

A PAGE OF POT POURRI

All Interesting to Someone—Some to All

Why Change?

When American Railroads With
Widespread Ownership Lead
the World

A silent revolution is transferring ownership to the public. Moreover, the new generation of administrators of these enterprises has firmly grasped its responsibility to the public. Indeed there are deep and promising currents, originating in our economic life driving toward a mutualization of public and private interest, employer and employe interest, with promise of a new period in industrial development. There has been a genuine growth of business conscience and service, and this growth is far more precious than any amount of legislation.

And from it all we have by and large evolved the best actual service to the people from utilities that there is in the world. It may not be perfect, but no one who has tried a European Government railway or telephone needs conviction of our superior service. Moreover there is a diffusion of service and use among our people double and treble the proportions to the population of any other country.

We ship more goods per person, and our workmen have more power at their elbow than any other workmen in the world. The wages in our utilities give the highest standard of living and comfort on the earth. If our utilities were dominated by the malignity that some contend these things would never have come about.

To whatever extent we have failed in control, whether it be through over-control or through insufficient control, it is a challenge to us to perfect our system. There have been mistakes and will be others.

But I may say at once that if the American people have not the intelligence, if they have not the character, if they have not the political mechanism by which private competition can be maintained and yet abuse can be prevented, then they do not possess the character or the political mechanism by which they can undertake the gigantic operation of these enterprises.

—Herbert Hoover.

CHESTER SAYS—

By C. C. Kratky

"Don't cry over spilled milk," is a good one to keep in mind, but a better one to remember is—"Don't spill the milk," and then there won't be any occasion to cry.

By making faithfulness your creed, you can't go wrong. It will also en-

able you to follow Shakespeare's advise, namely, "To thine ownself be true," which in the end means that when you try to put something over on somebody else, you are really hurting yourself.

Everything in life runs in cycles, and whatever you do, good or bad, is bound to come back somehow, sometime, some place. Therefore, guard every moment of your life and fill it with deeds of gentility and charm, and then, when the pendulum swings on its downward course, it is bound to dole out to you the same kind of stuff that you have allowed to emanate from your own soul.

No one was ever successful unless in earnest. Let us not allow cobwebs to grow under our feet.

Some are content with life as it is; but don't you think, if each of us strove a bit more, that we could make it better?

Always remember that there is one Obligatory Being to whom we will have to account some day for the things we do now. Make it easy on yourself!

This one is in the President's office, on the wall to the right of him: "For when the one Great Scorer comes to mark against your name, He writes not that you won or lost, but how you played the game." That's good healing balm for the soul, and makes you realize that success is not always measured in dollars and cents, but more often in the amount of and the direction in which effort is expended.

Short Essay on Courage

By C. W. Yarbrough

Courage is a great word with a great meaning. Anyone can say, "I can't and there is no use trying." Anybody can say, "I might if I tried but I don't think it worth my effort." It takes courage to say I can, or I will try. Try human wreckage and failures of the world is composed of persons who did not have the courage to jump out of the old rut and trust their own initiative and learn that vital lesson of self-reliance and courage. Because Washington had courage, we now rank among the leading nations of the world; because Lincoln had courage, this nation was preserved; because Wilbur and Orville Wright had courage, the flying machine was made possible; because Henry Ford had courage, the flivver was made possible; Whitney, Cooper, Fulton, Edison, Marconi and Steinmetz were all men of indomitable courage, the world laughed at them at first, as it does at all original ideas, but they had the courage to stem the tide of adversity and gave to the laughing, ridiculing world its priceless treasures of scientific knowledge.

