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R. R. TIME TABLE

JULY 1, 1928
TRAINS AT MEXICO

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 Station closed at 5:00 each afternoon.

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 No. 59 Daily Ex. Sunday 9:51 AM
 No. 73 Daily 6:47 PM

WESTBOUND
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 No. 74 Daily Ex. Sunday 3:55 PM
 No. 68 Daily 8:13 PM
 No. 772 Sunday only 10:44 AM

TRAINS AT MAPLEVIEW

NORTHBOUND
 No. 7 Daily Ex. Sunday 7:25 AM
 No. 9 Daily Ex. Sunday 9:58 AM
 No. 11 Daily Ex. Sunday 2:08 PM
 No. 8 Daily Ex. Sunday 7:01 PM
 No. 707 Sunday only 7:21 AM
 No. 703 Sunday only 7:25 AM

SOUTHBOUND
 No. 2 Daily Ex. Sunday 8:15 AM
 No. 12 Daily Ex. Sunday 3:43 PM
 No. 6 Daily 8:01 PM
 No. 702 Sunday only 10:38 PM

TRAINS AT PARISH

No. 10 Daily Ex. Sunday 11:48 AM

The Diana monkey is named the moon goddess because it has a crescent-shaped white mark in its forehead.



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I made an excuse this morning to Annie Cochran, and she slipped me up the kitchen staircase of the other house and so to the attic. The lamp was as I had left it, and the closet locked, and today I am asking myself whether, with that curious lack of perspective one finds at night, I did not see instead of the lamp far away, the lighted end of a cigar close at hand.

Annie's report on my tenants is satisfactory on the whole. She doesn't much care for the secretary, but the old man's bark is worse than his bite. He comes down in the morning, or is helped down, to his breakfast, and she cuts his food for him—he seems to dislike the boy's doing it—reads the paper and then goes to work.

"To work?" I asked. "What sort of work?"
 "He's writing a book."
 But it appears that he is writing it only in the nonliteral sense. He is dictating a book. And it also appears he has chosen this place because of its isolation, and Annie's orders are that he receives no visitors.

But it also appears that young Gordon is perhaps not as courageous as he made out to me when he came to look over the house, and that he has been "hearing things."
 "What sort of things?"
 "He didn't say. But he asked me this morning if I'd been in the house last night. If you find me here at night, it'll be because I'm paralyzed and can't move." I said, "and if you take my advice, you'll not go round humming if you hear anything."

"That must have cheered him considerably."
 "I don't know about that. He just looked at me and said, 'What's the game, anyhow? I'll bet a dollar you're in on it.'"
 Edith has sprung a surprise on us all. I have noticed for a day or two that she has been taking a keen interest in the mails, yet Edith's mail, with Halliday here, is largely a matter of delicate paper and the large square handwriting of the modern young woman, and has dealt this summer largely with reports on house parties, summer resorts, and various young men who seem recognizable to her under such cognomens as Chick, Bud and Curly.

This morning, however, her mail included a business-like envelope, and she flung the white, rose and mauve aside and pounced on it. A moment later she got up and coming around the table to me, gravely kissed that portion of my head which is gradually emerging, like a shore on an ebb tide, from my hair.
 "As one literary artist to another," she said, "I salute you." And placed before me a check for twenty dollars. She has written a feature article on our sheep-killing and has sold it.
 "And it took me only two hours," she says triumphantly. After that she was rather silent, computing, I dare say, how much she can earn, giving four hours a day to it for six days a week. At the rate, then, of ten thousand a year!

"Considerably more than I receive, Edith," I said gravely, and I saw I had been right by the way she started. She set off at once for the boat-house, but came back later considerably crestfallen, and poured out her troubles to me.
 "If he had anything he would give it to me," she wailed. "If I can write and make money—"

"You can't fight the masculine instinct, my dear, to support its woman; not be kept by her. Besides, have you considered this? You will not always find subjects as salable as this one has been."
 "Subjects!" she said scornfully. "Why, this place is full of them."
 The result of which has been on my part all day an uneasy apprehension as to what she will choose next. Nor am I made easier by a question she asked me just before dinner.
 "What became of the Riggs woman?" she asked. "Do you suppose she's still around here?"
 "I imagine not. Why?"
 "I just wondered," she said, and wandered to that particular corner of the veranda from which she has a distant but apparently satisfactory view of the boat-house.

