt. The remaining conspirators were captured and given jail sentences.

Needs No Passport

In 1927 he applied for an American passport at Stuttgart, but the American officials calmly informed him that he didn't need a passport to return to America, and that he couldn't have one to go anywhere else.

He was once reported to have gone to Switzerland, and later changed his residence to Weinsberg.

There, he married a German girl, Berta Frank, and despite his constant fear of attack, is reported to be living happily with her.

Thus lives Grover Cleveland Bergdoll, fighting slacker and fugitive, a man without a country, whose flight from home and homeland has occupied nearly 15 years. A hunted man, trusting nobody, his thoughts always turning toward the home he spurned, and from whose call he ran away.

German War Lord Now
Refugee in Dutch
Castle

Kaiser Wilhelm Awaits Call to Return

By WILLIAM THOMAS
NEA Service Writer

SIXTY-NINE years of the power, the glitter, and the glory of the emperor; then 15 years shut up in a sleepy little Dutch town playing games built around a van-der Zee mansion.

No wonder William of Hohenzollern, he who had been emperor of United Germany, gazes from Doorn toward the old homeland, bends an attentive ear to whispers that he may once more be welcomed there. Von Schleicher rules, Hitler bids for power, his son, the former crown prince, confers and weighs in with party leaders. All are favorable to his return. Perhaps "The Day" will come again! This endless splitting wood, walking in the garden, sitting and watching yourself grow old!

Waited Six Hours

At Eysden, a sleepy little town on the Dutch frontier near Maas-Stricht, there is an insignificant railway station, with a box-like iron waiting room. On the morning of Nov. 10, 1918, a quiet Sunday morning about 10 a. m., a man fretted in the box-like waiting room. He was dressed in the field gray uniform of a German general officer. Occasionally he left the room and strode impatiently up and down the station platform. Before him were two sets of frontier posts, one bearing the colors of the kingdom of the Netherlands, one bearing the black-white-red of imperial Germany. For six hours the man waited, the man who had never had to wait six minutes before. He waited while a distracted Dutch major called The Hague by telephone, and ministers and a queen conferred.

At last a Dutch officer, saluting, enters the room. "The gentlemen may pass," he says. The man in gray goes quickly to his train, the others stow themselves aboard. The engine hisses and throbs, the train moves forward. William II of Hohenzollern, no longer emperor nor even king, rolls forward into a life of ease and comfort. Safely behind the black-white-red boundary posts lie a beaten and long suffering army deserted by its commander, a nation of 60 millions abandoned by its emperor.

A Beaten Nation

The Kaiser had run away, and by that action became the greatest of the many who, faced by an impossible situation, could find no



EX-KAISER WILHELM

better answer than a flight for freedom.

For it was an impossible situation. Ten days and more before he ran away, the Kaiser had been a stricken man almost without volition, unable to comprehend that his country had fallen to pieces about him. He had been practically in the charge of his generals. It was the generals who had taken him from Potsdam on Oct. 30, to army headquarters at Spa in Belgium, just southeast of ruined Liege. A desperate situation met him. The army was beaten, had had enough, was becoming increasingly unreliable. Supplies were giving out, and none were coming across the Rhine from Germany, where increasing confusion, rebellion, political turmoil reigned.

Plea Is Refused

Already the cabinet had sent its home secretary, Drews, to Spa to request of his majesty that he abdicate. The emperor's refusal was indignant. On the evening of Nov. 8, Prince Max of Baden, imperial chancellor (whom Emil Ludwig calls "one of the last real knights") got Spa on the telephone, and for 20 minutes conversed with the emperor. It was probably the first time in history that the fate of a great nation was decided by telephone. Prince Max urged abdication; the dynasty might be saved for a grandson, but neither for the Kaiser nor for his son. Action must come quickly, for if there were bloodshed it would be too late. The Kaiser hesitated, and the throne was lost.

"Nonsense! The troops will stand by me," he uttered into the transmitter, and some thoughts flashed thru his mind

Combined Staff Had To
Persuade Him to Quit
Throne

in leading the army back across the Rhine to subdue his rebellious people.

Early the next morning, Nov. 9, the Kaiser leaned against the chimney-piece of his headquarters villa at Spa, while a fire crackled in the grate. Around him, glittering with stars and orders, stood officers, Hindenburg, Groener, Plessen, Count Schulenburg.

"But Not Behind You."

They all knew the truth, but none dared speak until Groener quietly and evenly said the words: "Under its leaders and generals the army will march home, but not under the command of your majesty. It is no longer behind you."

The Kaiser delayed, formulated a plan to renounce the imperial throne but to remain king of Prussia, wrote manifestoes on telegraph blanks.

And then Prince Max, desperate in the face of increasing disorder in Berlin, announced the abdication both of the Kaiser and the crown prince, the former had not even been consulted, had not even reached Spa from his own army headquarters!

When word of Prince Max's summary action flashed back to the army at Spa, the Kaiser went thru a spasm of resistance. He wrote more manifestoes, proclaimed again that he remained king of Prussia.

Grim Hindenburg, blunt Groener, practical Scheer, all knew better. There was probably an exchange of meaning glances when the all-highest went to his private car for the night, still insisting he would not flee.

Whistling and Cursing

The next morning (the 11th of November, which thousands of other people remember for a better reason) the train went on to Castle Amerongen. Count Detlaf von Moltke, loyal to his master, wrote, later: "At every station thousands of people were gathered, greeting us with shouting, whistling, cursing. They threatened us, made signs of choking and hanging us, etc. In such manner was our poor emperor received on Dutch soil."

Yes, and in such manner, too, was his "poor emperor" received by the world during all the 15 years of exile at Amerongen and Doorn. Fifteen years of comfort and ease, while his country has withered in the agonies of post-war depression and political turmoil.

Safe, and comfortable, because he ran away!

Money Won in 1912 Started Sorosis Trust Fund



646 SEPARATE PARTS GO INTO THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE AVERAGE THREE PIECE OVERSTUFFED LIVING ROOM SUITE, ACCORDING TO LOWRY INC., HOME FURNISHERS - 52 JENNINGS AVE.

Club Received \$500 In National Award

Editor's Note: This is the sixth of a series of stories on Fort Worth Women's Clubs.

The Sorosis Club has an endowment fund which runs into the thousands. It was started in rather an unusual way back in 1912.

In that year Everybody's Magazine was running in four installments a serial detective story, "The Strange Case of Jennie Brice," by Mary Roberts Rinehart. With the publication of the third installment, the magazine offered a series of prizes for the best reports of a mock trial held with the evidence given in the three published installments.

The Sorosis Club decided to enter the contest. Mrs. B. H. Lawrence was president of the club at that time. She and the vice president, the late Mrs. Irby Dunklin and Mrs. J. H. Barwise, composed the committee in charge of the trial.

Judge Barwise and H. G. Gorin, then telegraph editor of the old Fort Worth Record, prepared the brief of the mock trial in true legal form, after it was presented by the club. And this brief, illustrated with pictures of the defendants, the attorneys, the dog Peter, and exhibits in the case, was submitted to Everybody's to be judged.

Charles Whitman, district attorney of New York at that time, and his associates, acting as judges for the Jennie Brice Mock Trial Contest, judged the Sorosis Club's report the best submitted in this nation-wide contest. And the grand national prize of \$500 cash was awarded Sorosis Club.

The club committee in charge of the contest wired back to Everybody's: "With becoming modesty the club is proud to rank first on the western hemisphere among such a throng of worthy and honorable competitors."

The honor of winning the award afforded no more pleasure than the presentation of the mock trial itself in the auditorium of the old Central High School in December, 1912. The trial was given in the form of an entertainment. Admission was charged and the hall was crowded with spectators.

The presiding judge was Judge Ocie Speer, as associate Justice of the Court of Appeals. Judge Barwise and the late W. B. Paddock were prosecuting attorneys, and the late O. W. Gillespie, the late Q. T. Moreland and T. A. Altman were attorneys for the defense.

Deputy Sheriff Jim Woods took the part of the sheriff, and C. T. Prewitt was clerk of the court. The regular court reporter of Fort Worth courts, E. R. Scougle and Claude McCaleb, were the court reporters.

William Ewing took the part



Miss Anna Shelton, president of the Woman's Club, who was one of the founders of the Sorosis Club, one of the city's leading literary clubs. Miss Shelton gives her club a great deal of the credit for the the acquirement of the Woman's Club house for club women of Fort Worth. Miss Shelton and the late Mrs. Irby Dunklin organized the Sorosis Club 30 years ago.

Original Fund Has Now Grown Into Thousands

formulate plans for acquiring a club house.

After several meetings of this representative body of women, a Pennsylvania Avenue residence desirable for a club house was placed on the market for sale. Unsolicited and voluntarily Mrs. William G. Newby, hearing of the movement, came to Miss Shelton and offered to purchase outright this property and present it to the club women as a memorial to her late husband. Miss Shelton was asked by Mrs. Newby to serve as president and has been re-elected each succeeding year since its establishment in 1923.

A commodious room with adjacent sun room comprise the quarters of the Sorosis Club in the Woman's Club house. These quarters are shared as a meeting place with the Monday Book Club and the Shakespeare Club.

The Sorosis always has been primarily a study and cultural club; it co-operates with the Woman's Club and the City Federation in their social, civic and welfare activities. In the yearly budget of Sorosis Club are included a donation to the Tarrant County Student Loan fund and donations to the Fort Worth Art Association and the Community Chest.

Before the establishment of the Community Chest here, the Sorosis Club gave annual donations to the Baby Hospital. And it was during a Sorosis Club member's presidency of the City Federation of Women's Clubs that the Baby Hospital was established. This member was Mrs. Mary L. Wright, World War president of the Federation.

A stated sum is given by Sorosis each year to social service work. For more than six years, Sorosis cared for a needy family and was gratified this fall to be informed that its members all are now self-supporting and no longer in need of aid. Another family, consisting of a mother and three small children, has been adopted. This family will continue to be wards of Sorosis as long as they need assistance.

Many of the ex-presidents of Sorosis are leaders in various club activities. These ex-presidents are Mrs. Mattie Gill, Miss Shelton, Mrs. Irby Dunklin, Mrs. J. W. McKnight, Mrs. J. W. Ratliff, Mrs. B. H. Lawrence, Mrs. W. N. Ewing, Mrs. John Tarlton, Mrs. W. N. Nugent, Mrs. Carl G. Staats.

Mrs. P. H. Edwards, Mrs. C. Roberts, Mrs. L. H. Kassel, Mrs. Mary L. Wright, Mrs. George D. Bond, Mrs. W. C. Felder, Mrs. Ben F. Allen Jr., Mrs. M. C. Meacham, Mrs. J. C. Gaither, Mrs. J. B. Baker, Mrs. Frank J. Wren, Mrs. A. R. Eldredge and Mrs. Ned Lydick. Mrs. D. Parkinson is now serving as resident of the club.

of the defendant in the case and the club members and their husbands composed the witnesses. Among these were Mrs. J. D. Jarrott, Mrs. A. R. Eldredge, Mrs. J. A. Rice, Mrs. John Tarlton, Marshall Spoons, V. K. Wedgeworth, E. M. Spoons, John Tarlton, D. B. Trammell, R. F. Peden and P. H. Edwards.

Jurors included the late Dr. John Rice, the late Dr. William Caldwell, the late George Mulkey, the late Judge R. H. Buck, Lee Boswell, John Sparks, George H. Clifford, now of Boston, and A. R. Eldredge.

In five minutes after the judge opened court, the lawyers seemingly forgot they were participating in a mock trial, and fought out the points and wrangled over the admissibility of testimony.

The contest money won from the mock trial contributed the basis of the club's endowment fund, which by 1923 had grown to such appreciable proportions that the club formally declared the money a trust fund.

And legal papers regarding the matter read thus: "This trust shall continue for 21 years after the death of the last survivor at this time (1923), except and un-

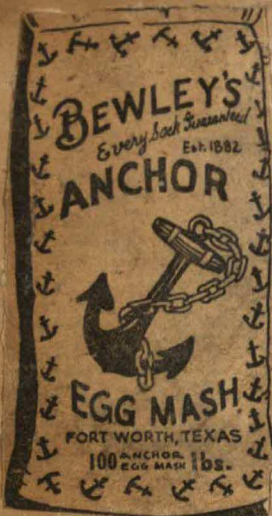
less at a regular meeting of the entire membership it shall be voted otherwise. The fund continues the same today.

The Sorosis Club was organized by Miss Anna Shelton and the late Mrs. Dunklin in 1903. The only two charter members of the club who still retain their membership are Miss Shelton and Miss Christina McLean.

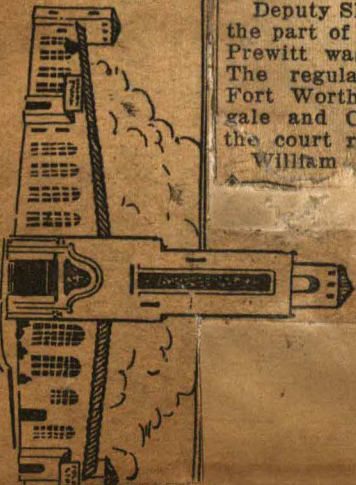
Miss Shelton, who has served the Woman's Club as president since its very beginning in 1923, says that to the Sorosis Club, more than to any other organization, is due the credit for the acquirement of the Woman's Club house for club women of the city. Miss Shelton had long wished for and dreamed of a building which club women of Fort Worth might use for their meeting place and their activities.

She brought before her own club, Sorosis, her dream and plans. Sorosis agreed to contribute to such a cause and to stand behind Miss Shelton in the movement. And as a club Sorosis took the initiative in sending out letters to the different women's clubs in Fort Worth, asking the presidents and representatives from each woman's club to meet at a designated time and place to

84,000,000 POUNDS OF ANCHOR STOCK & POULTRY FEEDS ARE MANUFACTURED EACH YEAR AT BEWLEY MILLS.



THE COLONIAL STORES, INC. OPERATING THE FORT WORTH PUBLIC MARKET IS THE LARGEST FOOD STORE IN THE SOUTH-WEST. IT COVERS 15,000 SQ. FEET OF FLOOR SPACE DEVOTED ENTIRELY TO THE SELLING OF FOODS



THIS INFORMATION OFFERED BY THE CONTINENTAL NATIONAL BANK

THERE ARE TEN KINDS OF UNITED STATES MONEY IN CIRCULATION. THREE KINDS OF COINS: 1. GOLD 2. SILVER 3. COPPER

SEVEN KINDS OF PAPER MONEY: 1. GOLD CERTIFICATES 2. SILVER CERTIFICATES 3. TREASURY NOTES OF 1890 4. UNITED STATES NOTES 5. FEDERAL RESERVE NOTES 6. FEDERAL RESERVE BANK NOTES 7. NATIONAL BANK NOTES



THE LORD'S PRAYER

Our Father which art in Heaven hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory forever, Amen. Matthew 6:9.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

The sun shines bright in my old Kentucky Home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corn-top's ripe, and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright,
By'n by hard times comes a-knocking at the door,
Then my old Kentucky Home, good night!

Chorus

Weep no more, my lady,
Oh, weep no more today!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky Home,
For the old Kentucky home, far away.

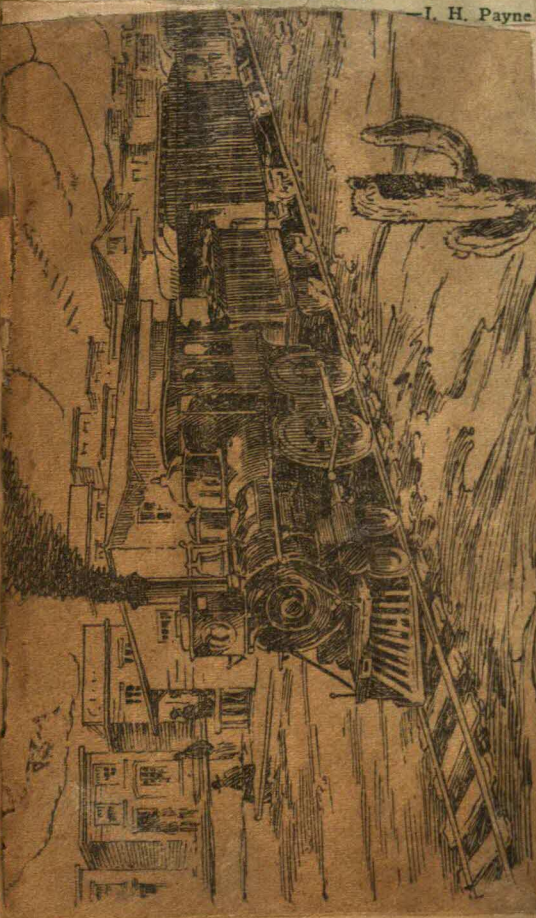
HOME, SWEET HOME

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain—
O give me my lonely thatch'd cottage again;
The birds singing gaily that came at my call,
Give me them with the peace of mind dearer than all.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home!

To us, in despite of the absence of years,
How sweet the remembrance of home still appears;
From allurements abroad which but flatter the eye,
The unsatisfied heart turns, and says with a sigh.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home!

I. H. Payne



SUSPECTING BREAK IN DEBT ENTENTE, FRANCE MAY FIND WAY TO PAY U. S. \$19,000,000

Remittance Now Would Place French On Equal Terms With Other Debtor Nations And Open Door to Revision on Remainder

1933. By WILLIAM PHILIP SIMMS
Scripps-Howard Foreign Editor
WASHINGTON, Jan. 25.—Suspecting the United States of trying to smash her war debt entente with Great Britain, France may soon find a way to pay the \$19,000,000 installment on which she defaulted last December and thus frustrate the move.

Payment would automatically restore France to the position she occupied prior to December 15, and put her on the same footing, so far as war debts are concerned, as Britain, Italy and the other non-defaulting powers. The United States would have to extend to her the same invitation that has gone out to the rest.

But, for France, the big quid pro quo for paying up would be the restoration of the understanding between Paris and London. Britain would then have no further excuse not to make common cause with France in the coming negotiations with the United States. In fact, failure on her part to do so would be the occasion for a serious breach between the two countries.

France can easily find a way to pay the December installment if she cares to do so, President-elect Roosevelt's announcement that the door is open to all debtor nations—at least to those in good standing—might in itself, prove sufficient. The French Chamber of Deputies refused to authorize the December payment on the ground that it first wanted assurances that the whole subject would be reopened, and Washington's present attitude might be taken as satisfying that demand.

Former President Herriot and other French leaders are known to be uneasy over the Franco-British war debt agreement. Upon resigning because of the chamber's stand last December, he publicly warned his country that France's failure to honor her signature at Washington might wreck the entente.

In England, even in the cabinet, there is said to be strong opposition to Britain joining with defaulters in the coming drive for debt reduction. Many Britishers feel Britain should stand on her own feet, and trust to the merits of her own case, rather than join with the others and rely on mere numbers to force a settlement on the United States.

In the early part of the present century—a little more than 20 years ago—employees of the Schuber-Church Construction Company of Fort Worth were digging in a gravel pit south of Forest Park.

They were working at a depth of about 12 feet and suddenly the shovel of one of the men struck something. It appeared to be bone. The man knelt in the pit and made an examination. If this wasn't ivory, he told himself, then he'd never seen a billiard ball!

He called other workmen, and carefully the group started digging around the "formation." And when they had uncovered the find they were amazed at what they saw.

The Imperial Mammoth

Before them, in the bottom of the pit, lay an enormous pair of ivory tusks—12½ feet long, 32 inches in circumference at the base of the skull—which was in-

fact—and 17 inches around the tips.

"No elephant was ever that big. Looks as tho we've found something!"

And they had—one of the largest skulls and set of tusks ever discovered of the Imperial Mammoth.

"I remember well the day it was found," said Mrs. Charles Scheuber, librarian and custodian of the local museum. The giant skull and tusks rested on the floor of Carnegie Library and she looked at it as she talked.

"The workmen called me and told of the discovery, but it was late evening and we couldn't bring it in that night. So a guard was posted at the pit and the remains were transported to town next day. We treated the ivory and bone with alcohol and shellac and had it mounted. And aside from one in Russia it is the largest set of Mammoth tusks in the world today."

But the Forest Park Mammoth isn't the only fossil of the type found in this vicinity. It constituted only a chapter in the story; other chapters being found written in the gravel of Riverside and the soil at Lancaster Yards.

A Feeding Ground

Fort Worth was something of a feeding ground for the big brutes of the Pleistocene Age, with herds living in Riverside and around West Lancaster Yards.

In the Carnegie Library are exhibited a number of molars from the "Archidlakodon Imperator Malbeni"—giant choppers unearthed at the Adams gravel pit in Riverside; and when excavation work was being done several years ago at the T. & P. yards a number of Mammoth bones were disclosed by the dynamiters. The Carnegie Library also has a gigantic leg bone found six miles northeast of the city.

But Mastodons and Mammoths weren't the only big fellows that once slushed thru the ooze along Main and Houston. A long while before, in the Cretaceous Age, the Dinosaurs and Brontosaurus, some of them 70 feet long, left their slimy trails in this vicinity.

BEWLEY MILLS ARE THE OLDEST MILLERS OF FLOUR IN THE CITY. THEY ARE NOW CELEBRATING THEIR GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY



Star-Telegram, 27 Years Old Today, Started as The Star

Fort Worth had grown suddenly from a cattle town of 20,000 population to one of approximately 50,000 as a result of the establishment of the packing houses. But it had lost none of its Western flavor and its municipal services and improvements had not caught up with the sudden growth. Main Street—it was the main street then—boasted of a paved stretch from the courthouse to the Texas and Pacific station. North of the courthouse it was but a highway connecting the newly created livestock center of North Fort Worth, a sea of dust in dry weather and of mud in wet.

Houston Street had just begun to take on importance as a retail district and boasted of pavement as far south as Tenth. Throckmorton, Lamar and Taylor to the west were in the residential district. The area south of Magnolia Avenue was only partly developed and that south of the Santa Fe was still devoted to farming. Arlington Heights boasted of but few residences. The Wheat Building at Eighth and Main Streets, with its eight stories, was the city's sole claim to skyscraper rank. Saloons were numerous and wide open gambling had not yet fallen under the law's ban.

Such was the Fort Worth of Feb. 1, 1906, when The Fort Worth Star, predecessor of The Star-Telegram, made its first bid for the favor of Fort Worth and West Texas. Its start was exceedingly modest. One floor of a two-story structure at Sixth and Commerce housed its plant. Its entire organization probably did not exceed 25 and its capital was \$25,000. Col. Paul Waples was its president; Louis J. Wortham, its editor; A. G. Dawson, business manager; D. C. McCaleb, managing editor; Amon G.

Carter, present publisher, was its sole advertising department; Bert N. Hosen, present secretary and business manager, was a classified advertising solicitor, and Gus Lundberg, mechanical superintendent, was an ad room compositor.

From such a start, Fort Worth and The Star-Telegram have grown together, in 27 years, the growth of the former, step by step, being reflected in the latter. Fort Worth has become a metropolitan city of approximately 175,000 that within the past five years boasted \$100,000,000 in public and private improvements. The eight-story skyscraper has become lost in the maze of structures from 18 to 24 stories. Arlington Heights and the South Side areas have become the most populous in the city and the two paved streets have lengthened to several hundred miles.

The Star, through the years, has absorbed The Telegram, its evening competitor, and the morning Fort Worth Record. In capital it has grown from the original \$25,000 to \$1,500,000; in organization from 25 to 300; in circulation from an approximate 5,000 to 135,000 daily; in plant from the one floor to the present structure of seven floor levels and 65,000 square feet of floor space.

Of those who started The Star, Dawson retired within a few months and McCaleb within two years. Colonel Waples continued until his death and Wortham until 1923 when he disposed of his holdings to his associates in order to devote his time to writing a history of Texas. All of the original founders are dead, though of the present owners all, with one exception, were with The Star either at the start or shortly afterward.

Order of Funeral Service Conducted for Coolidge

By Associated Press.
NORTHAMPTON, Mass., Jan. 7.—
Following is the order of the funeral
service which was conducted Saturday
for Calvin Coolidge:

Organ—Selection from New World
Symphony by Prosk.

Invocation by the Rev. Albert J.
Penner, pastor—"Almighty God who
art our refuge and strength, a very
present help in time of trouble, grant
us Thy light to shine through the
shadows of this hour. Comfort the
hearts that are heavy with sorrow
and have compassion upon our weak-
ness. Give us the vision of the eter-
nal reality, and solace us with the
hope of larger life beyond, through
Jesus Christ, Our Lord, amen."

Quartet—"Lead Kindly Light."
Scripture—Forty-sixth Psalm, One
Hundred Twenty-first Psalm; Rom-
ans 8; Second Corinthians, 5;
John 14.

Prayer: "Almighty God, Our Heav-
enly Father, at this moment a whole
Nation stricken with grief bows be-
fore Thee. We are made to realize
again the frailty and transitoriness
of our life here upon earth, and our
constant need of Thee, who are the
eternal rock of ages. We thank Thee,
O God, that we can cling to Thee, and

that amid all the change and decay
which all around we see, Thou never
changeest.

"But it is not alone a grief-strick-
en Nation which bows before Thee—
it is a thankful Nation as well. We
thank Thee for the life of him whose
death we now mourn. We thank
Thee for what his life has meant to
the country and to the world.

