

\$.20, parish \$5.00, Confederate Veteran \$.01, good roads \$.01, school \$.04, interest \$.04, costs \$3.75. Total \$4.55.

Stokes, H. C.—2 acres, 1 acre square in southwest corner of southwest quarter of southwest quarter section 31, township 21, range 15; 1 acre square in extreme northwest corner of northeast quarter of southwest quarter section 32, township 21, range 15, book 39, page 251. State tax \$.25, parish \$.62, Confederate Veteran \$.01, good roads \$.01, school \$.15, interest \$.06, costs \$3.75. Total \$4.85.

Stuart, Frank Q.—20 acres south half of southwest quarter of northwest quarter section 34, township 17, range 15. State tax \$.20, parish \$.50, Confederate Veteran \$.01, good roads \$.01, interest \$.04, costs \$3.75. Total \$4.52.

Taylor, E. J.—Acre lots 14 15 18 23 28 in northeast quarter of northeast quarter section 15, township 21, range 16. State tax \$1.25, parish \$3.13, Confederate Veteran \$.05, good roads \$.06, school \$.12, interest \$.29, costs \$9.78. Total \$14.78.

Thompson, A. G.—Lot 114 Caddo Realty & Devl. Co. section 2, township 20, range 16. State tax \$.10, parish \$.25, Confederate Veteran \$.01, good roads \$.01, school \$.10, interest \$.03, costs \$3.75. Total \$4.25.

Tieree, A. B.—Part of block 19 Ida Annex. State tax \$.75, parish \$1.88, Confederate Veteran \$.03, good roads \$.04, school \$.75, interest \$.18, costs \$3.75. Total \$7.38.

Tucker, Rose—Lot 67 Thomas subdivision. State tax \$.40, parish \$1.00, Confederate Veteran \$.02, good roads \$.02, school \$.08, interest \$.06, costs \$3.75. Total \$5.35.

Van Norte, W. H.—Acre lot 50 in west half of northwest quarter section 10, township 19, range 16. State tax \$.05, parish \$.13, Confederate Veteran \$.01, good roads \$.01, school \$.03, interest \$.03, costs \$3.75. Total \$4.01.

Victory, Mrs. Mary—Lot 36 subdivision of lots 5 6 7 14 15 16 17, west half lots 3 4 13 18, book 67, page 795. State tax \$.65, parish \$1.13, Confederate Veteran \$.01, good roads \$.01, interest \$.03, costs \$3.75. Total \$5.58.

Wainright & Station—Lot 23 block 7 Fairfield Heights. State tax \$.25, parish \$.62, Confederate Veteran \$.01, good roads \$.01, school \$.05, interest \$.05, costs \$3.75. Total \$4.74.

Walden, R. H.—Acre lots 29 34 35 40 in northeast quarter of northeast quarter section 15, township 21, range 16. State tax \$.50, parish \$1.25, Confederate Veteran \$.01, good roads \$.01, school \$.50, interest \$.12, costs \$3.75. Total \$6.16.

Walker Mrs. E. E.—Lot 2 block A College Heights. State tax \$.10, parish \$.25, Confederate Veteran \$.01, good roads \$.01, school \$.02, interest \$.02, costs \$3.75. Total \$4.17.

Wall, Mrs. S. F.—Lot 194 Caddo Realty, lot 194 sq. 1-4 of section 34, township 21, range 15. State tax \$.25, parish \$.63, Confederate Veteran \$.01, good roads \$.01, levee \$.20, school \$.09, interest \$.06, costs \$3.75. Total \$5.00.

Wallis, I. W.—1 acre lot 169 in west half section 12, township 20, range 15. State tax \$.10, parish \$.25, Confederate Veteran \$.01, good roads \$.01, levee \$.20, school \$.09, interest \$.06, costs \$3.75. Total \$4.41.

Wilford, John—Lots 8 and 13 of block 3 Fairfield Place. State tax \$.25, parish \$.67, Confederate Veteran \$.01, good roads \$.02, school \$.07, interest \$.07, costs \$3.75. Total \$5.44.

Williams, Ed M.—Acre lot 20 in west half of northwest quarter section 10, township 19, range 16. State tax \$.05, parish \$.13, Confederate Veteran \$.01, good roads \$.01, school \$.03, interest \$.03, costs \$3.75. Total \$4.01.

