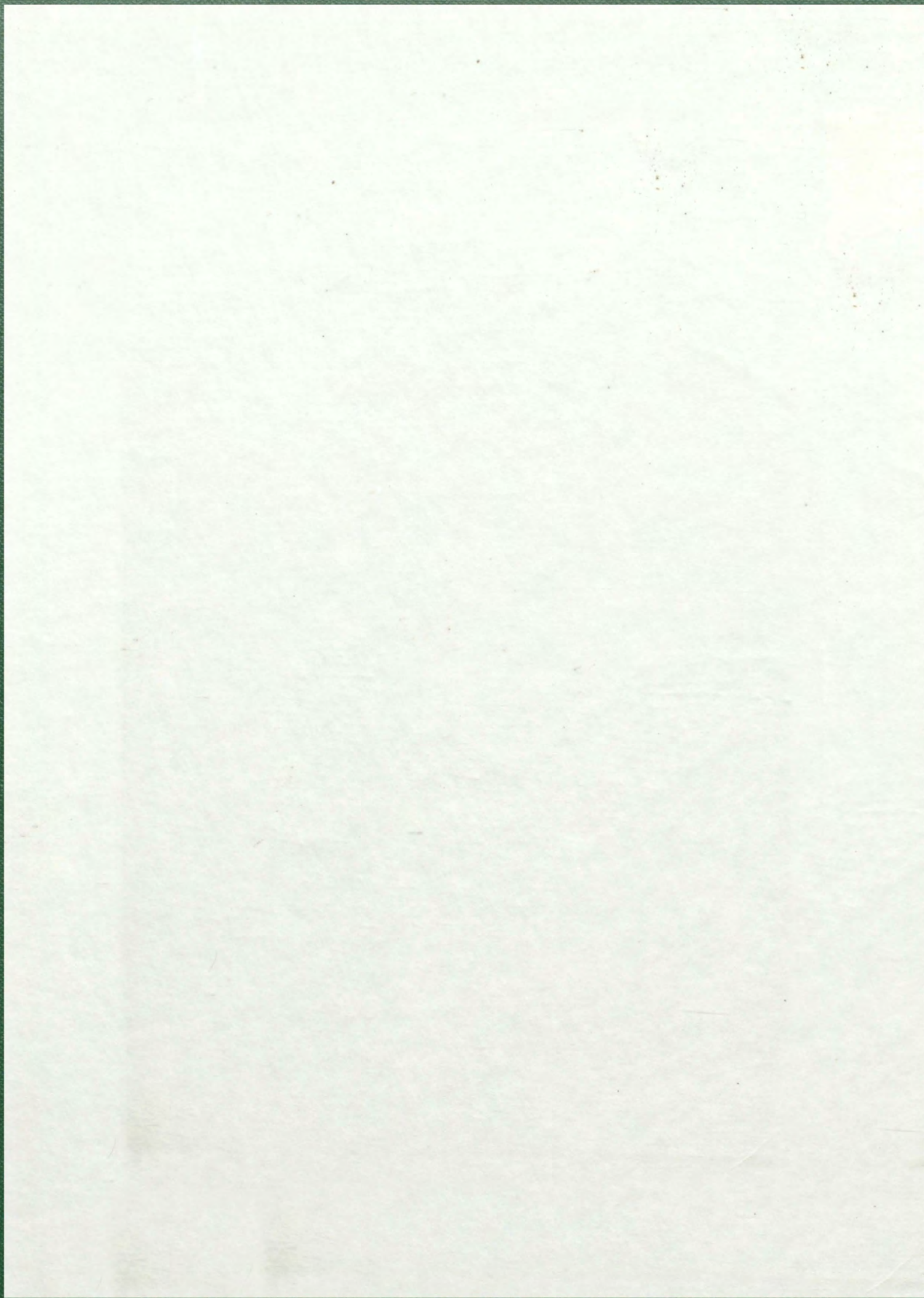
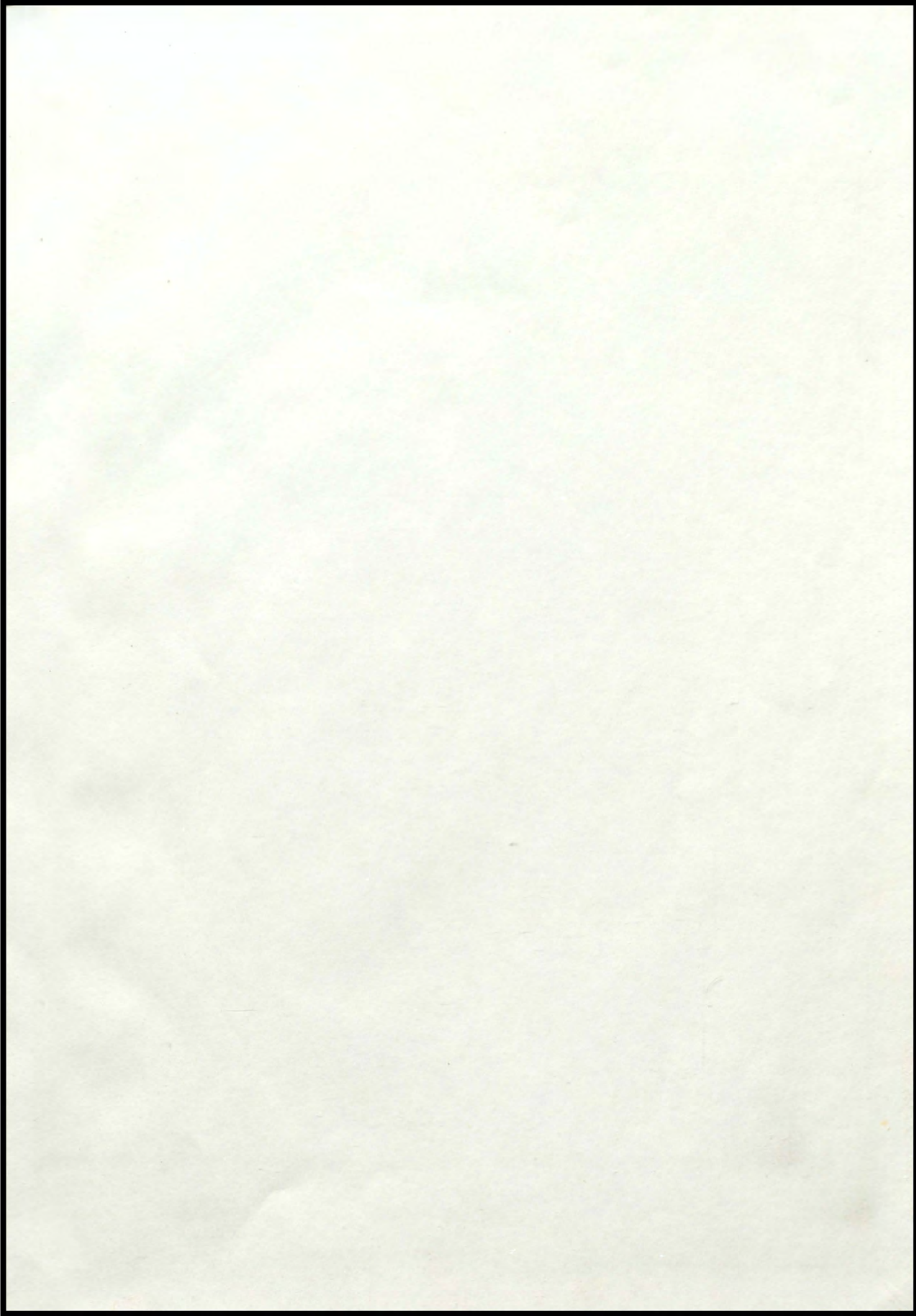


THE
COMET

BURNET HIGH SCHOOL

1925-1926

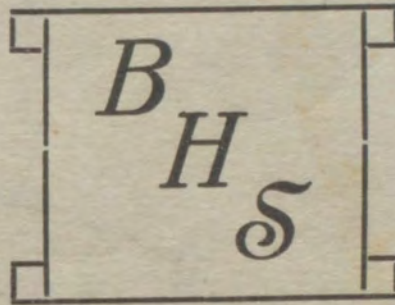




THE COMET

'25

'26



*Edited By the Senior Class 1925-1926
Burnet High School*

PRICE 25c.

The Comet

Edited by the Senior Class 1925-1926 of the Burnet High School.

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PREFACE

One who knows, and knows he knows, is a Senior. "Honor him." Hail the Seniors of "26," of 15 girls and 7 boys, whose Alma Mater is almost won; we march into this world thinking we know something, and we do, that is, if its nix on Latin and Math. Of course we are all good-looking and never fail to answer when a teacher asks a question.

To proclaim our knowledge to the people, we have published this magazine with the help of the business men of Burnet who we thank, one and all, for their kind co-operation for they have never failed when the "school calls."

EDITORS' PAGE

BY EDITORS
ATHLEEN FRAZIER
LOIS FRY AND
DONALD PERCY

RUSSIA'S GOVERNMENT

We know very little about the earliest history of Russia, but there are many legends about her that the Peasants tell. According to these legends, Russia was partly inhabited originally by Slavic and Finnish tribes. These tribes quarrelled and were brought under subjection by Kurik, the Scandinavian King. Kurik's rule marks the beginning of the Russian Government.

At the beginning of the twelfth century, Russian Slavs occupied about a fifth of Russia. The first great King was Peter the Great, the tyrant who with his own hand severed the beards of his nobles. He was a strong ruler and improved and centralized the government. Catherine and Alexander were two of his successful successors.

Other rulers of little importance "appeared for a time in the limelight, and strutted about like an actor who enjoys his brief moment on the stage and then is forgotten."

The Romanoff rule lasted from 1613 to 1917. Russia prospered during this time until the War with Japan, which Japan won. This war caused a political upheaval in Russia. For more than a century there had been revolts between the Peasants and Aristocrats, that were constantly being quelled by the Police. Many people realized that the Czar was an inefficient ruler and were dissatisfied.