"We thank Thee for the exemplary
devotion which he showed in the dis-
charge of all his public duties. We
thank Thee for the faithfulness with
which he served his town. We thank
Thee for the measure of dedication
which he brought to the service of the
commonwealth, and above all do we
bless Thee for the consecration with
which he served his country in the
highest office within the gift of the
people. He kept the faith which the
people placed in him.

"We know he is not dead, for with
Thee there is no death. And now we
pray that Thou wouldst make his
memory to be a bright and shining
light upon the untrod way that we
have still to walk, and upon the un-
known path that our Nation has still
to go. May we share his devotion,

his consecration, his deep humility in
a profound faith in Thee. Raise up,
O Lord, in our day, new leaders who
follow in his steps.

"O Father of infinite compassion,
God of all comfort, reveal Thyself to
those who have especially been
brought into the darkness of sorrow:
to those who knew him best and loved
him most. Strengthen the hearts that
faint under the heavy burden, and
support them in the arms of Thine in-
finite love. May they know that in
all their distress Thou dost care for
them with unflinching tenderness. Help
them to bear with patience their af-
fliction, and to look with glad con-
fidence toward that future where God
shall wipe away all tears from their
eyes.

"May we not begrudge him, whose
loss we so deeply mourn, the rest
with Thee which he has so richly de-
served, knowing that by Thy mercy
and grace he finished his course, hav-
ing kept the faith. We ask this for
the sake of Thy Son, Our Saviour, Je-
sus Christ. Amen."

Quartet: "O Love That Will Not
Let Me Go."

Benediction: "Unto God's gracious
mercy and protection we commit you.
The Lord bless you and keep you. The
Lord make his face to shine upon you
and be gracious unto you. The Lord
lift up his countenance upon you,
and give you peace, both now and for-
evermore. Amen."

THE FORT WORTH
POULTRY AND EGG
COMPANY BREAKS,
SEPARATES, AND CANS
MILLIONS OF EGGS.
THESE EGGS ARE
FROZEN AND SHIP-
PED TO ALL PARTS
OF THE WORLD.



DIRECTOR OF
THE BIGGEST
LITTLE BAND
IN
AMERICA

SIX MEN PLAY THIRTY-TWO
INSTRUMENTS. THEY HAVE
WORKED TOGETHER FOR
SEVEN YEARS WITHOUT MISS-
ING A SINGLE DAY OF EM-
PLOYMENT. THEY WILL
PLAY THEIR FAREWELL
DANCE IN FORT WORTH
SATURDAY NIGHT AT
THE TEXAS HOTEL.



CAN YOU IMAGINE PANGBURN'S CAFETERIA
SERVES 302,000 CUPS OF COFFEE; 109,500
LBS. OF POTATOES; 262,800 EGGS IN ONE
YEAR. TODAY YOU CAN ENJOY A COMPLETE
MEAL FOR 25¢ OR LESS. THIS IS THE REASON
10% OF THE PEOPLE DOWN TOWN IN FORT
WORTH DINE EVERY DAY AT PANGBURN'S
CAFETERIA



THROW OUT THE LIFE-LINE

Throw out the Life-Line across the dark wave,
There is a brother whom some one should save;
Somebody's brother! oh, who, then, will dare
To throw out the Life-Line, his peril to share?

Chorus

:Throw out the Life-Line!
Some one is drifting away;
:Throw out the Life-Line!
Some one is sinking today.

Soon will the season of rescue be o'er,
Soon will they drift to Eternity's shore;
Haste, then, my brother, no time for delay,
But throw out the Life-Line and save them today.
—Rev. Edwin Ufford

A SIXTY
WATT LIGHT
GLOBE WILL
BURN FOR
MORE THAN
THREE HOURS
AT A COST
OF ONE CENT



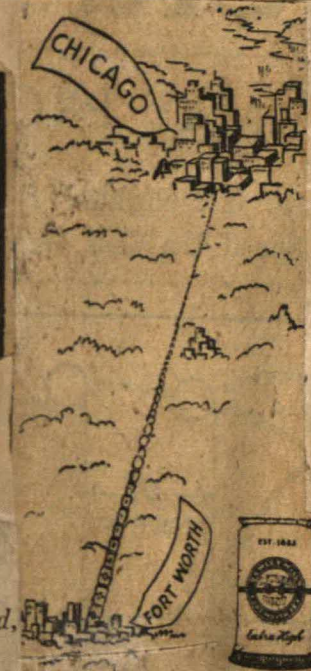
"I Have Found Such Joy"

I have found such joy in simple things:
A plain, clean room, a nut-brown loaf of bread,
A cup of milk, a kettle as it sings,
The shelter of a roof above my head;
And in a leaf-faced square upon a floor
Where yellow sunlight glimmers through a door.

I have found such joy in things that fill
My quiet days: a curtain's blowing grace,
A growing plant upon a window-sill,
A table cleared, a lamp beside a chair,
And books I long have loved, beside me there.

Oh, I have found such joy: I wish I might
Tell every woman who goes seeking far
For some elusive, feverish delight,
That very close to home the great joys are:
These fundamental things—old as the race,
Yet never, through the ages, commonplace.

—Grace Crowell



IF ALL THE FLOUR MILLED EACH
YEAR BY BEWLEY MILLS WAS
SACKED IN 24-LB SACKS AND
PLACED END TO END, IT
WOULD REACH FROM
FORT WORTH TO CHICAGO.

One with the Infinite

One with the Infinite, always in tune,
Harmony sweet as a bird-song in June,
Never a doubting thought, never a fear,
Always a sense of the Fatherhood near.

Peace, like a river's flow, restful and calm,
Flooding the soul with its heavenly balm;
Faith upward gazing, untrammelled, serene,
Grasping with boldness the treasures unseen.

Love all unfolding in tenderness sweet,
Pity out-reaching a brother to greet,
Courage undaunted, o'er-mastering, strong,
Doing the right and denying the wrong.

Gladness unspeakable, life understood,
Knowing that all things are working for good;
Heaven close-throbbing, assistance to give;
One with the Infinite — this is to live!

— Emma Fisk-Su

Faith

Though I a thousand times may fall,
I will arise again;
Though I ten thousand failures meet,
I will success attain.

Though lack and wrong and sorrow seem
To win the victory,
There is a trust, there is a faith
That will not die in me.

Made in the image of my God,
The likeness of my King,
I stand undaunted, unafraid,
Serene through everything.

If through the night I cannot see,
It matters not; faith can.
There shines within my soul that Light
That lighteth every man.

And so I walk victorious,
I know that I am free.
Secure I hold within my hand
My fate, my destiny!

—Helen Elizabeth Boyd

KRISTENSTAD'S REFUGE OFFER TO BE STUDIED

Jobless Will Find Virgin Woods and Soil In Community

By C. L. DOUGLAS

Just how far Kristenstad, Hood County, experimental village, can go in solving the unemployment problems of Fort Worth and Dallas will be discussed, probably Monday, by the Community Chest committee, Henry G. Bowden, head of the Chest organization, said today.

Advantages the village has to offer the man who seeks rehabilitation from the effects of the depression, the question of assimilating mass movements, and the number of families the community would be able to accommodate, will be among the things discussed in connection with the offer of John B. Kristensen, village founder, to open his colony to unemployed of the two cities.

Kristensen has been here conferring with welfare agencies on the possibility of establishing a loan fund to help families build homes, get a new start in life, repay the loan, and then contribute to the fund that it might become a revolving proposition—with the man who has received help giving help to those who follow.

Just what does Kristenstad have to offer? Just how difficult—or easy—would it be for a family to establish itself in the community?

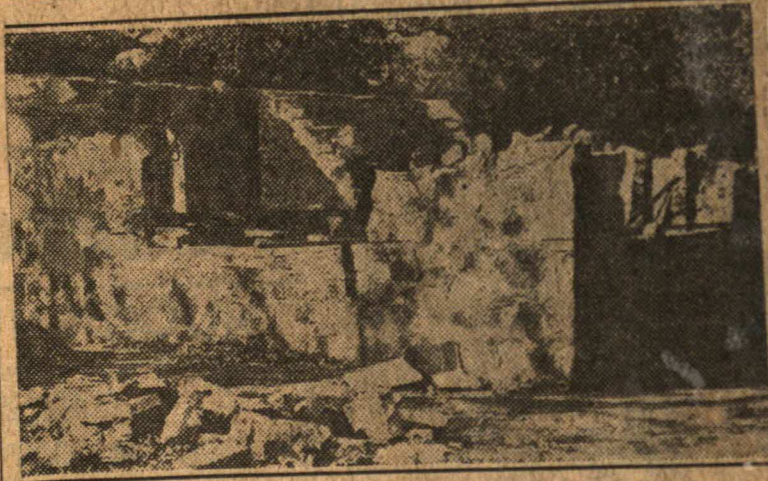
With a little outside help, such as the proposed loan provides, the task should not be so very hard—that is, of course, if the penniless colonist were willing to work, and work hard.

The family going into Kristenstad would find a condition not unlike that which faced pioneers who moved into Texas 75 years ago. They would burn wood, use coal oil lights and carry their water from springs. And aside from several modern aids such as a sawmill, a lime kiln, and a con-

WORK AND BUILDING IN KRISTENSTAD VILLAGE



How men are put to work in Kristenstad—(top) a novel haystack on stilts, one of several used on the farm of John Kristensen, colony founder. When this picture was taken six men were working on the stack, each receiving 20 cents an hour in the "check" coinage used by the colony. Lower: This house, constructed of native granite and limestone, is typical of several being built at low cost in the experimental economic village.



crete factory, they would build their homes under almost pioneering conditions.

Kristenstad, with 6000 acres lying in the De Cordova Bend of the Brazos River, is largely a wooded area. Some of the land has been cleared by present colonists, but the bulk of it is virgin timber made up of cedar, oak and liveoak. And there's plenty of rock, granite and limestone.

Under the Kristensen plan the unemployed family moving in from Fort Worth would proceed something like this:

The site for the home would be selected and the business of gathering rock for the foundation would start. This would be put together with lime from the community kilns. Then the men of the family would shoulder their axes, start their tree cutting, and hew out the logs to be used in the construction of the home. Windows, nails, and other materials needed would be paid for out of the loan fund, which also would help feed and clothe the family until they could start a garden and find time to work in one of the community enterprises

such as the charcoal plant.

And, in all probability, by the time the log home was completed the ground about it would be partially cleared of timber and ready for tilling.

Once the house was finished the family should be able to find enough employment to prevent going deeper in debt to the loan fund, because living expenses in Kristenstad can be reduced to a minimum. There is absolutely nothing in the community, outside of actual clothing and food costs, to spend money on. And, as Kristensen says, if a family had a cow, a couple of pigs and some chickens—which probably could be bought out of the loan fund—it wouldn't need much else but flour, a good garden and a few incidentals.

But they would have some advantages that the early day pioneer didn't have—a school, an undenominational church and

library more complete than the usual rural school library.

The greatest question confronting the Community Chest conference when it meets will be whether Mr. Kristensen can assimilate families fast enough to



THE FIRST AUTO TO CROSS THE UNITED STATES (Piloted by E. I. Hemmond & L. L. Whitman) TRAVELED 900 MILES WITHOUT MEETING ANOTHER AUTOMOBILE. 1903

make a dent in the unemployed ranks here.

Mr. Bowden fears that the project would be limited owing to the small size of the community and lack of sufficient funds to get the movement started.

Mr. Kristensen conferred again with Mr. Bowden yesterday afternoon. He will attend the meeting here next week.

THE APPLE BELONGS TO THE ROSE FAMILY ACCORDING TO COTTAGE GARDEN LOCATED AT THE ENTRANCE TO GREENWOOD CEMETERY. IN OTHER WORDS AN APPLE GLOSSOM IS THE SAME AS A ROSE.



S-S-S-S-S-S

SUDGEN SHALLOWS SWIFTLY SHIMMING
SUNSETS SLOWLY SPREADING SHADE
SILVERY SONGSTERS SWEETLY SINGING
SUMMER'S SOOTHING SERENADE
SUSAN SIMPSON STROLLED SERENELY
STIFLING SOBS, SUPPRESSING SIGNS
SEEKING STEPHEN SLOOM'S STALETY
SHE STOPPED, SHOWING SOME SURPRISE
SAY, SAID STEPHEN, SWEETEST SIGHER,
SAY, SHALL STEPHEN SPOUSELESS STAY?
SUSAN, SEEMING SOMEWHAT SHYER,
SHOWED SUBMISSIVENESS STRAIGHTWAY
SUMMER'S SEASON SLOWLY STRETCHES -
SUSAN SIMPSON SLOOM SHE
SO SHE SIGNED SOME SIMPLE SKETCHES,
SOUL SOUGHT SOUL SUCCESSFULLY
SIX SEPTEMBER SEASONS SWELTER -
SIX SHARP SEASONS SNOW SUPPLIED -
SUSAN SAT IN SOFA'S SHELTER,
SIX SMALL SLOOM'S SIDE BY SIDE

Revolutionary War
Began April 9, 1775. Hostilities ceased April 19, 1783. Men engaged, about 250,000. Cost, \$185,193,700.

War of 1812
Began June 18, 1812. Active hostilities ceased Jan. 8, 1815. Men engaged, about 471,000. Cost, \$107,159,000.

Mexican War
Began April 24, 1846
Scientific Names of Common Things
Sodium Chloride—Common Salt.
Magnesium Sulphate—Epsom Salt.
Calcium Oxide—Lime.
Acetic Acid (diluted)—Vinegar.
Chloride of Mercury—Calomel.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

And God spake all these words, saying, I am the Lord thy God, who brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

1. Thou shalt have none other gods before me.
2. Thou shalt not make unto thee a graven image, nor the likeness of any form that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth; thou shalt not bow down thyself unto them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, upon the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing loving kindness unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments.
3. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.
4. Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work; but the seventh day is a sabbath unto the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates; for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.
5. Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.
6. Thou shalt do no murder.
7. Thou shalt not commit adultery.
8. Thou shalt not steal.
9. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.
10. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

Also Jesus said, . . . Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the great and first commandment. And a second like unto it is this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hangeth the whole law, and the prophets.

THINK IT OVER
BY H. M. STANSIFER.

TOO many of us are just what we say we are not

THINK IT OVER
BY H. M. STANSIFER.

MANY good speeches have been ruined because the speaker had more go than stop.

THINK IT OVER
BY H. M. STANSIFER.

IF you grant a privilege to some people they soon consider it a right.

THINK IT OVER
BY H. M. STANSIFER.

A SENSE of humor is a marvelous tonic.

THINK IT OVER
BY H. M. STANSIFER.

PEACE builds bridges; war builds fences.

THINK IT OVER
BY H. M. STANSIFER.

SOME people's course of action is decided by whether or not they can conceal what they do.

SALT FOR MEDICAL PURPOSES

Salt as a Laxative.

Perhaps the most common use of salt in a medicinal way is as a laxative. Immediately upon arising drink a glassful of warm water. About a teaspoonful of salt is sufficient. This not only prevents constipation but is the surest way known of getting the stomach "awake" and in condition to properly digest the food taken at breakfast time.

The Mouth and Nose.

Armies fight the hardest where the enemy threatens to advance. Disease is man's worst enemy and usually is contracted through the mouth or nose. You can successfully fight disease by making use of the following health hints.

Care of the Mouth.

The healthy mouth is the clean mouth. A pinch of salt in a half glass of tepid water makes an excellent mouth wash. It is not disagreeable to use and children don't mind it in the least. Try this same solution as a gargle. You'll like the clean feeling that it leaves in your mouth and throat.

Sore Throat.

Sore throat, unless it is properly treated, is very dangerous. A mild sore throat often develops into a bad case of tonsillitis or diphtheria. To arrest sore throat in its early stages gargle three times a day with a solution of salt water. A teaspoonful of salt to a glassful of water is recommended.

Treating Head Colds.

Inhaling a solution of salt and water is an effective method of clearing the head when suffering with a head cold. It is unpleasant for a few seconds but relief is certain. Nasal catarrh and neuralgic pains are often brought on by head colds. These ailments are eased by a syringe of salt brine or by sniffing salt water up the nostrils. For the above solutions a teaspoonful of salt to a glass of water makes a brine of the required strength. If this solution is too strong weaken with water.

The Teeth and Gums.

Modern hygiene demands that the teeth be cleaned three times a day. Salt is ideal for cleaning the teeth and in this capacity serves a double purpose. It hardens the gums and tones up their color while cleaning. Just sprinkle salt on a dampened tooth brush and clean the teeth in the usual manner.

Dentists recommend holding warm salt water in the mouth after having a tooth extracted. It stops bleeding, eases the pain and speeds healing.

A pinch of salt allowed to dissolve in the mouth will relieve that depressed feeling and serves as a tonic.

Salt as a Digestive Aid.

To make milk, oatmeal, wholewheat cereals and other thin boiled foods more digestible add a pinch of salt while cooking. It adds greatly to the flavor. A salted cereal will require less sugar.

For Smarting, Burning Eyes.

Relief from painful irritation may be obtained in the following manner. Hold a cloth dampened in hot salt water to the eyes. Repeat this for about five minutes keeping the water as hot as can be borne. A solution of one-half teaspoonful of salt to one cup of water is advised.

Treating a Sprain.

Hot salt water is the best thing in the world for a sprain. Use a pint of salt to a gallon of water. Immerse the injured part and soak for several hours. Make sure the water is kept as hot as it is possible to stand. Bruises may be treated the same way.

Salt an Antidote for Poison.

Large draughts of strong salt water is an excellent antidote for most common poisons. A sufficient quantity acts as an emetic and causes the poison to be thrown off.

For earache and toothache, make a small bag of salt, heat well, cover with flannel and apply to aching part.

Warts may be quickly removed if rubbed several times each day with moistened salt. This will often cure all but aggravated cases.

Hair.

There is nothing better for the hair than salt. It is at once a tonic and dry shampoo. Moisten slightly, rub well into the scalp and brush out. It stimulates the growth of hair, cleanses the scalp and kills the germs of dandruff.



John
WESLEY

Founder of Methodism

RODE 225,000 MILES ON HORSEBACK—
PREACHED 52,000 SERMONS
(Averaging 18 a week for 56 years)
AND WROTE 6500 HYMNS!

Franchising Eleven Times Around the World—John Wesley (1703-1791), founder of Methodism, had 17 brothers, 15 of whom died in their infancy. In a lifetime of the most intensive preaching itinerancy known to history, he delivered more than 52,000 sermons, at the rate of more than 18 a week (1726-1791).

As the Father of Methodist Hym-

nology, he co-operated with his brother Charles in writing the words of 6,500 hymns, to which Charles supplied the tunes.

To combat insomnia he had determined at an early age to rise at 4 o'clock in the morning and adhered to this determination without a break for 64 years.

He traveled a total of 275,000 miles

preaching, of which 225,000 were covered on horseback. He was an indefatigable horseman, often covering from 70 to 90 miles in 20 hours. He crossed the Irish Sea 42 times.

Among the other accomplishments of this astonishing divine was his extraordinary skill as a stenographer. His perfect mastery of the subject arouses the admiration of his short-

hand fraternity to this day. There seemed no limit to the superhuman determination and endurance of this Man of God. He led a life of the utmost activity, which he recorded in a diary of almost a million words. And he preached his last sermon at the age of 88, a week before he died. (Copyright, 1933, King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

WITH 19 POINTS

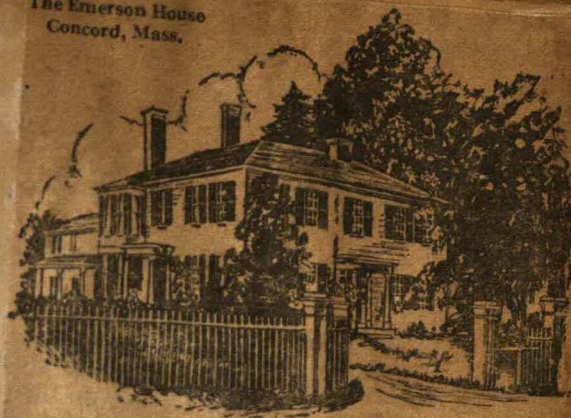
was found by

J. L. WIEGARDT

-Ocean Park

Wash.

The Emerson House
Concord, Mass.



Wisdom from a Sage's Wife

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, the philosopher and essayist, was called the Sage of Concord. Although the wealth of his mind was immeasurable, he was never one of the world's rich men. It is said that in her housekeeping Mrs. Emerson practiced three simple rules.

1. Eat It Up
2. Wear It Out
3. Make It Do

The result was a home practically free from financial struggles with both money and leisure to enjoy the things they valued most—books, music, a garden, a bit of travel, and above all the companionship of friends.

If you find it hard to make both ends meet, why not adopt Mrs. Emerson's system? Your husband may not be a philosopher, but certainly he will be wise enough to appreciate the dollars you are able to save.

Patience

*The grass creeps onward up the hill
With faith the torrent cannot kill;
And rocks are rough, but still the clover
The stony field will yet run over;
And I know nothing that the true,
The good, the gentle, cannot do.*

*The woodlands that the winters sadden
The leaves of spring again will gladden,
And so the world will always be;
The gentle hands work patiently,
And yet accomplish more forever
Than those too strong, or those too clever.*

*So toils an undiscouraged God
And covers barren fields with sod;
And so will hate and sin surrender
To faith still strong and love still tender;
For I know nothing that the true,
The good, the gentle, cannot do.*

—Douglas Malloch

—A—
 A bad shift is better than no shift.
 A bending crop is a breaking crop.
 A bird in the cage is worth a hundred a large.
 A blind man would be glad to see it.
 A blunt wedge will sometimes do what a sharp ax will not.
 A bold man has luck is his train.
 A brave retreat is a brave exploit.
 A broken sleeve holdeth the arm back.
 A cow may catch a hare.
 A cursed cow has short horns.
 A danger foreseen is half avoided.
 A deluge of words and a drop of sense.
 A drop of fortune is worth a cask of wisdom.
 A friend in court is as good as a penny in pocket.
 A full cup must be carried steadily.
 A good bone never falls to a good dog.
 A good fame is better than a good face.
 A good horse has no need of a spur.
 A good name keeps its luster in the dark.
 A good thing is soon caught up.
 A great reputation is a great charge.
 A lucky man seeks no counsel.
 A short saying oft contains much wisdom.
 A soft answer turneth away wrath.
 A thin meadow is soon mowed.
 A wild goose never laid a tame egg.
 A wise man changes his mind, a fool never.
 A work ill done must be twice done.
 Absence sharpens love, presence strengthens it.
 All lay the load on the willing horse.
 All men think their enemies ill men.
 As the days lengthen so the cold strengthens.
 As you salute you will be saluted.
 At court everyone for himself.
 A false report rides post.
 A goose-quill is more dangerous than a lion's claw.
 —B—
 Bad luck often brings good luck.
 Bashfulness is an enemy to poverty.
 Be not hasty to outbid another.
 Better a bare foot than no foot at all.
 Better a good dinner than a fine coat.
 Better be a bird in the wood than one in the cage.
 By ignorance we mistake and by mistakes we learn.
 By others' faults wise men correct their own.

Fortune sometimes favors those whom she afterwards destroys.
 Friendship is not to be bought at a fair.
 Forget others' faults by remembering your own.
 —G—
 Game is cheaper in the market than in the fields and woods.
 Good clothes open all doors.
 Good counsel has no price.
 Good language cures great sores.
 Good weight and measure is heaven's treasure.
 Good words cool more than water.
 Good words cost nothing but are worth much.
 God made you an honest man than your father.
 —H—
 Half a loaf is better than no bread.
 He is a wolf in lamb's skin.
 He is wise that is honest.
 He that asketh a courtesy promiseth a kindness.
 He that brings up his son to nothing breeds a thief.
 He that gets out of debt grows rich.
 He that's ill to himself can be good to nobody.
 He who hesitates is lost.
 Health and wealth create beauty.
 His understanding is lost in his strength.
 Hope is a good breakfast but a bad supper.
 Hunger finds no fault with the cookery.
 He that his money lends loses both coin and friends.
 He's a good man whom fortune makes better.
 —I—
 If madness were pain you'd hear outcries in every home.
 If the best man's faults were written on his forehead, it would make him pull his hat over his eyes.
 Ill luck enters by armsful and departs by inches.
 Ill sowers make ill harvest.
 In every fault there is folly.
 In the deepest waters is the best fishing.
 Ingratitude is the daughter of pride.
 It is bad to be between two fires.
 It is better to hear the lark sing than hear the mouse cheep.
 It is better to sit with a wise man in prison than with a fool in Paradise.
 It is easier to pull down than to build.
 It takes all sorts to make a world.
 It takes two to make a bargain.
 It is pride, not nature, that craves much.
 —J—
 Judge not that ye be not judged.

face to beg for it.
 Masters are mostly the greatest servants in the house.
 Many would have been worse if their estates had been better.
 Much would have been more, but often meets with less.
 My house is my castle.
 Make a model before thou buildest.
 More words than one go to make a bargain.
 —N—
 Nature is beyond all teaching.
 Nature takes as much pains in the forming of a beggar as an emperor.
 Neither heat nor cold abides always in the sky.
 Never quit certainty for hope.
 Never sound the trumpet of your own praise.
 Night is the mother of thought.
 No and yes often cause long disputes.
 No remedy but patience.
 No sooner said than done.
 Nobody calls himself a rogue.
 None can be wise and safe but he that is honest.
 Nothing sharpens sight like envy.
 Nothing so bad as not to be good for something.
 —O—
 Old bees yield no honey.
 Old young and old long.
 One lie makes many.
 One nail drives another.
 One sheep follows another.
 Only that which is honestly got is gain.
 Our pleasures are imagined but our griefs are all real.
 Out of the frying-pan into the fire.
 Out of the wicked cometh forth wickedness.
 —P—
 Patience is a plaster for all sores.
 Patience with poverty is all a poor man's remedy.
 Pen and ink is a wit's plow.
 Penny in pocket is a good companion.
 Proud as a peacock, all strut and show.
 Punctuality is the soul of business.
 Put the cart before the horse.
 —R—
 Reading makes a full man.
 Ready money is ready medicine.
 Rebukes ought not to have a grain more salt than of sugar.
 Rob Peter to pay Paul.
 —S—
 Short reckonings are soon cleared.
 Some are atheists only in fair weather.
 Sparrows fight for corn which is none of their own.
 Speech is the picture of the mind.
 Study sickness while you are well.
 Set moist and sow dry.
 Soft words break no bones.
 Stars cannot be seen by sunshine.

