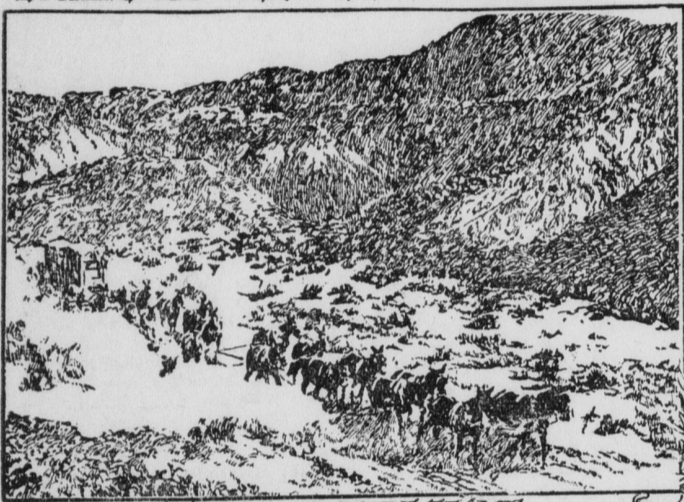


Death Valley Opens to Tourists



LOOKING OUT OVER THE LAND OF THIRST



ONE OF THE FAMOUS 20-MULE TEAMS



LOU WESTCOTT BECK AND "RUFUS"



RUFUS

DEATH VALLEY! What visions of horror those words conjure up in the mind of one who knows anything about this famous spot in southern California—visions of an inferno of heat and thirst, a narrow valley shut in between black-walled mountains and lying below sea level, the lowest point on the American continent; visions of a white plain across which the heat waves shimmer and dance, of mirages of cool lakes which appear before the eyes of dying men to mock their thirst, then vanish, of a desolate, barren land, whose terrific heat literally dries up men's blood in their veins and drives them mad before they die; a plague spot to be shunned by all living creatures.

Such was Death Valley of yesterday. But the Death Valley of today is different. True, the heat and the thirst are still there, but it is no longer a place to be shunned by man. Instead, it is now actually being opened to tourist sight-seeing traffic and is being advertised as a new "playground". And the invitation for tourists to visit Death Valley comes from no less a host than the United States national park service. The following announcement was recently made by Stephen T. Mather, director of the park service:

"A hotel for the accommodation of visitors is just now being completed on the very edge of the desert, a few miles from Ryan. A magnificent view of the valley with its frame of jagged mountains and fascinating colored cliffs may be obtained from the hotel.

"Arrangements have also been made for side trips to various points of interest. One of the most striking of these is Dante's peak, where from an elevation of 6,000 feet the visitor may look into Death Valley, which at this point lies 300 feet below sea level.

"Travelers will be able to get on a train in Los Angeles about 6 p. m. and reach the hotel the next morning."

The new "playground" has already been opened—on February 1, to be exact—but if you expect to visit Death Valley this season you will have to do so before May 15, for on that date the last tourist must be out of the valley. Hereafter the season will open in the fall, but always May 15 will be the "deadline." For Death Valley, pleasant as it is in the winter, becomes an inferno with the return of the summer sun and the temperature runs up as high as 140 degrees or more. As the familiar saying goes, "It isn't the heat, it's the humidity," only in the case of Death Valley it's the lack of humidity that kills. The average humidity is only .01 of 1 per cent. Old-timers will tell you that if you souse a blanket in a tub of water and pull one end out dripping, it will dry thoroughly while you are scrubbing the other half. Or dip your handkerchief in water and hold it up. It is dry in a minute's time. Jump into water fully clothed and you will be bone dry to the last thread in half an hour. Lay an egg on the sand and in ten minutes it will be baked hard. Alfalfa cut in field is cured and ready for stacking in less than two hours. Yes, it's HOT in Death Valley!

Death Valley got its name during the Days of '49. In the spring of 1849 a party of emigrants—100 wagons strong—set out from Galesburg, Ill., for the California gold fields. Late that summer the emigrant train reached Salt Lake City, Utah. There they were told that the regular mountain route to San Francisco would lie beneath twenty feet of Sierra Nevada snow before they could reach the mountain passes. They were warned, too, of the awful fate that had overtaken the now-famous Donner party, most of which had perished of hunger when it was caught in a blizzard near Donner lake in northern California. But the gold seekers were impatient to reach their goal and, joining with other argonauts, they set out under the guidance of John Hunt, who

contracted to take them over the old Spanish trail to Los Angeles through San Bernardino. Progress was slow and some of the emigrants became dissatisfied. Having heard of a short cut leading west that would save 500 miles of their journey, they decided, over Hunt's protest, to make the venture. The result was that shortly afterwards they found themselves in what is now Death Valley, hemmed in by mountains through which there appeared to be no opening.

