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Statesboro News

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COMMENCEMENT AT AGRICULTURAL SCHOOL BEGINS FRIDAY NIGHT--22

The gala days of commencement will be on at the Agricultural School last of this week. Dozens of patrons and friends of the school from all over the district are expected to be here for the occasion.

FRIDAY NIGHT.
The Junior class will render a play, "The Sweet Girl Graduate," at the school's chapel Friday evening. Admission will be free to these, as well as all other exercises.

SATURDAY P. M.
The afternoon, beginning at 8 o'clock the program will be as follows:

- (1) The recital by music class.
- (2) The oratorical contest.
- (3) Display of work done by students in domestic science and art laboratories.

SATURDAY EVENING
The graduating class will give their class exercises. This is the school's largest class, yet, 20 young men and women to receive diplomas.

SUNDAY
The commencement sermon will be preached by Rev. Dr. Doss of Washington, Ga. Everybody is urged to attend this service at the school's auditorium.

MONDAY--MAIN DAY

At 8 o'clock an actual demonstration of the new dipping vat, just completed on the school grounds. The faculty and students will dip cattle to show the process of ridding cattle of the tick. All our farmers ought to see that.

At ten o'clock the graduating exercises will occur at the school auditorium. The program will consist of original essays by members of the class. The delivery of diplomas and medals, and the Baccalaureate address, likely by Hon. John Temple Graves, of Atlanta. And then likely short talks by prominent men present.

PUBLIC INVITED
Prof. Dickens and the faculty are so very busy they cannot see or write our people personally, but especially asks the News to state that it is especially desired that all our people attend the various exercises of the commencement.

APPLICATIONS FOR ROOM
Prof. Dickens states that never in the history has he had such heavy mail from prospective students for next term. The outlook for large student body is quite favorable.

Teachers, Notice!

For the purpose of aiding teachers to prepare for the teachers' examination in June, I have organized a class to be conducted in the Statesboro public school buildings for ten days, beginning June the

first and continuing up to the day of the examination. The work will include what the teachers want, embracing all the subjects required for the primary, general elementary and the high school licenses. The tuition for the ten days is five dollars.

I have had a great deal of experience in this work and will do all I can to prepare you for a better grade of license. All who have taken this work with me before have made a better grade of license.

Write me and enroll, stating the work desired. The work will include the following subjects: Manual Methods, Higher Arithmetic, History (United States, Ancient, English, Modern), English Grammar, Algebra, Plane Geometry, Latin, etc.

Very truly yours,
G. E. USHER.

Edwards and Labor

RECORD GOOD

Did Not Vote Increase of Salary.

Editor Statesboro News,
Statesboro, Georgia.

Dear Editor:

In an article headed, "Mistaken or Misinformed," which seems to have been written by Mr. Jere Howard, in your last issue it is stated "but presume that it stays in Congress another term he will vote again for another raise of salary, but not for the laboring man." The statement or inference that I ever voted for an increase in my salary is untrue. I am sure Uncle Jerry will be generous enough to correct this when he knows the truth. He, like many other good men, has been misled by the many glaring campaign misrepresentations that are being made by the "state fixers" who are after my scalp, hair or no hair, and they are after it without regard for facts.

The increase in salary was made in the last session of the 56th Congress. I did not begin serving until the 60th Congress. So you see this is one "campaign lie" that almost convinced even Uncle Jerry. My opponent was in Congress when the salary was increased. In justice to him I should add that I think he voted against the increase which was a consistent vote on his part as he seemed to realize, what the people of seven counties later verified at the polls, that he was not worth the salary to the people. Or it may have been that he felt that he was greatly overpaid, because of that "back salary" of approximately \$1,500.00 which he

received, and for which no service was rendered. It covered and was for a period of time when he was in Congress and for which he rendered absolutely no service. Covering the same period he accepted from the tax payers of seven counties the salary as Judge of the County or City Court. It was well enough and proper that he should have taken the salary for the time he was in Congress, but the acceptance of that "back salary" for several months prior to his election cannot be satisfactorily explained. There was a "back salary" accumulation when Senator Smith succeeded the late Senator Terrell. He did not collect or accept it. The same was true when Judge Park succeeded the late Congressman Roddenberry, and he did not accept it. This was not true of the "reform" candidate who is running on the "watch-dog of the treasury" platform. He accepted and still has approximately \$1,500.00 of the funds raised by taxation for a period prior to his election and for which he rendered no service. How can he justify or explain?