Still waters run deep.
 —T—
 Talk of the devil and he'll either come or send.
 That fish will soon be caught that nibbles at every bait.
 The abundance of money ruins youth.
 The cat is hungry when a crust contents her.
 The earth produces all things and receives all again.
 The fewer the words the better the prayer.
 The foremost dog catches the hare.
 The great way is very easy but all love the by-paths.
 The greatest strokes make not the best music.
 The Lord loveth a cheerful giver.
 The race is not always to the swiftest runner.
 The way of the transgressor is hard.
 To change the name and not the letter is to change for worse and not for better.
 Two of a trade seldom agree.
 —U—
 United we stand, divided we fall.
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.
 —W—
 We ought to weigh well what we can only decide.
 Wealth and content do not always live together.
 When at first you don't succeed try, try again.
 When luck is wanting, diligence is useless.
 —Y—
 You get gold out of earth and earth out of gold.
 Youth is a crown of roses, old age a crown of willows.

Three Wise Monkeys

Hear no evil,
 See no evil,
 Speak no evil.



Today, you're bright and happy in the world's sunlight and glow. An' tomorrow you're freezin', an' trudgin' through the snow. The time you think you've got the world the tightest in your grip. Is the very time that you'll find that you're the likeliest to slip.

—C—
 Call a spade a spade.
 Cast no dirt into the well that gives you water.
 Censure's the tax a man pays the public for being eminent.
 Change of pasture makes fat calves.
 Children should be seen and not heard.
 Cloudy mornings turn to clear evenings.
 Content is happiness.
 Conversation teaches more than meditation.
 Cowards run the greatest danger of any men in battle.
 Criminals are punished that others may be amended.
 —D—
 Death devours lambs as well as sheep.
 Deceit is in haste, but honesty can wait a fair leisure.
 Discretion is the better part of valor.
 Dogs run away with whole shoulders.
 Don't descend into a well with a rotten rope.
 Dry bargains bode ill.
 —E—
 Eagles fly alone, but sheep flock together.
 Enough is a feast, too much a vanity.
 Eternity has no gray hairs.
 Even a river will forgive three offenses.
 Every bird likes its own nest best.
 Every cloud has a silver lining.
 Every day brings a new light.
 Every light is not the sun.
 Every man is the architect of his own fortune.
 Every man must eat a peck of dirt before he dies.
 Everything is worse for wearing.
 Experience is the great baffler of speculation.
 Extremes meet.
 —F—
 Fair fall truth and daylight.
 Fame, like a river, is narrowest at its source and broadest afar off.
 Fast hind, fast find.
 Feasting is the physician's harvest.
 Fine clothes oftentimes had a base descent.
 Fire in flax will smoke.
 Follow the wise few rather than the vulgar many.
 Fortune favors fools.

Lard and Perfumes

Choice perfumes are made by a process known as cold enfleurage. A thickness of cold lard is placed on glass slabs in wooden frames. Flowers are placed on this lard. Each day fresh flowers replace the old ones until the lard becomes saturated with their perfume. The lard is then dissolved with cold alcohol which evaporates, leaving the extract.

(© 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

—K—
 Keep some till furthermore come.
 Kindle not a fire that you cannot extinguish.
 Knavery may serve for a turn but honesty is best in the long run.
 —L—
 Lavishness is not generosity.
 Lay things by, they may come to use.
 Learning is a scepter to some, a bauble to others.
 Leave a jest when it pleases you best.
 Let him that is cold blow the coal.
 Let them buckle for it.
 Life that is too short for the happy is too long for the miserable.
 Likely lies in the mire when unlikely gets over.
 Long life hath long misery.
 Love can be neither bought nor sold; its only price is love.
 Large trees give more shade than fruit.
 Least said is soonest mended.
 Let sleeping dogs lie.
 Life is a light before the wind.
 —M—
 Maidens should be mild and meek, swift to hear and slow to speak.
 Make not even the devil blacker than he is.
 Many a drop of broth is made in an old pot.
 Many an honest man stands in need of help that has not the

**MYSTERY MINE
 OPENED IN '81**

Fort Worth Druggist Says
 Railroad Opened Works
 Near Lake Cisco

A Fort Worth druggist, A. S. Rattan, today recalled the opening of the mysterious burning coal mine at Cisco, after reading a Press article describing the old pit which has smoked for more than 30 years on the banks of Lake Cisco.

"I was working in Cisco when the mine opened," said Mr. Rattan. "That was in 1881 and I can remember the miners coming into the drug store where I was employed. In those days they wore lamps on their caps."

Mr. Rattan said that the old mine first was opened by the Texas Central Railroad which ran then from Waco to Albany and was later taken over by the Katy.

The shaft was worked for a few years and then abandoned when better coal was found elsewhere.

As to how the mine caught fire Mr. Rattan can offer no explanation.

Old-timers around Cisco say that the place, which now resembles an ash and cinder heap has smoked continually for 30 years, the wisps and the sulphur-smelling fumes being particularly noticeable after a rain.

Answers to the Six Proverbs

Gigantic Marine Reptiles Left Brief History in Stone

Imprint in Stone of Huge Dinosaur Mute Proof That Fort Worth Once Was Home For

Pre-History OUT in the biology department at Texas Christian University the other day, Dr. Gale Scott, professor of geology, stood before a heavy stone slab which was graven deep with a three-forked marking that might have been the imprint of a gigantic bird's foot.

A Small Dinosaur.

"You are looking at a mark made when the world was young," said Professor Scott, "the footprint of a Dinosaur."

"It came," he added, "from a creek bed near Glen Rose, and was presented to the university by a Mr. McMahan of that city. And tho this track is 12 inches wide, it was made by the foot of a small Dinosaur."

Dr. Scott said that the visitor to Glen Rose even now could find tracks of the Dinosaurs along some of the creek beds. And then he explained how science figures the mark was made.

Glen Rose, he said, might have been on the edge of the Cretaceous Sea and the Dinosaurs might have walked occasionally along the shores. The reptiles left their footprints in the firm rubber-like mud which, shortly after their passing, must have been filled with silt and finer soil. Then, as the sea receded, more and more soil was piled on top, while the harder mud underneath was going thru the transition into stone.

A Chapter in Stone.

Centuries later a stream flowed that way, wearing deeper and deeper. Finally it uncovered the rock which once had been mud; the lighter soil, now gravel perhaps, was washed away, and there, revealed for the 20th century to see—a row of Dinosaur tracks.

And not only tracks, but bones have been found in this area. The T. C. U. biology museum contains many dinosaur fossils found in Denton County.

One of the Glen Rose tracks was carefully removed several years ago, mounted on a concrete base, and placed in the T. C. U. museum. A romantic relic of the infant world it stands there now— one brief stone chapter in the ancient story written by the giants.

Read on it what you will.

And down one of the black rivers that stretched from Denton county southward thru Tarrant, and a family of horror-inspiring monsters that was frantically seeking to regain the sea. For these were marine reptiles—these gigantic Plesiosaurs—great hulking sea-beasts that were second cousins to the Ichthysaur and the Mosasaur.

Had you been standing in the mud at the spot where the Blackstone Hotel now stands you would have seen a sight that might well have been a part of a nightmare. For this particular site of Dinosaur, tho not as vicious as the Tyrannosaurus Rex, was fearsome enough to strike terror to the boldest heart. Some of them were 14 feet high, and the largest ran in length to 70 feet, nose to tail. They floundered thru the canals, snorting their displeasure at the changing world with a hiss that could be heard for a mile or more.

Wrote One Chapter.

They seemed to sense that salvation lay to the south and they moved in that direction, but near the town of Glen Rose, in Somervell County, something happened.

And just what that something was nobody knows — because there were no historians one hundred million years ago.

Did they reach the sea in safety or did the tide fall back too swiftly?

Did they remain in Glen Rose until the land dried or did they sink into the soil of Somervell County to be buried forever from the eyes of the world to come?

Science would like the answer to those questions. But in any case, they wrote at least one chapter in the primordial world—in the rocks and in the soil.

BIRTHDAY PROPHECIES

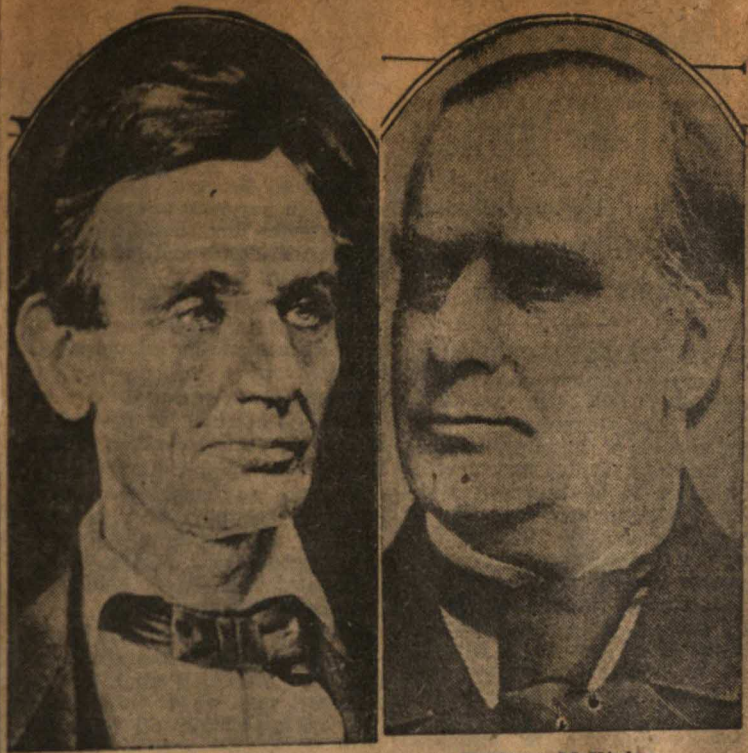
Monday's child is fair of face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace,
Wednesday's child is merry and glad,
Thursday's child is sorry and sad,
Friday's child is loving and giving,
Saturday's child must work for a living,
Sunday's child is blithe, cheery and gay.

April Planting According to Zodiacal Signs

1-15. Fair yield for root crops planted now.
16-18. Good time to plant melon seeds and all that produce their yield above ground. Stir soil to subdue weeds.
19. Good for all crops. Plant now for quick growth. Seeds planted now withstand dry weather.
20. Don't plant or transplant. Destroy weeds.
21. A good time to plant flowers, but a bad time to plant or transplant vegetables.
22-23. Good for pulp or stalk growth and a fair amount of grain.
24. A good time to plant, especially corn.

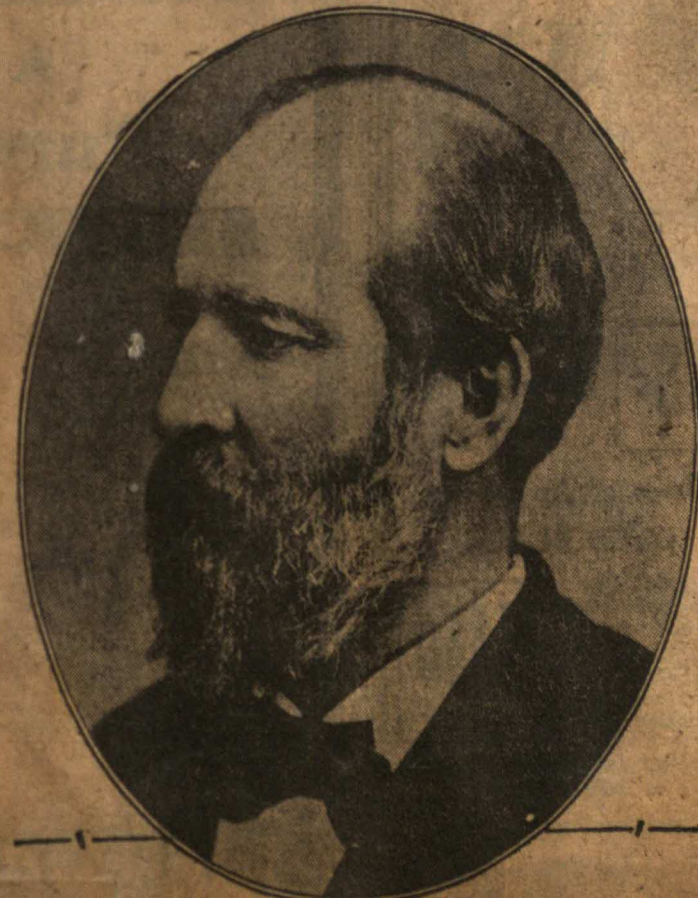
15-16. Not generally favorable but good for potatoes, and root crops.
17-18. Plant now for rapid growth of pulp and stalks. Not favorable for grain.
19-20-21. Don't plant seeds. Liable to rot.
22-23-24. Good for planting. 22 and 23 especially good for root crops.
25-26. Good for crops that produce their yield above ground.
27-28. Only fairly good for root crops of quick growth.
29-30. Plant now seeds and crops that produce yield above ground. Stir soil to subdue weed.

THREE VICTIMS OF ASSASSINS



Abraham Lincoln

William McKinley



James Garfield

Three Times Has Death Struck at Presidents

Lincoln, McKinley and Garfield Were Shot to Death by Assassins; One of Killers Slain by Posse, Two Others Executed

Had the attempted assassination of President-elect Franklin D. Roosevelt been successful, it would have marked the fourth time in history that such a tragedy has stalked the high office of the United States.

Three presidents have fallen before killers' guns, the careers of Abraham Lincoln, James A. Garfield and William McKinley being closed by bullets.

On the evening of April 14, 1865, Abraham Lincoln, 16th president, attended Ford's theater in Washington. While seated with his family and friends absorbed in the play, John Wilkes Booth, an actor, who with others had prepared a plot to assassinate several heads of the government, went into a little corridor leading to the stage-box, and secured it against entrance by a wooden bar.

Then stealthily entering the box, he discharged a pistol at the head of the president from behind, the bullet penetrating the brain.

Brandishing a huge knife, with which he wounded a man who attempted to hold him, the assassin rushed thru the stage-box to the front and leaped down upon the stage, escaping behind the scenes and from the rear of the building.

An intensive manhunt followed and 12 days afterward he was shot to death in a barn where he had concealed himself.

President Lincoln was borne to a house across the street, where he breathed his last at 7 a. m., on April 16, 1865.

On September 5, 1901, William McKinley, 25th president of the United States, appeared in Buffalo, N. Y. to deliver an address before the Pan-American Union.

On the following day, September 6, 1901, a great reception was held for him in one of the public buildings of the exposition, with the doors thrown wide open to the public.

A young anarchist of Polish parents, Leon Czolgosz, took advantage of the opportunity to fire two shots at the president from

close range. One penetrated McKinley's abdomen.

After the world had been assured that the patient was doing well and would recover, he collapsed and died eight days later, on September 14.

The assassin, who it was believed at the time had been inflamed by anti-McKinley editorials and cartoons of the opposition press, but who professed to hold the views of that branch of anarchists who believe in the assassination of rulers and persons exercising political authority, was seized, promptly convicted, and executed in October, 1901.

It was in the midst of a bitter conflict over the tariff, McKinley declared that henceforth the progress of the nation must be thru harmony and co-operation, in view of the fast changing conditions of communication and trade, and maintained that the time had come for wide-reaching modifications in the tariff policy of the United States, the method preferred by McKinley being that of commercial reciprocity arrangements with various nations.

James Garfield, 20th president, was murdered by a disappointed office-seeker named Charles J. Guiteau. While on his way to Williams College commencement exercises, Garfield was shot down in a Washington railroad station. He died September 19, 1881, 17 days after being wounded.

Guiteau was hanged June 30, 1882.

June Planting Dates According to Zodiacal Signs

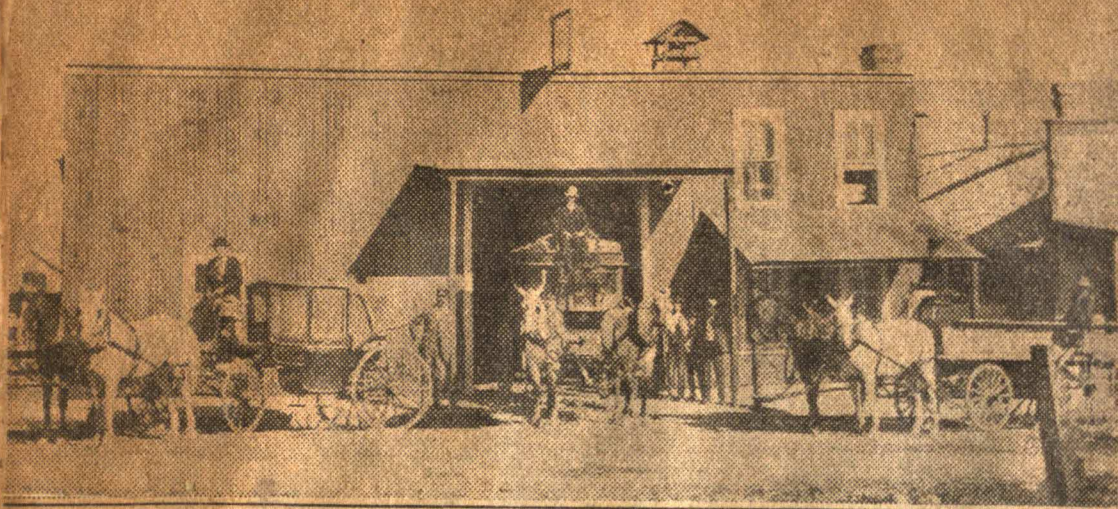
1-2. Unfavorable for planting or transplanting. Good for destroying weeds.
3-4. Unfavorable for fruits and vegetables. Favorable for flowers.
5-6. Favorable for strong root and stalk growth and a reasonable amount of grain.
7-8. Favorable time for growth. Especially

good for corn.
9-10. Don't plant except radishes or potatoes.
11-12. Plant if you want much stalk or roots and little grain.
13-14. Don't plant. Seeds liable to rot.
15-16-17. A good time to plant root crops. They will withstand dry weather.

FRIENDLINESS

'Tis the human touch in this world that counts
The touch of your hand and mine,
Which means far more to the fainting heart
Than shelter and bread and wine.
For shelter is gone when the night is o'er,
And the bread lasts only a day,
But the touch of the hand and the sound of the voice
Sing on in the soul always.

WHEN CAB DRIVER NEEDED NO GAS



The old Carson Baker cab headquarters in Weatherford. Note the bell on top of the building. Silent now, it was

used then to signal and call in cab drivers from their cruising. The building, with the bell intact, stands today just as it was

when this photo was taken, 30 years ago. The vehicles in front show the types of "taxis" Mr. Baker used.

And if you'll walk across the street and look back at the building you'll see the old bell itself—hanging mute in its small belfry.

The late Mr. Baker, a native Texan who reared in Wisconsin.

But if you look about you'll find it—a hansom cab with a let-down top and green square headlights—one of the 'buggies' that met the first T. & P. train into Weatherford.

MOTOR SPUN BY BATTERY IN ICE

A Willard battery, selected at random from the stock of the Fort Worth Battery Company, last night was frozen in a 300-pound block of ice and for 14 minutes and 33 seconds turned over an engine that would not start.

More than 60 Willard dealers from Fort Worth and surrounding counties witnessed the test, which was in charge of C. R. Hickman, president of the Fort Worth Battery Company, and C. F. Hodges, A. S. Stegall, J. A. Rhodes and Joe Lane from the Willard factory.

The battery was frozen into the ice cake to simulate winter conditions. Wires extended through the ice to the starting motor of a late model car. Against full motor compression and with ignition shut off, the starter began to spin and continued to spin for almost a quarter of an hour, although, it was pointed out, a storage battery at zero temperature is only half as powerful as at ordinary room temperature and far under normal strength at freezing.

Weatherford's Cabbie Bell Is Silent But Still Hanging

Once Told Out Summons for Drivers of Old to Come In for Fare; Building Now Houses Motor Transport Firm

By C. L. DOUGLAS

WEATHERFORD, Feb. 21.—Weatherford's hansom cab, "curfew" will not ring tonight—or any other night.

Long years have passed since the old iron bell atop the Frost Transport Company has tolled a signal thru the night to call in some roaming cabbie, but it still hangs in its place—a reminder of days a Victoria and a prancing team made up the finest turn-out money could hire.

If you walk down the street that leads west from the northeast corner of Weatherford's burthouse square you will find an old red building with a corrugated iron front which has weathered the rains and winds of many winters.

And if, when you reach the door, you turn in at the office you will see on the wall nearby three old pictures—a portrait of Abraham Lincoln titled Our Abe and dated 1865, a print showing detachment of Union cavalry, and the reproduction of a painting depicting Hunter's Strategy on the American Frontier.

But if you look you will notice something else. In the ceiling above the spot where you stand here is a hole, and should you happen to inquire you will be told that thru this opening once in the rope that rang the bell which called Carson C. Baker's cab-drivers to headquarters.

came to Weatherford in the '70s to work on the railroad. But the railway hadn't reached the Parker County capital yet, so Mr. Baker went in the cab business. Thus it developed that in 1850, when the rail line did reach Weatherford, his cabs met the first train.

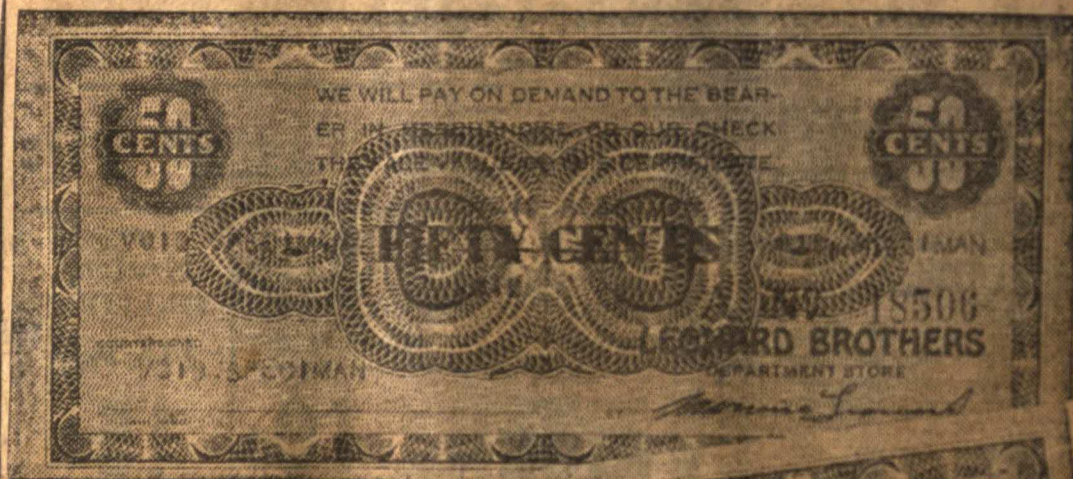
"The bell," explains his son, C. C. Baker, Jr., who still is in the transportation business, "was used to call in the drivers. One toll of the bell, for instance, meant that a certain cabbie should report to the office, two bells meant that another should come in, and so on."

And in those days, the old-timers say, the signals could be heard from any part of the city. People thought no more about it then than we do of an auto horn today.

The outward appearance, however, is unchanged except that autos instead of fine carriages stand at the curb. Other than the pictures on the wall only one reminder of the old days remains inside the building, and it is half hidden by autos and motor equipment.

LEONARD BROS.

These are specimens of Leonard Brothers' scrip issued in exchange for payroll checks or other checks approved by their cashier. This scrip is exchangeable at Leonard Brothers store for merchandise or Leonard Brothers' check. Several local firms are now accepting this scrip for merchandise and on accounts.



Answers to Previous Questions
HOUSTON took office Oct. 22, 1836, and again was elected and served from 1841 to 1844. When Texas joined the Union in 1845, Houston was elected to the U. S. Senate. People protested in the early years of the baby carriage that those wheeling them showed a tendency to strike pedestrians. The U. S. Coast Guard was a combination of the Revenue Cutter Service and the Life-Saving Service.

PAYROLLS, FOOD PURCHASES WILL BE MET FRIDAY

Strict Regulations Are Laid Down For Reopening of Banks to Provide For The Necessities of Life

By United Press.
WASHINGTON, March 7.—Orders authorizing issue of scrip by clearing houses thruout the country beginning Friday were issued today. Some localities may be allowed to start issuing scrip earlier but only by special direct authorization from the Secretary of Treasury.

