

The Grapeland Messenger.

VOLUME 16

GRAPELAND, HOUSTON COUNTY, TEXAS, APR 24, 1913

NUMBER 8

ALBERT H. LUKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

Money To You!



John King
CINCINNATI

Yes it will be money to you, if you will allow us to fit you in one of our Spring suits at a saving of from \$3.50 to \$7.50 on each suit bought of us.

We are showing this season some of the prettiest serges, worsteds and mohairs, that money can buy and suits that are made correctly, shoulders well padded with genuine hair cloth fronts which make them retain their shape, and will give you perfect satisfaction in every way.

Dry Goods

We are showing some lovely patterns in dress goods that will be of interest to every one who contemplates buying dress goods of any kind soon. We are crowded for space and will ask that you visit our store and let us show you what we have in dress goods.

Kennedy Brothers
The Store for Everybody

RIPPLES ON THE TRINITY

April 21.—The weather went from bad to worse and nothing is doing any good and things are not going our way, and while we are murmuring we are not rebelling. The stand of corn is not good and most all the first planting of cotton is having to be planted over. As a rule when cotton seed lie in the ground as long as two weeks it does no good after coming up. The roots are diseased and it will die, however a good warm rain will revive things and we are looking for it right soon.

Quite a little sensation in our little burg last week over P. L. Fulgham's auto. He had one of those things that run it, though I don't know what you call 'em but he could run it all the same and no road is too rough for it when Cannon is at the wheel, and ye scribe is a little bit "stuck up" after tearing calico a few days and being sent home every night in the auto by the boss, and he is a little slow to speak to folks who have haven't got plenty of "rocks" or an automobile.

Reynard was well represented at the service at Daly's yesterday but were all at their post at Sunday School in the evening and we believe they mean business.

We are going to have a right sharp sprinkle of peaches and plums, and the berry patches are white with blooms and we are pretty sure we are safe so far as cold is concerned, however it could come.

What might be termed news is a little bit scarce, so will ring off. Cordially. ZACK.

The correct treatment for cuts, burns, scalds, wounds, sores, lumbago, rheumatism or neuralgia is BALLARD'S SNOW LINIMENT. It is healing, penetrating and antiseptic which is every thing that is needed to effect a complete cure. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by A. S. Porter. Adv

LETTER FROM ANTRIMITE

April 13.—True to our predictions the weather has moderated and crops that appeared to be badly damaged by the freeze have come out and look promising again.

Farmers down our way have been making good use of the open weather and lots of cotton has been planted, but we are of the opinion that there is plenty of time yet. Some people are looking for another frost this spring, but we are from Missouri and will have to be sighted.

Some of our neighbors have been boasting to us that they are eating home grown cabbage already which reminds us that we have an appetite something like a Texas long-horn for that particular kind of forage and we intend to invite ourself over sometime, which will be all the worse for that man's cabbage patch.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Martin and children spent Saturday night and Sunday with their brother, John.

Mrs. Savannah Martin, better known as "Aunt" Savannah returned home with them.

Uncle Reuben Weisinger is visiting his brother Uncle Edward.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Durnell spent Saturday night and Sunday in Grapeland visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Edens and attending the Masonic Lodge.

Rev. J. F. Fulgham attended preaching at Myrtle Springs Saturday night and Sunday. He reported two good sermons by Rev. Sam McDaniel and a good attendance.

We are glad to know that somebody is trying to do something for the Lord. Rev. H. B. Gypson went to Slocum Saturday and we have not seen him since. Guess he got mixed up in a meeting and couldn't get loose. We are glad to know that some good Dr. of Divinity has seen fit to venture in to territory made famous by our friend and

Service That Satisfies

Is the kind of service which we try to give you at our store. We have the best and most extensive stock of General Merchandise in Grapeland, and will be glad to have you come and inspect what we have to offer. Our stock is always new and clean.

Fancy Groceries

We have just opened a large shipment of fancy groceries, including canned sweet potatoes, chipped beef, dried beef, pineapple and other canned fruits and meats.

Hardware

We have just received a shipment of seasonable hardware, including ice cream freezers, screen doors, sewing machines and a large assortment of builders and shelf hardware.

Furniture

Owing to lack of room our stock of furniture is not as large as we would like to carry, but we have a nice assortment of Iron Beds, Dressers, Washstands, Tables, Springs and mattresses.

We sell O'Cedar mops and Polish. They preserve painted floors.

George E. Darsey

Dealer in Everything. Grapeland, Texas

Our Store Closes Every Day at 6:30 Except Saturdays

Just Received:

a new shipment
of

MEN'S LOW QUARTERS
LADIES' CANVASS SLIPPERS
NOTIONS and HATS

W. R. Wherry

Quick Sales, Small Profits and the Golden Rule Applied to Business

writer, "Old Gray" and now that he has the ice broken, maybe someone will fall in line and keep the good work going. Hurrah for Old Gray anyway. We are not familiar with his surrounding but we do know that if it is as bad (spiritually) as he says, that he is doing a good work by bringing it to the light, and he may not now real-

ize the good he will be able to accomplish in the future if he will but just keep pounding away. ANTRIMITE.

Mrs. Itasca L. Young of Henderson, state deputy of the Woodmen Circle, spent several days in Grapeland last week and conducted a school of instruction in the secret work of the order for the benefit of the members of this circle. Wednesday night the Woodmen and Circle held a joint social meeting, and a large crowd was present. There was much speech-making and refreshments were served. On Thursday night a class of fifteen new members was initiated, and the interest in the Circle has been greatly revived. During her stay in the city, Mrs. Young was the guest of Mrs. W. D. Grauberry.

President W. R. Campbell of the Farmers Union Telephone Co. requests the Messenger to announce that a meeting of the stockholders will be held tonight (Thursday) at the court house and every stockholder is requested to be present, as important business will come up for disposition.

I. C. Buckalew, who has been in the barber business here for the past few weeks, has closed up his shop and will move it to Alto this week.

WHAT PRESIDENT WILSON IS DOING FOR THE LABORING MEN OF THE NATION

Before the last presidential election many so-called democrats were loud in their predictions that democratic victory would bring calamity to the nation, and that Wilson was no friend of the poor man, the laboring man. Especially did they contend that a democratic victory would mean low priced cotton. I heard many farmers say that they would vote the democratic ticket up to the presidential electors; that they would vote for Taft. During the campaign I wrote a number of newspaper articles showing the sophism of such position.

Wilson was elected; the democratic party got control of every branch of the national government; the democratic administration is now about two months old. During these two months more has been done for the laborer than was accomplished during the whole of Taft's four-year term of office.

When Woodrow Wilson eliminated that insult to a Christian nation, the "inaugural ball," he saved several thousand dollars of the people's money, and besides that, such an act was a master stroke in the direction of bringing simplicity and the interest and influence of the common people into our governmental affairs.

In the selection of his cabinet, Wilson chose four southern men, which brings the South into the councils of the executive branch of the government. Every since the Civil war, you might say, the South has been in the background, a mere colonial appendage, so to speak, of the United States, which had but little say in the direction of the government, but which paid its taxes and paid three or four prices for the trust-manufactured goods of the North. Now with democratic supremacy, the President is of Southern birth, four members of his cabinet are Southern men, both leaders of Congress, and the Vice-President pro tem are of the south. And what all this may eventually mean for the South can be indicated by two things that have already happened during Wilson's administration. During the Taft regime a move was on foot to abandon some naval yards in the South, the allegation being that they were a governmental liability and not an asset. This program would probably have been carried out had Taft been re-elected; Wilson's election, however, effectually put a stop to the contemplated proceedings. And then another republican blow was aimed at the city of Houston, the proposition being to annex it to Galveston, so far as a port is concerned; but Houston is to remain a port of entry, thanks to Democratic power.

In 1896, after McKinley's election, democratic postmasters were thrown out, kicked out, hurled, tumbled headlong into the gutter to make room for the republican partisans, without regard to efficiency or inefficiency, and without thought of such a thing as civil service rules. Now, note the action of a democratic administration. Instead of following the shameful and disgraceful methods of republican administrations, Postmaster General Burleson has given out a statement in which he says that no republican postmasters

will be removed until the expiration of their tenure of office, except in such cases where a charge of inefficiency is proven. And it may here be stated that it is the intention of the democratic administration to put all post-offices under the head of civil service.

The refusal of the Wilson administration to recognize the murder, Huerta as President of Mexico, it is given out in recent press dispatches, may cause the downfall of that shameless despot.

A long continuation of republican rule had succeeded in setting up and firmly establishing a fine system of paternal supervision of the interests of the big businesses in foreign markets. This came to be known as dollar diplomacy, and the attitude of this government with respect to other nations under the direction of Secretary of State, W. J. Bryan means the death of dollar diplomacy.