Sensations in an Iron Mine

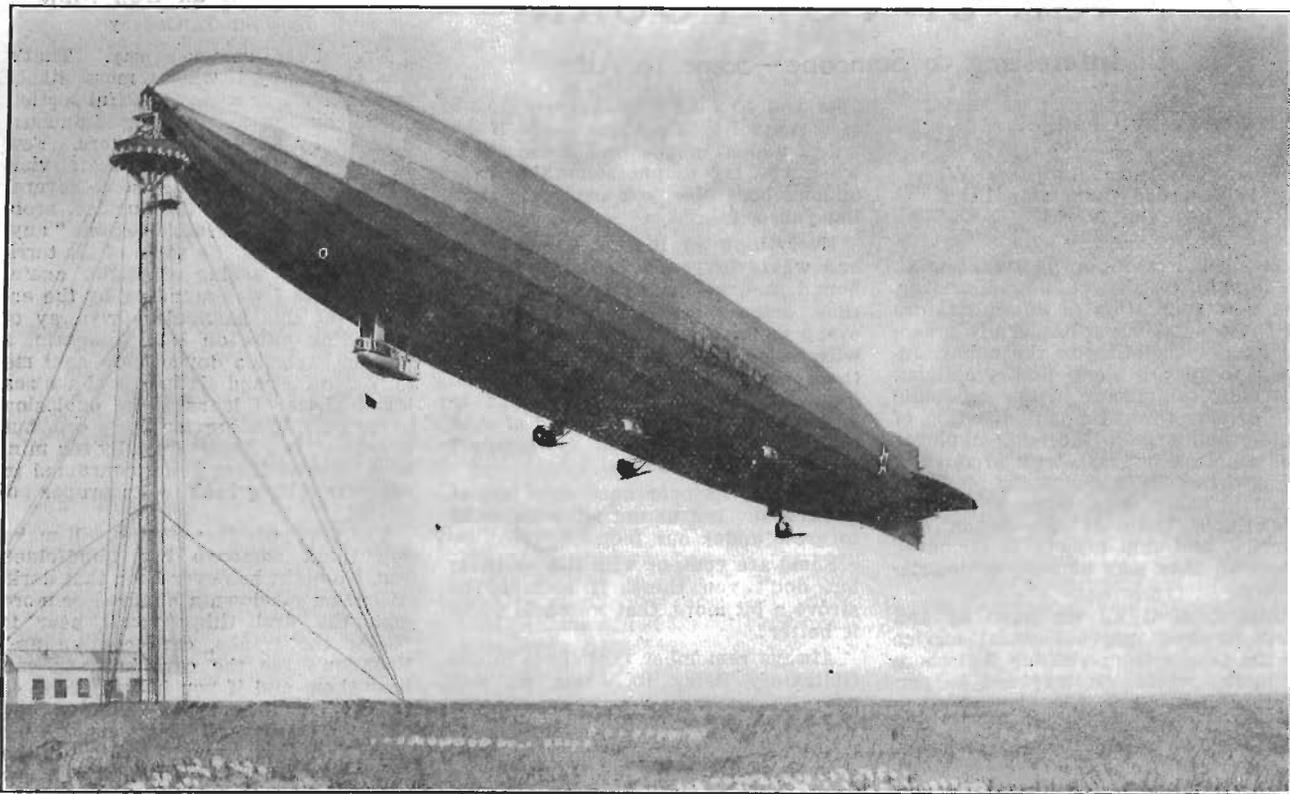
By John L. Godsey

Ever hear someone say. "That's God's country," which most likely means home or some beautiful section of the country that has caused unusual interest by its scenic wonders. Few people ever think of taking a visit down under a mountain, some several thousand feet from the surface, probably in some of "Pluto's regions," anyway you'll think it's some of his territory before seeing daylight again. Even while I was standing by the entrance of this particular driveway of Spaulding mine on Red Mountain, a sudden explosion down below sent me fully two feet and six inches above sea level. Later I learned the explosion to be only blasting for more ore, but it delayed our departure fully ten minutes. Six of these being consumed in my hair falling back to its proper position.

The first peep into a mine will make you think someone has blindfolded you. No night has ever been that dark. After you get down a hundred or more feet, the first thing you'll hear is "Clear the tracks, cars coming up." You can't see the cars but you can hear them and if you have a sense of feeling, you'll find the wall and hug close up to it until they pass. After your eyes get "tuned" up to all the darkness, you can distinguish a few lights away down, which look like lightning bugs flying around. These lights are nothing but headlights worn by the miners.

Now we get near the vein. When you speak of a vein, one might think ore flows along and they get it out with a net, but these veins are solid iron. When one of these veins are found, the miners establish a living room, or parlor, as we shall call it. These parlors are large enough to accommodate a good number of miners, also visitors who are crazy enough to come down. The many lights from the miners' caps make it light enough so you can see all the work going on, and a few other things you don't care so much about, such as water dripping all around, and you wonder if it's not the bottom of some creek. These parlors have nice poles all around to hold up the slate tops and probably to keep them from caving in while visitors are there. The little cars we passed some time ago, also stop here and are loaded up with the ore. It is also in these parlors that miners are trapped and entombed by cave-ins and explosions. But I was hoping that all pebbles would remain secure while I was there.