Perhaps Halliday is right. (Note: in his suggestion that Jane and I take the sloop and go down the coast for a few days.) If any sheep are killed in my absence or anything more serious should happen, it will serve to rout Greenough's absurd determination to involve me, and provide a complete alibi. At the same time, it will be rest and recreation for Jane, and it may put me in a better frame of mind.

Peter Geiss, he thinks, would go with us, as captain and bunk under a pup tent, leaving the cabin to Jane and myself.

(On board the sloop) July 10.

Amazing the celerity with which youth thinks and acts. Tonight Jane and I—and Peter Geiss—are rolling gently to our anchor in Bass cove, close enough in to be quiet and far enough out to escape the mosquitoes. And yet only yesterday the plan was an amorphous thing, floating in the air between Halliday and myself, a mere ghost of an idea, without material substance.

The sloop is tidy. Is even fairly seaworthy. Her bottom has today been scrubbed with a broom, and her sails, slightly mildewed, still present from a distance a certain impressiveness.

"What," I shout at Peter Geiss, "is that small sail in front? Forward, I mean."

"How's that?"
 "The sail there, what's its name? I say, pointing. "Name?"
 "I'll say it's a shame," he says. "Canvas on this boat cost the old gentleman a lot of money."
 By and by, however, I learn the job and the flying jib.

We have a small cabin, with four bunks in it, and two of these are newly and geometrically made up ready for the night. In Jane's small closet there is food of all sorts, neat rows of tins and wax-paper packages. If we are washed out to sea we can I imagine, live indefinitely on deviled ham, sardines and cheese. And I have always my fishing line.

Ah! a tug at it!

July 11.

My worries are dropping from me. Helena Lear is with Edith, and no doubt Halliday is camped on their doorstep, as vigilant as a watch dog, and certainly more dependable, than Jock. I can see, too, with better perspective how absurd my anxiety has been as to Greenough. It is his business to believe every man guilty until he has proved himself innocent. And I am I not now in the act of proving my innocences?

But my problem remains. And trying to solve it is like playing solitaire with a card missing. I have, we will say, lost the knife of clubs out of my pack, and without it the game cannot go on.

Halliday, I know, believes that there is a possible connection between the killer and Uncle Horace's letter. He believes, in other words, that some curious and perhaps monstrous idea lies behind the sheep-killing, and that it may be the same idea to which the letter refers.

"There is something behind it," he asserts. "Something so vital to the man who believes it that he is ready to kill—has killed certainly once and possibly twice—to protect it."

But the nature of the idea, or conviction, he nobly evades.
 "And this monstrous idea was to kill sheep, and build a stone altar?"
 "How do we know that isn't merely a prophylactic sacrifice. Skipper? A sort of preliminary to the real thing?"
 "And what is to be the real thing?"
 "What is the wickedest crime you can name, against society?"
 "The taking of human life."
 "Exactly."

But this, as he says, is as far as he goes. He is, however, careful to say that his theory has got him somewhere; that is, that there is a definite idea behind what has been happening.
 "An insane one, then."
 "Not necessarily," he objects. "Your Uncle Horace didn't write that letter to a man he considered insane."
 Peter Geiss has his own theory about poor Carroway's death. Carroway, he says, probably located the boat; he could do that by cutting off his engine and listening for the oars. Then, in black darkness, he steered toward it, probably with the idea of driving the fellow back. But Peter does not think that Carroway would have closed in on the murderer, unarmed as he was.

"The chances are," he said today, "that the fellow crept upon him, quiet-like, and leaped into the launch."
 "But he was unarmed, too?" I said remembering the knife under our slip.
 It seemed to me that Peter not only heard that with surprising distinctness, but that he shot a stealthy glance at me.

