Denver Lawyer Won Reputation On Mining Law

Victim of Interurban Collision Prominent in Early Colorado History-Was Known Internationally.

(By International News Service.) Denver, Sept. 27.—Robert S. Mor-rison, who was one of the victims of the disastrous head-on collision on the Denver and Interurban Electric railway, just outside the city Wren he was actually short and limits on Labor day, was one of the chubby. His bill, however, was leading men of Colorado in its early much longer than Rusty's. You history, and had an international see, he belonged to one branch of reputation as a legal expert in min- the Marsh Wren family; and they

After a short residence in Denver he removed to Georgetown, then the this cousin of his, for Rusty seldom largest city in the state and the center of the greatest mining activity known, with the possible exception of Leadville.

Familiar with the wealth of his native state of Pennsylvania, as shown in its mining and oil industry, Morrison entered with enthusiasm into the development of the mining industry in the Centennial state. He built up a large legal practise and was attorney for many English investors, who at that time had large sums invested in Colo-

Devoting his time almost exclusively to mining law, Morrison, as early as 1878 published a digest of mining decisions which was soon followed by the publication of "Morrison's Rights," which, at the time of his tragic death, had reached the 15th edition and is accepted as authoritative wherever mining is known. So accurate were "Morrison's Rights" considered that in 1885 the forms of leases, bonds, mining deeds and applications for pa-

past 30 years many volumes, his "Morrison's Mining Reports" having Farmer Green's dooryard. reached the 25th volume. It is a complete annotated encyclopedia

Morrison was also a lecturer at the law school of the Colorado university.

Morrison's wife, who was Edelmira De Soto, of Iima, Peru, died several years ago. She was a lineal descendant of the famous explorer De Soto. The couple had travelled extensively in Mexico and South and Central America previous to Mrs. Morrison's death,

Morrison is survived by a son and two daughters.

Changes Are Announced In

Assignments of Mail Pilots Pilots J. P. Murray, Weir Cook and C. V. Pickup, who have been flying air mail planes west of Cheyenne, have been transferred to the Cheyenne-Omaha division. transfer was made after the DeHavilands were removed from the western route.

Clarence Lange, veteran pilot at the local station, has been transferred from the Omaha to Chicago run to the Omaha to Cheyenne

Pilots Christensen, Lowe, Huking and Amberg fly ships between here and Chicago.

Air mail service west of Cheyenne will be resumed as soon as more planes can be delivered, according to W. I. Vatow, manager of the Omaha station.

Increase of \$15,000,000

in Rediscounts Reported An increase of \$15,000,000 in refederal reserve bank for the close it's over a bachelor dinner." of business last Friday. The total amount was \$41,000,000, as compared with \$26,000,000 the previous week. The increase is said to be well I remember the week before I move the crops. Rates of interest very popular man, and-well, on discounts have not been in- guess

Parents Problems

How much time should children of grammar-school age spend in

This depends somewhat upon the ages of the children, and to some extent upon their places in school. It should depend more than it does upon the health of the child.

Does a Ball Bounce?

(Copyright, 1920, By The Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.) Some of the latest developments of motion pictures-improvements which permit the intimate detailed study of such swiftly moving objects as a bullet or a projectile being fired from the muzzle of a big gunhave enabled us to see what takes place when a ball strikes the ground and bounces upward. The ball, which is perfectly spherical up to the moment when it strikes floor, becomes flattened for the fraction of a second. As much of it as comes in contact with the obstruction loses its rounded surface, but, because the ball possesses the quality known as elasticity (the ability to return to its former shape,) it almost instantly becomes rounded again and literally forces itself upward,

In other words, it "bounces." Practically all solid materials, even stones, possess this quality in a greater or lesser degree, but rubber and cork are extremely clastic-which is the reason that these substances are so widely used in the manufacture of balls of all kinds. Base balls, made with a cork center tightly wound with yarn and covered with horse hide, are not nearly as elastic as a rubber ball, and some of these, hit by men like "Babe" Ruth, are permanently flattened, while a rubber ball would have retained its spherical shape even after being driven a much further dis-

Tomorrw-Why are the days of the week so named?



