

"Thoughts We Carry Determine What We Are," Says Reno Preacher

Bravado Behind Most Badness, Brewster Adams Proves With Story of Taming Wild Bronco

By BREWSTER ADAMS
For 25 Years Reno's Baptist Preacher

"GOL-RAM-IT!" thundered Old Neil, boss of the T. H. Ranch.

"Excuse me, Reverend, but that dern Texas toad makes me mad. He rides on the only brains he's got."

"What's wrong?" I offered. "He certainly made a pretty ride."

"Sure and didn't he ruin a perfectly bad horse?" was the astounding answer.

You see Neil has a fine string of "buckers" he uses in the ro-



Brewster Adams

deos. They're so bad, they're good; mean as a losing candidate. But he has to keep working on them to keep them bad.

He imported a new rider from Texas whose job it was to work them over. He was a sweet buckaroo, could stick like your wife's relations. We had watched a gentle cyclone come out of the chute. With Tex on his back, he sun-fished, turned ends like a good politician, went up and down like the stock market. But Tex rode 'im.

It was a pretty exhibition. Hoover couldn't have given a better one on the New Deal. When the going was roughest Neil waved for the "pick-up" man to ride up and for Tex to swing over on his mount.

This has to be done just when the horse is "busting wide open"—like that summer's shirt. He gets it into his head that he has bucked off his rider. He thinks he is bad.

But this day, Tex was mad. He would show who was master. He

dug in the spurs like a sales tax, rode the horse down the lane and brought him back—a perfectly docile animal.

Now the price of "an outlaw" is around \$500; a well-behaved animal brings much less. Same principle—a public enemy is worth \$5000, dead or alive; a good preacher you can get for \$1000. So you can understand why old Neil, with a few appropriate and adequate words, stormed at him.

"Tex! You fool! Y'er fired! You've made him fergit that he was bad. He'll never buck no more."

NEARLY fell off my horse. Here was a rough philosophy which would unseat most theories. I couldn't buck it off.

Neil felt I was entitled to an explanation:

"Sure! A horse is like a lot of folks—just smarter. They're bad becuz they thinks they's bad, or somebody makes 'em mean."

His philosophy came back to me later when the sheriff locked me in the cell with "a bad man." I'll admit I wondered which one of us he would let out. The sheriff wouldn't take a chance on letting him out, even into the little room where we talked with prisoners.

This chap was sullen though he had sent for me. He asked if I would write to his sister; she believed in him; nobody else did: would I write—?

"Certainly, my good fellow," the words came without any thought on my part. Perhaps I was thinking of his thinking of the sister "who still believed."

"Good fellow, hell! Don't you know I'm bad?" And then he broke.

"God!" He fairly breathed the word. "If only just some folks had believed I was any good, it would have made a lot of difference."

BRAVADO sheer bravado, is behind most badness—an affectation of recklessness. For fear you may think my opinion just sentimental theory, I have to back it with 14 years' work in juvenile courts here and in the old Essex Market precinct in New York. With those thousands of boys, the only lad beyond help was the boy who thought he was bad.

The New York papers, Tribune,

Herald and Examiner, used to provide a steamer and barge to take the children of the East Side up the river for an excursion during the sweltering days of the summer.

Plenty of times a single reporter and I would "handle" a mob of hundreds off Cherry and Water Streets without any assistance. A sweating patrol of police would usually herd them aboard and wish us, with much fervor, "a pleasant day."

Our system was really simple but effective. After a few minutes' observation as to who was making most of the trouble, starting most of the fights and shoving most of the kids around, we picked these for our leaders.

"You guys have got to keep order. It's up to you to run the boat. No fighting. No rough stuff. It's a tough job and it's yours, we told these little toughs, who, for their toughness, we put in charge.

"Awh! It's a pipe! Watch our smoke."

The day the New York Herald sent up sandwiches and milk for 1400, the gang nearly mobbed the delivery wagons. It looked as though we would have to call out the National Guard—only we felt sorry for the soldiers.

But when "Gyp the Blood" and "Curley the Carver," our trustees that day, yelled, "Hey! Youse kids! Beat it!" it was as quiet as

a government workshop. The riot was ended.

But the great thing done, Gyp and Curley never knew. We had kept them sweet. They just couldn't be mean. They even tipped their hats when they left us.