"He had an oar," he said, and fell back into his customary taciturnity.
 In our fore-rigging hangs our riding light. It should be white, but as in a burst of energy this evening I scraped a supper plate over the side, I also scraped off the lantern. So it is red, our red sailing light. It reminds me of the lamp at home. I think about light in general. What do I know about light, anyhow? That it is a wave, a vibration, and that only with a certain fixed range can it be perceived by my human sensorium; that the infra-red, and above the ultra-violet, are waves our human eye cannot perceive. Then, all around us are things to which our human senses

do not react. How far dare I extend that? From invisible things to invisible beings is not so far, I dare say.
 What is reality and what is not? Only what we can see, hear, touch or taste? But that is absurd. Thought is a reality; perhaps the only reality. But can thought exist independent of the body? The spiritists believe it can. And undoubtedly the universe is full of unheard sounds; all the noises in the world go echoing around our unhearing ears for centuries, and then comes the radio and begins to pick them up for us.
 But the radio requires a peculiar sort of receiving instrument, and so with the sights and sounds beyond our normal ken, Jane may be such an instrument. So for all I know may be Peter Geiss, snoring in his pup tent. Even myself—
 (Note: I fell asleep here, and the entry is incomplete.)

(Continued Next Week)

Slang Big Factor in Growth of Language

American slang, rather than being maligned and despised, should be depended on to assist in vitalizing and enriching the language, says Dr. Frederic C. Blanchard, professor of English at the University of California, at Los Angeles. Little of the slang of yesterday ever remains, but that minimum that does not drop away is a definite and a constant factor in the growth of language to adapt itself to the changing conditions of a changing world, he adds.

"Much of the exuberance of slang is simply the indication of health, animal spirits, vitality, adaptation to new conditions of thought and action," said Doctor Blanchard. "Ben Jonson, the purist, quarreled with the slang employed by Shakespeare, but much of it has been adapted in our speech, as have some of the quaint but unorthodox expressions of Kipling."

"The multiplicity of new activity which our modern life enjoys requires its special language, and we have the slang of aviation, sport, and even science, the best of which finds its way ultimately into the dictionary."

Special Effort Only Can Give Supremacy

Strength is a matter of effort. You cannot hope for great strength, or athletic strength, or any high degree of vigor, as the result of namby-pamby types of exercise. You cannot hope to become a wrestler by playing croquet. You cannot become a champion sprinter by the practice of walking. The piano mover has more muscular vigor than the book-keeper, and the book-keeper has more mental strength than the piano mover. Moral or spiritual strength grows with its exercise. And then again, athletic strength is acquired through athletic effort. It is almost axiomatic that the kind of strength you develop, and the amount of it, will be determined by the kind of effort and the extent of the effort put forth in training. Carl Eaton Williams writes in Physical Culture Magazine. If you concentrate your training upon one kind of athletic activity, it does not follow that your training will fit you for some quite contrary type of effort.

Elephants Fire Fighters

A "tall" story of how a herd of wild elephants conquered a forest fire on the southwest coast of India is told by the Indian News Service. During a gale a big tree was uprooted and blocked one of the highways. A crew of natives was detailed to clear the road, and to lessen their work attempted to burn the tree. When darkness came the laborers returned to the safety of the custom house and the fire spread to the adjoining woods.
 The leader of a roaming band of wild elephants, according to the story, discovered the blaze and immediately called his followers by loud trumpeting. Within a few minutes the four-footed firemen were busily employed, with their trunks as hose, turning 40 streams of water on the blazing tree and burning woods.

Grant as "Slaveholder"

Ulysses Simpson Grant was at one time technically a slave owner. After he graduated from West Point he was sent to St. Louis for garrison duty. Near that city lived one of his classmates, Frederick T. Dent, whose father owned a large plantation known as White Haven and enough negro slaves to live in characteristic southern comfort. In 1848, upon his return from the Mexican war, Grant was married at White Haven to Julia Dent, the sister of his classmate. The elder Dent made the young couple a present of a slave boy. Of course General Grant never trafficked in slaves.—Kansas City Star.

Not Fighting

Arthur and James are cousins and inclined to fight with each other, despite grandmother's repeated warnings.
 The other morning, hearing a commotion, she hurried to the door, to find the two youngsters clutching each other and rolling about on the porch.
 "Boys," she scolded, "how can you fight like this after what you promised me?"
 "We wuzn't fightin'," answered James as they both hastily straightened up; "we wuz jest tryin' to separate each other."—Chicago Tribune.