The Czar realized that dissatisfaction was becoming universal and he reluctantly granted the people a constitution and an assembly, called "Duma." But a crisis was impending, and finally in 1917, on Monday, March 12th, the President of the Duma telegraphed the Czar, "The hour has struck; the will of the people must prevail." The Czar was compelled to abdicate his throne within four days and the Duma ruled Russia. The people grew dissatisfied with this government and demanded a republic. They attempted to establish this form of government and elected a cabinet, consisting of six members, with **Korensky as Premier.**

All this while Russia was very active in the World War, although she was frequently defeated in battle. Finally the two traitors, Lenine and Trotzky succeeded in collecting their forces and in overpowering Korensky's government. They were, it is supposed hired by Germany. Anyway with their ascension, Russia ceased to fight Germany.

"The reds," or "Bolsheviki," proceeded to murder the entire Romanoff family, which consisted of: Czar Nicholas, his wife, and his four daughters, Olga, Tatiana, Maria and Anastasia. In 1921, the Lenine and Trotzky government fell, and the Socialistic government was established.

Now a new complication has arisen. A woman, who claims to be the Czar's youngest daughter, Anastasia, has been found in a Berlin hospital. Anastasia was supposed to have been murdered by the Bolsheviki. She was a pretty, plump, merry girl. This woman has a bruised mouth that can smell only on one side, eight teeth have been knocked out and her body is marred by scratches and bruises and there is a stab-wound on her scalp.

Members of the Romanoff family who called on her, disagree as to her identity. The Grand Duchess says her head says Anastasia is dead, but her heart tells her it is her. This woman can recall incidents of court life that occurred that only a member of the court could know. She recognized her nurse, and called her "Zbura," the nurse's pet name that only Anastasia called her. She claims that all the family were killed but her, and a "Red" soldier rescued and married her; that she has since been residing in Rumania and came to Berlin to press her claims and became ill.

All Russia is highly excited about her, because they fear if it is Anastasia, that the Aristocrats and friends of the Roman-

THE STONE MOUNTAIN MEMORIAL

The people of the South have undertaken a project that perhaps will stand for many ages as a memorial to the brave soldiers of the Confederacy. The sons and daughters of the South have realized that something is needed to serve as a monument to the Confederate cause. For this purpose they chose the Stone Mountain Memorial; truly a fitting thing with which to honor their memory.

Stone Mountain is situated in Georgia and is a small mountain of solid marble. The lagoon that lies at its base will be forced to appear as it flows from the Mountain. There will be forty-eight steps leading into the memorial. On each step the name of one state will be inscribed. On the first thirteen steps will be the names of the first thirteen states and so on in the order of their admittance to the Union. Inside there will be two huge urns in which incense will be burned on state occasions. The memorial will have a seating capacity of fifteen thousand.

Isn't this a wonderful way to honor our Southern heroes of the Civil War? The future generations of ages hence will gaze with awe upon this magnificent piece of handiwork and it will perhaps inspire them to do nobler things in the future.

WHAT SHALL WE DO?

The rubber monopoly of England is one of the greatest questions confronting the people of the United States today. To offset this the people of the United States are organizing large firms to buy land where rubber trees abound and to buy land in America where the guayule shrub grows.

The largest is the "Rubber Association of America." The plans of the company are very plainly shown in the "Wall Street Journal." Says the Wall Street Journal:

"The plan contemplates the establishment of vast rubber producing areas in California, where experimental work with the guayule shrub extending over the past fifteen years has demonstrated ideal conditions for the establishment of a large and prosperous industry.

Seed beds will be prepared in 1926 for the planting of from 400 to 600 acres in 1927 and each year thereafter. As it takes about four years for the shrub to reach the rubber producing stage, the first unit should be ready for cutting in 1930 with a larger acreage each year thereafter. If the outcome of the large scale production of the shrub confirms results which have been attained from the experimental work some of the backers of the movement predict that an industry comparable to the Western beet sugar industry will be established and will have an important bearing on the solution of the country's rubber problem.

"A vast amount of rubber is wasted every year. A large amount of the rubber could be used again in tires and so forth. If the rubber were sent back to the factories and used again in tires, England's monopoly would be greatly diminished. The prices the main factory owners charge and the tariff England charges would be lessened. So let us back the rubber companies formed in the United States and help in that way to control the rubber industry. And also let us try for several years to keep from wasting the rubber in our country.

off's may attempt to place her back on the throne. The people are tensely waiting until she recovers, to see if she can prove her identity.

JOKE PAGE

By *Annie Birdwell and
Howard Fry*

NOT READY TO GO

A lady coming from Arkansas was on her way to Texas. She attended preaching one night. At the close of his sermon, the preacher, asked all that wanted to go to heaven to shake hands with him.

Every one responded to the call but the lady from Arkansas. The preacher asked her if she would not like to go to heaven. The lady told him, "Yes, but my husband is going back to Arkansas tonight and I will have to go back with him."

THE SCOTT FITZGERALD LOVE SCENE

She: You mustn't kiss me.
He: But I've known you five minutes.
She: What of that?
He: Isn't that long enough?
She: Of course; but don't.
He: What's the matter?
She: We mustn't do this now.
He: Stop stalking, or I'll go.
She: Don't go; just let go.
He: Tell me why.
She: Can't you see?
He: I can't see anything but you.
She: Look in the mirror.
He: Good Lord! Your father.

MOUNTED DEAR

"I have a dear in my office."
"Mounted?"
"Yes; on a typewriter stool."

AN OLD MAID'S PRAYER

An old maid was kneeling by a maple tree praying, and this is her prayer:

"Tis a husband Lord I want,
Wilt thou the gift in kindness grant?
Oh, give me one that's kind and clever
And thine shall be the praise forever."
In a tree near-by sat a hoot-owl
And he suddenly cried, "Whoo, Whoo, Whoo,"
The maid answered, "Dear me, I hardly
Know, most anybody, Lord, will do."

Mrs. Sayitt (To small daughter): "You never speak outside of the quarrels between your mamma and papa do you, dear?"

Margery: "Oh, no, mother; but when you are pleasant to each other I speak of it."

EVERYTHING JUST LOVELY

Burglar: Are the people of the house in?
Servant: "No, they're all out."
Burglar: Have you paid your dog license?
Servant: We haven't any dog.
Burglar: Well, then, I've come to tune the piano.

Howard: Have you been teaching your dog any new tricks, lately, Jess?

Jess: Yes, I've been teaching him to eat out of my hand.

Howard: And have you succeeded?

Jess: Oh, very well. He ate a large piece out of my hand last week.

EXPIRED

Margaret: I see you forgot to wear your patent-leather shoes this evening.

Donald: Oh, its all off with those shoes.

Margaret: What's the trouble? Have you worn them out?

Donald: No, but the patent expired.

AWFUL!!

Nell: I saw a terrible accident this morning in which nine lives were lost.

Bill: How was that, Nell.

Nell: A cat was killed.

Julia: What vegetable products are the most important in history.

Flora: Never gave it a thought.

Julia: Why, dates of course.

Mr. LeFevre: What's an Italian decoration?

Leslie: Spaghetti on the vest.

Sign in Restaurant:

Pies like mother used to make, 5c.

Pies like mother tried to make, 10c.

Julia: What is a flirtation?

Ada: A spoon with nothing in it.

"I seem to have run out of gas," he said, and muttered to himself, "Here's where I do some fast work."

The girl's face small and white, was turned up to his, her eyes glowing dizzily from beneath heavy lids. Her head swam. Her red lips were parted, and she sighed faintly.

Slowly he bent over her.

Why not? He was her dentist.

Jimsey: What are you doing now?

Joe: Buying old wells, sawing them up and selling them for post holes.

Mr. Sallee: Ever had Economics?

Stanley Glimp: No, just measles and Chicken Pox.

Said Nell to Mrs. Chamberlain: "Bill must be the idol of the family?"

Mrs. Chamberlain: Yes, he has been idle for eighteen years.

Mr. Fry: Young man, leave the room.

Upton (Who worked as a bell-hop during the summer) Where will I leave it, sir?

Gay: I saw a man yesterday that weighed two tons.

Pauline: You're crazy.

Gay: No he was weighing lead pipe.

The Old Deserted House.

By Marcia Maude Ligon.

One day while walking on a lonely country road, I had a great desire for something interesting to happen. I grew very weary and seeing a house not far away, I thought I would go in and meet the people that occupied it, but to my great surprise, no one lived there. It was a large, two-story, white building. It must have been a very beautiful home. Looking in at the window, I saw by the appearance of the old furniture and the dust that had accumulated on it, that it had been long ago since anyone had lived there.

I went to the front door to see if it would open. Yes, the door opened and I entered the room. No sooner had I entered than a feeling of sadness and loneliness came over me. I seemed to be living in some past of sorrow. With a feeling of fear, I was going out when I heard some one coming up the walk. It was a woman. Never will I forget the sorrow that was written on her face. She did not see me as she neared the door, so I crept behind a large bed. She came in and sat in a chair and began weeping. I slowly crept from my hiding place and came close to her side and touched her arm. She frowned and would have screamed, but she noticed the expression on my face and thought I would not harm her. She asked me who I was. I told her I was walking around and did not mean any harm.

I thought some one lived there and I would like to meet the people. She smiled and told me that the people that had lived there were all gone. Then she told me of a sad tragedy. This is the story that she told me:

"Seven years ago I was a servant working here for a very happy family; a man, his wife, and two small boys. These boys were the sunshine of their mother's heart. I often said if any harm should come to those boys, it would kill my young mistress, and it did. At the end of a beautiful summer day, the boys failed to return home. My mistress sent me to look for them. Not finding them in the neighborhood, I inquired about them. The neighbors told me they were seen with a dark complexioned man. I returned home and told my mistress. Immediately she grew alarmed and a search was made for the boys. The good people searched for them day and night but no good results did they obtain. The father offered a large reward for their return, but word came that the boys were murdered by the kidnapers that were going around in the country. This killed my mistress. This house is called the house of sorrow; people never come here. I still live in my little house not very far from here and I often come here and think of the happy days of the past."