SCRIP SITUATION

- By United Press.
WASHINGTON, March 7. The scrip situation today was as follows:
1. Blanket authorization was given to clearing houses to issue scrip.
 2. Such scrip may not be issued before Friday, March 10, without special authorization from the secretary of the treasury.
 3. Scrip is to be issued against sound assets of banks.
 4. Banks are to distribute scrip to depositors and creditors on a pro rata basis.
 5. The percentage of scrip to be paid out to depositors presumably will be fixed in each instance by clearing houses, the latitude is given so that clearing houses may leave this to individual banks.
 6. Treasury officials are opposed to any national issue of scrip thru the federal government.
 7. Detailed application of the scrip system is being left so far as possible to the judgment of local bankers.
 8. Numerous cities including New York and Philadelphia are physically ready to distribute scrip, and they may be given permission later today.

Woodin's orders provided that: Scrip may be issued by clearing houses and other authorized associations against sound assets of banking institutions.

Scrip may be delivered by each institution to its creditors and depositors on a pro rata basis. This was understood to mean that depositors probably would be given a percentage of scrip against their deposits rather than the full amount, depending upon the judgment of clearing house authorities in each instance.

N. Y. Banks Open.

Currency began flowing back into the channels of trade in New York today as banks complied with the treasury ruling permitting withdrawals for payroll accounts, and for food, medicine and other necessities of living.

The payroll payments were for checks issued by corporations to individual workers, provided the checks were clearly part of a payroll account.

The Postoffice Department advised postmasters in need of cash for meeting money orders and postal savings withdrawals and other postal expenditures, to draw on banks in their territory.

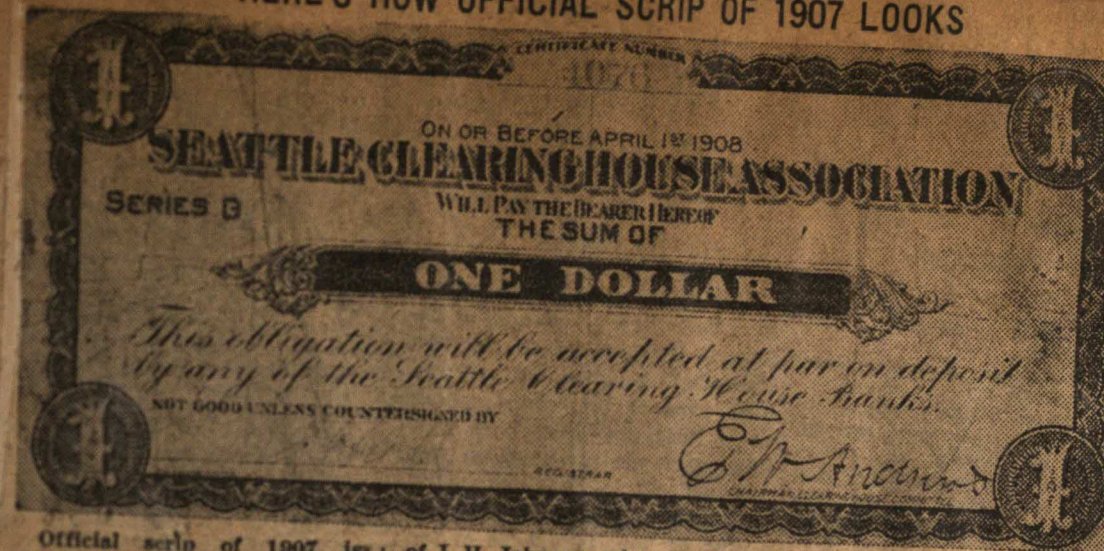
The courage of the American people in meeting the emergency was praised by Secretary Woodin. "I doubt if any nation in the world would have faced the situation in the same spirit as the American people," he said.

March Planting Dates According to Zodiacal Signs

- 13-14. Unfavorable for planting and transplanting except flowers which will do well if planted at this time.
- 15-16. Plant now for a good pulp and root growth and a fair amount of grain.
- 17-18. A fruitful sign. Especially good time to plant corn.
- 19-20. Not generally favorable. Radishes and potatoes will do well if planted now.
- 21-22. Plant now for a rapid growth of stalks and roots. Seeds planted now will not produce

- 23-24-25. An unfavorable time to plant. Seeds planted now are liable to rot.
- 26-27. Fairly favorable time to plant if you want vegetation to withstand dry weather.
- 28-29-30. A good time to plant crops that produce vines and stalks. Crops that produce their yield above ground will grow and produce a good yield if planted now.
31. Root crops planted now will produce a fair yield.

HERE'S HOW OFFICIAL SCRIP OF 1907 LOOKS



Official scrip of 1907 is shown above. For 26 years the official Seattle Clearing House Association scrip shown above has reposed in the pocketbook

of J. H. Johnson, who operates a cafe at 902 Houston. It is green in color, something like present currency. "There was no inconvenience then. Every-

body would take scrip. We had good times before the money panic and good times afterward," Mr. Johnson said today.

As President of the United States I shall do my utmost, in cooperation with the people and with their chosen representatives, to restore the balance of our economic interests and to simplify and vitalize our political institutions, so that as changes come they may be effected without injury to the proper rights of any individual and without conflict with the spirit of American institutions. With your help, I can do it.

—Franklin D. Roosevelt

Important Events July 1931 -- July 1932

JULY 1931 to JANUARY 1932
 July 1—Post and Gatty completed flight around world. Time 8 days, 15 hours, 41 minutes. Actual flying time 4 days, 10 hours, 8 minutes.
 July 6—United States and France signed Moratorium Pact under which for one year beginning July 1, payment of all Governmental debts arising from World War was suspended.
 August 5—The Akron, largest dirigible balloon, christened. This great balloon is 785 feet long, has a capacity of 6,500,000 cubic feet of gas and her motors develop 4,480 horse power.
 August 28—United States share of loan extended to Great Britain by Private Bankers—\$200,000,000.
 September 21—British Parliament suspended the Gold Standard.
 October 2—Sir Thomas Lipton died in London, age 81.
 October 10—Cardinals defeated Athletics 4 to 3 and won deciding game in 1931 World Series.
 October 17—Al Capone found guilty of Income Tax evasion. Sentenced October 24th to 11 years in prison, a fine of \$50,000 and costs of the prosecution.
 October 18—Thomas A. Edison died, age 84.
 December 7—Seventy-second Congress convened. Democrats in control for first time in twelve years.

JANUARY to JULY 1933
 January 12—Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes retired from Supreme Court Bench. Mr. Holmes, in his ninety-first year, had been a member of the highest court in the land for twenty-nine years.
 January 31—Railway workers voluntarily reduced own pay 10%.
 March 2—Lindberg baby kidnapped. Mutilated body found May 12.
 March 12—Ivar Kreuger committed suicide. Subsequent investigations showed that instead of being one of the richest men in the world, as was generally supposed, he was in very bad shape financially.
 May 21—Amelia Earhart Putnam completed non-stop flight across Atlantic by aeroplane. Time 14 hours and 56 minutes—more than an hour less than previous best time for crossing. She is the first woman to fly across Atlantic alone.

WHEN FIRST USED	1668	1786	1777	1693	1827	2000 B. C.	1120 A. D.	2000 B. C.	1792	1820
Steam Engines
False Teeth
Threshing Machine
Hand Saws
Thermometer
Friction Matches
Paper
Playing Cards
Ink
Illuminating Gas
Steel Pens

May Planting Dates According to Zodiacal Signs

1. Plant crops that produce yield above ground.
- 2-3. A good time to plant. Seed grow quickly and vegetation withstand dry weather.
- 4-5. Unfavorable time to plant. Favorable to destroy weeds.
- 6-7-8. Do not plant or transplant fruits and vegetables. Plant flowers.
- 9-10. Plant now for strong stalk and root growth and reasonable amount of grain.
- 11-12. A good time to plant. Especially corn.
- 13-14. Not generally a good time. Good for radishes and potatoes.

Santa Anna's Retreating Army Leaves Iron Behind

Bill Kinnard's Find Kept As Relic of San Jacinto; Uses Hot Coals

Santa Anna's army retreated fast when it fled after the battle of San Jacinto in 1836—so fast that some woman camp follower didn't find time to finish pressing her soldier-husband's uniform. The old Mexican iron pictured here was picked up near the battlefield by Bill Kinnard, a soldier under Sam Houston, and until his death 30 years ago, a prominent citizen of Johnson County.

The iron today is owned by Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Bales, 1700 East Rio Grande Avenue. Mrs. Bales is a step-daughter of Bill Kinnard. Note the slot in the back of the iron, partially raised in the photo. It left an opening to the shell, which was heated by being filled with coals.



On the inside of the shell at the bottom is engraved the date 1827. Many descendants of the soldier in Houston's army still live about Cleburne.

FIRST AID

Cuts—If the blood comes in spurts and is bright red, bind between the heart and the wound. Send for a doctor.
Itches—If the blood flows in a steady stream, is darker in color, bind on side farthest from the heart.
Bruises—Hot applications. Very cold water or applications answer the same purpose.
Bee Stings—Mud. Saleratus made into a paste with water. Ammonia or crushed plantain leaves.
Sprains—Soak in hot water or use hot applications. If in leg or arm, keep elevated.

A Thought for Today

AND thou shalt not glean thy vineyard, neither shalt thou gather every grape of thy vineyard; thou shalt leave them for the poor and stranger: I am the Lord your God.—Leviticus, 19:10.

A rich man without charity is a rogue; and perhaps it would be no difficult matter to prove that he is also a fool.—Fielding.

DESCENDANT OF CROCKETT AND HIS NEWSPAPER PLANT



The monument erected at Acton for Elizabeth Crockett, wife of Davy Crockett and grandmother of Ashley Crockett of Granbury, is shown at the left above. It represents her looking west from Tennessee

waiting for Davy to come home from the Alamo. At the right, the plant in which Ashley Crockett prints his Hood County Tablet. Below, Ashley Crockett himself.

Davy Crockett's Grandson Recalls Alamo Massacre

Mr. Crockett points out that the garrison which included his grandfather was so far outnumbered by the enemy that they didn't have a chance, and—"They might have all got away from certain death if Travis had been so bull-headed," he says. Two other of Davy Crockett's grandchildren are living today—

had been given large land grants by the state in reward for her husband's part in the fight at the Alamo. And when she moved to Texas she had with her the son who was to become Ashley Crockett's father. Mrs. Crockett lived in Hood County until her death in 1860 at the age of 82. The monument in the Acton cemetery is inscribed with the information that

Editor-Printed at Granbury Devotes Time to Finding Out if Texas Hero Didn't Spend Part of His Time in North Texas

By CLAUDE L. DOUGLAS

GRANBURY, March 6.—A 76-year-old editor-printer today went about the job of setting type for his weekly newspaper here, outwardly little concerned over the state's observance of a date which gave the continent a new nation and, eventually, the republic a new state.

The massacre at the Alamo 97 years ago today appears far away—far enough away to be remembered only as a chapter in history—and so it seems strange to sit in the tiny shop of the Hood County Tablet and hear its publisher speak of "grandfather and how he died behind his squirrel rifle at the cradle of Texas liberty.

Ashley W. Crockett is the only surviving grandson of the immortal Davy Crockett, the Tennessee frontiersman who came West just in time to forfeit his life with the Texans who gathered in San Antonio's old mission that tragic day in 1836 to meet the invading Mexicans under Santa Anna.

Of course, the editor of Hood County's oldest newspaper never saw his grandfather, but the manner in which he speaks of him seems to build a short bridge across the course of time.

Real Pioneer.

Ashley Crockett has lived all his life in the vicinity of Granbury, the old Crockett homestead being on Rucker's Creek a few miles east of the town, and altho Davy himself probably never was in this county, it was the home of his wife and children for several years. The wife lies buried in the old cemetery at Acton, a little village half hidden in the hills southeast of Granbury and over her grave rises a tall white monument which tells another story significant to this day in Texas history.

For at the top of the tall shaft stands a woman carved in stone, a woman who looks toward the West and with her left hand shades her eyes against the sun—the wife of Davy Crockett waiting and watching in Tennessee for the return of her husband from Texas.

"My grandmother did not know for six weeks after the massacre what had occurred at the Alamo," said Ashley Crockett. "Tennessee was far away in those days and it took time for news to travel. And it was even longer before she received my grandfather's diary, taken from his body and given to a Mexican woman before Santa Anna's men burned the victims of the fight."

Crockett's Story Recounted. He then recounted the story of the Crockett family's removal to Texas. They came first to Ellis County and then, in 1856 to Hood and established themselves on Rucker's Creek. Mrs. Elizabeth Crockett, wife of Davy,

she was born in North Carolina in 1788 and that she married Davy in Lawrence County, Tennessee in 1815.

At the time of Ashley Crockett's birth Hood County had not yet been formed, the area being in Johnson County prior to 1886. He grew up in the vicinity and in 1876 became associated with the weekly newspaper known as the Granbury Vidette, a word meaning 'outpost.'

"But in 1883," said Mr. Crockett, "Granbury could no longer be called an outpost, settlers having pushed on farther west, and so the name of the paper was changed to the Granbury Graphic. Then, after being known by several other names, it became the Hood County Tablet."

Still Doing Business.

And the Tablet is still doing business in the building where it started, a thin, two-story frame building that stands a block west of the courthouse square. It is handset, just as it always was, and some of the original type still can be found in the forms.

Mr. Crockett has been its editor since the '80s and today, despite his age, he still sets the type, edits the copy and sends the paper to press on Thursday afternoons.

Altho he likes to talk of the fight at the Alamo Mr. Crockett lately has been trying to ascertain whether his grandfather ever was in North Texas. He has reason to believe, he says, that Davy made a hunting trip along Red River just before he joined Travis and the other Texas heroes at San Antonio. Anyhow, he was somewhere in Texas for six weeks before the fight.

"My grandfather came into Texas at Augustine and swore allegiance to the Texas cause early in January," said Mr. Crockett. "He didn't join Travis at the Alamo until February 20. His diary shows that. And so I've often wondered where he was in the time between his arrival and the day he went to San Antonio. There is a story that might show that he was once at Honey Grove, near Clarksville in Fannin County. Some say that he named a swarm of honey bees in a tree where the town now stands, but I can not say how accurate the report is. But I do think it possible that he hunted along Red River during that period."

"Travis Bullheaded."

As to the fight at the Alamo,

VASELINE WELL FLOWS 10 YEARS

Freak Oil Well Continues To Flow Almost Pure Petroleum Jelly

By United Press. LAMAR, Okla., July 17. — A freak oil well which came in 10 years ago as a producer of almost pure vaseline was still pumping the heavy golden substance and paying its owner handsome returns today.

Perhaps the only well of its kind in the world, the well is a marvel to veteran oil men, both as to the oil it produces and its life. Men who have followed the oil industry in many climes said they have never seen or heard of a similar well.

The well was drilled in at 3710 feet on Jan. 26, 1923, for production estimated at 350 barrels a day. The "vaseline well" still produces around this amount, and still is the only well in the area. Other drilling attempts have produced dry holes.

The strange kind of oil flowed over the derrick for 200 feet when the well was drilled in. Dark green in color, the oil turned a brilliant golden yellow when it struck the outside air. Analysis showed it to be almost pure vaseline. It was so heavy that it hung from fences near the well like gum.

Because of its thickness, ordinary pipelines would not carry it. A special line, with a steam pipe to heat the almost solid lubricant, was used.

DILEMMA IN A GARDEN

By Cristel Hastings

SWEET William hung his blushing head and sighed. Now where to find a maiden who could sew A Bachelor's Button on his scarlet vest? He searched the garden over, to and fro.

THE Rose blushed crimson when she saw his plight. The Lily shed a tear and turned quite pale. The Marigold shook yellow curls and laughed. While Daisy called, "Why don't you sew a nail?"

SHY Violet he interviewed with hope. But she turned her bashful eyes away. Blue Iris stood with haughty head erect. While Pansy wore a smile as broad as day.

STILL no one could he find to sew the thing 'Til Black-Eyed Susan found Spider's thread. And a Pine Needle on a Pincushion. The button's on. . . and Bill and Sue are on.

All the World's Gold Would Make a 32-Foot Cube, But It Would Be 729 Feet If Ocean Could Be Tapped

New York University Professors Stack Up Nation's Supply, Figuratively, and Find It Measures 22 Feet on Each Side

By WILLIAM ENGLE
Written for The Press

NEW YORK, March 18.—All this talk of gold—the gold standard, the lure of gold, the hoarding of it—drove professors at New York University into a corner today, and when they came out they revealed that if the world's entire supply of gold were brought together it could be tucked away into a couple of four-story brownstone fronts.

By some fancy figuring they disclosed that since Columbus came to America there have been produced in the world 1,100,000,000 troy ounces of pure gold, worth in United States coinage approximately \$23,000,000,000. This, they said, is the equivalent of about 63,526 cubic feet of gold and would make a cube 39 feet 11 inches on each side.

They then showed what has become of it. In gold coin and bullion thruout the world there are 580,000,000 troy ounces, worth \$12,000,000,000. This occupies 33,144 cubic feet and would make a cube 32 feet 4 inches each side.

Included in this, of course, is the United States' supply, worth \$4,045,000,000 and occupying 11,127 cubic feet. It would make a cube about 22 feet on each side.

About 150,000,000 ounces of gold are estimated to be hoarded in India and the Orient. It is worth \$3,000,000,000 and is equivalent to 3286 cubic feet, making a cube 20 feet 3 inches on each side. The East hoarded much more than this three years ago, but high prices have brought some of it out of hiding places in India.

"It is impossible to make any exact estimate of the gold in use in the form of jewelry, spectacle frames and gold teeth, but still theoretically available," the professors pointed out. Probably 150,000,000 ounces is a reasonable figure. This would be worth about \$3,000,000,000, would equal 3286 cubic feet and would make a cube 20 feet 3 inches on one side, the same as the gold es-

estimated to be hoarded in the East."

Out of the total gold known to have been mined since the discovery of America this leaves about 220,000,990 ounces unaccounted for. It is worth \$4,500,000,000, equivalent to 12,423 cubic feet, making a cube 23 feet 2 inches on one side. It has been lost or

used up.

Little Left in Mines

Before Columbus' time the world's gold stock probably did not exceed \$1,000,000,000.

As to gold reserves still in the mines, it is agreed, the professors said, that they are diminishing so rapidly that either new supplies must be discovered or new meth-

night shortly after he had succeeded in casually swimming the roaring rapids of the lower Niagara River, a feat some of the world's greatest daredevils have feared to try.

With little thought of what he was doing, the youth went into the whirlpool and came out without a scratch.

With Arthur Hecht of New York City, Kondrat went for a swim in the river just above the lower arch bridge. Kondrat said today that a desire seized him to swim to the other side so that he

could say he had touched Canadian soil. When Hecht saw his companion swimming out, he called to him to come back.

The rapids, which rise 10 feet or more as they plunge over huge boulders, hid Kondrat from sight. Hecht dressed and ran to police for aid. Kondrat was given up as lost.

More than an hour later Kondrat was safe in police headquarters in Niagara Falls, Ont. He had been carried down stream, but he continued swimming where Captain Webb, who came from

\$23,000,000,000 Has Been Mined Since Time of Columbus

ods of extraction devised if the output is to keep up. A rough estimate of minable gold known to be in mines is not over 400,000,000 ounces, worth \$8,300,000,000, equivalent to 22,925 cubic feet and making a cube 28 feet 5 inches on one side.

Much larger amounts of gold are known to be present in low grade ores, not profitable to work under present methods.

But Lots in the Sea

But by far the greatest amount of gold of which science has any certain knowledge is the supply in the water of the seven seas.

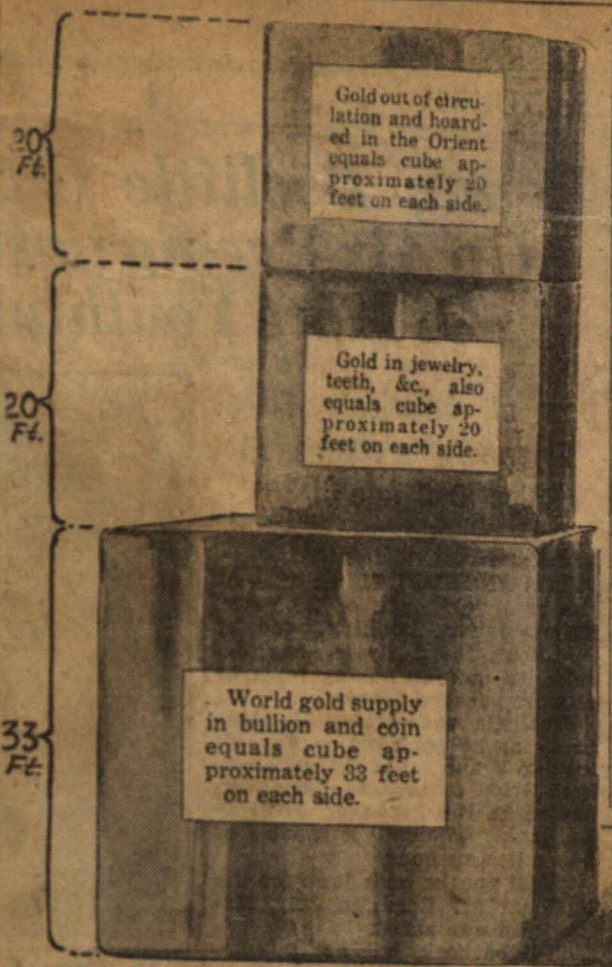
"Quantitative estimates are very uncertain because the gold content of sea water varies from place to place in the ocean and has not been surveyed accurately," the professors said.

"A minimum estimate, based on the best available data and assuming about two-tenths of a grain of gold in a ton of sea wa-

ter, indicates that

the total gold in the ocean is at least 50,000,000,000,000 troy ounces or about 50,000 times as much as has been mined since Columbus discovered America. This would be worth \$1,000,000,000,000,000. It would equal 387,000,000 cubic feet and would make a cube 729 feet on each side.

It would if they could get it out, but despite the chemists' repeated efforts to extract oceanic gold by cheap processes, they don't know how.



World's gold supply stacked up beside a six-foot man

ONLY 3 SURVIVE CRASH OF BIG SHIP IN VIOLENT STORM

Rescue Dirigible Falls; 11 Aboard

BEACH HAVEN, N. J., April 4.—The Naval semi-rigid dirigible J-3 of the Naval Air Station at Lakehurst crashed into the sea about 1,000 yards offshore at 1:45 p. m. today. The fate of its crew was not immediately determined. Eleven were on board.

By Associated Press.

NEW YORK, April 4.—The largest airship ever flown, the U. S. S. Akron, was demolished in the sea at 12:33 a. m. Tuesday with the probable loss of 73 lives.

The members of its crew stuck valiantly to their posts, with perfect discipline, through a violent electrical storm that the great ship could not ride.

Four men were rescued. One of these died. The body of another was found later in the day.

Still missing Tuesday afternoon were Rear Admiral William A. Moffett, chief of the navy's aeronautical bureau, and 71 others.

The three survivors of the disaster arrived at the Brooklyn Navy Yard early Tuesday afternoon, one having to be removed to the navy hospital on a stretcher. The others walked ashore from the coast guard destroyer Tucker.

Commander Wiley and M. E. Erwin, an enlisted man, walked from the Tucker and climbed to the front seat of one of the three ambulances which waited arrival of the Tucker.

Surrounded by Lightning.

He said the sea was heavy. At 10 p. m. the Akron reached the Jersey shore and at Barnegat Light was surrounded by lightning. It ran an easterly course until 11 p. m., and then turned to the west until midnight. Sighting a light on the ground, the officers changed the course to 130

FOR MORE ON AKRON DISASTER SEE PAGE 18.

degrees. The ship began to descend rapidly from its flying altitude of 1,600 feet as lightning enveloped it. Ballast was dropped forward to regain altitude.

FOUR BILLION MILES FROM THE SUN

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—In reading the Twenty Questions answered in April 28 Liberty, I found the statement that there are eight planets in our solar system. I think that statement is inaccurate. The discovery of the ninth planet, Pluto, was announced on March 13, 1930, and I have not heard of any authority for returning the number of planets to eight. The planets in their order away from the sun are Mercury, Venus, Earth, Neptune, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, and Pluto.

Conquers Niagara River Rapids and Whirlpool

Hitchhiker, 17, Later Praised by Judge Before Whom He Is Arraigned As Vagrant

By United Press.

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y., July 18.—William Kondrat, the only person who has been able to conquer the Niagara River rapids and whirlpool, was freed of a vagrancy charge today by Judge William J. Watts.

A youth brave enough to swim the rapids has too much courage to be classed as a vagrant, the judge said in discharging the 17-year-old Chatham, N. J., hitchhiker.

Kondrat was brought back to Niagara Falls and arrested last

which will no revealed to millions of thousands of

nat! Flea Plague Nearly Ruined Fort Worth In 70s

City Manager's Secretary Tells City's Tribulations; Politicians Once Criticised 'Growing' Debt Of \$4,592 and Delinquent Tax Total of \$19.85

By DAVID C. LEAVELL

A flea pestilence in the early '80s nearly wiped Fort Worth off the map, Miss Margaret Hall, secretary to the city manager and mayor, told the Technical Club's luncheon yesterday in a talk on Fort Worth history.

The pest originated from several hundred buffalo hides brought here from West Texas, and stacked on the T. & P. reservation to await shipment to eastern markets, Miss Hall said. Most of the residents left town for a while.

The pestilence, Miss Hall added, was but one of several discouragements to settlers before the city finally was incorporated March 1, 1872, by the Legislature.