Williams, Miss Louise—Lots 61 and 62 Caddo Realty & Devl. Co. of 4 3-4 acres northwest quarter of northwest quarter section 2, township 20, range 16. State tax \$.10, parish \$.25, Confederate Veteran \$.01, good roads \$.01, school \$.10, interest \$.03, costs \$3.75. Total \$4.25.

Willig, F. Frantz—One lot 56 in east half of southeast quarter section 5, township 19, range 16. State tax \$.05, parish \$.13, Confederate Veteran \$.01, good roads \$.01, school \$.03, interest \$.03, costs \$3.75. Total \$4.01.

On said day of sale I will sell such portions of said property as each debtor shall point out, and in case the debtor shall not point out sufficient property, I will sell at once and without further delay, the least specific quantity of said property of any debtor which any bidder will buy for the amount of taxes, interest and costs due by said debtor.

The sale will be without appraisal, for cash in legal tender money of the United States, and the property sold shall be redeemable at any time for the space of one year by paying the price given, including costs, with 20 per cent thereon.

J. P. FLOURNOY,  
Sheriff, ex-Officio Auctioneer,  
May 13, 1913.

**Notice**

To Mortgage Creditors of the Parish of Caddo, State of Louisiana.

In conformity with section 63, Act No. 85 of 1868, and the laws in such cases, as provided, notice is hereby given to all parties holding mortgages upon real estate located in the Parish of Caddo and State of Louisiana, on which taxes for the year 1912 have not been paid, that I will begin the sale of same at the court house door on

**SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1913,**  
at 11 a.m., that a number of pieces of property so delinquent are now being advertised in this newspaper in conformity with the law, preparatory to such sale. The attention of mortgage creditors is especially called to those advertisements of tax sales, and they are warned to take such steps prior to the sale as may be necessary to protect their rights.

J. P. FLOURNOY,  
Sheriff, ex-Officio Auctioneer,  
Caucasian, May 14, 1913.

If it is a question of quality and price when it comes to stationery we would like to show you what we have to offer. Phone 1000.

# King Akentolem's Ring

What Its Discovery Brought Into a Scientist's Life

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Professor Fenton looked up from his desk in the curator's private office, and his absent gaze strayed down the long vista of glass cases that bordered the main aisle of the Egyptian room in the Freemantle museum.

Coming up the aisle was a girl dressed in white. Her face was a lovely creation of cream and pink tints, with golden brown eyes that matched the satin smooth sheen of her hair and delicately arched brows. Her form was slender and graceful.

The curator of Freemantle museum would have summed up the charms of Eve Langham in the following words: "Ah, yes! Miss Langham is a most estimable young woman, a very valuable assistant, remarkably well informed. But, as I was saying," etc., and he resumed his talk upon fossils.

Now, when Professor Fenton saw his assistant approaching his office his eyes lighted up with enthusiasm, not over her beauty, which he had never noticed, but because he recognized in her a fellow worker who would be rejoiced at the discovery he had just made.

Miss Langham paused on the threshold. "It is 3 o'clock, Professor Fenton," she said pleasantly. "If you do not need me any longer I will go. Andrew has closed the doors for the day."

"Just a moment, Miss Langham," returned the curator, tapping the sheet of glass that protected an ancient papyrus on his desk. "I have made a most interesting discovery in this last letter of King Akentolem to his queen."

"Indeed? Do tell me about it," Eve sat down and folded her hands.

The professor leaned over the papyrus and adjusted the eyeglasses on the bridge of his handsome nose.

"You will recollect that I read to you the first portion of the letter wherein he described his illness and begs her to hasten her homecoming? This is my discovery—some of the hieroglyphs were almost undecipherable, but that new Byran magnifier brought them out plainly." He picked up a memorandum pad and read impressively: "Also, my beloved, your messenger delivered to me the emerald ring, and this I will wear upon my finger even after death has claimed me for his own. It pledges our mutual love." That, of course, you understand, Miss Langham, is a free translation. History says that King Akentolem died



"I HAVE MADE A MOST INTERESTING DISCOVERY IN KING AKENTOLEM'S LETTER," on the eve of his queen's return home. So the ring that pledged their love must still encircle his royal finger unless it was removed before his body was mummified."

Eve nodded. "You mean to see if it is still there?" she asked.

"I must. You see, its presence there will establish beyond doubt that it is the mummy of Akentolem that I unearthed in Lobes and brought home. Of course this ancient papyrus found in the case with the mummy is evidence enough, but you know the fascination of piling evidence on actual proof!" Professor Fenton smiled whimsically at his assistant, and Eve smiled in sympathy.