What You Are

By Eva Warwick

You are exactly what you make of yourself. You are what you think you are. Others think just as much of you as you think of yourself. You can do what you think you can and no more. Where there is a will there is a way. You can either find a way or make it.

If you put yourself below others in your thoughts, that is where they put you. They have not any more confidence in you than you have in yourself. Your expression and your ways tell what you are. You are judged by what you say, where you go, and the company you keep.

Usually you get what you demand in this life. You are just as big as your ideas. You can have as many friends

as you want and the kind you want. For the only way to have a friend is to be one.

A woman writes that children think of their mothers what their mothers teach them to think of them. That if she teaches them to love, honor and obey her, they will. They think what she wishes them to think of her. But if she allows them to neglect and disobey her, it is her fault. She forms her own image in the minds of her children.

You may not be what you would like to be, but it is your fault because you make yourself. You cannot blame others for your own failures. One of the authors of one of our text books said there is no education but self-education. Our schools are not to educate the people, but to aid them in getting their own education.

There are no castes in free America. You can rise as high as you wish.

Resources of Burnet County

By Donald Percy

The county of Burnet on the edge of the mountainous and the farming areas of Texas is a very picturesque county. It abounds in history. Near Burnet, Robert E. Lee is said to have spent a short while. The county has three principal towns. Burnet is the largest. It is the county seat and is in both a farming and mining area. Marble Falls is the second in size. It is in the pecan belt and is also on the river where water power is easily gotten. Bertram is in the farming area. In this theme I shall take up the four main resources of Burnet County. They are minerals, stone, water power and agriculture.

I shall first take up the minerals. One very seldom thinks of mining in Burnet County without thinking of the Graphite mine twelve miles west of Burnet. This mine is one of the largest of its kind in the United States. At present the mill at the mines is running both night and day. Trucks may be seen on the road from Burnet to the mine at nearly every hour of the day. Another mineral found in Burnet county is the rare Ichthyol. The mine is located about a mile north of Burnet. This is found in very few countries and is found in only two places in the United States. It is used in making medicine. Copper is also found in Burnet County. The mine is located a few miles west of Burnet. Recently lead was discovered west of Burnet. A great deal of money was spent by the Eagle-Pitcher Lead Company in prospecting this deposit. At present the mine is being operated on a small scale, but it is the belief of many that within a few years a large mill will be in operation at the lead mine. Lately a large deposit of iron was discovered west of Burnet. One finds iron in nearly all of Burnet county. One can dig down about five feet and find iron in nearly every trial of the town of Burnet. Some day Burnet county may be the greatest iron belt in the southwest. Jewels are also found in Burnet County. Stones that resemble sapphires are found in great quantities about seven miles west of Burnet. Many other minerals including silver are found in Burnet County.

Granite abounds in nearly the whole of Burnet county. Near Marble Falls is a huge Granite Mountain. Granite is being quarried from this mountain at all times. Granite from this quarry is shipped to the eastern part of the United States. There is also marble in Burnet county. Limestone is also found. Lime stone is used in making lime and cement. Who knows but some day Burnet County may be a center of the manufacturing of cement.

At Marble Falls the water of the Colorado River is being harnessed to be used in the huge factory to be situated at

Marble Falls. Many other places along the Colorado River could be dammed and be used for water power.

The eastern part of Burnet County is in the black land belt. In Burnet county cotton, wheat, oats, corn and other grain are raised. Pecans also bring a good deal of the money to Burnet county. Burnet county is gradually coming to the front as a poultry county. The huge incubator lately installed near Burnet will aid very greatly in this industry. Cattle, hogs, sheep and goats are raised in Burnet county. Burnet county's wealth comes not only from farming, poultry and mines, but from live stock. When the sheep are

sheared and the wool sold, a great deal of money is brought into Burnet County.

Burnet County has a very bright future. The factory at Marble Falls, the mines around Burnet, the Granite industry, the poultry business, the farms and the ranching all will aid in the building of Burnet county. At present two highways run through Burnet county and another is being proposed. The schools in Burnet county are growing very rapidly. Bertram and Briggs have new school buildings and Lake Victor has voted fifteen thousand dollars in bonds to use in building a school house.

The Reformation.

By Lois Fry.

Undeniably "Dad" Marten had changed! A metamorphoses had been wrought in his nature. Neighbors of Dad gossiped it over the back fences in hushed tones. It was rumored that Dad was loosing his mind. Truly, the little town of Lake Point was "stirred up."

Part of the gossip was exaggerated, especially that about his waning in sanity, but it was true that Dad was no longer the same. Dad had been a foster-father to the inhabitants of Lake Point. When anyone was disturbed, whether it was over finances, or the death of a relative, he was wont to bring his woes to Dad. Dad's good nature and philanthropy were a tradition of Lake Point—but now! Gone was Dad's amiability; vanished was his benevolence, and in its stead bitterness reigned. But the crowning jolt was this: Dad's philanthropy, his generosity to give his friends his last dollar was well known. But now, it was said that Dad not only refused Tom Jolson a loan, but had said bitter things to him.

The children of Lake Point, who had formerly idolized Dad, now hooted at him. Even his adopted son, Jake, was at a loss to explain Dad's bitterness, as also was Jake's wife, Ella.

If Dad Marten was aware of all these rumors, he did not show it. He was indifferent to every one. At home he threw aside his mask of indifference and sank into an apathy; he seemed to lose interest in even his most cherished ambition! Dad was, by trade, a horticulturist. His life-long ambition was to produce a watermelon without seeds. To us, and even to Lake Point, this seems a futile ambition, but not so to Dad. He had instilled this ambition into Jake, his adopted son.

Jake was a fine specimen of manhood and Dad adored him. He sent him off to College and had high hopes of his success. Then suddenly Dad's wife, "Marthy," died. A few months later Jake married Ella Wheeler, a girl that Dad disliked intensely, because he regarded her as common. At first, Ella resented Dad's dislike of her, but the years softened her resentment, but not Dad's. Dad did not confide the reason of his change in his son and so all Lake Point had to be content with its gossip.

Then they received a shock. Dad made a trip of three days to Chicago. Now, Lake Point was sure it had the solution. Dad was tired of being single—he had gone to Chicago for his bride and she had "jilted" him! To be sure they knew of Dad's devotion to "Marthy," but said Lake Point: "Men is all alike. Take Alma Arbuck's husband. She wasn't in her grave three weeks until he begin steppin' out!" Of course Dad was not possessed of a flirtatious spirit as was the unfortunate Alma's husband, but that did not alter his decision.

Only Dad Marten knew the real reason. There was his failure to produce the seedless melon when he was so sure of success. Then there was the nightmare—he was going blind. So the oculist at Chicago had assured him. It was only a matter of six months till total blindness would occur. Then, besides these facts, he had heard rumors, vague to be sure, but supposedly based on information from Ella, that

Jake was likewise experimenting with an aim of producing a seedless melon! These were the reasons for Dad's morbidness.

One morning about two months later, Dad chanced to stop in a store for a box of matches, and it was while he was waiting for his purchases that he heard the words which spelled ruin to him. Two men, oblivious of his presence were talking. Said one, neatly spitting on the other's toe, "Have you heard the news of Jake Marten's luck?"

"No," responded the other.

"Wal," returned the first, "Ella told my ol' woman as how Jake's perduced the melon without seeds. Put one over Dad, eh?"

Something snapped in Dad's brain. For a moment he was numb, then came blinding fury such as he had never previously experienced. He felt a desire to kill! Jake had stolen his discovery! Really Jake had only succeeded where Dad failed, but Dad refused to see this. The old Dad would have been proud and congratulated Jake, but the new Dad's heart was too warped by hatred. He left the store without waiting for his purchases.

As he stumbled along, he met Jake—a new Jake. The old Jake had become prematurely aged by family cares, but this Jake seemed rejuvenated. Seeing Dad, he stopped and shouted, "Dad! I've really produced a seedless watermelon! We'll both be famous together, Dad! It was your idea—" he got no further for Dad ignored the proffered hand and strode on.

All evening, and late into the night he brooded. With the coming of dawn, Dad made a resolution to steal Jake's accounts of how he produced the melon, for every horticulturist keeps an account of his experiments. Dad chuckled gleefully and rubbed his hands. "Yes sir! That's what I'll do." He laughed fiendishly. The laugh was maniacal and seemed to echo and re-echo. For a moment Dad had misgivings. Had not Jake offered to share the money and fame with him? But he ignored his conscience and made his plans. He would enter Jake's house after dark.

About eight, Dad arrayed himself in his black alpaca suit, his socks, the last ones Marthy had mended, which he had reserved to be "laid out" in, and sallied forth.

Stealthily he entered Jake's room, and there on the desk he beheld the accounts. Beside them was a melon—the melon without seed! A perfect specimen it was. For a moment fury convulsed him at sight of it. His efforts for twenty-five years were fruitless! Jake was to blame and he should suffer. Then he remembered that Jake went to lodge on this night. Then, he decided, Ella should pay! He started toward Ella's room with some insane idea of killing Ella, and opened the door cautiously, he peered in. A low, sweet melody fell on his ears. He halted. The melody was a strange, haunting one, yet it seemed vaguely familiar. Seated in a chair was Ella, holding the baby, while around her were the children. The baby, he suddenly remembered, was his name-sake. As Ella sang, a look, most holy settled on her face, and a radiance crept into her eyes.

Dad gave a start. The song was one that Marthy had sung to Jake when he was a baby and Dad fancied that Ella in some way resembled Marthy. He shut the door. Sanity had returned. Softly he replaced the accounts. No! He could not rob Jake's children of their birthright. After all, he was an old man with one foot in the grave. He stumbled and swayed. Everything was going dark—he took a totter-

T. A. CHAMBERLAIN.

By Jesse Pogue

The subject of this sketch, T. A. Chamberlain, was born in the year eighteen hundred and forty nine. He is now 77 years of age. He has been a resident of Burnet for sixty years or more.

