

DR. MEAD WINS HEARTS OF BARD UNIT HOLDERS

(By Benjamin Franklin Fly)

The Bard dance hall mass-meeting tonight, at 7:30 o'clock, promises to be an affair of unusual importance to the unit holders and water users of the Reservation unit of the Yuma project.

This was thoroughly impressed on members of the "advisory committee" who held a conference at the Gandolfo hotel last night with Dr. Mead and Chairman Fleming, after a tour of inspection had been made of the "white lands" by the inquisitors.

Just what will be done at this meeting is only a matter of conjecture; but it is safe to say that Bardites will be told some plain, wholesome truths, for Dr. Elwood Mead is going to talk, and when he talks he invariably "says something."

Though Dr. Mead has visited Yuma several times in the past, yet he had never viewed the Reservation lands until yesterday. He was accompanied by Chairman Fleming, Acting Project Manager Priest, Private Stenographer Clark and Syd. Smith, the Kangaroo-land seed man. All of them enjoyed the trip, and each was thoroughly convinced of the truthfulness of Weather Observer Hackett's slogan: "No killing frosts in Yuma!"

Dr. Mead, however, paid but little attention to our delightful, refreshing breezes wafted over the mesa from the gulf, but he had his eyes wide open all the time. He had heard much about "seepage" over the Bard unit and now he had a chance to see it.

I wanted to accompany the touring party very badly, but had to forego that pleasure on account of an engagement to talk with Director Davis, at Washington, D. C., over "the longest leased wire on earth" (the W. U. T. Co.) to straighten out the tangle on the question of a review of the Yuma project as a whole. Not being able, therefore, to hear what was said on this tour of inspection, readers of the Yuma Daily Examiner must content themselves with what I have been able to learn regarding it.

To show what's in Dr. Mead's mind, regarding a quick and satisfactory solution of the "seepage" problem, I want to reproduce a conversation I had last night with one of the Bardites who has been driven into the "Bermuda grass business," on account of the seepage of his lands.

"Say, Colonel," said the Bardite, "that man, Mead, is really 'all man,' just as you said."

"Thank you. But what makes you think so?" I asked, at once thoroughly interested.

"I had the good fortune to meet

him today, and got 'stuck on him' the first rattle out of the box," said my Bardite friend, rubbing his horny hands with glee.

"Well, go on; tell me all about it," I urged.

"Glad to meet you," said Mr. Mead, as he gave my hand a squeeze with that left hand of his that made me think mine was in a vise."

"Go on," I urged, when my big husky friend stopped to pull his fingers apart, one at a time, in recollection of the "Mead handshake."

"Live here?" he asked. "Yes, sir," said I. "Married?" he asked. "Yes, sir," said I. "Any children?" he asked. "Only five," said I. "Land ruined with seepage?" "Yes, sir; you can see it for yourself," said I. "Have any ready cash when you started?" I told him how many thousands I put into the Yuma banks. "Spent all of it on your place?" "Yes, sir; and some of my good wife's money, too," said I.

"HOW WOULD YOU LIKE FOR THE GOVERNMENT TO GIVE YOU A BETTER AND HIGHER PIECE OF LAND AND LOAN YOU ENOUGH MONEY, AT A LOW RATE OF INTEREST, TO PUT YOU BACK ON YOUR FEET AGAIN?" Dr. Mead asked me.

"I NEARLY DROPPED DEAD," said my Bardite friend. "That's the first word of encouragement I have heard in so long that I had begun to think I would never hear another. If that's the kind of a man Dr. Mead is, I will say right now that he's got this country grabbed," he went on, with enthusiasm. "Why, he's plumb, chuck full of real human feeling! The idea of a 'big gun' like he asking about my wife and children! Well, Colonel, you were right—as you always are—Dr. Mead is ALL MAN! More power to him!"

Dr. Mead doesn't like to talk for publication. He and Chairman Fleming seem to have gone to the same school in this respect, for oysters are real talkative compared to them, that is when it comes to giving out "inside dope." In the vain hope that I could loosen up their tongues in this respect, I invited them to a "watermelon feast" at Charlie Sam's last night. Mr. Stenographer Clark, Mr. Kangaroo-man Smith and Mr. Shorey were also present. My friend, Ruby, furnished the "Rubyites," one of the three melons weighing 80 pounds, the latter of which was actually devoured almost in its entirety by the Kangarooite.

Every time I would broach the subject of "project affairs," Dr. Mead would laugh and say:

"Why don't you interview Mr. Clark? (His accomplished stenographer.) He's from the good old state of Missouri, where your friend, Champ Clark hails from. Maybe he's kin to him. Get him to talk. I'm too busy teaching my friend from Australia the art of the 'Georgia Glide.'"

