

CITIES ONCE FAMOUS IN THE WEST ARE NOW GHOST TOWNS; TAXES HELPED FINISH THEM

The West contains many "ghost" camps. Some, like Gillette, "died aborning." There was no ore there to give them the breath of life.

Most of them, however, have known days of opulence—boom days during which they gave the world vast sums in gold and silver and made men wealthy almost overnight.

Life coursed through their now silent streets. Some have been forsaken by human beings and only their toppling skeletons remain. Others, though they have heard the requiem of their mining activities, are still peopled by a few of the old guard who hold to their homes because they have no other place to go. Still others are facing municipal death, but are hanging on, fighting the inevitable.

In these camps the ore comes from the ground in dribbles now, but each dribble is an extension of the lease on life. At the same time it is bringing their doom that much nearer. They may be likened to a castaway upon a barren island who munches each bite of his food knowing full well that it hastens the time when he will die of starvation.

"Crippled" Cripple Creek.

Cripple Creek, once a name to conjure with, presents a shrunken appearance compared to that of thirty years ago. One by one its mines have shut down until there are now but a few in operation. Victor, Independence, Altman, and a score of lesser communities that made up the famed Cripple Creek district are more or less on their uppers.

Slowly but surely they are traveling toward that inescapable graveyard that eventually claims the gold camps. A dozen years, two dozen, perhaps more—for a gold camp dies hard—and they will pass into oblivion.

During the World War, when building materials commanded a high price, more than 1000 structures were razed in Cripple Creek and parts of them shipped away to be sold. One of the buildings thus torn up by the roots was the National Hotel, a 200-room hostelry that once was crowded to the doors every night. The names of many millionaires had graced its register. Because it was erected on a hill that sloped abruptly up from the street on which it fronted, as much as \$70,000 was spent merely to excavate its foundation.

Today all that remains is that expensive hole in the ground, with a rusty heating boiler standing where it was installed. When the lean days came the National failed to pay and became a white elephant on its owner's hands. The man who dismantled it for the salvage of its materials paid \$10,000 for it.

Taxes a Bugbear.

Taxes are a bugbear in a declining mining camp. The municipalities own most of the property—the original owners having simply moved away and left whatever they had. There is generally but a limited market for the real estate, and that is created by persons who desire a place where they can spend a summer vacation in the coolness of the mountains.

Many of the deserted homes are partially furnished—just as they were left by owners who intended to return, but never did. It is possible to buy a commodious house in some of these Western mining towns today for from \$200 to \$500.

As many of the earlier camps were volatile affairs, prospectors and miners came to view all cities with a suspicion of instability. Upon this mental attitude is based the classic story of the prospector who returned from a visit to New York with the comment that "It looks like a permanent camp."

Panamint, on the western side of Death Valley, seventy miles south of Bullfrog, Nev., was a roaring town back in the '70s. It was rich in silver ore in those days; but the veins proved to be only shallow "pipes" that soon gave out, and then there was nothing to keep the town alive.

Time and the elements have reduced its collection of tumbled-down structures to a mere semblance of their former selves. The smelter that was built to refine the silver still stands. The population of Panamint consists of two men, Chris Wicks and James Madden. They settled there years after the mining excitement had passed.

Leadville, Col., had 40,000 inhabitants in 1880 when the rush that followed the discovery of silver-bearing carbonates was at its peak. It constructed homes and business buildings to accommodate that number of persons, but in a few years it had contracted to one-fourth that figure.

ARCHBISHOP VISITS HOLY CROSS SHRINE

Malden, Mass., Nov. 12—William Cardinal O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston, today visited the grave in Holy Cross cemetery of Rev. Patrick J. Powers, which for two weeks past has been the shrine of pilgrims from all quarters of New England and from Canada, seeking relief from bodily ills in its reputedly curative qualities.

The Cardinal arrived alone and unannounced, after the little crowd of several hundred which gathered outside the cemetery gates before dawn had swollen to many thousands. He stood silently aside watching the crippled, the maimed and the blind file to the grave's edge in a seemingly endless line, pray for a moment or two, snatch a handful of earth and proceed. He declined to make any comment to reporters except to say that he had come merely to witness the situation for himself and that his visit had no official significance.

"I have nothing to say he said. All we know is what we can see with our eyes and you can see as much as I."