As a form of amusement, the miners will take a drill some six feet long and drill a hole in the vein long enough for several sticks of dynamite to blast the ore. One of these blasts is what we heard while up on the earth. Now we are right where they are going to explode with a thousand feet to daylight. I was going to run it out, but one of the fellows said, "Taint no use runnin', jest move back and watch it." Before I could get turned round the thing had done busted.



"THE SHENANDOAH" AT ITS MOORINGS IN FORT WORTH, TEXAS

Are You Living or Existing?

An Article From the N. C. and St. L. Railway "News Item"

By T. ASHLEY WALKER

Are you living or existing? What is life? What is meant by existence? Living is often inaccurately defined, and few of us ever know the real meaning of it. We often use the word living when we mean existing; a term applied to anything present in the universe. Life implies more; it means growth, development and enlargement.

Let us note the little one-celled animal called the Amoeba. No one will dare say that this animal really lives in the broadest sense of the word. It is true that it grows and develops (by cell division) but it is entirely dependent on outside sources for its growth. If the environment is favorable the process of development is continued; if unfavorable, it perishes. It has no power within itself to conquer or change environment or to live above its surroundings. In short, the Amoeba can never know or partake of real life.

This happy privilege is for man only. He alone has the power to change and shape not only his own life, but also the life of those with

whom he comes in contact. You may remember that lower animals and plants either become dwarfed or actually perish when living under wrong conditions. Man cannot only live amidst, but can actually grow and develop while doing so. We all know the story of the poet who struggled in the slums, but lived above them in his poetry. We all know of the poverty-stricken mother, who instills in the minds and souls of her children the things that are big and noble. They live surrounded by adverse conditions, and yet they neither become dwarfed, nor do they die. These are the souls who know life in its fullest. These may truthfully answer, "I am living."

Unless we are living for something and know what it is; unless we have a definite aim in view; unless we are making the most of every talent with which Nature or a kind Providence has given us; unless we are developing every day by judicious exercise every faculty that we possess; unless we are gradually but never ceasingly broadening — expanding — growing —

achieving better and better and greater and greater results as the days and weeks and months go by; unless we are doing all these things, we are not living in the right sense of the word.

If we are spending our days in anything short of searching out the forces within us, and without a daily, active, vigorous, aggressive struggle to accomplish the aim of our life and to live up to the best that is in us, we are not living, but existing.

—T. Ashley Walker.

Safety Department Now Under Mr. H. W. Hudgens

Effective December 1, the Safety First work was placed under the direction of H. W. Hudgen, chief claim agent. George L. Ball, former superintendent of safety and insurance, will hereafter give all of his time to the insurance end, the "group insurance" on the Frisco having reached such large proportions as to require this.

"To-Day"

By Sam A. Hughes

Consider well this day for it is life, the very life of life, in its brief course lie all the realities of our very existence, the bliss of growth, the glory of action, the splendor of beauty, akin to the glory of action is the unconsciousness of doing good. For yesterday is but a dream and tomorrow is only a vision, but today well lived makes every yesterday a dream of happiness and every tomorrow a vision of hope.

And this leads us up to a living picture revealed to me, as it now hangs upon memory's wall never to be erased, a most beautiful painting and one that time cannot dim, for the passing years only act as a brush in hand to freshen it.

It was Christmas morning, the day of all days when men cease their toil, seeking the sanctity of their homes, all over the world for the purpose of celebrating the glad day, nor is this glorious privilege denied the people of any nation or any locality upon the face of the globe, not excepting the desert in the far west where the white man, the child of fortune, the health-seeker, the tourist and the investor from all over the world touch elbows with the Spanish-American, the peon, the black man and last the red man, claiming as he does priority in American citizenship by reason of having pitched his tent before the coming of the pale face, the rich, the mediocre, the poor, all joining in the universal joyful and solemn action upon the part of mankind in general.