Naturally that stopped me. But I watched with great interest the Australian's antics, as he followed Dr.

Mead through the intricacies of the "Georgia Glide." It's simple when you know how. Dr. Mead is an expert, and Syd Smith, from Echuca, Victoria, Australia, graduated last night!

"It starts this way," said Dr. Mead, as he dug out a piece of melon big enough to choke a mule. "You will observe," said he, "that a stream of watermelon goes in a one side of the mouth, and a stream of seeds drops from the other side. Quite easy, you see! That, sir, is the 'Georgia Glide!'"

In the mean time, the Kangarooite was following the instructions of his distinguished tutor, taking particular pains to save all the seed to take back to Australia.

It was positively stated late this afternoon that Mr. Everett Pat Teasdale would be at the Bard mass-meeting tonight, but in what capacity or what he proposed to do or say, was not vouchsafed.

DON'T MISS TOMORROW'S ISSUE OF THE YUMA DAILY EXAMINER!

OUR CANTELOUPES IN CANADA AT 25C EACH

Arizona cantaloupes are now on the Canadian market, selling at 25c each. On the subject, the Mesa Commercial Club has received the following from an Arizonian in Canada:

"Some days ago, while in Winnipeg, we noticed cantaloupes on the tables at the hotels and in the display windows of the grocery stores. We asked several if they knew wher they came from, and only the general information that they came from 'The States' could be had. We finally tried a wholesale grocery house. They looked at a wrapping and behold! the name: 'Salt River Cantaloupes.' The wrapper did not specify the name of the grower. We learned from the grocer that the melons were very popular at 25 cents each."

"KEY TO PETROGRAD" FALLS TO THE GERMANS

LONDON, Aug. 19.—Kovno, one of the crucial points of the Russian defensive in the north, was captured by the Germans last night. The road to Vilna and the Warsaw-Petrograd railway is now open to the troops of Emperor William. Tidings of the fall of the Russian fortress at Kovno were greeted in Berlin by a salute of 50 "Victory" shots at noon in the Lustgarten. All the church bells of the capital are ringing, according to a statement last night.

BRITISH SUBJECTS COME INTO OUR FOLD

Hyphenated Americans might well copy the example of the British subjects of the United States. Yesterday the Order of Sons of St. George, now in session, at Oakland, resolved that they would become American citizens in fact.

The new postoffice at Gadsden opened today, and the Gadsden people—now numbering about 61 families—will no longer be required to go to Somerton and Yuma for their mail.

FOR THEIR NEIGHBORS

The hardest housekeeping in the world is the housekeeping that people do for their neighbors. Half the aroubles we have are caused by worrying about what people think. What difference does it make what they think, anyway? No one can live his own life and two or three other people's lives besides. What's the use of setting up housekeeping on the roof or on the outside walls for the benefit of the neighbors? You would rightly be judged insane if you suggested anything of the kind, and that is practically what half the people do. They can't do this because the neighbors would talk, and they can't do that because en neighbors wonder if they could not afford to do something else. They may not say it in so many words, but they mean it, and it is simply a great big vacuum in some of our natures where moral courage ought to be. Half the sting of poverty or small means is gone when one keeps house for himself and not for his neighbors.

CUPID'S JOLTS

MATRIMONY is a full-sized man's job because it is true that the real woman wants some one to lean on—not a child to be raised.

THE HEART is sometimes a very unreliable guide. No woman finds an abiding charm in irresponsibility when she is married to it.

THE WISE woman knows that the only safe play is to pick out a husband who appeals to both head and heart—the combination is not an impossible one.

THE CHAP who is gay and light-hearted is too often the shiftless and incompetent man.

E. E. Van Horn, who has Gadsden backing, is now ready to open up the Yuma County Creamery, and may begin tomorrow. He expects to do a general milk, cream and ice cream business, wholesale and retail.

ARE STRUCK BY LIGHTNING

Special to the Yuma Daily Examiner ALLENTOWN, Pa., Aug. 19.—Paul and Fred Goldsmith of Comack, L. I., took refuge in a barn during a storm. The lightning struck a pillar against which Paul was leaning, ran down it and ripped the man's shirt entirely from his body. Paul's body was scorched, but Fred was knocked unconscious.

COUGHS UP METAL DOLL

Special to the Yuma Daily Examiner LAKE CITY, Fla., Aug. 19.—Georgia Garner, nine year old, coughed up a small metal doll which she had swallowed three years ago.

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