"Indians menaced the natives for 25 years after the first settlement here was established—June 6, 1849—by some soldiers under the command of Major Ripley A. Arnold," Miss Hall said.

The group, she added, located originally for an overnight stop on the bluff, near the Court House grounds.

Finding the location strategic for a camp site, they established Camp Worth, in honor of Brig. Gen. William J. Worth who had been an outstanding officer during the war with Mexico.

Four months later, the name was changed to Fort Worth, as the encampment had been enlarged.

Tarrant County was established Dec. 20, 1849, by the Legislature.

Birdville, with a population of a few hundred and the largest town in the new county, was made county seat.

"Even then, Fort Worthers were scrappers for civic development."

"They argued the Legislature into holding an election to permit the people in Tarrant County to decide on the county seat, but Birdville won."

"Not content, Fort Worthers again talked the Legislature into doing another election 10 years later and this time won."

"Old timers" tell us that "several" families were moved in from Wise County for the election, later returning.

The first city election was April 4, 1873, when W. P. Burts was elected mayor.

"Development became so rapid and required such expenditures, that a few years later, candidates for mayor and the city aldermen directed their attacks against the city's 'growing indebtedness of \$4,592.91, and its delinquent tax list of \$19.85,'" she said.

The first train—Texas and Pacific—screamed its way into Fort Worth, Aug. 19, 1876.

On Christmas Day of that year.

CONDOLENCE

There is a land of pure delight
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This Heavenly land from ours.

Swedish Women Re-Live Old Memories

Mrs. John A. Kee Holds Swedish Coffee Hour

By LEORA BENNETT

The English with their 5 o'clock tea-time have nothing on the Swedish with their coffee hour.

As a matter of fact, the Swedish are one up on the English because they serve coffee twice daily, at 10 a. m. and 4 p. m. More than 100 women of Swedish descent gathered at the home of Mrs. John A. Kee, 2245 Mistletoe Boulevard, recently, just to re-live some of the pleasant customs practiced in the old country, one of the most pleasant of which is the coffee hour.

Imagine yourself seated at a tiny coffee table in a cool, quaint room of a Swedish home, and being served by a gracious hostess, who simply must wear a brightly-colored apron of either hand-woven linen or woolen.

Cups Served Brimful And would Mrs. Grundy frown if you were to be served with a cup of coffee that was not brimful? She certainly would. And to be absolutely correct, loaf sugar must be served. The Swedish take a bite of sugar between their teeth and then sip their coffee.

And have you ever tasted Swedish bread? It resembles our coffee cake but is flavored with saffron, giving it that unusual taste. Mrs. Kee's guests drank coffee the Swedish way and were served the Swedish bread.

Several of the Swedish guests came dressed in gay holiday costumes with bodices of bright hues, full skirts, dainty aprons and pointed caps. And they brought handiwork, made in the old country, which had been sent over by relatives or brought back as souvenirs on recent visits there.

Exquisite hand-woven, hand-dyed linens of all textures, woolens, hand-carved plates, hammered silver articles and pieces of embroidery and crochet were exhibited.

And one of the striking features of the materials was that they were all of highly-brilliant coloring. The human craving for action, life and color is quite expressive in the handiwork of the Scandinavian people, according to Mrs. Kee. This, she says, is because they live in a country which has long, severe winters, and is barren.

Unlike the self-sufficient, independent women of America, the Swedish women stay by their firesides. This is due both to their submissive nature and to the frigid climate. Thus, in order to keep their hands busy, they have developed their handiwork to a high degree. All their clothing materials and necessities are grown, woven and fashioned at home.

Native of Sweden Guest Among the Scandinavian guests present at the coffee hour was Mrs. O. E. Martinson, a native of Sweden, who came to Fort Worth on New Year's Day.

She settled on what is now known as Alston Avenue, and still lives there. In the early days, her house was the first one south of the old T. & P. depot. Mrs. Martinson talked over old times with Mrs. Kee, who came to Fort Worth in a covered wagon in 1875. The two of them recalled the time when Mrs. Kee, then little Lua Elizabeth Johnson, became lost in a creek bed on her way to Mrs. Martinson's home. The creek ran along the street now known as Rosedale. Soon after Mrs. Kee's parents moved here, they located at Belknap and Throckmorton Streets. On that site now stands the present business establishment of Mr. Kee. Not only do the Swedish residents hold occasional coffee hours, but they attend a monthly meeting held near Keller on the 350-acre estate of Rev. H. J. Sandstrom. For one hour they sing and talk in their native tongue, and relive pleasant memories.

When you give up to resentment and the feeling of being treated badly by someone (you don't know just who to blame), you quarantine yourself from people whose sympathy would make life more bearable.



Mrs. O. E. Martinson, Mrs. John Linguist and Mrs. W. F. Helmcamp, all of Swedish descent and residents of Fort Worth, are shown viewing a hand-crocheted table cloth purchased by Mrs. Linguist on a visit to Sweden. They are dressed in holiday attire, which is worn in Sweden only for special occasions.

And doing your job the best you can
And being just to your fellow man;
It's making money, but holding friends,
And staying true to your aims and ends;
It's figuring how and learning why
And looking forward and thinking high,
And dreaming a little and doing much;
It's keeping always in closest touch
With what is finest in word and deed,
It's being thorough, yet making speed,
It's daring blithely the field of chance
While making labor a brave romance;
It's going onward despite defeat
And fighting staunchly, but keeping sweet;
It's being clean and it's playing fair,
It's laughing lightly at Dame Despair;
It's looking up at the stars above
And drinking deeply of life and love;
It's struggling on with the will to win,
But taking loss with a cheerful grin;
It's sharing sorrow and work and mirth
And making better this good old earth;
It's service, striving thru strain and stress,
It's doing your noblest—that's success.

Walking in shadows is lonely,
When you give up to resentment
and the feeling of being treated
badly by someone (you don't know
just who to blame), you quaran-
line yourself from people whose
sympathy would make life more
bearable.

When you give up to resentment
and the feeling of being treated
badly by someone (you don't know
just who to blame), you quaran-
line yourself from people whose
sympathy would make life more
bearable.

When you give up to resentment
and the feeling of being treated
badly by someone (you don't know
just who to blame), you quaran-
line yourself from people whose
sympathy would make life more
bearable.

When you give up to resentment
and the feeling of being treated
badly by someone (you don't know
just who to blame), you quaran-
line yourself from people whose
sympathy would make life more
bearable.

When you give up to resentment
and the feeling of being treated
badly by someone (you don't know
just who to blame), you quaran-
line yourself from people whose
sympathy would make life more
bearable.

When you give up to resentment
and the feeling of being treated
badly by someone (you don't know
just who to blame), you quaran-
line yourself from people whose
sympathy would make life more
bearable.

SUCCESS

Monsignor to Celebrate 25 Years at St. Patrick's

Robert M. Nolan Has Been
In Priesthood For
35 Years

Msgr. Robert M. Nolan will celebrate his 25th anniversary as pastor of St. Patrick's Catholic Church and the 35th anniversary of his priesthood ordination on June 6.

His silver anniversary at St. Patrick's fell on Dec. 21, 1932, but the celebration was postponed until June, the priesthood ordination date.

A Solemn high mass, Coram Episcopo, will be held at 10 a. m. at the church, with Monsignor Nolan as the celebrant. The deacon will be the Monsignor V. Graffeo of Corsicana, and the sub-deacon will be Rev. S. A. Sanperi of Tyler. Masters of ceremony will be Rev. William Robinson of Dallas and Rev. E. Langenhorst of Fort Worth. Bishop Joseph V. Lynch of Dallas will preside in the sanctuary. Rev. A. Danglmayr of Dallas and Rev. J. J. McGrann of Denison will assist at the throne. The sermon will be preached by Rev. W. J. Noid, D. D., of Dallas.

Monsignor Nolan will be host to the visiting clergy at a luncheon at The Texas. A banquet and reception honoring the pastor will be held at 6:30 p. m. at The Texas. George J. Kreyenbuhl is in charge of arrangements.

Monsignor Nolan was born in a dugout on a Kansas homestead on Aug. 20, 1874. At the age of 24 he was ordained a priest at New Orleans, and then returned to Atchison, Kan., his home, to say his first mass. On June 22 of the same year, he came to Texas. For eight weeks he was stationed at Paris then transferred to Weatherford. After two years, he

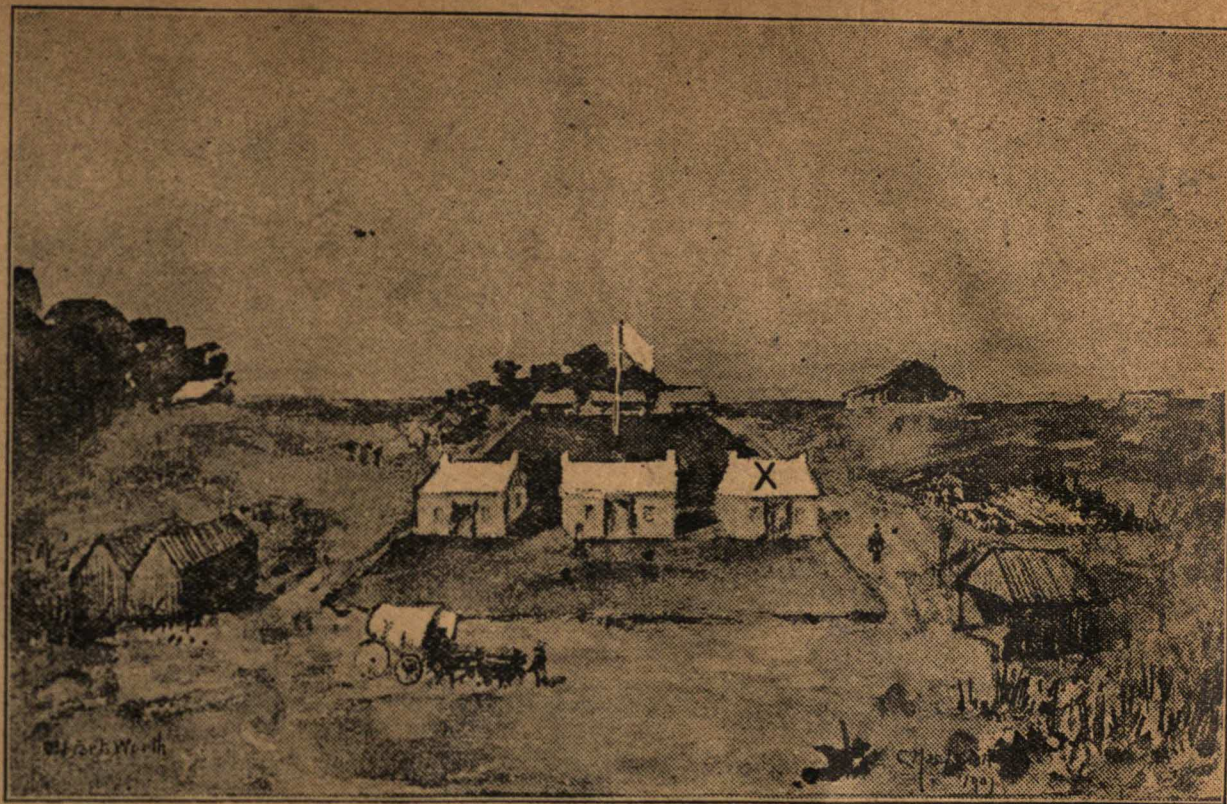


Msgr. R. M. Nolan

went to Gainesville for a seven-year period.

Eight years ago, Monsignor Nolan was made a member of the private chamberlains of Pope Pius XI at investiture ceremonies here. This was an honorary office bestowed on the pastor thru an official document of Rome, written and signed by the major domo to the Pope.

Monsignor Nolan was raised to the rank of "domestic prelate" five years ago. The purple robes conferred on the pastor were prescribed from the Pope at Rome.



FORT WORTH AS SEEN IN 1853

SCRAPS OF TEXAS HISTORY

(Chronological)

LaSalle landed on the shores of Southern Texas in 1684, although Spanish claims accredited it to De Soto, as having entered Texas as far back as 1542. This question remains in doubt.

The first missions were established about 1718. That of San Juan near San Antonio being one of the earliest, as well as one of the most beautiful. The Alamo was built about the same time.

Moses Austin established a colony in Texas in 1820, but on his death shortly thereafter, his son, Stephen F. Austin, carried on the work of his father.

Up to 1824 Texas had been a separate state of the Mexican Republic, but in that year was united to the state of Coahuila. The capitol was changed from San Antonio to Saltville.

There were but 30,000 Americans in Texas in 1830. The Alamo fell March 6th, 1836.

The massacre of Fannin and 400 men took place at Goliad March 27th, 1836.

The battle of San Jacinto was won April 21st, 1836, and Texas gained her independence.

Texas declared her independence at Washington March 2nd, 1836, David G. Burnett being chosen president.

Succeeding San Felipe and Washington as temporary seats of government, Harrisburg was chosen the next seat of government in March, 1836. Then followed Galveston, April, 1836; Velasco, May, 1836; Columbia, October, 1836; Houston, May, 1837.

Austin became the state capitol in October, 1839. The first provisional president of the Republic was David G. Burnett, March 1st, 1836.

The first constitutional president of the Republic was Sam Houston, October, 1836.

The second constitutional president of the Republic was Mirau B. Lamar, 1838-41.

The third constitutional president of the Republic was Sam Houston, 1841-44.

The fourth constitutional president of the Republic was Anson Jones, 1844-46.

The first governor of the state after its admission into the Union (1845):

J. Pinckney Henderson, 1845; George T. Wood, 1847; P. Hansborough Bell, 1849; E. M. Pease, 1853; H. R. Runnels, 1857; Sam Houston, 1859; Edward Clark, 1861; F. R. Lubbock, 1861; Pendleton Murrah, 1863; A. J. Hamilton, 1865; J. W. Throckmorton, 1866; E. M. Pease, 1867; E. J. Davis, 1870; Richard Coke, 1874; R. B. Hubbard, 1876; O. M. Roberts, 1879; John Ireland, 1883; L. S. Ross, 1887; J. S. Hogg, 1891; C. A. Culberson, 1895; Jos. D. Sayers, 1899; S. W. T. Lanham, 1903; Thos. M. Campbell, 1907; O. B. Colquitt, 1911; Jas. E. Ferguson, 1915; W. P. Hobby, 1917; Pat M. Neff, 1921; Mrs. M. A. Ferguson, 1925; Dan Moody, 1927.

1. Be trustworthy.

2. Loyal.

3. Helpful.

4. Friendly.

5. Courteous.

6. Kind.

7. Obedient.

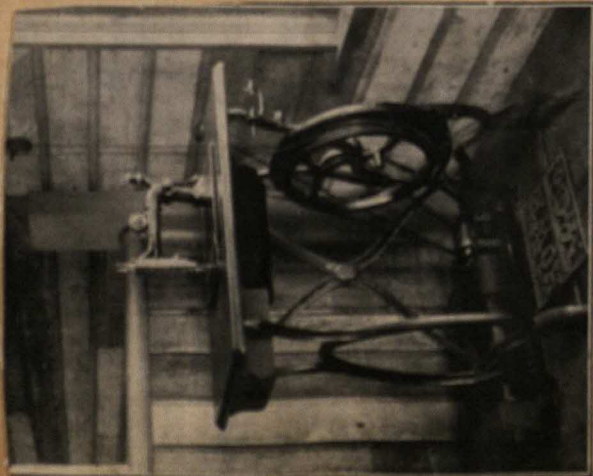
8. Cheerful.

9. Thrifty.

10. Brave.

11. Clean.

12. Reverent.



Sewing machine in restored laboratory at Dearborn, connected with replica of Edison's first electric motor, visible on floor back of machine.

Boy Scout Movement Shows Youth Finer Way of Life
Endowed with stability and character, youth will learn to surmount most of life's major problems. Mr. Phillips is helping to make this possible when he leaves a great part of his large fortune to the Boy Scout Foundation. It is conceded that there is no finer youth movement than this.

Their oath is: "On my honor I will do my best to do my duty to God and my country and to obey the law; to help other people at all times; to keep myself physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight."

The scout law implies even more than the oath. Its 12 points are

SENTINELS OF MAN AND NATURE



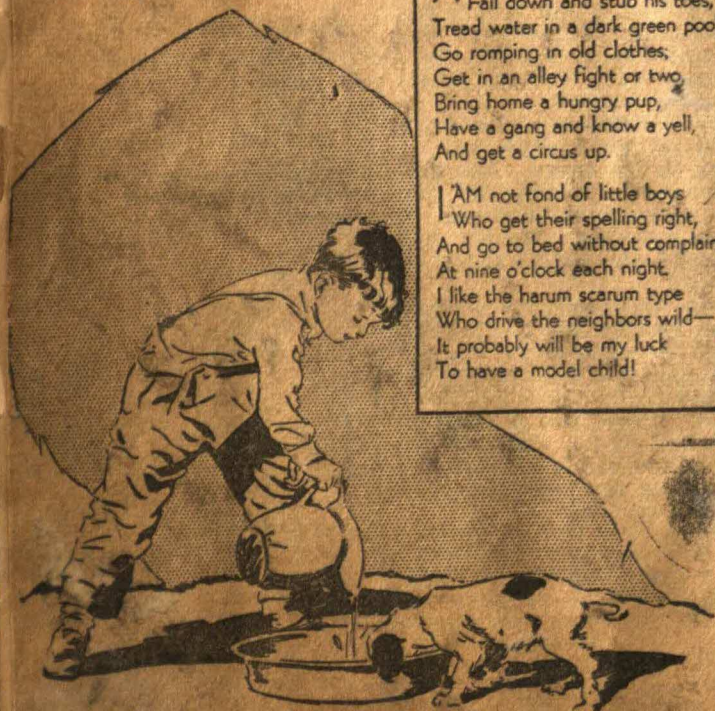
Watchful and on guard, like sentinels at the northwestern corner of the United States, two of the great men-of-war of the fleet ride at anchor in Seattle Harbor, with majestic Mount Rainier looking down upon them from the distance behind the city.

BOYS

By HELEN WELSHIMER

ABOY should climb a crooked tree,
Fall down and stub his toes,
Tread water in a dark green pool,
Go romping in old clothes,
Get in an alley fight or two,
Bring home a hungry pup,
Have a gang and know a yell,
And get a circus up.

I AM not fond of little boys
Who get their spelling right,
And go to bed without complaint
At nine o'clock each night.
I like the harum scarum type
Who drive the neighbors wild—
It probably will be my luck
To have a model child!



(Copyright, 1922, by NEA Service, Inc. All reprint and song rights reserved.)

MRS. M'KINLEY TO BE BURIED HERE TOMORROW

Pioneer Business Woman
Was Active Until Her
Last Illness

The funeral of Mrs. Jessie V. McKinley, 68, pioneer resident of Tarrant County who died yesterday, will be held at 10 a. m. tomorrow at the Gause-Ware Funeral Home. Rev. C. G. Fox will officiate. Burial will be in Pioneers' Rest.

Mrs. McKinley, active in business until she became ill two weeks ago, died at the home of her son, Ray H. McKinley, 3801 Pershing Avenue.

For seven years, Mrs. McKinley owned the Stork's Nest store on Sixth Street between Main and Houston. When the Fair Store moved in the new building, she put her specialty shop in there and ran it until two weeks ago. **Wac Active Clubwoman.**

She was an active member of the Business and Professional Women's Club until recently.

Mrs. McKinley was the daughter of Col. Abe Harris, who came with Maj. Ripley A. Arnold to establish the fort that was the beginning of this city.

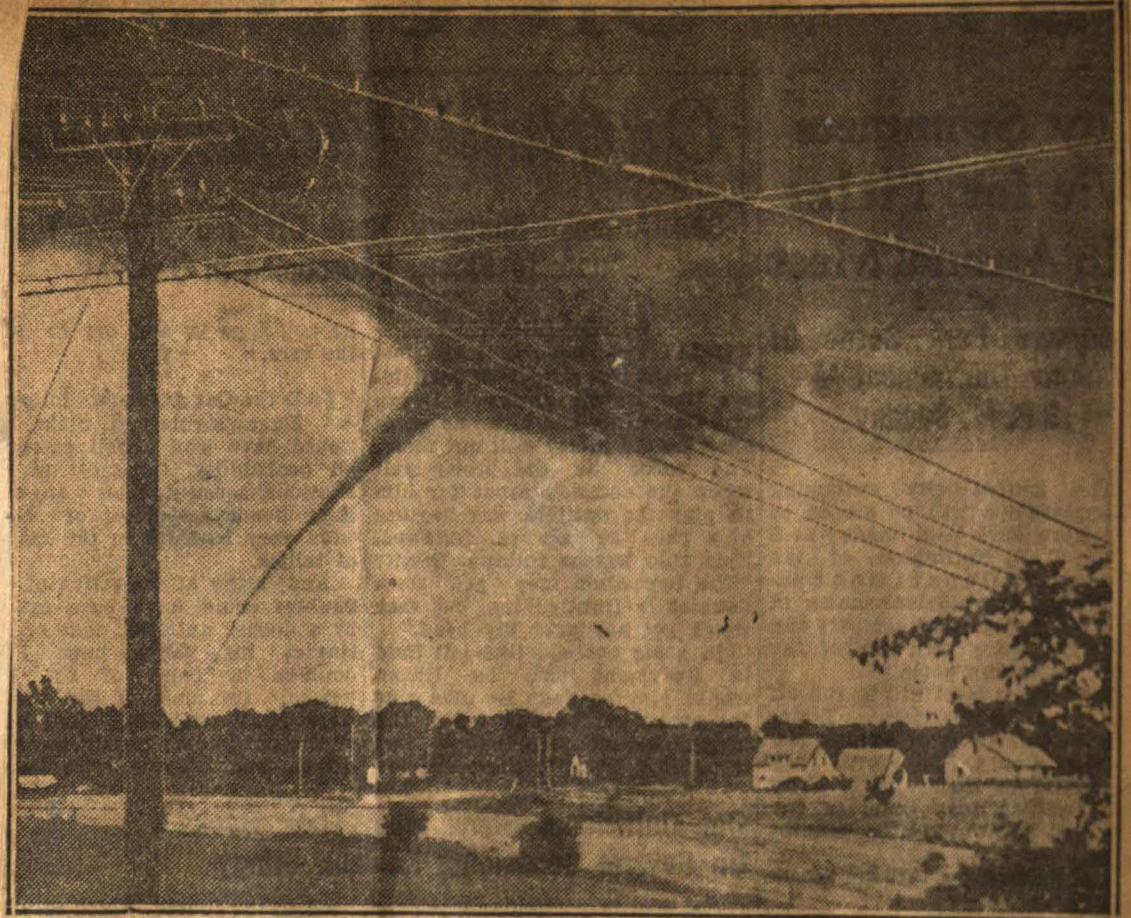
Joining the Confederate Army, Colonel Harris served the duration of the war at which time he brought his wife and child to Tarrant County. Before coming to Fort Worth 40 years ago, Mrs. McKinley lived at Johnson Station and Hurst.

Other survivors are a daughter, Mrs. Frank E. Ligon, 1205 Fifth Avenue, and four grandchildren, Raymond F. McKinley, New York, and Hilda McKinley, Frank E. Ligon Jr. and Tommie Ligon, Fort Worth.

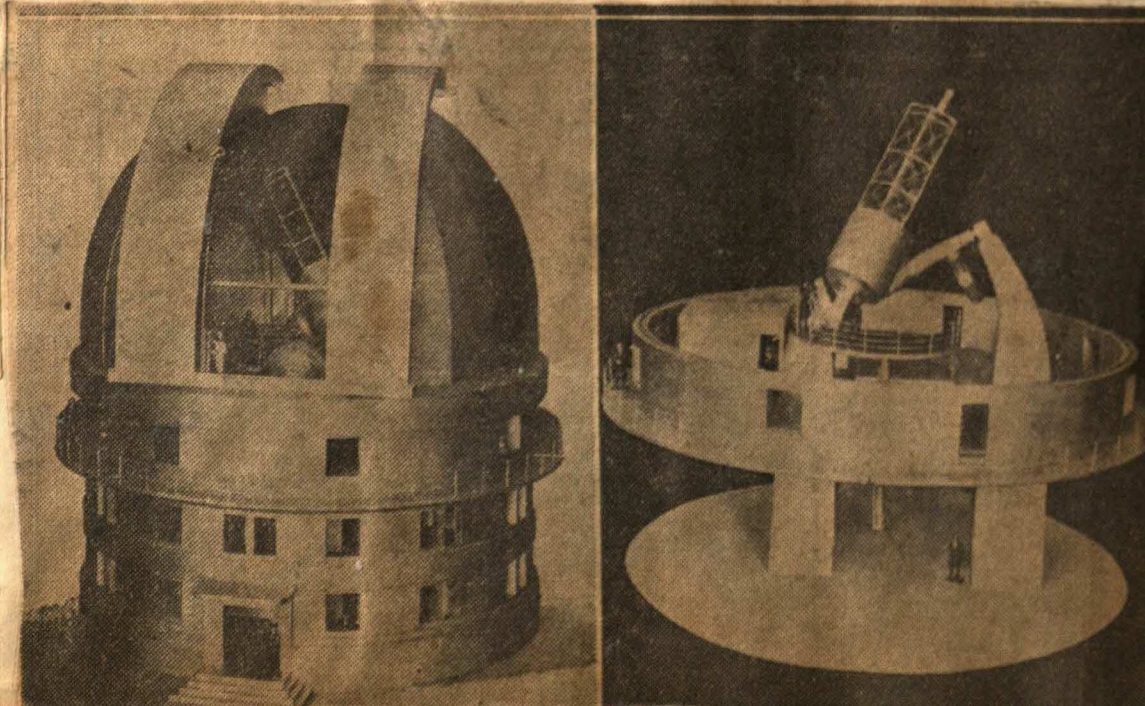
Pallbearers will be Alvin Watson, Edd Aiken, John Sullivan, Carlos Roberts, F. A. Porterfield and

Aims and Objects of the V. F. W.
"THE objects of this Association are fraternal, patriotic, historical and educational; to preserve and strengthen comradeship among its members; to assist worthy comrades; to perpetuate the memory and history of our dead, and to assist their widows and orphans; to maintain true allegiance to the government of the United States of America, and fidelity to its constitution and laws; to foster true patriotism; to maintain and extend the institutions of American freedom; and to preserve and defend the United States from all her enemies, whomsoever."