An Invitation.

Rusty Wren's cousin, Long Bill. ived in the reeds on the bank of Black Creek. Although everybody called him "Long Bill," like Rusty all had bills like that.

Morrison was born in Allegheny, Pa., in 1843. He was graduated from Amherst college and came to statement.

It was not often that Rusty niet



"I was just going to the orchard myself to hunt for insects," said Rusty.

pond not far away-and the river, of mining law, both American and to Rusty's home was the wateringtoo. But the only water really close trough. And that was entirely too small to please Long Bill Wren. So no one ever saw him around the farm buildings.

For a long time Rusty had neither seen nor heard of his cousin, when one day Jolly Robin knocked at his

"I won't come in," said Jolly (of to get away from home

heing far too big to get through Rusty's door!), "I won't come in for I merely want to give you a message. Old Mr. Crow came to the orchard today and he asked me to deliver an invitation from your cousin who lives near Black Creek." "That's Long Bill!" Rusty Wren

exclaimed. Jolly Robin nodded. "He's going to have a party," he explained.
"And he wants you to come to it." "When will it take place?" Rusty

asked eagerly.
"Tomorrow!" said Jolly Robin.
"It's rather short notice," Rusty

Wren observed. "Mr. Crow has been keeping the nessage for you for some time, folly Robin explained "He said he thought it would be more of a surprise if you didn't know about the party too soon.'

'We'll be there anyhow," Rusty's wife interrupted behind her hushand's back. She had been listening with a good deal of interest to Jolly's

"But you're not invited," Jolly Robin told her. "This is a men's party—so Mr. Crow says."

You may tell old Mr. Crow that my husband won't be able to be resent," Mrs. Rusty Wren snapped. 'He's going to be very busy tomorrow, for he promised to help me with my housecleaning."
Rusty Wren looked worried. But

he said nothing more just then. He wanted to go to his cousin's party. But he did not like to argue with is wife, especially in the presence of a neighbor, Soon Jolly Robin said he must

go back to the orchard, because he had to take care of his children while tents were adopted by the United Creek. And being very fond of States government.

Long Bill did not care to water, Long Bill did not care to water, Long Bill did not care to stay. And, since she seemed upset to over something. Rusty thought it just as well if their visitor did not

linger there too long.

"I was just going to the orchard myself to hunt for insects," said Rusty. "So I'll go with you." Mrs. Rusty shot a quick look at

"Remember! You're going to be busy at home tomorrow!" warned him.

"Yes! yes!" he said. And he seemed in a bit of a hurry to get to the orchard-it couldn't have been

HOLDING A HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase of Revelations of a Wife

Fairfax.

he request was due her, because of her acquaintanceship with the Paiges. I realized it would be useless to employ subterfuge with her; she had too keen a mind, too sharp a whimsical curiosity. So, with a tolerant smile, I frankly said that my little friend, the bride-to-be, had been much upset by a foolish, trifling quarrel with her fiance, and that I would like to have her stay near me for a little while until she

regained her poise.
"It's none of my business," Mrs. discounts over the previous week Lukens said, with a shrewd, reminis-is reported by the Tenth district cent little grin, "but I'll bet a cookie

due to the demand for money to was married. Mr. Lukens was : we staged at least three goodby forever stunts before the wedding day arrived. And how real all that suffering seemed at the time! How little girls know of life after all!"

Leila's Retreat.

She paused, and I knew her mind had gone racing back, as had my own, over the hard yet beloved paths trodden by the feet of a woman who has known wifehood and motherhood. But in another minute she faced me practically.