The other day I read a magazine article that dealt with the inside knowledge of the making of the monstrous Dingely Tariff Law shortly after the first inauguration of McKinley. I wish every voter in the United States had a copy of that article. It tells of how a partnership was formed between our national government and the trusts; the tariff was fixed so as to protect manufacturers from competition, so that they might extort every possible cent from the American public, while to repay this debt, the big businesses filled the coffers of the g. o. p. with all the campaign money they might want. Several elections were thus bought with money wrung from the hands of the honest American laborer. This was the money that elected McKinley, that elected Roosevelt, and that elected Taft. The tariff law that will leave the hands of a democratic congress and a democratic president will throw the trusts into competition with the outside world, and the American consumer will have the markets of the world to trade with.

During the latter part of the Taft administration, an appropriation bill was introduced into a democratic congress and passed by it and sent to Taft for his signature, to provide money for trust prosecution, with a provision stating that none of such funds could be used to prosecute any farmers or laborers organization. You know many persons hold that such as the Farmers' Union is a trust, and that its officials should be sent to the Federal penitentiary. Well, Taft vetoed the bill. Why? Because farmers and laborers organizations were exempt, and he held that to do such would constitute "class legislation of the rankest sort," to use his own words. Taft's veto killed the bill in that congress. I note from recent press dispatches that President Wilson favors the bill and that it will be passed and put into effect.

Maybe the Farmers' Union is a criminal trust, as Taft seems to have held, and its members liable to criminal prosecution. And perhaps the reader is a member of the Farmers' Union, and ought to be sent to the penitentiary, contrary to the fact that he works six days in the

week for an honest living. But I know of several just such persons who voted for Taft last fall; they said he was a friend of the farmer.

Well, what do you think of it, anyway?

MORRIS CLEWS BILFEL.

Strait at It.

There is no use of our "beating around the bush." We might as well out with it first as last. We want you to try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy the next time you have a cough or cold. There is no reason so far as we can see why you should not do so. This preparation by its remarkable cures has gained a world wide reputation, and people everywhere speak of it in the highest terms of praise. It is for sale by all dealers. Adv

San Antonio Spring Carnival, April 21-26. Battle of Flowers, April 25.

Texas' most unique attraction, absolutely unrivalled. Tickets on sale daily, April 20 to 26 inclusive; limit 27. Special Low Popular Excursion fares for Special Days. For further information see Ticket Agent, I. & G. N. R'y. (Adv)

If you eat something which disagrees with you, don't let it work its own way through. It's a slow process and makes you feel bad. Get rid of it quickly by taking a dose of HERBINE. It drives our impurities in the stomach and bowels and you feel better, immediately. Price 50c. Sold by A. S. Porter. Adv

The Texas Sheep

The Census Reports show that we have 2,943,953 sheep and goats in Texas, making an increase of 427,312 over the reports ten years ago and they are distributed in every county in the State and our rural population is therefore largely interested in sheep and consequently affected by the tariff on wool.

The sheep is the greatest politician of all animals. He has entered most every political campaign since the beginning of government and in the present tariff bill his fleece is the paramount issue. As a statesman he has pretty well held his own. Many times he has been ejected from the congressional halls only to return a welcome guest. He holds the center of the political stage in national affairs to-day and the most learned minds of the country are diligently studying his fleece. Texas takes high rank among the wool-producing States.

A cross, restless baby is a sick baby and the stomach or bowels are generally the cause of the trouble. MCGEE'S BABY ELIXIR is a quieting and restorative syrup that never fails in these ailments. It corrects sour stomach, looseness of the bowels and feverishness. Contains no opium, morphine or narcotic drug of any kind. Price 25c and 50c per bottle. Sold by A. S. Porter.

Ragged wounds are painful and cause much annoyance. If not kept clean they fester and become running sores. BAL-LARD'S SNOW LINIMENT is an antiseptic healing remedy for such cases. Apply it at night before going to bed and cover with a cotton cloth bandage. It heals in a few days. Price 25c 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by A. S. Porter. Adv

A Good Fertilizer

MADE AT HOME AND SPECIALLY ADAPTED TO THE SOILS OF HOUSTON COUNTY

"DAVY CROCKETT BRANDS"

Try it this year on your cotton and corn and watch the results.

Sold in Grapeland by

J. W. Howard.

T. H. LEAVERTON LUMBER CO.

A complete stock of lumber. Everything you need. Cypress Shingles, Doors, Windows, Columns, Brackets, Mouldings, Paints, Wall Paper. Your business will have prompt attention and be appreciated.

T. H. LEAVERTON LUMBER CO.

Backache ?

Kidneys Hurt?

Well, NYAL'S STONE ROOT COMPOUND

is a palatable and efficient remedy for disorders of the Kidneys, Bladder and Liver.

PURIFIES THE BLOOD

Price 50c and One Dollar per Bottle

Porter's Drug Store

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McCALL'S is a large, artistic, handsomely illustrated 100-page monthly Magazine that is adding to the happiness and efficiency of 1,100,000 women each month.

Each issue is brimful of fashions, fancy-work, interesting short stories, and scores of labor-saving and money-saving ideas for women. There are more than 10 of the newest designs of the celebrated McCALL PATTERNS in each issue.

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As pure and wholesome as it is
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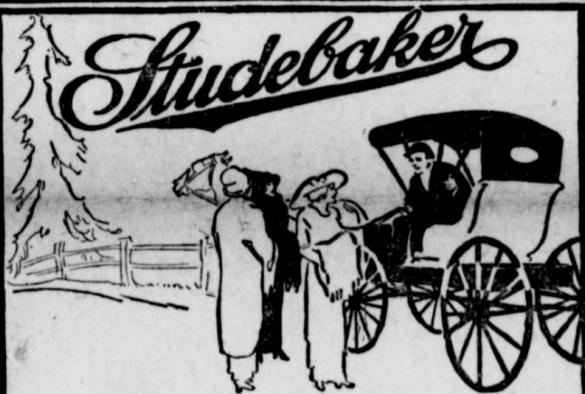
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THE COCA-COLA COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.



"My New Studebaker"

There's a note of pride in the remark. To own a Studebaker buggy is to own the finest, classiest looking, lightest running vehicle on the road.

Slender, yet sturdy wheels, flexible bent-reach gear of the new Studebaker pattern, well proportioned, graceful lines, upholstery of the kind that makes you want to lean back and enjoy yourself, and the Studebaker double ironed shafts, strong and shapely.

Why wouldn't any man be proud to own a Studebaker?

Farm Wagons Trucks Delivery Wagons
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See our Dealer or write us.

STUDEBAKER South Bend, Ind.
NEW YORK CHICAGO DALLAS KANSAS CITY DENVER
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ABSTRACTS

You can not sell your land without an Abstract showing perfect title. Why not have your lands abstracted and your titles perfected? We have the

ONLY COMPLETE UP-TO-DATE
ABSTRACT LAND TITLES OF
HOUSTON COUNTY

ADAMS & YOUNG
CROCKETT, TEXAS

Dr. Sam Kennedy

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Office: Walling Building, over
Kennedy Bros.

MASURY

The name MASURY means something. It designates QUALITY. Just as the word sterling stamped on silver indicates fineness and purity, the word MASURY means the best, none other as good. It has taken 50 years experience to level up the standard of Masury Paints to the high level where it stands today, absolutely pure pigments, pure linseed oil, "net weight and full measure," every can labeled, giving actual percentage, composition &c

Sold in Grapeland by
**T. H. Leaverton
Lumber Company**

**PRIZE FOR
BEST ARTICLE**

A gold medal to the school boy or girl between the ages of 10 and 15 who writes the best composition, not to exceed 800 words, on the repair and maintenance of earth roads, is to be awarded by Logan Waller Page, Director, Office of Public Roads, United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. All compositions must be submitted to Mr. Page before May 15, 1913, and the medal will be awarded as soon thereafter as the compositions can be graded. The composition may be based on knowledge gained from books or other sources, but no quotations should be made.

After many years' experience in dealing with the public road situation of the country, it is Mr. Page's belief that ignorance on the subject of repair and maintenance of roads is as much the cause of their bad condition as any other one factor. It is expected that the competition will bring about a better understanding of the subject of repair and maintenance in the rural districts.

Many children living in the rural districts have experienced the disadvantages of roads made impassible through a lack of proper maintenance and it is expected that their interest in the competition will stimulate greater interest among the parents. Bad roads have prevented many children from obtaining a proper education and have even prevented doctors from reaching the side of rural patients in time to save their lives.

Any child between the ages mentioned, attending a country school, may compete. Only one side of the paper must be written on; each page should be numbered; the name, age and address of the writer, and the name and location of the school which he or she is attending must be plainly written at the top of the first page. The announcement of the competition has been sent to the superintendents of schools in the rural districts. No further information can be obtained from the Office of Public Roads. This announcement should be plain to everyone, and all children will thus start on a basis of equality.

Program for Memorial Services

At Livelyville cemetery on May 30, as follows:

Called together for song and prayer promptly at 10 a. m.

20 minute welcome address by J. F. Lively.

30 minutes address by Bro. Craven.

Song.

30 minutes address by Bro. Milo Sullivan, subject, "the resurrection of the dead."

Song.

30 minutes address by Bro. Boughman, subject, "where are the dead until judgement?"

Adjourn for dinner.

Called together at 2:30 p. m. by song.

30 minutes address by Bro. Cyrus Campbell, subject, "the second coming of Christ."