Before noon the crowd that had visited the cemetery was estimated at 30,000 and thousands of others continued to come throughout the afternoon and until caretakers finally closed the gates for the night.

Over the week-end it was estimated that more than 200,000 persons had visited the shrine and in order to save the grave from damage, a low wooden fence was built around it, opening on two sides, through which the pilgrims might file in and out.

Father Power died at the age of 25 years and was buried in the lot about 60 years ago. Until the pilgrimages became popular, but little was known of his life and no one has advanced an explanation as to why his particular grave should have been chosen from among those of scores of priests buried in the cemetery.

PUNCH TO APPEAR IN EDITIONS FOR THE BLIND

London, Nov. 13—For what is believed to be the first time since the invention of type for blind readers, issues of a popular magazine are to be published in braille.

The National Institute of the Blind of Great Britain has announced completion of an arrangement with the editors of "Punch" whereby the regular issues of that humorous magazine will be duplicated for blind readers. The first copies are due to appear in January. Given the anticipated reception, issues will appear monthly thereafter.

Owing to the requirements of braille type the copies will be several times larger than those of the ordinary "Punch."

FIRST BIRTHDAY.

(From The Lyric.)

He looks at life so blueely,
His big eyes teacup-round,
I think he must have truly
Discovered things profound.

The single candle tipping
His tiny birthday cake
Is definitely slipping
Into a tallow snake.

He reaches for the flicker
That finds his face and mine;
But older hands are quicker,
Defeating his design.

He ponders this in quiet,
His gaze upon the flame,
Desiring fire for diet
And getting only blame.

And then he laughs a little
At what I do not see,
And trades the timeless riddle
For sleep's simplicity.

VIVIAN YEISER LARAMORE.

We heard of a chap recently who, after advertising for a wife received visits from about half the men in his neighborhood who called to inquire whether he was in earnest about it.

ENGLISH HAS BECOME WORLD'S POLITE SPEECH

Before the war, French was accepted, the world war over, as the "polite" language which everybody ought to know besides his own. But now it is English. According to E. M. Newman's "Seeing Germany," "French seems to the traveler today to be rather the language of waiters than of the intellectuals, and people who neveh tried English, before are speaking it—particularly the youth." Their attempts, it is true, sometimes produce a smile as in the case of the German waiter who learned his English from an American wag; this waiter, we are told, greeted Mr. Newman with a friendly smile and the words: "Good Morning, sir, I hope you fall down and break your neck." But the author continues:

"The passion for English is noticeable in Italy as never before and in much the same way as in Japan, where it is sought as a 'practical' language that brings an increase of salary. Once I asked a room-boy in a Japanese hotel if he were a Buddhist or a Christian. He replied that he was of the latter faith. I doubted it, so I inquired about his family. They were all Buddhists. 'But my brother, he will be Christian in about two weeks—so he can get job in the hotel,' he expalined.

"Almost the same fever or fervor for English has reached Germany. Everywhere in the southern portion, one hears English. A Leipzig youth, a hotel waiter, told me that he took three English lessons a week from a teacher, which cost about one-fourth of his salary. Almost every one in German cities speaks a few words of English, and all members of the younger generation speak more than that. In the countries where one expects to speak at least one language in addition to his native tongue, it is now English—and it is English instead of French."

CONFESSION

I always lose an argument
But when I get to bed
I think of all the clever things
I might as well have said.

FLAPPERS OF BRITAIN BUSY, HAPPY, HEALTHY

Over 1,600,000 girls between the ages of fifteen and twenty are proving false those gloomy war-time prophecies that the tiny tots of 1914-1918 would so suffer from war upsets and shortage of food that they would grow up weedy, neurotic, and useless as wage-earners.

At present seventy-three per cent. of girls aged sixteen to nineteen are at work in England and Wales; in London the proportion is higher, and four out of five are making good in employment. These young girls take all kinds of jobs, except the lonely one. They rush into big offices, factories, and tea-shops, but they dislike domestic service.

In 1900 there were a quarter of a million more young domestic servants in the country than there are today, but there are now more flapper clerks and typists in London alone than there were in England and Wales in 1900.

The London girl of fifteen to twenty forms an army of 260,000. Nearly 200,000 are at work, and about one-half the remainder are studying at school or college. Most of the others are employed domestically in their own homes.