"Come with me," she said. "I'll away. show you the room I'll give her.' She led the way out into the little rear hall, up the steps to the landing upon which opened the door behind which Leila sat, then on up another short flight to the upper hall and a door directly above the one on the

landing. "There!" she said, throwing it teen, "This room is directly over mine, so she won't be timid. She looks like a scary little thing-but

think she'll like this." "I am sure she will," I said, enthusiastically, and, indeed, the room was a most attractive one, with wide windows looking out over the pine grove to the shimmering of the lake in the distance. I mentally reaffirmed the impression I had received that Mrs. Lukens' house was the most attractive, most perfectly appointed of any that I had ever seen provided for tourists,

"Just bring her right up here," "She won't she said practically. want to see me for awhile, so I'll just show you where things are. I don't give any meals, you know, so you will have to arrange that on dress parade attitude and conto suit yourself. She won't eat siders the girl only from the up-tomore'n a canary until her row is settled, anyway."

She went swiftly about the room, showing me closet and bureau drawers, then went back as quickly as she had come. Then I descended the stairs, found Leila weeping, brought her up to the hoom, and turned down the bed clothing.

"Let me help you undress, and then you get into bed and go to you can," I said in matter-tones, "We'll discuss things of-fact tones. No one but me will come near the room, so don't worry. And if you should need anything"-I howed her a bell cunningly hidden in the wall-"just press this and Mrs. Lukens will come to you."

A Weapon Against Rita. "I don't want anything except to and sets poles in them

What Madge Arranged for Leila | rest," she wailed. "My head feels

as if it were splitting."
"I'll fix that," I said, cheerily, and I did not attempt to hide facts when I found Mrs. Lukens and in two or three minutes I had her proffered my request that Leila be tucked into bed, with her feet and allowed to stay in her house for a day or two.

I knew that some explanation of the request was due her, because of down the window shades to the apertures through which the pineladen air came, and left her, knowing that she needed no medicine save est and sleep.

With swift steps I went back to our own cottage, and, luckily dodging the observation of anyone, gained my own room and locked the door. I wanted solitude in which to arrange my campaign against Rita Brown.

That it would be warfare, I knew, in the same ship, three years after for I had dismissed as utterly futule the landing of the Mayflower."

"If there's one thing Aunt Cyntract the things she had said to Leila. She was adamant in will, utterly unscrupulous in principle. But guessed that, although she was deermined to annex for herself Hugh Grantland and his millions, yet she was unwilling to see Leila marry Alfred Durkee, the man for whom I surmised she secretly cared.

I realized something else also. I must be possessed of an especially strong weapon before I could hope for anything from an encounter with Rita Brown. She would laugh at any ordinary methods of attack. must possess the power to crush her

pefore I faced her. But where to find such a weapon? There was but one person possessed of the power and resourcefulness to help me-Lillian Underwood, and she was nearly a thousand miles

(Continued Tomorrow.)

Common Sense

THE OVERDRESSED GIRL. By J. J. Mundy.

Young-Expensively - Dressed-Office-Woman, you may wonder why it is that girls, plainer in dress and face succeed in getting good, earnest, frugal husbands while you seem to attract only the butterily sort of fellows who have at least half of their week's pay spent before they

receive it. You know you are better dressed and more attractive in appearance, and you have more admirers than they, but these girls get the best of you when it comes to choice in life

partners. Well, it's this way; you attract the worthless fellows because you are so extravagant.

You can look a part well, but that is all they want of you, anyway. The shallow fellow is more or less

on dress parade attitude and conthe-minute style standpoint. Now, which sort do you care to win, the young man of good sense

or the shallow one? If a young man has the right sor of respect and feeling for a girl he wants to see her neatly but suitably faltered. "Do you suppose he would dressed in accordance with her oc- would-Oh, let's hurry. Poor cupation, and that means beyond Aunt Cynthia is alone." criticism. The over-dressed girl The little party hurried home shows she has no place to go to wear panic. But they found Miss Spafford

place. Copyright, 1910. International Feature Service, Inc.