"So long! We're pretty good, ain't we?"

THOSE nicknames, "The Blood" and "The Carver," are characteristic of the gangs. They remind me of Dan who was always squaring off with his fists, feinting, laming the little fellows. I asked the boys how we could break this meanness.

"Awh! He just thinks he's a bad actor. Lamp us pull his feathers."

So they dubbed him "Dan, de lookin'-glass scraper." He never strutted again.

Which taught me that whether in the stum or among "de silk socks," we should have a care with our children; never make them mean. I know of no worse way among the worst things we do, than to tell Willie he is a bad boy. He probably will be just that; your thinking he is, makes him think he is, and what we think, is usually what we are.

Any lad who overhears (and it might be framed) his mother say, "William is a good boy," is apt to swell up to the idea.

As an experiment, you might try it on father. If it fails, you haven't lost much.

Movie Trainer Teaches Dog to Sing

Here is another of the interesting and instructive articles telling how Carl Spitz, famous trainer of movie dogs, teaches them to perform before the cameras. Other articles will follow.—Editor.



Here's Buck singing to Rubinoff's accompaniment.

MOST any dog, trained or otherwise, will howl when whistles are blowing or when unusual noise is going on.

But to throw up the head and actually sing, accompanied by a violin, starting the song when the violin starts and stopping the tune when the accompaniment stops, is no mean feat.

In the picture shown herewith, the St. Bernard is seen singing to a violin accompaniment played by the famed violinist, Rubinoff. For the stunt Rubinoff played very simply and very slowly, "My Old Kentucky Home."

He started with the opening line, "The sun shines bright—"

"Up, Buck, up," commanded Trainer Carl Spitz. Up went the beautiful head of the dog.

Now the real job was to get Buck to start "singing." The minute the violinist struck the notes for the word, "The."

The trainer used his hand for a signal. When Rubinoff pulled his bow across the opening note, the trainer, who was standing where

Buck could keep an eye on him, raised his hand high. Buck, with his head still up, made a noise in his throat.

Soon the violinist and the dog were in unison. The same routine was worked

when they taught Buck to stop on the word "bright."

Within an hour Buck, the St. Bernard, was singing two complete lines of the old, old song and having the time of his life while doing it.

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MYSTERY SHIPS City of Boston Lost in Calm Seas With 107 Passengers

NO STORM of any magnitude stirred the Atlantic in the first months of 1870. No reports came in of ships in serious distress, except the *City of Boston*—a mystery ship that vanished.

A sturdy vessel of the Inman line, she was a mail steamer and passenger ship of the first order. An iron ship, with up-to-date safety devices—water-tight bulkheads, 332 feet in length. She was ship-rigged, with a big spread of sail to aid her propeller.

Experts regarded her as a

had put in at the West Indies. Responsible authorities everywhere insisted that she was too fine a ship to meet with serious accident. The ship was not overmasted; her cargo was food, not likely to be poor ballast.

The ice theory was mentioned in newspapers, since ice floes had been noted in the Atlantic. But Captain Halcrow was an experienced officer, a cautious man—with many lives depending upon his judgment. His record was unblemished. It was unthinkable that by lack of prudence he



splendid specimen of maritime architecture. She took the highest premiums at Lloyds, a mark of distinction. Her construction throughout was considered above standard for those days, with the possible exception of the two-flange propeller, which only severe storms could endanger.

Putting out of Halifax for Boston on January 28, she was commanded by Captain J. J. Halcrow, carried a crew of 84 men, and 107 passengers. February came and passed—the *City of Boston* was overdue.

Rumors began to circulate, as relatives and friends demanded information of the Inman office.

One story was that the vessel was sighted with broken engines, making for South America. Another said that the *City of Boston*

should have struck an iceberg. As to weather—no other ship, and no later weather statistics reported dense fog or high seas when the *City of Boston* made her last voyage.

One of the passengers was a lad named William, son of a woman who always refused to acknowledge that he would not return. She continually—until the day she died—believed that a Boston newspaper would announce the arrival of the *City of Boston*. Every morning she said to her friends, "William is certain to get home today." The dinner table was invariably set for him, but he never came home.

Fated to join a long list of missing ships, the *City of Boston* never arrived.