The scene of this simple little true story is laid away out in the middle west, within the confines of the United States of America, upon the banks of the Rio Grande River, whose waters go toward forming the dividing line between the U. S. A. and the Republic of Mexico, a land of romance, of poetry, of melodrama and tragedy combined, where the dying embers of the last Apache tepee camp have long since faded away, the warriors having gone to their happy hunting ground, and the scene of their murderous marauding is supplemented by happy homes sheltering law abiding, peaceable people, who believe in God and in the world to come. Upon this historic ground there now resides one of God's noblemen, who by reason of circumstances and a desire to serve his Country's Flag in the preservation of the civilization of the world, now finds him resting upon a couch in a little bungalow nestled amongst the trees and shrubbery, fruits and flowers, made possible by irrigation from the river flowing near by.

It was in this unpretentious little place of abode, far from the madden-

ing throng, that one Lloyd Storm reclined upon his bed of pain, having sacrificed all in the late war, a young man of good pious parentage, who doted upon the boy, whose ambitions looked far and beyond to a life of success and unmeasured achievements, when alas! He fell, stricken in body but with a heart full to overflowing with the milk of human kindness and a burning desire to serve his fellowman, and particularly in bringing happiness to the children of the poor on Christmas Day.

It was in the year of our Lord 1923, and upon Christmas Day, that this same Lloyd Storm arose at dawn and gazed upon the gorgeous sunrise as it appeared in the east over the range of Sandia (Watermelon) Mountains, casting its rays over the land, as it seemed to join in by temporing the cool atmosphere making it ideal for the celebration of the day of our Lord, and turning to his faithful nurse, he called for his field glass, which had served him so well in his aerial flights with his squadron in battle formation, and gazing long and intently he silently viewed the simple life people, all ages and colors, as they earnestly trod the mesa, the lowlands and the desert enroute to the little adobe church, with its black robe and its shining altar, there to join the communicants in silent prayer and adoration in memory of the birth of our Saviour, and then turning to his nurse, he remarked, "Yes, there is a God!"

He then turned his glass in the opposite direction and discovered automobiles filled with the smiling faces of children, poor children from the town and surrounding country, speeding toward the home of Lloyd Storm, who had inaugurated the plan of giving happiness to the poor kiddies the preceding year and they loved him, for in their glad anticipation they fancied they could see the Christmas tree with its bright colored lights, its presents for all and the many good things to eat awaiting them. On they came in the cars provided by loving, sympathetic friends who had called at the poor homes and picked up the children so dear to their parents, promising to return them safely.

Upon arrival at the Storm home, out they jumped, running into the house and forming a circle as they gazed upon that tree with admiration and amazement, and then they were ushered into the dining room with its long and well filled table, where they put on their red, white and blue paper caps, and then pandemonium broke loose when they began blowing their

horns, for they were competing for the cash prize offered for the loudest blower, their faces appearing to be out of shape and at times it seemed they would fall to function by reason of exhaustion, but they were supremely happy, and then the order was given for them to fall in and march past the Christmas tree and before reaching it to draw a number from a hat, the highest number entitling them to a choice of presents hanging upon the tree, and so round and round they went until but one little tot remained whose eyes gazed longingly at the rapidly vanishing watches, pocket knives, books, baseballs, etc., there were dolls, hair ribbons and many suitable presents for the little girls, the last to draw was not disappointed for her host lovingly looked after her in an adjoining room and all went home loaded down with gifts, together with stockings of mosquito netting containing oranges, apples, nuts, enough food to keep them busy for days to come, and then they assembled on the lawn where the picture revealed their happy faces as they departed for their homes laden with many gifts and great joy, eager to tell the story of Santa Claus and his wonderful power of bringing happiness to them.

Oh! would to God! that this picture could be exhibited to all the world now so badly torn with selfishness, jealousy and strife with its vast army of little children, who know no Christmas and no Santa Claus, but the day is not far distant, I am sure when men's hearts shall be changed and the emulation of Lloyd Storm will be practiced throughout this broad land of ours, and throughout the entire world.

Congressman From Washington Buys Taxi to Enable Him to Catch Train

Vancouver, B. C., Nov. 15—Congressman Albert Johnson, Washington, stepped into a taxi last night and ordered the driver to speed over the international boundary line for Vancouver to make connection with a train for Montreal.