The balance of the evening will be spent in singing. We specially invite all leaders and singers to come and bring their song books. Also those who can conveniently do so, please bring a well filled basket of good things to eat.

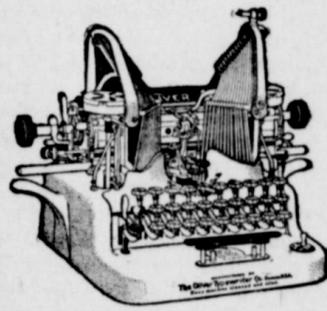
F. A. LIVELY,
O. P. BROWN,
J. R. BRESON,
Committee.



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Pork
Sausage, Hams
and Packing House Products**
**PROMPT SERVICE
is Our Motto. Your
Business appreciated.**
**CASKEY & LIVELY
PROPRIETORS**



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The Last Word in TYPEWRITERS

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**Will Repair
Watches
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Spectacles
and Clocks**
at Glenn Brothers' Restaurant
J. T. O. GLENN
WATCHMAKER
Will be here for a short time

A Barbed Wire Cut, Collar or Saddle Gail not properly healed leaves a disgusting scar.

**Ballard's
SNOW
LINIMENT**

Is the Right Remedy for All Abrasions of the Flesh.

If the wound is cleansed and the liniment applied promptly, the healing process begins at once and the wound heals from the inside outwardly, thus performing a perfect cure that leaves no scar. If the wound heals on the outside too quickly, pus forms under the surface and breaks out into a running sore that is hard to cure and inevitably leaves a bad scar.

Owners of blooded stock prefer this liniment to all others for that reason, and they use it not only on fine animals, but on human flesh, as it does its work quickly and thoroughly.

Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00.
James F. Ballard, Prop. St. Louis, Mo.
Stephens Eye Salve is a healing ointment for Sore Eyes.

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY

A. S. PORTER

**Unclog the Liver
Headache Goes**

To put your upset liver in fine shape, to drive poisonous waste from bowels and cure constipation use

**HOT SPRINGS
LIVER BUTTONS**

from the famous Hot Springs, Ark.

Take one each night for a few days; you'll eat better, work better, sleep better, your eyes will brighten and your skin grow clearer. 25 cents.

Free sample LIVER BUTTONS and booklet about the famous Hot Springs Rheumatism remedy and Hot Springs Blood Remedy at

A. S. PORTER.

Found a Cure for Rheumatism

"I suffered with rheumatism for two years and could not get my right hand to my mouth for that length of time," writes Lee L. Chapman, Mapleton, Iowa. "I suffered terrible pain so I could not sleep or lie still at night. Five years ago I began using Chamberlain's Liniment and in two months I was well and have not suffered with rheumatism since." For sale by all dealers.

Are You Nervou

What makes you nervous? It is the weak womanly constitution, which cannot stand the hard work you do. As a result, you break down your entire nervous system. Don't keep this Cardui, the woman's tonic. Cardui is made vegetable ingredients. It acts gently on the woman and helps them to do their proper work. It restores health, in a natural manner, by its source of the trouble and building up the body.

**TAKE
CARDUI
The
Woman's**

Mrs. Grace Fortner, of Man, W. Va., tells us this is what she says about it: "I was so nervous, I could not bear to have anyone near fainting spells, and I lost flesh every day. This of Cardui helped me. Now, I am entirely cured of fainting spells, and I cannot say enough for Cardui. It saved my life." It is the best tonic for women. Do you suffer from any of the pains peculiar to women? Take Cardui. It will help you. Ask your drug

Write to: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ch. for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women"

Grapeland Messenger

ALBERT H. LUKER, EDITOR.

Entered in the Postoffice at Grapeland, Texas, every Thursday as second class Mail Matter.

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ONE YEAR.....\$1.00
SIX MONTHS.....50 CENTS
THREE MONTHS.....25 CENTS

Subscribers ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE—Resolutions of Respect and Obituaries are inserted for half price—(2½c per line). Other matter "not news" charged at the regular rate.

THURSDAY, APR 24 1913

Bought your automobile yet?

Every good word spoken for your town is like sowing seed in good ground.

These return engagements being played by winter are getting to be monotonous.

If automobiles get much more numerous our citizens will have to learn the art of dodging and jumping.

England is very much puzzled over Miss Zelle Emerson, the American suffragette. That's nothing—all women are a puzzle.

Probably President Wilson wanted the law makers to get his message first-hand in order that there might not be any misunderstandings.

There's nothing strange about a Houston attorney journeying to New York and serving the Standard Oil magnates with a subpoena. Texans usually get what they go after.

When the people of Israel were making their way into Canaan they were told that it was a "land flowing with milk and honey," and no doubt the speaker had in mind East Texas.

We see the hook worm expert is going to pay Grapeland a visit. They say the symptom of hook worm is laziness. That being the case, he will find many patients among us.

President Wilson continues to smash customs and shatter precedents, all of which goes to show that he is just a man with a heart lying close to the common people.

Texas is not the only state that produces "freak legislators." Kansas had one who introduced this bill: "When two trains approach a crossing neither shall go forward until both have passed."

There is no use to get alarmed over the new disease called "verbomania." Research shows that it was formerly known as "a bad running off at the mouth," and we have lots of that all the time.

The Houston County Times is responsible for the statement that in the recent election for trustees and hog law, some of the voters got the proposition tangled and voted to make the hogs trustees and put the trustees in the pen.

The methods adopted by the London suffragists to gain the ballot will never get them anywhere. On the other hand it drives them farther from the ends they seek. They act more like a bunch of maniacs than sensible women.

The Houston County Times has passed the eight mile post of its existence and looks to be good for many more. We hope so, anyway, and congratulate the management upon the neat and newsy paper they are issuing.

We ran across this bit of philosophy the other day and it is worth repeating: "When you see someone always finding some good to do and comforting others and always ready to help do anything that will help the world, you can assuredly say that person is trying to live a vital life."

There is nothing that injures a community more than selfishness. A community in which selfishness predominates seldom prospers because selfish individuals do not wish to see their neighbors prosper, and unless their neighbors have a reasonable degree of prosperity the selfish do not thrive.—Farm & Ranch.

There is a new invention called "photo-telegraphy," that is, sending pictures by telegraph. It is yet in a crude state and does not produce pictures very plainly. It is said that a picture of Santa Claus comes out looking like Dr. Mary Walker, and should you send one of yours somebody might mistake you for your mother-in-law.

NEWS FROM NEW HOPE

April 13.—For the past week we have had a bountiful supply of water and also had a visit by "Jack Frost," which I believe finished killing the fruit crop. The people in general are thru planting corn and some few have planted cotton.

The health of this community is not very good at present. Mrs. Fate Barnes has been very sick for the past week, but is now on the mending list.

Chas. Butler jr. is just up from having the measles, and I understand there are three more cases at Mr. Butler's. My, how I do hope the germ won't travel this way, for the grass is growing faster than my corn.

Mr. Earnest Ward came by house the other day very merry and happy, and upon inquiring I found that he had a big boy at his house. That is right Earnest, be happy now, for the time will soon change.

Mr. J. B. Justice of Alto spent a few days with his father this past week. He was prospecting over the country, thinks maybe he will move here.

Mr. Ellis Scarbrough pays a call to Percilla every Sunday p. m. I don't know for what purpose unless it is "girls."

Our Sunday School is moving along nicely considering the battle we have had to fight.

The result of our trustee election Saturday the following men were elected to serve as trustees of the new school formed by the consolidation of New Hope and Red Prairie: John Brumley, John Scarbrough and Joe Wilson.

SLEEPY TOM.

Once Upon a Time

There never was a time in the history of business when truth was as essential to success as it is today. Business is being done in the open, on the square, and business men are giving value received for the cash they take in. Once upon a time a man was considered a good business man who could get the advantage in a trade, and wits were matched with wits. But today deception does not succeed. Articles, as a rule, when purchased from dependable firms, are reliable, and there is every dollar of value there that is represented to be there. Business is reciprocal add mutual. There is no need for deception or misrepresentation. Liars, cheats and swindlers will be with us always, but they are being crowded out of business by men who love to crowd all the value into articles they sell, that they can, and are striving all the time to give better service to their customers. Truth and honesty are real assets in business today.—Weatherford Herald.

Look to Your Plumbing.

You know what happens in a house in which the plumbing is in poor condition—everybody in the house is liable to contract typhoid or some other fever. The digestive organs perform the same functions in the human body as the plumbing does for the house, and they should be kept in first class condition all the time. If you have any trouble with your digestion take Chamberlain's Tablets and you are certain to get quick relief. For sale by all dealers. Adv

Mad at Paint

25c a gallon for paint is about \$2.50 on the average job, and lots of men waited last year for that, but they didn't reckon; they got mad; wouldn't pay it.

There are times to get mad and refuse to pay; but when one's property needs protecting is no time to get mad and not paint.

Besides, it costs more to get mad and wait than to paint.

Getting mad doesn't do any good to your property; paint does it good by keeping out water and rot; and a little rot is more than enough to make a man liberal toward his painter and paint.

