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DURING THE SPRING DAYS.

With the spring days, yard cleaning and house cleaning should start. Now is the time to paint, paper, scrub and remodel the home. There is a double object to be attained. Primarily our homes should be made as attractive as possible. In beautifying the home, employment will be created at a time when hundreds of families are in need. Instead of delaying improvements necessary to the upkeep of the homes, why not proceed immediately to order the work done?

Do not procrastinate.
Act today and enjoy the comfort of more beautiful surroundings.

HOLDING DOWN THE TAXES.

Governor Mabey was in Ogden on Wednesday in conference with the county commissioners, city commissioners, county and city school boards and other officials who make up the taxing units of Weber county. The governor had called the meeting for the purpose of discussing tax reductions, following his policy of urging a general scaling down of taxes throughout the state.

Governor Mabey said the state government would suffer a heavy decrease in revenue because the assessed valuation would drop from 15 to 20 per cent, but he was meeting the decrease by inaugurating economies in all departments. He urged that all subdivisions of the state do likewise.

In response to the governor's campaign for lower taxes, the county school board announced a prospective reduction in expenditures of \$75,000 and the city school board said that instead of \$620,000 asked for in 1921, a request for \$570,000 would be made this year. The county board said there would be a reduction in the county's demands. The city had maintained the same tax rate for four years and the announcement was made that Ogden was the only city of size in the intermountain country which had not increased its tax rate in the past two years. The rate at present is 8.05 mills. On a home assessed at \$2600, Ogden city receives only \$16.10.

At last the runaway tax condition which has prevailed during the last four years has been checked, and much credit is due the governor for the active part he has taken in making good his promises to the people.

SHOOTING OVER A SCHOOL ROW.

Last evening M. J. Christensen, 30 years of age, principal of the Uintah school, shot and dangerously wounded Lloyd Bybee, 18 years of age. The school teacher, in giving his side of the affair, said he was being waylaid by three boys and fired in self-defense.

The attack is said to have had its inception in a reprimand which it was necessary for the principal to pronounce against Orville Bybee, 14 years of age, and a brother of the wounded boy. The reprimand was resented and the Bybee boys threatened the teacher.

In order to maintain discipline in our schools, it is necessary that the authority of those in control be respected. If every time a teacher insists on obedience or respect, the students are permitted to raise a storm of objection, our schools will be destroyed.

Had the principal, when he met the boys on the highway, allowed himself to have been beaten, he would have lost his usefulness, and yet it is most regrettable that the teacher found it necessary to shoot in self protection.

This comment is based on the assumption that Principal Christensen's story of the occurrence is true.

When the quarrel was developing, it might have been good policy on the part of the school authorities to have transferred the principal, although to have done so would have tended to discredit the system, unless the transfer was made with great tact.

WOULD DO AWAY WITH LUXURIES.

A banker from Salt Lake, in addressing one of our clubs, advised that needless luxuries should be eliminated from the homes and expenditures generally should be cut down. This is his remedy for hard times.

When the country is in normal condition, the eliminating of luxuries is to be approved, but during abnormal times it is questionable whether the advice, if accepted, will help to restore prosperity.

In the United States, at present,

EVERETT TRUE BY CONDO

EVERY TIME I COME TO THIS THEATER ON TIME THE SHOW IS LATE ANYWHERE FROM FIFTEEN MINUTES TO HALF AN HOUR AND MORE! SEE IF WE CAN'T MAKE THIS THE LAST TIME!!!



DOGS AND TOGS GROW DAILY ROUGHER AND ROUGHER

Wire-Haired Breeds and Snappy Tweeds Are a Splendid Combination for the Out-Door Girl

Whether you are buying a new dog or a new street suit, the one thing you simply must remember is, "The rougher, the smarter."

Time was, and not so many years ago at that, when dogs and fabrics were smooth. For handsome gowns and wraps, women wore rich broadcloth and allied fabrics, for street and traveling suits, nothing more informal than serge or cheviot.

And in those days smooth-haired pure dogs, silky spaniels, dainty little Griffons were the accepted favorites of the canine world.

But rough dogs and rough togs have been creeping on us gradually for several years.

All over America today rough breeds and rough tweeds are in the forefront of fashion.