Canadian customs officials refused to allow the cab to proceed without a bond, a procedure which would have required several hours. Having only an hour to make the train, thirty miles away, Representative Johnson, in order to comply with the law and avoid the threatened delay, purchased the taxi on the spot for \$2,000.

As owner of the machine, Congressman Johnson, who was accompanied by his daughter, was free to proceed without the bond required from the occupants of rented machines crossing the line.

Write The Editor

Please give us your honest opinion or criticism of the Magazine.

John Steele, Engineer, Tells of an "Oilyette" Haircut

It was a hot sultry afternoon in late August, when the service car in which I was making a survey of the Woof-Woof County oil fields in West Texas, landed me in the bustling little town of Oilyette.

No rain had fallen over this territory in some time, and the ground lay baked and parched, glistening in the heat of the summer sun. The roads, which had only been in use a short time, were worn and churned with the passing of heavily loaded trucks. A heavy white alkali dust lay some six inches deep in the tracks, and arose in a fog with the passing of each vehicle. This dust naturally settled on passengers and conveyance, and clung with a tenacity that was hard to appreciate.

Under these conditions I arrived in Oilyette.

The town was a boom town of the first water, and consisted only of frame shacks and tents. The streets run without form or reason, and no questions asked.

After registering at the Beaver Board Hotel, and being assigned to Cot No. 5 in a room containing six, I hastened out to find a barber shop.

Inquiring of one of the loungers in front of the hotel, I was directed to a shop at the other end of the block. I thought I detected a suppressed smile as this information was furnished, which intuition proved to be correct as recorded by later events.

Entering the barber shop, which was a lean-to shack with living quarters in the rear, I was greeted and waved to the one chair by the only occupant of the place, no doubt the barber, as he wore the regulation white coat.

The chair was evidently of the 1863 vintage, and was a relic of age. This chair had at one time possessed four legs, but at the present time rested on three and a stack of brick. The chair appeared to be covered, or upholstered, in horse hair, and the springs in the seat and back rose and fell in gullies and hillocks that were extremely annoying.

Once seated, the barber appeared to be very solicitous, and used extreme care in tilting the chair back to a reclining position. Why such care was manifested developed later.

While I had asked for a haircut, it suddenly dawned upon me that the barber now had me in a position for a shave. As a boom town barber was a new experience I settled into the most comfortable position possible and awaited developments.

A small stove was located at one side of the shop upon which a gallon can of water was steaming, with a steady cloud of vapor mounting ceilingward.

The barber poured some of the hot water into a vessel, at one time evidently a sugar bowl, and appeared to be churning it with a spoon, as there was no brush in evidence. He appeared to be having some trouble in producing a lather, and raising his voice called to his wife, who it appeared was in the rear portion of the shack, to bring him another cake of soap. She entered the room almost immediately with a large bar of washing soap of the cheapest quality.

When I try to recall the harrowing details of that shave, words fail me. Suffice to say, the razor was dull. The soap with its alkaline content scorched my face and seared my brain. In fact, for days afterward, I looked like I was a smallpox patient on the slow road to recovery.

The barber was loquacious, and launched into a graphic detail of his life's history, while he shaved with an energy that was not to be denied.

"Yes, my name's Bill Skeet. I am the son of old man Skeet who used to have a ranch out on Bear Creek, but dad's gone now. Dad was a good scout, but dad just simply couldn't tell a cattle brand. Some cattle got mixed up with dad's, and some way dad's brand got on them, and when the vigilance committee called on dad, well, I could see that dad wouldn't be interested in cattle much longer. Well after dad died, mother married the foreman, and as he and I couldn't get along, I left. They sold the ranch and moved to New Mexico. As dad left so quick he didn't make a will, and I didn't get anything from the estate. I don't care though, I'll get along some way. Yes, I go back to the old ranch once a year to see the old cottonwood tree down by the corral. Dad was pretty strongly attached to that tree, and it just seems that I can still see him there in the moonlight.

"Well, I punched cattle for a while, drifting from one ranch to another. When I had saved up a few dollars, I bought a little place on Turkey Creek, and started in the sheep business. Then I got married—married Sally Skinner. Her people were poor, but she has made me a good wife.