Paint costs not a cent. All the paint in the world, so long as it keeps out water, costs not a cent. DEVOE.

Kennedy Bros. sell it. Adv

Notice of Election

Notice is hereby given that an election will be held on the first Saturday in May, the same being the 3rd day of May, 1913, for the purpose of electing three trustees for the Grapeland Independent School District to succeed Geo. E. Darsey, A H Luker and A. L. Brown, whose terms expire this year.

E. W. Davis is hereby appointed manager of said election.

T. S. KENT,
President Board.
Attest:
A. H. LUKER,
Secretary. Adv

Dr. and Mrs. Edwin (Cyclone) Southers presented their play—"His Majesty, the Devil," at the school auditorium Monday night, and it was the best entertainment that has visited our little city in many days. The crowd was extremely small, presenting quite a contrast as to the crowds that visit each and every rotten little tent show that comes along.

The Harvest Line

The harvest belt of Texas is moving rapidly northward. The winter gardens of the Lower Rio Grande Valley and the southern portions of the State have enjoyed exclusive privileges in production during the past few months, but East and Central Texas are entering the harvest field and when East Texas starts to market, she ships by the train load.

There is no more inspiring sight than to watch the Texas gardens and fields burst into a harvest, cheering the heart of the nation with the songs of the reapers, making the wheels of industry spin and moving the world's gold supply to Texas. The whole world is watching the Texas harvest belt as it expands and brings new products to a waiting market.

SAFER THAN CALOMEL

Dodson's Liver Tone at Night Will
Straighten You Out By Morn-
ing. Calomel May Knock
You Out of a Day's
Work

If you are a calomel user, next time you are tempted to buy it ask your druggist if he can absolutely guarantee the drug not to harm you. He won't do it because he CAN'T do it.

But here is a perfect substitute for calomel which the druggist does guarantee—the famous Dodson's Liver-Tone. A. S. Porter will refund your money without question if you are not thoroughly satisfied.

Go to Porter's drug store where you are acquainted and find out about the great number of people who are taking this remarkable remedy and feeling better, keener, healthier and better able to enjoy life than they ever were when taking calomel.

Why? Because calomel is a poison—one that may stay in the system, and while seeming to benefit you temporarily, may do harm in the end. If you haven't felt these ill-effects so far, it is because you are fortunate enough to have strong constitution.

Don't take the risk any longer. Get a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone (50c) and note how easily and naturally it corrects all bilious conditions, how it clears away that sick headache and coated tongue, how it sets you right without ache or gripe. The most wonderful thing in the world for constipation.

All this without the slightest interference with your regular habits. Adv

Will Charge Admission

As has been the custom for several years, a small admission of 15c will be charged for the commencement exercises at the auditorium Friday night, April 25. All school children will be admitted free of charge. The reason an admission is charged is because there is always some expenses to be met and we have not sufficient money in the treasury. Tickets will be placed on sale at D. N. Leaverton's and A. S. Porter's Friday morning, and you are requested to buy them to avoid a rush at the door.

SCHOOL BOARD. Adv.

Dr. W. D. McCarty is now the owner of an automobile, being the first citizen of Grapeland to own a car. It is a five-passenger Ford, and is registered at Crockett as No. 32 for Houston county. The doctor is now learning how to drive it, and we hope he will not climb a telegraph pole or run over somebody while at it.

TRY
US
ON
Your
Next
Bill and
Let
Us
Convince
You
That We
KEEP
THE
PRICE
DOWN
Traylor
Bros.
"KEEP THE
PRICE DOWN."

LOCAL NEWS

Darsey buys eggs. adv

Blank notes and mortgages for sale at the Messenger office.

O'Cedar mops and polish at Darsey's. Adv

Ladies' work a specialty. adv Clewis, the Tailor.

Darsey buys chickens, old and young. adv

W. H. Whitescarver had business at Palestine Saturday.

Shoes for everybody at Darsey's. Adv

Mrs. W. V. Berry and baby and son Mayes, of Crockett spent Sunday here with relatives.

Hardware and furniture galore at Darsey's. (Advertisement)

John Deere Cultivators cut down expenses and do more work. See them at Darsey's. Adv



Sold by T. S. KENT

Hay and feedstuff at Darsey's. Adv

Hermie Howard has returned from Dallas.

Young man, get your suit from Darsey. Adv

Due to arrive this week, a car of alfalfa hay. Adv T. S. Kent.

J. M. Horne called Monday and had the Messenger sent to Mrs. Denora Faris at Palestine.

Children's and Misses' red shoes and hose at Darsey's. Adv

Mr. and Mrs. U. M. Brock announce the arrival of a young lady at their home.

See those new shapes at Darsey's millinery department. Adv

Let Clewis fix up those old clothes and make them as good as new. adv

New goods arriving all the time at Darsey's millinery department. Adv

Mrs. P. H. Blalock and son and little Jot Davis Hollingsworth of Livingston visited relatives in Grapeland this week.

See us before you buy doors and windows, paints, screen doors and screen wire. adv T. H. Leaverton Lumber Co.

You can now get blank mortgages at the Messenger office.

One car of genuine prairie hay due to arrive this week at Kent's. Adv

Hats for men and boys at Darsey's. Adv

Dr. McCarty reports the birth of a girl to Mr. and Mrs. Ely Honecutt.

You will always find a nice line of dress goods at Kent's. (Advertisement)

Mrs. Sheridan and children of Elkhart visited Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Brown Sunday.

Window glass—a complete stock just arrived. adv F. H. Leaverton Lumber Co.

Summer underwear for men and women at Darsey's. Adv

The Messenger received a very pleasant call Saturday from Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Durnell of the Antrim community.

All sizes, windows galore—prices the lowest. adv T. H. Leaverton Lumber Co.

The "Devil" has come and gone but I am still here and ready to clean and press your clothes. adv Clewis.

Mr. Lee Mina of Magnolia spent the week end here as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wick Traylor.

Plenty of Doors and Windows, a full car to select from. adv T. H. Leaverton Lumber Co.

Mrs. Cora Maize and children of near Palestine are here on a visit to the family of her father, Maj. J. F. Martin.

One lot of men's hats, worth from \$1.50 to \$2.50, your choice while they last for \$1.00. Adv T. S. Kent.

If you have any frames of any kind to make, see us. adv T. H. Leaverton Lumber Co.

Ainsworth Selkirk, wife and baby of Chester are here on a visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Selkirk.

LOST OR STOLEN—1 male pig, marked 2 splits and smooth crop in right and crop and underbit in left ear. Reward for return to JIM WEBB. adv

Bring your pictures to us for framing. adv T. H. Leaverton Lumber Co.

Subject for Sunday morning at the Methodist church: "The Kingdom and its Membership." You are cordially invited. W. A. CRAVEN, Pastor.

Dental Notice Dr. C. L. Cromwell will be located at his residence until further notice, and will be prepared to do dental work just the same. Adv C. L. CROMWELL.

Having bought Mr. Darsey's picture framing outfit, we are prepared to make all kinds of picture frames. adv T. H. Leaverton Lumber Co.

We are requested to announce that Rev. J. F. Cagle will preach at New Hope Sunday April 27th. Everybody is invited to come and bring dinner. A special invitation is extended to singers.

MONEY TO LOAN

We Handle Real Estate.

If you want to buy or sell a farm or borrow money on it, call on us. We buy Vendors Lien Notes.

WARFIELD BROS.

Office North Side Public Square

CROCKETT, TEXAS



Starting a bank account is like plowing a field. You are only preparing for the harvest. You must till, plant and cultivate. Cultivate a bank account. Deposit a little now and then and you may feast from the horn of plenty.

F. & M. STATE BANK

PROGRAM

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES OF GRAPELAND HIGH SCHOOL AT THE AUDITORIUM FRIDAY NIGHT, APRIL 25, AT 8:15

Invocation.....Rev. W. A. Craven
 Oration—Class representative.....Campbell Lively
 Piano Duet.....Mesdames Boykin and Murchison
 Presentation of Diplomas.....J. H. Rosser
 Piano Solo—"The Palms".....J. Leybach
 Mrs. S. N. Boykin
 Chorus.....Sixteen Girls
 Music

GRADUATION PLAY "THE DEAR BOY GRADUATE" Farce Comedy in Four Acts

CHARACTERS:

Clyde Walker, "the dear boy," President of the Class.....Woodie Eaves
 Genevieve Walker, his elder sister, who knew it all.....Lura Mae Owens
 Mamie Walker, his little sister who has hopes.....Beatrice Parker
 Caroline Walker, his mother, who adores her boy.....Josie White
 Grandma Walker, his grandmother, who has ideas of her own.....Sallie May Kent
 Mrs. Mary Milton, an aunt.....Lucile Hill
 Helen Milton, his country cousin, who has plenty of "go" in her.....Annie Louis Taylor
 Mrs. Martha Westfield, another aunt.....Eula Mae Davis
 Leona Westfield, his city cousin, who has a good opinion of her own charms.....Maude Eaves
 Bessie Moore, his best girl.....Winnie Davis
 Jerusha Walker, his old maid aunt who has a mission.....Arline Howard
 Tom Leonard } His Chums { Charles Kent
 Pick Reed } Murdock Murchison
 Harry Duff } Campbell Lively
 Prof. Whitney Jones, his athletic coach.....Leonidas Brooks
 Prof. Hudson, his high school principal.....Clarence McCarty

ACT I—Examinations. "I feel like a walking encyclopidia bound in calf."
 Solo, "Murmuring from the Deep".....Mrs. M. D. Murchison
 ACT II—Athletics. "Tickled? Why, kid, I'm it!"
 Duet, "The Little Trumpters".....Mable and Mrs. Boykin
 ACT III—Orations. "The dear boy."
 Piano Solo, "Darling Nellie Gray".....Chas. Goobe
 Carrie Spence
 ACT IV—Commencement. "Thank heaven, the dear boy has graduated!"

