THE LONE STAR RANGER

A Thrilling Texas Border Story

By ZANE GREY

SYNOPSIS.

The time of the story: about 1875. The place: The Texas cow country. The chief character: Buckley Duane, a young man who has inherited a lust to kill, which he suppresses. In self-defense he shoots dead a drunken bully and is forced to flee to the wild country where he joins Bland's outlaw band. Euchre, an amiable rascal, tells him about Jennie, a young girl who had been abducted and sold to Bland for a bad fate. They determine to rescue the girl and restore her to civilization. Euchre has just reconnoitered, and is reporting the outlook to Buck. Euchre is killed. Buck kills Bland and is dangerously wounded by Mrs. Bland, her accomplices with Jennie. Jennie is abducted. Buck never sees her again, but kills her abductor.

Have you ever deliberately taken a chance where the odds were three to one that you would be killed? If you saw your child fall into deep water, it is likely that you would immediately plunge in and try to save him without reasoning the chances against your safety. Suppose that your wife or sister were held captive in a house by an armed maniac who intended to kill any would-be rescuer: would you go and try to pacify that maniac? Read this instalment. See what desperate chances Buck Duane took to prove his innocence of a foul crime.

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

Duane has just escaped into the underbrush from a posse intent on lynching him.

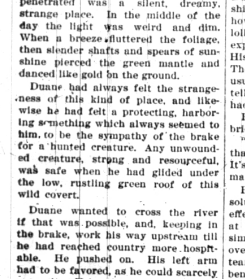
The Rio Grande and its tributaries for the most of their length in Texas ran between wide, low, flat lands covered by a dense growth of willow. Cottonwood, mesquite, prickly pear, and other growths mingled with the willow, and altogether they made a matted, tangled copse, a thicket that an inexperienced man would have considered impenetrable.

The depths of this brake Duane had penetrated was a silent, dreamy, strange place. In the middle of the day the light was weird and dim. When a breeze fluttered the foliage, then slender shafts and spears of sunshine pierced the green mantle and danced like gold on the ground.

Duane had always felt the strangeness of this kind of place, and likewise he had felt a protecting, harboring something which always seemed to him to be the sympathy of the brake for a hunted creature. Any wounded creature, strong and resourceful, was safe when he had glided under the low, rustling green roof of this wild covert.

Duane wanted to cross the river if that was possible, and, keeping in the brake, work his way upstream till he had reached country more hospitable. He pushed on. His left arm had to be favored, as he could scarcely move it. Using his right to spread the willows, he slipped sideways between them and made fast time. Finally after a tedious penetration of still denser brush, he broke through to the bank of the river.

He faced a wide, shallow, muddy stream with brakes on the opposite bank extending like a green and yellow



Lifted Enough Water to Quench His Thirst.

wall. Duane perceived at a glance the futility of his trying to cross at this point. Everywhere the sluggish water laved quicksand bars. Before leaving the bank he tied his hat upon a pole and lifted enough water to quench his thirst. Then he worked his way back to where thinner growth made advancement easier, and kept on upstream till the shadows were so deep he could not see. Feeling around for a place big enough to stretch out on, he lay down. For the time being he was as safe there as he would have been beyond in the Rim Rock. He was tired, though not exhausted, and in spite of the throbbing pain in his arm he dropped at once into sleep.

CHAPTER XIII.

How long Duane was traveling out of that region he never knew. But he reached familiar country and found a rancher who had before befriended him. His left arm was attended to; he had food and sleep; and in a couple of weeks he was himself again.

When the time came for Duane to ride away on his endless trail his friend reluctantly imparted the information that some thirty miles south, near the village of Shirley, there was posted at a certain cross-road a reward for Buck Duane dead or alive. Duane had heard of such notices, but he had never seen one. His friend's reluctance and refusal to state for what particular deed this reward was offered roused Duane's curiosity. Abruptly he decided to ride over there and find out who wanted him dead or alive, and why.