There the party split. One group, 36 persons in all, young bachelors from Illinois who called themselves "The Jayhawkers," pressed on toward the mountains to try to find a way out of the trap. Some of them died of starvation, some of the trap, some of them died of starvation, some of the trap. Some of them died of starvation, some of the trap. Some of them died of starvation, some of the trap.

But their food supplies began to run low. Their oxen began to die and their wagons to fall apart in the blistering sun. So the leader, Asahel Bennett, sent two young fellows, Will Manley and John Rogers, forth to find a way out of this living hell. As they departed Mrs. Bennett gave Manley a double handful of rice—half of all she had—and silently pointed to the hunger-pinched faces of her children. He understood her meaning. Upon the success of his and Rogers' efforts depended the lives of all the emigrants.

Then the party sat down to wait for the return of the two scouts. A week passed—two—three—and still Manley and Rogers did not return. At the end of the fourth week all except Asahel Bennett's wife had abandoned hope. "They will come back," she maintained steadfastly. But they did not and the party resolved upon one last desperate attempt to escape. They began stripping the canvas covers from the prairie schooners and making pack saddles upon their emaciated oxen, making pack saddles upon their emaciated oxen, making pack saddles upon their emaciated oxen.

And then Manley and Rogers returned! They spoke but briefly of the days of horror spent in struggling from one waterhole to the next across the 250 miles of the Mojave desert, of the dead of the Jayhawker party whom they had found along the trail. But they had found food and, most vital of all, they had found a way out of the valley. They guided the party on the long climb to the summit of the Panamint range which frowns down upon the valley. As the emigrants reached the crest and looked back into the trap from which they had escaped, Asahel Bennett's wife raised her arms in a gesture of farewell, "Good by, Death Valley!" she cried. And so it was named.

Although this occurred three-quarters of a century ago, echoes of this tragic event have been heard from time to time in recent years. As late as 1918 the two survivors of the Jayhawker party—Col. John B. Colton of Galesburg, Ill., and Lorenzo Dow Stephens of San Jose, Calif.—met once more to talk over their thrilling experience, but the last living link with the tragic past was snapped on February 12, 1921, when Stephens died in Oakland, Calif., at the age of ninety-three years. Last November, however, the story of the Jayhawkers was recalled ever again when a crowd of merry-makers dined and danced in celebration of the opening of a new 24,000-barrel artesian well at Stovepipe Wells in Death Valley. It was on this spot that Manley and Rogers, the two scouts sent out by Asahel Bennett, on November 23, 1849, first sighted the waterhole and members of the party slipped from the tiny depression, where now a great volume of water gushes forth, the few life-saving draughts which gave them the strength to struggle on.

Scarcely less dramatic than the story of the naming of Death Valley is the story of how borax, which forms the basis of an industry that helped make this spot even more famous, was discovered there. In the year 1880 Aaron Winters

lived with his wife, Rosie, in a frontier home in Ash Meadows, a tiny oasis east of Death Valley. To their home one day came a wandering prospector who told the Winters of the borax deposits in the state of Nevada and how a great fortune awaited anyone who could find more such deposits. Winters asked many questions, including the question of how a person could know borax if he discovered it. He was told that the best test was to pour certain chemicals over the supposed borax deposit and then to fire it. If it were borax the chemicals would burn with a green flame.

Winters had made many visits into Death Valley, and after talking to the prospector was convinced that there was borax there. So he set out immediately, accompanied by his wife, and soon afterwards encamped on Furnace creek. In the marsh (which appears on Furnace creek in the spring) he gathered the most likely-looking deposit. That night he made the test as the prospector had told him. There was a breathless moment of suspense and then Aaron Winters cried "Rosie, she burns green! We're rich!" The borax industry of Death Valley had come into existence.