THIS PUNCH CARD IS WORTH
\$1 ONE DOLLAR \$1

IN OBTAINING

The Famous ROGERS Silverware

6 Tea Spoons.....	\$1.78
6 Dessert Spoons.....	1.96
6 Table Spoons.....	1.99
6 Medium Knives.....	2.59
6 Medium Forks.....	1.99
1 Sugar Shell and Butter Knife.....	1.75
1 Three-piece Child's Set.....	1.85
1 Berry Spoon.....	1.95
1 Gravy Ladle.....	1.85
1 Cream Ladle.....	1.65

Bring this card and when you make a cash purchase at our store, have the amount of your purchase punched out. When the total amount of \$5 is properly punched out we will accept this card as \$1 in cash and you can select from above sets or pieces and PAY THE BALANCE OF ODD CENTS IN CASH.

OUR PLAN will enable you to obtain for one-third its value a complete set of the W. R. Brand of the famous Rogers Silverware, guaranteed heavily plated on a solid silver nickel base.

EXAMPLE: To obtain a set of Tea spoons, value as above \$1.78, pay us the odd 78c and we will accept this card, properly punched out, as \$1.00

T. S. KENT Quality is the Thing

Shoes! Shoes!

You will find the best line of shoes in Grape-land at my store. The famous Walk-Over Shoes--the kind that gives comfort and service.

T. S. KENT

Capitol stock food for horses and cattle at Darsey's. Adv

We can't stand it much longer. These fishing parties leaving town every afternoon for the cool shady banks of nearby streams has aroused a feeling in us that we too would like to "try it a whack."



Sold by T. S. KENT

The Flying Man

Harry
Irving
Greene

Author of "The Lash of Circumstance,"
"Barbara of the Snows"

Copyright, 1912, by Harry Irving Greene

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Professor Desmond of the Peak observatory causes a great sensation throughout the country by announcing that what appears to be a satellite is approaching at terrific speed. Destruction of the earth is feared.

CHAPTER II—Panic prevails everywhere. The satellite barely misses the earth. The atmospheric disturbance knocks people unconscious, but does no damage.

CHAPTER III—A leaf bearing a cabaret design flutters down among the guests at a lawn party. It is identical in design with a curious ornament worn by Doris Fulton. A hideous man-like being with huge wings descends in the midst of the guests. He notices Doris' ornament and starts toward her.

CHAPTER IV—The men fear he intends some harm to Doris and a fierce battle ensues. In which Tolliver and March, suitors of Doris, and Prof. Desmond are injured. The flying man is wounded by a shot from Tolliver, but escapes by flying away.

CHAPTER V—A farmer reports that the flying man carried off his young daughter. People everywhere are terror-stricken at the possibility for evil possessed by the monster. The governor offers a reward of \$500,000 for his capture, dead or alive.

CHAPTER VI.

The Duel in the Air.

Two days later a fireman stationed upon the top of a tall building in the central part of the city, where a lookout station had been temporarily erected, picked up his field glasses and once more swept the mountains and the sky. Around the horizon his glass slowly swung until he faced the southeast, when of a sudden he became as rigid as a setter who points his covey. Far away, miles distant and as yet invisible to the unassisted eye, a mote floated, a speck which rapidly grew larger until there could be no mistake as to its character. With an exclamation of relief the watcher dropped his lenses and hurried to the telephone within the little nearby shelter that had been constructed for his protection in case of storm. He picked up the receiver. "Main 600," he called into it. For a moment he awaited his reply, then began speaking rather hurriedly.

"Is this the chief? Well, this is Johnson, stationed on the Commerce Building lookout. There is an aeroplane off to the southeast and coming like the wind. It is several miles away as yet, but ought to be here in five minutes. That is all, sir. No, sir, no signs of the Flying Man. Goodby, sir." He hung up the receiver.

And five minutes later, speeding like an express train, his propeller clacking loudly Putnam, aviator nearest to the scene when the proclamation was made and first of the squadron of aerial craft which, attracted by the huge reward, was already rushing at the rate of a mile a minute toward the field, arrived. Putnam was an aviator with an international reputation for two things, first, great skill in the management of his machine, and, second, a recklessness that often bordered close upon if not actually reaching the limit of foolhardiness. He already held several world's records and never let an opportunity slip by to try and capture others. He had flown higher than any other man by a thousand feet, had broken all records for heavy-weather flying, and his plunges and spirals never failed to bring chills to the backs and cheers from the throats of his audiences. His skill was marvelous, his nerves of chilled steel and his recklessness ever a matter of joy and horror to the on-lookers. Night or day, blow high or blow low, fair weather or foul were all the same to him, and of all the hundreds of airmen in the land there was none better qualified for the desperate feat upon which he had embarked than "Little Put of the Charmed Life." And for a chance at a reward such as the one now in sight he would have guaranteed to fly straight into the mouth of hades and engage the Evil One himself single handed and alone if any one would have agreed to show him the opening.

He circled the central part of the city at a height of several hundred feet as he peered down in search of an alighting place. Below him, and notified of his coming by the shrilling blades of his great propeller, people by the thousands were staring upward and pointing or running in solid streams to the large square that lay near the center of the business district. Putnam had never been at this place before, but he knew that a crowd in one city was very like a crowd in

another, and knowing crowds as he did he followed them, satisfied that they were leading him to the place where he was expected to alight. Once above it, he swept it in a swift circle as he made his calculations, balanced, pirouetted and dipped out of a sheer good natured desire to give those below a thrill, skimmed the top of a high building perilously close and then dove unexpectedly. Down the biplane shot like a hawk and a sharp cry of fear arose from those below accompanied by a riotous scuffling for safety, as it seemed to them that he must come hurtling upon their very heads, but within a score of feet of the ground he elevated his planes and the machine shooting forward dropped lightly upon the earth and went skimming over it like a gull that barely touches the surface of the water. A little way further on, tired of frightening them in this manner, he suddenly stopped and stepped carelessly upon the ground.

He answered the bolsterously admiring throng which immediately closed in upon him with cool boastfulness—for Putnam was one of the few absolutely fearless men who delight in extolling themselves. "Get him! You bet I will if I once set eyes on him. The 'Pet' can make eighty miles an hour and he will have to go some to throw any star dust in her eyes. If I can't go as high and as far and as fast with her as any pinfeathered hobo, who is trying to beat his way around the universe by flipping worlds can flap on wings—well, I'll give up aviating and go to pushing a wheelbarrow. See that?" He tapped a heavy revolver which hung at his side. "Well, I've shot eagles upon the wing with it while going at full speed, and I ought to be able to hit a man who they tell me is as long as a telegraph pole. And if I can't hit his body I'll make those flappers of his look like the top of a pepper box. I'm going to take a scout around as soon as I get a bite to eat." He beckoned to a couple of policemen. "Here, Rooney and Hogan. Watch this machine while I'm gone and when I come back I'll bring you each a nice, red apple. I am going to start up inside of an hour." Not more than five feet tall, lithe as a wildcat, sinewy as one, he went swaggering off through the crowd, leaving them to stare after him and at his famous plane in chuckling admiration. The adulation of the mob was his greatest joy in life, and his life he was ever ready to risk to wring another cheer from them.

Promptly within the hour he was back and within his seat. With a glance ahead to see that his path was clear, he waved his hand at them. "And now, good people," he began. "All you have got to do is show me the dragon and I'll do the rest. I'll bring him back to you on a string with a ribbon around his neck. Now clear there, for I'm coming." He threw on the power and clutched the wheel.

Instantly the light machine leaped forward like a hare, the big air fan but a blur, first humming, then drooping and lastly whistling shrilly as its speed revolutions ran to a height incomprehensible to the mind of man. Into the air it leaped as a swimmer leaps from a springboard, and with a spectacular sweep or two so close over their heads that they ducked in spite of themselves, straightened itself out and went speeding like a bird for the rugged crest of the mountains beyond. They gazed after him with admiration. The Flying Man had best look out for himself now, for Little Put was hot upon his trail. Enviously they thought of the great reward and Putnam's golden opportunity in being the first of the flyers to arrive. And what would they not give to see the duel when it occurred! But there could be no such luck as that. In all probability it would take place in some lone quarter and all they would know about it would be Putnam's story in the papers. They sighed regretfully.