Toward afternoon, from the top of a long hill, Duane saw the green fields and trees and shining roofs of a town he considered must be Shirley. And at the bottom of the hill he came upon an intersecting road. There was a placard nailed on the cross-road signpost. Duane drew rein near it and leaned close to read the faded print. "$1,000 REWARD FOR BUCK DUANE DEAD OR ALIVE." Peering closer to read the finer, more faded print, Duane learned that he was wanted for the murder of Mrs. Jeff Aiken at her ranch near Shirley. The month September was named, but the date was illegible. The reward was offered by the woman's husband, whose name appeared with that of a sheriff's at the bottom of the placard.

Duane read the thing twice. When he straightened he was sick with the horror of his fate, wild with passion at those misguided fools who could believe that he had harmed a woman.

A dark, passionate fury possessed him. It shook him like a storm shakes the oak. When it passed, leaving him cold, with clouded brow and piercing eye, him mind was set. Spurring his horse, he rode straight toward the village.

Shirley appeared to be a large, pretentious country town. A branch of some railroad terminated there. The main street was wide, bordered by trees and commodious houses, and many of the stores were of brick. A large plaza shaded by giant cottonwood occupied a central location.

Duane pulled his running horse and halted him, plunging and snorting, before a group of idle men who lounged on benches in the shade of a spreading cottonwood. How many times had Duane seen just that kind of lazy shirt-sleeved Texas group! Not often, however, had he seen such placid, lolling, good-natured men change their expression, their attitude so swiftly. His advent apparently was momentous. They evidently took him for an unusual visitor. So far as Duane could tell, not one of them recognized him, had a hint of his identity.

He slid off his horse and threw the bridle.

"I'm Buck Duane," he said. "I saw that placard—out there on a sign-post. It's a damn lie! Somebody find this man Jeff Aiken. I want to see him."

His announcement was taken in absolute silence. That was the only effect he noted, for he avoided looking at these villagers. The reason was simple enough; Duane felt himself overcome with emotion. There were tears in his eyes. He sat down on a bench, put his elbows on his knees and his hands to his face. For once he had absolutely no concern for his fate. This ignominy was the last straw.

Presently, however, he became aware of some kind of commotion among these villagers. He heard whispering, low, hoarse voices, then the shuffle of rapid feet moving away. All at once a violent hand jerked his gun from its holster. When Duane rose a gaunt man, livid of face, shaking like a leaf, confronted him with his own gun.

"Hands up, thar, you Buck Duane!" he roared, waving the gun.

That appeared to be the cue for pandemonium to break loose. Several men lay hold of his arms and pinioned them behind his back. Resistance was useless even if Duane had had the spirit. One of them fetched his halter from his saddle, and with this they bound him helpless.

People were running now from the street, the stores, the houses. Old men, cowboys, clerks, boys, ranchers came on the trot. The crowd grew. The increasing clamor began to attract women as well as men. A group of girls ran up, then hung back in fright and pity.

The presence of cowboys made a difference. They split up the crowd, got to Duane, and lay hold of him with rough, business-like hands. One of them lifted his hats and roared in the frenzied mob to fall back, to stop the racket. He beat them back into a circle; but it was some little time before the hubbub quieted down so a voice could be heard.

"Shet—shut up, will you-all?" he was yelling. "Give us a chance to hear somethin'. Easy now—soho. There ain't nobody goin' to be hurt. Thet's right; everybody quiet now. Let's see what's come off."

This cowboy, evidently one of authority, or at least one of strong personality, turned to the gaunt man, who still waved Duane's gun.

"Abe, put the gun down," he said. "It might go off. Here, give it to me. Now, what's wrong? Who's this roped gent, an' what's he done?"

The gaunt fellow, who appeared now about to collapse, lifted a shaking hand and pointed.

"Thet thar feller—he's Buck Duane!" he panted.

An angry murmur ran through the surrounding crowd.

"The rope! The rope! Throw it over a branch! String him up!" cried an excited villager.

"Abe, how do you know this fellow is Buck Duane?" the cowboy asked, sharply.

"Why—he said so," replied the man called Abe.

"What!" came the exclamation, incredulously.

"It's a tarnal fact," panted Abe, waving his hand importantly. He was an old man and appeared to be carried away with the significance of his deed. "He like to rid' his hoss right over us-all. Then he jumped off, says he was Buck Duane, an' he wanted to see Jeff Aiken bad."