Costly Medicines for Patients of Long Ago

Modern lovers need no doctor to tell them that gold and precious gems are good prescriptions "to ease the passion of the heart," but in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries they applied the mercenary cure inwardly. The following, culled from "Customs and Fashions of Old New England," was highly recommended, says the Detroit News:
 "Take damask roses half-blown, cut off their whites; and stamp them very fine, and strayne out the juice very strong; moisten it in the stamping with a little Damask rose water; then put thereto fine powder sugar and boyle it gently to a fine syrup; then take powdered Amber, Pearls, Rubies, of each half a dram, Ambergreese one scruple, and mingle them with the said syrup till it be somewhat thick. Take a little thereof on a knife's point morning and evening."
 Doctor Gilford's "Amber Pills for Consumption," contained a large quantity of pearls, white amber and coral as did also Lady Ken's powder. Sir Edward Spencer's eye-solve was rich in powdered pearls and so were many other medicines of the time.

Look to Beaver for Abatement of Floods

Beaver raising is encouraged by the Department of Agriculture as a source of valuable fur and to help in flood prevention, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. Experiments already show that the animals can be successfully grown under semidomestic conditions; that they are easily tamed and also increase more rapidly than in wild surroundings, even under control and protection. It is pointed out that many acres of land now unused could be adapted to beaver cultivation. On timber land that has been cut over, there is a sufficiently large later growth to support the animals, and the dams they build would help reduce floods and provide a water supply for the dry seasons. The damage the animals did in the past by felling valuable trees and flooding lowlands could be overcome in the future by proper fencing and trapping.

Gave America Its Name

America is a name first applied with little-warrant to what is now North and South America by Martin Waldseemuller, a young geographer of St. Die, a town in the Vosges mountains in a Latin work, "Cosmographie Introductio," which Waldseemuller edited in 1507. He used the name "America" in honor of Amerigo Vesputci, whose narrative of the latter's voyage of discovery in the New world Waldseemuller had read. "Because Americus discovered it," Waldseemuller wrote, "it ought to be called the land of Americus or America."

LEADS ORCHESTRA IN ANOTHER TOWN

Inventor Uses Radio to Direct Players.

Berlin.—Conducting an orchestra hundreds of miles away has become possible with a special type of piano for which the inventor, Dr. Erich Fischer, has taken out patents in all countries.

Sleepless were in the majority when the papers announced that Doctor Fischer would proceed to Goettingen with several soloists and from there conduct the orchestra of the High School of Music playing in Berlin.

To every one's surprise, however, the experiment turned out a complete success, the orchestra in Berlin playing and the soloists in Goettingen singing with the same precision and accuracy as though all were assembled in a common hall with eyes glued to the conductor's baton.

The technique of this scheme, promising to become an incalculable time and money-saving expedient, is a simple one. Doctor Fischer seated himself at a piano which, though soundless for the human ear, accurately, records and transmits to a highly sensitive microphone inside not only single tones, cords and tempi, but also diminuendos and crescendos, all of which were promptly wirelessly to the orchestra in Berlin.