At the age of twenty-two or twenty-three, he started to teach school. The school which is now known as Bethel was opened at that time and he was chosen as the first teacher. It was also his first experience in teaching school. He had about twenty-five pupils, many of whom are still living in that same community.

After teaching school for a few years, he entered politics

ing step. Suddenly he extended his arms. "Marthy," he called, "I'm comin'. You'll forgive won't you Marthy? Wait Marthy—" but he fell. The oculist was wrong. Blindness had occurred and with it came death. But a metamorphoses had occurred. Gone was Dad's bitter sneering look and in its stead was that old sweet, benevolent smile that was familiar to all Lake Point!

and was elected county surveyor of Burnet county. This office was of considerable importance in those days, as the county was young and was being settled up rapidly. With the exception of a few years during which he was living in South Texas, following his vocation, he has held this office continually and still holds it.

"Uncle Tom," as he is known to everybody, is one of the best men I have ever known. Although making no great display about it, he is a true, Christian gentleman, willing to help anyone in any way that he can. When any one has surveying to be done, he is called upon. No government or other surveyor has ever found a mistake in his data, for he is very careful with his work. He has surveyed a large portion of Burnet and Llano counties and is still "at it."

The House of Horror

By Athleen Frazier

Some people say that I am insane; others say that I am mad; others, that I am feigning madness like Hamlet. Perhaps I am mad. Who can tell? My past life has been so horrible, so full of grief and terrors that I feel as if I am groping in utter darkness and slowly, slowly losing all control of my superior being. Shall I tell you of my past life or keep it buried deep down in my heart forever? No! I shall tell it. It hangs over me like an immovable cloud and is so terribly depressing that I feel as if I must tell someone or I shall die.

Many years ago when I was still quite young, my family, consisting of my father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Dupree, my sister, Henrietta, my brother, George, and I came to America from France. We were accompanied by Lucien, an old French servant. He had been with our family for many years.

Our first few years in America were spent happily on a small farm on the banks of the Hudson River. Ah! how I look back on those years as the only time life seemed worth living. How peaceful! How sublime! Into those few years I can place all my pleasures of this life.

My father became inveigled in some land schemes. As I was too young and carefree to understand what really was happening, the first thing that I knew my father announced that we had lost all that we possessed in this world. We were outcasts in a foreign land, without home or money.

We finally found a small hut overgrown with thick green vines. The people who lived near told us that it was haunted and abandoned and if we cared to live there we were perfectly welcome. Alas! how little my dear family knew what was in store for us. If they could only have read their sad fates, how we would have fled from that place as from a deadly viper.

Lucien who was very superstitious, was horrified at the idea of living in such a house, but rather than leave the family, his only friends, he submitted. Of course the gruesome aspect of the house and his own imagination bore heavily on his mind. I could see that as time wore on, his mind was weakening.

One night I was awakened by peculiar noises in the adjoining room. I got up, lighted a candle, and went in where I heard the noise. There stood Lucien with a terrible gleam in his eyes. Indeed he was filled with the evil spirit. In his hand was a knife with a long thin blade that reflected the candle light like a mirror. I stood motionless. I was

struck perfectly dumb with terror. I was quaking with fear but I dare not move. Lucien ran his long, bony finger over the shimmering blade. Then he looked at me and grinned such a horrible ghastly grin that I thought surely my time to die had come. But—slowly he ran his finger the full length of the blade a second time; looked at me; shook his head; turned and walked off.

By this time I realized that Lucien was insane. What could I do? About this time, I heard my father cry out for help. Before I could reach him, Lucien passed me waving the bloody knife in the air, shrieking like one possessed with a demon and swearing vengeance on the whole family.

Where he went I do not know; I went to my father. He was dead. Lucien had stabbed him. This was more than I could stand. I felt that I would go mad myself. During the next year the rest of our family lived in fear of Lucien's return. Imagine, friends, living through a whole year with such a terrible remembrance of Lucien and knowing that any time he might return and murder the whole family. Every noise at night, every shadowy figure crouching in the darkness, I thought to be Lucien. Henrietta, my beautiful sister, was so terrified at the idea of his return and lived in such dread of it that she became a mere shadow. At night she would wander down to an old well and stand for hours in the moonlight. One night we saw her walk to the accustomed spot and stand looking into the well for a long time. Imagine our unspeakable terror when, after a while, we heard a splash in the well. I rushed down there but I was too late. She had been grasped by the mossy entanglement of the treacherous green water of the old well. Horror-stricken I called for aid. We worked all night but could not find the bottom of the well. We could drop anything in it and could hear the reeking of the moss through which it was passing for at least five minutes. It seemed to be a bottomless cavity. I was distracted with grief.

Then, that very night when I returned to the house, imagine my horror when I found that my mother and George had fallen victims to the wanton hand of Lucien. Nearby was Lucien dying from a self-inflicted wound.

I was crazy with grief. Stay at that house from that night on? No! I left as quickly as I could. I was travelling to some unknown Mecca for my soul. I wandered from city to city. People did not understand the invisible torture of my mind. How could I tell them? Would they believe me?

In that mood I have drifted from place to place. Of course I act queerly. Who would not? This is the first time I have imparted my history to any living soul. Now you understand that with these memories constantly before me

life holds no fascination for me. How much longer will I be compelled to live in this world and endure these terrible reminiscences? Oh, that Lucien had killed me on that same fatal night! How much better it would have been!

THE CHILD LABOR AMENDMENT

BY LESLIE MCDANIEL

I have learned that our states have not made and enforced laws to prohibit children from working in unhealthful and dangerous places. Some states allow the children to work 14 hours a day while some states have eleven hours as a limit for child labor. And these children are from twelve to fourteen years of age. What are we going to do with such a condition? This is the future citizen of the United States, our beloved country, that other nations are looking to for a pattern. It is a Union of freedom and prosperity. But on the other hand, as soon as other people come from other countries, their children begin to work in the factories and mines for they can find little else to do. And if they can accumulate enough money to return home on they do so for they do not want their children to work under such conditions. When people are in need of money the whole family usually works in order to make a living and the children usually do anything that they can find to do. Some of the children work with heavy machinery in the greasiest places for they are so small that they can do little else about machinery except to clean and oil it and this is very dangerous work. To have a child working among heavy machinery is like having them to be keepers of lions for it is impossible to tell when they are going to get their fatal blow.

There are state laws but they are not being enforced and some of the factories are like an old sheep-killing dog. It will sneak around and get children in another state to do home work and dodge the state laws. Therefore the states cannot control child labor. The children and their mother together make 26 cents per hour at home work, while a woman who has no children makes 27 cents per hour, and in some of the homes the children are sick in bed, some of them with contagious diseases, doing hand work such as making powder puffs, etc. These articles carry the proud label "made in America," and "sanitary." What do you think of a nation letting such a thing as that exist? Of course children that are working under such conditions are not gainfully employed and there are many homes that take home work and do the work in the back of the house, so if an inspector were to come he would not find them at work. Now what are we going to do with that? I say give the Federal Government a trial for the States have had their trial and have not succeeded. Of all the children of the United States, there are only 1,069,858 that are gainfully employed between the age of ten and fifteen years, while three hundred seventy-eight thousand and sixty-three of them are between the age of ten and thirteen years, according to the nineteen hundred and twenty census.

In New York City, five hundred and ninety four of the families were visited and one fourth of these had children between the ages of five and fifteen engaged in home work. Mr. Hall said, "More than seventy-nine per cent of the five hundred and thirty-five children reported working by the investigators were under fourteen years of age, while thirty five per cent were under the age of ten and part of the parents were foreign born." If this is not remedied and the children educated, we will become like Mexico. These children are citizens of the United States and will soon be taking part in the government.

In California, land sells for three thousand dollars per acre and capital is twelve per cent. After the grapes and other fruits are gathered and the interest on the capital is paid there is very little left to pay the children and women,

so they have to suffer. Suppose an angel or some monstrous dragon would come to the earth and place its hand on one of our leading men each day for one year and every man that it touched would no longer be able to take a leader's part for his mind would be like a child's mind. Everybody would be in an uproar trying to destroy the pest for they would realize it was a menace to our country. But we have something of the same kind happening today, except the children do not have the chance to prevent the awful conditions.

I say when a thing affects a nation as a whole, as the child labor does, then it is time for the Federal government to take charge. A republic government must educate the children so they can solve the problem that is before them.

If one state has a high standard, the manufacturers will send their goods to another state that has a low standard. Each state ought to have to make reports of the home workers that they have employed. Then the inspector could investigate the home workers and see if they were working according to the standard. But if it were a Federal law it would be the same offense in one state as in another.

The first ten amendments were made immediately after the constitution was signed and were accepted almost as a part of the original constitution and altogether desirable and soon afterwards two more were accepted by all. For the last one hundred and twenty years only seven amendments were made during all of the great progress. And it is lawful for another amendment to be made. Some people say if the amendment is passed that the children under eighteen years of age will not have to work and their parents will not have any power over them. But that is all a mistake. For each one will have something to do. If John milked the cow, he would continue to milk the cow and Mary to wash the dishes. But the children who are illegally employed will not go on with their business as before. The congress or Federal government will not pass an Amendment that would disable any one. After a bill is put before either of the houses it is referred to a committee for public hearing and if the committee announces it con, the bill is dead, but if it is pro it is placed on the calendar for a certain day so each member can express his views on the subject and if passed the President has a veto power. So by the time a bill goes through both houses, I think it will do to enforce that bill especially if that bill is to prohibit the working of children in factories and mines. And it is now time for another amendment to be added to the constitution.

Here are some facts that you should know about child labor by Senator Medill McCormick: "Do you know that since the Supreme court in nineteen hundred and twenty-two declared the child labor law unconstitutional, child labor in the factories, fields and canneries has increased at an alarming rate?"