"You are going to look for it now?" she asked a little breathlessly.

"Not until morning. I thought I would ask you to be here an hour before the doors open—say 9 o'clock. Then the sun will be shining through that east window where the mummy case is, and it will afford us an excellent light for investigation. Will it be convenient for you to come?"

"I shall be delighted," said Eve, rising to go. "You know that I will not miss the finding of that link of evidence for anything."

"Thank you. Good night, Miss Langham." And ere Eve's light step had passed through the doorway the cur-

tor's dark head was bent over the papyrus.

For an instant Eve paused there, looking wistfully back at him. Almost any one in Freemantle, especially the young men, would have scoffed at the idea of Eve Langham being in love with Professor Fenton—Eve Langham, who was the prettiest girl in the town and who could have had her pick of the eligible bachelors. But it is a fact that Eve's eyes suddenly filled with tears and that she turned and fled down a side aisle to the cloakroom.

Standing in the doorway she shook her fist at the collection of Egyptian relics—at the mummy cases ranged against the walls, at the ancient tomb furniture in the glass cases, at the cabinets of scarabs and Egyptian jewelry.

"Ugh! How I hate every one of you!" sobbed Eve in sudden fury.

The sun was streaming through the delicately tinted glass of the window beside which stood the beautifully painted mummy case of King Akentolem.

Professor Fenton had arrived early at the museum and busied himself with preparations for the removal of the wrappings with which the mummy was encased. He was in a slight tremor of excitement, anxious to begin the task that promised so much from a scientific point of view. What would his investigations disclose? Might not he make a discovery that would throw light on the mysteries of bygone ages and perhaps win fame in the eyes of science? So he mused as he waited the coming of his assistant, Miss Langham.

Andrew, the porter, brought two benches, and with Professor Fenton's help he lifted the heavy case and laid it on the benches and removed the cover.

Within that were folds of yellowed cere cloth, and when these had been removed, there was disclosed the shrunken form of the king who 3,000 years before had ruled over the land of Egypt.

Just then the clock struck 9, and Eve appeared in the alcove, beautiful, clear eyed, white robed.

"Good morning, Miss Langham; you are just in time," greeted the professor delightedly. "It is my intention, of course, merely to examine the hands of the king. I would not do this, you understand, if I had not myself discovered the mummy and were not about to present it to the museum. I don't want any doubt concerning the identity of my gift."

"Of course not. I hope you don't want me to touch any of the—the gummy cloths." She shuddered a little as the professor gently touched the left hand of the mummy.

"Of course not—of course not. I merely want you to be here to sort of share my enthusiasm. I should lose heart in the discovery if you were not here. The very instant I discovered the secret of the Cheve papyrus you will recollect that I called you by telephone at once to rejoice with me!"

Eve laughed. "I remember; it was after midnight and mother believed that it was to announce bad news. It gave us quite a scare."

"Very inconsiderate of me," murmured Professor Fenton, still busied over his task of removing the wrappings.

Eve leaned against the wall and watched his handsome intellectual face bending over the mummy case. He was barely thirty-eight, and his hair was graying at the temples, but his eyes were dark blue and very bright, and a closely cropped dark mustache broke the severity of his classic features. He was big and broad shouldered and very lovable in a big, blundering, self-absorbed sort of way.

"Ha!" he said suddenly, and Eve leaned over the case. There came up a sweet, spicy fragrance of benzoin and myrrh and cedar.

"What have you discovered?" breathed Eve.

"The ring is there—see the lump under the bandage?"

The professor continued to unwind the linen, and Eve, forgetful of the gressiveness of the task, watched him eagerly. At last the ring was disclosed on the shriveled digit—fourth finger of the left hand, counting the thumb—the "finger of the heart," as it has been called—a tarnished silver setting, rich with heavy carving, and sunk within the shank a large greenish stone whose coloring was blurred through contact with the gummy bandages: the two onlookers, the clever scientist and the girl who had tried to become a scientist and had only succeeded in being a very sweet and lovable girl.

"Three thousand years ago," murmured the professor in an awed tone. He slipped the ring from the finger and held it in his palm. "The pledge of their mutual love," he went on, turning to Eve. "The story of their love has quite outlived any great deeds he ever accomplished. History has not afforded us much material of the sort. It speaks of him as a great king and one beloved of all his people and greatly mourned by his queen."

