

Abandoned Lighthouse on Cape Arago!



Another unusual block engraving, tooled from linoleum by a CCC artist, is shown above. It was prepared for printing by Arthur J. Merkel and depicts an abandoned lighthouse which marks Cape Arago on the Pacific coast near Coos Bay. It is one of a series illustrating the diversity of scenery enjoyed in this district. The Miner is indebted to the Medford District News, CCC publication, for use of this block of ordinary kitchen linoleum which has been made a vehicle for Artist Merkel's interpretation of Oregon scenery.

CLOTHES MARK CHANGE IN LIFE THEN AND NOW

(Continued from page one)

was the damdest girl for pickles though, I ever saw. We always met on a certain street corner after school was out and about the first thing I would ask her was, what she wanted for a treat. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, she decided on pickles. We knew a place where there was always a barrel of great big pickles that sold for two pennies apiece and there we would go. She would never fail to eat all of hers and generally two-thirds of mine, as I didn't have much of a yen for pickles and only tried to eat them because she did. Personally, I much preferred candy, nuts, ice cream or anything else for a treat. The last I heard from Lillie, she was an old maid of sixty years and I think the pickles did it. Soured her sweet disposition, I mean. But heavens alive, in that country where she lived there were seven women to every man by actual count. A girl was sure lucky if she got married anywhere in that region.

Well, as I said, I had quite a voice to begin with. One thing I was proficient at was the war-cry of the Iowa Indians, which made a big hit with the cowboys on the range and they never failed to get me to show it off at every opportunity. I would stand up in my saddle stirrups and split the atmosphere all up in little chunks when I yelled "I-O-WAY."

My voice is all shot now and I couldn't call hogs a quarter of a mile away. Doctors have told me that somewhere in my travels I accumulated a lot of these here Hemolytic Streptococcus bugs in my throat, which look like a rattlesnake's rattles and pour poison steadily into my system, causing rheumatism and other disorders. It takes a magnifying glass of three hundred thousand million power to see one of them and as they don't seem to bother me, I let them stay. I haven't the heart to deprive them of their happy homes and send them out into a cold, cruel world to start life all over again, so what are not asphyxiated by the volumes of tobacco smoke I am everlastingly inhaling, can stay right where they are, and see if I care.

Before I forget it, if any of my fellow gold-diggers discover their lungs are becoming gold-plated from the fumes arising from the big nuggets they take out, there is a simple remedy if taken in time. Simply inhale some quick-silver.

Getting back to my voice, I used to know all the popular range songs and dozens of other, and I could sing them too. I have seen tears stream down the cheeks of hard-bitten riders many a time when I would sing something and put some pep into it. This came in very handy around the camps at night when everybody gathered close to the campfire and each

one was expected to do his share to entertain the bunch. Either tell a good yarn or sing something. One night I remember, I stayed with a round-up crew, while on one of my trips. I was treated like a prince, but they couldn't hardly get enough of my singing, as I knew a lot of good ones they had never heard.

One especially, "Brennan on the Moor," took their fancy and I had to sing it several times. Finally we retired and I was just dropping off to sleep when a voice spoke up, "Sing that 'Brennan' song just once more, Reynolds, will you?" I said there was nothing doing. I was just going to sleep. Presently a high-heeled boot came sailing through the air and hit my bed a wallop and in a moment more this was followed by a whole shower of boots. Every cowboy was wide awake and determined to hear that sung again. So I had to raise up out of bed and give it to them, after which they left me in peace.

Speaking of cowboys and their ways, puts me in mind of a ride I took with one by the name of Walter Reedy, back in the early days. He and I had been in Denver, Colo., for two or three days getting rid of some of our money, and were hitting for our camp sixty miles away. Walter was awfully drunk and I was hoping the ride would help sober him up. I had been drinking some myself but not nearly as much as he had. Of course we had both bought a big supply of ammunition in town and amused ourselves by shooting dogs along the road which rushed out to bark at us. This was sometimes a dangerous procedure as there were plenty of men in those days who thought the world of their dogs and if you shot one of them, would be very likely to take a shot at you in return. We didn't have any bad luck though and killed several of the most vicious brutes that came tearing out to attack us from the various ranches we passed.

Finally, Wait had used up all his cartridges but one and he would have used that only the dog he was going to shoot, dodged under an old shed and didn't show up again. So Wait let his trigger down and slipped his Colts back in the scabbard. I had taken strict

note of this occurrence, as it is a wise idea to keep close tab on all such things, especially when you are riding with a drunken cowboy and cannot always predict exactly what may turn up of a sudden. Shortly after, we met three ranchmen afoot, going into town, one of whom was a little old fellow with bowed legs and a long gray beard. Wait was a little in the lead and yanking his horse to a stop, jerked his gun and commanded them to dance. I guess they thought it was a joke, as they simply stood still and grinned at him. That made him sore, so he began snapping his gun at their feet. As nothing happened, they became sure it was a joke and just laughed. I saw trouble coming fast, so I spoke up and said, "Fellers, I know there is one cartridge left in that gun and he will be getting around to it pretty soon." At that they all began to dance. They did jigs, hoe-downs, and cut pigeon wings, and the little old guy with the long whiskers hopped faster and leap-

ed higher than anybody. It was sure comical and put Wait in a good humor at once. After a few minutes Wait shouted, "All right, boys, the show is over; see you again some time," and put his gun away and off we raced. I shudder to think what would happen to a couple of fellows who pulled off anything like that in these days. But at that time it was simply regarded as a harmless cowboy joke and no attention was paid to such by anybody.

When I rode the range cowboys were terrible particular about their hat and boots. They didn't care so much about the other articles of their attire, but the hat and boots must be exactly right, or there was the devil to pay. Everybody wore the most expensive Stetson he could afford and put in more time keeping the brim straight than on anything else he wore. If the brim lopped the least bit, it put him in a bad humor at once. We used to put a little bit of sugar in a cup of water and wet the brim with the mixture. That would make it as stiff as a board until it rained, when of course it would soften up and have to be fixed again. I never saw a woman as particular to get her make-up on all right as some of those cowboys were with their hat brims. The ten gallon hats so popular nowadays, hold their shape far better than the old straight brim style.

THE TOWNSEND PLAN

Very appealing to many people is the Townsend "plan" of old age pensions which would give every person enrolled under its benefits \$200 a month, with its proviso that the entire monthly stipend should be spent before the next was received. This, the inventor asserts would keep enough money in circulation to make everybody prosperous.

So inviting is this idea that there are clubs being formed over the country to insist that congress put this plan into effect and the members of these clubs are contributing to the expenses of organization and maintenance of them for as in all such affairs there must be paid leaders to keep the members advised of progress, if any.

The weakness of the Townsend system lies in the fact that it neglects to recognize the fact that money is not a thing but only an emblem—it is a representation of something produced, of some raw

material fashioned to the use of someone, and of the labor used in producing and fashioning. Had there never been any production, never any labor, there would have been no money, for no one would have anything to sell. The money, which would be issued and given the pensioners under this plan would be money not based on labor or products and would be spent by persons who did not labor or produce and presently would be of no value and would buy nothing.

All the pension plans that have ever proved successful have been based on services rendered previous to receiving the pension. For the military it was service rendered

the country as a whole. Under insurance pension plans the pensioner contributes during his productive period. Any pension not based on labor or production is a failure from the time it is instituted.—Paris (Texas) Morning News.

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