

The Cotulla Record.

VOL. 13. NO. 8.

COTULLA, TEXAS, JUNE 10, 1911

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

MAIL HANDLED DURING MAY.

TOTAL OF 48,350 PIECES OF MAIL HANDLED AT COTULLA.

During the month of May through the United States every post office was required to count all pieces of mail handled. The number of pieces handled through the Cotulla office was 48,350. There were 30,307 incoming pieces and 18,043 outgoing pieces. The mail was divided into the following classes: Incoming for local delivery: 12,767 letters; 8,741 papers; 104 magazines; circulars 2575; transit 75; other third and fourth class matter 949. Franked matter 93; Foreign letters 71; registered letters 160. Outgoing matter: First class 12,244, newspapers sent out by publisher 3,942; Third class matter 653; franked letters 32; foreign letters 387; registered matter; 74.

PROHIBITIONISTS MEET.

The State Wide Prohibition organization of La Salle Co. met at Auditorium Monday afternoon June 5th. Meeting called to order by chairman, Matt Russell, minutes of proceeding meeting read and adopted.

Communications from State Headquarters in reference to finance, literature etc., read and referred to the proper committees. Some very enthusiastic short speeches were made by Rev. W. L. Hightower, Prof. A. W. Evans, Rev. J. M. Lynn, Rev. M. L. Roane and chairman Matt Russell. Adjourned to meet Monday June 12th. 4 p. m.

COMMITTEE.

OFFICERS ELECTED.

The following officers were elected Thursday night at the Masonic Lodge. W. J. Coleman, W. M., B. Wildenthal, Jr., S. W. E. E. Scoggins., J. W. T. R. Keck, Treas., H. W. Hamilton, Sec., Matt Russell, Tyler.

ENTERTAINED BIBLE CLASS.

On Monday night June 5th, Mr. E. E. Scoggins gave an informal reception to his Bible Class. There were present a large proportion of the students of his class, also two visitors from Millett, Rev. Hightower and Mr. William Earnest.

After a short devotional program, Supt. Scoggins stated the object of the meeting and suggested that the class resolve itself in the Baraca Class of the Methodist Sunday School. Rev. Hightower and Rev. Lynn both made short and interesting talks dwelling on the necessity of such an organization at this time. By vote it was unanimously decided to organize the Baraca Class and the following officers were elected: Pres. W. J. Coleman, Vice-President Dr. Glenn Bartlett, Treasurer W. B. Guinn, Sr., Sec. Mrs. Mary Bartlett.

The neumerical increase in the class and the deep interest taken by the more mature members seem to amply justify the action taken and it is to be hoped that the class will be able to arrange for longer recitation periods than the present arrangement of the Sunday School will permit.

Delicious refreshments were served.

RECITAL.

The Recital at the Auditorium last Monday evening by Miss Marion Faber Gaston, Mezzo Soprano, and Miss. Mary Wildenthal, accompanist, was listened to by not a large but a very appreciative crowd. Owing to other entertainments on that evening the house was not as full as it otherwise would have been.

Miss Gaston has a fine mezzo Soprano voice that shows fine training and those music lovers who were not present missed a rare treat.

A PLEASANT AFTERNOON.

Mrs. T. R. Poole and Miss Florence entertained Thursday afternoon in a most charming manner. A well arranged musical and comedetta, Dr. Devine, in two acts, was ably presented by Misses Copp, Rowland, Posy, Burwell, Steele and Poole.

The scene opened showing a room full of school girls, each one diligently writing, darning, reading, etc., as school girls are like to do on an off day. The prospect of young Dr. Devine calling to administer the vaccine caused much discussion. Poor hearts! How they were disappointed when they discovered the young doctor to be no other than a lady physician Mrs. Gallman. The young doctor showed her skill and adapted to medical terms as she went from girl to girl, diagnosing each case separately. He left them without administering the vaccine, as there were too many other ailments, such as heart trouble, mumps, nervous ague, etc. The fact is, they were so overcome, feigned their many ailments. Miss Alice Copp, lead dignity to the institution, although her short experience as a boarding school matron. I wonder if the young lady who was continuously saying, "I want to know" has ever had her curiosity gratified. 'Twas good, very good, enjoyed by all. Fond recollections of those happy school girl days were vividly brought back. A free-will offering was handed to little Miss Ethel Poole who stood at the door reminding us what was expected.

A refreshing ice and cream were dispensed. After the end of an after which the crowd left, expressing much in praise to those who thought out so novel a scheme of entertaining. The evening brought the young people together with a slightly varied program.

REPORTER.

NORMAL OPENED MONDAY MORNING.

PROF. A. W. EVANS OF UVALDE CONDUCTOR.

The Southwest Texas Summer Normal opened last Monday morning at 9 o'clock. The opening exercises were held in the High School Auditorium.

Judge Frank B. Earnest delivered a welcome address to the students.

Prof. A. W. Evans, Dr. Curry of San Antonio, Rev. J. M. Lynn, and Prof. Taylor made brief talks.

TEACHERS IN THE NORMAL.

A. W. Evans, Uvalde, F. R. Shanks, Devine, R. A. Taylor, Cotulla, Mrs. Brand-Strabel, Asherton, Mrs. R. L. Grah. Cotulla, Miss Eva Rumsey, Cotulla.

ENROLLMENT.

Ruth Taylor, Cotulla, George Russell, Cotulla, Paul Rees, Cotulla, Adele Wildenthal, Cotulla, Alma Mendel, Cotulla, Alma Coleman, Cotulla, Arthur Knaggs, Cotulla, Everett Coleman, Cotulla, Willie Copp, Cotulla, Albert Jones, Cotulla, Alma Tarver, Cotulla, Pearl West, Cotulla, Bobby Mabry, Cotulla, Ethel Clary, Cotulla, Margie Rogers, Cotulla, Willie Johns, Cotulla, Georgie Wheeler, Cotulla, Fermina Vela, Cotulla, Fannie Woods, Clara Fridge, Batesville, Elma Hemphill, Batesville, H. Franks, Big Foot, Fra. Thompson, Cotulla, Hettie McEwen, Asherton, Vivian, Carrizo Springs.

San Diego, Jessie Shelby, Uvalde, Ruth Sheffield, Uvalde, Trixie Spencer, Uvalde, Ethel Gibson, Uvalde, Virginia Branch, Uvalde, Jessie Hocut, Cotulla, Pallie Brown, Prairie View, Beulah Carrigan, Carrizo Springs, Annie McCarley, Carrizo Springs.

DR. JOHNSTON'S RESIDENCE BURNED TUESDAY NIGHT.

The two story residence of Dr. L. S. Johnston burned Tuesday night. Fire was discovered by neighbors about 2 o'clock, and seemed to have originated in the upper story on the west side. Very little furniture was saved, owing to the headway the fire had gained when discovered. Considerable clothing and bed clothes was gotten out. The origin of the fire is supposed to have been caused by rats striking a match. The building and contents carried \$2000 insurance.

Did \$300 Damage.

The explosion of a lamp started a fire in the basement at Simpson Bros., place of business Thursday evening and before it was extinguished did about \$300 damage.

It's right or we make it right. Gaddis' Pharmacy.

FACULTY FOR HIGH SCHOOL.

SCHOOL BOARD HAS SELECTED ALL BUT TWO TEACHERS.

Prof. R. A. Taylor has again been selected to manage the Cotulla Schools for the 1911-12 term. The School Board has made contracts with Miss Elsie Gardner, principal, Prof. R. E. Lumpkin, Miss Myrtle Rowland and Miss Lottie Henrichson. Two more teachers are yet to be selected.

The Mexican school this year will be in charge of Miss Eva Rumsey, Miss Alma Mendal, second assistant, another teacher to be selected.

The negro school will be taught by Mrs. Virginia Hodges. The number of children within the scholastic age in this district, as shown by the census just completed is 770. This is an increase of 68 over last year.

THE HOME
Of Quality Groceries

BUYING
IN QUANTITIES
TO
SUIT OUR TRADE

WE TURN STOCK QUICKLY

A CONSIDERATUM!
WE WANT YOUR ORDERS
SIMPSON & SONS.



June Clearing Sale at K. Burwell's

All Summer Merchandise Going at Cut Prices

The Most Up to Date and Best Stock of Goods in Cotulla. Some Big Bargains.

LOW PRICES ALSO PREVAIL

in our Millinery Department, which is under the management of Miss Stucke. Here you will find the VERY BEST STYLES; THE BEST QUALITY OF WORK.

Make Your Summer Purchases From

K. BURWELL.

THE COTULLA RECORD

C. E. MANLY, Proprietor
COTULLA, TEXAS

INTELLIGENT DOGS.

If one may judge by the size of the claims presented in the various counties for sheep killed by dogs, we are rapidly losing the best of our sheep in Kentucky, and the dogs are showing an almost human discrimination in mutton, says the Louisville Courier-Journal. Sheep killed by dogs are valued at anywhere from \$6 to \$12 apiece. From this it appears that the dogs must be given to killing Cotswolds and Southdowns in full fleece. In one western Kentucky county it has been discovered that sheep are very generally listed for taxation at \$4 a head. In the same county the claims allowed for bucks, ewes and lambs killed by dogs range from \$8 to \$12. If the assessor's report is to be believed, there must be a tremendous lot of scrub sheep in that county to pull down the average to \$4 a head, and the dogs must exercise mighty good judgment in avoiding the "scrawl-wags" when they go forth on a slaughtering expedition. The dogs are showing a marked preference for high-class mutton that presently, it is to be apprehended, there will be no blooded sheep left in that particular county. Dead sheep seem to be more valuable than live ones, and it is difficult to account for such a situation unless it be that Kentucky dogs are progressing extraordinarily in acumen and in audaciousness. Under such circumstances it might be well to raise the dog tax or to import a considerable number of canines that are not so allied smart.

To the long list of recipes for attaining old age must now be added a new one, highly recommended by a man not with a Teutonic, but with a Celtic, name. He is enthusiastic about sauerkraut, which he maintains will enable any man or woman to live a century or more. It will conduce not only to longevity, but to happiness. It is both nutritious and appetizing. It feeds the body and stimulates the mind. It is cheap. At least that is what its sponsor claims as the result of his personal daily experience with sauerkraut for about 50 years. He does not say how often one ought to eat sauerkraut in order to become a centenarian, but since he advocates two meals a day for the average persons, he would probably not recommend eating sauerkraut between meals.

A wife Connecticut hen rode on the pilot of an engine as far as a point on the shore of a pond, laid an egg on the pilot in payment of her fare. There is really no occasion to go fishing when stories like this can be picked up at one's back door.

One of the writers who sell stories to the magazines complains that he gets only \$35 for a story 5,000 words long. Well, if he isn't a cripple he can surely find a job as ditch digger or a farm laborer somewhere, provided money is all he wants.

The harem skirt for women is not enough, it seems. The Scottish Highlanders in New York were recently incorporated with the avowed object of encouraging the wearing of kilts on the public streets.

A Chicago doctor thinks that everyone should have his vermiform appendix removed. Who will be the first legislator to introduce a bill making the removal of vermiform appendices compulsory?

The report is persistent that the queen of England doesn't like Americans. There are a whole lot of Americans toadying around royalty that we do not care much for either. The queen is probably justified.

We are advised that in eating grapefruit it is well to use a range-finder and then deploy the spoon so that the juice does not hit the eye. It is bound to hit the eye of somebody else at the table, however.

A manufacturing company in New Jersey has had a young man arrested for flirting with its girl employes. His case will perhaps come under the head of forming a combination in restraint of trade.

A St. Louis sword swallower tried the other day to swallow a pork, and it is going to be difficult for him to recover. The sword-swallower never should fool with pointed tools.

Ten thousand alarm clocks were recently shipped from this country to China, and a Philadelphia paper prints a joke about the waking up of the Hermit Kingdom.

A western railroad is going to put soda fountains on its summer trains. This will, without doubt, add to its local valuation.

A Case of Goose

By DONALD ALLEN

(Copyright, 1921, by Associated Literary Press.)

Young Sewell Chester thought very well of himself. He had studied law and been admitted to the bar. He was rather good-looking and the praises of certain ladies had made him vain.

While waiting for his first case he had the consolation of feeling that his bread and butter did not depend on it. Altogether, Mr. Chester was taking a rosy view of life. He might have continued in this line for many months more but for forming the acquaintance of Miss Mildred Vane.

After his first case a lawyer is cautious. Instead of plunging he looks up the law. The first time Mr. Chester met Miss Vane he admired her. The second time he fell in love. The third time—well, Miss Vane was rather a blunt-outspoken girl, and she turned on him with:

"Mr. Chester, I should think the law would occupy your attention to the exclusion of everything else until you had carved a name for yourself."

Mr. Chester mentally admitted that the girl had the advantage.

"You aren't in practice yet, are you?" continued the girl. "I mean the practice of law?"

"I haven't had a case."

"But you probably will have, if you wait long enough."

"Yes."

"I had an uncle who studied law and waited five years for his first client. He was an old woman who had had a goose stolen from her. It was a fine case."

Mr. Chester did not get discouraged. "I never swear. They know I never swear. They know I never swear. They know I never swear."

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"Neither did you. That goose was as much right to the highway as I have. I was watching, and you turn out an inch."

"I am willing to pay the value of a goose," said Miss Mildred as she opened her purse.

"Very well, miss. My price is \$50."

"What! What! Fifty dollars for a goose!"

"Don't you give him over 50 cents put in a coach."

"Fifty dollars, miss, and not a cent less!" said the farmer as he saw simply as an old gander, but he has licked a fox and a hawk in a fair fight. One night, when a fox was trying to get into the house, the old gander gave the alarm. I have watched his actions to tell the truth, you will have to pay the \$50, and let me off cheap at that."

"But I won't pay it!" flamed the girl. "It is simply ridiculous. I'll pay for it and no more."

"Not another cent," added the man.

"Very well. I am a constable and I arrest you both for malicious destruction of property. Drive to the station and I will have you arraigned in court!"

Whereupon he climbed up behind the driver and gave the word to start. Had he not declared himself as he would have been pitched out of the carriage and into the highway by the driver. The coachman was given the word to start and the girl bit her handkerchief to keep back the words of "sass" that were on her lips, and the remainder of the drive was not enjoyed by anyone.

On arriving in the village, the carriage was driven straight to the office of a justice of the peace, and the driver's feelings passed from indignation to fear.

Just how the briefless young lawyer happened to be in the village was explained, but he was the one who saw what had happened. After a few minutes talk with the coachman, he entered the courtroom to not to take a prisoner, and to inform the justice that he was her counsel in the case. Then and there occurred an episode. The prisoners were arraigned and the Lawyer Chester drew a long breath and prepared to do or die.

The killing of the old gander was admitted. It was admitted that the property of the plaintiff was further admitted that he had a legal right on the highway, and that there was the question of value. Given in the city of New York, at the Christmas time, a tour of the market.

The owner and ejected.