He looked dreamily down at the ring in his palm. He turned it over and examined the dull polished surface within. He looked closer to read the faint scratchings of tiny word pictures. "It says something here," he muttered.

"What does it say?" asked Eve absently. She was young, and the summer world outside was clamorous of love and joy and sunshine.

"It says—bless me, it says, 'Love is all.' Three thousand years ago Akentolem and his queen discovered that riches were as dross, wisdom did not count, honors were empty and that love was everything—love was all!" John Fenton lifted his head and looked with startled eyes at Eve, but she did not see him.

She was turned toward the open

sunny window, where a bird was swinging on a maple branch. Beyond was a glimpse of distant blue hills and a silver thread where the river flowed. Outside it was June—inside the cool dimness of the museum, with the scent of centuries old relics about them—it was 3,000 years ago.

What a pitiful thing in a world where only love counted, where love was all! The professor passed a hand over his bewildered eyes and looked at Eve with a new vision.

Suddenly he knew that she was very beautiful, and the knowledge tore at his newly awakened heart. She could not be beautiful for him. He was old and dry as dust, and she—she was like June. She had brought June and roses into the museum, and he had marveled at his own quiet contentment in his work.

She might leave him any moment. Any day she might come and tell him she was going to be married to one of the youths of the town. He would lose her. And he had just learned from King Akentolem, who had lived centuries before Christ, that in the end only love mattered.

Eve turned suddenly, and their eyes met. Such an unexpected discovery



"THE RING IS THERE—SEE THE LUMP UNDER THE BANDAGE!" SAID THE PROFESSOR.

as she read in the curator's eyes sent a rosy tide to Eve's cheeks, and her eyes drooped to the ring in his palm.

"You are going to put it back?" she whispered.

"Yes," he said in a low tone vibrant with meaning. "I was going to keep it out, but it has taught me something, and I shall return it to him now." He leaned over and slipped the ring back on the shriveled finger. He straightened up then and smiled down at Eve from his superior height.

"King Akentolem brought me a message down through the ages—love is all. I have just discovered that—that my love for you means everything to me. Without it my life will be a blank. With your love, Eve, life will be always June!"

Eve lifted dewy eyes to his, and her little hands crept shyly out to meet his. After awhile he took a plain ring from his little finger and slipped it on the third finger of her left hand. "It was my mother's wedding ring," he whispered in her ear.

The sun shone in and transformed the museum into a place of flickering golden shadows. The mummy of the ancient king slept quietly there. Outside a bird sang sweetly.

It was June everywhere that morning.

**Weight of a Pencil Mark.**

The scales used by the assayer in his work are the most delicate of the appliances used in the assay office, although the large balances, upon which the deposits are weighed, are themselves of extreme accuracy. But the assayer's scales take the palm. They are sensitive to one two-hundredths milligram. Fearing that it will not be realized what this means it will be explained further. These scales will weigh a lead pencil mark. Some time when you are in the assay office depositing the hypothetical gold from the hypothetical mine ask the assayer to weigh a piece of paper an inch square. After he has done this make a mark across this paper with a soft pencil, and you will be surprised to see that it is possible to weigh this mark. It will weigh anywhere from one to three one-hundredths of a milligram, depending upon the softness of the pencil and the breadth of the mark. of course.—Scientific American.

**The Happiest Man.**

Take the happiest man, the one most envied in the world, and in nine cases out of ten his inmost consciousness is one of failure. Either his ideals in the line of his achievements are pitched far higher than the achievements themselves or else he has secret ideals of which the world knows nothing and in regard to which he inwardly knows himself to be found wanting. When such a conquering optimist as Goethe can express himself in this wise, how must it be with less successful men!

"I will say nothing," writes Goethe in 1824, "against the course of my existence. But at bottom it has been nothing but pain and burden, and I can affirm that during the whole of my seventy-four years I have not had four weeks of genuine well being. It is but the perpetual rolling of a rock that must be raised up again forever."—From William James' "Vanities of Religious Experience."

## FOR THE CHILDREN

### For Boys Who Play Ball.

Professional baseball players play the game for the love of the game and because they make their living in that way. So they play it for all it is worth, and their whole waking time is spent in the perfection of the game and in the attempt to make its fine points finer.

Realizing this, the college team has all too often "gone the professional one better" in the multiplicity and complications of its signals.