From one of the nearer cliffs but a few miles away a black object arose and mounted upward with beating wings. The crowd gasped and strained its eyes. "Only an eagle," ran from lip to lip and they settled back to watch the already distant aviator. Then from a man who had raised a pair of binoculars to his eyes there burst a cry which caused every heart to leap like a wounded wild thing and

set them to surging like a sea.

"My God! It is the Flying Man himself! Look! Look!"

In an instant pandemonium wild as a tornado burst over them and a vast roar boomed and reverberated down the streets in a rolling thunder. "The Flying Man! The Flying Man! He has accepted the challenge. He is coming." In a dozen seconds every window was black with heads, while up to the roof tops humanity came swarming like ants, shouting, shouting, wild with excitement to witness a combat beside which the gladiatorial battles of ancient Rome would have been puerile and tame. Cursing and shrieking, fighting and pleading for points of vantage, they swirled like a maelstrom in the madness of their desire to see. Then as another roar rose from the street, deeper toned than the first and carrying a fierceness in it that was almost leonine, they froze themselves into a motionless solid, craning and breathless. Then over all a great silence fell heavily.

For Putnam had seen the enemy now and his plane careened on its beam ends as it wheeled towards where the other was mounting with tremendous leaps, darting through the air as a fish darts through the water, and up shot Putnam in pursuit straight as an arrow flies. And the Flying Man now seeming to be satisfied with his altitude, hovered as a king bird hovers over his enemy the crow, his body practically motionless, his wings beating a light tattoo upon the air as he awaited the ascent of this new and strange foe. Swiftly up toward him the machine arose in a long, sweeping curve until but a few hundred feet separated them and a deeply intoned gasp came from the multitude as the tragedy seemed about



"My God! It is the Flying-Man Himself!"

to close before it had begun. And then the unexpected happened. Closing his wings as quickly as a woman snaps her fan shut, the Flying Man dropped in a black streak, while Putnam, quick as a cat in pursuit of a mouse, plucked after him in a dive so reckless, so apparently beyond control, that a shrill cry, quick and explosive, burst from the multitude and hundreds averted their faces that they might not witness the sight all thought must follow. But when hundreds of those below had already started for the place where he would lie at the end of the fall, he checked his flight with incomparable skill and went skimming along on a parallel, once more in perfect poise. It was an exhibition of nerve beyond anything they had ever seen attempted by an aviator before, and a hoarse roar of admiration burst from their throats as they pounded each other upon the back in a frenzy of delight. As for the Flying Man, he had mounted up again and was now coming straight toward them with mighty sweeps. Swiftly Putnam circled about and followed.

And now followed a chase such as man had never seen before—the sight of a wingless man in a machine-driven craft whistling through the air at wild speed in pursuit of another man upon whom Nature had bestowed a power of flight beyond that of most of her feathered things—with death as the loser's penalty. Their evolutions became bewildering. Plainly the Flying Man was trying the other out as a boxer tests an unknown adversary before deciding upon his course of battle. He mounted straight upward as an arrow and at a height of thousands of feet hung stationary with a languid beating of his great wings. He dropped as a nighthawk drops in his hunting at dusk, he leaped broad spaces like a shooting star, he flew upon his side as a swimmer races, he circled, he pirouetted in dizzy whirls, soared like a condor, flapped lazily. It was an exhibition of flying

incomparable, and the concourse below grew cold with apprehension as it mentally pictured the scene which must follow when this wizard of the air, tiring of his exhibition, would bring it to a close. But Putnam, reckless as ever and either not realizing or not caring that he was hopelessly outclassed, stuck to his quarry with the tenacity of a bulldog. Almost any other man would have descended and awaited the arrival of reinforcements, but with half a million dollars in sight, a great crowd to watch him and his reputation for fearlessness at stake, the aviator followed every movement of the black-winged one with fierce determination. It was catch or be caught, kill or be killed, and he had faced death at short range too often to falter now. Steady as an iron man, cool as ice despite his rage, he maneuvered his machine with a skill and dash and disregard of consequences that proclaimed him the most spectacular of his spectacular profession, every move executed with the accuracy of genius, every poise the acme of skill. Three times his revolver had leaped from its holster as his foe offered a possible mark, but each time the winged one, divining his intent, dropped like a stone and Putnam had released the unfired weapon to devote himself once more to the machine. He had begun at last to realize that the chase was hopeless, but his obstinacy was still unshaken. "It has got to be you or I, my artful dodger," he gritted between his set teeth as he once more swung about in pursuit after a futile whirlwind dash. "It is you or I, and by Heavens one of us has got to take a tumble this day." In the grimness of his determination to get a fair shot he would have tried to fly to midocean had the other led him that way.

But now the tactics of the Flying Man suddenly changed. Appearing to have satisfied his mind that he could toy with the other and harass him as a matador does a bull, he led him once more into a blind rush, darted lightning-like aside, and holding his wings outstretched to their fullest extent and rigid as bars he came swooping down upon the heads of the packed multitude with almost the speed of a direct fall. Down, down in a long, sharp incline as a wildfowl seeks the surface of a lake, he came, head foremost, his body nearly perpendicular, his arms outstretched and his hands clasped as a swimmer dives from a great height, the whistle of his wings shrilling ever sharper and sharper in their ears. And before that majestic dive those upon the ground surged backward with the hoarse roar of a panic, jamming each other against the surrounding walls, striking at random, trampling each other unmercifully. But when only a dozen feet above their heads the descending one flattened his pinions and with a cry of sharp savagery that it set the hearers' teeth on edge, went skimming like a meteor above them to the rush of wind and vanished in the twinkling of an eye over the buildings. Putnam, dazzled by the unexpectedness and swiftness of the other's plunge, circled about rapidly as he sought to again sight his vanished foe.

For perhaps a minute, a long minute, when men gazed silently into each other's eyes in the stupefaction of those who have just witnessed a miracle, the flying one remained beyond their ken while Putnam, the whistle of his fan faintly audible in the great hush, patrolled the sky impatiently with his keen eyes. Then far above them in another quarter and at least five hundred feet higher than the aviator, the winged one again appeared and those below caught their breath with a long, sighing gasp in the instinctive realization that the comedy was finished and the grim tragedy about to be performed. So suddenly had he reappeared and so considerable was his height that Putnam did not locate him until a great shout of warning arose to his ears. He looked down, saw the direction of their pointed fingers and shot an upward glance in response. The Flying Man was hanging directly over him like the shadow of death, and with a quick twist of his wheel he circled aside and began to ascend as one mounts a spiral staircase. Up and up, the propeller screaming, the guy wires humming, the light body of the machine vibrating beneath the power of the motor, up he went straight into the zenith, while holding his distance almost to a foot the hovering one pumped himself skyward in steady leaps. A mile—two miles—would they never stop? Three miles! From the ground the machine looked a toy, the Flying Man with his thirty feet spread of wings, a bat hovering over it but a foot above his pursuer. Uncanny horror ran through the crane-necked watchers at the very thought of the awful altitude to which the demonic creature from an alien world was luring his prey before destroying him, while fifteen thousand feet up Putnam, gray of face but steely of eye and steady of arm, coaxed his machine still higher with every caress his deft hands had learned to minister. Could he get but one fair shot at this mocking devil all would be well yet and the half million his alone, and even if he could ram him and bring everything

and everybody down together in an unrecognizable mass of wreckage and humanity he would in his last moment of life make himself immortal, win the prize for his widow and rid the earth of this hateful monster. Quit! He would follow him to the heart of the zenith first.

But he got no chance to shoot. His antagonist had learned to fear those fire belching things with which this man was armed and appeared to understand perfectly that so long as he retained his present position of above and slightly behind the other he was in a region of comparative safety. Keenly he watched the ascending machine as it arose, slowly and more slowly in the rarefied air until another thousand feet had been mounted, then with the quickness of thought he executed his plan. Dropping sheer until he reached the level of the plane he seized it with his powerful hands and with one beat of his pinions tilted it perilously. Putnam, driven to the full extent of his skill to keep from being capsized, had no opportunity to shoot, and the Flying Man with another mighty heave turned him fairly wrong-side up as one turns a turtle on a beach. Down went the plane as a wounded bird falls, Putnam clinging to the frame and striving with almost superhuman energy to right it as they fell, but it was a task beyond human capability and when he had fallen a mile he became bewildered, missed a hold and fell. Whirling, spinning, arms and legs outstretched, he dropped ten thousand feet at horrific speed, his upset machine with its propeller still whirling shooting downward after him in grotesque gyrations. The crash of their fall upon the top of the buildings was heard for a mile, while far in the distance the sickened mob saw the Flying Man soaring for the distant peaks, swinging sportively from side to side with the graceful movements of a skater in a rink.