"Do you know that in Waterbury, Connecticut, that nearly eight times as many children received work permits in nineteen hundred twenty-three as in nineteen hundred twenty-two?"

"Do you know that the increase in eleven cities is fifty-seven per cent, in fourteen cities twenty-four per cent, in five cities one hundred per cent, while in others it has run up to eight hundred per cent?"

"Do you know that in Manchester, New Hampshire, more than five times as many children are at work as there were a year ago?"

"Do you know that working in the beet-fields makes the

backs of little boys and girls crooked and that in two counties alone in Colorado there are seven hundred and fifteen children under six years of age and one thousand four hundred between six and sixteen at work in the fields from eight to ten hours a day for weeks at a time?

Do you know that in the Anthracite mining district of Pennsylvania many children of thirteen and fourteen years of age have taken their place as full time wage earners?

"Do you know that the child mortality rates are distressingly high in some districts?"

"Do you know that in Louisiana in the oyster and shrimp canneries children of eight and ten and twelve are working from six o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock at night?"

"Do you know that in North Carolina boys may enter in

Mills at twelve, and boys and girls between fourteen and sixteen may be employed eleven hours a day?"

"Do you know that in Georgia orphans or children of widowed mothers may work in factories at the age of twelve and may be worked sixty hours a week, and after they are fourteen-one-half they may legally work all night?"

If you do not know these facts and figures, "and they are only a drop in the bucket," it is about time you did.

If you have pity of heart and wisdom of spirit, help the children of the nation to escape from the toils of the exploiters. Support the McCormick Child Labor Amendment, which will give congress power to erase from our national record the black mark of child destruction.

Cupid Rolls the Dice

By Bessie Mae
Humphrey

The Forbidden Tower! The Forbidden Tower! This kept going through my mind as I lay on my bed trying to go to sleep. I could see it, in my mind, standing as it did when we passed it that evening on our way from El Paso back to Dicky Boxford's ranch. Mrs. Boxford had often mentioned the tower and Dicky started to tell me all that was known about it, but Mrs. Boxford made him stop. I had been helping Mrs. Boxford on the ranch for almost a year but I had never mentioned the tower as it seemed to be a mystery that no one liked to discuss. It was an old tower and looked as if no one had been near it for many years.

Yes, as every one believed, Dicky and I were engaged and intended to be married the next spring, but for almost two months Dicky had been going with a movie star who was spending her summer vacation on the ranch adjoining the Boxford ranch. I felt that he was not treating me fairly, but I never said anything to him about it as he was always so nice to me.

I tried to think about something beside this "Forbidden Tower," but my mind always wandered back to the tower. Dicky had told me that I must not go in or near the tower, but like most girls I wanted some excitement, a thrill, or better just something different. I decided to get up and dress slip down the back stairs and go to this tower. It was only eleven o'clock and the moon was shining so brightly that I had nothing to fear, only that some one would see me and tell Dicky where I was going. Dicky was almost six feet tall and was strong enough that he could carry me back to the house if he wished to do so.

I got down the stairs and out of the yard without disturbing anyone, not even the dog. I felt very comfortable in my coat suit as the night was cold. Every sound scared me, even my own shadow made me have cold chills running up and down my spinal cord. I hurried on as fast as my feet would carry me and in a short while I had covered the distance to the tower. I knew that Dickey would be very angry if he knew that I was doing this against his wish.

In the moonlight this tower looked as if it might be haunted. I found the door and when I tried to open it, to my surprise it opened easily. I had forgotten to bring my flashlight along, but by the light that came in through the cracks I could see the outline of a small room and a staircase leading up. I could not tell how far, for I could not see the top. I began to slowly ascend and when I reached the top I leaned against the cold wall to get accustomed to the darkness. I was thinking of the noise I made in stumbling up those stairs in the dark. I could not get my breath easily, I was not scared or tired, but it seemed that the air had just all left and I was smothering. I moved down the hall, being sure to keep my hand on the wall until my hand touched something cold, it seemed like ice, but I found that it was a brass door knob. I turned the knob and the door

opened into a room and in the corner on a table was a lighted candle. I was preparing to close the door and hurry down the stairs when a man's clear voice said, "Come on in." I did as he said and there by the table sat the most handsome man that I had ever seen. When he looked at me, one of the most peculiar expressions came over his face, then he began to speak. This is what he said, "As you may not know, I will explain what you have done by coming into this tower. I was to have married the most beautiful girl in this whole country but she decided to be a movie star, so I was left. My temper was so roused that I with my friend, a priest, came to this tower to live, we have with us a man and woman to keep the tower in order. I said that I would marry the first woman that entered this tower, so you, in a few minutes shall be my wife." I wanted to scream or run from him, but at that moment the priest entered the room and as he had said in a few minutes we were married. Think, I was married to this man and back at the ranch was Dicky. What could I do? I had to go home so my husband accompanied me to the door of the tower, here he told me good-bye.

When I got to the house it was almost time to begin the morning chores so I hurried upstairs, changed my clothes and began the morning routine of work. When Dicky came into the kitchen that morning he had a troubled look on his face and I thought of the tower and that I must break our engagement. I was saved this humiliation as Dicky told me that he loved another and they wanted to get married that evening. He also asked me to go to town with them, so I told him that I would be more than glad to go with them.

We reached the county clerk's office at fifteen minutes after three and whom should be there but my husband. The Clerk introduced him to us as Mr. Walter Linsey. Oh! so I was Mrs. Linsey, Mrs. Walter Linsey, and not Joy Leen Rocco. After Dicky purchased his license, Mr. Linsey said that he thought we four should have dinner together and tell each other something about ourselves. After dinner we went with Dicky and Diana to the parson's house. Diana was the girl that Walter had been engaged to, but we were all happy. I live in the tower with Walter Linsey and am so happy that I wonder if it is not fairyland.

A Successful School Teacher That I Know.

By Ethel B. Warwick

In writing the life of Mr. W. E. LeFevre, I do not know much concerning him. All that I do know he has related to me himself. And in doing so he has probably omitted some honors that are due him.

He was born in Tennessee, and there he received the greater part of his education. While still in his native state, he graduated from Burritt College of Spencer, Tennessee.

And then after teaching school for a while he was called as a private to the United States Army during the World War. After serving as a private for a while, he was appointed as second lieutenant. This position he held until the close of the war.

After being discharged from the army, he came to Texas in 1919 and resumed his work as a school teacher. He was teaching school in a little North Texas town in 1922 when he met and married Miss Hazel Davis. He continued teaching and attending College until he Graduated from Howard

Payne College of Brownwood, Texas.

In 1924 he was elected as Superintendent of Burnet High School and after making a success he was again elected in 1925 and 1926. Thus ten years of his life has been spent as a successful school teacher.

Mr. LeFevre is one of the few men who find his true vocation. But of his ability to teach school there is no doubt. He is not only a good disciplinarian but has the ability to explain problems and facts that the dullest of pupils can understand them. He is always kind and fair to all and in this way he has found his way into the hearts of all his pupils. With his strong body, big heart and trained mind, he has succeeded where many men have failed.

When Love Is Young

By Ada
Zimmerman

Do you believe in fortune tellers? I mean the real ones, not the fake women that are with every little carnival that tours the country. I visited a real fortune telling gypsy when I was only a little, light-headed school girl, but I shall never forget the things she told me. I laughed at her then, but I did not know that I was laughing at my own fate. You may think I am one of those superstitious old maids who expects seven years of bad luck when she breaks a mirror. However I believe that if you were to spend a week or two, or even a month, in my home with me, you would never know that I was not one of the happiest women on earth; but we must remember that there is a great creator who has our lives in his hand and we must make our lives as pleasant as possible for those we are associated with each day.

I try to have friends from the babies to the old people. I love them and I believe they love me. I try to sympathize with everyone and wish it were possible for me to take their pains and heartaches. So they might have more pleasure. I have rejoiced with the happy, wept with the sorrowing, but I have never had anyone to weep with me in sorrow, nor rejoice with me when I was happy. Maybe there is one among you who can sympathize with me, so I will tell you my story.

When I was about ten years old, my father died, leaving my mother, two brothers, and myself in this world alone. Both his people and my mother's parents were nice to us and gave us a home with them and it was then that I realized the meaning of the words, "Be it ever so humble there's no place like home." There is no place on earth that would seem like home to me without my father. However we tried to make the best of life. Much of the time, my mother was in bad health and I always looked forward to the time when I would be able to help make a living for my family. Mother always said "get an education, that is some thing that any one cannot take away from you." When I finished high school I began teaching school and studying too, so I could do better work and be able to get a better school each year.

My last two years in high school was mixed both with joys and sorrows. I had fallen in love with a man ten years my senior, but mother disapproved of my keeping company with him. I could not reconcile myself to not being with him, so I would miss the entertainments that were given and go riding with this man, whose name was Bruce Vaught. He was a real brunette; had real black curly hair. Mother never suspected me of not telling her the truth because she always grieved when I told her a falsehood. Do not think that I did not love my mother for I would have died for her had it been necessary. Bruce liked my mother and did everything in his power to get her to like him. He often begged me to marry him but I could not make up my mind to marry a man that my mother disliked so much. He was very jealous

of me and it made him angry when I went with other young men. This hurt me very much as I enjoyed going with other boys and still I did not want to do anything that would hurt the man I loved.

After I began teaching it was quite different. I was away from home all the time and our letters were many at first and each looked forward to the time for the next letter. Before the first term was ended, we did not write but once a month. I still loved him but could not find time to write and I had become reconciled to being away from him.