Don't make the same mistake. Don't have too many signals. Don't make them complicated.

Four signs for catcher to pitcher, four signs from pitcher to catcher—that is all you should need to bother with.

"Hit!" "The hit and run," "a bunt" (or sacrifice) and "wait!" between bench and batter—these are sufficient.

"Steal!" a signal between the coach and the runner; "Will hit next ball!" a sign from batter to runner.

If you have a simple code for all these things you have plenty for the average lads' game, and if you have them well learned and if you agree to obey signs and stick to it, other things being equal, you will seldom fall to vanquish the other nine in your league or neighborhood.

The Woodman came into a forest and made a petition to the Trees to provide him a handle for his ax.

The Trees, honored by his civility, acceded to his request and held a consultation to decide which of them should be given to him.

Without a dissenting voice the choice fell upon the Ash, which it seems is not a favorite among the Trees. Some of them were bold enough to say that bad luck went with the Ash and that at heart they were not bound to be in sympathy with woodcutters.

The Woodman cut down the Tree and fitted the handle to his ax, then to the dismay of the Trees, set to work and with strong strokes quickly felled all the noblest giants of the forest.

Lamenting too late the fate of his companions, an old Oak said to a neighboring Cedar:

"The first step has lost us all. If we had not so willingly given up the rights of the Ash we might have stood for ages."

**A Dog's Intelligence.**

Animals as a rule understand who their friends are. A Washingtonian tells the story of the dog whose eyes had been treated by an oculist to his great relief. The trouble returned, and the dog's master determined to take him to the oculist's a second time.

Film Film seemed to know where he was going, for on entering the square where the oculist had his office he raced ahead of his master and up the step where he had been but once before and on the door being opened bolted straight for the treatment room.

This time the treatment was a sine solution that was very severe and brought the water in streams from the patient's eyes, but he took it with his nose in the air, never wincing, and the only sign of feeling he made was to hold out one paw pathetically for his master's hand.

**Oddities of Genius.**

Of the great philosopher Samuel Johnson it is said that the doctor was remarkable in his school days for his habit of putting off disagreeable tasks for an indefinite period. His extraordinary memory enabled him to easily perform his tasks when once fairly started. He greatly enjoyed being carried into school every morning by three of his schoolfellows and in return for the distinction thus afforded him often helped them very materially with their lessons. He cared little for the usual games, but invented a winter pastime which always gave him great delight when he could indulge in it. This was to go upon the ice in his bare feet with a rope fastened to his waist and be dragged about at a high rate of speed by a hilarious group of school fellows.

**Old Sailor.**

This game will be fun for the smaller children. They must first "count out" to see which one will be the old sailor. All then stand in line except the old sailor, who comes limping up and says to the first child:

Here comes an old sailor from Baffin bay. What have you got to give him today?

He may then ask any question he chooses from the players in turn, but if in answering him any player uses the word "yes" or "no" or "black" or "white" that one must become old sailor, and the questioner takes his place in the line.

**The Penny Post.**

When Rowland Hill first proposed what was called "the penny post" everybody thought it was a joke, for up to that time it had cost 50 cents to send a letter from one end of England to the other. From the very first, however, the postal system was a success, and now every country in the world has it. It is hard to realize that the very first letter which traveled to its destination for 2 cents was mailed in the days of Queen Victoria's reign—the good queen who did not get a great many years ago.

**Taking Dolly's Picture.**

Do sit still  
Now, Dolly, please!  
Do not fidget!  
Do not sneeze!  
If you wiggle,  
Dear, or laugh,  
You may spoil  
Your photograph!

**The Venire.**

List of jurors for the criminal venire for the weeks beginning the third and fourth Mondays in June and the first and second Mondays in July, and list of jurors for the civil venire for the weeks beginning the third and fourth Mondays in June.

