Topeka Kas
State Historical Society

WESTERN KANSAS WORLD

PRINTS ALL OFFICIAL COUNTY NEWS — WA-KEENEY, KANS., JUNE 19, 1915 — 37TH YEAR—NUMBER 16

With the Near Approach of Harvest How Anxious You Are?

Your worry is for the net results of profit. You can tell very accurately within a few days after harvest and threshing these results, and also what the needless expenses were. What a convenience your check is in looking over and classifying these expenses. The result being that next year you can do away with these needless costs.

We have lots of blank checks which will make you valuable records.

The Wa-Keeney State Bank

Wa-Keeney, Kansas.

MARGARET SWIGGETT

Bonded Abstracter

Insurance — Farm Loans

Wa-Keeney, Kansas

(Register of Deeds of Trego County Eight Consecutive Years)

Cockrell—South

The marriage of Arthur Cockrell to Miss Julia South was solemnized at Hays, Thursday evening, June 3rd.

Miss South's home is near Wa-Keeney and she has been a successful teacher in the city school of that place the past two years.

Arthur was an Ellis boy until a few years ago since when he has made his home in Wa-Keeney.

The young people left Monday morning for a couple weeks stay in Denver, and will then make their home in Ellis.

The Headlight joins in extending congratulations and well wishes.—Ellis Headlight.

FINCH—TREGER

Announcements have been received of the marriage of Miss Viola Mae Finch and Mr. Aaron S. Trego, both of this city. The wedding took place at Denver, Colorado, on Monday June 14th.

The bride has grown up from childhood in Trego county and has won the esteem and respect of all who knew her. She has for several years served as one of Trego county's successful school teachers and recently has been employed as stenographer and bookkeeper.

Mr. Treger located in our city over two years ago and is one of Wa-Keeneys promising business men. He has many sterling qualities and is to be congratulated in choosing such a worthy companion.

After a short honeymoon in the west they will be at home in Wa-Keeney, by July 1st.

The World with many friends wish them a happy and prosperous journey through life.

HAIL, RAIN AND WIND STORMS

On last Tuesday afternoon about 5 o'clock, Trego county was visited by one of the most severe wind, rain and hail storms in the history of the county. The storm broke on the Saline near the Littlechild ranch and traveled in a southeasterly course for about ten or fifteen miles in length and five to seven miles wide. The wind was terrific driving the hail into the wheat fields with much force. It seems the hail was only in spots and the course of the storm was somewhat zigzagged. Reports show that in some fields were a total loss while other losses were adjusted as low as fifteen percent and some fields were not touched. Among the heaviest losers are J. M. Rinker, Wm. Rhoades, H. J. Simpson, Julius Hillman and Julius Harries. These losses were pretty well covered by insurance and the adjusters have been hustling to take care of them. The only portion of the county to completly escape the destruction of the storm was the southwestern part. In spite of this misfortune Trego county will have a lot of wheat.

On Thursday the storm struck the Hugh Tiball farm on the Saline, unroofing his big barn and doing much other damage in that part of the country. A heavy rain accompanied this storm and the Saline was higher than for several years. On the same afternoon a cyclone started in Ellis county going southeast and taking in its rake the Snyder and Taylor farm buildings, killing four horses for Jacob Armbuster, scattering stacked alfalfa about the prairie and breaking many window lights beside other minor damages. Hail, Fire and Tornado Insurance agents are doing a business unprecedented in the history of the county.

TO OUR FRIENDS AND PATRONS OF THE WORLD

Los Angeles, Cali., June 10, 1915

In our second letter to our readers we will endeavor to tell of some points of interest which we have visited since last we wrote. We have taken in Pasadena pretty thoroughly and from a point of beauty we have not yet found its equal. However, it is more an exclusive resident place of the rich, and is not considered a business city of metropolitan ideas. Its streets, parks and gardens are beautiful beyond description. The famous Busch sunken gardens are located there and are said to be unsurpassed in the world. They were made by the late multi-millionaire, Adolphus Busch, famous brewer, and cost millions of dollars.

We went to Long Beach about fifteen miles south of Los Angeles. This is one of the largest of the beach towns and has an excellent water front. It is extremely level, indeed almost too much so to afford sanitary drainage. It is quiet, like most of the beach towns, the principal diversion seeming to be surf bathing. We were not much impressed with it although there are many nice homes and a very large pier and ocean auditorium there. A "pike" is maintained on the water front and cheap "barkers" make the air ring advertising their different amusements, said amusements of the cheap circus order. It seemed strange that such a place allowed some of the games which were nothing more or less than gambling.