Of the 200,000 at work, 30,000 are clerks and typists, 30,000 are milliners, dressmakers, or engaged in textile work, and 30,000 are domestic servants. There are 16,000 ship assistants, 2500 telegraph and telephone girls, and 1500 employed in entertainments. Professional occupants absorb in London 4000 girls from fifteen to twenty years of age.

Physically the flapper is superior to her predecessor of a generation ago. Critics say she is keen on amusement but she is equally keen at work—in fact, she means to get all she can out of life, says London Tit Bits.

AN INTERRUPTION

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Singing a radio song,
The "mike" had a fit,
And folks thought that it
Was the spider happening along.

LYING DOWN FOUND REMEDY FOR FATIGUE

When primitive man first assumed the upright position he began the hardest battle of his life, the battle against the force of gravity, says Dr. Armitage Whitman in an article in Hygeia.

Any battle against a constant unremitting force is fatiguing. When primitive man was tired he lay down and thus dodged the force of gravity. Dr. Whitman continues. Thus phimitive man avoided the modern curse of bad posture.

The primary cause of bad posture was the invention of the chair, Dr. Whitman declares. Fatigued, we continue the struggle against gravity in the upright or semiupright attitude. The remedy for fatigue is to resign for the moment from the struggle by lying down.

Good posture can be attained by having good health, taking enough exercise to keep the muscles strong and the joints supple and continually assuming correct positions in the daily task, this writer insists. He suggests that fatigue is the most constant cause of postural deformities in industry and that charge of posture at the will of the worker is the remedy for it. Industrial furniture must be so constructed as to fit the individual worker and to allow comfortable working conditions in both the sitting and the standing posture.

UNTHINKABLE

A coster and his bride were standing at the altar waiting to be united. "Wilt thou have this women?" asked the parson.

"I'll" said the coster.
"You must say 'I will'" corrected the parson and repeated the question.
"I'll" said the closter again.

The parson said he would stop the service if the response were not given in the proper manner. But this was too much for the bride.

"Look 'ere" she burst out "you just give up yer barginin. You'll 'ave Bill saying 'on' in a moment if you keen on at it."

HEMLINES OF OLD GOWNS DROP DESPITE PROTESTS

(Toledo Blade.)

They swear they won't wear them. But they do.

And the girls whose skirts were the shortest last summer, now are asking salesladies for "something just a bit longer, please?"

Long skirts are the topic of this conversation, of course. The lengthened hemline is discussed wherever two or more women under 97 years of age get together.

Most of the girls are protesting in public against longer skirts. But privately they're letting down the hemlines of their old gowns, and buying new ones with "that ankle-length look."

"My dears," suggests the hostess to her bridge club, "let's all band together and fight to keep our skirts knee length." The club adopts the suggestion enthusiastically. Then they all meet unexpectedly the next day in a downtown shop, looking at ground touching evening gowns, ankle length afternoon frocks, and street skirts that hide the knees by a good five inches.

For regardless of what Toledo women say against longer skirts—they're wearing them, Toledo stylists say.

One sees the longer frocks at parties and on the streets in increasing numbers.

Girls who formerly asked to have newly purchased frocks shortened, now are asking to see something "nearly ankle length."

Often the girl who has been wearing her skirts an inch above the knees, drops the hemline a good 10 inches when she buys her new fall gown, salesladies say.

There is such a vast fashion dif-

ference between the 1929 fall styles and those of the preceding year, that the modern girl is buying and wearing the longer frocks with the higher waist in defense of her title of well-dressed woman.

Already the girls who said they won't wear longer skirts are offering nice little compliments to the newer fashion. Dresses featuring higher waists, they say, give one a more feminine figure, the fluttery trimming has an appealing air, besides.

Longer skirts cover a multitude of shins.

And the woman whose legs never could be called shapely sighs "thank goodness," as she orders a couple new dresses with decidedly lower hemlines.

CHOCOLATE CAKE

1-3 cup fat
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
2 squares chocolate, melted
1 teaspoon vanilla
1-4 teaspoon salt
2-3 cup milk
2 cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
Cream the fat and sugar. Add the rest of the ingredients and beat for 3 minutes. Pour into two layer cake pans fitted with waved papers. Bake for 20 minutes in a moderate oven.

"A bee will travel on an average 40,000 miles to make a pound of honey." The motorist will then travel a similar distance to find it at a wayside stand.

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