Fifty dollars for a goose? Whoever heard of the like? The cackling of geese saved Rome, but not one of the flock brought over two dollars afterwards. Malicious destruction of a goose's life? Why, his clients were not aware that such a gander was in existence! That gander had fought a hawk and a fox, but it was that same belligerent spirit that had brought about his death. He was more of a menace to the highway than the carriage.

Mr. Chester spoke for an hour. He waved his arms. He thundered. He quoted decisions. He appealed. He won his case and went over to the girl smiling.

"Just like my uncle!" she laughed.

"Yes, this is my first case, and it is about a goose."

"And your next, let us hope."

"Will be about a young lady and I feel that I shall win that!"

Miss Mildred blushed and turned away. The case may not be called for some little time yet, but Mr. Chester has confidence in the plea he prepared.

Good for Stokroom.

A sandbag is one of the most serviceable articles to use in the sick-room. Get some clean, fine sand, dry it thoroughly in a kettle on the stove, make a bag about eight inches square of flannel, fill it with the dry sand, sew the opening carefully together and cover the bag with cotton or linen cloth. This will prevent the sand from sifting out, and will also enable you to heat the bag quickly by placing it in the oven, or even on the top of the stove. After once using it you will never again attempt to wash the feet or hands of a sick person with a bottle of hot water or a brick. The sand holds the heat a long time, and the bag can be tucked up to the neck without hurting the invalid. It is a good plan to make two or three bags and keep them ready for use.

A Parable.

Opportunity knocked one day at a certain man's door.

"I was the afternoon.

"No one answered.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Opportunity. "He has probably gone to the ball game."

Thereupon she went to look for the man who was always on the job.

Trying to Arouse His Jealousy.

"A handsome man smiled at me in town today."

"Oh, well, don't feel bad about it; some women look even funnier than you do."

Dr. D. N. Cushing
DENTIST
PERMANENTLY LOCATED IN
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West of State Bank
Telephone No. 61

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Office at Harger & Windrow's
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Will practice in all courts
**REAL ESTATE A
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Attorney-at-Law
Will Practice in all
Courts.
Office on Center Street
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**Jeweler and
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Eyes Tested FREE
Will call to accommodate
the aged, etc.
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GADDIS' PHARMACY

Ben J. Yowell
**CONTRACTOR AND
BUILDER OF ANYTHING**
New Buildings, Repair Work,
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CEMENT WALKS
If you don't figure with me we
both lose money
Will Work Anywhere

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Best Bargain**
In reading matter that your
money can buy is your local pa-
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doings of the community.
This Paper

GET MARRIED ANY TIME
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for wedding
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prices, and do best work. Samples at this office.
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Guide**
The firms whose names are repre-
sented in our advertising columns
are worthy of the confidence of every
person in the community who has
money to spend. The fact that they
advertise stamps them as enterprising,
progressive men of business, a
credit to our town, and deserving of
support. Our advertising columns
comprise a Buyers' Guide to fair
dealing, good goods, honest prices.

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Wholesale and Retail
Farm Implements, Saddlery and Harness
ECLIPSE WINDMILLS
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Builders' Hardware, Corrugated Roofing,
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FRUITS AND VEGETABLES
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Full line of Groceries and Confectioneries.
Cigars and Tobaccos.
Fruits of all kinds in season, Ice Cream and Cold Drinks.
Meat Market and Ice House in connection.
South Side Public Square Cotulla, Texas

WELLS DRILLED
Shallow wells up to 350 feet deep put down.
Can give you information as to depth neces-
sary to go, quality and quantity of water usu-
ally found in any of the country around
Cotulla.
G. A. MANLY
COTULLA, TEXAS

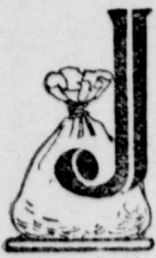
CITY BARBER SHOP
Strictly American Hot Baths
Strictly First-Class Cold Baths
The Kind of Shaves You Like
Modern Style Hair Cuts
SHAMPOO MASSAGE
W. L. PEASE, Proprietor

Reading Matter
The home news; the doings of the people in this town; the gossip of our own community, that's the first kind of reading matter you want. It is more important, more interesting to you than that given by the paper or magazine from the outside world. It is the first reading matter you should buy. Each issue of this paper gives to you just what you will consider
**The Right Kind of
Reading Matter**

FOR A WOMAN'S NEED

By ROY NORTON

Copyright by F. L. Nelson



JUMPED by thunder!" was Sandy's comment as he laboriously spelled out the regulation claim notice, showing its white spot on the bark of a giant fir. "Claim's been jumped by one A. Burrows."

He leaned his axe against the foot of the tree, pushed his dingy old white hat back on his shock of brick-red hair, hitched up his trousers by the belt, and again read the notice. There was no mistaking it. There was a rival claimant for this patch of timber in the almost impenetrable wilderness of the Olympics, where for more than a year he had abided with the proud feeling of possession.

Claim-jumping in a mining way, was not a new thing to him, but here in the big woods it seemed a little out of place. It was bewildering, and the method of its fighting would be new. He sat down on a small log and looked at the staring white sign, as if trying to read from it a solution of the difficulty. He might tear the notice off the tree, but that wouldn't do any good. Now, if only it were a mining claim, the procedure would be simple, namely, take a gun and fill the "juniper" full of lead.

Sandy straightened himself up and sighed. He had decided that this should be the method in this case, if he were driven to it.

"I'm the peacefullest cuss that ever lived," he murmured as he turned away, "but they're always gettin' me cornered where there ain't nothin' to do but shoot. Then I gets shot up some, may be, and am sorry a heap, because I had to shoot the other fellow up."

The world looked pretty far from him, as he picked his way along a trail through the woods to his cabin, and for once the birds and squirrels who knew him and expected greeting were given no recognition.

His path led through timber such as but few men know; it was a Titanic forest of monstrous trees in which he wandered a pygmy. Here and there a giant had fallen, sending his three hundred feet of length crashing downward to a resting place, and presenting a twenty-foot barrier to those who would cross him in his proneness. Perhaps another giant

having lived out his life of hundreds of years, had dropped across the first, and still others piled themselves on, until the barrier was completely un-crossable.

Around one of these obstructions, the troubled Sandy came in sight of his cabin, where it nestled in a little clearing, with all its evidences of habitation. From the doorway a three-legged dog arose, and with much effort, gave a home greeting. Even in the stress of his trouble, the tall master stopped long enough to pet the waiting head and take a kindly look into the eyes that sought his.

"Dick," he said, "we've been pard's ever since I dragged you out from under a street car, way down in Seattle, and we've most always had some kind of a home since then; but now they're goin' to try to take this one away from us and make us hit the trail again."

Dick seemed to understand, although he said nothing. He was not a talkative dog, his strong point being sympathy. He felt the gravity of the situation, and hobbled after his master into the cabin.

"That you no acain," Sandy reproachfully said as he entered, this time addressing his remarks to a mischievous wood-mouse who calmly sat on a shelf and looked at him while washing off with his diminutive forepaws the unmistakable signs of flour-dust from his whiskers.

"Here I lugs a sack of flour twenty miles into the woods, and you jest won't let it alone, even when I makes friends with you and feeds you till you're fat." The mouse showed no sign of fear, and with twinkling eyes continued his toilet, as Sandy, with arms akimbo, stood in front of him and delivered his scolding. "Well, you little cuss," he concluded, "you ain't like men; you don't know no better." He laid a coaxing hand on the edge of the shelf, and the mouse accepted the truce by scampering up Sandy's arm to his shoulder.

Sandy prepared his homely woodman's meal, finished it with a woodman's appetite, and seated himself with lighted pipe on a bench in front of his cabin. But this night there were no interludes of whistling or stinging; his trouble was upon him. It seemed strange that through all the years, stretching away back to those of the desert sands, when he had been alternately packer, cow-puncher, miner, or woodsman, he who loved peace and quiet should be compelled always to fight, and fight, and fight. "Old Miss Trouble must have been my godmother," he said aloud, as he prepared for his night's rest. "I hanker after the peaceful life, but I'm goin' to kill any damn man that tries to git this claim, an' the man might as well be A. Burrows as B, otherwise known as Sandy, Smith."

It had been many months since the heavy Colt's was taken down from its

peg upon the cabin wall, but when Sandy started into the woods on the following morning, it was grimly strapped around his hip, and his belt was filled with cartridges. And this was not the last day when the gun sagged against his thigh, as he traversed his little domain, patiently waiting for the appearance of "A. Burrows."

When the time came, it was almost as a surprise. It was one bright forenoon when the air was redolent with the fragrance of bloom, and the dew lay heavily in the hollows of the tangled blackberry and rhododendron bushes, that the storm burst. Sandy had grown somewhat older in these days of waiting. His quick ear caught the unusual sound of voices, and, by the tree where the first location notice had been posted, he waited.

Through the woods, with axes gleaming across the packs on their backs, with rifles in hand, and steady tread, came four woodsmen.

"Hello!" they said, in the way of greeting to the tall, grim man who barred their way.

Sandy wasted no time in civilities. "Lookin' for this?" he queried, pointing at the white claim notice which started at them unwinkingly.

"Ef that's the Burrows location, we shore are," came the reply from the man who was evidently the leader of the party.

"Well, that's it, and ye kin save yer eyesight," said Sandy grimly. "But it ain't goin' to do ye no good, because I owns this claim, and I reckon I'm goin' to keep on ownin' it."

"The hell you are! We been sent up here to put a cabin on it, and I reckon we're goin' to keep on doin' it," came the retort. "Ef there's any dispute about it, it's up to you to go to the cote and fix it. We're goin' to build, and, what's more, we hev bumped into you squatters a heap o' times afore this."

The arrivals had slipped off their packs and were clustered around their leader. Sandy held his temper well, but now "Miss Trouble" was here. He lashed out with his knotted right fist, caught the foreman a hammerlike blow on the chin, and doubled him up in the air.

A whirlwind couldn't have worked faster. The four struck at him, and kicked him, and endeavored to bring him to the ground. He felt himself being overpowered, and worked his hand to the butt of his revolver. It spoke with one quick snap, and the snarl was untangled.

One man seized a useless shoulder, through which the bullet had torn its way, and the others sprang for their weapons. Sandy tried to wing one of them, and found that his remaining cartridges were defective.

This wouldn't do. He must take to cover and put in fresh ones. He jumped, with long leaps, toward one of the barriers of fallen trees, and sought shelter. As he dropped down behind his logs, two rifle bullets sang dangerously past his head, and went "flick-flicking" through the tree tops.

Sandy stood behind a log, with feverish energy threw out the cartridges which had fallen him in his need, and inserted fresh ones from his belt. Then he clambered along to a point where he could catch a sight of his battlefield, and took a survey. Not a target was in sight. He worked his way back, cut a stick, and shoved his hat upward to the top of the log, trying to draw his enemies' fire. It was effective, and the old hat went sailing to the ground behind him. He rushed to a point of observation, and took another look, but nowhere was an enemy in sight. Not even a rifle barrel protruded from behind any of the forest giants, who calmly furnished shelter.

Sandy recovered the hat, and from a new point of vantage tried his ruse. It failed to attract attention. Plainly his opponents were enemies of no mean caliber. An old trick could be played upon them once, but that was all. He must either retreat or use new tactics. The first was untenable, because he "never had run yit," and the second meant a reconnoiter. Sandy made his way around the thicket, and by the aid of another fallen log gained an angle, from which he peered. An elbow was in sight. He would practise on that.

"Whang!" went his pistol, and the elbow lurched violently, and smothered oaths told that the shot had been well aimed. Sandy smiled. The joy of battle was on him. He felt that exultation which comes from deadly strife. He wanted to yell. It would have helped him, he felt sure. He caught sight of a head, and fired, but evidently missed. That bothered him a little. Misses were not in his line. Once more he emptied his pistol and carefully inspected each load as he placed it in its chamber. "Too bad," he mused, "to lose that last shot! Fellers that sell no-account cartridges like these ought ter have the law on 'em. Goin' ter smash that feller one, next time I see him."

Then the battle became slow. Sandy couldn't work farther around his barricade, and, peep as he would, he could catch no sight of an enemy. Well, they being the strongest, it was "up to" them to come and hunt him. It would wait.

Bees hummed busily through the

air, seeking the blossoms of the woodland for the gathering of their spoil. The birds returned and began their twittering, and from off in the forest a woodpecker's hammer recommenced a tapping into the bark. In the distance the cooing of a wild pigeon lent a melancholy note. The time crept forward, and, on each side, the combatants waited for the next move. Sandy was getting restless, and had almost resolved to take a chance on creeping in a wide detour around his men, and by this flanking movement to gain a shot or two.

From back of him came a sound of footsteps, padding across the needles. He threw himself at length upon the ground and wriggled his way to a place where no shot might reach. So his enemies had "beat him to it," and were rounding him up? Woe be to the first one who came in sight! What was the fool doing, anyway?

"Whoof," came a snort from the rear. Sandy recognized the sound as being the satisfied grunt of a brown bear, who, in fancied security, had made his way to a thicket of blackberries. But what was that other snort? More footsteps, and then a louder snort from the bear, a woman's scream, and the noise of tearing thickets as the animal plunged through the underbrush in flight.

The red-headed one, forgetful of danger, with curiosity at highest pitch, his composure startled by this wonderful occurrence startled by this sound—a woman's voice—stretched his head over his rear breastwork and yelled "Hello!"

In his excitement, he raised his head too high, and a rifle ball went whizzing through the top of his hat.



SHE WAS SOBBING AS HE CAME.

Sandy ducked down, while from out in front a man's voice broke into curses directed at the one who had fired the shot.

"Can't you see," the voice expostulated, "that maybe she's in range over there—your damn fool!"

Sandy paid no heed to this remark, and it is doubtful if he even heard it, because all his attention was attracted toward the great unusual, the feminine side.

"Help! Help!" the woman's voice called. "Ugh! There was a great big bear here a minute ago, and I have fallen off a log into the bushes, and I can't get up, and there may be whole herds of bears down here in the dark, for all I can see. Why don't you help me?"

"Just keep yer shirt on a minute," Sandy called reassuringly. "and I'll get around and help you. I'm a trifle busy out in front just now." Then he tried to make the wait easier by assuring her that the "bar had hiked, and there wa'n't nothin' down there to hurt her."

"But why don't you come at once?" the voice insisted.

"Got to kill a few fellers out here in front first," Sandy apologized. "Ef it wa'n't for that, I'd come now."

The voice was silent for a moment, as the woman evidently tried to think over a situation that made it necessary for a man to "kill a few fellers" before coming to her aid.

"Yep," said Missus Burrows. S'pose you'll git us till we talk to her." Sandy's gun went back into his holster with a muffled snip. So this was Mrs. Burrows, the wife of A. Burrows, the man who was trying to jump Sandy of all he had in the world! It made no difference, she was a woman and in distress. The feller could wait. He would accept the trade; but it should be merely a trade, and no more. They couldn't have his claim.