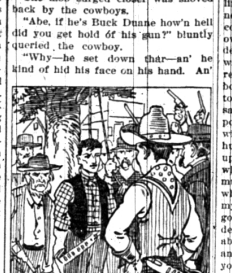
This speech caused a second commotion as noisy though not so enduring as the first. When the cowboy, assisted by a couple of his mates, had restored order again, someone had slipped the noose-end of Duane's rope over his head.

"Up with him!" screeched a wild-eyed youth.

The mob surged closer was shoved back by the cowboys.

"Abe, if he's Buck Duane how'n hell did you get hold of his gun?" bluntly queried the cowboy.

"Why—he set down thar—an' he kind of hid his face on his hand. An'



"How'n Hell Did You Get His Gun?"

I grabbed his gun an' got the drop on him."

What the cowboy thought of this was expressed in a laugh. His mates likewise grinned broadly. Then the leader turned to Duane.

"Stranger, I reckon you'd better speak up for yourself," he said.

That stilled the crowd as no command had done. "I'm Buck Duane, all right," said Duane, quietly. "It was this way—"

The big cowboy seemed to vibrate with a shock. All the ruddy warmth left his face; his jaw began to bulge; the corded veins in his neck stood out in knots. In an instant he had a hard, stern, strange look. He shot out a powerful hand that fastened in the front of Duane's blouse.

"Somethin' queer here. But—if you're Duane you're sure in bad. Any fool ought to know that. You mean it, then?"

"I'm Duane; yes. But I won't stand for the blame of things I never did. That's why I'm here. I saw that placard out there offering the reward. Until now I never was within half a day's ride of this town. I'm blamed for what I never did. I rode in here, told who I was, asked somebody to send for Jeff Aiken."

"An' then you set down an' let this old guy throw your own gun on you?" queried the cowboy in amazement.

"I guess that's it," replied Duane.

"Well, it's powerful strange, if you're really Buck Duane what do you want to see Aiken for?"

"I wanted to face him, to tell him I never harmed his wife."

"Suppose we send for Aiken an' he hears you an' doesn't believe you; what then?"

"If he won't believe me—why, then my case's so bad—I'd be better off dead."

A momentary silence was broken by Sibert.

"If this isn't a queer deal! Boys, reckon we'd better send for Jeff."

"Somebody went fer him. He'll be comin' soon," replied a man.

Duane stood a head taller than that circle of curious faces. He gazed out above and beyond them. It was in this way that he chanced to see a number of women on the outskirts of the crowd. Some were old, with hard faces, like the men. Some were young and comely, and most of these seemed agitated by excitement or distress. They cast fearful, pitying glances upon Duane as he stood there with that noose around his neck. Women were more human than men, Jones thought. He met eyes that dilated, seemed fascinated at his gaze, but were not averted. It was the old women who were voluble, loud in expression of their feelings.

"Thar comes Jeff Aiken now," called a man, loudly.

The crowd shifted and trampled in eagerness.

Duane saw two men coming fast, one of whom, in the lead, was of stalwart build. He had a gun in his hand, and his manner was that of fierce energy.

The cowboy Sibert thrust open the jostling circle of men.

"Hold on, Jeff," he called, and he blocked the man with the gun. He spoke so low Duane could not hear what he said, and his form did Aiken's face. At that juncture the crowd spread out, closed in, and Aiken and Sibert were caught in the circle. There was a pushing forward, a pressing of many bodies, hoarse cries and flinging hands—again the insane tumult was about to break out—the demand for the outlaw's blood, the call for wild justice executed a thousand times before on Texas' bloody soil.

Sibert bellowed at the dark encroaching mass. The cowboys with him beat and cuffed in vain.

"Jeff, will you listen?" broke in Sibert, hurriedly, his hands on the other's arm.

Aiken nodded coolly. Duane, who had seen many men in perfect control of themselves under circumstances like these, recognized the spirit that dominated Aiken. He was white, cold, passionless. There were lines of bitter grief deep round his lips. If Duane ever felt the meaning of death he felt it then.

"Sure this 's your game, Aiken," said Sibert. "But hen, for a minute, I reckon you'd better hold on till you hear what he has to say."

Then for the first time the drawn-faced, hungry-eyed giant turned his gaze upon Duane. He had intelligence which was not yet subservient to passion. Moreover, he seemed the kind of man Duane would care to have judge him in a critical moment like this.