Venice, like Long Beach, is an ocean resort and is called the "Coney Island of the Pacific" and unlike Long Beach, makes no pretense to piety. Sunday horse racing, base ball, dancing in ocean auditorium, picnics, sea bathing and a dozen other amusements are carried on and it is quite a sight to see the Los Angeles cars packed with Sunday visitors for Venice.

Santa Monica, to our mind, is the most beautiful of the ocean towns as it is built very high and a splendid view of the ocean is had from the palisades.

On the 13th of May, accompanied by our old time friends and neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Bundy, the editor and wife made a trip to Catalina Island, 31 miles from the San Pedro Harbor. We went in a small vessel, "Nellie", about 65 feet long and 30 feet wide. As this was our first experience on the sea it was with some trepidation that we crossed the gang plank. The day before the wind had blown a gale and the sea was still pretty rough with the waves running a little high they told us, but jolly Captain Malone assured us a fine voyage and indeed it was. The little ship being one of the staunchest ones on the sea having sailed in its waters for forty years, bobbed and rolled like an egg shell, so the mate said, but we all thought it a great lark and landed safely at Catelina after a three hours' ride. Avalon, by the sea—We all consider this the finest trip that we made. Avalon nestles at the foot of the mountains and overlooks one of the finest small deep harbors in the world, and we were told by European travelers that there is nothing more picturesque in Europe. We climbed a mountain as high as the ascent would permit and were rewarded by one of the most beautiful views that human eyes could rest upon. The day was perfect and on the crags below we could hear the solemn boom of the sea, and far out on their rocky points the sea gulls, those natural divers of the deep, perched their white breasts gleaming white against the dark background of rock. Hundreds of feet below lay the harbor glittering in the sunshine and some fifty or sixty boats of different sizes and kinds lying on its quiet surface. We watched the steamer, Cabrillo, leave the horbor with four hundred passengers on board, and our little boat, Nellie, follow closely in her wake until they were lost in the vastness of the mighty expanse of water. To give our readers a little idea of ocean depths Mrs. Givler asked the mate, on the boat coming over, a few questions regarding some sea birds which we saw in flocks riding the great waves with the ease of tistle down. He answered her, and after a few moments conversation said, "We are now crossing at the deepest point between Catalina and the California coast." "How deep is it," was asked. "Fifteen hundred fathoms" he answered and explained that fifteen hundred fathoms was nine thousand feet or a little less than two miles deep. Soundings further north give the immense depth of over five miles. It seems almost incredible but never-the-less is true.

After our mountain climb we had supper and retired early. The next morning we went out in a glass bottomed boat, a very large and finely equipped one, to view the sub-marine gardens. At this point words, and especially written ones, seem very inadequate to express the wonder and beauty of this trip. One can see to a depth ranging from thirty to sixty feet. The boat moves so slowly that motion is scarcely perceptible. All kinds of beautiful sea mosses covers the sandy bottoms and the great boulders are covered with different beautiful growths. Kelp grows to a height of forty and fifty feet and is remarkable for its beauty. Great schools of fish of nearly every color one can imagine can easily be seen, and the markings and colorings are very remarkable. A diver accompanied us on this trip and descended to the ocean floor, thirty or forty feet directly beneath the glass bottomed boat, where all could see him pick up two large abolone shells. He said before making the dive that he would open his mouth while in the water, a feat that is said to be very difficult to perform, but he did it with the same ease that he came to the surface after securing the shells. After passing over these sub-marine gardens, whose wonder and beauty we will never forget, we proceeded to Moon Stone beach, where we were met by a row-boat that rowed us to an extremely pebbly beach where the breakers came in with a vengence, but we landed safely and picked up a number of stones, which many have told us are really very good ones. We then returned to Avalon enjoying our morning trip more than words can express. In the afternoon we saw a number of seals frisking about in the harbor close to the pier and learned that one, "Old Ben," as he was affectionately called by the Island people, came each day to the pier to be fed his portion of fish from the fish market. He was so tame that he could be coaxed up the steps and would lie on the pier and eat his fish and allow people to stroke his sleek sides. Their eyes are very soft and luminous and they are considered quite intelligent. The California law is very stringent regarding their protection and they are never molested. Sea-gulls also receive the same protection and will fly in swarms over ones head and will almost eat out of a persons hand so tame they have become. Catalina Island belongs to California, is in Los Angeles county, and is tweaty-five miles long and five miles wide and is owned by a company. Only about one hundred acres are tillable, although roses, vines and flowers cover all the cottages. There are twenty-one horses on the island and one automobile. They also have a tent city and the finest golf links outside of New York City. Sportsmen from all over the world throng there during the summer for the fishing, which is unexcelled anywhere. A company of fishers with seines have brought in three tons of fish in a day. We saw a couple of men with reels carring a string of fish two of the rock bass weighing fourteen and twenty-one pounds respectively. The rock cod and albacore swim at such depths that when they are brought up with hook and line their eyes pop out, the sea pressure being so great. Avalon, the beautiful little city of the island, has about six hundred and thirty inhabitants and they are the jolliest most cordial people one could wish to meet. We sighted our jaunty little Nellie lying in the dock with her U. S. flag flying bravely in the breeze beside the steamer, Cabrillo, who had just disembarked four hundred thirty passengers whom we had watched with interest hunt hotels, cafes and other places of entertainment. We bade our friends goodbye and as we crossed the gang plank were greeted by our jolly captain and soon set sail for Long Beach. On our return we saw one of Uncle Sams sub-marines out with a retinue of war vessels, which practice each day along the coast near San Pedro harbor. A sub-marine is very flat and looks as if it were almost submerged by the water, it can disappear at a moments notice. We arrived safely, on time to the dot, and the next day proceeded to Los Angeles to prepare for our trip to San Diego to sight-see some more and to take in the exposition.