One morning early in the spring I was in the post office waiting until my mail was put up, when I noticed a stranger standing by the door watching me. At first I did not think anything about this man, but when he kept on watching me, I wondered whom he could be and what he was doing in this small village. I got my mail and had two letters from home; one was from mother and the other was from one of my girl friends. I read them as I walked down a small path to the house where I was boarding. It made me homesick to read these letters but I rejoiced to think it would only be two more months until I could go home. Tears began rolling down my cheeks, when suddenly I heard a car coming along the road. I quickly grabbed my handkerchief and dried away the tears; then looked up with a smile as the car stopped. The boy at the steering wheel was a cousin to the woman who owned the house where I was staying. His name was Melvin Gorth. He asked me if I would like to ride down to the house and of course I said "Yes," as it was almost half a mile to the house. I went around to the other side of the car and started to get in, but to my great surprise instead of the other boy being Richard Gorth, Melvin's brother, he was the stranger I had noticed down in the post office. Melvin introduced him as Mr. Kimble. Of course I was delighted to meet him. We all rode on to the boarding house and got out of the car and went into the house as the boys were taking dinner in town that day.

When I reached my room, Olga was dressing for dinner. She had been asleep all morning, so she was up dressing. We were ten minutes late for dinner, but Mrs. Gorth was very nice and of course said nothing about it. We always tried to be on time on Sunday, for that was the only day Mrs. Gorth had to visit anyone. After dinner Melvin and his friend asked Olga and I to go with them to a small town about thirty miles away from there. We had an enjoyable trip. I shall never forget that evening for I loved Mr. Kimble, and it was a different kind of love to that I had always known. It was youth loving youth and not youth loving maturity. He told me that he loved me and some day he wanted to make me his wife and of course we talked on and began planning our home.

He went back to his home in the city that day and the next day I got a letter from him. We wrote each other

every day and I was so happy I could hardly remain in the schoolroom. My pupils spoke of me changing so much. I was really young once again.

When vacation was out I went home and spent two months of my vacation. I intended spending the rest of my vacation in the city visiting Mr. Kimble. When I had been home three days, I saw Bruce in town and he took me for a short ride, as he had something he wanted to tell me. I was heart broken when he told me that he did not love me any longer and decided he wanted to be an old bachelor. I knew that he meant it, so I congratulated him and we promised to be friends forever. I had a wonderful time with all my old friends at home, but was glad when time came for me to go to the city.

It was a hot afternoon in August when I reached the city. I called Mr. Kimble after getting my room. He came to see

What the Chamber of Commerce Means to a Town

By Allie Cummings

The Chamber of Commerce was organized at Washington, D. C. in 1912, during the time of the National Commercial Conference. This organization has no official relation with the government. It keeps in touch with the affairs of commerce and production at home and abroad. Its main purpose is to prevent dangers which might retard commercial development and make note of things which might result in expansion.

It should be the aim of every business man to work for the betterment of his town. The Chamber of Commerce has proved a successful means by which to do so. Take for instance the Burnet organization of the Chamber of Commerce. It has proved a success in several ways.

In February a committee was appointed to see about getting

me as soon as he got off from the office. I told him about my vacation and he told me all about his work at the office. He left early as he had to get to work early the next morning. The next morning instead of hearing Mr. Kimble's voice over the telephone, I heard some one's gruff voice inquiring about me. The policemen were sending a car for me and I was to come with them.

When I reached the house, there in the bed lay Mr. Kimble, dead. He had taken some poison but had written me a note, telling me he knew that we were too happy to remain that way and he could not stand the disappointment. I was ready to give up life when I remembered what the fortune teller had told me when I was only a school girl. I was to have two true lovers but would be an old maid and my life would be a great blessing to others, if I would hide my grief and give my whole life to teaching school. This I have tried to do.

a chicken hatchery in Burnet and it was a success. Russell Keel has installed a large incubator which is now in operation.

There was also a committee appointed to secure a show window in which to display samples of the valuable minerals of Burnet county. It was reported a success. This will be a good means by which to advertise the mineral resources of Burnet County.

The chamber of commerce causes a town to be more attractive and prosperous. For instance in Burnet, the Chamber of Commerce is providing for the streets to be worked and doing all in their power to get good highways running through the country. Also, by the help of the City Council it is working to get the town more clean and sanitary and urging the people to clean up around their premises. The organization of a town is not really complete unless it has an active Chamber of Commerce for it is through this organization that a town is advertised and its welfare provided for.

Jean Tyler's Adventure

By Julia Guthrie

Jean Tyler was a cowboy who was not going anywhere and was in no hurry to get there. He was riding along singing, "I met my love in the Alamo," when he saw a man riding toward him. This man was a border bandit. The Sheriff's posse was close upon his trail. He had been shot. Just as the posse rode up the bandit handed Jean a letter and said, "It don't make any difference how I got this letter, but if you are the man I think you are, you will help that girl."

After the posse had left, Jean went back to his horse. He had read the letter. It was to the foreman of the Bar X ranch, which was not far away. It told Jean that the writer was sending him Tom Jones, a man that would make the girl talk. Jean was sitting on his horse, trying to decide what to do, when he saw a bunch of cows running. He wondered what had disturbed them. He looked more closely and saw that one of them had a rope on her horns. There was something dragging at the end of the rope. He saw that it was a child. He started after the cow and finally caught up with her and threw her down. He took the rope from her horns and ran to see if the child was hurt. The little boy had been riding a shetland pony when he roped the cow, and the rope caught on his wrist and drug him off.

Jean said, "Don't you know that you and your horse don't carry enough weight to rope cows." Bobbie, for that was the little boy's name, looked up at Jean and said, "If you hadn't putted in I would have had her tied down in another mile."

Jean took the little boy up behind him on his horse. They rode up to the house.

Alyne Morgan had been attending school in the East, when she was called home to the bedside of her father. She and the foreman were in front of the house as Jean and Bobbie rode up. They told her of Bobbie's adventure and she thanked Jean.

Alyne was ready to ride to town for the mail so after she thanked Jean she rode off.

Jean then turned to the foreman, "I am the man that has come to make the girl talk."

The foreman said, "She has just started to town. You can catch her in the canyon where no one will see you." Jean rode on off just as the real Tom Jones rode up. "I got your letter telling me about the girl and the map showing the location of the mine you wanted me to get from her. Here I am."

The foreman looked at the man, "If you are Tom Jones who is that?" and he pointed to Jean who was just disappearing in a cloud of dust.

"I don't know but we will have to catch him before he spills the whole thing."

Jean soon caught up with Alyne, who was enjoying her ride. He told her about the letter. She said "Let me go on to town and you go back to the ranch and we will talk this over tonight."

That night Alyne told Jean that her father had died without telling where to look for the map to find the mine with

"Just before he died he gave me this bracelet and told me to always keep it." "Would you mind if I took a good look at it?" Jean wanted to know.

Alyne took the bracelet off and handed it to Jean. He examined it closely. As he pulled the catch out, a piece of paper fell out. Jean handed it to Alyne who unfolded it. It was the map they had been looking for.

Alyne put the map in a box in the safe after Jean had gone. The foreman and Tom Jones went to the bunk house and tied Jean to the bed. Then they went to the house to get the map.

Alyne asked them what they wanted. "The map to the mine," they said.

"I haven't the map," Alyne answered.

"Oh, yes you have. I can search you if that is what you want," said Tom. They over turned chairs and tables, but did not find the map. Bobbie, who had gone to bed, heard the noise and came running in. The men pushed him back into his room. He broke a window pane and ran to the bunk house. There he found Jean tied to the bed. He untied him and they ran back to the house.

At the house Jean and the foreman had a fight. While Jean and the foreman were fighting, Tom took Alyne and put her in the car and drove off.

When Jean had "knocked the foreman out," he turned to see that Alyne and the man had gone. He ran outside and

Bobbie told him which way the car had gone. He ran to the corral for his horse with Bobbie at his heels. Jean got his horse and rode after the car as fast as he could. Bobbie mounted his pony and followed.

As Jean was about to overtake the car the man looked around and ran into a rock and broke the steering rod to the car.

The car ran over a bluff. Just as it went over Jean roped Alyne. She fell over the bluff and was caught on some grass. Jean pulled on the rope and it slipped off over her head. He did not know how he was going to get Alyne back to the top. He tied one end of the rope to the saddle horn and the other around his waist. There was not a second to be lost for Alyne might slip from the grass any time. Finally he reached her just as the grass gave way. He then whistled to his horse who pulled them to the top. Bobbie rode up just as they were getting back on top. Jean told him how they got to the top.

He said, "You all go back down, so I can pull you up with a good horse."

They saved the map to the mine but Jean told Alyne, "All the gold I want is just enough to put around your finger."

CHRIS. DORBANDT

By Will Allen Faris

The subject for this sketch is Chris. Dorbandt. He was born east of Bertram on the San Gabriel River in about eighteen hundred fifty four. He is one of the oldest citizens of Burnet County. He lived on the San Garbriel until grown.

He then entered politics and moved to Burnet. He was elected several terms as a peace officer. First he was elected as Marshall and later was elected Sheriff of Burnet county. He served two terms as Sheriff. He was as good a peace officer as Burnet has ever had.

He later moved to a ranch about thirteen miles West of Burnet on the Colorado River where he now resides. From the time he was Sheriff until now he has been one of the most influential citizens of Burnet county and has probably done as much or more for the county as any other man.

Just Ever Day Life

By Jack Fry

A few years ago Henry Ford and I secured a large contract to grub and clear land. The amount of land according to the survey being about two acres.

Henry and I had been pals for many years and had promoted many schemes. We had always found it very profitable and inspiring to take plenty of physical exercise while our brain was undergoing such strenuous work.

Our scheme at that time was a proposed method of making glass out of water. Said method being very simple indeed, as all one had to do was to select a nice smooth pond of water and sit by calmly waiting until the cold of winter caused it to freeze solidly, then pour a thin application of the liquid that Henry and I had compounded for that purpose

over the ice and "presto" you had thousands of square feet of glass.

Now we were getting along nicely until one day without ever writing us a line, here comes Jno. D. Rockefeller, Jim P. Morgan, Ed Harriman and another bird whom I believe they called Jim Bigger. Jim Bigger is the one that cheated Joe Jinks out of a fortune. Joe's the one that got rich by buying N. G. Rubber stock and then letting old Shriveled sell it for him. They explained that they had gotten tired of the busy rush of the city and had decided to come down and spend a few days in camp, so all the old game could be together.