"A go," he called to the enemy, then, trusting to the chivalry of the frontier, paid no more attention to them and devoted himself to the rescue of the feminine voice.

Down in a cleft, between two great trees that had given up their lives and had sought rest on the ground, nestled in blackberry bushes, with torn garments and disheveled hair, he found her. She was sobbing as he came. He reassured her, and had led her from the thicket out into the open, before his late adversaries came upon them.

They grouped themselves silently around. Sandy glared at them unconcerningly. Two of them had ruddy bandaged arms, and one had the jagged look of a man who has lost much blood. Dimly the woman realized that she had interrupted a tragedy.

"A, you are hurt!" she said, as she looked at the men. Then, turning to Sandy, she continued: "You see these men work for me. I bought a claim from a locator down in Seattle, and hired these men to come and build my cabin—and now—and now two of them are hurt."

loved with a tenderness that came of years of longing for it. Anyway, thinking took time, and he must find the right way out.

So Sandy told Mrs. Burrows that he had a good cabin below here, and that she must be his guest that night at least, and until her men got a camp established. He urged his hospitality, and the foreman added his insistence.

As they walked down the trail and came in sight of its homely comfort, she went into ecstasies over its trimness and picturesqueness, and over the great, majestic view of peaks and valleys that stretched away in the distance from the brow of the hill. But every word of praise, that but a few days ago would have gladdened the big man's heart, was as a knife-thrust, searching out and opening up to him those things which he had always seen and felt, but could not have put into words.

For once Dick got no word of greeting. Two big, rough hands held the head up where the eyes could be looked into, but his master was beyond words. Could he have spoken he would have said: "Dick, Dick, they want our home."

It wasn't a very reassuring tale that Sandy listened to that night, and when he went out to roll himself into his blankets beneath the stars, having surrendered his rooftop to his guest, sleep failed to close his eyelids. He was fighting a battle which must be his alone.

The widow had no other means than those which had been paid to the locators ("timber-sharks," Sandy silently called them), and had come into these solitudes to make for herself

probably thought the real owner was a "squatter," one of those shiftless, ignominious tramps of the wilderness, despised by all "homesteaders" as well as by Sandy Smith.

Dick came, and, with a cold muzzle, tried to explain that he was surprised at his own sleeplessness, and was in sympathy with his master's. And from the dog Sandy took comfort.

"You old rascal," he said, patting the head which had been laid trustingly beside his, "you're worth a dozen timber-sharks, an' you don't suffer as much as lots of men. Your game ain't been an easy one, either, what with losin' your leg. Jest go to sleep and thank the Lord that you got your tail left. There's a heap o' satisfaction in bein' able to wag along."

When her men reported at the cabin door in the morning, they found it open, the morning meal out of the way, and Sandy busily making up a pack. Again he glowered at them and took satisfaction from the appearance of the bandaged ones. He clumped into the cabin and took down the moldering pack-straps from their peg, drew them tightly around his canvas-covered blankets in which were wrapped his bacon, beans, flour and tea; he added the frying pan, coffee pot and axe to the outer lashings. Then he swung the pack to his back and settled his shoulders into the arm-straps. He picked up the rifle at his feet, and stood in the cabin door. "Missus Burrows," he said, his voice husky with emotion, you kin have this cabin and all that's in it. It's on your land, you know, because I ain't nothin' but a squatter. Hope you like the place."

Before she could reply, he was gone out to where her men squatted on a log.

"Damn you!" he snarled as he stood before them. "Don't think I'm leavin' because there's four of you. I'm goin' on off out into the west, somewhere where there ain't no stakes, to take a new claim. An' unless it's a woman who jumps it, there ain't enough men in the Olympics to take the new claim away from me."

The thrusting of Dick's nose into his unoccupied hand aroused other thoughts. He turned back to the open door wherein stood the woman.

"I'd be much obliged if you'd take good care of Dick for me," he said, "because he can't travel much. I had to lug him on my back most of the way up here, an' I've got a long way to go—maybe the trail won't never end. Be good to him. He's a good fellow, even if he ain't got but three legs."

Then with a final scowl at the men, he swung out and into the darkness of the woods, while behind him, a crippled dog threw his head into the air and howled mournfully. It was the farewell of desolation.

Weeks of weary quest passed over Sandy's head, and, as he would, here and there, open to him, no place where he could find a desirable, that welcomed him as a claimant, and no niche wherein he might with security rebuild his home. Time and again he had faced starvation, and always hardship and fatigue had been his only companions. It was useless. He had decided, with a weary heart, to make his way out of this country where everything worth having had been taken, go to Seattle, and turn his face to the far north.

His route led him near the old home. He hungered for a sight of Dick, and for the companionship of his great sympathetic eyes and caressing nose. The trees took on a familiar look as he neared his old border-line, and he thought bitterly of his relinquishment of all that life had held for him there. He came suddenly on a new clearing and a new cabin, and stopped in amazement.

A sunny-faced woman stepped to the open door, and a dog sprang past her awkwardly, making his way with mouthings of welcome to Sandy's side. The man knelt on the ground and took the big, kindly beast's head in his hands, and held it against his face. Here at last was a friend.

"What did you do it for?" Mrs. Burrows asked. "The locators came the day after you left, and said that there had been a mistake, and that my claim was the one adjoining yours. They said that you clearly owned the one which you lived on; and then I heard all about the fight. We tried to find you, but you had gone, no one knew where. After they had built this for me, I took care of your place, too, because both Dick and I knew you would come back some time. Why did you ever give it up? Go back to it. It's yours, an' we have all been keeping it for you."

"Two of us is workin' for her now," said a man with a bandaged arm who came up, "and we want to be your friends. You're worth knowin'."

Sandy, overjoyed and dazed, walked down the trail.

There before him, with freshly planted flowers in front of the cabin, and other marked evidences of improvement and attention, stood "home." In the fading light of the west, where the dying sun lighted up their snow-clad peaks and left in shadow their somber forests, stood the hills—his hills—unchanged and waiting and welcoming.

A weary man entered the silent cabin where everything stood as of old, and bowed his head upon his hands over the little pine table, while his body was shaken with sobs. And at his feet a crippled dog nestled with a great sigh of contentment.

His idea. "What is your idea of a really perfectly good time, Blinks?" asked Blomson, meeting the little chap at the club.

"Seeing my mother-in-law off to the rope for six months," said Blinks, without any hesitation whatever. Judge.

THE COTULLA RECORD.

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C. E. MANLY, Editor and Proprietor.

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Mexico is having one shock after another.

Yes, the weather is warm—but it's summertime.

Farmers are wondering where they are going to get pickers for the big cotton crop.

Cattle market conditions are not such as to keep the cowman smiling.

Teddy says it's all a myth—he has promised to support no one for president in 1912.

That was quite a jar Madero got when he entered Mexico City—but the people had nothing to do with it.

Drouth prevails over the greater part of the State—many people didn't look for such conditions until after July 22nd.

The deficiency of rain in May knocked South-Southwest Texas out of hundreds of carloads of watermelons.

The first car of Texas watermelons on the San Antonio market this year came from Millett, LaSalle county. The grower received \$275.00 for the car.

The anti-prohibitionists had a rousing rally at Ft. Worth during the week. Every anti with political ambitions, who could scrape up railroad fare was there helping the boys save the state.

Uncle Sam's action in moving troops from the Mexican border would indicate that he takes an optimistic view of condition in the Republic south of us.

From all appearances San Antonio politics did not cool off with the passing of the last election. It looks like uncle Bryan is about to get in the same bad fix as Don Porfirio.

A \$6,000,000 irrigation project is under way on the Medina river. A dam of immense proportions is to be constructed, and water, which for ages ages has passed down the gulf will be harnessed and utilized for the benefit of man.

Prof. Wesley Peacock, who has been investigating the habits of the armadillo, states that they are a great enemy to the quail. Every year he says, this little animal, heretofore regarded as harmless, destroys thousands of eggs.

The cotton crop is reported in good condition all over La Salle county. Along the river farmers have been irrigating, and on the upland rain will be necessary by the middle of the month to keep the plant from suffering.

Madero was given a great ovation all along the route to the City of Mexico. Everywhere the people proclaimed him as their liberator. But, his political enemies are not asleep. They are planning and plotting for the conqueror's downfall, and may yet cause him some trouble.

Cotton is the most youthful of staple products, having had less than a century of commercial recognition but it has rapidly acquired power until today, it is the King of Products. The fleecy staple is as good as legal tender on any market, and based on factory values is the richest of all industrials.

Now that the county has graded many of the roads in La Salle it behooves the farmers along these roads to assist in maintaining them. If every farmer would put his team on his road one day in each month, how little it would cost him, and how much would it benefit him in hauling his products to market? Don't wait for the county to do it all.

A few weeks ago Cotulla and the territory down the river for ten miles was requested to raise \$40,000 railroad bonus. The bonus was raised but somehow, somewhere, there has been some hitch, and operations have not begun. Neither have we been called on for the bonus. We were assured at the time somebody was anxious to get busy, but developments indicate that they were not in such a hurry.

THE SUN NEVER SETS ON THE TEXAS PRESS.

The Commercial Secretaries Association has conducted an investigation into the number of copies of Texas weekly papers that circulate outside the State. There were 425 papers reported and they show an average out of the State circulation of 12 per cent of the total and in many instances the papers report as high as 60 per cent of their circulation going outside the State. Papers go to every State in the Union and many of them cross the ocean. Kansas leads all States in subscribing for our weekly papers, and in foreign countries, England and Canada make the best showing in nations speaking foreign languages. China takes the lead. It can be truly said that the sun never sets on the Texas press.

We have 750 weekly papers in the State and 12 per cent as the basis of outside circulation we find approximately 200,000 copies of our weekly papers circulating outside the State. This report does not include weekly papers which our citizens read and send back to their old neighbors in other States to give them the Texas fever, neither is the circulation of daily papers included. With a quarter of a million of copies of the Texas Press singing the praises of Texas in every clime and country, we are able to account for the marvelous influx of men and money moving into our State. There is no more effective way of advertising Texas than for our citizens to subscribe for the local papers and have it mailed to friends outside the State and no better services can be rendered non-residents than by giving them an opportunity of learning about Texas through the columns of our newspapers.

TEMPERATURE AND RAINFALL.

We are entering an era of scientific farming. Experiment stations are at work all over the country testing this, that or the other crop, and working out rotations and systems of cropping that will be more profitable than the old methods. The reports of this work go broadcast over the whole country. An enterprising farmer may get reports from a dozen different stations, each working under climatic conditions different from those of the others and all different from the conditions to which he himself is subject. Not a single word about length of growing season, temperature or distribution or amount of rainfall, and the farmer will not think about these things.

He chooses from the dozen the plan that looks the most practical for him and tries it. He takes a failure and loses confidence in that particular station. He tries another with the same result and probably loses faith in all experiments. He had realized the great part that climate plays in any cropping system and the great difference to be found between the climates of different sections of this broad country he would have tried the plan of the station working under conditions most nearly approaching his own and would in all probability have succeeded.

For the most effectual and economical application of the result obtained by the experiment stations to the needs of the farmer a knowledge of climate is necessary. For forty years the weather bureau of the United States department of agriculture has been gathering data and publishing them in various forms until now there is no necessity for any one to spend time experimenting with different systems of cropping in order to learn which is best suited to his climate.—Tenn. Exp. Sta.

THE FARMERS OUR BEST CITIZENS.

Every battle field that marks the world's progress, the victory of liberty over tyranny, or right over wrong has been deluged with the blood of our farmers. The farmer evades neither the tax nor the recruiting officer. The sons and daughters of our farmers are filling the seminaries, colleges and universities of the land, and from our farm homes have gone in the past, as they are going now, leaders in literature, science and art, presidents of great universities, the heads of great industrial enterprises and they direct our Government. The typical American today is the farmer and city life with its bustle and stir, its hurry and rush must be replenished from rural homes.

K. Lamity Bonner says; "Personally, I think any man who drinks intoxicating liquors, is morally good as the man who never tasted them as long as he is sober. The very moment he takes that mark, or line, and is drunk, I think he simply put the finishing touches to his record as a first class nuisance and a gilt-edged jack-ass, and should instantly be put under legal restraint, in my honest opinion, a real, nice, drunk, slow man is about the most damnable nuisance that good Lord ever permitted to live and corrode the air by breathing it."

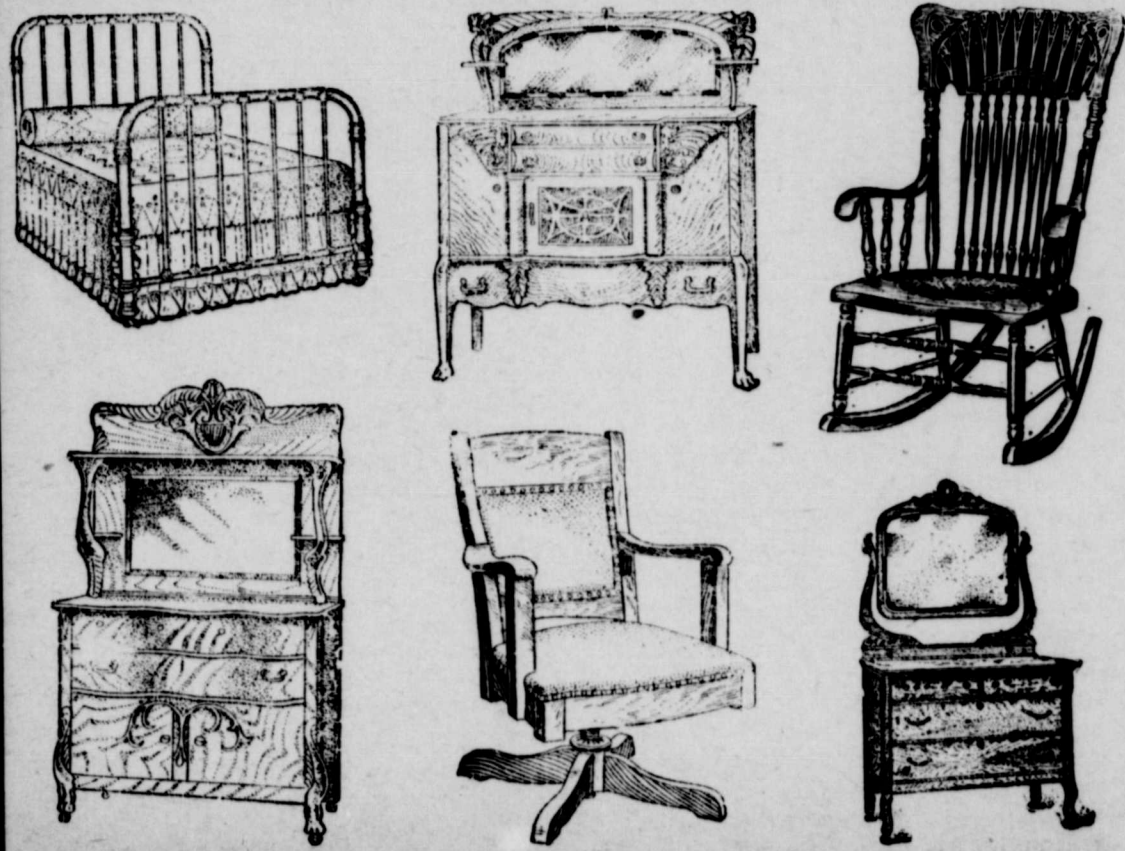
On another page of this issue is an article on onion growing along the Nueces, written by Mr. Russell for the special onion edition of the Southwest Farmer and Investor. This article will be read by hundreds of thousands of people outside of Texas, and will no doubt attract many to investigate the advantages our country offers.