The next problem was how to get the rich borax deposits out of the valley. Out of necessity came the famous 20-mule team wagons which are inseparably associated with the name of Death Valley. For years this unique transport system brought the borax wealth out of Death Valley. Then the modern tractor wrote "finis" on another chapter of American transportation—one whose like the world has never seen elsewhere. That was written last year and it marked the passing of another era in the history of Death Valley.

But borax is not the only wealth which it contains. Gold was discovered there many years ago and it has been a favorite haunt for the old-time prospector, the lure of its wealth being all the more attractive because of the dangers which guard it. Remember the picturesque "Death Valley" Scotty, whose "find" there made him rich and who gained nation-wide notoriety by the freedom with which he "blew" his wealth? Even more picturesque was another prospector who became known as the "Good Samaritan of Death Valley." Lou Westcott Beck was one of the great number who rushed to Death Valley at the news of Scotty's find. He nearly lost his life on its barren wastes and when he finally escaped he resolved to devote his life to saving others from the fate which he had so narrowly escaped in that dread region.

Each summer Beck made a trip into the valley of purple mist and great thirst, piling up rocks and placing signs on them to guide prospectors to waterholes, searching for lost travelers and guiding them to safety. For 13 years he did this work and during that time he and his companion, a Newfoundland dog named "Rufus," saved the lives of between three and four hundred travelers in the great American deserts—the Colorado and the Mojave as well as Death Valley. Then in 1917 Death Valley "got him" at last. During one of his trips he came to a spring which he had always used and drank from it. He offered some water to Rufus, but the dog refused to drink. The spring had become infected. After a terrible trip to his home in Pasadena, where Mrs. Beck awaited their return, the "Good Samaritan" went to bed ill and never rose again.

The work which Beck inaugurated has been carried on by the United States geological survey until Death Valley is now supplied with enough sign posts so that it is safe enough to travel for anyone who will use ordinary common sense and not take foolish chances. Those who do not soon learn the truth of the prophetic warning of old-timers that "you can't fool with the desert. If you do she'll get you every time." And now the latest announcement of the United States park service means that even those who "fool with her" have better than an even chance to escape the dangers of this "land of thirst."

SCHOOL DAYS



Mother's Cook Book

Why should we be in such desperate haste to succeed and in such desperate enterprises? If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away. It is not important that he should mature as soon as the apple tree or the oak.—Henry David Thoreau.

SOME SANDWICHES

A GROUP of good sandwiches will always be popular for reference in any home.

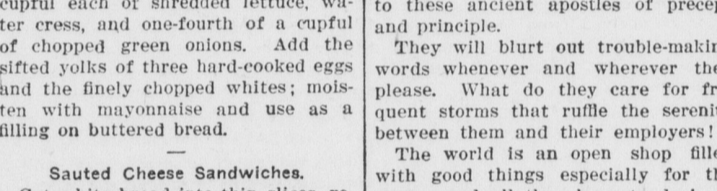
May-Time Sandwiches.
Work two Neufchatel cheeses with a little thick cream until smooth, add a few drops of green vegetable coloring, mixing until the cheese is a vivid pea-green tint; add one cupful of finely chopped blanched almonds, season with salt and cayenne. Spread thin slices of sandwich bread with mayonnaise dressing, sprinkle with finely minced chives and an equal number of slices with the cheese mixture. Put together in pairs, press edges together, trim and cut into three narrow strips, sprinkle the top side of the sandwiches with paprika. Serve with coffee.

Picnic Sandwiches.
Clean and remove the intestinal veins from fresh or canned shrimp. Chop fine and take one cupful, packed solidly. Marinate with two tablespoonfuls of French dressing and let stand two hours. Now add one-half cupful each of shredded lettuce, water cress, and one-fourth of a cupful of chopped green onions. Add the sifted yolks of three hard-cooked eggs and the finely chopped whites; moisten with mayonnaise and use as a filling on buttered bread.

Sautéed Cheese Sandwiches.
Cut white bread into thin slices, remove the crusts and cut into rectangular pieces. Spread thinly with mustard butter. Cut mild cheese into one-eighth-inch slices the same size as the bread; sprinkle with salt, paprika and cayenne. Place a slice of cheese between two slices of the bread and fry in a little hot butter until brown on both sides. Serve hot with a green salad.

Sorority Sandwiches.
Mix thoroughly one-half cupful of finely minced Canton ginger, one-half cupful of stoned and chopped dates, and one-half cupful of chopped pecan meats. Season with salt and moisten with some of the ginger sirup to the consistency for spreading. Spread on buttered brown bread or saltines. Serve with hot cocoa or chocolate.