For the business woman, the sportswoman, or the shopper, as well as Miss Fifth Avenue out giving her wire-haired fox terrier its constitutional, already one perceives that nothing will be more popular for the spring of 1922 than the three-piece suit, which, in most of its versions, consists of but two pieces.

Sometimes the three-piece suit is really made of skirt, blouse and cape, but most frequently it consists of a simple, one-piece dress with a matching cape. Often the dress is sleeveless, of the genre once called "jumper," with which any sort of sport-silk or lingerie blouse may be worn.

Weather tweeds are in the limelight, heavier mixtures, wool jersey and the newer kasha, a delightful fabric with a very close, woolly weave, are ideal for the three-piece suit.

Siam is one of the few monarchies of the tropics.

It is just 25 years since wireless telegraphy was discovered by Marconi.



Berton Braley's Daily Poem The Return

THE RETURN.
I've rested and frolicked and frolicked
In Dixie-land's sunniest clime,
I've feasted and rambled and rollicked
And had a most marvelous time,
But now that the season is finished
And people are ceasing to roam,
The idlers are greatly diminished—
And I'm going home.

There may be some folks who are fretting
Because they're called back to the grind,
Who waste many moments regretting
The playground they're leaving behind,
For some people groan at endeavor
And hate it with hatred profound
And wish they could stay on forever
Just loafing around.

But when I know duty is calling
And beckoning me to my job,
To join in the labor enthralling
That keeps life intense and athrob,
Do I envy those who are slaying—
The idle, improvident few,
Who keep right on cheerfully playing?
You said it, I do.
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There is under-consumption. There is more of wheat, meat, clothing and other essentials than there is demand. Economizing by those who have money to spend further will reduce the demand.

Ordinarily a people should learn thrift, and always the poor should practice economy, but a radical re-employment now will increase unemployment.

The great slump came as a direct result of a buyers' strike against profiteering and started in the clothing lines, spread to other necessities and to luxuries and finally toppled over the whole structure of pyramided prices. Recovery, it is true, may be hastened by quickly getting down to bare necessities beyond which there can be no recession. But that is like performing a major surgical operation in order to save the patient's life.

Tom Sims Says

"Fastest humans are Paddock and Kirksby," say sport writers. We say the fastest human is the man who married fifteen times.

Many a house lacks paint because daughter and the auto don't.

"Tobacco Governor Ousted"—Mexican headline. Made it hot for him. He who laughs last laughs least. Man leaves nurse \$50,000. Bet the trained nurse went wild.

The hand that rocks the cradle doesn't pet the poodle dog.

Now they say Harding has 47 instead of 50 pairs of trousers. Maybe he wore out three pairs waiting for the fish to bite.

Exercising makes one get along well—exercising discretion. It's a wise man who won't admit he is.

"Cash down" is a fine motto, but a bad way for it to be.

The latest Hollywood crime is the way they put out comedies.

Our senate is making reservations, but it isn't going anywhere.

Senator France wants a motion picture machine in congress. They will

The RIDER OF GOLDEN BAR

by WILLIAM PATTERSON WHITE
©1921 by Little Brown and Company

(Continued From Our Last Issue.)
There he lay on his back, his legs and arms spread-eagled abroad, his body displaying the flattened appearance a corpse assumes for the first few hours after death. Rafe's throat had been slit from ear to ear. His head was cut open and lay in a pool of blood. His face was scored with scratches. There was blood on his coat and vest and shirt, they found on examination. The district attorney ripped open the shirt and found four distinct stab wounds in the region of Rafe's heart. From one of these wounds protruded the broken end of a broad-bladed knife.

"Pull it out," urged Sam Larder, with a slight shudder, his fat face so white that it showed green in the moonlight.

"Been dead about two hours," proffered the marshal.

"About that," agreed Felix. "What you lookin' at, Arthur?"

"This," replied the district attorney, holding up the handle of the butcher knife.

With his fingers he traced two initials on the wood. The initials were T. W.

"You can't tell me," said the district attorney, belligerently, "that this butcher knife didn't come from the stable?"

Sam Larder stated his belief at once. "She couldn't have done it, Arthur. Why Rafe's carved up like an issue steer."

"She's a woman," interrupted the district attorney. "And a woman will do anything when her dander is up. And we know what this particular woman will do when she's mad. Didn't she try to split open Nate Samson's head when he was hardly more than joking with her? I tell you this Hazel Walton is a murderer, and I'm going to see her hung."

