

COMRADES OF PERIL

By RANDALL PARRISH

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CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

"That is why I am coming back," she insisted. "I told you I could shoot."

"All right," he grinned cheerfully, "come along then; only you keep down out of the way, and let me do the sniping. There! now you lost me a shot! Did you see that buck dodge between those two rocks? He'll try that trick again presently."

Olga came back, creeping out cautiously and finding a place slightly behind where he lay. She held to one weapon, laying the other on the rocks, together with a belt filled with cartridges.

Shelby barely swept his eyes toward her, his whole attention concentrated on what was occurring below. Something was taking place down there, but exactly what could not immediately be determined. He had perceived men moving beyond range, dodging along from rock to rock, mere glimpses of dark figures, yet plainly enough Indians. Once he was almost sure he distinguished a white man, through a rift in a gully, but the fleeting view gained was not convincing. Nevertheless he had no doubt but what there were white men present. The method of attack was too bold, and determined, for savages alone; it was not the Sioux idea of war. Besides the one man who would have a real object in this assault would be Laud. Beyond all question it was he who was behind the effort, urged on by personal hatred, as well as a desire to gain possession of Olga. Shelby wondered what the fellow might know. Could he be aware of the escape of Macklin? and that Pancha had ridden forth in search for help? If he did that might account for his desperate eagerness to overcome what resistance they could offer before she returned. Yet probably not, for if he did know the coward in him would cause him to seek flight before he could be cornered in this place. It was far more likely that he believed himself opposed merely by Shelby and the girl, armed with a revolver or two, and having a limited supply of ammunition. He saw little peril in the adventure, and figured that a quick, sharp rush, his warriors leaping from cover to cover, would win an easy victory. He would keep up a steady rifle fire from behind the rocks, forcing the defenders to keep under cover, and then suddenly send a charging party to end the affair.

Shelby smiled grimly at the mental picture, never turning his head as he scanned the silent girl beside him. "How's Macklin?"

"Dead, I think, Tom. He didn't seem to breathe even faintly."

"The poor devil; it will be mighty hard on Pancha though. You got your gun?"

"Yes."

"All loaded, I reckon; if not you better fill it up. There is going to be h—l to pay presently. When I say so, you let drive. Keep down out o' sight till then, but when you begin to pump, make her act like a catling."

"But can't those riflemen see you there?"

"Well, it doesn't look much like they can, the way they are peepin' that rock. Nice little tune the bucks are playin'. That's what makes me think something's up; they ain't keep us down out o' sight, so we won't glimpse what's comin'. Tain't Indian nature to waste lead that way. Laud's back there somewhere playin' this game. I think I got sight of the sneakin' cuss a minute ago, but he was out of range."

"You believe they intend to try and get up here?"

"That's my present notion; they don't look for much trouble either. It is up to us to give that outfit the surprise of their lives."

She reached out her hand and found his, as it rested on the belt of cartridges.

"Tom!"

"Yes," he answered without removing his gaze from the trail below.

"Don't worry about me," she said earnestly. "You know what I mean; don't think about me when they do come. I'll take care of myself, all right."

He cast a quick glance into her face.

"Sure, I know you will. You are a trump, a good partner. I thought that for a long while. You won't forget what I told you."

"I'll not forget."

There was a moment of silence and then she spoke again, a sharp little catch in her voice which she could not restrain.

"Tom!"

"Yes."

"I—I don't know what is going to happen. I—I am not afraid, but—but it seems to me I—I would like to have you kiss me once more first—only have once, you know."

Shelby turned his body about, leaving his cocked revolver lying on the stone, and caught both her hands eagerly.

"Lord, I'm glad to hear you say that, little girl," he exclaimed, his eyes aglow. "I reckon I've been sorter half afraid of you. But I ain't goin' to be any more; you sure mean it, don't you?"

Her eyes looked honestly, earnestly into his, answering him before her lips spoke.

"With all my heart, Tom."

He drew her softly toward him, forgetful of all else. Then a rifle snapped viciously, and a ball struck the edge of the parapet, sending a splinter of stone flying past them.