For the week commencing the third Monday in June 1913, for the trial of criminal cases:

- |                      |                     |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| 4 White, Walter      | 1 Bloxom, W. M.     |
| 3 Ivey, J. F.        | 4 Scanlon, A. J.    |
| 4 Lavigne, H.        | 4 Honaker, J. P. Jr |
| 7 Corbitt, P. C.     | 4 Harris, John      |
| 4 Whitby, W. D.      | 4 Quigles, J. A.    |
| 4 Cooper, W. B.      | 1 Glassell, A. C.   |
| 4 Church, Lee        | 7 Shirley, J. W.    |
| 3 Bostwick, R. B.    | 4 Gustine, Lem      |
| 4 Rogers, L. B.      | 4 Foster, J. C.     |
| 3 Ivey, J. F.        | 5 Gill, R. D.       |
| 4 Fullilove, W. J.   | 1 Perry, T. E.      |
| 4 Hamilton, D. B.    | 2 Gutting, O. J.    |
| 4 Brice, W. O.       | 1 Wemple, H. V.     |
| 4 Caldwell, O. G.    | 4 Dillon, W. F.     |
| 3 Garlick, R. M.     |                     |
| 1 Douglass, Robt. G. |                     |

For the week commencing the fourth Monday in June 1913, for the trial of criminal cases:

- |                         |                    |
|-------------------------|--------------------|
| 1 Hardcastle, T. H.     |                    |
| 2 Hoss, George          | 4 Elstner, C. H.   |
| 8 Jones, H. C.          | 4 Deal, Charles    |
| 3 Elder, W. P.          | 4 Conway, W. F.    |
| 4 Rioux, A.             | 4 Deas, D. H.      |
| 4 Merriwether, James S. |                    |
| 1 Tyson, John           | 4 Hodge, W. L.     |
| 1 Peak, J. N.           | 8 Musser, G. W. Jr |
| 4 Shepherd, Charles     |                    |
| 2 Rickard, F. S.        | 4 Gossett, T. R.   |
| 4 Van Loan A. A.        | 4 Fort, J. T.      |
| 4 Boisseau, J. H.       | 4 Hearn, H. B.     |
| 4 Sagstetter, W. H.     |                    |
| 4 Sanders, N. W.        | 4 Adams, George    |
| 4 Bryant, L. G.         | 2 Evans, D. M.     |
| 4 Bayersdorfer, W. J.   |                    |
| 4 Seaman, Ed            | 5 Lawton, W. P.    |
| 1 Hoffmeister, N. B.    |                    |

For the week commencing the first Monday in July 1913, for the trial of criminal cases:

- |                      |                   |
|----------------------|-------------------|
| 6 Robinson, W. H.    | 2 Muslow, Ike     |
| 4 Manahan, L. N.     | 2 Fowler, Lake    |
| 2 Burney, Emmet      | 4 Bryson, B. G.   |
| 6 Moses, T. C.       | 4 Parker, J. D.   |
| 2 Cook, J. P.        | 4 Norvell, Hill   |
| 4 Palmer, Howell S.  |                   |
| 4 Wise, G. A. Jr.    | 4 Hanna, R. E.    |
| 4 McLure, H. S.      | 4 Rogers, J. I.   |
| 4 Best, W. C.        | 4 Burch, J. S.    |
| 1 Kirklm, Everette   |                   |
| 4 Smith, F. N.       | 4 Kent, J. H.     |
| 6 Moss, R. B.        | 4 Kahn, Ralph Jr. |
| 4 Barfield, A. A.    | 4 Boney, R. C.    |
| 4 Scott, J. P. Jr.   | 8 Sempe, J. H.    |
| 4 Jeter, S. I.       | 4 Steele, M. W.   |
| 4 Tucker, T. M.      |                   |
| 4 Williams, J. Perry |                   |

For the week commencing the second Monday in July 1913 for the trial of criminal cases:

- |                     |                  |
|---------------------|------------------|
| 1 Lay, J. J.        | 4 Bailey, E.     |
| 4 Svarva, Carl      | 2 Rickard, F. S. |
| 2 Barlow, John      | 4 Caplan, L. M.  |
| 4 Shropshire, W. W. |                  |
| 4 Sanders, F. D.    | 4 Atlaway, D.    |
| 4 McGrath, J. K.    | 8 Webb, F. F.    |
| 4 McLean, R. H.     | 3 McCain, E. L.  |
| 4 Kennedy, P. W.    | 4 Hartman, L. E. |
| 4 May, C. F. W.     | 4 Hanna, B. M.   |
| 4 Gatti, Hal M.     | 4 Weil, Charles  |
| 4 Quarles, C. B.    | 1 Loyd, Wm. H.   |
| 1 Cavett, A. N.     | 4 Fulmer, J. W.  |
| 4 Ramey, H. E.      | 4 Pipes, A. C.   |
| 4 Bell, J. W.       | 4 Lemle, Simon   |
|                     |                  |