"Listen," said Duane, gravely, with his eyes steady on Aiken's, "I'm Buck Duane. I never lied to any man in my life. I was forced into outlawry. I've never had a chance to leave the country. I've killed men to save my own life. I rode thirty miles to-day—deliberately to see what this reward was, who made it, what for. When I read the placard I went sick to the bottom of my soul. So I rode in here to find you—to tell you this: I never saw Shirley before to-day. It was impossible for me to have killed your wife. Last September I was two hundred miles north of here on the upper Nueces. I can prove that. Men who know me will tell you I couldn't murder a woman. I haven't any idea why such a deed should be laid at my hands. It's just that wild border gossip. And see here, Aiken. You understand I'm a miserable man. I'm about broken, I guess. I don't care any more for life or anything. But you can't look me in the eyes, man to man, and believe what I say—why, by God! you can kill me!"

Aiken heaved a great breath.

"Buck Duane, whether I'm impressed or not by what you say needn't matter. You've had accusers, justly or unjustly, as will soon appear. The thing is we can prove you innocent or guilty. My girl Lucy saw my wife's assailant."

He motioned for the crowd of men to open up.

"Somebody—you, Sibert—go for Lucy. That 'll settle this thing."

Duane heard as a man in an ugly dream. The faces around him, the hum of voices, all seemed far off. His life hung by the merest thread. Yet he did not think of that so much as of the brand of a woman-murderer which would be burned upon him by a frightened, imaginative child.

The crowd trooped apart and closed again. Duane caught a blurred image of a slight girl clinging to Sibert's hand. He could not see distinctly. Aiken lifted the child, whispered soothingly to her not to be afraid. Then he fetched her close to Duane.

"Lucy, tell me. Did you ever see this man before?" asked Aiken, huskily and low. "Is he the one—who came in the house that day—struck you down—and dragged mama—?"

Aiken's voice failed.

A lightning flash seemed to clear Duane's blurred sight. He saw a pale, sad face and violet eyes dilated in gloom and horror upon him. No horrible moment in Duane's life ever equaled this one of silence—of suspense.

"It ain't him!" cried the child.

Then Sibert was flinging the noose off Duane's neck and unwinding the bonds round the arms. The spellbound crowd awoke to hoarse exclamations.

"See there, my locoed gents, how easy you'd hang the wrong man," burst out the cowboy, as he made the rope-end hiss. "You-all are a lot of wise rangers. Haw! haw!"

He freed Duane and thrust the bone-handled gun back in Duane's holster.

"You Abe, there. Reckon you pulled a stunt! But don't try the like again. And, men, I'll gamble there's a hell of a lot of bad work Buck Duane's named for—which all he never done. Clear away there. Where's his hoss? Duane, the road's open out of Shirley."

Sibert swept the gaping watchers aside and pressed Duane toward the horse, which another cowboy held. Mechanically Duane mounted, felt a lift as he went up. Then the cowboy's hard face softened to a smile.

"I reckon it ain't uncivil of me to say—hit thar road quick!" he said, frankly.

He led the horse out of the crowd. Aiken joined him, and between them they escorted Duane across the plaza. The crowd appeared irresistibly drawn to follow.

Aiken paused with his big hand on Duane's knee. In it, unconsciously probably, he still held the gun.

"Duane, a word with you," he said. "I believe you're not so black as you've been painted. I wish there was time to say more. Tell me this, anyway. Do you know the Ranger Captain MacNelly?"

"I do not," replied Duane, in surprise.

"I met him only a week ago over in Fairfield," went on Aiken, hurriedly. "He declared you never killed my wife. I didn't believe him—argued with him. We almost had hard words over it. Now—I'm sorry. The last thing he said was: 'If you ever see Duane don't kill him. Send him into my camp after dark.' He meant something strange. What—I can't say. But he was right, and I was wrong. Lucy had fastened an eye I'd have killed you. Still, I wouldn't advise you to hunt up MacNelly's camp. He's clever. Maybe he believes there's no treachery in his new ideas of ranger tactics. I tell you for all it's worth. Good-by. May God help you further as he did this day!"