It was a long, nerve-racking wait, during which they rested side by side, latent on every movement below, but

finding little opportunity for action. Occasionally they spoke, but generally remained silently watchful. The Indians kept up a desultory fire, and behind his screen were evidently making a change of position, yet so stealthily as to be hardly observed. They exposed themselves freely enough beyond pistol range, proof that they were fully aware of the caliber of the weapons confronting them, but closer in the savages crept from rock to rock invisible. Twice only did Shelby succeed in getting a fair shot—once clipping a scalp lock from an incautiously exposed head, and again winging a brave who recklessly attempted to leap across a narrow opening. This fellow dropped in the open trail, wounded in the thigh, and unable to drag himself to shelter, and soon a sinewy red arm reached out from behind a rock in an effort at rescue. This was withdrawn quickly as a speeding bullet struck within an inch of the outstretched hand. The injured warrior lay there twitching with pain.

The minutes dragged into half an hour, the strained nerves of the defenders on edge. Olga was trembling from head to foot, struggling to retain self-control, Shelby never relaxing a muscle, or averting the steady gaze of his eyes. Suddenly he rose to his knees, a revolver gripped in either hand.

"There's Laud now," he announced simply.

She saw the fellow also, lifting her head to peer over the low rim of rock, standing in the open trail, but just beyond range. He held a rifle in his hands, which he swung above his head, at the same time giving utterance to a hoarse shout. It must have been a signal, for instantly those rocks were black with half-naked figures, leaping madly forward, with rifles flung in air, and giving utterance to fierce yells. It was a wild race, but the steep ascent to the cave halted them. The two above, reckless now of exposure, fired as swiftly as they could press trigger, straight into the red faces. Some fell, shot down in their tracks, a few paused to reply, but the majority began to clamber up. Laud ran forward to join them, roaring out his orders. He was in full view against the snow-covered trail, and Shelby swung his smoking muzzle down upon him. To the crack the fellow flung up both hands, whirled about, and crumpled into a shapeless heap. Shelby, scarcely realizing the success of his quick shot, staggered back, reversed the gun in his hand, and struck with the butt at the first Indian appearing above the platform. It was hand to hand.

CHAPTER XV.

A Squadron of the Sixth. Pancha vanished into the fog, wading along the creek, and finally creeping out below the burned cabin. If there were any guards left there they were not encountered, and the mist hung so thick at that early hour she took few precautions to avoid them. Her one thought was Macklin; love had conquered hate, and the desire for revenge. There was a chance of success for her mission. The debris had not been searched over; it could not



The Fellow Flung Up Both Hands.

have been, for the fire still smoldered, but the moment the Indians were able to overhaul the wreck they would discover that their victims had, in some way, escaped. There would be no charred bones, no singed flesh, to tell of dead bodies consumed in the flames; they would not even find Macklin's remains. And Laud was no fool. The truth, in some form, would come to him at once; he would know they had got safely away; nor would he ever stop until he again found them. And he would suspect her; perhaps had seen her face when she fired that fatal shot. Her only chance lay now, before this revelation came. She was cool, resourceful; had shrewdly thought out every step. If she was still unsuspected, no one would stop her. She had always been free to leave the valley. Often she had taken early rides, and none of the ordinary guards would consider her going forth as at all strange. Of course, the Hole was filled now with strange fugitives—Indians hiding from the soldiers, suspicious of every white

face. These might cause trouble, but she must take that chance. There was but one way to save Macklin's life—the doctor at Gerlasche. Shelby had told her so, and nothing else remained fixed in her mind. Mother of God, she would save him!

There were three horses in the little stable shack back of the cabin. She crept cautiously up through the fog, unable to see in the gloom, but locating the animals by touch. One was still moist from riding, Laud's pony, no doubt. The next was her own, having scarcely stamina for such a trip, but the third was the bay Juan had always been so proud of. She led the animal out, saddled and bridled him in the darkness, and then, mounting in the gray dawn, with a prayer in her heart for help and guidance she rode slowly into the trail. A fire burned in front of the little house beside the falls, a mere flicker of half-burned logs, with two men hovering over it. One of them started up, at sound of the horse's hoofs and gripped a rifle. He was white, a flapping hat brim shadowing his face; the other, an Indian, wrapped in a blanket, merely lifted his head, and stared moodily. Her heart gave a sharp bound, but she reined up carelessly, as the fellow stepped into the trail. He peered curiously into her face.