On Wednesday, May 26th we were again joined by Mr. and Mrs. Bundy and by appointment met at the San Pedro steam ship dock, this time for a more extended sea voyage. The day was perfect, not a cloud and the sea was sparkling and blue as a torquoise in the bright sun and the sea-gulls chattered merrily among the tall masts of the sea going vessels. We had all purchased tickets on the Governor, one of the Seattle steam ship company's steamers, and the big boat lay in the dock with its big smoke stacks sending out lazy puffs of smoke while waiting for the signal to start. Thinking some of our readers who have never seen an ocean steamer might enjoy a little description of one we will endeavor to give a few facts given Mrs. Givler by the chief engineer, John E. Miller, who very kindly escorted her through the big vessel. The ship was built in Camden, N. J., in 1907, and the tonage is 5250. Its length is 416 1-2 feet and width 48 feet. The steamer is allowed to carry 550 passengers beside her crew of 123, which covers all departments. There are 353 berths first class beside 195 steerage berths. It is built of lawful steel or government inspected steel and has a double bottom. There are two triple expansion engines of 6000 horse power each. Their dimensions are 25 1-2, 40 1-2, and 70 by 4 feet stroke, also eight boilers 11 feet, 9 inches in length by 15 feet diameter. Oil is used altogether for fuel and also in the galley for cooking. The average speed is 20 knots per hour. The absolute cleanliness of everything struck us forciably as it was so spotless as to be almost dazzling. We had dinner in an immense dining room beautifully appointed and furnished and it was great fun to sometimes feel that the table was slipping toward you but it never slipped. While coated stewards very deftly attended every want and an ideal dinner was served in three courses. The ships' chef is an artist in preparing food.

We had an interesting experience just as we started out. We noticed quite a beautiful red-haired girl leaning on the arm of a very interesting looking man. Just as they got to about the middle of the gang way he bade her an affectionate farewell and with a most soulful expression she was supported to the deck by an attendant, while the man waved her a sad farewell. We all instantly felt sympathy for the beautiful young woman, who was starting out on a journey alone and was apparently very mournful over it, when a business-like masculine voice said behind us, "By George, I never saw the movies work before but here's the real thing," and sure enough such it was. The girl was Miss Bessie Eyton and the man Mr. Edward Peil; the manager was Lloyd B. Carleton of New York City, who featured Peter Pan in Australia, under the late Frohman a few months ago. They were sent out by the Selig Polyscope company of Los Angeles and were an added feature of interest on our journey. The play which was being staged before our eyes was "The Whisper" and was only about half enacted the one being taken was to represent the young wife leaving her native land. She was an excellent actress and very good to look at, as could be attested by the number of men in her wake.