Well, of course we were more than glad to see them even though it interfered with our important work. This Jim Bigger looked kinder crooked to me. I just couldn't make myself like him and I told Henry so, but Henry said, Oh, Tut, Tut! It's just that splendid imagination at work again. It's alright," I said, "Just you wait and see if he doesn't cause us trouble."

And sure enough I noticed Jim Bigger getting up late at night and sneaking out. I kept an eagle eye on him and finally one night I caught him "red-handed." He had gone into our laboratory and had stolen our formulae for making glass. Try as we might we could not recover the formulae and as Henry and I had always been carefree about our formulae, business we did not remember just what this fluid contained. Now this formulae has been slightly changed and is well known in the United States of America as Alcomb.

After that, Henry and me were two ruined and disheartened men. We decided to drift with the world. So we separated and Henry went to building Fords, but I am still grubbing as I don't care to waste my time the way he does. I often wonder how my old friend Henry feels when he hears of my success and he, poor fellow, has to come in at night, after building Fords all day and attend to the kids while his wife cooks supper.

Oh well! We can't all be fortunate.

POET'S CORNER *By Margaret Fisher*

A PICTURE

As I sit beside my window,
With tomorrow's lesson done,
I gaze upon Post Mountain,
Bright with disappearing sun.

Each tiny peak seems golden,
Each depression violet blue;
While the glorified horizon
Is a matchless crimson hue.

So perfect is the blending,
So in harmony each nook,
That I know the scene is but a page
From God's big painting book.
—Margaret Fisher, E. S. Q.

BURNET HIGH SCHOOL

[I]

There is a place known as Burnet
High School,
Where the teacher looks us in the face
and tries to teach the "Golden
Rule."

[II]

It's a large stone building in the center
of our town,
A boy beats a gong while we march
up and down.

[III]

To the Seniors, dignified and tall,
It will be a memory cherished by all.

[IV]

School takes up fifteen to nine,
We leave our play and come to line.

[V]

Second bell rings, five minutes after,
We hear each chime and stop our
laughter.

[VI]

Our first lesson, by Mr. Sallee is heard
While he is talking we dare not say
a word.

[VII]

The English lesson is heard by Mr. Fry
We can't learn English Literature no
matter how hard we try.

[VIII]

Math is taught by Mr. LeFevre and
we all appear so dull,
He tries very much, but all in vain to
make knowledge soak through our
skull.

[IX]

We've now reached the end of the ladder:
the last of the steps to climb.
To all, we may see "gladder" but higher
learning we may find.

SPRING IN BURNET

[I]

Of all the seasons of the year,
Spring is the one I like best.
There you need only to turn your ear
And nature will do the rest.

[II]

It is the time every one likes to tramp
through the woods.
And listen to the birds:
When flowers put on their new gowns
Oh, its too beautiful for words!

[III]

There's never a day, there isn't some-
thing new,
In this new world of time.
And though it is only a very few
To see them would be fine.

[IV]

This beautiful scenery is in Burnet,
our city.
Please try to see it for to miss would
be a pity.
There are creeks with wild flowers and
grass,
To nod a welcome to all who pass.

[V]

We even have a city park
For travelers, tired and weary.
Electric lights prevent the dark
And it could not be dreary.

[VI]

We'll soon have the grand highway
That we've all looked forward to.
Now let me tell you what to say,
That is, if I were you.

[VII]

Pack up your hammer in your old kit
bag and boost, boost, boost!
For you know as well as I, that Burnet
rules the roost.

"NONSENSE"

[I]

It was a nice October morning in
September last July.
The sun was shining brightly and the
moon was in the sky.
The flowers were singing sweetly and
the birds were in full bloom.
While I went into the cellar to sweep an
attic room;
The time was Tuesday morning at
half past Saturday night.
I saw a house a million miles away:
but it was out of sight.
The back projected inward, while the
back was in the front;
It stood alone with fifty others and
it was whitewashed black.

[II]

The villain's lips were tightly sealed
as he yelled with all his might,
"Kill me, if you wish! but spare my
life," he cried.
The hero shot him with his knife and
killed him till he died.
It was midnight on the ocean; not a
street car was in sight,
But our hero took a submarine and
disappeared that night.

Recipes

By Fannie Cummings

CANDIES

Karo Fudge

2 squares chocolate,
½ cup cold sweet milk,
½ cup sugar,
1 teaspoonful vanilla,
⅓ cup karo,
2 tablespoonsful butter,
Mix all of the ingredients together,
except the vanilla and cook until it
forms a soft ball when dropped into
cold water. Then remove from the
fire, add vanilla and beat until it be-
gins to granulate. Pour at once into
a buttered pan and mark deeply when
nearly cool.

Coffee Fudge

1 cup thick cream
1 square chocolate,
¼ cup strong coffee,
1 teaspoonful vanilla,
1 cup marshmallows
Boil all together for three minutes,
then remove from the fire, add van-
illa and beat until it commences to
thicken. Then add the marshmallows

which has been cut in squares.

Brown Caramel

In one vessel put 2 cups sugar, a
large lump of butter and 1 cup of
sweet milk.

In another vessel put one cup of
sugar and place both vessels on the
fire at the same time, stirring the dry
sugar constantly to prevent scorching.

When the milk, sugar and butter have
come to a boil and the dry sugar has
melted to a brown syrup, mix them to-
gether and boil for 8 or 10 minutes.
Before removing from fire add a pinch
of soda. Then take off and beat un-
til creamy.

CAKES—Lemon Cookies.

2 eggs,
3 cups sugar,
1 cup lard,
1 cup sweet milk,
2 tablespoonsful lemon extract,
2 tablespoonsful baking powder,
Flour to make a stiff dough.

Doughnuts

1 cupful sugar,
5 tablespoonsful crisco,
3 eggs,
4 teaspoonsful baking powder,
½ teaspoonful salt,
1 cupful sweet milk,
1 teaspoonful grated nutmeg,
From 4½ to 5 cupsful flour sifted
before measuring.

Cream lard, add sugar gradually
and also eggs which have been beaten.
Sift dry ingredients together and add
alternately to the egg mixture. Roll
out as soft as can be handled and fry
in hot crisco.

Marshmallow Peaches

Take good ripe peaches and remove
the seeds, then in place of the seeds
place marshmallows. Put on ice and
when cold serve with whipped cream

Angel Food Cake

11 eggs, whites,
1 cup White Crest flour,
2 teaspoonsful cream tartar,
1¼ cups sugar,
¼ teaspoonful lemon juice,
1 teaspoonful vanilla extract,
¼ teaspoonful salt.

Beat whites of eggs until foaming,
add cream of tartar and lemon juice,
beat until stiff and dry, add sugar
gradually, beating all the time. Fold
in flour lightly. Sift flour and sugar
five times. Add flavoring. Turn
quickly into ungreased pan and bake in
moderate oven 45 minutes.

Biscuits

4 cups flour,
4 level teaspoonsful baking powder,
4 level teaspoonsful lard or butter,
1¼ cups milk,
1 level teaspoonful salt.
Sift flour once, then measure, add

salt and baking powder and sift three times, rub shortening in with fork, add milk and mix lightly.

Beef Loaf

4 pounds beef steak (without fat) chopped very fine, add one cup full bread crumbs or finely crushed crack-

ers. 4 eggs, 1 grated potato, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sweet milk, salt and pepper to taste. Mix thoroughly, mould and place in baking pan with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of water and strips of bacon to season.

After loaf has been removed from

the oven, place it on the stove, add 2 table-poonful butter, 1 grated onion, 1 heaping tablespoonful of flour. Let this mixture brown then add one cup full of canned tomatoes, 1 cup water, salt and red pepper to taste.

Burnet

By Margaret Fisher

Nestled in the bosom of the beautiful Hamilton valley, Burnet as it is viewed from the elevation of almost every road that enters its limits presents a lovely and romantic scene. Surrounded by rugged and picturesque hills with Post Mountain standing on the West as a sentinel, the view is worthy of the brush of a great painter.

It is a historic town, and scattered remains of the old forts and a soldiers' cemetery may still be seen.

Burnet is on the State Designated Highway from Austin to Llano, and the Air Line Highway from San Antonio, via Burnet, to Fort Worth. In this connection it is well to state that Burnet has a splendid tourist park, well lighted, with good well of water, free wood and about 150 shade trees for the comfort and accommodation of tourists.

When one travels for pleasure, one is looking out for scenery that is unusual and out of the ordinary. Within an hours drive of Burnet, many attractive places may be visited that will take hours to explore.

Sherrard's Cave, twelve miles West of Burnet would prove interesting to the most experienced globe-trotter. A few miles further West is Fall Creek, where the water has a sheer fall of one hundred and eight feet, and is surrounded by other beautiful scenery that is almost beyond description in its loveliness and grandeur. In another place in the county a person can stand on a lofty peak and view the blue mountains of four adjoining counties.

Come to Burnet for pleasure and if you do, we will do our best to make your stay a happy one.

Little Things Indicate Good Breeding, or Lack of It.

By Flora Hill

We must always keep in mind our friends that we are with. First, do the things that they enjoy, then do your best to help them enjoy themselves. In this way we should look our best at all times, always appear happy and have a smile for every one. It is not so much what we say, but the way we say it, that impresses the one we are talking to.

Table manners are often neglected, but they should be watched closely, as they often reveal some bad traits. A little girl once said of a gentleman that she sat by at a banquet table, "Oh! I know he is a gentleman because I did not notice him at all when he was eating. He looked as if he were just talking and having a good time, but he must have eaten some for there was not much left on his plate when it was taken away." No better description could be given of good table manners.