"H—l, young woman, you're out d—d early, ain't you? What's up?"

There was nothing vicious in his greeting, and her heart quit its pounding.

"I'm after a doctor, Sam," she said swiftly, believing boldness the best card to play. "My brother has been shot."

"Sure, I heard that, only they told me he was dead; he ain't, hey? Had a rumput with Injun Joe, didn't he?"

"Yes; I just heard about it. He must have the doctor right away."

"Where the h—l you aim to find one?"

"Over at Gerlasche. There is an army surgeon there."

"Sure, but I'm bettin' the cuss won't come, 'less he brings the whole army 'long with him. He'd have 'ter mosey in yere blindfold if he did."

"Just the same he'll come, if I find heem," she said grimly, "for I'll bring heem, dead or alive. Who's out there on the trail?"

"Red Haines, an' Stumpy, 'long with a couple of Sioux. The boys are a bit jumpy just now with all them sojers scoutin' the Bad Lands. Maybe they'll try 'ter stop yer, but yer tell 'em I said it was all right. Say, what was goin' on last night—shootin', or beat h—l up the canyon, an' there was quite a fire, too?"

"Row over the girl Macklin brought in," she explained calmly, "an' the old cabin got burned."

"Some more o' Injun Joe's cussedness, I reckon?"

"Yes, he was in it; well, Adios Sam."

She rode forward, never even venturing to glance back. Thus far everything had gone easier than she could have hoped. There were no orders out against her, and these night guards were not even aware of what had taken place. She guided her horse under the veil of falling water, and up the steep bank beyond, out into the valley of the Cottonwood. There was little danger of meeting anyone now, she needed to avoid, and one beyond those watchers at the head of the trail, the way would be open. She came upon these just below the crest, grouped for shelter under the ledge of an outcropping rock. Haines had been drinking and was in a good humor, listening to her story with a broad grin, and dismissing her willingly enough.

"To h—l, o' course yer kin go," he said thickly. "Yer brother pulled me out o' the Sowskin out. He's a d—n good scout of a Mex. Go to it, girl; you know the trail?"

"Yes, along the edge of the Bad Lands."

"Sis; better keep in the first gully, or yer might run inter a sojler out there. They're thicker than fleas out there now, they tell me. So long, sister."

It had begun to snow, big, heavy flakes, drifting with the wind, quickly whitening the landscape. The slight marks of the trail were almost instantly obliterated, but the low range of hills ahead were a sufficient landmark, and she forced her horse into a swift pace; riding with her head lowered, but with watchful eyes peering through the snow curtain.

She was alone now; free, with nothing intervening between her and Gerlasche. Her heart bounded with the elixir of success—she would bring back the doctor to Macklin. She felt no doubt any more.

The direct trail circled just within the outer range of the sand hills, making it impossible for her to mistake the way even in that maze of snow. She rode more carelessly now that she was safely out of sight, and free from any possibility of pursuit. The horse, with lowered head, seemed to feel the urgency, and plunged forward eagerly. Suddenly as they swept around a sharp corner, seeing and hearing nothing to warn of any other presence in that solitude, they came at full tilt against a halted column of cavalry. Before Pancha could even jerk up her reins, a startled trooper had gripped the bit, and held her mount helplessly pawing the air.

"Well, what's this?" he growled, tugging at the frightened animal, and dragged half off his feet in the fierce struggle. "A Mex! Say, fellows, this looks like Arizona. Lay hold here, Mapses! Call the sergeant, somebody; I've got this bird! Whoa there! now, what's all this about, young lady?"

"What is it Summers?" the ser-

geant, pushing through the ring of men, peered curiously up at her from under the brim of a battered campaign hat.

"She just come tearin' in, sergeant, like she was goin' somewhere. She was sure ridin' like h—l, an' she is Mex, all right."

"So I see. Well, senorita, what are you doing out here?"

"His face was kindly, if stern. "Senior, I ride for a doctor," she said earnestly. "Please do not stop me—a man is dying."

"A man? Where? Is he a Mexican?"

"No, senor, an Americano; he was shot; he verra bad; if I find no doctor, he die maybe."