Duane said good-by and touched the horse with his spurs.

"So long, Buck!" called Sibert, with that frank smile breaking warm over his brown face; and he held his sombrero high.

CHAPTER XIV.

When Duane reached the crossing of the roads the name Fairfield on the sign-post seemed to be the thing that tipped the oscillating balance of decision in favor of that direction. If he had been driven to hunt up Jeff Aiken, now he was called to find this unknown ranger captain. In Duane's state of mind clear reasoning, common sense, or keenness were out of the question. He went because he felt he was compelled.

Dusk had fallen when he rode into a town which inquiry discovered to be Fairfield.

There did not appear to be any camp on the outskirts of the town. But as Duane sat his horse, peering around and undecided what further move to make, he caught the glint of flickering lights through the darkness. Heading toward them he saw the moving forms of men and heard horses. He advanced naturally, expecting any moment to be halted.

"Who goes there?" came the sharp call out of the gloom.

Duane pulled his horse. The gloom was impenetrable.

"One man—alone," replied Duane. "What do you want?"

"I'm trying to find the ranger camp," "You've struck it. What's your errand?"

"I want to see Captain MacNelly."

"Get down and advance. Slow. Don't move your hands. It's dark, but I can see."

Duane dismounted, and, leading his horse, slowly advanced a few paces. He saw a dully bright object—a gun—before he discovered the man who held it. A few more steps showed a dark figure blocking the trail. Here Duane halted.

"Here, ranger, understand this. My visit is peaceful—friendly if you'll let it be. Mind, I was asked to come here—after dark."

Duane's clear, penetrating voice carried far. The listening rangers at the camp-fire heard what he said.

"Ho, Pickens! Tell that fellow to wait," replied an authoritative voice. Then a slim figure detached itself from the dark, moving group at the camp-fire and hurried out.

"Better be foxy, Cap," shouted a ranger, in warning.

"Shut up—all of you," was the reply.

This officer, obviously Captain MacNelly, soon joined the two rangers who were confronting Duane. He had no fear. He strode straight up to Duane.

"I'm MacNelly," he said. "If you're my man, don't mention your name—yet."

All this seemed strange to Duane, in keeping with much that had happened lately.

"I met Jeff Aiken to-day," said Duane. "He sent me—"

"You've met Aiken!" exclaimed MacNelly, sharp, eager, low. "By all that's holy! Then he appeared to catch himself, to grow restrained.

"Men, fall back, leave us alone a moment."

The rangers slowly withdrew.

"Buck Duane! It's you?" he whispered, eagerly.

"Yes."

"If I give you my word you'll not be arrested—you'll be treated fairly—will you come into camp and consult with me?"

"Certainly."

"Duane, I'm sure glad to meet you," went on MacNelly; and he extended his hand.

Amazed and touched, scarcely realizing this actuality, Duane gave his hand and felt an unmistakable grip of warmth.

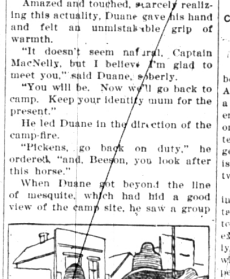
"It doesn't seem natural, Captain MacNelly, but I believe I'm glad to meet you," said Duane, soberly.

"You will be. Now we'll go back to camp. Keep your identity mum for the present."

He led Duane in the direction of the camp-fire.

"Pickens, go back on duty," he ordered "and, Beeson, you look after this horse."

When Duane got beyond the line of mesquite, which had hid a good view of the camp site, he saw a group



"It Ain't Him!"

of perhaps fifteen rangers sitting around the fires, near a long, low shed where horses were feeding, and a small adobe house at one side.

"We've just had grub, but I'll see you get some. Then we'll talk," said MacNelly. "I've taken up temporary quarters here. Have a rustler job on hand. Now, when you've eaten, come right into the house."

Duane was hungry, but he hurried through the ample supper that was set before him, urged on by curiosity and astonishment. While eating he had been keen eyes around him. After a first quiet scrutiny the rangers apparently paid no more attention to him. They were all veterans in service—Duane saw that—and rugged, powerful men of iron constitution. Despite a general conversation of campfire nature, Duane was not deceived about the fact that his advent had been an unusual and striking one, which had caused an undercurrent of conjecture and even consternation among them. These rangers were too well trained to appear openly curious about their captain's guest. As it was, Duane felt a suspense that must have been due to a hint of his identity.