Once more the surcharged wires reeked with the news of this unprecedented battle three miles above the earth, and now the world received it very gravely indeed. The editors of great dailies the world over discussed it as the most momentous event of the hour, more important than national politics, the alliances of nations, the mysterious absence of the czar or the latest battle in Asia. Foreign cabinets debated it seriously behind closed doors, and the president of the United States formally tendered Governor McNeill the use of several regiments of regular troops, a regiment of cavalry and such field ordnance as he might deem of use. This tender, however, McNeill courteously declined upon the grounds that he had men enough, horses enough and firearms enough, and that all three were futile enough—that he must place his main reliance upon the swarm of aviators now headed his way and arriving singly and in small parties every day. However, as a matter of precaution a dozen mortars capable of shooting upward at acute angles were distributed about the city and heavily loaded with grape shot. And in order that there might be enough money to divide among a considerable number of aviators in case a large number of them were in at the death the reward was increased to a million. And as though in reply to this the Flying Man promptly issued another challenge.

Apish malice seemed to have come over him and sheer wantonness characterized many of his acts. In the few following nights not less than a dozen country dwellers were awakened by boulders crashing through their roofs, injuring no one through sheer good luck, and often the creaking of porches and the soft falling of feet upon thin roofs and the frenzied yelping of dogs proclaimed to the residents of isolated houses that the uncanny one was prowling in the darkness without. That with his enormous eyes he could see as well by night as by day was soon proven, for even stray cats and chickens did not escape his petty malice. This additional advantage of night seeing which he possessed over his foes rendered all their efforts against him futile, for while now a small swarm of aerial craft patrolled the skies and scoured the mountains by day, when night came they were compelled again to seek the earth, and it was during the darkest hours that he issued forth upon his maraudings. But owing to their caution in traveling in small parties after nightfall—if indeed they traveled at all—no human being fell into his clutches. For miles around the city each country door was strongly barred at the hour of dusk, and from that moment until broad daylight none but the reckless ventured forth. Even in the city and its neighboring well-lighted towns, those who went abroad by street light held a furtive clutch upon the handle of some weapon. Women were forbidden by the police to appear upon the streets after dark without the escort of some man, and the children were sent scurrying homeward at seven o'clock at the ringing of the curfew upon the church bells. From lack of patronage the theaters closed their doors, the night restaurants followed suit, and upon all rested heavily a feeling of oppression as of some great, unspeakable horror yet

to come and beneath which they all walked dispiritedly. Even the loud mouthed talked subduedly and the most collected laughed nervously as they denied all nervousness. Suspense, deep, brooding, ominous, charged the air and pervaded all bosoms and business sickened alarmingly. And then one day there came the news of another assault committed in the broad light and almost under their very noses. This time through fortunate circumstances there were no victims but rather two heroes, a boy and a dog.

Jimmy Collins, a ten-year-old country youngster, was fishing in a stream a quarter of a mile from his home at mid-forenoon. Accompanying him was his dog, a large brute, strong, agile and full of courage and affection for Jimmy. The boy described what happened about as follows:

"Well, you see I was settin' on the bank and a-fishin' with grasshoppers and not thinkin' about nuthin' when I heard old Scout growl. Well, you bet



"He Seized It With His Powerful Hands and Tilted It Perilously."

old Scout was some pup and I never seen nuthin' what could lick him, and he would fight a steam engine if I sic'd him onto it. First I thought another dog had come nosin' around and I looked over my shoulder. Bet I jumped a rod. There, close behind me and sneakin' up like an Injun with wings stickin' out 'bout half way like a chicken holds his when he is scrapin', I seen this here Flyin' Man what everybody is so scart about. Gosh, you otter seen his face! Made me think of a jack landern. Scart! You bet. But I didn't lose my head—not by a pipeful. There was an old cabin close by, so I just let out a holler for Scout to sic him and then lit out for that shack. I reckon I run faster'n a jack rabbit and went under it like a prairie dog inter a hole and crawled under it where nobody who wasn't a little feller could follow. There was an awful racket goin' on outside, with Scout a-snarlin' and yellin' and the other feller kind of croakin' like a frog, and bimeby I peeked out. They was a-fittin' to beat all thunder, him and the pup. First Scout would make a run and jump for him, but the Flyin' Man was always too quick and Scout's teeth would click like a trap when he missed him. Then old Flyer'd make a grab for the pup and Scout would dodge him and they would circle around and start all over again. I reckon it lasted about five minnits, with me a-watchin' and yellin' 'sic 'im, tear him up, old dog' as fast as I could holler to Scout. Then all at once that old devil got Scout by the tail and gave a flop with his wings. Up and up they went with the dog not bein' able to do nuthin' because of the way he was held, until they must have been about a million feet high. Then old rip lets go of the pup and down comes Scout to beat the band and lands ker-plunk, with that old cuss soarin' down close behind him. 'Course it killed Scout all at once. He never moved a leg after he landed.

"Then the Flyin' Man comes for me and I backed up like a squirrel in a hole until I was under the middle of the floor. It was too low for him to crawl in under me and so he found a stick and laid down on his stummik and tried to poke me out. Gee, what eyes he had! They was as big as my fist and shone like lanterns. But the stick wasn't long enough and pretty soon he give up and walked away. I could see where he was goin' by his feet, and he went straight up to the pup, picked him up and smelt of him. Then he took him by the leg and hopped up in the air. I crawled to the edge of the cabin and watched him. He headed straight for the mountains and never stopped as long as he was in sight. Then I lit out for home good and plenty. I hope you'll get that old devil, for he killed

my pup. Scout was a good dog, all right."

Trivial as the incident was in its consequences, it nevertheless cast a deeper pall over the country. The bearing away of the dog settled beyond all doubt that the murderous minded creature was strongly carnivorous, and the name of the lost daughter of Farmer Jones was no longer spoken even in whispers. And deeper and still more deep there settled into the hearts of all mankind a horror, loathing and hatred of this unnatural thing that words were impotent to express. Had he fallen into their hands they would have become barbarians themselves in the ferocity of their revenge.

(To be continued.)

GOOD MONEY IN COLTS

Demand for Working Animals Continues Strong.

All Things Considered, There is More Profit in Raising Horses Than There is in Cattle—Is Not a Heavy Feeder.

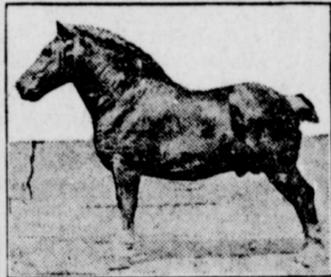
There still is good money to be made by raising colts, and I believe that the farmer who does not have one or more good brood mares on his place is losing the opportunity to greatly increase his profits.

The coming into general use of the automobile and other things that would, seemingly, place the horse on the retired list have no effect, says a writer in the Farm Progress. The demand for horses is just as strong as ever, and the prices are continually going upward.

All things considered, there is a great deal more money made in raising colts for market than there is in raising cattle. The cost of male service is a heavy item, but after that the cost of bringing a colt to a marketable age is comparatively small. No better shelter is required for a colt than should be given to a steer, and while corn must be given to the steer by the basketful, three or four ears and a quart or two of oats is sufficient for the colt.

I believe that the small farmer should keep a team of mares and raise a couple of colts each year. The mares can be used almost up to the day of foaling without any danger, and they need but a short rest after foaling. By keeping an extra horse, which is almost a necessity anyway, to take the place of the mares during this period the work can go right ahead. By arranging so that the foaling dates of the mares will be some time apart the work can go ahead with little inconvenience.

On the farm where there is a great deal of work to do it is proper to keep several teams of mares. They



Desirable Type for Any Farm.

can be bred to foal at different times of the year and there need be no inconvenience with the work.

In raising colts, as in any other line of work, an effort must be made to produce an animal that possesses all of the desirable points. The first thing to be considered in working for this is to breed to an animal that is known to get colts of quality. That all of the qualities may be brought out to their best the colt must have plenty of free exercise from the start.

During the time that the foal is following the mare it is necessary to give her the proper rations for insuring a good flow of rich milk. If the colt does not secure enough nutritious milk a marked effect upon size and appearance will be noted. Then, when the colt is weaned it must receive a variety of flesh and bone-forming feeds. The value of a horse depends upon strength and activity, and these can be present only in an animal of good bone and muscle formation and strong, healthy vital organs.

It may be well enough to note that the mare that raises a colt nearly every year and that spends a great deal of her time in the harness keeps in better condition and has greater vitality and is more vigorous than the mare that is never bred.

When this is considered in connection with the fact that a colt or two to sell each year will add greatly to the income it would seem that the raising of colts is profitable work.

VALUE OF GOOD COW

Three Essentials for Successful Dairy Animal.

Vigor, Capacity for Food and Well Developed Organs for Milk Production Are Necessary—Some General Characteristics.

(By PROF. P. A. CAMPBELL, Maine Experiment Station.)

The three essentials for a successful dairy cow are vigor, capacity for food and well developed organs for milk production. The cow must have a good breathing apparatus, indicated by a large nostril, wide breast and good width across the floor of chest. Good width here and good girth indicate a good heart. The eye is also indicative of strength and good physical condition, as well as temperament.

A strong nerve system is also needed. This may be tested by running the hand along the top line of the cow in the region of the chine to find out if this is open, indicating that she has good protection and ample room for the spinal cord to run in. She also must have large organs of digestion.

The good dairy cow usually is wide in the forehead, the face dished between the eyes, with a strong under jaw. The head should be of medium length. She should have wide, open, well sprung ribs. The hips should be wide apart and level. In the conformation of the thighs and legs there should be ample udder room.