"To Gerlasche, senor, there is army doctor there."

"Not now there ain't; he's back here with us somewhere. Where is this fellow who's hurt?"

She hesitated just an instant, yet there was no avoiding the truth. If the doctor was here among these soldiers, she would have to tell the truth.



"Well, What's This?" He Growled.

or else desert Macklin to his fate. Besides, what did she care? Her hatred of Laud suddenly flared into new life. Here was the opportunity for revenge, as well as service.

"In Wolves' hole, senor."

"Wolves' hole! Good God! did you come from there? Pass the word for the major, some one. What's that? Oh, excuse me, sir," and he came stiffly to attention, facing the heavy-set, middle-aged officer, with iron-gray mustache and goatee.

"What have you here, sergeant?" the latter asked briefly, "Mexican woman?"

"Yes, sir; she just ran into us at full tilt. She claims to be after a doctor to attend to a wounded American over in Wolves' hole."

"Is that so? Perhaps this is good luck. Who is this American, senorita—some d—n white renegade?"

"He man I love, senor."

"Oh, that's it. Then perhaps we can do business. We've got a surgeon here with us. If you will show us a way to get into Wolves' hole, I'll promise he'll take care of your man, all right."

"You ask me to guide you?"

"That's the bargain. We have been trying to locate the place for two days. Who is the leader of those outlaws?"

"Indian Joe Laud, senor."

"I've heard of the brute. Judging from the way you looked then, he is no friend of yours."

"No, senor; I hate heem; he keel my brother; now he try to keel this man I tell you 'bout—he an' two more Americanos."

"Two more! This is becoming interesting, Sergeant. Let's have the straight story, senorita. You want us to help these people—is that it?"

"SI, senor; it is nothing to me what you do. I care for them not at all; they not my people any more. There are many—Indians a lot; they hide there."

"But, who are these Americanos? They belong to the gang?"

"No, senor. One was a woman, senor; young, pretty woman; she captured and brought there. Bet was her husband that try to save her. He follow an' git in some way, like the Mother of God help. Hees name was Shelby."

"Shelby?" broke in the sergeant, forgetful of the officer's presence in his surprise. "What Shelby? Was his other name Tom?"

"SI, senor," and she turned her eyes on him. "You know this Tom Shelby?"

"Do I of course I do. You remember him, Major Hays. He was with us once in 'C' Troop; then later detailed with the scouts. He's up in this country, I know. I ran into him down at Ponca when I came through there. Why, that was his wedding day, and I saw the bride."

"You say those renegade devils have got them both there in the Hole?" broke in the major, "prisoners?"

"They got away now; they hide in a cave," she explained.

"And you will show us the way in?"

"Senior, the doctor he will care for this man if I do?"

"I pledge you my word he will."

"And you keel Indian Joe Laud, senor?"

LONELY MAN DIED BELOVED

Hermit of Grubb Street Had Kindly Qualities That Endearred Him to Many Who Never Knew Him.

Usually when one hears of a hermit it is to associate him with the wilderness of some desolate place, where, surrounded by wild nature, he passes his time like the beasts of the field, depending upon the fruits of an untilled earth for his sustenance and to a cave in the rocks for his covering at night.

But the story of Henry Welby, the hermit of Grubb street, as told in a curious old work published in the seventeenth century, is of a man possessed of wealth who retired to his mansion owing to the bad treatment of a younger brother, and who for forty years was seen by no one; neither did he leave his house until his death, on Oct. 29, 1836, when he was borne on the shoulders of the men who carried him to his grave.

On his retirement from the world he took a very fair house in the lower end of Grubb street, and had it prepared for his purpose and in such a way that the three rooms in which he lived enabled him to eat, sleep and write without ever being seen by his servants. His food was of the simplest character, and when his bed was making he went into his study. In all of these years he tasted neither flesh, fish nor wine.

On Christmas his table was loaded with good cheer, but of it he never tasted, sending it to the poor of the neighborhood. His benefactions to the needy were great, and his death was sincerely mourned by many who had never seen him.—Chicago Journal.

"We'll surely do our best."

"Then I show you—yes; who that man there?"

Shaunessy wheeled about to face the fellow she pointed at, gripping him with one hand and dragging him forth from among the circle of soldiers.

