

How's This for Bathing Suit?

You might think this bathing suit was designed to wear on the beach or to bathing suit parties. But Ruth Anderson says she wears it in the water. She swims at Los Angeles.

ROMANCE AND LAS VEGAS ARE TWINS TO THOSE WHO VISIT MANY HISTORIC THINGS THERE

By W. B. ESTES.

LAS VEGAS, N. M., Oct. 7.—Romance and Las Vegas are twin terms to the person who has lived even but a short time in that historic little city. A few visits to the many interesting spots in and near Las Vegas, a few "sessions" with a grizzled old timer, and if you have a modicum of imagination, there will quickly pass before your mind's eye a phantom panorama of the forms and faces of men and women who lived in those golden days of Yesterday when Las Vegas was, indeed, one of the real, wide-open, wild and woolly towns of the Old West. On its now modern, clean-swept streets will spectrally fit before your vision the bearded figures of the Spanish Dons of old; of long-haired scouts of plain and trail; jaunty, leathery soldiers of the Custer period; and riding their good-natured way through the mazy throng, stalwart, carefree, bronco-faced cowboys; faultlessly garbed gamblers; gaudily dressed women—all the abandon, all the color, all the red-blooded life of the "wild and wooly" as "she" used to be.

And "old" times may, perhaps, point out to you a gnarled, weather-beaten cottonwood tree, with its rope-worn limb merrily voicing its own eloquent story of "neekle parties" once held under its now sombre shadow. They may take you to the spot where the captured boy bandit, Billy the Kid, was all but snatched from the hands of a small army of deputy-sheriffs by an angry mob. They will walk with you across the bridge now separating "old town" and "new town" over which a thousand and mounted white-caps, avenging faction of a bitter cattle feud, once thundered at the midnight hour, and left dangling from the bridge-rail the lifeless forms of traitorous members.

Teddy at Reunions.

And off with what bursting pride will those same oldtimers "hark back" to that day when personally they shone the hand of the immortal Roosevelt at the time "Teddy" held the first reunion of his famous Rough Riders in Las Vegas.

But the story which immediately whets the curiosity and commands the keen attention of the newcomers to Las Vegas, is the fascinating tale of the Italian Hermit.

Northwest of Las Vegas there rises with sudden, stark abruptness what appears to be a gigantic knoll of reddish rock. Some will liken this mountain to the burly head and hump of a giant buffalo. Others will ask you to tilt your head to one side and catch the outline of a man's face against the blue sky. The face, they will then tell you, is of the old Hermit himself.

At any rate 'twas on the top of that rock-crowned peak where dwelt for many years the strange character known far and wide as the "old" Hermit.

Back in the days when America was very young, there came to the priests of a little city in Sunny Italy a young Roman nobleman. He was sick, said of a life of sin and needed to be directed to some solitary spot where he might spend the remainder of his life in penance. The priests sent the young man to America. In the states he joined an over-drawn caravan traversing the Indian-infested Santa Fe Trail. Finally, after a life of adventure and hardship, arriving in the little village of Las Vegas. Again he recounted his story and the New Mexico padres sent him on his penitent way to "venerable rock-crowned peak." There the young nobleman made his abode. For years no man ever saw his face. He lived in a cave on the side of the peak subsisting on herbs and the meat of wild animals slain by his own hands.

Begins Preaching.

Came the day when he broke from his seclusion and began preaching to the native Spanish-American people. They accepted him at once and it is said that he accomplished much good among that simple, honest folk. Certainly they revered and respected him almost to the point of worship. This fact one becomes surer of when one lets to gray-haired Don with all solemnity, recite the many miracles performed by the old Hermit. They will offer to guide you to the very top of the peak, two miles above the level of the sea, where, with his magic wand, the Hermit struck a huge rock from which immediately gushed forth a stream of living, crystal clear, cold water. This is the same spring incidentally, they aver, which now bubbles out of the earth on the very top of the old peak. And then the natives with great pride will tell you of how the Hermit cut downed Samson by killing with his bare hands a man-eating mountain lion. They will direct your gaze up and up to the sides of the sky-reaching can-

which give the peak the eerie appearance of a colossal diadem crown.