THIS MINNESOTA TORNADO POSES FOR ITS PICTURE



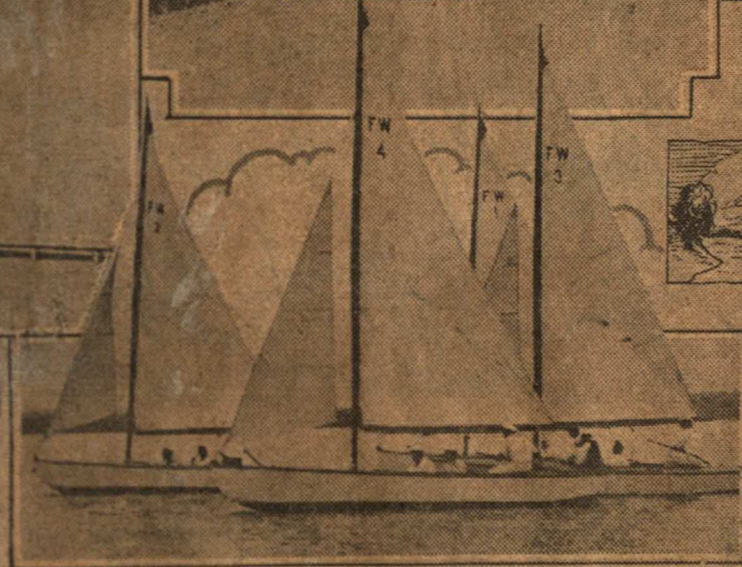
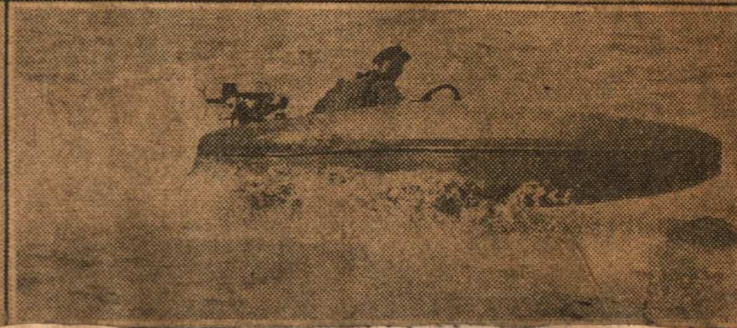
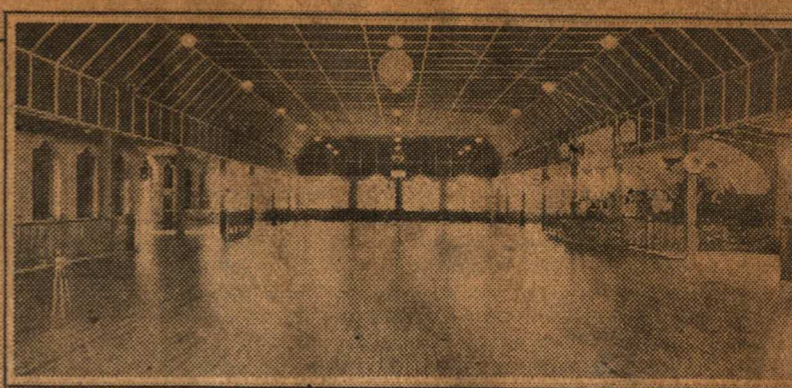
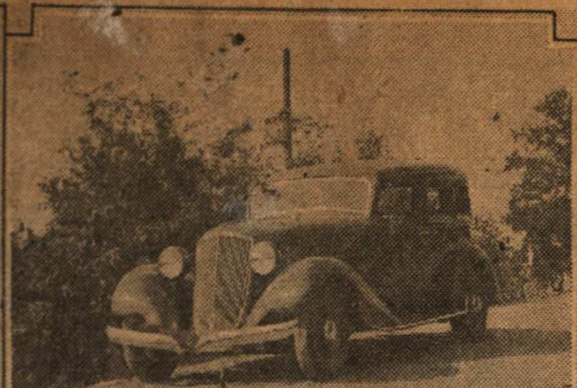
Here is a remarkable and unusual photo of a tornado in action, showing the black funnel of a twister that cut a swath thru the towns of Friberg and Aurdal, Minn., recently, spreading terror and causing considerable property damage. The picture was taken at Fergus Falls, Minn., nine miles away.



Models of Observatory to Be Built in Texas

Models of the McDonald Observatory, to be built on Mount Locke in the Davis Mountains, contracts for which were signed Wednesday by President H. Y. Benedict of the University of Texas, are shown in the pictures. The model at the right is of the interior.

Some Vacation Lures to Be Found at 'Playground of Southwest'



Footsteps Shake Earth

Trees Tremble As Visitor Walks Across Top of Spring On Farm Near Glen Rose

By ROY T. REEVES
Press Correspondent

The earth, in some places, is covered with a mighty thin crust, and for that reason the visitor steps gently when he goes to Shaky Springs, on the farm of J. M. West three miles southwest of Glen Rose.

For the earth at this place shakes under your feet and even some of the smaller trees tremble as you walk past.

At Shaky Springs a few inches of earth covers a natural reservoir containing 13 feet of water. The water from the spring can not be used for drinking and the subterranean pool is believed to contain the bones of many animals—some perhaps prehistoric.

Mr. West has at various times fished out buffalo bones, and it has been recalled that it was in this area that many prehistoric dinosaurs made their home. Tracks have been found in the rocks along nearby creeks, and it has been suggested that Shaky Springs centuries ago might have been a trap pit.

The earth about the spring actually shakes as the visitor walks across the top of the pool, and the nearby trees actually

rustle. Once, Mr. West recalls, the movement of the ground set off a vibrating burglar alarm fastened to an auto parked a few yards away.

HOW BIG IS A MAN?

A man's no bigger than the way

He treats his fellow man!
This standard has his measure been

Since time itself began!
He's measured not by tithes or creed,

High-sounding though they be,

Nor by the gold that's put aside,

Nor by his sanctity!
He's measured not by social rank,

When character's the test;
Nor by his earthly pomp or show,

Displaying wealth possessed!

He's measured by his justice, right,

His fairness at his play,
His squareness in all dealings made,

His honest, upright way.

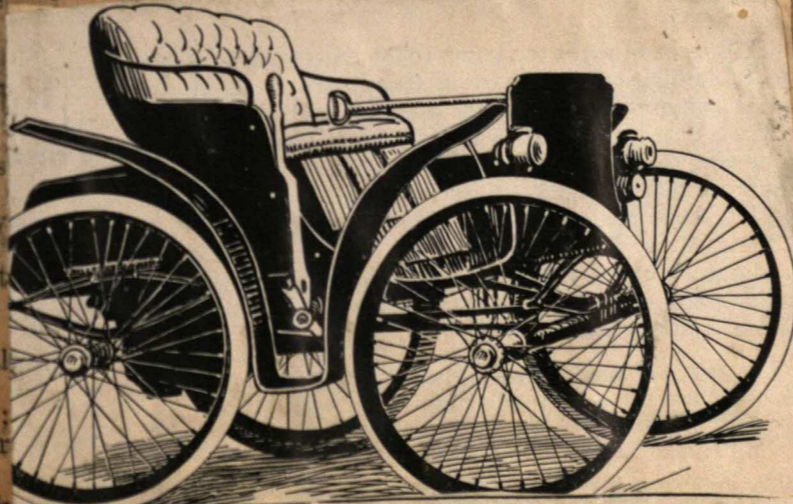
These are his measures, ever near

To serve him when they can;

For man's no longer bigger than the way

He treats his fellow man.

Random glimpses of what Lake Worth has to offer to the vacationist who would spend a day, a week or a month at the "Playground of the Southwest." At the upper left is an airplane view of the quarter-of-a-million dollar Casino. At the upper right is an indoor photograph of the long, broad dancing pavilion where couples sway to the music of the finest dance orchestras of the country every night during the Summer. In the center below are four of the wind-riding little sailboats which race under the augury of crisp breezes every Saturday and Sunday afternoon. Cleaving the water in the lower right photograph is one of a fleet of speedboats which may be hired (sometimes) by those with daring and skill enough to handle them. Those who prefer to watch may witness spectacular speed boat races. In the center above is the new Graham Eight, borrowed from Whitehurst Motors, Inc., in which the staff members of The Star-Telegram made the tour of Lake Worth and its myriad attractions last week.



Top—Working gear and (below) artist's sketch of second Ford car as it appeared in Detroit Journal July 29, 1899.



Chicago's World's Fair this summer by a new method of photo-projection.

A typical scene of life within a drop of water which will be revealed to millions of visitors to 120 something for Christ each day.

LOVING, MRS. LINNIE, age 74, residence 814 W. Beiknap. Lived in city since 1873. Mrs. Loving died at the residence, 8:30 Monday morning. Widow of John S. Loving, first city treasurer of Fort Worth. Survived by one son, Henry C. Loving. Pending funeral arrangements, body is at the Robertson Mueller Harper Funeral Home.

Miss Anna Shelton, president of the Woman's Club since its organization in 1923, will be honored at 7 p. m. today at a banquet at the Woman's Club. More than 250 guests will gather. This is a copy of a painting of her by M. P. Bewley, New York artist, formerly of Fort Worth. The painting hangs in the club library.

Floral tribute of friends, business associates and employees of E. T. Ken- Mr. Renfro, operator of a group of drug stores in Fort Worth and nine other Texas communities, died unexpectedly Tuesday while in Dallas attending a druggists' convention.

Wood photo

Wonderland Dream Realized As Arboretum Blossoms

Since 1926 Park Board Has Visioned Rock Springs Beauties

By CLAUDE L. DOUGLAS

Dreams do come true. . . . But not always the kind that the Park Board dreamed . . . a dream that is bordered around with a paradise of flowers and splashed here and there with sparkling lakes.

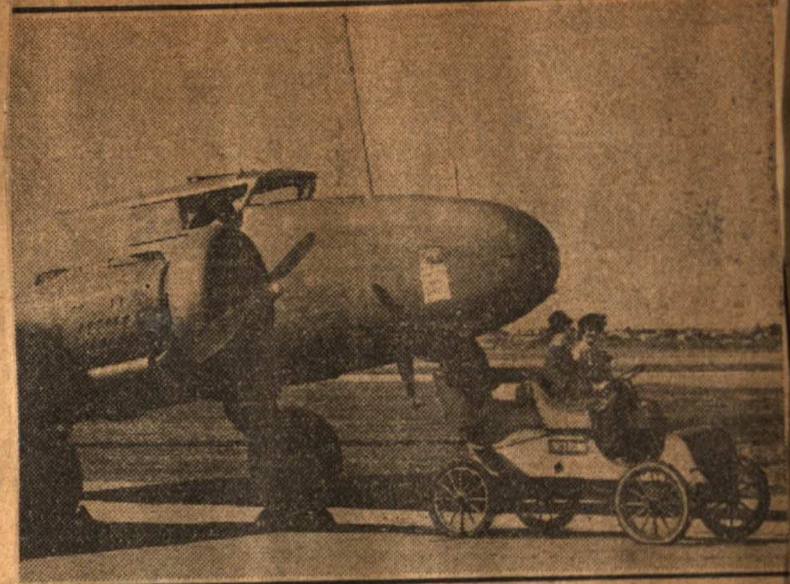
The board this week inspected the newly completed Arboretum in the southwest corner of Trinity Park and saw unfolding before their eyes a vision that first was formed back in 1926.

There is not a member of the board who isn't intensely interested in the 17-acre Arboretum which, with its 15,000 rose plants and complete collection of flowers and shrubs native to Texas, will be one of the finest municipal gardens in the world.

It is called Rock Springs Park, but park board members refer to it as "the Arboretum."



How Transportation Has Grown!

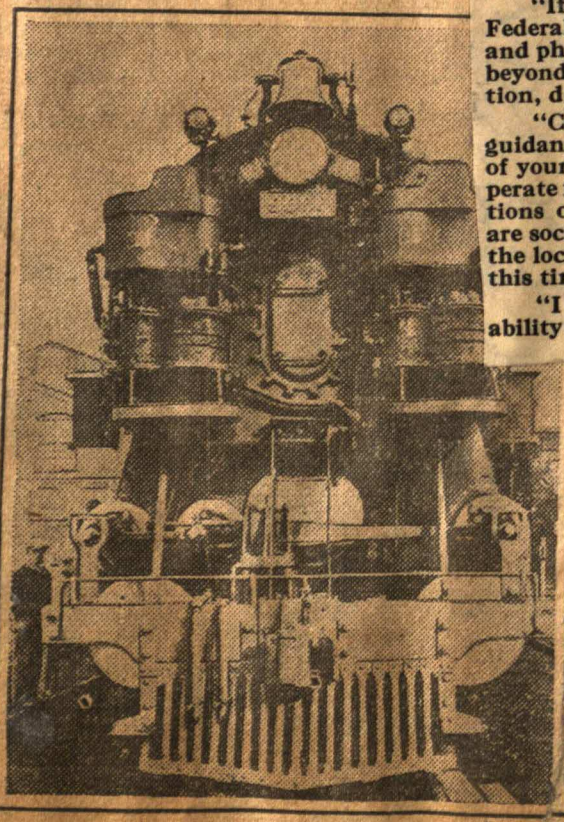


Thirty years ago, when folks went traveling behind a gasoline motor, they climbed aboard an open affair powered with a two-cylinder engine that at times could attain the terrific speed of 15 miles an hour. Now they speed along through the air at three miles a minute. This picture was taken at the Municipal Airport Tues-

day when United Air Lines inaugurated its new schedule with twin-motored Boeing monoplanes. Occupants of the 1903 automobile are James A. Byron Jr. and Mrs. Rhoda Murray Hester (front seat) and Miss Josephine Vaughn.

—Jernigan Photo.

BULLET-NOSED ELECTRIC TRAINS DISPLACE STEAM ENGINES ON II. P.



Here's a graphic picture story of the evolution of the locomotive. At the left is the bullet-nosed power plant now being built by the Union Pacific to streak over the rails with a three-car aluminum train at 110 miles an hour. At the right is one of the giant locomotives now in use on the road, weighing, with its tender, 380 tons—nearly five times the weight of the whole aluminum train—but so powerful it can draw mile-long freight trains at 50 miles an hour.

"If the people are hungry this winter, they will have food; if they are cold they will have clothing and shelter. Federal and State funds are being appropriated to supplement your local efforts toward relieving actual hunger and physical distress. Eating is not living; it is existing. If we are to justify our claim to civilization, we must think beyond primary needs of food and shelter. We must face our responsibility for human service, broader in conception, deeper in sympathy and understanding.

"Care of the aged, service to demoralized families, hospitalization of the needy sick, home nursing, settlements, guidance of youth, care of the children without a chance—these and hundreds of other services are in the hands of your local welfare organizations. Some of these programs were overshadowed during the past year by the desperate fight to supply food and warmth to everyone in need. But they must not be forgotten. Huge public appropriations only to maintain life necessitate your and my partnership in making that life worthwhile. This year there are social needs created by the misery of the lean years we have gone through. These critical needs must be met by the local welfare agencies which you have maintained in the past and which must look to you for support again at this time.

"I join in asking you to support your Community Chest or your local welfare agencies to the limit of your ability; it is a cause well designated by the title given it—Mobilization for human needs."

Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Mt. Locke Observatory Work Under Way

Astronomical observations at the million-dollar MacDonal Observatory located on Mount Locke in the Davis mountains not far from Marfa are already under way, despite the fact that the big telescope for the observatory will not be completed for three years or more.

Dr. Franklin E. Roach, formerly with the Perkins Observatory at Ohio Wesleyan College, and his assistant observer and engineer, Theodore Imega, are on the ground.

Among the equipment taken to Mount Locke by the scientists is a 12-inch telescope which will be mounted within the observatory dome. All the work at Mount Locke is being done under direc-

tion of Dr. Otto Struve, joint director of the Yerkes Observatory of the University of Chicago and the MacDonal Observatory of the University of Texas.

EASTERN FOSSIL HUNTERS COME TO TEXAS

The American Museum of Natural History has sent a group of workers headed by Dr. Charles H. Faulkenback to hunt for fossils in the vicinity of Clarendon, where many valuable remains have been found in the past. The workers will remain in Texas all winter, having established permanent camp in the fossil grounds near Clarendon. They expect to have a fine collection to carry back to New York City in the spring.

Has Used Wheel More Than 50 Years



Mrs. Sarah Jane Bray of Waldrip and the handmade spinning wheel which she has used for more than 50 years. Her name is one of the latest added to The Star-Telegram's roll of West Texas pioneers.

Fort Worth's Skyline as Seen From Airplane Looking North



Fort Worth's skyline—as seen from an airplane. This latest photograph of the downtown area was taken from a point just south of the Texas and Pacific Railroad tracks and shows, in the foreground, the T. & P. freight depot, the Jennings Avenue underpass, the postoffice and the T. & P. passenger station. The picture was taken from the plane of Airport Manager W. G. Fuller, piloted by Homer Traux.

UNCOMMON SENSE

BY JOHN BLAKE

YOUR BIG JOB IS YOU.
YOU see all sorts of things around you which you don't like. The neighbor's children go to the "speakeasies" too much.

Probably their parents do. Bad political organizations get into public office, and occupy themselves with graft. The people next door are always giving parties.

Some of your friends are keen about religions that you don't believe in and don't like. It can be a sad world, if you make it one. But there are many kinds of people in the world, and they have all sorts of ideas.

What of it? Just reflect that they disapprove of you as much as you do of them.

Why not give them a "break" and allow for the qualities that you do not approve of.

They are as the Creator made them plus what they have acquired themselves since they came into the world.

It is too late for you to reform their characters.

It is too late for you to change their religions or their politics.

It is too late even for them to listen to you if you tell them how to bring up their children, and what kind of books they ought to read.

We are about done with religious intolerance, thank Heaven, but there is still too much intolerance of all kinds left in the world.

Why not make up your mind, once and for all, that you are not expected to remake the world, or even to reform your own neighborhood, and if people want to do things that may not result for the best it is none of your affair.

Content yourself with associating with them on pleasant terms, eliminating controversial topics, and respecting them for what they are as you expect them to respect you for what you are.

You live under a government where, theoretically at least, everybody is free and equal. Get rid of bigotry and race prejudice.

Give others the right to vote as they please; and vote the way you please whether other people like it or not.

Keep out of discussions that are sure to lead to ugly controversies.

If your own happiness is worth anything to you, preserve it by being tolerant and well disposed toward all those with whom you come into contact.

The way you have to go is not likely to be easy, under any circumstances.

If you can make it easier by keeping away from prejudices and disputes and bitterness, do it.

It may add years to your life.

It certainly will give you better rest and better sleep at night, and probably help you up a few steps on the road to success.

"BRIGHT SAYINGS"

Life is like a game of tennis, in that the players who don't serve well usually lose in the end.

The best safety appliance on an automobile is a careful driver.

Now that we are off the gold standard, what about folks who used to be "as good as gold"?

Salt is the stuff that makes potatoes taste bad when you don't put none on.

Ask any one to describe a spiral stairway or an accordion, and see them use their hands.

Something is wrong in the life of any individual who constantly sees wrong in others.

A friend made is better than an enemy punished. We are nearer heaven when we listen to the birds than when we quarrel with our fellow-men.

Go to sleep praying; wake up smiling; start out with the sun—and "Do something for Christ each day."

W. C. STRIPLING LEFT \$500,000; WILL IS FILED

Virtually All Left To Relatives; Consists of Store And Investments

W. C. Stripling, pioneer Fort Worth merchant, who died Feb. 9, left an estate of \$500,000, according to his will filed for probate today.

W. K. Stripling, a son, was named independent executor. The will was dated July 27, 1925, and stated that sums bequeathed were not to affect the half of the community estate belonging to Mrs. Stripling.

Mr. Stripling left \$10,000 to each of three sisters, \$1,000 to Washington Adams, negro cook, and directed that the remainder of the estate be divided equally among six children.

Trust Fund Reverts.

A \$15,000 trust fund was set up for Nat Stripling, an uncle. Nat Stripling has died since the will was made, and the trust fund will revert to the W. C. Stripling estate.

The three sisters are Mrs. Henry Allen and Mrs. Margaret Entekin of Tallapoosa, Ga., and Mrs. Lula Black of Birmingham, Ala.

The children are Mrs. Ann Mautz, Portland, Ore., and Mrs. Kate Lockett, W. K. Stripling, Mrs. Lucy Ryan, Mrs. Pauline French, and W. C. Stripling Jr., all of Fort Worth.

Washington Adams, the family cook for 33 years, was rewarded for "long and faithful service."

The estate is made up of the W. C. Stripling department store and investments.



Above are shown seven pioneer Fort Worth women who met yesterday for a friendly visit and to recall Fort Worth as they knew it a half a century ago. Top row, right to left, are Mrs. James A. Deem, 511 West Daggett Avenue, who has been here 40 years; Mrs. S. C. Jackson, 3629 Ryan Avenue, a resident since '72; Mrs. N. E. Grammer, 3712 Hamilton Drive, 48 years; Mrs. K. E. McKee, 511 East Third Street, 53 years. Second row: Mrs. J. T. Burt, 1617 Vickery Boulevard, 56 years; Mrs. J. D. Buckley, 2241 Irwin Street, 30 years; Mrs. J. P. Nicks, 1217 Belle Place, 52 years, and Mrs. T. M. Fly, 1012 East Baltimore Street, 54 years.

Ft. Worth Pioneer Women Relive 'Wagon Yard' Days

Seven pioneer Fort Worth women, whose residence here would total more than 400 years, re-lived the days when Fort Worth was "just one big wagon yard" at a surprise party for Mrs. J. T. Burt, 84, at her home, 1617 Vickery Boulevard, yesterday.

They came to the party early and stayed late, for there was much to tell and some memories were dim. But they could tell you the location of any livery stable, variety store, drug store, or mattress factory as far back as '72.

Then there were yarns to swap about early day parties and other affairs that have survived in their memories. It was all raked up and mullied over.

All Are There.

There was Mrs. Burt, who has been living in Fort Worth since 1877; and Mrs. K. E. McKee, 511 East Third Street, who still remembers how Mrs. T. M. Fly, 1012 East Daggett Avenue, as a little girl, carried notes to Mrs. McKee's bean back in the early days. Mrs. McKee has lived 53 years at her East Third Street address, and Mrs. Fly came here 54 years ago as a child.

Mrs. J. D. Buckley, 2241 Irwin Avenue, who has lived here 30 years; Mrs. J. P. Nicks, 1217 Belle Place, who came here in 1881; Mrs. John A. Deem, 511 West Daggett, who has lived at that address more than 40 years; Mrs. N. E. Grammer, 3712 Hamilton Drive, a resident of

Fort Worth since 1885, and Mrs. S. C. Jackson, who came here in '72; yes, all came to Mrs. Burt's party.