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FOR SALE—At W. L. Crawford's at Dilley Texas, all sizes of honey cans, at San Antonio prices.

FOR SALE—At half price, 80 acres fine dark, sandy loam soil, 5 1-2 miles from Gardendale. Price \$12.50 per acre.—I. J. OWENS, Gardendale, Texas.

ATTENTION HORSE BREEDERS—Geo. Adami of Millett will stand his Denmark stallion for the season. Small pasture for care of mares. Price \$10.00, guaranteed. Write or apply to H. W. EARNEST, Millett, Texas.

NOTICE—My Cleveland Bay Stallion, weight 1180, 16 hands high will make the season at the T. H. Gardner ranch 14 miles west of Cotulla. Foal Guaranteed. Price \$12.50—C. A. Gardner.

FOR SALE.—Six room house and all of block number 16 1-2 in the town of Cotulla, Texas. Also three room house on three lots in Millett, Texas. For further particulars, address, A. W. POUNCEY, Smiley, Texas.

J. F. RIPPS SEED AND PAINT STORE Notice special prices on onion sets. Now is the time for planting onion sets. Choice Yellow per bu \$2.50, 5 bu. or more 2.35; Choice Red 2.50, 5 bu. or more 2.35. All kinds of garden and field seed for planting. Send 10c for a nice illustrated catalogue and 2 packages of garden seed. Breeders of Rhode Island Reds and S. C. White Leghorns. Eggs for hatching S. C. White Leghorns \$2.00 for 15. Rhode Island Reds \$3.00 for 15. J. F. RIPPS New Phone 420. 526 Market St. SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

STRAYED—Gray mare mule about 14 hands, no brand. Had bell on tied with rope. \$5.00 reward will be paid for her delivery at Artesia, Texas.—S. KEITH.

Want Land To Sell, must be good agricultural stuff and can use large or small tracts but only from owners direct. We have been very successful in selling La Salle County Lands and can sell yours if you really want to sell.

JNO. H. GRIST, Austin, Texas.

Gaddis' Pharmacy sells Dr Cox's Barb Wire Liniment 25c, 50c and \$1.00 bottles. Guaranteed to heal without leaving a blemish, or money refunded

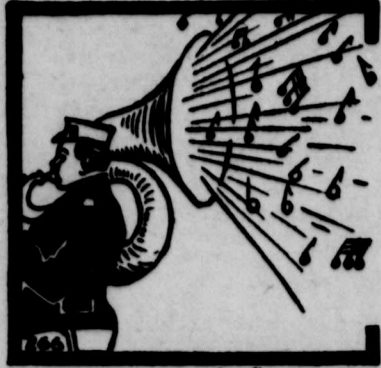
"OLD BLACK JOE"—Jack is making the season at my farm 9 miles West of Cotulla. Price \$10.00 guaranteed. Season \$7.50. W. B. STANFIELD.

R. B. ROBUCK DRILLER of Wells from one to three hundred feet. All Kinds of WINDMILL WORK A Specialty COTULLA, — TEXAS.



BEWARE OF SUDDEN ATTACKS THAT MAY PROVE DEADLY. YOU CAN SOON REPEL THE MOST DANGEROUS WITH DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY THE MOST INFALLIBLE CURE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS WHOOPING COUGH AND ONLY RELIABLE REMEDY FOR THROAT AND LUNGS PRICE 50c AND \$1.00 SOLD AND GUARANTEED BY

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A Note To You

Cotulla, Texas, June 10, 1911

It would require a great many notes to remind you of the many articles we carry in stock in addition to Pure Drugs and Reliable Remedies, that are of every day common household use. They are legion!

Kindly remember, when in need of them, that we have them and that the quality and price is right.

Yours truly,
HORGER & WINDROW.

WHERE ONION GROWERS PROSPER.

Ideal Conditions Exist Near Cotulla and Along the Nueces River.
Written by special request for the Southwest Farmer and Investor, by Matt Russell.

Nowhere in the United States does the farmer's home give more evidence of the productiveness of the soil and the adaptability of the Bermuda onion for this country. The luxurious and beautiful homes of the farmer speaks more and in louder tones than can be expressed in cold lead type. As the visitor leaves Cotulla and starts down the Nueces Valley, it is one beautiful home succeeding another for 10 or 12 miles. A few years ago wild beasts roamed among a dense growth of cat claw, black brush, cactus, mesquite timber. It was almost impossible for a man to get through without tearing his clothes and flesh. In many places this is changed. Beautiful fields, well cultivated, and farm houses that in architecture and beauty would be a credit to Houston, San Antonio or Kansas City. This change has been brought about by the cultivation of the Bermuda onion. Along the river immense dams of rock and logs and concrete have been built and are holding millions of gallons of water that is ready to be pumped on the fields when needed. Most of the farmers came here in a manner penniless to cast their lots with those that had preceded them, and to subdue this wilderness and make a home for themselves and posterity. With their families some of them have camped along the Nueces until a home could be provided. Some have lived in barns for years until the home was built. Where tents and barns were used for a residence, now a commodious farm house adorns the scene. They have worked hard and lived economical that they might have a home under the genial skies of Southwest Texas. The soil has been grateful for their care and returned a crop of luscious Bermuda onions. The profits on the crop are sometimes enormous. It is not an uncommon thing for a farmer to get \$400 or \$500 for his onions. These figures have attracted men from different parts of the country and different vocations of life to this part of the country.

Only a few years ago Col. T. C. Nye obtained a few Bermuda onion seed, and planted them near a windmill a few miles east of town and raised the first Bermuda onions in the United States. Col. Nye's experience was heralded to the world and placed the farmers of Southwest Texas under a debt of everlasting gratitude to Col. Nye for his experience at windmill with a little bunch of Bermuda onion seed. Squire Copp grasped the opportunity, put in the first

pump in Southwest Texas and pumped water from the Nueces river and raised the first carload of Bermuda onions ever shipped from the United States.

One morning in Milwaukee, Major Seefeld read in his paper that George Copp was raising Bermuda onions at Cotulla, Texas. Major Seefeld had been in the commission business for many years and an importer of Bermuda onions. The news was so startling that he left Milwaukee at once for Cotulla, Texas. And on reaching here, he went immediately to Mr. Copp's farm, and verified the newspaper report and bought Mr. Copp's crop and shipped them to Milwaukee. From that day to this the industry has grown until last year the truck growers of Southwest Texas put into their pockets \$1,300,000.00 net for their Bermuda onions. Mr. Seefeld immediately put out a farm, and in connection with his son, has raised Bermuda onions ever since.

The industry spread on down the river. Daniel's put in a large farm on the river and the same year the Rocks commenced to open their farm on the east side of the river, while the Riverdale Farm was being opened on the West.

Many other farms were opened up since. L. N. Wonder left the oil fields of Beaumont and opened up the Wonder farm 4 miles below the Riverdale farm. Mr. Wonder has credit of selling a car of onions at the highest price ever paid a grower at Cotulla. The car of onions netted him over \$900. The first car of onions ever sold off the Riverdale Farm brought \$819.50. J. W. Coleman opened up a farm three miles below town and has made the greatest yield on the entire crop of any man in the valley. He gathered off of 22 1-2 acres 25 cars or an average of 500 crates to the car for the entire field. His average was 27,000 pounds to the acre. The virgin soil around Cotulla has produced in one or more instances 42,000 pounds of Bermuda onions to the acre. Much depends on cultivation and climatic conditions.

It is often asked, how much land can one man cultivate? The answer is what one man did do. That was J. H. Daniel who had a Mexican hired that cultivated with a small mule and plow 20 acres of Bermuda onions. The mule and the plow that he pulled could not have been sold for more than \$75. The Mexican laborer cost 75 cents a day. After Mr. Daniel has paid his expenses for hauling, gathering, transplanting, etc., his onion crop netting him \$4,500. Mr. Daniel

is among the first onion growers in this county. He made the labor question as well as the cultivation of the Bermuda onion a study, and a man with his experience is not likely to succeed as well as he has.

Bermuda Cultivation.

The cultivation of the Bermuda onion does not vary a great deal from that of the common onion in the United States. In my experience I have found out that must vary from the old established rule, that is, when the onion begins to mature it is necessary for us to keep the dirt pulled up and around the onion. The past season, if the dirt had been pulled away from the onion, it was advised by some seed grower 90 per cent of the onion would have been destroyed by hail.

Then again the Bermuda onion is so tender that they will blister and cook in the sun if they are exposed. Hence it is entirely necessary that the dirt be kept up over the onions. The Bermuda onions loves a rich deep bed for their roots, hence a deep-till soil, well prepared is necessary for the crop. Commercial fertilizers make the crop mature earlier, but it is not certain that it increases the crop in the Nueces River Valley, where the silt has been deposited for ages, and the ripe growth of vegetation that has been either decayed or been burned to ashes and the residue returned to the soil, making it, possible, as rich lands as there in the United States, with good clay subsoil, the possibility of what may be made on this land is beyond the conjecture of man.

After a good onion crop has been gathered a cotton crop has been obtained off the land, producing nearly a bale to the acre. Other crops follow the Bermuda onion and make bountiful yields. W. A. Kerr, as his second crop planted sorghum for hay, and sold the hay at \$75 per acre. W. B. Stanfield planted the California pink pea in August after he had taken his crop of onions that netted him \$45 per acre, and then got the beans of in time to plant another Bermuda onion crop. It is an established fact that the climate, condition that has to do with the making and giving to the Bermuda onion that delicious flavor, that has driven the original Bermuda onion growers out of our market we are not sure which it is. It is possible the altitude, latitude and soil conditions give the most favorable results. An altitude of 420 feet is Valley. The winters seldom ever are colder than 18 above zero. That point was reached last winter at many of the fields of onions were damaged by the freeze.

The Bermuda onion seed should be sown in September and transplanted in November and the work of the Bermuda onion begins. And while the onion grower works during the winter in his shirt sleeves to produce this great money crop, his brother farmer is rapped in overcoat and furs in the far away North awaiting till the ice mel away to plant crops.

100 MILES OF GRADED ROADS.

LA SALLE COUNTY LEADS IN GOOD THROUGHFARES.

Road-boss M. J. Swisher has just finished grading ten miles of road up the Nueces river. This road terminates at W. B. Stanfield's place, about two miles this side the Dimmit county line. With the completion of this road Mr. Swisher states that there are now about 100 miles of graded roads in the County. This work has all been done without the issuance of bonds.

DISCUSSION OF PROHIBITION.

On Sunday night at the Methodist church, there will be a dignified discussion of the subject of Prohibition from an educational standpoint, by Professor A. W. Evans.

Prof. Evans has just been elected for the ninth time as Superintendent of the the Uvalde High school, and is conducting the Normal now in progress in Cotulla. He is an interesting and able speaker. Come and hear the discussion. There will be the regular services in the morning.

John M. Lynn, Pastor.

FINISHING UP DAM.

Geo. E. Reeder, contractor on the Holland-Texas dam was here this week putting the finishing touches on the dam. On account of the continued high water in the Nueces since early spring this work has been delayed from time to time. The work principally to be done is plastering and putting in the flood gates.

Dr. Cox's Painless Blister
Price 50c. Guaranteed to Blister
without pain, or money refunded.
For sale by Gaddis' Pharmacy

NOTICE.

Mrs. E. L. Starkey, of Millett, La Salle County, Texas, independent executrix of the estate of W. S. Starkey, deceased, having been granted original letters testamentary on the 23th day of February A. D. 1911, hereby gives notice to all persons having claims against the estate of W. S. Starkey to present the same in the time required by law.
Mrs. Ella L. Starkey.

CALOMEL GIVES ONLY TEMPORARY RELIEF.

SO POWERFUL IT SHOCKS LIVER AND LEAVES IT WEAKER THAN BEFORE. DODSON'S LIVER TONE A PERFECT SUBSTITUTE.

Nearly everybody who has ever tried calomel for constipation or a sluggish liver has found that it gives only a temporary relief. For calomel is such a powerful drug that it shock and weaken the liver and makes it less able afterward to do its duty than in the first place. This is one of the reasons why Gaddis' Pharmacy would rather sell Dodson's Liver-Tone to you than calomel. We know that Dodson's Liver-Tone is a pure vegetable liver tonic that will cure constipation quickly and gently without any danger of bad after effects. We guarantee it to do this with a guarantee that is simple and fair. If you buy a bottle of Dodson's Liver-Tone for yourself or your children, and do not find that it is a perfect substitute for calomel, then come back to the store and get your money. If you don't get value for your money out of this tonic, it's your right to expect your money back, and we will gladly give it to you.

DR. LIVINGSTON DIED UNDER OPERATION.

Dr. D. S. Livingston, formerly a physician of Cotulla, died Monday at Austin, as the result of operation for appendicitis. He was taken ill May 29th and was taken to the Austin Sanitarium where an operation was performed June 5th.

The remains were shipped to Alice for interment, and were accompanied by his wife and Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hill. He is survived by his wife and step-daughter. His son, Lonnie Livingston, died at Alice about one year ago.

Dr. Livingston was well known here, having made his home here for a number of years, and has a number of friends who will regret to hear of his death.

EVENT OF THE SEASON.

Fifth Annual Picnic & Excursion To New Braunfels Wednesday June 14th. 1911 By Davy Crockett Lodge No. 369 Brotherhood Of Railroad Trainmen.

Owing to Mr. Landa, closing his Park to all picnickers the committee has arranged with the Progressive League of New Braunfels, for the use of Telle Park which is equipped with a bath house and plenty of suits, Turtle Island and the fair grounds will be used also.

Base ball game, Dancing, Racing, Both foot and horse, A band of twenty men will furnish music. Take a day off come and bring your friends, every body invited Special Train service, the only Excursion of the season, see Agent for rates or hand bills.

COMMITTEE NO. 569.

Get it at Horger and Windrow

What is that we enjoy having, but hurry to get it?



Our Appetites, of course!

THERE'S no better place, we would advise,

To buy your meats than here!

That people want the best there is,

To us, is very clear!

WE all must have our meal, you know,

Can't get along without it!

We all must eat, while here below,

Eat the Best, while you're about it!

S. COTULLA.

Parties contemplating a visit West should address Miss D. M. Stone, 401 E. 17th St., Austin, Texas, who is forming a club for the Radnor tours. Investigate.