Neelie Maxwell
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GIRL GAGS

FOR THE GOOSE—
YOU gotta remember this about mice and men. You can't catch 'em if the trap still carries any trace of the last one.

FOR THE GANDER—
Remember, women stek up their noses at what they get easy and die for what they can't have.

It's cheaper to buy a fish than to catch it, but they're still sellin' paraphernalia for anglin'.

When everything is goin' smooth is the time to be afraid of danger; once it hits you, go to work and flick it without bein' afraid.

SAWS

By Viola Brothers Shore

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A THOUGHT OF MOTHER

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

THE world is wide, and men have needs,
Need all their faiths and all their creeds
And all the wisdom of the past
To bring them safely home at last.
And many volumes I have read,
And heard the things the sages said—
And yet I know another way:
A thought of Mother every day.

The world is hard, temptations hide
By every hill and harbor side,
And men have need of something true
To keep them clean and get them through.

But there is little room for sin
In hearts where Mother dwells within,
And this will save the sons who stray:
A thought of Mother every day.

The world is great, and great the strife,
And crowded is the road of life,
And men must hurry who would find
The rainbow with the gold behind.
And yet I hope that men hold fast
To something sweet from out the past—
A gentle hand, a brow of gray,
A thought of Mother every day.

The world is dark; when sins beset,
Ah, yes, when even friends forget,
And when the dream you dream in vain,
One thought will help you bear the pain,
One thought will help to keep you right,

Will keep the lamp of faith alight;
One thought will aid you all the way:
A thought of Mother every day.
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THE WHY OF SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

A HAIR OF THE DOG

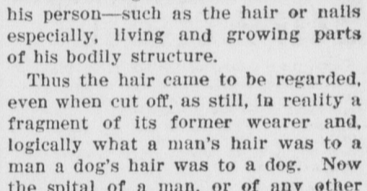
"A HAIR OF the dog that bit you" is in many parts of the country something more than a handy metaphor signifying that which caused the evil will work the cure. If one will take the trouble to investigate he will be surprised how widespread is still the belief that the evil effects of a dog bite may be cured by applying to the wound "a hair of the dog." And this superstition exists not only in this country but in many others, being as widespread in locality as it is ancient in origin. It has its genesis in the old, old belief in sympathetic magic—the close connection which the ancients conceived to exist between a person and anything closely related to him or constructed in a resemblance of him and still more closely, naturally, between a man and any part of him which might become severed from his person—such as the hair or nails especially, living and growing parts of his bodily structure.

Thus the hair came to be regarded, even when cut off, as still, in reality a fragment of its former wearer and, logically what a man's hair was to a man a dog's hair was to a dog. Now the spital of a man, or of any other animal belongs peculiarly to, in one sense is a part of, the man or other animal which secretes it. Therefore, if bitten by a dog apply to the wound a hair of the said dog and the spital of the dog, with all its properties for evil, will be attracted, naturally, to its homogenous part, the hair, and not injure the alien body into which it has been injected. That's the way the ancients reasoned it out. Modern man does not reason it out at all, but still practices his sympathetic magic with a hair of the dog that bit him.
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THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY

By Viola Brothers Shore

The young lady across the way says she hasn't any respect for a woman who dyes her hair and it seems so unnecessary, too, with so many good henna preparations on the market to preserve its natural color.



SAWS

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When everything is goin' smooth is the time to be afraid of danger; once it hits you, go to work and flick it without bein' afraid.

Your Must For You
LATE hours, long drinks, news. If their they do not blood of poison. Such impurities and acrid backache, drowsiness. A common kidney function. Thousands of Doan's Pills these conditions publicly recommended by your neighbors.

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Foster-Milburn

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Near Pittsburgh. House has 1000. Place always full. THE AP 1002 Transport

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For sale; located in Pittsburgh, Pa.; established 1840. 11 years \$50,000 square, also 1000. THE AP 1002 Transport

AUTO AND PRO
Small town net present owner. 600 in stock. THE AP 1002 Transport

DRUG STORE
Near Pittsburgh. expense. Own. THE AP 1002 Transport

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Leading store with drawing established 72. \$3,000 year. 11 years \$50,000 square, also 1000. THE AP 1002 Transport

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