Uncle Jerry is not running for Congress. I'll have no quarrel or controversy with him. I have only the highest respect for elderly and feeble people, but "Uncle Jerry" has been as badly misled as to my services to the "laboring people" as he has been about the "salary raise." Let's see what the "Union Herald" says as to my record for "laboring people."

Return Edwards to Congress

"We are printing Hon. Charles G. Edwards' announcement elsewhere in this issue, and are more than delighted to do so from every viewpoint. He 'has the punch' in other words he delivers the goods. He is a true and tried friend of organized labor as well as to the constituency in general. His chief delight is in serving the people. It does not matter when, where or who you may be, he possesses the faculty of knowing you and extends to you the 'glad hand', this does not apply only to the approaching election but lasts the year round, year in and year out. He has been the Attorney for the Trades and Labor Assembly of Savannah for the past several years, always looking after its affairs with justice and impartiality. Organized labor is wide-awake, and have their eyes open to his loyalty, and they are going to stand to him loyally and devotedly."

"We ask the careful perusal of his announcement and see what it really contains, go even farther by looking up his past records--these combined agencies will reveal his real worth and should further strengthen our combined desire to continue him in this place of trust. We fail to see where Mr. Edwards has favored the city for the country, and according to our judgment as is loyal to any one portion of the district as he is to the other."

"We note with genuine delight that the union label appears on the printed matter being distributed by Mr. Edwards, while on the other hand Mr. Overstreet's is conspicuous on account of its absence. We call the attention of our readers and friends to this fact and that it be borne in your minds."

Now, let's see what the president and secretary of the Trades and Labor Assembly say on this subject.

Organized Farmers and Organized Labor for Edwards. Should Stand By Our Friends.

"Editor Labor Herald: "A strong point with the American Federation of Labor is that the organization, while not in politics, stands by those who are known to be tried and true friends of the laboring people. Union labor is affiliated with the Farmers Union in sentiment and purpose. The friend of the one is usually the friend of the other."

"To the point. A gentleman by the name of J. W. Overstreet, who served one whole session in con-

gress from this district in 1906, is a candidate for congress against our present energetic representative, Mr. Overstreet recently got out a campaign folder which has been broadly circulated in the district. He absolutely ignores the union label. This is a slap at the unions that organized labor and overgrown farmers cannot afford to overlook. Such is in keeping with his record in congress. While there he did nothing and took no stand for the laboring people."

"This is not the case with Congressman Edwards. His campaign literature bears the union label, and, furthermore, his record on all questions of concern to organized labor 'rings true.' He has stood with the legislative committee of the farmers union, too in the remedial legislation it was seeking for the farmers of the country. In short, Edwards' record is in the interest of the great toiling masses. He has been tried and found true and loyal."

"What is our plain duty in such matters? The question answers itself. On one hand, we have a man who is true to us, and on the other hand, we have a man who has never done anything for us, and when he makes his announcement he ignores us. What does justice and conscience dictate? In addition to this, Edwards, for several years, has been the faithful legal adviser of the Trades and Labor Assembly of Savannah. His whole career has been one of sympathy for the masses. It is our duty, and it is the duty of union farmers to line up squarely behind Edwards and re-elect him. We cannot afford to do otherwise than be faithful to those who have been true to us."

"Overstreet's announced policy is upon narrow lines and will not commend itself to progressive people who stand for the development of our section. Edwards has made good, and it will be wise to leave him enough alone."

T. E. SMITH, Pres.
R. S. MOYLAN, Sec.

What's my opponent's record on the subject? HE HAS NONE. When can you better trust one who has proven true and loyal or one who has been tried and found wanting?"

Let the people know the truth and I have no fear of the result. If they can get from that "discredited document" for which it is said my opponent paid some one in Washington \$100 to get it up and which is called my "record" they will never know the truth. I am of the opinion that the people know my record and that they will take the "misrepresentations" of the "state fixers" with a "grain of salt." All I ask is that the "gold rule" be applied and that "you unto me as you would have others do unto you."

Yours sincerely,
CHAS. G. EDWARDS.