He was not long in presenting himself at the door of the house.

"Come in and have a chair," said MacNelly, motioning for the one other occupant of the room to rise. "Leave us, Russell, and close the door."

MacNelly sat at a table upon which was a lamp and various papers. Seen in the light he was a fine-looking soldierly man of about forty years, dark-haired and dark-eyed, with a broad face, shrewd, stern, strong, yet not wanting in kindliness. He scanned hastily over some papers, fussed with them, and finally put them in envelopes. Settling back in his chair, he faced Duane, making a vain attempt to hide what must have been the fulness of a long-nourished curiosity.

"Duane, I've been hoping for this for two years," he began.

Duane smiled a little—a smile that felt strange on his face. He had never been much of a talker. And speech here seemed more than ordinarily difficult.

MacNelly must have felt that.

He looked long and earnestly at Duane, and his quick, nervous manner

"Come in and Have a Chair."

changed to grave thoughtfulness.

"Ever hear from home since you left, Williston?" he asked, abruptly.

"No," replied Duane, sadly.

"That's tough. I'm glad to be able to tell you that up to just lately your mother, sister, uncle—all your folks, I believe—were well. I've kept posted. But haven't heard lately."

What do you thing that Captain MacNelly has in store for Duane? Will Duane ever consent to go to prison?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ACCORDING TO RANCH CODE

Cowboy Did the Only Thing He Felt There Was to Do Under the Circumstances.

A story certainly untrue, but one beautifully plausible, was told by the Abilene Kan.) reflector. It concerns a man who—by definition, as the math ematicians say—had spent all his life on a remote cattle ranch and was utterly inexperienced in any tenderer or gentler relations than those which exist between men like himself and between them and their bovine charges.

This untutored and thoroughly well-intentioned person, according to the tale as told, at last went to a border town and there, as might have been expected, he fell promptly and violently in love with the first woman with whom he became acquainted, who happened to be the pretty waitress who served him at the table. His wooing was equally vigorous and successful. In a few days the twain were married and together they started back for the ranch on horseback.

A week later the cowboy returned to the town alone and of deeply sorrowful mien. To the natural and immediate inquiries that were made as to the whereabouts of his bride he replied, with tears starting to his eyes and running down his lean, bronzed cheeks: "She broke her leg two days out and I had to shoot her. And I tell you, boys," he added, "I hated to do it—she was such a good woman!"

All Began With a Dime.

"Last spring a year ago," says Farm and Fireside, "a ten-year-old neighbor boy was given ten cents by his grandmother. He purchased a packet of good cucumber seed with his money and grew a nice patch of cucumbers for the local village market. His crop of cucumbers brought him a little over $6 in money, all of which his mother allowed him to keep and spend as he pleased.

"With $1 of his money this boy purchased a few little things for himself, and with the other $5 he purchased a ewe lamb. By this spring his ewe lamb had grown into a mature mother sheep, and she gave birth to twin lambs. So now the boy has three sheep from his investment. The mother sheep is now worth $10, and the lambs are worth $5 each, making a total value of $20 he has earned with his ten cents in a year and a half. Besides, he sold wool this spring from the mother sheep for $2.45, which he has placed in the savings bank as the beginning of a bank account of his own."

Marshes in Mesopotamia

The marshes of Mesopotamia were famous in the time of Alexander the Great. One of the last acts of his life, within a few weeks of his death, was a voyage down the Euphrates to the great dike of Pallakopea, about 90 miles below Babylon. This sluice had been constructed by the ancient Assyrian kings to let off the water of the river when it became excessive, into the marshes. It was reported not to be working well, and Alexander proposed to construct another sluice lower down. He sailed on into the marshes steering his vessel himself, with his diadem on his head, to explore them and the tombs of the kings, and so extensive were the lakes and swamps that Alexander's fleet lost its way among them.

LIBRARY USED BY PEOPLE OF STATE

Report Shows Many Books Have Been Circulated.

MAY BE KEPT SIX MONTHS

Schools, Church Societies, Lodges and Other Organizations Take Advantage of Opportunity Offered at Capital.