For the use of electric companies a caterpillar tread tractor has been designed that quickly bores holes in any kind of ground and then hoists



Gentle Aunt Cynthia. BY ELLA RANDALL PEARCE.

From International Feature Service, Inc. When Miss Cynthia Spafford announced her intention of going to summer camp with the girls, her niece Carolyn, who lived with her, was more than surprised. She was worried as well.

"I don't know what we're going to do with Aunt Cynthia in camp," she complained to her associates, "She's so excessively gentle and set in fastidious ways. How can she rough with the rest of us?"

"She needn't, answered one Titian-haired maiden. "We can stand one lady in camp, can't we?"
"And I'd rather have a gentle chaperon than one who tries to win all the medals, like Mrs. DeWitt

did," chimed in another member, "I've asked Aunt Cynthia to go with me cach year, but she always refused until now." Carolyn still wore her anxious look. "If you only knew how dependent aunt is on modern conveniences; how fond she is of the small comforts of life. And

All Want to Help.

"It's time she got out of the rut, then," returned Miss Titian hair. Perhaps she feels that way about it. Anyway, I think your aunt's a dear, Carolyn. And we'll all do our best to train-I mean to make her comfortable."

"Now, girls, do not bother at all about me," said Miss Cynthia Spaf-ford when they had reached their camp in the Shawangunk hills, "Let your spirits be free and untrammeled, and conduct yourselves according to your program or your sportive fancy, I have brought my own means of entertainment with me. my books and embroidery, and I shall enjoy communing with nature from my rocking chair on the

Miss Spafford had brought more than her books and embroidery to add to her enjoyment of camp life. She had brought a trunkful of dainty wearing apparel, some fine china for her individual use, most of her jewelry and a box of toilet preparations and accessories.

Some Contrast.

In her filmy frocks and exquisite French-heeled shoes, with fashion-able ornaments and an elaborate coiffure, the camp's chaperon presented a remarkable contrast to its trig, khaki-clad members. The latter lost no time in assuming a sun-kissed, wind-blown complexion. and to this recklessness, Miss Spafford gave many a mildly disapprov-

ing sigh.
"Do not forget the social season ahead, my dears," she warned politely. "You will be longing for snow and roses then . And the skin's fine texture is more easily preserved than restored. My grandmother— Ursult Spafford—was a belle in her day; one of the belles of Boston. And at 60 she had the most marvelous complexion one could imagine. Snow and roses indeed! It was a typical English complexion at its

best."
Miss Cynthia smiled in cency, as she always did when speaking of her ancestors. She was very proud of her pedigree and of her family name.

From Old Family.

"The Spaffords are among the oldest families in New England," she would say, "I remember when I was a little girl, our town held two families of renown-the Spaffords and the Winslows. Each one felt superior and secretly jealous of the other, until they compared family trees one day, and discovered that Thomas Spafford and James Winslow had come from England

thia reveres, after a Spafford, it's a Winslow," laughed Carolyn. "I Winslow." doubt if I shall ever be permitted to marry unless by that ceremony the two great names are united-Spafford and Winslow."

"And his name is Smith," murmured one of her companions, whereupon Carolyn blushed a beautiful rose color. Good Chaperon.

But Miss Cynthia, for all her fas-tidious ways and superior airs, was a most satisfactory chaperon-even in the Shawangunk hills. The

campers enjoyed the gentle touch of domesticity with which their rural living was invested, and the small comforts ready for them in their hours of relaxation. Then Miss Spafford had secured a good cook and took pleasure in planning delectable meals. But this good cook like many other good cooks, had a failing and one day the camp was cookless.

"And we're going on a long hike today, all of us," fretted Carolyn. "but I don't like to leave you alone, Aunt Cynthia."

"I shall not mind being alone in this peaceful scene," said Miss Spafford. "Go, by all means, and I will have a nice supner ready for you when you return."