CANDIDATES' ANNOUNCEMENTS

For Judge of the Superior Court.
To the Voters of the Middle Judicial Circuit:
Having a desire to fill the office of Judge of the superior court of the Middle Judicial Circuit, I hereby announce myself a candidate for this office, subject to the next democratic state primary.

If elected, I shall endeavor to discharge the duties of this high office honestly, impartially and in a businesslike manner, and to be guided by the best interests of the people.

Having been continuously engaged in the practice of law for 20 years and having served a term of four years as Judge of the city court of Statesboro, I feel that my experience would be of service to the people of this circuit.

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Pierson Farm Land Plaster Makes Peanuts PEANUTS MAKE MONEY The Logical Result is That Pierson Farm Land Plaster

will make you money. This is not only correct logic, but it has been demonstrated in the fields and nurseries throughout Bulloch county. Plant peanuts and top-dress them with Pierson Farm Land Plaster, about 300 pounds to the acre, and you will get well filled pods and plenty of them, and you can't get them in any other way. PIERSON FARM LAND PLASTER will be sold throughout this territory by

D. G. LEE, STATESBORO, GA., ROUTE 3
Address him for circulars and testimonials which will be sent free.

Savannah & Statesboro R'y.

50h	5h	25a	27a	STATIONS	25a	27a	10h	50h
5:20 a	6:45 a	3:00 p	4:15 p	Savannah	AT 9:45	6:10 p		
5:30 a	7:50 a	4:40 a	5:55 a	Culver	AT 9:00	5:25 p	7:00 p	
5:40 a	8:00 a	5:00 a	6:15 a	Biloxi	AT 8:15	5:00 p	7:10 p	
5:50 a	8:10 a	5:20 a	6:35 a	Stilton	AT 8:30	4:40 p	7:20 p	
6:15 a	8:30 a	5:40 a	6:55 a	Brooklet	AT 7:55	4:30 p	7:40 p	
6:30 a	8:45 a	6:00 a	7:10 a	Sturtevant	AT 7:10	4:15 p	7:50 p	
6:45 a	9:00 a	6:20 a	7:30 a	Portals	AT 6:25	4:00 p	8:00 p	
7:00 a	9:15 a	6:40 a	7:45 a	Astoria	AT 6:40	3:45 p	8:10 p	
7:15 a	9:30 a	7:00 a	8:00 a	Sturtevant	AT 6:00	3:30 p	8:20 p	
7:30 a	9:45 a	7:20 a	8:15 a	Stetson Crossing	AT 6:15	3:15 p	8:30 p	
7:45 a	10:00 a	7:40 a	8:30 a					
7:55 a	10:15 a	8:00 a	8:45 a					
8:10 a	10:30 a	8:20 a	9:00 a					
8:25 a	10:45 a	8:40 a	9:15 a					
8:40 a	11:00 a	9:00 a	9:30 a					
8:55 a	11:15 a	9:20 a	9:45 a					
9:10 a	11:30 a	9:40 a	10:00 a					
9:25 a	11:45 a	10:00 a	10:15 a					
9:40 a	12:00 p	10:20 a	10:30 a					
n-Daily, b-Daily except Sunday, c-Runs only to Garfield.								

A GODDLES GOULD AN EMPIRE



THE DALAI LAMA OF TIBET

YUAN SHUN KAI

It takes a long time to trickle to the United States from central Asia. There are few inhabited places of the whole earth so far away, counting time as distance. With the coast of Asia reached, the traveler must meet many strange perils, endure many torturing modes of conveyance and spend many weary weeks and months before he reaches the wild empire of the orientals who once conquered the world, the land of Mongolia.

Many wild tales have been flitting, slowly, but surely, from that far land in the last three years. Narratives of butcheries, of wars and aggressions, of little-understood political turnings and battleships. Out of it has formed the very real specter of the Russian bear, marching with heavy, sure tread from the west, grumbling more on the road to Peking and Lhasa.

When China lost this empire, much more than twice as large as the southern states which succeeded in 1861, and with a population of 4,000,000 yellow-skinned Tartars, little attention was attracted.

The czar and his grizzled officers accomplished their first steps by appealing to the Mongolian sense of patriotism. Now he is bringing about the complete subjugation of these vast plains by corrupting a man more than a priest, a living Buddha, one of the three embodiments of the ancient teacher and god.

