

with the Secretary of the Interior for about \$35 per acre and the work has cost anyway over \$75 per acre, maybe more when all of it is completed, but the work in Lower Yuma Valley is about done, with the exception of some \$60,000, which is arranged for to be done right away.

"Well," I said, "what is the government going to do?"

"The only thing they can do," he answered, "is to assess the charges against the land and demand payment for the same. I have made my report to Washington today, and this is what I have recommended be done."

Tomorrow the Examiner will tell why the "Farmers of the Yuma Project Should Not Pay for River Protection Work."

SEMI-ANNUAL REPORT M. E. SUNDAY SCHOOL

Beginning January 1, there were twenty-two Sundays to May 31, 1915. The daily average attendance was 115.86; for 1914 it was 66.1; nine teachers, daily attendance 97½ per cent; six officers, daily attendance 92 per cent; percentage attendance on enrollment was 86 per cent; Star Class Banner, Sunbeam Girls 7; class No. 6, 6; class No. 2, 4; class No. 3, 2; class No. 4, 1; class No. 5, 1. Sunday school organized as missionary on February 7; collection in four months, \$22.65; the finances are in good shape; 50 Bibles, average; 48 additions to the church from the Sunday school—16 adults and 32 young.

NORWEGIAN CITIES TO RUN THE MOVIES

The Norwegian Diet recently passed a law providing that the licenses of all motion picture theatres in Norway shall expire in 1916. The cities may then renew the licenses or establish municipal motion picture shows. And many of the cities propose to show educational films in municipalized theatres, thinking the surplus earnings of the theatres will increase the city revenues. The proprietors of the motion picture houses will lose their business without compensation, although some of the cities are extending the time for canceling the licenses until 1918.

Let's see, it wasn't Bryan, but President Woody, who marched up the hill and then marched down again—at Vera Cruz.

E. M. Dickerman, prominent Republican politician and Elk of Tucson, visited Yuma yesterday.

PORTER IS WEARY FROM THE WHIMS OF THE BEAUTIFUL GIRLS

(By Norton Hayes, in L. A. Record)
A Pullman porter, wan and almost pale descended wearily from the steps of a beauty special car. He looked wilted, mentally and physically. A badge, bearing the inscription, "Welcome to the National Beauties," was pinned awry on his coat.

I recognized in him a kindred spirit. I, too, was wilted after my trip to San Bernardino, where we met the 60 beauties. Too much association with collective beauty first exhilarates, then dazes.

I followed him to his lock-room to seek relief from the press of movie cowboys, pretty girls, officials and the merry villagers who had gathered to welcome the Universal special.

"Whew!" he exclaimed, as he mopped the dust of the Santa Fe trail from his moist forehead. "This heah pohterin' on one of these beauty trains aint like what I thought it was goin' to be."

Kept Him Busy "Pohterin'"
"Tell me about it," I suggested, and the porter took my cigar.

"Aint nothin' to tell, 'cept workin'," he answered. "Seems like when you-all get nothin' but lively girls on a cyah, keeps a pohter busier'n a houn' dawn in Missouri."

"They shu' was a right lively outfit. Jes' up to somethin' ALL th' time. If they aint fixin' to fin' somethin' fer me to do, they're gettin' lost, or gettin' their trappin's mixed up."

There was a mental picture of a sleeping car with a score of beauties all demanding the same attention at the same time. I hinted as much.

"Aint nothin' to tell 'bout that. They jes' ask questions, that's all. It's 'pohter, wheah's my comb?' an' 'pohter, is this waist wahm enough foah the weathah heah?' an' 'pohter, do you think that squeakin' soun' is anythin' the mattah with th' train."

"Come night time an' you know how them berth's made up. Ev-rythin' in th' aisles. Folks traipsin' up an' down. Huh! They's all right nice girls, you know, how 'tis when a person aint been on a sleepah only for the firs' time, like some."

Whew! It's An Awful Strain
"An' in the mohnin', all of 'em's tryin' to pretty theyselves at the same time. Each one's fussin' to be the beautiest beauty of all. An' gettin' in each otheh's way. Sometimes they act jes' like play-actresses what's all jealous of somethin'."

"Huccom them chaperonesses can stan' up under all that strain? Seems like I'd go clean crazy, with all them young girls to follow after. An' all of 'em tellin' they love-secrets."