The campers departed and, dur ing the latter part of the day, a few members, trailing behind the others lost their way in the woods. After an hour or more of searching and hallooing, they met again, the wanderers wild-eyed and excited.

Many Experiences.

They had been through a most harrowing experience. While beating about in the woods, trying to find their friends, they had been confronted by a tramp, an awful fellow of unkempt appearance and brutish manners. He had evidently been drinking and was dangerously menacing. So, at his command, the frightened girls had given up what money they had, and one girl had handed over her wrist watch. Then he had sworn at them and disapperred in the underbrush.

Carolyn heard with paling cheeks. "We are not far from camp," she

good clothes or she would save sitting in her low rocker on the them to wear at the right time and porch, placidly embroidering. "Oh, Aunt Cynthia!" cried Caro-lyn, and began to tell her story,

ending with her fears for her aunt's

safety. The elder lady raised a white hand languidly. Camp to Camp. "Why, my dears, your tramp did come this was a very uncouth

More Truth Than Poetry



COMING BACK

Though scurrile vaudevillian jesters Can move an audience to grins By imitating the sou'westers That hum through Reuben's lambrequins, Though we are stirred to ribald laughter

When sets of grogans we espy. They will not rouse our mirth hereafter-We all will wear 'em by and by.

When jimsons flash across our vision We will not chuckle with delight, Nor voice expressions of derision When Jim Ham Lewis heaves in sight. Nor will be jape about the lustre The beaming summer sun has thrown

For we'll be thinking of our own. For science, which for years has banned 'em As being only made for show, Has lately found that nature planned 'em

On some one else's feather duster-

To wear-as long as they will grow. They give protection to the thorax They shield the larynx like a screen, And, daily washed with soap and borax, They're antiseptically clean.

So in the future it is certain That at the scientist's behest A fluffy shining silken curtain Will sweep across each manly chest. And though the breeze may through them carom, And though aloft they lightly soar, When everybody has to wear 'em They won't be funny any more!



Elephant Goes Crazy in Kansas-Headline. Probably unduly excited over the result in Maine.

SHIELDED FROM TEMPTATION George Washington never told a lie. But he never had a golf score

PATRIOTIC STUFF America originated most labor-saving devices, including the great-glance of her nearest neighbor. est of 'em-the strike.

a package

package

a package

The Flavor Lasts

So Does the Price!

creature. I seated as I am now, when he came up and demanded a meal. His manners were atrocious.

He swore-The campers gasped in unison and

drew nearer. "So," continued their chaperon, "I natched my little revolver out of ny workbag and covered him,"

"Revolver?" gasped one.

"Workbag!" exclaimed another, "Why, yes, my dears. What use would a weapon be at a distance?" "Aunt Cynthia for preparedness,"

murmured Carolyn, and then-" "Then I marched the man down to the Ellis camp. And Mr. El-is Grand lodge of the Wyoming Grand his chauffeur took him over to Pythias, died at his home here Sunthe county constable. I just came day afternoon. He was the father of

Before the War

During the War

I'M THE GUY

I'M THE GUY who bursts into your private office and interrupts any business conversation you may be having just to tell you something

that isn't at all important. Your business doesn't interest me Your privacy is something I don't have to respect, because I'm not working for you.

I just want to pass a little time and you may as well be my victim. Your business can wait. I could wait, too, but I don't want to. So why should 1?

And you can't get rid of me until I'm ready to go. Your business caller can either leave or wait until I'm through chatting with you. That's up to him, not up to me. It may get your goat and you may

try to freeze me out but you've a iat chance of making any impression on me. I never take hints. The only way you can keep me out is to lock your door, and the

only way to get me out is to throw me out. You ought to know that by this

Copyright, 1920, Thempson Feature Service "The spirit of the early settlers," interpolated her niece again. Aunt Cynthia was diving into her ribbon-trimmed workbag, "Your wrist watch, Margaret," she said, re-

s Jessica's purse." Hears His Past.