There are three living incarnations of Buddha, the Dalai Lama of Lhasa, who is the supreme ruler of the Buddhist world; the Panchen Lama, and the Khutukha of Urga, the Mongolian capital and holy city.

When the English soldiers of Colonel Younghusband invaded Lhasa, the sacred capital of Tibet, in 1904, the Dalai Lama became a holy tramp. Far and wide, for many years, he has wandered over the face of Asia, followed by a motley troupe of lesser hordes, exceedingly costly to the communists who have him—indeed, almost a curse to his hosts. To some Westerners who saw him, he was only a brutal, sensual, stupid young man; to others he was mysterious, sanctified, the embodiment of the religion and philosophy of the East. But on the whole, his influence diminished. His strongest hold on the priesthood had depended on the fact that for nearly two hundred years a grand lama had not visited Peking.

When Russia decided it was time to move their frontier a few hundred miles further east there suddenly appeared a mysterious desire for independence on the part of the inhabitants of Mongolia. Behind the scenes the Russian emperors pulled the strings. There was revolt from China. The chiefs of the wild tribes demanded autonomy from government. They were to be free, with their own government and courts, even their own army. Bitter denial!

Russia forced the necessary acquiescence at the complete subjugation of these vast plains by corrupting a man more than a priest, a living Buddha, one of the three embodiments of the ancient teacher and god.

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GIRL STEEPLEJACK MAKES DARING CLIMB



Constance B. Bennett, fair-haired and good-looking, is a mere slip of a girl not yet twenty years old. To see her in a street costume one would never believe that so charming a girl would undertake feats at which many a so-called stout-hearted man would quail. It takes considerable nerve

scrapers watched the daring girl with fear and trembling, expecting at any moment to see her go tumbling through space and missing up the sidewalk below. Miss Bennett is too much of a lady to be the perpetrator of such a horrible scene, so her audience was disappointed. The structure on the left is the tower of New York's loftiest skyscraper, the Singer building.

Fight Stories' High Prices. Paris already possesses an organization on the lines of the Wives' union in order to control the cost of living. The baker extracts 18 cents from them for a four-pound loaf of household bread and as much as 20 cents for some districts, while better quality bread is never sold at less than six cents a pound. Other necessities of life are equally dear in proportion to a manifesto issued when the League of Parisian Consumers was formed to fight these high prices. It is stated that the demand for food is not due solely to high tariffs and octroi duties. The average Parisian shopkeeper wants to retire from business at the age of forty or thereabouts, and bleed his customers as much as possible. If tradesmen could be persuaded to keep in harness a little longer they would, it is thought, be content with smaller profits.

India's Gay White Way. Many East Indian houses keep their performances going until four or five in the morning. These dramatic orgies are not, says the Times of India, however, due to the length of the plays, as in Chinese theaters, but to the fact that the trapezoids do not begin running until five o'clock. As the spectators gather from distant villages and have strong objections to paying gharry hire, they expect to be entertained until the trams start.

Sick Women Made Well

Reliable evidence is abundant that women are constantly being restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

The many testimonial letters that we are continually publishing in the newspapers—hundreds of them—are all genuine, true and unsolicited expressions of heartfelt gratitude for the freedom from suffering that has come to these women solely through the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Money could not buy nor any kind of influence obtain such recommendations; you may depend upon it that any testimonial we publish is honest and true—if you have any doubt of this write to the women whose true names and addresses are always given, and learn for yourself.

Read this one from Mrs. Waters:

CAMDEN, N.J.—I was sick for two years with nervous spells, and my kidneys were affected. I had a doctor all the time and used a galvanic battery, but nothing did me any good. I was not able to go to bed, but spent my time on a couch or in a sleeping-chair, and soon became almost a skeleton. Finally my doctor went away for his health, and my husband heard of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and got me some. In two months I got relief and now I am like a new woman and am at my usual weight. I recommend your medicine to every one and so does my husband.—Mrs. F. WATERS, 1135 Knight St., Camden, N.J.

And this one from Mrs. Haddock:

UTICA, OKLA.—I was weak and nervous, not able to do my work and scarcely able to be on my feet. I had backache, headache, palpitation of the heart, trouble with my bowels, and inflammation. Since taking the Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I am better than I have been for twenty years. I think it is a wonderful medicine, and I have recommended it to others.—Mrs. MARY ANN HADDOCK, Utica, Oklahoma.