F. A. FRANKLIN

BLACKSMITH AND TINWORK

PIPE THREADING

AUTOMOBILE AND GAS ENGINE OILS

Cotulla, — Texas.

WILSON COUNTY FARMS FOR SALE

1886 acres 7 miles Southeast of Stockdale, surveyed into tracts of 160 to 350 acres each; some improved, others unimproved. Soil, black sandy and shelly mesquite land, clay subsoil. Large amount of open land. Located in German community near church and school. This property will be sold at a reasonable price on reasonable terms. For full particulars write,

E. B. CHANDLER,

102 E. Commerce St.

San Antonio, Texas

CLAY, ROBINSON & CO.,

LIVE STOCK COMMISSION

FT. WORTH ST. LOUIS KANSAS CITY

"OUR WORK WINS"

JOURD J. IRVIN, Solicitor.

Write for My Introductory Offer on a Fine Sample EPWORTH PIANO or ORGAN

I am sending some of the finest, sweetest-toned Epworth Pianos and Organs we make into many communities as samples of our work. It's our special way of advertising, as we have no stores or salesmen. If you write at once, I will tell you how you can try one of these fine sample instruments in your own home entirely at our expense (freight and all). Then, after you've tried it for a month or so - after you've had your friends try it - after you've tested its every action - after you've enjoyed its rich, sweet tone for which Epworth Pianos and Organs are celebrated - after you are convinced that - all in all - it's one of the finest-looking, sweetest-toned instruments you ever saw or heard, then, if you wish, you may buy it at our special introductory price and take your choice of 27 Plans of Easy Payment on the piano or five plans on organ. You may select the plan that's easiest for you and we will meet you, no matter where you live. I guarantee each sample piano and organ to be as good as those I made for the famous song-writer, Prof. E. B. Krell, Prof. E. H. Glick, and the hundreds of other well-known musicians you will find in the free book we are going to send you. This is the best chance you will ever have to get a fine piano or organ on your own terms. WRITE A POSTAL OR LETTER TODAY and see what we have to offer. Send for the free book which tells about Epworth Pianos and Organs. Address: Epworth Piano and Organ Co., 57 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

That Tired Feeling

that is caused by impure, impoverished blood or low, run-down condition of the system, is burdensome and discouraging. Do not put up with it, but take Hood's Sarsaparilla, which removes it as nothing else does.

"I had that tired feeling, had no appetite and no ambition to do anything. A friend advised me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I did so, and soon that tired feeling was gone. I had a good appetite and felt well. I believe Hood's saved me from a long illness." Mrs. B. Johnson, Westfield, N. J.

Get Hood's Sarsaparilla today. In liquid form or in tablets called Sarsatabs.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

Wm. Wood



HUNT'S CURE GUARANTEED For Itch, Eczema, Ringworm, Tetter. Don't Scratch.

Perkins Eye Salve RELIEF FOR WEAK, SORE EYES.

Her Qualifications. Pat and his little brown mare were familiar sights to the people of the town of Garry. The mare was lean, blind and lame, but by dint of much coaxing Pat kept her to the harness.

One day while leading her to water he had to pass a corner where a crowd of would-be sports had congregated. Thinking to have some amusement at Pat's expense, one called out: "Hullo, there, Pat. I'm looking for the real goods. How much is that mare of yours able to draw?"

"Begorra," said Pat, "I can't say I draw the attention of every fool in town."—The Housekeeper.

How He Did It. At the dinner Saturday of the Military Order of Foreign Wars, Captain Carlisle L. Burridge told of a man who, returning to his domicile at cockerow, underwent an inspection by his wife, who desired to know how he came to have a large bump on his forehead.

"That? Oh, that's where I bit myself," explained he of the night key. "Bit yourself?" the lady repeated after him. "How could you bite yourself away up there?"

"Why, I stood of a chair," he said.—Cleveland Leader.

Made Father Beat Himself. When Dorothy Meldrum was a little younger—she is but ten now—her father asked her on her return from Sunday school what the lesson of the day had been.

"Dandruff in the lion's den," was her answer.

Ever since Rev. Andrew B. Meldrum, D. D., has personally applied himself to the religious instruction of his little daughter.—Exchange.

FEED YOU MONEY Feed Your Brain, and It Will Feed You Money and Fame.

"Ever since boyhood I have been especially fond of meats, and I am convinced I ate too rapidly, and failed to masticate my food properly.

"The result was that I found myself, a few years ago, afflicted with ailments of the stomach, and kidneys, which interfered seriously with my business.

"At last I took the advice of friends and began to eat Grape-Nuts instead of the heavy meats, that had constituted my former diet.

"I found that I was at once benefited by the change, that I was soon relieved from the heartburn and indigestion that used to follow my meals, that the pains in my back from my kidney affection had ceased.

"My nerves, which used to be unsteady, and my brain, which was slow and lethargic from a heavy diet of meats and greasy foods, had, not in a moment, but gradually, and none the less surely, been restored to normal efficiency.

"Now every nerve is steady and my brain and thinking faculties are quicker and more acute than for years past.

"After my old style breakfasts I used to suffer during the forenoon from a feeling of weakness which hindered me seriously in my work, but since I began to use Grape-Nuts food I can work till dinner time with all ease and comfort." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason." "The Road to Wellville." In pkg. Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

PATRIOT WITH HUMOR

S CHAMPION OF AMERICAN PROTECTIVE TARIFF LEAGUE.

Appeal of Inspired Prophet Reveals Straits to Which Friends of Monopoly Have Been Reduced—President Called "Traitor."

Wilbur E. Wakeman of the American Protective Tariff League, thrills, beguiles and delights us. To be sure, we have never heard of Wilbur before this, but we are hearing a great deal now. Wilbur is doing big things, realizing that himself and tells Mr. Hearst's New York American all about it. Wilbur declares that he is deluging nineteen congressmen with telegrams urging them to vote against reciprocity. To be sure, the names signed to some of the telegrams belong to prominent citizens who weren't consulted by Wilbur when he sent the telegrams, but Wilbur is too busy a patriot just now to bother with details.

Feeling that by any other name he were as persuasive and seductive, Wilbur is beseeching these nineteen statesmen, for the love of heaven and the American Protective Tariff League, to defeat the reciprocity agreement. In this Wilbur is certainly spreading out the undeserving American Protective Tariff League to the vulgar, censorious, even hostile gaze. And he is full of stirring—though trite—patriotic rhetoric, too. For example: "We who realize how this country has been built up under this wise economic policy will not stand idly by and see the country plunged into industrial and economic confusion."

We hope that some of that splendid sentiment found its way into Wilbur's telegrams. Wilbur has also decided that President Taft is a "traitor" to the American Protective League and cannot be again nominated for president. Then listen to this glowing, intoxicating, inspired prophecy:

"Vice-President Sherman, in my opinion, will lead the Republican hosts of protection to victory in 1912. 'Sunny Jim,' prince of good fellows and protectionists, will be our candidate."

It is nice to see how unconsciously, perhaps sub-consciously, Wilbur refers to "good fellows" and protectionists as synonymous. Next, perhaps, to Patriot J. Pierpont Morgan himself, "Sunny Jim" Sherman would inspire more enthusiasm in the breasts of the Republicans—yes, Democrats too—than almost any man we can think of. We should like very much indeed to know something more about Wilbur. It is too bad to lose sight of a patriot so redolent with unconscious humor.

If the enemies of the American Protective Tariff League had picked out a man to do the league as much damage as possible in the most insidious and effective way, they could have done nothing so good as Wilbur. He is a "scream."—Detroit Journal.

Though twenty-one republics have bestowed a medal on Andrew Carnegie as a "benefactor of humanity," it will be recalled that he has been a good deal more successful as a maker of armor plate than as a maker of peace.

Hypocrisy, Not Statesmanship. The senate will remain the judge of the elections, returns and qualifications of its members if they are elected by direct vote of the people under the proposed amendment. The Fourteenth amendment will remain unchanged by the new amendment. It was not until 1866 that congress ever undertook to regulate the election of senators, and his was a reconstruction measure that would never have been passed but for the Civil war. In the light of these facts the claim that congress would be surrendering a great and necessary power if the direct election amendment should be adopted as drafted by the house seems to be grounded more deeply in hypocrisy than in statesmanship.

The real object of this outcry is not to protect the present power of congress—which has acquiesced for a generation in the nullification of the Fourteenth amendment—but to incite southern opposition to the direct election of senators.

Should Join Democrats. Insurgent senators are reported from Washington to have demanded and been refused the status of a separate party in the composition of committees. In this refusal the Republican committee of committees is reputed to reflect the wishes of the president. The president is unwise. The insurgents are more nearly in line with him than the regulars are. But we do not particularly blame the representatives of the regulars for their action. They cannot expect to enjoy the privileges of membership in the dominant party and also share as a separate organization in the distribution of good things. On the whole we believe they would consult their own interests and the interests of their constituents if they would join the Democrats and make that the majority party in the senate.

Taft's Confession. President Taft says Canadian annexation talk is "bosh." It is inopportune, anyway.—Troy Press.

It served one good purpose, at any rate. It made President Taft confess what a mess his party got this country into when it went back on the Declaration of Independence and embarked on a career of conquest—

back on the career of conquest—

back on the career of conquest—

back on the career of conquest—

back on the career of conquest—

back on the career of conquest—

back on the career of conquest—

back on the career of conquest—

back on the career of conquest—

back on the career of conquest—

back on the career of conquest—

back on the career of conquest—

SOMETHING TO THINK OVER

Official Figures Concerning Wool Industry Gives Little Weight to Claims of Protectionists.

The preliminary census statement in regard to the wool industry shows a great growth in almost every department of the business. There has, however, been a decrease in the number of establishments, due to the tendency toward concentration in practically all forms of industry. As a result the increase in the number of employees since 1899 has been comparatively slight, it being only 23 per cent. During the same period there has been an increase of 62 per cent. in capital and of 76 per cent. in product. This, of course, proves a much higher per capita production than that of 1899.

So there has been an increase of wages. Just what this amounts to it is impossible to say, since in the report wages and salaries are lumped. Taking the total sum paid for wages and salaries, and distributing it among the wage earners, we find that in 1904 there were 142,000 wage earners, drawing a total (including salaries) of \$61,000,000, as against 163,000 wage earners in 1903, drawing \$79,000,000. The per capita wages have increased from \$429 to \$552. The amount paid in wages would be somewhat smaller if that paid in salaries was omitted.

Remembering that the main object of a protective tariff is to maintain the American standard of wages, it is a little disconcerting to know that in this highly protected industry the average wages are only \$484 per capita. Such wages can hardly be called high. Many men in unprotected industries do much better. If we take the other view, which is also taken by some of the defenders of high tariff taxes, that protection is needed, not so much to make high wages as to enable employers to pay wages that are already high, it is still to be said that no great amount of protection should be needed to meet this wage bill. Something seems to be wrong with the application of the principle of protection in this case, for the blessings supposed to flow from it have not apparently reached the workman—who, as we all know, is the individual for whose benefit the scheme was devised. Has there been a fair division of the taxes which the people have so generously voted to this great and thriving industry?

MERELY BUSINESS MATTER Judge Gary's Explanation of Shutdown Will Be Understood by the Initiated.

The definite denial that the closing of work on the wire mill of the steel trust at Birmingham was not an attempt to influence the tariff discussion in congress, may be taken as evidence of how sensitive even large corporations are these days to public opinion. It did not use to be so. If a corporation thought it could gain a point by flouting the public in any way or by scaring it, it went right ahead and did it. There was no care for what the public might say. It might howl all it pleased, but the corporation merely laughed. It never had to pay any attention to the public, which really existed to be milked. But there is a difference now. The public has learned that it can make it very uncomfortable for the person who is doing the milking and that it is possible even to kick over the milk pail. That is why corporations are more inclined to treat the public with a certain amount of consideration.

Judge Gary does not disguise the fact that the United States Steel corporation feels that if certain proposed tariff legislation relating to steel duties should be enacted it might be disadvantageously affected by the manufacture of certain wire products. Therefore, the local Birmingham officials were advised to shut down on a part of the work then underway. These orders being misunderstood, all work was closed down, but has now been resumed with the exception of the erection of houses for workmen and the equipment of the mills. But the judge would have it understood that this curtailment is not intended in any way to influence congress. Certainly not.

Get in Motion! Once the Democrats governed the country for 40 years without interruption by what the Philadelphia Record calls not new nationalism, nor old federalism, nor socialism, nor paternalism, but by the Jeffersonian doctrine that seeks the greatest good for the greatest number. Now, after sixteen years' exclusion the party come back fresh from the people. It gives indication, as we have endeavored to reflect, of having the correct ideas as to the needs of the time, and the intention of fulfilling them. The question still remains to be tested whether it can translate intention into action, and that is always a great question with a party or an individual. Certainly it seems that the safest way to be is to get in motion. The program has been well mapped out. The size of the popular approval may be measured by the fact that a Republican house has been made Democratic by majority of 63, while in the senate the nominal Republican majority has been reduced to nine, and it remains to be seen how solid this will be. But the test of everything is getting it done. So action should be the watchword. Many a strong front has been weakened and broken by delay.—Indianaapolis News.

Good Jokes

SIDE LIGHTS ON HIS CAREER.

A deputation from the Literary guild had waited on Dr. Samuel Johnson and asked him to make a speech before that body on a certain date.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I shall have to refer you to my press agent, Mr. Boswell. Jim, have I got to make a speech anywhere next Tuesday night?"

"Why, no, doctor," answered Boswell, in an undertone, "but you'll have to pass it up. You know it will be two weeks yet before you get your glad rags out of hook. Gentlemen," he added, turning to the callers, "I regret to say that Dr. Johnson's time will be fully occupied for the next fortnight."

This incident, on mature reflection, was suppressed by Mr. Boswell when he came to write that immortal biography.

Diverse Tactics. Both boys had been rude to their mother. She put them to bed earlier than usual, and then complained to their father about them. So he started up the stairway, and they heard him coming.

"Here comes papa," said Maurice. "I'm going to make believe I'm asleep."

"I'm not," said Harry. "I'm going to get up and put something on,"—Harper's Monthly.

A Life Subscription. He sits on the sofa, from time to time opening his lips as though about to say something important, but each time hesitating. At last the fair young thing looks up at him with a radiant smile, her red lips parting deliciously over her ivory teeth and her glowing eyes thrilling him to the soul.

"Obey that impulse!" she murmurs. He did, and in June she took him for life.—Life.

Then We're All Guilty. "Homer Davenport is asking for a divorce on the grounds that his wife has treated him in a cruel and inhuman manner."

"Then he ought to have it." "But how could she have done that when he weighs over 200 pounds?" "Perhaps she laughed at one of his cartoons."

THESE COPPER MINES.

The Artist—I should like to paint your portrait. Were you ever done in oil?

The Countryman—No, but I was done in copper once.

Matrimony. "Man wants but little here below." "You've heard it said; the records show. When once he's wed."