Many Crosses There.

If you ever visit the top of Hermit Peak you will be amazed at the presence there of a large number of crosses. You will be awed into silence as you gaze upon one particularly massive cross, flanked by two smaller ones. The word "Calvary" will immediately run to your lips, for those three crosses were undoubtedly placed on the very brink of that terrifying precipice, in a crude effort to reproduce the scene on Golgotha. You will wonder whether the Sons of Hermit carried those crosses to the top of the peak or whether they were dragged up the steep rock-strewn trail on the naked shoulders of the Penitentes, that organization of religious fanatics whose members believe that to become true followers, one must first go through the actual sufferings of Christ. No one seems to know the answer to this oft-asked question, and the Sons of Hermit will not say.

The Hermit. The old man soon found that with the influx of soldiers and settlers to the Las Vegas country his habitation was becoming less and less solitary. And then his life had been many times attempted by the Indians who roved that country, the savages believing the "old" Hermit an evil spirit.

So one day the Hermit quietly disappeared. No one knew the time of his leave-taking nor of his destination. The next heard of this strange character was down in Socorro County. There he gathered around him a band of natives and despite their protests of the danger involved, told them of his decision to make his future home on the top of a distant white-capped peak. If they saw a light within three days, they would know he had made his journey safely if not, that the Indians had trailed and found the "Evil Spirit" and—

The fire on yonder snow-capped peak was never lighted.

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SWEDISH WOMEN FOR PROHIBITION ELECTION SHOWS

By Associated Press

STOCKHOLM, Oct. 7.—That 57 per cent of Sweden's women favored prohibition of the manufacture and sale of beverages containing more than two and one-fourth per cent of alcohol, while 43 per cent of the men were against it, is now apparent from a further count of the votes cast at the recent liquor referendum, which resulted in a victory for the "wets." Sweden now will continue the present rationing system, whereby the heads of families who prove that they are respectable and self-supporting can purchase about a gallon of strong liquor per month, while anyone can order drinks with meals under legal restriction at public restaurants.

The final tabulation shows that in Stockholm, Gothenburg, and Malmö, as well as in other cities and suburban districts, both men and women were strongly against prohibition, while in the country districts in general, especially in the northern part of Sweden, both men and women were as a rule in favor of prohibition. In the capital, for example, 90 per cent of the men and 83 per cent of the women were against the proposed measure. This may be contrasted with a certain agricultural section where 36 per cent of the women and 73 per cent of the men wanted two and one-fourth per cent drinks.

That Swedish women do not neglect the ballot is proved by the fact that in Stockholm they outnumbered the men at the polls by more than 9,000. And the showing for the entire country was 360,000 women as against 333,000 men.

The voting which took place Sunday, August 27, was conducted in the most orderly fashion. Lines began to form at nine in the morning at the various polling places in Stockholm. Among those who voted early were Premier Branting and his wife, who voted against prohibition, as did also Dr. Bratt, Sweden's "drift dictator," who is the originator of the present rationing system. Gay propaganda was carried on throughout the day by both sides by means of parades, mounted heralds, and even airplanes. At night the square in front of the Royal Opera was packed with thousands of people who amused themselves by watching the bulletins of results until three in the morning.