Now answer this question if you can. Why should a woman continue to suffer without first giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial? You know that it has saved many others—why should it fail in your case?

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No one sick with woman's ailments does justice to herself if she does not try this famous medicine made from the roots and herbs of the forest, and a bunch of cowboys stood classically aloof, eyeing the passing crowd for others of their kind.

In this vast stream which flowed under the morning sun there were mining men, with high-laced boots and bulging pockets; graybeards, with the gossip of the town in their crooked noses; and a few young fellows who were not so much as any man on the street. I guess I ought to know—I've been down there and through it all—and it's got so now that you can't trust any of 'em. My partner and I came clear from the Sierra Madre, riding night and day, and we were pretty near knowing—boy, bud!

"That's right," observed Bud, the big man, with a reminiscent grin, "I guess I ought to know—I've been down there and through it all—and it's got so now that you can't trust any of 'em. My partner and I came clear from the Sierra Madre, riding night and day, and we were pretty near knowing—boy, bud!"

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RUB-MY-TISM

Will cure your Rheumatism and all kinds of aches and pains—Neuralgia, Cramps, Colic, Sprains, Bruises, Cuts, Old Sores, Burns, Scalds, Itch, and all External Injuries. Price 25c—A-44.

Public Is Punished.

Gabe—Only one man in a thousand can whistle.

Steve—But the other 999 think they can.

To Cool a Burn and Take the Fire Out

Be Prepared for Accidents

HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh

For Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Strains, Stiff Neck, Old Sores, Open Wounds, and all External Injuries. Made Since 1848. Ask Anybody About It.

Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's

The Old Standard

Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic

Is Equally Valuable as a General Strengthening Tonic, Because It Acts on the Liver, Drives Out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds Up the Whole System.

Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's

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Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic

Is Equally Valuable as a General Strengthening Tonic, Because It Acts on the Liver, Drives Out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds Up the Whole System.

The Land of Broken Promises

By DANE COOLIDGE

Author of "THE FIGHTING FOOL," "HIDDEN WATERS," "THE TEXICAN," Etc.

Illustrations by DON J. LAVIN

"Here," called Bud, coming to an instant conclusion, "give 'im his sandwich; I'll pay for it!"

"All right," answered the waiter, who was no other than Sunny Jim, the proprietor, and whisking up a sandwich from the sideboard, he set it before the old man, who glanced at him in silence. For a fraction of a second he regarded the sandwich apathetically; then, with the aid of his coffee, he made away with it and slipped down off his stool.

"Say," observed the proprietor, as Bud was paying his bill, "do you know who that old timer was?"

"What old timer?" inquired Bud, who had forgotten his breakfast benefactor.

"Why, that old fellow that you treated to the sandwich."

"Oh—him! Some old drunk around town?" hazarded Bud.

"Well, he's that, too," conceded Sunny Jim, with a smile. "But I mean to tell you, pardner, if you had half the rocks that old boy's got you wouldn't need to punch any more cows. That's Henry Kruger, the man that just sold the Cross-Cut mine for fifty thousand cash, and he's got more besides."

"Huh!" grunted Bud, "he sure don't look it. Say, why didn't you put me wise? Now I've got to hunt him up and apologize."

"Oh, that's all right," assured the proprietor, "he won't take any offense. That's just like old Henry—he's kinder queer that way."

"Well, I'll go and see him, anyway," said Bud. "He might think I was butting in."

And then, going about his duty with philosophical calm, he ambled off, still legged down the street.

It was not difficult to find Henry Kruger in Gadsden. The bartender, that efficient purveyor of information and drinks, knew him as they knew their thumbs, and a casual round of the saloons soon located him in the back room of the Waldorf.

"Say," began Bud, walking bluffly up to him, the proprietor of that restaurant back there tells me you made a mistake when I insisted on paying for your meal. I just wanted to let you know."

"That's all right, young man," returned Old Henry, looking up with a humorous smile; "we all of us make our mistakes. I knowed you didn't."

"Mightn't you?" inquired the old prospector politely.

"Wordn't you?" asked the little man briefly. "Owner got scared out and let us in on shares. But no more for him—this will hold me for quite a while, I can tell you."