CHAPTER XV.
Behind the corral of Guerilla Melody, at the tip end of Golden Bar, Main street, a small spring bubbled to life amid rocks.

On the night of the first of April, Guerilla reached the spring at eleven o'clock.

"I thought you were never coming," announced a peevish voice. "I've been waiting here since nine o'clock."

"You talk much louder, Bill," said Guerilla calmly, "and you'll wait here a while longer—say, about twenty years longer or fifteen, if the judge feels good-natured. Man alive, ain't you got any sense?"

"I was lonesome," Billy excused himself. "I've got to talk to somebody. And anyway, a feller hardly ever gets more'n ten years for a hold-up where nobody's killed."

"But where somebody is killed the penalty is worth considerin'," pointed out Guerilla Melody. "And Tip O'Gorman was found yesterday morning lying on the floor of his front room dead as Julius Caesar, with your quirt beside him, and your snakeskin husband inside the door."

"Tip killed 'em!"

"Yes, Tip, and on account of the quirt and the husband there's a warrant issued for you for the murder, and two posies are out looking for you."

"I saw them," said Billy placidly. "And Tip ain't the only one cashed. Rafe Tuckleton passed out last night."

"How?"

"Throat cut, head cut, and three hell cuts through his heart," Hazel Walton is in jail charged with the job.

Being a Boy at Sixty

is a matter of retaining the health of youth — and that comes from proper food and proper exercise. Health is always buoyant, always hopeful, always on the jump. Eat more

Shredded Wheat

with green vegetables and fruits — that's the secret of youth and strength — but be sure it is the whole wheat prepared in a digestible form. Shredded Wheat Biscuit is 100 per cent whole wheat, made digestible by steam-cooking, shredding and baking.

Two Biscuits with milk or cream make a complete, nourishing meal. Delicious with peaches, berries, raisins, prunes, sliced bananas and other fruits. TRISCUIT is the Shredded Wheat cracker—a real whole wheat toast—eaten with butter or soft cheese.

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and now," Billy paused. "About Miss Walton," he continued in his former tone. "I'll give you your choice. If she isn't out of jail and the warrant against her withdrawn by noon tomorrow, I give you my word that I'll down you on or before midnight Sunday. And I have a habit of keeping my promises."

"All right," capitulated the district attorney.

CHAPTER XVI.

A month had passed and Billy Wingo, now far south of Golden Bar, knew that his quest was nearly ended. In the past four weeks Billy had grown

He was aiming a rifle at another man ensconced behind a cutbank.

A presentable beard, had met up with Johnny Dawson, a friend of his youth, and had three times crossed the trail of Dan Slike. His latest information was that Slike and Jack Murray were inseparable.

Finally the morning came when Billy and Dawson believed they had Slike in their grasp. They could hear his rifle as they gazed down from the hill on a scene that had many counterparts in the west.

A quarter-mile out from the base of the hill was a tiny fire, beyond which lay a hog-tied calf. Beyond the calf a man sprawled behind the body of a pony. He was aiming a rifle at another man ensconced below a cutbank bordering a small creek. This second man was not clearly visible.

Between this man and the fan behind the pony were three hundred yards of ground as flat as a floor.

Billy swept the background of the cutbank man with his glasses. "There are two horses tied behind a windfall alongside those rocks. Where's the other man?"

"There's the other man," said Dawson, pointing fifty yards down stream from the cutbank. "What's he doing—drinking?"

Billy turned his glasses. "He ain't drinking," he said soberly. "His head's under water."

"I'm sure hoping he ain't Dan Slike," Dawson said matter-of-factly. "Me too. What—"

For the man behind the cutbank was climbing up and walking out into plain sight of the man behind the pony. The man behind the pony did not fire.

"He's cashed all right," Billy remarked suddenly. "He looked so natural he fooled me."

They ran down the reverse slope of the flat-topped hill, cut across the creek and approached the horses tied behind the windfall.

"Tell you," said Dawson, "loosen the cinches, then no matter which horse he tops he'll jerk himself down."

Both saddles were carefully doctored.

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

Head of a common shark is full of glue of highly valuable commercial quality.

Arid deserts of western Australia are being irrigated by artesian wells.

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COMING

THE BIRTH OF A RACE

ALHAMBRA

March 29