Story Got the Near-Sighted Man. "While I think I am rather inclined to give, yet I try to be discriminating, not to give to every beggar with an idle and obviously untrue tale, but," said the near-sighted man, "I fell impulsively for a story new to me this morning."

"Boss," said the man as he looked at me, "I've lost my spectacles and I'm trying to get together enough money to buy another pair."

"You know if I should lose my spectacles I should be lost myself and on that story I gave up without another thought."

Useless Talk. "How's business?" said the man in the barber's chair. "Oh, I've plenty of it, but a lot of it is unsatisfactory."

"What do you mean by unsatisfactory?" "Why, you know, I shave the men up in the deaf and dumb asylum!"—Yonkers Statesman.

She Was Suspicious. Cashier—I'm sorry, madam, but I can't honor this check. Your husband's account is overdrawn."

Lady—Huh! I thought there was something wrong when he wrote this check without waiting for me to get hysterical."

The Part She Won't Like. "She thinks that man with the medal is a hero because he doesn't pose."

"She'll think him something else soon."

"Why?" "He doesn't propose, either."

TROUBLE.

All kinds of trouble! You can pick and choose. If you want a cause to kick. There's more than you can use. You can hear the war cry Any time you please. Sometimes it's in Spanish. And sometimes in Japanese.

All kinds of trouble! Anything you like! The trusts are out for plunder. There are rumors of a strike. And yet we're taking notice. Without means for to boast. The things that never happen. Are the things that fret us most.

Why They Change. Ashley—I have noticed that men are the most changeable creatures in the world; lots of them part their hair in the middle when they are young, but hardly one in a hundred keeps the practice up.

Seymour—Why is that? Ashley—Principally because hardly one in a hundred has any hair in the middle to part.

THE RETORT UNPLEASANT. Mrs. Hoyle—They teach children very differently from the way they did when I was a girl. Mrs. Doyle—I didn't suppose there were any schools at all when you were a girl.

A Rash Promise. Whenever it comes my time to die And join the ghostly pack, You won't hear me exclaiming: "I Will send a message back."

Still He Refused. The poet had asked Father Time to turn backward in his flight, and had encountered a stern refusal. "If you don't," stormed the poet, "I'll recite all the stanzas of it to you!"

Pale but determined, old Father Time took a step back and a little man.

In the Morning. "When I awake in the morning, the first thing I do is to congratulate myself upon the fact that I have lived to see another day."

"I don't. The first thing I do when I awake in the morning is yawn and wish I didn't have to get up for another hour."

Was a Terror. Conceited Fop—I warn you to beware of me for they say I am a dangerous man for the ladies. Debutante—Do you really dance as awkwardly as that?—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Harmless Amusement. "I see somebody has sold you a gold brick at one time." "Yes," said Farmer Whitfield. "I paid \$2 for that brick. It's worth its weight in gold to amuse the summer boarders."

A Sad Canine. Giles—There goes a handsome woman who is leading an unhappy life. Miles—How do you know? Giles—Why, don't you see her dragging that poor dog along at the end of a string?

HARD TO GET THERE. The Preacher—There is always room at the top. The Deacon—Yes—but the elevator is not always running.

Hardly. This Russian dancer, so far as we are concerned will get the hook: No man on earth can dance a way That we'd think worth three plunks a look.

Neither. Seymour—Is Register's hotel conducted on the American or the European plan? Ashley—Neither, I should say; judging from the appearance of the cooks and the waiters. It's conducted on the African plan.

Beats Washday. Clichep—What do you consider the most delightful season in the suburbs? Mrs. Urban—Spring. All our neighbors clean house then and their rugs and carpets are exposed to view.

THE BEST DRESSED MAN

What Made Him So?

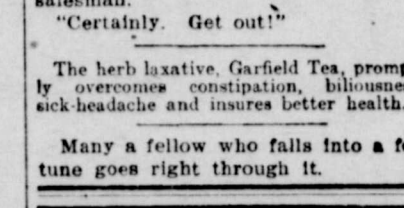
He was a mass of bandages, the result of a severe scalding, and when he claimed to be "the best dressed man in town," people wondered. The explanation was easy. A prompt application of a Resinol ointment dressing to the raw flesh had given instant comfort and relief from the pain and suffering. It is the best dressing for burns, scalds, cuts, wounds, felons, carbuncles, and all skin abrasions. It promptly allays irritation and inflammation and stops itching instantly. Resinol ointment cures eczema, psoriasis, barber's itch, rash of poison ivy, herpes, scald head and all skin eruptions. Resinol ointment is free from any injurious ingredient. It's as good for baby as for the older members of the family. Resinol ointment is put up in opal jars; price fifty cents and a dollar. At all druggists. Resinol Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

He Got It. "Won't you give me an order?" pleaded the too-persistent traveling salesman. "Certainly. Get out!"

The herb laxative, Garfield Tea, promptly overcomes constipation, biliousness, sick-headache and insures better health.

Many a fellow who falls into a fortune goes right through it.

THE KEYSTONE TO HEALTH IS HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS



When the digestive system needs toning and strengthening take the Bitters promptly. It does the work. Try a bottle today.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes and stimulates hair growth. Never falls to dandruff. Brings color to the youthful complexion. Cures scalp diseases, hair falling, etc., and \$1.00 at Druggists.

Thompson's Eye Water Give quick relief to eye irritations caused by dust, sun or wind.

Texas Directory McCANE'S DETECTIVE AGENCY Houston, Texas, operates the largest force of competent detectives in the South. They render written reports in cases not handled by their Reasonable rates.

ED. EISEMANN THE TANK MAN Phone 4115 Preston, 708 Franklin Ave., Houston Anything in the Sheet Metal Line.

I WANT YOUR BUSINESS KODAK FINISHING Mail orders have prompt attention. All kinds of supplies. McBRIE PHOTO SUPPLY CO., 1012 Capitol Ave., Houston, Tex.

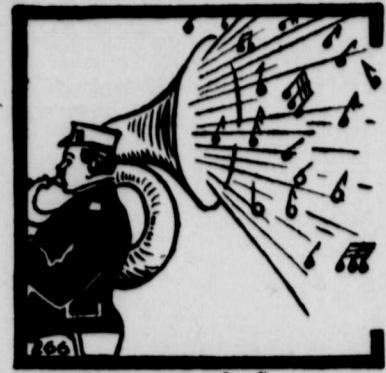
KEELEY Institute of Texas. Seventeen years in Dallas. After 30 years' successful treatment of Drunkenness, Drug and Tobacco using needs no recommendation further than the thousands of cured patients. Don't confuse "The Only Genuine Keeley Institute of Texas" with any of the many reputed ones. Write for particulars, J. H. Keeley, Manager, 1615 Hughes Circle, Dallas, Texas.

Hotel Brazos HOUSTON, TEXAS Is a Comfortable Hotel.

CLEANING, DYEING AND LAUNDRY WORK We have finest laundry in the United States. Finest cleaning and dyeing work in state. Model Laundry 682 to 606 Prairie Ave. 681 to 511 Smith St. SHIPPERS WANTED. HOUSTON, TEXAS.

Will buy job loading stations: **POTATOES, ONIONS, CABBAGE, MELONS** Get my prices on POTATO BAGS J. A. ZIEGLER Houston, TEXAS

HED-LYTE is a wonderful new liquid headache and neuralgia remedy. It will make your head "light" in a few minutes. It is absolutely safe and harmless. 10c, 25c and 50c bottles at all drug stores. THE HED-LYTE CO., Dallas, Texas.



A Note To You

Cotulla, Texas, June 10, 1911

It would require a great many notes to remind you of the many articles we carry in stock in addition to Pure Drugs and Reliable Remedies, that are of every day common household use. They are legion!

Kindly remember, when in need of them, that we have them and that the quality and price is right.

Yours truly,
HORGER & WINDROW.

WHERE ONION GROWERS PROSPER.

Ideal Conditions Exist Near Cotulla and Along the Nueces River.

Written by special request for the Southwest Farmer and Investor, by Matt Russell.

Nowhere in the United States does the farmer's home give more evidence of the productiveness of the soil and the adaptability of the Bermuda onion for this country. The luxurious and beautiful homes of the farmer speaks more and in louder tones than can be expressed in cold lead type. As the visitor leaves Cotulla and starts down the Nueces Valley, it is one beautiful home succeeding another for 10 or 12 miles. A few years ago wild beasts roamed among a dense growth of cat claw, black brush, cactus, mesquite timber. It was almost impossible for a man to get through without tearing his clothes and flesh. In many places this is changed. Beautiful fields, well cultivated, and farm houses that in architecture and beauty would be a credit to Houston, San Antonio or Kansas City. This change has been brought about by the cultivation of the Bermuda onion. Along the river immense dams of rock and logs and concrete have been built and are holding millions of gallons of water that is ready to be pumped on the fields when needed. Most of the farmers came here in a manner penniless to east their lots with those that had preceded them, and to subdue this wilderness and make a home for themselves and posterity. With their families some of them have camped along the Nueces until a home could be provided. Some have lived in barns for years until the home was built. Where tents and barns were used for a residence, now a commodious farm house adorns the scene. They have worked hard and lived economical that they might have a home under the genial skies of Southwest Texas. The soil has been grateful for their care and returned a crop of luscious Bermuda onions. The profits on the crop are sometimes enormous. It is not an uncommon thing for a farmer to get \$400 or \$500 for his onions. These figures have attracted men from different parts of the country and different vocations of life to this part of the country.

Only a few years ago Col. T. C. Nye obtained a few Bermuda onion seed, and planted them near a windmill a few miles east of town and raised the first Bermuda onions in the United States. Col. Nye's experience was heralded to the world and placed the farmers of Southwest Texas under a debt of everlasting gratitude to Col. Nye for his experience at windmill with a little bunch of Bermuda onion seed. Squire Copp grasped the opportunity, put in the first

pump in Southwest Texas and pumped water from the Nueces river and raised the first carload of Bermuda onions ever shipped from the United States. One morning in Milwaukee, Major Seefeld read in his paper that George Copp was raising Bermuda onions at Cotulla, Texas. Major Seefeld had been in the commission business for many years and an importer of Bermuda onions. The news was so startling that he left Milwaukee at once for Cotulla, Texas. And on reaching here, he went immediately to Mr. Copp's farm, and verified the newspaper report and bought Mr. Copp's crop and shipped them to Milwaukee. From that day to this the industry has grown until last year the truck growers of Southwest Texas put into their pockets \$1,300,000.00 net for their Bermuda onions. Mr. Seefeld immediately put out a farm, and in connection with his son, has raised Bermuda onions ever since.

The industry spread on down the river. Daniel's put in a large farm on the river and the same year the Rocks commenced to open their farm on the east side of the river, while the Riverdale Farm was being opened on the West. Many other farms were opened up since. L. N. Wonder left the oil fields of Beaumont and opened up the Wonder farm 4 miles below the Riverdale farm. Mr. Wonder has credit of selling a car of onions at the highest price ever paid a grower at Cotulla. The car of onions netted him over \$900. The first car of onions ever sold off the Riverdale Farm brought \$819.50. J. W. Coleman opened up a farm three miles below town and has made the greatest yield on the entire crop of any man in the valley. He gathered off of 22 1-2 acres 25 cars or an average of 500 crates to the car for the entire field. His average was 27,000 pounds to the acre. The virgin soil around Cotulla has produced in one or more instances 42,000 pounds of Bermuda onions to the acre. Much depends on cultivation and climatic conditions.

It is often asked, how much land can one man cultivate? The answer is what one man did do. That was J. H. Daniel who had a Mexican hired that cultivated with a small mule and plow 20 acres of Bermuda onions. The mule and the plow that he pulled could not have been sold for more than \$75. The Mexican laborer cost 75 cents a day. After Mr. Daniel has paid his expenses for hauling, gathering, transplanting, etc., his onion crop netting him \$4,500. Mr. Daniel

is among the first onion growers in this county. He made the labor question as well as the cultivation of the Bermuda onion a study, and a man without his experience is not likely to succeed as well as he has.

Bermuda Cultivation.

The cultivation of the Bermuda onion does not vary a great deal from that of the common onion in the United States. In my experience I have found out we must vary from the old established rule, that is, when the onion begins to mature it is necessary for us to keep the dirt pulled up and around the onion. The past season, if the dirt had been pulled away from the onion as advised by some seed growers, 90 per cent of the onion would have been destroyed by hail.

Then again the Bermuda onion is so tender that they will blister and cook in the sun if they are exposed. Hence it is necessary that the dirt be kept well up over the onions. The Bermuda onions loves a rich deep bed for their roots, hence a deep-till soil, well prepared is necessary for the crop. Commercial fertilizers make the crop mature earlier, but it is not certain that it increases the crop in the Nueces River Valley, where the silt has been deposited for ages, and the ripe growth of vegetation that has been either decayed or burned to ashes and the residue returned to the soil, making it possible, as rich lands as there are in the United States, with a good clay subsoil, the possibilities of what may be made on this land is beyond the conjecture of man.

After a good onion crop has been gathered a cotton crop has been obtained off the land, producing nearly a bale to the acre. Other crops follow the Bermuda onion and make bountiful yields. W. A. Kerr, as his second crop planted sorghum for hay, and sold the hay at \$75 per acre. W. B. Stanfield planted the California pink pea in August after he had taken his crop of onions that netted him \$45 per acre, and then got the beans off in time to plant another Bermuda onion crop. It is an established fact that the climate, conditions that has to do with the making and giving to the Bermuda onion that delicious flavor, that has driven the original Bermuda onion growers out of our market, we are not sure which it is. It is possible the altitude, latitude and soil conditions give the most favorable results. An altitude of 420 feet is Valley. The winters seldom ever are colder than 18 above zero. That point was reached last winter and many of the fields of onions were damaged by the freeze.

The Bermuda onion seed should be sown in September and transplanted in November and the work of the Bermuda onion begins. And while the onion grower works during the winter in his shirt sleeves to produce this great money crop, his brother farmer is rapped in overcoat and furs in the far away North awaiting till the ice melts away to plant crops.

100 MILES OF GRADED ROADS.

LA SALLE COUNTY LEADS IN GOOD THROUGHFARES.

Road-boss M. J. Swisher has just finished grading ten miles of road up the Nueces river. This road terminates at W. B. Stanfield's place, about two miles this side the Dimmit county line. With the completion of this road Mr. Swisher states that there are now about 100 miles of graded roads in the County. This work has all been done without the issuance of bonds.

DISCUSSION OF PROHIBITION.

On Sunday night at the Methodist church, there will be a dignified discussion of the subject of Prohibition from an educational standpoint, by Professor A. W. Evans.

Prof. Evans has just been elected for the ninth time as Superintendent of the Uvalde High School, and is conducting the Normal now in progress in Cotulla. He is an interesting and able speaker. Come and hear the discussion. There will be the regular services in the morning.

John M. Lynn, Pastor.

FINISHING UP DAM.

Geo. E. Reeder, contractor on the Holland-Texas dam was here this week putting the finishing touches on the dam. On account of the continued high water in the Nueces since early spring this work has been delayed from time to time. The work principally to be done is plastering and putting in the flood gates.

