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**20% PRICE REDUCTION**

**TALES OF THE OLD FRONTIER**

By **ELMO SCOTT WATSON**

**HOW TOM SMITH TAMED ABILENE**

IN THE year 1869 the cowboys who came up from Texas with the trail herds had given Abilene, Kan., the unenviable reputation of being the "wildest and wooliest" of all frontier towns west of the Mississippi. Home talent elected to the position of town marshal gave up the job after a few weeks of stormy attempt to rule. Two men imported from St. Louis came, saw—and went home the same day.

Then the job was offered to Tom Smith of Kit Carson, Colo. Smith was a quiet little man, soft-spoken, almost apologetic in manner. But as town marshal of Green River, Wyo., the previous year he had successfully held in check the tough characters of that little mushroom railroad town, then "end of steel" on the Union Pacific, and he did it with no other weapons than his bare hands.

When his appointment to the marshalship of Abilene was announced, the wisecracks croaked dismally, "He may have tamed Green River with his fists, but this is Abilene. Wait till he sees the big guns of those Texas cowboys!" And then the first official act of the new marshal was to announce that there should be no more pistol-toting in Abilene. Immediately a mighty guffaw went up. Fancy!

The first man to test out the new law was a notorious two-gun bully named Hank Hawkins. Back of Hawkins, when Smith walked up to him in a saloon, were his fellow cowboys, an ugly, scowling group. The desperado laid his hands on his weapons. "What are you goin' to do about these?" he asked with a sneer.

"There is a law against them in this town and I'll trouble you for them now," replied the marshal quietly.

"There ain't no livin' man can take 'em from me!" roared Hawkins.

Instantly Smith's fist flashed forward in a terrific blow that dropped the cowboy to the floor. Then the marshal faced Hawkins' friends.

"Boys," he said, "I'm going to keep order in Abilene, and I want every man to obey. If he don't I'll make him. You must give up your guns. They will be taken to the mayor's office, where you can claim them when you leave town."

For a moment there was an ominous silence. At any second the hand of a cowboy might go streaking to his holster. Then the silence was broken by the voice of a faro dealer.

"Mr. Marshal, that is the nerviest thing I ever saw done. Here's my gun."

The spell was broken, and as the man handed over his weapon the crowd surged forward to do the same. Tom Smith, single-handed and weaponless, had disarmed a whole town, and Abilene was tamed at last.

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**You Need Not Fail**  
by Whit Hadley

Frank C. Ribbet, from Gallon, Ohio, had every right to—but didn't. Ribbet's father owned a store in Gallon and couldn't make it pay. His family were in abject poverty. Taken from school when a small child, he started as a freight train coupler in the yards of Gallon. Then he became a vender of candy on a train from Crestline to Indianapolis. Next he fired a locomotive and then became an engineer, holding his job eleven years. He built a shanty to live in and spent half of each night studying how to make more money, and starving himself to save every penny.

Then he went to Cleveland and as a free lance tried to sell real estate. He hit upon a novel scheme of taking an option on a lot, trading the lot for a grocery store, developing the store and selling it. His profits were meagre but they were profits.

With them he bought a half interest in a livery stable, paying \$80 down. He found himself handicapped by a competitive livery man, so with three city lots bought on option he traded them for his competitor's business and gave him notes in addition. With the profits from both stables he took up the options and bought more real estate on option. Then Ribbet took a 99-year lease on land next to a big hotel, erected a five-story livery barn and doubled his income.

When his wife's health failed he sold out and went to Arizona, living there three years, then returned to Cleveland. He made plans to erect the finest garage in town but stopped to have his picture taken. Becoming interested in photography he went across the street, rented a store, hired the photographer's clerk who had waited on him, to run it, and started to do business. It became necessary for him to hire six assistants.

Recently Ribbet became interested in Texas oil wells. He struck oil the first shot at 1300 feet. He used a peculiar argument in securing capital. He impressed upon each investor that the risk they ran was great. He suggested that each one put in only what he could afford to lose in case of failure.

Today Ribbet is a well preserved man of seventy-one, and is worth one million dollars.

**HELPFUL HINTS**  
by Aleda

Mrs. Housewife: This newspaper will publish "Helpful Hints" in this form at regular intervals. We suggest you clip the columns and paste it in your recipe book.

**Home-made Cement.**—It is not necessary to buy cement. A very good one may be made by following this simple recipe: Mix some plaster of Paris with the white of an egg to the consistency of cream. This is as good as any prepared cement and a good deal cheaper.

**After Cleaning Clothes.**—Very often after cleaning clothes with gasoline a ring will be left. This may be removed by steaming over a teakettle.

**Silver.**—If silver is put into a pan of sour milk and allowed to stand overnight, it will be bright and shiny in the morning.

**Pipes.**—The pipes in a sink need never become stopped up if just a little precaution is exercised. If a cup of kerosene is poured down the drain once a month, followed by two gallons of boiling water the next morning, there should never be any trouble. The kerosene cuts the grease and the boiling water washes it away.

**Making a Vase.**—A pretty vase or flower container may be made from an old bottle. That sounds strange, doesn't it—but it's so. First, saturate a cord in either kerosene or turpentine and tie around the neck of the bottle at the place you wish to cut it off. Then light the two ends of the cord and turn the bottle slowly so that the heat may be evenly distributed. Third and lastly, plunge into cold water and the neck will break off evenly.

**The Grater.**—After grating either lemons or cheese, a very stiff-bristled brush will thoroughly cleanse the grater.

**Candle Grease on Linen.**—Candle grease may be removed from any linen article by putting a blotter under the piece and using a warm iron. Let the iron stand on the material long enough to melt all the grease, which will be absorbed by the blotter.

**Clothes-pins.**—Clothes-pins which have been boiled in salt water will keep the clothes from sticking to the lines in cold weather. A rather good hint for this weather. Add a teaspoon of salt to a quart of water in boiling.

**Poem by Uncle John**

Jim Tinker's got a thoughtful spouse—a reg'lar gem, old Jim declares; whenever Jim's around the house, he's one of her especial cares. She criticizes how he chews, an' hates to see his whiskers grow—She fusses lets about his shoes,—she likes to see 'em shine, ye know. She loves to see her hubby work, and bring the toothsome bacon in, but he must eat it with his fork, and not spill gravy on his chin! She notices if on his breath there ain't the scent of new-mown hay,—why, it would pester me to death to brush my teeth six times a day! Jim likes to read the paper some—of evenin's in his rockin' chair,—till she suggests he get the comb, an' rake the straw-seed from his hair. . . . She recommends a chilly bath each night afore he hits the hay,—and registers a show of wrath, on how he stows his cloze away. I'll say they are an ideal pair, affectionate—an' rightly mated. There wouldn't be no discord there, if she could keep 'em regulated.



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