Lansing.—The Michigan state library comprises many thousand volumes, but the advantages which these books offer to the state outside of the citizens of Lansing, capitol employees and members of the legislature are little known to many people.

As a matter of fact, however, during the past 19 months 14,238 books were sent out to 172 towns in the state in the form of traveling libraries. These traveling libraries are sent not only to schools, but to church, young people's societies, lodges, clubs and other like organizations.

The state library receives 341 current periodicals and 39 daily newspapers. These are placed in the reading room. Upon a count taken by one of the members of the library staff, during 19 months, it was found that 5,625 people came in to read and that 3,100 were from M. A. C.

A great amount of work has been done along the line of the traveling libraries. Schools, Sunday and day, Epworth leagues, granges, and other associations make regular application for the books. Printed lists are sent out and selected books may be made from these. Then the books are sent by freight. The freight charges are paid both ways by the borrower. The library may be kept from three to six months. Every superintendent of schools has the privilege of getting books. These are general libraries.

Of the 232 special libraries sent to the study clubs of the state during the last biennial period, 103 were to women's clubs, 20 to schools, ten to granges and miscellaneous study clubs, and three to factories and stores, totaling in all 6,625 books and 2,200 clippings. The pamphlets and clippings were circulated during the last year only, as these collections were not started until after the special library work of the first year was practically finished.

Another feature of the work that the library is adopting is that of circulating framed and unframed pictures. The report shows that 4,213 have been sent out in 19 months. The library has made a specialty of lantern cards for the use of colleges and lectures, 700 of which are circulating.

Raps State High Schools.

As a result of examinations required of every freshman entering the Michigan Agricultural college, Prof. W. W. Johnson, head of the department of English, has issued a statement condemning the preparatory work being done in the state high schools.

Professor Johnson maintains that the M. A. C. freshmen are no exception to the general rule, for other colleges are receiving the same difficulty.

"Students are being turned out, supposedly ready for college, who cannot spell the ordinary English words, not alone knowing where to use them."

Out of 543 freshmen, 215 were found to be deficient in spelling and 140 in grammar. Fifty-eight of this number were girls.

3,389 Accidents in State.

According to the statistical report of the industrial accident board for October, the total number of accidents reported during the month was 3,389.

Of this number 1,541 brought compensation. Of these 46 were fatal, 144 resulted in permanent partial disability, and 1,351 in temporary total disability, exceeding two weeks.

The total sum paid in compensation to injured workmen, or their dependents, was $164,776.67.

Michigan to Get Guard Money.

El Paso, Tex.—Michigan troops have been accepted as part of the National Guard of the United States and are entitled to a portion of the money allowed for the support of such organizations. Word to that effect is contained in official notification to Gen. John P. Kirk and may be considered a compliment to the organization and the state it represents.

Under the law of June 3, 1916, a provision is made that only such states as are efficient shall be entitled to financial assistance from the government in supporting their military units. The war department is made the sole judge of this efficiency, and the standard is so high that only the best will get in under the wire.

New Corporations.

Ideal Metallic Furniture company, Detroit, $25,000; Charles W. Kirchner, John Kohler, Peter A. Menth.

Imported Baikan club, Kalamazoo.

The Barstow club of Detroit, Detroit.

I. O. O. F. Building association of St. Clair, St. Clair, $3,000; A. A. Stuart, E. J. Meddler, W. T. Hendricks.

Gibson Garage company, Detroit; $25,000; James A. Gibson, Walter G. Gibson, John W. Verex.

G. W. Zanger, furrier; Detroit; $25,000; G. W. Zanger, F. F. Beckman, Anna P. Beckman.

Michigan Tea Rusk company, Holland; $50,000.

Griffiths-Jaglina Furniture company, Detroit; capital increased from $8,000 to $15,000.

Detroit Rotary Gravure company, Detroit; capital increased from $10,000 to $25,000.

The Stagecrafts company, Sault Ste. Marie; $2,000.

Broadway Bedding company, Detroit; $2,000; Frank P. Sand, Sem Malin, Edmund E. Shepherd.

Wileman Construction company, Detroit; $1,000; Lily A. Wileman, Bert-