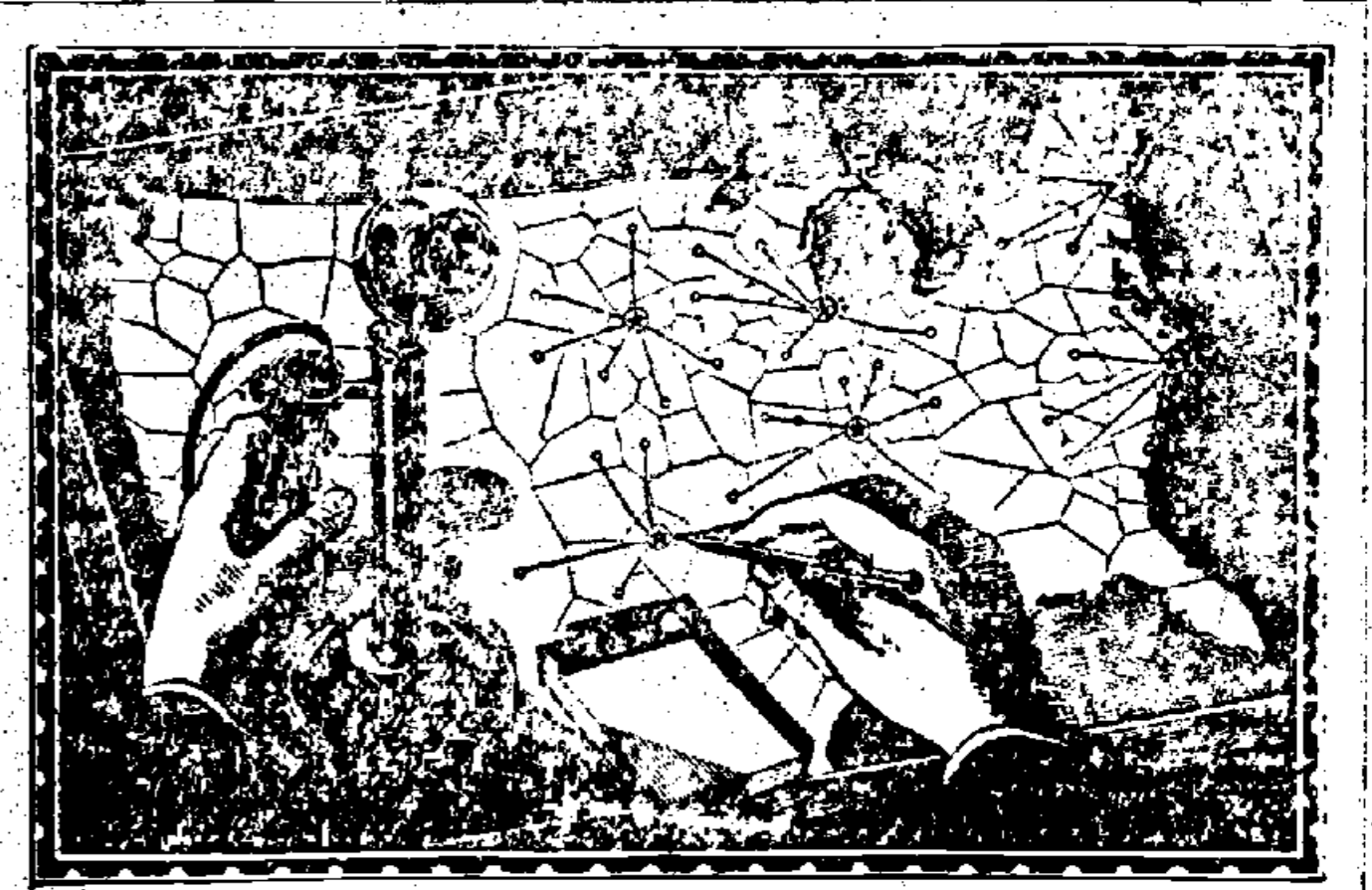
Here each player was equipped with a headphone, the various groups of instruments, as strings, wood-winds, brass, etc., each being installed in separate rooms.

The tones of this scattered orchestra were collected in a common receiver from where they were flashed by wire back to Goettingen and there released through the medium of several very elaborate and powerful loud speakers.

Expert engineers estimated that the time that elapsed between the conductor's cues at Goettingen and the return of the full orchestral reproduction from Berlin was less than the interval between a conductor's signals and his orchestra's response in the same hall.

Derisive Nickname

The term "kitchen cabinet" was applied to certain intimate political friends of President Andrew Jackson, who were supposed to have more influence over his actions than his official advisers. They were Gen. Duff Green, editor of the United States Telegraph at Washington, the confidential organ of the administration; Maj. William B. Lewis of Nashville, Tenn., second auditor of the treasury; Isaac Hill, editor of the New Hampshire Patriot, and Amos Kendall of Kentucky, fourth auditor of the treasury.



This National key town map Free to Anyone interested in cutting Costs

To lower distribution costs, business is turning to the key town method of buying and selling by telephone. By this plan each representative can "travel" farther, reach more people, buy and sell more—and cut expenses.

The national key town map, showing key towns and their calling areas, is now ready. This and regional maps may be obtained at any Telephone Business Office. They are free.

Key town plans work like this. The sales or purchasing representative goes to the key towns in person. From each he makes his contacts by telephone with customers and prospects in that area. Expensive visits in person are made less often; yet by telephone more frequent and up-to-the-minute relations are maintained.

Related telephone services supplement the key town plan. Classified business telephone directories furnish lists of prospects, sequence calling lists save hours of time, the Bell System credit plan makes it possible to have bills for calls sent to home offices—avoiding the carrying of cash and helping in keeping records of contacts. Thus, Long Distance can be custom-made to fit your selling or buying problems—to increase business, yet lower costs. A call to the nearest business office—listed in the front of your directory—will bring a copy of the national key town map to you. . . Number, please?



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