"Here, too," agreed the big man, turning to go. "Arizona is good enough for me—come on, Phil!"

"Wait a minute," said the little man, looking neither to the left nor back, and then he changed his mind. "All right," he said, falling into step, "a gin fix for mine!"

"A shot of seventy stomach," admonished his partner; "you might get it up and tell somebody all you know. How about something to eat?"

"Good! But when I get to the mine, the big man was leading off down a side street, and once more they came to a halt."

"Jim's place is a lunch-counter," he explained laconically. "The hotel's all right, and maybe that was a breakfast we got, but I get hungry waiting that way. Gimme a lunch-counter, where I can wrap my legs around a stool and watch the cook turn 'em over. Come on—I been there before!"

An expression of pitying tolerance came over the little man's face as he listened to this rhapsody on the quick lunch, but he drew away reluctantly.

"Aw, come on, Bud," he pleaded. "Have a little class! What's the use of winning a stake if you've got to eat at a dog-joint? And besides—say, that was a peach of a girl that walked on this morning! Did you notice her hair? She was a pip!"

The big man wagged his hand vigorously and started on his way. "If that's the deal she's probably looking for you. I'll meet you in the room!"

"All right," said the other, who was not in it, and he turned gliding away up the main street.

LEGEND NO LONGER

"Thunder Bird" of Blackfoot Indians Not a Myth.

Finding of Frozen Bird of Prey to Rouse Expression of Whites Men of Glacier Park Reservation.

Glacier Park Station, Mont.—The wet legend of the "Thunder Bird," long regarded as gospel by the Blackfoot Indians of Glacier Park reservation, and much smiled at by the skeptical whites, now seems to be given a concrete foundation by the recent discovery of a specimen of the Willow Ptarmigan at the topmost edge of the timber line on the mountains of Glacier National park.

The bird was found frozen to death and was struck by the Great Spirit, it is an ill omen to the entire Blackfoot tribe. The dead object of awe to the red man was brought to Glacier station by Chief Three Bears, who made the trip over the mountains on the Blackfoot National park. Louis W. Hill, president of the Great Northern railway, and have him take it to a taxidermist to be preserved. Mr. Hill delivered the "frozen bird" to a renowned Rocky mountain taxidermist. The ornithologist rather took the railway magnate's breath away when, upon examining the dead bird he exclaimed: "Why, Mr. Hill, you have got a rare specimen here! It is the Willow Ptarmigan, which is of great scientific interest among ornithologists." Chief Three Bears shows the Willow Ptarmigan has been reported only twice in the United States, once from Maine and once from Massachusetts.

The bird is being set up as true to life as the taxidermist's skill can make it and it will be placed in the crèche of the poles of the one-hundred-year-old Blackfoot legend. "Why, Mr. Hill, you have got a rare specimen here! It is the Willow Ptarmigan, which is of great scientific interest among ornithologists." Chief Three Bears shows the Willow Ptarmigan has been reported only twice in the United States, once from Maine and once from Massachusetts.

"Thunder Bird" which Old Three Bears faithfully repeats to this day: "Long ago there was an old man who was called Four-Bears. When he

He heaved himself reluctantly up out of his chair and moved over to where Kruger was sitting.

"Mr. Kruger," he said, as the old man turned to meet him, "I'll be your man's open case man, Bud Hooker!" he burst out at last. "You'd let—"

"No, he wasn't talking about it. Said it was a good thing and he'd pay me well, or let me in on the deal; but when he told me Mexico I quit. I've got a plenty."

"Yes, but—" the little man choked and could say no more. "Well, you're one Jim dandy business man, Bud Hooker!" he burst out at last. "You'd let—"

"What's the matter?" inquired Kruger, set back by the abrupt refusal; "scared?"

"Yes, I'm scared," admitted Bud, and he challenged the old man with his eyes.

"My mate had a little trouble, then?"

"Well, you might call it that," agreed Bud. "We been on the dodge for a month. A bunch of revolutionaries tried to get our treasure, and when we skipped out on 'em they tried to get us. I tell you, there's a million in it. Come on, let's go over and talk to him. I'd take a chance, if he was good enough."

"No, I don't want to go over there," said the old man. "I'll be your man's open case man, Bud Hooker!" he burst out at last. "You'd let—"

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