There are some things that we must never do when at the table; break up bread in soup; blow on soup or coffee to cool it; play with silverware; lift a goblet by the bowl instead of by the stem; hold a cup in both hands while sipping from it; putting a used napkin back on the table before all have finished. Two of the worst crimes of eating are greediness and haste. A too hearty appetite must be restrained a little, and the hurrier must hold down his speed in politeness is to have a chance.

We should be careful about our carriage. We should not swing our arms when we walk as it looks as if we might be taking our "daily dozen" before the public. One looks into a better if the hands are hanging by the side. We should never slump down in a chair for we show lack of interest and often look idiotic. We should take our rest in our private room, so that we can appear interested in the conversation of our friends.

When sitting one should never play with jewelry, nor move their position, as it is very annoying to the ones that are near. It is easy to overcome this nervous habit by relaxing the body every time there is a chance. Be careful of your standing posture as it is very unbecoming to stand with chest dropped, stomach forward and both hands in some awkward position. However, a person who stands erect is attractive, because of their graceful lines.

When two people are engaged in a conversation, do not interrupt, but wait until there is a break in the conversation, then you can speak to either person without being impolite. When a gentleman is walking with ladies, whether one or more, he should always walk next to the curb.

When doing something for a friend, whether it is a gift or some favor, always remember their likes and dislikes and try to do something that will please them. No matter how small the deed is, if it is done whole heartedly it will be appreciated by the one that receives it.

What the Well Dressed Woman will Wear

By Thelma Ellason

Some women always look well dressed no matter what they wear, but there are some who do not, and these women must be careful in selecting their wardrobe. The woman who is starting out on the serious business of selecting her wardrobe for the spring and summer must be very careful for this is the season of changing modes. On every hand, one will see the bewildering array of new fashions.

The girl whose wardrobe must be limited, and that, alas, is the case of most of us, must avoid the many snares and pitfalls of the season's styles, and must take the lasting quality, as well as the favorite styles under consideration.

Word has reached us from Paris that this is to be a brilliant color season, and the most favorite colors will be copied from the flowers, among these will be found the larkspur blue, buttercup yellow, wild rose pink, the blue lavender, the Bluebell shade, and other good colors will be red, black, white and grey.

The materials for dresses this season are varied, but among the most popular are flat crepes, georgette, chiffon and taffeta. Metal cloths and lace are very fashionable for evening wear.

The most important part of the dress is the skirt; there will be flounces, gathers, tiers and the full circular skirt.

The new spring footwear will also be varied. Kid will be worn very much. Parchment kid with dark kid underlays is very popular. Patent leather and satin are also good. Colored heels to match the underlays, the hose, or gown is the most popular shoe of the season.

We owe to the well remembered monarchs of old England the beautiful little cuff variety of glove that the smartly

ressed woman of today is wearing. The glove comes in many colors to match the dress, the hat and last but not least the purse.

Hats, simplicity of line, and gorgeousness of material is

the formula of Spring. All colors are popular. The big picture hat that was so popular several years ago will be worn much this summer.

Children's Section

By Nell Sheridan

THE NAUGHTY INK BOTTLE

I am so tired of being filled with this ugly old black stuff," the fat ink bottle said. "I wish I had something pretty in me like colored water or violets, then I'd be happy."

So the naughty ink bottle managed to move close to the edge of the table and one day a careless little boy knocked it over. "Oh, goody," said the ink bottle, "all my ink is spilled, maybe I will get filled with something pretty."

The cook came in and saw it lying in the floor. "That is the very thing I want to put matches in. So she took it to the sink and washed the fat little ink bottle and filled it with matches. "Oh, dear, these matches are so stiff they are hurting me. I'll fall off this shelf and they will spill." So he did, and all the matches spilled. The cook picked up the matches and took the poor little ink bottle and threw him over the back fence. "Poor me," said the ink bottle. "Nobody will ever see me out here. Why was I not satisfied with being an ink bottle?"

THE CHILD

Little feet that patter

Little hands that play

Little lips that prattle

All the live long day.

In the morning bright and early

The Child's eyes are bright and clear,

But when night time draws around them

In the dark the child shinks in fear.

They think they hear strange noises,

Like ghosts in the dark

So mother comes and quiets them

And off they sail in the sleeper's barque.

An Interesting Person

By Ava Young

In the year of nineteen hundred and one, in a quaint little shack down in the southern part of San Saba county was born a small red headed boy. Here he played, cried and romped until he was five years old, then he moved to Taylorville where he entered school at the age of six. You should have seen him at this time, his hair was red, his eyes were as black as coal and they just sparkled. He weighed about sixty pounds. From the time he entered the first grade until he graduated from Junior College he always had a sweet heart. When he was about ten years old, he made his first date with a girl. I think that he walked about a mile and a half barefooted with her from singing one night.

After finishing the seventh grade he moved to Cherokee,

THE BUTTERFLY

Once upon a time two little girls asked their mother if they might prepare a lunch and go to the brook on a picnic. She told them she did not care, so they hurried and soon were gone.

They soon reached a delightful spot, and sat down to rest. Sarah, the younger fell asleep. Mildred, the older, soon grew tired of sitting alone, so she got up and strolled up and down the bank of the little creek. Soon a large brilliant, bright colored butterfly sailed over her head. Now Mildred was very fond of bright butterflies. She set out in pursuit of the pretty thing, and before long she discovered it was harder to catch than she thought. She was tired and thirsty and as she leaned down to drink, the butterfly flew down and alighted on her hand. She gasped in awe, the butterfly was gentle.

She turned and started home and to her dismay she found she was lost. Mildred burst into tears. But lo! a voice was speaking to her very softly, "Child, if you will take me and shelter me for one year, I will show you the way home."

Mildred was very much surprised to hear a butterfly talk. But why," asked Mildred. The butterfly softly replied 'I was once a princess, but now I am merely a little butterfly. If I am sheltered for one year, I am to return to my former self."

When Mildred reached her home she found that Sarah had become tired of waiting for her and had gone home. Their father was starting to hunt for her.

She kept the beautiful butterfly one year lacking one day, and on that day it disappeared and no one knows where it went.

where he entered high school there. Here he was always a star player on the baseball and football teams. He pitched for the baseball team and played in the back field on the football team. All through his High School and Junior College life there was not a game that he did not play in. He was never pulled out of a baseball game or kicked out of a football game.

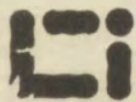
In the Spring of nineteen hundred and twenty, he graduated with high honors from the Cherokee Junior College. In the next year he taught school at Esbon, in a two teacher school where he was principal. The next year he taught in the Cherokee High School, was re-elected and taught there three more years. His sixth year he taught in Burnet High School.

Mr. Sallee, the man I am writing a biography of, is a lover of all kinds of sports. He not only loves games but likes to get out in the woods with a pack of hounds and roam them for fox and deer.

The Comet

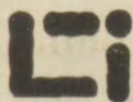
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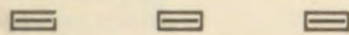
When you need wood, or
need wood sawed, see
R. U. FRAZER

Success to
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The Greatest Asset that We Have
Its Pupils will be tomorrow's leaders in our
Town, County, State and Nation.

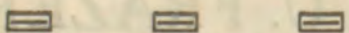
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Plenty to eat, good beds to sleep,
Will keep you happy and well.
Service car day and night,
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See me for Registered goats.

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Try us for all kinds fresh meats.


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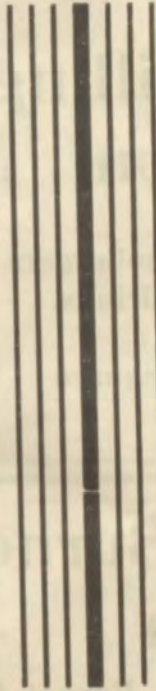
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All honor is given to the Public, our partners, for the success of this store...for its ever increasing business. Their confidence has made possible this growth.

Many of these partners are parents of the pupils of the

BURNET HIGH SCHOOL



Therefore we feel a personal interest in every young man or young woman that goes out from its doors to take their place in the affairs of this great state and nation. We feel confident that if at all times you will keep in mind the advice and instruction received from our splendid teachers in the Burnet High School that it will materially aid you in attaining success.

Your friends,

Guthrie-Howell Co.

"The Store that Supplies the Home."

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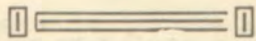
North Side of Square

**Dear Old Burnet
High**

**The grand old school of Burnet County
with a corps of competent teachers.**

**Be with them next year for learning, en-
joyment and advancement,**

**Many grads of years gone by, and the
new grads of this year firmly believe
in its greatness.**



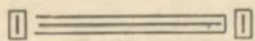
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We have fresh vegetables and
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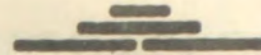
SAY! IT'S FISHIN' TIME AGAIN...
Come in and see our full line of
Fishing Tackle.



¶ *If you want an up-to-date
hair cut or bob, and you want
it done right, visit us on the*

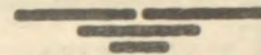
SOUTH
SIDE OF
QUARE

Chas. Craddock.



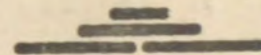
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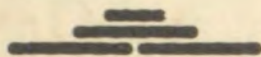
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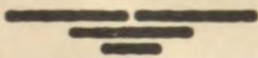
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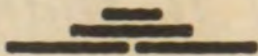
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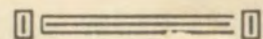
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If good tell others---If not tell
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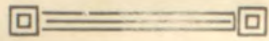
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Everyone else does

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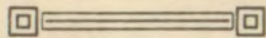
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Fancy—Shirts

Suits—Trousers

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Quality

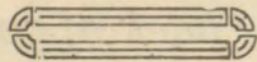
plus

Motto
Price

==== Tailoring =====

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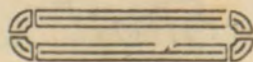


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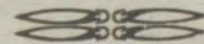
Clean Up and Paint Up Fix Up

A Stitch in time saves nine. It's an old saying, but it is as true today as when first uttered.

Now is the time to repair your buildings.

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