"This is the bird they gave us for a guide," he said shortly. "You know him?"

"He," she gave vent to a bitter laugh. "That fellow Dull Knife; bad Indian, horse thief. Why they give you heem?"

"H—l knows. What'll I do with the cuss, major?"

"Have a couple of men hold him under guard. We seem to be on the right track now; senorita, where is this Wolves' hole?"

"Over there, not far; across the mesa. You come, I show you. That be better, first, senor—just you an' some others, so you can tell what to do. Maybe set be better we go afoot, so we be not seen."

"On foot! You don't mean we are so near the place?"

"SI, senor; I show you."

A little bandful followed her lead between the sand ridges out upon the open plain—the major, a lieutenant, the sergeant, and three men. She led them along a slight depression, sufficiently to partially screen them from observation. The steady fall of snow had ceased, although there were occasional flurries, driving sharply into their faces. Overhead the clouds hung low and gray. Hays swore under his breath, half convinced he was being made a fool of. Twice he started to speak, but held his tongue. The girl never turned her head, but moved straight forward.

She came to a slight ridge, and stopped suddenly, pointing.

"This there, senor," she said simply, "Wolves' hole."

The astounded officer stood motionless, his mouth open, his eyes staring at the sight so unexpectedly revealed. For an instant he could not believe what he saw. Almost under his feet the precipice fell away into that tremendous gorge, the mantle of snow emphasizing its depth, but bringing out the black rocks in stern contrast.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, "what a gulf! And not a sign to make you dream of its existence. I'd have sworn ten feet back this plain was a dead level for thirty miles. But how in heaven's name do we ever get down there?"

"There is something going on, sir, up yonder in that canon," spoke up the lieutenant eagerly. "Listen. Those are rifles popping, and I can see white puffs of smoke through the glass. There's a fight going on down there."

"D—d if you ain't right, Boyd; they are certainly popping away rather lively. Cornered Shelby likely, and, as I remember the lad, he'll stay with them as long as he has a cartridge left. By jingo! we've got to get down, and clear this nest out. Where's the trail, senorita?"

"Over yonder to the left, senor. You take your glass, so. Now straight along the bank, where that cedar tree tops the edge. It stands all alone. You see what I mean?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LIVE STOCK

DEPLETION OF RANGE GRASS

Injury Caused by Premature Grazing and Lack of Utilization of Forage Crop.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Range depletion is due in a large measure to premature grazing and to lack of uniform utilization of the forage crop, investigations now being carried on at the Great Basin experiment station by grazing specialists in the forest service of the United States Department of Agriculture show. These experiments, which have been conducted over a four-year period, have been for the purpose of ascertaining just how certain range bunch grasses are affected by different systems of grazing.

It was found that the yield of violet wheat grass when removed by cutting once in a season, at the time the seed crop matured, was four and two-tenths times as large as when it was removed four times in a season and three and eight-tenths times as large as when herbage was removed twice in the season.

Native prairie grass, on the other hand, yielded six times as much when harvested twice during the season, but the yield from one cutting was three and three-tenths times as much as when it was removed four times. This means in range revegetation that the grass native there must be taken into consideration and a system of grazing used that is suitable to it.

The experiments also showed the striking difference in water content in herbage as the season advances. In the leafage of the violet wheat grass harvested once in a season, just before seed maturity, the water content averaged 41 per cent. Plants grazed twice, late in the season, contained an average moisture content of 51 per cent, while plants cropped four times in a season contained an average of 79 per cent of water. Early in the spring the young leafage may contain as much as 85 per cent of water. This

is sometimes the cause of many live stock losses in the early spring. The green feed is sparse and contains so small an amount of food substance that it is necessary for an animal to travel great distances to gather daily approximately 85 pounds of succulent leafage, which is an equivalent to 16 pounds of dry hay.

When the difference in yield and nutritive value of the forage, in favor of the less-frequently grazed areas, is taken into account, it is clear that frequent cropping is an extravagant and wasteful practice. Furthermore, about 85 per cent of a bunch-grass cover harvested four times in a season is killed out at the end of the third year, thus subjecting the soil to varying degrees of depletion through erosion.