They's that Miss Gloria Fonda, out of See-attle. All th' time, each time a train stops, looks as if she's gettin' proposals from these cow boys what's teeterin' up to th' train to see the beauties. Yes, sah!

"Come a cow boy on th' train he sees her an' right away proposes. Don' think nothin' but what she got

nothin' bettah to do than get right clean off'n get married."

I thought of the trail of love-smitten youth blazed across the continent by the special. Like the sailors, the beauty girls left a sweetheart at every stop. (There are rumors of more than one romance growing out of the trip.)

"Yes, sah," the porter continued. "One time 'roun' Denver they's a travelin' man gets on the train an' sort of perks up to one of the girls. 'Wheah you-all goin', my pretty maid?' he asks."

"An' the girl speaks up right smaht, 'I've been wheah I'm goin', and now you go on wheah you-all goin'.' That travelin' man jest nachully faded away. But they ain' nothin' to tell 'bout that."

They All Want to be Stars

The excitement of meeting at one time the prettiest girl of each state began when the special car carrying the greeters of the party reached San Bernardino. There was a band, and a group of summer youths from the studio, and a comedy company ready to do its funny tricks on the arrival of the special, and everybody the Universal outfit could muster.

It was not until the special arrived, though, that my real troubles began. Imagine my having to get a story out of a trainful of girls who had been entertained all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and to whom life is just one beauty contest after another.

Each one was sure hers was the particular style of beauty that would win the grand prize to be decided in Los Angeles. Each one with whom I talked admitted that she wanted to work in the movies.

A movie director told me that he had been asked 17 times for a job.

As I reviewed my rapid-fire conversations with the girls, I was sure that I had promised my best efforts for each of them.

And in three brunettes, at least, I admitted seeing a style like Mary Pickford's; while two blondes, I assured them, were the exact images of Lillian Gish.

Such is the demoralizing effect of a trainload of beauties on a mere man.

COAL LADEN BOAT SUNK BY TORPEDO

LONDON, June 16.—The British steamer Strathnairn bound from Cardiff to Archangel, Russia, with coal, was torpedoed and sunk in the Irish channel. Eleven of the crew were landed at Milfordhaven. The captain and the rest of the crew were drowned when the boat in which they had taken refuge, capsized.

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HALO FOR MOUNTAIN TO NORTH OF TUCSON

(Special to the Yuma Daily Examiner)

TUCSON, June 17.—Marble Peak in the Santa Catalina mountains, the back drop of the scenery of the north of this city, will have a halo of electric light when the Stratton Copper Co. begins to operate its claims next fall. C. N. Wilson of Indianapolis, president of the company, which was recently incorporated and purchased the claims, told about the project of installing an electric light plant. The claims are in a ring about the peak, near its top. As a mine is operated by night as well as day for the sake of economy, the workings and roads around the claims must be brilliantly lighted.

The Cababi Silver mine in the desert to the southwest is a brilliant spot at night in the waste of greasewood and cactus. It is a white way in the desert.

INDIAN AGENT SELLS TO REWARD PAPAGOS

(Special to the Yuma Daily Examiner)

TUCSON, June 17.—Indian Commissioner Cato Sells is expected here soon to look into the affairs of the Papago Indians and decide what they are entitled to from the government.

Not as much has been done for them as for other tribes. There is a feeling among the whites that the Indians are deserving of a substantial reward for the assistance given by their ancestors forty years and more ago in aiding the white to stand off the attacks of the Apaches. Papagos participated in the celebrated Camp Grant massacre. Led by four white men, all of whom are now dead, they fell upon a camp of Apaches from the Fort Grant reservation who had camped in the Tucson mountains on one of their horse stealing and ranch raiding expeditions. The Apaches were all slain, men, women and children. Indictments were returned against all of the party and one of the white men, Sidney De Long, was tried, but a jury could not be found to convict him.

ENGINEERS FIGHT BOOZE

By a unanimous vote the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, meeting in Cleveland, indorsed state and national prohibition. Consequently the dry cause has perhaps the strongest body of union men in the world back of it.

Here is what one of the engineers said after the resolution had been passed:

"This is simply an indication of the trend of the times. Engineers of North America have been trained for years that drink and efficiency do not run hand in hand. If anyone needs a clear head it is the man in the cab. The fellow back in the sleeper may drink a cocktail if he wants to, but we who have to keep watching signals every minute know that if we are not at our best the man in the sleeper and we ourselves will pay our lives for carelessness."