storing the stolen article. "And here

The campers were staring res pectfully at the calm figure in layender crepe and lace. "But didn't he resist?" asked one breathlessly. 'Didn't anything happen on the

way?"
"Yes, there was one incident Miss Spafford's face grew grace and she swept the circle with glittering eyes. "It was very, choking." "What was it?" choked Carolyn

apprehensively.
"This, my dears. We were talk-ing on the way over. I was inquring into the man's past and how he came to be such a derelict. And I learned he was a lineal descendent of the Winslows, the Massachusett's Winslows! I was shocked-inexpressibly shocked when I heard that," declared Aunt Cynthia with a

deep sigh. Her niece echoed the sigh, but her bright eyes caught the twinkling This improves the chances certain young man named Smith," whispered Carolyn, with a recurrent blush.

Lodge Offical Dies.

Laramie, Wyo., Sept. 27.-Charles Greenbaum, grand keeper of rec-

One Is Caught When Police Raid Party

When police answered a call to wentieth and O streets, legs pedaled everywhere and no one but John Krowlek was left. He was ar-

rested for fighting and placed in Frank Feder, 5625 South Nineteenth street, appeared to get John out of jail, was placed there him-

self as a suspected battler. In police court resterday, John was fined \$12.50 but Frank was dis charged. John Prushniewiscz, 20, 4522 south Twenty-sixth street, was ar-

rested for an alleged attempt to clear a motion picture house of spec-tators. Captain Allen said he tried o resist arrest. But all the women members of

John's family rushed to his assistance in South Side police court, and tollowing a lecture against fighting by Judge Foster, the lad was releas-

After research extending over 50 ears a process has been discovered for bleaching the papyrus plants of the Kongo so that their fiber will be available for paper pulp.

AMUSEMENTS.

Crain Orpheum

Matinee Daily, 2:15; Every Night, 8:15 MATINE DAILY, 21: DAY, 18 THINTEEN SIRENS, WILL MAHONEY, ELSIE PILSER, BULL MAHONEY, ELSIE PILSER, COULAS, Gardner & Hartman, Elizabeth Nelson & Barry Boys, Bartholdi's Birds, Hayataka Bros., Topics of the Day, Kinogram

Mats. 15c to 50c: Some at 75c and \$1.00 Saturday and Sunday. Night 15c to \$1.00 Some \$1.25 Saturday and Sunday.

COLOUR GEMS; MORRISON & DALEY; WHITE BROTHERS; BETTY BABB; Photoplay Attraction: "Firebrand Trevision," featuring Buck Jones. Christie Comedy. Pathe Weekly.

"OMAHA'S FUN CENTER" Gayety Nites: 25c to \$1.25 Daily Mat: 15c to 75c Barney Ger-ard Presents WATSON & COHAN "BANKERS" AND BROKERS" With
"HE GIRLS DE LOOKS MUSICAL
BURLESK

Big Beauty Chorus. Extra: The Hawalian Duo. KALAMA & KAO Ladies' Dime Matinee Every Week Day Sat. Mat. and Week—Foster & Harcourt; Bowery Bulesquers. BRANDES TONIGHT At 8:20 Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
Everybody's FISKE O'HARA
Favorite In an Irish Melody Drama
"SPRINGTIME IN MAYO"

Hear O'Hara's New Songs Nights: 50c-\$2.00. Mats., 50c-\$1.50 PHOTO-PLAYS.









SHIRLEY MASON
IN "THE LITTLE WANDERER"
YOUNG BUF SALE
in "THE HOLD-UP MAN-

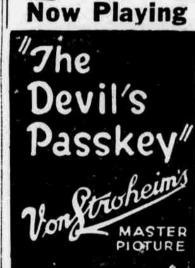
A141

CHEWING GUM

EPPERMINT

BEATTY'S Co-Operative Cafeterias











POLLO 29th and Leavenworth LANCHE SWEET in "SIMPLE SOULS" News and Comedy

Pay Dividends to Those Who Do the Work