About four thirty a ship guide pointed out Point Loma to us the extreme southwestern point of the United States. On its extreme point is situated a light house of the new revolving kind with a 5000 arc light power, whose lenses were grounded in Europe. We also could see the International Theosophical Headquarters a group of very handsome buildings which were built and are maintained by the Inter-national Theosophical societies, this one being under the supervision of Madame Catherine Tingley, a woman of wonderful executive ability and talent. We attended a concert given at the Iris theater in San Diego by the professors of music at this school and it was wonderful, many of them are of European fame. We are digressing somewhat but easy to do in writing a long article where one wishes to cover all the ground. At ten minutes of five our vessel steamed in the San Diego harbor, a harbor 22 miles square and a natural one. We docked at the foot of fifth street and proceded at once to our hotel. The next day we made the trip into Tia Juana, Old Mexico, in a sight-seeing car in company with seventeen other pleasure seekers. We crossed on a ferry boat to Coronado Island, the ferry carrying several automobiles, two mule teams loaded with sand, several delivery wagons, our big sight-seeing car and a large number of single passengers. It was a novel experience, but we were landed across the bay a half mile away and sped on our journey as though nothing unusual had occurred. We passed hotel del Coronado, one of the largest and finest hotels in the world. We also passed through Coronado's tent city, a city of twenty-five hundred tents used by tourists for their summer outings at the beach. We then proceeded on our way to Mexico. The road was very fine being one of the made highways for which California is noted. We crossed the valley of the Sweetwater and passed through numerous pretty little towns and lemon groves until we came to a monument on a hill which marks the boundary between the U. S. and Mexico. We crossed the Tai Juana river on a large bridge and soon found ourselves in the Mexican village, Tai Juana. As if by magic the scene changed from the pretty well kept homes of California to the sordid squalid Mexican town. The houses were mostly broad shacks and its streets were wind swept and dusty. The chief attractions were the curio stores, which charge exorbitant prices for drawn work, cigars, pottery, etc., and a regular old 49 dance hall and gambling den which had the biggest crowd including tourists and all. Roulette and faro were played for high stakes and an American, be it to his shame managed this place, and was raking in piles of money that would make an ordinary Kansas bank deposit look like thirty cents. American women gambled as eagerly and feverishly as did the men and won or lost with a calmness that astonishes the novice. Painted girls sang and danced with the abandon of some of Rex Beach's characters in his tales of the great north. Mexican men in velvet suits and sashes and velvet women added a bit of the picturesque which was needed to make us realize that it was not all sort of make believe. The town was crowded with tourists and we all purchased some souvenir of our trip. On our return our car stopped and we were informed that we would have to go through the U. S. custom house. We were thoroughly searched and anything over one dollar in value was taxable and duty levied. One man bought a scarf for two dollars and paid 95 cents duty on it. He was told by the custom officers that 70 cents of it was duty and 25 cents war tax. Did you ever hear of a war tax in time of peace under a Republican administration? The man laughed so hard it became infectious and we all joined in. We proceeded home a rather tired but jolly crowd. We hope Mexico will not involve the U. S. in war. If they will butcher each other up it will be alright but it will be a great pity to sacrifice American life for those shiftless, treacherous, murderous greasers, they certainly are not worth it.

Among our other sight seeing trips was over to North Island to the United States Aviation school. We crossed the bay in a gasoline launch and found ourselves on the only government island in the U. S. where an aviation school is maintained. Curtiss' school is also located here, but is not under the United States.

Anapolis naval officers, mostly lieutenants, come here and are trained to fly for war purposes; the aeroplane and the hydoplane both being taught. The former rises to the air from land and later rises from water. We witnessed a number of flights. They told us that no one has ever been injured or killed so careful they are in trying out the machinery each day. One fellow went so high he disappeared from view altogether. Altitude tests of ten thousand feet are successfully made. The machines are very different looking than any we ever saw. The Curtiss people will take one up for one dollar per minute in other words fifteen dollars for fifteen minutes, not many people indulge. Large shops are maintained on the island and expert mechanics are at work all the time. One of the machines is valued at six thousand dollars. The island is under protection of U. S. soldiers from Ft. Rosecraus, which is situated nearby on Point Loma.

One of the most interesting of our trips was to Old Town where the town of San Diego was originally laid out. This is called one of the most hallowed and historical spots in all California — where the brown robed Franciscan Father, Junipera Serra, first planted the cross in 1769, here also General Fremont first planted the U. S. flag in 1846. We visited the monument which

(Concluded on page 4, column 2)

MILLION DOLLAR MYSTERY

EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT

Two Shows — 10 and 15 Cents — 8:30 and 9:30 O'clock

GARDEN THEATER