Those Who Have Permanent Pastures Should Conserve Them to Best Advantage.

Grazing is the cheapest feed for live stock. Those who have permanent pastures should conserve them by grazing only a limited number of animals and conserving the grass to the best possible advantage.

BEST FEED FOR YOUNG PIGS

Little Porkers Should Begin to Eat Grain and Green Feed When Three Weeks of Age.

At the age of three weeks the young pigs should begin to eat grain and green feed. A creep may be provided for them in which is placed a trough with a little slop or shelled corn.

Grinding Outfit Is Useful.

Every cattle-owner should have a good grinding outfit. Many experiments have conclusively shown that ground feed produces more gains than unground grain feed.

Best Sires to Use.

Use purebred sires which have been under an established record—no guesswork.

Ample Shade for Hogs.

See that hogs have access to ample shade.

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Reorganize Federal Judiciary.
WASHINGTON.—Reorganization of the federal judiciary system was discussed at a conference attended by Attorney General Daugherty, Chief Justice Taft and the special committee of judges and district attorneys headed by Judge John E. Sater of Columbus, Ohio. Mr. Daugherty stated that a plan was being worked out for a scientifically organized judicial system which would be framed as a bill for presentation to the President.

Big Sum to Indians.
Muskegee, Okla.—Distribution of \$1,350,000 by the government to members of the Choctaw and Chickasaw Indian tribes will commence Aug. 15, it was announced at the United States Indian office here. The 20,700 Choctaws will each receive \$50, and the 6,900 Chickasaws will each receive a like sum. The payment is exclusive of freed men.

Ships Send Wireless 6,000 Miles.
Vancouver, B. C.—What is said to be a record for long distance wireless on the Pacific was established when the Merchants' Exchange here received a radio message giving the position of the Canadian Australian liner Alankara, which was one day out of Auckland, N. Z., a distance of 6,000 miles.

Ask Reduction in Livestock Rate.
WASHINGTON.—Rates on livestock were held to be unreasonable from an economic standpoint, and a recommendation was made to the Interstate Commerce Commission that the carriers make substantial reductions for the benefit of business in general. In a report made Thursday by Examiner Disque.

Bandits Hold Up Mail Car.
Houston, Texas.—Three masked bandits held up four railway mail clerks in a mail car on the Houston & Texas Central "cow" train as it was being loaded in the Grand Central station here and escaped with a registered bank package, a registered pouch and an ordinary mail pouch.

White Population Increased.
WASHINGTON.—The white population of Washington state increased 19 per cent between 1910 and 1920, while the negro population increased 13.6 per cent, the census bureau announced. Enumerators in 1920 reported 1,319,777 whites, 17,387 Japanese, 1,150 Filipinos, Hawaiians, Hindus and Koreans. Foreign-born whites constituted 18.4 per cent of the total population in 1920, as against 21.1 per cent in 1910.

Reducing Enlisted Army.
WASHINGTON.—Reduction of the enlisted strength of the army to 150,000 will be accomplished without changing the basic organization, and in a manner which will provide for a rapid expansion in time of emergency, it was announced at the war department.

Fire Loss Heavy.
OKLAHOMA CITY.—Fire loss resulting from the Tulsa race riot, May 31 and June 1, was placed at \$1,500,000 by the state fire marshal.

Ford to Buy Nitrate Plant.
WASHINGTON.—Secretary Weeks announced that he would ask Congress for authority to accept a proposal by Henry Ford for acquiring the government nitrate plant at Muscle Shoals, Ala., if the offer was found to be "substantial." The proposal, which was transmitted by Secretary Hoover, was on his desk, Mr. Weeks said, adding that he would begin the study of its terms at once. Mr. Ford offers to buy the nitrate plant, equipment and lands for \$5,000,000.

Man "Without Country" Suicides.
EL PASO.—Thomas F. Gallagher, 43 years old, said to be a former lieutenant in the United States army, died in the emergency hospital here from an overdose of drugs. Early in the day Gallagher was deported from Juarez as an undesirable alien. A few hours later a policeman noticed the man staring over the railing of the international bridge. When the officer approached him Gallagher raised a vial to his lips and swallowed the contents.



Part of a Big Herd of Hereford Steers on a Texas Ranch.