"Yes, we have four children. Mary is ten, she is the oldest. Then there is Pete, he is nine. Jack is eight, and Sweetie is seven, she is the cut-up of the family."

Then raising his voice, "Sally, Sally, come here, I think the man needs a manducure."

Sally entered carrying a small dish pan full of water and several instruments of torture, including a large butcher knife, a large pair of shears, a heavy farm implement file, also an instrument that I could not name,

but used to see the same instrument used by blacksmiths in trimming horses hoofs when I was a boy. Anyway, you know what I mean.

Sally proceeded to get busy. Her intentions were good, but, ye Gods, she was rough.

When Sally entered, the four children followed her in, and sat down in a row upon a bench near the opposite wall. They sat winking and blinking, and appeared timid in the presence of a stranger.

I noticed in a few moments, however, that in conversation among themselves their power of thought seemed to run in the same channel. That they spoke in disjointed sentences; for example, one of them would start a sentence, the next would take it up, the third add to it, and the fourth finish it.

All at once their interest returned to me, and fastening their gaze, Sweetie started the sentence:

"See the —"

Pete come in and added:

"Man —"

Jack added:

"Getta —"

Mary finished:

"Shave."

The sentence was complete: "See the man get a shave."

After starting the sentence Sweetie had left the bench, and was now out of sight behind my chair.

Suddenly, without the slightest warning, my feet flew skyward, and my head hit the floor with a thud. The fall being partly broken by the barber and his wife making a desperate effort to catch me in my flight. I had grasped the arms of the chair and held myself in position practically standing on my head. Sally had upset the pan of water, which had struck me above the waist line and run down toward my head. There was water in my eyes, ears, nose and throat, which being highly impregnated with cheap laundry soap was causing the most irritating feeling. In addition, the chair had been knocked off of the brick and was now in a three cornered position. I could not quite analyze my situation. Could not quite determine whether I was making a nose dive, looping the loop, or going into a tail spin. Neither could I arrive at a solution of the matter.

While these thoughts were flashing through my brain, the barber had succeeded in getting a strangle hold on the back of the chair and raised it back to a normal position, while Sally put the brick in place.

Before this was accomplished, the barber shop entertainers had put over another one:

Sweetie started: "Stay in—"

Jack: "There—"

Pete: "Cowboy—"

Mary: "Ride her cowboy."

The barber then apologized, stating that the lever on the side of the chair was broken, and that he had it propped up with a two by four under the head rest. He also said that the prop must have slipped out.

I noticed, however, that Sweetie had returned to the bench, and that there seemed to be a mirthful understanding between all four of them.

The razor in the hand of the barber had cut a hole through my shirt and grazed my ribs, as he tried to restrain my flight. I could feel the blood oozing toward my waist line. Also the springs in the bottom of the chair had bursted through, and the sharp ends were causing an unlimited amount of annoyance.

I was now fully restored to a sitting position. The barber announced that he would let the shave go at that, and started on the hair cut. For which I was thankful.

He now took up the recital where he had left off:

"Well, Sally and I made some money the first few years we were on the ranch. Then the war come on, and prices went up. We bought more sheep and land, and — and when the slump came after the war, well, we lost our little home, stock and all.

"Sally took it mighty hard at first, but she's a game girl, and we commenced over. I got a job with Clem Hill herding goats, and worked for him three years, just barely making a living. Yes, we had a hard time, but there were some good times, too.

"You know I got to be an expert on shearing goats, for the last three years I have held the West Texas championship. The first year I sheared my goat in two minutes flat, winning the prize. The second year I won in one minute and fifty-eight seconds, and last year I won in one minute, fifty-seven and one-half seconds. The contest comes up again in October, and I guess that I will have to get some practice."

All this time he seemed to be in an exalted frame of mind, and was clipping away at a furious rate, but, as he had an absorbing way of telling his story, I was paying more attention to the story than to the hair cut. Also I was under the impression that he was clipping around the edges, however, I had noticed that he was using the largest pair of clippers I had ever seen, and seemed to use them with professional dexterity.

Suddenly, in the midst of his story, he seemed to hesitate, then his mind grasped the harbored thought.

"Pete, Pete, get your blackening and give this gentleman a shine, don't you see his shoes are all dusty."

Pete was soon brushing away with a vengeance.