Dr. Cox's Painless Blister
Price 50c. Guaranteed to Blister
without pain, or money refunded.
For sale by Gaddis' Pharmacy

NOTICE.

Mrs. E. L. Starkey, of Millett, La Salle County, Texas, independent executrix of the estate of W. S. Starkey, deceased, having been granted original letters testamentary on the 28th day of February A. D. 1911, hereby gives notice to all persons having claims against the estate of W. S. Starkey to present the same in the time required by law.

Mrs. Ella L. Starkey.

CALOMEL GIVES ONLY TEMPORARY RELIEF.

SO POWERFUL IT SHOCKS LIVER AND LEAVES IT WEAKER THAN BEFORE DODSON'S LIVER TONE A PERFECT SUBSTITUTE.

Nearly everybody who has ever tried calomel for constipation or a sluggish liver has found that it gives only a temporary relief. For calomel is such a powerful drug that it shock and weaken the liver and makes it less able afterward to do its duty than in the first place. This is one of the reasons why Gaddis' Pharmacy would rather sell Dodson's Liver-Tone to you than calomel. We know that Dodson's Liver-Tone is a pure vegetable liver tonic that will cure constipation quickly and gently without any danger of bad after effects. We guarantee it to do this with a guarantee that is simple and fair. If you buy a bottle of Dodson's Liver-Tone for yourself or your children, and do not find that it is a perfect substitute for calomel, then come back to the store and get your money. If you don't get value for your money out of this tonic, it's your right to expect your money back, and we will gladly give it to you.

DR. LIVINGSTON DIED UNDER OPERATION.

Dr. D. S. Livingston, formerly a physician of Cotulla, died Monday at Austin, as the result of operation for appendicitis. He was taken ill May 29th and was taken to the Austin Sanitarium where an operation was performed June 5th.

The remains were shipped to Alice for interment, and were accompanied by his wife and Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hill. He is survived by his wife and step-daughter. His son, Lonnie Livingston, died at Alice about one year ago.

Dr. Livingston was well known here, having made his home here for a number of years, and has a number of friends who will regret to hear of his death.

EVENT OF THE SEASON.

Fifth Annual Picnic & Excursion To New Braunfels Wednesday June 14th. 1911 By Davy Crockett Lodge No. 369 Brotherhood Of Railroad Trainmen.

Owing to Mr. Landa, closing his Park to all picnickers the committee has arranged with the Progressive League of New Braunfels, for the use of Telle Park which is equipped with a bath house and plenty of suits, Turtle Island and the fair grounds will be used also.

Base ball game, Dancing, Racing, Both foot and horse. A band of twenty men will furnish music.

Take a day off come and bring your friends, every body invited Special Train service, the only Excursion of the season, see Agent for rates or hand bills.

COMMITTEE No. 569.

Get it at Horger and Windrow'

What is that we enjoy having but busy to get out of?



Our Appetites, of course!

THERE'S no better place, we would advise,

To buy your meats than here!

That people want the best there is,

To us, is very clear!

WE all must have our meat, you know,

Can't get along without it!

We all must eat, while here below,

Eat the Best, while you're about it!

S. COTULLA.

Parties contemplating a visit West should address Miss D. M. Stone, 401 E. 17th St., Austin, Texas, who is forming a club for the Radnor tours. Investigate.

F. A. FRANKLIN

BLACKSMITH AND TINWORK

PIPE THREADING

AUTOMOBILE AND GAS ENGINE OILS

Cotulla,

Texas.

WILSON COUNTY FARMS FOR SALE

1886 acres 7 miles Southeast of Stockdale, surveyed into tracts of 166 to 350 acres each; some improved, others unimproved. Soil, black sandy and shelly mesquite land, clay subsoil. Large amount of open land. Located in German community near church and school. This property will be sold at a reasonable price on reasonable terms. For full particulars write,

E. B CHANDLER,

102 E. Commerce St.

San Antonio, Texas

CLAY, ROBINSON & CO.,

LIVE STOCK COMMISSION

FT. WORTH

ST. LOUIS

KANSAS CITY

"OUR WORK WINS"

JOURD J. IRVIN, Solicitor.

Write for My Introductory Offer on a Fine Sample EPWORTH PIANO OR ORGAN

I am sending some of the finest, sweet-toned Epworth Pianos and Organs to make into many communities as samples of our work. It's our special way of advertising, as we have no stores or agents. If you write at once, I will tell you how you can try one of these fine sample instruments in your own home entirely at our expense—no freight and all. Then, after you've tried it for a month or so—after you've had your friends try it—after you've tested its easy action—after you've enjoyed its rich, sweet tone for which Epworth Pianos and Organs are celebrated—after you are convinced that—**all in all—it's one of the best-looking, sweetest-toned instruments you ever saw or heard, then, if you wish, you may buy it at our special introductory price and take your choice of 27 Plans of Easy Payment** on the piano or of five plans on organ. You may select the plan that's easiest for you and we will track you, no matter where you live. I guarantee each sample piano will return to me as fast as I made for the famous song in store. Prof. E. G. Howell, Prof. F. H. Gibson, and the hundreds of other well-known musicians you will find in the front back are now Epworth men. This is the best chance you will ever have to get a fine piano or organ on your own terms. WRITE A POSTAL OR LETTER TODAY and say, "Send me the free Introductory Offer, Piano or Organ, and I'll send you back a check for \$1.00." Address: Clayton & Co., 57 West Jackson St., Chicago, Ill. H. W. Williams, Vice-Pres., Williams Organ & Piano Co., Inc., 57 West Jackson St., Chicago, Ill.

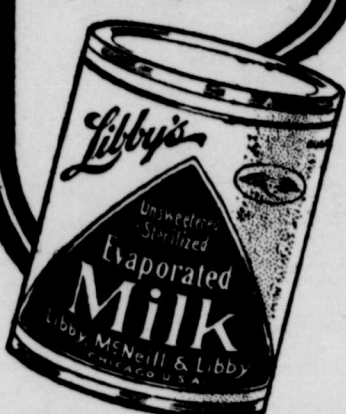
Libby's Evaporated Milk

is the handiest thing in the pantry. It is pure and always ready to use.

There is no waste—use as much or as little as you need, and the rest keeps longer than fresh milk.

Gives fine results in all cooking

Tell your grocer to send Libby's Milk



Join in War Against Tuberculosis.

From statistics published in the new tuberculosis directory of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis it is ascertained that over 600 cities and towns of the United States, besides about 100 in Canada, are engaged in the war against consumption, and that on April 1st there were nearly 1,500 different agencies at work in the crusade, an increase of nearly 700 per cent. in the last seven years.

The new directory lists 421 tuberculosis sanatoria hospitals, and day camps; 611 associations and committees for the prevention of tuberculosis; 342 special dispensaries; 68 open air schools; 98 hospitals for the insane and penal institutions, making special provision for their tuberculosis inmates; besides giving an account of the anti-tuberculosis legislation in every state and in about 250 cities.

The new directory is sold by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, 105 East 22d street, New York city, at cost price, 50c postpaid.

Shouldn't He?

A very good natured broker, who is very much larger than his wife, and who likes his little joke at someone else's expense, was sitting in the theater. A man behind him, not knowing who he was, leaned forward and whispered, "Will you please ask your wife to remove her hat?"

"You'd better do it yourself. I'm afraid."

Whereupon the man behind became angry, arose, protested and left the theater.

One Cook

May make a cake "fit for the Queen," while another only succeeds in making a "pretty good cake" from the same materials.

It's a matter of skill! People appreciate, who have once tasted.

Post Toasties

A delicious food made of White Corn—flaked and toasted to a delicate, crisp brown—to the "Queen's taste."

Post Toasties are served direct from the package with cream or milk, and sugar if desired—

A breakfast favorite! "The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd. Battle Creek, Mich.

MELTS STEEL AWAY

Marvelous Power of New Oxy-acetelene Blow-Pipe.

Cuts as Cleanly as a Saw and Goes More Quickly Through Inch Steel Than Saw Would Through Wood.

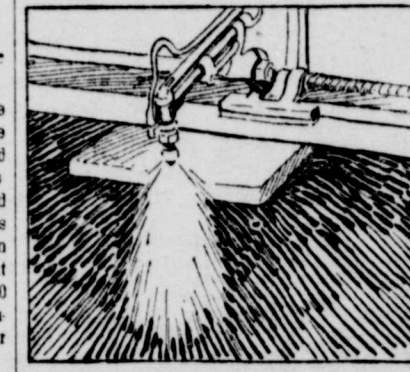
Chicago.—Every day a practical demonstration is being given on the streets of a new device before the marvelous power of which steel becomes like paper.

The oxy-acetelene blow-pipe is the device. It is being used to cut out the big steel pillars of the elevated loop which are being removed to make room for through route surface cars to turn street corners. The process also is being used in cutting out old steel piles which interfere with the work on the new La Salle street tunnel.

Thousands of Chicagoans have watched with amazement the action of the tiny blue flame of the blow-pipe upon the massive steel of the elevated pillars. Before it the steel melts away, vanishes in gas. It cuts as cleanly as a saw, and goes more quickly through inch-thick steel than a saw would through soft wood. Inquiry proved that the marvels of the oxy-acetelene blow-pipe have been known to scientists for a very few years; and commercially they are just becoming known.

So far as is known, the device has never been used for criminal purposes. But experiments have proved that the flame will cut through the strongest safe as easily as through the elevated pillars. Before it the most cunningly devised vault walls become like paper. Manganese steel, upon which the hardest drills have no effect, is pierced with ease by the oxy-acetelene flame.

Just why steel melts before the flame scientists do not know. The flame is produced by combining pure oxygen with acetelene gas. The acet-



Ten Inch Cut Through Steel Two Inches Thick Made in 15 Seconds.

elene gas is first lighted, then the oxygen is turned on. The resulting flame produced at a point about an inch from the blow-pipe is a temperature of 6,300 degrees Fahrenheit. The temperature of the sun, 91,000,000 miles away, is 10,000 degrees Fahrenheit. It is apparent that the blow-pipe flame will melt any metal in short order; but it does more than melt it. It burns it up.

With its assistance the criminal not only could break into any safe; he could break out of any jail. Steel bars never have been forged which will withstand it. An up-to-date murderer could destroy his victim's body in ten minutes. He could transform the corpse into a handful of ashes, and scatter them on the sidewalk. He would have to be careful in doing it, because, for instance, if he put the body in a bathtub to burn he might burn a hole through the bathtub. All these sinister uses of the marvelous blow-pipe, however, are imaginary. They have never been attempted, so far as is recorded.

But the beneficial uses of the blow-pipe are becoming the wonder of the industrial world. With it diamonds, rubies and sapphires are manufactured. Scientific rubies, which are better than the natural product and can be produced for the cost of paste gems, are now made in Paris, and a plant is to be opened in New York for their manufacture.

A ruby which if mined would sell for \$3,000 can be made for a few dollars and is sold for \$75. The color of the manufactured rubies is better than the natural kind.

Sapphires are more difficult to produce, but are successfully handled. The diamonds made by subjecting carbon to the intense heat of the blow-pipe are not so hard as nature's diamonds, but are more brilliant. In making diamonds it is not the oxy-acetelene process, but the oxyhydrate that is used. The difference is that hydrogen is substituted for the acetelene, because of the chemical effect which the latter has. The temperature produced is not quite so great as with the acetelene, but gets better results in making gems.

Snubs Women Wearing Feathers. Albany, N. Y.—For fifteen years Mrs. Ralph Waldo Trine, authoress, has refused to wear feathers and jewelry.

Mrs. Trine's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Many a man succeeds because he's a good guesser.

SHE SUFFERED FIVE YEARS

Finally Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Erie, Pa.—"I suffered for five years from female troubles and at last was almost helpless. I went to three doctors and they did me no good, so my sister advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and when I had taken only two bottles I could see a big change, so I took six bottles and I am now strong and well again. I don't know how to express my thanks for the good it has done me and I hope all suffering women will give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It was worth its weight in gold."—Mrs. J. P. ENGLISH, R. F. D. No. 7, Erie, Pa.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaint, such as inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration. Every suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. If you want special advice write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. for it. It is free and always helpful.

HIS PROPERTY.



Old Man—Here, get out of that puddle at once!
Kid—Y! You go an' find a mud puddle of your own!

CURED ITCHING AND BURNING

"I was taken with the itch in April, 1904, and used most everything. I had a friend pay me a visit from Cumberland, and she advised me to use Cuticura Remedies which I did. The cure was certainly quick, and I use them to this day. I had it terribly under my knees. I only used one box of pills, but two boxes of Cuticura Ointment, and I use the Cuticura Soap all the time. I hope this will benefit others, as it has me, after Dr. — and others could do nothing for me." (Signed) Miss Lu Johnson, 1523 Ninth St., N. W., Washington, D. C., April 3, 1910.

In a later letter Miss Johnson adds: "The trouble began with an eruption under my knees, and extended upwards toward my waist, until I was not able to sit down. It kept a constant itching and burning all the time, night and day. I went to my doctor, but he could do me no good after I do not know how many medicines he gave me, and then told me I would be compelled to go to a skin specialist, which I positively refused to do. I cried all the time. Finally I made up my mind to try Cuticura Remedies, and tried Cuticura Pills, Ointment and Soap, and was entirely cured of the itching three days after I started using them. The healing took about eight days. I consider Cuticura Remedies marvelous, and would recommend them everywhere." Cuticura Remedies are sold throughout the world. Send to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Boston, for free book on skin afflictions.

A Redeeming Feature. "Maud is a harem-scurum sort, isn't she?"
"Yes, but her skirt isn't."

Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Watery Eyes and Granulated Lids. No Smarting. Just Relief. Comfort. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes New Size 5c. Murine Liquid 25c-50c.

The man who has been married fifty years is willing to let his wife do the boasting about it.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Many a man succeeds because he's a good guesser.

SHE HAD NOTHING

Matrimonial Mixup in Which Seemed to Come Out a Poor Second.

While I was being shaved the shaver opened gently and in walked a young boy of fifteen, who looked around in an embarrassed way for a moment and then said to the barber: "Jim, you was engaged to my sister, wasn't you?"

"You mean I am engaged to her," was the pompous reply.

"But Linda has sent word." "Oh, she has? Does she want your marriage hurried up?"

"No, sah; she dun wants you to know dat she married Bill Lee 'bout two hours ago."

"What? What's dat? Your sister dun married to dat nigger. Werry well, sah. Den you return to dat sister and give her my compliments and tell her dat I was dun married mo' dan fo' weeks ago and dat she hadn't 'un fooled me worf shucks! Dat's all, sah, and please close de doah as you go out!"—From Norman E. Mack's National Monthly.