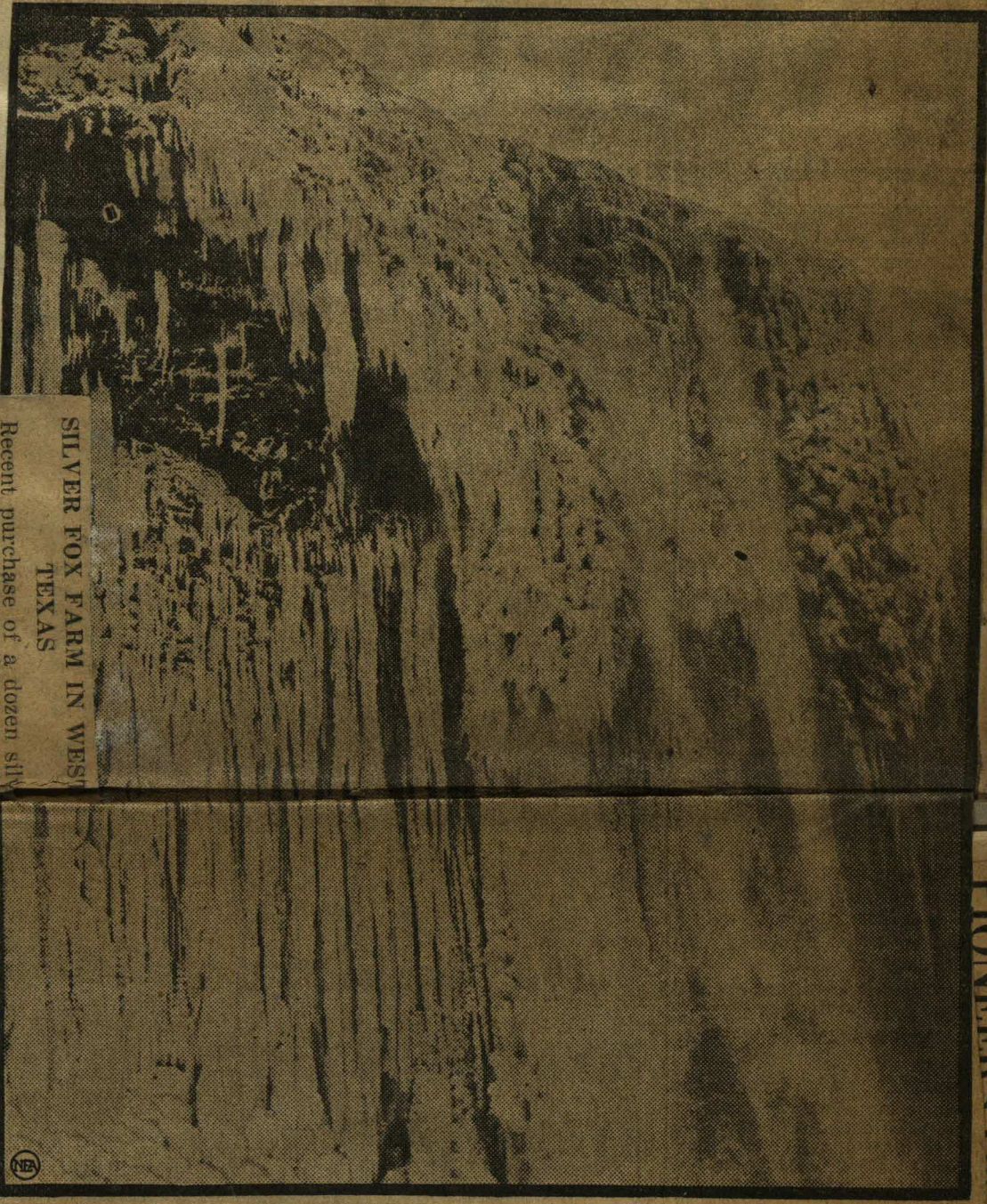
The party was arranged by Mrs. Charles Q. Jeffries, 1617 Vickery Boulevard, Mrs. Burt's niece.

No one left before the gossip of the old days had subsided.

The silver fox is a native of the Arctic. Allard's experiment is attracting much interest among West Texas ranchmen.

command high prices. The silver fox is a native of the Arctic. Allard's experiment is attracting much interest among West Texas ranchmen.

WINTER'S FROSTY FINGER STOPS NIAGARA FALLS



SILVER FOX FARM IN WEST TEXAS

Recent purchase of a dozen silver foxes by H. H. Allard, of Sterliff City, started a new industry in that section of West Texas. Allard placed these foxes on his ranch seven miles from Sterliff City and will raise the animals for their pelts. Silver fox is known as the royal fur. Many hundreds of dollars have been paid for a single pelt and ladies' coats made of silver fox in command high prices.

The roar of mighty Niagara was softened to a murmur when King Winter's magic transformed the seething avalanche of water into such a scene of icy splendor as rarely is witnessed. Attracted by the unusually striking display residents and tourists flock to the falls in great numbers.

The scene shifts to 1807. It is "Little Old New York", and the day is that of the voyage of the first steamboat, creation of Robert Fulton, opening a new chapter in water travel. The mayor and his party are on hand to greet it. Seeing the smoke, city firemen rush to the fore with buckets to save the ship from destruction, only to learn that it is meant to smoke like that.

Next come the barges of the old Erie canal of 1825, with their motley crowds arrogant and happy in their travel. There is the landing of the famous Baltimore Clipper ship reloaded in the next scene.

Now 1830 brings that new wonder of wonders, the "iron horse". Across the stage move the old Tom Thumb of 1829, the De Witt Clinton of 1831, the Thomas Jefferson, the famous locomotive of 1838. The steam trains carry their trainees, it

PIONEERS OF TEXAS

PIONEERS OF TRANSPORTATION; 200 ACTORS MAKE "WINGS OF CENTURY" TRUE WORLD'S FAIR THRILL

CHICAGO, —Conquest and travel will always thrill Americans. It took conquerors brave and bold to mould America from a vast wilderness. It took conquest as courageous to gain victory over the tremendous distances between the corners of a great nation.

What patriot has not wished for the chance to turn back the years that he might see for himself the struggles and the triumphs of his forebears? A dream, a dream...

Now in the Chicago World's Fair—A Century of Progress—it is a dream come to life. For "Wings of a Century", gigantic pageant of the romance of transportation, brings it to life.

Here, in a great amphitheater, on a spacious stage whose only back-drop is the spread of the skies, making the onlooker feel that he is gazing over the heads of the actors into a glorious future, are the actual vehicles that created the history of transportation in the United States.

Reenact Boone's Trip.

As the pageant begins, the wilderness pathfinder of 1700 to 1750, with his fellow pioneers, beats his way across the wastes on foot, on horse, in canoes, Indians, priests, hunters and trappers all are garbed actually as they were in the days of their work. The caravan of Daniel Boone follows, with the first wagons and carts to probe the new West. Even the blood-tingling battles with savages are accurately reproduced.

The scene shifts to 1807. It is "Little Old New York", and the day is that of the voyage of the first steamboat, creation of Robert Fulton, opening a new chapter in water travel. The mayor and his party are on hand to greet it. Seeing the smoke, city firemen rush to the fore with buckets to save the ship from destruction, only to learn that it is meant to smoke like that.

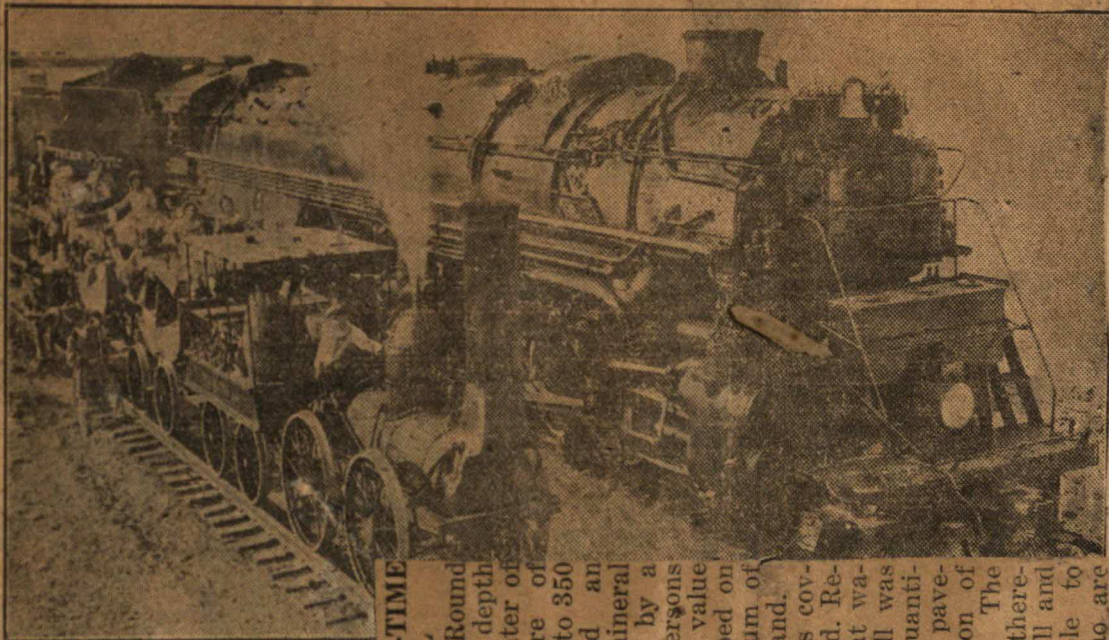
Next come the barges of the old Erie canal of 1825, with their motley crowds arrogant and happy in this, for them, last word in modern travel. There is the landing of the famous Baltimore Clipper ship reenacted in the next scene.

Now 1830 brings that new wonder of wonders, the "iron horse". Across the stage move the old Tom Thumb of 1829, the De Witt Clinton of 1831, the Thomas Jefferson, famed locomotive of 1836. The steel rails carry their trains

through the years up to the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893, and finally to the giant, sixteen drive-wheel monster of the Northern Pa-

humor, quaint and real. More than 200 actors, directed by Miss Helen Tleken, enact Edward Hungerford's production with a sincerity and

gusto born of pride in the accomplishment of their countrymen. There are three shows daily, at 7, 8:15 and 9:30 p. m.



ROUND ROCK'S OLD-TIME MINERAL WELL

In 1897 citizens of Round Rock drilled a well to a depth of 1,625 feet in the center of the main thoroughfare of that little city. At 300 to 350 feet the drillers found an abundant supply of mineral water which was used by a sufficient number of persons to prove its medicinal value before the well was piped down to a deeper stratum of good water in white sand.

Later on the well was covered over and abandoned. Recently it was found that water from that same well was flowing in sufficient quantities to undermine the pavement at the intersection of Highways 43 and 81. The Round Rock city council thereupon repiped the old well and made its flow available to searchers of health, who are again enjoying its waters.

cific of today. All of them are carrying their load of passengers dressed authentically in period to lend realism.

Not replicas, or miniatures are these pioneer locomotives. They are real, the actual engines that made history, and they all move under their own power. Many of them are operated by the same men who were in their cabs when they rendered actual service. Thrills run up many a chilly spine when the ancient whistles blast the message: "There's life in the old girl yet!"

Produce Old Autos.

The "horseless carriage" is not long in appearing upon the scene, and long and loud are the laughs at some of the ludicrous trail-blazers that paved the way for one of the world's greatest industries. And when the newest models of 1933 automobiles speed into view, there is a world of sincerity and gratitude in the applause of the thousands who view "Wings of a Century" every night.

In a grand finale, the take-off of the Wright brothers' airplane is brought to life again to the tune of rustic jeers and far-sighted acclaim. In a final center-stage gesture, a huge transport plane of today hoves into view, with the question: What will tomorrow bring?

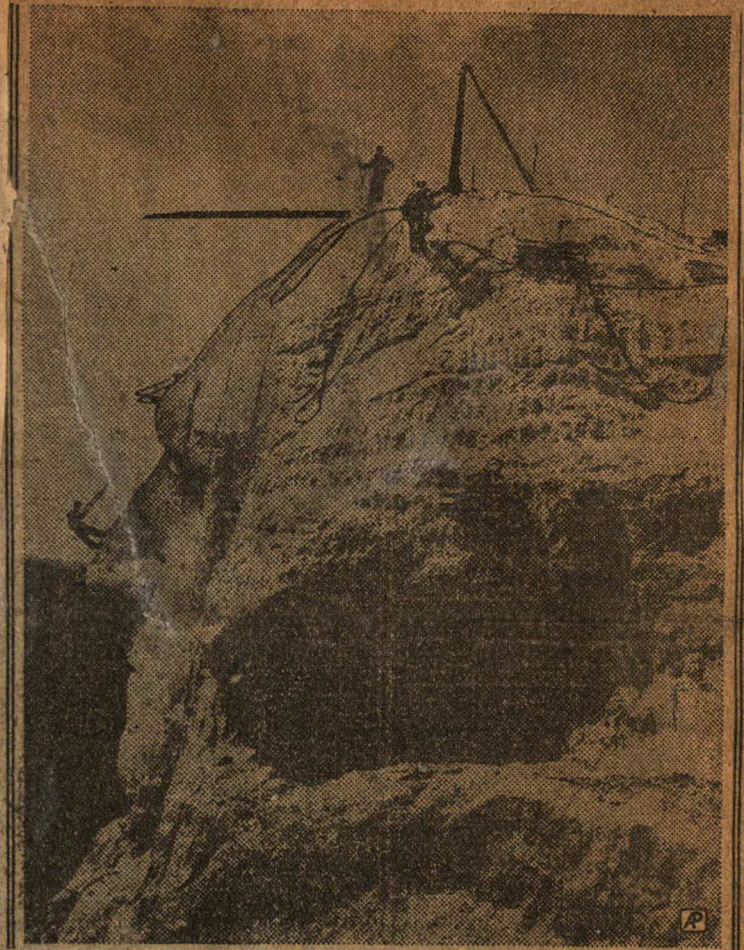
There is plenty of life in "Wings of a Century". Unlike many pageants, it moves fast and is full of

the Little Green Door--To the Chair.



Riding the Thunderbolt. (The man who posed for this picture was not executed)

Black Hills Memorial Is Speeded



After delays, caused by financial difficulties and engineering problems, work now is being rushed on the huge Black Hills memorial which is being carved on a mountain face in South Dakota. Here men are shown putting

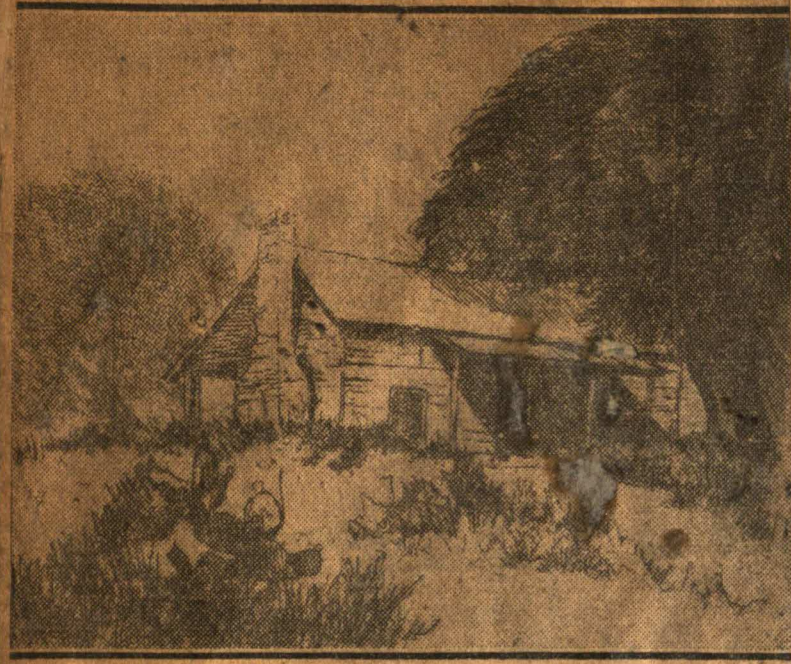
finishing touches on the face of George Washington. Carvings of three other Presidents will be added, and it is hoped to have the memorial ready for dedication in July, 1934.

PADEREWSKI BUWEL



Standing in sorrowful silence, his face lined with grief, Ignace Jan Paderewski, renowned pianist, presented this tragic picture as he watched the casket of his wife lowered to its grave in a cemetery near Paris. She died in Switzerland after a long illness.

Early Ft. Worth Landmark



One of the landmarks of Fort Worth's history, this log house was the first Fort Worth home of the late Maj. K. M. Van Zandt Sr. It stands today a short distance southwest of Rock Springs Park. This picture was made from an etching by Eleanor Witherspoon.

Many Trees Standing Here Have Historical Settings

Editor's Note—The following article was written by Mrs. Alma Turner Phelps about historic trees now standing in Fort Worth.

Standing in Fort Worth today are many trees whose roots are embedded deep in the historical lore of the city. In a beautiful memory tapestry I see a stately tree silhouetted against a white farm house. It brings memories of the wedding supper that the late Mrs. Josephine Ryan gave for her step-daughter, Jennie Ryan, after her marriage to Kleber M. Van Zandt Jr. The son of the late K. M. Van Zandt Sr., the younger Van Zandt has been dead several years. That tree stands today in a circular plot at the entrance of Greenwood Cemetery, where the Ryan home was located. The home in which the supper

was given on that evening stood on a plot of about 100 acres square—the Ryan farm. Another historical tree is a silver birch near a spring on the edge of Trinity Park. The tree stands in the yard of a deserted old log and frame house near the service quarters of Trinity Park and southwest of Rock Springs Park. It was the first home of the family of Major Van Zandt. The tree is northeast of the house. When the late Gen. J. J. Byrne married Miss Lilly Loving, a sister of Mrs. Ida L. Turner of 1206 Dorothy Lane, he took his bride on a wedding trip to New York. They brought back with them some rare trees. One of them, the silver birch, was given to Major Van Zandt and is a living reminder of General Byrne, who was killed by Geronimo and his band of Indians at Fort Quitman, where he was "prospecting" for the Texas and Pacific Railway. Mrs. Ryan later became Mrs. Max Elser.

Just north of the Criminal Court Building on Bluff Street stands a group of trees faithful to the city. Tradition relates how Gen. Robert E. Lee of the Confederate Army stood beneath the branches of one of these trees as he was returning from the Mexican War and, looking out over the beautiful valley, said, "I hear the incoming march of thousands of feet." Under an ancient oak tree in the yard of Mrs. A. S. Dinger, 1008 Prosper Street, an election was held years ago which made Fort Worth the county seat. A tree whose history is closely associated with the early days of the city now stands at the driveway entrance of the Harry B. Friedman home in Westover Hills. The tree once grew in the yard of the late Dr. Carroll Peak, on West Fifth Street, the present site of First Methodist Church.

Out on Summit Avenue is a tree that was planted near the driveway at the home of the late Dr. and Mrs. Frank Ball. This property later was sold to Burk Burnett and now is known as the "old Burk Burnett place" at 1414 Summit Avenue. Near the tree is a slab marking the last Indian fight that took place in this country. The "Roosevelt tree," on the northeast corner of the Carnegie Library grounds, probably is one of the best known historical trees of the city. In April, 1905, President Theodore Roosevelt visited Fort Worth and planted an elm tree that was donated by the late Sam Davidson. The tree died and President Roosevelt replaced it with a Chinese tree which also died. The third tree planted on the spot, an elm, still is standing. The "Christmas tree," so named because of the custom of draping it with lights each Yuletide, which stands at the entrance of the Woman's Club, was planted two years ago by Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker, past president of both the State and National Federations of Women's Clubs. My favorite tree in Fort Worth is at the second bend of the river in Trinity Park. It is draped with old grape vines. Across the sunny meadows of the past I can see Bessie Anderson, the late daughter of Mrs. Neil P. Anderson Sr.; Yinnie Craig, who now lives in Dallas; May Latimer, Saule Turner and myself idling away the Summer days under its low branches. Nearby, in a large tree, there was a little house built of boxes. A group of "Indians" lived there—Walter and Phil Huffman, Lyman Barber, Peyton Gwynne, Frank and Max Elser. Those trees were to us a merry-go-round, zoo and park system.

Sleeping Sickness

Strange St. Louis Epidemic Is an Inflammation Of The Brain and Resembles Infantile Paralysis

By DR. MORRIS FISHBEIN
Editor, Journal of the American Medical Association, and of Hygeia, the Health Magazine

More than 700 cases of sleeping sickness developed in St. Louis epidemic. About 20 per cent of those who are infected die.

This adds a new type to a disease of which but little is understood. There has been much confusion between the African sleeping sickness, caused by the tsetse fly, and the condition called epidemic lethargica encephalitis, a disease apparently caused by a filtrable virus of some sort, but of which, as yet, the exact cause and means of transmission are not known.

The condition occurring in St. Louis seems to be a modification of the second named disease, namely, encephalitis or inflammation of the brain. But it differs from the usual lethargic type in that it affects the higher portions of the brain rather than the lower portions.

There have been much less disturbances of the eyes, such as paralysis of the eyelids, which causes them to drop, the squint, and causes the double vision, which are frequently seen in lethargic encephalitis. There is much more of sudden infection of the upper portions of the brain with high fever, lasting three to five or eight days. Most of these patients do not sleep as profoundly as those with lethargic encephalitis, but they are mentally and physically sluggish and sometimes delirious. The doctor makes his diagnosis by the symptoms and by changes that take place in the spinal fluid, which he examines early in the condition, and also changes which take place in the blood.

The condition resembles infantile paralysis more than it does the epidemic encephalitis. Infantile paralysis is limited in its attack usually to the lower portion of the spinal column, but does not affect the upper and lower portions of the brain in most instances. Public Health authorities have not learned how the disease is spread. There have been the usual attempts to incriminate food, milk, mosquitoes, flies, and all other commonly known means for the spread of the disease. But none of these has been established as the true route of infection. It is quite possible that the chief method of infection is by people who have been slightly affected and become well, and who then go about distributing the disease to others. Such people are called carriers of infection.

5,000 TUKEYS IN PARADE

Five thousand turkeys will "strut their stuff" in the 1934 Turkey Trot to be held at Cuero, Texas, it is announced by Florence I. Ellis, general manager.

Fox Movietone News will "shoot" the Turkey Trot parade November 15, according to information by the Turkey Trot committee. News cameramen representing Pathe News and Paramount News are also scheduled to make pictures of the trot.

HOW FAST CAN YOU SAY THIS?
SHE SELLS SEA SHELLS ON THE SEA SHORE. THE SHELLS SHE SELLS ARE SEA SHELLS. SURE SHE SELLS SEA SHELLS ON THE SEA SHORE!

Where the Name Texas Originated

By C. L. DOUGLAS

TEXAS, commonly supposed to have taken its name from a tribe of early day Indians, is something of an elastic term. The state's name doesn't come direct from any certain tribe; rather, it comes from a collection of tribes that were allies against a common foe in the days before the Spaniards and the French.

In the beginning it served, really, as an everyday sort of greeting like "Hello, friend" and the Spaniards narrowed the term to take in all Indians within the state's borders—the Hasinal, or allies of Texas—a word used to designate a large group of tribes that had the Apache as a common foe.

And at that it always wasn't Texas; it was likewise Texas, Thecas, Techan, Teysas, Tech:—this from the Bureau of American Ethnology's Handbook of Indians, a government-issued volume now out of print.

JUST how did the state of Texas get its name?

There seems no doubt that it originated with the Spaniards, but just when they selected it remains undetermined. It is known, however, that in the 17th century there grew up in New Spain the notion of a "great kingdom of Texas," co-extensive and even associated with that of a "Gran Quivara."

The idea is well illustrated by a report sent in 1683 to the viceroy of New Spain by Governor Cruzate of New Mexico. He wrote from El Paso del Norte that a Jumano Indian from the mouth of the Conchos, a man called Juan Sabeata, had just come and told him of many tribes to the eastward who had sent to ask for missionaries.

Among them, he was told, was the "gran reyno de los Texas,"

situated 15 or 16 days' journey from the informant's home; and this populous country, which was ruled by a powerful king, was next-door neighbor to the Gran Quivara, so close indeed that the people of two realms visited back and forth almost daily.

Governor Cruzate asked permission to embrace this rare opportunity to send an expedition to the interior, adding that he would be highly gratified if, thru his efforts, "another New World should be discovered and two realms with two more crowns added to the King's dominions."



Douglas

AN expedition was sent out that year under Domingo de Mendoza and tho it reached the Colorado River near Ballinger, it failed to find the "great kingdom of Texas."

Five years later Massanet, the father of Texas missions, really contacted the area, reporting that east of the Colorado he had found Indians who called themselves "Thecas," or friends.

He explained that it was the general name applied to a large group of tribes, 50 or more in number, who were allied against tribes to the westward.

Other Spanish expeditions into Texas had much the same thing to report when they went home and so the Hasinal confederacy went down on the Spanish records in Mexico as the Texas—

Or, to bring it down to a finer point, just "Hello, friend!"

The Bravest Battle

The bravest battle that ever was fought
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not;
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.
Nay, not with cannon or battle-shot,
With a sword or noble pen;
Nay, not with eloquent words or thought
From mouths of wonderful men!
But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—
Of a woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part—
Lo, there is that battlefield!
No marching troops, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam and wave;
But oh! These battles, they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave.
Yet, faithful still as a bridge of stars,
She fights in her walled-up town—
Fights on and on in the endless war,
Then, silent, unseen, goes down.
Oh, ye with banner and battle-shot,
And soldiers to shout and praise!
I tell you the kingliest victories fought
O spotless woman in those silent ways,
With splendid and silent scorn,
Go back to God as white as you came
The kingliest warrior born!

—Joseph Miller

With J. T. Feild and W. A. Durringer He Set Up Medical Offices

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series by C. L. Douglas of The Press Staff on Doctors of the Frontier Days. Mr. Douglas has written this series in collaboration with Mrs. J. W. Poindester of 1920 Dartmoor Court.

By C. L. DOUGLAS

Three men sat in an office near the intersection of Third and Main Streets, and two of them were arguing—about microbes.

The third, a tall military-appearing gentleman with smiling eyes, remained silent. He leaned back in his chair and listened—but whether to the heated words of his colleagues or to the brawling turmoil from the White Elephant saloon next door, none could say.

But he did notice that the argument between his two friends was becoming a bit too warm; he noticed, too, a black beetle-like bug crawling across the floor.

"There you are, Feild," he said, pointing to the bug, "there's one of the microbes that Durringer always is talking about. Put it in a bottle and save it for another time."

Peace Reigns Again

The three partners laughed together and the argument was broken. Peace reigned again in the office labeled with the shingle of Drs. W. P. Burts, J. T. Feild and W. A. Durringer, the most famous and oldest firms among Fort Worth's early day men of medicine.

The tall gentleman in the easy chair—the peacemaker of the occasion—was none other than Dr. William Paxton Burts, who had been second physician to arrive in the frontier town of Fort Worth and who was the city's first mayor from 1873 to 1875. The other two were junior members of the firm, so to speak; but for the purpose of this story we shall have to go back a bit further.