The barber resumed:

"Then the oil field started up, and we come up here and opened this shop. I thought I saw a chance to make some money, and we have done

pretty well for the two weeks we have been here. I don't know much about the barber business, but I can learn. We haven't got very good tools, but I'll buy some as soon as we get on our feet. See this pair of clippers I am using, well that's the pair I won the shearing contest with last year. I have the most trouble in shaving, though. It's awful hard to keep a sharp edge on a pocket knife.

"You know I got this idea of going into the barber business from a trip I once made to the Dallas Fair with dad, just before he died.

"Yes, dad and I went to the Dallas Fair. We arrived there early in the morning, and, after we eat breakfast, dad decided I ought to have my hair cut, so that I would look like other people. So he told me to hunt up a barber shop, get a hair cut, and then meet him in the vestibule of the hotel.

"Well, that's where we went wrong.

"I found a barber shop alright, but instead of being in there thirty minutes, I was in there two hours. That barber found everything wrong with me. He give me a hair cut, shampugh, swinge, hair oil, shave, massage, shine and clothes brushed. Well, I lacked ten cents of having enough money to pay him, but he said that would be alright, and I could pay him the balance some other time.

"I didn't know I was so badly in need of repairs, but I guess it doesn't pay to let your appearance run down.

"Well, then I started out to find dad, but to save my soul I couldn't remember the name of the hotel—I finally wound up at the railroad depot, and sat in the waiting room all night. The next day I again tried to find dad, but had no luck. Well, to make a long story short, as I had not eaten for two days, and still had the return portion of my ticket, I got on the train and come home. I didn't get to see the Dallas Fair, but I had a nice trip anyway.

"Dad was almost crazy, he told me afterwards. He had the police looking for me, and was sure I had been run over, or robbed and killed. He advertised in the newspapers, but finally give it up and come home. However, I had beat him in ten days."

He had apparently long since finished the hair cut, and was waiting on Pete to finish the shine. It was not until that moment that I noticed that Pete had used stove polish.

With a quick wrist motion he flipped the towel from around my neck, and with a second motion rolled the shorn hair across my stomach into a compact roll. Much upon the same order I imagine as recovering the shorn fleece from a goat, or sheep, in record time.

He next rushed my head through a shampoo, and started for a candle to give me a singe, but I balked at this. He did, however, insist that I needed hair oil, and he applied harness oil before I could get out of the chair.

Jack now come into the scene with a large feather duster, and proceeded to brush me up, and down.

The barber had evidently taken on a new supply of gas and was starting out again:

"Well, the next time you come out this way we will try and be fixed up better. We want to please you oil men (he had me down wrong), and are going to put in a bath as soon as they get water here. If you want a bath now you will have to go out on the south road four miles to a spring.

Your Bill?

"Oh yes, shave, haircut, shampoo, manycure, hair oil, shine, brush —

"Yes, this is an oil town, and everything is awfully high. Wouldn't charge you so much if it didn't cost so much to live."

I handed him a bill and proceeded to depart, but not in time to escape, as Sweetie had started another sentence:

Sweetie: "See the —"

Jack: "Bald —"

Pete: "Headed —"

Mary: "Man —"

This must have been a compound sentence, as they went on:

Sweetie: "The bald —"

Jack: "Headed man —"

Pete: "Looks like —"

Mary: "A goat."

As there was no mirror in the shop I could not dispute their word, but I fled.

A Poetic Gem

"My Garden"—which appears here-with—is a product from the pen of Miss Virginia Forrester, daughter of George M. Forrester, who is commercial agent at Springfield:

MY GARDEN

Tall larkspur blue,
Of Heaven's own hue,
Bloom 'mid my lilies fair.
The poppies red,
Fling up each head
To drink the fresh spring air.

White daisies bold,
With hearts of gold,
Sway with the iris there.
The birds and bees,
With flowers and trees,
Make all my garden fair.

Of all the rest,
I love spring best;
It's sweet call come to me.
'Tis garden time,
And life's all rhyme,
From cares and toil I'm free.

Sunday Edition of Rogers Daily Post Appears

Rogers, Ark., boasts a new distinction. The Daily Post, under the able management of Jack Senter, has begun publication of a fine Sunday edition, a real credit to the city.