The udder itself should commence well up and extend along the udder line until it gradually blends with it, thus insuring the greatest capacity. The veins should be prominent, indi-



A Brown Swiss.

ating a large amount of blood circulation. The milk vein which extends from the udder along the under side of the abdominal wall should be large, crooked and long. These veins bear a direct relation to the milk secreted.

In addition to these general characteristics a breeder may desire distinguishing breed characteristics and uniformity of type in his herd.

A happy combination of pedigree and selection of the animal is what is needed by the breeder. The more animals one has of high breeding quality in the pedigree the less likelihood one has of bringing together two low producing characters and getting as a result an animal of low production.

It is generally conceded that the influence of parents in heredity is 50 per cent., of the grandparents 25 per cent., and of the great grandparents but 12.5 per cent. Thus an animal that is removed six or seven generations from another animal under consideration has but small influence.

TO BURN TRASH IS WASTEFUL

Stalks, Vines, Crabgrass, Etc., Should Be Turned into Humus and Nitrogen—Pays Well.

Soon the time will be at hand when many farmers in this section will, no doubt, as usual start their annual fires in the sedge fields as well as in the land which they intend to cultivate, writes W. C. Crook of Tennessee in the Progressive Farmer. I have quit this ruinous practice, and trust that many other farmers will drop this foggy way of doing business, and then make one step forward toward scientific farming. Instead of burning our stalks, vines, crabgrass, etc., let us turn this growth, and thus get a fine lot of humus and also nitrogen, which we will have to purchase at 20 cents per pound next spring.

While we are turning this growth, let's turn it deep, and follow with subsoil plow on our farms that have a red clay subsoil. I am doing this, and know from past experience I can expect a handsome profit. All the land we can get turned this winter will be much easier to put in fine condition when the rush of spring work comes. It will also be freer from insects and weeds.

Secret No Longer.

Marryat—So that great inventor is dead and his wonderful secret is lost—Newitt—Not at all. He told it to his wife just before he died.

Marryat—Yes, that's what I mean—Stray Stories.



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Marred and worn floors are hard to clean and hard to keep clean. Half an hour's work with the paint brush changes your old shabby floors into new floors that are easy to keep clean and hard to wear out.

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FLOOR PAINT (GRANITE)

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Ask for a copy of our "Home Decorating" booklet. It tells you all about the use of paints, enamels, stains and finishes in the home.

GEO. E. DARSEY

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It destroys worms and parasites, strengthens the stomach and bowels, and quickly restores health, vigor and cheerful spirits.
Price 25c per Bottle.
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Cough Medicine for Children

Too much care cannot be used in selecting a cough medicine for children. It should be pleasant to take, contain no harmful substance and be most effectual. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy meets these requirements and is a favorite with the mothers of young children everywhere. For sale by all dealers Adv

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makes hens lay and prevents disease. For sale by Darsey. Adv

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will appreciate
more

D. N. LEAVERTON

FRILLS ARE TO RULE

SLIGHT DEPARTURE FROM THE
PREVAILING STRAIGHT LINES.

Individual Ideas Likely to Govern
Fashions to a Greater Degree
Than for Many Seasons—
Lace and Chiffon.

With the coming of the cold weather and the advent of the velvets, furs, etc., there will be an increase in the importance of heavy lace, but for evening and house wear the fine laces will be in demand, and everything seems to point to a season of frills and fluffiness, though women are not likely to get as far away from the straight lines as some of the forecasters would have people believe. The eighteenth century modes are gaining ground, but there is no hard and fast rule about periods nowadays and women can wear pretty much what is most becoming and please them most if they are able to find the answers to those two problems.

If frills and flounces are becoming and suit a woman's style, then the fine laces are the thing, and even where one does not go in for that sort of thing the fine laces are available for the most clinging of draperies and the most simple and severe of lines, says a New York Sun writer. Chantilly, both black and white; Alencon, Mechlin, point de'Angleterre—all the filmy laces that are grouped under the head of French laces or "fancies"—are used in a multitude of ways.

Sometimes a wide panel of lace, plain or draped, starts between the shoulder blades and is allowed to fall free over the skirt or is draped to the skirt. The lace may start higher, at the shoulder seams, or it may begin on the front of the bodice, be drawn over the shoulders and down in a V to the waist line in the back and then form a drapery or scarf ends over the back of the skirt.

There are many effective coat tail arrangements of lace in this last class, the lace perhaps forming a fichu drapery on the front of the bodice or merely making a wide collar over the shoulders and then descending to form the little coat tails in the back.

Wing sleeves of fine lace have been revived and are seen not only on robes d'interieure, but on dinner and evening gowns. Many of the smartest dinner and formal evening frocks have their bodices entirely of fine lace and tulle or chiffon, while the draped skirts are of satin or other heavier material. Peplum details are often introduced with a bodice or blouse of lace and panels or tunic draperies of lace continuing the lace trimmings of a bodice are handled in every conceivable way.

Varying Melting Points.
The melting points of various heat-resisting materials have been thus determined by the United States bureau of standards: Fireclay brick, 2,831 to 3,137 degrees Fahrenheit; bauxite brick, 2,841 to 3,245 degrees; chromite brick, 3,772 degrees; magnesite brick, 3,929 degrees; bauxite, 3,308 degrees; chromite, 3,956 degrees; pure alumina, 3,650 degrees; pure silica, 3,182 degrees; silicon carbide, beginning to decompose at 4,028 degrees, but does not melt below 4,892 degrees.

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season



Draped Skirts have won favor. A wide assortment of simple and elaborate styles are shown in the

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and we have a large showing of Ratines, Voiles, Pongees, Organ-dies, Lawns, Percales and Gingham, which we shall be pleased to have you call and see.

We have an extensive stock of Swiss and Voile Embroidery Flouncing, Lace and Embroidery Edging and Insertion, Braids, Banding and Dress Buttons.

We also have a full assortment of sizes in Ladies', Misses' and Children's ready made wash dresses.

We take measures for skirts.

Geo. E. Darsey

Pythian Sisters Organize

A Pythian Sisters' Lodge was organized Wednesday afternoon with about twenty-five members. The degree team of the Palestine Lodge conducted the initiation ceremonies. Mrs. Mary Glenn, of Teague, District Deputy Grand Chief, was present and had charge of the work. The personell of the degree team is as follows: Mesdames. Ethel Standifer, C. F. McWhorter, Wm. Dellis, Tom Smith, J. E. Welch, A. Robins, Geo. Coleman, Wm. David, E. Sandel, Dick Guinn, R. Stevens, Geo. Griffin, Clara Perkins, Misses Mabel Schooner, Etta Bailey, Ila Schooner, Mary Reece, Mrs. H. A. Everett, Captain. Mrs. L. Wood Ludewick of Oakwood and Mrs. Dr. Haynie of Buffalo, were visitors.

Mrs. Etheridge Payne and her sister, Miss Addie Eaves, arrived Monday night from Reagan to be present at the commencement exercises.

Miss Elna Horne, who has been teaching school at Hedley for the past two years, has returned to her home near Grape-land. From the Hedley Reformer we learn that Miss Elna has had quite a success teaching and made many friends.

Ragged wounds are painful and cause much annoyance. If not kept clean they fester and become running sores. BAL-LARD'S SNOW LINIMENT is an antiseptic healing remedy for such cases. Apply it at night before going to bed and cover with a cotton cloth bandage. It heals in a few days. Price 25c 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by A. S. Porter. Adv

Dr. C. C. Blair was in the city Saturday. The doctor says he is regaining his strength rapidly and that "he is very much alive," notwithstanding the fact that lots of people believe him to be dead. The doctor says it makes him feel queer to have to deny such a report, and it all came about because he spent several weeks in a Ft. Worth sanitarium.

Last Sunday at the School Auditorium, Rev. J. L. Fields of Trinity, delivered the annual school sermon for the graduates of our school. His sermon was very appropriate and ably delivered. The special songs rendered by the choir, and the duet by two young ladies, were very pretty and fitted the occasion. The auditorium was filled for the occasion, and the people of Grapeland appreciated these exercises in the fullest sense of the word.

Treatment of Hook-worm Disease

The State Health Department is examining and treating, free of charge, hook-worm patients. The county is co-operating with the State Health Department in exterminating this disease, and all who desire may be examined by applying at the following places on the following days:

- Kennard—Tuesdays.
- Grapeland—Wednesdays.
- Augusta—Thursdays.
- Lovelady—Fridays.
- Crockett—Saturdays.

These dates will stand for the next six weeks. All children in the scholastic school age are especially requested to be examined, as 50 per cent of the children of East Texas who have been examined, had hook-worm. DR. H. FERRELL.

Parisiana corsets at Darsey's. Adv

Don't Hide Money Around the House

There are a few burglars left, who, if once informed that you have money about your person or your house, would not hesitate in finding a way to get at your money, even at the risk of their lives.

Therefore, we insist on you placing your money and valuables with us, paying your bills by check, the canceled checks serving as a receipt for all accounts paid.

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