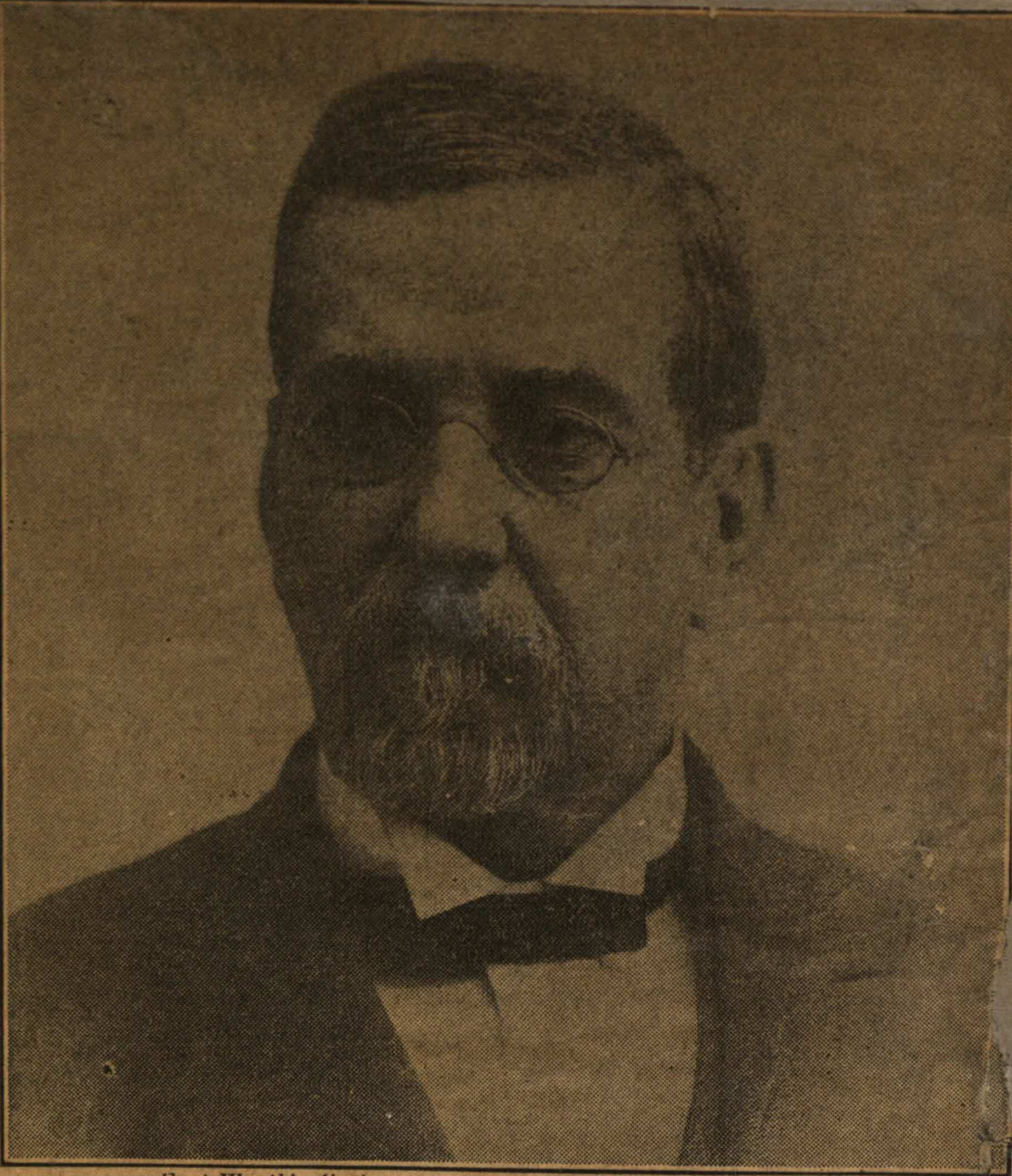
Dr. Burts, born in Washington County, Tennessee in 1827, a graduate of Martin Academy and Washington Academy in that state, and of Geneva Medical College in New York, had come to Fort Worth in 1858, when Dr. Carroll M. Peak was the only practicing physician in the city.

Like Dr. Peak, he rode horseback thru the surrounding country ministering to the sick (as described in a previous article) and when Dr. Elias J. Beall moved here from Marshall after the Civil War he formed a partnership with that physician, who became one of the most noted in this section of the state. They took offices together at Third and Main, and from there Dr. Burts practiced until 1872, when he decided to abandon his profession and enter the mercantile business, helping to form the dry goods firm of Newman, Young and Burts.

Elected During Panic

Then came the panic of '73 and the citizens of Fort Worth prevailed upon the doctor to run for mayor. He did, and became the first Fort Worth to hold that office.

The physician threw all his energy into the job, and proof that his original profession still was uppermost in mind is shown today in the old records still exist-



Fort Worth's first mayor—and second doctor—W. P. Burts

ing at City Hall—for exactly five days after the first city ordinance went on the books on April 5, 1873, there appears an ordinance establishing a Board of Health.

It bears the signature of Dr. Burts and it provided for the appointment of two council members "to act with the city marshal and make a personal inspection of the city as often as once a week during June, July, August and September of each year" to see that sanitary measures were maintained.

A short time after his duties as mayor ended the doctor went back to medical practice with Dr. Beall, later becoming senior member of such firms as Burts, Feild and Beall, and still later Burts, Feild and Durringer.

Dr. Burts' home was at Second and Rusk (now Commerce) site of a fire station today. He donated the fire hall site to the city and before the city hall was built council meetings were held above the hall.

Was Practical Joker

The doctor, his associates of those days recall, was something of a practical joker, but in this respect he could take as well as give. For instance, he was hastily summoned one night on a report that W. H. Nanny, an employe of City Secretary John Swayne,

had broken a leg. Dr. Burts rushed to Nanny at Second and Main to find that that gentleman had merely taken the leg of a chair on which he was sitting. The doctor spent several weeks trying to get the names of those responsible for the call, but failed.

But life wasn't all a round of jokes for the Fort Worth doctor of those days . . . with the White Elephant on one side of the office and a gambling hall on the other.

There were no hospitals and no ambulances for use when the firm had need for them. Dr. Durringer, reminiscing the other day in his office in the Trinity Life Building, recalled that when an ambulance must be used an express wagon was hired to haul the patient about.

And speaking of operations—the firm encountered many situations that might baffle a modern surgeon. The doctor then, recalls Dr. Durringer, operated on the spot, whether a home in town or a cabin in the country.

If in town, he said, the patient's room was thoroly cleaned and sometimes painted several days in advance, but in case of emergency, of course, such preparations was out of the question.

He remembers one operation performed in a cotton field near Joshua, with a wagon sheet stretched above the patient to keep the dust away; and he re-

calls more than one time, at some lonely farm home, when water was heated in the yard in big iron kettles to sterilize surgical tools. And despite lack of modern facilities, patients recovered remarkably fast.

Dr. Beall Carries On

Dr. Burts, who would return home for a fresh start if, while on a call, a rabbit crossed the road in front of his horse, died in September 1895, but Dr. Beall carried on.

The late Dr. Beall, in whose office at Marshall another famous Fort Worth physician, Dr. Isaac Van Zandt, "read medicine," took up the practice of his father after the latter's retirement in Marshall in 1859.

Previously he had studied in Louisiana University and in New York. At the start of the Civil War this native Georgian entered the Confederate Army as regimental surgeon of the 15th Texas Cavalry and saw his first service in Arkansas. Within 90 days he was chief surgeon of the First Division, First Army Corps, and took part in the fighting around Vicksburg and Jenkins Ferry. After the war he returned to Marshall and then came to Fort Worth, where he formed the partnership with Dr. Burts.

Later, studies in clinical su-

Was Familiar Figure As He Rode Horseback to Call on Sick

ery and gynecology in London Paris and the other capitals of Europe made him one of the outstanding Texas surgeons. An institution he founded on Broadway was the first of the Fort Worth private hospitals, and it was named the Florence Sanitarium after the wife of his old friend Dr. Peak.

He might be called the pioneer in hospitalization, a pursuit still followed by his two sons, Dr. Frank C. and K. H. Beall, charge of Cook Memorial Hospital.

Physician, Merchant, Mayor Was William Burts Who Wrote City's First Health Law

Doctors of the Frontier Days

America Has	Forty per cent of the world's iron and steel.
Six per cent of the world's population;	Forty per cent of the world's railroads.
Seven per cent of the world's land.	Sixty per cent of the world's cotton production;
Twenty-five per cent of the world's production.	Sixty-six per cent of the world's oil production.
Twenty per cent of the world's gold.	Seventy per cent of the world's copper production.
Thirty-three per cent of the world's silver.	Seventy-five per cent of the world's corn production.
	Eighty-five per cent of the world's automobiles.
	Eighty-five per cent of the world's lumber production.

(Requested)
 "Come little leaves," said the wind one day,
 "Come over the meadow with me and play,
 Put on your dresses of red and gold,
 For summer has gone, and the days grow cold.
 Soon as the leaves heard the wind's low call,
 Down they came fluttering one and all.
 Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
 Singing the sweet little songs they knew.
 Dancing and whirling the little leaves went,
 Winter had called them and they were content
 Soon fast asleep in their earthy beds,
 The snow laid a coverlet over their heads."

Doctors of the Frontier Days

Fort Worth's First Physician Brought Medical Kit in Saddlebag

His Interests Spread From Fine Horses in Stable To Railroads

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series by C. L. Douglas of The Press Staff on Doctors of the Frontier Days. Mr. Douglas has written this series in collaboration with Mrs. J. W. Poindexter of 1920 Dartmoor Court.

By C. L. DOUGLAS

Captain Julien Feild was ill, seriously ill, and he needed the attention of a doctor—but in the frontier village which was Fort Worth in 1853 there was no doctor.

There was one, however, in Dallas and so a rider was dispatched post-haste to bring him to the settler's bedside. Next day the rider returned from the 60-mile round-trip and with him was

Mrs. J. W. Poindexter, 1920 Dartmoor Court, who aided C. L. Douglas in the preparation of these articles, is one of Fort Worth's ablest and most enthusiastic students of the history of the region.

She has lived here since babyhood, and has seen Fort Worth grow from a pioneer village to the city of today. Her interest in local history led her to compile a scrapbook of Texas history, now in the All-Texas library of the Woman's Club.

Both Mr. Douglas and The Press desire to thank Mrs. Poindexter for her interest and aid.

a young man who recently had completed his work at the Louisville Medical College and had come west to start practice in the city across the Trinity.

He like the messenger, rode horseback, his pills and medicines in a saddlebag, and it wasn't long until Captain Feild was on the road to recovery. But the Captain's illness was something of a blessing in disguise for the rest of the community, which at that time was made up of a few scattered dwellings and the lately evacuated army post which stood on the hilltop at the present site of the courthouse.

Decides to Settle.

The citizens prevailed upon the young physician to move here from Dallas, and the doctor—Carroll M. Peak, lately of Kentucky—thought the matter over and decided that he would.

Thus the first doctor came to the then pioneer city of Fort Worth. But first Dr. Peak returned to Dallas for his wife, the former Miss Florence Chalfant, whom he had married a few months previously in Kentucky.

Traveling by buggy the trip from Dallas then required almost two days, and the newlyweds stopped for the night at the hospitable home of Colonel M. T. Johnson, a large land owner living south of where Arlington now stands.



Fort Worth's first physician, Dr. Carroll M. Peak, who arrived from Dallas in 1853.

some of the equipment her father carried in those days.

"One oddity," she says, "was a hollowed out gourd that he carried as a sort of canteen. The gourd, scraped out and stoppered at the end of the handle, assured him of having good water wherever he went."

Children Born at Post.

One of Miss Peak's sisters, Clara, and a brother, Howard—the first white boy born in Fort Worth—were born at the old post. Miss Olive Peak and three other children were born after the family had moved farther south in the city.

In '56 the doctor bought a place between First and Weatherford streets on the "Dallas Road" (now Houston Street) and the family became proud possessors of the town's only cedar tree, branches of which were in high demand for weddings and funerals.

In connection with his home Dr. Peak established a small drug store, and in the barn behind, stabled and ready to go in any sort of weather, were two fine horses, Sambo and Lucy Larcom—the latter named after a New England poetess who was something of a toast in those days.

In the years that followed the doctor rode the fenceless countryside, forded streams, and sometimes rode lonely stretches all

night long to reach the bedside of an ailing patient, and always when he returned—regardless of the hour—Mrs. Peak had a warm fire burning and hot coffee in the pot. For a doctor's wife had to be a real helper on the frontier.

People Trek Miles.

To the house on "Dallas Road" people came from miles about to seek advice, and oftentimes some humorous episode occurred. The surviving children remember one such incident:

"A man had come to the doctor in behalf of a neighbor who was coming down with chills and the doctor had prepared a strong mustard solution to be given as a foot bath. This he gave to the farmer, together with a bottle of whisky, with instructions that the foot bath be given followed by small doses of whisky at intervals. It all resulted in the messenger drinking the whisky on the way home and then giving the sufferer the mustard solution—internally."

Then the doctor DID have to make a call.

Years of general practice followed, and then Dr. Peak listened to the lure of high adventure. Captain Sul Ross of the Rangers was starting for the Northwest on an expedition to rescue Cynthia Ann Parker, captured by the

Organizes Cavalry Troop, But First Love Stays With the Sick

Comanches as a child and now grown to womanhood.

That was in 1860, and he went to Fort Belknap for two months, hoping to be called into active service, but wasn't. Then he returned home.

Recruits Confederates

But adventure called again—and in 1861 the doctor mounted Gray Eagle, his iron-gray horse, and raised a company of volunteer Texas Cavalry for service in the Civil War.

There are still those living who can remember the doctor riding about Courthouse Square on Gray Eagle during drills; but an accident due to his horse falling prevented him from going to the front. He did serve, however, as a surgeon for the Confederates in Louisiana.

The people told him it was "a mistake because he wouldn't be able to go home for dinner," Dr. Peak bought land on the site of the present First Methodist Church and moved his family there in 1876.

He became, about this time, one of the political and civic leaders of the city. He built several buildings, took a prominent part in the removal of the county seat from Birdville to Fort Worth, and helped the late Major K. M. Vandant and a Mr. Milwee build the first public school building in the city. He boosted all railway enterprises and gave \$2,250 to help bring the Santa Fe here.

Street Honors Wife.

In '77 and '78 Dr. Peak was a member of the City Council, and in June, 1880, was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention in Cincinnati. His wife was active in social and church work, and one of the founders of the First Christian Church here. Florence Street, near the site of their home, was named for her. She died in 1922.

Carroll M. Peak was one of the real builders of Fort Worth. He had a multiple of interests, both civic and political, but they were mere side issues. For, until his death in 1885, he was, above all things else, "the doctor."

The Employee Division, under Col. J. B. Thomas, reported \$5,874.77 today.

Congressman Fritz Lanham, head of the Big Gifts Division, turned in \$18,013, which he said was due solely to the work of Ben E. Keith, one of the "lone wolves" in his division. Others are Ben Levy and Walter B. Scott.

Crowd Cheers Crews. The reports were cheered by the crowd of workers assembled at the report luncheon, at the Blackstone Hotel.

Dr. Henry G. Bowden, chest executive and campaign director, warned workers that they must redouble their efforts if the goal is reached on time.

The good book says: "Judge not lest ye be judged for with what judgment you judge you also shall be judged."

—Annie Johnson Flint in The Christian Union Herald.

He giveth more grace when the burdens grow greater,
He sendeth more strength when the labors increase;
To added affliction he addeth his mercy,
To multiplied trials, his multiplied peace.
When we have exhausted our store of endurance,

A tramp came hungry to my door. Out of my poverty I fed him and blest him as he ate. For, "The gift without the giver is bare."

When our strength has failed ere the day is half done,
When we reach the end of our hoarded resources,
Our Father's full giving is only begun.
His love has no limit, His grace has no measure,
His power no boundary known unto men;
For out of His infinite riches in Jesus
He giveth and giveth and giveth again.

The Father's Giving

Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.—Matthew 5:43.

**If You Served in the A. E. F.
You Belong in the V. F. W.**

Because—

It was founded in 1899 and is no longer an experiment.

It is non-partisan, non-sectarian and takes no part in labor disputes.

It is always prepared to help both active and former service men.

It is the only veteran organization maintaining a National Home for widows and orphans.

It believes in "One Flag, One Country and One Language."

It believes in practical patriotism by example rather than preaching.

It "honors the dead by helping the living."

It does not discriminate but glories in being distinctive.

It has never tolerated abuses by politically ambitious individuals.

It is composed of ordinary men with extraordinary service.

It perpetuates the spirit of Comradeship characteristic of overseas service.

It is Aggressive, Militant, Independent and Courageous.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES

First—Cotton. Second—Paper. Third—Leather. Fourth—Fruit and Flowers. Fifth—Wooden. Sixth—Sugar. Seventh—Woolen. Tenth—Tin. Eleventh—Lace. Twelfth—Silk and fine linen. Thirteenth—Lace. Fourteenth—Ivory. Fifteenth—Crystal. Twentieth—China. Twenty-fifth—Silver. Thirtieth—Pearl. Fortieth—Ruby. Fiftieth—Gold. Seventy-fifth—Diamond.

To Be Honored Tonight



Miss Anna Shelton, president of the Woman's Club since its organization in 1923, will be honored at 7 p. m. today at a banquet at the Woman's Club. More than 250 guests will gather. This is a copy of a painting of her by M. P. Bewley, New York artist, formerly of Fort Worth. The painting hangs in the club library.

This latest aerial photograph of the Municipal Airport shows the result of CWA work on the landing field the last few weeks. The old section of the Decatur Highway has been

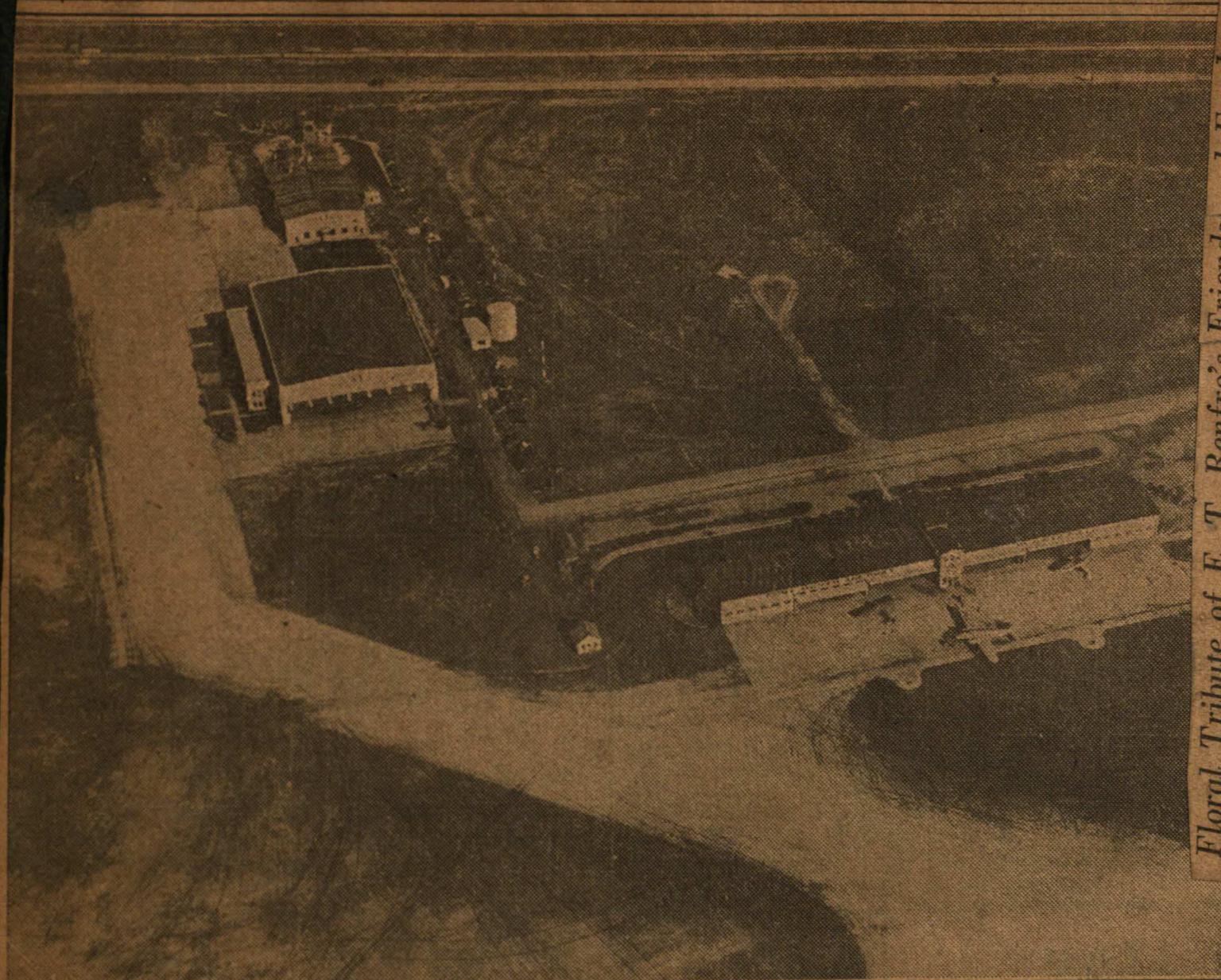
completely graded away northwest of the main hangar line and the runway has been extended to connect with the American Airways taxiway. The two buildings on the left are

the hangar and shops of the American Airways. The long structure at the right is the main municipal hangar and administration building, while the small shack in the foreground houses

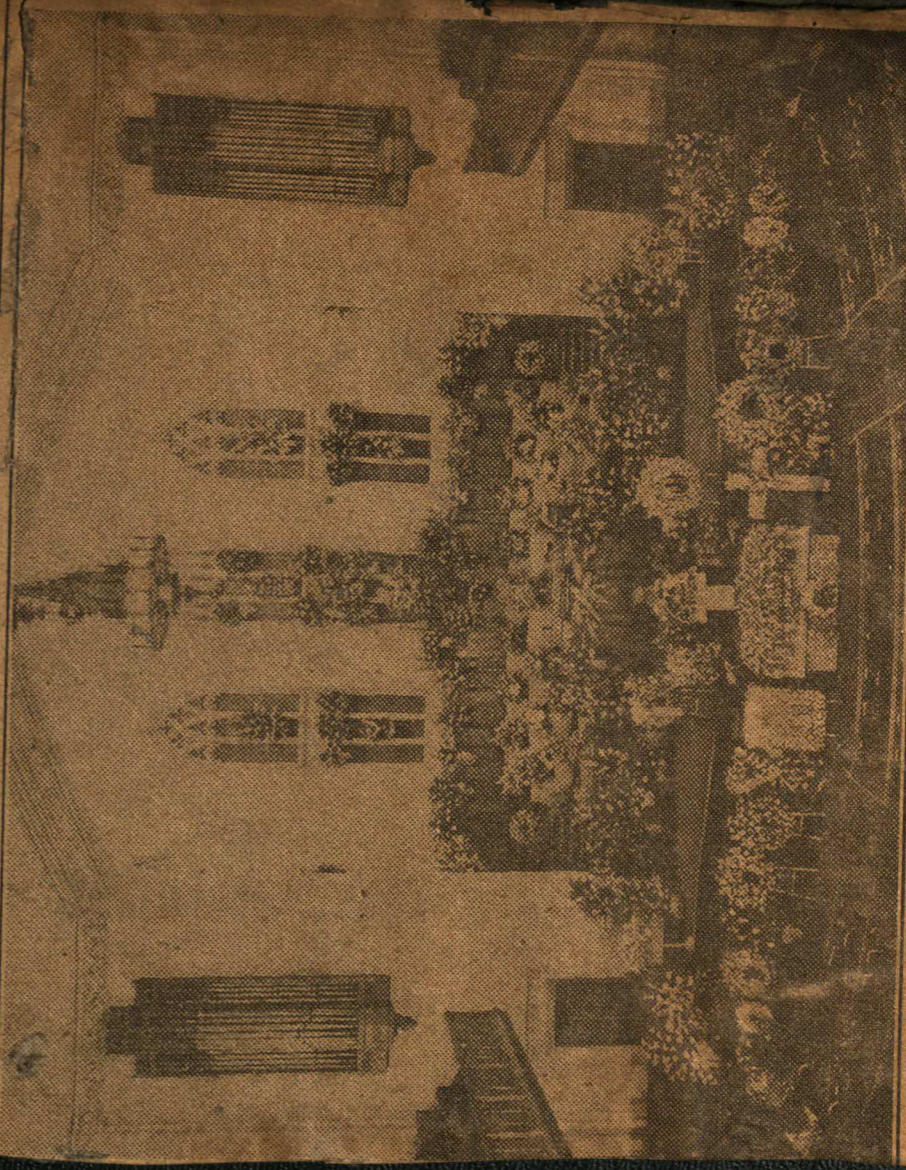
the Department of Commerce radio station.

—Star-Telegram Photo.

Municipal Airport Landing Field Shows Result of Recent CWA Work



Floral Tribute of E. T. Renfro's Friends and Employes



Floral tribute of friends, business associates and employes of E. T. Renfro, druggist, as they appeared at funeral services held for him Thursday morning at First Methodist Church. Mr. Renfro, operator of a group of drug stores in Fort Worth and nine other Texas communities, died unexpectedly Tuesday while in Dallas.

—Wood Photo.