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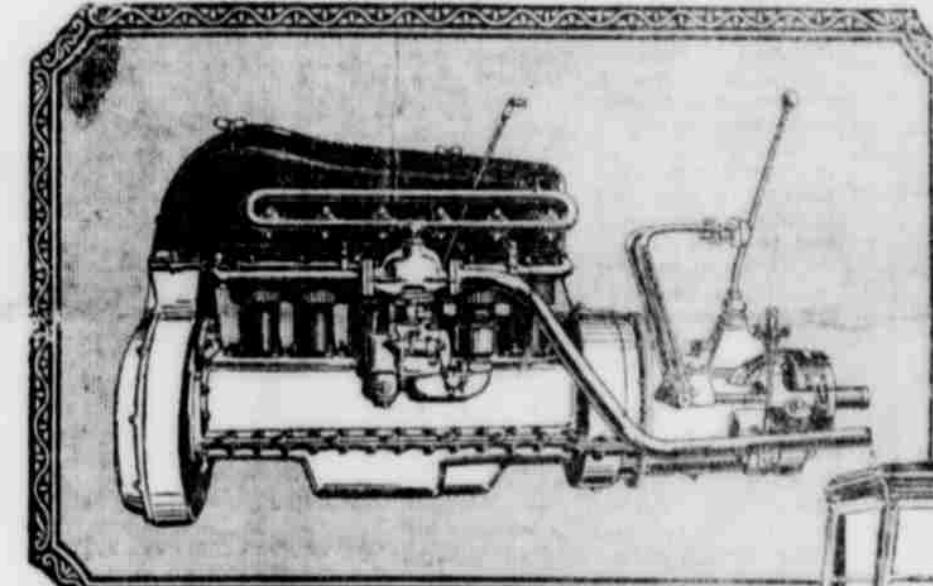
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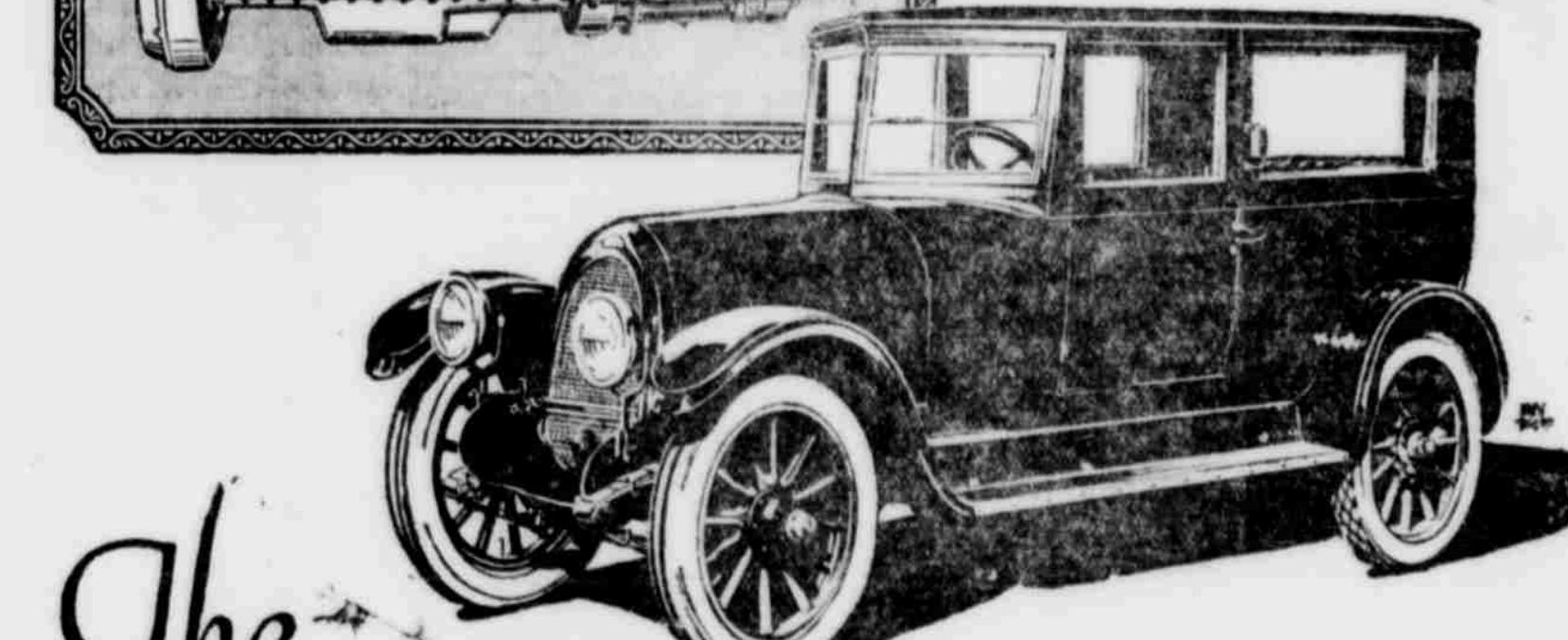
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