Politician and Preacher. A politician in a western state, long suspected of crookedness and noted for his shifty ways, was finally indicted and tried. The jury was out a long time, but eventually acquitted him. After the verdict was in and the politician was leaving the courtroom, a minister who had been in part responsible for the indictment and trial approached the politician and said: "Well, my friend, you have escaped; but you had a close shave. I trust this will be a warning to you to lead a better life and deal more fairly with your fellow men."

"That may be," the politician replied. "That may be; but I ain't pledged to any one."—Saturday Evening Post.

YEARS OF INTENSE SUFFERING

How a Bad Case of Kidney Trouble Was Finally Cured.

Mrs. John Light, Cresco, Iowa, says: "For years I was an intense sufferer from kidney disorders. The kidney secretions passed irregularly, my limbs were badly bloated, and feet so swollen I could not wear my shoes. I tried many remedies but became discouraged as nothing helped me. Then I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills and soon noticed improvement."

I continued until I could rest well at night and the kidney secretions became normal. I do not believe I would be alive today were it not for Doan's Kidney Pills.

Remember the name—Doan's—when you buy all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Chinese Educational Puzzle.

Generally recognized that China has begun to work at the wrong end of the education problem. . . . China begun at the top, has tried to abolish universities without preparing students for them, and all the lowlings of the ladder are so badly constructed that it is almost impossible for the student to mount by them.—National Review, Shanghai.

GROUND ITCH (THE CAUSE OF HOODWORM) CURED

Do you want relief and quick relief from that itching, burning sensation by using Tetterine, a wonderful remedy for eczema, tetter, ground itch, erysipelas, dandruff and all other forms of skin diseases. It keeps the skin healthy. Mrs. Thomas Thompson of Clarksville, Ga., writes: "I suffered 15 years with tormenting eczema, had the best doctors to prescribe, but nothing did me any good until I got Tetterine. It cured me. I am so thankful. Thousands of others can testify to similar cures. Tetterine at druggists or by mail for 50c by J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga."

By the Harem Code.

"Do you think I am really your affinity?" Solomon's nine hundred and eighty-fifth wife asked, coquettishly.

"My dear," the wisest Guy said, "you are one in a thousand."

He got away with it, too.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Wm. C. Little* in Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Don't mind being laughed at; some day you may splash mud on the laughers with your touring car.

Your feet feel tired, aching, and sore at night? Rub them with a little Hamlin's Wizard Oil. They'll be glad in the morning and so will you.

People who say just what they think are more numerous than popular.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

More goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can color any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG COMPANY, Quincy, Ill.

DRIVE OUT MALARIA AND BUILD UP THE SYSTEM

Take the Old Standard GILBERT'S TONIC CHILL TONIC. You know what you are taking. The formula is plainly printed on every bottle, showing it is simply Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out the malarial and the Iron builds up the system. Sold by all dealers for 25 years. Price 50 cents.

And You Must Pay. "Experience is the best teacher," quoted the Wise Guy.

"Yes, but her charges are mighty high," added the Simple Mug.

ASK FOR ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Antiseptic powder to shake into your shoes. Relieves Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Nails, Swollen and Sweating Feet, Blisters and Calous spots. Sold everywhere, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Ever notice how many people there are in the world who say: "You just wait, I'll get even with you!"

A man can get along without doing much if he has sense enough to know what not to do.

If constipation is present, the liver sluggish, take Garfield Tea; it is mild in action and never loses its potency.

Flattery is simply the nice things we say about other people.

Mrs. Vottingham—Of course, wouldn't be so if the directors were all women.—Boston Transcript.

1,000 Agents Wanted

to sell a Self-Heating Flat-iron; makes its own gas. Will pay salary or commission. Agents make from \$10 to \$15 per day. Write F. F. GILBERT, Dublin, Texas Agent for Texas and Oklahoma.

DAISY FLY KILLER

placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Not clean, ornamental, covers the floor. Lasts all season. Can't get up over, will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Get dealers or write for free booklet. HAROLD SOWERS, 150 So. 4th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

IMPORTANT—Even section ranch, well improved, 2 sections, cleared, balance wooded, all fenced and watered. Best bargain going. Also a few small tracts cheap. Rich prairie land, no rocks, no stumps, good water, fine climate. A place you can call "Home Sweet Home." Let your name come to Box 101, Dumas, Texas.

W. N. U., HOUSTON, NO. 21-1911.

IF YOU HAVE A SICKLY YOUNGSTER TRY THIS FREE

The family with young children that is without sickness in the house now and then is rare, and so it is important that the head of the house should know what to do in the little emergencies that arise. A child with a serious ailment needs a doctor. It is true, but in the majority of instances, as any doctor knows, the child suffers from some intestinal trouble, usually constipation.

There is no sense in giving it a pill or a remedy containing an opiate, nor is flushing of the bowels to be always recommended. Rather give it a small dose of a mild, gentle laxative tonic like Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which by cleansing out the bowels and strengthening the

little stomach muscles, will immediately correct the trouble.

This is not alone our opinion but that of Mrs. N. H. Mead of Freeport, Kans., whose granddaughter has been taking it successfully and of Mrs. J. R. Whiting of Lena, Wis., who gives it to her children and takes it herself. It is sold in fifty cent and one dollar bottles at every drug store, but if you want to test it in your family before you buy it send your address to Dr. Caldwell and he will forward a supply free of charge.

For the free sample address Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 201 Caldwell building, Monticello, Ill.

Fagged Out?

Worn women, tired out with the work and care of the home, need a tonic, strength-building medicine. Strained nerves and tired bodies do not get well themselves.

If you're nervous, run-down, discouraged, and fagged out, don't give up—try Cardui, the woman's tonic. This great medicine has been used for more than 50 years by thousands of women, and has been found to be a curative medicine for nearly all of the ills from which women suffer.

TAKE CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

Letters received from thousands of ladies, prove what Cardui has done for them.

Read this letter from Mrs. Charles Bragg, Sweetser, Ind.: "Tongue cannot tell how much Cardui has done for me. I am on my third bottle, and I am much better. Before I began using Cardui, I could not do a day's work. I would work a while and then have to lie down. Now I can work all day, and not be tired."

Try Cardui. It is composed of pure vegetable ingredients, that cannot possibly harm you. It is sure to help you.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

More goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can color any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG COMPANY, Quincy, Ill.

Don't yet your money burn a hole in some other fellow's pocket.

Garfield Tea cures constipation, keeps the blood pure and tones up the system.

Many a girl has too many strings to her beau.

Death Lurks In A Weak Heart

If Yours is fluttering or weak, use "RENOVINE." Made by Van Vleet-Mansfield Drug Co., Memphis, Tenn. Price \$1.00

For DISTEMPER Pink Eye, Epizootic Shipping Fever & Catarrh of the Eye

Sure cure and positive preventive, no matter how heretofore advanced are infected or "exposed." Liquid given on the tongue, acts on the blood and glands, expels the poisonous germs from the body. Cures Distemper in Dogs and Sheep and Chorea in Poultry. Largest selling live stock remedy. Cures LA Grippe among human beings and in Swine (swine fever). 50c and \$1.25 bottles. 25c and 50c doses. Cut this out, keep it, show to your druggist, who will get it for you. Free Booklet, Distemper, Chorea and Cures. Special Agents wanted.

SPORN MEDICAL CO., bacteriologist, GOSHEN, IND., U. S. A.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL ITEMS

J. A. Reed went to San Antonio yesterday.

Some of the prettiest Stationery you ever saw at Horger & Windrow's.

It's hot, we'll cool you. Gaddis' Pharmacy.

D. A. Walker was out from San Antonio yesterday looking after his interests.

Joe Cotulla Jr., went to Boerne last Monday to take a special electric treatment for his throat.

You are requested to attend Union Prayer meeting at the Presbyterian church Wednesday evening at 8:30.

Complete line of Ingersoll and Ingersoll-Trenton watches just received. Gaddis' Pharmacy.

Miss Marian Faber Gaston of Von Army was here this week, the guest of Miss Mary Wildenthal.

G. S. Knaggs left Sunday for Mission, where he will spend a few weeks with his friend, C. P. Wright.

Get an "easy" hand hay press. The best and strongest for the money.—W. B. STANFIELD. Phone 404 R3.

What you buy we stand by. Gaddis' Pharmacy.

Mrs. J. T. Rees returned home yesterday from San Antonio, where she has been for several weeks under medical treatment.

The entertainment given by the Ladies of the Christian Church last night was well attended and a considerable sum was realized by the Ladies.

There is nothing better than a fresh box of Lowney's chocolates at Horger & Windrow's.

W. M. Glaves was here from Millet during the week. Mr. Glaves reports cotton doing well around Millet, but the dry hot weather has played havoc with the melon crop.

Carry an Ingersoll watch. \$100 to \$500. Gaddis' Pharmacy.

Mrs. J. H. Rogers, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Lucile and son, Pleas, are here spending a week with relatives. They are on their way to El Paso where they expect to make their home in the future. Capt. Rogers is in the Government service there.

Let Horger & Windrow do your jewelry watch and repairing.

There will be the following regular services at the Presbyterian church Sunday. Sunday school at 9:45 a. m., preaching at 11 a. m. and 8:15 p. m. You are always welcome at all these services. A cordial invitation to strangers always. H. W. Hamilton, Pastor.

ICE CREAM SUPPER.

The Ladies of the Baptist Aid Society will give an Ice Cream Supper at the home of Mrs. Mattie Talbot, Tuesday evening, June 13th. The band will play and everybody is invited to participate in a good time.

Get it at Horger and Windrow's

In this issue of the RECORD will be found in the advertisement of Shutt's Double Acting deep well pump. Mr. W. D. Montgomery has the agency here for this pump and will be glad to demonstrate its advantages to anyone interested. This pump has two plungers, one of which is drawing water all the time, hence the pump delivers double the amount of water. The pump is designed for either shallow or deep wells.

See our new stock of Box paper from 10 cents up, at Horger & Windrow's.

WILL PLANT 100 ACRES IN ONIONS.

M. H. Russell yesterday closed a contract with his father, Matt

Russell, to plant 100 acres in onions on the Riverdale farm this fall. Work will commence Monday putting the land in proper condition for the crop.

The Riverdale farm is being sold to a stock company and will be operated on an extensive sale. Mr. Russell has had a number of years experience in onion raising and handling of onions. The past season he was chief inspector at Eagle Pass for the Southern Texas Truck Growers Association.

WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The Woman's Home Missionary Society convened at the Church June 2nd, at 4 p. m. Meeting called to order by President Mrs. T. R. Keck, and opened by singing "His Way With Thee". Mrs. Glenn Bartlett conducted meeting, each officer responded with very interesting and encouraging reports. Mrs. Guinn, Sr., read a very inspiring paper on Prayer, its efficacy, meaning and power. Mrs. T. R. Keck sang a beautiful solo. Mrs. Marven gave a reading, subject "The Last Guest." The topic of inspiration being Acts 2-1, and when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all met together, with one accord, in one place.

The Society was well attended by its members, and extended a hearty welcome to several visitors. Every member of the church should be a member of both the Missionary Societies. We cordially invite you to come and meet with us, to see what we are doing, join with us in helping if only so little in the "King's Business."

"For the love of the Master and in His name."

REPORTER.

Our telephone works alright, No. 12. Gaddis' Pharmacy.

MET WITH MRS. W. A. TARVER.

On Tuesday afternoon June 6th Mrs. W. A. Tarver in her own charming way entertained the Baptist Ladies Aid Society, notwithstanding the extreme heat, there were present fifteen. Some of these we are glad to say were visitors, Miss Burwell, San Antonio, Mrs. Guinn Sr., Mrs. T. R. Keck. We are always glad to receive visitors at each meeting.

Instead of the hot weather causing us to lose interest we are gaining in number, and are proud to enroll a new member this week. Our next lesson will be the first half of first Kings. I trust we may all gain a good lesson from this, and that we may all know our lesson perfectly. After having discussed and planned for an Ice Cream Supper the evening of June 13th at the home of Mrs. Mattie Talbot, each and every one present thought to make the evening perfect that we must have the Cotulla Band, and therefore the Reporter has the promise of the band Tuesday evening and we know the beautiful music will be greatly appreciated by all.

Our next meeting will be June 20th with Mrs. Yowell. Every member urged to be present.

During our social hour which every one enjoys very much, Mrs. Tarver and daughter Miss Alma served fruit punch and most lovely home baked cake.

REPORTER.

PARKHURST-ZEIGLER.

Mr. Roy J. Parkhurst and Miss Gertrude Zeigler were married last Tuesday evening at the Baptist parsonage by Rev. H. M. Rowland. Both are popular young people of Gardendale, and with a number of their friends "stole a march" and came to Cotulla in an automobile in the evening. The young couple will make Gardendale their home.

NOW IS YOUR CHANCE FOR FINANCIAL SUCCESS.

For sale at a Bargain at the Riverdale Mercantile Store, if taken at once you can secure the entire C. C. & U. R. business, \$5000 per month.

I. J. OWENS., Agent.

WORKERS WILL MEET.

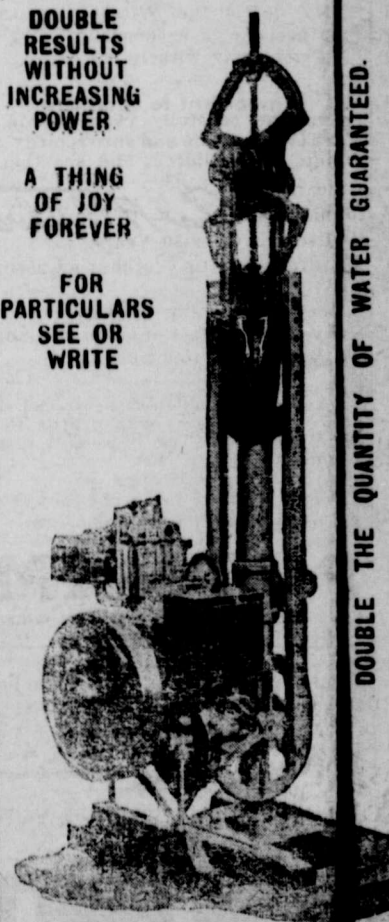
A Workers meeting of the Rio-Grande Baptist Association will be held at Cotulla next Tuesday. Rev. Holt and other ministers will be here and will discuss missions, education and other topics of interest.

PROBLEM OF MORE WATER SOLVED

DOUBLE RESULTS WITHOUT INCREASING POWER

A THING OF JOY FOREVER

FOR PARTICULARS SEE OR WRITE



DOUBLE THE QUANTITY OF WATER GUARANTEED.

W. D. MONTGOMERY COTULLA, TEXAS

NEXT WEEK

Watch for our announcement in this Space. In the meantime come to this Store and take your selection of Millinery at Cost. Greatest Bargains you ever saw in the Hat line.

Fawcett & Co.

Guaranty Fund Bank

All non-interest bearing and unsecured deposits of this Bank are protected by the Depositor's Guaranty Fund of the State of Texas.

Cotulla State Bank.

PURE FOOD

is essential to Good Health

THIS WARM WEATHER.

Buy from

THE STORE QUALITY TRICE BROTHERS.